That Ivory Look

Young America has it... You can have it in 7 days!

Babies have That Ivory Look... Why shouldn't you? Mildness—that's the secret of Ivory's beauty care. Reassuring, reliable mildness. So gentle on a baby's skin—so right for yours. You know more doctors advise Ivory for your complexion than any other soap!

You can have That Ivory Look in just one week! You'll like it, too! Start cleansing your skin regularly, using pure, mild Ivory Soap. In 7 days, what a change! Your skin will look prettier, fresher, younger... you'll have That Ivory Look!
Now... enjoy sweet treats and protect your teeth from cavities

New white Ipana with WD-9 inhibits tooth-decay acids*

Now you can eat the sweet things you like—and need for quick energy, a balanced diet—and stop worrying about unnecessary cavities.

Many foods, including sweets, form tooth-decay acids. But now, with new white Ipana containing acid-inhibitor WD-9, you can guard your teeth against these acids.

For WD-9 in Ipana's exclusive new formula is one of the most effective ingredients known to prevent the formation of tooth-decay acids. Acid-inhibitor WD-9 is an active anti-enzyme and bacteria destroyer.

*To get the best results from new Ipana with acid-inhibitor WD-9, use it regularly after eating. Thus it acts before tooth-decay acids can do their damage.

Brushing with new Ipana after eating really works. A 2-year clinical test with hundreds who ate all the sweet things they wanted proved that brushing this way can prevent most tooth decay.

So remember, while no dentifrice can stop all cavities—you can protect teeth from sweet foods by brushing with new Ipana containing WD-9.

Don't cut down sweets ... do cut down cavities with new Ipana®

New minty flavor encourages children to brush teeth. No strong, medicinal taste in new Ipana with WD-9. And it makes your mouth so fresh and clean that even one brushing can stop most unpleasant mouth odor all day long.

New white IPANA with Acid-Inhibitor WD-9
Buy one jar—get another

Free

To introduce you to the doctor's deodorant discovery* that safely

STOPS ODOR ALL DAY LONG

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

We want you to try wonderful new Mum, the exclusive deodorant based originally on a doctor's discovery, and now containing long-lasting M-3. That's why we offer you, absolutely free, a bonus jar of new Mum when you buy the regular sized jar.

New Mum stops odor all day long because invisible M-3 clings to your skin—keeps destroying odor bacteria a full 24 hours—far longer than the ordinary deodorant tested.

Non-irritating to normal skin. Won't rot fabrics—certified by American Institute of Laundering. Creamier, delicately fragrant, won't dry out in the jar. Today, take advantage of new Mum's Special Offer. Get a free bonus jar while supplies last.

NEW MUM®

cream deodorant with long-lasting M-3

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-NYERS

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Cover portrait of Don McNeill by Frederick D. Countiss

buy your August copy early • on sale July 7
Marriages may be made in heaven but they must be lived on earth. And Mrs. J—finds it more livable if she lets nothing mar her charm. Like unpleasant breath, for example. Not for her, make-shifts that deodorize temporarily! She lets Listerine Antiseptic, with its lasting effect, look after her breath... lets it accent her sweetness, heighten her appeal, day in, day out. Why don't you make this a must in daily grooming? It certainly pays off in added attractiveness.

**Lasting Effect**

You see, Listerine instantly stops bad breath, and keeps it stopped usually for hours on end... four times better than tooth paste. It's the extra-careful precaution against offending that countless fastidious people rely on.

Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no tooth paste does. Listerine Antiseptic instantly kills bacteria... by millions—stops bad breath instantly, and usually for hours on end.

**No Tooth Paste Kills Odor Germs Like This... Instantly**

You see, far and away the most common cause of offensive breath is the bacterial fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth. And research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer, depending upon the degree to which you reduce germs in the mouth.

No tooth paste, of course, is antiseptic. Chlorophyll does not kill germs but Listerine kills bacteria by millions, gives you lasting antiseptic protection against bad breath.

**Listerine Clinically Proved**

Four Times Better Than Tooth Paste

Is it any wonder Listerine Antiseptic in recent clinical tests averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against? With proof like this, it's easy to see why Listerine belongs in your home. Every morning... every night... before every date, make it a habit to always gargle Listerine, the most widely used antiseptic in the world.

Every week
2 different shows, radio & television—
"THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE & HARRIET"

**Listerine Antiseptic Stops Bad Breath**

4 times better than any tooth paste
WHAT'S SPINNING

By CHUCK NORMAN

GAME of chance—A recent letter from Bob Manning pretty well sums up the worth-thinking-about situation of the recording artist and his attitude toward his work. Says Bob: "It seems like every record you make buys you another sweepstakes ticket in the biggest legal lottery in the country—which is what the record business is today. I keep making records—and I hope they are good ones—and every one of my new releases gives me a chance to arrive in the winner's circle with what I hope is a 'hit record.'" Well, good luck Bob, with your latest (two—"That's A-Me 'n' My Love" and "Goodbye.") I personally feel "Goodbye" has an especially good chance of breaking through on several counts: 1) Bob's fine rendition; 2) the tune was written by Gordon Jenkins, and he has a way, you know; and 3) it's had acceptance before—it was Benny Goodman's theme.

There are quite a few others trying for the brass ring, among them The Gaylords with "Isle of Capri" (Mercury 70350). Even without Ronnie, they do an awfully good job. Better than most vocal groups, in my opinion, because they're all musically strong in their own right. Tremendous teenage-age support is also a big factor in their favor.

Frank Sinatra's "Don't Worry About Me" (Capitol 2787) is reminiscent of Don Cherry's and Artie Shaw's recording of this tune a few years ago. Frankie does it just about as well—which, in our book, means he sounds real great. Two factors are new, as is the label they're working for, which may handicap them somewhat. But, considering the popularity of vocal groups—The Ames Brothers, Hilltoppers, Four Aces, Gaylords—it could happen.

Percy Faith's "Dream, Dream, Dream," is a beautiful blending of orchestra and chorus. It's one of the prettiest new ballads to come along for quite a spell. Jim McHugh wrote the music, and Mitch Parris contributed the lyrics. Mitch is the same lyricist (yes, a man who writes lyrics is a lyricist—not a lyricist) who collaborated with Hoagy Carmichael on "Star Dust."

George Barnes and Dorothy Collins team up on "Crazy Rhythm," which is a grand combination of Dorothy's exceptional voice—using the multi-recording gimmick—and the fine work of one of the best guitarists in the business publishing firm and has him? Some will say it's too obvious an imitation of the Les Paul—Mary Ford technique. This is the new Audivox label started, incidentally, by Dorothy's husband, Ray- mond Scott.

Others that bear watching—or should we say hearing?—Dean Martin's "Hey, Brother, Pour the Wine" (Capitol 2749), written by Ross Bagdasarian, author of "Come On-A My House." Buddy Morrow's "All Night Long," which is much like "Night Train"; in fact, the same guy—Jimmy Forrest—wrote both... Judy Tremaine's "Cherries" (Mercury 61150). You might remember Judy from some of the Henry Aldrich films. This is her first big-label release. ... Georgia Gibbs "My Sin." Many versions of this have been done, but this is the first, to the best of my knowledge, with a real recording. ..."Dick Tracy's Kid's Last Fight." Ironically, it was partner Carl Fischer's last date with Frankie. The entire record world counted Carl's untimely death a real loss.

With the classics—Arthur Fiedler's "Porgy and Bess," in two parts, is well worth everyone's attention. Fiedler does his usual excellent job with this cleverly orchestrated arrangement by Robert Russell Bennett, who is known as Gershwin's Boswell... Tchaikovsky's "Quartet in E Flat Minor" isn't one of the composer's better known works, but it has the master's imprint on it, nonetheless. The quartet is made up of soloists from the Boston Symphony.

Pop albums—Phil Harris' new offering, "You're Blasé" (RCA Victor LPM 3203), isn't done in the style most of you have been used to, and possibly you'll think he should be kept on "Stars Fell on Alabama," "Black and Blue," and "I Guess I'll Have to Change My Plan," as well as the title song. However, he does an excellent self on "Take Your Girlie to the Movies" and "The Cho- buy Song." ... "The Girl in the Pink Tights" (Columbia LP ML 4890) is an original—cast album. They're all here—Jeanette MacDonald, David Atkinson, Brenda Lewis. It's the last work of Sigmund Romberg—he died in the midst of preparation for this. The loveliest tune from it, and the one with the biggest potential for new recording by the biggest stars, is "Lost in Loveliness." ... "Dizzy Gillespie with Strings" (Longplay Clef MG C-136) was recorded by Dizzy in France two years ago. The single star is ably supported by a cast of French musicians. The tunes are our best standards—"I Don't Stand a Ghost of a Chance," "Sweet and Lovely," "My Old Flame," "I Waited for You," "The Man I Love," and "Night and Day."

Miscellany—Though he's been dead for over a year, Hank Williams is still very much with us via his music. Two of his hits are currently returning... "How Can You Refuse Him?" and "There'll Be No Teardrops Tonight"... are among the five top sellers at M-G-M... Piano sales for 1953 approached 200,000, the highest since the Twenties, when around 350,000 were sold annually. Naturally, publishers are happy—they feel this return of "music to the home" will increase sheet-music sales. ... Eddie Fisher... might still be a star by now if he had co-authored some of the numbers he's recorded—"Until You Said Goodbye"... "May I Sing to You? ... Benny Goodman will make a concert tour with the accent on classical chamber music. The song, "The Man Upstairs," was written by Carl Nutter for his granddaughter, Holly Ann, who was stricken with polio in 1943. Mr. Nutter opened a recent engagement at the Coconut Grove in Los Angeles, Southern California was rocked by a slight earthquake. Red Skelton, who had come backstage to observe the performance, quipped: "Mindy, even the hills are applauding you."
Casual, carefree—thanks to Bobbi. Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents always give you soft, carefree curls and waves right from the start.

Bobbi is perfect for this gay "Miss Liberty" hairdo. Bobbi is the permanent designed to give soft, casual looking curls. No nightly settings necessary.

Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents

Casual, carefree—thanks to Bobbi. Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents always give you soft, carefree curls and waves right from the start.

Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents

NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS ON THIS PAGE!

These hairdos were made with Bobbi ... the special home permanent for casual hair styles

Yes, Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is designed to give you lovelier, softer curls ... the kind you need for today's casual hairdos. Never the tight, fussy curls you get with ordinary home or beauty shop permanents. Immediately after you use Bobbi your hair has the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And your hair stays that way—your wave lasts week after week.

Bobbi's so easy to use, too. You just put your hair in pin curls. Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. A little later rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out—and that's all. No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed.

Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion—if you can make a simple pin curl—you'll love Bobbi.

Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the soft, natural look of the new "Jasmine" hair style. So simple! No help is needed.

Everything you need! New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins, complete instructions for use. $1.50 plus tax.

Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. Neutralizing is automatic. No curlers, no resetting.

Only Bobbi is designed to give the soft waves needed for this "Aloha" hairdo. With Bobbi you get curls and waves exactly where you want them.

Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent
She stuck in her thumb,
And pulled out PINK PLUM
And cried, “What a smart girl am I!”

Smart girl, indeed! For what could be more tempting to the lips than the sun-ripe, sun-sweet color of fresh plums? And what more effective accent to the whole new range of Paris blues, off-pinks, charcoal and black? (Nice, too, to know that Cashmere Bouquet’s Pink Plum stays pink, stays on—for hours—without re-touching!)

7 Cover-Girl Colors 49¢
cashmere bouquet
INDELIBLE-TYPE LIPSTICK
Super-Creamed to Keep Your Lips Like Velvet

MAKE UP YOUR MIND
CONTEST WINNERS

Radio-TV Mirror readers can certainly make up their minds! That’s the considered opinion of the Make Up Your Mind contest judges who sifted through thousands of entries received since the original announcement in the March issue of Radio-TV Mirror. They were unanimous in their decision that contestants showed a detailed understanding and enjoyment of the “situation” contest, the CBS Radio program and the magazine. Winners and prizes have been awarded as follows:

FIRST PRIZE ($100 BOND)

Mrs. Robert Russell, 914 East Front St., Monroe, Michigan

SECOND PRIZE ($50 BOND)

Mrs. Anna Cizmar, 12 Brookline Avenue, Youngstown, Ohio

THIRD PRIZE ($25 BOND)

Mrs. Edith M. Estabrooks, 1461 Torrey Pines Road, La Jolla, California

All prizes are in addition to the $25 U.S. Savings Bonds which are regularly awarded by Make Up Your Mind for use of situations on the air. In announcing plans to use the three winning questions on the Monday-through-Friday morning program during the week of June 7, producer-director Arthur Henley indicated he was so impressed by the high caliber of the entries that other Radio-TV Mirror reader-participants shouldn’t be too surprised to receive the regular Make Up Your Mind award for use of their questions on subsequent broadcasts.

Make Up Your Mind is heard on CBS Radio, M-F, 11:30 A.M. EDT, for Wonder Bread and Hostess Cup Cakes. (For an exciting new story of emcee Jack Sterling, see pages 50-51.)
this is how you feel...

All over... all day
wrapped in the flower
freshness of
Cashmere Bouquet

cashmere bouquet
TALCUM POWDER

Conover Girls Pick
Cashmere Bouquet
"Borrow this good
grooming cue from
our Conover Career
School students!
A quick dusting with
Cashmere Bouquet Talc
smoothes hot, chafed
skin... helps girdles,
stockings and shoes
ease on smoothly."

Says
Cindy Jones
(Mrs. Harry Conover)
Director Conover School
AUNT JENNY All across our country there are thousands of small towns like Littleton. And in each one there is probably one person like Aunt Jenny, who knows everyone in town and loves to follow the lives of all the townsfolk. These daily stories are based on familiar situations, but are full of love, excitement and good will. 12:15 P.M., CBS.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Mary Noble, feeling responsible for the money lost by her friends in worthless oil stock she innocently sponsored, sells her husband Larry's new play to financier Victor Stratton to pay them back. What Mary doesn't know is that she has jumped from the frying pan into the fire, for Stratton is scheming with Elise Shepard to break up the Nobles' marriage. 4 P.M., NBC.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL David Farrell is almost stumped by a particularly brutal murder in which four suspects create one of the grimmest puzzles he has ever encountered. It is only through a chance remark made by his wife, Sally, that David finally perceives the hidden clue that leads him to the true murderer and saves an innocent person. 5:15 P.M., NBC.

HAWKINS FALLS Small towns like Hawkins Falls may seem quiet to the casual traveller passing through, but to people like Lena and Floyd Corey, who live there, it offers a rich and eventful life. Lena's newspaper experience and Floyd's activities as a doctor bring them into intimate contact with their neighbors. Is there a chance they may learn some things they would be better off not knowing? 12:15 P.M., NBC.

HILLTOP HOUSE The latest developments in the troubled life of Julie's current problem, Terry Wallace, have Julie very worried. Philip Wallace is trying to be nice to his daughter whom he had so callously ignored up till now. Is this new concern sincere, or is he merely attracted by the inheritance that will be left by Terry's great aunt? 3 P.M., CBS.

JUST PLAIN BILL For many years, Bill Davidson and his barber shop have been a vital part of Hartville. With his daughter Nancy and her family near at hand, Bill had found life complete and satisfying. Never in his wildest dreams has he imagined that he would have to choose between this peaceful life and a situation so bizarre he scarcely knows how to face it. 5 P.M., NBC.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL Many times in her brief past Chichi has been involved in trouble—but usually it was somebody else's trouble. Now, for the first time, her own life skirts tragedy. Will the strength and courage she learned from Papa David see her through? Or will Papa David's resources be tested to the fullest before Chichi's life is on an even keel again? 3 P.M., NBC.

LORENZO JONES Lorenzo's amnesia makes him powerless against Phoebe Larkin's claim that five-year-old Gloria is the child of a marriage between them, though instinct warns him that Phoebe is lying. Unable to recognize Belle as his true wife, he cannot help her prove her status. Meanwhile, jealous Gail Maddox joins forces with Phoebe to prevent Belle from reclaiming Lorenzo. Can Belle find the proof she needs? 3:30 P.M., NBC.

LOVE OF LIFE Vanessa is deeply disturbed as she tries to disentangle herself and her family from the mess her sister Meg got them into. Meg's job with gambling king Hal Craig has placed even her young son Beany in unimaginable danger, for it is Beany who holds the key to a startling secret that important financial and political figures cannot afford to have revealed. What will happen to Beany? 12:15 P.M., CBS.

MA PERKINS When rich Alf Pierce made Ma the trustee for the money he left his son Billy, he may have suspected that only Ma could handle the kind of mess Billy might get into. Is Ma right in defending Billy's wife Laura—or are the others right in anticipating trouble? How will the town be affected by the newcomers—among them, Laura's rolling-stone brother? 1:15 P.M., CBS.

ONE MAN'S FAMILY Balance is a good thing in a family—one parent knowing when to loosen up on a tight rein if the other is a bit too stern. But Mother Barbour has a difficult middle road to walk as she tries to mediate between Father Barbour's somewhat old-fashioned principles and the natural desire of her teenage children for independence. Will the future vindicate Mother Barbour's methods? 10:30 A.M., NBC.

OUR GAL SUNDAY The enmity of Mrs. Thornton has created a serious breach between Sunday and Lord Henry, for Mrs. Thornton has cleverly used the young lawyer, Kevin Bromfield, to arouse Lord Henry's deep-seated jealousy. Sunday is uncertain how to handle the situation, since the truth is that Kevin is fond of her. But nothing can alter her love for Lord Henry. Can she convince him of this? 12:45 P.M., CBS.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY The aversion that Pepper and Linda have felt from the beginning for oil expert Dr. Grayson increases as Father Young's money continues pouring into the well being drilled, on Grayson's advice, on the

(Continued on page 21)
New Lilt Home Permanent
looks, feels and stays like the
Loveliest Naturally Curly Hair!

— A far softer wave
than any other home permanent!

Exclusive new wave conditioner means that only from Lilt can you get such soft, natural-looking curls!

Your New Lilt wave looks as lovely as the loveliest naturally curly hair... shimmering with healthy-looking highlights. You get the kind of wave you want where you want it!

Your New Lilt wave feels like naturally curly hair because Lilt's Wave Conditioner makes curls so extra-soft you can feel the difference! Lilt Curls are always soft and smooth like nature's own!

Your New Lilt wave stays like naturally curly hair because it's the longest-lasting wave possible today! Lilt keeps its shining, soft naturalness month after month!

Procter & Gamble's new Lilt Home Permanent

Now!
Lilt lets you choose the wave especially made for your type of hair. Super, Regular or Gentle Lilt... and Lilt's new Party Curl, the very best children's home permanent.

$1.50 (plus tax)
Luck Of The Irish

Dear Editor:

Can you give us some background on Patrick McVey, who plays Steve Wilson on CBS-TV's Big Town?

F. R., New Hyde Park, N. Y.

Of Irish descent, Patrick McVey was born on St. Patrick's Day or, as he puts it, "How lucky can you get?" It was on another lucky March 17th that he first learned he was being considered for the lead role in the TV version of Big Town. Pat was well prepared for the part, for he had played the role of newshawk Spike McManus in Broadway's "State of the Union" and had actually had newspaper experience on the Los Angeles Times...

Pat hails from Ft. Wayne, Indiana, received a law degree from Indiana University, and practiced law for two years in his home town. But amateur theatricals, plus a spear-carrying stint in a professional production of "Julius Caesar," turned his dreams stage-ward and, in 1939, on the advice of his high school dramatics teacher, Pat departed for Hollywood. Pat's career got rolling with Little Theater work in Los Angeles and at the Pasadena Playhouse. Movie roles followed, then a hitch in the Army as an infantry sergeant in Alaska. After his discharge, Pat made some more movies, then did some test plays in the early experimental days of television. His Broadway credits include "Detective Story," "Crime and Punishment," and "Twentieth Century." In 1947, Pat married actress Courtine Landis, a niece of the late baseball czar.

Life Of Riley

Dear Editor:

Could you give me some information on Wesley Morgan, the young boy who plays Junior in NBC-TV's Life of Riley?

W. B. B., Tuxedo, Okla.

At thirteen, Wesley Morgan is a veteran of seven years in movies, radio and television, and has played every type of youngster from brat to cherub. On television, he has appeared on the Wesley Ruggles show and in a series called The Sprouts. Wesley's screen credits include Pete Smith's short "The Golden Prince," plus "Miracle of Fatima" and "The Lone Hand." He's currently the busiest member of the Riley cast, getting his book-learning between "takes" in a special classroom right on the studio lot. Helping with the homework, no doubt, is Wesley's dad, who is an educator in the U. S. Army.

Songs For Breakfast

Dear Editor:

Would you please tell me something about Eileen Parker, the girl who sings on Don McNeill's Breakfast Club?

N. W. P., Vidor, Texas

The youngest of eleven children of a Pennsylvania farm family, Eileen Parker was a church choir singer and vocalist with bands around her home town until 1952. Her career took definite shape after her friend and neighbor, Paula Kelly—songstress of The Modernaires—encouraged Eileen to try for a musical opening

Continued on page 18
Jan Sterling

star of Paramount's "ALASKA SEAS" says..."You could buy the most expensive of girdles and still not get the comfort and control of Playtex!"

To look best in 1954's revealing summer fashions

Hollywood Stars recommend

PLAYTEX®

Living Panty Brief

You can see for yourself that this year's summer silhouette is slender as a stem. That's why now, more than ever, you need a Playtex Panty Brief to trim away extra inches!

Without a seam, stitch or bone, Playtex slims you in complete freedom. Made of a smooth latex sheath, Playtex is invisible under the most revealing fashions. And, it washes in seconds, dries with the pat of a towel, ready to wear again, right away. At department stores and better specialty shops everywhere!

PLAYTEX® known everywhere as the girdle in the slim tube.

TOP DESIGNERS—LIKE TOP STARS—PRAISE PLAYTEX!

SCHNURER  EMILIO of CAPRI  DE GRAB  OWEN

PLAYTEX® Living® Panty Brief (without garters) $3.50
PLAYTEX Living Panty Girdle (with garters) 3.95
PLAYTEX Living Girdle (with garters) 3.95
PLAYTEX Fabric Lined Panty Brief 4.95
PLAYTEX Magic-Controller® Panty Brief 6.95

*U.S.A. and Foreign Patents Pending  (Prices slightly higher outside U.S.A.)

©1954 International Latex Corporation...PLAYTEX PARK...Dover Del; In Canada: Playtex Ltd...PLAYTEX PARK...Arnprior, Ont.
WJAS listeners are shouting for joy because

They’re just wild about Barry

Radio fans who had heard him in Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Miami wasted no time in spreading the good word. They clamored loud and long about the young deejay with the rapid-fire delivery, the string of comic voice-characters, and the handy, happy way with the best in recordings. Thus, it wasn’t so surprising that, a year ago, when Barry Kaye launched his new show in Studio C of Pittsburgh’s Station WJAS, some 2,000 teenagers were on hand to roar their welcome. And since that happy day, more than 25,000 visitors have come to watch their dark-haired, well-groomed idol spin records, interview celebrities and, in general, offer worthwhile entertainment and advice. Eighty-one Barry Kaye fan clubs with over 10,000 members in the Tri-State area are further proof positive of Mr. K’s winning ways.

Members of the Coke crowd are not the only ones who are wild about Barry. The Barry Kaye Show is a triple treat, starting at 2:30 P.M. with an hour of deejaying for the general radio audience, going on to the “Teen Canteen” segment from 4 to 5, then continuing until 7:30 with special attention given to the automobile audience, working girls—kitchen or office—and family listeners.

Barry was still a teenager when he joined the working world as a play-by-play announcer of table-tennis tournaments around the country. Later, he played bit parts in the movies and on Broadway, before becoming a full-fledged disc jockey in New York. “When I was a teenager,” Barry tells youngsters, “I left school to go to work. I don’t want any of you to make the same mistake.”

This sermonette has a special significance because, while in the Army, Barry made up enough high school credits to win his diploma and, incidentally, to score some of the highest marks ever achieved in Army extension courses.

Because he is endowed with endless energy, Barry finds himself in constant demand for teen-age “record hops” sponsored by schools, churches and other organizations. About the only person who isn’t delighted about all the time he spends with and for others is his lovely fiancée, Eleanor Schano, who must accompany Barry on personal appearances in order to receive any attention from him!

An “old pro” at twenty-five, Barry was voted one of the top twelve disc jockeys in the country by a national magazine. To WJAS listeners, this choice was only natural, for they’ve always thought their Barry was the best yet.
Just a whisper of spray... sets your hair for all day!

Helene Curtis spray net keeps your hair in place softly, softly... without ever drying it... thanks to the spray-on Lanolin Lotion in SPRAY NET*

What a delightful difference!

And the difference is this... SPRAY NET keeps your hair soft and "touchable" while keeping it in place all day long.

Your hair isn't glued, or stuck, or starched in place when you spray on Helene Curtis SPRAY NET.

It's as if your hair grew the way you set it... naturally inclined to stay in place... every wandering wisp off it.

Touch your fingers to your hair (and don't be surprised if he wants to, too). Such softness is irresistible.

And if you're a girl who varies her hair-do... you especially should try Helene Curtis SPRAY NET. It keeps an "up-sweep" up all evening, and a "down-do" beautifully done all day.

You'll never vary from SPRAY NET! Try it today.

$1.25

Regular size (4 1/2 oz.)

New large economy size (11 oz.) $1.89, both prices plus tax

only Helene Curtis Spray Net contains spray-on lanolin lotion...
By Jill Warren

Guest panelists Jane Russell and Steve Allen enjoy their visit with Leonard Feather on Platterbrains, which just had its first birthday.

WHAT'S NEW FROM

ONE OF radio's first audience-participation programs, Truth Or Consequences, is now on television, over NBC Tuesday nights in the time spot formerly held by the Fred Allen show, Judge For Yourself. The half-hour of gags and gimmicks is emceed by Jack Bailey, best known for his Queen For A Day show and as the voice of “Goofy” in the Walt Disney cartoons.

Another long-time radio favorite, Inner Sanctum, has also become a television program, set up as a thirty-nine-week film series. The majority of the talent names who appear on the shows are from the legitimate stage -Ernest Truex, Beatrice Straight, Paul Stewart, Mildred Dunnock, Everett Sloane, Margaret Phillips, and others. Inner Sanctum is being syndicated by NBC's Film Division to local stations around the country.

Remember The Adventures Of The Falcon, which was a very popular radio show on the Mutual network a few years ago? It, too, has gone TV, and is being distributed locally for thirty-nine weeks by NBC. The dramas were filmed in Hollywood.
COAST TO COAST

with Charles McGraw starring as Mike Waring (The Falcon).

On A Sunday Afternoon is back on CBS Radio's summer schedule for the third year. The three-hour program is beamed directly at listeners who are driving, picnicking, vacationing or doing most anything outdoors near a radio set. Though it's a network show, with music and news flashes, stations across the country cut in with local traffic conditions and weather reports, etc. Eddie Gallaher is the announcer.

Also on CBS Radio's Sunday summer schedule is a return engagement for Your Invitation To Music. It's a recorded classical music program with Jim Fassett at the microphone as a combination host, commentator and long-hair disc jockey.

Beginning June 12, the Saturday Night Revue returns as a summer replacement for Your Show Of Shows on NBC-TV. This year the ninety-minute light comedy and music revue will star Eddie Albert as emcee, with Alan Young and Ben Blue featured in the comedy spot on alternate Saturdays.

Speaking of Your Show Of Shows, Steve Allen has been signed to star in fifteen programs next season. Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, of course, are leaving and will be seen on individual programs of their own in the fall.

It looks like the Dorsey Brothers, Tommy and Jimmy, will headline the summer replacement show for Jackie Gleason when "Roly-Poly" winds up his current series on June 26. The Dorseys have already done a television recording of a vaudeville-type music-variety offering which CBS executives are excited about. And the producer? None other than Gleason himself.

The British Broadcasting Corporation has purchased two additional American television shows for showing in England: Amos 'n' Andy and Range Rider. The BBC carries no advertising on its networks, hence neither of these shows will be sponsored. Three other TV shows from the U.S. are already on the BBC schedule: What's My Line?, Down You Go, and You Are There.

The ABC Radio Network is excited about their new personality acquisition, Jack Gregson. They're starring him in an hour-long variety program Monday through Friday nights, with Bobby Hackett and his orchestra and vocalist Peggy Ann Ellis. Gregson was formerly heard locally in New York on an early morning disc-jockey show and ABC thinks he is a combination Arthur Godfrey and Robert Q. Lewis, and they have big plans to build him up.

Robert Q., by the way, has been meeting with NBC, and there is a possibility he may sign his name to a long-term TV contract with them. He is still under an exclusive radio pact to CBS.

ABC-TV has an interesting show in the works, to be called This Is U.S. That popular gentleman, John Daly, will be the narrator, and Paul Whiteman the musical conductor. They plan to present a different American theme and locale each week, with emphasis on variety.

Beginning this fall, the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be NBC's principal offering in the field of symphonic music, with Pierre Monteux and Guido (Continued on page 19)
Versatile Ted Knight has a popular, pleasing way with children, adults—and puppets.

**Fun for All**

Every dog has his day, but this dog has his Knight,” puns Bernard, a lovable, mischievous plush dog who claims he feels like a real dog, even though people insist upon calling him a puppet. Bernard is the best friend of the man who provides him with voice and movement—young, imaginative Ted Knight—and he is also the star of Children's Theater, seen Mondays, Thursdays and Fridays, via WJAR-TV in Providence, from 5:15 to 5:30 P.M.

Friendly, versatile Ted Knight delights the young in years—and the young in heart—with a whole cast of lively puppets. In addition to head “man” Bernard, there’s Penrod, a young boy who is kept busy trying to make Bernard behave; an excitable German professor; a cat; and Mrs. Appleby, a middle-aged housekeeper who looks after the others.

Born in Terryville, Connecticut, on December 7, twenty-nine years ago, Ted Knight (not the puppets) was the youngest of a family of seven. It wasn’t until after his discharge from the Army that he got under way with his acting career. For three years, he studied at the Randall School of Dramatic Arts in Hartford, at the same time gaining experience as a part-time disc jockey and announcer at several Hartford stations. His first full-time job in radio and TV was as a deejay, announcer, singer and pantomimist for a Southern station. Then New York beckoned and Ted went to study at the American Theater Wing and, in order to “pay the rent,” acted in many top radio and TV shows such as Our Gal Sunday, Lux Video Theater and Suspense.

A little over a year ago, Ted came to WJAR-TV for his first assignment—a cooking show. Then followed vocal gymnastics on Riddle Skits, Milkman’s Movies and, finally, last fall, his own wonderful creation, Children’s Theater.

Ted and his wife Dottie, a former ballerina, have been married for five years and they now share their cozy apartment with two very real cats, Cleo and Tuffy—plus Bernard, of course. Someday, the Knights hope to own a ranch house where there’ll be room for more pets. Bernard says he won’t mind if there’s a real dog, because he knows he’ll “still be treated as the star.”
"Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo," says Debra Paget. 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!

Debra Paget

starring in "DEMETRIUS AND THE GLADIATORS"

20th Century-Fox's CinemaScope Production. Color by Technicolor.
Information Booth
(Continued from page 12)

in New York. Taking Paula's advice, Eileen auditioned for and won the feminine singing role in CBS' summer series, On A Sunday Afternoon. Her voice so impressed former Breakfast Club vocalist Clark Dennis that he contacted Don McNeill and suggested Eileen as the person to fill an opening on Don's show. . . . Of Scotch-Irish descent, Eileen stands 5'6" tall and weighs 120 pounds. She now lives in Chicago where athletics—particularly golf and bowling—rank as her favorite hobby.

Pictures Of Stars

Dear Editor:
Would you please tell me how to obtain photographs of radio and television stars? If you are supposed to write to the studios, how do you know from where the program originated?

N. A. F., Circleville, O.

Write to the star whose photograph you want in care of the station over which you have heard or seen him or her. Generally, a brief announcement, either at the beginning or end of the program, will tell you from where the program originates.

Globetrotter

Dear Editor:
I am a great admirer of Dorothy Kilgallen of What's My Line? fame. To whom is she married and how many children does she have? Was she born in New York?

A. R., Bristol, Tenn.

Well-known today as panelist on CBS-TV's What's My Line?, co-star with her husband Dick Kollmar on their morning radio show, and author of the syndicated column, "Voice of Broadway," Dorothy Kilgallen will be remembered by senior televiewers as the first woman

(Continued on page 28)
Centelli appearing as guest conductors. When Arturo Toscanini retired in April, the musical personnel of the NBC Symphony was rearranged into smaller orchestral units to serve the requirements of the network.

This ‘n That:
Fred Allen, who has repeatedly announced that he was giving up television for good at the end of this season, has probably changed his mind. When his Judge For Yourself clambake went off, Fred made a film of a proposed audience-participation comedy quiz show, and it was so good that it will undoubtedly wind up on the fall schedule.

Dorothy Collins and her husband, Ray- mond Scott, are expecting their first visit from the studio audience for their new TV show. Dorothy plans to return to Your Hit Parade late next fall. Also on the “baby” list are Eve Arden and her better half, Brooks West, who will welcome their first little one in September. The Wests already have three adopted children.

And congratulations are in order for the Gordon MacRae, who has a new little boy at their house in Hollywood.

Songstress Jane Pickens was married in New York City a few weeks ago to William Langley, a former show business. It was the second marriage for both. The music world was saddened by the passing of Louis Silvers, the well-known composer-conductor. He died in Holly- wood of a heart attack. In addition to writing the musical scores for hundreds of movies, Silvers served as the musical director for the Lux Radio Theater for thirteen years and won many citations for his work on this program.

When Dick Van Patten, who plays Nels on the Mama TV show, and bal- lerina Pat Poole recently became Mr. and Mrs., it was the culmination of a real television romance. Dick and Pat were classmates at the Professional Children’s School in New York City. They were ten and she was eight. After years of not seeing each other, they renewed their acquaintance again about a year ago at CBS’s studios in Grand Central Terminal in New York. The Mama pro- gram rehearsed right next door to Jackie Gleason’s show, and at that time Pat was one of the June Taylor dancers. They spent most of the summer together in the two studios until Pat left the Gleason group to go into the Broadway show, “Me and Juliet.”

The biggest star of the canine world has signed a television deal—or rather his owner has. Lassie, the popular dog star of the movies of the same name, will be seen on a TV film series over CBS this fall.

Mulling The Mail:
Mrs. N. I., Decatur, Illinois: George Keane and Betty Winkler are still mar- ried and happily living in the Broadway hit, “The Seven Year Itch.” . . . To those who asked about Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis: Yes, it is true that the two stars have been spotted, both professionally and privately, but their managers and friends have been successful, at least up to this writing, in convincing them that the Martin and Lewis team is “dead.” But the entire situation has been tense, so who knows? . . . Miss N. C., Deansboro,

New York: Yes, Raymond Scott was married before, but Dorothy Collins was not. He has no relation to Barbara Ann Scott, the ice-skater. His brother was the late conductor, Mark Warnow. . . . Miss L. M. H., Richland, Georgia: Singer Bill Lawrence has been appearing lately on Ted Steele’s WPIX-TV show in New York City, but he is not singing on any network radio program at the present time . . . Mr. R. V., Oak Park, Illinois: George Jessel’s daughter’s name is Jerilyn, and she is spending the summer with him touring Europe and Israel . . . Miss W. W., Woodside, New York: Betty Kroeger is still very much in the acting profession, but has been commuting to Hollywood for movie work, so conse- quently has done less television work this season . . . To the many readers who wrote asking about the Family Skeleton show: This program, which was heard on CBS Radio five nights a week, went off the air a couple of months ago because the sponsor didn’t renew it. At the present time, there are no plans for its return. Mercedes Mc- Cambridge, who had the lead, is presently in Hollywood with her husband, pro- ducer-director Fletcher Markle . . . Mr. A.P., St. Louis, Missouri: No, songstress Martha Wright is not married at the present time. She is divorced from Ted Baumfeld, who still manages her career.

Mama’s new ABC-TV show is set for fifty-two weeks.

What Ever Happened To . . . ?
Dagmar, the bumptious blonde com- medienne, who specialized in dead-pan delivery and malapropisms? For a while Dagmar was doing a few TV guest appear- ances, but for the past few months she has been playing night clubs in an act with her husband, actor Danny Day- ton. They recently played the Latin Quarter in Boston and have been booking at different spots about the country for the summer season. Dagmar originally had a long-term contract with NBC, but it was broken by mutual agreement.

Wheel Of Fortune, the popular daytime TV show on CBS? The show went off the air a few months ago when the network needed the time spot. It was a sustaining program, so when a sponsor came along with another idea, it had to be dropped. Todd Russell, who was the emcee, is still very active, of course, as head man on the Roots Kazooie children’s show.

Mr. Chameleon, the popular detective show? This was a sustaining summer replacement last year, and then was on the air again for three weeks in February of this year. CBS usually uses this program as a “fill-in” when they have the time open. It is not known at this writing whether it will be on the air again this summer.

If you have a question about one of your favorite people or programs, or wonder what has happened to some- one on radio or television, drop me a line: Miss Jill Warren, Radio-TV Mirror, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York, and I’ll try my best to find out. C. W., and put the teletype in motion in this column. Unfortunately, we do not have space to answer all questions, so I try to cover those personal- ities or shows about whom we receive the most inquiries. Sorry, no personal answers.

All you have to do is give up hot, “chafey” external pads and turn to the Tampax® method of sanitary protection. Tampax is worn internally and positively will not chafe or irritate, no matter how warm the weather is. In fact, the wearer doesn’t even feel it, once it’s in place.

Tampax has many other warm weather advantages. For one thing, it prevents odor from forming—and what a blessing that is! Tampax also gives you the free- dom of the beach. It can’t “show” under a bathing suit; you even wear Tampax while you’re swimming.

If you’re planning on going away, just remember this: Tampax is extremely easy to dispose of, even when the plumbing is erratic. Get this doctor-invented product at any drug or notion counter in your choice of 3 absorbencies: Regu- lar, Super, Junior. Month’s supply goes into purse; economy size gives 4 times as much. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.

New Patterns for You

9332—Sew for sunny hours. Halter is one piece—slips over head, wraps, buttons. Skirt is half-circle; one seam, belt-band. Misses' Sizes 12-20. Size 16 takes 4 yds. 35" fabric.


9211—Designed for comfort and flattery, with built-up backs, wide straps, slimming lines. Women's Sizes 34-48. Size 36, top style, 1¾ yds. 35" fabric; lower style, 1½ yds.

4791—Mix-match these separates. Skirt, halter, blouse open flat. Tops and bottoms button to each other. Child's Sizes 2-10. Size 6 skirt and halter take 2 yds. 35" fabric; blouse and shorts, 1½ yds.

Send thirty-five cents (in coins) for each pattern to:
RADIO-TV MIRROR, Pattern Department,
P. O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station,
New York 11, New York.

YOUR NAME ..................................................

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Add five cents for each pattern for first class mailing.
farm property. Meanwhile, Grayson's engagement to Ivy Trent promises to bring him the financial security he needs to further his own secret plans—which have nothing to do with making Father Young rich. 5:30 P.M., NBC.

**PERRY MASON** Lawyer Perry Mason is inured to all sorts of sordid, brutal crimes, but even he feels sicken at the arch-criminal that preys on unthinking youngsters, ruining their lives. Can he save Kate Beckman from the consequences of her stubborn refusal to accept not only his advice, but that of his secretary, Della Street? What will happen when Kate realizes what she has gotten into? 2:15 P.M., CBS.

**PORTIA FACES LIFE** Walter Manning has always been proud of his wife Portia's talent, and her former career as a lawyer. But is there a secret reservation behind the pride—something that will cause trouble if Portia seriously resumes her work? What happens when Walter, as a newspaperman, becomes involved with Morgan Elliott, many of whose activities lie outside the law? Will Portia make trouble by helping Kathy Baker? 1:15 P.M., CBS-TV.

**ROSEMARY** The whole Boys Club project is in jeopardy because of one designing girl, and Bill Roberts knows he should have listened to Rosemary when she warned him that Monica wasn't just someone to laugh off as far as young Lonnie was concerned. But apart from the Club, will Rosemary have further cause for concern about the future health of her beloved mother, who has weathered one serious crisis? 11:45 A.M., CBS.

**SEARCH FOR TOMORROW** If the woman who poses as Arthur Tate's wife Hazel succeeds in evading the traps set for her by Arthur's lawyer, Nathan Walsh, Joanne Barron may never capture the happy future that seemed dawning for her and Arthur before "Hazel" appeared. Will Nathan ferret out the true purpose behind the masquerade—the efforts of a crooked group to get control of Joanne's Motor Haven? 12:30 P.M., CBS-TV.

**STELLA DALLAS** The happiness of her daughter Laurel has been the guiding force of Stella's life. Facing the prospect that enemies may destroy Laurel's marriage to Dick Grosecwor, Stella fights desperately to protect her child. But now she encounters a new adversary in glamorous model Patricia Keswick. Will Patricia succeed in luring Dick away from his home and family? 4:15 P.M., NBC.

**THE BIGGER DAY** Reverend Richard Dennis is accustomed to dealing with illnesses of the soul, but in the case of his beautiful daughter Althea he realizes that the very strength of the tie between them reduces his power to help. Is Althea as mentally sick as Dr. Blake Halsted believes? How will her immediate future affect her sisters, Patsy and Babby, and her brother Grayling? 2:45 P.M., CBS.

**THE GUIDING LIGHT** A long time ago, Meta Roberts warned her stepdaughter-in-law that a marriage founded on a lie would destroy itself. But Kathy, even though she is ensnared in the results of her first lie, seems headed for

(Continued on page 23)
New Designs for Living

IRON-ON COLOR DESIGNS IN YELLOW, GREEN, ORANGE

671—An 11 x 18" chairback in pine-apple design is the perfect pattern for sofa or large chairs. Shell-stitch scallops are a dainty touch. Use No. 30 cotton. Directions. 25¢

7095—Iron-on tea roses in combination of yellow and orange with green leaves. Linens look hand-painted. No embroidery. Transfer of 12 washable motifs: four 4½ x 4½ to 3½ x 8½; eight 1½ x 1½ to 3 x 2½". 25¢

7061—Adorable shoulder-tie dress. Sewing easy—embroidery, a cinch. Children's Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. Tissue pattern, embroidery transfer. State size. 25¢

865—Iron-on designs in combination of pink, yellow and blue to trim your bedroom or guest room. Twenty washable motifs: 4 figures about 4½ x 5½" and 16 flower motifs from ¾ x 1½ to 1½ x 3". 25¢

850—The newest fashion—authentic old-time steam trains to embroider on towels, pillows, or frame as pictures. Colorful cross-stitches—beginner-easy. Six embroidery transfers, 6 x 7½". 25¢

616—Rose is a pretty pocket appliqued on this snappy-wrap. Misses' Sizes Small, Medium, Large. Pattern pieces, embroidery motif included. State size. 25¢

Send twenty-five cents (in coins) for each pattern to: Radio-TV Mirror, Needlecraft Service, P.O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Sta., N.Y. 11, N.Y. Add five cents for each pattern for 1st-class mailing.

YOUR NAME

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STATE

Send an additional twenty cents for Needlecraft Catalog.
worse trouble as she plans to tell still another. Meanwhile, Dick’s cousin Peggy bravely tries to face the truth about Dan Peters, when the mystery of his past is finally revealed. 12:45 P.M., CBS-TV; 1:45 P.M., CBS.

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS During Miles Nelson’s term as governor, Carolyn refused to face the possibility that the coolness engineered between them by Annette Thorpe could destroy their marriage. Now, however, Carolyn knows real discouragement as she struggles to revive the old relationship. Has Miles changed inwardly in such a way that Carolyn can no longer reach him? 3:45 P.M., NBC.

THE ROAD OF LIFE Dr. Jim Brent and his wife Jocelyn feel secure that their marriage can weather any threat from without, but the tension created by Jim’s daughter Janey may prove to be another kind of problem. Meanwhile, Sybil Overton pursues her own tortured designs, driven by envy of Jim’s happiness, and the strange situation into which she plunged her unacknowledged infant, into an inevitable crisis. 1 P.M., CBS; 3:15 P.M., NBC.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT Helen Trent, trying to work out a tactful handling of the situation involving her with wealthy Brett Chapman and his son Richie, is pleased when her assistant, Loretta Cole, appears to have captured some of Richie’s attention. What Helen does not realize is the full extent of Loretta’s ambition. Will she recognize Loretta’s true character and suspect her plans before her whole future is endangered? 12:30 P.M., CBS.

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON When Stan Burton, desperately in need of a managing editor to meet the competition of Dickston’s new paper, takes on his old school friend Freddie Small, he has no idea how far-reaching the consequences will be. Freddie’s lack of experience and his wife Adrienne combine into a situation not even Terry anticipated. 2 P.M., CBS.

THE SECRET STORM The death of his wife Ellen threatens to shatter Peter Ames, but for the sake of his children he makes a fierce struggle for adjustment. Will his possessive sister-in-law, under the guise of helping, ruin Peter’s efforts to find some measure of happiness? Is Peter wise in clinging to memories of the past, or is he fostering a morbid atmosphere in his home? 4:15 P.M., CBS-TV.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE Immediately after Nora Drake refused Fred Molina’s proposal of marriage, she felt she had made a mistake, but she was unaware that she had played right into the hands of the syndicate that has constituted a terrible threat to her life and Fred’s, as well as that of Grace Seargent. What will Lee Kinner and Wyn Robinson do with the power they now hold over Fred? What is Nora’s real danger? 2:30 P.M., CBS.

THREE STEPS TO HEAVEN Poco Thurmond is a glamorous model, but there is no attraction in her exciting life that would not pale if writer Bill Morgan were to remember their past together and claim her as his wife. But sinister Vince Bannister involved in her future.

(Continued on page 83)
Shortly after the morning sun sends its first rays over New York's skyscrapers, two of the sleepest heads in show business—Bob Elliott and Ray Goulding—can be found wending their way to the studios of Station WINS for their daily 6:30 to 10:00 A.M. bout with the mike. For Bob, it has been a mere thirty-eight footsteps from the hotel where he resides. But, for Ray, the trek has been longer and harder, for he has had to beat his way past his wife Liz and their three offspring—Ray Jr., Tommy and Barbara—and cover the miles between Long Island's North Shore and the city.

The first thing that greets the boys when they arrive—unshaven, in wrinkled suits (cleaning up comes later), and coffee containers in tow—is a long table equipped with a mike and an assortment of music lists, weather reports and commercials. Scripts? Rehearsals? Never! Well... they do discuss a rough outline for the daily episode of their latest "daytime drama"—which takes about five minutes. Then follow three and a half hours of preposterous ad-libbing and devil-may-care antics, after which the boys admit they're a bit fatigued. So, if there is no mail to answer, no sponsors to confer with, no TV scripts to be discussed, or any other emergency, they try to get a little shut-eye before reporting at 4:30 P.M. at the WABC-TV studios and preparing for their 6:45 to 7:00 P.M. show. TV, naturally, demands a little more preparation, so Bob and Ray have a writer—Earle Doud—who greets them, script in hand, ready to accept any new or zany ideas.

Once their nightly TV stint is a rollicking quarter-hour of the past, the boys are on their own at last. Bob says his favorite pastime is catching up on the week's sleep. Or he may pursue his hobby as an amateur painter. Ray retires to his family-filled home where, if the kids will leave him alone long enough, he likes to dabble in photography. Both boys enjoy golf and get to see movies and plays "as often as anybody else."

Friday, say the boys, is their "killer day," when their morning marathon precedes two and a half hours of transcribing their Saturday show—which means a stretch of six hours of solid chatter.

One of the most frequent questions Bob and Ray are asked is: "Do people really believe those offers you make?" "The answer, truthfully," says Bob, "is no." So their "overstocked warehouse" remains overstocked—except when they make offers for such items as getaway cars and home-wrecking kits—but then, says Bob, the response is "in the spirit of the thing."

Another popular query is who plays what parts on the radio show. Ray plays Mary McGoon, Webb Webster and Steve Bosco, and Bob takes the parts of Tex, Wally Ballou and Arthur Sturdley. Whenever an imaginary guest pops up, either one of them steps into the role "as we feel it." Both boys feel that not knowing what the other one is going to come up with adds spontaneity.

No amount of description can really do Bob and Ray justice, and the best way to know them is to hear and see them for yourself. For, behind those "ordinary" names, lies a wealth of extraordinary talent.
The two boys from Boston are still going strong,

beginning the day with a yawn and ending with a chuckle
EQUALLY at home in a bathing suit or broadcasting studio, lovely Anne Lee Ceglis has rolled up an enviable list of titles for a lass of twenty-three. A triple treat of beauty, brains and talent, she was last year crowned Miss Norfolk and Miss Virginia. Then she climbed even higher to break the Virginia “jinx” in the Miss America Contest by placing first in the talent finals and third in the overall competition. The charm and loveliness Anne Lee displayed in these contests won her still another title—Miss WGH—together with the job of Woman’s Director of that station and star of her own show heard daily at 8:30 A.M.

Anne Lee, who studied at New York’s Juilliard School of Music and sang with the Robert Shaw College Choir, won the talent honors with her beautiful soprano voice which nowadays delights Tidewater listeners and brings her more singing invitations than she can possibly fill. In addition to her singing, Anne Lee’s programs feature food and fashion hints, recordings and interviews with guest celebrities.

The variety of her program reflects Anne Lee’s own variety of interests. The ranch-style home she shares with her parents overlooks the water and is close to the scene of her favorite hobby—sailing. Anne Lee has become an expert at handling the family’s Chris Craft and is equally handy with a skillet. Another of her favorite pastimes is experimenting with patterns and designs in making many of her own clothes.

Beneath her bright smile and friendly manner lies a serious nature, for Anne Lee once suffered from polio. Looking back on this experience, she says, “This, I believe, taught me to be careful not to hurt others. It also taught me that nothing is impossible if you have the will and the faith, and want it badly enough.” For her own future, Anne Lee wants “to do well at my present job, to enjoy each day, to someday marry and have a home and children, and to have my share of life’s good things.” She has “no particular romantic interest,” but adds that “when I do decide to settle down, it will be the way it is in books—for better, or for worse, for richer, for poorer, and, most of all, forever.”

Anne Lee also displays this thoughtful attitude on her program when she closes it with a “thought for the day” such as: “The world stands aside to let any man by who knows where he’s going.” A queen of beauty and charm, Anne Lee is a lass who knows where she’s going and has all her Virginia neighbors standing by to cheer her on her way.

Anne Lee says she chose the name Boots for her pet “because he has white fur on his feet like boots.”
Your hair is romance...

...keep it sunshine bright

with White Rain

You'll have sunshine wherever you go when you use White Rain Shampoo. For lovely hair is your most delightful beauty asset. And White Rain sprinkles your hair with sunlight... leaves it soft to touch, fresh as a breeze, and so easy to manage. Ask for this fabulous new lotion shampoo that gives you results like softest rain water. And as surely as sunshine follows rain... you'll find that romance follows the girl whose hair is sunshine bright.

Use New White Rain Shampoo tonight and tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!
to circle the globe by air. This was in 1936 and the record time was 24 days, 12 hours and 51 minutes! Five years before that, Dorothy had joined the New York Journal and, within two weeks, had won her first byline. Dorothy was born in Chicago, the daughter of James L. Kilgallen, one of the great names in the newspaper business. She grew up in Brooklyn, New York, and decided at the age of ten that journalism was to be her line. . . . A very recent addition to Dorothy and Dick's family brings the total of their offspring to three.

Twins For Lucy

Dear Editor:

What is the name of the child who plays the part of Lucy and Ricky's son in the television series I Love Lucy?

C. H., West Mansfield, O.

Ricky Ricardo, Jr., is actually twins—played alternately by Joseph David Mayer and Michael Leo Mayer. The twins, who are only a few months older than Lucy's own son, are the sons of Mr. and Mrs. Max Mayer of Montrose, California. Mr. Mayer is a clerk in a chain grocery store in Montrose, and Mrs. Mayer is a member of the Mothers of Twins Club in Sherman Oaks in the San Fernando Valley. It was a magazine article about this club that led Desi Arnaz and his staff to the Mayer twins.

Theme Music

Dear Editor:

Can you tell me the name and composer of the theme music of One Man's Family? It sounds like "Valse Patricia" to me. Is it available in sheet music form?

F. R. O., Evanston, Ill.

The theme music for One Man's Family is "Tinker Toys" by Paul Carson. The music was written specially for the program and is not available in sheet music.

Search For Tomorrow

Dear Editor:

Who plays Nathan Walsh in Search For Tomorrow, and where can I address fan mail to him? T. P., Somerset, Mass.

Nathan Walsh is played by George Petri. You can write to him c/o Search For Tomorrow, CBS-TV, 485 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Information Booth

(Continued from page 18)

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

Here's a sensational offer! A big 8 oz. $1 size of famous Shampoo Plus Egg...the shampoo that conditions your hair with the magic touch of fresh whole egg! Plus a big regular 59¢ size of famous Creme Rinse FREE!...the after-shampoo 'beauty' rinse guaranteed to make hair soft, silky, easy to manage!

For the most beautiful hair of your life, get this famous beauty pair...at this $1 beauty bargain price today! Hurry! Supply limited!

“"This will put egg-citement into your hair!”
Robert Q. Lewis,
CBS
Coast-to-Coast.
I've known, and worked with, Garry Moore for fifteen years now—and I still don't know what to expect from day to day. I offer, as my top example of hilarity-plus-insecurity, the time not long ago when Garry gave me away as a prize in a contest.

It all began one day during an idea-meeting after the show. The show, we all felt, had gone all right, but certainly had lacked zip, tang, spice, or whatever synonym for "magic" you prefer. "I am toying," Garry said slowly, "with the idea of holding a contest."

Everyone in the room groaned.

"Not a real contest," Garry added, reassuringly. "A satire on contests. The gimmick would have to be the prize. It should be something out of this world, something nobody—but nobody—would think of giving away." His eyes settled on me, and I saw a sudden, wicked gleam in them.
Just a slave, that's Durward! But I didn't mind Garry's "giving me away" on that contest—not after I'd traveled to Cleveland and met Mrs. Robert Morse, the perfectly grand woman who'd won my household services.

"Now wait a minute..." I began, but I was too late. "Something like Kirby," he said, warming to the idea. "Why not? We ask the audience to send in a letter saying why they'd like to win Kirby, all theirs, for a whole weekend. And to the winner, we deliver Kirby by bonded messenger. Hey?"

One of my friends on the staff, possibly Ken Carson, said in an awed voice, "You wouldn't do that—would you?"

Everyone else, including me, was too thunderstruck to speak. Garry gave me an impish, challenging grin. "Would you be game, Bud?" he asked.


And, so help me, Garry ran this incredible contest, got fifteen thousand letters in reply, and gave me to one Mrs. Robert Morse for a weekend in Cleveland, Ohio.

Bear in mind that I am a married man, with two children and with certain obligations to home and hearth. When the word got around in the TV business about the contest, everyone started talking to me about it. They stopped me on the street—actors, actresses, producers, writers and directors—and they all asked the same question: "You're not really going to do it, are you?"

When I'd answer that I certainly was, they'd all look up to heaven, make various signs against evil spirits,

Baby-sitting for the two fine Morse children was fun, too. In fact, the Morses and Kirbys are now firm friends.

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and say something like, “God keep you. You’ve had it.”

My wife said, simply, “You and that Garry character are out of your minds.” She let it drop there.

After a while, even Garry began to needle me. He said, “The winner may be a lovely old maiden lady who lives with another maiden lady, say in South Carolina. Their hobby is knitting. This is their big kick, you understand. And you have to spend a weekend with them. What are you going to say to them?”

“So I’ll learn to knit. What’s your sock size?” I answered.

“Or it may be a gangster’s moll, bored and wanting to kill some time. Sunday morning, Scarface shows up, complete with .45. Take it from there.”

I made a weak comeback. “Cable Lloyds of London.” Actually, I was petrified.

What eventually happened was better than any of us deserved. The bonded messenger delivered me to Mrs. Morse. She turned out to be an attractive woman with a nice husband and two charming children, who lived in a ranch-style house outside of Cleveland. The phone was ringing as I went through the front door, and never stopped ringing while I was there.

“It’s because of that,” Mrs. Morse said, “that we thought we might go to our place in the country, where the phone is unlisted. Would that be all right with you?”

I told them I’d love it, of course. On the drive out there, I’d begun to call them Ellie and Bob, and we were suddenly friends. Then began one of the most charming weekends I’ve ever enjoyed. There had been a crowd at the station, and the local Cleveland outlet of CBS had sent a cameraman over to film my delivery to Mrs. Morse, for Garry’s Monday show. “Those phone calls weren’t just from friends,” Mrs. Morse explained. “All the people with TV sets in Cleveland heard about my winning, and complete strangers have been calling to ask if they could just borrow you for ten or fifteen minutes, or come out with their cameras. I was afraid your whole weekend would be ruined.”

“What about yours?” I asked.

“Well,” her eyes twinkled, “I hope you won’t mind terribly, but we’ve arranged a little party out at the country place. Just a few close friends. You see,” she added apologetically, “this will probably only happen to me once in a lifetime, and (Continued on page 86)
Magic and Music
I have a "secret" formula which can accomplish anything for me—and for others, too

By LIBERACE

There's magic in believing! If you believe that a thing is right for you—then it will happen for you. Used the right way, for the good of all, you will find yourself with problems solved, life-goals refound, and confidence restored.

I know what magic there is in believing. Shortly before I made my first television show I was in a quandary. People around me kept saying, "Lee, you're not right for TV. Your night-club routines are not a fast enough form of entertainment for television!"

But I believed that, if my piano brought enjoyment to those who came to see me in the clubs and on the stage, then I could bring entertainment to them in their homes. I have always wanted to be a pianist. Moreover, I've always wanted to make people happy. Even as a youngster I held visions of myself entertaining thousands of people with my playing. I felt that through my piano I could bring them happiness.

Television, I knew, was a medium through which I could reach those thousands of people. But, when close friends said, "No, you'll never be a success on TV," I didn't know what to do.

Then my brother George's wife, Janie, gave me a copy of her favorite book, The Magic of Believing, by Claude Bristol. I read it. Running through its pages, I found it backed up the belief I'd held ever since my childhood. Bolstered by its message, "There's magic in believing," I felt encouraged to override the doubts of those around me. Since I made that decision, the letters I've received from my new television audience have told me I was right. (Continued on page 77)

The Liberace Show is seen in most major cities of the U.S. Check local papers for time and station.
Greater than Glory

Eddie Albert, the gifted emcee of The Saturday Night Revue, once feared success had come too soon—and love might come too late

By ED MEYERSON

EDDIE ALBERT, today's host and emcee of NBC-TV's Saturday Night Revue, married Margo in 1945. Both were stage and screen stars, and this—according to Broadway and Hollywood legend—was enough to handicap any marriage. But Eddie and Margo have always been too real to care about legends. After nine (Continued on page 96)

The Saturday Night Revue, starring Eddie Albert as emcee, is seen over NBC-TV, Saturdays, from 9 to 10:30 P.M. EDT.

Eddie Junior gets into the act, too. He can really handle a guitar—and his father—and Dad's hobby, making mobiles.
Sweet and serious, Polly took her vows. But everyone chuckled after the ceremony, when Carl almost forgot to kiss his bride!

**CHERISH the DAY**

Ralph Edwards and the TV emcee, Jack Bailey, put Carl and Polly on the air at Truth Or Consequences, N. M.
Truth Or Consequences—the program and the town—gave Polly the loveliest of weddings, after she'd almost given up hope

By BETTY MILLS

Hope to the end. Twenty-year-old Polly Joanne Simonsen remembered the quotation as she sat broken-hearted in her bedroom beside the little portable typewriter. Polly tried to hold back the tears as she thought of the words she had read from Carl Berg, her fiancé: "The furlough they promised has been cancelled."

Carl couldn't come home to Albion, Idaho, for their planned wedding.

A single tear fell on the typing paper, blurring the written words. Polly looked from her white wedding gown hanging on the door, to her trousseau spread out on the bed, (Continued on page 97)

Ralph Edwards' famous Truth Or Consequences program, encecd by Jack Bailey, is seen over NBC-TV, Tues., 10 P.M. EDT, sponsored by P. Lorillard Co., for Old Gold Cigarettes.
Above—Don and Maraleita ("Dutt"), Jeffrey and baby Jay, poodle Marc and Siamese-cat Malesh. Left—Don’s hobby is taking movies, Jeffrey’s is his phonograph.

MR. and MRS. WIZARD

Don Herbert and his wife have made a happy science of combining work and fun

By HELEN BOLSTAD

The shadows lay deep across the oak-crested hills of the University of Wisconsin campus that Indian summer midnight in October, 1939. Moving with quiet caution, the young man, ardent as Romeo, raised a ladder to a second-floor window at the rear of the women’s dormitory and, with a low whistle, signalled his bride-to-be. Her heart beating wildly, the slim blonde girl descended into his waiting arms. Together, they ran to his car and—before anyone even knew they were gone—they were facing a parson in a distant Iowa town.

Don loves the outdoor life, doesn’t have much time for it.
Mr. Wizard proves that—like Don himself—most folks are fascinated by "what makes things go."

But, if Don Herbert's and Maraleita Dutton's wedding was one such as old-fashioned novelists loved to describe, its sequel was planned to face down-to-earth fact. For, in that pre-war day, student marriages were regarded most skeptically. Realizing that their parents—as well as "Dutt's" dean at the University of Wisconsin and Don's at LaCrosse Teachers College—might take a dim view of two seniors eloping, they plotted to overcome any objections before they arose.

They kept their secret and studied hard. By the time they revealed their marriage, each had earned the best grades they ever had. Citing this record, they earned the enthusiastic blessings of their elders.

Today, that same facility for making adventure "practical" continues to key their personal as well as their professional lives. It accounts for Don's NBC-TV show, Mr. Wizard. It also produces much fun and considerable achievement. Don and Dutt credit their accomplishments to the fact that their tastes match and their talents supplement each other—which, of course, also accounted for their original mutual attraction. (Continued on page 93)
EVER SINCE EVE

The eternal story of woman—her searches and triumphs, the wonder and the joy of her quest for love

By KEITH MORGAN

There are not many men who can come to know and understand the yearnings and wishes of womankind as I do. For years, it has been my patient task to listen, to watch and understand while women have poured out what was in their hearts and minds. And always, like the heartbeat itself, there are two pulses—love and loneliness. There is the deep, ardent desire for love. And, with it, the dread of being a stranger, alone in a vast, troubled world. Thus, the ever-present urge to find love—to fall deeply into the warm comfort of being wanted and needed. . . . This urge seemed strongest to Hazel Black—an eager, attractive airline hostess—whenever she was with worldly, sophisticated Dave Hendricks, a public relations consultant. And yet, each time they were together, Hazel's feelings for Dave became more confused. At first, she had thought the spark between them was love. But gradually she began to feel something was missing—that indefinable spark which turns friendship into true love. And so, as she and Dave pursued their separate jobs, Hazel knew that her deepest desires remained unfulfilled. . . . The planes aboard which Hazel served touched many romantic places, and the love she yearned for seemed to come closer when she met Paxton.
Williams, a wealthy, carefree young man who had everything in life but someone to love. Hazel liked Pax from the start, and each exciting weekend they shared brought them closer to the threshold of love. It was obvious that Pax had fallen hard for Hazel, but Hazel wasn’t as sure of her feelings. For there was still Dave to consider, and the threat Dave’s ex-fiancée, Peggy Donald, was posing with her renewed interest in Dave. Peggy’s effort to attract Dave by telling him about Hazel and Pax had its desired effect, and Hazel—realizing Dave was falling in love with Peggy again—made up her mind to forget him and turn to someone who wanted her. . . . Pax. That Pax loved her, needed her, filled Hazel with a warm feeling. And when Pax, in order to make Hazel happier, took a job with the airline, Hazel’s heart melted and she happily accepted his beautiful engagement ring. . . . The future looked bright as Hazel and Pax faced their jobs together . . . but the real test was yet to come—on a flight to Domingo Island. Pax agreed to fly Dave and Peggy Donald down there on business and, since Hazel was free, she decided to go along, too. . . . As the plane headed south, a violent storm came up. As the plane lurched through the raging blackness, Pax made a desperate effort to get below the storm. He sent the plane into a dive, but, as they plummeted toward the water below, his courage failed him and he pulled out of the dive. Fortunately, however, they came out of the storm and landed safely. . . . Later, trying to drink away his cowardly feelings, Pax told Hazel he was through with the job. As Hazel tried to comfort him, she realized at last that she and Pax weren’t meant for each other, that Pax was merely looking for someone to lean on. It can’t be a one-way affair, Hazel told herself. I want someone I can lean on once in a while. In her heart, she knew that someone was Dave, but she had found out too late. . . . Returning Pax’s ring, Hazel went off by herself to sort out her troubled thoughts. As she sat alone on the beach, someone came up behind her. It was Dave. He’d heard of the broken engagement and had come to tell Hazel he had changed his mind, too, about Peggy. As they sat together, drinking in the cool, tropical breeze, the wonderful spark Hazel had been searching for was there—suddenly, at last—between her and Dave. And, as they kissed, their lips held the silent confession that they were meant for each other . . . that their love would truly be warm, all-possessing and everlastingly complete.
and directed by Drex Hines, is heard on ABC Radio. M-F, 11:15 A.M. EDT. Pat Hosley, Ian Martin, and Fran Gregory are seen here in their original roles as Hazel Black, Dave Hendricks, and Peggy Donald. Separate jobs, Hazel knew that her deepest desires remained unfulfilled. . . The planes aboard which Hazel served touched many romantic places, and the love she yearned for seemed to come closer when she met Paxton
The eternal story of woman—her searches and triumphs, the wonder and the joy of her quest for love

By KEITH MORGAN

Hazel Black chatted easily with Dave Hendricks and his assistant, Peggy Donald, as her pilot-fiancé Pax Williams prepared to fly them to Domingo Island for the weekend.

There are not many men who can come to know and understand the yearnings and wishes of womankind as I do. For years, it has been my patient task to listen, to watch and understand while women have poured out what was in their hearts and minds. And always, like the heartbeat itself, there are two pulses—love and loneliness. There is the deep, ardent desire for love. And, with it, the dread of being a stranger, alone in a vast, troubled world. Thus, the ever-present urge to find love—to fall deeply into the warm comfort of being wanted and needed... This urge seemed strongest to Hazel Black—an eager, attractive airline hostess—whenever she was with worldly, sophisticated Dave Hendricks, a public relations consultant. And yet, each time they were together, Hazel's feelings for Dave became more confused. At first, she had thought the spark between them was love. But gradually she began to feel something was missing—that indefinable spark which turns friendship into true love. And so, as she and Dave pursued their separate jobs, Hazel knew that her deepest desire remained unfilled... The planes abord which Hazel served touched many romantic places, and the love she yearned for seemed to come closer when she met Paxton Williams, a wealthy, carefree young man who had everything in life but someone to love. Hazel liked Pax from the start, and each exciting weekend they shared brought them closer to the threshold of love. It was obvious that Pax had fallen hard for Hazel, but Hazel wasn't as sure of her feelings. For there was still Dave to consider, and the threat Dave's ex-fiancée, Peggy Donald, was posing with her renewed interest in Dave. Peggy's effort to attract Dave by telling him about Hazel and Pax had its desired effect, and Hazel—realizing Dave was falling in love with Peggy again—made up her mind to forget him and turn to someone who wanted her... Pax That Pax loved her, needed her, filled Hazel with a warm feeling. And when Pax, in order to make Hazel happier, took a job with the airline, Hazel's heart melted and she happily accepted his beautiful engagement ring... The future looked bright as Hazel and Pax faced their jobs together... But the real test was yet to come—a flight to Domingo Island. Pax agreed to fly Dave and Peggy Donald down there on business, and, since Hazel was free, she decided to go along, too. As the plane headed south, a violent storm came up. As the plane lurched through the raging blackness, Pax made a desperate effort to get below the storm. He sent the plane into a dive, but, as they plummeted toward the water below, his courage failed him and he pulled out of the dive. Fortunately, however, they came out of the storm and landed safely... Later, trying to drink away his cowardly feelings, Pax asked Hazel if he was through with the job. As Hazel tried to comfort him, she realized at last that she and Pax weren't meant for each other. That Pax was merely looking for someone to lean on. It can't be one-way affair, Hazel told herself. I want someone I can lean on once in a while. In her heart, she knew that someone was Dave, but she had found out too late... Returning Pax's ring, Hazel went off by herself to sort out her troubled thoughts. As she sat alone on the beach, someone came up behind her. It was Dave. He'd heard of the broken engagement and had come to tell Hazel he had changed his mind, too, about Peggy. As they sat together, drinking in the cool, tropical breeze, the wonderful spark Hazel had been searching for was there—suddenly, at last—between her and Dave. And, as they kissed, their lips held the silent confession that they were meant for each other... that their love would truly be warm, all-loving and eternally complete.
Honestly, I do some typing—fan mail, and what passes for a Dixon script. I also "rush the coffee," as Sis Camp sets records and Wanda Lewis and Paul plot to break them.

Getting those three into costume for their pantomimes is a calm, smooth operation, of course, with me in the middle—as usual—as chic and cool as an overdressed cucumber.
Paul Dixon believes his audience and fellow workers and even his secretary—meaning me—are all "just people, God love them."

By SUZANNE ("BOOM-BOOM") RIPPEY

Business school was never like this! Hot iron in hand, I realize I should have read that fine print in my contract.

However, the boss does have a handy stock of cigarettes—if you know where to look, and he doesn't catch you at it.

Len Goorian (left) seems to have this conference well in hand. But, any moment now, our helmeted Dixon may tackle Al Sternberg (kneeling) and Wanda and Sis may demonstrate how two can tango.

The first time I met Paul Dixon, he was flaunting a red wig, wearing a grass skirt and toting an African hunting spear.

It happened in the interview room at WCPO-TV in Cincinnati, where I, while waiting for a long-delayed personnel manager to appear, had developed a first-class case of job-hunting jitters.

Self-consciously, I was trying to look as crisply capable as a would-be secretary should. I again smoothed my gloves, glanced down to make certain my stocking seams were straight, and silently rehearsed my speech of application.

I should, I reminded myself, be brief and businesslike. Inform him I was twenty years old. Born and brought up in Cincinnati. No need to mention that my family's closest (Continued on page 87)

The Paul Dixon Show is seen over the Du Mont Television Network, M-F, 3 to 4 P.M. EDT (WCPO-TV, Cincinnati, 1 to 4 P.M.), under multiple sponsorship.
Fulfillment of Jaye P.'s dearest dream: Marriage to Michael Baiano, in California (sister Ruby as maid of honor; Mike's brother-in-law, Vin Fatre, as best man; the Rev. Haven Davis officiating).

Good luck: Ruby slips a penny in the bride's shoe; ushers Nick Adams and Dale Smith assist the groom. Mike's grandmother, Mrs. Pierce, and sister, Lonnie Fatre, congratulate the pair.

More than money can buy

Jaye P. Morgan has a wealth of talent, a handsome husband, and the Robert Q. Lewis shows, too!

By MARTIN COHEN

J P. Morgan, financier, had a yacht, limousine, a half-dozen homes and much more than a million dollars. Jaye P. Morgan, twenty-two-year-old blondeshell, has no yacht—not even a dinghy . . . no limousines—not even a Model T . . . no homes—her apartment is a sub-let . . . and she's no millionaire—but she's got a million bucks' worth of talent.

"Talent or no talent," she says, "suddenly I'm getting dividends."

In the last few months, things have popped for Jaye P. Ignoring (Continued on page 75)
the Ladies are always right

For 20 years, we've been hearing from loyal Breakfast Clubbers—now they really can see the results!

By DON McNEILL

Mrs. McNeill is a smart woman. I can prove that in any number of ways, but there's one that occurs to me as more poignant and touching than most. One of our youngsters was the proud owner of a canary, but—though he loved the little bird immensely—like all youngsters, he was inclined to be forgetful at times. In the midst of one of those moments of forgetfulness, he neglected the very necessary job of keeping the canary's water dish filled.

Well, I guess that what (Continued on page 78)

We're as informal as ever—no fancy sets, though we've made a few background changes, as suggested by our mail.

I'm a proud husband, glad that I took Kay's advice on going into TV, and glad that audiences agreed with her.

Don McNeill's Breakfast Club is now simulcast over ABC Radio and ABC-TV, M-F, 9 to 10 A.M. EDT. It is sponsored on both radio and TV by Philco Corp. and Quaker Oats Co., and on radio by Swift & Co. and the makers of Bubbi Home Permanents and White Rain Shampoo.
along the

ROAD OF LIFE

By VIRGINIA DWYER

As myself—as well as playing

Jocelyn Brent—I've found

there's drama all around us

I've never been fond of mother-in-law jokes. To me, most of them are neither funny nor true. And, as Jocelyn Brent in The Road Of Life, I've learned how serious—even tragic—real in-law troubles can be. . . . Aunt Reggie has seen to that, with her constant interference in both Jim Brent's marriage to me and Johnny Brent's marriage to young Francie!

In private life, I've liked mother-in-law jokes even less than ever, since I've known Andrea Bannister. It was partly because of such jokes—and partly because she didn't want to be an "Aunt Reggie" herself—that Andrea almost let her son Ted's marriage skid into trouble.

You can understand how intimidated Andrea was when I explain how unlike her it is to keep her executive hands off anything that needs straightening out. The first time I shared the elevator with her, one Monday morning when I was hurrying from my apartment to a rehearsal at the studio, I recognized her whipped-cream hair and brilliant blue eyes from the famous labels on the cosmetics her firm manufactures. Andrea is one of the most fabulous business women in New York, one of those people who seem to have no trouble managing so that things come out exactly right. Successful, charming, terribly bright, she carries her fifty-odd years with queenly grace. And, as I came to know her, I learned that she had also to her credit a handsome, energetic young son whom she had brought up single-handedly after the death of her husband more than twenty years before. So it was disturbing to see her native directness and good sense handicapped by fear of seeming to fall into the mother-in-law pattern.

As I said, we became friendly sharing the elevator. Andrea's plush offices were near the Road Of Life studios, so we got to having lunch together now and then, too, in a neighborly sort of way. You think "neighborly" is a strange word to use about New York apartment-dwellers? In a way, yes. These large buildings are crammed full of people who have nothing in common.

There was little meeting ground, for instance, between Andrea—living so elegantly in her three-room flat—and the young Pedersens down on the third floor, who were finding the same three-room arrangement far too small for themselves and four-year-old (Continued on page 39)

Virginia Dwyer is Jocelyn Brent on The Road Of Life, M-F—NBC Radio at 3:15 P.M. EDT—CBS Radio at 1 P.M. EDT—for Procter & Gamble Co.
Little Robbie was puzzled, but I smiled from the sidelines, as I watched Edith and Ted “discover for themselves” the true meaning of marriage.
A beribboned bassinet holds the cherished answer to
Marked "Sterling"

By MARY TEMPLE

There's a new star in the Sterling household, and the little curved beak of Archie, the parakeet, is somewhat out of joint. Archie has his right to be jealous, for until recently it was his aquamarine plumage and cute ways that were the delight of his master and mistress, Jack and Barbara Sterling, and the talk of all visitors. Now everyone has eyes only for the baby, and poor Archie has to keep quietly to his cage. His wonderful way of winging across a room like a streak of dazzling blue light, to land on the head or shoulder of someone he loves and peck at eyelids and cheeks, just won't do any more. Baby comes first.

Before little Patricia Ann arrived, Barbara worried about Archie, trying to figure out ways to keep him from being too unhappy. She (Continued on page 84)

Jack Sterling is the emcee of Make Up Your Mind, CBS Radio, M-F, at 11:30 A.M., for Wonder Bread and Hostess Cup Cakes. He's ringmaster for Sealtest Big Top, CBS-TV, Sat., 12 noon to 1 P.M. His Jack Sterling Show is heard on WCBS Radio (New York), Mon. through Sat., 5:30 to 7:45 A.M. (All times EDT)

Practical gifts are fine, but Barbara and Jack just love that musical mother-pussycat (at left).

Jack's and Barbara's dearest dreams
There's a new star in the Sterling household, and the little curved beak of Archie, the parakeet, is somewhat out of joint. Archie has his right to be jealous, for until recently it was his aquamarine plumage and cute ways that were the delight of his master and mistress, Jack and Barbara Sterling, and the talk of all visitors. Now everyone has eyes only for the baby, and poor Archie has to keep quietly to his cage. His wonderful way of winging across a room like a streak of dazzling blue light, to land on the head or shoulder of someone he loves and peck at eyelids and cheeks, just won't do any more. Baby comes first.

Before little Patricia Ann arrived, Barbara worried about Archie, trying to figure out ways to keep him from being too unhappy. She (Continued on page 94).

Practical gifts are fine, but Barbara and Jack just love that musical mother-pussycat (at left).
Good Man FRIDAY

Private citizen Jack Webb
extends his real-life “dragnet” to save children from suffering

By BUD GOODE

In June, 1951, Jack Webb received a telephone call from Frank Lauterette, ABC News and Special Events Chief in Los Angeles. When Jack picked up the phone in the Dragnet office, Frank asked him if he would emcee a telethon in San Francisco as a favor for Vince Thomas, a mutual friend for whom they both had worked.

“What kind of a telethon is it, Frank?” asked Jack.

“Cerebral Palsy. It’s a benefit for Cerebral Palsy. Know anything about it?” said Frank.

“Not a thing,” said Jack. “Fill me in.”

“Its victims are mostly children,” said Frank. “It’s a worthy cause, Jack, and there are a lot of things people ought to know about it. Though I’m no expert, I know that there is nothing mentally wrong with these youngsters, as most people seem to think. Also, with the right kind of help, the experts can take these so-called helpless kids and teach them to walk and talk. That’s what the telethon is for—so how about it?”

“If it’s for the kids, that’s enough for me,” said Jack. “I’ll see you in Frisco, Frank.”

The telethon in San Francisco opened on a completely black stage with Jack Webb on the right side of the stage standing quietly in the dark. Then the spotlight from the upper balcony picked out a little boy, pinpointing him in the left corner of the stage. From so high above, he looked like a child’s toy; but no child’s toy ever made wore a brace and crutches.

Frankie Clausen, the little boy who introduced the Cerebral Palsy Telethon in San Francisco, began inching his way forward. A gentle fog of quiet settled over the audience; the spotlight and the eyes of the TV cameras followed Frankie as his crutches tapped their way to the microphone in the center of the stage. It took minutes, for each step was a tremendous effort for the tiny boy on his miniature crutches.

When he finally reached the microphone, he was tired. There was a long pause. Then he said:

“Ladies and gentlemen . . . this is for you . . .” he stopped again, then with a deep sigh . . . “and for me.”

The ray of light and Frankie’s eyes were the only bright spots in the theater. All other eyes—including Jack Webb’s—were dark with quiet tears. Frankie turned and, again with great effort, made his way off-stage before the show began.

The first Cerebral Palsy Telethon, with Jack Webb as emcee, went on and on. For twenty-seven hours, Jack introduced acts and greeted contributors. The San Francisco papers said: “The Cerebral Palsy Telethon has caught the hearts of everyone in the city. There’s been nothing like it since the San Francisco fire of 1906.”

People reacted as one. For example, in the third hour of the show, police picked up a man on Market Street for soliciting funds. Not having seen the show, they didn’t understand what he was doing. They saw him with a huge coffee percolator, stopping people, insisting they empty their pockets of coins.

The police took him to the station, where the man told his story. It was verified. The police there then filled his coffeepot.

In the sixth hour of the show, police reported a call from the guard at the main office of the Bank of America. “Money is flowing under the doors and raining through the night deposit slot!” Coins, bills, and checks were strewn on the bank floor like so much confetti. The bank manager was finally called to “clean up.”

In the fourteenth hour of the show (the next day), local pubs started “competing collections.” Patrons weren’t allowed to sit at the bar for more than one drink—unless they contributed (Continued on page 85)

Jack Webb is Sgt. Joe Friday on Dragnet—NBC Radio, Tu., 9 P.M. EDT—NBC-TV, Th., 9 P.M. EDT—for Chesterfield Cigarettes.
Jane's husband, John Burn (opposite page), is an airline captain. That's why Jane and little Teal (above) listen so avidly to the radio for clues as to when he's coming home.

"I Believe...

Nothing can destroy Jane Froman's faith in people... nor pay the debt of gratitude she feels

By GLADYS HALL

Jane Froman's feeling gay these days, truly gay. She looks gay, and animated, and chic. Returning for a tea date in her home—a tall old brownstone on New York's upper East Side—she wears a slim (size 12) black dress, a smart French bonnet whose brim is a cluster of blue flowers, with a trailing pink rose. She looks eager, and happy, and every bit as beautiful—with the special gracious beauty which is hers—as she looks on television, Thursday nights over CBS-TV... as if she and Pain had never met, even briefly.

Jane is forgetting—she wants to forget—the Clipper crash of 1943, the twenty-five operations, the years of pain that followed. Watching her, others forget, too. Save for the brace (Continued on page 99)

The Jane Froman Show is seen over CBS-TV, Thurs., 7:45 P.M. EDT, sponsored by the Lamp Division, General Electric Co.
VALIANT YOUNG MAN
Muriel Bentley not only accepted Jimmy's unusual invitation—she now helps him study his role as Mickey in Valiant Lady!

Jimmy Kirkwood may be shy, but he found a very special way to ask his dream girl for a date

By FRANCES KISH

Jim Kirkwood was still shy as he recalled the great moment... as shy and young and eager as Mickey Emerson himself, the role he so honestly portrays on Valiant Lady, over CBS-TV. There was a note of boyish surprise, even wonder, in his voice as he confessed: "When I first began to notice Muriel, I thought she would probably laugh if I asked her to go out with me. After all, she was a well-known dancer, a star of the Ballet Theater, dancing with John Kriza. Johnny had the apartment above mine, and I would see Muriel sometimes, and think how attractive she was, and wonder if I could ever get up the nerve to ask her for a date."

Muriel Bentley laughed as Jimmy Kirkwood described how he felt about her—"because now it's the other way round. He's the one who gets all the notice. When I go to the Mutual Broadcasting studios to watch Jim and his partner, Lee Goodman, do their Teen-Agers Unlimited radio broadcast, I'm always hearing some of those pretty young girls say how attractive Jim is, and how cute! When we're out anywhere, someone is always recognizing him as (Continued on page 74)
Bert Parks, sparkling emcee of Break The Bank and Double Or Nothing, follows the compass of his heart

By ALICE FRANCIS

Whenever anyone begins a story about Bert Parks, the word “dynamo” just naturally works its way into the text. There’s no escaping, because it describes Bert so perfectly, outwardly. Alert, vital, vivid, fast on his feet and quick with a quip, you would hardly guess that, inwardly, he’s a pretty philosophical fellow, who goes about his life fairly quietly, and thinks a placid cruise on Long Island Sound in his new boat, with Annette and the kids, is the most wonderful kind of day there is. Thinks he’s the luckiest guy in the world to have work he likes which leaves him leisure enough to enjoy his home and family.

He emcees Double Or Nothing on CBS-TV three afternoons a week. He goes into New York again every Sunday evening for Break The Bank, on ABC-TV. There’s a new program or two in the offing, which may pop up any day for him, and benefits and business details which encroach on his leisure. Somehow, he still manages to remain a reasonably relaxed citizen who doesn’t let anything interfere with mending a broken fence or fixing a sagging door, taking the seven-year-old twin boys to the barber, or keeping his promise to five-year-old Petty to pick her up at a neighborhood party. Petty is Annette, Jr., a small doll of a girl with big dark eyes and black hair, a happy mixture of Bert and Annette in looks and charm and vivacity. The twins are Joel and Jeffrey, the spit and image of Bert, each twin being so like the other that they can deliberately start a comedy of errors—and frequently do, if they want to (Continued on page 94)

Bert Parks is quizmaster of two top shows, Break The Bank, ABC-TV, Sun., 10 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Dodge Div. of the Chrysler Corp., and Double Or Nothing, CBS-TV, M, W, F, 2 P.M. EDT, for Campbell’s Soups, Franco-American Products.
I've known Eddie Fisher since childhood.

EASY TO LIVE WITH

By BERNIE RICH

Eddie Fisher and Joey Forman and I have been friends ever since we met in Philadelphia, around twelve years ago, while we were waiting for a street car. Joey and I were on our way to an audition for a children's radio program, and we got to talking with this other boy and discovered he was going to the same audition. We all made the show. Joey and I as actors, Eddie as a singer. We appeared on it for years, five nights a week, just for carfare at first, while we were going to school. After the show, we'd go home and do our homework, then the three of us would meet somewhere again, maybe at each other's homes or at a candy store called "Joe's." We'd talk about the

I like to take pictures, but Eddie doesn't have much time for hobbies—just for people! Below, at his place—left to right—myself, production advisor Monte Proser, Robert Kesner of Coca-Cola, Eddie, Coke Time director Herb Sussan.

Continued
and he's never changed—just gets nicer all the time

Bachelor Eddie's mother is his favorite pin-up girl.
future, and we pledged that whoever “got there” first would help the others.
Well, Eddie is the first of us to hit it big, and you could say he never forgot that pledge—if you thought he needed a pledge to remind him of his friends, which I don’t. He’s always tried to help Joey and me with our careers—Joey’s a night-club comedian now and I’ve acted in Broadway shows and TV. Sometimes I do the commercial with Eddie on his show. And, whenever Joey and I are in New York City, we stay with Eddie in his hotel apartment on Central Park. It’s a little crowded at times, but life is still a lot easier than it was when Joey and Eddie and I first came to New York. In those days, we were sleeping on mattresses on the floor and pooling our money so that we could have a frank and a Coke. Nowadays, Eddie has an assistant, Willard Higgins, who comes in and prepares breakfast for him—and Joey and me when we’re around, and any of the friends who’re apt to drop in—soon as Eddie is awake.

People say “Some change!” and want to know how all this has affected Eddie. Well, I’ve known him for about twelve years. I’m not related to him, so you might say I’d be a little more objective than a member of his family would be. If he’s changed, I’d know it. And my first reaction is to say, “He hasn’t changed at all. He’s exactly the same as he ever was.”
But I’ve thought about (Continued on page 72)

Willard Higgins is a more recent addition to the Fisher household, a very welcome assistant.
Music is still Eddie's greatest joy, but today his enthusiasm and interest cover just about everything.

His own fans mean a lot to Eddie—who also gets a big kick out of the fact that I'm beginning to get fan mail, too.
BACKSTAGE WIFE

CLAIRE NIESEN AS MARY NOBLE
I. In order to pay a debt of honor to her swindled friends, Mary tells Roy Shephard she is going to sell her husband Larry’s hit play.

2. Roy’s daughter Elise, hearing of Mary’s intention, suggests to wealthy Victor Stratton that he become her partner in buying the play.

Can Mary Noble overcome the vicious scheming of a jealous woman and a ruthless man and regain her husband’s trust and devotion?

Many times during her marriage to handsome Broadway star Larry Noble, Mary Noble has had to cope with the artistic temperament of Larry’s fellow actors and actresses and has had to defend her happiness against scheming women who preferred to forget that Larry was not free. And, always, it has been Mary’s faith in herself and in Larry that has guided their marriage through one stormy crisis after another.

But, unknown to Mary, the worst was yet to come—even though she had just narrowly escaped death after Lucius Brooks had accidentally poisoned her instead of Roy Shephard, who had discovered that Lucius was a famous international swindler. Mary had been completely absolved of any blame in helping Lucius sell his worthless stock to her friends. Still, she felt morally obligated to them for their losses. And so, in order to pay them back, she decided to sell Larry’s successful play, which she owned.

Mary made her intentions known to Roy Shephard, the wealthy shipping magnate who had originally backed the play in order to gain a part in it for his
3. After agreeing to sell the play to Stratton, Mary faces another problem—for he falls in love with her.

4. Learning Elise is in love with Larry, Stratton

daughter Elise. Mr. Shephard offered to buy the play from Mary, but she wouldn't let him... for she knew that would give Elise, who was still desperately in love with Larry, an even greater advantage in her efforts to draw him away from Mary.

But Mary had not reckoned with the fact that Elise, in addition to being very attractive, was equally as clever. When her father told her of Mary's plan to sell the play, Elise got an idea. She went to see a wealthy friend of hers, Victor Stratton. On the surface, it appeared that Stratton was a handsome, influential man of high social standing. Actually, he was a notorious...
gambler—the king of gambling—whose tremendous power had made many people fear him. Stratton agreed to Elise’s proposal that he be her partner in buying Larry’s play, and that Elise’s interest in the deal—for reasons of her own—would remain a secret between them.

The first step in her plan of attack accomplished, Elise arranged for Victor Stratton to meet Mary and offer to buy the play. Fortune was even more in Elise’s favor because, from the moment Stratton met Mary, he was attracted to her, and he made up his mind then and there that he was going to have her, come what may.

Little did Mary realize that, in selling the play to Stratton, she was being drawn into another web of emotion. For, now that Stratton owned the play, Mary had to be gracious to him, for Larry’s sake . . . and yet, it was vital that Larry should not be misled into thinking she herself was in any way becoming interested in Stratton.

With each passing day, Stratton became more obsessed with the idea that Mary was the only woman of any importance in his life. And, as Mary had feared, this only served Elise’s purpose of winning Larry’s
BACKSTAGE WIFE
(Continued)

3. After agreeing to sell the play to Stratton, Mary faces another problem—for he falls in love with her.

4. Learning Elise is in love with Larry, Stratton feels it will help him in his attempt to win Mary.

5. Elise, still determined to win Larry, pays no heed to her father's warning not to pursue a married man.

PICTURED HERE, AS HEARD ON THE AIR; SEE:
Mary Noble ............................................ Claire Niesen
Elise Shephard ...................................... James Meighan
Roy Shephard ....................................... Andrew Walker
Victor Stratton ....................................... Peter Francis

Backstage Wife is heard on NBC Radio, M-F, 4 P.M. EDT. The program is sponsored by the Procter & Gamble Co. for Cheer.

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With each passing day, Stratton became more obsessed with the idea that Mary was the only woman of any importance in his life. And, as Mary had feared, this only served Elise's purpose of winning Larry's
attention. For Larry hadn't yet recovered from the shock and hurt caused by Mary's past suspicion that he—and not Lucius Brooks—had poisoned her, in order to marry Elise. And so he made little effort to refuse Elise as she continued in her attempt to win him with her comforting attentiveness.

Thus, the forces of love and jealousy mingled with each other to make the gulf between Mary and Larry deeper and wider.

Meanwhile, having learned that Elise was hopelessly in love with Larry, Victor Stratton did everything in his power to further Elise's ambitions ... while Elise, knowing of Victor's interest in Mary, continually worked at building up Larry's distrust and hurt.

But there was yet another complication forming which was bound to spell trouble. For, unknown to anyone else—Victor Stratton was married! His wife Lucille had once been a famous dancer, and it wasn't until after she had married him that she discovered he was not a wealthy financier, as he pretended to be, but a ruthless gambler. Stratton had soon lost interest in Lucille. But, knowing he couldn't get rid of her, he vented his spleen by brutally beating her, thereby forcing her into seclusion because of the dreadful scars on her face caused by his attack. However, in spite of Stratton's domination over her, Lucille was destined to play an important part in his relation to Mary. Upon learning of her husband's interest in Mary, Lucille became one more enemy in the effective plot to separate Mary and Larry.

6. Because Stratton owns Larry's play, Mary feels she must be nice to him. But Stratton's obvious desire for her, which Larry notices, only serves to increase Larry's distrust and causes him to accept Elise's sympathetic attentions.
Mary pleads with Larry in an effort to restore his faith in her, but Larry has been hurt deeply and cannot believe she is acting solely in his interest.

No one knows that Stratton has a wife, Lucille, whom he does not love and who is determined that Mary shall not have him.

The storm clouds are now gathering with increasing speed... as Elise continues her pursuit to win Larry—and Stratton is becoming more desperate in his attempt to have Mary. So it is that Mary finds herself caught in a whirlpool of worry, fear and doubt. She knows it will take all the powers she can summon to regain her husband's trust and devotion—to draw him away from Elise—and, at the same time, protect herself against the forceful attentions of Victor Stratton and the hatred of his jealous wife.

Can Mary rise out of the depths of misery and despair... and arrive at a happy solution to her tragic plight? The future alone holds the answer to how the ever-widening gap between Mary Noble and her beloved husband, Larry, can be bridged.

Mary, alone in her misery, searches desperately for a means of regaining Larry's love. Will the future give her the answer?
“Do what you want to do!”

That’s how Larry Haines got such a perfect wife as Trudy, such a perfect role
When Larry Haines steps into the role of Lew Archer, the fiancé of pretty, widowed Marcia Kirkland, in The Second Mrs. Burton, over CBS Radio, it isn’t a giant step. For Larry himself has much in common with Lew. Both are men who harbor a broad streak of sentiment covered by a brusque outer shell. Both are men who, wanting the better things in life, fought their way up and achieved them. Just as Lew Archer is interested in antiques, music and art, so is Larry Haines, whose home reflects these interests. Lew Archer comes from New York’s teeming lower East Side. Larry Haines was born in a poor neighborhood in Mount Vernon, New York. So Larry understands how easily Lew gets hurt by real or imagined snobbery.

When Lew and Marcia decided to buy an old house in the country instead of building a new one, it was as though Larry and his wife, brunette, dynamic Trudy, had made the decision. For the Haineses are looking ahead to the day they will have (Continued on page 91)
Eddie still can't take his fans for granted, either, and I don't think he ever will. He talks to them and knows a lot of them. He makes a good job of being the kind of man who will try to reach him while he's rehearsing at the studio, and the studio people won't let them see him or telephone him. So they'll send him a telegram saying, "Eddie, we're down at the Shubert. We've got three pizzas in the refrigerator getting cold."

Eddie has those fans sent up, and he'll sit down with them and order Cokes for everyone. Once, some of them were on a long plane flight for him, so he had a big suitcase and he dug down into his pockets so they could go home in style in a taxi.

If Eddie is good to his fans, his fans are certainly good to him. The thing is, I suppose they're all just up there, really, hoping to win fame and earn a lot of money. Eddie loves to sing, and he loves to have people like to hear him sing. He sings his head off around the apartment all night. He offers to waive his royalty, and he'll spend weekends singing at benefits. One night, a little while ago, after he'd rehearsed all day and done his radio show and his TV show, we drove to a small town, grabbing a bite at a diner and renting a room for the night. Eddie's in the local high school—and, after that, he did another one at a VFW post, until one in the morning. We got home at 2:30 A.M., he had gained weight for California at one p.m. the next day. He spent his ten-day Christmas vacation, last year, entertaining the G.I.'s in Europe. Eddie thinks soldiers are the greatest audience of all.

Eddie still feels a strong tie to the Army. I think the Army changed him a little, too—I guess no one could be in the Army without being affected in some way! Eddie has a soft spot for the Army. He's reached the top and had headlined the show at the Paramount Theater on Broadway. The Army was an entirely different thing for him—and he went through basic training, but he loved it. He sold to write me at least once a week, pretty excited about his experiences.

I'll never forget how different he looked when I saw him for the first time. He used to be a skinny kid with a mop of hair and a voice so big for his size he'd knock the audience out of their seats. After several months in the Army, he was all tanned and brown. His hair was a good cut and he looked like a million. Later, he was sent to a post near Washington, D.C., where he sang with the U.S. Army Band, and sometimes Joey and I would go down to see him weekends or Eddie would come up here whenever he could. I guess you know how he opened at the Paramount, and then he was out of the Army. He was discharged at midnight, April 10, 1953. After he had finished his last Army show, we all packed up and went to Washington, and we got into New York at six in the morning. There were photographers at the station and when we got to the Paramount, at seven, the lines were already forming at the box office. It was pretty exciting. He did his first show at 10 A.M.

Incidentally, Eddie's uniform with the Fie. stripe still hangs in his closest for good luck.

What's it like, living so close to Eddie Fisher? Pretty good. He's one of the nicest guys in the world, very easygoing. We've never had any real arguments. Maybe at the studio he'll get a little edgy now and then, but that happens to anyone working under pressure. He doesn't try to tell me what to do—although he does tell me what he will and won't sing. He gets something new for Eddie. He never used to eat anything but sandwiches himself, but the Army taught him to eat a balanced diet and now he's trying to convert me.

Max Jaffe, the old-time singer who wants like Eddie, I guess—easy to live with. There's the modern furniture which came with the apartment, and Eddie's blond-wood TV set, and his upright Steinway piano which was moved down from the wall when he didn't take up too much room. There's a desk that juts out into the living room and hits the eye as soon as you enter, but the piano is just sort of tucked away. He's got three gold records hanging up, too, the ones RCA gave him for the three tunes that passed the million sales mark, "Any Time," "I'm Walking Behind You," and "Gondola." That's Eddie's first one, of course. He's got his favorite photographs, like the one of Al Jolson—whom he has always admired tremendously—singing to the troops, accompanied on the piano by Harry Ackst, whom he's always admired. It's got to be Willard Higgins, too. There are pictures of Eddie shaking hands with President Truman and President Eisenhower—at different times, of course. Eddie's got his soft spot for the Army. It's got to be Willard Higgins puts Eddie's change into it. I don't know what he and Willard are saving for.

None of these uses the tiny little kitchen microwave. Willard fixes breakfast on a two-burner hot-plate. Eddie usually eats dinner at Toots Shor's or La Vie En Rose with people from the show. We don't have that much to talk about living with Eddie Fisher, and I guess this would apply to living with any singer or musician. He plays records at an ear-splitting pitch. I don't know anything about music, so I can't tell you what he's listening for. I hope I'm not scaring off any gal that Eddie might want to marry in the future, but I doubt it. It's a pretty small drawback, when you're getting a guy like Eddie.

At the moment, there's nobody Eddie's planning to marry. He usually goes out with some pretty girl, and then he's busy the next day that he doesn't have time to think about her and, if you can't think about a girl, it's pretty difficult to work up a romantic mood. Occasionally, he'll date a girl. He's careful; he calls them "this girl." That's bad, too. Sometimes he dates girls from the show. Sometimes at benefits he'll see some pretty girls he'd like to ask for dates, but he knows he's going to be free, and that's an obstacle. There, he wants to get married and have a family some day. He likes kids—he comes from a big family himself. Personally, I think if he realism about it. I think he'd find time for some girl. Eddie always finds time for the people he loves.

Like I said at the beginning, all this success has changed Eddie only in little ways. He's a singer, a star—not hurtful to news he has but ways been—nothing complicated, just a guy who loves to sing, just a guy who's loyal to his family and friends, who's easy—going, who likes to hang out. He's head off for you nothing, but who's ambitious, too. Eddie would like to make a film, but he tries to be realistic about himself and he doesn't feel he would make a good singing star. He's interested in some of the parts which have been offered to him by the film companies. He'd like to play something closer to his own life, something he'd know about and could be real in.

No, Eddie hasn't changed much, but circumstances certainly have. Not that we didn't have a good time—no, we never were starved: we never were without a place to sleep. We were fortunate, too, in that we knew we could always go back to our families. They were always behind us and encouraging us. I don't know but that the most uncomfortable time of Eddie's life was the night we were at Atlantic City. He had taken off his shirt because it hurt his sunburn, and then we took a cab to the club where he was going to play and tried to put his shirt on—but he couldn't. Did you ever try to put your shirt on in a ferris wheel?

But what really convinces me that circumstances have changed is the memory of helping Eddie get ready in a single day for his first appearance at a big night club in metropolitan New York. Fran and I was a bit hit by the critics, had suddenly taken sick, and Eddie was invited to appear. He accepted, but he was worried. He had just come back from his tour with Eddie Cantor, his first real break, and had just begun to sell. He wasn't at all sure he was ready for a New York appearance. Besides that, he didn't have an act or anything to wear. While Eddie was rehearsing, I was off somewhere, probably out watching one of the TV shows. We wore the same size—both 5' 8"—we both wear a 37 or 38 jacket and have a 29-inch waist.

The night he was to go on, he was supposed to get his suit and records were just beginning to sell. He wasn't at all sure he was ready for a New York appearance. Besides that, he didn't have an act or anything to wear. While Eddie was rehearsing, I was off somewhere, probably out watching one of the TV shows. We wore the same size—both 5' 8"—we both wear a 37 or 38 jacket and have a 29-inch waist.

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all summer long... wherever you go, there's RADIO—and MUTUAL goes along with you!

QUEEN FOR A DAY (Mon-Fri)
GABRIEL HEATTER (Mon-Fri)
THE FALCON (Mon)
MICKEY SPILLANE (Tue)
SQUAD ROOM (Wed)
OFFICIAL DETECTIVE (Thu)
COUNTERSPY (Fri)
NEWS...MUSIC...SPORTS (Every Day)

all summer long, Mister PLUS delivers all your year-round favorites...on 570 easy-dial stations of MUTUAL, the world's largest radio network.
and nicknamed TM. He's a friendly little fellow who drapes himself across Jimmy's ankles and looks up as if to comment, "Now where did I take my lunch?"

"Why, there's Mickey," One of them whispered, "Isn't he good-looking?" And the other said, "Isn't it wonderful to run into him like this? I haven't seen him in an hour."

"I was the one who felt shy then."

"You needn't have," Jimmy said, "because you'll remember that, just then, Faye Emerson happened by—and nobody could ever take her away from the scene."

And they both laughed at the memory.

People often come into night clubs where Jim and his partner, Lee Goodman, do the routines like original Flamingo, Steak, Bleu, the Bon Soir, and Café Society—and at the first opportunity they go up to Jim and tell him, "You know, there's a kid in a daytime television drama who looks so much like you it's unbelievable. You should watch him some day." This also amuses Jim and Muriel, because, of course, he is that kid—even though he's sometimes up until 3:30 earlier in the morning making club rafters ring with laughter and applause.

Actually, then, there are three Jimmy Kirkwoods—albeit a trio hard to believe in a four! The night-club comedian; the host to teenagers and spinner of popular plat- ters on a radio program; the youthful Mickey who is trying to take his dead dada's place, and the third of the cuter sons on television; and the real Jimmy Kirkwood, who is a combination of all the others. The real Jimmy is a rather quiet-set ing, shy-seeing fellow, a lean six feet in his shoes with a pair of dark blue eyes with the suspicion of a twinkle most of the time. A fellow who is a little star-struck himself, in spite of being a star, in his old life of asking a fan for a date because he thought of her as 'way up there.'

"I didn't ask, for a long time," Jimmy admitted. "Lee and I were working, and Muriel would come into the club with this escort one week and another one the next, and I would see her and be conscious of her all evening, but I was still a little shy of her."

"I went to many of the openings of Toby Smith in The Aldrich Family, on radio, some of us were invited to a party for one of the cast members of the stage hit, 'Wonderful Town.' I can't even remember the name."

"I was thinking about the occasion. I only remember that there was Muriel, at the party, and that I must have been feeling particularly pep ped up after our show. Muriel had on a big picture hat with a feather, and a black hair was caught up under it, with just a fringe of careless bangs across her forehead. Her eyes looked even bigger and darker and more beauti ful."

"I suddenly walked up to her and bent over and kissed her! Just like that. With out a word of warning, to her or myself."

She didn't slap my face, as I deserved, and we went on datin' a dinner, and things."

"She had come with a date, but somehow I managed it so that the three of us left together, rather early and perfectly amiably, in search of dinner. During the even ing, we did talk, but she didn't look startled, as well she might. Not to be routed again by my fears, I grasped the advantage. 'What are you doing for dinner tonight?'"

"She started off to a date, but somehow I managed it so that the three of us left together, rather early and perfectly amiably, in search of dinner. During the evening, we did talk, but she didn't look startled, as well she might. Not to be routed again by my fears, I grasped the advantage. 'What are you doing for dinner tonight?'"

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West Coast and back across the country.
So, for a while at least, Jimmy can’t call her up as he used to and say, “Moo, I’m having company for dinner tomorrow night and you’re invited. What shall we cook?”
Knowing that she knows this means: “Please come over and tell me what to have—and cook it—because you know that, no matter how hard I try, I don’t seem to be anywhere near as successful a cook as you are”

By the time you read this, many miles may be separating them. Jimmy will be playing Mickey Emerson daily on Valiant Lady in a New York television studio, doing teen-age interviews and spinning records and small talk with Lee Goodman on Saturday afternoons over radio, and filling in with night-club engagements. Muriel will have been to the West Coast and the show will be coming back to Chicago—which isn’t quite so far from New York as California is, but is far enough. Meanwhile, the long-distance telephone system will be getting richer every day. And, whenever “The King and I” is playing a town which Jimmy can reach by plane, between shows, you can count on his being there. Because he has to make up for all that time he lost when he thought he wasn’t a big enough star in his own right to ask a lovely ballet dancer for a date!

More Than Money Can Buy

(Continued from page 44)
Wall Street, where the original J.P. carved his initials, the pretty comedienne-singer gave up the sunlight of California for the spotlights of Manhattan’s night clubs and video studios. She came East in November of last year and, the first week, won a contract with Robert Q. Lewis as a regular on his video and radio shows. White House correspondents saw Jaye flutter her blue-green eyes and heard her belt out a song when she was invited to join Milton Berle and Irving Berlin, in Washington, to entertain the President—quite an honor for a newly discovered starlet. Next, she sang on The Jackie Gleason Show, when Robert Q. Lewis pinch-hit for “Mr. Saturday Night.” Then she was signed to a recording contract with RCA Victor, and then...

And then—the most precious dividend of all! The pretty blonde singer married dark, handsome actor Michael Baiano. This most important merger took place in California just this spring, after two years of hectic negotiation.

“And to think that, six months before,” she says, “I was torturing myself as a band vocalist wondering whether I was getting anywhere.”

The life and romance of Jaye P. Morgan is, in bop vernacular, crazy, real crazy. Nearly a century and a quarter after Abe Lincoln did it, Jaye P. had herself born in a log cabin. That was in Manos, Colorado, a small village near Denver. Her father raised cattle and ran a farm, but he was a musician. “It was the Depression,” Jay explains, “and he owned this land, and we had to eat.”

Jaye was the next to youngest of five brothers and one sister. There were a lot of mouths to feed, but the mouths were kept busy at other things, too. The kids learned to sing and play instruments. Jaye P. was three when her father rounded up the family, took them to Phoenix, Arizona, where the whole herd made their vaudeville debut.

“Everyone was in the act but Mother, who refused to be talanted,” Jaye says.

Are you in the know?

Does that very swish shindig call for——

☐ A new hairdo ☐ Your usual style

Yah—you look different all right, with that new siren-ish chignon! In fact, you’re a Stranger in Harry’s eyes—so now you feel unsure. A special occasion’s no time to try new hairdo tricks. But at “that” time, it’s no trick to be sure about whether Regular, Junior or Super Kotex suits you best. Try all 3. Each size has chafe-free softness; holds its shape!

If you’re baffled by a French menu——

☐ Take a chance ☐ Get a translation

Better not stab at just anything listed. It might turn out to be snails’ brains—when you were drooling for duck! So even if your squire is that suave new blade-about-town you’d impress—let him pollyvoo for you. Ask what vittles he’d suggest. In any language, confidence (on certain days) means Kotex. One reason: special flat pressed ends that prevent telltale outlines.

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

When shouldn’t a gal just trust to luck?

☐ On a quiz show ☐ On certain days ☐ In Canada

It’s the wise lassie who doesn’t take chances with personal daintiness on certain days, but trusts to Quest® deodorant powder. Quest was especially designed for sanitary napkins...no moisture resistant base to slow up absorption. Unscented Quest powder positively destroys odors. Use Quest to be sure!
"But you can bet she had to be talented in other ways, just taking care of all of us."

The Morgans went on to Tujunga, a suburb of Los Angeles to see my father, and though, for the next ten years, they were on the vaudeville circuits six months out of twelve, traveling in a trailer and living in hotels and motels. The children had a private education, most of the time, the Morgans did well.

"There was one time in Missouri that we went bust," Jaye P. recalls. "We couldn't buy a pint of gasoline." For that, the family had to turn to their savings.

They turned up their backs and elbows picking strawberries for farmers. They saved enough money to go on, and everything was all right again. Jaye P. remembers, her father died and the act broke up.

"Dad had been very ill for a long time," she says, "but he never missed a show, not until a few days before he died. As a matter of fact, with our last performance, the audience goes.

Jaye P. is not the only entertainer practically born to show business. Her boss, Robert Q., is another. And they tell you that there is another trouper like Jaye P. is a real pleaser.

"You can give Jaye a schedule that keeps her on the go from nine in the morning until midnight, and you don't hear a gripe," says her managers, "Bullet" Durgom and Ray Katz. "Jaye is a real trouper."

"But I get tired," she comments. "Sometimes I feel like sleeping."

Jaye P. seemed a very good idea when she began her career as a vocalist, for there was already a very well-known singer by the name of Marion Morgan. When Jaye, at fifteen, announced she wanted to be treated as an equal to Marion Morgan, who had given up vaudeville for music-making. In the trade, Jaye is known as a "bandleader."

"That means I sing loud," she says.

Loud, of course, isn't enough—or at least everyone would star on TV shows. What Jaye does to a song is what Ralph Kiner does to a baseball. Although her stance is different. Jaye, literally, belts out a song. At a microphone, she turns half away to keep from flipping the engineer's audio needle. Her dynamic delivery, however, has always kept audiences flipping, and she began to work regularly even as a youngster.

The turning point in her career came when she was eighteen and answered a call to audition for the orchestra at the Hollywood Palladium. The auditions took place before an audience and the crowd's enthusiasm for Jaye P. was "over the top," but it was not enough for a job. Frank De Vol became one of her best friends, she says, "He was always helping me."

Frank coached her. His wife helped Jaye pick clothes. Frank got Jaye a recording contract, and he tried to find jobs for her to study dancing and even paid her tuition when she went to drama school. The school was Benito Schneider's, attended also by Hollywood celebrities as Piper Laurie, Farley Granger, Ellen Drew and Tony Curtis.

"And that was where I met Michael Balano," she says, "It was practically love at first sight for me." Mike stands about five-feet-tall. He is slender and very handsome. His father is head of casting at Warner Brothers and his mother was a silent movie star, Charlotte Pierce.

"I'm a simple handpicked in our early courtship," Jaye recalls. "You see, it wasn't Mike who was dating me, but one of his best friends."

One night, however, Mike took Jaye P. home from a party as a favor to his friend. He suggested that he would 'like to call her for a date.

"Short of giving him written permission," Jaye says, "I thought it made a cleat that I was very agreeable."

Mike didn't call.

Weeks later, she and Mike were assigned in drama class to work out a scene together. Jaye P. was to make a date to rehearse and wound up asking her if she would like to spend the day at the beach. Jaye accepted.

She found the afternoon very pleasant but not worth the effort, and he suggested continuing the pleasantness with a kiss, she said no.

"I'm a little miffed with you," she said, "You told me weeks ago you were going to do a date, and you kept me waiting a long time."

"I thought you were dating Johnny," he said.

"Really?" she asked. "Then why did you invite me out today."

"I found that you weren't dating steady."

So she kissed Mike.

"After all, I'd been thinking about it for a long time, she Supposed."

A month later both admitted they were in love.

"At least, I think so," Mike said. "Other times we've thought I was in love, I felt depressed. This time I feel good. Does that make sense?"

"I'm having the same reaction," Jaye P. reported.

Actually, Jaye's life had been very "un-social," as she puts it. A band vocalist, she worked six out of seven nights a week and collapsed on the seventh. The film course, in addition to her dance and drama classes. She didn't do one-tenth the dating the average schoolgirl does. The few so-called romances she had, tended to die almost as soon as they were suggested.

"Most of the time, I didn't think Mike and I would work out, either," she says. "We had a million arguments, a million."

With love came a rash of jealousy. If Mike was gone, she'd think he was interested in some other girl in class. Jaye P. felt her hair stand on end. When Jaye P. chatted with another man, Mike suffered with the same scalp disorder.

"The worst spat lasted four days," she says. "I didn't go out of the house all that time."

On the fourth day, Jaye P. called Mike to give him a chance to apologize. Mike indignantly answered the phone saying, "I hope you're sorry." So they both blew their tops again. That evening, Mike showed up with an armful of roses and candy. They talked for hours again—for about twenty-four hours.

When Mike proposed, it was without the benefit of moonlight or the murmuring of ocean surf or soft lights. They were at a party and suffering through another flight.

"This is the end," saideware. "The very end."

"I want you to marry me," Mike said.

"How can you say that?" she demanded.

"If we get married, we will be enough of each other and get tired of fighting."

So they had a quiet engagement. Mike told his family and Jaye P. told hers. In the meantime, Mike was getting parts in movies and Jaye began resisting efforts of her managers to get her East. Then her recording, "Life Is Just a Bowl of Cherries," began to sell well and, last summer, she got a call to go to New York to promote the show. She stayed only a week and whisked back to Mike.

Then Harry James asked her to join his band as vocalist for a two-month tour. She accepted and, to all, her managers told Jaye that she would have to come to New York. There were few live TV shows originating from Hollywood, and they felt TV was the right medium for her. As a result, they had some night-club bookings lined up for her, a chance to appear on The Jackie Gleason Show, and they wanted her to audition for the new shower bath. Jaye P. tore herself away.

Her first week in Manhattan, she auditioned for Robert Q.

"I sang a belter and then a ballad and talked to him, and when he asked me why I wanted the job."

Her answer probably made her name sake, old J.P., smile in the Great Beyond. Jaye P. said frankly, "I need the money."

She was engaged in the same way she had won the Palladium audition. Robert Q. asked her to sing an "up" number and she did "I've Got the Sun in the Morning." When she finished, all of the stagehands and camera men spontaneously applauded her.

"But those first six months in New York without Mike were murder," she recalls. "You get very lonely. It was vicious, from the first night and I'd try to call him but he was always too busy."

This past April, she flew home and married Mike in a simple suit and had a quiet wedding at the Westwood Presbyterian Church, with only their families and close friends in attendance.

Mike and Jaye were married on a Wednesday when Mike was booked in a show in Palm Springs, then the following Sunday flew back East to set up housekeeping in New York City. The apartment was completely furnished, and about the only thing they brought in, besides their clothes, was Mike's collection of jazz records.

Jaye herself collects nothing, but keeps everything. "I don't like to discard anything," she says. "I hang onto things until they fall apart. I have the world's largest assortment of lone earrings and gloves."

Because she is at work so much of the day, Mike has taken over the cleaning and cooking. She is resolved to take on all other domestic chores herself, including cooking. As a careerist from the age of three, she didn't get too much training at the range.

"I can make fried chicken, good coffee and excellent toast," she says.

Mike has been tolerant and tactful when the peas show up belatedly, and the sauceburned, and the stuffing overcooked. Mike is a prince of husbands by turning up unexpectedly with a delicious breakfast.

"It hasn't been too bad. We're both rather meticulous and like things right, and the apartment is usually in good order."

And, now that Mike is with her, Jaye P. finds she is enjoying New York. She doesn't feel so shy at parties with Mike along, because she really has someone to dress up for.

"Some day I'd like to live back in California," she says. "I'd like to have at least three children, too—all boys."

The way things have been going for Jaye P. Morgan these days, she'll probably get her wish. She's collected big dividends, in Mike and the Robert Q. Lewis shows. The little ones are next, on her preferred list!
Magic and Music

(Continued from page 33)

I can think of another incident in my career when the magic of believing has proved its power. On one of my tours, I felt that playing Carnegie Hall in New York was right for me. But, again, the people around me said no. They felt I should wait until I was better known in New York. It’s not like the other towns, they said.

But I believed that New York was right for me. I felt it was like any other town. The people were no different. New York was just larger.

My belief was so strong, it carried along the others. We were all pleased when, one week before the concert, Carnegie Hall was sold out.

Believing in something is not enough, however. There is one other condition that must be met: The good must be shared by everybody.

Take for example the problems I had with my new home. It began with the lots. There were two pieces of property across the street from each other. One was more desirable for my purpose than the other. But it wasn’t for sale. I could only buy the one I didn’t want!

I wasn’t upset. I knew that somehow I would be able to get the other piece of property. I had a mental picture of my “dream house,” as I called it, and it only fit on the lot across the street. I kept my attorney after the owner for two months. Finally I did manage to buy the other lot. Then I had two! But this was no time for negative thoughts. To show how the good is shared by everybody, my attorney was eager to buy the first lot from me!

My house had literally been a dream to me for many years. Because I had been on the road since late in my teens, I had long visualized a place of my own. When I returned from my tours, I wanted a home that was a home and not a cold apartment in a strange town.

We began building on the lot in June. The contractor, Bill Steiksal, promised it would be completed in October. Then tragically struck. Bill came down with polio. I was now more concerned with Bill than with the house.

His sub-contractors knew how badly I wanted the house completed. They got together and told me that, though Bill’s illness would delay the construction, they hoped to have it for me by November.

November came and went. Then it was December. Finally they promised it for mid-December. For nearly a year, I had visualized my dream house completed by Christmas. As each deadline was met and missed, I began to lose heart. Then I set my “believing machinery” into motion.

A week before Christmas, the house was far from finished. The sub-contractors were disappointed, too. They didn’t want to hurt my feelings, but they wanted to prepare me for the bad news. They went to my attorney. “There’s two weeks’ work left on that house,” said their spokesman. “Tell Lee we’re doing the best we can. . . .”

“We know that,” he replied. “But you fellows don’t know Lee. He’s got his heart set on being in that house by Christmas. You can expect the moving man to pull up in front any day now.”

When I heard about this conversation, I knew it was time to use a little psychology of my own. I had to make the builders’ believe as strongly as I did that I was going to be in that house by Christmas.

I went out to the house with a Christmas tree, as big a one as I could carry. The men thought I was crazy. They came around saying, “Where are you going to put the tree?”

“But the carpets aren’t down yet!”

I just continued with the decorating. They began to get the idea.

Someone called the carpet man. He was surprised, too, for he expected another week’s grace. But he said he’d do what he could—as did everyone else. There was a flurry of activity and, the Tuesday before Christmas, the moving man did pull in.

We moved in. Christmas Eve we entertained sixty of our dearest friends in our dream house. Surrounded by friends, and with the lights sparkling on the tree, I knew I was home.

Some people said the expense of building a house was one thing and furnishing it another. But again I believed. I just knew that things would take care of themselves as we went along. Before the paint on the walls was dry, friends had gifted me with enough appliances to get a good start. That, and re-covering the furniture which I already owned, plus a few new pieces which I’d ordered, began to fill up my new rooms. The fabrics go well with the wall colors, black and white, with touches of ruby red and gold. My mother’s robe is dusty pink and gray. It is surely a dream house. Not only mine, but the young contractor’s, Bill Steiksal’s.

This was Bill’s first big house. We had planned it together. When he was hit by polio, he grew disheartened; first, because he would not be able to finish it for me on time; second, because he was afraid he’d never see it finished at all.

I learned that people can be as much a mind-crippler as a body-crippler. Its victims tend to give up, under the shadow of
the disease, lose sight of their goals in life. After Bill’s first few weeks of illness, the thought of polio had defeated him before he had begun. He had given up unnecessarily. He had no interest in even visiting the hospital, though he could well do so in a portable lung.

His wife and I visited him one afternoon at Rancho Los Amigos. In trying to give him a goal, I told him about the house. He was excited at the thought of it. He didn’t believe he could leave the hospital in the portable lung. Even if he were able, he felt he had no reason to. But I believed he could, and I urged him to go. Mrs. King had been so anxious for him to see the completed dream house. As I described it to him, I saw his eyes begin to brighten.

Though nothing happened that afternoon, his wife told me that, the next day, he walked with the portable lung in a trip through the hospital. He isn’t able to go as far as the house, as yet, but that’s his goal, what he’s now building for.

Bill is ill, but his illness has served as a lever in my own world. In the past I have played for many charities, frequently for the benefit of polio patients. Bill’s illness has inspired me to concentrate my efforts against this affliction. I feel I can be more helpful by striking with all my might against polio, rather than dispersing my efforts in many directions. I am planning many benefit concerts during the coming year. As in the past, I know I can count on my audiences to help me to help the polio victims.

I remember a “command performance” in Chicago, which I made for a girl in an iron lung. I was playing at the Edgewater Beach Hotel. One morning, I read about the patient in the Chicago Tribune. She was a Mary Kitzmiller, and it was her wish to see a command performance at the Chicago Daily News. Jack had devoted his column to her plight.

The only part of her body Mary could move was her head. She had a small attachment mounted on the mirror in front of her face. She watched television in the mirror, changing stations by blowing into the microphone control. In Jack’s column, I’d written that no one had been invited to her home—apart from doctors and nurses. That night, the telephone rang to tell me that a radio commentator was coming to visit your radio program get quite a kick out of it just the way it is?

It pulled me up short. The lady was right—least, from all the evidence we had in the first of our radio shows, that I was getting back home—people did like to watch the Breakfast Club, just the way it was, with the mikes in plain sight, the crew standing around or working, cables strung all over the place, and nothing more important in the way of a set than the inside of the Terrace Room in Chicago’s Morrisson Hotel.

After a long time, one particular kind of fan letter had been showing up in the mail fairly often. It ran about this:

Dear Don: My husband and I are coming to Chicago for two reasons. Our usual trip to the theater seems to be fading. We have decided to join your association. Two, we want to see a performance of the Breakfast Club. Can we have tickets?

The more I thought about Kay’s question, the more I thought about those ticket requests, the more I began to lean toward trying out a TV formula which would just about duplicate what we had been doing in radio for years.

I’m not too anxious as all that. Every once in a while, in the middle of my rash of enthusiasm, I’d get a cold feeling along my spine. It was true enough that a lot of people has seen the Breakfast Club in person—but, after all, what did we know about what they really said to each other when they got back home?

I was in what the eloquence teacher back home used to call a “quandary.” I was more familiar with the Mill Slough which you couldn’t wade across for mud, but I knew what the lady meant. It was in the middle of one of those despondent moments when I was packed full of a slip of paper and asked if I knew how many people had seen the show in person during the past year. Turned out it was near to a couple of hundred thousand. Over the twenty-year period that Breakfast Club has been going, that meant something like 4,000,000 people could have seen the show in person. What with personal appearances, the figure probably is more than that. But you take your guests on your show, and if the show had been bad to watch, not anywhere near that number would ever have shown up to see it!

I think of that argument. But the argument was still more. It was the only argument than that. I figured that it was at least worth a try. We knew that some changes might be necessary, but, for the most part, we agreed to start out doing just exactly as we had always been doing.

So we got started.

Now, the thing that happened to us next is almost fantastic, to my way of thinking, of brand new, which had always been very high, suddenly jumped to about three times its normal quantity. On top of that, the studio audience for the show took a tremendous leap in size.

The secret was a real razzle.

It’s sort of the notion that studio audiences might drop off some if people were able to see the Breakfast Club at home, but no, sir. The audience at the Theater and in the studio saw us in about the same size. In some respects, it was almost like starting out all over again, the way we did twenty years ago in radio.

“Television has brought some changes, of course.” For one thing, our “Peeping Don” feature seems to be more personalized for the folks that we tease. Our audience knows how we work. We depend on language that is written for us in a way that seems to be more information about a neighbor might be doing ordinarily at the time Breakfast Club is on. Then, on one of the shows, we address ourselves directly to that neighbor, and it makes him look right into the house. Maybe we’ll say something like “Hey, Mrs. Soandso, I see you’ve got that old bathtub on again this morning.” Of course, it gives the poor lady a chance to get a good laugh. There was one point of great worry for us before we started on this new venture. We didn’t quite know what the reaction would be, but it seemed right to see how we’d be face-to-face for the first time. It’s true that millions of folks had seen us at the studios or at various public appearances, but that isn’t our whole audience.

(Continued from page 46)

happened is normal in many ways in many American households. Children sometimes get so busy with their various activities that some important angle is forgotten. In our case, we were too busy to learn all about the birds on our hands, and all the parental advice I could offer wasn’t adequate enough to help the younger get over his remorse. I suppose I could have been a more consoling father had I known that all the time the house had cost a fair-sized amount of money, and I probably was influenced to some extent by that fact. The McNeills aren’t named McNeill for nothing.

One part of my feeling was one of resentment that any son of mine should be so thoughtless as not to provide for a pet which had no way of providing for itself. The action of allowing a bird to die of thirst filled me with that sense of righteous indignation which must have been apparent to my boy, and I made the mistake of the adult male—I failed to realize I was punishing myself a lot worse than I ever could.

But, as I said, Mrs. McNeill is a smart woman. She didn’t get into the argument, and she had no part in what passed for argument. But the next afternoon, when our younger came home from school, there was another canary in the cage, as much like the first one as a twin.

Without saying anything to anyone, Kay had cut straight across to the heart of the matter and had come up with the one right answer to the whole problem. I don’t believe that the younger is quite as much in love with that bird as I am. Sure when he was lacking for food, water, or a supply of cuttlebone, or needed clean perches.

Thinking of that sequence of events just the other day when we closed our show, I realized with a start that we had just finished doing something that had filled me with fright only a few weeks before. Like a sort of living funeral, I had been looking forward to the inevitable day of going on television with something less than joy. We had a lot of misgivings about the whole thing, and it might be necessary for us to completely overdo the Breakfast Club. We had been told that and about what “went” in TV and what didn’t. For an old hand, used to an old familiar pair of gloves, these words were designed to make us anything but happy about the prospect.

Naturally, since we talk over things like that at home, some of my troubles got back home—but probably nothing more than that. But you take your guests on your show, and if the show had been bad to watch, not anywhere near that number would ever have shown up to see it!
Many more had met us through the years, in the illustrations for stories that have appeared in Radio-TV Mirror. But we still weren't sure about the reaction.

The reason for that uncertainty is buried deep in the tradition of radio, where there has always been the fear that a hitherto unsewn personality—known only by voice—may not fit the picture a listener has imagined for herself or himself. So, when the listener finally meets that particular performer in person, there is always the risk of disillusionment.

To some extent, we had always felt this might be true about the Breakfast Club. I don't think that any of us are exactly freaks, although you might get yourself an argument on that point. But it definitely was a worry. The only way to resolve that worry, we knew, was to go ahead and do TV shows and then wait for the mail.

Well, bless the people!

Here's an example:

Dear Don: I don't know who surprised me the most, but you're so big you dwarf everyone else. And the way you talked about Eddle Ballantine. Shame on you! He's no grandpa. I expected an old, gray-hair, broken-down man, but he's handsome. And Sam really does have a bay window! Johnny looks so young, but that's what I think. In his hair? And Eileen is as pretty as she sings! Don, please bring your boys, because I know everyone is dying to see your "little boys," as Aunt Fanny says. I've been a Breakfast Clubber for twenty years. I never wrote to a program before, but you're all tops. God bless you all.

Sincerely and piously, God bless you, too, ma'am, and the thousands more like you who have wished us well. But, ma'am, what's that about "little" boys? I am the proud papa of several mooses! Incidentally, Tom had to cut classes at Notre Dame to see our TV show, and I got a letter from him asking me to make up the work that he missed in order to watch us.

But the mail—oh my, yes, the mail! It takes seven people, three from my office and four in the audience-mail department at ABC, to keep up with it. Although I can't possibly read it all myself, I do get to see a good share of it.

But, just to indicate what the problem can amount to, the fans sent us 12,232 pieces of mail in the first two weeks our television show was on the air! It made us very happy to find that by far and away the largest part of it was in the form of congratulations. Not all of it was that way. There were criticisms, too. It would have been very strange if we hadn't been criticized, because nothing is ever perfect. Regardless of planning in advance, the actual presentation always manages to go astray in some respects, although on a show like ours there is enough freedom so that the blemishes can often be turned to good advantage.

One of the advantages of the criticism we have received is that much of it consisted of guideposts pointing ways to improve what we were doing. For instance, one viewer complained that the background looked like a coffin. Well, naturally, we changed that, and we have also given more attention to things that can be seen. We went to Florida again in March, and Sam did his usual stunt of falling into a pool. He had done it before in radio days—but, this time, sight was added to the sound of the splash and, of course, the TV audience got a bigger kick out of it. Meanwhile, the whole thing still sounded funny to the radio audience.

In many respects, we have found the television show easier to do than just the radio show alone. This statement is probably going to be cause for some amazement on the part of other people in the TV field, but it's nothing but the truth. The explanation is that we can take advantage of some natural features of the program which didn't mean so much in "radio only" days, such as the fact that Sam is naturally a great clown to watch, and that Fran "Aunt Fanny" Allison is a great sight in those getups of hers.

Speaking of getups reminds me that not all of the getups are confined to our show by any means. A lot of them must be out there in the audience. Take this message, for instance:

Dear Don: You are really causing a pajama parade in our neighborhood. Our town just recently got its first TV station, so there are not too many sets around yet. My next-door neighbor and I pushed the kids out the front door to school and, in pajamas and housecoats, we rush out the back door, one with the coffee and the other with cookies, dash across the muddy garden to another Breakfast Clubber's to watch your program. I even leave my poor husband to drink his last cup of coffee alone, and if we don't get our own TV set soon I'm afraid he's going to charge you with breaking up our happy home.

Perish forbid! I sure hope those nice folks have that set by now!

But, as for my own home, I sometimes wonder if this modern scientific miracle and its attached jargon aren't going to be the ruin of us. This is the kind of conversation my boys open up with when I get home:

"Hey, Pop, the next time they make a tight shot of you, tell 'em not to hit it so hard with the spot and to take those pans slower."

Not only mooses, but technical directors yet!

---

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These are the panties that never get clingy, never feel clammy—even on the warmest days. Cool in Summer, comfortable always, because they're naturally absorbent!

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### Monday through Friday

#### Morning Programs

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#### Afternoon Programs

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<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>Pauline Frederick Reporting</td>
<td>Break The Bank</td>
<td>Valentino Oklahoma Wranglers</td>
<td>Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:15</td>
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<td>Capitol Commentary with Les Hoggle</td>
<td>12:25 Jack Berch Show</td>
<td>Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday</td>
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<td>12:30</td>
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<td>12:20 Guest Time</td>
<td>Bill Ring Show</td>
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<td>12:45</td>
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<td>Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason</td>
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<td>1:00</td>
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<td>Ray Heatherton</td>
<td>Paul Harvey, News</td>
<td>This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day</td>
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<td>1:15</td>
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<td>Game Of The Day</td>
<td>Ted Malone</td>
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<td>Hilltop House House Party</td>
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<td>Wizard Of Odds</td>
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<td>3:55 It Happens</td>
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<td>Every Day</td>
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<tr>
<td>3:00</td>
<td>Life Can Be Beautiful</td>
<td>Ruby Mercer Show</td>
<td>Martin Block (con.)</td>
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<tr>
<td>3:15</td>
<td>Road Of Life</td>
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<td>3:30</td>
<td>Pepper Young</td>
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<td>3:45</td>
<td>Right To Happiness</td>
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<tr>
<td>4:00</td>
<td>Backstage Wife</td>
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<td>4:15</td>
<td>Stella Dallas</td>
<td>News</td>
<td>Reed Browning Show</td>
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<tr>
<td>4:30</td>
<td>Young Widder Brown</td>
<td>Music</td>
<td>4:25 Betty Crocker</td>
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<tr>
<td>4:45</td>
<td>Woman In My House</td>
<td>M-W-F, T-Th, approx, starting time, heard only in southeast and southwest regions.</td>
<td>Treasury Bandstand</td>
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### Monday

#### Evening Programs

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<thead>
<tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>5:00</td>
<td>Last Plain Bill</td>
<td>Bobby Benson</td>
<td>News, Austin Kirkinger</td>
<td>News</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:15</td>
<td>Front Page Farrell</td>
<td>Art &amp; Patty Todd</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:30</td>
<td>Lorenz Jones</td>
<td>Musical Express</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:45</td>
<td>It Pays To Be Married</td>
<td>Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>Sports Daily with Mel Allen, Russ Hedges</td>
<td>Jackson &amp; The News Dwight Cooke</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:15</td>
<td>Three Star Extra</td>
<td>Lowell Thomas</td>
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<td>6:30</td>
<td></td>
<td>Tennessee Ernie Beverly &amp; Julius La Rosa</td>
<td>Edward R. Morrow</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Alex Greer, Man On The Go</td>
<td>Fulton Lewis, Jr, Dinner Date</td>
<td>Newsreel House</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:15</td>
<td>One Man's Family</td>
<td>Gabriel Heatter</td>
<td>The Lone Ranger</td>
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<td>7:30</td>
<td>News Of The World</td>
<td>Perry Como</td>
<td>Johnny West</td>
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<td>7:55 Les Griffith, News</td>
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<td>8:00</td>
<td>The Railroad Hour</td>
<td>The Falcon</td>
<td>Henry J. Taylor Jack Gregson Show</td>
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<td>8:15</td>
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<td>Under Arrest</td>
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<td>8:30</td>
<td>Voice Of Firestone</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Hollywood Show-case</td>
<td>News, Bill Henry, 9:05 Edward Arnold Mutual Newsreel</td>
<td>Music By Camarata</td>
<td>Lux Theater</td>
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<td>9:15</td>
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<td>9:25 Robert Hurleigh Reporters' Roundup</td>
<td>Doorway To The Future</td>
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<td>9:30</td>
<td>Band Of America</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Fibber McGee And Molly Heart Of The News</td>
<td>Frank Edwards Manhattan Crossroads</td>
<td>Headline Edition Turner Callig</td>
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<td>10:15</td>
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<td>Deems Taylor</td>
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<td>Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons</td>
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<td>10:30</td>
<td>Man In The Balcony</td>
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*All Times Listed Are Eastern Daylight Time.*
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<tr>
<td>5:00</td>
<td>Bobby Benson</td>
<td>News, Austin Kil-ginger</td>
<td>Musical Express</td>
<td>Curt Massey Time</td>
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<td>5:55 This I Believe</td>
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<td>Local Program</td>
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<td>Jackson &amp; The News</td>
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<td>Dwight Cooke</td>
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<td>Vanderbilt, News</td>
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<td>Larry Davis</td>
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<td>Larry Davis</td>
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See Next Page —>
### Inside Radio

#### All Yours Live From Eastern Daylight Time!

#### Monday

**Morning Programs**
- 6:00: Just Joan Hill
- 6:15: Trudy Beatrice
- 6:30: Lawrence Marks
- 6:45: Bill, Paul, and Helen
- 7:00: Rome Alden
- 7:15: Mary, Martha, and Peg

**Afternoon Programs**
- 12:00: Pacific Frederick
- 12:15: Mary Atwater
- 1:00: Ray Hartfield
- 1:15: Max Title
- 1:30: William Ward
- 2:00: William Ward
- 2:15: Warner Douglas
- 2:30: Ruby Miller
- 3:00: Bagatelle Evers
- 3:15: Stella Collins
- 3:30: Young Widener
- 4:00: W. A. Brown
- 4:15: Stella Collins
- 4:30: Young Widener
- 4:45: Martha Minnis

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- 6:45: Bill, Paul, and Helen
- 7:00: Rome Alden
- 7:15: Mary, Martha, and Peg
DAYTIME DIARY
(Continued from page 23)

what hope of success is there for Poco? Is it possible that one day she may have to renounce Bill? 10:45 A.M., NBC-TV.

VALLANT LADY Bill Fraser's seeming coolness to the widow of his best friend is explained when Helen for the first time suspects that town gossip linking them may have had some basis. Bill's real feeling. Confused about her own desires, Helen knows she has an enemy in crude Margot Finchley, who has returned to town nursing a grudge against Helen that began in their school days. What lies ahead for Helen Emerson, her children, and Bill? 12 noon, CBS-TV.

WENDY WARREN Wendy Warren, an experienced reporter, fully appreciates the strain of creative work. But she herself has never reacted to overwork or discouragement with the same unpredictable violence shown by her playwright husband, Mark Douglas. And though Wendy has seen Mark through many an emotional crisis, she is never certain just what to do or say to set things right. Will a time come when she can't help him? 12 noon, CBS.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES Over the years, Joan Davis has learned to check her instinctive impulse to offer help to her loved ones when they are in trouble, until she has assured herself that her help will be constructive. In the case of her sister Sylvia, Joan finds herself almost at a loss. Is Sylvia's peculiar design for the future the best one for her, or should Joan and Harry persit in offering the help Sylvia has refused? 10:45 A.M., ABC.

WOMAN IN MY HOUSE When the Carter children were toddlers, their parents may have been guilty of wishing they were just a bit older and less troublesome. When they were adolescents, James and Jessie perhaps looked forward to the time when they could sit back and let the children handle their own troubles. But they have learned now that a real family only grows as the children grow... and so do the problems. 4:45 P.M., NBC.

WOMAN WITH A PAST Lynn Sherwood's new shop, financed by Craig Rockwell, gets off to the same promising start as her romance with Steve Russell — until Craig's wife Sylvia turns out to be an old flame of Steve's who hung around after she tries to involve her own husband in a scandal with Lynn? And what will happen to Lynn, her sister Peg, and their little niece Diane when a man called Clark Webster gets out of jail? 4 P.M., CBS-TV.

YOUNG DR. MALONE Dr. Jerry Malone fought a long, lonely battle for adjustment after the death of his wife, and recently his mother and his friend, Dr. Browne, felt he had succeeded in reestablishing a healthy, constructive outlook. Has Tracey Adams given him an emotional shock that will set him back? How will his young daughter Jill be affected by this? 1:30 P.M., CBS.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN After Dr. Anthony Loring's marriage to Millicent, Ellen turns to Michael Forsyth for comfort and novel chance of beginning to enjoy his devoted companionship. But Millicent's eminence is aroused once again by the possibility that Ellen may find some happiness. Will the jealous wife of the man Ellen secretly loves succeed in ruining Ellen's reputation? 4:30 P.M., NBC.
(Continued from page 51)

decided, for instance, that, when the tiny girl was asleep in the nursery, Archie could have full run of the rest of the house and pretend he was still top fellow. Barbara was worried about Jack, too, for a different reason.

"She wondered about that two o'clock middle-of-the-night feeding for the baby," Jack explained, "and I hope to be up by 4:30 to get to my early-morning broadcast over the CBS Radio network five days a week. I'm up almost as early on Saturdays, to get to Philadelphia for the Big Top that afternoon, and I'll be home by 7 p.m. This was a big concern for Barbara. She was worried that, if the baby woke me up at two and my rest was broken it would be even harder to get up and work. She hoped that my schedule doesn't conflict with Patty Ann's—and vice versa!"

"Even with a new baby in the house, the Sterlings' schedule can't be too completely different," Barbara told me. "I've had to be early-to-bedders and early-to-risers right along. "Who could be anything else, with this morning wake-up radio show, family schedule, radio show the hour before noon—Make Up Your Mind—and the race to Philadelphia early every Saturday? Barbara has had to put up with this kind of living ever since she married me, and now having one now, she has always been wonderful about it."

They had two sets of names all picked out. Patty Ann (christening name, Patricia Ann) for a girl . . . not after anyone in particular, but because they both liked it. They might have had to be early-to-bedders and early-to-risers right along. "Who could be anything else, with this morning wake-up radio show, family schedule, radio show the hour before noon—Make Up Your Mind—and the race to Philadelphia early every Saturday? Barbara has had to put up with this kind of living ever since she married me, and now having one now, she has always been wonderful about it."

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Shopping for the baby was the great thrill during the months they waited. Jack was constantly bringing home all sorts of presents, mostly frivolous. Toys for kindergartner-age kids. Balls and balloons. Dolls in j Sophia Bon and brown and red." But it was the very first present Barbara's mother, Mrs. Robert MacGregor, bought for the baby which tickled them both. It was a doll on the made by Marklin, a miniature doll, with a mother and a kitten, "curled up in it."

"Look," she said. "When you twist the cat's tail, the beautiful Brahmsullaby!" So they both laughed and Jack decided to give up even trying to be practical. There's a lot to be said about lulling one's child to sleep with Brahms' music, to use them.

Jack's radio listeners provided part of the practicality which Barbara had aimed for. He simply couldn't resist mentioning the happy coming event on his morning radio show, so the whole thing took on more than a family-and-friends-and-local interest. Listeners flooded his mail with congratulatory notes and cards, and dozens of presents arrived for the new child.

One listener knitted matching sweaters, bonnets and booties. Another sent a darling dress. Another knitted two sets of bottle warmers. There were bonnets and bobbins and blankets and booties and pillows and toys and anything else one thought useful for the baby. An early Christmas for the new infant.

"Such wonderful, useful things!" Jack and Barbara agreed. "We were touched by an offer to lend us a bassinet which had been used for a family of children and grandchildren, and the former child of the present value for all of them. But ours was already waiting and ready."

The new little member of the Sterling family was bound to find a ready-made loving home. Jack's Big Top deals with kids constantly, of course, on his Big Top program, and is completely at home with children of all ages. Barbara got to know the baby well, through the time she was taught school briefly before her marriage—after she gave up her job as Jack's secretary, about which we'll tell you later! When she was engaged to Jack, she used to come to the studio and watch the kids on the television shows they had seen over the weekend and which they had liked. When someone would mention Sealtest Big Top, she would wait for some enthusiasm to show on her face. "They would talk about the clowns and the monkeys and the dog acts, but no child ever said anything about the handsome ripped pants or the way the baby is dressed."

I finally discovered that they loved Jack, but took him for granted as a wonderful friend who brought the circus to them every week. They didn't have to talk about him, they didn't need to feel it was part of the whole show, smiling out at them and keeping them happy and interested.

Neither of the Sterlings has any set group of theories about child rearing, except that Jack has learned certain useful things from his contact with so many kids.

His first rule has always been never to talk about the children to the child, particularly never to talk about them in his presence. "If you have to get down to dealing with kids, if you're friendly. Kids know right away whether or not you like them, and they can spot a phony just as fast. The rest of the show is different. I'm dressed in my top hat and tails on the show. If they meet me at any other time, in other clothes, it takes them a while to figure out who I am. She doesn't ask, for one thing, because the older ones understand, of course. I suspect that, as Patty Ann gets old enough to begin to question, there will be this same problem of whether Daddy is really Daddy or that man who blows a whistle in the Big Top. Maybe Barbara and I can figure out some way to explain it by that time."

Barbara's ideas center mostly around communal cheer and understanding and patience. Before the baby came, she had said that she felt the best start for a daughter was to teach her the ways of domesticity, how to feel at home in a kitchen, how to arrange a boudoir, how to care for the other things a girl likes to know when she's looking forward some day to marriage and children and a home of her own.

Even the question of a sometime career or child included in the discussion. Would she work during the weekend dates. Sometimes he came down, after his Big Top broadcast from Philadelphia. Sometimes I caught the noon train out of Washington and he boarded it in time to arrive. We were scheduled to have lunch with friends in New York and Jack took me out to dinner and shows. Less than a year and a half after our 'furewell' lunch, we knew each other.

The wedding was at St. Catherine's Chapel in Spring Lake, near the MacGregor family home. This summer they'll be staying down there with their family. It was a beautiful wedding, and the bride and groom took the occasion to escape the New York heat, and on Saturdays Jack can commute by car to Philadelphia, only a short drive.

They had a Bermuda honeymoon, then
Good Man Friday

(Continued from page 33)

to "Jack's" Webb's charity.

Back at the Sterling school Jackie faced a problem. Once the contributors had dropped their money into the large drum provided for that purpose, they wouldn't leave the theater. The 57-year-old executive gives him six more hours, Jackie promised to double the $200,000 which they had collected in the eighteen hours the station had already donated. But, if he couldn't get the audience to circulate, he wouldn't reach the new figure.

So Jack started a "parade toward the stage." He finally arranged it so that the audience filed between him and the drum. They then stopped and dropped money in the contribution and the other free for a handshake with Jack.

In their twenty-four-hour, and after hundreds of handshakes, the telephone had raised $400,000. The station gave him three more hours. At the end of twenty-seven hours, Jack Webb—with the help of hundreds of performers and technicians from the entertainment world, and thousands of wonderfully warm-hearted Americans in the audience—had raised and given $500,000—a half million dollars for cerebral palsy.

How was the money used? For one thing it went for research, to find out the "why" of cerebral palsy—to help stop it in its tracks. Secondly, it went to teach the already disadvantaged, like little Frankie Clausen, to overcome their handicaps—to teach them to walk and talk normally.

A year later, Jack Webb went back to San Francisco to emcee the telephone for the second year. The house was black, then the spotlight pin-pointed Frankie in the corner of the stage. The child was no longer a broken toy—therapy was a success. He was walking erect, faster, sure of himself. At the microphone, he spoke more clearly, he didn't pause. "Thank you all," he said, for taking away my nightmares, for changing my life on my own!"

This year, Jack is once again taking part in the C.F. campaign. He knows what therapy can do for victims like Frankie. He knows that the great American audience will continue their support—continue to put more Frankie Clausens "on their own."

Shrinks Hemorrhoids
New Way Without Surgery

Science Finds Healing Substance That Relieves Pain—Shrinks Hemorrhoids

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to stop bleeding—without surgery.

In case after case, pain was relieved promptly. A gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) of the piles. Most amazing of all—results were so thorough, the surgeons made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®)—discovery of a world-famous research institute.

Now this new healing substance is offered in one simple to use form, the name of Preparation H®. Ask for it at all drug stores—money back guarantee.

"Trade Mark"
Life with Garry

(Continued from page 31) really have to show off a little.”

That evening, about twenty of the Morse’s friends came in for a buffet supper and party that went perfectly from the very beginning. I had a wonderful time. The Morse’s, I began to realize, were as natural and easygoing as we try to be on the show.

They heard, for instance, that my wife, Mary, had had to spend two weeks with an ailment relative in Indianapolis, which was near by. The Morse’s were all for having her down for the weekend, and I even went so far as to call her, at her insistence, but Mary said, “No, this is all yours and I’ll have no part of it. At least for tonight. Call me tomorrow.”

The next morning, we all got up and went to church, one of those little country chapels, and in the afternoon we made a brief appearance at the local station just to prove that we’d carried through on the whole deal. My wife came in from Indianapolis and we dined with Bob and Ellie in Cleveland that evening.

I like to think about this experience. Here Garry and I, in our usual mad way, had been given a chance that could have backfired on all of us. We simply went along with blind faith in our audience and in the American people, figuring they wouldn’t let us down. And we had turned up with the jackpot.

Bob Morse is a construction engineer, and we hit it off right away. He admitted that, when Ellie had confessed she’d entered the contest and won, he’d said to her, “I’ll tell you right off the bat, dear, if that guy gets here and he’s one of those temperamental actors, I’m gonna kick him right out of the house.” I was glad he was telling me that. In fact, the Morse’s and the Kirbys hit it off so well that recently, when Bob had a vacation, they came to stay with us in our Westchester house—and I hope we will be exchanging visits for years to come.

As for Garry and myself, we first met in Chicago during the late thirties, while working on a show called Club Matinee. From that time on, even when Garry and I weren’t actually working together, some strange and wonderful accidents—or coincidences—kept us in touch.

Once, when I was on vacation and visiting my folks in Indianapolis, I got a frantic call from Garry. Someone on his show, Beat The Band, had turned up sick, Garry was in Nashville, Tennessee, and would I please fly down and fill in? I said sure, I’d be glad to. When did he want me?

“Tonight at 8:30.” Garry said calmly, gave me the name of the theater, and hung up.

It took me a minute to realize he meant it. Well, with any luck I could catch a plane and be in Nashville on time. I went flying out of the house with socks and shirtsleeves hanging out of my suitcase and reached the airport just in time to sit through a two-hour wait because of fog. There was a transportation delay in Indianapolis. And in St. Louis it looked as if we’d never get off the ground.

Between St. Louis and Nashville, the fog and rain closed in on us and we had to continue the interview, adding a lot of circling and palaver between pilot and tower. I’d asked Garry to have a cab waiting at the airport for me, and he’d arranged it. I looked at my watch as I climbed in, and realized I had just ten minutes to make the broadcast.

“Hurry,” I urged, “hurry!”

But in that soupy weather the cabbie, who couldn’t operate by instruments, and whose windshied wipers were out of commission, had to creep into town with his head stuck out of the window. When at last we reached the theater, I leaped out and went through the stage door into the wings—just in time to hear the announcer say, “Ladies and gentlemen, this show has come to you from Nashville, Tennessee.”

I stood there, feeling about as useful as an extra tail on a bull. Garry saw me, came over, dragged me out on the stage, and announced, “Here he is, folks, the lad who has flown here all the way from Indianapolis just to hear us go off the air and meet all you fine people.”

When Garry phoned me in New York a few years ago, told me he was going into television and that he planned to round up some of the old gang—including Ken Carson and me, if I was interested—I accepted without even thinking it over. We knew that we and the others were pretty sure of its success with a listening audience. But what would happen when we turned up on a screen was another matter entirely.

To tell the truth, the shock of discovering that people liked us (so many people), we began relaxing.

The zany chit-chat you hear on the show isn’t confined to that one-half hour each day. Believe me. It follows over into our idea sessions and into the cast parties (of which more later). People I portray—like Mrs. Robert E. Adams, from Roanoke, Virginia, who looked like an old club-woman with theussy-pants attitude, and Winston L. Mittenjuice, the old man who has to work so hard to keep his plates in his mouth, and the others—do not spring full-palo- plied from the head of a writing staff. They come to life in the long, often hilari- ous hours Garry and I spend together after the show is finished.

Mrs. Adams and Mr. Mittenjuice are popular, I think, because of just such incidents as that one impossible afternoon when Garry and I figured out how Mrs. Adams could say, “Well, I must run, I’ve got a bus double- parked outside waiting for me,” rush down the aisle, and then—while Garry was still trying to explain the situation, add the fact about what a nice old gal she is—I could reappear on the other aisle as Mittenjuice.

We worked this lightning switch by doing it out of one corner and the other again in the lobby. Then by throwing away the wig and hat, turning up my collar, jerking my tie aside, and grabbing a wicker suitcase, I could dash down the lower level toward Gare M. L.

Earlier, I mentioned cast parties. Garry and I are old friends and our wives are old friends, too, so we exchange evening visits a lot of the time, just as a foursome. We’ve worked together for so many years, and when we go out on our show we are all friends and there is none of the buckering or feuding prevalent on many big shows. We get to see each other more together during parties and I like it. I think Gare and his wife, the Moores and the Kirbys, the whole band, the producer and the director—all we join up, have dinner and then everyone goes in pairs.

About twice a year, a completely crazy, inexplicable thing happens between Garry and me. We’ve worked together for so many years, gagged and laughed it up for years, and sometimes I look at the other and laugh just to spill over. It’s like a couple of kids who get the giggles for no reason at all.

The worst attack of this madness came upon us a few months ago, during a regular broadcast. We were sitting side by side at the desk, and Garry just said something to me, and I was just about to reply, when both of us looked at each other and laughed out loud. I was so glad I didn’t grin. We both started to laugh.

We were off. Nothing could stop us. Laughter brought tears to our eyes, the studio audience chided us, and then the audience chimed in. For almost five minutes, we went on bellowing hysterically. When we could finally talk again, Garry asked, “What was so funny?”

“How the heck do I know?” I said—and the whole house started yelling again.

Garry and I are not always needing one another or playing it for a laugh, though. There are times when he and Eleanor and Mary and I all get together, and are just a couple of families acting like regular human beings. Mary and I are crazy about Eleanor’s husband, a brilliant, aware person with many interests.

Mary and I like to fish, and Garry spends all his free time on his boat, but his wife Eleanor finds time for a zillion interests. She and I are going to Europe this summer, so she’s studying French. Somehow or other, she’s found time to take lessons in stock market procedures, and she knows a lot of the materials in French.

Who knows, she may soon make enough money in the market to redecorate their house in Rye, New York, ordering all the materials in French.

Whatever she does—whatever anyone does—there’s one thing we all know, deep in our hearts: Life with Garry is rich in merriment and companionship and every- thing that counts most when people are really friends.

$1,000.00 REWARD

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Be sure to read that True Detective Special—a double-length feature—"Diary of the Dead Bride"—an exciting headline case—in July TRUE DETECTIVE Magazine at newsstands now.

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What A Boss!

(Continued from page 43)

connection with show business was an occasional trip to the movie. Emphasize, instead, my brand-new college degree with a major in radio and television. By all means, play up my practical experience in acting and delivering TV commercials. Play down my ultimate ambition to work in a studio continuity department turning out nice, tidy, precisely timed scripts. Concentrate on my immediate experience—a lot of job I had been told was open here at WCFO.

That ought to do it.

But—if that procrastinating personnel manager didn’t talk to me as if I fussed I’d forget my own name. To be this slow to keep an appointment, he must have been at the station since the day of the crystal set. He’d probably turn up wearing high-laced shoes. Uneasily, I tugged my jacket down again.

Heating footsteps approaching, I looked up expectantly.

Then, through the door burst this specter, this apparition, this unbelievable, gangly, red-wigged guy in a grass skirt. Striding right up to me, he brandished his spear in my face and demanded, “Are you Miss Rippey?”

I glanced to manage nod. I had no voice to reply.

“Good,” he said. “I’m Paul Dixon.” He sat down beside me.

There was an eerie silence while Paul adjusted his grass skirt and I planned to sue my employment agency.

Then, glancing up, he saw my horrified face.

“Oh . . . this . . .” he indicated his outfit. “It’s just a costume. I just finished the show.”

Then all at once he realized how it must appear to my little big, untidy room. He laughed. That famous Dixon laugh.

That did it. I laughed, too. And, when I did, I was no longer a tongue-tied, nervous job-applicant. I was at ease.

Paul’s novel notion of what the well-dressed boss wears when interviewing a prospective secretary should have warned me. But I confess that, when I walked through the DI room expecting a conservatively carpeted place where employees appeared at discreet intervals to murmur, “Yes, Mr. Dixon.”

I couldn’t have been more wrong.

In one corner of the room, director AI Sternberg and producer Len Goorin were fighting a duel, complete with fencing masks and clashing swords. In another, print was being photographed, Wanda Lewis was practicing for last night’s Stage Door, back out from under a desk, acknowledged our introduction on hands and knees, explaining, “I’m just looking for a lost earing.

And there were phonograph records everywhere. They were stacked in piles on the floor, the tables, the desk. There was a huge closet bulging with them and more in a room off the office. Yes, Paul was a dandy.

“This is where you’ll work,” said Paul, shoving aside a tower of records to reveal a typewriter. “You can start right now.”

This was all happening too fast. I stammered. “But what . . . what is I suppose to do?”

So nonsensical a query puzzled Paul. “Oh . . . well . . . you just work,” he said. His attitude toward Dixie and others.

“Okay, rehearsal time,” he shouted.

They gathered around, each producing assorted sound effects. They sang a bar or two from a song. They acted it out. They argued, agreed, vetoed. I never heard such a commotion. It was a week before I saw through this five-ring circus routine sufficiently to realize that, while it looked and sounded hectic, the Dixon office really is well-organized and efficient—simply because of Paul.

Make no mistake about Dixon. While he often gives the impression that his head is filled with froth and foolishness, this man has a brain. He knows everything that goes on, however infinitesimal. He also knows how each thing should be handled. Without apparent effort, he runs through the million-and-one details with which must be dealt with to turn out five hours of network shows each week plus his local shows. He gives firm direction.

The show also has a heart. He is no over-riding tyrant. We all love to work for him, because he regards each one of us as just as important a human being as himself.

From the outset, you know that your opinion, your ideas are all-important to Paul.

I can’t imagine any other star who would be willing to listen to his secretary gripe that they don’t make carbon paper the way they used to. To rib Len Goorin about the diet he’s always planning. To ask Wanda how her youngster’s skinny knee is getting along. He cares what happens to each of us.

What’s more, he’s not afraid to admit that he, too, can be wrong sometimes. You should see how sheepish he looks when he is.

There was a momentary lapse in the conversation.

Much of his confident, easy manner, I think, stems from the close, warm camaraderie he finds at home. Everyone knows he adores his children, Pam and Paul, Jr., but they say: That Paul and his wife Marge are even more in love today than they were when they first met back in Iowa.

Marge, I have discovered, fusses at Paul about only one thing. She hates to see him work so hard, so many hours. For his own sake, she’d like to see him take things easier. Yet Marge Dixon knows her Paul.

She explains that, when he puts wound-up enthusiastic about an idea, there’s no stopping him until he accomplishes it.

Before I had finished my first day in his office, I had discovered how many problems Paul had lived in his original vague assignment, “you just work.”

Taking dictation and typing letters is the least important part of being Paul’s secretary. In one instance of having a chance to catch up with my dictation when the show goes on the air, I am right out in the studio checking props, helping Wanda and Sis change costumes, attending to last-minute details. Caught up in this rush, I swiftly lost such notions as I had about TV being ‘glamorous.’ The studio is hot and dusty. The lights are held together with staples. There’s never any place to sit down to take a breather when you’re tired.

But none of this matters. Out in front of the cameras, Paul has so much fun you forget your feet hurt and that you’ve just torn your last pair of stockings on the corner of a piece of scenery. Paul’s flood of fun sweeps you along. I can’t explain what a good feeling it is to see camera men, engineer, prop boys—all the technical crew who have long been immune to “clever” shows—convinced with laughter when Paul takes off on one of his kicks.

Working for Dixon and—automatically—you, too, soon get into the act.

My own on-camera appearances began quite accidentally on the day I had a message to deliver to Paul. I was talking to him when suddenly I noticed that a camera was pointed our direction and those little red tally lights were on. I suppose

Beautiful

Inviting Lips

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Miracle lipstick can’t melt, can’t smear! Instantly make your lips more thrilling; see them decked in a romance-hued liquid color that really can’t smear. Obviously such a miracle cannot be done by a great lipstick, and it isn’t. A liquid does it. Liquid Liptone contains no grease—no wax, no paste. Just pure, vibrant color.

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Please by SEVERAL SHADES at my invitation

You can’t possibly know how lovely your lips will be till you see them in Liquid Liptone. Check the coupon. Enclose 25c for each shade. Mail it at once. I’ll send trial sizes of all shapes you order; each lasts at least 2 weeks. Expect to be thrilled. You will be!

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SEND COUPON for generous Trial Sizes

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2709 S. Wells St., Chicago 16, III.

Send Trial Sizes of the shades I checked below. I enclose 25c for each one.

\[Checkbox X\] English Pink
\[Checkbox X\] Orchid wild orchid
\[Checkbox X\] Cyclamen blush pink
\[Checkbox X\] Persianyl sharp red
\[Checkbox X\] Guy Plum deep purple
\[Checkbox X\] Royal deep, soft red
\[Checkbox X\] Gypsy violet, red
\[Checkbox X\] Scarlet Flame red
\[Checkbox X\] Jewel bright ruby
\[Checkbox X\] Tropic honey red
\[Checkbox X\] Medium rich red
\[Checkbox X\] Stren darkest red
\[Checkbox X\] Clear—colorless. To smearproof cream lipstick, first blot lips, then brush on Clear.

Mrs.  
Mr.  
Address  
City  
Zone  
State  

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did realize that I was being seen on screens in people's homes, but I must have had a notion no one really was looking at me. Later, it hit me that I—without any pre-

show jitters, no sign of damp palms nor butterflies in the stomach—had been going on the network, yakking with Paul.

But the next day when I faced the cam-
era, I sure knew it. I was so scared I
dared near couldn't talk.

Paul, always alert to the way each of us feels, noticed my nervousness. As soon as the show was over, he took me aside and said... well, what else would a man like Dixon say? "Remember, Boom-Boom, those folks out there are just like you and me. They're not monsters nor cranks. They want to like other folks and be liked them-

selves. They're just people, God love them."

In that bit of coaching, intended only to ease my tension, I think Paul Dixon summed up his own personal philosophy about television and the world in general. I also think he confided the secret of his success: he considered it a bit. I realized I had never heard Paul re-

fer to "the audience." He never thinks of his viewers as a big group of anonymous blobs. You who watch his shows are al-

ways people to him—individuals with fami-

lies and homes, joys and troubles. The number of letters, the phone calls, the little presents we receive, offer proof you

people return that sentiment.

Paul's personal taste of grace and elegance came when his birthday rolled around. We'd made some off-hand mention of it on the air, then forgot about it. But you people didn't for-

get. I received hundreds of cards and

hankies from all over the country. You

let me know that, to you, I wasn't just

Paul's secretary. I was an individual as real as your next-door neighbor.

It's only in Paul's attitude of the kind

that Paul's should permeate everything we do, for he has chosen a staff of people who

instinctively share it.

Let me tell you a little about them.

The men first. Len Gooran, our produc-
er, and Al Sternberg, our director, have

just the talents needed to supplement Paul's own abilities. With them around, ideas flow freely. We start with the atti-

due that we can do anything, and some of

our ideas can be either smart or fantastic. When Paul gets a brain wave about doing the show from a submarine or freezing the studio floor for a skating rink, it's Al, our technical man, who explains why we can't. Or, if the idea is at all workable and Al gives his approval, then Len, our pro-
duction wizard, sets about doing the things necessary to dramatize it in front of the

cameras.

And now the girls. First of all, I'd like to tell you that getting to know Sis Camp and Wanda Lewis has been one of the gratifying experiences of my life. In typi-

cally feminine fashion, I was cautious about these two nationally-known beauties when I came to work. I was sure they would be vain, self-centered, perhaps even
catty. We have in dailyproved, however, that apprehension faded. I found out they rate the wolf-whistles they still get from the glamour-blaze studio crews.

Sis, who is truly beautiful, is also one of the most open, friendly persons I've met. Further, she has spun and cap-

ability. She demonstrated it the first snowy, icy day last winter.

Our station, WCPO-TV, sits at the top of a sort of junior-sized mountain, and the approach road wraps around in tight, steep curves which are devilish to drive. Freeze some ice on those curves, and getting to

work can turn into an adventure.

We were dragging and pulling about it when Sis came in, a little late. She was

wearing a beat-up jacket, rubber boots, an old bandana and a satisfied smile. Airily she explained her tardiness. "Sorry, I had to do some errands at the corner drugstore."

That floored all of us. Husky Paul, Len and Al had all paid mechanics to install their chains. Naturally, they'd doubt slight, slender Sis.

"Can you do it yourself?" they demanded.

"Sure," said Sis. "I always do. There's nothing to it."

Wanda has an even greater capacity for enjoying a busy life in a calm manner. You've seen her talent as an artist, a dancer, a pantomimist. Did you also know that she regards this work as a sort of second career? Is she ever interested? Her home is her real job. She feels that her husband's career is the important one in the family and that care of her two small children comes ahead of all other interests. Yet I've never seen her get ruffled. She's one of the most level-headed persons I know.

You'd be surprised, too, to find how little time either Wanda or Sis spends in the bathroom. While always looking neat-
groomed and glamorous, they limit their primping to a few minutes each day. They're both likely to by-pass trying on new gowns in favor of grabbing a dust rag to tidy up an office or straighten the supply cupboard.

We're a tight little family and, as you might expect when any group works to-
gether so closely, now and then a crisis is born. My personal battle was to keep and explode into a flash of temper. When it does happen, it's never serious. Paul instinctively knows how to soothe all hurt feelings. No one ever stays mad for more than five minutes when he is around.

It now seems a long time since the day I primly and properly sat waiting to be interviewed by the "personnel manager" and was accused of being a gambling girl flinging a red wig, wearing a grass skirt and toting an African hunting spear.

My college, which thrived on stop

watches and carefully timed shows, never

aroused my interest. It did, however, teach me one thing which has come in handy. The school was so small that everyone had to turn into a jack-of-all-trades. This certainly has been useful these days. I've buttoned up Sis's costume with one hand while holding up the scenery with the other and clucking our show's typed format between my teeth.

But there are also rich compensations. The friendliness extends beyond working hours. A short time ago, I took a trip to Chicago and you'd have thought I was pre-

paring for a jungle safari. Repeatedly,

Paul asked, "Are you sure you have enough money? Do you want me to check your hotel reservations? Don't speak to strangers. I'll better give you some money and a list of names to call in case you get lost."

I was homesick before I ever started.

I'm afraid that working as Paul Dixon's secretary has been a life of its own. It's not a normal job. The way I feel about it shows up every time I answer again that familiar question, "What's Paul Dixon really like?"

When I say he's kind, that he is generous to a fault and beautiful in his own way and in general and people in particular, I prob-

ably sound breathless.

When I say that working for Paul is sometimes frantic and nerve-wracking but —always wonderful, wonderful fun, I doubtless seem star-struck.

But it's true. So I just say, "Drop around the Dixon office some day and see for yourself, WCPO has lots of doors, but you'll find ours right away."

"You'll hear us laughing."
Along The Road Of Life

(Continued from page 48)
Robbie, and were frantically wandering where to put the second child who was coming in a few months.

No meeting ground—except me. It happened that I knew both. I knew when Nora and Gary Pedersen finally found the house, out on Long Island, and made joyous plans to move. So I was in a position to offer help when Andrea dropped in for coffee one night and complained sadly that she wished her Ted would get over thinking she was a superwoman.

Twenty-five-year-old Ted was such a big success with his Chicago construction-supply firm that they were transferring him to a bigger job in New York, she told me. He'd used it as the perfect excuse for sweeping a girl named Edith Connell off her feet, and in ten days they would be camping on Andrea's doormat in sublime certainty that Mom—who could do anything—had, of course, been able to find them the just-right apartment.

"I know that's what he told the poor girl—that Mom can do anything," Andrea sighed. "He's been scaring off all his girls with that line ever since he was twelve. This one must have plenty of gumption to have actually married him."

"She looks an awful lot like you," I said, studying the snapshot she showed me.

Andrea nodded. "I told you. And Andrea, Ted writes she's been holding down a big personnel job and wants to do the same thing here. But tell me—out of what magic hat am I going to produce an apartment for them in ten days?"

So I told her about the Pedersens. I knew that Andrea, armed with the knowledge that there was to be a vacancy in the building, would get her seen up for Ted and his bride. The way small, moderate-priced apartments are in New York these days, that would be close enough to a miracle to satisfy Edith that Ted hadn't lied about his wonderful mom.

Edith hardly needed that kind of proof. She and Ted were so much in love that they treated each other as though they were made of some precious, fragile material almost too expensive for this world. The suggestion that Ted might be capable of a lie or a mistake, or even a misunderstanding, would have been simply ludicrous to Edith. At the small cocktail party Andrea gave when they arrived, the glow of a very new, very wonderful love hung over both of them like a golden mist, and it seemed to me that some of the mist beclouded Edith's vision of her new mother-in-law. That she was awed by Andrea emerged clearly in the long talk we had.

"She's so impressive," Edith said, nervously smoothing back the gold hair which must have been just the shade of Andrea's when she was a girl. "Edith keeps saying how much I look like her—but, honestly, Virginia, I don't feel like her. I hope Ted doesn't expect me to pile up the kind of business record she's made." She smiled, but somehow I had the feeling that there was real uncertainty behind the smile. She looked sophisticated and cool and perfectly groomed—both mentally and physically—and yet she certainly wasn't the driving, ambitious girl I'd expected.

"Andrea's scared of you," I reassured her. "She kept asking if I thought she'd seem a 'back number' to that bright, beautiful, frightening young career girl her son was bringing East!" It was close enough to the truth to make me feel justified in saying it, and I was pleased at the way it made Edith glow. But then the light went out; she seemed to wilt. "Edith, what's wrong?" I asked.

"Just being called a career girl. It always gets me down." She glanced nervously across at Ted's dark head, now bent respectfully toward one of Andrea's more elderly friends. "I'm really not, I don't think. I've always enjoyed working, because I had to work, anyway. And it made sense to do it as well as I could. But now . . . I've been sort of wondering how it would be to settle down to running a house and starting a family. . . ." Her wistfulness vanished as Ted looked up and smiled across the room. They seemed to reach toward each other just with their eyes.

I didn't see much of the young Bannisters for the next few weeks. Through Andrea, I knew they were being terribly big-townish—out almost every night, acting just the way honeymooners in New York are supposed to act. Ted even thrived on it. Happy and busy as a beaver, I don't suppose he ever questioned Edith's equal happiness. And it was true enough that, whenever I saw her, she was the picture of the sleek, sophisticated, efficient junior executive Ted believed he'd married. Yet beneath the smart expensive hats, her blue eyes were sometimes shadowed with a question, a protest. . . .

It might have been my imagination. But, at their housewarming, about two months later, I found out that it wasn't. Almost before I had a chance to show off my new after-five dress, Ted swept me off into the bedroom and closed the door. 'I'm so glad to see you,' she said fervently. 'All the others—they've been lovely to us, of

STARS BY SUMMER LIGHT

As revealed in exclusive stories and pictures, in TV RADIO MIRROR (that's right—TV RADIO MIRROR):

Frances Reid, star of PORTIA FACES LIFE

Robert Q. Lewis, Everyone's Man of the Moment

THE BRIGHTER DAY, with Lois Nettleton as Patsy Dennis

Shirley Harmer, Canadian Skylark

And many, many others of your favorite personalities and programs—all in the August TV RADIO MIRROR at your newsstand July 7
course, but they’re mostly Andrea’s friends. They make me feel like a permanent junior miss. Oh, I wish I could get the time to make more young friends, Virginia—someone like you, that I could be comfortable with! This merry-go-round Ted’s got us on . . . oh, I enjoy it!” Her miserable expression gave the lie to the claim I just get so scared he wants it to go on this way forever! I guess some people like it all fast and gay—and she made a wide, vague gesture that took in the room, the party inside, the city beyond the window. But if you’ve got a husband and you want children—I mean, I’m not like Andrea; this is the kind of life she really wants.”

I tried to say something soothing about everything being alright, but it was enough of a homemaker achievement to have transformed the apartment from the strictly utilitarian Pederson arrangements to the elegant little jewel box it now was. Edith shrugged. “Andrea did it mostly. I wouldn’t have known where to go for things like this. Not that I don’t like it—I love modern furniture! But I like Early American, too. This looks fine here, but I keep wondering how it will go in a little house somewhere outside the city!”

Unexpectedly she twirled at me. “You must be thinking I’m a Grade-A heel. I want model airthink you’re a girl who ought to have a long, serious talk with her husband. You haven’t discussed this with Ted, have you?”

Edith fished. “How could I? It’s almost as if I got him to marry me under false pretenses, Virginia! I look like Andrea. I was successful in my job, like her. He thinks I’m just like her, body and soul. Don’t misunderstand me—I’m as fond of Andrea as anyone, but she’s really Ted’s—we’re really friends. I know she’s just trying to help us have things the way she thinks we both want them. She’s been wonderful. But how in the world can I tell them that I’d trade all this city glamour for a couple of cottage aprons and three kids to be a slave to? I can just see Ted’s face!”

It was a pleasant enough party, but I was so busy watching Andrea—and being angry with her—that I didn’t enjoy it. Sharp-eyed and sharp-witted as she was, how could she remain blind to Edith’s unhappiness? I might have known that nothing got past Andrea. Next day, when I checked with Radio Registry for my phone messages, I found one from her asking to meet me for lunch. I broke a date with my director in order to make it. Andrea knew all about Edith and Ted.

“But what can I do?” she pleaded. “You know the rule I made when Ted first wrote about getting married. Thou shalt not interfere, I said. I said it ten times every night before I went to bed. And I still think it would be fatal for me to put my ten cents’ worth into a situation that only concerns Ted and Edith. It’s not my fault if they’re so much in love they’re scared to talk to each other! They keep walking and doing what they think the other wants, till I feel like knocking their silly heads together!”

I stared at her. “You mean Ted has reservations about all their high-pressure living? you’d ask too, Edith?”

Andrea sighed. “Shall I tell you something? All those years after Ted’s father died—when things were pretty tough—we moved around a lot, living in rooming houses. And, even after we graduated to our own apartments, we never stayed in one very long. We kept moving on to better ones, bigger ones. And you know what, I was just as all that moving? He never got a chance to get his window-gardens going!” She smiled. “All his life, Ted’ve loved green things. He used to want a garden the way most boys want model airthink you’re a girl who ought to have a long, serious talk with her husband. You haven’t discussed this with Ted, have you?”

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poked me. Ted Bannister’s firm was concerned in a housing development out on Long Island, and he’d been spending so many of his Saturdays out there that Edith and I had made a tentative lunch date for Olga. When I got a card from my old friend Nora Pederson, announcing that their new house was open for inspection, something about the name ‘Archer’ and a street address clicked. Edith had said Ted was going to Harborville, or something like that. But she was unfamiliar with towns around New York. Harborville might be Harborside. And if it were.

It was such a vague plan it didn’t deserve to work. But, when I saw the delight Edith took in the charming but unpretentious houses, I began to get really eager to have Ted see her, too.

There was an immediate understanding between Edith and Nora, and Robbie was Edith’s friend at once. After lunch, Nora gave Edith a Robbin glove, took it off, and the garden hose, and sent them off to start planting the baby evergreens which we’d brought along, at Edith’s inspired suggestion, as a housewarming gift. This was my chance to bribe Robbie, too.

With our true purpose camouflaged by a marketing list, we left Edith and Robbie happily excavating and drove over to the lots where construction was just beginning. My spirits fell when neither Ted nor his car were anywhere to be seen, but it didn’t take Nora three minutes to find out that he was over at the drugstore getting a bite to eat. By this time, I felt so conspiratorial that I didn’t know what to do. Edith was busy, and so was I, and the first thing I saw as I went in. He saw us instantly in the mirror, and whispered around him. “Well, Ginny! What are you doing here?”

“it’s a small world,” I said nervously. Then, as Ted and Nora both burst out laughing, I lost my uncertainty. “Edith’s here, too,” I told him eagerly. I introduced him to Nora, who exclaimed happily that she had happened to be there, and Ted said he’d be free to come over in half an hour. Nora specified that they must stay for dinner, and Ted said if it was all right with Edith it was fine with him.

“You’ll have to drag Edith away,” Nora said. “She’s mad about the place.”

“Edith is?” Ted looked blank. “You mean she likes the grass and everything? The houses and terraces?”

“She loves it. Wait’ll you see the way she plants! Robbie’s helping him for his four-year-old.”

“You left Edith with your baby?” Ted seemed dazed. “I didn’t know she knew how to—mean I’ve never seen her with a kid. I kind of thought they scared her. You know—half a dozen times since we’ve been working out here, I’ve wanted to drive her out, but I was sure it would bore her. There’s nothing to do.”

“Does it bore you, Ted?” I asked.

“Bore me? Are you kidding? The way this air feels after the stuff they give you to breathe in the city! Someday, when those new houses are up—they’re going to be different from yours. Mrs. Pederson, split levels and bigger living rooms—some day, maybe Edith would come out and look at them and maybe we could sort of talk about them...” He looked at us uncertainly. “I guess she’d have to give up her job, though. And kids—you wouldn’t want a big house for just two people. Ginny? What’s so funny all of a sudden?”

I choked back a laugh and said, “Why don’t you go and ask her, Ted?”

In about an hour, we pulled up as quietly as we could. I tiptoed furtively through the house to the garden. There, Ted and Edith were sitting on a wall away on the lawn for the second tree. Ted sat back on his heels and pointed toward a corner of the plot, sketching shapes in the air that were obviously bushes and trees and flower borders to come.

Ted put one arm around Robbie, keeping the busy little hands off the tree, while his other arm went around Edith and pulled her over for a kiss. They looked at each other, their newly steamed eyes nervously, then smiled with perfect understanding.

“What do you say we have a bottle of domestic champagne with our dinner?” I asked Nora when I went in. “It’s not every day I promote a couple of new neighbors for people like you.”

It’s a good thing Edith and Ted never saw the card their “mother-in-law” sent me with the magnificent fitted train-case which arrived on my birthday. “Many happy returns to my stand-in,” it said, and could have explained it to the young Bannisters.

“Do What You Want to Do!”

(Continued from page 71)

their own country house! And Larry was in sympathy with Lew, who wanted to keep the old house intact rather than modernize it. But he was fond of the way Larry himself feels about old houses.

It is these similarities of interest which enable Larry to bring such great sympathy and understanding to the part of Lew Archer that, when Lew and Marcia had a misunderstanding which threatened their happiness, listeners from all over the country wrote and wired their suggestions for healing their relationship which comes from understanding each other’s moods. A glance across a room can share a joke, express a thought.

Both of them were born in suburban Mount Vernon, a stone’s throw away from New York City. They met, in fact, in their senior year at Mount Vernon High School. But it was not a high school romance at all. In fact, it was the first date which was at the Senior prom—ended disastrously with an automobile accident which sent them and the driver to the hospital.

“It was three years before we saw each other after that,” laughs Trudy. “Then we met in Grand Central Terminal.”

“I asked her for a date,” Larry interrupts, “and she gave it me, then sent me a wire and broke it. But I didn’t give up. And, for five years, we saw each other seven nights a week. We were too poor to get married—there were parents to help support.”

Larry never really doubted that he would eventually do what he had made up his mind to do when he was a small boy. He was determined to be an actor, and even though he did it the hard way—he found jobs he hated during the daytime and acting with amateur groups at night—he finally achieved his goal.

Nothing came easy. When he was in
Yonkers College, Larry applied for a scholarship to a dramatic school. But when he got it, he couldn't afford to take it. However, he knew what he wanted, so he continued with his acting dreams. In 1941, he went to a small radio station in Woodside, Long Island, to get experience—and, for the magnificent sum of $20 a month, became the first of two dramatic shows a week. It was a wonderful experience and he loved it. Trudy backed him all the way, even though it meant postponing their marriage for years. And, when, during World War II, he was actually getting shipped to the Army, it was Trudy who gave him pep talks while he was still convalescing. "Get out and do what you want," she urged him. "You've come out right." Her faith was justified. His break came in 1942, when, with a year of radio acting to his credit, he auditioned for CBS. The casting director liked him and he was set to try one in the country fox show, The Man Behind The Gun. "I went to rehearsal," says Larry, "and the director was looking for someone to play a G.I. from Brooklyn. I was talking to another actor and the director stopped and asked and who was kidding around. Believe me, my heart was in my shoes. Here I go getting fired before I even begin, I thought. He just asked me if I read the part—and I got it! Then, in a little while, I got a part in Mr. District Attorney, and from then on, things zoomed."

It is a bit ironic that, although Larry loves playing comedy, and thinks he is good at it, most of his parts have either been heavies or romantic leads. The performance is particularly proud of the small part he played in opposite Margo. He has been in Gang-busters, Counter-Spy, FBI In Peace And War, The Big Story, The Shadow, among others. But someday he hopes to do a comedy it, he says. For Tomorrow, in which he creates the character of Stu Bergman. "TV is wonderful, for getting you known," says Larry. He spends the summer on the Coast and, everywhere he goes, cops, miners and others recognizes me as Stu Bergman. I could hardly believe it. It was terrific."

When Larry was a kid, he'd take every penny he could save and go to the movies. He'd come in the end of the day, and rent the movie for the neighborhood kids. That love of motion pictures is still with him. Larry has all sorts of expensive cameras, and when he designs shows, he sometimes sets up a sound track for them and synchronize the two just as if it were a film to be shown at a big theater. In the attractive apartment in which he and Trudy live, he and Trudy like to put on a light dinner, but a day of work. He is a closet filled with reels of film he has made. And he spends a lot of his spare time cutting and editing.

Trudy, who used to be a career girl (she worked for years in advertising agencies), now acts as Larry's Girl Friday, answering his fan mail and cueing him as he rehearses his scripts. "Trudy," claims Larry, "has an instinct for discovering new talents. Whatever I tell her, she loves or story will make a good movie or play."

"If I ever go back to work," Trudy smiles, "it will be as an agent or as a talent scout, and right now I'm too busy working with Larry."

The Haineses not only work together, they play together. Both of them love the country and would prefer living where they can have grass and trees. But, of course, right now, they do the next best thing and drive out of town whenever they have a free moment. Every summer they go up to a log cabin at Lake George in the Adirondacks, which is in one of their favorite spots and go fishing, and down the lake in a speed boat. They play golf together, too. Baby, the blue parakeet, goes everywhere the Haineses go."

By his different enthusiasms, and Larry is always has been a Yankee fan. Greatest thrill of his early radio days was when he did the Philip Morris commercials from the press box at Yankee Stadium. "I didn't get paid to be there," he says, still wide-eyed about it. And an autographed picture of the great Babe Ruth is one of the things he'd never part with for anything.

During the war, country activities are not possible, the Haineses play games. They squabble over Scrabble and love it. They paint, too. The painting by Trudy, which has swept the country has fascinated them—they buy enormous pictures, fill in the colors by the numbered chart, and give the finished painting to friends. They always work on a painting together, and Larry has never started one without her. For Larry, it is a wonderful hobby. He relaxes, completely absorbed in the painstaking work. It is something he enjoys and he enjoy it so much—for he is color blind.

However, his color blindness doesn't prevent him from buying most of Trudy's clothes. "He's always coming home with each," as she says. "And, a great deal of the time, they are really expensive things than I would buy myself. So every once in a while, in the interests of economy, I return some of them." But Larry has an unusual trick for what looks well on his tiny size-10 wife.

If there is such a thing as an ideal husband, Larry Haines comes close to it. He is the one man in ten thousand who never stays away from home longer than he has to. This makes a big thing of such an occasion because he enjoys it. He even admits to writing a poem or two for a birthday or a special celebration. He loves surprises him, and he always finds it for Larry has always been a big fan that everybody else does, too. One of Trudy's prized possessions is a charm bracelet which Larry had made especially for her. Each charm symbolizes some special part of their life together, starring with a tiny replica of the very telegram she sent breaking their second date, and ending with twin hearts with the date of their marriage engraved on them.

Larry takes a great interest in the apartment he and Trudy decorated together. One of the most attractive pieces of furniture, he says, is the floor of the living room. "It's a leftover from a病毒 that is a product of his own thinking," he says. "It holds books and an enormous TV set on one side—the other is a refreshment bar—and it's so big that, even if they find that drum house, it probably won't be near the fun in their enormous New York living room.

Trudy doesn't think much of herself as a cook, so they eat out a lot. It's easier that way, too, because Larry's hours are always erratic.

A typical day for this busy actor starts at eight o'clock in the morning and ends at nine at night. During that time, he will have played two or three radio shows and a couple of thousand commercials. He takes every show he loves or story wanted, and Larry will be the first to admit that he's a lucky guy. It isn't everyone who does what he wants to do—and making good radio. And, as long as there are fans who write in, as one woman did not so long ago, asking him to call her long-distance collect—just to say "Good night, angel," as Lew Archer says to Marcia Kirkland, that he's doing all right.
Mr. and Mrs. Wizard

(Continued from page 39)

Dutt recalls: "Other boy friends brought me flowers. Don offered me a job. Don chimped me that they were good cooks. Dutt, who was majoring in journalism, let me know that, while she couldn't boil water, she could make words dance off a typewriter. That suited me. I was then preparing for a summer theater at Green Lake, Wisconsin. I had no use for a cook, but I did need a press agent."

Following their marriage and graduation, they chose the more exciting occupation, rather than the safer one, when fall brought a choice of work.

In selecting that next job, they knew they were both interested in science and had majored in an unusual combination of subjects—dramatics and general science. He was qualified to teach both. But, just when he should have been taking a job, friends in Minneapolis offered Don lead roles in a stock company they were organizing for a season of plays. Blisthely, the young Herberts took off. The venture was short-lived.

Undaunted, they headed for New York. Says Don, "I intended to crash Broadway. Dutt meant to write fiction or find a job on a national magazine." Dutt tersely replies, "I turned up in one of the best-known hotels in Greenwich Village. We both did all types of jobs except what we wanted to do."

They were still having fun trying when young Don had earned more than he needed and Don decided he wanted to go into the Air Force. It was then that the sound partnership which had been developing through trial and error crystallized into the partnership they were to keep each other as individuals, not as chattle.

Says Dutt, "We'd been working up to it through the decisions about our odd jobs. Inevitably, I'd pound the pavements for weeks and then have the job before me at the same time. Girlishly, I'd try to maneuver Don into deciding which one I should take." But smart Don refused to provide a ready-made alibi for Dutt's dislike of any job which was outside her chosen field of journalism. When she would ask, "Which should I take?"

Don would answer, "How do I know what you want to do?"

Dutt learned to live by the same rule—with one exception. Whenever someone, noticing the practical side of Don's nature, offered him a well-paying executive position, Dutt herself fortified his original determination to remain in creative work. She'd say, "You won't be happy in anything else. Stick it out a little longer." While Dutt was off writing for a pilots' magazine, Dutt dropped her own plans and followed him from camp to camp. When he shipped out to fly a B-24 in the Italian invasion, she went to work in Los Angeles.

Separately, Captain Don Herbert received his honorable discharge, offers of radio work took them to Chicago instead. Says Dutt, "It was up to me to show the boys how to utilize my writing ability there. We could manage two careers only if I had sense enough to put Don's first and adapt my own work to that end."

To "match it," Dutt turned to public relations. While Don appeared on such shows as Captain Midnight, Jack Armstrong and Tom Mix, his wife was equally busy with assignments for other programs. Between broadcasts, Don was also writing. He sold scripts to the Dr. Christian, Curtain Time and First Nighter programs.

A forecast of what eventually was to be their field came with a health series titled "It's Your Life. Here, at last, Don had a chance to combine his double interest in science and drama. He worked uncoun ted hours. In the Herberts' personal life, too, this show proved very significant. Dutt did the publicity, and again they had an opportunity for a joint venture.

Busy as they were, the plan for Mr. Wizard also was something in Don's mind. General science experiments, which he had been doing as a hobby, became his preoccupation. Says Dutt, "I'd turn on the television set hoping we'd both relax. I'd catch Don looking at the screen with totally blank eyes. What he'd actually be seeing was a way to use television to demonstrate natural phenomena. Explaining the thing, thinking what makes coffee perk, cake rise, fall—all had always fascinated Don.

Dutt recalls how the idea for Mr. Wizard came. "Don had been thinking in terms of laboratory experiments. When he switched to trying to produce the same effects with ordinary kitchen equipment, I knew we had better get that show on the air or I'd never have a pan to cook in."

It took them eighteen months to sell it. Mr. Wizard made its debut on NBC in March, 1951, on a fourteen-station network. Don aimed first to entertain, second to inform. Experimentation was continuous by television. Today, Mr. Wizard appears on eighty-one stations.

Response from youngsters was equally prompt. A twelve-year-old nightwalker and ever-curious juvenile viewers began making Mr. Wizard their supreme authority to solve puzzling questions. One wrote:

"The other day my mother was baking pineapple tarts. I asked her what causes the pineapple to react to heat in an oven."

Another requested that Don send the formula for firecrackers.

When the letters grew so numerous that it took weeks to answer them, Don grew tired of writing. But Dutt was prompt. Replies, Dutt volunteered the idea of sending out regular bulletins. Please, Don added another thought. "Experiments are much more fun when there is a group of kids." With this, the first Mr. Wizard clubs were organized. Now there are five thousand of them. Don has also published a book, Mr. Wizard's Science Secrets.

Dutt continued her work on "clearing faster the carbon dioxide released from pressure. Don had more work than he could handle alone. Dutt, dropping her public relations clients, took over his business management. However, she soon realized that while seeing all their years of preparation come to so glorious a climax was fine—things they had once enjoyed were being overshadowed.

They found a characteristic answer to their dilemma. If they missed the skating, swimming, fishing and just-being-outdoors that they had once enjoyed, the thing to do was to provide a new locale dedicated exclusively to leisure. To achieve it involved considerable labor. They bought a Cape Cod cottage on a gemslike lake twenty-eight miles from Chicago and began to remodel it.

They have used more than two years of weekends for that remodelling. Doing the work themselves, they reversed the living room so that it faces the lake instead of the road. They panelled the wall with pine and finished off the second floor. They furnished it in Early American maple with antique accessories. For accent colors, they chose purple, orange, turquoise, yellow, beige, blue and a touch of green.

Dutt says, "We've had great fun. This house is planned so that nothing can hurt it. Everything is easy, comfortable, washable. Who would wish to be careful of things in a weekend and summer house?"

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While this remodeling was going on, that prodigious young giant, Mr. Wizard, also burst out at the seams and required new every. Dutt covered it would be pleasant to house the show and themselves at the same time.

In the Old Town section—which is Chicago's oldest equivalent of a Village—they brought a three-story Victorian house, built in 1871, just after the Chicago fire. And because one personal building project had proved sufficient, they brought in a contractor to change the "new" house to suit their needs.

The six-room first floor became the Wizard workshop. The front rooms were used as a library, the rear ones were turned into a laboratory where Dutt and his assistants work out their experiments. The second floor became the Herbert's own living quarters. Taking advantage of the original Victorian style of high ceilings, large woodwork, shutters and parquet floors, they made it a study in contrasts. Says Dutt, "We wanted it to be both luxurious and smart. Our rooms are dark, so we use colorful rooms accented with Victorian accessories. I feel that, for good decoration, you should use a timeless, intelligent mixing of periods will achieve results.

The color scheme was selected in typical Mr. Wizard fashion. Believing that color has a strong effect on a person's well-being, they test their color and agree that growing, wide woodwork, shutters and parquet floors, they made it a study in contrasts. Says Dutt, "We wanted it to be both luxurious and smart. Our walls are dark, so we use colorful rooms accented with Victorian accessories. I feel that, for good decoration, you should use a timeless, intelligent mixing of periods will achieve results.

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In their third floor, the boys have a complete apartment with nursery, kitchen, dinette, bath and a sitting room-bedroom for their nursery. Decorated in sunny colors of yellow, brown, coral and turquoise, the nursery's principal feature is a large window looking out on the street.

The mural's purpose goes deeper than mere decoration. Says Dutt, "We wanted to be honest with the boys, letting them see that they are not adopted. But, at the same time, we insist that they be confident of the important place they have in our lives. Here on the wall—where they see it every day—they can see their son and their animals."

The animals are a brown standard poodle named Marc and a Siamese cat called Malee.

Today, the story of Don and Dutt is as exciting as that Indian summer midnight when it began. Although the girl who fell in love with a boy who had put out his roots, they have not lost their taste for adventure.

Last year, they put Mr. Wizard on film for a couple of months and went to Europe. They said they have even more exciting travels planned.

Yes, the Herberts are still eager for new horizons.

The Harbor of Home

(Continued from page 58)

confuse a visitor or a new schoolmate.

The house in which the Parkses live is comfortable white Colonial, an hour away from the heart of the city but worlds away in quiet and serenity. There are swings and a place for summer cook-outs, trees for small boys to climb, a garden to watch grow, and a wide lawn for Daddy to keep trim and smooth as part of his home chores. It's to this haven that Bert hurries when his job at the studio is over, and it's here he sheds all thoughts of business.

"There were times when I used to go home fretting about a show," he says. "I would go over every detail, wonder about shows to do, a girl to watch, and most of them go very well, I am grateful to say. Audiences are really wonderful, and so are contestants. When the job is done for the day, I may review it briefly in my mind, deciding whether I am pleased or not so pleased—and then I put it completely away. It's over. Finished.

"If some days things haven't run so smoothly for me, well, that's the way life is. For me, for you, for everyone. What would be the good of coming home and tearing myself apart, getting cross with the children, making it tough for Anne? We have a time together and I wouldn't spoil any of it for anything. I try to do the best I can—and that's it."

The twins are getting old enough to understand, Bert says, and he wants the children to learn to naturally understand, without making any special point of it. He wants them to be understanding of other people's viewpoints, other methods of doing things, and to find out what it means to weigh ideas and make decisions of their own, small ones now, bigger ones later on.

Bert and Annette have worked out a system of handling the question of "Mother says I can have it" or "Daddy promised I could go." If one parent has
said yes to something the other disapproves of, let it ride and argue out the wisdom of the whole thing later in private. "There’s none of this business of telling the kids. I don’t care. You do as I say," and dividing the authority, confusing them and making them lose faith in both of us. Each of us upholds the other’s authority and defies the other’s word. Bert and children in this day of big money reporting, especially on television. They see plays in which there are situations they begin to wonder about. They don’t spend too much time as yet with TV or radio, but there are newspapers that they will soon be able to read, there are movies, and there is the life all around them which they cannot help but observe.

"Children can’t be kept in glass houses any more, if they ever could, peering out at the world they don’t even begin to understand. They have to be taught the facts as quickly as they are able to absorb them. Facts about life, about the kind of world they are growing up in, about the necessity for trying to understand it and improve it. If you think for one moment that the programs are teaching the average awareness of what is going on, just sit down and have a few minutes’ serious discussion with him, and be amazed at what he tells you.

Bert is satisfied, well-adjusted person yourself helps you to be a better parent, in Bert’s opinion. And in Annette’s. “We content with our lives,” she says. “Bert is satisfied to be what he is and to do what he’s doing.”

Content as he is, Bert is beginning to think he would like to do more: to write books, no one can be identified with so successfully. Once in a while he would like to play a role in a TV play, or do a guest shot on a mus- tache. Not too many, nor too often. He doesn’t want his time with Annette and the kids encroached upon too much. Nor his time with the new boat.

That’s the big family adventure this summer, a 3-week cruise, christened Annette,当然 of course, for his two little ones. To take the place of the outboard motor Bert built and has been using up to now. The boys think it’s heaven when they cruise around Long Island Sound and marvel at their daddy’s ship-to-shore radio installation. Bert is pretty pleased about it all, too. He has taken some courses in electronics, and what he has learned seems to sum up in his general philosophy about many things, including his luck in his work, his happy home life, and now a wonderful tugging, away from the crowded highways.

“You go out at night for a cruise, and you have only your compass to follow. You have to test it before you start out, to be sure there is no deviation, no magnetic attraction or anything like that, for in- stance, to throw it off. Once you have set your course, and the compass, then you have to trust it. Completely. You can’t feel the pull of the light, Bert thought, before I started I said I should go off this way, and maybe he’s right and I should change my course.” If you do, you
can land on the rocks, or at least get stuck on shallow mud. But if you continue, suddenly out of the night you come to that little marker you set out for. You have been going along in the dark, in the movies, from television, no natural, good little girl, we begged—and she was. She couldn’t resist giving me a big wave as she came down the runway, but I loved, and do so and did, and as in the case of us all the kids want to be, at the very spot you want to be.

“I guess there’s a lesson here somewhere that all of us can apply to a lot of other things. Annette and I are trying hard to teach our kids—and, just as important, to follow ourselves.”

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Greater Than Glory

(Continued from page 35)

...years, they are still so deeply in love they will allow nothing to separate them—not even two flourishing careers. Their marriage is a happy one, lasting and secure.

The secret?

"Find the right girl," Eddie advises, "but first—find yourself. Our marriage is as sound as it took Eddie thirty-seven years.

Asked why he waited so long to get married, he replies with characteristic candor: "Emotional immaturity!" But then he adds: "It is a marvelous—too marvelous-to set up something like emotional immaturity, to keep a man single until the right girl comes along.

He went triumphantly, that unabashed grin that has warmed audiences for over a decade. . . . Eddie, wisecracking to cover up how seriously he takes the world.

But, serious or not, he is being unnecessarily hard on himself when he calls it emotional immaturity. Eddie is a seeking human being, concerned with the why of things, not just the how. The story of his life is the story of all of us, searching for meaning, understanding in a world of ever-increasing, ever-changing times.

Eddie Albert Heimberger was born in Rock Island, Illinois, on April 22, 1908. When he was seven years old, his family moved to Minneapolis, where he attended St. Stephen's Parochial School and Central High School, working nights as a soda jerk. To help pay his way through the University of Minnesota, Eddie managed a theater and sang at amateur nights and on local radio stations.

The Depression was on, however, and, after two years, Eddie left college. He tried managing a large-time, sang under a big insurance policy, singing in a trio. When he went to New York to try his luck on the stage, he sang at political rallies and club celebrations, landed occasional spots on radio programs, played the season of summer stock. In 1935, he teamed up with Grace Bradley on the NBC radio show, The Honeymoons: Grace and Eddie.

A year or so later, Eddie appeared in a role on the Broadway comedy, "Brother Rat," which he also played in the movie version. This led to another stage comedy, "Room Service," and then to a contract with one of those Hollywood seven-year contracts," he sighs.

Eddie's story is not against Hollywood but against himself, for having allowed it to happen to him. He had even jumped at the chance, eager to live in this land of milk and honey after the lean years of the Depression. Sure he wanted success!

Didn't everyone?

So he took the contract.

He was young. He was famous. He became the gay Hollywood bachelor.

But then, one day he bought a boat and took up spear-fishing. Soon, he was "bummied" by the ladies. And as a result, he was taken in between movie assignments, he started taking longer trips—vacationing in Europe, appearing in a Broadway musical, even doing TV. After a time, he was over, forgotten.

But travel, he learned, is no cure for restlessness. And sounding gay isn't quite the same as being gay. On one of his trips, he had Burt Ives, the folk singer, aboard. The boat was small, but had a net. They were having a fine time, "singing in half the places in Ensenada." But Eddie never completed the voyage.

"I got the idea of being alone for a while. So I had a fishing boat drop me off on the shores of the Viscaino desert in Lower California. I lived with a couple of lobster fishermen and helped them with their lobsters. Sometimes we shot deer—made tortillas . . ."

He wanted to be alone so he could think, figure out what was troubling him. He was to learn, as one simple day dissolved into the next, that the truths a man lives by are ageless—things they are something he must feel.

He had wanted to get away, away from people, away from relationships that had no meaning. It was a reasonable course, he knew it now—that was the last thing he wanted. In fact, he wanted just the opposite: some one person to share his days—someone to make plans with, someone to make him feel... .

He knew now what was wrong with his success. "I was never really on top," Eddie admits, "but I was close enough to see what's wrong—knew enough people who were there. And knew that realizing the top, if you are all alone, can be pretty empty."

So there he was—alone in a desert. Success had come too soon. Before there was anyone to share it. Would love come too late?

It was on the lot at Warner Brothers that Eddie Albert Heimberger, of Rock Island, Illinois, met Maria Margarita Gualule Teresa Estella Bolado Castilla y O'Donnell, of Mexico City. At fourteen, she was the programs of the famed Waldorf Astoria Hotel in New York. A recent visit-busting fourteen-month run. At fifteen, she was hailed as one of America's "great dramatic actresses" for her performance in the Broadway play "Crime without Passion." Then she turned to the stage, playing in Maxwell Anderson's "Winterset"—a role she was to repeat in Hollywood.

When Margo met Eddie, it wasn't his emotional immaturity that kept them from getting married. It was the world's War was declared, and in July, 1942, Eddie took his leave.

"I was a firm believer in not getting married until the war was over," Margo says. "But he used to write me letters. Our courtship was done by mail."

As a lieutenant, he had found the right girl. And it was during the war, serving in the South Pacific, that he found himself. As lonely in the Navy as he had ever been in Hollywood, it occurred to him that, having been so much massed together, he was too busy. There was a job to be done, and, doing it, he felt a sense of purpose. He saw now what had been wrong with his life in Hollywood. Even without love, it wouldn't have been so bad if he could have thrown himself honestly into his work, taking a craftsman's pride in it.

Understanding this, Eddie vowed if he ever got home again, he would never again sign away his life on a long-term contract. Somehow, he would hold out for acting parts he could believe in . . . do only work he believed in.

And he saw, too, how foolish he had been to expect life to have meaning when he himself had not been doing anything meaningful. That was when he made his wedding vow was over, he would do something to help others.

Eddie was lying off Tarawa, awaiting the signal that would send Navy landing craft flying into the mazes of Japanese shore that he would make his own pictures . . . educational films. He wanted to do something, anything, to help increase human understanding.

Eddie, who discover themselves, Eddie Albert had discovered the world, too—and found his place in it.

On December 5, 1945, at St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York, a young lieutenant—now discharged from the Navy—married the star of the current Broadway hit,
A Bell for Adano.” On February 20, 1951, Admiral C. M. Forman, Jr. and the New York Times had written: “We take our marriage very seriously.”

Eddie also puts marriage first. He remembers, from his Hollywood days, those unhappy people who thought more of their careers than “the integrity of the home.”

But, while he refuses to let anything separate them, he is also conscious of the waste of Margo’s talents. “She’s a better actress than I’ve been able to use thus far.”

Whenver Eddie feels deeply about anything, he does something about it. Last April, he found the solution.
The entertainment world was surprised when Eddie put heart and Margo, a new night club act, opened a four-week engagement at the Empire Room of the Waldorf-Astoria. While many of our top TV performers had been invited to open here was a top TV performer reversing the procedure. Why start all over in a new and untried medium?

But Eddie wasn’t starting all over again —as best —what is known as “Eddie Albert and Margo” that was taking this gamble. If they were a success, it might lead to their appearing together in TV and on the stage. Whatever it might be, they’d be together and that was the important thing.

Eddie is well aware that, as a team, and he and Margo cannot make nearly as much money together as they could following separate careers. “But which is more important,” he asks, “how much money you make—or how you live?”

He turns to look at Margo—as though to reassure himself that she’s really there. And for Margo, all the blandishments of money, “I was a bachelor too long.”

It may have taken Eddie thirty-seven years to find himself, but then he not only found a wife—he found a partner as well.

Margo has been turning down all stage offers. Her only comment: “We take our marriage very seriously.”

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women. We're the winners! But what about Carl?" asked, over the phone, Polly. "We've already taken care of Carl. He's on his way home now—you two are to fly here ...."

Polly didn't hear the rest. She was so wrung out from excitement, "This can't be happening to me!"

In the meantime, Polly's sister, Betty Jean, had gone next door to pass the good news on to their neighbors. Within five minutes, the whole town knew that Polly's and Carl's marriage would take place as planned. But not in Albion. They were to be the honored guests of Truth Or Consequences, New Mexico, at its fifth annual festival.

Less than a month after Polly had written her winning letter, Polly and Carl, with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton E. Simonsen, a storekeeper in Evan-

que, New Mexico. They were met at the airport by one of the judges of the contest, Arletta Colman.

Truth Or Consequences supplied a new Cadillac for Simonsen to use while they were there. Driving back to Walz Lodge, where they were to stay, Arletta told them about the contest. There were thousands of entries, she said, from twenty-two years old and up, and from every state and age group. The other judges, Mrs. Buford Mathis, Reverend O. L. Dennis, and I had the hardest time of our lives deciding on the winner.

From the second the phone rang two days before Polly had not had time to catch her breath. The excitement, the drumming of the clock, the hurry-up packing—and Carl flying to the wedding—had left her dazed.

Polly packed ten years of living into the next twenty-four hours. She was up before the sun—in fact, had hardly slept—when they showed up on the Lodge door announcing breakfast.

"I'm ready, I'm ready," said Polly, hurriedly slipping into a simple little dress which would be appropriate for both breakfast and the wedding. The wedding, in her dazed mind, was simply a fact, and for the rest of the wedding she had no idea what was happening.

Together, Carl and Polly walked into the crowded Community Center for breakfast. The whole town had turned out to greet them, None of their hands was-genial Ralph Edwards.

"Welcome, kids, to Truth Or Consequences. It's wonderful having you.

"Hello, Ralph," said Polly. "It's so nice flying with you. For years my family has followed you and your program. We remember the day that Hot Springs, New Mexico, changed its name to Truth Or Consequences—but we never thought we'd be here.

"Well, here you are!" said Ralph. "And now I want you to meet the others: my wife, Barbara; Jack Bailey, who'll be doing the television version of our program; and my partner, Bob Bailey.

The introductions ran on for fifteen minutes as Polly and Carl met Ralph's staff and all of the wonderful Truth Or Consequences townpeople. Polly was so excited she didn't remember what she had for breakfast.

But she does remember the wedding rehearsal. After breakfast, they all went down the street to the First Methodist Church where the wedding was to be held. Hours later. After a brief "You'll stand here, Polly, and your mother will be over there".... Polly was whisked back to the Walz Lodge to get into her wedding gown.

In the Ballroom, Polly and her parents drove up in front of the church. It was as big a day for the town as it was for Polly. The townpeople filled the church, overflowing to the street outside.

And then as Polly stepped into the flower-decked interior. The first person she recognized was usher Jack Bailey. "You're the 'Queen' today," said Jack. "How do you feel?"

"Oh, Mr. Bailey ..." Polly could find no other words.

Then the organ began playing the "Wedding Prayer." As the vocalist sang the beautiful words, "If there be anything that Polly's ears. Tears of happiness came to her eyes.

But the wedding march began. As matron of honor, Barbara Edwards, lovely in blue crepe and flowered hat, started down the aisle, saying, "Well, here we go, Polly. Hold on fast, but don't let go."

"Oh, Barbara!" another tear popped out, threatening to become a cascade as Polly on the arm of her father, headed for the candlelit altar.

Then, as Polly remembers, the Reverend B. M. Dennis was saying "I now pronounce you man and wife!" She took Carl's hand and was ready to fly up the aisle. But Ralph said, "Wait just a minute, Polly's parents aren't here!"

And they had. Carl hadn't kissed Polly. He took her in his arms and kissed her, not once, but twice. That made it official.

Polly really was Mrs. Carl Berg!

This is a story of Ralph Edwards and his Truth Or Consequences staff. The reception in the church social hall, immediately following, was a gift from the townpeople to the Edwards family. They supplied orange punch enough for an army, a four-tiered cake to go with it, and a varied display of wedding gifts to which all had contributed.

The reception was the last big event of the wedding. The usual receiving line was disposed of and, as host and hostess, he and Barbara introduced Carl and Polly to those they hadn't yet met.

The reception lasted from 4:00 to 7:00 P.M. Friday. Immediately after, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Pankey, one of Truth Or Consequences' hospitable families, gave the bride and groom and the program staff a wedding reception. It was a surprise dinner. Polly and Carl went from there to the first half of the Fiesta's Rodeo. They had the best box seats and were introduced to 25,000 spectators as "our wedding couple, winners of our contest, and our honored guests!

When Saturday morning arrived, Polly still had not slept. At 10:00 A.M. they rode in the parade with four bands and eight sheriff's posses. In the parading cars behind them were Ralph Edwards, Jack Bailey, and John Peay, announcer at the Carrol-

Tingley Memorial Hospital—which benefits from the proceeds of the Fiesta—and circled the entire town. From the parade, Carl and Polly drove to the beauty contest. After the last half of the rodeo, and finally to the Truth Or Consequences radio show, where Ralph presented them to the American radio audience—and also presented them with the program's own gifts: a set of Mammoth Twins, Laundromat Twins, and Tappan gas range.

Sunday was Polly's first free day. She and Carl took the town's car for a sight-seeing trip to visit the spots their has-been treasure hunters had pointed out. That afternoon, when she and Carl were ready to fly back to Albion, Polly was one big sigh of happiness. She told Ralph, "This is the most wonderful wedding day I ever had—and had. Carl and I want to spend our anniversary here in Truth Or Consequences, New Mexico—this wonderfully happy city of smiles.

Polly can't be blamed for wanting to return to the big-hearted little town which showed her that broken hearts can be mended—with hope.
“I Believe . . .”

(Continued from page 35)

on one leg, the scar on one arm, Jane carries no memory of past pain—none at all, in heart or body. And this is partly why I am—since it’s John’s business—you know the exhaustive training the pilots go through, and the statistics which prove that flying is the safest mode of transpor-
tation. So I am—although I had every reason to be—skeptical. But my doctor had given me a new sedative with the special property of soothing fear, so I took my little tablet and went soaring off to Paris! I slept most of the way—till my lap, Jane—in my sleep—fell asleep. I took off—every day as smooth as silk and a lovely, clear moon. . . . landed, lightly as a bird, in London—and, an hour and thirty-five min-
utes later, in Paris.

“You are the most controlled person I ever had on a plane,” my Pan-American Airlines pilot-husband said approvingly.

“The take-offs and the landings still bother me. And I don’t want any more flights, ever. I am— uploads a special salad dressing. As I was leaving, I would always thank him in my awful French!

And, just as the week of the Paris Fashion Show was off to Paris with her husband, Captain John Burns—by Pan-American Clipper.

This was the first time I’d been on a plane. Jane, at age 11, was sent to Paris only two years ago, and I flew to Puerto Rico, not know-
ing what I’d find. I swore then that I would never get on a plane again, unless it was an emergency, and I was eager to go to Paris this spring, to go together, and I could take so little time away from my show—I missed only one performance—that, in a rush moment, I did, mostly, to reaffirm my belief in people—in all ways of life, in all countries of the world—for I believe in people, believe in their innate goodness, their generosity, their ability to help each other and to help themselves. I have tales to tell of people who have been good to me, and generous, and loyal and beyond and the call of duty.

Seated on the small Victorian sofa, with its peacock blue velvet, the crimson damask draperies of the library, as her background, her miniature dachshund, Teal, on her lap, Jane and Jackie, from the days when she was the star and she was third comedian in the Broadway musicals, “Artists and Models” and “Kitty Off the Grass.” Now Jackie is a student at the School of Hard Knocks—was on the first pages of the triumph which was to make a great chapter in TV history.

As we sat in a corner in the dressing room reserved for guest stars, a box of flowers—so enormous that it had to be pinched, poked and pushed through the door—was delivered to her. On the lid, a white orchid. Attached to the orchids, a card: “To Jane from Jackie.”

A dozen white orchids, one might sup-
pose—as Jane supposed—would be all. And more than enough! They were on the table. She had been presented the “Land of Eternal Spring”—Gua-

mala. Each bag is a true original, made from the finest cowhide available. Available in Palomino, a beautiful, natural shade of tan that blends with every color. A wide selection of other bags $3.95 to $15.95. Send for illustrated folder TODAY!

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ver” (Not a contest). Send OOF photo for our approval (Only One). Print child’s full name and age and parent’s name and address on back. Picture returned in 60 days.

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"I thought then, too, of what a fine comedian Jackie had been in the two musicals we did together... but how, in both shows, there had been established comedy stars, 'name' stars, which had relegated newcomer Gleason to third place. Now he, too, was a 'name' star, the name star of his own CBS-TV network show.

"This, too, I believe... believe in talent, in talented people... believe they have the spark in them, the something, the something that meets the spark in people the world over—and then they have got themselves an audience!"

Last March, shortly before Jackie returned to the air after his accident, Jane was asked whether she would do a show for him. The answer was a prompt "Darn right I will!" Jane did The Jackie Gleason Show for its absent star, and did it—(this is telling a tale on Jane)—for nothing.

"I believe in the young," Jane continues. "And my belief has been more than justified by my constant fans—I have Jane Froman Fan Clubs all over the country. At their meetings, they collect dimes and send them—in my name, bless their hearts—to the Heart Fund, the Cancer Fund, the March of Dimes, Cerebral Palsy, all the good causes.

"They make things for me and either send them or, if they live near by, bring them to me. They make cakes for me. They knit me scarfs and socks. They play me little presents, too, with thought behind them... such as the tiny slippers—china, crystal and so on—which several of them gave me when I first danced again. Several members of my loyal fan club live in our neighborhood and make our front stoop their meeting place... stand on the stoop talking, comparing their autograph books. They call me 'Aunt Jane,'" Jane laughs.

"I've always believed in people," she continues, after a moment. "But I never knew quite how much I believed in them—until I was hurt.

"There is a gal, Hannah Smitman, who works in a hat store. Before the Clipper crash, Hannah used to listen to me on the radio and I'd hear her from now and then. But, from the time I got back in this country after the crash, I heard from her every day. Sometimes it would be a note. Or a poem clipped from a newspaper. Or a cartoon she thought might amuse me. Once it was a baseball autographed by all the Dodgers! Only a line, sometimes, or a tiny flower... but, during all the years I spent in the hospital, she never missed a day.

"I believe," Jane goes on, "in the truth. I believe in people who tell you the truth, even when it hurts... especially when it hurts. They are the people who will be there when you need them. George, for instance. George Wood, whom I have known and worked with—George is with the William Morris Agency, who are my agents—for twenty years. During the years when I was very ill, there were many times when it was necessary to go out and work, in order to earn a buck. At these times, people would pay me compliments, tell me how 'wonderful' I was. Not George. Never George, who would tell me that I—well, that I wasn't. As I wasn't. The greatest honor a friend can pay you is his belief that you can take the truth.

"This honor George paid me... and he was there, has always been there, when I needed him. As, for instance, when I got out of hospital in 1946... I just knew I was going to die, took a maid and went down to the Broadmoor Hotel in Florida, thinking to die in a nice warm climate! I didn't die. I just went broke. And might have remained so, with foreseeable results, if it had not been for George... who had booked fame-names Sophie Tucker and Tony Martin into Florida's Colonial Inn—but, upon learning of my plight, cancelled them out and booked me in!

"How could I not believe," Jane says, her blue eyes glowing, "in George?"

"About that time, a writer—assigned to do a magazine profile of Abe Lastfogel, head of the William Morris Agency—came to me and said plaintively, 'I can't find anyone who will say anything unkind about Lastfogel.'"

"'No,' I agreed, 'you can't.'

"'I first met Abe in 1935, when I was living in Hollywood, under contract to Warner Brothers. Having a great big house, I decided to give a great big party. I invited some thirty-five people, including Abe and his wife Frances. The day of the party dawned. We were having lots of fun. But no Abe, No Frances. No call. Next day, no call. Next week, no call. Some weeks later, I ran into Abe in a shop. 'And where were you?' I wanted to know. 'Look,' he said, 'I just forgot it.' 'Look,' I said (to the writer) 'This is the kind of man I want to handle my business! He doesn't wiggle out of anything, make excuses, alibi himself. He just tells the plain and honest truth.'"

"Later, when I came to New York, Abe wanted to represent me. He did. He still does.

"Abe was the one who arranged for me to go overseas, with the USO unit, on the Clipper.

"When I got back home, and was in the hospital, Abe would come up and spend whole afternoons with me, transcribing my business from there. A call from Frank Sinatra, from the Coast, would be put through to him in my hospital room. He'd put them through. Business deals involving millions were transacted there. 'How do you keep it all straight,' I asked him, 'just in your head?'

"Why, a career might be ruined—how do you know in a moment that a job is a lie.' Abe answered, 'so I never have to go back and wonder what I said.'"

"In 1947—when I had to go into the hospital again for all the bone grafts done over—I had first to go out and earn enough money to pay for it. This accomplished, the grafts were done. But, when they got to the fifth graft—the big one—the earning was a mountain more. I had the doctors advised me to have the leg amputated. Again I battled it through. With the result that I was bedded there for months longer than I'd expected to be... Now this is all the more remarkable. You see, I told them I'd go back to work—use a prosthesis. I'd have to go back to work and pay to us back..."

"If you decide to go back to work... then you are one man who is a grave mistake—that I ever could go back—was the beautiful thing. The healing touch on the sorest spot. From that moment, I began to improve. Of course, I did.

"Next...

"In 1949, the nervous system finally cracking up, it seemed wise for me to go out to the Menninger Clinic for treatment. Wise, but... ? John, a co-pilot then, was not even on leave. So, for the time being, my husband, I was at the time, about $2,000 in the bank. Work offers were coming in, but we realized it was imperative for me to take six months off to calm down, get well. John called Abe, who said, 'Let's listen to God.' I went away from home. I stayed for six months. I got well. All-the-way well. And Abe paid the bill. The whole bill. Six months. Thousands of dollars.

"Last year, I finally got out of debt," Jane says, taking a deep breath. "I don't owe anyone a dime."

"But... as I look around me, here at home, there are reminders of the debt I can never pay. Little dimes! Of my dimes, all the dimes, I always put away in a little glass jar, and save it. I always remember, and thoughtful.

"I think," Jane says, "of Jackie... of my teenagers... of the captains and waiters in the small cafes in Paris... of Hollywood, and Abe... of the fans who, whether I know them by name or not, are my friends—and have proved it. And, as I think of them, I know that I shall never be out of debt, and perhaps, with every cent of the debt, that is, that I can pay—and then only in part—for the kindness, the gratitude, and in my belief in people and how good they are, and loyal, and kind of heart."

This magazine is WANTED!

Next month, when you go to the newsstand for a TV-radio magazine, be sure to get the best:

TV RADIO MIRROR

After more than twenty years of being first with the best... more than two full decades of constant expansion and improvement which have made us the largest-selling publication in our field... we are "modernizing" our name. Take a good look at this handsome new cover... and be sure that you ask for:

TV RADIO MIRROR • August issue on sale July 7
THERE ARE THREE BRECK SHAMPOOS FOR THREE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS

A Breck Shampoo will help bring out the soft, natural beauty of your hair. There are three Breck Shampoos. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. The next time you buy a shampoo, select the Breck Shampoo for your individual hair condition. A Breck Shampoo cleans thoroughly, leaving your hair soft, fragrant and shining.

The Three Breck Shampoos are available at Beauty Shops, Drug Stores, Department Stores and wherever cosmetics are sold.
"Such wonderfully luxurious complexion care!"

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

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

TRY IT YOURSELF! Whether your skin is dry or oily, Camay with cold cream will leave it feeling exquisitely cleansed and refreshed. In your daily Beauty Bath, too, you'll enjoy Camay's famous skin-pampering mildness, satin-soft lather, and delicate fragrance. There's no finer beauty soap made!
Exciting Songstress
PATTI PAGE

FRANCES REID
Portia Faces Life

ROBERT Q. LEWIS
Man of the Moment

DOTTY MACK
Beautiful Dreamer
"The most wonderful thing that ever happened to complexion care!"

Mrs. Robert Steller, an exquisite new Camay Bride says, "New Camay with cold cream is so luxurious! I love it! It's the only beauty soap for me!"

NEW LUXURY AT NO EXTRA COST!
Women everywhere tell us they love the added elegance of cold cream in Camay—the only leading beauty soap with this precious ingredient.

TRY IT YOURSELF: Whether your skin is dry or oily, new Camay with cold cream will leave it feeling exquisitely cleansed, marvelously refreshed. And, of course, you still get everything you've always loved about Camay—that skin-pampering mildness, silken-soft Camay lather and exquisite Camay fragrance. Try exciting new Camay tonight. There's no finer soap for your beauty and your bath!

Now more than ever...

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
New, better way to reduce decay after eating sweets

ALL-NEW IPANA with WD-9 blocks tooth-decay acids for hours.*
Always brush after eating...the way your dentist recommends.

If you, like most people, eat sweets—or if your children do—here's good news! After eating sweets, you can do a better job of preventing cavities...with new Ipana Tooth Paste. Here's why:

Many foods team up with mouth bacteria and their enzymes to form tooth-decay acids. But WD-9 now in Ipana blocks formation of these acids for hours — because it is an active anti-enzyme and bacteria destroyer.

For best results, use new Ipana regularly after eating (the way most dentists recommend) BEFORE decay acids can do their damage. In a 2-year clinical test with hundreds who ate their normal amount of sweets, brushing this way prevented new cavities for most people.

So remember, while no dentifrice can stop all cavities—you can protect teeth from sweet foods better by brushing this way with new Ipana.

*Tests prove that WD-9 in new Ipana blocks acid formation for hours

AFTER EATING — Dangerous decay acids form on the teeth, attack the enamel.

AFTER BRUSHING — Ipana's WD-9 blocks acid formation for hours, helps prevent cavities.

Your whole family will love Ipana's new minty flavor. Men, women and children definitely preferred it in taste tests. And new Ipana makes your mouth so clean that one brushing can stop most unpleasant mouth odor all day.

Try all-new IPANA®! New taste, new cleaning, new anti-decay WD-9
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Cover portrait of Lois Nettleton by Shelly Smith

buy your Sept. copy early • on sale first week in August
It was big-date night again for Dora, but for Sarah it was just another Saturday night alone. Why was it, Sarah wondered, that Dora got all the dates and she got none. Dora might have given her the answer but she simply couldn't bring herself to do it. After all, the subject is so delicate that even your best friend won't tell you.

The merest hint of *halitosis (bad breath) and you're out of the running. Nobody wants you around... nobody wants to date you.

Isn't it foolish to risk bad breath when Listerine Antiseptic will rid you of it instantly, and usually for hours on end? Listerine is the extra-careful precaution against offending... four times better than any tooth paste.

Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no tooth paste does. Listerine Antiseptic instantly kills bacteria... by millions.

**No Tooth Paste Kills Odor Germs Like This... Instantly**

You see, far and away the most common cause of offensive breath is the bacterial fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth. And research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer, depending upon the degree to which you reduce germs in the mouth.

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Listerine Clinically Proved
Four Times Better Than Tooth Paste

Is it any wonder Listerine Antiseptic in recent clinical tests averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against? With proof like this, it's easy to see why Listerine belongs in your home. Every morning... every night... before every date, make it a habit to always gargle Listerine, the most widely used antiseptic in the world.

Every week on television—
"THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE & HARRIET"

**Listerine Antiseptic**

*Clinically Proved
Four Times Better Than Tooth Paste*

4 times better than any tooth paste
NEW!
Doctor's deodorant discovery* safely
STOPS ODOR 24 HOURS A DAY!

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

1. *Exclusive deodorant based originally on doctor's discovery, now contains long-lasting M-3 (Hexachlorophene).
2. Stops odor all day long because invisible M-3 clings to your skin—keeps on destroying odor bacteria a full 24 hours.
3. Non-irritating to normal skin. Use it daily. Only leading deodorant containing no strong chemical astringents—will not block pores.
4. Won't rot or discolor fabrics—certified by American Institute of Laundering.
5. Delicate new fragrance. Creamier texture—new Mum won't dry out in the jar.

NEW MUM®
cream deodorant
with long-lasting M-3
(Hexachlorophene)
A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

New Designs for Living

7143—One square (20 inches) makes a mat or dolly. Four, a 40-inch luncheon cloth. Six, a 40 x 60 tablecloth. Pineapple design. Crocheted square, 20 inches in No. 30 cotton. 25c

700—Apron, jumper, or sundress. Wrap 'n' tie to cinch waist. Note luscious lily is a pocket. Sizes: Small (10, 12); Medium (14, 16); Large (18, 20). Pattern pieces, embroidery motif. Size size, 25c

7013—The full skirt of this old-fashioned girl protects your toaster. Fun to make, charming to see. Use scraps. Embroidery transfer, pattern pieces included. 25c

Send twenty-five cents (in coins) for each pattern to: TV RADIO MIRROR, Needlecraft Service, P.O. Box 135, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, New York. Add five cents for each pattern for first class mailing.

YOUR NAME
STREET OR BOX NO.
CITY OR TOWN
STATE
Send additional twenty cents for Needlecraft Catalog.
Your new Lilt home permanent will look, feel and stay like the loveliest naturally curly hair!

Hi... Does your wave look as soft and natural as the Lilt girl in our picture? No?
Then think how much more beautiful you can be, when you change to Lilt with its superior ingredients. You'll be admired by men... envied by women... a softer, more charming you. Because your Lilt will look, feel and stay like naturally curly hair.

Watch admiring eyes light up, when you light up your life with a Lilt.

Choose the Lilt especially made for your type of hair! $1.50 plus tax

Procter & Gamble's new Lilt Home Permanent

for hard-to-wave hair
for normal hair
for easy-to-wave hair
for children's hair
STEVE ALLEN'S

Well, thank you, yes indeed! And I realize that's not a very brilliant beginning for a record column. But that's just what I answered when the nice lady editor of TV Radio Mirror asked me if I'd like to whip together a platter page every month. Now writing has long been a secret desire of mine, and it's certainly not a secret that I've been a record man since 'way back when. As a matter of fact, my crazy career sort of got started behind a turntable, when I was a disc jockey for CBS in Hollywood, not too long ago. So getting a chance to bang away at the typewriter a bit about recorded music is a monthly chore I'm going to like very much. Thanks again, nice lady, and I hope the readers and I will get on fine.

I don't know of any better way to start than with Mr. Popularity himself, Perry Como. Old Per just never seems to make a bad record, and his latest for Victor is no exception. He sings a smooth new ballad called “There Was Never a Night So Beautiful,” which might turn out to be one of his biggest hits. The backing is a ditty called “Hit and Run Affair,” done up rhythm-style, with much of the same kind of approach he used on “Wild Horses.” Remember? Hugo Winterhalter's orchestra provides excellent accompaniment on both.

Les Brown and His Band of Renown have been playing and recording good dance music for a long time now. And here he comes with a brand-new album called “Invitation” (Coral). There are eight sides, all instrumentals, and the tempos are all danceable as can be. The titles: “Invitation,” “Hot Point,” “If I Loved You,” “Midnight Sun,” “Ramona,” “From This Moment On,” “Ruby,” and “My Baby Just Cares for Me.”

Joni James is a lass who is riding high on the click lists these days, and no wonder, the way her records sell. In the past couple of years, she has come out of nowhere to become one of the big feminine vocal

"Big Jon" Arthur of No School Today fame offers kiddies a special delight with two new songs about a Teddy bear.
names. She does a fine job with a new ballad called "In a Garden of Roses," which is a "story" song and just right for Joni. She gets good assistance from the Jack Halloran Choir. The coupling is titled "Every Day," another ballad.

"Big Jon" Arthur has one of the best and most listened-to children's shows on the air today, so the small-fry should go for his discing of the delightful "Teddy Bear's Picnic" and "At the Teddy Bear's Birthday Party," with Jimmy Carroll's orchestra (Decca). "Big Jon" and the No School Today cast do the lyrics.

Another juvenile favorite is ol' Gabby Hayes. His young followers will go for "Gabby and His Uncle Snow-Ball Hayes" and "Gabby and His Sailfish Hayes." It's a Coral release put together in one of those "color-in" folders youngsters like to draw on.

I'm a little prejudiced about Eydie Gorme because she's the vocal gal on my late-evening WNBT television show in New York. But she does sing up a storm, at least in my opinion, and she's got a new Coral record which might turn into a nice hit for her—"Bill's Boulevard." It's a novelty tune, with a Turkish flavor, called "Climb Up the Wall." On the reverse side, Eydie sings an obbligato with herself on the old favorite, "Tea for Two."

"The Caine Mutiny" doesn't need any critical review from me, but I will tell you that Victor has done a great album on it. They've taken it right from the soundtrack of the movie, and used the voices of the film cast—Humphrey Bogart, José Ferrer, Van Johnson, Fred MacMurray, Robert Francis and May Wynn. Max Steiner's fine musical score, which he composed for the picture, is heard with the scenes. If you liked the book—and who didn't—you'll certainly want this album.

Sammy Kaye and His Swing and Sway crew are front and center with a ballad thing called "Dream for Sale" and a bouncy ditty, "Sittin' and Waitin'". Both lend themselves well to the Kaye style, which is listenable or danceable, as you will have it. The Kaydettes and Jeffrey Clay are spotlighted on the vocals (Columbia).

Also on the Columbia label we find one of their best song salesmen, Frankie Laine. Frankie does "There Must Be a Reason," and backs it up with a revival of the oldie "Some Day," from the ever-popular "Vagabond King." Paul Weston's orchestra supplies the accompaniment, with Carl Fischer at the piano.

"Wait for Me, Darling," as sung by Georgia Gibbs on Mercury, should ring in the royalties for Her Nibs. She belts it across in her usual strong style, with Glenn Osser and his orchestra supplying a solid beat behind her. The flip side slows down to a ballad, Latin flavor, called "Whistle and I'll Dance." Fred Lowery, the well-known blind whistler, does the whistle background.

If you want to buy your best girl a record album as a present, may I suggest M-G-M's romantic "I'll Be Seeing You" set, by Sammy Fain. Sammy is the very fine composer of the title song, and also wrote all the other tunes in the album. And he's one of the few tunesmiths around today who can come through in the vocal department, which he does very well on these: "When I Take My Sugar to Tea," "I Can Dream, Can't I?", "Was That the Human Thing to Do?", "Secret Love" (this year's Academy Award winner), "Ev'ry Day," "That Old Feeling," "You Brought a New Kind of Love to Me," and, of course, "I'll Be Seeing You."

"The Honeymoon's Over" and "This Must Be the Place" are a couple of novelties done by Betty Hutton and Tennessee Ernie Ford, with Billy May's orchestra (Capitol). And what a combination they make, with the blonde bombshell yelping her vocals like mad and Ernie not a step behind her.

If you go for good jazz, here's one called "Jam Session at Carnegie," by Mel Powell and His All Stars. Buck Clayton does great trumpet solos on "Light-house Blues" and "I Found a New Baby;" Martha Lou Harp sings "When Day Is Done," with a trumpet obbligato by Clayeton; and Gene Krupa and Clay-ton get together on umpteen choruses of "After You've Gone." This recorded jam session is the real McCoy—I know, because I was there, Dad! I helped to emcee the concert that night at Carnegie Hall, and it was a great one. Incidentally, you'll hear the crowd noises and applause on this "on-the-spot" recording.

Here's another album, this one by Louis Armstrong and the Mills Brothers, all-time greats on anybody's popular music list. Decca is re-issuing eight sides, all oldies but goodies, and all released through the years past as singles. Do these titles take you back a bit? "My Walking Stick," "Cherry," "The Flat-Poot Froo-gie," "The Song Is Ended," "Marie," "Boog-It," "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree," and "Darling Nellie Gray."

And last, but not least, this month, we have Eddie Fisher, who needs no introduction, I'm sure. Eddie has recorded a song called "My Friend," which is semi-sacred, and done in excellent taste, with a vocal chorus and Hugo Winterhalter's orchestra. It's coupled with "Green Years," a light-hearted ballad, with a touch of nostalgia (Victor). Well, that wraps it up for this time. I'll be looking forward to meeting you again next month. And thanks for having me.

Steve Allen is seen on What's My Line?, CBS-TV, Sun., 10:30 P.M., for Sto-pette and Remington Electric Shavers, and Steve Allen Show, WNBT (New York), M-F, 11:20-12 P.M. (All EDT)
Information Booth

Fabulous Five

Dear Editor:
I'm interested in reading more about The Modernaires, who are seen daily on CBS-TV on the Bob Crosby Show.

A. S., Oxford, Iowa

A very versatile quintet, The Modernaires—Hal Dickinson, Paula Kelly, Francis Scott, Allan Copeland and Johnny Drake—arrange their own music, play a variety of instruments and compose many of the songs they sing. The group's leader, Hal Dickinson, hails from Buffalo, New York, and organized a trio called "Three Weary Willies" after finishing prep school. They sang on Buffalo stations, then on New York network shows, then joined Ray Noble, who suggested the name "Modernaires." Hal is married to Paula Kelly, a Grove City, Pennsylvania, gal, and they have three daughters. Paula began her career in a trio with her two sisters and has sung with the Dick Stabile, Glenn Miller, Artie Shaw, Bob Allen and Hal McIntyre bands. . . . Francis Scott learned to play the violin and banjo while in Huntington, Pennsylvania, grammar school, later switched to the bass viol, and then to the trombone when he broke his leg at football. He had his own orchestra for a while, later joined Red Norvo and Blue Barron. . . . Allan Copeland studied piano, sang with the Robert Mitchell Boy Choir when he was 12, had his own vocal group at 17. He has worked with Mel Torme's Meltones and the Mello-Larks at various times. . . . Johnny Drake began his musical education at the age of 9, when he received a clarinet for his birthday. After playing his way through the University of Missouri at dances, Johnny worked with the Dick Stabile, Eddy Duchin and Jan Garber orchestras.

Here's Morgan

Dear Editor:
Would you please give us some information on Henry Morgan, who appears on CBS-TV's I've Got A Secret.

G. D., Seattle, Wash.

Tall, curly-haired, and possessed of an original, incisive sense of humor, Henry Morgan was born Henry Lerner von Ost "on the day before April Fool's Day, 1915," in New York City. His childhood is shrouded in such secrecy that he once gave a magazine interviewer imaginary biographical information. However, it is known that his father was vice-president of a bank; that Henry graduated in 1931 from Harrisburg Academy, a Pennsylvania prep school; that he went to work that fall as a page boy for a local New York City radio station; and that two years later, at the age of eighteen, he was the youngest announcer in radio. Staff an-

(Continued on page 26)
all summer long...
wherever you go, there's RADIO—
and MUTUAL goes along with you!

all summer long, Mister PLUS delivers
all your year-round favorites... on
570 easy-dial stations of MUTUAL,
the world’s largest radio network.
Thanks to Betty White (at right), little Joan Balzal, of the Maude Booth Children’s Home in California, saw her dream come true when she met her idols, Roy Rogers and Dale Evans—and a circus clown.

what’s new from Coast to Coast

By JILL WARREN

BETTY HUTTON, the blonde dynamo of the movies and night clubs, finally has put her signature on a television deal, and what a deal! Betty has signed with NBC to make her video debut on that network to the snappy tune of $50,000—at least, that’s said to be her salary. La Hutton will star in an original musical comedy now being written especially for her, and the date is September 12. This presentation will be the first of NBC’s special hour-and-a-half color “spectaculars,” but of course can be seen on black-and-white sets as well. Max Liebman, of Your Show Of Shows fame, will produce and direct.

Incidentally, come fall, Your Show Of Shows is scheduled to be seen on Saturday nights at its regular time, three weeks out of four. Steve Allen, Frank Sinatra, and Nanette Fabray have already been signed for guest-star appearances, with Allen set for some ten spots during the season.

Peter Lind Hayes, recently signed by CBS on a combination radio-TV deal, has been given his own air show, to run through the summer. He headlines a Monday through Friday night half-hour of fun and music, supported by singer Jack Haskell and the Norman Paris Trio. Peter is also on permanent call as Arthur Godfrey’s substitute, when, as, and if Godfrey absents himself.

A summer talent show, starring Paul Whiteman and his orchestra, is an ABC-TV addition for the hot months. It’s called On The Boardwalk, (Continued on page 12)
Bobbi is perfect for this new “Stewardess” hairdo. Bobbi is the permanent designed to give soft, casual looking curls. No nightly settings necessary.

Bobbi’s soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the soft, natural look of the new “Sweet Heart” style. Bobbi is so easy—no help is needed.

Only Bobbi is designed to give the soft waves needed for the “Bettina” hairdo. With Bobbi you get curls and waves exactly where you want them.

Casual, carefree—thanks to Bobbi. Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents give you soft, carefree curls and waves right from the start.

These hairdos were made with Bobbi... the special home permanent for casual hair styles

No tight, fussy curls on this page!

Yes, Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is designed to give you lovelier, softer curls... the kind you need for today’s casual hairdos. Never the tight, fussy curls you get with ordinary home or beauty shop permanents. Immediately after you use Bobbi your hair has the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And your hair stays that way—your wave lasts week after week.

Bobbi’s so easy to use, too. You just put your hair in pin curls. Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. A little later rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out—and that’s all. No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed.

Casual, carefree—thanks to Bobbi. Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents give you soft, carefree curls and waves right from the start.

New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins, complete instructions for use. $1.50 plus tax.

Everything you need! New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins, complete instructions for use. $1.50 plus tax.

Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. Neutralizing is automatic. No curlers, no resetting.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping.
What's New from
(Continued from page 10)

and originates from the theater on the famous Steel Pier at Atlantic City, New Jersey. Seen Sunday nights, the program is an hour long. The first half-hour is devoted to on-the-air auditions, and, during the second half, the winners from the preceding week are presented. Name guests appear every week and also act as the judging panel for the hopefuls.

Bert Parks has hung his straw hat at CBS, at least long enough to handle the emcee chores on a new half-hour TV show called Two In Love. It has a quiz gimmick—naturally—and will spotlight engaged, honeymoon, and anniversary couples. The friends and families of the couples will also appear to answer questions about each pair’s romance.

Also on CBS-TV’s vacation schedule is a new variety half-hour called The Blue Angel Show. July 13 is the starting date and it will be seen every Tuesday night until the fall. I saw a kinescope of this one a few weeks ago and it looks like a winner. The set is an exact replica of the famous Blue Angel Club in New York, where many of today’s top singing stars got their start. Orson Bean will be the weekly comedian-emcee, along with the Norman Paris Trio, and the rotating talent will be interesting new personalities breaking into the night-club field.

About the middle of this month, ABC Radio will start broadcasting the Chautauqua Symphony direct from the famous summer music center in upstate New York. Concerts by both the student and the professional orchestras will be heard.

Remember Kay Kyser’s Kollege Of Musical Knowledge, which was one of the top-rated musical quiz shows a few years ago on radio? Well, it’s coming back to life on television, under that title, any day now on NBC. Tennessee Ernie (Ernie Ford) will be the professor in charge, assisted by a female
Coast to Coast

Helen O’Connell shares honors daily with Tennessee Ernie on CBS Radio.

vocalist and Frank DeVol’s orchestra. Kyser, who has been living in semi-retirement in his home state of North Carolina, will be paid a royalty on the show, which was his original property.

This ‘n’ That:
Danny Thomas is smiling happily these days because his sponsor just came through with a renewal of his ABC-TV show, Make Room For Daddy, which assures “Daddy” being around all summer and into next fall.

Not such good news for Martin Kane, Private Eye, which went off television June 24. This was the oldest of the detective programs on TV and was seen on NBC for five years, during which time William Gargan, Lee Tracy, Lloyd Nolan and, finally, Mark Stevens all played Martin. The popular detective opus lost its time period when NBC annexed the Lux Video Theater for next fall, and the sponsor decided to cancel when it became known there wasn’t an open time spot on the fall schedule.

Congratulations to Marlin Perkins, conductor of NBC-TV’s Zoo Parade, on the fourth anniversary of that fine program. The show has won many awards for distinguished achievement, including the George Foster Peabody Award in 1951 as the outstanding program for children. Perkins is now on a tour of South Africa gathering material for his fall series.

Congratulations should also be in order by now for Jayne Meadows and Steve Allen, who took out their marriage license the last week in May. Jayne and Steve hoped to be married as soon as they had a free week—which may have already been. Plans were for a simple wedding, with only Jayne’s sister Audrey in attendance.

Robert King has replaced James Lee as Clifford Barbour on the TV version (Continued on page 16)

Your Second (so much prettier) Skin!

Umm-mmm—what a complexion!
It looks all yours—only prettier than it’s ever looked before. Because this silk-textured powder clings close as your own skin...never flakes, shines or streaks. And there’s a Cashmere Bouquet shade that’s twin to your skin—whether your basic skin color is pink, ivory, olive or any tone in between!

7 Cover Girl Colors 29¢ plus tax

Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder

“All our Conover students use this silky Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder,” says the Beauty Director of the Conover School. “We teach them to pat it on lavishly, press in well, then brush off the excess for a velvet finish.”

(Mrs. Harry Conover)
I. Deep solved, constant

Living Dover Fabric-lined gloves

Photo (unretouched photo)

In gloves

Protect with Playtex Glamorous Housework Gloves

(1 unretouched photo)

3. After.

Softer, smoother skin in only 9 days!

The best protection is prevention. And: the first manicure you save can pay for your gloves.

Playtex LIVING GLOVES

$1.39

Prices slightly higher outside U.S.A.

DAYTIME DIARY

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

AUNT JENNY Aunt Jenny is a familiar figure to everyone in her home town of Littleton. And Littleton could be any town, U.S.A., or even any town in the world. For love, ambition, faith and people are fundamentally the same all over. In her stories, Aunt Jenny sees the drama and design that are part of everyone's life, but which most of us are too thoughtless to recognize. CBS Radio.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Mary Noble is in a difficult position. Gambler Victor Stratton presses his attentions on her, which she tries to ward off, while still keeping his friendship, because he owns part of Larry's new play. Larry, unhappy and hurt by what seems like Mary's loss of faith in him, turns to Elise Shephard, who is all too willing to open her arms to him. Can Mary fight hard enough to win back her husband's trust? NBC Radio.

THE BRIGHTER DAY Despite Althea's own inner confusion, her instinct where men are concerned was sound enough for her to warn her younger sister Patsy that handsome Alan Butler would take some hanging on to. But that didn't keep Patsy's heart from breaking when Alan asked for release from their engagement. As Althea's relationship with Dr. Blake Hamilton develops, will Blake's younger brother help Patsy past her own crisis? CBS Radio.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL David and Sally Farrell seem to be constantly involved in cases that tax their resourcefulness and energy, and put a constant risk on their lives. Sally always follows along, though the beginning of most cases finds her trailing behind. Before it's through, however, she's in as deep as David, and follows each step until the case is solved, and another murderer caught. NBC Radio.

THE GUIDING LIGHT Meta Roberts is baffled and worried as her stepdaughter, Kathy, continues trying to win happiness with the subterfuges and half-truths that have already caused so much misery. Is there any hope for Kathy, even if Dick realizes his true feeling—or lack of it—for Janet Johnson? Meanwhile Dick's cousin Peggy finds herself also entangled in an unexpected web of emotional confusion. CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

HAWKINS FALLS Hawkins Falls is a small American town—the kind a native will tell you he knows like the back of his hand. And yet Lona and Floyd discover that even their familiar, quiet home town can hold an undreamed-of surprise. How do the Coreys meet a situation which reveals some unexpected facts not only about a particular problem but about themselves and their still rather new relationship with one another? NBC-TV.

HILLSIDE HOUSE Julie tries to run Hillside House for all the children there, all of whom need her help. But her greatest anxiety at the moment is young Terry Wallace, a very troubled child of divorced parents, the father of whom has now come back to his daughter Terry. This further confuses Julie and makes it harder for her to make the right decisions in the light of her feeling that not true affection, but only lust for the money left Terry by her aunt, has brought Philip Wallace back to his little daughter. CBS Radio.

JUST PLAIN BILL The events of the past few months still seem like a horrible nightmare to Bill. The woman he almost married, Thelma Nelson, was proved to be a vicious criminal, but Bill is too big a person to have one incident destroy his faith in people. Because of this great faith in life we again find Bill trying to help, but in a situation that seems beyond even his deep understanding. NBC Radio.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL Chichi would never have married Dr. Mac if he hadn't been a courageous, independent man. But there is a line past which cour-
age becomes rashness, and when Mac tries to deal single-handedly with a shadow from his family’s unhappy past, he runs into trouble that his brother Craig might have helped him avoid. The strain teaches Chichi much about Mac and herself, but she cannot yet guess the full effect on her future. NBC Radio.

LORENZO JONES Belle Jones has used desperate measures in a desperate situation, and, in an effort to save the marriage she recalls with such happiness, she leaves the theater and returns to Canada with Lorenzo. Gail Maddox, who has hoped to marry Lorenzo, is startled by this new turn of events and is spurred on to new action against Belle. Can Belle, in spite of the circumstances which seem so much against her, retain her faith in Lorenzo? NBC Radio.

LOVE OF LIFE As always, Meg Harper’s arrogant, trouble-bent personality had stirred up a storm of problems—even in quiet Barrowsville—which her sister Van feels honor-bound to solve before taking up her own happy future. Up in arms over the possibility that Meg has seriously endangered her own son, Van leaps into the forefront of a battle far more serious than she first realizes. Will there be help for Van when she needs it? CBS-TV.

MA PERKINS Ma’s friendship with the Pierces is an old, much-treasured one, and when Alf Pierce’s will named Ma trustee, she accepted unhesitatingly despite her inward qualms at being responsible for so much money. Has Ma done the right thing toward reckless Billy Pierce and his ambitious young wife, Laura? Or will Fag and Tom prove right in their distrust and suspicion of the girl and their fear that Ma has been too generous? CBS Radio.

ONE MAN’S FAMILY From time immemorial, parents have agonized over the question of whether to guide their children on a tight rein or a loose one. But in the Barbour family, the decision is complicated by personality, for James Barbour is a man of strict principles. It remains for Fanny, his wife, to soften the restrictions under which her children might grow resentful. How will she handle the coming crisis which nobody could have foreseen? NBC-TV.

OUR GAL SUNDAY Sunday’s separation from Lord Henry has left her weakened, shaken, and uncertain of the future of her marriage. It is understandable that when a new threat arises she finds it difficult to gather her strength to combat it. Sunday, therefore, faces the difficult realization that her future is going to depend on her ability to find her courage again. But can she do this in time to meet the challenge? CBS Radio.

PEPPER YOUNG’S FAMILY Very few people are immune to the lure of big money, quickly made, and Pepper can understand his father’s excitement over Dr. Grayson’s prediction that oil lies beneath the Young farmland. But neither (Continued on page 21)
What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 13)

of One Man's Family. King is a young movie actor who recently appeared in "Deep In My Heart" and "Lucky Me." The cast change was necessary because Lee had a previous commitment for a Broadway show and had to return to New York for rehearsals.

Singer Richard Hayes, former husband of Peggy Ann Garner, will be away from microphones for a while, at least civilian ones. Hayes, who has been on The Jack Paar Show, has received his draft call and enters the Army any minute.

Frankie Laine has been signed by Guild Films to star in a series of half-hour musical films. Guild, which also produces the Liberace series, will sell the programs to individual sponsors in local markets. Shooting has begun in Hollywood, and the first of the movies will be viewed this fall.

Cute story behind former President Harry Truman's guest appearance on Ed Murrow's CBS-TV show, Person To Person. Truman was originally scheduled to appear this past June 4, but canceled the date until next season. It seems the Trumanks' Independence, Missouri home is being "done over," and they wanted to wait until the job was finished and the house was shipshape before the prying TV cameras came to call.

Actress Nina Foch and TV actor James Lipton announced their engagement in New York. They plan a quiet, private marriage ceremony, and may even be Mr. and Mrs. by now.

After more than a quarter of a century on NBC as a regular Monday-night feature, The Voice Of Firestone and the network have parted company. The Firestone program debuted on December 28, 1928. It's possible that the new Sid Caesar show will inherit The Voice's TV time next season.

To celebrate the closing of her highly successful TV show, Martha Raye signed a new contract with NBC, bought a home in Westport, Connecticut, and got married again, all within the space of about two weeks. Her new husband is Ed Begley, one of the dancers on her show. He is number five, Martha's former spouses being Buddy Westmore, Dave Rose, Neal Lang, and Nick Condos, who's still her manager.

George Liberace, the pianist's brother and maestro, has landed a contract with Columbia Records as a conductor.

Lu Ann Simms, of the Godfrey gang, is busy making plans for her marriage to Loring Bruce Buzzell, probably in September, when she gets her vacation. Her fiancé is general professional manager for a group of music publishing firms in New York.

Mull The News:

Mrs. C. A., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and others who wrote about Janette Davis: Yes, Janette has been married and divorced, but at the moment is fancy free. ... Mr. J. McK., Boston, Massachusetts: When Gary Crosby was signed as his father's summer replacement on CBS Radio, it was only for the vacation schedule. Gary, more than the other Crosby boys, seems headed for a career in show business, but Papa Bing has insisted that he finish college first. Gary returns to Stanford University this fall to start his senior year. However, it is possible he will continue to make records with Bing, as he has done in the past. ... Mrs. M. L., Topeka, Kansas: Yes, Kenny Delmar (Senator Claghorn) and his wife, Alice, are rumored to be separating after eighteen years of marriage. Delmar lays the blame to the cross-country commuting necessary for his radio and television work.

... Miss L. Y. P., Yuma, Arizona: You are right—Clayton Moore was the original Lone Ranger in the first television series of that show. But, because of previous commitments, he wasn't available for the second series and was replaced by John Hart. However, Moore has just recently signed with the producers and will be seen in his original role in the forthcoming group of Lone Ranger telepix now in production in California. ... To all the readers who asked about Twenty Questions: The program went off the Mutual network in April because they

Herb Sheldon gets lots of back-talk from "good" pals, Egbert and Ummly.
Top Designers Agree: Slim summer fashions start with a Playtex figure!

Emilio of Capri: In summer, to be in style you've got to be in Playtex first! Slims and trims like magic.

Chimp of distinction, J. Fred Muggs, has become a solemn two years old.

lost their long-time sponsor, Ronson. Mutual decided not to keep it on sustaining for the summer but hopes to get a new sponsor and bring the program back in the fall . . . Mrs. K. P., Tulsa, Oklahoma: I think what you're referring to is the Beat The Clock at-home game kit, containing equipment for forty different stunts which living-room encees can handle. You should be able to get it at your local toy shop or department store.

What Ever Happened To . . . ?

Bobby Breen, who was Eddie Can- tor's child singing protégé on radio in the middle thirties? When his boy soprano voice changed, Bobby retired from show business. Recently, however, he has been singing in night clubs and theaters on the road and has done an occasional TV guest appearance. Bobby has been married for over a year to Jocelyn Lesh, a model.

Arthur Lake, who was Dagwood in the formerly popular Blondie programs? Arthur hasn't been doing too much of late, but on a recent trip to New York from his home in California, he announced he is preparing a TV series for fall called Meet The Family.

Cindy Robbins, the cute gal who was the prize-giver-outer on The Big Payoff? Cindy left the program in order to accept a part in the Broadway production of "By The Beautiful Sea." Since The Big Payoff is a daily show, she could not handle both jobs.

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 this column. Unfortunately, we do not have space to answer all questions, so I try to cover those personalities or shows about whom we receive the most inquiries. Sorry, no personal answers.

See how

Playtex

Fabric Lined Panty Brief

narrow your silhouette in new freedom ... widens your choice of new sun clothes, new fun clothes!

You don't have to be tiny to shine in the briefest sun dress, lounge in skin-tight slacks, swim in a shape-showing suit. Not when there's Playtex Fabric Lined Panty Brief to trim away the inches, slim away those little "extras"!

And Playtex performs its wonders in such comfort—thanks to that cloud-soft fabric lining! In such freedom, too—since it hasn't a seam, stitch, stay or bone! Just a smooth latex sheath—invisible under the most figure-hugging fashions.

Wear it from dawning to dancing, wash it in seconds—see how fast it dries! At department stores and better specialty shops everywhere.
Daughter Mirth Durbahn Kennedy, home for a visit, helps Walt put the finishing touches on a new chair he designed.

Three generations help Walt prepare a script for his show. Left to right: Mrs. Durbahn; daughters Phyllis Hutchinson and Mirth, holding her son Scott; and Phyllis' daughter Karen.

WALT DURBAHN—
Workshop Wonder

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Workshop Wonder

Folks in and around Chicago in need of an expert handyman's help and advice have only to look at their TV sets—Channel 5, Station WNBQ—each Friday night at 7:30. There they will find genial, gentle-mannered Walter E. Durbahn very much at home in his workshop and ready to share his wide range of handicraft talents with everyone who looks his way.

Walt's Workshop—one of the pioneer video programs in Chicago—is dedicated to all home tinkerers who yearn for but never quite achieve proficiency with a hammer, screwdriver or paint brush, even at the expense of mashed fingers and spattered walls. So, for the price of a TV set and a few ohms of electricity, Chicagoans receive a full course in home handicraft that is certain to help them along their road of repairs.

The scene of Walt's show is a model basement workshop which is graced with enough power equipment and fine hand tools to bring sighs of envy from all frustrated inventors, carpenters and woodworkers. Surrounded by his completely equipped workbench and tool cabinet, Walt tackles a single project on each program. Each is typical of the many odd jobs that the average homemaker faces, whether he or she lives in a suburban home or city apartment. In addition to giving clear, step-by-step instructions, Walt makes his shows seasonal. Thus, spring will see the building of bird houses or lawn furniture, while fall or winter finds Walt making shelves and bookcases, refinishing chairs and chests.

Since his TV debut five years ago, Walt has rarely missed a week of Workshop telecasts. With each show, his many devoted and grateful followers have realized that, behind his easygoing manner, his careful and thoughtful presentations, lies an extraordinary wealth of knowledge and experience. Walt was born in Nicollet County, Minnesota, where his father was a painting contractor. By 1915, he had completed his studies as a
It's really quite easy, says Walt, and proceeds to prove it by explaining one of his projects in complete detail.

home handicraft easy and fun for Chicago viewers

manual training teacher at Stout Institute in Menomonie, Wisconsin. After graduating—and also winning fellow student, Ruth Rassbach, as his bride—Walt started his teaching career in Stewartsville, Minnesota. For the next ten years he taught manual training in schools throughout Minnesota, then, in 1925, he moved to Highland Park, Illinois, as building trades instructor and chairman of Highland Park High School's famed vocational education department. In that capacity for twenty-seven years, Walt developed and guided a plan of practical vocational education widely copied in all parts of the country.

Since retiring from teaching in 1953, Walt has devoted his time to his show and his numerous at-home activities. As might be expected, Walt has an extensive workshop in the basement of his home. In addition to making and fixing things in the house, he collects antique tools and woodcarvings, is an avid camera bug with a large collection of photo equipment and a darkroom, and, he says, is what he himself would call a "fair-to-middling" gardener.

Walt is an inveterate pipe smoker, which aptly keynotes his personality. Cocking his head to one side as he talks, his face assumes a friendly yet quizzical expression of "I think you're right, but prove it." His many years of teaching have given Walt a mellow patience and a calm demeanor—even when the TV set is in an uproar. In typical style, Walt recalls his first program: "The rehearsal was a Willie West and McGinty comedy carpentry act, but done by one man—me. I was assembling paint shelving, to be used as part of the set. Every time I had the boards up for nailing, they'd fall down. The studio crew was in stitches. Fortunately, I got it together in time for the show."

With his gentle, human approach to life, trimmed with a bit of humor and much wisdom, it is no wonder that Walt Durbahn has endeared himself to Chicago viewers as a how-to-do-it wonder and a grand person to know.
OLD DUTCH REVUE

Emcee Jack Clifton is also well-known in Cleveland as a deejay.

Brains behind the Revue are producer Gene Carroll, also known to viewers as Uncle Jake, and director Jim Breslin.

Scene of Cleveland's most unusual night club is Studio A at WEWS, where "customers" enjoy the tops in entertainment and get in the act themselves.

There's a tavern in the town of Cleveland where tables are booked solid months in advance, where two bands and a star-studded floor show win rafter-ringing applause, and where—when the evening's festivities are over—the management picks up the tab! This unusual bistro, open only on Monday evenings, is the scene of an hour of televised fun and frolics on Station WEWS' Old Dutch Revue. The gala goings-on are also visible on WSPD-TV Toledo, WSTV-TV Steubenville, WLW-D Dayton, WBNS-TV Columbus, WHIZ-TV Zanesville, and WLBC-TV Muncie, Indiana.

Every week, as the show fades from video screens, the WEWS switchboard starts blinking frantically with calls from viewers who would like to join the lucky one-hundred guests at the Old Dutch Tavern. "What is the address?" they ask, eager to hurry over for a rollicking polka, a glass of beer "on the house," and more of that sparkling entertainment. Although its gaiety rings so true that, after four years on the air, fans still think it is an actual night spot—at that moment, the tavern is being neatly folded and stacked away against the back walls of WEWS' Studio A until the following Monday.

The terpsichorean mood at the tavern is always lively, for on hand regularly are the bands that have made Cleveland the "polka capital of the world": Johnny Vadnal, Henry Broze, Frankie Yankovic, Chester Budny and Frankie Zeiss. When the patrons are once again seated around the tavern's checkered tablecloths, the stage is filled by a galaxy of guest stars that, during the past season, has included Pee Wee Hunt, June Valli, Bob Eberle, Tony Pastor, Mel Torme and Eileen Barton. These top names love playing one-night stands at an American institution which is fast becoming a rival of England's pubs and France's sidewalk cafes—a tavern on television.
Pepper nor Linda can overcome an instinctive distrust of Grayson. Are they being overly suspicious, or will their watchfulness help avert tragic consequences for everyone concerned in the enterprise? NBC Radio.

PERRY MASON Knowing the troubled past which the Beekmans now hope to forget, Perry and his secretary, Della Street, try to dissuade the daughter, Kate Beekman, from heading for further trouble by taking a job in a night club. But Perry has reason to be grateful to Kate, for her headstrong ambition leads him to the very door of an elusive arch-criminal. What is Kate's fate as the showdown approaches? CBS Radio.

PORTIA FACES LIFE Though Portia gave up her legal career for full-time family life, Walter Manning has always been proud of her ability and more than once has been glad of her help with his own work. But what happens when Portia's career once again becomes an active issue in the Manning home? How does his pride in his wife, is Walter more of a conventional male than he admits? How will Portia handle a delicate adjustment? CBS-TV.

ROSEMARY The loss of her unborn baby was one of the worst times in Rosemary's life. If it had not been for her mother's illness, she might have passed many more dark days before recovering her emotional health. But even as concern over Mrs. Cotter is superseded by community work, Rosemary is conscious that her activities cover but do not destroy an underlying sadness. Will it ever disappear? CBS Radio.

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW Although Joanne Barron's marriage to Arthur Tate is blocked by the startling appearance of the woman who claimed to be Arthur's long-missing wife, Jo and Arthur still believe that before long the truth about Hazel will emerge and their plans will proceed as before. But Mr. Higbee is far from ready to admit defeat. From what source will he call new strength for the campaign designed to cheat Jo of her land? CBS-TV.

STELLA DALLAS Stella Dallas has had to call on all her great faith to sustain her during the period of her daughter Laurel's separation from her husband Dick Grosvenor. Stella is firm in her belief that the two young people are still in love and she fights to make them see the light. But there are many forces that Stella has to fight and overcome and her friends wonder if they are going to be too strong for her. NBC Radio.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE Confused between loyalty to Dr. Robert Seargent and a feeling for Fred Molina that she cannot analyze, Nora refuses Fred's proposal and is immediately certain that she has made the greatest mistake of her life. But she does not yet know the horror into which she has plunged herself and Fred as his bitterness plays directly into the hands of (Continued on page 23)

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New Colgate Dental Cream with GARDOL*

Works instantly to stop Bad Breath!

One brushing with New Colgate Dental Cream leaves your mouth cleaner, fresher for 12 hours or more—helps keep you socially acceptable. Tests show Colgate Dental Cream stops bad breath instantly in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth.

CLEANS YOUR BREATH...

Works constantly to stop Tooth Decay!

One brushing with New Colgate Dental Cream guards against tooth decay for 12 hours or more. Night and morning brushings guard your teeth all day—all night. In this way, Colgate's Gardol works around the clock to stop the action of decay-causing enzymes. In full-year clinical tests, X rays showed far fewer cavities for the hundreds of people in the group using Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol. In fact, no new cavities whatever for 4 out of 5.

while GUARDS YOUR TEETH!

GARDOL... Colgate's miracle ingredient makes it doubly effective!

HOW GARDOL WORKS: Every time you brush your teeth with New Colgate Dental Cream, Gardol binds itself to your teeth... remains active for 12 hours or more. That's why Gardol, Colgate's long-lasting anti-enzyme ingredient, gives the surest protection against tooth decay ever offered by any toothpaste—leaves your mouth cleaner, fresher for 12 hours or more! Gardol's protection won't rinse off or wear off all day. Thus, morning and night brushings with New Colgate's with Gardol give continuous protection around the clock.

*COLGATE'S TRADE-MARK FOR SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE

ONLY COLGATE'S GIVES YOU FULL GARDOL PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH DECAY!
In the morning, in the afternoon, 
Detroit music lovers always

LISTEN TO McNEELEY

Genial young Marty McNeely likes to think of himself as a hitch-hiker—taking a tuneful ride to work with WJR fans on his morning Music Hall show, then inviting them to pick him up again on their way home on Music Hall Matinee. When he signs off on his evening show, Marty reminds his listeners that he'll be waiting for them on the same corner next morning.

This ingratiating self-invitation is quickly taken up by folks in WJR's vast listening area in and around Detroit—whether driving, working or relaxing at home—for the cheerful deejay fills the airwaves with the tops in music, helpful time and weather information, and brief, newsy comments. Often, he brings along a guest of his own from the entertainment world.

The popular twenty-seven-year-old hails from Youngstown, Ohio, where he started his radio career. While still in high school, Marty would open up Station WFMJ with his early-morning announcing stint, then turn the mike over to another announcer, pick up his books and head for classes. The U. S. Navy was Marty's next boss and he garnered his next bit of broadcasting know-how at the Armed Forces Radio Service in San Francisco. After his discharge in 1946, Marty landed a job as announcer-disc jockey with Cleveland's Station WJMO, then, in 1951, joined WJR. He built his present large and loyal following first as an all-night deejay and then as announcer for Make Way For Youth.

At the same time that Marty was sparking the Cleveland kilocycles, a pretty lass named Doris Jane was at work in the station's traffic department. Handsome Marty wooed, won and married her in 1949, and there is now a Douglas Bryan McNeely who, at four years old, is only the start of a "good-sized" clan his folks hope to raise. A second addition is expected in August. The McNeelys live in Detroit's northwest section where Marty relaxes with his hobbies—photography, psychology and fiction writing. However, he claims that keeping listeners, sponsors and family happy occupies most of his time and interest. A quick straw poll indicates he's doing exceptionally well with all three.
the Syndicate. What is Lee King's next move? CBS Radio.

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS Carolyn Nelson, proud of Miles' ambition and ability, worked almost as hard as he did during his term as Governor, concealing as well as possible her fear that their personal relationship was weakening under Annette Thorpe's shrewd manipulation. Does the future hold a renewal of their love? Or is the change in Miles more than superficial and will it persist even when he no longer bears the burden of office? NBC Radio.

THE ROAD OF LIFE Sybil Overton's baby, unacknowledged daughter of her brief marriage to Gordon Fuller, becomes the focus of a concealed battle as Sybil suspects she cheated herself out of the Fuller money by rejecting the child. Knowing Sybil's ruthless disdain for the rights of others, Jim Brent prepares for a real fight to protect the happiness of his father-in-law, who has adopted Connie. CBS Radio and NBC Radio.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TREAT Because of her love for Brett Chapman, Helen has found a happiness she has not known before. Many years ago, only good in everyone and, though it has become increasingly clear to all her friends that Loretta Cole will spare no one in her ruthless pursuit of her career, Helen seems blind to the rose-colored glasses her love gives her. CBS Radio.

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON When crack newspaperman Bill Bouson left Stan Burton's paper to edit its rival, Terry Burton doubted the wisdom of Stan's replacement, an old school friend named Freddie Small. But concern over Freddie took second place when his wife Arlene began to make herself felt. What happens when Adrienne schemes to get the Crowder house, which Lew Archer wants for himself and Stan's sister after their marriage? CBS Radio.

THE SECRET STORM Peter Ames has almost forgotten that before courting his wife he was interested in her sister Pauline. Now, as he struggles to maintain a life after Ellen's tragic death, he is bewildered and increasingly resentful at Pauline's interference, which she offers under the guise of help but which actually works to defeat everything Peter tries to do for his three children. What is Pauline after? CBS-TV.

THREE STEPS TO HEAVEN Glamorous model Pooe Thurmond made a mistake—she fell in love. And, though Bill Morgan's psychological difficulties make it seem hopeless, she cannot stop yearning for the happiness they might have had. Will Vince Bannister's unseen maneuvering, deeply involving Pooe's reckless young brother Barry, put the final finish to Pooe's dreams for the future? Will she have to go on with her career she would so gladly give up? NBC-TV.

VALIANT LADY With the sudden, shocking death of her husband, Helen Emerson's one desire was to maintain a home and family atmosphere for her three children. Furthest from her thoughts was the possibility that the future might hold a new adventure in life for herself. But though Mickey is in his twenties and Diane is a bride, Bill Fraser is not the only man who realizes that Helen, as a mother, is still a youthful, most attractive woman. CBS-TV.

WENDY WARREN AND THE NEWS To Wendy's managing editor, Don Smith, a confidence man is a confidence man, but Wendy has strangely mixed feelings toward the man called Magnus. Despite Corrine Dubois' obvious dread of the man, she remains his unwilling assistant, and sophisticated Kay Clements, Wendy's friend, also allows herself to be drawn into his orbit. Is he something more than a mere charlatan ... something much worse? CBS Radio.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES Having weathered many problems of their own, Joan and Harry Davis find it difficult to understand why Joan's sister Sylvia should insist on following a course of action that seems foredoomed to failure despite their affectionate efforts to head her off. But, as Joan soon realizes, experience cannot be shared. Somehow Sylvia must find her own way, hard as it is for Joan to stand by watching her skirt disaster. ABC Radio.

WOMAN IN MY HOUSE As the Carter family multiplies, so do the problems that James and Jessie Carter hoped would grow lighter as their children multiplied. But as son-in-laws and grandchildren enlarge the family circle, Jessie knows that the constant wear and tear is a small price to pay for the joy of being the center of a close, loyal family group, whose happiness and trouble are shared alike. NBC Radio.

WOMAN WITH A PAST Steve Russell's romance with Sylvia was over long before he met Lynn Sherwood, but when a woman as beautiful, ruthless and rich as Sylvia decides to revive an old flame, she can become dangerous. Will the fact that her wealthy husband is backing Lynn's dress shop enable Sylvia to achieve her own end by the shocking means she will not scruple to employ? And will Steve be so easily deceived? CBS-TV.

YOUNG DR. MALONE Dr. Paul Browne has seen his friend, Dr. Jerry Malone, through the long, difficult adjustment after Anne Malone's death and has recently felt that Jerry was at last coming into his own as a mature, realistic individual. But the advent of Tracey Adams has already changed Jerry and promises further changes for the future. Even if these are changes for the better, how will they affect young Jill Malone, Jerry's daughter? CBS Radio.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN Now that Ellen has become engaged to Michael Forsythe, Dr. Anthony Loring seems to have given up all his hopes for reconciliation. But this does not deter Anthony's wife Millicent, who is still determined to ruin Ellen's reputation among her friends, and a final showdown seems near. Anthony will be in the very difficult position of having to take sides, torn between his love for Ellen and his loyalty to Millicent. NBC Radio.
When Hal Morgan, twelve-year veteran of Cleveland's Station WGAR, expounds his theories on radio, he may sound somewhat like a happy, very well-adjusted schizophrenic—for Hal's split personality as to "futuristic" and "traditional" means that his daily afternoon show, Hal Morgan's Matinee, and his Saturday stint, Morgan Goes Calling, are as up-to-date as hi-fi, yet are both well-trimmed with a generous dose of old-fashioned neighborliness. For example, the modern design of Hal's weekday program mixes its musical portions with functional information such as news capsules, time and weather reports, sports highlights, road-condition data and other items of interest to homemakers busily preparing the evening meal and breadwinners driving home to eat it. On Saturdays, the WGAR star originates his show from Maple Sugar festivals, County Fairs and other community events.

As the proud father of four lively children, and devoted husband of Virginia Morgan, Hal appreciates the problems of others facing heavy responsibility, and he frequently calls on his fans to join him in "special projects." Take the case of Bill Fleming, a spastic paralytic who is married and has three children. When Hal met him, Bill had undergone eighteen major operations and needed an electric-powered wheelchair to start a door-to-door greeting-card business. Hal appealed to listeners for State of Ohio tax stamps, redeemable for charitable and social purposes at three percent of their value. The overwhelming return—400,000 stamps—was redeemed for about $750, enough to buy the wheelchair and help Bill Fleming get started in business.

Hal himself got started in radio by winning out over nearly 500 other students who auditioned for a 35-cents-an-hour announcing position at KFKU, the University of Kansas radio outlet. Coming to WGAR in 1942, Hal gave immediate notice of what sort of citizen had joined the Cleveland community by doing a 26-week war bond show from the stage of the Palace Theater. In return, Cleveland gave notice that this good neighbor was welcome many times over.

Your hair is romance...

...keep it sunshine bright

with White Rain

You know it's true—the most delightful beauty asset you can have is lovely hair. Hair that's bright to see, soft to touch, as fresh as a playful spring breeze—the kind of hair you have when you use the new lotion shampoo that gives you results like softest rain water. For White Rain sprinkles your hair with dancing sunlight. And with sunshine all around you—love and laughter follow after. Love and laughter... the essence of romance.

Use New White Rain Shampoo tonight
and tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!
nounced jobs in several cities followed, and Henry claims he was fired from one of these jobs for including the name of the station manager in a list of missing persons. In 1940, he returned to New York to launch Here's Morgan, a local radio program which was called "a daily dose of concentrated anarchy." His career was interrupted by a two-and-a-half-year stint in the Air Force, from which he returned to continue his radio mayhem on a weekly half-hour show over a national network. In 1949, he joined NBC for a Sunday evening show and then starred on the NBC-TV Great Talent Hunt. Radio and TV's "enfant terrible," seen nowadays as a panelist on CBS-TV's I've Got A Secret, is one of the most literate comedians in the business. But he would prefer to soft-pedal his writing and extensive reading and have it known that he can juggle four sevres china cups while standing on his head and singing all six parts of the Sextet from "Lucia" simultaneously—except that he can't.

Namesake

Dear Editor:

We have named our new boy after Greyling Dennis, son of Reverend Dennis of The Brighter Day radio program. Will you please give me the correct spelling of this name?

I.J.T., French Creek, W. Va.

Best wishes to the new baby from TV-Radio Mirror! The name of Reverend Dennis' son is spelled Grayling.

Como Club

Dear Editor:

The Perry Como Fan Club for Handicapped Teenagers invites new members. Any handicapped teenager—boys or girls twelve years or older—can join by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Dotty Stanley, 20 Alfa Terrace, Morton, Pennsylvania. This club is exclusively for handicapped teenagers who, because of their handicaps, would not have the opportunity to join other clubs. They will receive a membership card, buttons, an autographed picture of Perry Como, and a weekly copy of Club News, which tells of club activities, gives information on Perry Como and lists the seven top hits of the week. In order to receive the Club News, members must send a stamped, self-addressed envelope each week. Club dues are five cents monthly. Thank you.

D.S., Morton, Pa.

Joan Caulfield

Dear Editor:

I would like to know if Barry Nelson and Joan Caulfield, who co-star in CBS-TV's My Favorite Husband, are married.

K.B., Cleveland, O.

Away from the video cameras, Joan Caulfield's real "favorite husband" is Hollywood producer-director Frank Ross, while Barry Nelson is married to actress Teresa Celi.

Two-Gun Gal

Dear Editor:

Will you tell us a little about that cute Gail Davis who portrays Annie Oakley on the Du Mont Television Network?

P.R., Chicago, Ill.

Gail Davis' wholesome beauty was first spotted by Gene Autry at a camp show in Texas. A year later, Gail arrived to try her luck in Hollywood and, remembering Gene's suggestion, called on him at his studio. After extensive testing, Gene pro-

Joan Caulfield

Teacher's Pet

Dear Editor:

I would like some information on the boy who plays Walter Denton on Our Miss Brooks. Where can I write to him?

J.K., West New York, N. J.

The role of Miss Brooks' mischievous pupil, Walter Denton, is played by handsome six-footer Dick Crenna. Dick was born in Los Angeles on November 30, 1926, and grew up in downtown hotels managed by his parents. He began his acting career on a Boy Scout radio program on which he spoke one line and received the magnificent fee of one dollar. From there he went on to roles in One Man's Family, A Day In The Life Of Dennis Day, Henry Aldrich, The Great Gildersleeve and, of course, Our Miss Brooks. Dick majored in English at the University of Southern California, served during the war in the infantry and signal corps until his acting ability was discovered and he was assigned to direct and star in plays for the Seventh Service Com-

Henry Morgan

Dick Crenna
mand. He has won a number of prizes for amateur photography, is a top-flight golfer and has few equals on the badminton courts. You can write to him c/o Our Miss Brooks, CBS-TV, 6121 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Rosemary Rice

Dear Editor:

Can you give me some background information on Rosemary Rice, who plays Katrin Hanson on Mama over CBS-TV?

M.R., Battle Creek, Mich.

 Pretty Rosemary Rice first appeared professionally in George Kaufman’s “Franklin Street,” then won the role of Fluffy in the road company of “Junior Miss.” In 1944, Rosemary became the troublemaking young sister in “Dear Ruth,” then went on to be heard as a regular on such programs as When A Girl Marries, Life Can Be Beautiful, Cavalcade Of America and The FBI In Peace And War. Rosemary lives in a Manhattan apartment but often goes home to Upper Montclair, New Jersey, to visit her father. Reserve Commander Albert F. Rice. Very proud of her skill with a skillet, Rosemary loves to entertain her colleagues from the Mama show.

That's Roger!

Dear Editor:

I would like to get a picture of Roger Sullivan, who was featured in a story in your June issue. E.T., Crestwood, N. Y.

For a picture of Roger Sullivan, write to him c/o Personal Service, 417 W. 50th St., New York, N. Y.

Two Out Of Three

Dear Editor:

I have been under the impression that the daytime radio serial characters of Richie Chapman in The Romance Of Helen Trent, Johnny Brent in The Road Of Life, and Gene Williams in Young Dr. Malone, were the same voice, that of Bill Lipton, but now I am uncertain. What are the roles that Bill actually plays?

V.A.F., Logansport, Ind.

Bill Lipton plays the parts of Gene Williams and Johnny Brent, but Hal Studer plays Richie Chapman.

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

Are you in the know?

Just met—what’s your chatter cue?

[ ] Take over [ ] Proceed with caution

How would you rate this dipper gal?

[ ] Shy [ ] Fun [ ] Dracula's daughter

For parched gullets, nothing beats a cold draught of aqua, country style—but who wants a cascade down his back? That’s Minnie the Ha-Ha for you. Up to another practical prank. Funny? Ask Pete (of the drenched shirt)! How can Minnie’s victims know that such buffoonery conceals shyness?; a need for notice? Being herself is a gal’s better bet. And on “those” days, comfort helps. Remember, Kotex gives softness that holds its shape...doesn’t chafe!

Should a back-to-school shopper be—

[ ] Label-conscious [ ] Loaded with lure

Budgeteem or million dollar baby—look for labels on tags before you buy! Little tags that tell about shrinkage, fade-resistance; whether a fabric’s washable or should be dry cleaned. Helps you choose what’s best for you. So too, when choosing Kotex, look for the labels Regular, Junior, Super. Of these 3 sizes there’s one exactly suited to you; gives the complete absorbency you need.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

Which of these “steadies” does most for you?

[ ] Romeo & Juliet [ ] Kotex & Kotex belts [ ] Moon ‘n’ June

Made for each other—Kotex and Kotex sanitary belts—and made to keep you comfortable. Of strong, soft-stretch elastic, they’re designed to prevent curling, cutting or twisting. So lightweight! And Kotex belts stay flat even after many washings. Buy two...for a change!
"Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo," says Virginia Mayo. 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!

Virginia Mayo
co-starring in
"KING RICHARD AND THE CRUSADERS"
Bachelor domain: Robert Q. collects just about everything connected with show business, from old theatrical and circus posters to art objects with a pronounced Indian accent—such as feathered headdresses and unique totem poles.

Man of the moment

Robert Q. Lewis enjoys each day to the hilt—as star of his own shows, as bachelor in demand—and has some remarkable plans for the years ahead!

By ED MEYERSON

I'M A HAPPY GUY,” Robert Q. Lewis said. The remark slipped out so quietly that even he seemed surprised. Then, a pair of brown eyes twinkled behind the famous spectacles. It was true, unblinkingly true! He was honestly, gratefully, down-to-earth, up-in-air happy.

This revelation can hardly come as a surprise to faithful fans of the CBS Robert Q. Lewis Shows. Here are two of the happiest programs in daytime
Despite all obstacles—including the famed spectacles—Robert Q. Lewis made himself a successful song-and-dance man.

Now Lewis helps others to develop their talent.

Song fest: Jan Arden (left), Jaye P. Morgan (center), and Chordettes.
TV and radio. Casual, impromptu—as much inspiration as invention—its format largely depends upon Bob's feelings at the moment. And, for about a year now, Bob's high spirits have been irrepressible. He still acts the life of the party, only now he seems to be asking everyone else to come join the party, come share the fun. His happiness is contagious, sparking the rest of the cast, tickling studio audiences, spilling out of thousands of sets into the living rooms of America.

Now, Bob has been known as a very funny fellow ever since he first replaced the vacationing Godfrey some seven years ago. But happiness—that's another thing. In private life, many of our greatest comedians are notoriously sad people indeed. On TV, however—particularly in a daily afternoon show—a man reveals pretty much what he is and how he feels. And it is a rare occasion these days when Bob (Continued on page 74)

The Robert Q. Lewis Show, CBS Radio, Sat., 11 A.M. EDT, sponsored by Helene Curtis Suave for Women, Doeskin Tissues, Chicken of the Sea Tuna, Royal Crown Cola. The Robert Q. Lewis Show, on CBS-TV, M, W, F, 2 P.M. EDT, under participating sponsorship. Robert Q. is moderator of The Name's The Same, ABC-TV, Tues., 10:30 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by C. A. Swanson & Sons and the Van Camp Sea Food Co.
Despite all obstacles—including the famed spectacles—Robert Q. Lewis made himself a successful song-and-dance man.

Now Lewis helps others to develop their talent on his shows. On stage, announcer Lee Vines, Jan, Earl, Lois; in orchestra (back to camera), maestro Ray Bloch.

Song fest: Jan Arden (left), Joyce P. Morgan (center), and Chordettes.

Harmony: Lois Hunt and Earl Wrightson in a duet.
Mr. and Mrs. Tom Roddy dodge the rice as they leave New York's St. Agnes Church—they pose with the Queen of Bermuda's captain on the high seas—and take to bicycles like true natives of the enchanted isle.
Roxanne and her bridegroom
found it hard to "beat the clock"
long enough to get married

Honeymoon time

By GREGORY MERWIN

This is the story of a guy who had Rox in his head for eight long years and finally married her. And this is the story of a gorgeous gal named Roxanne who came down to New York to slice herself a piece of moon—got the chunk and a couple of stars, to boot—but, when it came to marriage, almost missed the boat.

“What a boat!” says husband Tom. “Our courtship was the original slow one to China.”

“We didn’t beat the clock,” says Roxanne. “We just wore it out.”

Little wonder. It took Tom Roddy two of the first eight years just to get a date with Rox, although at the time they both lived in the same section of Minneapolis. However, they had never met. And, seeing her (Continued on page 89)

Roxanne is the hostess on Beat The Clock, over CBS-TV, Sat., 7:30 P.M. EDT, as emceed by Bud Collyer and sponsored by Sylvania Electric Products, Inc.

Glamorous days and nights for Roxanne and Tom, as guests at Bermuda’s beautiful Castle Harbor Hotel: They sail a dinghy in aquamarine waters—and feast by a campfire of driftwood after sundown.
Roxanne and her bridegroom found it hard to "beat the clock" long enough to get married.

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Roxanne is the hostess on Beat The Clock, over CBS-TV, Sat., 7:30 P.M., EDT, as enacted by Rod Collyer and sponsored by Sylvane Electric Products, Inc.

Glamorous days and nights for Roxanne and Tom, as guests of Bermuda's beautiful Castle Harbor Hotel: They sail a dinghy in aquamarine waters—and feast by a campfire of driftwood after sundown.
Children's hour: Win and his lovely wife Rita read aloud to Peter (who wears glasses like his Pop's), Susie, and Rickey.

Win and Rita plan a dream house; at right, with playwright Philip Dunning, who sold them the land on which they'll build.
ON THEIR ACCOUNT

Win Elliot’s life revolves around his wife and children, and they think he’s pretty wonderful, too!

By MARTIN COHEN

The kids, ranging in age from four to twelve, lean back on their heels before Win Elliot’s home and shout, “Come on out and play cops-and-robbers!”

They might be calling for Win’s two little guys, Rickey and Pete. But it’s just as likely that the Elliot boys, as well as sister Susie, are among the gang and they are calling on Win to join them. The kids know that, if Mr. Elliot doesn’t have to be at “the friendly bank,” On Your Account, he will probably show up in his dungarees and T-shirt.

“Win is the neighborhood hero,” says wife Rita. “When kids get stubborn around here, parents always say, ‘Now (Continued on page 95)

On Your Account, CBS-TV, M-F, 4:30 P.M., is sponsored by Tide and Prell. Win is also heard on Sanka Salutes, CBS Radio, Sat., 8:25 P.M., and Time For Betty Crocker, ABC Radio, M, W, F, 8:55 A.M., 2:30 and 4:25 P.M. (All EDT)

Wherever Win is, there are the children—and the other way round—even if there’s work to be done, like washing the car.
Win and Rita plan a dream house; at right, with playwright Philip Dunning, who sold them the land on which they'll build.
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On Your Account, CBS TV, M, F, 4:30 P.M., is sponsored by Tide and Prell. Win is also heard on NBC's Salute, CBS Radio, Sat., 8:25 P.M., and Time for Bites Under the Board Radio, M, W, F, 8:55 A.M., 2:30 and 4:25 P.M. (All Fri.)
He places faces, has secrets, sees stars, walks miles . . . well, he really flies, and no wonder!

By BUD GOODE

Bill Cullen smiles at the question. “Work?” he echoes. “Nothing is really ‘work,’ unless you’d rather be doing something else. And there’s nothing I’d rather be doing than talking to some wonderful folks in front of a microphone or television camera.”

Bill, star of the Ralph Edwards-packaged CBS-TV show, Place The Face, is an authority on work. He not only stars in Place The Face, but also on I’ve Got A Secret, Walk A Mile, and finally on Saturday afternoon, his four-hour Roadshow on radio and Your Lucky Stars on TV at night! Bill is a walking definition of the words “work” and “enthusiasm.”

As with most folks, Bill’s usual week begins Monday morning at 7:00 A.M. After a hasty breakfast—orange juice for quick energy, toast and butter for eight A.M. energy, and eggs and sausage for ten A.M. energy—he blows a goodbye kiss to his wife, ex-singer Carol Ames, then coats and hats his way from their New York apartment to the waiting cab outside.

But, with the goodbye kiss, comparison ends between most folks and the winged Mr. Cullen. By 10:00 A.M., he’s met with the producers of two of his shows, made (Continued on page 88)


Days off, he travels for fun—with his wife Carol.

Coast-to-coast commuting leaves little time for sleep in Beverly Hills, before he catches a plane back to New York.

Bill listens as intently as star visitor Dorothy Lamour, while producer-director Joe Landis explains Place The Face.
THE BRIGHTER DAY

A true friend, as the old proverb goes, is one who stands by in time of need. That's why the Reverend Dennis had answered the appeal of an old friend to come out West to help him solve his personal problems, as well as those which the friend faced as a pastor. The Reverend Dennis had taken this copybook motto—and all the other time-honored truths—and made them vital, up-to-date principles of life. He had instilled in his daughter Patsy, for example, the desire to help others, and Patsy felt this teaching applied in a very special way to members of one's own family . . . sometimes we all seem to be going off in different directions, wrapped up in our own special interests, but when one of us gets into trouble, it's up to the others to be right there with help and comfort. Patsy reflected on this as she set the table for dinner in the vicarage at New Hope . . . and, as she counted one less place for her absent father, she felt again how keenly they all missed his strength. In his absence, Patsy searched the wisdom he had tried to give her over her twenty-two years, trying to find a way in which she herself could help the members of the Dennis household overcome the various difficulties they faced . . . Grayling, for instance, whom the Reverend Dennis had thought to leave in charge as the head of the household while he was away and who had seemed to respond so well to the challenge of responsibility when he had undertaken to settle Althea in Chicago under the care of Dr. Blake Hamilton. The Reverend Dennis had thought that, in making Grayling think of others, he had finally found a way to help his son conquer his weakness for drink and build a new sense of responsibility . . . But the minister had not known of the attractive older woman whom Grayling had met on his return trip from Chicago. Patsy distrusted this woman with whom she saw Grayling become more deeply involved. Patsy, who was always so quick to like people and so slow to suspect them, had sensed an undercurrent of selfish design beneath the newcomer's charm, and she had tried to warn Grayling against her . . . And what about Babby? Eager and impulsive, Babby needed the guidance of her father's forceful personality to see her through the storm-filled, crucial teen-age times. And Althea, who had made so many false starts on the road back to a normal, healthy mental state . . . would she really permit Dr. Blake Hamilton to help her this time? In her deep concern for the others in the Dennis family, Patsy skipped lightly over her own problems—problems in which Alan Butler and Randy Hamilton played important parts. She prayed only that her father would return before the relationships in which his family were involved became even more tangled . . . But would even the Reverend Dennis, with his strong faith, his deep understanding and wisdom, be able to guide all of them—Grayling, Babby, Althea and herself—to discover a similar strength within themselves and to find their own brighter days?

The Brighter Day, M-F—seen on CBS-TV at 4 P.M. EDT—heard on CBS Radio at 2:45 P.M. EDT—is sponsored by Cheer and other products. Pictured here, left to right, are Mary Linn Beller as Babby Dennis, Hal Holbrook as Grayling Dennis, Lois Nettleton as Patsy Dennis.
As she set the table, Patsy wondered if she could take her father's place in trying to help Babby and Grayling solve their problems.
Hal Holbrook as Grayling Dennis. Lois Nettleton as Patsy Dennis.
A true friend, as the old proverb goes, is one who stands by in time of need. That's why the Reverend Dennis had answered the appeal of an old friend to come out West to help him solve his personal problems, as well as those which the friend faced as a pastor. The Reverend Dennis had taken this copybook motto—and all the other time-honored truths—and made them vital, up-to-date principles of life. He had instilled in his daughter Patsy, for example, the desire to help others, and Patsy felt this teaching applied in a very special way to members of one's own family... sometimes we all seem to be going off in different directions, wrapped up in our own special interests, but when one of us gets into trouble, it's up to the others to be right there with help and comfort. Patsy reflected on this as she set the table for dinner in the vicarage at New Hope... and, as she counted one less place for her absent father, she felt again how keenly they all missed his strength. In his absence, Patsy searched the wisdom he had tried to give her over her twenty-two years, trying to find a way in which she herself could help the members of the Dennis household overcome the various difficulties they faced... Grayling, for instance, whom the Reverend Dennis had thought to leave in charge as the head of the household while he was away and who had seemed to respond so well to the challenge of responsibility when he had undertaken to settle Althea in Chicago under the care of Dr. Blake Hamilton. The Reverend Dennis had thought that, in making Grayling think of others, he had finally found a way to help his son conquer his weakness for drink and build a new sense of responsibility... But the minister had not known of the attractive older woman whom Grayling had met on his return trip from Chicago. Patsy distrusted this woman with whom she saw Grayling become more deeply involved. Patsy, who was always so quick to like people and so slow to suspect them, had sensed an undercurrent of selfish design beneath the newcomer's charm, and she had tried to warn Grayling against her... And what about Bobby? Eager and impulsive, Bobby needed the guidance of her father's forceful personality to see her through the storm-filled, crucial teen-age times. And Althea, who had made so many false starts on the road back to a normal, healthy mental state... would she really permit Dr. Blake Hamilton to help her this time? In her deep concern for the others in the Dennis family, Patsy skipped lightly over her own problems—problems in which Alan Butler and Randi Hamilton played important parts. She prayed only that her father would return before the relationships in which his family were involved became even more tangled. But would even the Reverend Dennis, with his strong faith, his deep understanding and wisdom, be able to guide all of them—Grayling, Bobby, Althea and herself—to discover a similar strength within themselves and to find their own brighter days?
the heart of the Goldbergs

Uncle David (Eli Mintz) plays his part in family affairs.

Matchmaker Molly loves romance—and her son Sammy (Tom Taylor) obliges with a kiss for pretty Dora Barnett (Pat Breslin).

In real life or on TV,
Gertrude Berg's warm affection for all living things brings out the best in people—and in plants.

By DAN SENSENEY

There's a song—an oldie, but you still hear it now and then—that goes, "I want to be happy, but I can't be happy, till I make you happy, too!" It's a pretty nice song, with something heart-lifting about it. Particularly the lyrics.

Those lyrics weren't written by Gertrude Berg. But they could have been. She lives them, every day of her life—in her relationships with her husband and children, with the actors and producing staff of her comedy-drama TV series, The Goldbergs, in every act and decision of an uncommonly crowded schedule. And, most of all, she lives them in the spirit with which she conceives, writes, and plays the principal role in that TV show.

See Next Page

It's everyone's beloved Molly—Gertrude Berg herself
By HAROLD KEENE

LITTLE, dark-haired Mrs. Guy Biondi—better known along New York's radio and TV row as Andree Wallace, and to radio listeners as That Other Woman (Elise Shephard) in Backstage Wife—woke her husband in the dead of a February night last winter and said, "Guy, something's wrong. Terribly wrong."

Even half-asleep as he was, he knew that this didn't mean a burglar in the new house or the flicker of flames in the neighborhood. Andree was six months pregnant, and she hadn't been feeling well for a couple of days. "Shall I call the doctor, or do you think it had better be the hospital?"

"I think," she said, biting her lips hard, "the hospital."

For a few days the doctors couldn't tell her how it was all going to work out. She was hemorrhaging, they explained, but there was just a possibility they might save the baby. She'd better begin accepting the chance, though, that she might lose it.

Andree (Continued on page 97)
Unlike Elise Shephard, in Backstage Wife, Andree Wallace would rather have her family than all the fame on Broadway.

Andree honestly enjoys her household chores. Son Tony's still a bit young, but daughter Anne's already learning to help—and husband Guy Biondi thinks it will be just fine if Anne grows up to be half as good a cook as her mother.
"King Paul" thinks so highly of her voice, he presents Shirley on two Whiteman musical hours.

She's one way to keep a doll-like figure!

To Shirley Harmer, of Paul Whiteman's great shows, love songs have true meaning now

By PHILIP CHAPMAN

Summer or winter, she's a breath of spring. Her name is Shirley Harmer, and she's the exciting new voice and personality who has been heard and acclaimed on Paul Whiteman's and Dave Garroway's biggest shows. Even meeting her in a businesslike studio, with the New York heat heavy on the streets outside, Shirley is as cool and clear as spring, a refreshing newcomer who's sure to brighten the broadcasting year, through all the seasons, lending a new fragrance to 1954... and 1955... from now on...

(Continued on page 99)

Shirley Harmer is singing star of two hour-long Paul Whiteman shows on the ABC Radio Network, American Music Hall, heard on Sundays at 8 P.M. EDT, and The Whiteman Varieties, Thurs., 9 P.M. EDT.

Shirley lives in a hotel for women, takes schoolgirlish delight in relaxing with such close friends as Anne Coffinberry (in white shirt), whom she met at ABC, and Penny Coker (striped shirt), a successful New York model.
She's a Living Doll
He said "tomayto," Beryl said "tomahto," but they both spoke the language of love

By BETTY MILLS

TWO PEOPLE don't have to speak the same language to fall in love. Oklahoma-born Peter Potter, with his "Hi, y'all," and English-born Beryl Davis (now Mrs. Potter), with her "Hallo, theah," spoke two different languages when they first met.

The only thing they had in common, language-wise, was a friendly press agent who understood both of them. Seven years ago, Jerry Johnson—the press agent—said to Peter, "There's a girl singer coming from the East, Pete, that I think you'd like to meet."

"Yeah. Who?"

"Beryl Davis, the English gal who stars on Your Hit Parade." (Continued on page 85)

Peter Potter's Juke Box Jury is on CBS Radio, Sun., 7 P.M. EDT. On the Pacific Coast, Juke Box Jury can be seen on KNXT, Sat., 10:30 P.M. PDT, and Peter Potter's Platter Parade can be heard on KLAC, every day (including Sunday), starting 9:30 A.M. PDT.

Beryl says Merry Bell is "the perfect baby—she loves to be sung to and cuddled." Big brother Bill likes to do things on his own, singing and choosing records himself.

Toys are fine, thinks Bill. But—like his parents themselves—he'd rather be out fishing or swimming!
Gardening is something new for Frances—despite the fact that she grew up in California.

She's proud of their old Welsh dresser, the one real period piece in their big living room.

Pennsylvania's Jericho Valley is the lovely view from their picture window and the flagstone terrace Philip built himself.

**Presenting PORTIA**

**Frances Reid faces a happy life indeed, in her dual role as both housewife and career woman**

By ELEANOR POLLOCK

SLIM, dark-haired Frances Reid has no difficulty in understanding the complications involved in being a career woman and a wife, for she has managed both successfully for fourteen years. She understands, too, that it is the exceptional man who doesn't secretly object to having a successful business woman around the house, perhaps even in competition with him. This perception and sensitivity enable her to step convincingly into the starring role in *Portia Faces Life*, over CBS-TV... Portia, who in spite of herself is torn between the law career she gave up to be a wife and mother and the knowledge that her husband Walter, owner of the *Parkerstown Herald*, is strongly against her

Continued
The little house in the woods is an ideal setting for Frances and her actor-husband, Philip Bourneuf, and their dog, "Milly." Table, above, was the gift of radio-TV actress Lili Darvas.
Presenting PORTIA
(Continued)

Indoors or out, Frances and Philip find that country living offers perfect relaxation for two busy performers.

Like Portia, Frances proves a smart woman can be "good returning to her practice. Frances' own life has been free of this particular complication because her husband, the well-known actor Philip Bourneuf, believes that anyone—even his wife—should be permitted to do what she wants to do. But she has the trouble which dual careers can cause, if concessions are not made on each side.

"However," says Frances, "unlike Portia and Walter, Philip and I have no children. I believe that children come first. If Philip and I had been fortunate enough to have any, I am sure I would have wanted to be with them when they were little. But Portia's daughter and stepson are now at an age where she could, I think, go back to work, if the opportunity arises. The fact that a woman works doesn't necessarily mean that she has to compete with her husband. Look at Philip and me. We are both actors, and actors are popularly supposed to be jealous of each other. Nothing could be further from the truth in our house. Our similarity of interests keeps us interested in each other. And, every time I get a good part, Philip is pleased. Naturally, when he does well, I'm on top of the world myself."

The Bourneufs divide their time between an apartment in an old brownstone house in New York's Chelsea section and a pink plaster house in New Hope, Pennsylvania, where many famous actors, writers and artists live. "Believe me," laughs Frances,
more than one thing—at least, Philip likes my cooking!

"I'm glad that I've been a housewife as well as an actress. For, every time that I, as Portia, have to turn up a hem—or make a dessert or do some other simple household task—I know how it should be done because I've done it. And I insist on doing it correctly. Why, look at this room," and she waves her hand around the double-height living room with the huge picture window overlooking Jericho Valley. "I did all the painting and plastering myself. I even mixed the paint for the outside of the house, but—" and here she gives a hearty laugh, "I had planned it to be a sort of warm beige and it turned out to be pink."

But the little pink house in the woods is a wonderful place for two busy people to retreat to from the city and do things together. Philip, for instance, built the spacious flagstone terrace by himself. Frances says, "I'm no good at heavy work at all. So, while Philip was shifting stones around, I planted a garden. Last year I had zinnias everywhere. Nobody told me that giant zinnias were really giants, taller than I am, and I had almost a quarter-acre of them. This year I have planted petunias, an herb garden, lilies of the valley, and—oh, yes, tomatoes. I went crazy at the nursery."

(Continued on page 94)
Presenting PORTIA
(Continued)

Indoors or out, Frances and Philip find that country living offers perfect relaxation for two busy performers.

returning to her practice. Frances' own life has been free of this particular complication because her husband, the well-known actor Philip Bourneuf, believes that anyone—even his wife—should be permitted to do what she wants to do. But she has the trouble which dual careers can cause, if concessions are not made on each side.

"However," says Frances, "unlike Portia and Walter, Philip and I have no children. I believe that children come first. If Philip and I had been fortunate enough to have any, I am sure I would have wanted to be with them when they were little. But Portia's daughter and stepson are now at an age where she could, I think, go back to work, if the opportunity arises. The fact that a woman works doesn't necessarily mean that she has to compete with her husband. Look at Philip and me. We are both actors, and actors are popularly supposed to be jealous of each other. Nothing could be further from the truth in our house. Our similarity of interests keeps us interested in each other. And, every once in a while, Philip gets a good part. Philip is pleased. Naturally, when he does well, I'm on top of the world myself."

The Bourneufs divide their time between an apartment in an old brownstone house in New York's Chelsea section and a pink plaster house in New Hope, Pennsylvania, where many famous actors, writers and artists live. "Believe me," laughs Frances, "I'm glad that I've been a housewife as well as an actress. For, every time that I, as Portia, have to turn up a horn—or make a dessert or do some other simple household task—I know how it should be done because I've done it. And I insist on doing it correctly. Why, look at this room," and she waves her hand around the double-height living room with the huge picture window overlooking Jericho Valley. "I did all the painting and plastering myself. I even mixed the paint for the outside of the house, but—" and here she gives a hearty laugh, "I had planned it to be a sort of warm beige and it turned out to be pink."

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(Continued on page 94)

Frances Reid stars in "Portia Plants Life," CBS-TV, M-F, 7 P.M. EDT, for the Past Cereals Division of General Foods.

"And, like husbands everywhere, Philip feels he is an authority on motors. Here he is faster with the family car."

Most modern note—and a very practical one—in their shipshape home is the pair of "his and hers" wash basins.
This is Dotty Mack as I know her—as smart as she is lovely!
Some pretty girls are lovely to look at, some pretty girls are charming to know. But, when beauty, charm and lively humor are all concentrated into the one small package of delicate femininity which is Dotty Mack, a guy starts to glow the minute she walks into a room. I know, for that’s just what happened to me when I first caught sight of her at a Variety Club Halloween party in Cincinnati in the fall of 1949.

Probably I was the only one in the room who didn’t identify her instantly, for she was already a rising young star on WCPO-TV. That I failed to recognize her was due to the fact that I’d spent the whole summer as a lifeguard at a swimming pool. Add some nighttime singing engagements to that, and it left me no time for TV viewing. I had some more singing to do that night but, when Dotty walked in, I sort of lost interest in my song.

Even in that crowd, which included all of our local show-business big names, she stood out like a brilliant flower on a cloudy day. I just took one look at those big brown eyes, that entrancing smile, and I said to myself, “Boy! That’s for me.” I saw to it that some one introduced us and I lost no time asking for a date. As things turned out, we didn’t fall in love with each other, but we did become friends. (Continued on page 12)
Jack Bailey has found the consequences very pleasant, telling the truth in his own life. He always told his bride show business was the place for him, and now Carol Bailey is queen—every day—in their lovely California home.
the Consequences of Truth

Ralph Edwards thought Jack Bailey was just right for TV’s “T Or C.” Then, one bright vacation day, he knew!

By ELSA MOLINA

One of broadcasting’s most beloved programs has a brand-new look these days. After fourteen years on radio, Truth Or Consequences has settled down to a long run on TV. And that’s not the only thing that’s new about “T Or C.” It has a brand-new emcee, too, a prankster as quick and lively as a kitten on a catnip binge—Jack Bailey!

You may say, “Truth Or Consequences without Ralph Edwards? Why, that’s like bread without jam!” But there’s a good reason why Jack is now commanding the program in Ralph’s place. In Ralph’s own words, “I’m not on ‘T Or C’ because the Angel and the Devil can’t lie down together!”

The “devil” was Ralph’s trademark on the radio version of Truth Or Consequences. His familiar expression, “Aren’t we devils?” went into fifteen million homes every week. Ralph feels that this good-natured ol’ debil is no fit companion for the sincere halo that today surrounds him on NBC-TV’s This Is Your Life.

Though the medium of television gives Truth Or Consequences a new look, the show’s personality is the same—in the person of Jack Bailey—as it was with Ralph Edwards: a show based on pranks, but a show with a heart that never misses a chance to turn a “consequence” into a “cause.”

This was the touch (Continued on page 73)
Since the divorce of her parents, Philip and Betty Wallace, ten-year-old Terry Wallace has been shuttled back and forth between her mother—who is now Mrs. Henry Taylor—and her father, who has also remarried. Feeling unwanted and unloved, Terry reacts so violently her stepfather, Henry Taylor, is forced to seek the aid of Julie Nixon at Hilltop House.
2. Slowly, under Julie's wise and patient care, Terry begins to feel wanted again. When Julie learns of the child's love for her father, she decides to contact him.

Throughout her years as mistress of Hilltop House, Julie Nixon has learned there are many kinds of love... the love of a mother for her child, the love between a man and a woman—the love of life itself and the good things therein. And she knows there is no love more rewarding, more heartfelt and uplifting, than that of a child for its parents. Julie also knows that, when a child's love is left to go begging—is coldly cast aside by older, more knowing persons—the results can be heartbreakingly disastrous. And, because every child craves attention and thrives on the feeling of security instilled through love, it is only natural that, when deprived of these, a child will act in whatever way she feels will attract the ones she loves to her. Too often, as Julie has seen, those ways are unwise and only serve to bring greater unhappiness and misery to all concerned. When this happens, as it was happening with little Terry Wallace, it takes a wise mind, a helpful heart full of kindness and generosity, to stem the tide of rising tragedy. Possessed of

A little girl's happiness hangs in the balance as Julie Nixon summons all her wisdom and courage to overcome the forces of greed and deceit.

3. While Julie is away trying to convince Philip Wallace he should care for Terry, Henry Taylor changes his mind and decides to take the unwilling Terry away from Hilltop House.
4. Henry Taylor's actions bring renewed violence from Terry, which prompts Julie to seek the aid of Terry's great aunt, Marie Wallace, who offers to care for Terry.

these fine attributes, Julie had worked ceaselessly to mend the broken lives of so many homeless and unwanted children. And she knew that, with ten-year-old Terry Wallace, she would have to summon all the powers at her command if she were to see the child safely through her unfortunate plight. . . For five troubled years, Terry had been the victim of her parents' divorce. She was five when the bombshell exploded which shattered her happy life with her parents, Philip and Betty Wallace. In the years that followed, the deep scars of Terry's emotional hurt grew larger and larger, fed by her feelings of insecurity and loneliness. . . While the divorce proceedings were being completed, Terry had gone to live with Philip's wealthy aunt, Mrs. Marie Wallace, who had done her best to comfort the bereaved little girl. But Terry, in her unhappiness, grew to fear Mrs. Wallace, and thus her life became a living nightmare. . . Soon after Terry's parents were divorced, they each remarried and established new homes. In the succeeding years, Terry was like a helpless, storm-tossed ship as she was shuttled back and forth between the two homes, feeling unwanted in both, feeling robbed of the love she had once cherished, but had taken for granted. For now there were two strangers—a stepfather and stepmother—to occupy the attentions of her own mother and father. The shock of all this had the additional effect of making Terry vent her emotions through violence. She became particularly unmanageable when her mother—now Mrs. Henry Taylor—was expecting another child. And so steps were taken to have Terry sent away until the new baby was born. Terry was taken to the Children's Court in Glendale, where Judge Lennox, calling her an "orphan of divorce," had her sent to Hilltop House to receive the guidance and help she so desperately needed from Julie. . . It didn't take Julie long to understand Terry's problem. She learned, too, of the adoration Terry had for her father, whom she had not seen for two years now. For, shortly after the divorce, Philip Wallace had begun

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HILLTOP HOUSE

(Continued)

Pictured here, as heard on the air, are:

Julie ........................................ Jan Miner
Terry Wallace ............................... Janet (Janie) Alexander
Philip Wallace .............................. Casey Allen
Betty Taylor ......................... Alice Yourman
Henry Taylor .................................. Carl Frank
Marion Wallace ......................... Ruth Yorke
Aunt Marie .................................. Kate McComb
Judge Lennox .............................. Bill Adams

Hilltop House is heard on CBS Radio, M-F, 3 P.M., EDT, sponsored by Miles Laboratories, Inc., makers of Alka-Seltzer.
Terry is ecstatic over going to live with her father, but Philip's second wife, Marion, doesn't like the idea and only puts up with having Terry because Philip stands to gain by it. Outwardly, Philip acts like a model, devoted father—especially when Aunt Marie comes to visit. But Julie is not so easily deceived and strongly suspects that Philip's intentions are not sincere.

to evade his share of the responsibility in caring for Terry and had found numerous excuses for leaving her with Betty. And it became quite evident that Philip was completely indifferent to the little daughter who worshiped him so wholeheartedly. . . . With typical perceptiveness and forthrightness, Julie made it her business to contact Philip Wallace, plead Terry's case, and persuade him to come to Glendale to visit the child. But she was too late for, in the meantime, Terry's stepfather, Henry Taylor, had acted on impulse and had taken Terry away from Hilltop House. The result was disastrous. Terry had missed seeing her beloved daddy and, in her upset state, once again became violent. . . . Julie had worked hard and patiently to restore some emotional stability in Terry, but now all her efforts had been destroyed. Seeking some way to help Terry—someone who might give

See Next Page—→ 61
the child some attention and love and a sense of belonging—Julie wrote to Philip's aunt, Marie Wallace, who responded by coming to Glendale and offering to care for Terry again. With Julie's help, Terry gradually overcame her fear of her great aunt and began to feel closer to her. Meanwhile, having learned his aunt was in town, Philip Wallace suddenly reappeared, full of penitence and clamoring for another chance to do right by his daughter. However, his intentions were by no means in good faith, but merely for the purpose of getting back into Aunt Marie's good graces. Aunt Marie had long since lost patience with Philip's irresponsible, immature behavior and had changed her will so that he had been cut off without a penny. Now, Philip hoped to be reinstated in her favor by taking an interest in Terry. And so he insisted upon taking Terry home with him—and Terry, ecstatic because he wanted her, went with him without hesitation. Unknown to Philip, Aunt Marie was not a well woman and was therefore particularly concerned that Terry—the chief beneficiary of her will—should be properly cared for. So she and Julie visited Philip to see if he was being true to his word. From all outward appearances, Philip acted like the model, devoted father, lavishing attention on Terry and showering her with gifts. But the wise Julie was not to be so easily deceived. She carefully noted Philip's attempt to impress his aunt and quickly realized his insincere motives in showing an interest in Terry. Not long after, Julie's suspicions were verified when Aunt Marie finally succumbed to her long illness and passed away. Immediately, Philip made it known that he wanted to become the executor of the estate Aunt Marie had left Terry, but he didn't want the responsibility of caring for her. In order to achieve his end, Philip claimed Terry was an incorrigible child and should be put in a school for problem children. Incensed by Philip's scheming callousness and utter disregard for Terry's welfare, Julie took up the battle for Terry's happiness with even greater vigor, determined to fight Philip to the bitter end. Julie had come to realize that Mrs. Taylor was sincerely concerned and anxious for her little girl's welfare, and she strove to have Terry brought back to her mother's home. But this was not a matter for her alone to decide. Once again, Terry—caught in the whirlpool of the conflicting forces of good and evil—

7. Philip, learning that his Aunt Marie is dying, continues to impress her with his renewed interest in Terry—all of which only serves to intensify Julie's suspicions.

8. Following Aunt Marie's death, Julie learns of Philip's scheme to become executor of the estate Aunt Marie willed to Terry and determines to fight him to the end.
Julie appears with Terry in Children’s Court before Judge Lennox, who will decide whether Henry and Betty Taylor or Philip and Marion Wallace shall take custody of Terry. Julie, knowing Terry is depending on her, now prepares to expose Philip’s motives. Will she be successful in thwarting his selfish scheme and thus provide some measure of happiness for Terry?

was brought before Judge Lennox at the Glendale Court. ... Now, the crucial part of the battle is approaching. Julie, in taking a stand against the despicable Philip Wallace, must prove that he intends only to benefit his own selfish end. The one thing that gives Julie the courage and determination to expose this man is the fact that a helpless child is depending on her. For, in the midst of all her conflict, Terry knows she has at last gained a true friend in beloved Miss Julie, who is striving to bring some measure of happiness and peace into her troubled life. But will the mistress of Hilltop House be able to reward the child’s faith in her? Will Julie be able to thwart Philip’s plans and thereby open the door to a new and brighter world for a little girl who has known too long the bitterness and indifference of selfish, deceitful adults who don’t have her interest at heart?
ONE LATE AFTERNOON, about four years ago, Mort Lawrence (not then known as “The Voice of Fashion” on CBS-TV’s The Big Payoff) parked his car in the driveway. He said hello to his children, Arlene and Dick, and then went directly to the bedroom he shared with his wife Rosalie, sat on the edge of the bed, and let his head sink into his hands.

Rosalie found him there ten minutes later. He hadn’t moved. “Are you sick, Mort?” she asked anxiously.

“You bet I am,” he said, “but don’t go calling a doctor. The only thing that can cure me right now is to be hit over the head—repeatedly—with a sledge hammer.”

“For heaven’s sake, what—?”

“Do you remember a few weeks ago when I said I had a business deal cooking? A deal that looked as though it would put us in the clear, pay up the mortgage on this house, and even make us rich someday?”

“Oh, yes.” Rosalie (Continued on page 83)

Mort Lawrence announces The Big Payoff on CBS-TV, M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by the Colgate-Palmolive Co.
found the answer that led to The Big Payoff, as both announcer and family man

Wife Rosalie's a grand cook. But, outdoors, she only helps serve Richard and young Rosalie—after all, Mort built the barbecue himself! He designed much of their home, and also super-trained the family poodle, "Bon Bon."
AMERICAN DREAM GIRL
Patti Page has always wanted to be "like Como," and it's all coming true—except for one little daydream

By MACY EDWARDS

It was a sad song—about a girl who introduced her friend to her sweetheart, only to have him stolen from her while they danced the "Tennessee Waltz." Patti Page sang it as though the only one it really mattered to was Patti herself. But it mattered to some four million Americans who rushed out to buy recordings. It even mattered as far away as Red China, where this little torch song was to blast right through the Bamboo Curtain.

Communist countries try to ban our music as "degenerate." But, in 1952, the hottest item in the Shanghai black market was Patti's recording of "Tennessee Waltz." Hard-to-get copies sold as high as twenty dollars apiece. The government, after vain attempts to suppress it, finally did an about-face and authorized playing the record in public.

"There is a dearth of marriageable males in the United States," the Red propaganda machine announced. "Women must resort to all sorts of devices to snare a husband." Triumphanty, the lyrics of "Tennessee Waltz" were cited as proof: "Look, a sweetheart is not even safe from a girl's best friend. . . ."

Patti's subsequent (Continued on page 81)

Patti is often a guest on the Perry Como show, TV's Top Tunes, CBS-TV, M, W, F, 7:45 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by Chesterfield Cigarettes and currently featuring Ray Anthony and His Band.

Patti's future hung in the balance when she met Jack Roel (above), her present monographer. Now, success has brought her a boat she treasures—though she has learned not to spend all her vacation cooking in the galley!
He's funny that way!

In fact, Sam Cowling's our favorite husband, father and
We got Sam away from Don McNeill (opposite page, left) long enough to pose with the rest of us Cowlings. But he still wears funny clothes. Del wouldn't let us boys borrow that shirt for anything but a masquerade—as if we cared!

By
ADELLE, SAM JR., and
BILL COWLING

This is about a man who takes a nap afternoons at our place. We never get to see him mornings, because he's out of here at an hour called 5 A.M., which no normal person ever heard of getting up at, let alone going to work at.

Along about the time the rest of us are having breakfast at a nice comfortable hour, this same man shows up on the television screen, and the only thing you can conclude is that the nap yesterday afternoon must have had some benefit, because how else could anybody be that full of pep and fun so early in the day?

Apparently, several million people think that Sam Cowling of Don McNeill's (Continued on page 76)

Don McNeill's Breakfast Club, featuring Sam Cowling, as simulcast over ABC Radio and ABC-TV, M-F, 9 A.M. EDT, is sponsored on both TV and radio by the Philco Corp. and Quaker Oats Company, and on radio by Swift & Co. and RealEumo-Puritan Co.

Trust Sam to have an ace "up his sleeve," even without any sleeves. But Bill (left) never misses a trick, either—as our story reveals.
WHO’S WHO AT Masquerade Party?

Can you recognize these guests-in-disguise—and match them with their real-life portraits?

1. "Old —— had a farm"—that's the wife's name. The "jeans" they're wearing is a clue to the husband's!

2. Looks like those well-known Smith Bros., "Trade" and "Mark"—but they're sisters under those beards.

A:J
3. Hello, "Mr. Chips"! A beloved teacher of this generation makes a bow to one from an earlier day.

4. "Father" Neptune? She's one of his swimmingest daughters, knows his seas—and channels—very well.

5. Santa Claus with a great gift of song, he represents Christmas—the most enchanted "eve" of all.

6. "Great Expectations": America's most famous bachelor girl portrays Dickens' most famous spinster, Miss Haversham.

Welcome to Masquerade Party, whose hosts are some of the wiliest wits on the air... whose guests of honor are celebrities disguised in costumes which give some clue to their identity—occupation or kinship, a pun on name or birthplace. ... Regular panelists have five minutes to "guess who"—and, for each second they take, the program pays $1 to the masquerader's favorite charity. ... Without time limit—or any reward except the fun of it—how many of these past-season guests can you identify? Just pair each numbered picture-in-disguise with a lettered real-life photograph... then check your answers on page 88.

Masquerade Party, with Ilka Chase, Buff Cobb, Peter Donald and Ogden Nash, is seen on CBS-TV, Mon., 9:30 P.M. EDT, for Instant Maxwell House Coffee.
Beautiful Dreamer

(Continued from page 55)

With Dotty to watch, I also started paying attention to television and, as has happened so often with performers, TV tuned me in to a new action. Because pantomime seems so easy to the viewer and it's no good if it ever appears labored—I have a theory that Dotty seldom gets creased—she does in a scene, such as at WCPO-TV, executed a bit of embroidery. She's the kind of actress who always has something to add to the characterization which is assigned her. While the broad outline is supplied, it's Dotty who provides many of those little touches to fill out the picture.

She also is largely responsible for the spontaneous, fresh quality of the show. One means she uses to achieve this is the old show-business game of trying to "break up" the other performer. This, I might add, can only happen when the people involved thoroughly like and trust each other. It was standing out of range of the camera and doing your darnedest to make the guy who is in view forget his lines and break out laughing. Among friends, this becomes a challenge when both players realize the camera makes an extra effort to interest the heckler to the point where the latter forgets to heckle and becomes the most entranced viewer of all.

In fact, Dotty is utilized to the utmost by which performers help each other overcome that nervous, lonely fear which can freeze even the most seasoned actor when he suddenly realizes he is out of range of a couple of million people. With your best friend needing you, you don't care about what you're doing. Dotty is a past master of this trick. She knows exactly when I'm nervous and it's time to stop heckling me.

Only once has it backfired. That happened the night we had a hillbilly number scheduled. For a few weeks, Dotty had been working on a dreamy, romantic bit. As I recall, our music for the romance was "Till We Meet Again." For it, we portrayed a guy and a girl. The girl held a picture and while Dotty started picking it up, I hunches and watch a hide-and-seek moon. With our production problem in mind, we used a cut-out of a car as a mask. For the top part of our costumes, we used our oldibraltar of a hillbilly number. We were half-ready for our hillbilly number. We were ragged jeans and our feet were bare. I was successfully (I hope) portraying the guy in a hillbilly outfit, and when Dotty started wriggling her toes, I couldn't resist doing likewise. Beside her tiny feet, mine looked like flatboats. As though overcome with sweet emotion, she cuddled close against my shoulder until her lips were near my ear. She then whispered, "You really should try red polish on those awful-looking toenails."

I was about to rush at her and say something I shouldn't, but Dotty had been watching me. She giggled, too. There was no stopping either of us. We lost track of our words and action and just gave up helplessly, while our poor director, Abe Cowan, and producer, Jack Launer, having spent a good share of our spare time listening to recordings, each of us was continually adding new tunes we wanted to do. With the fervor of a campaign manager making a pitch for a politician, each of us argues in favor of his choice. We support these arguments by suggesting scenes, action and costumes which would dramatize them. Numbers which prove most vivid in this free-for-all are chosen to go into the program, and Cowan and Launer then supply us with copies of the song, instructing us to learn the words while they set the final plot for action and costumes.

With Dotty establishing the pace, we start thinking of our show as a serious business. But it is Dotty who really hit me hard. I, too, realized this one-eyed box held magic. Then I, too, said, "Boy, this really is for me. I got-fooled to it the straight long time in New York and I didn't see Uncle Sam presented me some solid book on an extended tour and I took off for the Army.

By the time I got back, the Pantomime Hit Parade was in the works. Pantomime Hit Parade is the idea of our station manager, Mort Watters, for a late-evening show. "People are tired of being chained to their chairs at last date," he had decided. "Let's replace the movie with a relaxed hour of pantomimed music."

Dotty was the obvious choice to star in the pantomime, and I suppose all of us at the station were to some extent glad to see her. But Dotty had different ideas. "I'd rather work with people I know," she insisted. "We have a lot of fellows around here who deserve a break."

Needless to say, I was pretty excited when I was chosen. But our top commercial announcer, Colin Mal, was leery about the idea. "You're not a commercial announcer," he stpped. "I don't do commercials, but you'll need me to pantomime a record. I'd be scared stiff."

Now, Colin is a master of the dry, wry wit which is so typical of the Her Shriner type of humor. For a time, he went through rehearsals contributing only an occasional pithy comment when Dotty said she took off on a too heady flight of fancy.

Dotty bid her time, but I've a suspicion that she already had a plot forming in that pretty head of hers. There came the day when I was made successful. Our announcing a surprise and announced,"All right, Mr. Smarty," she challenged. "How about you getting in here and showing us how it's supposed to be done?"

Since pantomiming is slightly contagious, once Colin took her dare, he was as much caught up in the fun of it as the rest of us. It wasn't long before we were, without protest, donning black whiskers and a hillbilly outfit and wandering around barefoot while he hammed it up with me in one of those Homer and Jethro numbers which have become a regular feature of the show.

The ABC program, The Dotty Mack Show, stemmed directly from this local late-evening program of ours and, as I indicated, even rehearsals are fun. A show starts with a meeting our director, Abe Cowan, and producer, Jack Launer. Having spent a good share of our spare time listening to recordings, each of us was continually adding new tunes we wanted to do. With the fervor of a campaign manager making a pitch for a politician, each of us argues in favor of his choice. We support these arguments by suggesting scenes, action and costumes which would dramatize them. Numbers which prove most vivid in this free-for-all are chosen to go into the program, and Cowan and Launer then supply us with copies of the song, instructing us to learn the words while they set the final plot for action and costumes.

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Dotty was the obvious choice to star in the pantomime, and I suppose all of us at the station were to some extent glad to see her. But Dotty had different ideas. "I'd rather work with people I know," she insisted. "We have a lot of fellows around here who deserve a break."

Needless to say, I was pretty excited when I was chosen. But our top commercial announcer, Colin Mal, was leery about the idea. "You're not a commercial announcer," he stpped. "I don't do commercials, but you'll need me to pantomime a record. I'd be scared stiff."

Now, Colin is a master of the dry, wry wit which is so typical of the Her Shriner type of humor. For a time, he went through rehearsals contributing only an occasional pithy comment when Dotty said she took off on a too heady flight of fancy.

Dotty bid her time, but I've a suspicion that she already had a plot forming in that pretty head of hers. There came the day when I was made successful. Our announcing a surprise and announced,"All right, Mr. Smarty," she challenged. "How about you getting in here and showing us how it's supposed to be done?"

Since pantomiming is slightly contagious, once Colin took her dare, he was as much caught up in the fun of it as the rest of us. It wasn't long before we were, without protest, donning black whiskers and a hillbilly outfit and wandering around barefoot while he hammed it up with me in one of those Homer and Jethro numbers which have become a regular feature of the show.

The ABC program, The Dotty Mack Show, stemmed directly from this local late-evening program of ours and, as I indicated, even rehearsals are fun. A show starts with a meeting our director, Abe Cowan, and producer, Jack Launer. Having spent a good share of our spare time listening to recordings, each of us was continually adding new tunes we wanted to do. With the fervor of a campaign manager making a pitch for a politician, each of us argues in favor of his choice. We support these arguments by suggesting scenes, action and costumes which would dramatize them. Numbers which prove most vivid in this free-for-all are chosen to go into the program, and Cowan and Launer then supply us with copies of the song, instructing us to learn the words while they set the final plot for action and costumes.
The Consequences of Truth

(Continued from page 57)

that Ralph wanted to preserve. It worried him twelve years ago, when he was writing for his call into the Army. He wondered then whether or not the young folks knew the show, people wouldn't accept someone else? At that time, he started looking around for a replacement, someone who would preserve the show. "That is," he said, "if you can hear a flavor!"

In order to select a new emcee, auditions were immediately set up. "They came from all over—Chicago, Omaha, everywhere. All of them were not accepted at this time. Ralph was a bit disappointed. He had been eager to serve his country. He made it up for it by making cross-country, personal appearances, selling one-half billion dollars in E Bonds—for which he won the Eisenhower Award, the only one of its kind.

After Harry Von Zell had handed "T O & C" for four years, Ralph returned to the show and continued to oversee it until this past spring. However, he turned down all recent offers to televise Truth Or Consequences, because he simply didn't have the time. Ralph had to spare the chore of a televised 'T O & C' and still put forty hours a week into This Is Your Life. I didn't see how I could do the two jobs and do them well. Besides, there was the whole different personalities of the two shows."

Again the question: Whom could Ralph get to emcee the television version of Truth Or Consequences and still maintain its flavor?

Ralph had known Jack Bailey casually for a number of years. Jack was his first thought. Ralph knew Jack had a pixie quality which fitted well into the flavor of the show. At the same time, Jack had a homespun kindness. He was good with party-type, duck-for-the-apple kind of entertainment.

But Ralph wanted to be fair. He wanted to hear what other people suggested before he made a final choice. He asked his two agents at MCA whom they had in mind. Coe and Vanportalo returned with one voice, the two men said, "Jack Bailey. Can't think of anyone better!"

"Just the man I was thinking of!" said Ralph.

"If I had had any doubts, they were brushed away," he says. "By doubts, I mean just this: When someone is going to take over your fourth child for adoption, you want to know who gets into the hands of the right parent!"

Ralph was still thinking about Jack Bailey during the summer of 1953, when he and the family went on their two-week vacation. As they started to leave California, Jack showed at the breakfast table one morning but Jack and Carol Bailey!

The honest fact is that Jack did not know that Ralph was at Alisal, nor did he know that Ralph had considered for the emceeing chores on television Truth Or Consequences. It was simply a happy stroke of luck.

The happy stroke of luck gave Ralph and Jack an excellent opportunity to know each other. When you spend two weeks on a vacation with a person, you can't help but reveal your real self—likes and dislikes included. Ralph said that there was nothing phony about Jack Bailey. He said, "He's a completely honest kid!"

For example, Jack doesn't ride a horse. But he knew Ralph was great for them. He admitted to Ralph that he couldn't ride.

But Ralph was pleased to see he had the courage to try.

Jack was bound and determined to join the gang on at least one of the early morning breakfast rides. He made the final Tuesday ride his mark—even if it killed him. Ralph says, "He practiced on the 'drum' for days. Then he got up enough courage to get on the horse. But all he did, for two more days, was practice hanging on! His jeans looked like the tail end of a blue barrel."

The cowhands constantly kidded Jack. "You've got the other pair of hands, Mr. Bailey!" Or, "You wanta get tied to that saddle? I gotta spare lariat!"

Nobody really expected Jack to show up early Tuesday morning. But then he was with a set look on his face, as set as the crease in his new dude pants.

The troop set out on their ride. Both hands fast on the pommel of the saddle, Jack continued to take their good-natured kidding. Proud of his wife Carol, who was a good rider, Jack said, "Let Mommy do the fancy riding! I'm satisfied just to hang on!"

Back at the breakfast table, Jack ate his eggs off the mantel. "They call it a breakfast ride," he says, "because—if you don't eat before you go—you're too sore to sit down later."

Ralph, sitting on an up-ended apple box and watching, was sometimes surprised when, out of the blue, Jack switched from homespun humor to homespun philosophy. "There's nothing to ease the mind like work with the hands," he said. Ralph agreed. And later Jack said, "See the blue background? That's the sky—it holds the whole world in its trumpet. If I ever get some things in life, like kindness, for example. If you were painting a picture of society, I'm sure kindness would be a color." With these words, Jack passed his next banana. Ralph was set to thinking, perhaps unconsciously, that here was a man who could see the creative good Truth Or Consequences could do.

Finally, Ralph discovered in those two weeks that Jack had a God-given talent for fun and for making people happy. There was one little boy at Alisal, with a broken arm. He was at a disadvantage with the other children because he couldn't run, play ball, or swim in the pool. He stood around most of his first day with a face as long and sad as a beagle who's forgotten where it buried its bone.

But Jack Bailey came to the rescue. The second afternoon after the boy arrived, Ralph found them under the tree with Jack painting. The boy was on Ralph's animation box—and the two of them were playing tick-tack-toe in watercolor! Ralph watched two games and soon realized that Bailey was letting the boy win.

Ralph was convinced that Jack was the man to replace him on Truth Or Consequences. He felt sure Jack would never take advantage of a contestant, that he was capable to put heart into a prank on "T O C."

So Ralph returned to Hollywood, sold on Jack Bailey. He and his agent planned a audition with Jack as emcee. When Jack heard this, he was thrilled.

The audition was fascinating for Ralph to watch. He saw his own "child" come to life. "As soon as Jack stepped into the part, he was as ready as anybody could be to emcee 'T O C.' He was it!"

Jack, on the other hand, says, "To Ralph, I may have appeared calm and loquacious. But underneath, if you take the trouble to peel back all the costumes, but believe me, I was a big quivering nervo. He came to me before the show, saying, 'If I make you nervous, I'll leave! I told him, 'If you do leave, I'll die!"

In the action, Jack had an honesty of presentation. He made the show obvious and clear. ('Clean," in the entertainment industry, means that the show rings true.)

"I believe that the audience, 'there have always been doubters. Some people who'll say, 'Aw, come on, no—that girl knew she was going to fall in the tank!' Even Ralph was the audience. But people who think it's set up in advance. I can tell you, they better not cross paths with one ex-This Is Your Life—Dinah Shore. She's our biggest booster. When someone asks that she knows about her 'life,' she explodes with, 'Did I know! I'll hit you over the head!'"

"But, in watching Bailey's face on Truth Or Consequences," continues Ralph, "you've come to see the warmth and realness of the characters. You're convinced that he's just as surprised as the contestant. And he is!"

The audition was a success, and the program made its debut on May 18. Shortly before their trip, Ralph had paid a visit to the show, which got its name from the show, Truth Or Consequences, New Mexico. They went for the Fifth Annual Fiesta held in honor of the town's Christmas—a new look made up of homespun humor which springs from a pixie-like little devil with a philosophy, the sort of thing that won't go out of style for a long, long time.

Call him PETER AMES in THE SECRET STORM

Call him PETER HOBB in private life ... either way, he's TV's most exciting new dramatic star! Don't miss his picture-packed story in the SEPTEMBER TV RADIO MIRROR

on sole first week in August
Man of the Moment

(Continued from page 31)

To Bob, they're the same thing. As far as he is concerned, he has been honorably stage-struck. And so was his father before him. A New York lawyer whose theatrical ambitions had ended with college dramatics, Lewis Senior used to take his son to the theater. They would go after- noon. To young Bob, the stage seemed a story-book world where heroines were like princesses, villains were evil and wore black mustaches, heroes were pur- in heroes and heroines, and villains wore red. For young Bob, too, the stage can be a world that's bigger than life—with noble sentiments and im- passed speech and virtue always trium- phing. As for Bob Junior, he was not ready for it all, but he was learning, and also an escape from life.

At the time, all he knew was that he had to be part of this wonderful world. He started singing in children's radio shows. And in University of Michigan, as for college dramatics. But then what? For all his love of show business, he couldn't really sing, couldn't really dance—and enth- usiasm was no substitute for talent. As for Bob's beloved radio, he was leading men who wore glasses—or for comics who didn't look funny.

But Bob did have one talent: a gift for what he calls "chatter." On radio, he soon discovered, it was the first thing which he looked like a comic or not. He sounded funny! He had wit, a satirical point of view, and a genuine sense of fun. As a disc jockey, as for TV, he was full of appreciation for the talent of others, he was excited about the records he played, shar- ing his enthusiasm and his love of show business with a growing body of fans.

When TV came along, it was some question in him how a bright-looking young man—with nothing but a line of chatter and a pair of spectacles to dis- tinguish him—would fare in this new sight medium. But Bob worked, and with- wide fame as Arthur Godfrey's substitute in radio, was to do the same in TV.

In the theater, he had found, everything was bigger than life. In TV, everything was smaller than life. Enter- tainment that was no longer a grand, dress-up, once-in-a-while event. This new medium made it an everyday, carpet-slipper affair. The public soon tired of watching the same spectaculars and real life. Program- ming became more than talent, and what a performer was mattered more than what he could do.

Bob still couldn't sing or dance, but in TV he was a substitute. His Charleston and "old soft shoe" had more energy than finess, and his occasional songs had more good will than melody, but they were fun. His off-beat, easygoing manner was refreshing as well as endur- able, as well. The more television viewers saw of him, the more they wanted him. In this new medium, he was no longer just a fun figure with a li- cence, he counted more than talent, and what a performer was mattered more than what he could do.

Bob's afternoon show on CBS-TV not only broadcast coast to coast, but he has been offered a full-fledged comedian.

Eventually, Bob hopes to own his own theater in New York, where he can stage his own shows—featuring talent he has helped to discover and mold. This final goal goes back far beyond his current success. When Bob was not event a child, his family lived across the street from上有 a long, dress-up, once-in-a-while event. This new medium made it an everyday, carpet-slipper affair. The public soon tired of watching the same spectaculars and real life. Program- ming became more than talent, and what a performer was mattered more than what he could do.

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In these three hours
your skin "dies" a little

Your most troublesome skin problems are apt to start in daily 1 to 3 hour "danger periods," dermatologists say. This is immediately after you wash your face. In washing away dirt, you also remove natural skin protectors. Your skin takes 1 to 3 hours to re-establish its defenses. Meanwhile, your skin is "un-balanced," open to troubles like these:

Dryness . . . cracking . . . "shriveling"
Enlarged pores, coarseness

Read how women noted for their beautiful complexions keep free of these skin problems . . .

After each washing—
"re-balance" your skin

Some signs of skin "un-balanced" show up right after washing:
A stiff drawn-tight feel to your skin.
Flakiness . . . splotchy color

These are the more obvious signs of skin "un-balance." But in the 1 to 3 hour period that nature takes to re-protect skin, more distressing problems can take root. Tiny dry lines deepen. The inside moisture evaporates away. Outer skin "shrivels."
Skin secretions harden in pore-openings—cause stretched pores, blackheads.

Should you avoid washing your face? "Of course not," say leading skin specialists. "But after each washing, 're-balance' your skin instantly . . ."

60 times faster than nature
A quick Pond's Cold Creaming right after washing "re-balances" your skin within one minute—at least 60 times faster than nature does. It combats dryness and flaking. Keeps pore-openings clear—skin texture fine and smooth. Always leave on a trace of Pond's Cold Cream for continuing skin "balance" beneath your make-up.

A deep clearing at bedtime
Besides a 7-second "re-balancing" after each washing, most skins need a thorough clearing at night. A deep creaming with Pond's Cold Cream dislodges stubborn, water-resistant dirt from the pores. Keeps your skin looking young, vibrant.

Today, begin this simple beauty care with Pond's Cold Cream. It will become second nature to you within a week. Soon your friends will be telling you, "Your skin looks really wonderful lately!"

Among social leaders who use Pond's

S.A.R. LA PRINCESSE MURAT
MRS. NICHOLAS RIDGELY DU PONT
THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND
MRS. WILLIAM RHINELANDER STEWART
MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL III
LA MARQUISE DE L'ÉVIS MIREPOIX

The world's most famous beauty formula—never duplicated, never equalled. That's why more women use Pond's Cold Cream than any other face cream ever made! Get a large jar today.
He's Funny That Way

(Continued from page 69)

Breakfast Club is a very funny man indeed. That's the very man we're telling you about, and we think he's pretty funny, too. In fact, we feel very sorry for other people who wouldn't be able to understand what we're saying. So here is our story of a comedian who is full of so much fun. And we often think how nice it is that he gets money for being that way, and how we always get an extension of the show right at home without having to pay for it. Because Sam (he's "Sam" around this place) is just the same off the air as on it.

That may give you the idea that we live in some kind of cheerful madhouse. It's quite like that, except at times, and it's not all one-way street—with us as the audience—because the whole family gets into the act. Fact is, we accuse him of getting and full of good fun himself. He only gets 85 percent of it here.

For instance, we always have a sort of menagerie around the apartment. Smitty H. Dog was with us for about fourteen years and then went away, and now we have two parakeets, and now a parakeet. But Sam said he ought to get some special kind of pet for me (meaning Del—officially Adelle) and one of the kids said that, since I was Irish, I ought to try for a suitable humor. So guess where that joke showed up!

Still speaking for me (Del, that is), I was the first member of this family that Sam met up with. He was born in Jefferson, Iowa, and his family moved to Salt Lake City when he was five. He always insisted that the thing that kept us apart was the toll bridge, and the day they made the bridge free he came over and met me.

Anyway, the time Sam went to work with Don McNeill, he was pretty good for a make-believe. But we had some good ideas about what a morning audience liked to hear, and with that kind of fellow as boss on the show, how could you miss? Sam said it was like being on a perfect, funny stage. That's only what it seems like at times.

Actually, a comedian has to work hard. As the family of a comedian, we know something about this—just as the family of a successful artist can never be sure that they know something about the workings of a carberuter. (Papa's job always manages to come home to some extent, regardless of whether he likes it or not.) In our case, we know that a "take" is a delayed reaction to the point of a story, or the point of some action, and we know the difference between "situation" comedy and "character" comedy, and we know the mechanics of the business of being funny.

One fact that makes the funny business serious is that one particular kind of thing may not be funny to all people. Some people may get a great big laugh out of it, yet the same joke or situation will fall flat for others or make them groan like a dog wailing an obbligato to a trumpet solo.

For that reason, Sam always tries to make sure that his material is right for his audience.

Dad asked me (this is Sam Jr. taking over now—also known as Sammy) what I thought about his skill as a funny man, and I said, "I think he's as good as anybody in the business. My father said you're the greatest there is." I meant it, too. For the hours the Breakfast Club is on the air, you wouldn't want to have a night-club type comedian, What the audience always gets is just a funny, friendly guy with nice gags. That describes Sam exactly. He's no Bob Hope or Milton Berle, and he knows it. We're just like the old-time Cowlings, either, and they would find out in a hurry that you can't make cracks about Crosby's horses, or Benny's bank- roll, or get into a custard pie routine, at that.

The people "out there" are housewives and other nice folks who want a chuckle between the dishes in the sink and the dust mop in the corner.

Sam, like many kind of problems, too, around this place. Where we're living now is a little room in the basement of a building on North Magnolia in Chicago. It's handy for transportation, and close to the entertainment centers there, because I (Sam Jr.) am finishing up as a senior this year. Bill is a sophomore, Del is president of the Mothers' Club at the Academy, and Sam is always out doing things, as the school does in the way of athletics.

Sam Jr. (this is Bill reporting) is the athletic hot-shot right now, but I'm giving him competition for some records. But, believe me, it's true. Anyhow, for instance, he's top man in junior basketball in the Academy league, and almost certain to make the all-star team. He's probably going to Fordham next season, but not into varsity basketball, he says. Figures he's too short, although Sam tells him he ought to do all right running around through the debris and hanging on the basket floors these days.

We all like sports, to play or look at, and that's just about the only way the family is able to get together, with Sam and Del away so much. Of course, we're doing that. That's another one of those tough things about Sammy's job. Breakfast Club takes up a lot of his time, with rehearsals and going on the air—and, on top of that, he's not always having time to himself. We like each other a lot and—because we're all gallonning off in all directions at once—nobody has a chance to get bored with the other guy.

We have managed to get together long enough to go somewhere and eat and we got in a trip to Washington, D. C., and another one to New York, and we got together for things at school. We even have a football team for the spring. Sammy and I can wear Sam's neckties and his shoes, and every once in a while we find him fighting back by wearing some of ours. But his loud shirts we get into only because he's always talking, and we're about of a size, but Sam would make two of us around the middle, and his shirts hang on us like a pup tent on a putter.

Speaking of pups, up to just a few months ago, this was what you would call a one-dog family. Smitty Dog was just about as much a member of the family as anyone else around here. Nobody ever knew exactly what kind of dog he was, but we knew he was somewhere around the Cowlings. He was around for fourteen years, which is pretty good for a dog, and in all that time he was bright and intelligent and knew about everything that went on in the place. He didn't tear up his playthings like other dogs, but took good care of them, and he always seemed to be able to find his own gift under the Christmas tree without ripping up other packages.

We lost a real friend when he died, and almost everyone and anyone who ever lived here had to come back to the apartment and cried over it.

This parakeet we have now doesn't make up for Smitty, but he has his points, one of them being that helping the guests from on top of the chandelier and helping any lady who comes in here wearing earrings—she could lose an ear! But that bird flying around free is something like the house and the apartment—are made clean for ourselves, because you couldn't find a formal Cowling if you tried.

Our apartment was made to be lived in, and the family was made to be a pretty much in agreement that the carpeting should be green, with gray tones in walls and drapes to offset the warm mahogany in the rest of our furnishings. Things will get bow-legged or smashed by being sat on or eaten off of—which is a pretty good idea, considering how active we are.

All pitch in pretty well together to make the place most comfortable. This is to have it comfortable. We have our own individual jobs to do, and we help the other fellow out, too, when he wants it, but sometimes the going can get rough. One evening we had a row over homework, and Del was saying dark things about a plate of dishes in the sink. Somebody offered the suggestion that they ought to go out. We agreed, so we went out to work, and Bill the dishes. We vetoed that, because they would both have flunked (according to Sammy).

We have always lived in apartments, and by that we mean that there is hardly ever been a house. For us, this is the handsiest kind of dwelling. It's easier for Del to take care of, and it works out well for the funny kind of in-and-out schedule that we have. Bill always goes out with the other boys who have a walk to shovel or a lawn to mow. It would be good exercise to have jobs like that. But, all the same, it's handy not to have those chores worrying us. We like the way we can play a lot game to play. Of course, Sam's work days are so out-of-gee with a normal routine that he would be a total loss in the role of handy man around the house. As far as that's concerned, Sam's best role is the one he has on the Breakfast Club. We never miss the show unless the radio and TV set have blown up, or we are on dates, or we are in the TV set on at the same time. We think that the Breakfast Club has been much more interesting since it went on TV, too, and this feeling seems to be shared by other people.

Usually, we don't get a good chance to compare notes until supper, when Sam's home and we can all get into an argument. Whether we actually do so or not, we think that we know something about the goings-on of his business, we think we can probably make a better job of helping him. When you can get specific about what it is he does—doesn't do—it's better for him than some general saying such as "I liked what you did."
or "I didn't like what you did."

Sam says he likes his job and probably has more fun out of it than anybody. He says it's fun for him to entertain people and, when folks are in a good mood and laughing at him, it's easy to be a clown. The time when it's not easy is when the audience hasn't warmed up to him, for some reason or other. He says he has to work about five times as hard then. Probably, he's pretty sensitive, but it almost kills him when he thinks the people out in front aren't having a good time. The hard-work part of it is a kind-of two-headed monster—it's hard work trying to overcome your own discouragement in the first place, and secondly, it takes a lot of extra push to get the audience going. Sam says that, just because a comedian has been in business for a long time, it doesn't mean that he can tell how every audience is going to react. Sam says that, just because a comedian has been in business for a long time, it doesn't mean that he can tell how every audience is going to react. Some of them are with you from the beginning, some of them 'warm up to you gradually—but there are others for whom you beat out your professional brains and you still fall flat.

After an exposure to that last kind, Sam comes home to us, and we do what we can to patch up his bruises, give him a "tight-team" lecture, and polish up his gags.

One of the best proofs that Sam has something on the ball is the very fact that he has been entertaining people this long without wearing thin. The point is—if a comedian doesn't continue to be amusing to folks, he doesn't last very long. Of course, that same general thing is true in lots of professions—either you're on top of your job or else you aren't, and maybe you ought to be doing something else. But, in the entertainment business, it always seems to be more obvious when a performer takes a slide. That's natural, though, because a stage is a pretty public place, whether it's an actual stage or the one furnished by a loudspeaker or a TV picture tube.

Let's see—Sam had that Sam hasn't worn thin. Your own television screen will give you proof of that. He's worn thin!

But thin or fat, we love him, he's our favorite husband, father and comedian. He reciprocates our feelings. We heard him tell a friend the other day that he and Del were living in an expanding universe revolving around their boys. He said that, so far as he was concerned, there was no greater delight in life than getting in there and pitching with and for the kids.

So, when we look in on him through the TV screen in the morning, it's for several reasons. We're his board of critics, and sometimes pretty rough ones. We're also his rooting section. Maybe these two things are not very unusual, because Sam has a lot of friends who feel and act the same way. But there's one way in which we are different from anyone else watching the show—we're the ones Sam is working for when he goes through those routines on the Breakfast Club. If we're kind of partial to him, you might say that there's a reason for it.

So far as we know, there's only one professional comedian in our family, although sometimes you can't tell for sure. Like the other night.

Bill was supposed to be doing his math homework. He came out from under the papers and books after a while and announced to the whole family, "I think I've got it."

"Got what?" Sam wanted to know.

"Well," said Bill, "there are 33 days of school left before vacation. That's 180 hours in school, or 11,180 minutes, or 712,800 seconds."

"So what's this world-shattering batch of calculus add up to?" Sam asked.

"Gosh, Sam—when you can figure it in seconds, what's the use of going to school?"

---

**I dreamed**

I played lawn tennis in my maidenform bra

Tennis anyone? Such lift, such high-rounded curves... from Wimbledon to Forest Hills, no one's a match for my form! Only Maidenform can make a "strapless" so wonderfully secure, with such beautiful support. I'll admit I don't care a fig what the score is. My figure's always ahead in my Maidenform bra!

Maidenform's new "under-wire" Pre-Jude* Strapless in fine white embroidered brocadel. Caps are lined lightly with foam rubber. A, B and C. 3.50

# Monday through Friday

## Morning Programs

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## Afternoon Programs

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<td>Cedric Fester, News</td>
<td>Paul Harvey, News</td>
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<td>Young Dr. Malone, The Guiding Light</td>
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<td>Game Of The Day†</td>
<td>Betty Crocker*</td>
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<td>This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day</td>
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<td>Life Can Be Beautiful</td>
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<td>Lorenze Jones</td>
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<td>Art &amp; Otty Todd</td>
<td>Curt Massey Time</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Musical Express</td>
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<td>5:55 This I Believe</td>
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<td>Sports Daily with Mel Allen, Russ Hodges</td>
<td>Bill Stern, Sports</td>
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<td>Three Star Extra</td>
<td>George Hicks, News</td>
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<td>Quincy Howe</td>
<td>Pete Lind Hayes</td>
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<td>News Of The World One Man's Family</td>
<td>Gabriel Heatter</td>
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<td>Hit Tunes</td>
<td>7:55 Les Griffith, News</td>
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<td>The Railroad Hour</td>
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## Evening Programs

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<td>9:05 Edward Arnold, Mutual Newsreel</td>
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<td>8:25 Robert Hurleigh Reporters' Roundup</td>
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<td>Manhattan</td>
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<td>Man In The Balcony</td>
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Inside Radio

All Times Listed Are Eastern Daylight Time.
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**See Next Page**
## Saturday

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*Approx. starting time. Heard only in southeast and southwest regions.
American Dream Girl

(Continued from page 67) recording, "I Went to Your Wedding," is still banned in Red China. It sounds too much as though her former sweetheart is marrying the waltzing girl friend, with Patti attending the ceremony, and—well, that might be misconstrued as American sportsmanship.

Curiously enough, Patti's own life seems to bear out the Red propaganda. She is beautiful, talented—famous—but still unmarried. At twenty-six, there is not even a "sweetheart" for any girl friends to steal. But the Communists are not likely to point to Patti's life, for her story is the ever-fresh story of the American Dream—a dream that Patti made come true.

"My ambition is to be like Perry Como." That's Patti's way of saying the same thing... Perry Como, the son of poor Italian immigrants, who left the little town of Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, to achieve nation-wide fame as a singer of popular songs.

Patti's own story begins in Claremore, Oklahoma, the birthplace of Will Rogers. She was Clara Ann Fowler then, the daughter of a railroad section foreman with almost as large a family as the Comos. Perry was one of thirteen children—"the one in the middle"... Patti was one of eleven.

"I shared a room with two sisters," she says with mock dismay. "We slept three in a bed, and I was the one in the middle. I don't know—that's where I seemed to fit." Perry was eleven when he started out as a barber's apprentice... Patti started to work while still attending school in Tulsa, where the Fowlers had moved. She sang in a church choir and on two regular radio shows, in addition to making personal appearances at local affairs.

"The work wasn't hard," Patti recalls, "but it took up a lot of my time. Whenever I sang on a daytime radio show, for instance, I'd have to get excused from school, walk a mile to catch a bus—and then, that night, I'd have to make up whatever lessons I had missed."

In spite of this full schedule, Patti did well enough in school to be offered two scholarships when she was graduated—one by Tulsa University, the other by Scholastic Magazine. Both awards were in recognition of her excellence in art, for Patti's dream, in those days, was to be a great painter.

But she never went to college. Even with the financial assistance of the scholarships, the Fowlers could not afford to continue her education. Patti got a job as staff illustrator in the art department of a Tulsa radio station.

And then, one day... the thing that most young singers dream about actually happened to Patti. The vocalist on a fifteen-minute musical show took sick. The station sent out an emergency call, and Clara Ann Fowler was rushed in as a last-minute substitute. It was her first big break in show business, not only landing her a regular show on radio—but a brand-new name. (The sponsor was the Page Milk Company.)

Her second big break also came about by accident, which accounts for Patti's being such a firm believer in luck. "My whole future hung in the balance. All the wonderful things that have happened to me—they might never have come to pass—just because a certain party couldn't find a quarter at the time."

The "certain party" is Jack Rael, her manager and partner. The time was the first summer after Patti was graduated from high school. Jack was a band manager, passing through Tulsa on a tour of one-night stands. He saw a coin-operated radio in his hotel room but, looking in his pocket for change, Jack couldn't find the necessary quarter. Bored, he switched on the radio, anyway. Luckily, the last occupant of the room hadn't stayed long enough to hear his full twenty-five-cents' worth. And that was how he happened to hear Patti Page, singing on the local radio station.

Next morning, they were a team—and Patti was on her way. After six months gaining experience in small theaters and night clubs, she went to Chicago to try network radio. She was vocalist for Don McNeill's Breakfast Club, on ABC, then conducted her own show on CBS.

In the field of recordings, it wasn't until Patti had made her thirteenth Mercury release that she came up with a real hit. She had just finished recording "Confess," when she decided to dub in a harmony part, using her own voice instead of a second singer. It was the first "gimmick" record of its kind, and it made Patti famous.

Appearances in night clubs followed. Then guest spots on TV with Ed Sullivan, Milton Berle... and Perry Como. Then her own twice-a-week song session on CBS-TV. Then star of the Scott Music Hall, a half-hour variety show on NBC-TV.

Today, Patti sings to the tune of an estimated half-million dollars a year. She drives a Cadillac—the gift of Mercury Records—and lives in a Park Avenue apartment. On achieving success, she did the same thing Perry Como did for his...
You'll feel beautiful...
smell wonderful when you

Exquisitely perfumed
Mavis Talc. keeps you
delightfully fragrant, alluringly feminine from tip to toe. This velvety-smooth, imported talc
insures your daintiness...absorbs moisture...helps prevent chafing. 25c. 43c. 9c at all
toiletries counters.

You're Irresistible!
... ready for romance,
wearing heart-stirring Irresistible perfume
and luscious, creamy-salt, long-lasting
Irresistible lipstick. Wear them both
... and be doubly
Irresistible
PERFUME - LIPSTICKS

at all top stores

You're Irresistible!
... ready for romance,
wearing heart-stirring Irresistible perfume
and luscious, creamy-salt, long-lasting
Irresistible lipstick. Wear them both
... and be doubly
Irresistible
PERFUME - LIPSTICKS

at all top stores

You'll feel beautiful...
smell wonderful when you

Folks... bought them a new home and a
car.

"You should have seen Mother," Patti
says, laughing. "All the gadgets nearly
drove her crazy!"

Mrs. Fowler, Patti explains, is of the old
school—before the day of modern conveniences. She is used to doing her own work
and expressing her own opinions. And she
is equally proud of all her eleven children.
While appearing on a CBS-TV network show, Mrs. Fowler was asked about the
star in her family. She didn't talk about
Patti—she talked about her son Charles,
who was then fighting in Korea, where he
was awarded the Silver Star for gallantry
in action.

Recently Mrs. Fowler made a remark
which Patti still quotes, feeling just as
proud as her mother when she said it:
"This is going to be my biggest year yet."

Mrs. Fowler was not referring to her
daughter Patti's great success in record-
ing and broadcasting...nor to the fact
that, this year, Patti had made her first
movie—singing "Autumn in Rome," which
is being shown as a prologue to "Indiscra-
tions of an American Wife," starring Jen-
nifer Jones and Montgomery Clift. What
Patti's mother was thinking of were ten
other children and their twenty-one
offspring, and the fact that, this year, three
more grandchildren are on their way.

Patti shares her mother's sense of values,
taking success in her modest stride. Blue-
eyed and blonde, with a clean-scrubbed
face and a heartfelt smile, Patti Page of
Park Avenue is as wholesome and unaf-
fected as Clara Ann Fowler of Tulsa, Ok-
lahoma. Her apartment, she is quick to
tell you, is only two rooms—and there isn't
even enough closet space for all my
clothes—but Patti loves it the way any
girl would, who had once shared a bed
with two sisters and now at last had a room
of her own.

"That's what's so wonderful about start-
ing out poor," Patti says. "When you do
get things, you appreciate them so much
more. And, if you're ever successful—well,
you're able to keep your head."

As far as Patti is concerned, she is not a
success...not yet.

"My ambition," she reminds you, "is to
be like Perry Como."

The fans may line up for her at the
studio door as they do for him. She may
even remain at the top as long as he has.
But Patti is thinking of something more.
She is thinking of a house in Sands Point,
Long Island...a house that Perry once
bought to his family to have a real home, not just
a succession of hotel rooms. He was ready
to give up singing forever, if it meant trav-
eling about the country all the time. Luck-
ily, radio and TV made it possible for Perry
to settle down and get that home.

To Patti, as to Perry, living comes first—
before any career. The real American
dream is more than just success. It's a
dream of marriage, a home and family and...

"I want five babies," Patti insists, forget-
ting for the moment that her idol is con-
tent with just three. "I've always wanted
to be married. The right man just hasn't
come along yet."

Until he does, Patti keeps busy. She may
sing sad songs on TV, but, off-camera, she's
as happy as any healthy young girl who
has hit the jackpot. She hasn't time to
worry, she's too busy working. In addition
to TV and recordings, she has an exten-
sive concert tour lined up, including a trip
to Hawaii, where she will entertain at
Army bases and hospitals. Twice a year,
she visits her family in Tulsa, and twice a
year they come to New York to see her.

In between visits, she telephones home
three times a week. For her TV appear-
ances, Patti's gowns are designed by a
fashionable couturier, but she makes most
of her off-stage clothes. She cooks as well
as she sews, and her one regret is that she
travels so much, she hasn't time for her
painting any more.

Her one relaxation is her boat—a thirty-
four-foot motor launch called "The Rage."
(On the road, Patti is billed as "The Sing-
ing Rage.") Last year, there were so many
guests on board that Patti spent all of her
time in the galley cooking. This year, she
prepares all the food beforehand.

"And now, every weekend," she says,"once I pull away from the docks, I leave
business and rehearsals behind. I've noth-
ing to do. No telephones to answer....

Nothing to do but lie on deck, soaking
up sunshine and spinning dreams. And, if
Patti dreams of the right man who will one
day come along...it's no idle daydream.
She has made every other dream come
true. She will with this one, too.

You'll feel beautiful...
smell wonderful when you

Reunion: Patti Page (center) entertains her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin
Fowler of Tulsa, and her sister Rema, on their first visit to New York City.
Rosalie was sleeping peacefully beside him, but he was staring—wide awake. Moonlight came in soft slices through the venetian blinds, making a pattern on the carpet and the bed.

He remembered her, once Rosalie and he had led with how much they loved one another, they’d met every night after that. She’d lived exactly twenty-five blocks from his room in Manhattan. He knew every foot of the two blocks she usually ran didn’t run out after four in the morning, and night after night he’d had to walk home.

The day after he met her, he woke up with a poem in his head. It was a rhyme the song that sang, and he spoke of the rain and loneliness and passion and heartbreak. On an impulse, he phoned her to listen to his morning show. Then, on the show, he read the poem and dedicated it to her as an apology.

That seemed to do it. She’d listened and, from then on, anything he did was right for her. She said, laughing, with the ready smile that was almost more part of her charm, “Any guy who can use his sponsor’s time to dedicate a personal poem to a girl—well, he’ll go places. With me, at least.”

He was still too much awake to dream. Very carefully, so as not to disturb her sleep, he found a cigarette and lit it. Then, he put his head back on his pillow and let the remembering go on. Back five years, ten, twenty back until he was in college again, in Temple U.

Things were tough at home. His father’s ring had been in and out of hock so many times, since the Depression started, that the family forgot to whom the ring actually belonged.

Finally, Mort realized he couldn’t keep up the luxury of school. He did want to become a writer, but he had a second cousin, one David Lawrence, editor of U. S. News & World Report, a magazine, in Washington, D. C. Would his cousin, Mort wrote in his letter, advise him to study journalism in school, or start right in to work at it, on the premise that you could best learn your job by activity rather than study?

A week went by. Then an envelope came from Cousin David Lawrence. Mort tore it open, frantic with anticipation.

It contained a subscription blank to the magazine. Mort could laugh now about the incident, but in those days he thought a letter of advice would send him on his way.

Some of this wasn’t fun to remember now, but he had to do it, in the light of his latest failure. He rose early, covered the moon and there was no longer a bright pattern through the blinds on the bedroom floor and on the bed. Rosalie lay beside him, trusting him, believing in him. She slept through the mist, and in that dreams the boy and girl who were his children slept.

There had been the time when he was walking up Chestnut Street in Philly, and had met that guy. Couldn’t remember his name, now. He thought a letter of advice would send him on his way.

“I appreciate the prestige of this show, I know how important it is to me. But I’ve got to have $2.50 a week for carfare. Take it or lose it!”

They granted the raise.

He was getting somewhere, now. He was performing before people. He was even making a little money. So he hooked his clarinets and got a room at the Walmere Hotel in the Catskills, on the summer-resort circuit. He got eight dollars for the instrument and, since he didn’t want his radio associates to know what he was doing, he changed his name to Larry Morton.

The hotel paid him ten dollars a week, and he sent six of it home to his parents.

He wore the same lamp-black for “Emperor Jones” as he did when he sang “Old Man River.” And, since he’d been a virtuosos in a harmonica band in Philly, he had no cause to conceal his talents now. He was a great success with summer audiences.

I brought a few bucks home, he thought, remembering.

Nineteen hundred thirty-nine... that was a year—Arlene was on the way, Rosalie pregnant and miserable. He’d worked all year for this two-week vacation, and now they were down south in the sun.

Rosalie and Mort were both stretched out on the beach when a telegram came for him.

The telegram said something about everyone in the outfit joining a union. How about they’d have to go back to town and find out what’s happening,” he told Rosalie, “I’ll be back tomorrow.”

As indeed he was. “So?” she asked.

He shrugged. “So everybody joined the union, as it looked like an all-right deal. I told ‘em to put my name in with the rest. Forget it—everything is fine.”

That’s what he thought. They had no sooner returned home when the boss called him and fired him. The technical reason was that the outfit didn’t like the way he was running a morning show—which he was doing for nothing, in any case. Unofficially, the fear was that he’d started the union rhubarb and they wanted no part of him.

In the more than a decade that had passed since then, he’d almost forgotten the tension it’d caused. It wasn’t just that he’d been fired for something he hadn’t done. It was that—if word got around he was a troublemaker of this sort—he’d be stone dead in the radio market and probably would be blacklisted everywhere. Rosalie was pregnant, and they had no savings.

Yes, he had a moment of despair, perhaps even worse than what he was suffering right now. And Rosalie had backed him just as loudly, just as stubbornly as she was doing in this crisis.

Mort remembered how the thing had turned out. Two painful weeks after they fired him, the station called him back. A sponsor had turned up and was making the program, and he’d buy it only on condition that Mort take charge. The station had gone to the trouble of learning the truth about the union affair... .

He went back at double the salary they would have had to pay him before, a small enough repayment, he thought grimly, for what he and Rosalie had gone through.

They were survived. In September of 1943, he was targeted to emcee a four-hour long variety show in New York with Don Bestor’s orchestra, called The Gloom Dodgers. The following year, he accepted a job directing a morning program and did buy it only on condition that Mort take charge. The station had gone to the trouble of learning the truth about the union affair... .

Dawn was brightening the bedroom. He glanced at Rosalie and saw that she was awake and watching him reflectively. “So?” she asked quietly.

“Not too bright. As long as I’ve got you and the kids, I’ve lost nothing I can’t earn back. I’ve done it before and I can do it again. I’ll get started first thing in the morning.”

“Then the best way to get started is to kiss you,” he said. . . .

Four years have passed. Four years of hard work, of taking all the jobs he could get, appearing, for Mr. District Attorney and Charlie Wilde, Detective—any and everything.

And then Provincetown, which had so often been bunking to Mort, relented and allowed Joe Gottlieb, the associate producer of The Big Payoff, to move next door to the Lawrences in Roslyn Heights. And the two landowners began talking one day. A thought occurred, said one. “Why didn’t when Mort’s new crab-apple tree would burst into bloom . . . and wound up in Mort’s kitchen sampling Rosalie’s cooking . . . , and it turned out that The Big Payoff was in need of an announcer who was just exactly the job Mort wanted, back, if he could find one which paid enough money. That paid enough money. When Mort told Rosalie about his new job, that evening, they did a little dance around the living room, and then Rosalie said, “Incidentally, you’ve never gotten your money back from that investment, have you?”

“You know I haven’t.”

“How and you’ve done all right, after all?”

“Mostly thanks to you and your courage that night.”

“I didn’t say much,” she said. “You thought it out for yourself.”

“But the thing that got me was that you slept like a baby, trusting me, so sure I’d make good. That’s what did it.”

“I didn’t sleep a wink that night.”

“What!”

“So who could sleep?” she asked, with merriment bubbling from her eyes, “I was passed with cigarette smoke.”
Peter Potter (Continued from page 49)

"No, thanks," said Pete, "Ah don't understand those English gals. Ah jus' don't know what they're talkin' about."

Pete and Jerry were waiting for Tex Benecke in the Palladium parking lot the next day, when a beautiful, tall, and wavy brunette started across the lot toward them.

"Now who-all do you suppose that is," drawled Pete. "She's a stunner!"

"That's Beryl Davis, the girl I told you about," said Jerry, and then he introduced the two.

After the "So needy charmed" and the "How y'alls," Pete was surprised to find that the beautiful face and the strange sounds gave him butterflies. He immediately asked Beryl if she wouldn't be his guest at the Benecke opening that night, though he had no way of knowing that his drawl had had a like effect on Beryl.

"How lovely," she said. "Do you mind if I bring my sccrtary?"

"No ma'am, that's fine," said Pete.

Pete didn't know that the sccrtary, a Scotch lass, had a burl so thick you could cut it with a knife. Says Pete, "Ah couldn't understand either of them. Between the 'Hoof', moose, and the 'Ravishful jolly music!'-ah was dead! By the time the evnin' was over, we were reduced to sign language.

But Pete and Beryl didn't need to talk. They got enough enjoyment out of the music they both loved, the sign language—and just looking at one another. It was, nevertheless, the last time the secretary came along on dates.

During their first date, Beryl told Pete she used to listen to him on the radio. She never understood him, either. "In fact," she told him, "I just turned you on for the laughs!"

Pete didn't mind that Beryl found humor in his drawl. He knew that he wanted to see more of her, and asked if she wouldn't be a guest on the air show she thought so funny.

Pete says, "I wrote a script we both would understand. More important, one the audience would understand. But it didn't work any good. We didn't use the script. I found out Beryl could ad-lib better than I could. Before I knew it, I was being interviewed. 'How long have you been doing this?' she asked—then I was giving her a whole lifetory!"

Pete was impressed with Beryl's ability to ad-lib. Though he didn't understand everything she said, she had an intelligent look in her eyes. And those eyes... Pete was falling in love.

Their courtship was launched in a mountain stream. Pete started off in dungarees and boots for a Saturday afternoon of fishing in the San Gabriel Canyon. By pure coincidence, he met Beryl coming out of the radio station.

"Where are you trotting to in that outfit?" she asked.

"Fishin'," he said. "Wanta come along?"

"Yes," she said, "but wait a tick."

"I was surprised as a badger in the sun," says Pete, "when Beryl said yes. She had on a Sunday-go-to-meetin' dress, high heels, and nylon. Looked like she was fixin' to go to a wedding and not a fish fry. She jus' said, 'Be right there!' and ran across the street to the department store.

'She came back lookin' like a trawler captain—up the knees. She had on rubber boots, and her dress was hanging down around the outside. Righto,' she said, 'let's be off!'

"So, ah rented her a rod and reel, and we went off!" When they got to Alhambra, Pete bought a quart of fresh orange juice.
juice and had some hamburgers and cole slaw put in a box. Then they went up the canyon to fish. They had a picnic with the "burgers.

"Luckey, we didn't count on a fish fry, because Beryl only got a couple of nibbles, and she only caught two. They were too small to do much about. Ah think her yellow dress scared the fish away. Our bunch didn't bother Beryl. She was happy just to get out of the city and up into God's country where it's so peaceful."

After the fishing episode, Pete found himself thinking. Here's a gal who loves the great outdoors as much as I do. He began his courtship in earnest—by trying to teach Beryl to play tennis. "Beryl hit the ball with all her might," says Pete. "But she could never manage to hold the racket right. It was always slanted a little to the back of her hand. As a result, the ball went straight up in the air."

"It went out of the court more times than in. Whenever she'd swing one, she'd shunt, 'Retrieve! Not 'Get it'—but 'Retrieve!' I felt like a bird dog or a St. Bernard! 'Retrieve,' she'd shout, and I'd be off after the ball. When I'd lost a total of twelve pounds 'retrieving,' we gave up tennis."

Pete's proposal of marriage to Beryl was somewhat unorthodox. They were driving along Chandler Boulevard in the San Fernando Valley when Pete spied a "For Sale" sign on a large house.

"Would you like to stop and look at this?" he asked.

"Yes," said Beryl, "I don't mind."

They parked the car in the drive and the owner showed them through the house. It was big and roomy, had a twenty-foot rumpus room, and a pool, all beautifully laid out on one acre of land. Though he had never mentioned marriage, Pete saw it was just what they wanted. He looked at her, making his proposal with the words, "We'll take it. We'll move in, in two weeks!"

"Some time before the ceremony," says Pete, "Beryl suggested we call her parents and tell them the good news. 'We'd better phone Mother,' she said. And we did. But Mother was in England. When she heard Beryl's story of marriage, her first words were, 'Don't you think you should come home and talk it over?' Like a home, just around the corner! But we got the parental blessing and good wishes."

Pete and Beryl did move into the big house following their wedding in St. Cecilia's Cathedral in the Beverly Mission on October 16, 1948. It was a small ceremony, with only eight close friends in attendance.

Pete remembers Beryl's first home-cooked meal a week after their marriage. She came down to the pool one afternoon to ask, "How would you like some Lancashire Hot Pot for dinner?"

"What's that?" asked Pete.

"It's very good," said Beryl, "though I don't know exactly what's in it. Just wait a tick and I'll find out."

Pete followed Beryl into the house. He found her talking on the phone to her mother—in England. He picked up the library extension, but all he could understand from the next nine minutes of conversation was: "Firefly, light oven!"

Pete went back to the pool for the rest of the afternoon. About four o'clock, Beryl came slowly out of the house, her eyes beginning to fill with tears.

"What's wrong, sweetheart? Can I help?"

"Oh, no," she said. "Don't go up there—I don't want you to even look at it. Just get dressed."

Then bursting into tears, "We're going out to dinner."

Pete couldn't resist. He went into the kitchen to look at the beast, this Lancashire Hot Pot that had Beryl in tears.

"There it sat on the kitchen table," says Pete, "next to the radishes and green onions the lady next door had given us. The Hot Pot had fallen. It was small and round as a pancake, about as thick as a half-dollar—and charred. I kept it around the house for about three years. It shrunk and got smaller and harder with age. The color changed slightly. I expected it to last like the regalia you find with mum-mies in Egypt. But, when we moved two years ago, I looked in the wax paper where I kept it. It was gone! It had shriveled up to nothing."

Their first baby, William Bell Moore (Pete's real surname is Moore), was born in the Chandler Boulevard house in 1949. With the new baby, they needed more room. This—and the fact that Pete was now working seven days a week on radio and five nights on television—forced them to look for a new house, one with more room and closer to Hollywood.

They searched for a year. Every day, on their way to work, they passed a clump of trees with a "For Sale" sign. "Why don't you stop someday?" said Beryl. "Maybe there's a house back there."

"I don't want a house you can't see," said Pete. But he did stop. Sure enough, when he got behind the trees, there was a lovely twelve-room house hidden in their shade. Pete bought this house much as he had bought the other. When he saw the room it had, he knew it was just what they wanted. So the Potters moved in—
and the trees moved out soon afterward.

Merry Bell Potter arrived in their new home in February, 1953. "Merry Bell is the perfect baby," says Beryl. "She loves to be sung to and cuddled. In the evening when she's tired, just before I put her to bed, I hold her in my arms and sing a lullaby. She has the perfect baby's reaction. Her little eyes close and, inside of two verses, she's fast asleep."

"Bill, on the other hand," says Beryl, "was like an octopus. I had a hard time holding him. His arms and legs would flail around—I could never sing him to sleep. He just had to wear himself out, then he'd drop off."

Though Bill doesn't like lullabies, he does enjoy Beryl's singing. "In fact," says Pete, "he can carry a tune. He has real phrasing and a beat. He already knows three or four songs. He and Beryl sing duets.

Recently, Beryl made an album with Connie Haines, Della Russell, and actress Jane Russell. It was called, "Joyful Noises unto the Lord"—an album of hymns. Beryl sings in the choir of the St. Stephen's Episcopal Church in Hollywood. These girls entertained there one evening, then decided to record their songs. While they rehearsed at home, Bill learned the lyrics to three or four.

"Do Lord" is his favorite hymn. Pete and Beryl are no longer surprised to hear the refrain . . . "If you don't bear the cross, you can't wear the crown . . . " sandwiched between courses at breakfast, lunch, or dinner. Or, drifting down from the upstairs bedroom at an hour when most little angels should be fast asleep: "Do Lord, do Lord, do remember me 'way beyond the blue."

The children are a very important part of Pete's and Beryl's life. Though their radio and television schedules are full, they set aside a certain time to share with Bill and Merry Bell. On days of rest and leisure, they go off to the beach or the mountains, or to a lake where it's quiet. The kids always go along.

As in their country days, they're still an outdoor family, and fishing is their favorite sport. "Young Bill is an enthusiastic," says Pete, "I had him up on the lake with me last week and handed him the rod when he was only two. He was so thrilled, I like to have knocked him out! Every day since then, he's asked me when we're going fishing again!"

On their vacations, the Potters head for the country and the beach. Sometimes they camp, sometimes they stay in motels. Bill and Beryl love swimming and fishing. And if Bill doesn't know what to do, for instance, "Drifting down the river with my mother, I usually ask Bill if he'd like to come."

"We put him in the pool in Las Vegas," says Pete, "and we can't get him out. The ocean at Catalina has the same effect on him. He's ready to spend the rest of his life there. Whenever the family council meets to pick the next vacation spot, Bill is always the first to suggest, 'Catalina Guest Ranch'! or 'Las Vegas!'"

"Today life is rolling along smoothly for the Oklahoma boy and the English girl who have never let their difference in language become a barrier. Their work together, their beautiful home, and their two children have made their life complete. In addition," says Pete, "I've learned to eat Beryl's Lancashire Hot Pot and love it! There have been even times when Beryl's sat down to a ham-hock and turnip green dinner. Though, you know, I still say 'tomatoes' and she still says 'tomatoes'!"

Pete and Beryl can tell you—two people don't have to speak the same language to fall in love.
(Continued from page 37)

notes of their suggestions, given some himself, to star in his first rehearsal. Tuesday is a shadow of Monday . . . with only 1,000 last-minute details to take care of . . . before the two big shows he does on Wednesday, most weeks of the year.

But, after the two shows, Bill's usual week is only half-over. He still has the California half of his life to live, and—one of the most interesting five minutes after he's Got A Secret—he hops a California-bound plane for his Thursday date on Place The Face.

A Winged Wednesday," as Bill calls it, is an especially hectic day. "It's toothpaste and coffee for breakfast. When the two shows, by 9:30 P.M., there's a car waiting to run me to the airport. By 11:25 A.M., Bill Cullen is probably the only man in the country who flies the 6,000 miles from New York to California and back again each year.

Bill made his first trip on January 28.

"Since that time, I've made three complete cycles of the stewardesses. I know them all by their first names. As soon as he's aboard.Hot fauls usually, doesn't wake up again until arrival in Los Angeles at 6:00 A.M. He naps on his way to the Beverly Hills Hotel, freshens up on arrival, takes time for one of his "energy" breakfasts, then flies to L.A. for a Place The Face rehearsal at CBS-TV.

Bill's work week rolls on through Thursday: interviews in the morning, rehearsals in the afternoon and Place The Face in the evening. He's been a program-in-chief, the director and the producer, as well, for eight weeks. He says, "The executives are very kind. They accept them. But have never used any."

But Bill then spends Thursday night in the Beverly Hills Hotel. "I like it there. I can eat in the dining room without a tie. Took make-up three times up and down in it, though." Then, Friday morning, Bill takes the 6:00 A.M. plane back to New York.

Friday is almost a day of rest. On the plane, Bill writes letters, reads scripts, and prepares for four-hour Saturday afternoons on radio show. As well, if there are ten episodes of this eighty-hour work week, he says, "No. Love what I'm doing. That's the secret."

Bill winds up his work week with a bang. For a time, when Walk A Mile first pondered summer vacation plans, it looked as though he'd have at least a few weeks with no double-program days. Then along came Bank On The Stars—and emcee Cullen found himself doing a Saturday-night stint on NBC-TV, right on the heels of his Saturday Roadshow on NBC Radio.

Sunday is Bill's day off. It's also his day for hobbies. He's a keen fisherman, a man who was so generous with his energies and enthusiasm in his work to be frugal in spending his few free hours. Bill isn't. He has a hobby to match every facet of his personality.

Skeet shooting is one. "Skeet shooting," Bill says, "keeps you on your toes. You've got to stay alive. The skeet are just like contestants at the carnival. I'm waiting some day, or two days, to shoot back."

Tropical fish are another of Bill's hobbies. "Saw some in a window, Fascinating," he says, "That day I bought a twenty-gallon tank. Couldn't take my eyes off them."

We later talked the tank for two thirty-gallon. Now have two fifty-gallon tanks, one in the den, one in the living room.

To satisfy the artistic side of his character, Bill likes to paint. He's competent in any medium: oil, water colors, even charcoal. He's professional with the paint brush. He's attended his paintbrush trade school Philadelphia and later studied at Carnegie Tech. Employed by Allied Display for six months, he painted symbols—used commonly on board aircraft. They looked like the real thing—so much, in fact, that one day Bill sat on one. "Cardboard gave way and I fell into the paint pot! Boy, was I blue!"

Bill also spends his time with color photography. "I've got at least a dozen cameras. Never tire of shooting pictures of my wife, Carol." Bill also takes pictures of himself for his personal plane.

That's right, airplane! Sunday, Bill's day off, he literally takes off. "Carol and I fly to Martha's Vineyard and the other places which we could never see because they're too far to drive in one day. We entertain our friends with flying, too. Besides, you can take some wondrous color pictures from an airplane."

Bill learned to fly at an early age. In fact, he could almost fly before he could drive a car. At home in Pittsburgh, Bill's father was a garage mechanic with a penchant for midget auto racers. Theirs was an automobile family and, by the time Bill was eight, he had all the regular childhood diseases—plus the two dreaded ones, scarlet fever and polio.

Bill loves speed. Perhaps it was a compensation for his polio-scared leg—perhaps not. One way or another, between the Offenhauser powered midget racers and his flying, he's always been surrounded by speed. He was taking flying lessons at fifteen, by sixteen he had an instructor's license, by eighteen an instructor's license.

"When you get a ticket"—which is a license, he explains—"you take a physical exam, and they issue a waiver. Mine's so long it reads like the Magna Carta!"

But Bill doesn't want to attract attention to his leg, and is careful about camera angles and angles. He's afraid of his leg being taken out of context, he says, "I don't want people to feel sorry for me,"

As a young man, Bill learned that he couldn't make a living out of flying. But airplanes and radio—those are his things. For himself. He cannot think of starting early wanting to be a radio announcer," he says, "but, every where I went, I was told I needed experience to get a job."

"Finally I had a chance to work for nothing. Then I got another break. One of the fellows quit. I took his all-night shift and worked every morning. It paid twenty-five dollars a week. Shortly after, there was an audition for an early-morning disc-jockey show. It paid fifteen dollars a week. I couldn't stay awake for audition—no sleep for twenty-four hours. I got the job."

During the war, Bill kept up his radio work and taught flying at the same time. Since, so that his leg is not apparent, he says, "It was no strain. Then shortly after his year-and-a-half teaching contract with the Army ran out, Bill went to New York to continue his professional career. Then one by one, the radio shows, he met an attractive young songstress by the name of Carol Ames. "Our first date was a 'coffee break,' says Bill, "and we did it almost every day for the next three years."

"We were married in a little church in New York in 1948. I've forgotten the name. Isn't that just like a man? But I remember the name of my stepmother, Carol's mother, and our agent were there. It was simple and nice."

Since then, there's been only one problem. "I used to call home and say 'sleep' to me today and I can drop off anywhere. This upsets Carol. In the middle of a hot family argument, I'll lie down on the couch and go to sleep! Lose more arguments that way, but get a lot of rest!"

Of course, one of the obstacles that packager Ralph Edwards faced in wanting Bill Cullen for Place The Face was the problem of getting him from New York to Hollywood; one week. Ray Edwards didn't know Bill had hi-octane airplane gasoline instead of blood in his veins.

But Bill doesn't refer to Place The Face as a "show" and he calls it the "sore-feet-and-hot-tomsil show, because all we do is stand around all day rehearsing and drinking hot coffee!"

Asked if his weekly flight interrupted his singing-hothing schedule, Bill says, "No, I've learned to keep on an airplane. As for eating, I can get by on three slices of bread. And I haven't been sick since I was eight years old. Never missed a day of school."

Whether he guards against it or not, Bill is too busy to catch cold. In spite of the fact that polio caught him as a child, he says, "I feel lucky I came out of it okay and I have my early suffering also accounts for Bill's feeling toward contestants. He guards against making them look silly, "unless they are professionals.""

Many of those who appear on Place The Face are professionals. In fact, Bill has worked with more stars in the short period of time since January 28 than any other show. He's been a contestant, he says, "Think of the wonderful color pictures I'll be able to shoot in that Palm Springs sun!"

And Grand Canyon! It's only two hours by airplane. Don't fly over it on my way from New York. From 23,000 feet, it's just a drainage ditch! And those big mesas—they're just little mesas! I want to see it all up there!"

Work and enthusiasm—do they make for a happy life? Just ask Bill Cullen.

Who's Who at Masquerade Party? (Answers to picture quizzes on pages 70-71)

J-1. Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond; 2-D. Constance and Joan Bennett; 3-F. Wally Cox; 4-E. Florence Chadwick; 5-A. Ezio Pinza; 6-B. Margaret Truman.
Honeymoon Time

(Continued from page 33) only a distance, Tom found himself wondering about her.

"She was beautiful. And, to me, a woman of mystery," he recalls, smiling.

"At first, I had no idea of who she was or even how old she was. But I figured she must be somewhere under forty."

"I was seventeen at the time," Roxanne smiles.

"Occasionally, I'd see her walking alone in the evening. No date with anyone. No escort. More mystery."

"Actually, I was on my way home from the dentist's office where I worked as a receptionist and assistant," says Roxanne.

"So I got her number and called for a date. She always said no pleasantly, but gave me no reason."

Roxanne smiles. "Anyone would have said, I had the rocks in my head to turn him down. Look at Tom—tall, handsome, intelligent, witty, considerate—a good cook, too. I could say more, but I'm afraid he'd blurt out a crime."

She refused to date Tom only because he was an older man—all of twenty-two. The idea of a high school girl dating a man that age, out of college, would have been looked on with disfavor by her friends and family.

But, two years later, Rox had her first date with Tom, and on that day the entire city of Minneapolis celebrated with picnics and fireworks. It happened to be the Fourth of July. And it happened that Roxanne and some of her friend girls met Tom and some of his boy friends on the banks of the Mississippi. The boys invited the girls for a ride on a Chris Craft. Tom gallantly made it his duty to shield Roxanne from the spray—and the other young men. At five in the afternoon, he drove her home and asked if he couldn't come back at seven and take her to dinner.

I was old enough to accept," she says. "I had felt that, as I grew older, Tom got younger."

They hit it off from the very first day. Roxanne, stripped of mystery, turned out to be just the kind of girl any mother might recommend—except a great deal prettier. And Tom, have come to be a lady killer, was a real sweet guy.

The word 'steady' never passed between us," Rox says, "but, from that first date, I went out with no one else. Tom and I were together almost every evening."

That year was to mark the turning point in her life. Roxanne always had been a hard-working, earnest and serious girl. At fourteen, instead of having a crush like her friends, she got herself a real part-time job with the family dentist. She held that job until the year she met Tom, and also took classes in commercial art. She went to work as an assistant to a commercial artist, helping him with layouts, gathering merchandise for him to sketch or photograph—but never modeling. Then one day the artist, kind of cleaned his specs, took a look at Roxanne, and said, "You should enter the contest for Miss Minnesota."

Roxanne did. And, as a result of losing the contest, got a job at Cardinal, the world-famous for her beauty. She began to model in Minneapolis and, a year later, at the age of twenty, went East to the big city.

"Rox is not the kind of girl you worry about going to New York alone," Tom says. "Her parents knew that, and so did I. Rox had been managing her own finances and making her own decisions all the way through her teens. She even paid for the trip and her start in New York.

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It was no surprise to anyone that Roxanne, who had always been close to the boy who had been killed. All were trying to put on a holiday front but, one by one, each of them began to cry silently. Tom took Roxanne's hand and then, a few hours later, pulled a small jeweler's box from his pocket and wordlessly gave it to her. It was a ring that instinctively found its way to the proper finger. The same evening, their friends had a surprise party for them.

That was the Christmas of '49. A couple of months later, Tom went to New York to join his bride-to-be. For, although they headed their bark in the direction of the sea of matrimony, they hit a calm—a five-year one.

They weren't worried about when we would get married," Tom says. "Every-one else was doing the worrying."

The fact is that they got along well as in Manhattan as they had in Minneapolis. They saw each other almost every evening.

As the weeks wore on, Tom would wait and take her home. They had dinners together, went to the beach together, to parties and to movies. They got along perfectly and everyone knew it.

Columnist Earl Wilson, a good friend of theirs, complained that there was never any gossip to report on them and so periodically announced their forthcoming nuptials. He announced their wedding about fifteen times.

"We wanted to do it right—go home and be married with our families and friends present," Tom says. "But there was never a chance."

For example, Roxanne found that she was traveling about five months out of a year. Then, as hostess on Beat The Clock, she had a weekly commitment, fifty-two Saturdays a year. She had two six-day-a-week jobs including a fifteen-week job in a finance office. They just couldn't get away together at the same time. Tom was rooming with an old friend and Roxanne was living in a women's hotel. Early in 1953, they found an apartment they wanted, at a rental they could afford. Roxanne moved in.

"It looked as if we were really going to get married," Tom says. She bought herself some handsome, authentic Louis XV furniture. Her desk—rather, the table used as a desk—is one of two in the entire world. A few days after the two of them were offered $4,000 for it, much more than she had paid. All in all, the apartment began looking pretty good, but even expensive furniture is no substitute for a husband. It was about setting a wedding date. Bob Gurvitz, who works on Beat The Clock for the Cecil and Presbrey Agency, was one of Roxanne's closest friends. He kept them busy with very small, private ceremonies. Bob and Elaine were to be the only guests. Tom's roommate, Mike Wiegand, was to be best man, and a good friend, Alice Polver, was to be matron of honor. If Tom's family would be absent, Roxanne wanted to keep the wedding as small as possible.

"Where you going to honeymoon?" Bob asked.

"Hah," said Tom. "That's the two-thousand-dollar question."

They were going to Florida for three weeks. Trouble was, it would cost them about $2,000 before they even got started. Roxanne would have to fly back and forth every weekend to make the TV show. They wanted a car down there so they could be together and, but renting a car was terribly expensive and they wouldn't have time to drive down in Tom's car.

"Sounds too complicated to me," said friend Bob. "Let's see if we can do some thing to help you out."

The next day, Bob phoned Roxanne wonderful news. If they would settle for Bermuda, they could have transportation and a hotel thrown in for free. All Roxanne would have to do would be to endorse the hotel and ship by getting her face and figure into a few photographs.

"Then Tom and I knew it was for real," Roxanne said. "But it was Wednesday, three days before the wedding, and all I had to do was get something to wear."

As a model experienced in clothes and styles, it should have been a cinch. She could have used a designer and bought herself a shantung suit wholesale. It was beige—or so she thought, until she got it home and then decided there was too much brown in it.

"Brown is my worst color," she says. "I can wear anything but brown."

She was very much disturbed that evening until a friend came in, listened to her woeful tale and led her to a fashionable tailor. The designer was in the process of finishing a beautiful, simple gray suit it was Roxanne's size. She bought it, and she bought a pair of doeskin gloves. She borrowed sables from a furrier and a seventy-five-dollar hat from just plain John, the fabulous hatter.

She and Tom had arranged to be married at St. Agnes Church and had asked the Monsignor to marry them in the chapel as simply as possible.

Saturday morning, the party of six arrived at the church. The Monsignor announced that Roxanne would march down the aisle. She said, "I hadn't heard of such a thing before."

Tom then discovered there was a singer and organist on hand.

"It was all the Monsignor's idea," Tom notes. "We had wanted a simple wedding."

But the march down the aisle was made more difficult by the fact that Roxanne suddenly disengaged themselves from the woodwork.
We were a little concerned that the Monsignor might get upset by the cameramen," Tom says, "until we held him ask if the lighting was satisfactory." "We didn’t mind the photographers ourselves," says Rox, "until we learned that one was going on the honeymoon with us." So the three of them sailed on the Queen of Bermuda that afternoon, and the photographer turned out to be a very pleasant company.

In Bermuda, they stayed at the luxurious Castle Harbor Hotel and, for the next two weeks, did what every other honeymooning couple does—they went sailing, cycling around the island, dancing, shopping. They had picnics on the beach.

Came Friday afternoon of the first week and Roxanne had to interrupt the honeymoon temporarily, to fly back to New York for the Saturday show. Tom saw her to the airport, noting, "As they say on radio, this program will be continued on Monday." Of course, then Tom had the photographer for company. When Rox got back Sunday evening, Tom met her with a bundle of gifts. The Saturday she had been away was her birthday.

"It gives you an idea of the kind of screwball existence we lead," Roxanne says.

They didn’t have too much privacy during their honeymoon. The local paper announced their daily activities. They were spotlighted at night clubs where calypso songs were made up for them. "The second week was more fun than the first," Rox says, "I guess it’s always that way when you’re holidaying. When it’s time to leave, you begin to enjoy yourself too much."

They returned to Manhattan and to the apartment Roxanne had been preparing for a year.

"Since you’ve been living here," Tom said, "I think you should carry me across the threshold!"

Of course, he was only kidding. He gallantly lifted Rox in his arms and deposited her on the other side of the door, and so brought to a conclusion a courtship that had continued itself to almost a decade.

"And to tell you the truth," says Tom, "I’ve still got Rox in my head."

The Goldbergs

(Continued from page 42)

vanity as any woman alive. But she is a woman, with a woman’s prerogatives where her age is concerned. However, a date she willingly gives up to is that of her marriage to Lewis Berg, a young chemical student she met at Columbia University in 1918. Before that, she had been the only child of a prosperous New York City family which owned a resort hotel in the Catskill Mountains. Stage-struck even at an early age, young Gertrude used to write and perform monologues for the amusement of the hotel’s guests. In these one-girl skits, she played a character named Molly—the same Molly who was later to be Molly Goldberg. For her material, she drew upon her own mother and grandmother and aunts, and upon their friends.

From 1918 until 1929, she was too busy being a wife and mother to do any writing or much acting. But you know what happened in 1929—the Depression. For the Bergs, it was particularly depressing because in that same year the sugar factory, which employed Lewis, burned down and left him jobless.

"But, with my children at school, house-
SURVEY SHOWS MANY nurses say "yes definitely" to douching with ZONITE for feminine hygiene

Do YOU know all you should about this intimate subject?

The practice of using a cleansing, deodorizing douche for feminine cleanliness, health and married happiness is prevalent among modern women. Another survey showed that of the married women asked:

83.3% douche after monthly periods,
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Enjoy the many benefits of ZONITE. Inexpensive—only a few pennies per douche.

ZONITE has 'M1' uses in the home @ 1934, E.P.C.
Months passed, and she tried to tell herself she was too busy to travel all the way down to the East Side. But Gertrude doesn’t find self-deception very easy, and finally she went to go and buy the music, if any. She boarded the subway and rode downtown to the pushcart stand.

She stopped first at the stall of a little old lady who sold small household items—brushes, lamps, and the like. The woman’s eyes peered out from behind a lense which split suddenly into a welcoming smile.

"Is Mrs. Berg? Where you’ve been?"

Gertrude breathed easier. Here was one, at least, who didn’t recognize her. She started to say something, but the little old lady went on in arch, mock reproach: "So busy acting in that television you don’t have time to come and see us?"

Gertrude’s innocence had indeed caught up with her. But it didn’t matter. Nobody minded. She was still Mrs. Berg, her friend—and she always would be. That vote of confidence, from some quite ordinary people, meant as much to Gertrude as all the critical praise her work has ever received.

The illness which took Gertrude to the hospital last winter was both sudden and serious. So serious, in fact, that she had to be carried from her apartment on a stretcher and taken to the hospital in an ambulance. As she described it, "I didn’t know whether to worry about myself or to pay attention to everything that was happening to me. I remember thinking, So this is how it feels to be on a stretcher—and wondering if I’d ever want to use the experience again."

Then, being discharged, they carried her out of the apartment. I said to Fanny Meller—Fanny, I want you to have my mink coat!"

Now, Mrs. Fanny Merrill is Gertrude Berg’s oldest and busiest friend. Gray-haired and sweet-faced, with luminous dark eyes, she accompanies Gertrude to rehearsals, performances, business conferences, everywhere Gertrude’s work takes her. She is a sort of secretarial, personal assistant, and about her loyalty to and affection for Gertrude there is no more doubt than about the warmth of the sun. What she said then showed that, in addition to her other qualities, she knew perfectly the right thing to say, and when to say it.

"Darling," she cried, "I don’t want it! I can’t afford to have it remodeled."

The contract was snapped, and Gertrude burst into laughter. "You won’t have to," she promised. "I’ll be using it myself!"

That she kept that promise is something for which, otherwise, all be thankful. The world would be a poorer and a sadder and a duller place without its Molly Goldberg.
Presenting Portia

(Continued from page 53)

Gardening is new to Frances, and that's a little odd, considering that she grew up in Berkeley, California, where flowers and gardens are certainly no novelty. Her family moved to California from Texas when Frances and her three sisters were little girls. And it was at the Pasadena Playhouse that the youngest with stars in her eyes got her first chance.

"But, even as a little girl," Frances explains, "I knew I was going to be an actress. I used to learn long pieces of poetry, and I would insist on reciting them when everyone came to the house. Now York from there. I don't know how Mother put up with me, but I guess she was amused. I know she's delighted that I have a career. I'm the only one who has worked. My sisters are all married and are housewives. But there was always something in me that insisted that I wanted to act."

After a couple of seasons at Pasadena, Frances did the impossible. She got a job in a stock company at Martha's Vineyard—by mail. The manager had never seen her act. But she enlisted the aid of everyone she knew in the theater or movies in California. They all wrote letters. So did she. "I guess they were so startled they just hired me," she explains.

After the season ended, Frances came to New York, where for a little while it looked as though her luck had run out. But she was determined to stay and take her chances. Because eating is important, even to a girl who thinks she can live on applause, Frances took a job as stock girl in a Madison Avenue dress shop. But every once in a while, she would emerge from behind the racks and cast her eye on Broadway right away, but she did get a chance at Brooklyn. Offered the part of Lucy in a stock company performance of "Dracula," just judged at the Chance, la., Frances knew she wasn't going to be any good as a salesgirl, anyway," she laughs. After "Dracula" came a season in Maplewood, New Jersey, with the chance to play with such theater greats as Charles B. Fitzsimons, Marjorie Childs, and James Mooney. "My character was the girl in the house, Grace George and Eva LeGallienne.

Frances has a very special reason for being grateful to stock companies, because it was while acting in such a company—that she first met her husband-to-be. Frances and Philip Bourneuf acted together in stock and in early TV plays. "It was ghastly at first," Frances admits, "because we treated each other like husband and wife instead of as actors. But, once we learned not to do that, everything was fine. I like playing with Philip. But it's harder on him, because he's a better actor than I am as an actress."

The Bourneufs would like to do a Broadway play together and add themselves to the growing list of husband-and-wife teams such as Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, Rex Harrison, and Lilli Palmer, Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy.

The majority of Frances Reid's successful stage appearances have been in classical plays. She played Ophelia opposite Maurice Evans in "Hamlet." She's in the Roxanne, loved and lost by José Ferrer, in "Cyrano de Bergerac." Her slim figure showed to advantage in the boy's tights worn by Viola in Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." In fact, the only contemporary hit she ever had was a war play, "The Wind Was Ninety," in which she acted with Kirk Douglas and Wendell Corey—they, too, were just making a name for themselves.

Frances' success in costume plays is actually just one more reason why this gifted woman loves the part of Portia. "The drama poses real human problems, faced and solved by real people every day," she says seriously. "It gives me a chance to play a good-hearted woman who is intelligent enough to be good at more than one thing. I like that, because I have found it possible to be a pretty good housewife and cook and still be an actress. As long as Philip likes my cooking, and that's all that counts."

Frances' schedule is going to use these talents to the utmost. She is hoping to be able to continue living in the comfort of their Bucks County house. This means catching a 7:45 train every morning (and the station is fifteen miles away), remaining at the studio every day from 9:15 A.M. until 3 P.M. and, of course, driving a show each day. "I manage by taking my lunch with me," she says. "I have a huge handbag and stow away a thermos of coffee and a sandwich. This way, I don't have to take time to go out in the half-hour lunch period. I try to get my studying all done by six o'clock, so that I can spend the evening with Philip or go over scenes with him."

This summer he is going to be at the Bucks County Playhouse and the Theaters in the Park in Philadelphia, so that it all should work out fine. Besides, we love it here." Looking around the spacious living room with its paneled walls, high ceiling, and the view of the rolling Jericho Valley, it's not hard to see why.

The house was built to the Bourneufs' own specifications. Between them, they planned and decided what they wanted and—only then—they did engage a contractor. "We couldn't bear to build in an old form," says Frances. "But neither did we want anything too aggressively modern."

The result is somewhere in between. The spaciousness of the living room gives a modern impression, as does the free-form coffee table, a gift of the famous Hungarian actress Lili Darvas. There are sling chairs of canvas and wrought-iron, too. But, in one room, is an old Welsh dresser—a period piece which is perfect in the room. There is one bathroom, but a modern and practical one, so the two wash basins side by side. "Our apartment in New York is much more colorful than this house," Frances explains. "Here we think there is so much color out of doors that we limited ourselves inside to browns and greens. In town, where everything outside is gray, we went mad with color indoors." Everything about Frances and her husband shows this same reasonableness of approach. They have made their own adjustments to their parallel careers. And the fact that they are parallel—and not conflicting—is testimony to the ability of each of them to face life.

— PAUL WHITEMAN
Dean of American Music
— LU ANN SIMMS
of the Arthur Godfrey Shows
— GALEN DRAKE
Everyone's Favorite Philosopher

All these—and more—in the star-studded September issue of
TV RADIO MIRROR on sale first week in August

———
On Their Account

(Continued from page 35)

this is what Mr. Elliot would want you to do.

The Elliot house is the neighborhood playground. In addition to the Elliot children, an average of about sixteen younger organisms surging through their Connecticut home. And Win isn’t the only attraction, Rita has taught many of the children to dance and swim.

"That makes me think," Win says. "I don’t really teach them anything except how to peek when they’re playing hide-and-seek."

The case is that the neighbors’ children have a case on Win and Rita... which brings us to a rather sad subject, for the Elliots are going to move—not out of Westport but to another part of town. It’s going to be rough on the kids.

"Not on our kids," Win says. "We plan on taking ours with us."

The house is still in the thinking stage, although the property is fact. Win bought himself two-and-a-quarter acres of beautiful wooded land on the Saugatuck River. The land slopes gently up from the river and it is at the top of the rise that Win plans to build.

"You build a house to fit the family, not vice-versa," Win says. "We’ve had to re-appraise ourselves to understand our needs. It’s almost like taking a business inventory."

An inventory of the family, in ascending order, includes Sue Ann, a nearly three-year-old, pert red-head with motherly instincts who hovers over her brothers Peter, nearly five and nicknamened "Chucklehead" for his sunny disposition, and just six, a handsome, blond, athletic boy. But tops on the inventory list is Rita: ash blond, blue-eyed, medium height, outdoors type, expert swimmer and dancer, former private secretary, actress, presently Westport housewife and mother.

"If you have a few days to spare," Win begins, "I’ll tell you just how wonderful Rita is."

"It’s so nice," Rita says, grinning, "to have a husband who reads a commercial so well."

"No, honestly, Beat has it," Win continues. "For one thing, she is so well-balanced—mentally as well as physically. She has equilibrium. Never loses her temper."

Win tells the story of Rita going into the local shoe store before the baby came. She and the three kids had to wait a few minutes for a clerk. During these few minutes, the kids suddenly grew six arms apiece, but Rita kept them in check—unruffled as usual—until the clerk came over. He was impressed.

He asked, "Are you sure, Mrs. Elliot, that you don’t want to go into the back of the store and see below your top?"

"No," she said.

"And is it true that you are planning on still another child?"

"Yes."

"Mrs. Elliot," he said in awe, "I should like to order you a very special hilo."

Win not only admires Rita’s disposition but notes how it works to her advantage. "She doesn’t dissipate her energy needlessly."

For a woman like Rita who likes the outdoors, who likes informality, who enjoys playing with children, you don’t build a formal house.

"In the beginning we had decided we didn’t like modern houses, for they seemed so cold," Win says, "but, when we began to talk specifically about the things we would like, we found we were talking about a modern house."

For one thing, the Elliots plan on using a lot of glass, so they can wholly enjoy their land and the river. That calls for a certain amount of details, but because they will be living on the side of a slope, the house will be split-level. And because they live so casually, the house will be designed for living.

"For example, we won’t have a conventional dining room," Win says. "The dining room will be both play room and dining room. It will be next to the kitchen so the children will be within walking distance."

Win figures that three-quarters of the room will be given over to the children’s room. Westport, and a swimming pool will be added to the dining room. Rita will be able to set the table in the kitchen and keep it out of the way if the children are playing in the dining room—or if they can eat in the kitchen, for a change.

"We all eat together," Win says. "Just as soon as a child is old enough to sit up, he joins the family. We don’t mind the mess."

At present, they are using a glass-topped table which cleans easily after a meal. The rug, however, is another matter. "If memory serves me the dining room rug is gray," Win says. "You can tell by looking at it now. After what the kids and the cat and dog have done to it to eat food, the rug looks like a mountainous area on a Rand McNally map."

The living room will be on the terrace, with three walls of glass, and it will not be called a living room but "the family room." Here again conventional furniture will be forgotten and, instead, there will be built-in cabinets, seats, and other fixtures. Win plans on a permanent screen for his home movies and a special closet for his projector and home-recording equipment.

Win and Rita have been carefully preserving their records of the family in snapshots and movie films, but the choice Eli- liot’s outfit on the tape recorder. Win has been imitating Ed Murrow’s Hear It Now —on the family level.

Win started to keep this scrapbook-in-sound in 1932. He caught Susie’s first cry, Rickey’s first word, and, last but not least, the children’s bedtime and performance, with the tape recorder. Win says:

He recorded the daily battle which occurs in the evening when he puts the two boys to bed. The tape reveals that he began as usual with a velvet glove and wound up shaking an iron fist. The boys quite enjoyed listening,Win said good night and left the room. Then the recorder picked up Rickey whispering to his brother, "Go ahead, Peter, get out of bed." And, a moment later, at the top of his voice, Rickey shouted, "Daddy, Peter is out of bed!"

"I caught Rickey red-handed," Win says. "But Rita wouldn’t allow me to use the evidence without my consent!"

At the end of the year, Win and Rita went over their collection of tape recordings, edited them down and had them transcribed on records to send the grandparents as Christmas gifts for the children scrubb

"The kids sounded so cute," Win says, "that, two days after my mother got her record, she was on her way down from

Mr. C. L. Evans, who has helped thousands succeed, says...
Maine to hear and see them in person.

While photography and recording are Win's specialties, she always takes time to be good to government and acting. She has produced plays for the church and acted in productions of the Westport Players. She also devotes a lot of time to the League of Women Voters.

“She’s non-partisan,” Win says, “but I’m pretty sure she voted for me.”

This past year, Win campaigned to be elected to the Westport Woman’s Forum, and said that there were a lot of interesting discussions at Town Meeting. She lost by only four votes.

“That’s the best record a Democrat ever made in our town,” he notes, with proper pride. A loyal and sincere Democrat, Win never worked socially in business with Republicans, and Win’s sense of fair play leads him to say, “The Republicans have been doing a good job in running Westport, and the room for improvement.” He adds, with a grin, “Besides, it’s time for a change.”

Neither Win nor Rita has ever allowed civic activities or other interests to interfere with their relationship to the children.

“In fact, I think we have gone too far in the other direction,” Win says. “We’ve never had a weekend trip away from the kids.”

This summer, for the first time, Win and Rita plan to go away alone for three weeks. They had thought of flying to Europe, but sightseeing would be too much work, and they have settled on plans for a more restful vacation out West.

“The best is as badly in need of a vacation as I am,” Win says. “I’m one of those men who thrives on work. My wife works twice as hard as her husband.”

He notes that, in addition to her duties with the children and the household, Rita has also been called upon to manage Win’s fan mail, correspondence and domestic finances.

“She also lets me sleep until nine or ten on Saturday and Sunday mornings,” he says, “but don’t get the idea we live like two angels. We argue. Especially when I try to push her around.”

Win remembers he was successful just once in forcing a personal decision, and that was recently. He had to fly to Chicago to broadcast the Gillette fights and Rita was eight months pregnant. She wanted to go along and Win said, “No. Not in your condition.” Rita said, “My condition is okay.”

They retired to their corners and, when they came out for the next round, Rita announced she had talked to her obstetrician and he said the trip was okay. Rita took that round, but not the next one. Win had then phoned the family doctor and conned him into saying that Rita shouldn’t go.

“I eventually won,” Win says, “but it was a tough fight.”

There is the tale of the mink stole. But, to understand that, you must be forewarned, with the story of the Christmas car. It’s an example of the tenderness Win feels for Reet.

For their first Christmas together, Win really wanted to give Rita something special. Win had been a widower and so Rita, in marrying him, had also acquired two sons.

She stepped into a mountain of responsibility with a well-honed eyeliner. When Win recalls, “One day she had been a career woman, successful as a secretary and an actress. The next day, as a newlywed, she had to manage a home and become mother to a couple of children. I came plain once, or ask for help, or get disturbed. She was magnificent.”

So that Christmas, when it came time for Win to hand Rita her gift, he suggested she take the kids over to the station wagon.

“I never thought I could top that gift.” Win says, “but that didn’t bother me, for we’re not the kind of family which requires gifts as proof of love.”

Nevertheless, it was a challenge and suddenly he realized that, like most other women, Rita cast an appreciative eye on men.

One day, Win asked Rita to meet him early in Manhattan and he got her walking down Fifth Avenue, turned her into Saks and then tricked her into the fur depart-ment.

“I told her she was to pick out a min-stole,” Win recalls, “and I thought she would.

Rita politely cooperated with the sales lady and looked at the furs but, in the end, didn’t make a selection.

‘Do you really want a stole?’ I asked her.

‘I’ll tell you,’ she said outside, “I honestly always wanted one but, now that can have it, I really don’t care.’

It is a slightly melancholy truism, that con-tributes to the casual air around the Elliot home and the kind of thing Win wants in their new home. Besides the ideas he has in mind for the dining-pa-room and Win hopes to save as many trees on the property as possible, although he does want the sur-face to get through to the river so that the wife will be able to swim in.

He’s got a few vague ideas of the kind of bedrooms he wants for the children.

“What the kids should really have are padded cells with everything bolted to them, but you know how people would talk.”

Actually, one reason the plans have not progressed further is that Rita refuses to plan.

“It’s too frustrating,” Win says, “I like to anticipate, worry, plan ahead. Rita a complete ad-libber. She waits for the situation to come up.”

Win recalls that Rita hadn’t even decided on a name for Sue Ann until the whole plan for the new house had been coordinated. In the same way, he isn’t getting too much help from her in planning the new house.

“Win is just better at things like that than she is,” Win says, “His mind is made for look-ahead. There’s nothing impractical about Win, in spite of his charm.” She tells you that about his fan mail and that many have, seeing him in the news, become confused. So reads from one letter that starts out, “Win are you? What are you? You change personalities all day long.”

It’s kind of true. The Win you know me depend on what time of the day you catch him on radio and video. In the morning, he is gay and light-hearted in Bet Crocker’s kitchen. In the, afternoon, he is in a dark suit and playing guests on Your Wives. In the evening, the is the sports expert, terse at keen, as he covers the fights.

“Win is adaptable,” Rita says. “After all, he does the one thing when he driving the car as when he’s playing hopscotch with the kids.” Then she adds, “Win is an active man who likes sports, politi- his work, but—above all—seven the family. He’s warm hearted and good-hearted.”

“Win is kind of teasing because I won’t sit down and plan our new house to the detail. And, to tell the truth, I don’t have time for it. I’m too old to know how the children feel and I know how I feel. The only thing that matters us is that Win be in our home, whether it be a log cabin or a castle.”

Win grins and says, “You read a pret- good commercial yourself.”
Happy to Be Home

(Continued from page 44)

thought of her husband, worried and disagreed over what had happened. How could he have gotten this job for Universal Pictures, a nerve-wracking job at best, with this going on? She thought of the other children at home, little Anne, and her brother, and Tony. Well, they'd be all right as long as her mother, bless her, was on hand to care for them and soothe their fears with her soft Scotch burr.

They'd be staying in the new house—that house, bought with so much trepidation on a shoestring, at so much sacrifice. Through her own pain, Andree could see mounting stacks of figures, all in the red column, at the expense of her life. She'd lose the show, of course, and they'd figure so closely, depended so much on the Backstage Wife role to help get over that first year with the bank.

She thought wryly to herself, holding on as hard as she could to her sense of humor, "Well, nobody could write a better drama than the one I'm living through at this minute. If you don't believe it can really happen, just ask me!"

It was just then that Guy came in, bringing a new batch of flowers. He sat quietly beside her bed. "Thought you'd like to kneel and get a closer look. I'm holding your part for you, honey," he said. "They even announced that someone else was taking your place because you were sick, and you'll never be back. Pretty wonderful of them, eh?"

She could hardly believe her ears. The Backstage Wife people were under no obligation at all to do such a thing. It was a bit of a stooge to the way it made all the difference. "No matter what happens," she told Guy, "I think I can take it now."

Nothing the doctors could say about Andree's baby would scare her now. She was finally allowed to leave the hospital, she took Anne and Tony both into her arms, and thanked God that she had them to come home to at this time. Then, resolutely, for their sakes she put aside what had been going and again concentrated on the future.

Andree is twenty-eight now, and she got her first professional job in radio when she was only thirteen. She got it in both radio and TV, and on the stage ever since, so you must have heard her voice at least a thousand times. Mostly, she has been cast as an Irish colleen—an oddity in itself, when you realize that her folks and her three brothers and sisters were all born in Scotland.

Little Miss Wallace waited until her youngest brother, who has been elected to be born in Brooklyn. Her oldest sister is fifty. Her father, a Scottish shopkeeper, brought the whole family to New York and got a job as a gardener in a cemetery, and while his mother opened a rooming house in East Flatbush.

Thereafter, the Brooklyn Dodgers became accustomed to hearing themselves rooted for by a small but persistent claque of Highlanders, and Andree grew and went to Prospect Heights High School, where she studied drama. In her senior year she faced the fact that she was going to have to get a job, and she didn't see the point of wasting time, so she started making the rounds in Manhattan, auditioning for shows. To everyone's astonishment, she actually landed one on The Little Show, a thirty minute day morning program in which such famous Americans as Jane Addams were dramatized. Ten dollars a show.

Andree's principal, almost hysterical with pride, gave her permission to cut classes in order to attend rehearsals, and Andree was on her way.

There's no room to list all the things she's done here and there. She was called to the script of the Rko Television Theater run (all those Irish colleens, with a slight Scottish burr) and the fact that she played the title role in a play called "Kathleen." 1948, ran for two performances in New York.

Andree was studying drama at the school of Madam Daykarhanova when she met Guy Biondi. Madam's class was giving a demonstration at Finch College, and Guy was the stage manager. Andree took one look at him and for the first time in her life something went boi-i-ing in her heart. She was twenty-one, and she'd been in love before, and she was ready.

A lot more ready than Guy, certainly. Her clear blue eyes twinkle reflectively as she remembers, now: "I chased him away, really, in fact. I just thought I thought he was a terribly good-looking man—if I said any more, he'd get the works from the fellows he works with."

"The Marines and publicity men can take it," I suggested.

"He'll murder me... he had dark hair and nice eyes, and he was the kind of man I'd always thought would be right for me. I did what I thought was my best, and so I think it's about time that you are ready to start again."

Then it was at the American Theater Wing, which is a school for professional people who are trying to improve their lot in the theater. Andree and Guy recognized each other, and he asked her for a date.

This was for dinner and dancing, and it went off in grand style. They had a wonderful gesture stage, and at four o'clock in the morning, he brought her home and thoroughly kissed her good night, he sketched a pattern of future dates that sounded like the wrong but sure road to marriage.

Andree is the only one in blissful delusion. The next day, she planned her campaign. Being an essentially nice, pretty, emotionally sound and rather simple human being herself, she pictured Guy as a complicated sophisticate, and forthwith determined to play the kind of game she'd been reading in certain slick novels. "What I'll do, she thought, "is kind of play the part of a girl who makes him notice me. Then, when I've insulted him enough and he's crazy with suspense—or whatever—I'll let him see what I'm really like. Then he'll propose, and everything will be all right!"

So, on the next couple of dates, she threw one or two insults at him, as opportunity offered. At first, he seemed only surprised, as if his ears had played him false. Then he became somewhat aloof. After the third date during which she tried this technique, he bade her a quick good night, and she didn't hear from him again. She tells us she was no bigger than a lot of things about a perfectly normal, decent, well-meaning guy, who in turn was hurt and finally thrown by this inexplicable behavior. In part of it, a girl he really liked—or had thought was—..."

It was not until 1949, when Andree was once again a student at the American Theater Wing, that, out of the corner of her eye, she noticed Guy moving around, busy at his several tasks. She saw that he had seen her, too.

When class was over, she had the choice of hanging around, waiting to see if he would notice her and ask her out, or of pretending to ignore him and going home. She chose, to her sorrow, the latter course—because the next day they met in a hall way and he told her that, upon recognizing her, he'd hastily called for a pair of

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They were talking about ME!

Countless listeners have been amazed to find their own problems dramatized on radio’s “My True Story.” You see, these vivid, emotion-packed stories are taken right from the files of “True Story Magazine.” They deal with true-life situations of love and fear, jealousy and hope . . . the lives of people as real as the people you meet every day. This is why you may very well hear your problem dramatized and find the help you need to solve it.

TUNED IN

MY TRUE STORY

American Broadcasting Stations

Don’t miss—“Despised”—dramatic story of a wrong love in August TRUE STORY magazine on sale now.
She's a Living Doll

(Continued from page 46)

If you hear Shirley first on radio, without having seen her on TV, you're apt to get a false impression of her personality. Here she is a flawless voice and a girl who has lived—the sophistication is undeniable.

Later, either on a family-size screen, or in person, you meet her and you are astonished to see this grown-up girl who sang last night, with such overtones of worldly knowledge.

It's the same girl, all right, but without the overtones. Shirley is lovely, sweet, and so simple even the wildest girls can help muttering the old cliché: "Little girls are made of sugar and spice and everything nice..."

Shirley is as good and wholesome as a butter-cake, and we don't have to search far to find out why. We just have to look at her family, and the way she was brought up. Shirley's father was an athlete who lost an arm in an accident when he was fourteen. Where many a man would have been discouraged, Mr. Harmer not only married and had six children—half of them boys—but managed an engineering job with the General Motors plant in Oshawa, Canada, played championship golf, and umpired local baseball teams.

Miss Harmer. She grew up in a big frame house in Thornton's Corners, near Oshawa (which is near Toronto), in a loving circle of family and friends. She went to a two-room schoolhouse and the boarding school, and to Red Cross meetings where the boys sat on one side of the room, the girls on the other. Everyone was supposed to contribute some sort of a performance, and Shirley sang, of course, with one of the local pianists as her accompanist. Sometimes, as a very special treat, a boy named Bob Luce came in from Oshawa and played a trombone.

To some people, a trombone solo might not be the height of entertainment. But this Mr. Luce was a trombonist for Boyd Valleau's band at the Jubilee Pavilion in Detroit, Michigan. It's not so hard to end up in the Casa Loma and the Palais Royale in Toronto...and, in consequence of Mr. Luce's hearing our Shirley sing, Shirley was asked to join the band in Oshawa which began at this point.

Because of these happenings, Shirley is today a great radio and TV star, with the world before her. Girls as pretty as Shirley is, with a voice as good as she possesses, frequently turn up in the movies. Then—now one knows what background might be devised for her, or what differences might occur in her career and her personality.

So, just for the record, this is the way Shirley is now...and this is what she was really like, that day in Canada, when you first heard her. The offer to sing with the band—at two dollars a night—made up from change contributed by members of the orchestra. (They couldn't afford a vocalist, but Shirley was Shirley.)

The first time I heard with Boyd Valleau's orchestra in the Jubilee, she wore a dirndl skirt, a blouse, and ballet slippers. She was fifteen, and she'd dared her mother's wrath by sneaking a little party out of the house. She felt completely worldly and grown-up—until she saw the high heels and the long dresses, the make-up and hairdos of the girls who were dancing past her. She sat on the bandstand, then, feeling suddenly like a little country "square."

"The thing about it," Shirley remem-
on to these famous places, and she had gone with them. Jimmy had arranged to pick her up each night, late, after her stint was finished, and drive her home.

One evening they were cruising along the highway on the way home from Toronto when Jimmy said, "Tomorrow's your eighteenth birthday, isn't it?"

"My, how did you know?"

"Madge told me. I—{I've got a little present for you, and I know a present ought to be a surprise—but, in this case, well..."

He reached in his pocket, pulled out a little velvet box, and snapped it open. The diamond glinted in the light from the dashboard. "Would you take it, Shirley? and be engaged to me?"

"Oh, my dear," she said, "you're wrong. It is a lovely surprise!"

And of course she was engaged to be engaged. But he didn't start after something, and he didn't want it all the while, knowing whether he had it or not. "There's the phone, honey," he pointed out. "Let's get on it."

So, for the next half-hour, she tried places all over Toronto where her mother might be... until finally, at her uncle's house, she found her. A few minutes later, she hung up and went out to the kitchen, where Jimmy was prudently talking nourishing nonsense. Last was not to be a long siege. "It's all right," she said softly, "Mother says we can be engaged. I'm so glad, Jimmy."

But he said the refrigerator, gulping hastily, he brought out his ring again and slipped it onto her finger. And, if their engagement kiss was slightly flavored with peanut butter and jelly and milk, it was still a proper kiss.

The next year was a big one for Shirley. The way things worked out, it was almost as if she were living two lives at once. Then, all at once, there was a change...  

Shirley had noticed that for the last few evenings when he'd called for her, Jimmy was distraught and quiet. "Tonight he began to talk about what had been worrying him. Didn't she think a year's engagement was long enough? Jimmy's job was going well and he'd had a raise. He could afford his own car, pretty soon, and the down payment on a small cottage in Thornton's Corners. He was twenty-two and he was about to get settled and start his family. So how about it?

For some strange reason, Shirley felt he was teasing her, making a marriage, isn't it? She hadn't had a year ago, even six months ago. "Yes," she said, "I guess a year's long enough. Only... well, it's difficult enough now as it is, with me singing in Toronto and all. It would be even more of a strain on house for us, too, way out here in Thornton's Corners..."

"Oh, but of course you'd quit singing," Jimmy said, in effect. "When you marry me, you'd have to cut out for you, for life—being my wife."

"You mean—QUIT SINGING ENTIRELY? Give up my career?"

After a long pause, Jimmy said, "I don't get it, Shirley. We're engaged, isn't it? You said you wanted to be my wife, and how can you be that and sing with a band, too?"

"But I've worked hard, and I'm doing so well. You remember George Murray said he was the band I'd be on, radio, even television, and..."

"And how much time does that leave you for being married to me?" Jimmy shook his head. "Do you see any choice there?"

Shirley didn't answer for a long time. When she did, it was in a very small voice, and there were tears in her eyes.

"Yes, Jimmy, I think I do."

There was a half-hour of it, then and there. It took a while, as such things do, when two people love one another dearly. But finally there had to come the night when Shirley slipped the ring off her finger, and to Jimmy it did not cry, now, because they'd had it all out and she'd thought it over carefully, and this was a decision she'd made and slept on, knowing that it was crying, through many sleepless nights.

With all the sadness that must come with such a parting, they made a kind of compromise of it. Jimmy said, "Let's wait and see. Maybe, somehow, things will change, and we can talk it all over again later."

And Shirley answered, trying to smile and not succeeding so well, "Yes, sure, maybe that's how it will be."

Shirley came to New York last year all by herself, except for her manager. She'd talked it over with her folks before leaving, and I'm sure they thought of it. If she would settle at a hotel for women—an establishment where an unprotected girl can go out to work, and generally operate without ever being disturbed by anyone, the family, kin, and friends can keep an eye on her at certain specified hours, and then only to speak decorously with the resident ladies under conditions of the utmost respectability.

To put it bluntly, it is fully chaperoned. Some girls live in this type of residence because they're really scared. Shirley did because of her folks, and she stayed for eight months, this past year.

But, after a few days and nights in fabulous Manhattan, she began to wonder why she'd ever agreed to this. She'd worked Manchester up into a kind of unmitigated fantasy. Shirley would pay. She'd had an idea that the tall stone towers would soar charmingly toward the sky... that, as she walked down Fifth Avenue and strolled along Broadway, she'd burrow into the great stars of music and television.

Her manager took her out on the town the first night of her arrival. She was like the sheltered princess Audrey Hepburn, who was there, doing Shirley a little evening of freedom. Broadway was magic, the lights blinding and exciting.

But the next night her manager was busy, and Shirley went quietly to bed in a group of smart girls, at the Waldorf Astoria, and had another evening of freedom. Shirley was magic, the lights blinding and exciting.

"Sit down now, clothes around, got a glass of water, started listening to the horns and traffic noises below, in spite of herself. She closed her eyes, tried to go to sleep. Beep! Silence. Beep! Beep! Silence. Beep! Silence.

That was New York.

Three hours later, she was almost crying, holding back her tears with an effort of will. "Oh, Thornton's Corners, here I come, all by myself, practically!"

But the next day she took the elevator downstairs and walked briskly up Fifth Avenue. The windows were gorgeous with clothes and jewels, including the diamond tiara Napoleon had given Josephine.

As Shirley dragged her eyes away from these baubles, she almost bumped into Marlene Dietrich, dressed to the nines in a black satin dress by Dior, and protected from the elements by a hynchink mink. Miss Dietrich nimbly sidestepped our Shirley and passed on.

Shirley stood for a moment, stunned, knowing that in a kind of off-best way, there had been her competition. Dietrich represented durable glamour. All Shirley had to offer was loneliness and youth and a perfect voice... 

The next three months were a long, protracted holiday for Shirley. She knew a few girls in New York, but no men. She worked at her job each day. But, when the evenings came, she was alone and lonesome. Often, late at night, she'd go out and walk along the streets, sometimes Fifth Avenue, sometimes Broadway. The fairyland of New York was here, all right, but not for Shirley. She was a lonely little fairyland. The beauty of Fifth Avenue waited to be looked at, but it was cold and hard and expensive. The raucous beauty of Broadway was all the bling-bling, but she was jostled by crowds, sailors whistled at her, but strangers are strangers.

The magic was a little tarnished. She went back to her hotel, and went to sleep. She dreamed up in the night, realizing how rough New York can be, how a dream can be shattered, how fairyland can turn into a frightening mess. Shirley had done this, things weren't the same. She began to look better for Shirley, Don Cherry, the singer and golfer, whom she had met in Toronto, called and asked her to dinner. She could accept this invitation, because, being alone, there wasn't anything better to do, a few nights later, David Whyelen, Tommy Dorsey's manager, whom she'd met previously, asked her out.

The word got around: Here was a beautiful girl, talented and on her way to the big time. And suddenly Shirley's phone began ringing so constantly that she had some trouble keeping up with the calls. Now, even though Shirley is twenty-two, her parents are arranging to have one of her older sisters come to New York to live with her before they will allow her to go there on her own. Shirley was looking forward to that apartment, and the freedom it suggests. Agents are looking for furnished quarters which will suit her and her sister, and she is like a child about these goings on, making the arrangements.

And yet... the other day, up in her hotel room, Shirley opened the mail from home and there it was, the news that in her heart she had half-expected, half-feared, that a girl of twenty-two was to catch a husband at last, and had been married that week. Although she thought she had allowed her emotions against love, against the thought of Jimmy and of marriage, she could not keep her mind from wandering. Shirley was looking forward to the thought of the new car and the little house in Thornton's Corners, and of Jimmy, so gay and handsome. These were the things she thought about when she was alone. At the moment, as she stared at the letter through a mist of tears, it seemed a pretty heavy price.

But there wasn't time to sit there feeling it all up for a couple of hours," she thought, "I'll be standing in front of the cameras with Paul Whitehem and a great orchestra backing me up. Millions of people all over the country will be listening to Shirley. That's something. That's what I want."

Well, anyway, that's what she had. A few minutes later, she was walking proudly along Fifth Avenue, her head held high, on her way to look at some of the stores..."
YOURS FOR ONLY $1

These stunning 21 CHRISTMAS CARDS
YOU WON'T BE ASKED TO RETURN THEM—THEY'RE REALLY YOURS WHEN YOU MAIL COUPON BELOW

JUST TO PROVE HOW A FEW SPARE HOURS CAN EARN $50.00 IN CASH!

Never before a "get-acquainted" offer to match this! We want to prove you'll find it easy as pie to take orders for exquisitely-designed CHRISTMAS CARDS. And also show how quickly you can make $50.00 in cash profit — and even more — just by spending a few hours now and then taking orders from your friends, neighbors and others. So here's the astonishing offer we're making.

Fill out and mail the coupon below! We'll promptly send you this beautiful new box of Christmas Greeting Cards as illustrated. Yes, JUST ONE SINGLE PENNY is all you pay for 21 beautiful cards and envelopes that would usually retail at $2 to $3 if bought separately.

YOURS TO SHOW FRIENDS AND OTHERS — AND ALL YOU OWE IS JUST 1c

The reason we're making this unheard-of 1c offer is to make more people familiar with our money-making plan. Once you see these cards and behold their true beauty, we're sure you'll say to yourself, "Those cards will sell like wildfire. Every family I know will want to buy cards from me. I'm going to use my spare time to make lots of extra spending money by showing them and taking profitable orders!" Just to prove it, we're willing to "give" you one box for a penny.

ONLY ONE TO A FAMILY! LIMITED OFFER!
Naturally, this offer is strictly limited. Also includes additional Greeting Card Assortments ON APPROVAL, together with complete MONEY-MAKING PLAN and FREE Personalized Imprint Samples. But you must hurry—offer may not be repeated.

ARTISTIC CARD CO., INC.
595 Way Street, Elmira, New York
In Canada, write 103 Simcoe St., Toronto 1, Ont.

PASTE COUPON ON POSTCARD — MAIL TODAY!

ARTISTIC CARD CO., INC.
595 Way St., Elmira, N. Y.
I accept your wonderful offer. Send your sample assortments ON APPROVAL, plus ONE BOX OF CHRISTMAS CARDS for which I owe you the special introductory price of only 1c. Also include FREE Personalized Imprint Samples. I'm sincerely interested in making money in spare time.

Name: ________________________________
Address: ________________________________

City & Zone: __________________________ State: __________________________

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Ask for Special Plans that show you how to raise substantial amounts of money for your church, club or society.
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The girl who gave away
$3,000,000!

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BETTY ANN GROVE
Your new Lilt home permanent will look, feel and stay like the loveliest naturally curly hair!

Hi... Does your wave look as soft and natural as the Lilt girl in our picture? No? Then think how much more beautiful you can be, when you change to Lilt with its superior ingredients. You'll be admired by men... envied by women... a softer, more charming you. Because your Lilt will look, feel and stay like naturally curly hair.

Watch admiring eyes light up, when you light up your life with a Lilt.

Procter & Gamble's new Lilt Home Permanent

Choose the Lilt especially made for your type of hair! $1.50 plus tax

for hard-to-wave hair
for normal hair
for easy-to-wave hair
for children's hair
New, better way to reduce decay after eating sweets

Always brush with ALL-NEW IPANA after eating...as the Linders do...
the way most dentists recommend. New Ipana with WD-9 destroys tooth-decay bacteria.*

If you eat sweet treats (like Stasia Linder of Massapequa, N. Y., and her daughter Darryl), here's good news!
You can do a far better job of preventing cavities by brushing after eating...and using remarkable new Ipana Tooth Paste. Here's why:
Mouth bacteria and their enzymes act on many foods you eat to form tooth-decay acids. But WD-9 now in Ipana is an active bacteria destroyer and anti-enzyme. Every brushing with Ipana destroys most decay bacteria, and blocks acids for hours. For best results, do this...

Follow Stasia Linder's lead and use new Ipana regularly after eating—BEFORE decay bacteria can do their damage.
Even if you can't always brush after eating, no other tooth paste has ever been proved better for protecting teeth than new Ipana with WD-9.
"Your family will love Ipana's new minty flavor, too," adds Mrs. Linder. And new Ipana foams better, cleans better than ever—makes your mouth so clean, in fact, that even one brushing can stop most bad breath all day long.
Try it yourself. Remember, while no dentifrice can stop all cavities—you can protect teeth after eating sweet foods by brushing with new Ipana. Get a tube today.

Try all-new IPANA!
New taste, new cleaning, new anti-decay WD-9

Tests prove new Ipana with WD-9 destroys most bacteria with one brushing.

After EATING—Tooth-decay bacteria thrive on food particles...form acids that attack the enamel.

After Brushing—New Ipana with WD-9 destroys most tooth-decay bacteria with just one brushing.
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Cover portrait of Lu Ann Simms by Ozzie Sweet

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STEVE ALLEN’S
TURNTABLE

Well, here I am again with another record column for you. And many thank you for the kind letters about my first one. I’m enjoying my new job very much and I hope you’ll all join up for our platter parade every month. It’s the hot time of the year right now, but there’s lots of “cool” music to be had, so let’s go.

Kitty Kallen’s record of “Little Things Mean a Lot” sold just about a million records, and her latest might very well be just as big a hit. Kitty has chosen two old songs, “In the Chapel in the Moonlight” and “Take Everything But You,” with accompaniment by Jack Pleis and his orchestra. She does them up nicely for Decca.

One of the newer entries into the singing group sweepstakes are four lads who call themselves “The Crew Cuts.” They started together in a church choir in Toronto, Canada, and made their first record, “Crazy ’Bout Ya, Baby,” just a few months ago. Their second try looks like it will do it for the boys. It’s the ballad, “I Spoke Too Soon,” backed up by a rhythm ditty, “Sh-Boom,” with David Carroll and his orchestra (Mercury).

Lionel Hampton fans, and I’m one of them, will go for his instrumental “Gubby’s Gabbin’,” sparked of course by Hamp’s great vibe work. The flip side, with a vocal by Sonnie Parker, is called “Jumpin’ with G.H.” “G.H.” is Gladys Hampton—Mrs. Lionel—who wrote it (M-G-M).

Columbia has three interesting offerings in their Dance Party series. First there’s “Swing and Sway with Sammy Kaye,” an album of Sammy’s best dance stuff of the past. Then there’s a set called “Harry James at the Hollywood Palladium,” actually recorded at that famous spot. Included are such good old tunes as “Moanin’ Low,” “Sugar Foot Stomp,” “Flash,” “Moonlight Bay,” “Bye, Bye, Blues” and “Ain’t She Sweet,” with a Buddy Rich vocal. The third album in this series is “Dick Jurgens at the Aragon Ballroom,” and should certainly appeal to toe-tappers. The Jurgens band, ensemble and vocalist revive numbers they’ve been doing for years, like “Sweet Georgia Brown,” “Tenderly,” “Two Loves Have I,” and “You’re My Thrill.”

“Hernando’s Hideaway” is a catchy tune, you’ll admit, but wait till you hear it done by those likable comedy characters, Homer and Jethro. The boys do a hilarious parody on it, and on the reverse side they perform “Wanted, but the Way,” with Jerry Lewis singing. This record could well be the comedy smash of the season (Victor).

Besides being just about the most successful orchestra leader in the business, a champion speedboat driver and a happy restaurant owner, Guy Lombardo turned producer this summer and presented a musical production “Arabian Nights,” at Jones Beach, New York. He and the Royal Canadians also took time out to record the complete score on an album for Decca, all done in dance tempos. Brother Carmen, by the way, wrote some of the songs for the show.

“The One Who Broke My Heart Is Back in Town” and “El Relicario” comprise Gisele MacKenzie’s newest on Capitol, and she sings them both excellently. The latter tune is an old Latin standard, but wrapped up in new lyrics. The choral and orchestra backing is handled by Nelson Riddle.

Remember “Manhattan Tower,” the wonderful musical narrative released a few years ago? Well, here’s another one, done in the same vein, called “The Broadway Story.” It’s an album, and most listenable, with chorus and orchestra conducted by Bernie Wayne. The artists: Danny Scholl, Chipper Nathan, Jan Magnes, Jim Hawthorne, and Audrey Marsh (Coral).

Those pretty misses from Ohio, the McGuire Sisters, have a nice platter in “Heavenly Feeling” and “Goodnight, Sweetheart, Goodnight,” musically supported by Neal Hefti’s orchestra. “Heavenly Feeling,” incidentally, has a cute story behind it. Bernie Wayne adapted the melody from the “Chock Full o’ Nuts” singing commercial, which plugs that “heavenly coffee.” The lyrics were written by the popular New York disc jockey, Bill Silbert, who rides records over Station WMGM (Coral).

If you’re a Judy Garland fan, you’ll want to hear her do two of the big Harold Arlen-Ira Gershwin songs from her forthcoming picture, “A Star Is Born”—“The Man That Got Away” and “Here’s What I’m Here For.” This is taken right from the original soundtrack, with Ray Heindorf and The Warner Brothers Studio Orchestra handling the music. Judy is set to do a complete album from the picture as soon as the last numbers are finished filming, and that will be released in a month or so (Columbia).

Sorry to learn that Victor is not going to release “The Caine Mutiny album after all. It is a great thing, but they ran into some sort of legal difficulty on the rights or something, so we’re out of luck—at least for the time being.

Mercury Records bought some of the old masters owned by the National Company, including some fine stuff by Billy Eckstine. The first one they’re bringing out couples two great standards, Cole Porter’s “In the Still of the Night,” and the Duke Ellington oldie, “Sentimental Mood.” Billy originally recorded both of these back in 1948, but they sound just fine.

“Sophie Tucker Golden Jubilee Album” is a super-special release by Mercury, done on one long-playing record which runs for an hour. It’s actually Sophie’s whole career and lots of her life story done in music, story and pictures. Only 5000 of these were pressed because they are fifteen dollars apiece. Many of the top personalities in show business are heard on the record, each singing individual songs in tribute to Sophie—the tunes she made famous through the years. Patti Page, Georgia Gibbs, Eddie Cantor, Vic Damone, Georgette Jossel and Jack Benny are a few who “do their piece.” Richard Hayman arranged, conducted and scored the whole proceedings. This is a most interesting record, and certainly should appeal to the many Sophie Tucker fans of long standing.

Eartha Kitt steps forth with a cute ditty called “Mink Schmink,” the kind of thing she does so well. On the reverse she does a sultry vocal on “Easy Does It.” Both of these should get many spins on the jukeboxes (Victor).

That big, rugged movie guy, Jeff Chandler, would appear to be on his way to becoming a big, singing record guy. He croons “That’s All She’s Waiting to Hear” and the old tune, “Lamplight,” which Skinney Ennis originally made popular with the late Hal Kemp’s band. Jeff does all right in the vocal department, and no one will have to dub his voice in pictures, that’s for sure.

Well, that does it for now. I’ll be seeing you next month—same page, same magazine, new stuff.
Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the soft, natural look of the "Missy" hair style. Bobbi is so simple to give, no help is needed.

NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS ON THIS PAGE!

These hairdos were made with Bobbi ... the special home permanent for casual hair styles

Yes, Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is designed to give you lovelier, softer curls ... the kind you need for today's casual hairdos. Never the tight, fussy curls you get with ordinary home or beauty shop permanents. Immediately after you use Bobbi your hair has the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And your hair stays that way — your wave lasts week after week.

Bobbi is perfect for this "Sweetie Pie" hairdo. Bobbi is the permanent designed to give soft, casual looking curls. No nightly settings are necessary.

Bobbi's so easy to use, too. You just put your hair in pin curls. Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. A little later rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out — and that's all. No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed.

Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion — if you can make a simple pin curl — you'll love Bobbi.

Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. Neutralizing is automatic. No curlers, no resetting.

Everything you need! New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins, complete instructions for use. $1.50 plus tax.
Goodson & Todman Production—on the social side: The TV producers and their wives relaxing at New York's Harwyn Club (Mark Goodson, right; Mrs. Goodson, left; the Bill Todmans, center).

**WHAT'S NEW FROM**

The Mickey Rooney show is going on television at last, over NBC, starting Saturday night, August 28. It's a situation-comedy show, filmed in Hollywood, with Mickey playing the part of an ambitious page boy for a big network. Comedian Joey Forman is featured as Rooney's sidekick.

Ed Sullivan's *Toast Of The Town* has been selected as the first major CBS television program to be broadcast in color on Sunday night, August 22. The show will originate from CBS' new color TV theater in New York City. (It will be seen in black and white, too, of course.) Ed's program was chosen because it is the oldest hour-long program on the network, having recently celebrated six years of telecasting.

The American Broadcasting Company has signed Walt Disney to an exclusive long-term contract, and all his beloved little characters go along with the deal, too. During the coming season, Disney will regularly present four types of productions: *Adventureland*, which will be adapted from Disney's "Nature" series; *Frontierland*, dramatizations about legendary American figures; *Fantasyland*, full-length animated features like "Snow White," "Peter Pan," etc.; and *Land Of Tomorrow*, which will be an animated space-travel series.

NBC-TV's latest daytime serial is called *Concerning Miss Marlowe* and is seen Monday through Friday afternoons. Louise Albritton, formerly a Hollywood movie star, has been assigned the lead role of actress Meg Marlowe, who longs to give up her theatrical life and

Wedding bells rang for Nina Foch and James Lipton last June. The couple honeymooned on Long Island.
COAST TO COAST

settle down with a home and family.

CBS has signed Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse to exclusive contracts to create new television programs. The famous Broadway writing and production team, who authored such hits as “Life with Father” and “Call Me Madam,” are scheduled to present their first show within a month or so.

When Edgar Bergen returns to the air in a few weeks (over CBS), he plans a new format for his program. Bergen will originate his broadcasts from Washington, D. C., and instead of movie stars as guests, he plans to use politicians, government big brass, congressmen, etc. His dummies, Charlie McCarthy, Mortimer Snerd, etc.—including a new one Edgar is introducing, named Lars Lindquist—will join in the interview proceedings with the Washington people. Can’t you just imagine Charlie McCarthy questioning Senator McCarthy?

Comedian Sid Caesar is working like mad preparing his new TV show for NBC this fall. He is still experimenting with exactly what he will do, but so far he has a definite starting date, September 27. It will be an hour show, and he already has a sponsor. Sid’s former laugh partner, Imogene Coca, is scheduled for a half-hour time period, but no definite date or show has been announced as yet.

ABC has lots of new things set for their fall TV slate. They’ve signed June Havoc for a half-hour called The Artful Miss Dodger; Jimmy Nelson, the talented young ventriloquist, will head a new (Continued on page 12)

Before leaving on his vocation, Perry Como tells Roy Anthony, his summer replacement, about his travel plans.
Information Booth

Young For His Age

Dear Editor:

I have heard that Eli Mintz is much younger than the role he plays as Uncle David in The Goldbergs. Can you tell me something about him?

A. G., Kearny, N. Y.

Austrian-born Eli Mintz, who plays the sixty-five-year-old Uncle David in The Goldbergs, is actually in his early forties, but he has been portraying old men since he was fourteen. One of ten children of a poor tailor who also loved the drama and possessed a fine singing voice, Eli was born Edward Satz, then changed his name to Eli Mintz to avoid trading on the reputation of his brother, the late Ludwig Satz, a leading figure in the Jewish theater in the United States. While struggling for a stage career in Europe, Eli worked as a bookkeeper, attended a school for waiters, set up his own newspaper kiosk, and sold rare first editions of books. He arrived in this country in 1927 and went to work as a pleater. He was singled out of 200 aspirants at an audition given by actor-impresario Maurice Schwartz and then began appearing in New York's Second Avenue theaters. Later, he acted on radio and toured the country several times. At the end of one tour, he found himself in Los Angeles, where he worked for two and a half years as a presser in a dress factory until he had saved enough money to return to New York. Then he met Gertrude Berg and was cast as Uncle David in her Broadway production of "Molly and Me." When the beloved Goldberg family was brought to television, Eli remained with them. He is married now and lives in New York with his wife and their eight-year-old daughter.

Marvin Kaplan

Bard Of Brooklyn

Dear Editor:

I would like to know more about Marvin Kaplan who plays Alfred Prinzmetal on Meet Millie over CBS-TV.

E. W., Holcomb, N. Y.

At twenty-five, Marvin Kaplan, who never intended to be an actor, is a veteran of ten movies and several plays. Born in Brooklyn, Marvin entered New York University as a pre-med student, planning to follow in the path of his doctor-father. He transferred to Brooklyn College, then taught English long enough to know he "hated it." After working as a bookkeeper and a script reader, Marvin headed for the West Coast where, to help further his writing ambitions, he organized a little theater group at the University of Southern California. Katharine Hepburn saw him in a Molière drama and cast him in a supporting role in her film, "Adam's Rib." Marvin's been an actor ever since and particularly enjoys playing Millie's poet friend because it's the closest he's come so far to his dream of being a writer.

Change Of Mind

Dear Editor:

I would like to know more about Ned Wever, who plays Dr. Anthony Loring on NBC's Young Widder Brown.

C. F., Aliquippa, Pa.

When Ned Wever was offered his first radio-acting assignment twenty-one years ago, he had completed almost ten years on Broadway and had close to thirty shows to his credit. He turned down the radio job, then changed his mind a year later to go on to twenty years of radio-acting fame. In all that time, he went only one week

(Continued on page 18)
here is a MAN!

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

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

Tune in

Gabriel Heatter
on the MUTUAL Network

Mon. thru Fri.— at:
7:30-7:45 PM EASTERN TIME
6:30-6:45 PM CENTRAL TIME
6:00-6:15 PM MOUNTAIN TIME
6:00-6:15 PM PACIFIC TIME
Newsman John Corcoran hops across oceans and continents with the aplomb of a suburbanite catching his morning train—and for both, it is just a way of getting to work. The difference is that Philadelphia's ace news commentator has followed a commuting timetable which has been synchronized with history and has involved an exciting, globe-circling chase after headlines and headline-makers. The worthwhile results are heard Monday through Saturday evenings at 6:30 and again at 11 over Station WPEN.

The Corcoran knack of being on the spot when news breaks took him to Berlin in the early days of Hitler's bid for power. Likewise, he was in Rome during the Trieste riots and in London, interviewing Ramsey MacDonald, the night the Labor Party came into power. And when he finally paid a return visit to his home town of Burton-on-Trent in England, John arrived just in time to witness the explosion of an underground arsenal!

What the school bus is to the modern schoolboy, the ocean liner was to John Corcoran, who shuttled between schools in Massachusetts and England. Between terms, he traveled throughout Europe, contributing news to a string of local British papers, and later wrote for "Pictorial Review Magazine" and Philadelphia's old Daily News. Then he began devoting more time to newscasting and radio analysis and, during the conventions and campaigns of 1948, he covered both parties on network programs.

When he's not headline-hunting, John pursues a pleasant, profitable hobby which he developed during school vacations, when he managed a food crew of sixty-three men at New England resorts. Now he is justly proud of his countryside inn at Hatboro, Pennsylvania, for the "Old Mill," built in 1724, is a famed eating rendezvous where congressmen and generals pass the salt and pepper to lesser-known gourmets. The Corcorans, who met in Philadelphia, have four children ranging in age from twenty-seven to eight. Son Laurie recently presented John with some of the best news of his life—his first grandchild.

Meanwhile, John Corcoran continues to make the airwaves crackle with incisive reporting and a clear wit that cuts through rumors and intrigues, wordy reports and veiled speeches, to bring Philadelphians the true facts behind the news.
Your hair is romance...

...keep it sunshine bright

with White Rain

As surely as sunshine follows rain, romance follows the girl whose hair is bright to see, soft to touch, fresh as a spring breeze—the kind of hair you always have when you use New White Rain. This fabulous shampoo sprinkles your hair with sunlight. And with sunshine all around you, love and laughter follow after. Love and laughter... the essence of romance. Ask for White Rain... the lotion shampoo that gives you results like softest rain water.

Use New White Rain Shampoo tonight and tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!
Edward Sullivan is proud to officiate as Julia Meade and Ray MacGregor cut the cake to mark Toast Of The Town's sixth birthday.

Ed Sullivan

(Continued from page 7)

audience-participation program to be called Take My Word; the bands of Ralph Planagan and Art Mooney will combine for an hour of dance music; and The Stork Club, T-Men In Action, Dollar A Second, a new Stu Erwin-June Collyer program, and Postal Inspector will all be seen on ABC-TV. I'll have details for you on all these shows next month.

This 'n' That:

Margaret Truman has signed a contract with NBC for her fourth season of guest appearances on radio and TV programs. She signed her first contract in 1951, and has made great strides as a performer since then.

Wally Cox, Mr. Peepers of television, took the cue from his camera character, and took the big leap in real life. His bride is twenty-year-old red-headed Marilyn Gennaro, who until recently was a member of the cast of the Broadway hit, "The Fajama Game." The ceremony was held in Maryland, at the Mayport estate of Wally's close friend, New York lawyer Donald Seawell.

Also on the receiving end of wedding congratulations are actress Nina Foch and television actor James Lipton (The Guiding Light), who said their "I do's" in Brooklyn. This was Nina's first marriage and Lipton's second.

Art Linkletter's seventeen-year-old son, Jack, has joined his father on the House Party show, at least for the summer. And Gary Crosby, of course, is doing very well pinch-hitting for Dad. Incidentally, someone asked Gary if Bing had given him much coaching in breath control, and Gary, in the typical Crosby manner, casually answered, "Not that I know of—I've been breathing ever since I was born."

It looks like Eddie Albert will land the role of the peddler in the film version of "Oklahoma," if he can rearrange his television commitments. Gordon MacRae will play the starring part of Curly in this movie.

Congratulations to Don McNeill and all his Breakfast Club gang on their twenty-first year in a radio show. It's the oldest continuous morning variety program on the air.

Back in 1934, when orchestra leader Harry Owens and his wife were blessed with a baby daughter, born in Honolulu, they named her Leilani, and Harry wrote a Hawaiian melody in her honor, calling it "Sweet Leilani." Bing Crosby sang the song in "Waikiki Wedding," it won an Academy Award, and in the years since it has become very much identified with the islands. And now the little girl who started it all is grown-up and about to get married. Leilani Owens, now nineteen, will soon wed Private Roy M. Dobrie, twenty, of Tucson, Arizona.

Susan Douglas, featured actress on The Guiding Light, and her husband, Jan Rubes, recently welcomed their first baby, a seven-pound, fourteen-ounce son, Christopher, born in New York City.

And on the stork's future list are Marty Karl and his wife, Marty is one of the Mariners of the Arthur Godfrey crew, and this will be their fifth child. They now have two boys and two girls.

The Greatest Story Ever Told, one of the most popular of all radio programs, has been sold for the movies. Twentieth Century-Fox has purchased the rights and plans to produce it as one of their super spectacles.

Robin Morgan, the Dagmar of the Mama TV show, was selected by the General Federation of Women's Clubs to receive their television and radio award for "the child who has contributed most to the advancement of radio and TV in 1954." She was also cited for her "exemplification of an ideal American girl."

Another juvenile Thespian, actor Tommy Rettig, has been signed for the lead in the forthcoming Lassie TV show, playing the part of Lassie's master.

Mulling The Mail:

Mrs. J.W.B., Merrimac, Massachusetts: June Taylor is the well-known choreographer, and a former dancer herself. She creates the routines for the Jackie Gleason Show, among others... Miss M. H., Toronto, Ontario: No, Wendy Warren And The News is still on the air, but unfortunately I don't believe it is presently carried on a station in your area... Miss R. C., Ligonier, Pennsylvania: For some strange reason, the advertising agency handling the Old Gold cigarette account insists on no publicity for the dancing girls who dress in the regular and king-size cigarette packages on television... Mrs. M. N. E., Birmingham, Alabama: Lu Ann Simms is still very much a member of the Arthur Godfrey cast.
Possibly you just happened to hear the show when she was off. Lu had been spending a great deal of time with her mother, who had been quite ill. She was also very busy preparing for her wedding to Loring Buzzell. Miss R. D., and Club Members, of York, Pennsylvania: Yes, Tom Lockard, of the Mariners Quartet, was married previously. He and Virginia Osborn, formerly of the Chordettes, have been Mr. and Mrs. for a few years now, and they have one child. Twenty Questions fans: You can relax, the show is coming back on the air this fall, over ABC, on Tuesday nights, and will be done as a simulcast. Mr. N. O'C., Omaha, Nebraska: Yes, Walter O'Keefe has been subbing for Herb Shriner on *Two For The Money* this summer, but at this point he hasn't been set for anything else. Miss L. V., Albuquerque, New Mexico: Larry Grayson is not a permanent member of the *Breakfast Club* cast. He filled in for Johnny Desmond while Johnny was on his vacation. Larry is twenty-three years old. Amos 'n' Andy Fan, Kansas City, Missouri: No, your information is definitely wrong. Amos 'n' Andy are certainly not going off the air in September. As a matter of fact, CBS has plans for scheduling their program as a Monday through Friday night feature instead of a Sunday night show, as it has been in the past.

Whatever Happened To . . . ?

Connie Haines, the cute little songstress who has appeared on many radio (Continued on page 25)

Ralph Nelson, son of *Mama*'s director, and Kevin Coughlin, who is in the show, join Casey Stengel at a Yankee game.
NO RISK OFFER

to prove you can
AVOID DRIED-OUT
HAIR EVEN IN
BLAZING SUN

Ordinary hair products made with vegetable
and mineral oils cannot prevent the natural
moisture in your hair from escaping. That's
why, by the end of the summer, your hair
is dry, lifeless, unmanageable...dried out.
But Charles Antell Formula 9, because of
its exclusive super-lanolin formula, does
two things:
1 - Brings moisture back to your dried-out
hair. (no vegetable or mineral oil product
can do this.)
2 - Works to prevent the evaporation of
the natural moisture from your hair.
Because these are facts, not claims, Charles
Antell makes this

NO RISK OFFER

Buy any size of Charles Antell Formula 9,
Liquid or Solid. Use it as directed. The
very first time you use it, it must restore
life, luster, manageability. If, within 10
days, even hair that has been dried out
by the blazing sun isn't softer, more flexible
... if your dry, flaky dandruff hasn't been
eliminated ... if you haven't enjoyed perfec-
tureless grooming at all times, return
the empty bottle to Charles Antell, Balti-
more, Md., and get your money back.

AUNT JENNY

More than once, in her
stories, Aunt Jenny has proved that Littlet-
on life has as much drama and variety
to offer as any big city. In a recent story,
however, she discussed the problem of
transition between the two, questioning
whether a girl who had found success in
a metropolis could return and adjust to
small-town life. Monica's problem, and
others like it, make the dramatic material
of Aunt Jenny's daily tales about life in
Littleton.

BACKSTAGE WIFE

Unwilling to en-
danger the success of Larry's new play,
his wife Mary stands helplessly by as
grazing Elise Shephard takes advantage
of the situation to flaunt the development
of Larry's dependence on her. Meanwhile
mysterious Victor Stratton continues to
force his attentions on Mary, who is un-
aware that, as Elise's secret partner
in ownership of the play, Victor has many
reasons for wishing to keep Mary, Larry
and Elise secure under his thumb. NBC
Radio.

THE BRIGHTER DAY

Beautiful Sand-
dra Talbot came into Grayling Dennis',
life just about the same time Dr. Randy
Hamilton came into his sister Patsy's—
but there the similarity ends. Randy, in
love with Patsy, battles her fear of involve-
ment—a scar left over from her engage-
ment to Alan Butler. But Grayling battles
something else—the mystery surrounding
the girl he met on a train. Is she what she
appears to be—or is Grayling heading for
trouble? CBS Radio.

FRONT PAGE FAIRRELL

Newsmen
David Farrell has made a specialty
of crime stories, and for a long time his wife
Sally, herself a former reporter, has been
his invaluable aide and assistant. Once
again, in a recent case, David and Sally
risked their lives not only in order to
bring back the story David had been sent
to get, but to bring to justice one of
the most unusual and ingenious criminals
they have thus far encountered. NBC
Radio.

THE GUIDING LIGHT

Some time ago,
the murder of a woman named Judith
Weber touched off strange events in the
lives of those close to Meta Roberts. Her
return to her husband-a mountain
derer's identity, may bring tragedy into
the life of nurse Peggy Regan—not only
a valued friend of both Meta and Joe but
the cousin of Dr. Dick Grant, ex-husband
of Joe's daughter Kathy. How will young
Dr. Kelly figure in the approaching crisis?
CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

HAWKINS FALLS

The marriage of
Lona and Dr. Floyd Corey, undertaken
after much heart-searching, is at last on
a sound and flourishing footing, and Lona
can turn her helpful attention once again
to the problems of her neighbors. But chil-
dren are always complicating the most
serene situations, and Lona's boy Roy is
no exception. Has he really accepted Floyd
in place of his dead father? Is he nurtur-
ing some secret doubt? NBC-TV.

HILLTOP HOUSE

Julie's long drawn-
out concern over the welfare of little
Terry Wallace vanishes as Judge Lennox
takes a leaf from King Solomon's book and
reveals the true rapaciousness of Terry's
father in contrast with the real love and
security awaiting her in her remarried
mother's new home. Meanwhile, at Hill-
top's summer camp, Henry M. involves the
whole organization in a strange family
problem. CBS Radio.

JUST PLAIN BILL

Bill Davidson has
lived by the golden rule, and has en-
deavored constantly to be a good neigh-
bor and a good friend to all those with
whom he comes in contact. Often he has
been invaluable in straightening out the
problems of those he loved, and some-
times his own happiness has been endan-
gered by his willingness to become
involved in other lives. Has Bill now plunged into a situation that will have deadly consequences? NBC Radio.

**LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL** As newlyweds, Chichi and Mac Roberts would have a handful of ordinary problems under any circumstances. But the peculiar position Mac's stubborn independence has gotten him into creates extra difficulty and misunderstanding—as well as danger he does not fully suspect. The threat to his welfare both as a doctor and as a man draws closer as his sanatorium, Roberts Retreat, starts to function. NBC Radio.

**LORENZO JONES** Belle Jones continues to hope and pray for Lorenzo's full recovery even though the operation that might have restored his memory has only resulted in his becoming convinced that little Gloria is the child of his marriage to Phoebe—a marriage both Phoebe and Gail Maddox would like Lorenzo to believe in, though actually it never existed. Will Belle ever find a way to prove that she was—and is—Lorenzo's wife? NBC Radio.

**LOVE OF LIFE** When Vanessa Dale became involved in the hidden evil that flourished behind Barrowsville's innocent-seeming facade, she intended only to clear her own family and go off to resume her own life—with her fiancé Paul Raven, a very important part of her plans. What will happen, as Van finds it increasingly difficult to extricate herself from Hal Craig's cohorts—and as her nephew Beany becomes a pawn? CBS-TV.

**MA PERKINS** As trustee of Alf Pierce's estate, Ma believed she had sensibly and constructively arranged things for Alf's son Billy and his bride, Laura. But Laura's background and her plans for the future are somewhat different from what Ma and Shuffles and all the Rushville Center folks imagine them to be. What surprises has Laura Pierce in store for the kindly group that has so willingly befriended her? CBS Radio.

**ONE MAN'S FAMILY** The instinct of a father to protect his children is terribly strong and not easily discouraged, particularly with a man like Father Barbour whose principles and personality are so firm. But slowly, with the help of their understanding mother, the Barbour children are winning their independence and establishing the right to mold their own lives. What will happen if they misuse their freedom? NBC-TV.

**OUR GAL SUNDAY** Sunday's happy marriage to Lord Henry Brinthrope has endured through many crises. But never before has she encountered a threat that struck so deeply at the fundamental roots of her relationship with Henry. Can their love survive this danger if it shakes Sunday's profound faith in her husband, her marriage, and the security of the future? What is the true character of the mysterious enemy she must fight? CBS Radio.

(Continued on page 26)
Carol and Conny Mattison are having a wonderful time making others happy on

**Party Time**

Like mother, like daughter—the merry Mattisons.

A Four-layer cake—iced with songs, sketches and laughter—is served every Saturday morning on a fun-filled celebration known as *Party Time*. The festivities take place at Station WKTV in Utica and your hostesses are a delightful mother-and-daughter team, Conny and twelve-year-old Carol Mattison. Romping their way through their hour-long show in anything from dresses to denims, Conny and Carol cut the cake into sections for small-fry, youngsters from nine to twelve, teenagers and adults. Each rollicking quarter-hour features guests in the proper age group, but the life of the party is "Corn with Carol—Mother's Little Angel," a weekly skit in which Carol's ringlets have been shorn, she has acquired her first dance dress and, more often, she turns out to be anything but an angel.

A twin case of the mumps, four years ago, was responsible for these gala goings-on. For, while recovering from the mumps, Conny and Carol exhausted any possible further interest in paper dolls and went on to amuse themselves by planning TV programs. When both were well again, blonde, blue-eyed Carol returned to school; auburn-haired, green-eyed Conny resumed work as Director of Education; and the program notes were tucked away in a volume of Shakespeare. A while later, Conny was starring on an early-morning religious program and was invited to shepherd a group of youngsters on a guest appearance. Auditions followed, program plans were unearthed, and Conny and Carol's show was on its way.

Carol, who loves sports and reading and has just discovered ballroom dancing, wins her highest grades in science and is puzzled about how this aptitude will fit in with her plans for a dramatic or musical comedy career. Both proud of their home, she and Conny are now busying themselves with landscaping and surrounding the patio with evergreens. Conny's radio and community work keeps her on the go, but she manages to find time for an occasional game of bridge with friends. Someday, she would like to rescue a 550-page manuscript from the attic and finish the book she started when Carol was a baby. Meanwhile, there's a standing invitation to all TV viewers to come—and bring the family—to a grand party with Conny and Carol.
No wonder so many women are changing to Camay!

There's Cold Cream Now in Camay

"Your skin will love it!"
says Mrs. James Fritzell, a radiant Camay Bride. "Camay with cold cream is so luxurious! I tried it the minute I heard about it, and I think it's the most marvelous complexion care ever!"

New luxury at no extra cost! Camay is the only leading beauty soap that contains precious cold cream. And women everywhere tell us it's the most wonderful thing that ever happened to complexion care.

Whether your skin is dry or oily, new Camay with cold cream will leave it feeling marvelously cleansed and refreshed. In your daily Beauty Bath, too, you'll love Camay's famous skin-pampering mildness, rich silken-soft lather, and caressing fragrance. There's no finer beauty soap in all the world!

Now more than ever... The Soap of Beautiful Women
Information Booth
(Continued from page 8)

without a radio part. Ned’s lucrative hobby is writing song lyrics and, in 1933, his "Trust in Me" was a top record favorite for thirty-seven weeks. Ned’s other titles include, “I Can’t Resist You,” “Trouble in Paradise,” and “Sing a New Song.” The handsome actor, who put on his first theatrical production at the age of five, with the help of his brother and a young neighbor, has been heard as Dr. Anthony Loring on Young Widder Brown for the past eleven years. His pet table topics are: his family—Mrs. Wever and two charming teen-age daughters; the fun he had writing and producing shows as president of Princeton’s Triangle Club; and his activities with the Greenwich, Connecticut, Auxiliary Police during the war.

Singing Family

Dear Editor:

My cousin, who is a shut-in and confined constantly to a wheelchair, is a devoted Jan Arden fan and never misses any of his appearances on the Robert Q. Lewis Show. It would be a great treat for both of us if you could tell us something about him.

M. L. D., Holyoke, Mass.

At an age when most children were listening to Grimm’s Fairy Tales, Jan Arden was listening to tales of Verdi, Rossini, Wagner and Bizet and, even before he entered grade school, Jan was practicing from one to three hours a day under the watchful eye and critical ear of his father, the late Philip Ardizzone, Metropolitan Opera singer and voice teacher, yet Jan was a sports enthusiast as well, ran the 100-yard dash in ten seconds for his high-school track team, and played baseball, basketball and football equally well. He was offered a tryout with the Brooklyn Dodgers, but, at the same time, the opportunity came to sing at New York’s famed Leon and Eddie’s, where the applause convinced him to pursue a singing career. After his Army discharge, Jan sang at top (Continued on page 29)

Ned Wever
Modess ... because

Only New Design Modess gives you the luxury of a new whisper-soft fabric covering ... no gauze ... no chafe.
Give your hair a lanolin lift!

Give your hair twice the twinkle with the shampoo containing twice as much lanolin.

Such dreamy, creamy lather!
Such clean, clean hair...
so soft... lovely... really radiant!
Much more manageable, too, thanks to "double lanolin."
531—You need plenty of chair sets for fresheners. This is such an easy pineapple design, why not make several? Scalloped, lacy, crisp and fresh—pineapple design crochet. Full directions. 25c.

7259—Make a crocheted skirt in straw yarn or knitting worsted. Easy crochet directions for skirt, Sizes 20-22; 24-26; 28-30; plus shrug, Sizes 32-34; 36-38 included in pattern. 25c.

719—Jiffy-embroider gay playmates on your daughter's pockets. Combine three colors or plaid 'n plain. Child's Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. Tissue pattern, embroidery transfer included. State size. 25c.

7043—Iron-on old-fashioned girls in combination of pink, blue, green. No embroidery. Transfer of 12 washable motifs: four girls 4½"x5½"; four roses 1½"x1¾"; four rose sprays 1½"x3½". 25c.

7029—Inspire a bride, delight a cook with these merry menu motifs embroidered on kitchen towels. They're different—tried and tested. Transfer of 6 motifs, each about 6½"x7½". 25c.

505—Easy-to-crochet in pineapple design and spider-web stitch. Cloth 52"x75" in 4-ply mercerized crochet cotton; larger in straw yarn, smaller in bedspread cotton. 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 1st-class mailing.

YOUR NAME........................................

STREET OR BOX NO................................

CITY OR TOWN.................................

STATE............................................

Send additional 20 cents for Needlecraft Catalog.
As an actress, TV hostess and everybody’s friend, Lily Lodge proves she has THAT MAGIC SOMETHING

Lily and her roommate Kay Medford enjoy sharing their apartment, their friends and good times.

A rich, compelling voice, a deep, spirited love of the theater, a wholesome love of life. These, in part, are what make Lily Lodge, charming and gracious hostess on WOR-TV’s The Man In Your Life show, such a refreshing, delightful person to know. Each Thursday afternoon, from 4 to 4:30, Lily introduces viewers to gentlemen with interesting and varied occupations. The Man In Your Life is pleasant, informative afternoon fare for viewers—and for Lily, who greatly enjoys being able to come into people’s homes each week. However, television is not the only medium by which Lily is making herself known.

Before she entered the show-business world, Lily was already a celebrity—her father is Governor John Lodge of Connecticut and her uncle is Ambassador to the U.N. Henry Cabot Lodge. But, if being the daughter of a famous man can be helpful, it can also be a detriment for, in show business, it takes talent to stick. Today, there is no doubt that if Lily’s name had been Smith, she would have succeeded in making it famous by herself.

In addition to inheriting a famous name, Lily inherited her love for the theater from her parents. She never had to combat the “My daughter won’t go on the stage” attitude, for both her parents were professional show people. Governor Lodge made many movies in Hollywood, among

Surrounded by numerous objets d’art, Lily assumes a pensive attitude as she works on a new script.

Lily memorizes lines for her next play while Kay provides nourishment for Angelina, their lucky charm.
them “Little Women.” In England, he starred in the famous Bulldog Drummond series. Lily’s mother, the former Francesca Braggiotti, was a well-known ballet dancer and made several films in Italy with her husband.

Lily’s interest in the theater began when she was a student at Rosemary Hall in Connecticut. Because she was tall and had a deep voice, she was always chosen to play male roles. Finally, when she was seventeen, she got her first female part in “French without Tears” at the Westport Playhouse. During summer vacations from Wellesley College, Lily played summer stock and won an inter-collegiate competition to appear on the radio show, The Shadow. After graduation from Wellesley, she went abroad to study at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London and at the University of London. Returning to this country, she appeared on various radio shows, such as Theater Guild On The Air and Cavalcade Of America.

Although she has appeared in all kinds of plays—from Shakespeare’s “Taming of the Shrew” to “Cyrano de Bergerac” and “Pygmalion”—Lily is particularly interested in doing comedy, which she admits is not easy. This summer she appeared in “Side by Side” with Faye Emerson, “Lend an Ear,” and presently she is preparing for her role in the new Broadway play, “Put Them All Together,” with Fay Bainter and William Prince.

At twenty-four, Lily can claim a varied and active experience, but she still considers herself a beginner. She is constantly improving and widening her talents and learning from other, more experienced actors and actresses, particularly her roommate, Kay Medford, who is a popular Broadway and TV actress. Lily and Kay share an apartment in mid-town Manhattan with Kay’s dog, Angelina, who has turned out to be a lucky charm for both of them. “Ever since Kay’s had Angelina,” says Lily, “she’s never stopped working a day. And, since I’ve known them both, the same has been true for me.”

In addition to her TV and stage activities, Lily spends a great deal of time taking dancing and singing lessons because she feels they are a great help in developing your poise and perfecting your delivery. Although her professional activities keep her constantly on the go, Lily also fits in some riding, tennis and swimming.

With each passing day, Lily Lodge is carving her initials deeper into the world of show business. In everything she does, she displays a glowing exuberance, a sincere, vital personality. And, because of her sincerity, her charm and graciousness—and above all her devotion to doing her best—those who have come to know and enjoy her are watching with an appreciative eye as she treads the pathway to stardom.
for after-bath freshness ... all day long

The fragrance that whispers "Kiss me dear"

Wonderful DJER-KISS Talc gives your skin a delightful fresh fragrance ... a wonderful pampered softness. Made of finest imported talc, soothing, cooling DJER-KISS helps prevent chafing, absorbs perspiration, makes you delightful to be near!

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Cover-up: Frank DeVol is really enjoying the attention he's getting from Marlene Dietrich and Dinah Shore.

and television shows, but hasn't been seen too much of late? And for a good reason. Connie is very busy in Hollywood shooting a thirty-nine-week filmed TV series, which will be seen around the country this fall.

Kyle McDonnell, one of the veteran TV songstresses? Following a long period of illness, Kyle is returning to work very shortly. August 16 is the tentative starting date for a music variety show on which she'll appear with comic Morey Amsterdam and conductor Milton De Lugg over the ABC Network.

Bambi Linn and Rod Alexander, the dance team formerly seen on Your Show Of Shows? Since the program went off the air for the summer, the dancers, who are husband and wife, have been vacationing and making a few night-club appearances. They may be set for one of the fall programs by the time you read this. Rod has also been chosen by director Max Liebman to supervise the dancing for next year's replacement of Your Show Of Shows.
with a little RIT
a little knack
you can be that siren
all-in-black!

If you've always wanted to wear black from the skin out, why not do it—tomorrow! Just dye a girdle, bra and slip with RIT's marvelous really black Black. You'll feel as de luxe as though you'd spent a fortune on them. For Rit Black, like every color in the Rit rainbow, has life and sparkle in it.

Never looks dyed. Easy, easy directions in every package.

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The finest dye...the high concentrate dye...and only 25¢

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(Continued from page 15)

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY Sid Grayson's elaborate plan to gain possession of the farmhouse under which the rich oil deposit is concealed receives innocent help from his victim as Sam Young continues to pour money into the fraudulent well Grayson set up as a decoy. Will Sam's eventual bankruptcy give Grayson the property he covets—or will Pepper's growing suspicions lead to discovery of the plot before it is too late? NBC Radio.

PERRY MASON The little people who suffer from the fringe results of crime excite Perry Mason's sympathy, but his real efforts are always directed toward capturing and convicting the important criminal who, in his experience, is usually behind high-city. The aftermath of Morgan Elliott's trial, Portia also must contend with her husband Walter's increasing bitterness as he sees his position as breadwinner and mainsay of the home usurped by Portia's brilliance. CBS-TV.

PORTIA FACES LIFE Portia Manning, who gave up her legal career to concentrate on marriage, is trapped by an effort to help her friend Kathy into defending a man she knows to be a dangerous psychopath. Fearful of the aftermath of Morgan Elliott's trial, Portia also must contend with her husband Walter's increasing bitterness as he sees his position as breadwinner and mainsay of the home usurped by Portia's brilliance. CBS-TV.

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS Political enemies ally with personal ones to bring Carolyn and Miles Nelson into a time of crucial decision, as a threat hangs over Miles which neither he nor Carolyn has the means to defeat. Will Danny and Elsa Lockwood, whose lives were completely changed by Carolyn's faith and partisanship, now be able to return the gift of happiness she made them by helping in her own trouble? NBC Radio.

THE ROAD OF LIFE Sybil Overton's neurotic personality seems to have stepped over the borderline, and her brother Hugh is not the only one that she has at last become really psychotic. Dr. Jim Brent and his wife Jocelyn may be among the victims of Sybil's derangement if they continue to believe themselves too secure to be touched by her, but they are now concerned for Sybil's baby, who may suffer first. CBS Radio.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT Hollywood gown designer Helen Trent, long convinced that her love for Gail Whitney is hopeless, at last appears to have become seriously interested in wealthy Brett Chapman. Will this prevent her from realizing that Gail's wife Cynthia, fascinated by the charming Senior Alloys, might now be willing to consider Gail's plea for a divorce? Is it too late for Helen and Gail to find happiness together? CBS Radio.

ROSEMARY Bill Roberts is unable to persuade Lonnie into a cheerful frame of mind after his betrayal by selfish, superficial Monica, and it is only when Rosemary takes over that Lonnie appears to be heading for a better adjustment. In fact, Bill begins to rebel at Rosemary's absorption in Lonnie, and through him, in all the Boys Club activities. Will Bill have too much time on his hands just at the wrong time? CBS Radio.

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW Mr. Higbee's plot to acquire Joanne Barron's property has picked up some valuable assistance from the wealthy Shotwells, who are innocent of his real intentions. With their help, Hazel, the fraudulent "wife" of Arthur Tate, has successfully disrupted Jo's and Arthur's marriage plans. Will lawyer Nathan Walsh succeed in uncovering the unsavory details of the scheme before unhappiness becomes tragedy? CBS-TV.

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON The honeymoon of Lew and Marcia almost ends in disaster when Maggie Burton tries to take a hand in it, but the marriage survives nevertheless—for these two really love each other. Lew's help is invaluable to Stan as the newspaper needs increasing support, and Lew and Terry form an unspoken alliance to keep the family peace. But what will happen if the Burtons and the Archers become involved in local politics? CBS Radio.

THE SECRET STORM Peter Ames' effort to protect his son stirs up a hornet's nest as it becomes apparent that his sister-in-law Pauline knows more about the gambling set-up of the town than anyone has ever suspected. Still mourning the recent death of his wife, Peter does not fully realize that Pauline may be in love with him. Is it this hidden emotion that keeps him and his children from adjusting to their new life? CBS-TV.

STELLA DALLAS From the time her daughter Laurel was an infant, Stella Dallas has devoted her life to advancing Laurel's happiness even at the cost of her own. Now a serious decision faces Stella as she realizes that she will really be called on to make an important sacrifice to preserve Laurel's security. The threats to Stella's life have left her shaken and uncertain, but Laurel's welfare remains her prime concern. NBC Radio.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE Nora's unexpected encounter with Charlie Dobbs in Mexico City saves her life but results in Dobbs' death when he is shot by the gun- man who tries to force Dobbs to set a trap for Nora and Fred Molina. Knowing that the Syndicate, under Dan Welch, is still tracking them, Nora and Fred decide to get married and try to work out their safety together. What happens when Wyatt Robinson learns of Fred's plans? CBS Radio.

THREE STEPS TO HEAVEN Brave and resourceful as she is, lovely Mary Claire is beset by the presence of her dead husband. Mary Claire knows that she must defeat Vince Bannister she must also be as ruthless as he is—and for ethical Mary Claire this may not be easy. Having been drawn, then, into the unwelcome缠 Bill Morgan into MacDill Publications' war against Bannister, Mary Claire finds herself in a deadly battle to protect not only Bill's future but perhaps his very life. NBC-TV.

VALIANT LADY When the recently widowed Helen Emerson takes young Bonnie into her home she hopes to help the
DIARY

undisturbed young woman, but refuses to heed Bill Fraser’s warnings that Bonnie is emotionally unstable. Will trouble come from Bonnie herself—or from the strange, dangerous personality of the husband who manages to locate her? Is Bonnie destined to bring real anguish into young Mickey Emerson’s life? CBS-TV.

WENDY WARREN AND THE NEWS

Even in Wendy’s mind there is no question that the man called Magnus has an extraordinary power, but that does not prevent her from seeing him as a poseur and a quack, perhaps even a confidence man out for important game. What happens as her temperamental husband Mark, high-strung and mentally attuned to a kind of mysticism finds in Magnus something entirely different—something he is prepared to ally himself with? CBS Radio.

WOMAN IN MY HOUSE

James and Jessie Carter, having brought their children with loving care through childhood and adolescence and early adulthood, can sit back and relax a bit now as in-laws and grandchildren multiply around them to create a typical American family circle. But however much the group enlarges, James and his wife are still the center. How will they cope with the problems that are still to come? NBC Radio.

WOMAN WITH A PAST

Thinking she has at last put her unhappy past behind her, Lynn Sherwood starts hopefully on her new venture as an important dress designer and her new romance with Steve Russell. But the sudden reappearance of her convict husband, Clark Webster, threatens to shatter Lynn’s hard-won happiness. Can she get free of this dangerous man before he wrecks all her plans? Can he establish any claim to little Diane? CBS-TV.

YOUNG DR. MALONE

An emergency operation on the daughter of a Three Oaks millionaire leads to an open crisis between Dr. Jerry Malone and Dr. Ted Mason. Mason’s brilliance as a surgeon wins Jerry’s admiration, but when he turns out to be grasping and mercenary as a human being, Jerry knows there is trouble ahead. What are Mason’s ambitions for the Clinic—and what will happen to Jerry if they are realized? CBS Radio.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN

After a long, heartbreaking struggle, Ellen Brown at last felt that she had put behind that hopeless love she felt for Anthony Loring, and could turn to Michael For- sythe with real affection. But the new mystery surrounding Michael appears to have shattered her hopes, and Anthony, pained by Ellen’s suffering, once again reviews his own life as the husband of a scheming social climber. NBC Radio.

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...the spray you know holds every hair in place softly... softly

With a mist so fine you can’t see it... or feel it...SPRAY NET holds your hair softly in place... invisibly...all day! Never a feeling of stiffness!

SPRAY NET is a breeze to use. As easy, in fact, as powdering your nose. And just as important to your appearance. Undone hair, you know, can be a girl’s undoing.

Summer hair-dos stay cool, calm, and beautifully collected with SPRAY NET. No fly-away wisps or neckline stragglers. Even an untrained upsweep will stay up all day!

Dry hair seems LESS dry... because Helene Curtis has found the way to blend a remarkable spray-on Lanolin Lotion into SPRAY NET. Gives your hair the soft, soft touch of silk.

Buy SPRAY NET today... you’ll be sold on it, we know, for the rest of your days... and nights.

Regular size (4½ oz.) $1.25 New large economy size (11 oz.) $1.89 both prices plus tax

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Only Helene Curtis SPRAY NET contains spray-on Lanolin Lotion

And to condition dull or dry hair... bring it back to beauty with Helene Curtis lanolin discovery®

TVR
The female accents for the Marlowe shows at WCOP are provided by Bill's wife Sonia and four-year-old Lisa.

Bill Marlowe, his wife and daughter are providing new and delightful sounds for WCOP listeners.

Early this summer, Station WCOP started sending out a new radio sound to its audiences. They called it the 1150 sound (which is the station's frequency), but there was much more to it than that. The “much more” was personable Bill Marlowe and his two lovely cohorts, wife Sonia and daughter Lisa, and the results of their talented efforts have been slightly phenomenal. Now WCOP listeners have the double opportunity to hear the Marlowes each evening on Rendezvous With You, from 7 to 8, and Dial 1150, from 8 to 10 P.M.

The key to his success, says Bill, has always been hard work, plus a little courage. There's also the matter of talent and experience, of which Bill has plenty. Starting when he was ten, Bill has been at various times an actor, TV and radio coach, announcer, writer, newscaster, emcee, advertising writer and professional model.

After serving in the Air Force, then graduating from Emerson College, Bill divided his time between Boston and New York. It was during one of his Boston sojourns that he met Sonia, but it took them a year to get to the altar and finally settle down in Bean Town.

Today, Bill and Sonia are as happy as two bugs in a rug, especially since little Lisa and four-month-old Linda joined them. Says Bill, "Judging from Linda's cry for milk, I'm predicting there's going to be another femme announcer in the family." Meanwhile the Marlowes are enjoying life in Boston and are looking forward to bigger and better days at ever-expanding WCOP.

At home, Sonia is working very diligently, bringing up the children, while Bill takes in some baseball or football or listens to records—for work and pleasure. Also, says Bill, "I like a good book, a mild cigarette, and an occasional day at the races."

But, no matter what the Marlowes choose to like, there's no doubt that everyone in Boston has elected them their favorite radio family.
night spots around the country and on radio and TV on Talent Scouts, The Show Goes On, and Guide Right. Now one of the stars of the Robert Q. Lewis Show, Jan has recorded songs for Columbia Records, including duets such as “Blow Out the Candle” with his songstress-sister, Toni Arden.

Trouble With Father

Dear Editor:
Would you please tell me if the children on the ABC-TV show Trouble With Father are really Stu Erwin's children?
N. K., Quincy, Mass.

No. The two young daughters on Trouble With Father are Ann Todd, who plays Joyce, and Sheila James, who plays Jackie. Stu and June Collyer Erwin do have two children of their own, however: Stuart Jr., who is 21, and Judy, who is 18.

Lum 'n' Abner

Dear Editor:
Can you tell me the name of the theme music used on the Lum 'n' Abner radio program on ABC?
B. W. B., Evanston, Ill.

The Lum 'n' Abner theme music is titled "Down on the Old Party Line" and its words and music were written by Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Waldo Emerson. Mr. Emerson is the grandson of the poet-philosopher.

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.

Gives your hair that “cared for” look...
WITHOUT OILY AFTER-FILM

(Suddenly he takes a new interest in you!)

No other hairdressing leaves hair so natural looking...

(You look prettier than you have in months!)

Gives your hair healthy-looking glow...
relieves dryness

See! You feel more romantic already!...
No other hairdressing adds so much sheer beauty to your hair! For only SUAVE* contains amazing non-greasy Curtisol... relieves dryness, frizz, split ends. So good for your hair! Keeps it in place... lovely to behold all day long!

HELENE CURTIS
the HAIRDRESSING women prefer 7 to 1

2 forms, lotion, or creme (in jars), 50¢ to $1 (plus tax)

*TRADEMARK
That Ivory Look

Young America has it...
You can have it in 7 days!

Babies have That Ivory Look . . . Why shouldn’t you?
Doctors everywhere advise mild, mild Ivory Soap for the most delicate skin of all—a baby’s skin. And it’s this mildness—this reliable, reassuring mildness—that makes Ivory so right for your complexion, too. Shouldn’t you be using Ivory Soap?

In one week—That Ivory Look for you!
Just start cleansing your skin regularly, using pure, mild Ivory Soap. In one week you’ll see a look that’s as beautiful as all outdoors — clearer, fresher, brighter — you’ll have That Ivory Look.

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap!

99.6% pure...it floats
Arthur Godfrey's Cinderella
has found her Prince Charming—
with some modern innovations

By PHILIP CHAPMAN

Late in the afternoon on Easter Sunday, Loring Buzzell, a handsome young publishing firm executive, slipped an equally handsome square-cut diamond onto the proper finger of little Lu Ann Simms—who thereupon kissed him, and also cried a little with happiness, as does any Cinderella when she has finally landed her Prince. That evening they spent with their families in a general round of excitement and good wishes and toasts to the future.

But, the next afternoon, they got out the car and drove...
Lu Ann was "born" to be a Little Godfrey, fits in perfectly with Arthur's informality—but she's looking even lazily out to Coney Island, for hot dogs at Nathan's. This was a favorite Monday outing for them—they'd been doing it for weeks. Today, as usual, when she started on her fifth frank (piled high with mustard, ketchup, piccalilli, onions and assorted other delicacies), Lu Ann said, "We'll get ulcers sure, eating like this." And Lor, smearing more mustard on his sixth, replied, "You don't get ulcers when you're happy." "Mmm," Lu Ann said, closing her eyes and shivering slightly with rapture. "Keep talkin'." "I was thinking," he said, giving the uneaten half of his frank a thoughtful, almost glazed look, "that maybe tomorrow we'd better go civilized and have lobster in a good restaurant. Or maybe just a glass of fruit juice, something like that..."

"Oh, I forgot to tell you. I called Mr. Godfrey in Florida just before we left, while you were getting the car, and told him about us. He was awfully sweet—sounded really thrilled."

"He's been grand in the Godfrey manner. Ready to go?"

"Don't you want another hot dog?"

There is no record of his answer. However, it was pleasant, driving in the country afterwards, and Lor didn't drop Lu Ann off at her apartment until quite late that evening. As she let herself in the front door, humming a phrase or two from "Lohengrin," she realized the phone was ringing. She hurried to answer it for fear it would stop.

Stop? It didn't stop ringing until four the next morning. The first call was from her mother, in Rochester. "Where've you been?" her mother cried. "I'm going crazy. Arthur Godfrey announced your (Continued on page 75)
happier these days.

Tony Marvin's congratulations and fatherly advice are welcomed by the lovebirds.

Lu Ann and Loring know they are meant for each other because they like the same things—even have the same color eyes!
Lu Ann Simms sings on the popular Arthur Godfrey shows. For full schedule, see footnote on Godfrey story, pages 44 and 45.
Lu Ann was "born" to be a Little Godfrey, fits in perfectly with Arthur's informality—but she's looking even happier these days.

Tony Marvin's congratulations and fatherly advice are welcomed by the lovebirds.

Lu Ann Simms' Love Story

Continued

Lu Ann Simms sings on the popular Arthur Godfrey shows. For full schedule, see footnote on Godfrey story, pages 44 and 45.

Lu Ann and Loring know they are meant for each other because they like the same things—even have the same color eyes!
Laughter to share

The family portrait that amateur-artist Jack would like to paint: Marion and their daughter Randy.

JACK PAAR SPINS A WEB OF FRIENDLY CHEER—AND INVITES THE
The Paars live quietly, say they don't know many "theater people" and seldom dine out. "Marion," Jack claims, "is a sensational cook!" She's also good at picking out records and helping him to relax.

By ED MEYERSON

At sixteen, he was the youngest announcer in radio. At twenty-seven, already famous as a G.I. comedian, he was signed to a three-year Hollywood contract. At thirty-four ...

"Well, for a year and a half," Jack Paar recalls, "I couldn't get a job. They were saying: 'He's had it'—like I was one of those old-time silent picture stars. It was crazy. It was tragic. I was through at thirty-four."

But the thing that hurt most—it wasn't as if he were thirty-four and had never had a chance. Jack Paar had gotten the breaks all the way.

It all started in Jackson, Michigan, a town of 55,000, where Jack attended school. He was standing on a sidewalk, when the interviewer for one of those man-on-the-street broadcasts approached him. Jack answered all the questions, and the mike didn't bother him at all.

"I was president of our school debating society," he explains. "I spoke very well about nothing."

The owner of the radio station happened to be listening in, and that's how Jack became the youngest announcer on the
Laughter to share
(Continued)

Jack hails from Ohio (and Michigan), Marion is from Pennsylvania, Randy was born in Hollywood. Now they're all living in a garden apartment near New York City—and taking side trips in their car.

He did the decorating—including office walls.

air—a distinction which carried more in the way of glory than of salary. He received three dollars every week, and his duties included emptying the wastebasket. But every morning, when the station broadcast recordings, Jack was permitted an occasional announcement.

"And every night," he recalls, "the biggest thrill of all—I gave the signoff. They played the national anthem, and then I spoke those immortal words ..." Jack's voice honeyed into a croon and he beamed ecstatically: "This is Station WIBM, Jackson. Your announcer—Jack Paar."

At nineteen, he was announcing for the Cleveland Symphony. Then he became a disc jockey, writing his own comedy material. In 1942, he was working at a station in Buffalo when his draft number came up. It turned out to be the luckiest break of all.

"One hour after I had my uniform on," Jack remembers, "I was asked to say a few words about the Army at an officers' club. So I got up and told them that the club reminded me of a big tent show with rules. That got around, and the next thing I knew I was being sent to Washington, with two colonels, to be toastmaster at a banquet for three generals. Me—a private
—telling those guys off! It was all very American, basically. And sweet and clean, I think. I got a lot of laughs and it went well, and so I was sent all around the East in little Army units to entertain the troops. Then I was attached to the 28th Special Service outfit. It's an infantry company, technically. We'd train all day and give shows at night. Our mission was to boost morale in the field."

His company commander was a former executive of the Hershey Chocolate Company. Stationed at nearby Indiantown Gap, the captain was invited to the Hershey home for a party. He brought Jack along to help entertain. Asked to say a few words at dinner, Jack found himself addressing more and more of his remarks to the prettiest girl in the room. She was Marion Wagner, a relative of the Hersheys. Jack married her the same year, just before the 28th went overseas to Guadalcanal.

Jack was made sergeant in charge of a unit playing in the forward area. His little troupe was strictly G.I., but it included a first-rate jazz band, two singers, and an old-timer who had once been a circus clown. As emcee, Jack's humor was also strictly G.I. He made officers his meat—the butt of (Continued on page 102)

Jack suffers from insomnia, rests when he can.
Five days a week, Betty Ann sings, dances—and sometimes just "clowns around"—on The Big Payoff, with Bess Myerson (left) and Randy Merriman.

A "Summer Holiday" is "The Big Payoff" for Betty Ann Grove!

By ELEANOR POLLOCK

To a lot of girls, summer means fun time, a time for lying on a beach, dancing under the stars, romantic dates in the moonlight. But, to pretty, red-headed Betty Ann Grove, summer—this year, anyway—means work and lots of it. For this dynamic little singer, who appears on The Big Payoff five days a week, has also stepped into the shoes of two big-name singers, Jane Froman and Jo Stafford. Such are the twists of fate that Betty Ann—who grew up expecting to be a dancer—was chosen to fill those two important song spots on Tuesday and Thursday evenings on CBS-TV. Both Jane and Jo have great groups of devoted followers, and it's a fine tribute to the slim, green-eyed redhead from Cambridge, Massachusetts, that their mantle has fallen on her this season, in Summer Holiday.

So, while other girls are playing and having fun, Betty Ann is working. But work and fun are the same thing to her. "I'd rather sing than do anything else in the world," she says, her eager eyes all...
HER WAY TO STARDOM

Busy as she is, she has a smile for everyone she meets on her way.

Who said "a dog's life"? Cyrano lounges with Mrs. Grove, as Betty Ann rehearses for the work she loves.

aglow, "except maybe to act someday."

It's a good thing Betty Ann feels that way about it. For her schedule doesn't really give her time to do anything else. Not even to go out on dates, except weekends.

"It's just as it was when I was going to school," she laughs. "Then, Mother wouldn't let me have dates on school nights. Now, I have so much work to do that I can't go out."

Betty Ann starts rehearsing for The Big Payoff every day at noon. Then, when the show goes off the air at three-thirty, she takes a half-hour break and starts rehearsing for one (Continued on page 96)
THE YOUNGEST MAN IN MUSIC

Paul Whiteman has played the pulse-beat of three generations, and his heart still reaches out to fresh talent and new rhythms

By HELEN BOLSTAD

"Pops" Whiteman talks teenagers' language, loves "real cool" clothes—and his red-hot Jaguar.
Since boyhood days, Paul has tried to bridge the gap between youthful enthusiasm and parental conservatism.

The family argument had reached a high pitch. Blundering into earshot, the young man heard his father say, "Confound it, that boy of ours is getting a bad reputation. He sleeps all day, prowls all night." Querulously, he added, "Just why does he hang around those cheap saloons—and worse—listening to that infernal caterwauling of no-goods who can't play a note properly, much less read one?"

The young man stopped still. He knew that, in his parents' judgment, the prowling around might be merely foolish, but his passion for unorthodox music was outright heresy. What else could it be, in a family where his father headed the music department of Denver's public schools—and he himself played first viola in the city's symphony?

The mother tried to soothe. "Ragtime is just a fad. He'll get over it. He's young."

The father's wrath exploded. "Young? He's twenty. I've taught him all I know. There's only one thing left—kick him out on his own. It's the only way he'll ever amount to anything."

How Paul Whiteman responded to that 1910 challenge has made musical history. It has also earned him such titles as "King of Jazz," "Dean of Modern Music," vice-president of the American Broadcasting Company—and the one he likes the best of all, "Pops."

Even that family argument has been chronicled musically, for all time, in George Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue."

The fabulous, the incredible place which Whiteman holds in broadcasting was best expressed by critic Jay Nelson Tuck at the opening of Whiteman's current summer program. In The New York Post, Tuck wrote:

"Long, long ago, in the dim early years of something called radio, people were entertained by sound without pictures, emitted by a horn on a box."
“The sounds were made by assorted persons, including Graham McNamee, the A & P Gypsies and a bandleader named Paul Whiteman.

“Comes now a new TV show called On The Boardwalk, produced by and starring a fellow who claims to be that same Paul Whiteman. If he has changed at all, you can’t notice it...”

Whiteman’s secret of eternal youth lies in the closeness he still feels to the rebellious, ragtime-entranced kid he was at twenty. In that same Boardwalk premiere, he summed it up: “I was a clover-kicker who fell off a haystack in Denver and landed in Atlantic City.”

Customarily, even so slight a venture into reminiscence irks him, for his focus is on the future. But the Boardwalk program provoked looking back, for here—returning to the place where the recording companies first discovered his band in 1920—his career had come full circle. Later, in his New York ABC office, he amplified his recollections, yet even as he brought highlights to life in pithy, Whiteman style, it was difficult to realize how far back they reached—that, for at least three full generations, kids have danced to his music.

It was equally difficult to accept the fact that Whiteman himself is sixty-five, for—although the smooth moonface, which has been caricatured so often, is now trisected by deep lines of experience—the small moustache which is his trademark is still waxed to points as keen as ever. His step is springy and he still sets styles in tailoring. That morning, his Alpine hat was encircled by a pheasant feather band and his tan Donegal tweed suit undoubtedly was destined to be copied by boppers. The extra fullness which broadened the top and deceptively slimmed the waistline was achieved via three outside darts at each shoulder seam. Extreme though it was, on him it escaped being flashy and seemed instead a functional detail to assure the free movement needed to drive that fast tomato-red Jaguar he calls “Bloody Mary.”

Settling back comfortably in his chair, he explained how the wrath of classicist Wilberforce J. Whiteman, Denver’s superintendent of music, had rocketed him on his way: “Naturally, I wasn’t going to wait for Dad to do something drastic. I borrowed five hundred dollars from my mother and lit out for San Francisco.”

With the Barbary Coast roaring, San Francisco in those days held many things, but for Whiteman there was only one worthwhile objective—Tate’s, a café famed for its revolutionary syncopation. Says Whiteman, “I got me a job playing ragtime fiddle—and, man, I thought I had it made.”

To his disgust, however, (Continued on page 82)
On The Boardwalk premiere—in Atlantic City, where Paul Whiteman got his own big break, many moons ago.

Youngsters are always welcome at Paul's farm in New Jersey—and enjoy the modern pool as much as ranch-born Whiteman loved his old Western "swimmin' hole."

TV Teen Club alumni Bobby Gregg and Nancy Lewis were there to cheer. "Long live the King of Jazz!" as Paul launched his new talent-discovery program.
It takes true bravery to fly your first jet when almost fifty—as Arthur did (above) —and join in the most difficult stunts with Little Godfreys (Haleloke, left; Frank Parker, right). But the smile and courage never fail.

The most important thing about the miraculous redhead is the one he won’t admit

By GREGG MARTIN

YOU KNOW WHAT? You’ve been so nice to me, I’m going to tell you something. I just found out last week that there’s something wrong with my hip.”

The people sitting out front gasped. And, all over the country, millions of Arthur Godfrey’s friends began to feel a little sick . . . for that’s the way it is when you hear that someone you love is ill or in pain.

“I got to go back and have it done all over again,” he went on, referring to the operation, “and it’s enough to drive you crazy, see? So what I’m trying to do is just be happy, you know, and be gay and laugh, laugh, laugh. What else can you do?”

He talked a little more about the historic operation in Boston in May of 1953, when they tried to fix up that hip with a new ball-and-socket point and a metal mold (Continued on page 87)

Arthur Godfrey Time is heard on CBS Radio, Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M.—seen on CBS-TV, Mon. through Thurs., 10:30 A.M.—under multiple sponsorship. The Arthur Godfrey Digest is heard on CBS Radio, Fri., 8:30 P.M., under multiple sponsorship. Arthur Godfrey’s Talent Scouts is simulcast on CBS-TV and CBS Radio, Mon., 8:30 P.M., for Lipton Tea, Lipton Soups, and Frostee. (All EDT)
At Farmer's Market, I gloat over the strawberries—and puppies—but try to be as practical as my mother (center picture, below). There's so much to plan, thanks to my lucky break with Bob Crosby (opposite page)!

Hold on to that Dream!

By JOAN O'BRIEN

Joan O'Brien sings on The Bob Crosby Show, CBS-TV, Monday through Friday, 3:30 P.M. EDT, under multiple sponsorship. On the Pacific Coast, she's also seen and heard on Cliffie Stone's Hometown Jamboree, KCOP, Saturday, 7:30 P.M. PDT.

Now that I'm singing on Bob Crosby's show, I know it pays to keep on trying

Perseverance pays off. I know. Ever since I was a little girl, I've wanted to entertain people with my singing. For years I went to all auditions, sang in every school function—I made mistakes, but I kept trying. Then finally, one day out of the blue, I got the break I had been waiting for so long.

I was sitting in the living room of our Pasadena apartment when the phone rang. Mother answered it. "It's for you, Joan," she said. "It's a Mr. Herb Allen."

Herb Allen! I just about fell over on the shag rug. I knew that Mr. Allen was Bob Crosby's producer at CBS-TV. I wondered what in the world he wanted with me, Joan O'Brien, eighteen-year-old girl singer whom he'd never seen or met! "Hello, Mr. Allen," I said.

"Miss O'Brien, would you be able to audition as a singer for the fall Bob Crosby Show?"

That was a question he didn't have to ask a second time! "Would I?" I said. "Just tell me where and when!"

A few days later, plenty scared, I walked into the CBS rehearsal hall. I felt something like a butterfly on a pin in a big glass box—the kind my science teachers used to pass around. There were at least ten sober-faced men behind the glass in the control booth. Their (Continued on page 85)
Jean McBride, in Love Of Life, has reason to feel she understands Meg Harper

There's a little bit of Meg Harper in every woman. That's why I like to play her. Jean McBride was talking about the girl she portrays in the daytime drama, Love Of Life, on CBS-TV.

"Meg shows us so clearly what can happen to our own lives—and to the lives of those we love—when we let our emotions rule our good sense and judgment. She feels insecure, and so she is envious, especially of her sister Vanessa. She feels unloved, and so she is lonely. The trouble with Meg is that she has not yet found a satisfactory relationship with her family, with her young son Beany, or with any man. (Continued on page 90)

Jean is Meg in Love Of Life, CBS-TV, M-F, 12:15 P.M. EDT, for Whitehall Pharmacal Co., Boyle-Midway, Chef Boyardee.

Unlike Meg, Jean enjoys the companionship of her own sister, Evelyn, and they've always been close friends.
DON'T GAMBLE WITH

Byron Sanders—alias Morgan Elliott of Portia Faces Life—has fou

He plays his record collection for college student Barbara Badenhop, photographer Joe Abel and dancer Evelyn Ward.
HAPPINESS

the way to make it a “sure thing”

By GLADYS HALL

A completely happy person is, in my book, as strange as a “flying saucer,” and just about as unbelievable. Perhaps because I’d never met a completely happy person face-to-face until I lunched the other day with Byron Sanders. As gambler Morgan Elliott in Portia Faces Life, Byron gives CBS-TV viewers a good many easy-to-take doses of chills and thrills. But, in real life, he’s not only a completely happy man. He also knows why he is happy and has the recipe—more than one recipe, in fact—for achieving happiness.

At a quiet luncheon interview in New York’s Pen and Pencil restaurant, Byron announced, almost at once, that “happy” is the one word, the most apt and descriptive word, for him. His state of happiness—a “chronic condition”—is heightened as of now. It is, indeed, an “acute condition” as the result of his running role in Portia—which is, he says, “without a doubt, the most important thing that ever happened to me, career-wise.”

Byron, as he meets the (Continued on page 91)

Portia Faces Life, CBS-TV, M-F, 1 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by General Foods Corp. for Grape-Nuts Flakes, Post’s 40% Bran Flakes, Instant Postum, and Swans Down Cake Mixes.

When company comes, bachelor Byron is cook—he says he got tired of eating in restaurants!

He likes to talk shop, too—above, with Evelyn and actress Marilyn Mohr; below, with Joe and Marilyn.
DON'T GAMBLE WITH HAPPINESS

Byron Sanders—alias Morgan Elliott of Portia Faces Life—has found the way to make it a "sure thing"

By GLADYS HALL

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Byron, as he meets the (Continued on page 91)

Portia Faces Life, CBS-TV, M-F, 1 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by General Foods Corp. for Grape-Nuts Flakes, Post's 40% Bran Flakes, Instant Postum, and Swan's Down Cake Mixes.

When company comes, bachelor Byron is cool—he says he got tired of eating in restaurants!
Wide windows let sunlight stream upon the fine "eternal" wood of which Janice and her engineer-husband, Bill Dunlop (in garden and at right), constructed their gracious home.

Janice herself supervised the placement of each stone in their giant fireplace. An artist, she helped with sketches and plans—right down to the electric wiring and plumbing!

Janice Gilbert gives away millions on Break The Bank—but built her own dream home to have and hold forever

By GREGORY MERWIN

The house that "broke the bank" stands on the rise of twenty-four acres of New Jersey woodland. The house is as unique and exciting as its mistress, Janice Gilbert, whom you know as the paying teller who has given away $3,000,000 on Break the Bank—and also as Nina Browning on Hilltop House.

"The house is unique," Janice says. "It has been built to last, to stand for centuries. There are no false facades or veneers. Things are exactly what they seem to be."

The same seems to be true of Janice, who stands five-feet-four and has reddish brown hair and green eyes. Janice, like the (Continued on page 93)
It's a house of which Janice and Bill can be doubly proud. They planned it for everlasting beauty, and did much of the physical labor with their own hands. Like the swimming pool, every detail was worked out to fit into the natural setting.
Peter's very handy with tools, and plumbing chores are almost as much a hobby as his "Sunday" painting.

As Mr. Ames of The Secret Storm, as Mr. Hobbs in private life, he seeks the magic key to "home"

By MARY TEMPLE

If you like your heroes tall, blond and sun-tanned (and it seems like an excellent idea), then Peter Hobbs is your man. A fellow whose blond hair, streaked lighter by wind and sun, is brushed back from a boyish face that gets a slightly stern look when he's serious—which isn't too often, for he is given a lot to smiling. A 165-pound six-footer, with gray-green-blue eyes, who looks well in tweeds and has an air of being at home in any sport, although he has little time these days to do more than pitch an occasional baseball or play a few fast sets of tennis.

For Peter Hobbs is the central figure of The Secret Storm, in which he portrays a romantic-looking, youngish widower named Peter Ames, father of three children—a young lady named Susan; fourteen-year-old Jerry; and Amy, an adorable eight-year-old.

Logically enough, in real life the real Peter is also a romantic fellow, father of three children, and now about to marry again (perhaps already married by the time you read this). So, in many ways, this role of Peter Ames fits actor Peter Hobbs (Continued on page 88)

The Secret Storm, on CBS-TV, M-F, 4:15 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Whitehall Pharmacal Co. and Boyle-Midway, Inc.
a Man called Peter

Peter Ames (Peter Hobbs) is proud of every member of his TV family in *The Secret Storm*: Sister-in-law Pauline (played by Haila Stoddard), son Jerry (Warren Berlinger), daughters Amy (little Jada Rowland) and Susan (Jean Mowry).
THE WORLD ON A STRING

Who has more fun than people? Bil and Cora Baird and their Morning Show marionettes!

By MARTIN COHEN

Around four in the morning, Manhattan still sleeps—not as quietly as most cities, but not so loudly as to disturb the rest of a few million exhausted cosmopolitans. And, at four A.M., Cora and Bil Baird wrench themselves from their bed and make ready for a speedy trip to CBS-TV studios to entertain on The Morning Show.

"There's only one way to describe getting up in the middle of the night to go to work," says Cora. "It's like getting up in the middle of (Continued on page 97)
Two Ford specialties: Barbecuing "yellowtail" on his outdoor grill— teaching small guests how to swim.

Heart and center of Tennessee Ernie's California household is his wife Betty. They have a wonderful time at their home near Whittier, whether playing games-for-two—or entertaining a whole swarm of friends in their swimming pool. The friend emerging from the water, below, is Tennessee Ernie's personal manager, Cliffie Stone, who is also a star in his own right.
HOME COMES FIRST

By BETTY MILLS

The family comes first. That's Tennessee Ernie's philosophy. He, of course, is the star of the Tennessee Ernie Ford Show, on CBS Radio, and of the scintillating new College Of Musical Knowledge, on NBC-TV. And the family which "comes first" includes his wife Betty and their two sons, four-year-old Buck (Jeffrey Buckner), and nineteen-month-old Brion Leonard. Everything he and Betty are doing—and hope to do—is predicated on the happiness of their family. Home always comes first.

The time Ernie devotes to his career, for example, is balanced by the time he insists on devoting to his family. Whenever she can, Betty builds their special interests into common family projects. And the ranch they dream of having, someday, will be a family ranch.

"The thought strongest in my mind," says Ernie, "is to do ranching north of Fresno, California." There's a reason behind Ernie's desire for their ranch. He says, "I want our boys to have everything I had as a kid. There's closeness to family life on a farm. In Tennessee, for example, we never had much money, but there was always food; there was always a fire in the hearth; and there was an added warmth which came from our hearts. That was real family living.

"That's what I want my kids to have. I'd like to give them a taste of the wide-open spaces, of roaming with a dog, and the responsibility of a horse of their own. Those things give a man a hills-and-alfalfa philosophy he might miss in a crowded city."

These days, Tennessee Ernie's career has taken off like a mule with a burr under its tail. He's had as many offers to play the night-club route as there are bees in a clover patch. But, at the expense of his career, he refused to leave home after the children were born. He says, "I don't want to come sashaying in someday and have my kids ask 'Who's that?'"

Families should share common interests. Ernie's wife, Betty, knows this. Before their marriage, for example, Betty didn't fish. But, today, she's a real "compleat angler"—a situation she mastered only after a long period of trial and error. "Since Ford is crazy about fishing," says Betty, "I used to go along to keep him company. I just got the string wet. I
Meanwhile, Buck and Brion and thei

HOME COMES FIRST
(Continued)

Tennessee Ernie and Betty look forward to a real ranch for their sons.

thought it was good to show the children that Ma and Pa worked together. I think it gives them a sense of security when they see that you both enjoy doing the same things. Today, though, when the fish are biting, I like to catch 'em!"

Though a family ranch is still a dream, the Fords do have a little two-bedroom home at Clear Lake, the biggest lake in California. They take family-type vacations, with the kids on the beach, Mother sewing in the shade of an umbrella, and Dad fishing in his boat around the point. "Buck likes to fish, too," says Ernie. "I take him with me—sometimes. But I don't like to get beat at my own game. He outfishes me.

On his first trip up, when he was only two and a half, he caught more fish than Betty and I together!"

Betty and Ernie met when he was an air cadet at Victorville, California. Ernie says, "I was sittin' in the Alabama Induction Center, in 1942, when somebody stuck his head in the door and said, 'Anybody want to fly?' Since I could flap my arms like a crow in a corn patch—they took me, and I ended up in Victorville."*

Betty was working at the base on a secret project. From their meetings in the Post Exchange, she and Ernie had a nodding acquaintance. One day, Ernie asked her for a date. (Continued on page 101)
Hunting and fishing are Ernie's hobbies. (But Buck's already handling his own hook-and-line.)

Always "open house" at the Ford pool. (Someday, Brion will have his own pony—right now, Daddy's shoulders will do it.)
Tennessee Ernie is seen in College Of Musical Knowledge, over NBC-TV, Sun., 7 P.M. EDT. The Tennessee Ernie Ford Show, with Helen O'Connell, is heard on CBS Radio, Mon. through Fri., 7 P.M. EDT. Both programs sponsored by Prom Cosmetics.
Meanwhile, Buck and Brion and their parents are cozy in their ranch-style house.

**HOME COMES FIRST**
(Continued)

Tennessee Ernie and Betty look forward to a real ranch for their son.

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(Continued on page 161)
Trouble and pain are no strangers to Rosemary and Bill Roberts who, throughout their marriage, have struggled to better their lives as well as those of others they love. Most recently, Rosemary and Bill had, with the help of young Anne and Lonny Cisar, made Springdale a better town in which to live by exposing Edgar Duffy and the gambling racket he had run. After Anna and Lonny had come to live with Rosemary and Bill, it became evident that some substitute was needed to fill the gap and provide a worthwhile incentive for Lonny and the other young boys who had been led astray by Edgar Duffy. So, as a means of helping to rehabilitate these young boys, Bill and Rosemary had formed the Springdale Boys Club. With Lonny as its leader, the Boys Club turned out to be the answer to a prayer. Lonny and his friends cast off their worthless ways and soon became alert, eager, happy young men as they busied themselves with Club activities. Lonny especially was making progress in his work with the Club and with his job at the newspaper, thanks to Bill and his helpful instruction. The world seemed happier, too, for Anna as she and her fiancé Larry White made eager plans for their marriage. . . . But, just when everything seemed to be running smoothly at last, a new source of trouble appeared in the person of Monica Perry. Monica was a beautiful young widow who sought only thrills and excitement, and she quickly chose Lonny to be the victim of her selfish desires. Being experienced

1. Rosemary and Bill see a bright future for young Lonny and Anna Cisar as they develop new hobbies and sound interests.

2. As Lonny makes progress with the Boys Club and in his job at the newspaper, he realizes how vital is Bill's series of articles campaigning for job training and help for youngsters.
3. Suddenly, Lonny meets beautiful, worldly Monica Perry and plunges into the world of gaiety and excitement she craves.
in the ways of love and life, it didn't take her long to wrap Lonny around her little finger and make him her slave. Like a chameleon, Lonny changed suddenly from an eager, helpful young citizen to a footloose, aimless person. Gone was his interest in the Boys Club, his eagerness for his job. His only desire was to be with Monica, buy her anything she wanted and, he hoped, marry her. But Monica, who was only amused by his immature young love, strung Lonny along. She derived great pleasure from playing a game of cat and mouse with him, while Rosemary and Bill stood helplessly by, watching all the good they had done fall by the wayside. Anna, too, was helpless before the guileful Monica, and, in her deep concern and desire to make Lonny see the light, was losing the love and attention of her beloved Larry. With each attempt to help him, Lonny reciprocated by becoming more surly, more resentful of everyone's desire to do what was best for him. ... Then, as suddenly as she had entered Lonny's life, Monica left it—disappeared completely without saying a word of goodbye to anyone or letting them know where she was going. Lonny, having lost the one person who meant everything to him, became frantic and searched in vain for the missing Monica. Then, to make matters worse, he disappeared, too. After days of fruitless searching, Rosemary began to suspect Lonny's whereabouts. A light had been seen in Monica's apartment and, upon going there, Rosemary found the desolate, heartbroken boy living there in the desperate hope that Monica would return. With tenderness and understanding, Rosemary talked to Lonny, pleaded with him to return home with her. And Lonny, in his grief-stricken, unhappy state, finally agreed to go. ... Once again, at home with the people who cared most for him, Lonny gradually returned to his normal way of life. Everyone—Rosemary, Bill, Anna—treated him very gently and were rewarded by his renewed enthusiasm and eagerness in the Boys Club and his job at the newspaper. As treasurer of the club, Lonny had proved himself to be a capable, efficient worker. After raising funds by holding a bazaar, Lonny and the boys proceeded to build a clubhouse for themselves. ... With the club activities progressing as planned, life in Springdale seems brighter than ever. But, as with many things—good and bad—the true situation is not always revealed by outward appearances. Rosemary and Bill, who have been deceived

Pictured here, as they are heard on the air, are:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Role</th>
<th>Actor</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Rosemary</td>
<td>Virginia Kaye</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bill Roberts</td>
<td>Casey Allen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lonny Cisar</td>
<td>Dick York</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anna Cisar</td>
<td>Ruth Tobin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Monica Perry</td>
<td>Barbara Baxley</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Larry White</td>
<td>Mandel Kramer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dr. Jim</td>
<td>Horace Braham</td>
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</tbody>
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Rosemary is heard on CBS Radio, M-F, 11:45 A.M. EDT, as sponsored by the Procter & Gamble Company for Ivory Snow.
6. When Monica disappears without a word, Lonny tries frantically to find her, as Rosemary and Bill try to renew his interest in his job and the Club.

before and are wiser, more experienced in the ways of life than young Lonny, know that their troubles are by no means over. Like the dark clouds of an impending storm, the fact that Monica might return to wreak greater havoc hangs over them constantly. Although at present it seems as if Lonny has righted himself and is following a straight and beneficial course, who can predict whether or not he has learned enough from his unfortunate experience to hold fast to that course? Will the decent life, filled with friendship and warmth, that he has come to know with Rosemary and Bill continue to mean enough to him so as to negate the selfish, degenerate effect Monica could again create? And what about Anna? Even with her marriage to Larry, has her happiness been jeopardized because of her desire to help Lonny? Perhaps Rosemary and Bill, through their wisdom and understanding, can help both these helpless young people. But one thing is certain: Whatever the outcome, someone is bound to be hurt—badly. It is to be sincerely hoped that those whose desire is only to do good will be the victors.

7. Slowly, Lonny regains his old enthusiasm by working on a bazaar to raise funds for a clubhouse and can join Bill and Rosemary in laughter over the prize Dr. Jim won.
8. Bill and Rosemary listen to Lonny’s enthusiastic plans for the new clubhouse, but they are troubled by the specter of Monica and the constant fear that she may someday return to town. Will the warmth and friendship and decency Lonny has come to know with Rosemary and Bill make him strong enough to resist the lures of the scheming Monica?
Brook Byron has found fulfillment in her work, close companionship in her marriage, and joy in the drama of living.
Leisure time for Brook and her husband, Yura Arkus-Dunton, means chess at home—or a gypsy trip on the open road.

IT ISN'T ALL ACTING

By ALICE FRANCIS

Really, there is nothing very dramatic about me," Brook Byron was saying. "What can you write, except that I am a serious actress, married to a charming man who designs jet engines, and that we live a rather quiet life? We both work hard, and like what we are doing. We read, we love the theater, we listen to radio and watch television when we can. My husband, who is a European, has taught me how to play chess, in which I have now become very interested. We get away for occasional country weekends, but don't go in much for sports, except that my husband likes to swim. I'm strictly a sun-bather. In winter, we like to go skiing. There really isn't much drama in any of this, is there?"

Well, maybe not. Or maybe.

In the first place, there is Brook herself, a tall, blue-eyed, ethereal-looking, pale-blond beauty with a fashion-model figure (she was, in fact, a top fashion model before she became even better known as an actress). There is drama in her looks and in the graceful way she carries herself. (Her husband says that, the first time he saw her, he thought of all the lovely English heroines in all the fine old English novels he had ever read.)

There is drama in the way she got a motion-picture contract, shortly after she was graduated from high school at seventeen and came to New York with her eye on a job as photographers' model. The very first photographer she worked (Continued on page 76)
Brook Byron has found fulfillment in her work, close companionship in her marriage, and joy in the drama of living.

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Jack Slattery's private family includes his wife Marge, daughters Suzanne, 12, and Pat, 9—and, of course, "Pommie" (below).
Jack Slattery's right at home—with his own lively youngsters—or Art Linkletter's audience of 15,000,000

By BUD GOODE

Jack Slattery can tell you that being a family man is fun. Jack, announcer on Art Linkletter's House Party, and his boss, Art, are authorities on the subject. Between them, they can count up thirty-one years of marriage and seven children. Admittedly, Art's gang of five is greater in number than Jack's family of two daughters. But Jack explains, "After all Art's been married six years longer than I have!"

When Art vacations, Jack substitutes for him as emcee on House Party—the (Continued on page 83)
CITY
HOSPITAL

Through the doors of every city hospital throughout the world pass people of all ages, from all walks of life. For city hospital is where life begins and ends, where around the clock, twenty-four hours a day, men and women are dedicated to the war against suffering and pain, intent upon helping others, no matter who they are. But, in spite of all their skill and knowledge, doctors and nurses cannot wage the battle alone. They must have the cooperation and understanding of all those with whom they deal. Without that, their efforts, all too often, are for naught. . . . Dr. Barton Crane of City Hospital has learned that lesson many times over, but it never for a moment deterred him from doing his utmost to help others. And, through his perseverance, he had usually managed to be successful—but it took time, patience, and much wisdom. . . . Late one afternoon in the emergency ward of City Hospital, Dr. Crane prepared himself to face another problem case as young Fran Turner was brought to him with a broken arm. Fran had been in an automobile accident with her younger brother Alvin. Alvin—an unemployed, would-be writer—had bought the car in order to qualify for a job as traveling salesman. Now, he was capitalizing on the accident, trying to bring a damage suit against the city. However, in spite of Fran’s injury, he wanted her to remain in the hospital only long enough for her case to be recorded. After meeting with resistance from Dr. Crane, who felt Fran should remain in the hospital a few days longer, Alvin left in a huff. A while later, Fran’s husband Tom arrived and, after talking with Dr. Crane, agreed that Fran should remain at the hospital for a few days. Meanwhile, Dr. Crane had observed Alvin’s strange mannerisms and suggested to Fran and Tom that perhaps Alvin should be given some psychiatric treatment. Fran immediately was opposed to the idea, claiming there was nothing wrong with Alvin, but Tom was more receptive. . . . The next day, when Tom came to visit Fran and was conferring with Dr. Crane, Alvin reappeared, complaining of a pain in his chest and ribs. X-rays revealed there was nothing wrong, but Dr. Crane seized the opportunity to try to talk Alvin into going to a mental hospital. Fran was still opposed to the idea, but when Alvin agreed to be examined—because he thought it would provide good source material for his writing—he gave in. . . . That night, while Tom was visiting Fran, Alvin appeared, having sneaked out of his room on another floor. Concerned about Alvin’s condition, which was growing steadily worse, Tom went to get Dr. Crane, whereupon Alvin threatened to jump out the window. In order to pacify him, Fran said she would leave the hospital with Alvin. But instead of taking her down in the elevator, Alvin went up—ranting on incoherently, filling Fran with increasing terror of what he might do. At last the elevator stopped automatically, and Dr. Crane was there, waiting to take Alvin. . . . A while later, after he had calmed down, Alvin began to realize that Dr. Crane was sincerely interested in helping him, and he finally agreed to receive treatment. Sick as he was, Alvin also realized that his recovery would not be quick or easy, but he was willing to see it through, certain that everything would turn out for the best. . . . As Alvin prepared to receive the help he needed so badly, Fran and Tom returned once again to their normal way of life. And Dr. Crane, having helped one more grateful patient along the road to recovery, awaited the call to serve another needy person and guide him on the way back to a healthy, happy life.

City Hospital, a Julian Funt Production, is heard on CBS Radio, Saturday, 1 P.M., sponsored by Carter Products, Inc. Pictured here, as heard on the air, are, left to right: Billy Redfield as Alvin; Melville Ruick as Dr. Crane; Amzie Strickland as Fran; and Dick Janaver as Tom.

Now that Fran Turner’s broken arm had been cared for, Dr. Crane’s concern became focused on Alvin Mead and his immediate need for psychiatric aid.
Dr. Crane knows only too well that it takes more than skill and knowledge to conquer the fears and ills of those who so desperately need his help.
How Lucky Can You Get?

Just ask me, and I'll tell you why my fabulous trip to Europe is the real Top Play Of 1954!

By JOAN MURRAY

Even now I can hardly believe it happened to me. Even when I watch the Helene Curtis Spray Net commercials on television, in the Top Plays Of 1954 program, it is difficult for me to realize that I, Joan Murray, am that girl driving an MG through the streets of London, or weaving through traffic on a bicycle in the Place de la Concorde in Paris. It is hard for me to realize that, although my friend Eunice Sherman did the film made in Rome, I was there, too, participating in all the wonderful things she is shown doing, seeing the same fascinating sights.

I, who dreamed of a sometime (Continued on page 99)

Top Plays Of 1954 is seen on NBC-TV, Tues., 9:30 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by Helene Curtis Spray Net and Lanolin Discovery.

Paris: For this open-window vista of the Arch of Triumph, we had to invade a countess's apartment.

Rome: We used all kinds of transportation—here's Eunice Sherman, crossing the bridge from the Castle of St. Angelo.
When a girl, just engaged and in love, is in a state like that, there is only one thing to say to her.

"Tell me all about him," I suggested, settling back in my chair.

"Well," she began, breathlessly, "it all began about two years ago...."

It didn't begin then, actually. All that happened was that Loring Buzzell and a thin, wispy, rising young singer on the Godfrey shows met in a hallway and were introduced by a mutual friend. Loring was the son of a grown-up twenty-four, Lu Ann, nineteen—and strictly in pin-feathers, romantically speaking.

They made polite acknowledgments of the introduction, and went their separate ways. But the impact was so great that, whenever in the future they bumped into each other, they stopped for a moment and chatted, and remembered each other.

Then, in the winter of 1933, they paused a little longer during one of those hallway meetings. Lu Ann noticed things about him she'd never seen before. His eyes are the same, she thought. He's lots taller than me. And I like his hair, short and neat like that, and the way he walks. And I like his voice.

While this revelation was happening to her, she heard the voice she liked so much inviting her to lunch the next day. Some feminine instinct warned her that she should have an engagement for lunch, be hard to come-m-

So much for feminine instinct.

"I'd love to," she said.

During that luncheon, he mentioned that he was in a position to get hard-to-come-by tickets to the theater, and they discussed their mutual passion for the theater, and she asked him if he could get two seats for Kismet for her. It would be a cinch, he replied. He'd have them in a day or so.

"I kind of knew, by then," Lu Ann told me, "so I made My Plan."

The plan was simple. When he brought her the tickets, she was wearing her prettiest dress and all the charm she knew how to muster. She waited until he was about to leave—for him to say the right words—and then, when it looked as if he'd have to be low on the head, she knocked him over the head.

"Aren't you going to take me?" she said.

This approach, although a trifle less than subtle, worked. He would be delighted. They went off to a wonderful evening, but he neglected to call her the next day. Men can be awful stubborn, sometimes. Lu Ann waited two more days, then phoned him and asked him to join her for coffee. She had some things she wanted to talk about, some more theater tickets, but she needn't have bothered.

Apparently something had been stewing around in Loring's head as well—all this time, because over the coffee cups he asked her for a real honest-to-Pete date. She took a deep breath of relief while she was dressing that evening, and some wing wouldn't tell—a few more things—but she wasn't disappointed with the result. She had a solid hunch that this boy she liked so much wouldn't be, either.

That's that. It's pursued, and eventually captured, by her Prince Charming. From that time on, they began going steady together. As the months went by, they both began to understand that they were in love, that they were in play. It began to look as if it might be for keeps.

They'd only been going together for a few days when they both recognized a frightening affinity of tastes. Loring mentioned it first. They were sitting across a small candle-light table in an Italian restaurant, and they'd each ordered separately—but each had ordered the same food. "You don't like carrots or peas," he said.

"I hate them, if you don't mind," she said.

"I don't mind," he said mildly, "I hate 'em, too. It just seemed like too much of a coincidence."

Two months later, they sat together on a sofa in Lu Ann's apartment, and talked about what it might be like to be married, and this coincidence thing came up again.

"It frightens me," Lu Ann said. "It's too good, too perfect."

Loring grinned. "Because we like everything the same, and hate the same things, too?"

"Yes."

"How often have we battled over the past few months?"

"Seven times," she answered absently. "I was wrong once."

"Okay," he said. "Don't worry about a soupy deal with too much sweetness and light, I'll call you a ballgame this afternoon? I've got tickets."

And the quarrel was over, and she was his again, because Lu Ann Simms wouldn't miss a ballgame if her life depended upon it.

The young man Lu Ann has chosen for her husband is five feet ten and a half, dark with a good-looking, and so it goes. He's a professional, he is General Professional Manager of the Howard S. Richman Publishing firm (music and records, that is), and he went to the Cheshire Academy prep school. He was graduated cum laude from the University in Maine. His father is a lawyer, and the Buzzell family has a Victorian house in Long Beach, New York, with a tennis court. He is a good actor by the theater and his greatest ambition is one day to produce a Broadway play. How he ever got into the music publishing business is something, Lu Ann says, she'll never know.

Obviously, she doesn't care too much. Lu Ann's people are Italian. When Lu Ann went to spend her first weekend out at Long Beach with Loring's folks, she found that he was Jewish, and French ancestry, but that all had merged into the man she loved.

She found out a lot of other things, too. When she visited the Buzzells, she was the star of the house-party. They cooked corn-on-the-cob because it was a favorite of hers. And when Loring came up to Rochester to visit with her folks, whatever he ordered at Colby Uni-
Ann want to keep it as simple as possible.
Right after the wedding, they plan to spend a long time in Mexico for four days.
But you know how it is. By the time this story is published, our girl and her husband may be in Timbuktu, being fanned by monkeys.
Certainly, the way they feel about each other, there would be nothing wrong with that.
But Lu Ann and Lor have a plan that looks forward beyond the publication date of this story. They’ve got it worked out so that they can have two or three weeks together in Hawaii. They can bask in the sun, see the islands and do all the things that Hawaiian babies want—without a gondola or a three-leaf clover.
“I have a bit of money left, we’ll stop off in Las Vegas. I’ve never been there.”

“You’ll love it,” I said from experience, “and believe me, you won’t have any money left.”

“But we have a plan. We’re hunting for an old-fashioned brownstone. You know—high ceilings and great windows. But it’s hard to find a place that fits the bill.”

She sighed, turned the sparkling diamond on her finger. “But we’ll manage. I don’t mind saying we’re scared—everything’s too right, too good. We’ve had too much luck. Let’s hope it’s the same way.”

“Sometimes—it might.”

She shook her head. “Maybe. Anyway, we know what we want. We’d like to live like that. Only I don’t think you could have it. You might want more than anything in the world to produce a play, and have it be a success. I understand that. I want it, too,” she added, somewhat reluctantly.

I thought of how many times I’d talked to a girl named Lu Ann Simms, and how often she’d been just another little girl with a sweet voice who was important because she belonged to the Goodrey family.
Now I was talking to a girl who was in love, who in some indefinable way had become a very important person—not because of her association with Godfrey, but just as a person, who was in love and ready for marriage.
I knew that love had written a new dimension into the life of this very nice girl. And that all her fans, all the people who listened to her and loved her, would be glad.

It Isn’t All Acting

(Continued from page 69)

for hurricaned Ann,马克·戴尔和Cesar-Fox for a screen test—and, two weeks later, there she was in Hollywood. She stayed eighteen months, had wonderful dramatic coaching but no roles. The trouble was that she wasn’t then being photographed. In close-ups, I looked ten-age. But, in the long-shots, I looked the tall, sophisticated woman. No one could seem to fit me into any role. I could have stayed in Hollywood and been a star—so I thought. But, that, when she ran through it twice, she didn’t know the second run-through had been the real thing, and not a rehearsal.

‘Everybody said ‘fine’ and began to move on, and it wasn’t until then I understood it was all over. My guardian angel must have kept me from turning around at the end, as I was inclined to, and inquiring, ‘Did I do all right?’

There is the story of her first real acting job, an incident part in the radio version of The Goldbergs. “Mrs. Berg, who plays Molly Goldberg, was looking for an English actress. When I went to be auditioned, the first thing she asked was whether I was British. I said yes, because my natural accent is more like England than my native Kentucky. Mrs. Berg wasn’t fooled, however. After I had read the lines—being very, very British, since that was what was wanted—she said, ‘Now read the same thing straight.’ I did, and we both laughed. It turned out that my little deception could have been put to good use—because the role called for an American girl who pretended to be from English society.

There is drama in the way she met her handsome husband, Yura Arkus-Duntun, at a cocktail party. “It was in 1945, and I was then engaged to a fine man who is a foreign diplomat. But I had already seen enough of life abroad to know that I wanted to live as his—state dinners and the dull diplomatic functions—and I was beginning to think this was not for me. I was restlessly attracted to Yura, and I soon broke my engagement to the other man.”

There is drama in the way she was first seen by her home folks on television. It was when TV first came to Mayfield, Kentu-

“enjoy such a piece they are finding the things they want to acquire for a lifetime of living.

The color scheme of the apartment is all grays and woods and blacks with a few soft colors. They talk of moving some-

“⊇We took this apartment during the war scarcity, but now we feel that, for people who like to dine at home, it is more comfortable to have a real dining room, which we lack.” Their entertaining would be informal, in any event. “I love a home, but am much too career-minded to give any time to formal entertaining. I couldn’t. I study constantly, am taking singing lessons now, want to go back to the painting lessons I used to enjoy so much. We like our friends to come and to feel at home. That’s all we try to do.”

Yura and I, a couple of years ago, and every one congregated around the few sets in town that night. It happened that the show they saw was Nantucket Legend, presented on the Kraft Theater—and there I was, playing the lead role!”

Her home town knows her as Delma Byron, rather than Brook. “Delma” would seem to be a name destined for drama,
In these 3-hour danger periods your skin "dies" a little

Every day for periods of 1 to 3 hours, your skin is "open" to trouble, dermatologists say. This is immediately after you wash your face. In washing away dirt, you also remove natural skin protectors. Your skin takes 1 to 3 hours to re-establish its defenses. Meanwhile, real trouble can "breed": Driesness... "shriveling"
Stretched pores... roughened, grainy texture

Read what skin specialists recommend to prevent these serious skin problems...

After each washing— "re-balance" your skin

Some signs of skin "un-balance" show up right after washing:
The "drawn" feel of your face. Flakiness; often a splotchy look. These are the first warnings of skin "un-balance." But in the 1 to 3 hours Nature takes to re-protect skin, more disturbing problems can take root. Dry lines deepen. Inside moisture evaporates away. Outer skin "shrivels." Skin secretions harden in pore-openings—cause enlarged pores, blackheads.

Should you avoid washing your face? "Of course not," say leading skin specialists. "But after each washing, 're-balance' your skin instantly..."

60 times faster than Nature
A quick Pond's Cold Creaming right after washing "re-balances" your skin in one minute—at least 60 times faster than Nature does. It combats dryness, shriveling. Keeps pore-openings cleared—keeps skin texture fine and smooth.

Always leave on a bit of Pond's Cold Cream for continuing skin "balance" under make-up.

A deep clearing at bedtime
Besides a 7-second "re-balancing" after each washing, most skins need a thorough clearing at night. A deep Pond's Cold Creaming dislodges water-resistant dirt from the pores. Keeps skin looking clear, vibrant!

Start this complete beauty care with Pond's Cold Cream today. Soon your friends will be saying—"Your skin looks marvelous lately!"

Among society beauties who use Pond's
MRS. FRANCIS IRÉNÉE DU FONT II
THE DUCHESS OF LEEDS
LA COMTESSE JEAN DE CARMAAN
MRS. GEORGE WHITNEY, JR.
LA COMTESSE DE LA FALASSE

More women use this one cream than any face cream ever made. Get a large jar today. Begin giving your skin quick daytime "re-balancings"... deep clearings each night with Pond's Cold Cream. It's the world's most famous beauty formula—never duplicated, never equalled.

POND'S
COLD CREAM
Cleansing Smoothing

Mrs. Amyl S. Carhart, Jr.

Young Mrs. Carhart, of New York and Southampton, shows her love of simplicity and perfection not only in her choice of dress—but also in her complexion care. "I find that the simplest skin care is also the most effective," she says. "It's a quick smoothing with Pond's Cold Cream the moment after I wash my face. And I always give my skin a deep clearing with Pond's Cold Cream every night at bedtime."
Inside Radio
All Times Listed Are Eastern Daylight Time.

Monday through Friday

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### Evening Programs

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**See Next Page**
Baseball on TV

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TV program highlights

NEW YORK CITY AND SUBURBS AND NEW HAVEN CHANNEL 8 AUGUST 9—SEP. 8

Monday through Friday

7:00 7:30 Morning Show—Cranton, host; Col- linswood, news; Bold puffs, dance
2 & 5 Today—Garraway—Ray
9:00 9:30 George Skinner Show—Variety
2 Herb Sheldon—Easy talkin'
7 Breakfast Club—Don McNeill
10:00 10:30 Garry Gable variety
2 & 5 Ding Dong School—TV nursery
10:30 10:45 Godfrey Time—Artful entertainment
2 & 5 A Time To Live—Serial
11:00 11:25 Three Steps To Heaven—Serial
11:25 11:30 You & Me—Serial drama
12:00 12:15 Valiant Lady—Serial drama
12:15 12:30 Strike It Rich—Quiz for needy
12:00 12:15 Brighter Day—Serial drama
1:15 1:25 Partio Faces Life—Serial drama
1:25 1:30 Welcome Travelers—Barlett, MacPhail
2:00 2:20 Maggie and Missy—Discuss discussions
2:00 2:30 Robert Q. Lewis—Variety
Robert bobs up Mon., Wed., Fri., Tue., & Thurs. Double Or Nothing—$5 Quiz with Bert Parks.
2:30 2:45 Art Linkletter's House Party—Got
1 Eloise McIlhiney—Yakety Yak. Butfun!
3:00 3:15 Big Payoff—Milkman quiz
1 One Men's Family—Serial drama
3 Poul Dixon Show—Musicmics
3:15 3:30 Golden Windows—Serial drama
3:30 3:45 First Love—Serial drama
3:45 3:50 Concerning Miss Morlave—Serial drama
4:00 4:05 Women With A Past—Serial drama
4:15 4:25 Secret Storm—Serial drama
4:30 4:45 On Your Account—Quiz, Win Elliot
7:30 7:45 Tony Martin—Charlie Ruggles
Tony's tunes Mon.; Chuckles with Chuck in the World Of Wonder Tue., thru Fri.
7:45 8:25 Top Tunes—A Summer Holiday
8 & 9 News Caravan—Swayze Reports

Tuesday

7:00 7:30 Janet Deen, R.N.—Elaine Rains, drama
8:00 8:30 Midwestern Hoyride—Variety
8:30 9:00 The Goldbergs—Molly's moods
9:00 9:30 Arthur Murray Dancing Party
9:30 10:00 Twenty Questions—Parker game
10:00 10:30 Meet Me In St. Louis
10:30 11:00 Summerhouse—Quiz and chasers
11:00 11:30 Top Of The 54
11:30 12:00 U. S. Steel Theater—Center Stage
12:00 12:30 Excellent all-hour plays throughout summer.
10:00 10:30 Danger—Thriller-dillers
11:00 11:30 I've Got A Sneeze, Panel quiz
11:30 12:00 Blue Angel—Variety, Orson Bean
12:00 12:30 Ed Murrow's See It Now returns Aug. 31.
1:00 1:00 Mrs. & Mrs. North—Whodunits
1:00 1:30 Death Valley Days—Film adventures
1:30 1:30 Name's The Same—Panel game

Wednesday

7:30 8:00 Mork Sober—Whodunits
8:00 8:30 Red Skelton Show—Variety
8:30 9:00 The New Rival—Domestic ding ding (2)
8:30 9:00 Strike It Rich—Hall's $5 Quiz
9:00 9:30 Kroft Theater—Live from NYC
9:30 10:00 Ozzie and Harriet—Comedy cut-ups
10:00 10:30 The 56th Annual—Quiz
10:30 11:00 Blue Ribbon Boxing
11:00 11:30 This Is Your Life—Living bios, re-runs
11:30 12:00 Dauglas Fairbanks Presents
12:00 12:30 Foreign Intrigue—Espionage drama

Thursday

8:00 8:30 Meet Mr. McNeilty—Laugh series
8:30 9:00 Best Of Grouch—Re-runs
9:00 9:30 What's The Story?—Panel quiz
9:30 10:00 Four Star Playhouse—Re-runs
10:00 10:30 Justice—Documentary-type dramas

Friday

7:30 8:00 Stu Erwin—Domestic comedy
8:00 8:30 Pantomime Quiz—Panel game
8:30 9:00 The Marriage—Comedy
9:00 9:30 Miss Madison—Whodunits
9:30 10:00 The Stranger—Mystery stories
9:30 10:00 Poul Hoss—Comedy
9:30 10:30 Our Miss Brooks—Comedy—re-runs
10:30 11:00 What's The Boss?—Panel quiz
10:00 10:30 The Stars—Filmed dramas
11:00 11:30 Spade and Cole—Films
11:30 12:00 Living By A Lifetime—Talent
12:00 1:00 It's News To Me—Panel
1:00 1:30 Colonel Flock—Comedy
1:30 2:00 Mrs. North—Whodunits
2:00 2:30 Private Secretary—Comedy
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Dallas-Atlanta-Norfolk
El Paso-Albuquerque-Denver
Salt Lake City-Albuquerque-El Paso
Youngest Man in Music

(Continued from page 42) he found he was not very good. To his greater disgust, they fired him. “That made me mad. I went into the San Francisco symphony, but that wasn’t what I wanted to do. I kept trying to figure out what was wrong with my ragtime.”

At that point the precepts of scholarly Wilberforce J. Whitman came to his son’s rescue.

“Finally,” says Paul, “I found some answers. The trouble then with all ragtime was that you’d be hot one night and dull the next. You’d try to play the same thing over again and you’d forget what you’d done that was good. So I started wondering, ‘Why don’t we write this stuff down?’”

“Well, there were two reasons. First, it never had been done. Second, most of the guys who were good at playing couldn’t read music anyhow. Putting it on paper wouldn’t have been much use.” But the young Paul Whitman tried and, by the time he moved to Los Angeles, he had gathered around him a crew which shared his enthusiasm and desire for perfection.

A view of what happened in Los Angeles is provided by Whitman’s long-time friend, Dudley Wilkinson, now the M-G-M talent scout who sometimes appears as judge on the Boardwalk show. Wilkinson then was accompanist for vaudeville artist Floss Hayes. Taking up the narration, Wilkinson says, “The Whitman band was booked into the Alexandria Hotel. Paul was then playing violin—copiously, and in tune. At the piano, he had Ferde Groce. He also had Henry Busse, Frankie Trambeau—and I think Bix Beiderbecke.”

Visually, it was a Who’s Who of modern music, but intrinsic talent was not enough for either Whitman or his men. Wilkinson recalls, “That band rehearsed more than they played. Any time you came into the hotel, you’d hear them working away. They’d experiment, write it down, try it over again.”

Word inevitably got around that there was a band which could make sense out of undisciplined ragtime without losing its spontaneity. Their music was now called jazz, and they moved to the Ambassador Hotel in Atlantic City. They added a vocal group, the Rhythm Boys, which included a young singer named Bing Crosby. Discovery by Victor recording scouts wrapped them all up in a tidy package for nationwide distribution. When they cut “Three O’Clock in the Morning,” Victor sold 3,500,000 copies.

But the music master’s son was not yet satisfied. Emotionally, at least, Paul White- man still had to answer to Wilberforce J. Whitman. He did it via the first jazz concert, in New York’s Aeolian Hall on February 12, 1924. Moderately, he called it “An Experiment in Modern American Music.” For it, he commissioned George Gershwin to write a long composition titled “Rhapsody in Blue,” which is essentially a musical interpretation of the conflict between classics and jazz—a conflict which had long been personal with the Whitmans.

It is a matter of history that the older Whitman was not impressed. While pleasing both Paul and Groce, giving the latter a lift before he gave even his one grudging accolade, “Paul’s music doesn’t sound quite so bad as the others.” The public and critics, however, raved. Where Whitman had expected to lose money to gain a prestige, he won both and had to repeat the concert a month later.

The Golden Age of Jazz was blazing and Whitman was its shining symbol. Short-skirted flappers and raccoon-coated sheiks wore it was “the cat’s pajamas,” and kicked out a hectic Charleston to the beat he set.

Defining the difference between that mad-dancing era and the later swing period where teenagers mooned motionless in front of bandstands, Whitman said, “The singers caused it. I always insisted there should be more of them. When a band started humoring them, playing singers’ arrangements, dancing stopped. Radio, as the world soon learned, was made to order for Whitman—but it was motion pictures which brought him his lasting romance. (He explains his turbulent earlier alliances by saying, ‘I’ve been married four times. When those marriages broke up, I didn’t blame the girls, and I don’t think they blamed me. It was this business. When you go out on the road, when you’re separated, what chance has a marriage got?’)

Whiteman found his Maggie on a motion picture screen. Preparing to sell Hollywood executives the idea that they needed music to back their new talking pictures, he had gone to study the past, running it over and over. An actress named Margaret Livingston had a small part in it. He recalls, “I got so I’d watch for the spot where she came out of the bullrushes. A couple of years later, when she was making a personal appearance and I was playing in the ‘Ziegfeld Follies,’ I met her at a press party. I walked over to her table, and maybe she thought I was nuts—but I said what I’d been watching all the time I watched that picture. I said, ‘Old Bull-rushes, you’re quite a gal.’”

Today, with their two adopted daughters, Jan, eleven years old, and Julie, eight, they live on a 550-acre tract near Rosemont, New Jersey, at a distance of New York and Philadelphia. It also is easily accessible to Baltimore, where daughter Margo—now Mrs. Thomas Haas, the mother of two children—lives.

At the new New Jersey home and the Hollywood concept of one, the house appears modest but can stretch to accommodate a surprising number of guests. “It is more like a typical New Yorker,” he jokes, “than a Hollywood concept. I never really satisfied until he gets back.”

The farm also offers respite from what he calls, “this goldfish-bowl business.” He remarks, “While the only thing worse than signing autographs is having no autographs to sign, I never will get used to being in a restaurant, with a piece of steak halfway to my mouth, only to have some fan run over and demand, ‘Sign this. My little boy wants it!’”

Hideout though it is, Whitman loves to share the farm with his friends. Charities which Mr. and Mrs. Whiteman favor other than to feed the crew, are the TV Teen Club, a picnic at the farm is an outstanding event.

It’s Whiteman’s interest in kids which keeps his focus fixed on new horizons. Repetition is for others. Speaking of two still-prominent bandleaders who rose to fame shortly after he did, he says, “They still adhere to the same music and old stuff. They haven’t changed. I always want to go on to the next thing.”

Consequently, instead of calling the roll of the greats he has advanced—from Bing Crosby, Mindy Carson, from Bix Beiderbecke to Mildred Bailey—he turns his attention to the young people he hopes to find during the current Boardwalk show and who have already started through the TV Teen Club.

To the Nancy Lewises, the Bobby Greffes, the John Danzers, the Andrea McLaughlins, he offers both understanding and—Nancy Lewis, blond songstress, who was his co-emcee after his daughter, Margo, married, tells of the changes he made in both: the band and her technique. Says Nancy, “I thought I was pretty good. I’d been a model since I was three, but on my first four auditions, Pops turned me down.” Determined to go on the show, she went back again. Then he asked her, “Are you studying?” Nancy confessed she was not. “Well,” said Whitman, “you’d better,” and suggested a coach.

When she returned, he accepted her. But his own coaching had just begun. Says Nancy, “To me, show business was just a bowl of cherries, but Pops kept telling me how much personal sacrifice it demanded. I kept thinking of myself and what I’d get ahead. I’d get so nervous I’d actually be sick before a show. I thought I was ready to go, and I was hurt when Pops didn’t lift a hand to open a door for me.

But Nancy still had a subtle and important thing to learn—a thing which Whitman has always been able to teach his performers. Nancy says, “It finally happened when he took me on tour and played a nightclub in Las Vegas. There, for the first time, I faced a difficult audience. I saw all those people, concentrating on themselves instead of me, and it finally hit—the important thing was not...
human cannon ball act which backfired. "The cannon tipped," says Jack, "half its charge fell out and when the explosion took place, our human cannon ball just did manage to slide out the mouth of the weapon. Art collapsed with laughter in the middle of the stage."

I was absolutely put to the test during a commercial. I was supposed to be a castaway on an island, sending out SOS's with a telegraph key. Since I once learned Morse code, I was sending out a legend. Suddenly, at a sensitive time, what my message the FCC heard the call, and were surrounded with Federal agents. They warned us that, if it ever happened again of the air, we didn't realize what I was doing. Art understood this. So I didn't get bawled out, and we had another good laugh. "As you can see, Art's an easy man to work with."

Since House Party has gone on TV, Jack and Art no longer travel. But they still have great fun together, especially when they are swapping stories about their families. When we were young, Jack's youngest son said today?" asks Art—and Jack replies, "Wait'll you hear what my oldest daughter did.

Jack's family man begins in 1940, when he first met Marge, the girl who was to become his wife. After a checkered career as a singer and law student, Jack had ended up as an announcer. KMPC. Marge had then been in little-theater work with Dana Andrews and Robert Taylor. One day she came up to KMPC on an assignment. The spark of interest was kindled as soon as the two met.

"I had a problem," says Jack, "I worked the night shift—so we couldn't have any dates. But we did manage to communicate."

"We had an airways courtship which was the delight of the Federal Communications Commission. I dedicated such numbers to her as 'I'll See You In My Dreams,' because that's about the only time we could get together; 'Where or When?'—for the same reason; and 'Somebody Loves Me'—because I hoped she'd start thinking along those lines.

And I was only too happy, I'd call her on the phone. With the best music of Benny Goodman, White Christmas and Artie Shaw in the background, Marge and I spent our time with soft music and sweet lyrics."

"Then suddenly I was taken off the night shift, so I started working mornings. My first free night, we went to Chinatown for dinner. I don't have the Benny Good- man to back me up, but the maître d'—one of our sponsors—showered us with attention. Our courtship took about a year. And since our marriage, I've been partial to the Chinese food of the Forties—and to Chinese food."

Jack was raised on Hoover Street, near the heart of Los Angeles. Like most city children of the Depression, he had a "ranch" of his own. "A ranch is a swell place to raise a family," he says. Shortly after Marge's and his children were born (Suzanne in 1942, Pat in 1943), they moved to this part of Los Angeles.

Next to his wife and children, a family man's home is his pride and joy. Jack maneuvered his house and garden as though it were a piece of property, and the left hand. Everything grows in California. With Jack's overactive attention, he soon had boysenberries like baseballs and apricots the size of cantaloupes.

Years after they moved in, Jack found the house was too small to hold his two blos- soming daughters, now nine and twelve. He and Marge began looking for a larger home.

'They searched the Valley, then, one day, their realtor showed Marge the house right next door. She was impressed. Jack looked the next day. The following day, later, the Slaterrys and the neighbors across the street traded houses!

'There was a full acre of property, says Jack, 'and we remodeled the house to the hilt.' The folks who had it were retired and wanted a smaller place—and we needed the additional room. We got it. There's an orchard in back with apricots, plums, beets and so on. The back yard is a mess of bulbs. Now, once a week, the retired gentleman from across the street comes over to see what we're doing to his old home. 'What a week on the condition of our old garden!'

'The Slaterrys' front yard is the playground of the block. Jack is a second father to many of his neighbor's young sons and daughters. As Jack's daughter, who enjoys dancing because it's a form of exer- cise. Suzie, their thirteen-year-old, loves dancing because it's an introduction to the boys. But she has problems. 'Daddy,' she says, 'I don't know what to do with myself when Jack and Alan when they don't even come up to my shoulder!'"

Jack, of course, is an understanding father. But this is the kind of intellec- tual problem he can explain and give an answer for. "Don't worry," he says, "next year, you'll be able to dance with Robert and Alan. They haven't started to dance yet."

"The kids look forward to their surprises as much as to our return."

"National holidays, says Jack, "are a family time. We generally have the relatives over for a big dinner and games. Last Easter, for example, we had our regular egg hunt. But it was complicated by the fact that Janet's birthday is always the day after Easter. They watched me hide the eggs. I didn't know what was going on behind their beady brown eyes until the search began. The kids found half the hard- boiled eggs. And Janet, of course, found a few more where the dogs buried their favorite bones. But we looked in vain for the chocolate eggs. For Pom-pom and Terry, it was a very sweet Easter.

Birthday parties at the Slaterrys, at the present, are not the gay events they used to be. "The children, Jack says, "are going through the 'I can't share' stage between' years. When they were five and six years old, the parties were easy to plan and handle. Everybody had fun with squirrel-in-the-tree and farmer-in-the- den. As you can imagine, the kids, around-the-roso to twenty hungry teen- agers! An acre just isn't big enough to hold their energy. It's one problem we haven't yet solved.

"With the holidays, dressing and Christmas are big affairs in the Slaterrys' family life. The girls are responsible for the table decorations and general decor of the house. Jack says it gives them an opportun- ity to be creative and to display their artistic ability. "Sometimes they'll find a homemaking magazine with some article like 'Twenty-seven Decorating Ideas for Christmas'—and use every one! They copy floral displays for a table centerpiece, make cutouts of the Nativity at Christmas, and, at Thanksgiving, the mantel is graced with a float of potted turkeys. The Ply- mouth Rock, and Captain John Smith.

"One problem with the cutouts; during the holidays, I have time to catch up on my reading. But I'm reading several books at a time. In the past few pages of a good mystery, I find the ghostly silhouette of Captain John S. cut out from the printed page! When I look around, I find the captain's full-dress figure staring at me from the bookshelf. The solution of the mystery mystery, of course, is glued to the back of the cardboard paste- up. I think Captain John's Thanksgiving gift to me was a pair of yes and no's.

Jack says, his girls are close enough in age to share many of the same interests. Dancing is one. Every week, Marge drives the two girls to their dancing les- sons. They and their two younger brothers, Jan and Pat, are also interested in el- "They like the hot and cold running water in the cabins. Then Marge and I go to Lake Tahoe for a week by ourselves. We all agree it's good to get a break away from everything. We always bring the girls a gift when we come home. The kids look forward to their surprises as much as to our return."

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Hold On to That Dream

(Continued from page 46)
twenty eyes peering down on me made the pinned-butterfly feel even stronger.
I sang. The reaction? Nothing. Ten flint faces (or so they seemed to me) looked down.
That's all. I thought they had a lot to do with the old green glass of the control booth. All my life, I'd gone to
every audition that came along. I didn't win all the auditions, not by a long shot.
But I was piling up experience for the day when my big break would come along.
And I was learning how to judge the judges' reactions. It seemed to me that
this Crosby audition was just another one to chalk up to "experience/"

Up until Mr. Allen came, I had been singing on Cliffie Stone's Hometown Jamboree, a local Los Angeles TV show.
I had my annual vacation coming to me. I felt so sure that nothing would come of
the Bob Crosby audition that I packed a bag, the next day, and left for Pennsylvania with some family friends.

In Pennsylvania, the phone rang again!
Mr. Allen asked if I would be willing to come home for a week's trial on Mr. Cros-
by's show. "Would I!" I said—the expression had become part of my vocabulary.
But I still didn't get my hopes too high, for he also said, "It's just a trial."

When I returned to Hollywood, I met
Mr. Crosby for the first time. I was as nervous as a kitten with a bowl of ham-
milk. My tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth as though it were glued there per-
manently. Through the whole meeting I called him Mr. Crosby.
But he was very kind. He told some funny jokes to put me at ease and help me relax.
But I could have fished on seda-
tives and I still would have stuttered. Then he told me how I had been "discovered."
"My daughter, Cathy, is your agent," he said.
"She spotted you on Cliffie Stone's show.
Told me I oughta look in. As you see, I did." (This is the first time I've been
able to thank my "agent"—Cathy—in print!)
The interview must have been a success.
We went down to the rehearsal hall and ran over a few numbers.
I still wasn't convinced that I was going to be on a
coast-to-coast show! It wasn't till the
first show was over that I pinched myself, realizing this was no dream.
Mr. Allen knew the act was going to be a one
week, in one month.
He's crazy if he thinks I'm going to re-
mind him that the "trial" period is up!

When my family first moved to Cali-
fornia from Massachusetts, in 1945, I had
no real ambitions of crashing Hollywood.
I was nine years old, and Lassie was my favorite movie star.
Mr. Crosby had just got-
ten out of service and we settled in near-
by Fontana. There was nothing very much
settled about us, though. All was com-
mission, for Dad was building our house—
with his own hands. Dad was a fireman,
but he should have been a comedian.
One night, he'd read a book about plumbing—
next day, he was a plumber.
He proceeded this way, for four months, through the
home builder's five-foot shelf of

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Who is Dr. Munro? He received his Arts Degree at Alma College, University of Michigan, and his Medical Degree from the University of Virginia. He engaged in postgraduate study at Harvard University, University of London, and New York University. He was also a postgraduate student at Johns Hopkins University.

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This Is Arthur Godfrey

(Continued from page 45)

over the hip joint. He talked of meeting a man who had operated in August of 1933 and was now able to rhumba with his wife. Commented Arthur, "Mine's exactly a year ago this week, and it's a little worse today than it was six months ago. I can't put on my high heels all see? I could sit on a horse all right but, gosh, you can't ride a horse all over New York!"

The studio audience laughed then, and the show went on...but they laughed only because Arthur wanted them to. They knew, after many years, that Arthur has a way of confiding in them in a way a son may bluster something out to his parents and then feel self-conscious about it, especially if what he has said may worry them. For Arthur had given them a glimpse into a very personal, secret side of his life. The Godfrey hip, of course, is now as famous as the Dietrich legs...but the subject of Arthur's pain has been pretty much taboo. Why? Arthur Godfrey does not like pity and wants no one feeling sorry for him, since he doesn't feel sorry for himself.

"Arthur has been praised for his showmanship...and for his charities and for his good humor...but the most tremendous thing about the man has been overlooked—and that is his courage. Arthur's brave. He's brave like the guy who went in a cage with tigers or like the test pilot who gambles his life in experimental flights. Arthur is a man of exceptional mettle."

So speaks someone who has observed Arthur almost daily for many years...although Arthur himself would likely poo-poo the whole statement. So let's see what he would have to say. There are quite a few separate incidents which add up to stamina and courage. You may remember that Arthur made a film for the armed services, checking out in a jet plane. At the time, jet planes were thought to be exceedingly dangerous. A lot of parents, especially mothers, were objecting to their sons going into pilot training. Arthur, age sixty-five, had a movie take him personally on a flight in the jet and thereby demonstrating that the hazards were exaggerated. Was that an act of great bravery? Maybe not...but it was hardly an act of a man who is afraid to take a chance.

They still remember the circus show Arthur did a couple of years ago on TV. Arthur lay down on a fake elephant put a foot on his head...lightly, of course—but, if the elephant had teetered just a little, Arthur's face would have been two-dimensioned. "You've got to be crazy or have all the courage in the world to do a thing like that for the first time," says one of Arthur's friends..."and Arthur's not crazy."

On the same television show, Arthur did a dance act, rode a horse and walked the tightwire. After the show he nearly fainted...his pain was that intense. To put it bluntly, Arthur Godfrey has never been dislocated since his near-fatal car crash in 1931—had no right to carry on like a circus performer. And Arthur knew before he even attempted the stunts what it would cost him in pain. Still, if it went on. No one said he had to. No one but Arthur Godfrey said there had to be a circus show in the first place.

There is a young man in the Godfrey office who joined the gang almost four years ago. His name is Harry Rogue and he is choreographer for the Wednesday P.M. festivities. In Hollywood, Harry coached such famous artists as Fred Astaire, Gene Kelly, Ray Bolger and Judy Garland. When he joined Godfrey, he was advised to "include Arthur out" of dance routines. So Harry tactfully ignored Arthur for about twenty-four hours. On the second day, Arthur limped over and said, "I want that dance, too."

Harry demonstrated the steps, changing them so as to take some of the weight and punishment off the bad hip. Then Arthur went to the side of the stage by himself and practiced for a considerable length of time. When he came back, he had learned to do the routine with both legs.

"Can you realize that cost him?"

That was before the operation...and it wasn't an isolated incident. There were few physical activities that Arthur voluntarily kept out of. After the operation, however, it was different. Arthur had been advised that during the recovery he was to do nothing strenuous—and that included dancing. When he rejoined the video show, following his summer convalescence, he mentioned that bicycling was one of the exercises recommended for his hip, and it was decided to do a Wednesday night program on bicycles. Then the doctor changed his mind. He found that pedalling was not bad for the hip...but Arthur wouldn't hear of calling off the show.

"We had simple routines for Arthur on the bicycle—and, for the kids like Lu Ann and the McGuire's, we had some good stunts. Of course, Arthur had to do all the tricks the kids did."

Those were the days when you might have seen the happy Godfreys looking particularly unhappy as they watched Arthur take some nasty falls. They knew that he was risking the use of his leg for a long time. They had a good idea of the pain he felt with each fall...but he always illustrated his courage by climbing back on the bicycle and trying all over again.

The point is that, with even a minimum amount of exertion, the hip can be a bother. He's still talking, walking quietly, and suddenly start forward, stiffen and kick of grimacing. "It's just a little tickle," he'll say.

"Tickle! It's as if someone had swung a baseball bat at him and hadn't missed. But you don't let on to Arthur that you understand. He won't have sympathy."

Although he wasn't supposed to dance at all this past season, he has broken the rule twice. Once, he did a Dutch dance from a sitting position. The second time the choreography was planned for Arthur to remain still while the octet danced around him, but he couldn't stand it.

"I'm going to do this one, too," he announced.

And he did...even though it hurt and hurt bad. Why? Why do something that is going to cause undue pain? Why do something that risks the use of a limb?

This is Arthur Godfrey, by nature, is an active man, an athlete and an entertainer. That means doing, being on the move. He has been handi capped but not stopped—and hardly slowed down at all. On the farm, he has continued to ride, swim and hunt. And, in the studio, it's the same way. He just can't sit by on the bench and play coach all the time. And, in spite of his hurt, he's a great athlete, a natural athlete and a natural dancer.

The night he did the tightwire act on TV was the first time in his life he'd ever tried it. What happened was that the circus man who had been hired to do the stunts began griping about the equipment. Arthur said, "I'll probably do the act myself tonight." (Continued on page 88)

The warmer the weather...the more need for Tampax

Put away your furs, your woolens, your winter clothes in the summertime. Why should you tie yourself to something as hot, as uncomfortable, as unnecessary as the whole bulky belt-pin- pad harness?

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Think what a difference that makes to your vacation and week-end plans. You feel you can plan anything, go anywhere, any time! A whole month's supply of Tampax goes into your purse, offers no packing problem. And Tampax is so easy to dispense of. Don't let notion counters everywhere sell Tampax in your choice of 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.
Everyone thought he was only kidding. That night he walked the full length of the wire and, when the gang made him afterwards, he just shrugged. He hadn’t practiced. There was no explanation. He just had the feeling he could manage it. And the time a certain archer came on the show and gave Arthur a few lessons in making like Robin Hood. At the end of the session, they had an impromptu contest and Arthur actually out-

The gang, of course, has come to accept his natural ability as an athlete and dancer . . . but they’ll never get used to watching him take physical punishment.

The average person wouldn’t wiggle his toe if he knew it was going to rack his body with pain, but Arthur’s going to do what he wants in spite of it. He’s got guts.

Recently, he decided it would be a good idea for housewives to learn a little self- defense, with so many dangerous characters on the streets. Arthur has had Army

personnel come in occasionally to teach judo . . . and Arthur insists upon taking part.

“Dancing was too strenuous and so was riding the bicycle, but judo is okay. How about that?”

And the time you’re going to explain it? It’s one of those peculiar, contradictory things. Here’s Arthur with that big grin and bright red hair—he’s been called mischievous, a kind of Peck’s bad boy. He has a reputation. He’s a good-hearted and cheerful guy who keeps millions of people happy. There’s hardly a handful of people who have any idea of the kind of suffering he takes. The Godfrey legend—

Someday, Godfrey willing, the full story of his courage and fortitude will be told. He has been an inspiration to everyone who suffers from pain and handicap. It will be the most moving chapter in the entire Godfrey legend.

A Man Called Peter

(Continued from page 54)

like the proverbial glove.

“I think of Ames as being basically a strong character,” says Hobbs of this other man in whose shoes he stands, five times a week, on television. “A man who has his head easy, for example, as has Arthur, because he is not completely at home in his surroundings. He came from a poor family and married into wealth and prestige and position, becoming the head of a business. He filled the link between his two worlds and, when he died, that link was weakened. Without him, he is no longer completely at home in his own home, nor is it home.

In addition, Ames has another grave problem. He has to cope with his wife’s sister, Pauline, to whom he had been engaged before he realized it was the younger sister he really loved. She returned from Pauline’s forgivable elopement, but he cannot be sure of her inner feelings. He knows only that there is something hidden somewhere, which is hurting his relationship with the children.”

Peter Hobbs gets that slightly stern look as he goes on to explain the problems of Peter Ames. “As any father would, Ames realized that he had a great responsibility to his daughter to see that she didn’t miss their mother, and with what desperation his adolescent son Jerry must be trying to find a substitute for a mother’s love and understanding. He can see why the common instinct to lean on Pauline’s strength—and in his own unhappiness he, too, had allowed himself to lean a little, failing to realize that strength of the kind Pauline has to offer can easily turn into complete domination. This is something he has yet to learn.

“I like playing this man, because his problems come close to many lives. What is the common instinct to lean on Pauline’s strength because of his own unhappiness he, too, had allowed himself to lean a little, failing to realize that strength of the kind Pauline has to offer can easily turn into complete domination. This is something he has yet to learn.

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recently to play a role in a Broadway musical. "I'll do it," she told her mother, "but I really don't want to go to my school and the other children." It's a healthy attitude, and it proved that the stage simply wasn't the biggest thing in the world. After finishing her classes and her schoolmates, so it was no disappointment when plans got changed.

Peter Hobbs himself could just as easily have become a doctor, an engineer, as an actor. He has decided to interest in everything medical, a heritage from his doctor-father who was one of the first to specialize in the use of the X-ray. In fact, Peter was a house officer after the end of World War I, while his father was serving as a roentgenologist with a volunteer medical unit at the base hospital at Etretat. Peter was hardly two when his father died, and Peter himself was in a flu epidemic, therefore not over the doctor's notebook and fascinated by the little X-ray pictures which documented the case histories, cherishing the blurred baby mansion of the big man with strong, gentle hands.

Peter's engineering aptitude was something discovered during his own service in World War II, when the Army tested him. It was then discovered that Peter had decided engineering ingenuity. He might have subsequently ended up as a bridge-builder, since there are now some twenty miles of the River Mississippi area which were constructed under his supervision when he was squad sergeant in a combat engineers training group. He is still handy with tools and, even now, in the same bathroom, including all the plumbing—he did in his own house.

"I guess I chose acting because I lived in the atmosphere when I was growing up," is his own explanation. "My mother was always interested in the theater. She acted, she coached others, and she always coached me whenever I had a part in a school or opera or did any public speaking. At our house, many people came and went to whom acting was life itself. At Christmas time, in particular, friends from the world of the theater would gather at little parties in our home and I would hover close to them, drinking in the fascinating things they talked about, the audiences they had played to, the triumphs and the trials, and the great-name stars and the great success."

"My mother became drama consultant to the National Recreation Association, working with playground planning and community entertainment. At nine, I played a child in a children's production of Shakespeare's 'As You Like It,' put on by the fifth graders of Friends' Seminary, in New York, where I was a pupil, and my mother was responsible for that, because, by the time I was ready for college, I was working with a group called the Sunry Players, a sort of cooperative summer venture at Elsworthy, Maine. Not as an actor, however, but as a lighting man, I had taken the job of electrician, learning to cope with the lighting switchboard and the other technical details. I was quite good at it, and I did some of the smaller roles, along with my other duties, and managed to earn my five dollars a week, plus room and board!"

Peter continued to do summer stock during his college years, and returned to it time and time again. But, after his Army service, there was some doubt whether he would use his brain and his strong hands to make things people could see and hear. Yet, his voice portrayed man other than Peter Hobbs. There was still a pull toward medicine, too, especially since he had been able to visit his birthplace, Etretat, and talk to some of those who remembered his doctor-father's heroism in that first World War which had devastated their country. The theater won out, and Peter came back to Broadway plays ("Joan of Lorraine," with Ingrid Bergman, and "Clutterbug," replacing Tom Helmore, its star), to a tour with Joan Blondell in "Happy Birthday," and to pioneer in the first big nighttime TV dramatic programs—such as Philco Playhouse, Schiltz Playhouse Of Stars, Studio One, Suspense, Danger—many of which appeared in again and again.

When The Secret Storm came along, however, he had to forego many of these opportunities. It has its own peculiar compensations—such as fan mail, especially from teenagers. He has kept one note from a girl the age of his Susan, "I think you are very handsome," she wrote.

"I take the letter out and look at it on days when I get a little depressed about myself and need some bucking up," he laughs.

Women write warning notes about Pauline. "You get angry with her, and rightly, and then you wind up apologizing to her," one woman scolded by mail. Can't you see it's that sense of guilt you have for marrying her sister and for thinking you let Pauline down? You don't owe her a thing, because you're just lucky you had sense enough to elope with the right girl. Mr. Peter, stand up to that woman," she finished.

Many letters, some from men, warn him of the pitfalls Pauline is planning. When the idea was first developed that Peter and the children would go to live in Pauline's house, a male viewer wrote, "Please don't move into that woman's house. I did a similar thing a few years ago and I can tell you it's a great mistake.

So far, there have been no proposals of marriage—that is, not out-and-out ones. There have been what might be construed as a vainer man as gentle hints. But Peter has plans already include a wife, and, many joys ahead to be shared. There is painting, in which she has been interested for some time and is now interesting him. The first thing he did was to ask: "How do you start with these things?" then, without waiting, he promptly did a very creditable oil painting of a room. They both like to watch television. Both like Westerns, too, but for the same reason as the next, want to act in one. He has made several films, some of them for commercial and industrial use, some for the Army Signal Corps. Peter's new book is "Lost Boundaries"—in which he began with a good part that gradually got cut down as the picture became over-long.

Both love the theater, although Peter's is a service for his church stand-by for John Forsythe in the current Broadway success, 'The Teahouse of the August Moon.' This means that, every Friday evening, Peter gets a complete rehearsal with the Broadway cast, to be ready in the event Mr. Forsythe should one day be unable to appear. It leaves only Sunday as his one day of complete freedom, filled in a good church and service, but to be outdoors if the weather is good. Once in a while, I break away and play baseball, but that's not possible often.

There are too many things to be done.

When things like making a leaking faucet or installing a new sink. Or hanging around a lab somewhere, watching a doctor frown his brow as he studies an X-ray picture. Remembering how small a margin he has between his own life and that of three careers. And feeling satisfied to be Peter Hobbs, actor, who plays Peter Ames on television and only wishes that this other Peter's life could be turned out as happily as his own.

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ZONITE—the Ideal 'ALL-PURPOSE' Antiseptic-Germicide
Another Woman’s Heart

(Continued from page 48)

"Meg married very young, for money rather than love, hoping that love would come later. It never did. Her marriage is ended. And she is still seeking, still mistaking counterfeit emotions for the real thing, and still letting them take control of her life, too."

Yet, to this girl who plays her, Meg Harper is not an unsympathetic character, although she must often seem so to viewers who watch her quarrels with Vanessa at the studio: "You'll wear your life, Van, and I'll live mine"—and the way she seems to fight off happiness every time it comes close enough for her to grasp it. "I think we had many things in common," Jean said. "I think we had many things about Meg," Jean continued. "I think she is the sort of person who can’t help but see the worst in people. She is always looking for ways to be happy, but she never finds them."

She was sixteen. It was her first professional experience and that really set the seal on her life, too."

In New York, the girls both went to modeling school, a choice Jean thinks was foolish for her, since her heart was really in dramatics. Evelyn was entirely happy about modeling. However, she said, "My sister made her success fast, and in two years she was in demand for magazine covers. I was relieved of my first modeling job because the girl who had her job beyond me. I was content to go on in my own way, hoping that someday things would work out for me, glad that my sister was doing so well."

There was no competition between us, of any kind. Not about work, or success, or men. Evelyn has done some acting (we both made some pictures, one of mine being ‘Port of New York,’ which I think is wonderful). And I chose to stay with modeling. As I say, I had it all mapped out years ahead."

"Evelyn and I have the same idea about clothes. I have to restrain myself from buying un Necessary things at all. We have a few good things each season, mostly on the conservative side—except that I simply love sensational cocktail dresses and in summer, I lose my head completely and wear the brightest, boldest colors, especially in shades of blue. I recognize, too, that my high-arched feet can carry the high heels I love, and I can’t resist really stunning earrings."

There was a period, however, when Jean was forced by necessity to resist the lovely clothes she was beginning to want. Theatrical jobs were scarce, funds were low, and her father suggested she return home and take a business course. "You’re still young enough to go back to acting, or to try something like this. You can still make your choice later on," he advised her. She didn’t really mean it. It was like something out of a dream, and typing, it didn’t seem so bad, until a friend told her about local auditions for a scholarship to the Irving Studio for the Theatrical in New York. Jean entered, and won. This became the real turning point. After that, she gave no more thought to offices and typewriters.

The scholarship took me to New York once again. Not only did it teach me many things I needed to know, but I met some new friends in the theater. I did summer stock again, I went on tour in a Shubert musical, ‘My Romance.’ I did some more contracts as a lead, and played in some remarkable plays. It was a golden time. I was acquiring assurance. And I was learning a great deal more about being an actress."

About this time, an appearance on a television program, “Holmwood Screen Test,” brought Jean to the notice of motion picture producer Bryan Foy, who offered her a Hollywood screen test. “I flew out to the West Coast and took the test, but I had no one else got the part. It was disappointing, but I loved the trip. I fell in love with California, and kept going back to spend some time there—whenever I can..."
Don't Gamble with Happiness

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Don't Gamble with Happiness

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Don't Gamble with Happiness

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Don't Gamble with Happiness

(Continued from page 51)
Every month, thousands of women use this new cream deodorant for sanitary napkins, too. Safe, gentle, dependable.

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hall, see all those games, maybe meet Red Barber, Mel Allen, my childhood heroes.

The war, in an inverse way, helped Byron become what he is today. Like all fellow airmen, he was assigned to the Army Air Corps and after some time in the Air Force, he was discharged, he wanted to stay in Europe, where he had served most of his time with the 200th Combat Engineers.

At 18, he joined the Armed Forces Radio Service and with the Voice of America, Byron said, "announcing news and narrating. I liked it. And I loved Europe. As a boy, I always knew I would never get in love with the Into Austria, in Vienna—and this, happily, is what I did. For two and a half years, off and on, I studied Freudian psychology at the University. The Moon is also unlovely and American history at the v University in Shirvhenham, England. Between courses, I used to broadcast quite a bit . . . the Salzburg Festivals, for instance, news events and so on."

In Europe, too, in dreamy Vienna, Byron fell in love. And became engaged to an American girl. The story has its comic as well as romantic aspects.

"With Iris Gabriel—who was so active in working for Wendell Willkie's One World—as chaperone, said Byron, "the girl got me drunk. I spoke in a loud voice, by way of Berne, Geneva, Milan, Florence, Capri and other beauty spots. Iris left us in Rome, from which my fiancée and I were to return to Vienna the next day. But the next day I was taken ill; with the news of all unlovely ailments for a young man in love—yellow jaundice! We nevertheless started out, with her at the wheel and me stretched out on the back seat under a blanket. That evening we were on a station where, while we were having the tank filled, the tires checked, I went into the men's room. When I came out, my fiancée, without saying anything, said, "I hadn't a lira in my pocket, since she was taking charge of my wallet for me. I had no means, therefore, of getting back to Rome, let alone on to Vienna. Nor even the wish with which a photo is taken. I didn't speak a word of Italian. In that small hill town, near Florence, no one, I could be sure, spoke a word of English. The worst thing in the world for anyone who is proud of what it is, and is not citi
ted. The 'worst thing' was sure happening to me when, about an hour later, the car reappeared, with my fiancée at the wheel. A very distant thing, you can imagine, if she hadn't realized I'd left it . . . so, immedi-
ately the job was done, she'd climbed in, stepped on the gas and was off!"

"A can of orange juice may have been responsible for saving my life . . . for some fifty miles away, one of the tins fell off the back seat, making a clatter. She called back, suggesting I'd better pick it up. No answer. She called again. No answer. I thought people there in the car might have thought the blanket roll suspiciously flat, investigated, and—stepped on the gas again!"

"I think I was in love with her," Byron said, reflectively, "even though I somehow didn't last for either of us. . . . No, the Epilogue of the Missing Roadster had nothing to do with it. Who knows what happens with love and time? I don't have any idea of what's going? She's now happily married, has two children and lives in Jersey. I've never been married. I hope to be . . . but to whom—and when—is, as of now, some-
thing written in the stars, I suppose."

Upon his return to the States, Byron's plan was to go down to Charlotte, North Carolina, where a TV Job as newscaster, announcer—"that sort of thing"—awaited him.

Byron never got down to Charlotte.

"What happened was," he said, "that my manager sent me to Warner Brothers here in New York, to see about filming for movie role, and they sent me to Joe Ailes, a theatrical photographer—and the best thing that happened to me. Joe sent me to Maynard Morris at MCA. Among the MCA clients Maynard handles are Gregory Peck, Gene Tierney, a string of fame-names."

With regard to Mr. Sanders, still damp behind the ears in terms of experience, played it pretty smart.

"You get in to see a big agent once through contact or influence," Byron said, "you must be able to get out of it to see him again . . . so the trick is not to let your golden moment pass you by. Before I went in, therefore, I memorized a five-minute speech. And he very neatly said, 'Blue', so that when Maynard said 'Like to have you read for me sometime'—the typical brush-off—I quickly said, 'Why, not now?' And I did. MCA signed me, and I've been working ever since.

"In the two years I've been in New York, I've been acting on television, have understudied on Broadway and done quite a bit of summer stock. My TV credits include Dinger, Robert Montgomery Presents, Hall Of Fame, Kraft Theater, Big Broadway, and others. I've also done miscellaneous off-Broadway parts—very off-Broadway. I've also done movies as scenes from 'Romeo and Juliet' and the part Montgomery Clift played in the Paramount film, The Heiress, both of which I did at Finch College, in New York City. After the first month and the second, the pay was $50 for 'The Heiress,' an additional $20 for 'Romeo and Juliet!'

The money didn't matter," Byron said. "Concerning money, my attitude is that you are concentrating on doing the job . . . and, if you're any good at all, the money will follow. If a part offers me nothing, I want—I'll admit—more money. If a part cheapens me, I'll pass it up. But from it, I'll take less. Much less. Such as the role in 'The Heiress,' a very difficult and intricate one. And, of course, Romeo."

But even though, until Portia Faces Life, the parts I played were neither consistent, very well paying—or, in some instances, satisfying—I was happy doing them. This brings me to happiness, which is a large word, I know, and difficult to define, why I have it. Among the reasons—and there are more than one—is that you find so many prejudices and bigotries in life and death. I could say that the purity of thought is the arts. As a doc-
ctor, I would have been dedicated to the saving of human life. As an actor, I am dedicated to the interpreting of life. Dedi-

cation is the only real and lasting happiness.

"Happiness is actually an attitude of mind, you know, rather than a series of happy experiences. In some cases, there is a tendency to see the black side of everything; in others, a tendency to see the bright and sunny side, even when they're not there!"

"I know that happiness is an attitude, from personal experience. As for instance, before I came to New York, with every job I ever had, people commended me, paid me for it. I was happy to stay. In New York, I've been rebuffed, rebuked and rejected: I wasn't 'the type.' Didn't have 'enough experi-
ence.' Didn't have 'a certain something.' Personally. But I figure if you can't stand for long, you can't be that way. I soon realized, in this business. You can't be that way, period. What makes people unhappy is not losing faith in the world, and in optimistic faith in themselves. The minute you lose faith in yourself, you're unhappy person. If you have faith in yourself, it is impossible to be unhappy.
The Girl Who Gave Away $3,000,000!

(Continued from page 52)

house, is of modern design, striking and distinctive. The mistress and house make quite a picture.

And, of course, Jan makes it a talking picture," her engineer-husband, Bill Dunlop, teases. "Jan is loaded with brains and always I need no tales."

Jan, no engineer, had as much to do with the building and planning of the house as Bill did. It is a work of art, created with loving ingenuity. To the planners, neither Bill nor Jan would compromise. The walls, for example, are nineteen inches thick, made of such imperishable materials as marble, quarry stone and eternal charcoal.

"Maybe it sounds crazy to build a house to last forever," Jan says, "but not to us. I know I got the feeling for it living in Europe and visited homes of both rich and poor which had stood for years."

To them, the house is a symbol of a way and kind of life, of honesty, of faith, of nature. They were discussing homes before they were even engaged.

Bill Dunlop, who towers a foot over Jan, recalls his feelings the first time he met Janice.

"It was love at first sight," he says, "but

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At that time, Jan was doing ten to thirteen different shows a day. Matter of fact, she was doing Hilltop Farm even before she was the part of Jean Adair. The conflict, however, was between Light Of The World and Aunt Jenny. The former was on from 2:00 to 2:15 P.M., originating from NBC at Sixth Avenue and Fifty-first Street. The latter began at 2:15 P.M., in CBS studios on Madison Avenue and Fifty-second Street. Janice had two and three-quarter minutes for NBC and NBC studio. The horizontal distance was approximately four city blocks, and the vertical distance some twenty floors.

I had elevators waiting for me," Jan remembers. "I remember taking a cab for they always get tied up in traffic—so I ran, and I think I set some kind of a record!"

That was the time she was engaged in the lead of Aunt Jenny story which ran four months and so she was running, week after week. One cold day, she made the spring in a driving rain. The next morning, she had a strep throat and a 104° temperature. She continued to work until they sent around an ambulance and took her to a hospital. The doctor told her to take a real vacation.

"I went to Europe for three months," she says, and I stayed two and a half years.

She fell in love with the Continent. Art had tickets to several radio shows over years, so she found herself spending whole weeks in art galleries. She was engrossed in the study of European architecture and archaeology. She was stimulated by European culture. She was two and a half years for radio producers to lure her home and then she came of her own accord.

"I was simply homesick," she says.

She was followed back by an Englishman who had fallen in love with her. That was how she met Bill Dunlop, for both Mlle. Bill and Jack—all her admirers—were expert bridge players.

She went to a club to watch Jack play, and Bill was among the onlookers. We had mutual friends and were introduced. We were both in love immediately, but we didn't have a date for weeks.

"Then he asked me to his dog on an interest," Bill explains. Finally, she decided to take a chance and phone anyway. "I was startled at how easily the date was made. It was sand I was working on the competition between Jack and Bill was rather fierce.

"It wasn't funny then," Janice says, "only now, when you look back on it."
on the side of the road that Bill had ordered from the lumberyard. They carried the lumber back to the rise and, by the end of the day, Bill had erected a hut, eight by eight feet. They moved into two cots and, from then on, the hut was lived in. The house was finished in November, they lived in the hut.

During those nine months, Jan and Bill were usually up at four-thirty in the morning to get out the house plant, plant materials organized for the workmen. Jan and Bill were their own foremen, and there was no type of physical labor they didn’t take part in: the digging of marble, laying of rocks and joining, masonry in the fireplace, carpentry, electrical wiring, plumbing, impregnating of lumber, landscaping, and a million other things.

"Many days, we didn’t have our first meal until nine-thirty at night," Bill says. "That, of course, was cooked over an open fire.

Jan continued her radio work and video work.

"The gowns I wear on Break The Bank are designed by Frank Perullo of David Hart, and I’ve always been so proud of them," she says. "But, you know, I used to get in and out of them for there wasn’t any room to dress in the hut. Matter of fact, our only mirror was hung on an oak."

On a chilly night, she suffered from goose pimples for the sake of an evening gown on TV, but she seldom bothered to dress for radio shows, she’d drive into the city in denims and mocassins, looking a little wild.

In November of the same year, they moved into their new house. It wasn’t finished. The windows had no glass and there was sawdust all over the floor.

"But it was wonderful," Jan says. "It was a really great feeling."

In the past six months, the house has really been finished and it is quite an achievement.

The house is completely hidden from the macadam county road. Walkways cut through a stone cut, cut through some trees—and stop for an instant. Over at the left is a half-acre of vegetable garden which Jan attends herself. To the right is a swimming pool, and at the top of the landscaped rise is the handsome, modern house.

"The brook runs into the pool," Jan says. "We had it dug in one day, at 9 a.m., and that on this lucky Friday the 13th, 9 a.m. until six p.m. so we would get a nice free-form rather than an uninspired rectangular pool.

The pool is seventy-one feet long and fifty feet wide at its most distant points. Bill and Jan cemented the bottom and covered it with white sand imported from the Borax basin. They have laid stones along the side of the pool for beach chairs and a table.

"Now look up at the house," says Jan. The house is about two hundred feet away, after the beer. The red-tile roof was built over by Bill, including the rock-sided banks made of boulders.

The terraces on the Terrace of the house are hand-hewn, long-leaf yellow pine. The cement is red with terra cotta blocks, the rock-sides the trunks of trees that were cleared to build the house. On the side porch is a huge charcoal barbecue. There are tables and chairs made of hickory and redwood.

The living room is 30 x 32 feet. The fireplace is 16 x 11 feet—so large that the house was built around it. The stones are all different and come from quarries all over the country. Jan herself fitted and directed the placing of the stones in the hearth as she did on the outside walls of the home.

The floor is quartered oak of random widths, pegged rather than nailed. The beams which stretch across the living room ceiling actually hold up the house. The ceiling in the living room, as well as that in the kitchen, is made of asbestos shingled on with a spray. It makes an electro-static surface which repels grease and dust, besides being fireproof and soundproof.

The furniture is dark, luxurious chestnut, and even the dining chairs are so heavy that it takes a man to lift them. The room is spacious, of course, and two curved sofas face the picture window which looks down the rise to the pool.

"Now let me show you where I make Bill his six-and-a-half-inch-high popovers," Jan says. "The kitchen combines the best features of new and old. That means a lot of space as well as convenience."

It is big and square, with the never-get-dirty ceiling and walls of plastic which wash easily. There is counter space on all four sides of the kitchen, with the automatic dishwasher—and everything else that is automatic and electric—built right into the cabinets. There is a breakfast nook and, opposite that, the deep freezer.

The oak-panelled bathroom has huge closets with sliding doors and a tremendous bed for Bill’s extra length. On the opposite side of the house is a corresponding room which is their studio. Bill writes there, and Jan paints and works in ceramics. Across from the studio is a small guest room.

"There are five doors to the house," Jan says, "and ‘don’t know which is front or back.’"

Even the bathroom has received permanent treatment. It has copper-colored Carrera glass paneling made to last many lifetimes.

There are many other unusual and distinctive features in the home that Bill and Jan built: the electrostatically treated shades made of translucent plastic, the ceilings decorated so that they seem three-dimensional, the wide expanses of glass which bring the outside environment into the house, the handsomely grained furniture.

Some of it may sound extravagant, but it really isn’t—for there is nothing in the house of transitory value. Everything can be used over and over again," Jan says. "We ‘broke our bank’ building, and actually put every cent into the house, since we don’t buy clothes, sport cars, or boats, and we don’t go out to night clubs.

Jan grins and adds, "I couldn’t honestly recommend to friends that they build their own homes, of course, because it gets rather grilling and punishing at times. Sometimes I think maybe we’ve given this house the best years of our lives. But maybe that’s why we love it so much. It’s a new house and yet we’ve already accumulated what seems like a lifetime of memories about it.

They look down the slope and remember the house for which Bill had erected his four-hundred dollar bed, bills created by a rain which Bill had the culverts in and how two trucks and bulldozers sank and Bill had to unload marble piece by piece. And Bill can remember Jan coming back from a telecast in a black evening gown and walking around gold slippers. So she wouldn’t ruin her clothes, he had to carry her across the swamp and up to the little hut. There is one table in the house that doesn’t mean something to them. And right by the side porch is the first valentine Bill gave Jan in their "eternal house." It is a flower garden about twenty feet long, shaped by rocks and boulders.

"That’s practically an eternal valentine," Bill says. "Those rocks should stay there forever, as long as one moves them."

"I’m not going to move them," says Jan.
Singing Her Way to Stardom

(Continued from page 39)

of her other shows. Her schedule goes like this: she rehearses for four hours for her Tuesday–night show. Tuesday morning, she rehearses again from ten to twelve—when she goes on in The Big Payoff—then rehearses until night. And Eleanor and Franklin, Monday, she gets to the studio at noon and, after the show, she goes over the songs for next week's Big Payoff. After that, she rehearses for her Thursday–night show. Then, on Thursday, she repeats Tuesday's schedule. Then, starting Friday afternoon at about four o'clock, she has a free weekend until Monday morning. In between times—at noon or at night—she studies lyrics and dialogue.

"Dates and beasts?" Betty Ann laughs. "I have a Beau you might consider steady. Fortunately, he's in TV, so he understands that rehearsals and studying are. We see each other on weekends, of course. And occasionally during the week. But if he were a nine-to-five stock broker or something, I know he'd get discouraged."

Betty Ann is also fortunate in having all the details of her home life solved for her. She and her mother, attractive Mrs. Mabel Grove, share an apartment in Beekman Place section. Her mother cooks, takes care of the apartment, even walks Betty Ann's beloved dachshund Cyra. "If it were only me, I don't think I could manage," the gypsy-eyed singer says. "Why, I haven't even time to go shopping, much less marketing or anything like that.

To a lot of people, New York would seem like the last place in the world to spend the summer. But Betty Ann loves it there. "New York is a wonderful town when everyone is away," she claims. "Restaurants aren't crowded, taxis are easy to get, and I lead an air-conditioned life. I go from an air-conditioned bedroom to an air-conditioned restaurant and from there to an air-conditioned home."

She says, "I'd like to see him do his own musical show some time. He's loaded with talent." In this show, Betty Ann discovered she had a flair for comedy and singing it was a breakthrough. "Comedies were my comedy technique wasn't quite so good back in those days," she admits. I think the comedy parts and patter songs. But good comedy is an art you only learn by experience.

Although she loves comedy and gimmick's songs, Betty Ann is delighted to be singing ballads and other romantic songs this summer. She believes that the audience gets to know you better when you can sing for them. "Of course, the songs don't let them see the real you," she explains.

Betty Ann's career in TV has been—quite literally—there are two steps up and a half a step back. "I've never had a meteoric rise," she says, smiling. "I've done big shows and little ones. And I don't mind at all, so long as I keep working. I have a very hard-working job and every part I have had. Television has been awfully good to me, and I guess I'd rather work in it than any other medium." She and her husband have a small farm in Connecticut and she says Mrs. Grove had been a secretary in Boston, she brings a business-like touch to things. But she has an advantage which few secretaries have—for, when Betty Ann gets tense from working too hard, Mrs. Grove just picks up and goes to Boston for a visit. "It does us both good to be separated occasionally," she says wisely. "After all, Betty Ann isn't a little girl any more. She's a big girl doing a big job, and she doesn't need to be treated as an adult—even by her own mother."

Betty Ann grew up with the fixed notion that she was going to be a dancer. She studied tap and high kicks, the sort of things in which Mitzi Mayfair and Eleanor Powell had done so well. For thirteen years, she was taught by a woman who still visits with Betty Ann when she comes to New York.

Now the trend has turned toward ballet and modern dancing, so Betty Ann is taking a refresher course—in addition to all the other things on her schedule. Of course, it's singing which is most important, and her dancing is incidental. But it is typical that she wants to do everything as well as she possibly can. She may do just a few steps in a producer's number, but she wants them to be right.

Although the little redhead's singing has been her passport to fame and top TV programs, she never expected to sing professionally. She always had sung, even as a tiny child, and she started her career singing with a "society orchestra" in Boston, and even did some night-club solos. She did a spot-with-the-Stars for radio show, and appeared on Broadway that she took formal singing lessons.

Every youngster with an ounce of talent dreams of being "discovered." It was a scout for Toast Of The Town who made that dream come true for Betty Ann. Hearing her sing in a Boston hotel, the talent scout arranged an audition with Ed Sullivan. That was the beginning. She came to New York and stayed here. In less than a year, she was "going steady" with him.

Her first break came in the Gulf Road Show. There—Stop The Music, with Bert Parks, which went on for three years. Incidentally, Betty Ann thinks Bert is just one of the smartest producers in show business. "I did quite a bit of songwriting," she says. "I'd like to see him do his own musical show some time. He's loaded with talent." In this show, Betty Ann discovered she had a flair for comedy and singing it was a breakthrough. "Comedies were my comedy technique wasn't quite so good back in those days," she admits. I think the comedy parts and patter songs. But good comedy is an art you only learn by experience.

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The World on a String

(Continued from page 57)

the night to go to work.

When Cora Burlar, actress, married Bil Baird, puppeteer, sixteen years ago, she

nothing to the life of Betty Ann when she

out of her, she says. "I would not marry a man who was without

the theater is located in which The Big

street where she was to know Betty Ann as she walks along

Down on Forty-seventh Street, where

a block from the downtown business district, there is a little

beauty, the shop on the corner

She had joined. Instead of hunting for a

cute country cottage or a comfortable

husband Bil advertised for something as big as a gymnasium, located in

the city. They settled for a pair of stables with rooms overhead which, years

Baird, puppeteer, the first of her life. The big broke came, they knew how to

Baird Grove? Maybe it will someday, when and if I ever get to be

"But it's fun to have people recognize you," she

She laughs, "I never get tired of

says, "right now, I'm too busy to

some of the children in the neighborhood who were

won't marry she's

"It's utterly fabulous," she cries. "Every

other show I've worked on. I've crowded in with the rest of the kids to have

She's been

Bil's
designer. She's been

She's

Bil

She's going

Bil's

Bil's

Bil's

she

Bil's

Bil's

Bil's

"This is a new show to Phila-

she didn't

"He was

a marionette in

weeks, I could

Theatrical

"Of course, it takes several years for a

Bil said that, if I

"So, each morning, husband and

...and wife slid down the bannister together into the

shop, a puppeteer, Cora learned, is a

master of many trades: He must be an

specialize in creating sets, a

true, they worked long hours, but it

...and Bil sat down to address greeting cards and

open house, Christmas Day."

now, Betty Ann!"
"Are you kidding?" Bil asked, measuring the stack of cards with his eye. "Are you really asking everyone?"

"Most of them won't come," she said. "Most of them have other plans for the little big baby program." But eighty-five showed up, and Cora proved her versatility by serving them all adequately. It was a fair initiation to what she could expect whenever they entertained the islands. They had a party that didn't wind up with three sitting, in spite of a large dining table. They may invite only a half-dozen friends, but word gets around that the Baird girl has arrived, and suddenly their telepathic friends swarm in.

Their apartment is just as fascinating as their workroom. Bil describes it as a large room that was built from the ceilings, nailed to the walls, packed in corners and stuffed on shelves is an assortment of antiques, puppets, paintings, mobiles, masks, books, mirrors, and other things that they ever caught their fancy. Everything in one room—which has been divided into living and dining areas—has been made by the Bairds. Such homemade items include chairs and sofas, a sea chest, a breakfast table and a bass viole—just about everything but the organ and piano.

"We built all the furniture the first year," Bil says. "It was supposed to be temporary."

"See those two nails sticking out of the bookcase," Bil notes. "For sixteen years, I've meant to counter-sink them."

An independent survey made by Cora recently showed sixty-five different musical instruments, all equally beloved by Bil. He plays them all. Some he has made himself, others are from Cuba and Europe. He has a basquin to him on a birthday by four friends, one of them Buri Ives. Bil favors the accordion and guitar and a pet piccolo which he carries around in his pocket.

Among the assorted collection of everything is a handsome two-year-old Peter. As you would expect, Peter is quite pleased at the variety of mechanisms, materials and objects in the Baird collection. Bil has often brought a new toy to a party to amuse the children. Bil says, "If you give them a new toy to amuse the children, they will have a new toy to amuse the children, and that's what they enjoy most of all."

The Bairds have taken Pete with them when they toured, and employ a baby sitter only when they are at work. As a result, his hours correspond to an adult's. He gets as many hours as the adults and as he gets older. Bil has taught him to make things, up to nine thirty. Prior to the Bairds' embarking on the Morning Show, he had breakfast with his parents. Now he meets them for lunch when he returns from the park.

Bil and Cora are tops on blocks so that it can grow up with him. Toys are methodically made as just as Pete likes them. There is a set of blocks which Bil made having a wall which is a bird in the elephant by Tony Sarg. There is also a crayon drawing of star puppet Charlemagne, the lion, one of the winning drawings in a contest conducted by Chicago's own.

"We had twelve thousand entries," Cora says, "and Bil has saved every one.

"I suppose one day I'll throw them out," Bil says. "Right now I don't have the heart, considering all the work the kids put into them."

"After the contest," Cora notes, "Bil walked around muttering, 'And we have only five hundred prizes to give out.' He was so downhearted there wasn't a prize for every child."

While the Bairds' work on The Morning Show is for adults, they have many young fans, and many adult enthusiasts when they did a program for children. And, although the skits are usually humorous, Bil's respect for the dignity of men always dominates the show.

"You need a villain," Cora says, "but we have to watch Bil. After a while, he begins to make the villain three-dimensional and our Frankenstein monster goes sweeter."

Bil and Cora encourage each other to criticize their individual work. They can do this, for they live in close harmony. They also share interests, in the home and their profession, that are sometimes a little startling at the unintentional telepathy they practice. Bil may be thinking hard about a new toy to use, and suddenly Cora begins to sing it. Or Cora will stand at the head of the stairs on the verge of asking Bil to run upstairs for a minute. Bil is at least seventy-five feet away, separated by a thick wall and ceiling, but Cora says before Cora gets the words out of her mouth, Bil is shouting, "I'll be up in a minute."

While they enjoy privacy in their workroom, Cora believes the Bairds' clothes in their more stringent days was a matter of pure economy to purchase a garment with an eye to its future use.

Recently, Bil was unable to find the exact style of layette heocco, to dress a kind of glamour-puss puppet, she shouted. "Then I was caught in the workshop in a brand new blouse." She grins and adds, "It was a case of literally giving the puppet the shirt off her back."

The Baird marionettes have played in "The Ziegfield Follies" and "Flahooley," in the country's top night clubs, at Radio City, the Manhattan and the Roxy Theater, on more than one occasion. Cora and Bil have been promoting their puppet programs, including many appearances on Your Show Of Shows and Ed Sullivan's Toast Of The Town. Over the years, Bil has created a thousands of puppets, hundreds of which are stored away for future use. Additional characters are constantly being invented for The Morning Show.

"But the only really different thing about it is that The Morning Show is the milkman hours," Bil says.

In the past, they seldom got to bed before two in the morning. Bil likes to read and Cora to work. Bil gets in bed at night has he had time for these interests.

"I remember when he began delving into astronomy," Cora says. "We were working in a night club, the Ruben Bleu. We did the show for four in the morning, and then Bil began making with the stars."

Cora admits she found this a little exhausting. Surprisingly, the Bairds have adjusted easily to rising at a time when once they were just retiring. Both swear that they haul out of bed in good humor. Cora gets up a few minutes earlier to get things prepared for the day. They are very conscious of the drive to the studio, since the streets are nearly deserted. After the show, they stay on until noon rehearsing for the following day's play. They have time to shop for the following day's show to put in another five work's hour. They have dinner with little Pete and go to bed shortly after that.

Bil says, "It's strange to start that early in the morning." Bil says, "but I'd be lying if I said it was getting us down."

"The truth is we have so much fun," Cora adds, "that sometimes I think we are the skits."

As the man says, they've got the world on a string.
How Lucky Can You Get?

(Continued from page 74)

vacation in Europe, but never hoped to get there this time. And next year? Who knows the next! I can still hardly believe that I have feasted on the most fabulous spaghetti in a funny little café in Rome, breakfasted on heavenly croissants in the early morning in the best machine pilaff and Hungarian goulash in, of all places, London.

To begin at the beginning, I am a professional woman, and as such have come to Puerto Rico to do a modeling job and a vacation trip to Nassau. I had never before been out of my native United States. I am twenty-two, have been married to a wonderful man for two years and am a housewife as well as career girl. As I say, a trip to Europe was just some extra-special thing to be thought about in some extra-special future.

The whole thing happened so fast. Hundreds of photographs of models had been looked over, before Eunice and I were picked to be interviewed by the various people concerned with the filmed commercials for Spray Net. When the head of the model agency telephoned to say that some people thought we were a bit more excited than I was. "They are considering taking a couple of girls to Europe," she said. "It would be a wonderful opportunity, so I hope you get it."

I was not the least bit daunted, I wasn't terribly excited. Eunice and I went together and, while they seemed to like us, nothing definite was said.

The interview took place on a Thursday. On Friday I was notified that I had been chosen. So was Eunice. We were to leave for London, Rome and Paris the following weekend, to be gone about three weeks.

I rushed around madly. Had passport pictures taken, filled out blanks, had a doctor job my arm with vaccine. Got my foreign driving licenses through the Automobile Association. At the time feeling a little sad about leaving Jack for three long weeks, although he was happy I was getting the wonderful chance and was being very sweet about the whole thing.

I sorted out all clothes and decided what to take, what needed freshening, what should be mended. Luckily, clothes weren't so much of a problem, because a model has to wear a couple of things pretty good condition, even if she isn't contemplating a sudden trip to Europe any more than a tour of the moon. I was given a list of the scenes to be shot, to govern me in choosing clothes. I had read enough about European travel to know that too much luggage is a nuisance for everyone concerned, so I studied my needs carefully and packed suits and ties, fulled wool suits and knitties. I packed a warm all-purpose tocap, and the minimum of undethings (in nylon, of course).

We were scheduled to leave Saturday afternoon. There were some delays, and the plane was two hours late, but we were told the flight had been postponed until next morning. Just before five, a call came saying the plane was on the runway and they would hold it if I came once. I was ten miles away from New York in our suburban apartment, getting ready to have dinner with Jack, and feeling sort of glad I was already getting a little homesick.

Next morning, at eight, it happened. There, at the airport, was the great double-deck Stratocruiser. And only five of us to board it, the five who had been mistakenly told that the trip of the night before was postponed. What a thrill it was—like traveling in a private plane. There were more crew than passengers.

We had luncheon with the captain. We learned many things about these huge transoceanic planes because we had the run of the plane and everyone had time to talk to us and to explain its workings. We were told to watch the feeling of flying far out across an ocean, in a little universe of our own making, up there between sky and sea, chasing clouds, winging into the rising sun as we approached the land.

We landed uneventfully and got to London about five in the morning. Eunice and I had cat-napped on the plane, so we were up and out by eleven. There was a "bank holiday" in London, so we couldn't work—and who wanted to? The day was gorgeous, the streets and parks were thronged with people, and we just went and did everything. At the Tower of London, we had our first introduction to English pomp and ceremony, as we watched the guards in their brilliant regalia. (As the days went on, I began to "feel" the history of these wonderful English people and to understand better why they cling so staunchly to their tradition and customs.)

It wasn't very serious, we weren't, except about our work. Looking back now, it seems to me that we laughed our way through London, Rome and Paris.

England is full of fun and has a simply terrific pull. The people from the given advertising agency—Earle Ludgin and Company, of Chicago—who were taking care of everything, were wonderful. Wherever we went, in all three cities, technicians and others who were working on the films were waiting, often with wives or sisters or mothers, to tell us where to get the best shopping bargains, to take us to exciting little out-of-the-way restaurants to do everything they could to make our trip even more thrilling and gay.

Although we couldn't work all the time, due to the vagaries of the weather, we always had to be prepared, so if the sun should come out we wouldn't lose the day. Consequently, our work and our sightseeing covered quite a lot, which made it even more fun. The day I was filmed at the Tower of London, however, hardly comes under that heading. It was one of the most charming experiences of my life, but I was certain view that is used on one of the famous series of postcards. The postcard picture had been taken from the top of a building across the way. So, nothing daunting, we took ours from the roof, and with me practically hanging off the roof. Seeing me in the film, you could hardly know that I was so precariously perched on the edge of a six-story building—with no hand rail, and the wind whistling by at fifty miles an hour—I hope I don't look as scared as I felt for a few minutes!

The day I drove past Buckingham Palace was a bit excited. It was the first time I had driven British-fashion on what, in our country, would be the wrong side of the road. (And now I find that scene has been cut from the film.) When we got to Windsor, I was madly in love with the crowds that gathered that we had to pretend we were through and partially pack up our things, and then sneak back later to finish. I wasn't going to miss such polite ones. Even polite fans, however, can get in the way of the cameras.

Speaking of politeness, I shall never forget the policeman who stopped us one day during London's busiest rush-hour traffic. Our driver had turned around at an intersection, and for a moment had tied everything up. Unlike New York, no
impotent horns began to blast our cars from behind. Unlike New York, the bobby in the middle of the street merely said, “I say there. Are you with us?”

After six days in London, in which we completed a total of six miles, I had nothing that could be seen or done and managed to finish the film that showed me doing them, we flew on to Rome. Rome, the unforgettable. The city of St. Peter’s, and of the Colosseum. (Which I first saw by night and which filled me with an awe that is still with me. I recommend to all newcomers to Rome that they stand as I did, in the dark, the sky overhead filled with mystery, and all around you the feeling that the centuries are rolling back. After that, you can return and see the Colosseum by day.)

The first things that struck me about Rome, by daylight, were the flower stands, the way we came upon lovely fountains quite unexpectedly whenever we turned a corner—and the motor scooters. What fun they were! We rode them all over the city.

I think we saw more of Rome in a week than most tourists do in a month. Sometimes all the kids could see was our shopping and sightseeing. We always had lunch at the same little cafe because, no matter what other place anyone suggested, we always decided that the spaghetti and pizza were the best we had ever eaten, and what more could anyone ask? (I paid for this all by having to diet when I got home.)

It was in Rome that I saw Audrey Hepburn in “Roman Holiday,” and “The Robe,” both pictures dubbed in Italian, and a more perfect atmosphere for viewing them I can’t imagine. And it was in Rome that I had an experience I shall never forget.

The Pope, who had been making one of his rare appearances on his balcony, and as I stood with the waiting crowd I felt the great wave of excitement preceding the appearance. Then in the film the describable rush that came over the scene as we realized he was about to appear. I saw him very clearly as he came out and blessed the crowds below, stretching out as far as the eye could see, and I was touched by their reverence and affection.

There is something else about Rome I shall never forget, either, because this was such an amusing thing. It was our week-long tour to get boiled toast for our breakfast. The waiter would seem to understand the few words of Italian we had picked up. He would assure us each day that the next day we should understand and tomorrow everything would be quite perfect. Tomorrow, however, the toast would again arrive unburnt. Finally, on our last morning, with a great flourish and a great grin, he brought us a plate of beautifully browned and buttered toast, proud that at last he had understood this utterly strange request.

We were Rome reluctantly, hoping to go to Paris by train so we could see some of the countryside. We had been delayed a little by the weather, which had rather cloudly, so there wasn’t time, but we forgot our disappointment when we flew over the Alps and I felt as if I could reach down and touch their peaks.

Three things quite special, very different from either London or Rome. I couldn’t believe I was really walking its streets. We did the things all tourists do. We lunched at the Eiffel Tower restaurant, strolled through Montmartre and along the Seine, were sketched by an artist, marvelled at Notre Dame Cathedral, wandered through the beautiful avenues, the shops, the buildings, the parks, sat at the sidewalk cafes, saw some of the night life, visited the famous museums and galleries. Many of these things are recorded in the television film I made there.

George rode a bicycle through the Place de la Concorde, weaving through the mad traffic during the rush hour, following the camera car. At the time, I wasn’t at all sure I would ever survive to see it recorded on television. Everything you have ever heard about Paris traffic and Parisian drivers is true!

Thinking back now, it seems to me that Parisian women are more like New York without the interested. And the women of Rome or London. English women wear beautiful tweeds. The women in Rome are unutterably chic in their stunningly detailed suits and striking tailored outfits. But the Parisiennes dress with the greatest individuality, following nobody’s pattern except their own. In Paris, as in New York, you see women in suits, in dresses, in slacks. Women who drape their scarves in ways to suit their own taste, who wear their hair as it suits them, and who probably dress only to suit the man in their lives and care little what anyone else does, because they are Parisian.

All these are afterthoughts, however. I wasn’t thinking them as we began the flight home, coming down only at Shannon, because the plane had been getting stronger as we progressed further out on the long stretch to New York. I had a few moments of my trip—two new charms for my bracelet, one the Eiffel Tower, the other the Dome of St. Peter’s—and the lovely yellow wool coat I had bought on a shopping spree in Paris. I had some kid gloves of my favorite Paris perfume, and the presents I had been collecting for my family—my mother and father and sister. And a fine cashmere sweater for Jack.

I had wonderful memories, and a little sadness about leaving these foreign cities, mixed with my gladness at coming home. I thought about all the places I had not seen—the smaller cities and towns and the tiny villages, the open country. The people I didn’t get a chance to know as well as I wanted to. And I vowed that someday I would go back and see it all.

Go back, did I say? When here I am hardly believing that I was ever there the first time. Hardly believing that it ever could have happened to me, Joan Murray, who never dreamed that someday she would go to Europe!”

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In **OCTOBER TV RADIO MIRROR** on sale September 7
Home Comes First

(Continued from page 60)

"I accepted," says Betty. "I thought he was cute, and I went out to the beach. On our way back to my parents' home in San Bernardino, we passed a roadside vegetable stand. Ernie stopped and bought some corn. I didn't know it at the time, but I did know he expected me to cook it for him for dinner.

"The sad fact was that I didn't know how to cook! At my parents' home, he had never cooked before! Later, I learned about cooking up some dinner with this! The corn was fresh and hard as a rock. I figured it'd take at least an hour to get soft enough to eat!"

I politely went back into the kitchen and made some pot-rattling sounds. After a few seconds, I came out saying, "You've only got another two hours on your pass. It looks like dinner is going to be late. Let's get some Chinese food on our way back to the base. Poor Ford had that stricken 'but-I-love-corn' look on his face. However, he was too much of a gentleman to say no.

As a flying cadet at Victorville, Ernie was a spare-time rancher. He made friends with a near-by farmer and spent a lot of his free hours helping with the stock and tending the horses. But when he and Betty started courting, he began spending his free time at her parent's ranch in Victorville. A week after their marriage, Betty had the family down for dinner. "I cooked spaghetti," she says, "because Ford told me it was easy to prepare. It was. There were ten people for dinner—and I cooked a pound of spaghetti for each person! I didn't have enough pots to put it in! But we did have enough spaghetti for the whole air base! We girls had to learn to cook fast.

As a young married couple, the Fords had housing problems. Their first place in Carlsbad, New Mexico—where Ernie was sent as an instructor, after receiving his commission—was a lone house, miles from the base. Later, they moved to a floating barge tied up in the near-by river. Says Ernie, "The barge had been a floating drive-in. It was a hot dog stand which catered to summer boaters.

"The first day I came back from the base, our house had a ten-degree list to starboard. Each night, before we went to bed, we had to put the pumps. But we slept like babies—rocked by the gentle waves of the passing boats!

"Later, we lived in a motor court. Man, that was a palace, compared to the chicken coop and the floating house. We ended up in a four-room house. During the housing shortage, that was really living!"

In November, 1945, Ernie received his discharge from the Army. He went to Nashville, Tennessee, where they visited for several months with his family. "When, in February, 1946, we bought a '41 Plymouth," says Ernie, "and headed for California, I was a happy baby!"

For Tennessee Ernie Ford, home always comes first!
Laughter to Share

(Continued from page 37)

every joke.

"The reason I like to have these heart-to-heart talks with the troops," he would say, "is that I want the officers to realize that we're all in the same boat—only I'm tired of doing all the rowing... Colonel Smith however tonight was a great friend of mine. He said, 'Colonel, because a great piece of work.'"

He was "Peck's Bad Boy," saying out loud—in front of the officers themselves—the things other G.I.'s could only dream of saying. He referred to the brass as "Scout Masters" and "Air Raid Wardens." He would squelch a noisy lieutenant with the remark: "A man with your IQ should have a low voice, too.

Jack wasn't trying to be insulting; he was merely trying to make the men laugh. If he talked about officers, it was because that was all the men out there knew—officers and homesickness. And, by giving vent to the gripes and groans the G.I.'s could never express themselves, he was making them laugh. What's more, the officers were laughing, as well.

"There's no rule," Jack found out, "that says a general can't be lonely and unhappy as a pfc. I like to make the general laugh, too, even if he has to laugh at himself."

It was in New Caledonia, at a field hospital within sound of enemy guns, that a war correspondent saw the little troupe perform. He was so delighted with Jack's ability to make even this audience of sick and wounded men roar with laughter, that he wrote it up for a national magazine. Another break, for that's how the folks back home first learned of Jack Paar, the most popular entertainer in the Pacific.

I have a hunch," the correspondent wrote, "that Jack is going to do pretty well in the land of the free. He's got more style than any six oeuvres I can name offhand. He's been out there for two years getting himself washed in the blood and adding edge and temper to his humor, the kind of touch he never could have developed back home in Buffalo. He's got a language ten million other men have learned to talk in the past five years. And if some smart producer doesn't heed my words and grab him off in a hurry, I think I'll take a piece of the guy myself."

Apparently, in 1946, Hollywood was filled with "smart producers." For, when Jack was nearing the end of his army service and an additional eleven months in the G.I.'s, the studios offered him a contract—sight unseen. The article that had made him famous had not included any pictures. But there was a description: "He plays himself, straight. Paper's face, of course, is imperturbable. It's a good-looking baby face, and the rest of it is not in the least amused by what the mouth is saying... He describes himself as an aging Donald O'Connor."

Actually, his civilian friends assured him, he didn't look like Donald O'Connor at all, but more like Robert Montgomery. A few of his better friends, however, insisted that he looked like Alan Ladd.

Jack can still remember the day he first presented himself at a Hollywood studio. He had spent his allotment check on a new blue suit. And then, because his mirror had revealed that he really did look like Alan Ladd—a little—he had invested in one of those dramatic trench coats. He could never do without that trench coat, even when holding up his hands to frame his vision, as though studying Jack through the lens of a camera. Slowly, he looked the new threat to Alan Ladd up and down, then solemnly turned around, looked at the audience, and said, "Kay Kyser," he said, "but with warmth!"

"What a comedown!" Jack laughs. But that was only the beginning.

Signed to a Hollywood contract, he bought Marion a G.I.'s dream of what a postwar home should be. After all, they could afford it. By the time their daughter Randy was born, Jack had been at the studio for three years. Every week, he drew a handsome paycheck. Only—he never did a day's work. He went to a rival studio, signed a one-year contract, drew a weekly paycheck—but here, too, he never made a picture. Producers only thought of Jack as a war comic, and war pictures, they explained, were a drug on the market.

By the time war pictures were box-office again, Hollywood had forgotten that Jack had ever been in the Army. He went to still another studio. The production chief said he looked too boyish for the roles they had at the time. The president of the same studio said he looked too old.

But, even during this highly compensated period of unemployment, Jack had three good breaks. In 1947, he was Jack Benny's summer replacement on radio. He was signed for eighteen weeks, then Lucky Strike an additional thirty-one. In 1950, he took over the radio program, Take It Or Leave It. And, finally—he appeared in a movie! He played a Navy seaman's boy friend in the film, "Love Nest."

Then followed a period of unemployment with compensation—one and a half years of it! "I don't want to sound sad or maudlin about it," Jack says, "but it was tough going. My money went, I lost my home—everything.

That's when he thought he was through as a star. As it turned out, he was merely through with Hollywood.

"I found out," Jack admits it readily, "I'm not a great actor. I'm just a talker."

But as "just a talker," he had entertained the toughest audience in the world—the lonely, battle-wary G.I.'s of World War II. In hospitals and jungles, beaches and air strips, he had panicked over a pocketknife and a desert cactus. He was in the jungles of the Pacific. He would come out on an improvised stage, calmly smoking a pipe. Casually, he would walk up to the mike. And suddenly, the stage would become filled with the audience of the studio and a bunch of old friends he had invited over to share a few laughs. It wasn't just talk. It was speaking the same lingo, being one of them, saying the things they could never express themselves.

Maybe the biggest break of all was the time in Hollywood when he couldn't get a break. Maybe he wasn't Robert Montgomery, or Alan Ladd. Maybe he was the one person in the world who could have done what Jack Paar did in the Army—"play himself, straight."

He had a hunch that TV might be something else. Part of him knew where he could ask over a bunch of friends to share a few laughs. His mission would still be "morale in the field," for his own troubles were nothing. The world needs the balance of laughter—in peacetime as in war. As a comic, he didn't mean to throw any pies about it. He didn't intend to squirt seltzer bottles. He just wanted to make people laugh—regular guy—talking to all the other average, normal guys who switched on their TV sets, hoping to get a much needed laugh. He knew their lingo. He knew how to talk about the simple things, the true things that really make up life.

Jack went to New York. He told his story to CBS, and they shared his hunch, signing him to an exclusive long-term contract. He starred in their audience-participation show, Bank On The Stars. Last summer, he replaced Godfrey in his Friday-morning TV show and Robert Q. Lewis in his afternoon show. And today, at thirty-five, the man who was through at thirty-four is star of his own Jack Paar Show.

When he walks down the street these days, people often turn to stare, trying to place him. He looks so familiar, but no—it couldn't be that Jack Paar who's on TV—not with those conservative clothes, not with that businesslike face. He steps in a novelty shop to buy a surprise for his daughter, he runs to catch the commuter train so he won't keep his wife waiting, he couldn't be Alan Ladd. He doesn't have a trench coat.

If Jack Paar looks so familiar these days, maybe it's because he looks so much like ourselves... because he is like us, knows what we want to laugh about—and why.

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Cover portrait of Bud Collyer by Jay Seymour

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By JILL WARREN

One of the most popular quiz shows of all time, Stop The Music, is back with us, both as a radio show and a television show. The TV version is seen Tuesday nights over ABC-TV, as an hour show, with your old friend Bert Parks in his familiar role as emcee. On radio, the program is carried by CBS. It's virtually the same format, with orchestra, singers, popular songs, but with a couple of new merchandising gimmicks thrown in with the prizes, which will include cash, bonds, a mink coat and a car.

There's a wonderful new dramatic series coming up on CBS-TV called The Best Of Broadway. This series, to be seen the fourth Wednesday of every month, will present the outstanding musical-comedy and dramatic hits of the past three decades from the Broadway stage. The premiere production, September 15, is "The Royal Family," the well-known comedy by Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman, and features a brilliant (Continued on page 7)
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Diana Lynn has a starring role in the premiere of CBS-TV’s new series, The Best Of Broadway.

Diana Lynn has a starring role in the premiere of CBS-TV’s new series, The Best Of Broadway.

What’s New from Coast to Coast
(Continued from page 4)

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cast. Helen Hayes, Claudette Colbert, Fredric March, Diana Lynn and Charles Coburn will play the leads. Incidentally, this show will be done in color as well as black and white.

Movie star Peter Lawford is making his bid as a TV star in a new situation comedy, Dear Phoebe. Peter has completed the filming of this program in Hollywood and NBC-TV is scheduling it for a Friday-night spot.

September 17 is the starting date for The Ray Bolger Show, over ABC-TV. Ray was most unhappy with his show last season and has changed his format, in hopes for a better rating this year.

Also to be seen on ABC-TV this fall is a new dramatic entry, The Elgin Hour. This will be an hour-long program on Tuesday nights, starting October 5, and will alternate each week with The United States Steel Hour.

Sports fans will be interested to learn that ABC-TV is going to cover the National Collegiate Athletic Football games every Saturday afternoon from 2 to 5 P.M., beginning September 18 and running through the pigskin season. And NBC-TV will carry the National Basketball Association contests each Saturday afternoon throughout the 1954-55 season, starting October 30.

Following I Love Lucy on Monday nights over CBS-TV, there’ll be another Desilu Film production, December Bride. It’s a half-hour situation comedy starring Spring Byington, and it tees off on September 29.

The Amos ‘n’ Andy Music Hall debuts this months over CBS Radio. This will be a Monday through Friday night show, running twenty-five minutes, with the popular gentlemen (Continued on page 14)
Maggie Wulff presents WXEL audiences with an exciting woman's-eye view of Cleveland

Anyone visiting the Cleveland Stadium these days can clearly detect a strong female chorus amid the chanting of “We want a hit!” Much of this increasingly lively feminine interest in baseball has been engendered by winsome Maggie Wulff via her Fan Fare program over Station WXEL. Prior to the Cleveland Indians’ out-of-town games, Maggie and the WXEL cameras rally in front of the downtown WXEL studios. Maggie goes to bat dressed in the old #32 uniform of former Indian outfielder Barney McCoskey, as she gives the squaws a chance at “grandstand managing” and quizzes them on diamond doings.

A baseball autographed “I’m sorry—Maurice McDermott” is Maggie’s unique souvenir of a warm-up practice when one of Mickey’s fast balls landed squarely on her noggin. Maggie passed out, came to and did the Fan Fare show . . . passed out again, came to and was taken home . . . turned up next day to do her morning show and passed out a third time. The next time she came to, she was in a hospital being treated for a brain concussion.

Maggie’s morning show, seen daily at 10 A.M., is the report of her tour, Armed with a Polaroid camera, of Cleveland and its outstanding events. Local and national celebrities also stop by for a coffee klatsch.

Maggie has been adding sparkle to the broadcasting scene since 1934. Since then, her colorful career has seen her as a Civil Service information officer, organizing first-aid programs for the Red Cross, singing with bands and choirs, appearing with the D’Oyle Carte Gilbert and Sullivan troupe, and heading the women’s activities at Station WERE. At home, Maggie’s life is made extra-hectic by Crazy Bessie Bug, His Nibs and Pal Joey, three rather belligerent cats. Whenever there’s time, Maggie does five-finger piano exercises, enjoys listening to jazz and Beethoven, or rounds up friends for some gin rummy. Currently, she’s also combining knitting a bedspread with TViewing because “you don’t have to look—at the knitting.”

“About my work,” says Maggie, “I love it! People are stranger than fiction and reporting on the things they do . . . is to have all the fun and tears there are.” That’s why Maggie and Cleveland are a team—a grand-slam hit for all TV fans.
the miracle makeup with the face-powder finish

Imagine! You puff on powder and makeup all-at-once! Instantly your complexion takes on new radiant color, a new younger look! Once you’ve tried this new way of powdering your face, you’ll never go back to loose, spilly powders. Actually, ‘Love-Pat’ does a complete makeup job ... no base needed! It can’t spill, puffs on in seconds, clings hours longer than powder. 8 genius shades that won’t streak, won’t turn orangey on your skin!

Only compact makeup blended with Lanolite ... 3-ways-better than Lanolin itself!
Slow down—this is a red you have to see! A bright, blazing, stop-and-look red... hard to miss, but awfully easy to wear. For Look-Out Red is all red—no trace of orange or blue—and perfect with every stitch you own. It's a Cashmere Bouquet red that stays red and stays on—hour after hour!

7 Cover-Girl Colors 49¢ plus tax

Conover Girls Pick Cashmere Bouquet

Advice from the Beauty Director of the Conover School: "Use a lip brush for a sharp, clear outline. Then fill in with short, down strokes of your Cashmere Bouquet lipstick."

Ask your questions—

Dual Role

Dear Editor:
Is Fran Allison of the Kukla, Fran and Ollie television show the same woman who plays Aunt Fanny on Breakfast Club?
E.A.B., Lewiston, Me.

Yes. Incidentally, the charming friend of Kukla and Ollie debuted with Don McNeill's Breakfast Club seventeen years ago. She invented the character of Aunt Fanny quite accidentally one day when an announcer turned to her and jokingly said, "Well, well. And here's Aunt Fanny. Say something, won't you, Aunt Fanny?" Fran did just that and has been playing the sharp-witted small-town gossip ever since.

Teen Talent

Dear Editor:
My friends and I have been wondering about the age of Molly Bee, the singing star on the Pinky Lee Show seen on NBC-TV. Can you tell me something about her?
M.P., Jacksonville, Fla.

Molly Bee is only fourteen but viewers and critics agree that she has the poise of veterans three times her age. Oklahoma-born Molly was taught to sing and yodel by her brothers but, back when she was six, her ambitions were for a dancing career. When her family moved to Tucson, Arizona, Molly danced in children's shows and recitals and, when she was ten, the half-Indian youngster was heard in a school play by Rex Allen, who invited her to sing "Lovesick Blues" on his radio show. It was then Molly decided singing was
Information Booth

RICHARD CARLSON  FREEMAN GOSDEN and CHARLES CORRELL  LILLIAN RANDOLPH

we'll try to find the answers

more fun—and less work—than dancing. Later the family moved to Hollywood and the song "Lovesick Blues" paid off again. Western recording and TV star Cliff Stone heard Molly sing and, with his help, her career began to gain momentum. Soon she was starring on her own television show in Los Angeles, making records on her own and now singing coast-to-coast with Pinky Lee. A very busy young lady, Molly has time for neither boy friends nor hobbies, for after school, there is the show, and after the show, there's homework.

Three Lives

Dear Editor:
Would you tell me something about Richard Carlson, star of I Led Three Lives?
D.D., Seminole, Okla.

Besides starring as Herbert Philbrick—the advertising executive, F.B.I. agent and pseudo-Communist on NBC-TV's I Led Three Lives—Richard Carlson leads eight lives of his own. Now that other activities have forced him to sell his ticket agency, Richard continues to shuttle between his jobs as husband, father, television star, movie actor, producer, director, magazine writer and scenarist. But Richard is used to juggling many jobs at one time. He began his career at the University of Minnesota where he wrote, acted in and directed his own plays, and contributed short stories to the Minnesota Quarterly. At one time he planned to teach but ended up by taking his M.A. degree, his Phi Beta Kappa key and $2,500 in scholarship cash and opening his own repertory theater in St. Paul. When this failed, he went to Broadway and then moved to Hollywood where, to date, he has made forty-two pictures.

Amos 'n' Andy

Dear Editor:
Would you tell me who plays the part of the Kingfish in the CBS Radio version of Amos 'n' Andy?
J.H., Valrico, Fla.

In the radio version of Amos 'n' Andy, Freeman Gosden takes the roles of Amos, the Kingfish and Lightnin', while Charles Correll plays Andy and Henry Van Porter.

Birdie

Dear Editor:
Please tell us something about the woman who plays Birdie on NBC's Great Gildersleeve.
A.R.K., Omaha, Neb.

Lillian Randolph has been playing Birdie, cook and general housekeeper for Throckmorton P. Gildersleeve's household, for almost twelve years. Before that, Lil's career kept her on the move, taking her from her native Cleveland to New York, Detroit and Hollywood. That career began when Lil was a choir singer in the church of her father, a Methodist minister. When Lil was seventeen, her sister Amanda, who was playing in "Lucky Sambo's Show," became ill suddenly and Lil went on in her place to make her professional debut. In 1930, she went to Detroit to work for George Trandle, originator of The Lone Ranger, and to learn the dialect which characterizes her role as Birdie. Lil also worked with Al Pearce, Joe Penner and Billie Burke and, in 1935, went to Hollywood to make her first picture, "Singing Kid" with Al Jolson. Her other film credits include "Little Men," "Bachelor and the Bobby Soxer," and "Dear Brat." When not making films or rehearsing for The Great Gildersleeve, Lil sings ballads, blues and classics in night-club appearances. Offstage, she is president of Les Dames, a Los Angeles business and professional women's club which does philanthropic work for delinquent children and needy families.

School Days

Dear Editor:
Can you give me some information about Tony Randall, who appears as Harvey Weskit on Mr. Peepers over NBC-TV?
J.C., Adams, Mass.

Tony Randall, who plays the affable teaching colleague of Mr. Peepers, got his own schooling at Tulsa High, then at Northwestern University, where he met and later married an attractive co-ed named Florence Gibbs. The couple moved to New York, where Tony continued to study drama at the famed Neighborhood Playhouse School and then make his debut in the Chinese classic, "The Circle of Chalk." Next, he played opposite Jane Cowl in "Candida" and opposite Ethel Barrymore in "The Corn Is Green." After serving four years in the Signal Corps, he became staff director of the Olney Summer Theater in Maryland, then went on to star in two plays with Katharine Cornell. Tony made his debut in radio on Henry Morgan's show and has (Continued on page 27).
All the way from Michigan to Ohio, the answer to the query, “How you goin' to keep 'em down on the farm,” is easy. Four out of every five barns are “radioed” for wit and wisdom as propounded by Marshall Wells, one of the few people in the country who gets up earlier than the farmers themselves. Marshall is up and about his chores as farm editor for Station WJR by 2:30 A.M. By 6:30, Monday through Friday mornings, farmers can tune in to his down-to-earth delivery of livestock and produce quotations, weather reports, up-to-the-minute news and pungent personal observations on Voice Of Agriculture. Saturdays, genial Marshall broadcasts Farming Marches On at 7:30 A.M. and his Farm Digest at 12:30 P.M. Sundays, he's back with more insight and sharp observations on rural problems on the Weekly Farm Review at 6:30 A.M.

A member of the Flying Farmers of America, Marshall frequently flies himself to some of his 150 yearly personal appearances at fairs, grange meetings, 4-H clubs, farm sales and auctions. Or, he hops into the WJR mobile studio to originate his program from smaller towns, farms or rural shindigs.

Born in Dubuque, Iowa, Marshall learned his way about crops and cattle on a South Dakota farm, a Montana ranch and in the California orange groves. As an engineering and journalism major at the University of Iowa, Marshall pledged for the Delta Upsilon fraternity and, in the round of Greek letter activities, met and later married Kathryn Kane, a Kappa Delta gal. He joined the WJR news staff more than ten years ago and, for some time, continued to run a farm as well. By the time he was named farm editor in 1946, Marshall had realized that farming and radio were both full-time jobs and he and his family moved to Birmingham, Michigan. The family consists of Marsha, a 20-year-old Bryn Mawr junior; Toby, 16 years old and a three-letter man at Birmingham High; and Ben, a 6-year-old second-grader and swimming enthusiast. Aside from family fun, Marshall spends his hobby time in a greenhouse which he has just built and where, he says, he is diligently experimenting in raising “square watermelons.” If and when he succeeds, Great Lakes farmers can look forward to a full report in the easygoing, quick-witted style of their “Goodwill voice of farming,” Marshall Wells.
Your hair is romance... keep it sunshine bright with White Rain

You'll have sunshine wherever you go when you use White Rain Shampoo. For lovely hair is your most delightful beauty asset. And White Rain sprinkles your hair with sunlight... leaves it soft to touch, fresh as a breeze, and so easy to manage. Ask for this fabulous new lotion shampoo that gives you results like softest rain water. And as surely as sunshine follows rain... you'll find that romance follows the girl whose hair is sunshine bright.

Use New White Rain Shampoo tonight and tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!
It's Lanolin magic!

ENRICHES YOUR HAIR WITH BEAUTY!

Twice as much lanolin gives your hair twice the twinkle! Leaves it amazingly manageable. So soft, so clean... radiant to behold!

Helene Curtis lanolin lotion shampoo

Helene Curtis lanolin cream shampoo

What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 7)

heading the music proceedings, and will include top songs of the week, complete with orchestra and singers, and guest stars. My Friend Irma won't be returning to its TV spot this fall. In its place CBS-TV has scheduled a new series called The Line-Up. It starts September 24, and stars Tom Tully, who also played the lead in the radio version.

Puppet Films Productions have made a wonderful TV film called Stop And Go—The Safety Twins, done in cooperation with the National Safety Council, and sponsored by the J. C. Penney Stores. It's a most entertaining way to teach children safety, indoors and out. The movie is currently being released around the country to local television stations and is also available, through the Penney Stores, for showing to such groups as the P.T.A. and women's clubs.

This 'n' That:

Steve Allen, TV Radio Mirror's new record columnist, and actress Jayne Meadows were married in a private family ceremony, in Connecticut, on July 31. Because of their heavy TV schedule, they couldn't take time off for a honeymoon.

Also on the bride-and-groom list are Lu Ann Simms, Godfrey's little singing gal, and Loring Buzzell. They were married in a church wedding in New York a few weeks ago and plan a Hawaiian honeymoon this month when Lu gets her vacation.

And congratulations to Joan O'Brien, Bob Crosby's cute vocalist, who married William "Bill" Strange, of the Tennessee Ernie Show.

Polly Bergen, who replaced Dorothy Collins on Your Hit Parade while Dorothy made preparations for the store's visit, will stay with the program until Dorothy returns—which she plans to do shortly after her baby's birth.

Art Baker, the well-known film and TV actor, and his wife, Alice, have separated. Art is suing his wife for divorce, charging cruelty. Rumors were flying about Betty Grable and Harry James, but in the middle of the break-up talk the Jameses signed a contract to do a Mr. and Mrs. disc-jockey series. The program, which will be transcribed, will be syndicated about the country and will be heard, for the most part, over local stations. The first one should be broadcast this month.

The show-business world was saddened by the death of radio actress Barbara Weeks a few weeks ago in New York City. Barbara played Anne Malone on the Young Dr. Malone daytime serial for years, in addition to having appeared on hundreds of radio shows during her successful career. She is survived by her husband, actor Carl Frank, and their daughter, Roberta. Bettie Davis, who hasn't made any professional appearances for some time, because of her long illness, is practically set for a new series on NBC Radio. She will co-star with her husband, actor Gary Merrill, in a comedy-drama titled The Lady Yields. Both of them will play members of Congress. The show is now in the works and may be on the air almost any day.

Ruth Gilbert—who plays Max on Milton Berle's show—and her husband, Emmanuel Fineberg, are expecting their first child shortly after Christmas. Ruthie hopes to do a few of the early fall Berle shows if she can, and then vacation from television until after the baby arrives.

Also on the expectant list is Pat Meikle, the charming gal of The Magic Cottage show. She and her husband, Hal Cooper, have been married for ten years and this will be their first child.

Mulling the Mail:

Mrs. J.C.P., Ithaca, New York: No, Lucille Ball is not quitting television this year. I'm afraid you mis-read the interview Lucy gave out in Hollywood. What she did say was that she would probably retire in 1956 when her current Lucy contract expires so she could devote more time to her home and children... Mrs. E.B., Modale, Iowa: Yes, both Phyllis and Christine McGuire, of the McGuire Sisters, are married. Phyllis has no children, Christine has two. Dorothy McGuire is separated from her husband and is still dating Julius La Rosa... Mr. M.L., Providence, Rhode Island: You could write Gary Crosby c/o CBS in Hollywood. Gary, by the way, may be signed by his pop's studio, Paramount, and if so will make his movie debut following his graduation from Stanford University. Father Bing has signed on Arthur Godfrey... Mr. R.N., Kansas City, Missouri: Rosemary Rice, who plays Laura on the Ma Perkins program, is married to John B. Merrell, a young insurance executive. They became Mr. and Mrs. a few weeks ago in Upper Montclair, New Jersey... Mrs. W.E., Denver: Colorado: The Romance of Helen Trent is the oldest daytime serial on the CBS Radio Network, having started July 24, 1933.

(Continued on page 25)
Introducing

Playtex living Bra

Now... the designers who performed such miracles with Playtex Girdles
bring you an exciting new bra of elastic and nylon!

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

Playtex gave new meaning to fit, flattery and freedom in a Girdle.
Now they've done it again—with the exciting Playtex Living Bra!
It's elastic and nylon, "custom-contoured" for utmost uplift in utmost comfort!
Criss-cross front dips low, divides divinely, supports superbly.
Exclusive bias-cut sides self-adjust to your every move... without "gripping" or gapping open.
Back sets lower... stays lower. Cups are nylon, sculptured to round and raise.
And the straps are doubled... can't cut or slip. Never any bra like it!

LOOK for PLAYTEX LIVING BRA* in the blue package at department stores and specialty shops everywhere.
In gleaming WHITE, never needs ironing!
32A to 40C..........................$3.95

*U.S.A., Canadian and foreign patents pending
Kup gets together with Alan Ladd for dinner and an informal chat at Chicago's famous Pump Room.

Harry James and Betty Grable honored Kup by making their TV debut last Thanksgiving Eve on his show.

All the Windy City is Kup's beat and the passing parade includes such celebrities as Betty Hutton.

Genial Irv Kupcinet works

To Chicagoans, the name Irv Kupcinet is to show business what Elsa Maxwell is to parties, Ike is to Washington, or Marilyn Monroe is to movies. Five nights a week, 10:45 to 11, Kup stars on The Chicago Story over Station WBBM-TV, presenting the latest news from the entertainment world, and each day his popular syndicated column is read in the Chicago Sun-Times and other newspapers throughout the country.

The reasons why Chicagoans like Kup are not easy to list, because there are so many. His graciousness and courtesy with everyone—from janitress to judge—is completely genuine. His best friends include cab drivers, ushers, waitresses, policemen, and he gets some of his best tips from them. Another big reason why Kup is so well liked is because he's always eager to help with charity drives. To date, it has been estimated that he has personally raised over $1,000,000 for three charities. A recent Cerebral Palsy telethon saw him on-camera for twenty-nine hours, helping to raise $600,000.

Anyone who lunches at Fritzel's, dines at the Pump Room, or catches the floor show at Chez Paree is bound to run into Kup. These are just a few of the places he calls his beat and visits daily. There you will find him stopping at various tables, constantly sipping coffee and
IN TOWN

The Kupcinet family—Irv, Jerry, Essie and Cookie—spent a well-earned vacation in Honolulu last spring.

A TV session with Kup is guaranteed to be jam-packed with news and information about top celebrity doings.

hard and happily to make life pleasanter for Chicagoans

gathering items that will appear in his column or on his show. Any top celebrity who stops in Chicago always calls on Kup and, if it is at all possible, he invites them to appear on his show. The list of his guests is almost endless and includes show-business greats, literary figures, clergymen, politicians, scientists, sportsmen and educators.

Although he lives in the world of celebrities and glamorous events, Kup's private life is similar to that of any other devoted husband and father. Kup and his wife, best known to his followers as Essie, have two children—Cookie (nee Bobby Lynn) who is 13, and nine-year-old Jerry. Kup avoids all early evening cocktail parties and dinners in order to have dinner with the family. Then, after the children have gone to bed, he returns to his beat. Kup's day is a long one which starts at 10 A.M. and continues on until two or three A.M. the next day.

Now in his middle forties, Kup is an impressive man any way you look at him. He is six feet, two inches tall, weighs 220 pounds, and looks the ex-football player he is. He attended Northwestern University and the University of North Dakota, where he played varsity football. After graduation in 1934, he made the College All-Star Team, then turned professional and played with the Philadelphia Eagles until a broken shoulder forced him to quit. Kup had studied journalism in college, so after his injury he applied for a job with the Chicago Sun-Times. He began as a copyreader, then wrote a sports column. When, in 1943, the paper decided to have a theatrical news and chatter column, Kup won the assignment and has been going great guns with it ever since.

Both at the newspaper and the TV station, Kup has free rein in what he wants to do. If he feels a news event in another part of the country warrants his presence, off he goes. He also makes yearly visits to Hollywood, Miami and New York. Besides the people he meets, Kup relies on the telephone for gathering information. Everywhere he goes, waiters are certain to bring a phone to the table along with the silver and napkins. Kup makes long-distance calls the way most people make local ones. And, unlike most name columnists, he has no assistant to prepare his columns or shows.

Kup has been starring at WBBM-TV for almost two years now, and television critics are predicting that before long his show will go network for all the country to enjoy. This additional laurel will certainly come as no surprise to Kup's friends and fans who have always been proud to consider him their favorite columnist and friendliest, best-liked citizen.
Hello again. Well, summer vacation is just about over and fall is almost with us, so happy back to school, back to work, or back to whatever you have to do. As for me, I haven't been anywhere, really—almost not very far away from television and music, which is the way I like it. And the recording boys and girls have been working right through the summer, too, waxing lots of good things. So let's dig into the platter pile and see what we have this month.

For a starter, we have something terrific! It's an album called "Bing"—Mr. Crosby, of course—and it's truly one of the greatest albums ever recorded by Decca, or by any company, for that matter. Decca is celebrating its twentieth anniversary as a disc corporation this month, and in honor of the event they made "Bing." The Groaner sings eighty-nine songs on five twelve-inch LP records, and the whole thing adds up to four hours of something wonderful. Back when Decca started in business, Bing was the first artist they signed, so he starts off with the very first record he ever made, "Muddy Waters," and sings his way through the years right up to his latest release. Crosby talks in between each tune, doing sort of a narration of his fabulous musical career. Besides his solo hits of the past, they have included many of the fine records he made with Mary Martin, Johnny Mercer, Connee Boswell and others. It's a sentimental musical autobiography of one of the greatest personalities of our time. And don't be afraid of the price—$27.50—because it's worth every cent of it. The album comes boxed in a beautiful package, with lock and key, and will make an excellent gift for that certain person in your life, especially if he or she is a Crosby fan, and who isn't?

Patti Page is a lass who has a way with a lyric. And she always seems to make hit records, too. Her newest one for Mercury will probably sell plenty of copies, and deservedly, because Patti is in her usual good voice. She sings "What a Dream" and "I Cried" for Mercury.

Remember Jan Garber, the "Idol of the Air Lanes"? Jan hadn't been making records for a while, but he's back on the Dot label now, and still plays good dance music. His new release couples two fox trots, "I Love You Because" and "How Long."

Tony Bennett usually picks a ballad to baritone but the "A" side of his latest is a best thing called "Cinnamon Sinner," all about a "marshmallow mama with a jelly roll heart—a sweet juice squeezer who can really play her part." (Why, Tony!) On the reverse, Tony is back to a slow tempo with "Take Me Back Again." Percy Faith's orchestra accompanies on both. (Columbia)

If you like your music Western style, try Carl Singer's "Wheopie Baby!" and "It's a Cold, Cold Love." They'll probably spin this one a lot, 'way out there. (Imperial)

Connie Russell, the little girl with the big voice, has an interesting new groups for Capitol. She sings a lively novelty ditty, "One Arabian Night," about a night in the land of the sheiks, backed up by a moody tune, "Foggy Night in San Francisco." You'll be hearing this melody as background music in the forthcoming movie "Dragnet." Durn-da-da-dum.

Another little gal with a big set of pipes is Eydie Gorme, who also does the thurishing on my WNBT television show. She's done two songs which you've probably heard her do on the program—"Chain Reaction" and "Sure," with musical assistance by Neal Hefti's orchestra and chorus. (Coral)

Ah, children—here's some thing for you. That funny, funny man on The Jackie Gleason Show, Art Carney, has been signed by Columbia to record kiddie discs. And his first is a lulu. Art renders "Them," a little thing about some unusual animals and a cute thing entitled, "The Dodo Bird." The younger set should go for this, especially the whimsical combination of sound effects they've gotten together.

There's also a brand-new album called "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea," which should interest the small fry. It has been adapted from the RKO movie of the same name, and with orchestra and voices it effectually tells the tale of life underneath the ocean and what happens in the briny deep. (Victor)

Bob Stuart, the new baritone hopeful of M-G-M Records, is moving right along in his crooner career. His new record, the third one he has made, may be the one for young Robert. He has done a good job on two novelty items, "Said" and "Dance of the Hours." You'll recognize the melody of "Dance of the Hours" from "La Gondola," but wait till you hear the gagged-up lyrics they've put to it. Incidentally, you folks in the Midwest probably know Bob's singing very well from his long-time stint as a favorite on Station WLW in Cincinnati.

Mambo music seems to be the thing these days, and there's lots of it around this month. On Capitol you'll find releases by Chuy Reyes' group and The Rico Mambo Orchestra. And Victor has a whole slew done by the combinations of Perez Prado, Noro Morales, Tito Rodriguez, Al Romero and Tony Martinez. So pick your own, and even if you can't dance it, it's darned good fun to listen to.

"Cat Music Album"—what a title—for the lindy hoppers and jitterbugs, whipped together by The Cat Men, featuring Sam Taylor on tenor sax. It's an Extended Play set of good old standards—"This Can't Be Love," "Please Be Kind," "My Reverie," and "S'Posin'"—all instrumental and all played in most danceable tempo. (M-G-M)

Gene Autry journeyed all the way from Hollywood to Nashville, Tennessee, America's folk music capital, to record his latest release, and the result should please the many Autry fans. Backed up by a fine group of country music stars, Gene sings "You're the Only Good Thing (That's Ever Happened to Me)" and "20-20 Vision (And Walking Around Blind)." (Columbia)

Tony Travis is a new boy on wax, and with a nice style. He has chosen a ballad, "It's Easier Said Than Done," and a clever Calypso tune, "Mama, Mama, Mama," about "mama with a big cigar" (Victor).

Tony, by the way, was discovered by Dinah Shore, and made his first professional appearance on her TV show a few months ago.

"Malasierra" and "Lamento Borincano" are two selections from the Italian movie, "Hell Raiders of the Deep," and they're now on a record with the same arrangement and vocal as in the film. But here's the difference. In the movie, the star, Eleonora Rossi Drago, "sang" them, but actually a young Italian belle named Nilla Pizzi did the vocalizing. She does it on the record, too, though Eleonora's name is also on the label. Confusing, isn't it? But the songs are interesting to hear, especially the good guitar background, and "Malasierra" may very well turn out to be another "Anna." (M-G-M)

And the printer may very well turn me right off the page if I don't stop the typewriter, because my space is up. So long for now, and I'll be spinning back at you next month.
Which of these Make-ups is the Most Flattering to You?

No one make-up is ideal for all complexions—which type becomes you most excitingly? Unless you have proved to yourself which type of make-up is best for you, you actually don't know how lovely you can look.

Campana makes all 3—Cake, Cream, and Liquid. Read on this page how they differ—decide which is best for your complexion—and start tomorrow to wear the make-up that makes you your loveliest self.

And if you're not sure—experiment! Wear each of these make-ups on successive days—let your mirror, and lingering glances, tell you. It's so inexpensive to see "for sure"—so thrilling to find the perfect answer!

CAKE?
Yes, cake—if you like a frankly glamorous make-up, flawless even in "close-ups."

If you're looking for a dramatic make-up, wear Solitair. No other type of make-up "covers" tiny lines and skin blemishes so completely. With Solitair, your complexion appears completely flawless. Each little imperfection is discreetly hidden. Yet—so rich in Lanolin—this non-drying cake never clogs pores (clinically proved) and never looks heavy or mask-like.

By daylight Solitair is "outdoors-y", with the freshness of youth ... by night, alluring perfection—even in close-ups. If you haven't liked other cakes, you'll still like Solitair . . . it's different from all others.

CREAM?
Yes, cream—if you crave the "natural look" or if dry skin is a special problem!

If you fear the "made-up look"—or if dry skin makes a creamy make-up especially desirable, Magic Touch is ideal for you! This tinted cream is quickly applied with finger-tips. You can feel its softening, lubricating quality as you put it on. Adds soft glowing color and radiant smoothness . . . covers little lines and imperfections so naturally they seem to melt away.

Used without powder, Magic Touch makes your complexion appear dewy-fresh, with a youthful sheen. Powdered lightly, it gives a lovely mat finish. Rich in Lanolin, soft on your skin, richly protective.

LIQUID?
Yes, liquid—if you can use a make-up so light, you hardly know you have it on!

If what you want most is delicate coloring and the youthful soft look, you'll find your answer in Sheer Magic! Its dainty color blends your complexion to flower-fresh smoothness, actually gives it the soft look of radiant youth. Little skin faults tactfully vanish, leaving your complexion gloriously even-toned and smooth.

Your skin feels like velvet . . . baby-soft to the touch! Yet Sheer Magic is so light, you hardly know you have it on. Special moistening agents create this youthful effect. A completely new experience in make-up. Try it and see!

Solitair  
CAKE MAKE-UP  
7 shades—33¢, 65¢, $1.00

Magic Touch  
CREAM MAKE-UP  
6 shades—43¢ and $1.00

Sheer Magic  
LIQUID MAKE-UP  
6 shades—only 79¢

All 3 by Campana . . . Creator of Fine Cosmetics
Ohio mothers and children have been having the time of their lives, thanks to WBNS-TV's delightful Fran Norris.

Whether it's goblins in one of her tales or gobblers on the drawing board, Fran and her fans always have fun.

Everybody's Aunt Fran

Helping the child adjust to his environment in everyday problems" may sound like a ponderous mouthful, but that's exactly what imaginative, fun-loving Fran Norris does every weekday at 4 P.M.—and in an atmosphere that, on both sides of the television screen, is filled with music, dancing, drawing and peals of delighted laughter from her young fans. Televised over WBNS-TV, Aunt Fran And Her Playmates gets off to a gay musical start, as kindergartners sing and dance in their own homes, then rollicks through fables and nursery rhymes. With crayons and such items as marshmallows, string and grocery sacks, the children follow Aunt Fran in creating a "Mr. Jumpy Man" or a "Miss Snowflake" or in interpreting by drawings the stories and songs they have heard. Mothers often join the romper set to watch the "Funny Bunny" cartoon episodes. These mothers also know that the best treat of all for the young ones is being one of the six or eight who gather around the "Birthday Bush" each day.

Behind Aunt Fran's skill with "learning through play" is a major in speech at Ohio Wesleyan University, work with little theater groups, as a librarian, and "my own children's early interest in my story-telling and handicrafts." A native of Zanesville, Fran met her husband, DeWitt Norris, by wangling an introduction to the man who wanted to buy "the fastest car on wheels" from her father, an automobile distributor. The Norisses and their children, Marilyn, 8, and George, 15, live in Plain City, where DeWitt owns a hardware and appliance store. "There would never have been an Aunt Fran show," Fran says, "if it weren't for the interest, enthusiasm and patience of my husband."

Aunt Fran's younger fans—kindergarten through second grade—recently took part in a survey and voted her tops in Central Ohio. Another poll placed her show among the first ten multi-weekly shows in the area. But, more than the surveys, Fran treasures a letter from a mother whose five-year-old had been discussing the marvelous fact of God's creations and then went on to say, "Goodness, He certainly does have a special craft. I'll bet even Aunt Fran couldn't do that."
As if your own fingers were lifting and firming your body muscles—that's how the hidden "finger" panels control those "Calorie-Curves."

New Playtex Magic-Controller!

**has fabric next to your skin** ... hidden finger panels that firm and support you for fall's slim look!

From new non-roll top to adjustable garters, Playtex Magic-Controller smooths away those extra inches at waist, at hips, at thighs without a single seam, stitch or bone.

And you've never known such a combination of comfort and control! Because it's all done with latex, lined with cloud-soft fabric—completely invisible under the sheerest, most figure-hugging clothes! What's more, it washes in seconds—and you can practically watch it dry!

Playtex is the only girdle with latex on the outside, fabric on the inside. Whether you wear extra-small or extra-large—see what a difference Magic-Controller makes in your figure.
Today, Tonight—wear it and see why more women use Evening in Paris than any other fragrance in the world!

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

EXCITING THINGS HAPPEN WHEN IT'S EVENING IN PARIS

AUNT JENNY There is much kindness to be found in a town like Littleton, where neighbors have every chance to really know each other and no newcomer is a stranger for long. But snobbery and gossip are also active in small towns, and one of Aunt Jenny's recent stories gave that side of the picture as she told how a girl's future was almost wrecked by the secret marriage that concealed her child's legitimacy. CBS Radio.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Desperately anxious to preserve her marriage to matinee idol Larry Noble, his wife Mary exposes herself to terrible dangers by allowing gambling king Victor Stratton to gain her confidence. Is Stratton as dangerous to her happiness as actress Elise Shephard, who has ruthlessly won Larry's whole-hearted concern by convincing him that she has only a short time left to live? NBC Radio.

THE BRIGHTER DAY First love can be wonderful or shattering, and Grayling Dennis' Aunt Emily watches with concern as beautiful Sandra Talbot insinuates herself into his life. What will happen when Grayling learns who Sandra's powerful "Uncle Bert" really is? Meanwhile, Grayling's sister Patsy wonders if she dare let herself respond to Dr. Randy Hamilton. Will his love erase the unhappiness she has tried to forget? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

CONCERNING MISS MARLOWE A successful actress, seeking a more contented, peaceful life than she can lead in the theater, tries her hand in a new field. Meg Marlowe's friends are skeptical as she tries to turn her back on glamour and achievement—and so, in her heart, is Meg. Why is she afraid to admit that her real desires are the same as other women's? What are her real feelings toward Bill, who has always loved her? NBC-TV.

FIRST LOVE Not even the devoted love of his wife Laurie can erase from young Zachary James' memory the impact of the tragic years he spent as an unwanted child shunted from aunt to aunt until he was old enough to strike out on his own. Will the single-minded, driving need to establish his own importance, which resulted from that searing childhood, damage the marriage that means everything to Laurie? NBC-TV.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL As a star reporter for the New York Daily Eagle, David Farrell's specialty is covering crime stories, and his wife Sally is always at his side to help track down the odd clues, often ignored by the police, that have so often led to a quick, surprising solution of a baffling case. But in a recent adventure even the intrepid Farrells were shaken as

All programs listed are heard Monday through Friday; consult local papers for time and station.
a fanatical killer, on the edge of escape, almost took David's life. NBC Radio.

GOLDEN WINDOWS Do the young welcome security—or is there an irresistible urge toward the untried, toward adventure, that must be satisfied before security can be appreciated? Julie, a talented young singer, hesitates on the brink of marriage to a man who offers all the emotional and material solidity a girl might want. Is it what Julie wants? How long will it be before she learns the true answer to that question? NBC-TV.

THE GUIDING LIGHT Dan Peters' homicide trial is followed with concern by reporter Joe Roberts, who, instrumental in bringing Dan to justice, knows the psychological background which caused the crime. Meanwhile Joe's wife Meta observes with equal concern as her brother Bill and his wife Bertha learn some shattering truths about themselves from a psychiatrist. Will Bertha now be better able to advise Peggy Regan, who loves Dan? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

HAWKINS FALLS When Dr. Floyd Corey married Lona, he knew she was capable, efficient, and well supplied with money, and he objected to none of those things. But suddenly Floyd's uneasy feeling that he is not carrying enough of the financial load of their marriage leads him into an action that is, for him, surprisingly imprudent—and into a tangle that begins as a mere embarrassment and turns into something far more serious. NBC-TV.

HILTOP HOUSE The orphanage's summer camp experience leads to a strange adventure for the children and for Julie herself as Henry M. finds an unexpected friend in the woods, and becomes involved in a long-standing family feud. Meanwhile, Julie gives a surprising amount of thought to her husband Reed's new partner, a young man named Carl Burnett. Is he destined to play an important part in the future of the Nixons? CBS Radio.

JUST PLAIN BILL The dreadful experience with scheming Thelma Nelson has finally made Bill Davidson somewhat more wary of strangers than he likes to be. But nothing can stop Bill from trying to help another human being who is—or who appears to be—in trouble. Is it from such a source that new danger will come to the friendly, open-hearted barber of Hartville—danger such as neither he nor his daughter Nancy can even anticipate? NBC Radio.

LORENZO JONES Belle Jones is distraught as the tangle of intrigue weaves more closely about Lorenzo, who is still unable to prove that Phoebe Larkins was never his wife. Who is Phoebe's friend Roger Caxton, the man who is so fascinated by the wealth in the Basil Dunbar mines? What is his significance in the dreadful scheme that prevents Belle and...
Charles Antell
NEW SUPER LANOLIN!
GREATEST BREAK FOR
YOUR HAIR SINCE
LANOLIN ITSELF!

For damaged hair that’s been dyed, fried, bleached, broiled... Charles Antell has now perfected Super Lanolin! Not just a new and better lanolin... but actually 3 times more effective than any lanolin product for absorbing and holding vitally-needed moisture!

Tonight, saturate your dried-out hair with amazing new Super Lanolin Formula 9. Give it a chance to drink up precious moisture. In the morning, shampoo with Charles Antell’s specially created lanolin shampoo. See the difference instantly! See your hair come back to new life - healthier-looking, more beautiful, more manageable than you dreamed possible!

Charles Antell
NEW SUPER LANOLIN
FORMULA 9

PORTIA'S FACES LIFE

Lorenzo from returning to one another and to the marriage that was once so perfect? NBC Radio.

LOVE OF LIFE
Paul Raven’s deepest wish is to marry Vanessa Dale as quickly as possible and settle down to the happiness he knows they will enjoy. But he makes the mistake of telling his wife to blot out certain facts in his past which might complicate the engagement—and that lie is one of the biggest mistakes of his life. Will Van’s strong principles and simple code enable her to condone Paul’s conduct? CBS-TV.

MA PERKINS
Ma’s trusteeship over the money left by Al Pierce involves her and her friends in a web of intrigue such as Rushville Center has never before encountered. Is Billy Pierce’s hard-boiled, yet womanly wife really prepared to carry through the despicable plans she has made to get control of the Pierce money? Is it possible that anyone, even a girl as tough as Laura, can remain untouched by Ma’s love of mankind? CBS Radio.

ONE MAN’S FAMILY
Reluctantly, the Barbour family send their children to off into the world, seeking the freedom and independence children inevitably demand as they feel themselves grown up. Is Father Barbour right in suspecting that Hazel is not really prepared to get off on her own? Is her judgment of men as naive and faulty as she herself used to believe—or will instinct and good sense supply what she lacks in experience? NBC-TV.

OUR GAL SUNDAY
Kevin Bromfield’s death, tragic though it was, might have brought renewed attention to Sunday, and her husband. If Lord Henry found himself to forget that Kevin died loving Sunday—and if Sunday herself were able to forget that Kevin gave up his life to save hers. Will the evil forces that are trying to sever Sunday’s marriage be able to use these memories to their advantage? CBS Radio.

PEPPER YOUNG’S FAMILY
Dr. Grayson’s plan to gain control of oil-rich lands beneath Father Young’s farm is so well worked out and so indirect that he is well on his way to a successful climax. But Pepper and Linda—and Mother Young, as well—have never trusted either Grayson or Father Young’s excited dreams of great wealth easily come by. Is there any way in which Pepper can force Grayson into the open before he ruins Mr. Young? NBC Radio.

PERRY MASON
Knowing Kate Beckman to be innocent of the murder of Gordy Webber, Perry and his assistants doggedly pursue the thin, wavering trail that is certain will lead them to the real killer. But Gus Jansen holds the big advantage of knowing who his pursuers are, and thus being able to stay one jump ahead. Will he manage to do this long enough to ruin the Beckman’s once and for all? CBS Radio.

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW
V. L. and his lieutenant, Mr. Higbee, are certain that they will be successful in getting control of Joanne Barron’s valuable land, for their scheme involving a false “wife” for Jo’s fiancé, Arthur Tate, gets off to a brilliant start. But Arthur’s lawyer friend, Nathan Walsh, understands that one can fight fire with fire. Will Nathan’s clever counter-scheme bring the plot to a halt—or to an unforeseen tragedy? CBS-TV.

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON
Stan and Terry are delighted when Stan’s sister Marcia and her new husband, Lew (Continued on page 92)
What's New from Coast to Coast
(Continued from page 14)

What Ever Happened To . . . ?
Vaughn Monroe, the popular singer-orchestra leader? Vaughn has done little television or radio lately, but is still very active and spends most of his time at his Massachusetts home. He comes to New York City to make records, and at the moment there is talk of his possibly having a TV show of his own sometime later this fall.

Joe Laurie, Jr., who was such a favorite on the Can You Top This? program a few years ago? Sad to report that Joe passed away about four months ago in New York City, following surgery for a serious stomach ailment. He was known and loved as the “Grand Little Guy of Show Business.”

Bill Slater, former emcee of Twenty Questions? With the announcement of the program’s return to the air, many readers have inquired if Bill will be back on the show. Unfortunately, the answer is no, as he is still on the slow road to recovery from his long illness. But if the best wishes of his fans can speed things up, he’ll be back sooner than is expected.

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 or shows about whom we receive the most inquiries. Sorry, no personal answers.

My dear friends,
Some of my friends with dry skin have problems with pressed powders—they don’t cling long enough, and the shades are too pale. These women need a lanolin makeup, like my new Puff Magic. This pressed powder with lanolin foundation comes in five radiantly flattering shades:

- **Natural Magico**—a stardust finish for your skin.
- **Honey Fair**—for that “lit-from-within” look.
- **Honey Brunette**—flattering as candlelight.
- **Bridal Pink**—soft and natural as a blush.
- **Tan Magic**—rich as Riviera sunshine.

If you have dry skin, try exciting new Puff Magic. It will help your skin look younger and lovelier always.

Sincerely,

Lady Esther

**NEW**

Puff Magic

by LADY ESTHER

**NEW PUFF MAGIC**

by LADY ESTHER

**NEW PUFF MAGIC**

by LADY ESTHER

**NEW PUFF MAGIC**

by LADY ESTHER

Pressed Powder with Lanolin Foundation

Mirored case. $1.00 + Tax

Scroll case. $5.95 + Tax

Also Available in Canada
New Designs for Living

754—Inspired by priceless tablecloths one hundred years old, this heirloom beauty combines simple-to-memorize stitches in a dramatic design. Tablecloth, 58 inches square in heavy cotton. 25¢

7198—Bottle caps with crocheted covers make these gay hot-plate mats. Protect table tops—put them under hot casserole dishes, coffeepots. Use mercerized crochet and knitting cotton. 25¢

636—A gay apron, bright with daisy embroidery, designed to cheer up chores. Easy to sew, embroider. Use scraps. Make whole or half-apron, Tissue pattern, embroidery transfer included. 25¢

775—Add a touch of luxury to your home with this pineapple chair-set, designed for larger chairs. Makes a handsome buffet set, too. Directions for chair back, 13"x19"; arm rest, 7"x11". 25¢

580—Iron-on roses in combination of two shades of red, green. Washable. No embroidery. Transfer of 14 motifs: four roses 4"x4½"; four, 3¼"x2¼"; six, averaging 2½"x4". 25¢

728—Rickrack jewelry—so easy to make. Looks so expensive, too. Use rhinestones, pearls in center—have a matching necklace, earrings. All directions included. 25¢

IRON-ON COLOR DESIGNS IN RED, GREEN

580

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.

YOUR NAME.................................................................

STREET OR BOX NO.....................................................

CITY OR TOWN..........................................................

STATE.................................................................

Send an additional twenty cents for Needlecraft Catalog.
Information Booth

(Continued from page 11)

since been seen in many top radio and TV programs. The brown-haired, five-foot-eleven star and his wife enjoy collecting modern paintings and classical records, mostly Italian operas. He first met Wally Cox five years ago and they have been regular partners at paddle ball ever since.

Road Of Life

Dear Editor:
Will you please tell me where the Road Of Life has moved to? I used to hear it over NBC and would like to know if it is still being broadcast.

L.E.P., Unionville, Mo.

The Road Of Life, which formerly was heard over both NBC and CBS, is now broadcast only over the CBS network.

The Missing Violin

Dear Editor:
I would like to know a little bit about Gisele MacKenzie, whom I see each week on NBC's Your Hit Parade. Where can I write for a picture of her?
E.H., Destrehan, La.

Brown-haired, brown-eyed Gisele MacKenzie set out originally to be a violinist, and it was only after her priceless Stradivarius violin was stolen that she devoted herself entirely to singing. Gisele was three years old when her mother, a pianist and concert singer in Winnipeg, Canada, discovered her picking out tunes on the piano. From then on, she studied all phases of music, becoming an accomplished concert violinist. She sang for fun and was heard by Bob Shuttleworth, a bandleader who hired her as a triple threat—pianist-violinist-vocalist. The same week that her violin was stolen, Gisele's first vocal recording came to the attention of the directors of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, who starred her on their own Meet Gisele network show for four years. Featured spots on Bob Crosby's Club 15, The Mario Lanza Show, and now, Your Hit Parade, followed and Gisele has never had time to be a violinist since. Gisele now lives in a New York apartment which she decorated herself and shares with two dachshunds, Wolfgang von Bagel and Bruhnlife. Her chief recreation is cooking. For a picture, write to her c/o NBC, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, TV Radio Mirror, 265 East 42 St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer, if we can, provided your question is of general interest. Answers will appear in this column—but be sure to attach this box to your letter, and specify whether your question concerns radio or TV.
never before a lipstick so red...

New from Toni - a lipstick in SIX of the most vivid shades any woman has ever worn!

Here's a new depth of color for your lips! There just never has been a lipstick so red — so wonderfully, so excitingly red, as this new VIV lipstick by Toni!

VIV comes in a range of six vivid shades from pink to plum, shades that make you feel and look vividly alive. Each is more vivid than reds have ever been before because Toni has found a way to add a new depth of color to lipstick.

Long-lasting colors stay on — keep lips soft and moist. New VIV is the comfortable long-lasting lipstick. Choose your favorite shade and see what VIV, the really vivid lipstick, can do for you.

© THE GILLETTE CO.
By VIVIAN VANCE
("Ethel Mertz")

I've had so many people ask me how I feel about working with Lucille Ball, I believe I'll tell 'em. Am I ever jealous? Do I get that "second fiddle" feeling? Do I wish I were the star of the show? No. "But there must be a great rivalry," a friend of mine remarked one day, "between two women—both actresses, same show."
HERE'S WHY I LOVE LUCY!

(Continued)

We're even better friends off TV than on.
Who wouldn't adore the Lucille Ball I know?

Mr. and Mrs. Arnaz—Desi and Lucy—beamed when I received the Academy of Television Arts and Sciences award as "best supporting actress." But anyone could win an "Emmy," acting with such a grand star, on such a show as I Love Lucy (below).

I can't say about that "must be," but—we haven't got it.

Now, mind you, I might not feel this way if I worked with anyone less talented. To work with someone less good than you are could be pretty frustrating. But, when you work with talent like Lucy's, it's the exact opposite of frustrating—whatever the exact word for the opposite of "frustrating" may be!

We're the best-known "best friends" in the country, I guess, Lucy and I. We're the present-day feminine version of Damon and Pythias, and it's "for real," off-screen as well as on. Our friendship is just as real and cozy and next-door-neighborly as that between Lucy Ricardo and Ethel Mertz. And a heck of a lot more peaceful. For Mrs. Ricky Ricardo and Mrs. Fred Mertz have had their fallings-out, but Mrs. Desi Arnaz and Mrs. Philip Ober have yet to have their first one!

How could you "fall out" with Lucy? How, above all, could I!

Know what she gave me for Christmas last year?
I'm prouder of being Mrs. Philip Ober than Vivian Vance.

An album, all leather-bound, tooled in gold, initialed, and titled "This Is Your Life." In the album were childhood pictures of me, pictures of my childhood playmates, male and female; of my pets, cats and dogs, male and female; of my four sisters and one brother, my aunts, uncles, cousins, nieces; a wedding picture of Philip and me, made in 1941, on our wedding day; a picture of my psychiatrist; of everyone, in short, who ever had anything to do with my life.

Included in the album was a "comedy" contract of which the last two paragraphs read: "It is advisable that Miss Jones will never strive to look younger than she is which, as we all know, is old enough.

"Miss Jones is directed never to allow her hair to come within five shades of Miss Ball's tresses in either direction. Signed, Lucille Ball, Desi Arnaz and Al Jacoby."

(Continued on page 85)

I Love Lucy returns to the air Oct. 4—CBS-TV, Mon., 9 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Philip Morris Cigarettes.
HERE'S WHY I LOVE LUCY!

(Continued)
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How could you "fall out" with Lucy? How, above all, could I know what she gave me for Christmas last year?

An album, all leather-bound, tooled in gold, initialed, and titled "This Is Your Life." In the album were childhood pictures of me, pictures of my childhood playmates, male and female; of my pets, cats and dogs, male and female; of my four sisters and one brother, my aunts, uncles, cousins, nieces; a wedding picture of Philip and me, made in 1941, on our wedding day; a picture of my psychiatrist; of everyone, in short, who ever had anything to do with my life.

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(Continued on page 65)

I Love Lucy returns to the air Oct. 4—CBS-TV, Mon., 9 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Philip Morris Cigarettes.
My dad, Art Linkletter, believes in people doing things for themselves. He really had me learning all the angles when I "helped out" on his House Party!

My mother and dad have taught me a way of life—which includes all the facts such as "the birds and bees," etc.

By JACK LINKLETTER

You wouldn't think that French "ladies of the evening" would have much to do with a young man's philosophy of life, would you? Well, in most cases, you're right, but I'm Jack Linkletter, Art's seventeen-year-old son, and in my case it's different. When my mother and dad and I were in Paris last summer, I met one of the ladies of Pigalle, and the meeting has become an example, granted an extreme example, of what I call the "Linkletter way of life" in action.

Let me hasten to explain that this meeting took place under the eyes of my watchful parents. I was walking along the boulevard with Dad a few steps behind me, purposefully hoping to meet one of these interesting people, when suddenly my elbow was clutched and before I knew it, I was sitting at a sidewalk café. After observing this episode from behind the lamppost, Dad joined the table after a few seconds and the three of us started talking. I was so (Continued on page 72)
As Juliet Goodwin, Leilona is both singing star and dramatic actress. Grant Sullivan—as John Brandon—plays a romantic part in Juliet Goodwin’s life.

IT WAS May in New York, and Leila Martin (now best known to NBC-TV audiences as the lovely Juliet of Golden Windows) was just twenty and working in a hit musical, “Wish You Were Here,” and she had a date for after the show. Life was wonderful in a pleasant, easygoing way, and she hadn’t the faintest indication that destiny had tapped her that night.

Gaily, after the show, she changed clothes and rubbed off make-up, and took a cab to the address her date had given her (“I may be late, but it’s a big party,” he’d warned, “so make yourself at home”). She rang the bell and the door was opened by a dark and personable young man, who surveyed her with frank admiration.

“I’m Leila Martin,” she said, smiling her prettiest. Perhaps the smile did it...

“I’m Lennie Green, and I’m the host, and you’re the first guest to show up. Will you have dinner with me this week, your first free evening?”

“Why,” she answered, “if you’ll let me come in, and (Continued on page 89)
GOLDEN WINDOWS

By HAROLD KEENE

True story: Lennie fell in love with this painting before he ever met Leila, always hoped he'd find a girl to "match"!

Mr. and Mrs. Lennie Green: They met by accident, got engaged in spite of themselves, then parted—they thought—forever. But love taught Lennie and Leila a lesson they were more than happy to learn.

Leila Martin stars as Juliet Goodwin in Golden Windows, as seen on NBC-TV, M-F, 3:15 P.M. EDT, and sponsored by Cheer.
Bud Collyer and Roxanne admire the handsome Chairside Theater with Sylvania's new "Silver Screen 85" picture tube.

LIMERICK

There was a young man from Dundee
Who spent all his time watching TV;
Said his wife with a smirk,
When he stayed home from work:

YOUR NAME

STREET OR BOX NO.

CITY OR TOWN

STATE

Last Line
Here's your chance to win one of Sylvania's revolutionary Chairside Theaters

How would you like to be the proud possessor of the beautiful Sylvania Chairside Theater with the new "Silver Screen 85" picture tube? Bud Collyer and Roxanne are admiring on the opposite page? Sounds wonderful, doesn't it? And it's so easy! All you have to do is cut apart the three faces pictured below and rearrange the sections so that they form the original portraits of three outstanding personalities in radio and television. After you have matched up the faces, paste them on a piece of paper and write the name of each one in the coupon on the opposite page. Then make up a last line to go with the limerick printed on the coupon. Be sure the last line rhymes with the first two. For example:

There was a young man from Dundee,  
Who spent all his time watching TV;  
Said his wife, with a smirk,  
When he stayed home from work:  
"You're causing me much misery."

That's all there is to it. You'll have fun doing it, and you might win yourself a Sylvania Chairside Theater with the new "Silver Screen 85" picture tube—or a handsome Sylvania radio clock. And be sure to be on the lookout next month, for there will be new faces to guess, another limerick to complete, and another chance to win yourself a TV set or radio clock. So don't delay—start right now and be among the first to enter this exciting contest.

The four runners-up in the contest will receive this attractive Sylvania radio clock.

Beat The Clock, with Bud Collyer as emcee and Roxanne as hostess, is seen on CBS-TV, Saturday, 7:30 P.M., as sponsored by Sylvania Electric Products Inc.

CONTEST RULES

1. Each entry must include your filled-in coupon, as printed on the opposite page, and your paste-up and identification of the faces shown below.

2. Address entries for this contest to:
   Beat the Clock Contest, TV Radio Mirror,  
P.O. Box 1835, Grand Central Station,  
New York, N. Y.

3. This month's contest ends midnight, October 5, 1954. Entries postmarked after that date will not be considered.

4. The winner of this contest will receive a Sylvania Chairside Theater, which includes a television set with a 27-inch screen and a remote control unit. The next four runners-up will each receive a Sylvania radio clock.

5. Entries will be judged on the basis of accuracy in rearranging and identifying the faces and originality in completing the limerick.

6. You may submit more than one entry. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. The decision of the judges will be final.

7. This contest is open to everyone in the United States and Canada, except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc. and Sylvania Electric Products Inc.

8. All entries become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc. No correspondence can be entered into in regard to entries. Winners will be notified as soon as the judging has been completed.

Who are they? Rearrange the sections of these three mixed-up faces to form the original portraits of three outstanding radio and TV emcees. Just cut them apart on the dotted lines and paste them together in the right order.
Jarrin' Jack Jackson (Eddie) tries to imbue his son (Gil Stratton Jr.) with his own philosophy.
"That's my boy" is more than a phrase to Eddie Mayehoff—it's the symbol of a proud heritage

By BUD GOODE

Be proud of what you are. That's Eddie Mayehoff's philosophy of life. On screen and off, Eddie—who is Jarrin' Jack Jackson in Cy Howard's That's My Boy, over CBS-TV—lives the life of a typical middle-class American. He's representative of every brotherhood—the Elks, Moose, Rotary, and Lions—all rolled into one Junior Chamber of Commerce. He's a symbol of America's backbone—small-town life—and proud of it.

"You bet I'm proud of it," says Eddie. "Small towners have got what it takes. They give meaning to the word democracy. What happens when a house burns down in the Big City? Ever see the neighbors get together for a house raising—or a barn raising? Seldom. Yet it happens every day in small towns across the country. As for charity bazaars—that's practically another word for 'small town.' Those folks really know the meaning of giving.

"And take organizations like the Elks and Rotary—sure, they sometimes produce back-slappers—but they are men with hearts, they are men with jobs (Continued on page 103)
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Eddie Mayehoff stars in That's My Boy, CBS-TV, Sat., 10 P.M. EDT, for the Plymouth Div. of Chrysler Corp.

Alice Jackson (Rochelle Hudson) acts as referee in conflict between her sports-loving hubby and book-loving son.
Susan has a BOY!

Susan Douglas and Jan Rubes find the true Guiding Light in the eyes of their first-born

By LILLA ANDERSON

She knew exactly what kind of a husband she wanted. And, whenever she described him, fragile, blonde Susan Douglas took on all the determination of a woman whose mind is made up.

In dressing-room gossip with other young actresses on Broadway, or perched on a drugstore stool near the broadcasting studios (though this was before she became so familiar to radio and TV audiences as Kathy Roberts—now Kathy Lang—in The Guiding Light), Susan listened politely whenever another girl exclaimed over some newly-met actor who was just too, too dreamy.

When it was her own turn to talk, however, Susan almost invariably said: "Actors are all right if you like the type. But they're not for me. When I marry, I want a man who is in a substantial profession—a doctor, a lawyer, or something like that. I want a husband who is settled."

Susan had more than the usual reasons for day-dreaming in substantial terms, for—while her own shining star had risen steadily through stage, screen, radio and television roles—the memory of having been torn up by the roots never left her. Born in Czechoslovakia and brought up in a cosmopolitan family ("My father owned theaters in Vienna; my aunt was a film actress in Berlin; another aunt lived in Paris and we often visited her"), Susan was only thirteen when, with her mother, she fled from the Nazis...

Show business was fun, she happily conceded, and being an actress was the only thing in the (Continued on page 93)

Straight talk to teenagers

A pretty teen-aged girl named Terry sat quietly while her parents and I discussed juvenile delinquency. Suddenly, Terry blew her top. "I'm getting so tired of hearing this kind of talk. I'm beginning to think I'm Public Enemy No. 1."

She's right. That's the way it sounds. You read about teen-age gangsterism, vandalism, drunkenness and teen-age orgies with sex and dope. You hear complaints of teenagers being disrespectful, ill-mannered, indifferent and irresponsible. Well, what is the truth about our teenagers—are they human beings or monsters?

I have two children who have (Continued on page 81)

They're not embarrassed to ask the questions. I'm not embarrassed to give honest answers

By MARTIN BLOCK

Above and at top of page, my wife Esther and three of the five youngsters I should know best—because they're my own! —Martin, Jr., 13, Joel Christopher, 9, and Michael, 6.
a very Romantic fellow

Both Stella Dallas and Helen Trent could testify that Donald Buka shouldn't be a bachelor, but he is—for now!

By FRANCES KISH

He handsome young man with the lively dark eyes—and the new crew cut—grins as he talks. "On radio and television," he is saying, "I am quite a romantic fellow. As myself—well, I am still Donald Buka, bachelor."

His eyes travel around the living room of the pleasant bachelor apartment, to the pictures he has collected, the books and the many little personal treasures. "I like a home," he continues. "I had a nice home in my childhood and I wanted one when I grew up. It seems important to me. Even when I was away from New York, working in Hollywood, making motion pictures and television films in Europe, playing in summer theaters and on tour in plays that traveled across the country, I kept this little apartment. I like the feeling of coming home to it."

The apartment is a compact arrangement of living room, bedroom, bath and tiny kitchen, in a tall building in the heart of New York, with a private terrace shadowed by other tall buildings which huddle closely around it. An awning-covered terrace planted with shrubs and flowers and gaily furnished to give the illusion of country living. A pleasant place for late afternoon tea or cocktails, for the lazy evenings of early fall, for morning sunning while studying a script.

In fact, a couple of scripts lie on a near-by table, tossed aside as visitors arrived. One is Stella Dallas, in which Donald plays the part of Stanley Warrick, romantic young English

He often dates with pretty actress Janet de Gore.

Continued
a very Romantic fellow

(Continued)

diplomat in love with Stella’s daughter Laurel. The other is The Romance Of Helen Trent, in which he plays another romantic young man, of Spanish origin, in love with Cynthia.

“See what I mean?” he asks. “Take a look at these scripts. In them, I’m really a very romantic fellow. In others, too. I sometimes appear in the television drama, Three Steps To Heaven, in the role of a sentimental and ardent artist. I am a swashbuckling and incurable romanticist in a series of TV films made recently in Rome and now ready for release here. I play intermittent roles on several other daytime serials—and all of them romantic. But, comes evening, I am just another fellow who likes to date a pretty girl. And is still a bachelor.”

One of these pretty girls is young actress Janet de Gore, a petite and piquante redhead with sparkling brown eyes and a shapely figure. She and Donald met some years ago, when she was fifteen and he was a few years older. “I thought of him then as a fascinating older man,” she says of him now. “He thought of me as a kid.” After a while they lost track of each other, until a day last winter when she saw him on the street and yoo-hooed to him to stop and tell an old friend what he had been doing all those months. It seemed to take quite a while—through dinners for two at little restaurants that have now become their favorites ... at movies and the theater, when they could take time out from their respective jobs ... sometimes at parties ... and, as spring came on, at sunny tables on the terrace at the Central Park Zoo, where you can dine to the music of a lion’s roar or the splash of a playful seal. But both insist it’s not romance. Rather, that it’s a case of two hard-working people who are attracted to each other by mutual interests.

Those interests are primarily a love of acting—and everything connected with it—and an ambition to learn more and more about its techniques. They both have continued to take lessons in dancing, and in singing, and to work with little groups of professionals in actors’ workshops. Both have a background of solid professional experience in theater, radio and television. Janet played the older sister in “The Member of the Wedding” during its Broadway run, toured with Shirley Booth in “The Time of the Cuckoo,” has been seen in dozens of leading roles on the big TV dramatic shows (“I play nice girls on television”). She is heard in many radio dramas (“I’m usually cast as the gun moll or some other unpleasant kind of dame on radio, oddly enough”).

Donald admits a bias toward career girls, probably because he sees them more often than any others. “I like a girl to be natural and not assume any poses,” he says, “and this applies to actresses, as well.” He teases Janet about her cooking: “She’s much too brilliant an actress and much too decorative a girl to worry with pots and pans, so it’s all right if she can’t cook.”

“He used to cut out recipes and give them to me to try,” she teases in return, “but now he gives them to other (Continued on page 100)

Donald Buka is Señor Alicante in The Romance Of Helen Trent, CBS Radio, 12:30 P.M., for Whitehall Pharmaceutical Co., Boyle-Midway, and From Home Permanents. He is Stanley Warrick in Stella Dallas, NBC Radio, 4:15 P.M., for Phillips’ Milk of Magnesia and Prom, and often acts in My True Story, ABC Radio, 10 A.M., for Bayer Aspirin. All EDT, M-F.

Snapshots of a busy day and date: Donald waits as Janet primps ... Janet watches doubtfully as he gets that famous crew cut from Gus Purman of the Sherry-Netherland ... then they drop by for a visit with artist Andre Duranceau at his studio.
Performers' holiday: Actress Janet de Gore poses for actor (and amateur photographer) Donald Buka.

So what if Janet can't cook? They have a lot of interests in common, practice their voice lessons together . . . take a few moments' relaxation in nearby Central Park . . . then back to work, as Donald redecorates the terrace of his apartment.
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few moments’ relaxation in nearby Central Park . . . then back to work, as Donald redecorates the terrace of his apartment.
**DREAM PRINCESS**

*Marion Marlowe, of the Godfrey shows, lives in two exciting worlds—and one of them is real*

By MARTIN COHEN

How's your dream reception—are you getting dreams in color? And how's the programming—would you like to screen a couple of new features starring Marion Marlowe? One of Marion in a sarong, perhaps, as "The Queen of the Jungle"—or would you prefer "A Royal Romance," with Marion courted in a castle by a mysterious, handsome prince? Marion has these dreams frequently, you see, and it's just a matter of your tuning in on the right frequency.

"Honest, my reception is terrific," Marion says. "The color is so vivid, and it's in 3-D. I even have hi-fidelity smell—you know, I can actually smell flowers or food. (Continued on page 98)

Little Jeffrey's learning to laugh and to share—just like the young followers of Winky Dink And You

By JUNE L. AULICK

Laugh and the baby laughs with you,” claims blue-eyed Jack Barry, whose latest program, Winky Dink And You, keeps the small fry entertained in a unique fashion, Saturday mornings over CBS-TV.

“Trouble is,” confesses the new father, “it’s not always easy to laugh!”

Jack and his wife, the former Marcia Van Dyke, became the parents of Jeffrey Van Dyke Barry on March 5, 1953, and have had as many problems to solve as any other family—despite the fact that Jack thought he knew a lot of answers, after interviewing some 25,000 boys and girls since he first introduced Juvenile Jury in 1946!

There was the time, for instance, when Jeffrey was ten months old and his mother had gone to visit friends in Springfield, Connecticut. For a few days, Papa managed all right with the routine of feeding the baby and putting him to bed after the nurse had left.  (Continued on page 104)
For each and every one of us, life holds within its vast and mysterious realms many secrets. And each day, as we pursue the business of living, we are all filled with the hope of awaking to a better, happier tomorrow... For Joanne Barron and Arthur Tate, tomorrow had seemed to be overflowing with bright promises as they approached the threshold of their long-awaited marriage—until, on the very day of their wedding, all their hopes and plans were disrupted with tornado violence by the appearance of the woman who claimed to be Arthur's first wife, Hazel, who had been presumed killed in a hotel fire years before. It was ten years ago that Arthur, lonely and unhappy, had married Hazel, only to learn she had not been the kind of person he thought she was. Now, with the reappearance of Hazel, all those unhappy memories returned with even greater vengeance to wreak untold havoc on both his and Joanne's lives... for, in posing as Arthur's wife, Hazel claimed the right to sue Joanne for alienation of Arthur's affections. To successfully carry out her suit, Hazel approached Henry Shotwell, Henderson's leading lawyer and, after pleading tearfully with him, persuaded him to take her case. This was only the first step in what was really a carefully plotted scheme to cheat Joanne and Arthur out of ownership of the Motor Haven. After announcing publicly that she was Arthur's wife, Hazel took up residence at the Motor Haven while Joanne, still trusting completely in Arthur but fully aware of the awkward position she was in, was helpless to stop her... In spite of the doom that was gradually engulfing them, Joanne and Arthur were determined to take action themselves. With the expert guidance and help of Arthur's lawyer-friend, Nathan Walsh, they prepared to wage a fight to the finish... Right from the start, Nathan had suspected Hazel was an impostor and that someone, for some devious reason, was behind her well-timed appearance in Henderson. So, he had hired Harry Morton, a detective, to investigate and find out all he could about Hazel's mysterious background... Meanwhile, Hazel—well
settled at the Motor Haven—offered to drop her suit against Joanne, provided the Motor Haven would be turned over to her. The proposal seemed preposterous but, surprisingly, Joanne was tempted to agree to it. Perhaps, she thought, it might bring her some measure of happiness, bring her closer and more quickly to marriage with Arthur. But the wise Nathan, still suspicious, finally convinced Joanne that this was not the way—that happiness could not be bought by blackmail. . . . This decision proved to be the best one, for Harry Morton's investigation had met with success. He had uncovered absolute proof that Hazel was not Arthur's wife but his dead wife's twin sister, Sue. . . . Like sunshine after rain, the world suddenly seemed bright again for Joanne and Arthur as, with this proof to rely on, they eagerly planned to be married immediately. But, said Nathan, that joyous occasion would have to be postponed—for the resourceful attorney had indisputable evidence that, behind "Hazel" and her nefarious activities, there was a powerful and ruthless group of gangsters trying to get the Motor Haven for criminal purposes—though he didn't know that Mortimer Higbee was a prominent member of this gang. Nathan realized that Joanne's and Arthur's happiness would always be in jeopardy, until this evil threat to the Motor Haven had been overcome for all time. With Joanne's and Arthur's help, Nathan planned to capitalize on their knowledge of the false Hazel's real identity and use her to lead them to the higher-ups in the gang which was threatening the security of the Motor Haven. In the face of Nathan Walsh's powerful arguments, Joanne and Arthur finally gave in. . . . Nathan promptly proceeded to set the trap for "Hazel" by placing the real Hazel's diary in "Hazel's" room. The plan had its desired effect, for when "Hazel" came upon the diary she was filled with terror at the thought of being found out, and her conscience began to plague her as she recalled how her sister had died—when she, her own flesh and blood, could have saved her and didn't. Frantic, "Hazel" tried unsuccessfully to contact Mortimer Higbee, who had been responsible for bringing her to Henderson. But Nathan foiled her plans and, to further his own, supplied her with a bottle of whiskey, "Hazel's" greatest weakness. He knew this would loosen her tongue and induce her to confess—but he also knew there had to be some greater impetus to initiate that confes-
4. Part of the proof—the real Hazel's diary—is placed in "Hazel's" room. Upon finding it, she becomes panicky, fearing she will be found out.

Having found proof that Hazel is an impostor, plans to expose her.

... With the help of an actress who closely resembled the real Hazel, Nathan waited until "Hazel" had gotten herself into a drunken stupor, then put his plan into action. He simulated a fire at Motor Haven—to remind "Hazel" of the one in which her sister died—then had the actress appear, posing as the real Hazel. In her delirious state, the ensuing scene became all too realistic to "Hazel." She was terrified almost to the point of madness, vividly recalling a similar incident some ten years in her past. Frenzied and desperate, she dashed out of the Motor Haven, trying to escape the horrible reminder of her evil doings. As "Hazel" headed into the woods near the Motor Haven, the thoughts of her guilt and fear of being captured swirled about her, causing her to thrash about aimlessly like a hunted animal. . . . Meanwhile, Joanne and the others went after "Hazel," intent upon catching her while she was in the mood to confess. Joanne was the first to discover the deranged woman, lying on the ground, writhing in pain. As she bent over "Hazel," Joanne realized suddenly that the woman was in serious condition . . . she was dying! Desperately, "Hazel" tried to tell Joanne something, but her incoherent words made no sense. Be-

5. Afraid "Hazel" will talk, Mortimer Higbee—who brought her to town—sends his henchman Clarence to take her away from Motor Haven.

See Next Page——> 55
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6. After Clarence fails to get "Hazel" out of the way, Nathan Walsh proceeds with his plan to make her confess. He simulates a fire to remind "Hazel" of the one in which the real Hazel—who was the impostor's twin sister—died, then has an actress, who resembles Hazel, appear. The plan works. "Hazel," thrown into a state of shock, flees from the Motor Haven.
7. "Hazel", terrified by the reminder of her evil doings and afraid of being captured, runs into the woods near Motor Haven, searching aimlessly for a means of escape.

8. Joanne pursues "Hazel" and finds her almost dead. "Hazel" starts to confess, but before she can utter the secret Joanne wants to know so desperately, she dies.

9. An investigation reveals that "Hazel" was murdered and the finger of suspicion is pointed at Joanne and Arthur. Will they, with Nathan's help, be able to disprove the charge?

Search for tomorrow

(Continued)

fore Joanne could learn the secret she had been so eagerly waiting to hear, "Hazel" died. . . . Instead of writing the end to a tragic chapter, "Hazel's" death has only paved the way for even greater misfortunes. For the ensuing investigation has pointed the finger of suspicion at both Joanne and Arthur! And why not? Their lives were the ones which had been most threatened by "Hazel's" presence. They would benefit most by having her out of the way. The motive was there . . . now, only the proof is needed. . . . Although their deep love for each other has never waned, Joanne and Arthur know it will take more than that love to see them through this crisis. Can they, together, find the strength, the wisdom and courage to vindicate themselves in the face of this preposterous charge and once again hold their heads high? Even if they succeed, will they be able to fill their tomorrow with that elusive something called happiness which, a short time ago, they almost held in their grasp?

Pictured here, in their original roles, are:

Joanne Barron..................Mary Stuart
Arthur Tate......................Terry O'Sullivan
Hazel................................Mary Patton
Nathan Walsh....................George Petrie
Henry Shotwell................Reese Taylor
Clarence.........................Boris Aplon

Search For Tomorrow, CBS-TV, M-F, 12:30 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Joy, Spic and Span, and Gleem.
He thinks with his heart

Galen Drake can tell others how to be happy, because he's already proved what he preaches

By HELEN BOLSTAD

The girl was lonely. While her days were filled with the activity of her secretarial job, her evenings stretched blank and monotonous, with only a radio to fill her room with human sound.

A voice caught her attention. In it, she sensed both zest and contentment, but the speaker's words needled into her own restlessness: 'This is Galen Drake again. Are you doing today exactly what you want to do? If your answer is 'No'—why aren't you? Be honest with yourself. Are there any valid reasons why you cannot do it?'

A few days later, the girl wrote him, "You reached me at the psychological moment. I sat down and thought it out. The one thing I really wanted was to go to South America. Yet I'd always felt I was tied to my job and couldn't afford it. You made me think deeper. I knew some Spanish. I had six hundred dollars in the bank. Today I drew out that money and bought travelers' checks and a steamer ticket."

Her second letter bore a Buenos Aires postmark: "I'm here . . . I found a job . . . I met a fine man who really is quite well off. . . . We fell in love and married. We're wonderfully happy."

This is but one of the many instances where listeners have written that Galen Drake's convincing voice and pithy comment have changed their lives.

He also is credited with having halted at least one would-be suicide and with having put many an alcoholic on the wagon. About the field of marital relations, he has remarked, "Most husbands who are henpecked might try increasing their wives' chickenfeed allowance"—and persuaded a stingy spouse to loosen the purse strings. (Continued on page 70)

The Galen Drake Show, on CBS Radio Network, Sat., 10:05 A.M. Galen is also heard on this network (except WCBS), Sat., 9:15 A.M., and Sun., 8:05 A.M. On WCBS Radio (New York), he is heard in Starlight Salute, seven nights a week at 11:30 P.M., and Housewives Protective League, M-F at 4:00 P.M., Sat. at 9:30 A.M. (All times are EDT)
Galen appreciates and respects the individuality of each family member—his wife Anne, young Galen Jr. and Linda.
a date with Eddie

Just tag along with Mr. Fisher and Miss Lang, and see why it's a help to have a name like "Hope"!

By PHILIP CHAPMAN

Would any of you gals out there in the audience settle for a date with Eddie Fisher? Oh, you would?

Okay, come on along. But—as it says on the big signs held up at the close of each Fisher song on his TV program—Please do not scream! You may want to scream, before this evening we've arranged for you is finished. If you last that long, you'll either have to, or you won't have the strength to.

You are about to embark with us—specifically, with a lovely blonde named Hope Lang, a New York model and TV actress—on an honest-to-Pete date with Eddie. Hope met him some months ago when she was on his show and... since she's one of those lovely creatures with beautiful manners and taste, plus a certain indefinable something... Eddie caught up with her at the end of the program and asked if he could take her out. She was just leaving on a skiing trip (Continued on page 96)
Evening's highlight was a party at La Vie en Rose, where Hope met three important men in Eddie's life—Paul Grossinger, Harry Akst, Monte Praser—and had some dances with Eddie.

It's all been fun—particularly those quiet moments together at their own table in the popular night club.
a date with Eddie

Just tag along with Mr. Fisher and Miss Lang, and see why it's a help to have a name like "Hope"!

By PHILIP CHAPMAN

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Both Eddie and Hope are fascinated by TV.
Dynamic Young Dad

Take the word of his wife—Fran Carlon, who's also a dramatic star—life with Casey could never be boring!

By ELEANOR POLLOCK

It takes someone with a deep understanding of people—and what makes them act the way they do—to portray a hero convincingly at noon, and then to be equally realistic as a heel three hours later. That's the dual existence lived by tall, handsome Casey Allen in his professional radio life, five days a week.

As Bill Roberts—in Rosemary, late each morning—he's the warm-hearted, sympathetic editor of the local newspaper, a leading citizen interested in the community, founder of the local boys' club, a family man completely devoted to his wife Rosemary. Then he undergoes a complete character change. "I start thinking differently the minute Rosemary is off the air," he says, "and, by mid afternoon, I'm the scheming, conscienceless father, Philip Wallace—in Hilltop House—whose main object in life is to get the custody of his small daughter so that he can have the use of her inheritance."

It's a tribute to Casey's acting ability that he can portray an unsympathetic father . . . for, in his third existence—his own real life—he's the most understanding and sympathetic father imaginable. Adored by his two children, Kerry, 7, and Kim, 5, he treats them as individuals, respects their (Continued on page 76)

Casey Allen is Philip Wallace in Hilltop House, CBS Radio, M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, for Miles Laboratories, Inc., makers of Alka-Seltzer. He is Bill Roberts in Rosemary, CBS Radio, M-F, 11:45 A.M. EDT, sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Ivory Snow.
Vicki studies hard. That's how a "local girl" wins national success.

A homeloving person, Vicki finds that familiar household chores can help ease even a youthful heartbreak.
Above, my son Morgan tries out the record machine. Right, he photographs my wife Bebe, daughter Patty—and me.

Bebe Danois is exactly the wife I ordered—thanks to that introduction through her sister and brother-in-law.

LOVING is

By PINKY LEE

I've found that love is the greatest medicine . . . especially with children. If they're sick physically or mentally—and I consider a mental or emotional problem a sickness—then love is the best thing for them.

The only authority I have for speaking on this subject, however, is my own personal experience. Though I only have two children, I've met thousands of others since my new show has been on the air . . . and they've all responded to love.

Some people ask me, "Pinky, how do you manage children so well on your show? You get the best out of them. Around you, they lose all inhibitions. How come?" I don't know the whole answer. But in part I think it's because I love them; they sense I'm not a threat; they feel I'm one of them.

Little things that we adults take for granted can be big problems to children. Every day, they run up against a hundred problems they find hard to solve. For example, climbing up on a chair to eat dinner—in their small

(Continued on page 74)
Children are God's pure thoughts, but it takes human help and understanding to lead them to complete fulfillment.

Picture above shows me making like the kind of parent I think a dad should be—though I don't know how much I help Pat with her art! Scripts are more in my line.
Above, my son Morgan tries out the record machine. Right, he photographs my wife Bebe, daughter Patty—and me.

**LIVING**

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Little things that we adults take for granted can be big problems to children. Every day, they run up against a hundred problems they find hard to solve. For example, climbing up on a chair to eat dinner—in their small (Continued on page 74)

The Pinky Lee Show is seen on NBC-TV Mon.-Fri. 5 P.M. EDT. multiple sponsor-bl
delightfully in Love

Bambi Linn and Rod Alexander are two people who want to spend every hour of every day together.

All their interests are shared—theatrical news in the papers—plans and sketches for their dance numbers—even that hooked rug is one which they made "half and half."

Catching a dish seems a bit harder for Rod than catching Bambi herself!

By GLADYS HALL

W E MET while we were ghosts," Rod Alexander said, and he laughed at Bambi Linn across the table. Two young people very much alive and very much in love. . . .

"We met in the Broadway show, 'Great to Be Alive,' in which all the dancers were ghosts and all the live people were singers and actors."

"Dancers are sort of ghosts," Bambi said. "I mean, you have to practice hours and hours every day—you dance all evening, too, when you're in a show—and then you sort of disappear . . ."

"But not to a (Continued on page 87)"

Bambi Linn and Rod Alexander will be seen this season in Max Liebman's ninety-minute "color spectaculars" over NBC-TV. Consult your local paper for time and day each month.
As a special introduction, get 8 complete place settings for the price of 6! Two place settings are absolutely free.

Bright Future gives you a rare and priceless simplicity ... at a price that lets you own every precious piece this minute. And what's more, for a limited time (until October 15th), you get a complete 52-piece service for 8 for the price of a service for 6 ... $69.95! Meet your own Bright Future now; it's waiting for you at your favorite store.

Holmes and Edwards is the beautiful silverware with the extra helping of silver. Only Holmes and Edwards Silverplate gives you 2 blocks of sterling silver inlaid at the backs of bowls and handles of most-used pieces for longer lasting beauty.

HOLMES & EDWARDS
A DIVISION OF THE INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY
He Thinks With His Heart

(Continued from page 58)

Flatteringly though such results may be to a parlor pundit, the acid test of the philosophy Galen propounds comes—not through its effect on his listeners—but in its effect on his own life. Listeners, whom he challenges to answer the questions he asks on the air, are also entitled to ask a most penetrating question of their own: How well does Galen Drake manage his own life?

The answer to this must come, objectively, from his friends, family and business associates. Querying them, you get the consistent response, "Galen Drake thinks and speaks practically. Athenians ask him further to testify that the result in his own life is satisfyingly pleasant.

The pleasantness starts at home. Although Galen is always urging members of every family to enjoy and appreciate each other's good qualities, he's a bit reticent on the air in speaking about those who are dear to him. This is because, when you hear, is due not to a contradictory state of being, but to the fact that he leans over backward in order not to set himself or his own family up as an example. This, he feels, would be presumptuous.

In face-to-face conversation, however, this reticence vanishes and Galen reveals himself as a more than usually appreciative human being. There's affection in his voice as he tells you that his wife Anne continues to be one of the most beautiful and successful Powers models. "She enjoys working," he explains, "and, besides, she's one of those very few women who can manage both a family and a career."

You gather, too, that he does not shift the household responsibility to her shoulders although he has other children. "I can't arrange my work so that I do most of my reading at home in the mornings. That way I have more time with Anne and the children. Also, if she's out on an assignment, I can baby-sit."

Delighted with his children, Galen also recognizes that already they have distinct personalities of their own. Describing Linda, Anne says, "She's the little mini-Anne, and Galen Jr., who is two, says, "They're as different as day and night. Linda Anne can't stay still a minute, but the boy already is bookish. Set him down with a book, and he'll look at it for hours and never tear a page."

His parents, too, come in for a sound share of appreciation. Galen says, "They came from Indiana (I was born in Kokomo) and, when they moved to Long Beach, California (where I grew up), they retained that typically Hoosier love of conversation. We all enjoyed talking with each other over meals, lunch, and of course, after we were grown up, my brother would drive twenty-five miles in an evening just to sit around and talk with the folks."

Galen limits his father with starting the conversation with inquisitive questions," he related, "but after we were grown up, my brother would drive twenty-five miles in an evening just to sit around and talk with the folks."

He admits his father with starting the conversation with inquisitive questions," he related, "but after we were grown up, my brother would drive twenty-five miles in an evening just to sit around and talk with the folks."

Galen himself has explored numerous worlds. He has been an amateur boxer good enough to consider turning pro. He has played the oboe in a professional orchestra. He has studied law, medicine and psychiatry. Boxing originally seemed to him a way of earning money in order to study at the Paris Conservatory. But, when he was recalled to stay out of the ring, he soon found that radio could also be lucrative. He began singing professionally at thirteen.

A bit later, his program acquired a sponsor who wanted soft music interspersed with something to maintain the mood. The station manager had an idea: "Our boy can talk, too. That suited the sponsor. "Good enough," he decided, "let him talk a little."

Galen did not need to be told twice. All the knowledge he had already gained from his reading and observing was pressing for expression. His talking, plus on-the-spot legging, provided the dollars needed to take him through the University of California. There he studied both medicine and law. "If nothing else," he explains, "I just wanted to know about both fields and to tell others about them."

Galen first investigated the drama. As director of plays at the Long Beach Community Playhouse, he in his casts such not-to-missables as Roy Rogers, Laraine Day and Robert Mitchum. Throughout all his exploring, music remained a major interest. He fulfilled one heart's desire when he conducted the Southern California Symphony. "That's when I first grew a mustache," he says. "They wanted me to practice, either as an attorney or a physician," he explains, "I just wanted to know about both fields and to tell others about them."

Galen's first experimenting with the talk-about-everything kind of broadcast came at WBBM, his old favorite city, he says. It proved so successful that he turned the program over to a friend, Paul Gibson, and moved to Hollywood to set up duplicating show there.

The immediate result of that move is another proof that Galen Drake already was living by some of the principles he today expounds so eloquently on the air. He chuckles when he says, "Within a short time, Paul had alienated every sponsor, lost every account and run the show into debt."

To this problem he applied a typically Galen Drake solution. He recognized that the fan was simple and wisely felt that he would try to cause such a broadcast alone. So I brought him back to Hollywood for more training."

Lace success as a teacher is attested by the fact that today the highly successful Paul Gibson does similar shows for WBAM, the CBS station in Chicago, and the two men remain fast friends."

Eventually, Galen's next move was to New York. He arrived in 1944 and shortly began turning up all over the CBS schedule. Currently, he broadcasts almost twenty programs a week, including the hour-long Saturday morning Galen Drake Show. This is a large program, dealing with both the worlds of Foster, Betty Johnson, Three Beaus and a Peep, and the Bernie Leighton orchestra. Despite the rehearsal time it takes, this is a favorite of Galen Drake's. "It gets me back into a music show instead of just talking all the time."

To many, that could sound like an overrating schedule. Said one of the CBS staff members, "In Galen's case, one must admit that Galen Drake was triplets, but I fully expect to drop into his office some day and find two hitherto-concealed duplicates. No one man could possibly accomplish all he does with so little fuss."

Said another, "He's an island of calm in the hustle of broadcasting. I was asked for a fifteen-minute interview and you'd have thought he was going to drop me into the same frame of mind. I positively jumped when his secretary reminded me that I only two minutes until air time and he'd better do a little studying in advance."

For Galen Drake, it isn't a state of multiple being—it's those many years of multiple interests which now provide the means of achieving both the winning accomplishment and that deep serenity.

Drawing on his fund of reading and experience, he walks into the studio with only a few seconds on the program. He says, "I never scribble anything in advance. If I did, I'd lose the feeling I have of talking directly to a listener. As it is, I advance an opinion, then I think of what attitude someone might take toward it, then I examine the opposite point of view. Then I think of something else I'd like to say. It's strictly old-fashioned, Indiana cracker barrel style. Maybe I'm trying to revive the lost art of conversation, and in advance.

His attitude toward his own job is rooted even deeper in his own basic philosophy. "I believe in people doing what they want to do, and if you choose that's the fun. When you don't do what you want to do, and that's what I'm doing exactly what I would do if I had fifty million dollars and freedom to follow whatever I chose. The one thing I want to do is to have more time and more about different fields—and then tell some about them."

In line with this attitude, Galen Drake has recently found a significant new kind of interest. Along New York's Madison Avenue—that street which is lined with high-pressure advertising agencies and hectic radio and television studios—some of the boys, in ironic contrast, on the run, formed the Relaxation Club of America and named Galen its president.

Far from regarding it as a gag, Galen has even had the humorous publicists of a little booklet to state his views. A key section begins, "Since the days of the Puritans, we have been goaded into incessant labor. We have been led to abhor idleness to such an extent that we have developed a plague. Witness the plethora of slogans which have exhorted us toward unending striving toward goals. We are urged to 'be-"

The image provided contains text that is not directly related to the content of the document or is too small to be legible.

TV RADIO MIRROR

gets in ahead of Columbus! Your favorite newstand will have your November issue OCTOBER 7

70
Women Astounded By Make-Up Miracle On TV

MODEL SHEDS 10 YEARS IN 10 SECONDS

Now Available For The First Time! — The SECRET
That Famous Screen, Stage, TV Stars Learned From Their Make-Up Artists

WHY DO FAMOUS ACTRESS LOOK SO YOUNG AND GLAMOROUS SO LONG?

Your own common sense will tell you a multi-million dollar movie can't be held up because the star comes on the set with dark circles under her eyes or because nature was mean enough to make a pimple pop out on her nose.

You always assumed that nature played favorites—or else that they did it with make-up. But the truth is, make-up alone cannot do it because make-up must be translucent enough to let your skin show through. Otherwise, you'd look as if you were wearing a mask.

If the stars used make-up alone, their dark circles, blemishes, lines would show.

SECRET THAT THE STARS HAD TO LEARN

After all, there are no touch up motion picture film, so they must touch up the flaws themselves. That's why the make-up artists in Hollywood had to develop a new cosmetic.

Before any make-up artist thinks of applying make-up, he first touches up all imperfections. Then and only then does he apply make-up. That is what keeps stage, screen and television stars looking so young.

MEMBER WHEN ONLY "HOSSIES" WERE LIQUID LIPSTICK!

Remember — actresses used cake make-up, lipstick, eye make-up, and mascara long before the general public did. And they never shielded the housewives from their knowledge that they owned all their glamour make-up secrets.

Charles Antell has a story to tell you. Now, at last Charles Antell is making this secret cosmetic available to everybody. We call it Touch-Up Stik.

THE COSMETIC THE WHOLE FAMILY WILL USE

In the morning, if you're in a hurry, a touch of Charles Antell's Touch-Up Stik, a touch of lipstick—rub your husband will look at you, instead of the morning paper.

For the beach, Charles Antell Touch-Up Stik can concealer the slightest broken blood vessels on your legs.

Teen-agers use Charles Antell Touch-Up Stik to hide the blemishes and pimples that always seem to pop out just before a date.

THE GREATEST BEAUTY REVELATION SINCE LIPSTICK

Many of you have seen the miraculous demonstration on TV where a model shed ten years in ten seconds right before your eyes. You know that a touch-up stick has been working for years for stars of stage, screen and radio.

Now, at last, it is available to you. Think of how you will look without dark circles under your eyes, harsh lines softened, freckles, scars, birthmarks and blemishes all made invisible. The kind of perfection you always felt was out of your reach is now as easy to achieve as putting on lipstick.

STARS' SECRET NOW YOURS DURING FREE INTRODUCTORY BARGAIN OFFER

Is it expensive? No. A Charles Antell Touch-Up Stik that will last you up to a year is only $2. But to induce you to try it now, to see for yourself how easy it is to shed ten, fifteen or even twenty years from your appearance, here is what we are going to do:

With each Touch-Up Stik, we are going to give you FREE a $1.50 bottle of Charles Antell's Liquid Make-up with Lanolin that matches your Touch-Up Stik. This is a revolutionary new kind of liquid make-up that has a natural affinity for the skin. That's why it stays on longer, looks better and is actually good for your skin. It needs no foundation under it, it needs no powder over it. It is the first complete make-up.

Now besides that, we are going to give you FREE a series of beauty lessons to teach you all the simple little make-up tricks of the make-up artist.

More, in other words, you get the $2 Charles Antell Touch-Up Stik, the $1.50 matching Liquid Make-up with Lanolin, plus the make-up lessons—for the cost of the Touch-Up Stik alone. Only $2.

This is a limited offer and may be withdrawn without notice. So act now!

MORE THAN YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

You must look ten years younger in 10 seconds or you get more than your money back. Keep the $1.50 matching Liquid Make-Up with Lanolin. Keep the Make-Up Lessons. Send back only the Charles Antell Touch-Up Stik and your full purchase will be refunded immediately, no questions asked.

NOW AVAILABLE AT DRUG AND COSMETIC COUNTERS EVERYWHERE!

You don't keep a beauty secret like this...a secret for long. Not from the American woman. Even before we were ready, the news got out, so we had to start shipping ahead of schedule. Result—almost all stores have some. None of them, too many. Go today...for sure today...and get this double-value introductory package in your choice of the perfect complexion tone for your face.

$2.00 Charles Antell Touch-Up Stik

(up to a year's supply)

$1.50 Charles Antell Matching Liquid Make-Up

A $3.50 Value for only $2.00!

PLUS — a set of FREE Beauty Lessons!

If your dealer is sold out, write to Charles Antell, Dept. C, Baltimore 3, Md., enclosing $2.00 plus 50c for handling and we'll mail your kit to you. Be sure to specify your complexion shade—Fair, Natural, Medium, Light Brunette, Brunette, Suntan (very dark).
What Every Linkletter Should Know

(Continued from page 32) confused that my conversation was mostly stuttered English, Dad talked in fairly broken French, and our companion spoke a mixture of fractured everything. "Dad said this: "My mom and dad are always trying to teach us kids, by example, a way of life. I guess you could say honesty was a good description of our lifestyle, being honest with yourself. It seems that if you are honest to your own conscience you'll find happiness and peace of mind, you'll never hurt anyone, and the golden rule takes care of itself.

So Mom and Dad set this philosophy down in an atmosphere of understanding. You can talk about anything at our house and you're guaranteed to get all the information on the subject that the folks have at their command. That's what they want. If the kids have questions about first dates, who and when you start kissing the boy or girl, about sex, where do babies come from—all those questions fall into their domain. They'd much rather we come to them with our questions than go somewhere else to get answers which are not reliable.

So that was their reasoning in regard to the French sidewalk-cafe episode. Here I am, a young buck of seventeen, and they flunked me! It was the lesson about some of the things that go on over on the other side of the street, so to speak.

Just meeting the lady in question was interesting enough. In talking to her, Dad, like the great romantic he is, it's all free!"

The regular use of ENNDS, not only ends the worry over "certain time" odors within the body, this substance—DAROTOL—is found only in ENNDS tablets.

DAROTOL works by entering the blood stream through the digestive system. It is thus carried to all parts of the body—where it removes the odor from certain organic compounds before they are excreted through the pores as perspiration or as other waste material.

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

For the assurance of personal cleanliness every day of the year, no woman should be without ENNDS. Ask for ENNDS at drug counters everywhere. Trial size only 49 cents. Larger sizes even more economical. Also available in Canada.

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

End That "Certain Time" Odor Problem with ENNDS containing Darotol

That absorbs odors within the body—before they start!

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

Now, however, after many centuries—a substance has been found that absorbs "certain time" odors within the body. This substance—DAROTOL—is found only in ENNDS tablets.

There's a crazy new sport, "skin diving," that takes a rubber head-to-toe swim suit, eliminates bubbles, leaves you in almost all cost money. The outfit is a magic key which opens up a new wonderland, the ocean floor. You can get your dinner down there, too, everything from bass to abalone, all without the aid of a scuba tank.

So I wanted this swimming gear in the worst way. Like I said, though, it was expensive. Sure, I had the money in the bank, but I'd had to save a long time for that bank money was pretty well labeled. So I had a decision to make: the swim gear or a hole in my college savings. The decision wasn't easy—for, as Dad taught me, I had to be honest about myself. I thought, I realized that college came first.

I wasn't defeated. I've got a Mason jar in my drawer into which I throw all my nickels, dimes and pennies. Everything goes into it. You know, I had exactly thirty dollars and twenty-two cents in the jar. With that, I went down to the Navy supply store, bought five yards of the finest fabric, and bought myself a skin diving suit! It served me very well and I saved about a hundred dollars.

Next summer, I'm going to be out on my own. I hope to have a radio or television show in a small town somewhere in one of the western states, so I'll really be "going it myself." My dad thinks that security is a wonderful thing for kids in their formative years.

Dad was right. I'm glad you've got to let them shift for themselves.

I'm frankly looking forward to being on my own. It will give me every opportunity to make my own decisions, to put into practice the decisions Dad has taught me. I hope I come out as well as he has. You know, he had it pretty rough as a kid. He probably had plenty of chances to make the wrong decisions, to take the wrong turns. I wish I could have played it straight, he always played it honest. And that's because his father gave him a philosophy to live by.

For my dad's done for us: He's given us kids love, security, and affection in our young years when we've needed them most. He's given us things, too, but he hasn't gone overboard—we've always been able to work within our means for the toys and gear we've wanted.

But the most important thing our mother and dad have given us is a way of life.

So that's my philosophy of life: and I guess it's a good golden rule to live by.

"Well, do you know that Pillsbury is the biggest-selling cake mix? Have you ever used any?"

"No-o-o-o," I said.

"Okay," he said, "then the first thing I want you to do is to drive down to the market; stand by the flour table and make a tally for the first fifty boxes of cake mix that are picked up. Then I want you to buy a box of Pillsbury, take it home, and bake a cake."

So I did. Pillsbury won by ten lengths. I took some home, baked the cake. Maybe you saw it on the show. If I do say so myself, it's terrific.

Believe me, I can now honestly say that Pillsbury is the greatest; and that's what Dad was after.

"That's the great "do it yourself" wave breaking across the nation. If I may say so, I think Dad made the first splash: He was a do-it-yourself man when the wave was just a ripple. For teaching us kids the philosophy that "you can be yourself," my dad thinks "do it yourself" is the ideal tool.

Of course, he's right. Being honest with yourself takes decisions, and we all make our own decisions. Take my diving suit, for example. I had to make the decision to have it, and it wasn't easy.

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But the most important thing our mother and dad have given us is a way of life.

So that's my philosophy of life: and I guess it's a good golden rule to live by.
...it's delightful!
...it's delyrical!

it's MUTUAL's marvelous new show...

'FLORIDA CALLING' with

TOM MOORE

Here's a show as gay as a new dance step. It'll probably tempt you into trying one. It stars versatile Tom Moore, long known to Mutual's millions of listeners. The music is unique piano-accordion, nerve-tingling bass, vibraphone, clarinet, and guitar. It also features a free, all-expense-paid tour for some lucky listener. Be gay, be lucky, be listening every weekday to "FLORIDA CALLING" at

11:00 to 11:25 AM ET
10:00 to 10:25 AM CT
9:00 to 9:25 AM MT
11:00 to 11:25 AM PT (some coast stations at 9:30 PM)

Mutual Broadcasting System
A SERVICE OF GENERAL TELERADIO FOR ALL AMERICA
(Continued from page 68)

world, this may be as difficult as conquering Mt. Everest. And the hot bowl of soup? Drinking it down takes on the forbidding aspect of swimming across a steaming lake. The adult spoon is just an added burden.

The fact is, the world was mainly designed for adults. The poor kids were seldom given a thought. Is it any wonder some parents have problems making their kids eat? The single problem of kids not eating, of course, does not come just because the chair is too high or the spoon too big. Children refuse food for reasons of the same sort, and we think one sure way of overcoming this problem, though, is to try to see the world through your child's eyes—and then give him more attention and more love.

We've had eating problems at our house, too. But I think we solved them with love and understanding. Our son Morgan, for example, did not have a strong appetite because he had been delicate as a youngster. My wife was in labor twenty-eight hours with Morgan. The birth, I think, shocked him. Morgan grew up pink, and we were traveling and couldn't find a doctor in time. Morgan was born—not red and pink, like most babies—but an ashen blue. He had an uphill fight for the first few years of his life. As a result, he didn't have the strongest appetite.

But we understood the youngster and his early problems. We gave him love, and we tried to make him feel that eating was fun. Morgan could not have come out of eating. It was all I knew how to do—to make his meals as pleasant and gay as possible. I probably ate more than I should, but at least Morgan ate his fill. My wife and I, however, had an eating problem, too—but in reverse. As she grew older, Patty couldn't keep her hands off the candy. I know this is a common problem. In our case, I think my wife Bebe and I were partly to blame. Whenever candy came into the house, we took great pains to find hiding places for it. But our performance only attracted more attention to the candy.

The question we had to answer was: Why was Patty constantly after the sweet stuff? Her mother and I took her aside one day and tried to explain. For a youngster, Patty displayed some very complex thinking, for this is what we found: Patty still had her baby fat. She was chub. She said she didn't want to be chubby, for she was beginning to want dates with the boys. But chubby girls didn't always get them. That was the conflict... What she had done was to unconsciously put herself out of the conflict by eating candy. As long as she suddenly indicated she was not competing. So she ate candy—to compensate for not dating.

The first thing we did was to guarantee our daughter a companion. Then we explained to her that all girls have baby fat, but they usually lose it sooner or later. She would lose hers, too, if she kept away from the candy. As a result, we took the technique away from the candy by bringing it out in the open—leaving the choice up to her. She nibbled at it in between meals for a while. But in a few weeks, she confessed she found it hard to resist—and, since that time, has grown wiser and slimmer.

Children learn by doing. Sometimes they learn by doing something thoroughly destructive. They get used to it, and they get even hurt. You will not solve a problem of this type with a scolding, spanking or sarcasm. "Johnny, you've torn the knees out of your pants again! You'll get a spanking for sure!" Or, without the threat of a spanking, but still bitterly, "You must have tried very hard to have torn both knees!"

The sarcasm is just as bad as the threat. It's worse, sometimes, than the spanking itself. The poor child knows his pants are ripped. He can see it. He can feel it. He doesn't need to be told.

And it's entirely doubtful that he deliberately tore them and skinned his knees. He was playing and it just happened. He feels sorry enough for it as it is. He doesn't need a scolding. He needs love. I remember, for example, a little girl I interviewed before a program last month. She was too upset for us to let her be on the show. When I asked her why she was so sad, she said, "Oh, Pinky, my daddy's arm's broken."

"Well, little lady," I said, "I understand. We'll just have to get another dolly as soon as we can.

"No," she said almost on the verge of tears. "My sister won't let me have another dolly. She got that one for me. She said I broke it and she won't get me another."

Later, I learned the rest of the story. The little girl's mother worked as a waitress during the day and the older sister looked after her. Sister had bought her the doll with her own money. It was a sweet thing to do. But—when it was broken, "guardian" sister was upset. She blamed the child for not taking proper care of her toys. Because money was scarce in their little family, she felt justified in saying she wouldn't buy another. Older sister, of course, didn't have enough experience to realize that her younger sister was probably aching as if it were her arm that was broken and not the doll's. She should have seen by the tears, at least, that her little sister's heart was broken. The youngster didn't need a scolding or punishment. She needed love. Love has always been a support in my own life. As a youngster, it came from my parents. As a performer, it came in the form of attention from my audience. But, mostly, I think of the love and support I've received from my wife.

I began my career as an amateur in St. Paul, Minnesota, when I was five years old. They called me a child prodigy because of my voice. My dad was the orchestra leader at the Garrick Theater where I was doing in kiddie organizations. I used to invite the acts to our house for dinner. Then, after my mother had fed them a huge meal, I'd get them to teach me their routines. One morning when I was thirteen, I woke up and my beautiful voice was gone! But the stage was in my blood. I practiced the dance steps the other performers had taught me, and I talked my part of the act. As a youngster, it came from my parents. As a performer, it came in the form of attention from my audience. But, mostly, I think of the love and support I've received from my wife.

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away from that kid!" I'll have to say one thing for him: He was getting the attention he wanted. But he was upsetting the crew. So I tried to see what I could do. "You know something," I said to the would-be terrorist. "You're a smart young man. You've got a high I.Q. But you're letting it run you in the wrong direction. You're letting it get you into trouble."

"Why?" he said. "What did I do?"

"For one thing," I said, "when you came down here, everybody liked you. Now they all dislike you. You don't want that, do you?"

He looked thoughtful. "No," he said. "You want to be liked?"

"Yes..." He was beginning to feel sorry. "Well, I think you're a very smart young man. So I'll leave it up to you."

He thought about it for a while. He must have decided he wanted to be liked more than he wanted to be disliked. Besides, the idea of being considered smart encouraged him. So he behaved.

Troublesome children are a real problem, especially when they get out of the toddler stage and into their teens. But, no matter how far they've gone, they can still be helped by understanding and love. For example, I have an acquaintance who lost her husband a few years back. Their teen-age son started running wild when his father died. Of course, there were reasons. His father had been his pal. The boy was broken-hearted. Father had also been the disciplinarian. Mother knew there wasn't much she could do—except continue giving her son love.

When he got into trouble for speeding in his car, she didn't blame him. She was patient. She talked to him the best way she knew how, accepted his excuses without being a judge—and continued to love him.

Then the young man's studies began falling off. Even when he was in trouble at school, she still gave him love and affection. Then, during the Christmas holidays, he damaged his own automobile. Since it was a symbol of his independence, he was lost with the car laid up in the garage. Though he may not have deserved having it repaired, his mother had it fixed for him as a Christmas present.

Then a change came over the young man. He stayed close to home for the next few days, polishing the newly painted car and helping his mother around the house. Finally, he looked at her one day with tears in his eyes. "Mother," he said, "you've been real good to me..." And he cried like a baby.

There was nothing she could say, but she understood what he was going through. She had seen her younger brazen on the outside—but she saw that the tear in his eye was the angel of his conscience talking to her. She was sorry to see his heart hurting him so. But she was happy to know he was beginning to see the error of his ways. Her patience and love had paid off.

That's the way it is with love and children. They arrive here as God's pure thoughts, pure in heart, and body and souls. But some of them run awry. Why? Because they can't cope with the obstacles in an adult world... because their parents take them for granted... because they don't get the attention and affection they need... or because they received an emotional shock they can't understand or handle... these are some reasons why we have young "bad actors."

But love is the best medicine for these youngsters. Love soaks up ugliness like a sponge soaks up water. And with children—whose own love springs as constant and pure as a mountain freshet—love is a medicine for them that will conquer all.

---

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Dynamic Young Dad

(Continued from page 62)

personalities and gives them the same
courteous attention he would give any
adult. "I have always thought of chil-
dren as people," he explains. "They have
their own problems, their own ideas."

"Casey is an only child, and I was an
only child, too. I am a product of my
father's practice. "Although, as a kid, I
used to help my father during our sum-
mers at Lake Minnetonka—he was the only
doctor and all the accidents came his way—
I didn't think I'd become a doctor," Casey
explains, and "I proved it by flunking my pre-med course at the
University of Minnesota. Then there,
I made up my mind that, if ever I had any
kids, I would let them decide what they
wanted to do. And I'm going to keep that
promise." Casey and his attractive wife,
radio actress Fran Carlon, have created a
warm atmosphere in their huge New York
apartment where they live with their two
children. It is homelike even to the
tiger cat which curls up on the sofa.

Casey's acting versatility is just a reflec-
tion of his own many-sided talents.
Although acting is his first love, he says:
"I got my first experience at the Pas-
dena Playhouse in 1936—and have been
at it ever since—but I have done lots of
other things.

The other things include a hitch in the
Merchant Marine (a bad back condi-
tion kept him out of military service),
teaching aeronautics to a glider patches
ment of the U.S. Air Force, heading the
same sort of program for Naval ground
forces at Chapel Hill, North Carolina, serv-
ing in the U.S. Maritime Service in the
Atlantic and the Caribbean, directing and
producing student plays at Chapel Hill,
and working as assistant head of the radio
and TV department in an advertising
agency. Casey's mind is quick and inquiring,
and his energy is prodigious. It's typical that,
when he was offered the job of teaching
the glider detachment, he knew little about
aeronautics. But, by the time the
course started, he had learned more than
enough. He is curious about everything
and, if he comes across something he
doesn't know about, he'll dig and study
until he has a working knowledge.

Fran, whose temperament is much more
placid, laughingly says that she doesn't
try to keep up with it all. "I never know
what he's going to do next," she says.
"He'll wake up and find the whole apartment wired for hi-fi—his
latest enthusiasm—I must confess I was
astonished. I had gone to bed early and
there wasn't a magnifier in sight. When
I got up, music came from everywhere.
The whole apartment was wired for
sound."

But Fran likes the unexpected things
Casey does. "You could never be bored
living with Casey," she says, smiling.
"Why, he can do almost anything, and he
is interested in everything from chess to
electronics. It's a wonderful education
for the children and for me, too," she
adds. Proof of her words is that Kerry
and Kim have learned to play chess.
Often in the mornings, before Fran and
Casey are awake, the two youngsters will
play a game together. Casey sees noth-
ing remarkable in this at all.

Sports have always been part of Casey
Allen's life. At the age of ten, he used
to go on hunting trips in the Minnesota
woods. He rides, plays polo, had a try at
freshman football, is good at tennis,
ski well, and particularly loves to swim.

Casey has no patience with people who
get bored. To him, life is like a book
with something new and exciting on
every page. When he was convalescing
after a strep throat, for instance, he
learned to read and in a minute he was
able to tell a war story. He also studied graphology, the
cience of handwriting analysis.

Mention anything and it is apt to be
something he has thought of doing or
explored. He's a good photographer and
takes some remarkable pictures of the
kids. "I also studied movie photograph-
ny," he says. "I have shot complete
movies on the skating rink and learned
about lighting and directing." None of
which is a waste of time. For Casey has
produced and directed radio and TV
and stage shows, as well as acting in them.

Casey started his career at the Pas-
dena Playhouse, arriving there just a
month after his future wife Fran Carlon—
who also studied there—had left. By this
time, she knew he didn't meet for an-
other ten years. Even during the war,
while teaching aeronautics, Casey kept one
hand in the theater by directing student
plays at Chapel Hill and at the University of
Minnesota. Then he returned to New York
and a stint at Station WNEW.

Acting is Casey's life, and he doesn't
care whether it's radio, TV or the Broad-
way stage. Fran feels the same way about it. It's been a
years and she loves radio. "It's the best medium for an
actress who is also a wife and mother," she
says. "Radio gives you the time at home you can have if you are going
to have the right sort of family life.

The Allens try to run their careers so
that one or the other is always home with
the children. They have a wonderful
maid, but they believe so deeply in
family life that they make it their first
consideration always. And because of
their unity as a family, the kids are just as
happy with one parent as the other.

Casey has always taken an active part
in bringing up Kerry and Kim. He has
helped care for them from the time they
were tiny babies and he's just as apt
to put them to bed with a good-night
story as Fran is.

Because Casey and Fran cannot always
be at home nor spend as many evenings
together as they would like, they fre-
cently have lunch together and these
lunches are part of their daily lives and it
gives them a chance to catch up.

Although they love parties and people,
they like regular things they can spend
at home with the children. And
Sundays, when neither Casey nor Fran
has a show to do, the whole family picnics
in Central Park.

Both the children like TV and radio,
but they are learning that books are
important, too. Casey tries to read a
story a day to them. Sometimes he
does it so dramatically, Kerry and Kim
get tired of it and it's up to Fran to
calm them down.

Casey likes to read. He is particu-
larly fond of science-fiction and has a library
filled with such adventure tales. In fact,
the large hi-fi in the huge bedroom
that the children share with Fran is an index to the
character and interests of this dynamic
young man, who is never still but paces the
floor, talking with two hands, sweeping
gestures with his arms. Side by side are
volumes of science-fiction, tomes on
cheese, books on photography. The bottom
of the cabinet holds the manuscripts he
has written for radio and TV. For Casey
writes, too. In fact he has had articles on
photography in several magazines. "I just
submitted my first original TV script," he says, grinning. "I don't know whether I can write for the stage, but I've done so much editing and adapting, I thought I might as well give it a try." As he usually succeeds at anything he does, he'll probably do all right.

Casey's first experience as a TV actor was typical of his ability to take things in his stride. He had been cast as Abraham Lincoln for what he thought was a radio show. He got the part because he was tall. This was back in 1945, when TV was still pretty much a novelty, and nobody had thought to tell him it was a telecast. When he came all prepared for a radio broadcast, he found to his utter consternation that it was TV. So—in a half-hour—he learned his part. "Whew," he recalls, "that was one of the worst moments of my life!" Since then he has been a familiar face on TV in such shows as Danger, Studio One and The First Hundred Years, among others.

The Allens have only acted together once. That was in an Equity Library Theater version of "Hedda Gabler," with Fran as Hedda. "It was strange," says Fran. "I don't know whether I should like it all the time. Somehow, working together cuts down our family life. It's hard to explain."

To both Casey and Fran, the family is the important thing. They have created a home for their two children and have given them that sense of security which comes only when two people love and understand each other.

Fran—who moved from place to place all through her childhood and early acting days—is determined that the children shall put down roots. And Casey—who has roamed the world since his college days—agrees with her thoroughly. The Allens' apartment is geared to the children. Such homey touches as a velocipede in the corner of the dining room, a gymnasium swing suspended on the door frame between the living room and dining room, convince you that this is a home where children are loved and treasured. Even the coffee table in front of the huge divan has been specially constructed so that it can be sat upon or jumped on by an active five-year-old.

The children have respect for each other. "They have very different temperaments," says Casey, "but we have taught them that each has the right to his own point of view. If they learn to live together, it will help them to get along with others when they are grown-up." The Allens give them further help by answering their questions seriously, considering their likes and dislikes.

Casey sees the world as a place of high adventure, of fun. He likes people and is liked by them. To him, there is nothing dull. He can find something interesting in anyone, no matter who he is or what he does. Fran, who is much more reticent, finds herself carried along by her husband's enthusiasm. "Being married to Casey has been the most wonderful thing that has ever happened to me," she says earnestly. "His multitude of interests has opened the doors to so many things I'd never have found for myself."

One thing is sure. The Allens are a close-knit family in which each member contributes something to the joy of living. That Casey and Fran have been able to build this warm unit while leading busy outside lives is a tribute to them both. They have done it because their home and their children are more important to them than anything else in the world. The children have the security that comes from being loved. And Fran and Casey have found happiness in their love for each other.

---

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#### Morning Programs

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<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>NBC</th>
<th>MBS</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>World News Roundup</td>
<td>Local Program Gabriel Heatter</td>
<td>John MacVane</td>
<td>B:55 Betty Crocker</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:45</td>
<td></td>
<td>Gabriel Heatter</td>
<td>B:55 Betty Crocker</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Ev'ry Day</td>
<td>Robert Hurleigh, Gene &amp; Glen, Barbara Welles Show</td>
<td>Breakfast Club</td>
<td>News Of America</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Bob Smith Show</td>
<td>Cecil Brown, Wivesaver News</td>
<td>My True Story</td>
<td>Arthur Godfrey Show</td>
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<td>10:15</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:30</td>
<td>Break The Bank</td>
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<td>10:45</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>Strike It Rich</td>
<td>Florida Calling with Tom Moore</td>
<td>Modern Romances</td>
<td>Make Up Your Mind</td>
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<td>11:15</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:30</td>
<td>Phrase That Pays</td>
<td>Queen For A Day</td>
<td>Th' Neighbor's Voice</td>
<td>Rosemary</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:45</td>
<td>Second Chance</td>
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#### Afternoon Programs

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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>Pauline Frederick, Reporting</td>
<td>Break The Bank, Capital Commentary with Les Higgins</td>
<td>Valentine Wranglers</td>
<td>Wendy Warren, Aunt Jenny</td>
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<td>12:30</td>
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<td>12:45</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>Cedric Foster, News, Ray Heatherton</td>
<td>Game Of The Day</td>
<td>Paul Harvey, News, Ted Malone</td>
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<td>1:15</td>
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<td>Read Of Life</td>
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<td>Ma Perkins</td>
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<td>1:45</td>
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<td>Young Dr. Malone, The Guiding Light</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:00</td>
<td>Vincent Lopez</td>
<td>Vincent Lopez, Beautiful Day</td>
<td>Betty Crocker*</td>
<td>Second Mrs. Burton, Perry Mason</td>
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<td>2:15</td>
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<td>2:35 Martin Block</td>
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<td>3:00</td>
<td>Welcome Travelers</td>
<td>Rebo Mercer Show</td>
<td>Martin Block (con.)</td>
<td>Hilltop House Party</td>
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<td>3:30</td>
<td>Pepper Young</td>
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<td>Mike &amp; Bul's Mailbag</td>
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<td>3:45</td>
<td>Right To Happiness</td>
<td>Martin Block (con.)</td>
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<td>4:00</td>
<td>Backstage Wife</td>
<td>News, Music, Charley &amp; John &amp; Beulah Hedges</td>
<td>Reed Browning Show</td>
<td>News, Emily Kimbrough, Sunday's Child</td>
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<tr>
<td>4:15</td>
<td>Stella Dallas</td>
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<td>4:25 Betty Crocker, Treasury Bandstand</td>
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<td>4:30</td>
<td>Young Widder Brown</td>
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<td>4:45</td>
<td>Woman In My House</td>
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### Monday Programs

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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>5:00</td>
<td>Just Plain Bill</td>
<td>Bobby Benson</td>
<td>News, Austin Kiplinger</td>
<td>News</td>
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<td>5:15</td>
<td>Lorenzo Jones</td>
<td>Wild Bill Hickok</td>
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<td>5:30</td>
<td>Front Page Farrell</td>
<td>5:55 News, Cecil Brown</td>
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<td>5:45</td>
<td>It Pays To Be Married</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>Sports Daily with Mel Allen, Russ Hodges</td>
<td>Local Program</td>
<td>Bill Stern, Sports</td>
<td>Jackson &amp; The News East Of Athens</td>
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<td>6:15</td>
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<td>George Hicks, News</td>
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<td>6:30</td>
<td>Three Star Extra</td>
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<td>Lowell Thomas</td>
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<td>7:00</td>
<td>Alex Greer, Man On The Go</td>
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<td>Vandercook, News, Sydney News</td>
<td>Tennessee Ernie Ford, Tony Martin Show</td>
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<td>Edward R. Murrow</td>
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<td>The Lone Ranger, 7:55</td>
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<td>Just Plain Bill</td>
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<td>Fred &amp; Philip</td>
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<td>5:30</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Miss America</td>
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<td>NBC</td>
<td>Lorenz &amp; Jones</td>
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<td>6:15</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>Spence Perkins</td>
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See Next Page
### Saturday

#### NBC

<table>
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<th>Egbert &amp; Ummy</th>
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<td>Bandstand, U.S.A.</td>
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#### MBS

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<th>Woody Woodpecker Show, Mel Blanc</th>
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<tr>
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<td>Breakfast In Hollywood</td>
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<td>Helen Hall, Female Fair</td>
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<td>Doorway To Beauty Woman In Love</td>
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#### ABC

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### Notes

- *Approx. starting time. Heard only in southeast and southwest regions.*
- Simphonies For Youth Game Of The Day* refers to a series of performances.
- *Morning Programs* and *Afternoon Programs* columns indicate the schedule for these two time periods in each network.
- *Evening Programs* column lists the events scheduled for the evening.
- Specific times and programs are listed for *Morning Programs*, *Afternoon Programs*, and *Evening Programs*.
- The *Saturday* and *Sunday* columns represent the daily schedule for each network.
Martin Block

(Continued from page 42)

passed through their teen years, and I have three others yet to be launched. So, as a father, I'm very much interested in teen-age problems. As a deejay, I have observed and served several generations of teenagers. And now I would like to talk frankly, to tell the truth about them and to them. Since I'm most comfortable in front of a microphone, we'll stop the music in the Make Believe Ballroom for a few minutes and have a "Make-Believe Ball" with two teenagers. One will be my friend Terry, and we'll call her male counterpart Tom. Being typical, they will be healthy and good-looking, well-educated and inquisitive, good-humored and a little cynical.

They don't look like monsters, but I take precautions and seat them across the table from me. Terry says, "This is to be honest and we'll not evade any hot issues. Right?"

"That's right," I say.

Tom looks suspicious and says, "I can ask you about sexual relations or drinking or money or anything?"

I take time to gulp, and agree.

Tom grins and says, "Well, we'll shoot the hot ones at you later. First of all, we agree things are in a sorry mess. You can't blame us teenagers for the H-bomb and the threat of war, and you can't blame us for feeling that it's kind of futile to plan anything."

"If people didn't plan for tomorrow, we'd have chaos."

"The point is, who's got a future?" Tom says. "Not me."

"That's right." says Terry. "Will there be a male in my future? Important question."

This was grim and I didn't minee words. They were talking about dying—about being killed by a bomb or while soldiering. They didn't think much of their chances of survival. So I enlightened them, for their chances of living are a lot better than those of their parents ever were. It wasn't long ago that an epidemic of flu or typhoid or some other disease would sweep through a city and kill off a number of your friends. Today we don't have to worry about such epidemics. Medical science has given our children almost fool-proof protection, plus a gift of longer life. Then I reminded Tom about traffic accidents. "You know that deaths and injuries on highways average out higher than they were in Korea during war. But—tell me this—do you know any teenager who has refused to drive his father's car for fear of being killed?"

I told them—as I would tell any adult—we take our chances at any age. What is really deadly is killing time worrying about something that may not happen. "Okay, but I still have to lose a couple of years because of the draft," Tom says. "How'd you like that?"

"I wouldn't like it and you're not going to like it and that's that."

Tom looks a little surprised. "No speech?"

"I won't make a patriotic speech because I don't think the younger who gripes about Army service is any less loyal than the rare one who does not. And while we're on the subject, Tom, I agree that your father perhaps didn't have to serve—but he didn't have your advantages, either. When he was your age, his chances of going to college were slim. You practically have a choice of what you want to study—and where—and some of you even get there in your own car."

Terry is smiling sweetly but there is a glint in her eyes. (Continued on page 82)


Look lovelier in 10 days with

DOCTOR'S HOME FACIAL or your money back!

This new, different beauty care helps skin look fresher, prettier—helps keep it that way, too!

- If you aren't entirely satisfied with your complexion—here's wonderful beauty news! A famous skin doctor has worked out a home beauty routine that helps your skin look fresher, smoother, lovelier!

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Noxzema is a combination of softening, soothing, and cleansing ingredients found in no other leading beauty cream. It's greaseless—and it's medicated... to aid healing, help keep skin looking fresh and clear.

The Tingle Tells You! The moment you smooth on Noxzema, you feel a cool, refreshing tingle. Noxzema is going to work, helping your skin look prettier.

Noxzema is wonderful for rough, dry skin, externally-caused blemishes, and dull, lifeless complexions. Start your Noxzema care tonight. Here's all you have to do:

1. Cleanse your face with a Noxzema 'cream-wash.' Smooth on Noxzema, wash off with a wet face-cloth—just as if you were using soap. Unlike most cold creams, Noxzema washes off with water!

2. Night Cream: Use Noxzema before going to bed, to help soften and smooth your skin while you sleep. Pat a bit extra on any externally-caused blemishes. It's medicated to help heal them—fast! You don't have to worry about a messy pillow—Noxzema is greaseless!

3. Powder Base: Before putting on make-up, apply Noxzema. It helps protect your skin all day! It works or money back! In clinical tests, Noxzema helped 4 out of 5 women to have lovelier looking complexions. Use it for 10 days. If you don't look lovelier, return the jar to Noxzema, Baltimore—your money back.

50% More NOXZEMA for your money (than in smallest sizes)

Limited time offer! Big 6 oz. jar only $.94 plus tax, at drug and cosmetic counters. Enough Noxzema for months at a big saving!
"Mr. Block, are you telling us that we just don’t want to call it that we’re spoiling brats?"

I didn’t mean it that way and Terry knew it, but she wanted me to say so. And I knew what else she wanted to hear.

"Emotional stability comes not from the lack of drama or the lack of H-bombs. It comes from the home. From a sound home come sound youngsters."

"That’s me out," says Terry. "You know my parents well enough for that."

"I didn’t say a perfect home. There is no such thing as a perfect home or a perfect man or woman."

"But you know the way my dad and mother live?"

"You know, too, make the best of it. Improve on them in your own relations with others. Let’s face it—and face it in your teens. We strive for the ideal. We shouldn’t punish our parents or ourselves if we don’t attain it."

"Can you buy a Caddy convertible with an ideal, Mr. Block?"

I must have given Tom the kind of look I give my youngsters when I’m irritated, for Tom kind of winced and quickly went on, "Look, I believe honesty is the best policy, but sometimes I wonder if I’m not a little doozy. Look at some of these racketeers and politicians and even businessmen get away with."

"They’ll get caught up with."

"Always.

"Honestly, no. The law doesn’t catch up with every criminal, but you can’t fool your own family, and certainly you can’t keep the truth from God."

"So you don’t think money buys happiness?" Terry asks.

"That’s a different question. I reply. "I think money is very important to happiness. After all, money buys food, education, children, and time. A lot of money buys luxuries like convertibles and trips abroad and fancy homes. Is there anything wrong with such luxuries? Not if you can afford them."

"So you’ve got nothing against money?"

"Not me. But that old saw, battered and corny, is still accurate: Money will not buy happiness. It won’t buy respect and love. And money can never be more important than honesty, family, love, self-respect—to mention a few things."

Terry puts up her hand and says, "How about sex?"

"Sure, Mr. Block," says Tom, "What would you like to know?"

I enjoy Tom’s flippancy. I don’t think the subject of sex needs to be approached with alarm. Times have changed, and for the better. Not so long ago, there was a chaperon present on a date. Once it was a question when a girl might let an escort hold her hand. Not many years ago, they were debating whether a girl should allow herself to be kissed good night on the first, second or seventh date. Today, youth counselors and psychologists have come to the conclusion that they say publicly that necking is healthy. Now, of course, I don’t know of an accurate definition of necking, and perhaps some people somewhere think that I am suggesting something wrong.

"You’re getting embarrassed," says Tom.

"The question is—how far should a boy and girl go?"

"Never so far as to hurt each other emotionally or to affect their respect and affection for each other. And I don’t think most boys and girls have to ask themselves that question. They know. A boy who, over the years, has seen his father treat his mother with respect and affection and consideration will take the same attitude toward his girl friends."

"What about drinking?" Terry asks.

"Don’t drink, but some of the boys who call for dates do. Do you think I should go out with them?"

"Not unless you want to be an accessory to a crime, maybe your own murder. There’s a law in most states forbidding the sale of hard liquor to minors, and there is good reason for the law and I believe it’s a law. If you were my daughter, I shouldn’t want you in the same car with a teenager who had been drinking. I don’t like funerals."

"Mr. Block, do you have anything against fan clubs?" Terry asks.

"Do you think they are indicative of our being silly or light-headed?"

"No, I fully approve of fan clubs. They didn’t hurt your mothers or grandmothers. Of course, they didn’t squeal. When they saw Valentino, they merely sighed. But I’ll bet you in doing so they were squealing.

I went on to say that I think girls today have the greatest adjustment to make. The status of the female at every age level has changed so much in recent years. A teenager can go places alone. She can stay out later. She can get enough part-time work to earn money for her own pleasures. There is less family interference and questioning of her actions."

"Isn’t that good?" Terry asks.

"It’s good, but it’s got its bad side, too, especially for you. I’ve been conducting dances for teenagers where they can meet recording stars and also have some fun. I notice—and it’s quite surprising to me—that there are about three girls to every boy. Not many years ago, a girl wouldn’t have gone to a dance by herself."

"Why, Mr. Block?"

"Get some advice from your mother. She should be able to tell you how to attract a man."

The way Tom absorbed every word she had to tell me didn’t seem as though Terry would ever have that kind of trouble. But at the moment Terry had something more than boys on her mind.

"Mr. Block, they ask you a very important question. How do I become a singer?"

"If you hadn’t asked that question, I should have worried about you. I figure there are going to be many million teenagers in this land—and at least nineteen million want to be singers. I think there might be room for five hundred singers, and maybe there are twenty in the class of Kay Starr and Dinah Shore, which is the ambition of every singer. So my advice to you would be to forget about a singing career and exert your energy in some other field."

"I know, Mr. Block, but how do I go about becoming a singer?"

"If people who know something about it—and place you—are going to have a good voice, then you can study your voice. When you’re ready, you make a recording and send it out for auditioning."

"To whom do you send the record?"

Now I’m going to be painfully honest. I don’t know who in the music business would have enough personal interest in you alone. Talent is not enough. You must have the right contacts. Making the right contacts may be a matter of luck, but there is no mistake about the talent. And there is no mistake about the music and work and work."

I turned to Tom. She seemed amused by the talk.

"And what’s your ambition?"

"My immediate ambition is to clear up some of the fad ideas about teenagers," he says. "Now, do you think there is something evil or criminal about my generation?"

"No, I really don’t. You just have new ideas at the moment now."

"You don’t even think we’re bad?"

"I don’t even think the bad ones are bad," I say. "I think most of the teenagers are just victims of other people’s exuberance. Most of the wild ones merely need their energy channeled in another direction. That’s one of the reasons I’ve been trying to schedule a weekly ‘record dance’ here at the New York high schools and broadcast over ABC. You know, it would be a wonderful idea if you teenagers would organize sports activities and sport events and hobby groups and social clubs for yourselves and some of the kids who are giving you a bad name."

"Actually, Mr. Block, you’re not very critical of them. We are just victims of our own exuberance."

"I can be. For example, I don’t think much of your manners. I have never known of any teen-age generation that has had so much training in manners and uses it. I’d little to like to see all of you show more respect for others and be the ladies and gentlemen you know enough to be."

"What else?"

"That’s all. I have great admiration for your generation. I think you can work most things out for yourselves. You’re more alert, better educated, more responsible and matured among your predecessors. You’re really young adults."

"No advice?"

"Just this. Don’t worry. And don’t let anyone turn you into feeling sorry for yourself. Now let’s get out a record and make music."
Name That Tune

(Continued from page 64)

she has to do well. But, instead of going to any big parties and meeting the right people—no, she was always coming home, visiting her folks, knocking around with old friends. And instead of dating men who might help her career, she wouldn’t go out with anyone but Eddie Steck. You know, that nice young fellow who was studying to be a lawyer. It was such a pity about what happened...

As far as Vicki is concerned, the career part of it all started with Grandfather. He was a barber—but, more particularly, a happy Italian barber, and he couldn't help singing while he worked.

"He's quite a character," Vicki says proudly. "Very jolly!" And, just thinking of grandfather, she can't help smiling. "His shop was always crowded with customers—all requesting their favorite songs. And then, the hospital used to send for him regularly to cut their patients' hair. They knew the value of a song there—or maybe it was just the tonic of a good laugh.

Her parents also share this Italian passion for music. Vincent Melillo is in the real estate business, but he still plays the sax he played as a youth. And although Antoinette, his wife, was never a professional, she is still a fine singer. Before her marriage, she worked in a grocery store. One day, the White Rose Tea salesman happened to hear her sing, and arranged for her to go to New York to sing commercials on the radio. "Mother never went," Vicki says. "She got married instead. But she made a vow that, some day, one of her children would be a singer and make the trip to New York for her."

As it turned out, all five of the Melillo children sing. But, of her three daughters and two sons, Antoinette soon pinned her hopes on the second oldest, born January 31, 1934. At sixteen, Carmella Marie had her own weekly radio show over Station WLAD—and "Vicki Mills," her professional name, was already well known in Danbury.

Vicki used to enter every singing contest she could. But the one she remembers best is the Jenny Lind Contest, a yearly competition held among the hundred best lyric sopranos of Connecticut.

"If you can imagine one hundred girls, all singing 'The Last Rose of Summer,'" Vicki remarks. "But the reason she remembers that contest so well is that, every year, without fail, she came in second.

But that was enough for Mama Antoinette Melillo. She knew now that she had been right to turn down that offer to sing White Rose Tea commercials. This was even better than she had dreamed—her own daughter, a lyric soprano. With a little training, who knows, she might become a great concert artist.

In 1951, after high school graduation, Vicki enrolled in the four-year course at the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston. After one year, however, Vincent Melillo didn't see how he could afford to send his daughter back. Vicki promptly went out and got a job.

During previous vacations, she had worked in a Danbury department store—once as a salesgirl in the lingerie department, once as a bookkeeper. But, this summer, she needed "big money" if she hoped to return to the Conservatory in the fall. "I got a job as an inspector in a ball-bearing factory," she recalls. "At first, I thought it would kill my eyes—looking through a microscope at all those tiny bearings. But, after a while, I became good at it. I got so I could inspect from two thousand to three thousand a night, depending upon their size. They said I was the best of all the new girls on the job."

Vicki smiled with honest pride, then continued: "I worked the night shift—from four-thirty in the afternoon till two-thirty next morning. But I made all of forty-two dollars a week!" The proud smile suddenly vanished. "Only, with everything they take out, it came to just thirty-eight dollars clear."

By October, however, Vicki had enough money to return to the Conservatory. Her father, feeling she had earned a holiday, took her to New York. And that's when it happened, so that Vicki never did go back to school.

Daddy and I had tickets to attend a radio broadcast of Name That Tune. I was one of the contestants and, when Red Benson interviewed me, he asked me all about myself. I told him that I was majoring in voice, and that I had been a winner one night on Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts. Out of a clear blue sky, Red asked me to sing my favorite song.

She chose "Summer Time." She still doesn't know why—it's not her favorite piece. But, after the show, Harry Salter, the producer, wanted to talk to her. June Valli, the vocalist on the show, was leaving to sing on Your Hit Parade. Vicki was invited to take her place.

From the very start, the show has been fun for her, and singing in thirty different languages is a game, not a chore, particularly when the words are spelled out phonetically, and you happen to be what is known as "a quick study." Any doubts

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she might have had about her foreign accents were dispelled the night a Persian prince was discovered in the studio audience. Vicki sang a song in Persian, and was pleased when the prince came to congratulate her after the broadcast. Only he couldn't speak a word of English, and he couldn't understand why Vicki kept pretending she couldn't speak Persian when he had just heard her sing in the language.

But, of all the delights of appearing on a network show, the biggest one for Vicki has been getting to know Harry Salter and his wife, Roberta. Aside from forty-five hours every week, they've had coach June Valli. When Vicki became vocalist on Name That Tune, he did the same for her.

"With all I had to learn," she says, "Harry didn't want me wasting time commuting. But, knowing how strict my family is, and how they feel about my living alone in New York—well, the Salters just took me in. The first six weeks...I was on the show, I lived right in their home."

And to Roberta Salter, Vicki is especially grateful—for a personal reason. Even if Roberta did make her go through the worst part of both's life. Ask Vicki about "hard work," and she won't talk about the time she toiled in that ball-bearing factory. She'll tell about the time Roberta Salter put her on a strict diet.

"I was very glad," Vicki recalls. "No sweets. But I starved! Later, I learned that Roberta was giving Ethel, the cook, a dollar for every pound I lost."

Preferably, Ethel got a training bonus of seventeen dollars, for Vicki went from a "plump 125" to the 108 pounds she has remained ever since. And on July 7, 1953, when Name That Tune switched from radio to TV, Vicki was ready for televising: she's five-feet-five and, allowing for the extra five or six pounds which TV adds to a girl's appearance, viewers found that she looked just as good as she sounded.

Vicki's a lifelong movie fan still. "I was the girl's best friend, and longed for the time of her life. And to make it even more wonderful, there had been someone to share it with. She was eighteen when she started going with Eddie Steck. He was twenty. Even when she sang her New York, and he went to Quinipiak College in New Haven, they managed to see each other. There were always weekends in Danbury. And, every time she sang, she came to New York to hear her."

They planned to be married next year. He would study to be a lawyer while she continued with her singing. The warning—without rhyme or reason—it happened. Eddie was riding in a friend's car. There was an accident. He was killed.

As Name That Tune returns to TV this fall—switching from NBC to CBS—Vicki is still the featured vocalist. And every weekend, she still returns to Danbury to see her family and friends. "Every weekend includes just about everyone in town. (Last year, it was officially acknowledged by making Vicki Queen of the Great Danbury Fairs.)"

These friends not only follow her career, they share it. Every weekend, Cinderella must give a full report of what happened at the ball. She tells them about the stars she has met—like Margaret Truman and Walter Cox, who are both her friends. She brings back the autographs they have asked her to get. And to all the aspiring singers who come to her, asking for advice, she gives it no homily at all ends with: "Don't go to New York or to some big city. Your best bet is to stick around home, and do everything you can to get experience. Start building a reputation right where you are."

Although Vicki herself started out by practicing what she preaches, aspiring singers are quick to point out that her big break came when she went to New York. Even so, Vicki sticks to her point. New York success wouldn't have been possible if she hadn't first built up confidence, experience, and a reputation in Danbury.

"The important thing," she has found out, "is to get people behind you. They give you the inspiration to go on."

"And you'll need inspiration," she insists. "It isn't all cream and sugar."

A singer today has to know how to dance and act, too. So, every day, Vicki takes lessons—in dramatics, voice, coaching, ballet, and, every week, a reputation in Danbury. It's the things that can't be taught, however, which make for stardom. The indefinables. How you look, and what kind of people you are. Vicki doesn't explain this—she's too busy exemplifying it.

It is no accident, however, that "everyone has been just wonderful" to her. She loves people. It comes across. And people can tell! And, while she's trying to find people "so real and down-to-earth" it never occurs to her that she might bring out the best in people.

"I love to sing," she says. "It's in my blood."

And that comes across, too, so that television viewers keep writing in: "Why don't you let Vicki ever finish a song?" On her last birthday, she finally got her chance. And she's especially nice to her, they made it her "favorite song" again. "Summer Time!"

And something else comes across—something about her hair color—their highlighting and smart gowns can't obscure. TV, the newest of mediums, is making a star of Vicki for the most old-fashioned of reasons. Vicki is a nice, sweet, wholesome girl with a voice that can appeal to any home girl. She likes cooking and serving ("They say my pies are very good," she tells you, "especially the lemon meringue and apple"). In New York, she now lives at the Barbizon — a hotel for Women—a hotel where gentlemen callers are not permitted. And last summer, when she toured in a series of night-club appearances, her father accompanied her wherever she went. And that is considered "strict," but it's part of her Italian heritage, and she accepts it as cheerfully as she accepts her parents' love. Vicki does that. She's so sophisticated; she just wants to be amiable.

She can't wait till the weekend comes so she can go home. There, she's sure to find her mother waiting—wanting to fatten her up. Vicki tells us she has to take a "hard way" when she has such a lovely "lyric" soprano. Her brother "Don is now with the Air Corps Special Services in Alaska, but sister Aurora and Marie Antoinette are still at home. And there's Jimmy, only thirteen, but leading his own band already.

Vicki tells them she wants to do nothing but sing all day and night—and catch up on her television. But she's up early in the morning, helping her mother with the housework. She takes Tippy, the toy fox terrier, for a walk, starts cooking dinner. And, as the night comes on, she encorees, "It's an old-fashioned way it started—with Grandfather! At seventy-four, he is still going strong, still singing while he works. And now here's his granddaughter, working while she sings—and loving her work, loving the people she sings for. Vicki, too, seems to know the value of a song."

TVR

Ask for professional applications at your beauty shop
Here’s Why I Love Lucy

(Continued from page 31)

Al is the janitor of the Motion Picture Center where we film I Love Lucy—and I am referred to in the contract as “Miss Jones” because my born name was Vivian Roberta Jones. Somehow, if your name is Jones, you never think of keeping it. Now, I often wish I had. But, when I was starting in the theater, something fancier seemed indicated. While I was still in school, my dramatic teacher, Vance Randolph—also a well-known writer of folk tales of the Ozarks—said “Why not use my first name for your last?” I used it, and have been using it ever since.

The album was presented to me at the Christmas party in Desi’s office. All the Desilu production staff were there. And they made me sit down in a spotlight and read the whole thing through! Then Lucy read the “contract” through.

You realize how much time it takes to compile a thing like that? Why, Lucy called my aunts and uncles and cousins in Kansas (I first opened my blue eyes in Cherryvale, Kansas) and talked, at length, to each and every one of them.

A lot of time . . . three to four months she’d been working on it, as I later learned . . . and you know how much time Lucy has, what with the script, the show, the ranch in Chatsworth, her two children, her mother, Desi’s mother, people walking in with swatches of linoleum and lengths of chintz for the new house they’ve just finished building in Palm Springs.

The only complaint I’ve ever heard Lucy make is: “Isn’t it dreadful—no time any more!” She hasn’t the time, she sighs, to cook—and Lucy loves to cook—hasn’t the time to have the people she loves around her day, and night, as she’d like to do.

I had a sample of what is everyday routine for Lucy, when I was on the Milton Berle show in New York last winter. First time in years I’d been out in public, so to speak. Don’t think I had any idea of what it was going to be like. Talking about myself—interviews and all—you know, I got so tired of it, I couldn’t stand me! Or Ethel Mertz. I can’t stand Ethel Mertz any more, I’d think, folding up. I don’t care what she likes or what she thinks or anything about her.

On my last day in New York, I had an interview at ten o’clock in the morning and another at one o’clock, following which I packed my bags, checked out of the hotel and sat in Grand Central Terminal for four hours—until, at five P.M., the 20th Century took off. In order to avoid being picked up for “loitering,” I sat first in the Ladies Room, then at a lunch counter, then in the waiting room on the lower level, from there to the waiting room on the upper level. I was never so happy in my life!

Lucy got a big charge out of this story. Especially the part about my arrival in Chicago, on the way East, seeing all the photographers and reporters at the train, assuming they were there to meet me, putting on the mink, preening and sailing forth—to be asked, “Are you Carol Ann Beery?”

These things happen to Lucy and me all the time.

When Lucy tells a story, though, she acts out the parts—cats, dogs, minks. I guess that’s when I get the biggest laugh—when Lucy is telling a personal experience with herself as the patsy.

We get as many laughs off-camera, I’d say, as we give on—most of them off and on, thanks to Lucy!

One day, doing a scene in which I looked real aprony and frowzy, I said, “I got to look pretty on the Berle show.”

The next morning, I was having the hair done when Lucy passed by, stuck her head in, told the operator “Don’t make her look too good there, girl—we don’t want to have to replace her!”

You don’t ever have to wonder what Lucy really thinks, which is one of the good feelings I have about working with her. She says what she likes and doesn’t like, what she wants and doesn’t want. And you know right off—she doesn’t stand there pouting.

If she wants to do a bit of business alone, she says: “Want to play this by myself.”

At another time: “I want Vince in this scene. Want to see her face when I read this line.” She’s honest.

Like the time, four years ago, when I read for the part of Ethel—the first reading. I was scared to death. Being scared, I fortified myself by getting all dressed up in all the best clothes I had. As I sat in Desi’s office awaiting the execution, this creature walked in. Old sweater. Old pair of blue jeans. A thing tied around her head. She gave me the once-over. “Well,” she said, “you’re certainly dressed up!”

Last time she ever saw me dressed up. Lucy’s generous, too, as well as honest. You don’t ever see her changing a script in her favor. And this is unusual—this, believe me, is very unusual. She could say, now and then, “Lighten up a little on her, or him, give me this bit to do—” Never!

See what she does when she has guest-stars on the show—Tennessee Ernie Ford, for instance, the singer of hillbilly tunes.

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On two shows last season, he was the star.
Her generosity is really something. We both read the same ads in the paper on our way to work and come in, bug-eyed, over some of the "buys" to be had. And I can't tell you how many times Lucy tells us to buy new sweaters, scarves, gloves, bags for herself—and the same, in different colors, for me.

We're alike in an awful lot of ways besides laughing at the same things and reading the same ads in the paper, so you may account for the friendship between Mrs. Arnaz and Mrs. Ober being the same—if not better—than that between Mrs. Ricardo and Mrs. Mertz.

We were born in the same month, Lucy and I—August. . . under the same stars—we're both Leo. We've had serious conversations about our childhoods, which were so much alike. Neither of us had much money. Neither of us was The Prettiest Girl in the Class. Neither of us became stars "overnight." Both of us are in love, all the way in love, with our husbands. Lucy just might be better looking than you know—she really does. Do I worship Phil? Yes, ma'am. Like Lucy and Desi, Phil and I are very, very content. Very happy to be together. Have more fun together than with anyone else. When the year comes that they use "repeats" on the show, Phil and I aim to take a tramp steamer and go around the world. Phil and I are real private-lifers. Lucy and Desi have a gang around them. But, as it's always "them"—the two of them together—it comes to the same thing.

We're both home-bodies at heart. Lucy and I, love to cook and fuss and fix. And we both have two homes. Lucy and Desi have their five-acre ranch in Chatsworth, California, where they raise cattle, chicken eggs and gold medalers in fanning, and dote on their two babies, Lucie and Desiderio IV. Phil and I have our Mexican-style ranch house near Beverly Hills and our ranch in New Mexico.

We visit each other quite a bit, the four of us. When Lucy and Desi come here, I sometimes bake a ham for them. Bake beans, in molasses. Make an enormous pan of cornbread. But usually I cook chill for them. Desi loves chill. And it's my specialty. I don't worry about the "future," or whether or not television is "here to stay." I'm going to open a chill parlor on Route 66 when I'm old!

When we visit Lucy's and Desi's, Lucy always makes lemonade in the afternoon for the gang and gives presents. She doesn't cook the dinner, but she always orders her own meals, no matter how much help she has. It's a class thing for her. I used to think that Lucy and Desi love, and know, food. That house of Lucy's is her castle. She loves every smallest thing in it. And she keeps things forever.

Lucy and I also eat lunch together a lot—in our bungalow at the studio, which has a kitchen—and talk about our husbands. In addition to the love of our husbands, we also share philly with them . . . which is, I think, a part of love.

"Desi has changed," Lucy will say. "All of a sudden he has matured. He matured overnight. Can't tell you how many people ask me, 'How did Desi learn to act? How did Desi, a musician, a drummer, learn to be a producer?'

"I'm equally proud of my Phil. One of the finest actors, even if I do say so. . . ."

Lucy and I agree we learn a great deal about a great many things—very much including acting—from our husbands!

Both of us love children dearly. Lucy worries instantly about her two. I haven't any children. But, since I'm one of six—five girls, one boy, and all except myself have children—I am at least a very prolific aunt. A very devoted aunt, too, so that I understand and share Lucy's love of children.

Both of us know what illness means. Lucy, learned, as a teen-age girl, after she almost lost an auto accident in New York's Central Park and was told she would never walk again. It took her eight months in bed, and three years of persistent and painful effort, to reverse the deep depression. That was mental therapy! This is the healthiest I have ever been. In addition to the healing laughter one always shares with Lucy, she is very sympathetic with, and understanding of, my illness.

There has to be a serious side to any deep friendship. And there is a serious side to the friendship between Lucy and Desi. I'm afraid to see the other depressed. If either of us is—if I am, for instance—Lucy works hard to snap me out of it. And vice versa. By "working hard," I mean we're just sort of extra-ordinary, you know. Always working. As there has to be a serious side to any deep friendship, so there has to be a serious side to any deep—and dimensional—person, man or woman. There is a way with Lucy, and I think Desi, too, to Lucy. Lucy needs a lot of affection, too, wants desperately for people to love her—and should be richly content, since so many millions of us are old friends, which Lucy has in full measure and so, is one of the many reasons why I love her.

Another very happy-making thing about working with Lucy and Desi is—the contrasts, with Lucy so warm, which is always the wiser thing to do, I have a chance in my contract which says I am to be paid extra every time a Lucy show is shown on a new station. As new stations open up—it's like carrying an annuity.

I just love the work itself. It's the first time in my life I've been this healthy and this happy. It's also the first time in my life I've been this successful. It's a darned good thing, Leo. I've got a marriage that's working.

And I love Lucy, too! You bet your life I do!

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Delightfully in Love
(Continued from page 68)

gravedayarad, Rod interrupted. "Not, that is, for us. We disapper head New Milford Connecticut, where we have bought our home.

"A dance almost has to be married," Bambi added breathlessly, "to another dancer. Or at least it is, the way I think of marriage. . . . which is to be together—as Rod and I are—day and night, at work and at play, all of the time. When you are a dancer, you have twelve or thirteen practices a week (even when you are on TV) at least five hours a day. Five hours every day is a long time for a person to leave another person. Then the show itself means that, if you are a dancer and your husband is not a dancer, or the other way around, you would be too often and much too long apart.

"An all-time job, actually," Rod agreed.

"The practicing, as Bambi says, the costume fittings, too, the rehearsals, the show itself . . ."

"All this and, for Rod—who creates the ideas for our dances and choreographs them—more," Bambi spoke with loving pride, "much more, besides.

"And on the evenings when you're not performing, or in any free time you may have, you're listening to music," Rod added, "in order to keep abreast and to get ideas. Sometimes we listen to music at home. Sometimes we listen to the radio.

"We'll hear a piece of music we've heard all our lives, but a new orchestration or new arrangement has done something different to it, and we'll say, 'Why can't we use this?' particularly in dancing. It's like finding music that is inspirational—or an idea that suggests a routine.

"We would rather dance," Bambi said, with the same enthusiasm as the zealot in her moonstone-gray, her sleepy, strange eyes, "than anything else.

"Especially," Rod smiled across at her, "together.

"Especially," Bambi nodded her smooth fair head. "Which brings us to the place where we came in: the show, 'Great to Be Alive,' in which we met and at first sight—well, almost at first sight—fell in love.

I'd seen you," Rod said, remindedly, "in Eva Le Gallienne's Broadway production of 'Alice in Wonderland' the year before. The show was delightful, exquisite, and a delight. Disappointed, though, that you didn't dance. Disappointed, too—and always will be—that I missed seeing you dance in 'Oklahoma!' and in 'Carousel.'"

"And I'd seen you," Bambi echoed, "around the theater when we were auditioning for 'Great to Be Alive,' although we didn't meet until we were actually in rehearsals. I think I fell in love with you because," Bambi said, and shyly, "of your neck. I liked your neck. Straight and strong.

"With me," Rod said, and laughed, "it was chemistry, shall we say? The same as the song, remember, in 'Guys and Dolls.' The simplicity, too. Your simplicity. There was no pretense. You're just a sweet little cuddly guy, you know, and who has been the sweet little cuddly girl's husband since April 2, 1949.

"There was one part in the play where he had to kiss me," Bambi was saying. "Usually, actors don't indicate the kiss. But Rod didn't indicate. Rod was really living his part." Bambi smiled, adding demurely, "it was very nice.

"We used to have to appear, in the second act, at a second-story window. During rehearsals, when other things were happening on stage, and even during the performance itself, we would sit at our window and talk," Bambi laughed, "and talk and talk. And talk. Stu Erwin, who was one of the stars of the show, was supposed to attract attention by going 'Pst!' at us. Poor Stu was obliged to go 'Psst!' so long he'd be red in the face and out of breath before we would hear him.

"One night, sitting at our second-story window, Rod proposed. "I suppose we should get married," he said. It doesn't sound like much of a proposal, sort of plain," Bambi laughed, "but it sounded nice poetry to me. (That night—we were in Philadelphia—we didn't heard Stu at all!"

"In 'Great to Be Alive,' the problem," Rod said, "was that we, who were ghosts, had to be married by a live minister. According to the script, Stu Erwin arranged to have a double wedding, so to speak—a live wedding (for others) and a ghost wedding (that was ours) in a haunted house. But the minister got shot before the ceremony was over, so we never did get married in real life.

"In real life, we got married the week before the show opened in New York—or about two months after we first met—at the Little Church Around the Corner, here in New York."

I wore a pink dress," Bambi said, "pink jersey. It had a matching sweater with it. And I had some beautiful pink flowers like a tiara, for my hair. Rod gave them to me. I don't know what they were. I had never seen them before. I have never seen them again. Rod doesn't remember what they were or where he got them. They had, I remember, a beautiful, unearthly fragrance.

"We honeymooned at the Stonehenge Inn. Our twenty-four-hour honeymoon, because of the show, the next day."

"When the show closed," Rod said, "we didn't have a job. We didn't have any money. At all. So what do you do? You go to the unemployment bureau and collect. It's not charity," Rod said a little grimly, "it's your right.

"It wasn't all grim, though," Bambi said in her quiet voice. (They both have quiet, almost whispering voices.) "Before the show closed, the cast gave us a party at Valerie Bertinetti's. Everyone was there—Vivienne Segal, Martha Wright, Stu. And they gave us all kinds of practical gifts. Then, while we were out of work, Rod put us up, and Rod put up with the William Morris Agency. The agency put up some money for us, for costumes and orchestra. We auditioned in a dirty little rehearsal hall, which was all we could afford. Monte Freer came up (at the time he was booking for the Copacabana), and it should have been funny to see Monte, of all people, in that horrid little rehearsal hall. But nobody found it funny that day. We were trying so hard. All our numbers were on a concert level, too, which wouldn't interest night clubs. We didn't know.

Bambi and Rod didn't know. But the William Morris Agency knew—knew that here were two glamorous and unique and very gifted youngsters whose dancing feet would ultimately be starred. They sent us to St. Louis," Bambi said, "got us a wonderful job, for three months, at the Park Plaza.

"From St. Louis we went to the Coconut Grove in Los Angeles—another agency got us this job—and although the local papers gave us some very good reviews, the trade publications, which are the bible of our trade, well, 'the trades' didn't! We should go back to Broadway, the trades said, we didn't belong in night clubs.

"Oh, when we woke up in Los Angeles and read those reviews! You don't know

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what to do. As very well to say, “Go back to Broadway—like which is, you wherethal to get them. We didn’t. Besides, it makes it more difficult, with slam reviews in the trades, for an agent to book an act. And then, just as we were going down for the third time, a very nice woman in Chicago—Merrill Abbott, who books and manages talent—to the rescue!”

“A wonderful woman,” Rod said, his voice deepening, “a very wonderful woman.”

“Ah, she is,” Bambi nodded, “she is. Well, anyway, she’d seen us on the Ed Sullivan show (Ed was so good to us!) and also when we guested on the Robert Q. Lewis show (which was what actually got us the Grove job), and she wanted us (lovely to be wanted!) for a little revue she was putting on at the Palmer House in Chicago. So we had to scrounge around and score a real pick up odd jobs for ourselves in order to get the money to get to Chicago. We had a car. But a car would need gas and oil. And we,” Bambi grinned, “would need horse dancers! Very good thing, we used to say in those days, that dancers dance better when hungry. They do, you know. Because when you’re hungry, you’re lighter.”

At the Palmer Hotel, Bambi and Rod were successful for Merrill Abbott to the Good Angel in their lives—built success for them.

When the revue at the Palmer House closed, it helped us buy costumes for a new act,” Rod said, “and then got us booked into the Persian Room of New York’s Hotel Plaza. A show-case de luxe, the Persian Room. But, before we opened there, we set out for New York. After three years in Cole’s Hotel in San Juan, Puerto Rico, to break in our dance. Hate to repeat myself, but she is the most wonderful woman.”

It was the Persian Room that Max Liebman saw the dancing team of Bambi Linn and Rod Alexander. The first “terp” team, by the way, that has ever been reviewed and (rave-reviewed) by the New York Times!”

Oh, Bambi, Rod. It was at this point that Bambi started to talk. She said, “In one year! Why, we didn’t start getting anything else but tips until 1932! And so wonderful to be on television. Especially for Rod, who has had these ideas in his head for years... and on TV they can be better for him. He can be a P.S. man now.”

“Wonderful, too, that we can have our home, thanks to the fact that on TV you ‘stay put,’ even though weekends are often the only times we can be in it. Just the same—after what seems to us like ‘far away and long age—we have,’” Bambi sighed a kitten sigh, “come home.”

You are impressed, when you meet and talk with Bambi and Rod, how alike they are. The same physical types, fair-haired, slender, gray-eyed. The same quiet voices. And gentle manners. The same one—of the same breed.

Yet they came together by quite dissimilar routes, from distant points, each from the other, in the U.S.A. Bambi (christened Bambina Limmmeier) was born at 52 South Ward Street, in Brooklyn, N.Y. Rod (real name, Rod Alexander) was born in Colorado but grew up, from infancy, in Los Angeles. Bambi attended private schools andRod and Nathan Hale Junior High. Rod was graduated from John Marshall High School in Los Angeles.

At the age of seven, Bambi started in ballet classes, but always wanted to be an actress. She asked her mother about casting directors, one after the other, but with no luck. Then Bambi hit on the idea of becoming an actress through dancing. She was only sixteen when Agnes de Mille gave her that part in The Four Feathers. During the run of the show, Bambi completed her education at the Professional Children’s School in New York.

Unlike Bambi, many of his contemporaries in show business, Rod had nothing to do, as a growing boy, with music, drama, or the dance. He played tennis down for the third time, a very nice woman—Beatrix M. McMillan. When he was eighteen, he went to work on the Los Angeles shipyard, saved a little money, and took a few dancing lessons in his spare time because, to his own supertuition, he heard himself say one day: “I always wanted to be a vaudeville dancer.”

Once Bambi found her dancing feet, her first important role was in “Carousel,” in which she played the daughter of Billy Burrow, the Baptist minister. The role was created for Bambi by Marc Connelly. In “Carousel,” Bambi had the part of Nellie, the minister’s daughter, who is courted by酊er Biju, a Cantonese whiskey peddler. She played the role on Broadway, and in the 1945 movie, and in the 1956 television version. In the movie, Bambi was replaced by Julie Andrews, who played opposite Richard Burton.

Bambi was born in New York City, and her parents were from New York. She grew up in New York City, and her parents were Jewish. She was educated in private schools in New York City. She started her career in the theater, and then moved on to television and film. She was known for her voice, which was said to be a beautiful alto.

Bambi was married twice, first to Roland Alexander, a dancer, and then to Bertram Marks, a producer. She had one child with each husband.

Bambi was known for her beauty and grace on stage and on screen. She was said to be one of the most beautiful dancers of her time. She was also known for her voice, which was said to be a beautiful alto.

In 1945, she starred in the movie “Carousel,” which was based on the Broadway musical of the same name. She was praised for her performance, and the movie was a huge success.

Bambi was also known for her charity work. She was involved in many causes, and was known for her generosity.

Bambi died in 1970, and was survived by her second husband, Bertram Marks, and their daughter, Jamie.

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There's something about the idea that left her with her teeth rattling from shock. "It's high time we all met," she said to Mom and Pop, "because I'm going to marry Lennie." Martin regained his composure first, and gave him shops for, and buys me lovely dresses and shoes and perfume and pretty lingerie —and this diamond wristwatch he gave me." Bambi touched the lovely thing, "on our second anniversary. For every important occasion, he gives me a piece of jewelry.

"Now that, as of now," Bambi crossed her fingers, "we don't have to worry about the next dollar or all those financial questions, it is so peaceful, so lovely. Without being rich—because, of course, we really aren't—we feel so rich. And we just try (this is our creed, I think) to make each day pleasant. We don't think of the mistakes we made yesterday, but of what we will do on the next show, of new fields we will conquer, of how we will try to simplify our work, take things away, get down to the dancing and be always, each hour of every day, together."

"To that," Rod said, "amen." It sounded like a prayer. It was a prayer. Then they laughed at each other again, across the table, two young people who are very lovable. And very much in love...

Leila's Golden Windows

(Continued from page 34)

give me a chance to think about it, I could give you an answer before the party's over.

"That I'll buy," he said, "as long as the answer is yes.

She didn't get a chance to speak to him alone before she left with her original date, quite late—which was just as well, because she had her mind on something else. But the next morning, when she woke, Lennie Green was the first person she thought of. On an impulse, she reached for the phone.

"Lennie? Leila Martin. If you still mean it, the answer's yes. After the show.

"Hallelujah!" she said—and Lady Destiny relaxed.

The deed was done. Leila and Lenny found out a few basic things about each other that evening, in between supper and dancing. She learned that he was a theatrical agent, head of the Mercury Artists Corporation, and he discovered that Leila was the little girl whose parents—loved the theater—had let her start singing in public when she was five.

That was enough for him. . . .

When Lennie suggested—just two weeks after that first meeting, and after exactly fourteen consecutive dates—that they invite her mother and father to come along with them on a short trip to Manhattan, Leila thought it was one of the sweetest things he'd done so far. Why, he'd barely met her parents. She'd introduced him to them briefly, one Thursday, when Lennie had picked her up. . .

The Martins went along with the idea without too much enthusiasm, although they were anxious to please Leila, and obvious about their intentions. They had both thought Mr. Green an attractive young man, with good manners. But, given a choice, they would rather have wine and dined him at home first, before accepting his invitation to dinner.

Still—no sense in being stuffy. So they all gathered in Manhattan at a neighborhood restaurant, and had dinner.

Then, of course, there was the unpredictable thing that left her with her teeth rattling from shock. "It's high time we all met," she said to Mom and Pop, "because I'm going to marry Lennie." Martin regained his composure first, and gave a hollow laugh. "Some other people have thought that, too," he said, and Mom came in with a weak smile and a muttered pleasantness. The evening went on with a distinct chill in the air, and ended early.

The Martins' front door had no sooner closed behind them than, in effect, the roof almost blew off the house.

"If I were aham," said her mother, starkly, "I'd burst into tears and cry, 'My baby, my baby!' In fact, I'm not sure I won't burst into tears," And she did.

"Now then," said Leila's father—automatically passing his breast-pocket handkerchief to his wife as he turned a stormy countenance to Leila—"let's have it. You see this man two or three times, and then tonight he calmly announces he's going to marry you. And you didn't even squeak. Don't you think your parents are entitled to a little warning about such a step? After all, you're still only twenty."

Leila looked down at her feet, in mortification. "I was as petrified as you were," she said. "Believe me, it was the first I'd heard of it. Oh, he said something last week, just for laughs—something like 'Let'selope,' but of course that didn't mean anything. . . ."

"Of course not," said Mrs. Martin, beginning to smile. "Just talk, that's all. He was just trying to be amusing tonight."

And then the top really blew off of the little Martin house in Brooklyn.

Leila officially asked Leila to marry him, in front of the Stage Delicatessen on Seventh Avenue, one midnight, when he'd picked her up at the stage entrance and they were just walking along. And, after that, a number of things—including One Big Thing—had happened.

By now, of course, they had both realized that they were hopelessly in love. Leila didn't know much about the past of Lennie, who is a trifle older than she is . . . but, for her, this was first love.

Leila was floating. There was just one basic problem. She didn't even know it with a complete inside lining that improves uplift, comfort

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low fee. The sometimes turned dry. But now you've got a thing but I'm going to work.

"Not and be married to me."

"Let's get this straight," said Leila slowly. "I've got a career that I'm proud of, and I'm going to work."

"Hello?" gasped, "But I couldn't do that—"

"There's a phone over there."

When his apartment answered, a secretary said, "He's not here. Miss Martin."

Leila was about to hang up in despair when the secretary suddenly came to life. "Miss Martin! I'm sorry, he's trying to call you all weekend. If you just hold on, I'll get him on the other wire."

And a minute later she heard his voice. "Hello?" she said softly.

"Where've you been?" he said.

By the time they met in a small café just off Fifth Avenue on Fifty-second Street, she had almost recovered. She was, at least, looking her best. He'd preceded her to the table, but he held up his hand. "I've got something to say to you," he announced.

"Politeness demands that you let me speak first," she said firmly. "I've decided that you're anything else in this world should interfere with my marrying you, they can all go out the window. So, now, if you want to speak—"

"I was only going to tell you that you couldn't marry me if you wanted to."

They sat for quite a long time, then Leila said, "Want to take it back?"

"Me? "No, then what's next?"

"We've both given in," she said happily. "Maybe we could go along on that basis."

I tied the knot. And he might sometimes give in to me. Frankly, you can tie it or anything else in the world should interfere with my marrying you, they can all go out the window."

"How about that?"

"How about that?" Leila said, and kissed her soundly.

A few days later they were married, with the Martins—now persuaded—attended. And they rounded it all off with two wonderful weeks in Havana.

For the next four months after they returned to New York, Leila was Lennie's bachelor apartment and rented a house in Connecticut for weekends; and Leila had a chance to look around and decide on how she would operate in her new part-time job of housewife. She would have a twice-a-week maid to come in to do the house and she would do herself. Lennie had explained that he liked to eat at home, and she wasn't about to tell him that her experience as a cook was the sketchiest.

"I'll be sending you to work in the kitchen, and in Leila's opinion there was nothing to it.

For their first dinner at home she broiled a steak, tossed a salad, baked potatoes, and served cherries and brandy over some French ice cream. She had candles on the table, and wine, and she'd always been able to make good coffee and good coffee and supply dinner.

The next night, when she had decided to try her hand with fish, he brought home a couple of friends. She took this in stride. After all, what was a boy to do, out of fishing fish? She had a lot of halibut, and she treated it the way her mother prepared sole. However, she did get off-schedule on the rest of the meal and arrived late at the table, after the others were already well into the halibut course. "Delicious!" they all told her, and, smugly, she took a bite.

She tasted disaster. Whatever she'd done to that halibut, it had been the worst possible fish she could think of. She looked another bite, and it almost gagged on it. She looked at the set of smiles on the guests, and at Lennie's resolute expression. Tears started running down her cheeks, "I'm sorry," she gasped, "it's just terrible!"

"It isn't, either," said Lennie, manfully scooping up a second portion. "It's fine!"

Later, after the guests had made an early retreat, Lennie put his arm around her in the kitchen and gave her comfort.

"If anything was the least bit wrong, he assured her, "it must have been with the halibut, not with your cooking." And he was very tender all the rest of the evening.

That night, after he was asleep, she lay awake, trying to figure what she'd done wrong. Finally she sighed softly and closed her eyes. "I may not be able to cook fish well," she thought, "but I found and married a good man."

She was still of that opinion seven months later, when we spent an afternoon together. In fact, she was "radian," "startling," and 'just a girl in love."

As for Lennie, he had learned that even Lennie's honest criticism of her made a difference for the better in her life and career.

"He said something so simple to me, I didn't pay any attention to it at the time," Leila said. "I was putting my hair up in curls, and he said, 'Come along, come every night since I was twelve, when he said it. You look terrible in curls.'"

She blinked her long, thick, real eyelashes. "What could I answer? I had straight hair always."

But not so. "God gave you straight hair," Lennie said, "and a narrow face with small features. When you surround this with masses of curls, it makes your face look smaller, less significant. For heaven's sake, drag your hair back from your face and, if it's straight, let it be straight! It's you, that's what you are—and why are you confused?"

In tears, the next day, Leila went to a hairdresser, and had those unmanageable homemade curls chopped off. The result was everyone's surprise except Lennie's—was perfectly enchanting. Her narrow, gay, mobile face seemed to come alive, achieve new dimensions. And,
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Archer, settle down to a contended married life in Dickson. But they may discover that it is possible for the friendliest of in-laws to become too much involved in each other’s lives—particularly if Mother Burton’s talent for making trouble manages to assert itself as it always does after a while. CBS Radio.

THE SECRET STORM The recent death of his beloved wife leaves Peter Ames crushed and bewildered, and only very slowly does he start to take over the reins of his little household. Is he capable of protecting his three children against the influences directed against them? Is the strange behavior of his new housekeeper somehow related to the possibility that his sister-in-law Pauline is still live with him? CBS-TV.

THE SEEING HEART Almost before she becomes Dr. John Adams’ assistant, Dr. Robin McKay realizes the problem in his marriage. But it is some time before she senses the curious inter-relationship linking his wife Grace with the distracted young heiress Lorna, who is so desperately afraid of her step-father and Dr. Hugh Blair. Is Lorna really neurotic, or is there basis for her fear? And what part does her Aunt Cynthia play? CBS-TV.

STELLA DALLAS Ada Dexter’s money and her insane determination to see her son Stanley married to Stella’s daughter Laurel have almost succeeded in wrecking Laurel’s marriage to Dick Grovesenor, in spite of Stella’s heart-broken efforts to prevent catastrophe. With the help of Dick’s mother, Ada has managed to create such confused misunderstanding that divorce seems the only answer for Laurel. Will Stella find another way? NBC Radio.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE The joy of new-found love is dreadfully clouded for Nora and Fred Maggie, but until they must still battle the Syndicate for Fred’s freedom—and possibly for both their lives. Will Nora be deceived by Wyane Robinson’s false friendship—friendship which conceals a malicious determination to wreak vengeance on the newlyweds for destroying her own hopes of a future with Fred? CBS Radio.

THREE STEPS TO HEAVEN Under-world czar Vincent Bannister, relentlessly pursuiting Bill Morgan to save his own skin, is unaware of the combination of forces marshalling against him. Mary Claire Thurmond’s faith in right, and her love for Bill, give her opposition strength that Bannister does not fully realize. Has he made a big mistake in hiring the depraved youngster, Betty, and another in arousing singer Nan Waring’s bitter resentment? NBC-TV.

A TIME TO LIVE Ambitious, resourceful Karin’s discouraged about her prospects as a cub reporter until an assignment which was meant to keep her out of her managing editor’s hair suddenly boomerangs into what may be the most sensational story of the year. If Cathy refuses to allow the paper’s aggressive, experienced crime reporter to take over, will she find herself in great peril? NBC-TV.

VALIANT LADY Like all young people in love for the first time, Mickey Emerson is deaf and dumb to advice, though he deeply respects his mother’s opinions on all other subjects. And recently widowed Helen Emerson wonders if Mickey’s heart is going in the right direction as Bonnie’s emotional instability becomes increasingly apparent. Will Bonnie’s former husband bring Mickey’s love to a shocking climax? CBS-TV.

WENDY WARREN AND THE NEWS Even before her marriage to playwright Mark Douglas, Wendy realized that his neurotic temperament would be a strain on her love and understanding. But the advent of Magnus has deepened and widened the problem and thrown upon it an ominous, fearful shadow. Is it possible that under the influence of this strange man Maggie Warren is losing her tenure in the world of reality? CBS Radio.

WOMEN IN A MAN’S WORLD During the years of her marriage to Harry Davis, Joan has gained much wisdom and learned many things about herself, her husband, and marriage in general. But she learns a further truth when her beloved sister goes through an emotional crisis—this experience cannot be given away as a gift to another person. Must she stand by to watch the unhappiness that her advice could have helped Sylvia avoid? ABC Radio.

WOMAN IN MY HOUSE There was a time when James and Jessie Carter feared that as their children grew up they might drift away. But they know now that they have a strong family circle all of their children have clung to it, drawing in new recruits as they married and had children of their own. Will there come a time when the older Carter family will find the responsibility too heavy? NBC Radio.

YOUNG DR. MALONE New influences cross Dr. Jerry Malone’s path and interact in curious ways to create new problems for him as he understands for the first time how his daughter Jill’s adolescence jealousy may prevent him from finding the first real happiness he has dared hope for since the death of his wife. Would wealthy Marcia Sutton encounter a more welcoming reception from Jill than the glamorous but strange Tracey Adams? CBS Radio.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN Once again widow Ellen Brown faces her heartbreak as Michael Forsythe, who won her heart on the rebound from Dr. Anthony Loring, brings her only suffering and disappointment. Can Ellen find any happiness in Simpsonville while Anthony and his jealous, vindictive ex-mother-in-law live in her environment? What happens as the whole town takes sides in the situation involving Ellen and Anthony, who were once engaged and are still in love? NBC Radio.
Susan Has a Boy!
(Continued from page 40)
world she wanted to do, but when it
came to marriage. There, all her long-
ing for the comfortable, secure home she
still remembered influenced her emo-
tions, and a European perspective clarified
her plan.

"I want an American husband," she
would specify, and she would brush aside
all the other girls' mention of romantic
Latinos and Frenchmen who could turn
a graceful compliment into something
more, she would state, "but Americans
make the best husbands of all."

Susan's mind was made up, and Susan,
being the kind of girl who plans and then
makes those plans come true, fully ex-
pected that, when the time came for
serious romance, everything would work
out exactly according to the script she
prepared in her mind day by day. The
doctor or the lawyer—the American of
substantial profession, understanding heart
and great consideration—was bound to
turn up right on cue.

There was just one thing Susan over-
looked.

Drawing as she did on age-old feminine
wisdom when making her plans, Susan
should also have recalled that by tradi-
tion, Cupid is the most capricious of crea-
tures and notoriously an erratic marksman
when he shoots his darts.

Susan, of course, fell in love with the
effect opposite of the man she pictured.

It happened in Toronto, where the Cana-
dian division of United Artists was making
the picture, "Forbidden Journey," Susan
having just made "Lost Boundaries" for
United Artists in Hollywood, was one of the
two non-Canadians in the cast.

The other non-Canadian was Jan Rubes
(pronounced "roobesh"), a tall, broad-
shouldered young man chosen for the role
of a Czecho-Slovakian stowaway. It was
more than a mere play part for him, Susan
soon discovered. He, too, had been born
in her own native country and had come
to Canada in 1950.

Instantly, there was the appeal of mem-
ories shared, the sound of songs long un-
heard.

Jan, Susan learned, had been Czechoslo-
vakia's junior tennis champion in the care-
free days before the war. He also had
been cross country ski champion. His
mother was still in Czechoslovakia and so
was Susan's father.

But the songs were more important
than the memories, for Jan, a lyric basso,
had already achieved a program over CBC.
Trans-Canada titled Songs Of My People.

Directed particularly toward recent im-
igrants, each week it featured the folk
songs of a different national group. Jan,
who speaks five languages and sings in
dozen, was writer and narrator as well as
the singing star. Through his songs and
his stories, he sought both to ease the im-
migrant's nostalgia and to help him adjust
to his new home.

Susan was charmed with Jan and Jan
was charmed with Susan. So charmed that,
during the first month after she returned
to New York, he ran up a phone bill of
ninety-six dollars, and hers totalled
seventy-eight.

Susan's dream of a native-born Ameri-
can husband vanished entirely when even their tenuous telephone
communication was interrupted by a
concert tour which took Jan out of the coun-
try for six months.

In the loneliness of awaiting his return,
she realized that the labels she had so
blithely decided upon held little mean-
ing. Jan might have been born in Czecho-
slovakia, but he, too, could apply for

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naturalization. The important thing was that he had absorbed the idea that marriage is a partnership. He might be in show business, but he shared her desire for a secure, comfortable home.

They were married in New York on Sunday, and the baby was a sort of a hasty wedding. After we got our tests and things out of the way, there were just three hours left before my visitor's visa expired.

Their honeymoon was a trip to Toronto, where Jan returned to his program.

Then began the period in which Jan asked a claim to being the champion long-distance commuter. On every payday, he took a plane from New York to Toronto, did his show on Fridays and returned Friday night.

Under such circumstances, setting up an argument that says, "That's when I discovered that Jan and I had reacted in opposite ways to the upsets which had brought in childhood,"

suggested. "I have to try to work things out in advance. Jan, on the other hand, is a spur-of-the-moment person."

The mark of Susan, the planner, is on their choice of locations. The building, on 72nd Street, is conveniently close to Central Park. "It will be easy to get out in the sun," she said—but she now admitted it was just too hot for her, or "take a baby out for an airing."

The extra bedroom drew the same kind of consideration. "We'll make it a study and a guest room," said Susan—"if we ever hoped, or nursey, a little later on." To Susan, the color scheme was obvious. "Let's do it in blue," she said.

Jan, reading her mind, teased her, "Are you afraid to be pink? Our first is bound to be a girl."

Susan, summoning courage, said it out loud, "I want a boy. I want an American son."

They compromised on aqua and moved in desks, daybed and piano. Furnishing of the rest of the apartment went along in modern style with a Charles Eames dining table, rush-seated black chairs, a comfortable sofa in a black and white print, a marble-topped coffee table, and occasional chairs in pinkish-orange to match the draperies. For their bedroom, they chose yellow and orange.

Susan was her own decorator. "And what a job!" she exclaimed. "It seemed as though every time I found something I wanted, Jan was in Toronto or out on a concert tour. If I asked whether he liked the idea of orange drapes, he asks, "What shade of orange?" And I'd be stuck for trying to describe it."

For months, she had refused to look ahead, it turned out to be Jan who did the most serious planning of all, and he assumes an understandably self-satisfied air as he takes up the story:

"I was in Chicago to sing at the Grant Park concerts last summer, so I thought that would be a good time to go see Ina Phillips."

Ina Phillips, author of Susan's CBS serial, The Guiding Light, is a woman wise in the ways of young couples who obviously are much in love. It's altogether likely that she anticipated Jan's deepest purpose by her expertly making it easy for him to introduce the subject.

He says, "We got along so well that just before I was leaving I mentioned that we'd like to have a family..."

Miss Phillips, who has practical considerations momentarily overshadowed their deep hope. Considerably, she commented that Jan's move from Canada to the United States means bringing that his airplane commuting continued to nip deeply into the family budget. "Are you concerned about Susan staying on the show?"

Recalling what happened next, his serious face breaks into a wide smile: "Ina said we should go right ahead."

She was the first one they called when, in February, Jan learned that the baby was on the way. Under the circumstances, they had anticipated that Susan would stay on the show until several weeks before her baby was born. Then Miss Phillips took care of Kathy's absence via a nervous breakdown which was being managed in the hospital.

Meanwhile, Susan and Jan were experiencing a personal drama as engrossing as any which could ever be unfolded before cameras and microphones.

Says Susan, "It's a wonder-filled moment, when you first realize that you have another person to plan for."

That person had to be a boy, Susan announced. Others thought differently. Says Jan, "I wanted the baby to have the best possible start in the world. Also I wanted to know every minute exactly what was happening."

With this attitude, she asked her doctor about natural child delivery, the method by which the mother is taught to cooperate with the processes of nature, rather than fighting them, and thus make unnecessary the use of drugs or anaesthetics. Susan recalls with satisfaction: "The doctor advised me to take the classes. I had nothing to lose by doing so. Even if I changed my mind later and wanted anaesthesia, I'd just be better prepared. He realized I didn't like surprises."

One surprise, however, was much to her liking—the baby shower. She says, "I'd never even seen any kind of a shower. Once I had heard some of the girls talking about one and had thought that was such a nice custom I'd like to go to one sometime. It never even occurred to me that they might include Charita Bauer, who plays Bert, and Ellen Demming, who is my stepmother on the show, to trick me into coming over to Charita's house."

When she did arrive, the party delighted her somewhat. "They had the place all decorated with pink and blue balloons. All the women on the show and the wives of the staff were there."

For her careful preparation in the hospital classes, Susan continued to have one worry. To her doctor, she said, "You'll just have to do something to make sure the baby doesn't arrive on a Friday. It would be so awful if it's born when Jan's in Canada."

Jan, too, was concerned. Part of the natural childbirth method is to coach the father as well as the mother in what to anticipate.

The doctor could offer her little aid. "That's up to you," he said. "You'll just have to determine it can't happen."

Susan continued thinking about the time and day when Susan went to see him on Monday, May 24. "Another week or
ten days," he predicted. Susan now admits, "I was certain then that it was bound to happen on a Friday—and bound to be a girl. I felt awful."

Then she brightens. "Jan and I were watching the baseball game. That is, Jan was watching. I think the only thing I could see was a mental picture of a plane taking off for Toronto. Until, all of a sudden, I got a pain."

To hear her tell it, that particular pain was the most blissful sensation in the world. She concludes, "Jan beams. He told us to come over."

Susan chimes in, "They put a mask on, a cap and a gown on Jan and he was right with me, timing the contractions, until the last twenty minutes. I appreciated it, because it took quite a long time."

The "quite a long time" was from 8:00 A.M. until 5:30 P.M., but Susan says she was never afraid. "By the stopwatch, I learned that the pains lasted forty-five seconds each and were five minutes apart."

A shot of a sedative gave her the impression of a two-hour sleep during the middle of the afternoon. "But even then," says Jan, "she'd signal me with a long, slow wink whenever a pain started, so I could click the stopwatch."

At 5:30 P.M., May 25, 1954, Christopher JanRubes made his entrance into the world. He weighed seven pounds, thirteen ounces, and was twenty-one inches long. "He'll be tall, like his father," says Susan proudly.

What the baby already means to Susan and Jan is indicated by what happened on their vacation. In July, Susan joined Jan on one of his Toronto trips, leaving the baby with the nurse who has cared for him ever since he came home from the hospital. They attended the Shakespearean Festival at Stratford, and then had a few carefree days of water skiing at Lake Simcoe.

"We had planned to stay until Sunday night," says Susan, "but on Friday we went to visit some friends whose baby had been born ten days earlier than ours."

Like all proud young parents, the friends boasted how fast their child had grown, insisted he now could follow them with his eyes, that he knew their voices.

Says Susan, "Then the same thought hit both Jan and me at the same time—what if our baby had forgotten us while we were gone, what if he thought the nurse was his mother?"

They hurried back to their hotel and called the airlines. Could they have accommodations the next morning, they inquired. The planes were crowded but the reservation clerk sensed their concern and asked, "Is this urgent?"

"Urgent!" Jan exclaimed. "It sure is. We have to get home to our baby."

Says Susan, "That's the quickest way to say it. He can't have to come over."

With him, our roots are down. We have a home, a home which centers around a new human being. 'We have an American son.'

And the future?

There, long-planning Susan and spur-of-the-moment Jan have come to a meeting of the minds. "We'll not make any definite plans," says Susan, "though we have to come over too many long-range plans made for us and then upset by things beyond our control. We'll just go on, doing the best we can every day. And, the Lord willing, we're going to have more children to join our American son."
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A Date With Eddie

(Continued from page 60)
to the Catskills, and said she was sorry—but when she came back...

"When you come back," Eddie said, "I'll be there."

She sighed, and then put it out of her mind. He wouldn't call again, after such a letdown. But he did. He was on the phone a couple of weeks later, and this time she accepted his invitation to come... Hope sat patiently on a bench outside of the studio.

I slipped onto the bench beside her for a few minutes and we talked. She told me how Eddie had met, in the usual way TV persons do, and how they'd drifted into one of those pleasant relationships where a beautiful girl and a famous singer find each other, to go together. I showed hope to know what Eddie first saw in her. I've already explained what he later found to make him want more and more dates with her.

When hope and Eddie have turned into a story-book romance, a sweet idyll that might bring love and marriage and happiness to both of them? Well, it just doesn't work that way sometimes, when the hero is an Eddie Fisher and the girl is Hope Lang. Not, at least, while the boy's career is zooming.

In such a process, the boy has no time to explore his relationships, or find a separate, private life for himself. In a way, he is the victim of his fantastic success. It takes a lot of people to "dress" him for each appearance, just as it did for Sinatra and as it will for others. People on the staff accumulate, half a dozen or so people are always with you, helping with the thousand-and-one details of a busy schedule. But those ' sailors' never freed you of the crowds that want to get under the pictures on your coat.

You're Big Stuff now. You look around, and there's a big bustle of people in the background, very busy. You recognize most of them—but what are they doing? Oh, well... you're too busy to think about that. You didn't get in front of that mirror until four this morning, you fell into bed and slept till seven, you had a dentist's appointment, then an interview. The calls come from new, rehearsals. Rehearsals for a program that goes on the air on the dot. How's your voice? Didn't I knock it out last night? Can I do it right, can I be as good as yesterday, can I top it?...

"But he is such a sweet guy," Hope said. "All of this is what he has to do. This is his year, he has to do it."

They had had dates before, Eddie and Hope. Hope she said, sadly, "most of them were like this. Dating Eddie is fun, but—well, it's like dating twenty people.

"When you're famous," Hope added, "you never joke alone."
The last fan, the last photographer drifted away with a "Thank you, Eddie," He nodded to them, smiling gracefully.

Then he said, "I'm due at Madison Square Garden at seven, ten minutes from now. Want to come? Or should I pick you up later?"

Hope hesitated, and he went on: "Well, I guess we'll have fun for you, at that. Guess I better meet you afterwards."

"Where?"

"Well, that party for the Coke Time staff is definite now. And, by a strange coincidence, it's exactly where we were plan-
ing to go, anyway—La Vie en Rose."

So... how about there?"

She looked at the crowds around him, and smiled. "Fine, Eddie. It's a work night date, so don't worry about a thing.
Ill be seeing you later on at La Vie."
At eleven, she got out of her taxi in front of La Vie en Rose, on 54th between Lexington and Park Avenues, and with some slight difficulty wangled her way past a few guards and some policemen. Once inside, she stood for only a moment before Eddie came running up the steps and claimed her.

"Say," he said quietly, "let's get a corner table and talk a little. They thought they were alone. They'd talked for all of two minutes when the rest of the crowd claimed them and the photographers moved in on them.

"Up here, Eddie," they said. "Just one more, Eddie."
He turned to her with a shrug.
Hope grinned. "It's all right," she said.
Later, they had a little time at that corner table again. There were interruptions, of course. For autographs. For more photographs. Table-hopping while Eddie greeted the people. And time out for a little eating, too—a delicious buffet which had been trucked down from Grossinger's resort in the Catskills.
Hope kept the same gracious smile on her pretty face, throughout, and they did get a few dances together. But, inevitably, Eddie was called away, time after time.
Hope was sitting at another table, talking with a producer she'd known for almost a year, when Eddie came racing back to her. "I got lost!" he exclaimed, "and I couldn't find you. Come on, they're holding the show for us!"

"Right behind you," she said cheerfully.
At two in the morning, as an enthusiastic audience screamed for more, an announcer stepped out to tell them that the show had really just begun. Presents would be given to members of the Coke Time crew, and there was Eddie, still smiling and greeting, bounding up on the stage to help.
Your reporter chose this moment to leave. On the way out, she saw Hope in a phone booth, patiently dialing away.

"Calling your mother?" It is pretty late.
She looked up and smiled. "Just to let her know where I am."
A moment later she stepped out of the booth, and together we went to the entrance of the big room and watched as the presents were being handed out. Eddie was as busy as anyone else. Hope shook her head.

"I don't see where he gets the energy, day after day," she said. "The poor guy—is success worth it? I'd feel sorry for him, except that I know he loves it."

Think you and me alone on some place for a late snack after this?

"Oh—it's so late, I don't think so. I'll have to be getting home pretty soon."

It wasn't much of a date for you, after all." I said.

"What there was, though, was fun," she said. "And the hectic part—well, that's show business. It isn't Eddie's fault. He's just stuck with this big thing that's happened to him. He's one of the sweetest boys I've ever met—and someday I hope we have a couple of minutes together so I can tell him so."

"That doesn't sound like you expect to have many more dates with him."

"He moves around a lot," she said. "And after all—I met an awfully nice guy at a party a week ago. He's a doctor, a resident doctor at one of the big hospitals here in town. Of course, he's on duty twenty-four hours a day, but do you know what? He very often has time to spend several hours with me."
She smiled. Then she looked again at Eddie. "I'd better be getting back."
We said good night, and she went on into the big room again, and I made for home, to dream of what it would be like to be as lucky as Eddie Fisher, enjoying one of those Big Years.

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Dream Princess

(Continued from page 49) in my dreams. Now, isn’t that an improvement on TV or the movies?"

Marion ... Marion who is a top ten manager. Most of her dreams are million-dollar, Class-A productions with lush scenery, plenty of extras (both two- and four-legged), and she co-star a very handsome male lead. Marion never has a problem with the sugar-coated singer.

Whacky? Why, well not why? Why shouldn’t a twenty-four-year-old beauty have her dreams? Maybe it doesn’t sound like Marion because she is the only girl with the demure, mature look, the romantic, sedate evening gowns, the young lady who usually sings in three-quarter time, the Dresden doll with the perfect, glistening coterie of flattery. But if a lot of us have been fooling ourselves somewhat about Marion Marlowe. The truth about Marion is that she’s very vivacious, kind of impulsive, and a little bit of a lovely screwball.

The Marion Marlowe no one ever hears about is the Marion whose life is a colorfull Kaleidoscope of parastripi and pigtails, pinkies, and parasols. Perhaps in a million years. Perhaps in a million, million years. But she has the pinkies, the parasols, and she can still look so much like her own right.

Marion gets up at 5 A.M. to allow herself two and a half hours to wake up. She not only gets up, but also makes up my mind and body and desires for the day. It’s like bringing a zombie to life."

She lives in a hotel apartment, the Delmonico, on Park Avenue. It houses other celebrities, but this is a bunch of them. The apartment next to Marion’s. Ed Sullivan and his family have lived in the Delmonico for years. It has played host to many stars, but none of them have endured longer in the memory of the management than Marion Marlowe.

When Marion first moved into the Delmonico, about a year ago, she discovered that the only other creatures up at five in the morning were pigeons. So Marion and the pigeons began to have breakfast together on her terrace.

Marion’s first guest was Whitey, a plump, and fussy monkey brought as one of his intimates along, and Marion made them so welcome that he invited all of his relatives and finally began to show up with his whole chowder club. At the height of these early-morning wingdings, Marion once counted seventy birds. That’s when neighbors began to complain.

“Know you the sound pigeons make. Kind of like a big. And the sound kind of cute. Seventy of them sound like a couple of outboard motors racing down a lake.”

And that’s why the management threatened to throw the chimp out. So Marion cut down her guest list and moved her company indoors. There are a few steps leading down from the terrace into the living room. It is on these steps that she and the birds now have breakfast.

After breakfast, Marion has a shower and reads the morning papers and perhaps gets off a letter. She gets to the Columbia Revue, a popular show, before rehearsal time, in order to loosen up her vocal chords—but she actually begins to practice from the moment she gets in the cab.

If it’s kind of rough on the drivers,” she says, “but I don’t mean anything personal by it.”

One driver, a frustrated tenor, took an extra long way around to the store so he could sing some arias for Marion. Another driver, silent and less musical, offered Marion advice as she got out of the cab: “Better get a cup of black coffee lady, and sober up.”

Marion isn’t the best at the management, she does not sing or practice in her apartment. “It’s terrible for a singer,” she says. “If someone turns on a radio too loud, or an ambulance goes by, singing its siren or the singer.”

Once she was listening to a fine musical production and got carried away. She broke into song. Then she heard applause. She thought it was coming from the radio. It originated from the terrace next to hers, and on the balcony was Charles Coburn, a temporary neighbor at the time.

Marion projects herself to humping around the apartment, for she loves music and, without restrictions, would be singing all the time. Singing for Marion, is pure fun. She has no ambitions to be a great singer. Just the occasional song, she wants to be an actress. And she’s a good one. She has had experience in radio and in a London revue. Even now, she studies drama, along with coinage pigeons. Perhaps even this season, she may emerge on your video screen one evening in a dramatic role. But her loves, her great enjoyments, are music and animals. “If I were to do a talk show,” she says, “I’d do it with animals.” “I’d like to do it with animals. I wish I could Arthur would do a Wednesday—night show with a zoo theme.”

When Marion goes back to her childhood in St. Louis, where she was raised by her mother and maternal grandparents. Once Marion collected thirty-five garter snakes. Another time she was on a farm and got a box of eggs. (One day her grandmother was toppled in the nose by one. They were frogs. “From eggs to legs,” says Marion.)

Over the years, she has met up with a variety of beasts. When she was trying to break into movies in Hollywood, she became friendly with a woman who kept and trained pythons and lions and sea turtles. “My motivation was selfish,” Marion says. “I just wanted to play with her pets.”

Then Marion, in her teens at the time, got a job in an English revue. She was in London two years and had a three-year-old chimpanzee as a pet. She kept him in her flat—and out of sight. “I was real immature then,” she says, “and I thought it was real important to impress people with my sophistication—when didn’t include a chimp.”

She had a couple of snooty people in the house, for the town with a tureen she had borrowed from a countess. The chimp, supposedly locked in his ample two rooms, came out to say hello—and sat in the tureen. Marion was so upset that she gave the chimp a look of disgust, but he wouldn’t do ish then,” she says. “I should have given my guests to the zoo and kept the chimp.”

In the States, Marion has limited herself to three pets. Her parents are canaries. Marion and the canaries. Marion’s mother, grandparents, the birds, and her favorite—Figgie, a “curb stone setter”—had lived with Marion in New York until last fall. When the mother and grandparents retired, they took the pets with them, since Marion, with her rigorous schedule, would have been forced to neglect them. But Marion has always flown in to see her folks—and Figgs once every month. And the whole family still spends the entire summer together, when
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Marion takes a house at the shore.
“Animals are really a passion with me,” she says. “I’d love to do a children’s TV show and just have a lot of pets around to talk about and let the kids meet.”

It makes sense that there are a lot of animals in Marion’s dreams. But whether her dreams make sense is another matter. She can’t interpret them, and has never invited a psychologist to try. The cause of the dreams may be rooted more deeply than the mind—perhaps root-deep, in the vicinities of her digestive tract.

Marion is young and has a young appetite which relishes hot peppers, cheese, Italian sausages, caviar, pastrami, bologna. She has a standing order with a grocer for these and other delicacies, plus six quarts of milk, for weekends when she eats at home. And so—she has dreams.

One dream has been recurring since her childhood. (“It’s like one of those old movies on television that you see over and over again, so often that you can’t tell it from the wallpaper.”)

The dream starts off with a pinpoint of light on a corner of the screen. The light moves center and suddenly bursts into a magnificent crystal chandelier filled with hundreds of brilliant candles. Marion is suspended above the chandelier staring at the room into the center of a huge castle where ladies in billowy gowns and men in red and white dress uniforms dance. Marion descends lightly—in the manner of a ballroom dance, and, the moment her toes touch the floor, she is in the arms of a tall, handsome prince. (“I just know he’s handsome,” she says, “although I can’t see his face.”)

They dance and dance, and he laughs and laughs. She loves his laugh. The violins are playing “Lover,” and they stick to the melody. Then Marion’s prince leads her through a velvet portiere and down a huge banqueting hall past gleaming silver and huge stuffed turkeys and piles of pastrami and bowls of hot peppers. He leads her to a fireplace so big that it seems a whole town fit it.

“Then he takes my hand and the mist is just about to clear from his face and reveal his identity—when I wake up. I don’t know who he is. The only identification I have is his laugh.”

Once, in public, she told Arthur about the dream, and concluded, “I’d know him anywhere by his laugh.”

They say it was terrifying for the following lunch. Strangers would walk by Marion, make a hearty guffaw and then pause tensely, waiting for recognition. None of them was a prince. They say it sounded as though a lot of hyenas had broken out of a zoo.

Marion has had that dream maybe thirty-five or forty times in her life. It’s romantic and well orchestrated, so she has always enjoyed it.

But Marion’s favorite dream is set in a jungle. The color is sizzling, with bright greens and boiling yellows and the hot tropical sun. Marion has the lead, of course, and, in the manner of Tarzan, all of the animals are her friends: the elephants, tigers, lions, monkeys and even a three-year-old chimp. Marion, herself, walks around in genuine leopard skin and is the Jungle Queen.

“And I look good, too,” she says. “You know, I lost so much weight that leopard skin was real good for my figure.”

But that’s all there is to the dream, so far—just Africa, the animals and Marion.

“I like it,” she says, “but it could stand some good dialogue and a story line. Maybe what I’ll do is I’ll get a little extra money—is to hire a couple of writers.”

That’s Marion Marlowe, a real dream princess—asleep or awake!
a telephone call from a Mr. Warburton—who had a cultured, fine voice and a broad English accent—Donald thought it was one of his pals ribbing him about a job. He began to imitate the voice at the other end of the wire and to pretend to take the matter only half seriously... until suddenly he sensed that this was no joke and he was spoiling his first opportunity for a job after months of making the rounds. When Mr. Warburton suggested he come to see him, Donald made the date in dead seriousness.

"Until then, I was completely green and unskilled in the techniques of radio, I didn’t even know how to begin learning. Charles Warburton was patient and kind, and a great teacher. He gave me my first job in radio, and he continued to use me on the program as long as he lived. I still work on it occasionally, and I still enjoy the job I do for it."

Other radio jobs began to come his way, rather suddenly. And the first of them sent him into a chap hand. It was during a fight scene on a Mr. And Mrs. North program, and suddenly he found that page 22 followed page 11 in his script! Alice Frost, then Mrs. North on radio, saw his dilemma and quick-wittedly passed the script to someone to be re-shuffled, meantime pointing to the lines in her own script for him to follow. But there were some bitter experiences mixed with all the kindnesses.

"In those early months, I was the male lead in a radio show already in rehearsal. I thought I was working when suddenly I was out of the cast. I didn’t know then that the man who controlled the program had an unpleasant habit of throwing people out well along in rehearsal, if he happened to feel that way. Being young and eager, I was crushed by the experience. It seemed like the end of everything."

"The director of CameoLea Of America heard about it and sent word to me that he would use me on his next show. It turned out to be the story of a young veteran, the lead part, my first really big show, and one of a full orchestra and with big-name players. The kind of opportunity I had longed for. The important thing it taught me, however, was to have faith... and to know that, when one door closes, another always opens."

During all these months, and even during his first motion-picture experiences, Donald was always the kind of boy he really is, a darkly handsome young man with a certain air of distinction. Then, suddenly, he was cast as a young tough in "Street with Name" and... because of his success in the role, he went on from picture to picture, slick-haired and sinister. Accepting his fate, he made his gangster roles as realistic as he could, studying the type he had to portray, learning the jargon of the underworld—a language as foreign to him as any he had ever encountered.

Not until a couple of years ago was Donald allowed to emerge from this gangster-role era. "I really owe the change to radio, and to television," he says. "And, more recently, to my crew haircut." His barber, incidentally, was threatened into doing it. And Janet is still taking a poll among their mutual friends, hoping to confront him with enough negative votes to persuade him to go to his sleek, waving, side-parted haircime me.

Donald rubs his hand through the stubby dark fringe that has taken the place of the old haircut, and grins. "Like it. It helped complete my change of personality, at least my professional personality. For ten years, I tried to 'go straight' and no casting director would let me. Now, you can see how romantic flow. It says so, right here in these scripts!"
(Continued from page 39)

do and they do them. I say they are all line men, great organizations, dedicated to keeping our American—like freedom of thought, our American way, and the corner church. I say if you’re small town, if you’re part of that family, you should be proud of it. You’re the backbone of America.

On That’s My Boy, Eddie is a character comic. But he approaches his comic—work seriously enough and his behavior came out fine, it went in as a heartache. No one knows better than Ed- die the feelings—the failures and triumphs—of Jarrin’ Jack Jackson. He is Jarrin’ Jack. They were the same in schools and small towns, in Eddie’s case, Norwalk, Connecticut. “They call it ‘Clam City,’” says Eddie, “but, when my dad was around, friend, you had to smile when you said it.

Eddie knows Jarrin’ Jack’s idiosyncrasies because he grew up with him. Eddie’s father was typical of the American Eddie is trying to present. He was a joiner, a doer, and a giver. He was one of the re- sponsible people who cared. As Eddie says, he was part of the backbone of the country. He helped some people made fun of. When I first developed my act, I poked fun at the type, too. Until one day I realized I was poking fun at myself.

Then I told him to the rescue. There’s nothing wrong with Babbitt that a little understanding won’t cure. Sure he wants to own property, but he works for it. What’s his herding experience, he started a band and toured for five years. Traveling with his dance band across country, a funny thing happened. In his home town in a small town, he visited them all. Instead of Main Street rubbing off, Main Street rubbed in!

Out of his travels and observations of the American middle class, Eddie built a composite character. He developed his character into an act. He became a mono- logist in night clubs and variety shows.

Then the light dawned. One day Eddie realized he was just himself. He was fun at was himself—no matter how he tried to hide it, even by poking fun at it, he was still just a Clam City kid at heart. The awakening came as a surprise, says Eddie. Though I realized I had an honest right to take liberties with the character, because I was the guy, I also realized he was an honest guy—an honest guy people made fun of. It was time Babb- itt had a champion and was shown in a sympathetic light. This I’ve tried to do.

Eddie’s big break came in 1953 when he was first cast as Jarrin’ Jack Jackson in the show “That’s My Boy.” It was a logical step in 1954 for Eddie to go into the television version of the same name.

Today, Eddie’s pleased that television offers him a chance, as Jarrin’ Jack Jack- son, to spread his philosophy of life. “Be proud of what you are,” he says, “Jarrin’ Jack is! Sure he’s a small-town operator, but he’s proud of his place in the community. Some folks make fun of his small town. He wants to protect it. He likes his little church on the corner—he helped build it. And it doesn’t matter if a little wind comes in the north, east, south, west, or smack in the middle of the country—you should be proud of it.”

So why two stalwart small-towners—Eddie Mayehoff and Jarrin’ Jack Jackson: “You’re the backbone of America. Be proud of it!”

Small-town Guy
Kids Are Like That

(Continued from page 51)

Then, one night, he addressed the husky little fellow, “What do you say we run up and see your mother for a couple of days?”

Jeff kicked his legs in delighted approval of the proposition.

“Good,” Jack stretched out a finger to be clasped by a firm little hand. “We’ll start out in the car Monday around noon.

Jeffrey will be a bit of a trouble on previous driving trips, his father reflected with satisfaction. When the three of them rolled happily along the highway, Marcia kept an eye on Jeffrey while Jack concentrated on the road.

But Marcia wouldn’t be with them this time, Jack suddenly remembered.

“How can I watch where I’m going, keep my hands on the steering wheel, and see that monkey sitting in the backseat?” Jack regarded the wriggling figure lying in the crib.

Jeffrey threw his plump arms into the air and gave a shout about it.

“Oh, so that’s it,” Jack looked at his son with admiration, “you think we ought to fly? Good idea.” While the pilot handles the ship, you and I can relax in the passenger cabins. No problems.

Jack tucked the covers around Jeffrey, picked up a miniature rubber boxing glove which had been tossed gleefully to the floor, dimmed the light and went into the control room.

He could hear Jeffrey’s faint half-cry for attention, but knew that in a few minutes the protests would stop and the baby was asleep. Like all parents, Jack could discern instantly when the crying was a signal of real need, but this was just a bid for further conversation.

It was nearly ten o’clock. Jeff would sleep for the next twelve hours. Since Jack’s TV work keeps him busy late in the evening, he rises around ten in the morning. The Barrys had early adopted the rather unusual retiring hour for their son, but this was no hardship, or even an incumbrance for company at dawn.

Jack looked out at the lights of the Queensboro Bridge spanning New York’s East River, as he and his family descended the La Guardia Airport gimmler in the distance, and Jack was pleased with his decision to fly to Connecticut. The trip would take less than an hour.

Then his attention was absorbed by wondering how Jeffrey would react to the mysterious business of riding through the sky. Suppose the flight should be bumpy, and the plane take a sudden drop through an air pocket? Would Jeffrey cry out in genuine fright? Maybe get sick? Riding in an automobile with both parents was a familiar experience.

But leaving the ground—soaring into the air—that would be new and strange.

Jack decided he had better consult the doctor.

The next morning, the pediatrician was reassuring. “Don’t be afraid, and everything will be okay,” he advised Jack. “If the plane dips or sways or bounces around, just hug your baby and he’ll be fine.

Jack felt better when he left the physician’s office. He dressed the chubby-cheeked youngster in a trim new outfit, and boarded the plane in a confident mood.

Not a sound of protest escaped Jeffrey’s two front teeth as the plane took off and climbed toward the clouds. The baby contented himself with his treasured boxing glove and an occasional grab at his father’s ear or necklace.

All was fine until a violent air current sent the ship into a dive. It tossed and rocked and pitched. Tens with surprise as he lurched in the seat, Jack’s hands tightened around the baby’s small form. Father Barry was filled with panic. Then he recalled the doctor’s words, “Don’t be afraid. If the plane dips, just laugh and Jeffrey was laugh, but mother shoulders.

She took the baby in her arms and smiled. “It seems to have enjoyed his first airplane ride.”

Yes murmured Jack, mopping his brow. “At least the trip was just another big joke to Jeff.”

Jack, feeling like a nervous wreck, sank back exhausted into the car as they drove around the airport.

But the experience was just another in a chain of events filled with laughter for Jeffrey. Tumbles during his learning-to-walk days had been greeted with genteel concern or chuckles instead of cries—Jeff just always in the fun.

His parents find their child’s antics so amusing that they don’t miss the night clubs and theatres which used to keep them entertained during their courting days. Marcia was acting in the Broadway production of “A fellow from Brooklyn” when she first met broadcasting’s popular panel-leader. She still appears occasionally on television programs, but watching Jeffrey’s day-to-day development is so absorbing that she has never been able to keep professional assignments any more. She and Jack get a bigger kick out of playing peek-a-boo and patty-cake with Jeff than attending the most gala opening-night shows.

While the expert’s advice on maintaining small and major crises with Merriment has proved helpful in these early stages, Jack still wonders if his ideas regarding child-rearing, which he has gained from observations of young people who have appeared on his programs.

One ten-year-old boy, Ronny Mulluzzo, who can now claim to have been a normal, happy and well-rounded outside child, is a case in point.

It is the most peaceful half-hour during the whole weekend.

That writer had four children, but the mother of an only child reported: “My four-year-old boy won’t draw any more. Just sits and watches. I finally discovered that, since he had nobody to ‘share’ the crayons with, he felt he shouldn’t play or draw, and now that he doesn’t, he does not always turn out as well as yours and he feels he cannot participate if he isn’t perfect.”

A recent wave to the companions, explaining that it was quite all right to use all the crayons himself, if there weren’t any friends to watch the show with him, and that it didn’t really matter if his drawings were perfect.

Just to make sure that the program material meets the approval of experts, it is supervised by Mrs. Irma Simonton Black, teacher and author of several books on child culture. She is firmly convinced that all parents should do the best for their children but frequently and unknowingly make mistakes which he had to avoid.

By the time he is himself is old enough to be a panelist on that other program of his—Life Begins at 80—Jack Barry figures maybe he’ll know all the answers.
Modess... *because*

Only New Design Modess gives you the luxury of a new whisper-soft fabric covering... no gauze... no chafe,
No wonder so many women are changing to Camay!

There's Cold Cream Now in Camay

Women Everywhere tell us new Camay with cold cream is the most wonderful thing that ever happened to complexion care. And Camay is the only leading beauty soap that brings you this precious ingredient—new luxury at no extra cost!

Whether Your Skin is Dry or Oily, Camay with cold cream will leave it feeling delightfully cleansed and refreshed. Of course, you still get everything you've always loved about Camay—its famous mildness, satin lather, exquisite fragrance. For beauty and bath, there's no finer beauty soap!

Really pampers your complexion!

Mrs. Fred Pittera, a lovely Camay Bride, says, "I've used new cold cream Camay from the minute I heard about it. And it's just wonderful! It's so luxurious, so mild and gentle. I love it!"
New-formula Ipana®
with bacterial-destroyer WD-9

Destroys hidden decay and bad-breath bacteria. It's yours today— a tooth paste with a wonder ingredient so effective it destroys most decay and bad-breath bacteria with every single brushing. And Ipana combines this protection with a new minty flavor your family will prefer.

Topped all leading tooth pastes in 3159 taste tests. New-formula Ipana beat all other leading brands in 3159 "masked-tube" taste tests. It's the best-tasting way to fight decay... stop bad breath all day. Taste it... enjoy it... trust your family's precious teeth to it. At all drug counters in yellow and red-striped carton.

Fights decay the best-tasting way!

Ipana-a-a-ah!

Send for generous sample tube. Mail coupon today for trial tube (enough for about 25 brushings).

BRISTOL-MYERS Co., Dept. T-114, Hillside, New Jersey

Please send trial tube of new-formula Ipana.
Enclosed is 3 stamp to cover part cost of handling.

Name
Street
City Zone State

(Offer good in continental U.S.A. only. Expires Jan. 31, 1955.)
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Cover portrait of Ralph Edwards by Sterling S. Smith

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buy your December copy early • on sale November 9
Listerine Antiseptic Stops Bad Breath 4 Times Better Than Any Tooth Paste!

No tooth paste—Regular, Ammoniated, or Chlorophyll—can give you Listerine’s lasting protection

Before you go any place where you might offend... on a date, to a party, to any business or social engagement... remember this: Far and away the most common cause of offensive breath is the bacterial fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth. So the best way to stop bad breath is to get at bacteria... to get at the major cause of bad breath.

That’s a job for an antiseptic. And that explains why, in clinical tests, Listerine Antiseptic averaged four times better in stopping bad breath than the leading tooth pastes it was tested against!

Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no tooth paste can possibly do. Listerine instantly kills bacteria—by millions—stops bad breath instantly, and usually for hours on end. No tooth paste, of course, is antiseptic. Chlorophyll doesn’t kill germs— but Listerine kills bacteria by millions, gives you lasting antiseptic protection against bad breath.

So, remember—especially before any date—gargle with Listerine, the most widely-used antiseptic in the world.

Listerine Antiseptic was recently tested by a famous, independent research laboratory against leading tooth pastes. Listerine averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than any of the products tested. By actual test, Listerine Antiseptic stopped bad breath up to three to four times longer than the tooth pastes!

Listerine Acts on 3 Areas Where Breath Odors Can Start

1. Teeth
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   - Tooth Paste: Odors Reduced—4 HR.

2. Mouth
   - Listerine: Odors Reduced—1 HR.
   - Tooth Paste: Odors Reduced—4 HR.

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   - Listerine: Odors Reduced—4 HR.
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Gargle Listerine... Quick and Often

This pleasant precaution can help nip a cold in the bud or lessen its severity. The same is true in reducing the number of sore throats. That’s because Listerine reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs before they can invade throat tissues and cause much of the misery you associate with colds.
He's shooting for

Ever since he donned a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles, Reed Browning has known nothing but success.

Contestant Jeanne Belmont of Minneapolis races to ring the bell for the jackpot on Reed's network show.

 Folks visiting Hollywood—or those who live there—have three easy and pleasant ways to meet one of the friendliest and most cheerful emcees in show business, Reed Browning. Anyone appearing in the vicinity of Sunset and Vine any weekday morning or afternoon, is quite apt to become an active part of Reed's two all-around-good-fun shows, Beat The Record, heard locally over Station KABC, or The Reed Browning Show, heard over the ABC Network. Both programs offer a delightful fare of music, spontaneous fun and prize quizzes, and feature popular performers such as Rex Koury, Art and Dotty Todd and Ronnie Kemper. If, by chance, visiting firemen miss either of these happy sessions, they can drop by the famous Cocoanut Grove and join Reed in his evening coast-to-coast Cocoanut Grove Party.

If Reed's face looks familiar and his voice sounds the same, it is undoubtedly because this busy emcee has appeared on a stream of radio and TV shows, from The Breakfast Club and Philco Hall Of Fame, to The Jack Owens Show and Crusade In Europe.

Originally, Reed had wanted to be a trumpet player, but, while still a student in Decatur, Illinois, his football activities prevented him from playing in the band. Hence, his musical career ended. As an English major at the University of Illinois, Reed became interested in radio, so, after graduation, he sent records of his voice to a host of radio stations. One of these was Station KGMB in Honolulu. On the strength of his long-distance audition, the station hired Reed as an announcer and emcee. In short time, he became a tremendous favorite with the local populace and was affectionately known as "Unka Beel." He also made a hit with an attractive young actress named Laurel who was appearing in a play in Honolulu and whom Reed soon took as his bride.

After two years in the land of swaying palms, Reed and Laurel returned to the States, where he got a job with Station KYA in San Francisco. A year later, NBC approached him. During an ensuing interview, Reed—
Stardom

A firm believer of "it pays to advertise," Mr. Browning goes to any lengths—or heights—to plug his shows.

whose real name is Bill Livesay—was told by the big boss: "That name Livesay will have to go." Anxious to get the job, Reed got together with friends and came up with Reed Browning. Months later, the NBC boss met Reed at an office party and asked why he'd changed his name. "Because you told me to," Reed replied. "Oh," laughed the boss, "I was only kidding. We were going to hire you anyway."

When NBC was split and the American Broadcasting Company was formed, Reed was sent to Hollywood as a member of the ABC staff. For the next few years, nothing spectacular happened to Reed's career. Then, recently, he bought himself a pair of horn-rimmed glasses. From the day he donned the specs, his career has skyrocketed. Says Reed, "Until I bought a pair, I had only one radio show. Now ABC has suddenly discovered, after knowing me for a dozen years, that I am a composite of Lewis, Cullen, Allen and Garroway. So they've given me the big build-up as California's answer to those four guys."

While success has become Reed's business byword, at home, in North Hollywood, he continues to pursue his quiet, easygoing way of life with Laurel and their youngsters, Wendy, 13, Billy, 11, Kenneth, 6, and Elizabeth Anne, who is one. The Browning back yard houses a much-used swimming pool, which Reed helped to build, and an outdoor barbecue, a family favorite. While others concentrate on semi-tropical vegetation, the Brownings make a hobby of keeping their place as "Eastern" as possible, to remind them of Illinois. Reed enjoys gardening and "fussin' and fixin'" around the house and is also a ham radio operator.

The Browning home is situated just ten minutes from the ABC studios on Vine Street. This is a convenience Reed enjoys to the fullest, for he hates traffic. But what is more important, Reed loves people—and there's no doubt of how much folks, far and wide, love Reed. He's a spectacular, spectacled favorite.
Baritone Perry Como makes music to swoon by on both CBS Radio and TV this season.

Newlywed and newly bitten by the acting bug, Pat Kennedy has convinced husband Peter Lawford to cast her in bit roles on his *Dear Phoebe* show. They celebrate at New York's famed Harwyn Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ross—she's Joan Caulfield—happily discuss plans for their new Beverly Hills home.

**Ginger Rogers** has been signed by NBC to star in Noel Coward's "Tonight at 8:30," Monday night, October 18. This show is part of NBC's big "spectacular" series this fall, with a super extravaganza to be presented various Saturday, Sunday and Monday evenings, and all to be done in color. Leland Hayward will produce "Tonight at 8:30," with Ginger playing the lead in three playlets chosen from the nine one-act plays which comprised the original show. She replaces Mary Martin, who was previously announced for this production, but couldn't do it because of touring with "Peter Pan." Each of the "spectaculars" this year on NBC will run ninety minutes, and each will cost a minimum of $250,000, which is a lot of money in anyone's television budget.

CBS-TV also has a big new extravaganza series called *The Chrysler Show*, seen every Thursday night, and running an hour. They'll alternate a dramatic production, *Climax*, with a musical, *Shower Of Stars*, with the twin series originating from Hollywood and done live, with big name stars set for the season. On October 14, Ethel Barrymore and Dennis O'Keefe will perform "The Thirteenth Chair," as part of the *Climax* series. Future stars and plays will be announced as soon as they're definitely scheduled.

Also on the CBS fall lineup is *The Best Of Broadway* series, in which they're presenting an outstanding musical comedy or dramatic hit from the Broadway stage. This will be on the fourth Wednesday of every month. On October 13, (Continued on page 8)
Introducing Playtex Living Bra

Now...the designers who performed such miracles with Playtex Girdles bring you an exciting new bra of elastic and nylon!

“Custom-contoured” to flatter, feel and fit as if fashioned for you alone!

From the very first moment, you'll see and feel the dramatic difference! Because there’s never been a bra like the new “custom-contoured” Playtex Living Bra. It lifts, it lives, gives with every motion of your body...for support unmatched by any other bra. The news is in the criss-cross design, the clever use of elastic, those sculptured nylon cups. And the straps are doubled...can’t cut, curl, slip or fray! Wear it once—you’ll love it forever!

Look for PLAYTEX LIVING BRA in the blue package at department stores and specialty shops everywhere. Gleaming WHITE, needs no ironing! Sizes 32A-40C...$3.95

©1954 International Latex Corp...PLAYTEX PARK...Dover Del ★ In Canada: Playtex Ltd...PLAYTEX PARK...Arnprior, Ont.
Your hair is romance...
keep it sunshine bright with **White Rain**

You know it's true—the most delightful beauty asset you can have is lovely hair. Hair that's bright to see, soft to touch, as fresh as a playful spring breeze—the kind of hair you have when you use the new lotion shampoo that gives you results like softest rain water. For White Rain sprinkles your hair with dancing sunlight. And with sunshine all around you—love and laughter follow after. Love and laughter... the essence of romance.

*Use New White Rain Shampoo tonight and tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!*

**WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST**
(Continued from page 6)

Monty Woolley re-creates his famous role as "The Man who Came to Dinner." And a little bird whispers that Ethel Merman has been signed to star in "Panama Hattie," one of the biggest of her long list of successes.

Perry Como will be heard on CBS Radio this season, as well as being seen on his TV show, along with Mitchell Ayres' orchestra, the Ray Charles chorus and a guest star. The Fontane Sisters are no longer part of the Como cast, and will try for a show of their own.

The New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra has resumed its regular Sunday afternoon broadcasts, beginning their twenty-fifth year of consecutive airing on CBS. Dimitri Mitropoulos will be the conductor for the first part of the season, with James Fassett handling the commentary.

*Big Town* is moving to NBC-TV late this fall, with a new star as city editor Steve Wilson—Mark Stevens. The date isn't set yet, but the show will probably land a Wednesday night slot.

Congratulations to our own Steve Allen on his new late-evening, coast-to-coast live TV show, *Tonight.* Now the rest of the country will be able to enjoy the ad lib talents of Mr. A., who has kept New Yorkers happy for the past year with his local late-hour show.

**This 'n' That:**

It was a boy for Anne Jeffreys and Robert Sterling, who star on the *Topper* TV series. The lad weighed in at 8 pounds, 6½ ounces, and was tabbed Jeffreys' Hart Sterling.

Remember Baby Snooks, which was such a popular radio show several years ago, starring the late Fannie Brice? It is definitely slated to be a

(Continued on page 18)
Helps Heal: "I've been using Noxzema for three years," says Sheila Walden of New York City. "It has helped heal my skin of small spots and blemishes and leaves my face feeling so much fresher and softer."

Dry Skin: "My skin gets extremely dry," says Janice Miller of Greenwich, Conn., "especially during a change of season. But I use Noxzema faithfully and with so much satisfaction. It helps my skin stay soft and smooth."

Look lovelier in 10 days
with DOCTOR'S HOME FACIAL or your money back!

This new, different beauty care helps skin look fresher, prettier—helps keep it that way, too!

- If you aren't entirely satisfied with your complexion—here's wonderful beauty news for you!

   A famous skin doctor has worked out a home beauty routine that helps your skin look fresher, smoother, lovelier—and helps you keep it that way!

Why It's So Successful!

Noxzema is a combination of softening, soothing, and cleansing ingredients found in no other leading beauty cream. It's greaseless—and it's medicated...to aid healing, help keep skin looking fresh and clear.

The Tingle Tells You! The moment you smooth on Noxzema, you feel a wonderful, cool, refreshing tingle—the signal that Noxzema is going to work, helping your complexion look prettier.

Hundreds of letters praise the way Noxzema helps rough, dry skin, externally-caused blemishes, and dull, lifeless complexions. You see results so fast. Start your Noxzema care tonight. Here's all you do:

1. Cleanse your face with a Noxzema 'cream-wash.' Smooth on Noxzema, wash off with a wet face-cloth—just as if you were using soap. Unlike most cold creams, Noxzema washes off with water!

2. Night Cream: Use Noxzema before going to bed. Pat a bit extra on any externally-caused blemishes. No messy pillow—Noxzema is greaseless!

3. Powder Base: Before putting on make-up, apply Noxzema. It helps protect your skin all day!

It works or money back! In clinical tests, Noxzema helped 4 out of 5 women to have lovelier looking complexions. Use it for 10 days. If you don't look lovelier, return the jar to Noxzema, Baltimore—your money back.

50% More NOXZEMA for your money (then in smallest size)

Limited time offer! Big 6 oz. jar only 69¢ plus tax, at drug and cosmetic counters. Enough for months at a big saving!
STEVE ALLEN'S TURNTABLE

Hi there! Trust you're all settled down for the fall season, with your radio, your television set, and—I hope—your player machine. We've got a variety of good things musical this month, so if you're all set, give a listen and you'll know just how you want to spend your record allowance.

Let's start off with some albums, and there are quite a few this time. Victor is releasing "Glenn Miller, Limited Edition, Volume II," on five 12-inch LP's, adding up to several hours of wonderful music in the Miller mood. All of the selections in this set were never released before, but you'll recognize all the tunes, and you'll certainly remember the old Miller vocalists—Ray Eberle, Marion Hutton and the Modernaires.

Also on the Victor label we find three additions to previously recorded kiddie albums. There's a new Howdy Doody release, a new Ding Dong School set and a new Walt Disney collection. The Disney album includes "Cinderella," "Alice in Wonderland," "Snow White" and "Peter Pan."

I guess Jackie Gleason wasn't kidding when he said he was serious about becoming a conductor. For here he is with a new album for Capitol called "Music, Martinis, and Memories." There are sixteen songs, all instrumental, and as the title of the album implies, they're on the torchy side. Bobby Hackett's beautiful trumpet work is featured.

The British singing lass, Vera Lynn, has a couple of new ballads called "Try Again" and "Now and Forever." This latter tune, by the way, has been a big hit in Germany and Switzerland for the last few months under the title "Heideroslein." Well, anyway, this looks like a big one for Vera (London Records).

Mitch Miller, that talented musical gentleman, has a happy selection in "The Wooden Shoes and Happy Hearts" and "Sabrina," the theme song from the new Audrey Hepburn movie. Mitch conducts his fine orchestra and chorus (Columbia).

"Madonna, Madonna" is a tender ballad with a religious feeling sung excellently by Barry. Tony Bennett, backed with a straight ballad, "Not as a Stranger," not from the novel of the same name. By the way, if you find the slightest connection between the lyrics and the book, let me know, will you? Percy Faith and his orchestra supply the background (Columbia).

Another baritone riding high and handsome these days is Frank Sinatra, and his new album, "Swing Easy!," should help pay Capitol Records' income tax for this year. This is Sinatra at his best, with Nelson Riddle's orchestra, on eight old standards, "All of Me," "I Got Rhythm," "Right Down and Write Myself a Letter," "Sunday," "Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams," "Jeepers Creepers," "Get Happy," "Taking a Chance on Love," and last, but just as good, is the rest of the group in my opinion, "All of Me."

June Valli, who goes quietly along her melodic way as a consistent record saleagle for Victor, has a new release which may well be as big a hit as her "Crying in the Chapel." She does "Tell Me, Tell Me" and "Boy Wanted," with Henry Rene, his orchestra and chorus. "Tell Me" looks like the spade side and June really belts the lyrics across.

The M-G-M label is giving all out on two Pilly Eckstine albums. The first is "I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart," and if you're a Duke Ellington fan, this is for you, because the tunes are all compositions by the great Duke. Such things as "I Got It Bad and That Ain't Good," "Sophisticated Lady," "Solitude," and "Don't Get Around Much Anymore," to mention just a few. The second Eckstine set is titled "Love Songs of Rodgers and Hammerstein," and I don't think these two musical men need any introduction. Billy sings the top romantic ballads from such famous R. & H. Broadway shows as "South Pacific," "Allegro" and "The King and I." Nelson Riddle is the man with the baton.

Betty Madigan, who leaped to record fame with her "Joey" platter, is hoping her new one will keep her right up there. Betty sings, "That Was My Heart You Heard" and "Always You." Joe Lipman's orchestra, with the Ray Charles Singers, lend assistance (M-G-M).

The Ames Brothers, that bouncing family group, have a new bounce ditty, "One More Time," adapted from the old German melody of the same name. The boys do a good job on it and even sing some of the lyrics in German. The reverse is a ballad called "Hopelessly," written by three Boston disc jockeys, who are hopefully hoping it's a hit (Victor).

Dinah Shore has recorded a new album, "Dinah Shore's TV Show," singing all the tunes that were the most popular with her fans on her television show last season. Harry Geller and his orchestra supply the music (Victor).

Kay Starr is still collecting royalties like mad on her smash "If You Love Me" and "Man Upstairs," but she'll have to keep running to the bank to deposit the shekels from her latest, "Am I a Toy on a Treasure" and "Fortune in Dreams," with Harold Mooney's orchestra. This is just about the greatest thing Kay has ever done, and I warn you, you'll be hearing plenty of it in the jukeboxes (Capitol).

Here's a new one by Jimmy Boyd, which the kids and the grownups should both like. Jimmy warbles "Little Sir Echo," the oldie which was a pop tune back in an auto accident a couple of years ago. With his Drifting Cowboys, Hank eons eight tunes in all (Volumes I and II) and included are such Williams favorites as "I Saw the Light," "Six More Miles," "Lost Highway," and "A Rose for My Baby." (M-G-M).

Decca Records is still celebrating their twentieth anniversary as a record company and in continuous honor of the event, they're bringing out some great albums. Whatever your taste, there is something you'll like in their fabulous list. I haven't got space to name them all but just to give you an idea, there's "A Night at the Roosevelt," with Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians—a complete evening of dance music, just as if you were in New York and spending the evening in the Roosevelt Grill, where the Lombardos have been playing for twenty-five years. Then there's "Songs in an Intimate Style," sung by Peggy Lee in her caressing manner. Ella Fitzgerald's album is called "Songs in a Mellow Mood," twelve standards which Ella has chosen as her favorite tunes. "Bob Crosby's Bob Cats" is a group of the greatest sides done by Bob's old Dixieland Band, most of which are now considered to be collector's items. There's even a Jerry Colonna album called "Music for Screaming," with Mr. Mustache screaming out in his off-beat vocal style.

There are many more fine albums in this Decca anniversary release, but the bottom of the page is here, so I gotta go now. See you next month.
and suddenly...your hair is lovely to look at...

heaven to touch!

To see a truly miraculous change in your hair, just do this: Rub a tiny bit of new Super Lanolin Formula 9 into your hair and scalp. Look in the mirror...then feel your hair...suddenly it's lovely to look at...heaven to touch!

With Charles Antell
NEW SUPER LANOLIN

you can actually watch your hair come back to life!

A miracle? Of course not. Any dermatologist will tell you drab, dry, unmanageable hair is hair that's been robbed of its "oil-and-moisture" balance. Now for the first time you're able to restore the precious oil-and-moisture your hair had naturally when you were a child!

For now, Charles Antell—who brought you lanolin—brings you their newest, greatest development—Super Lanolin! A revolutionary advance, Super Lanolin absorbs and holds three times more vital moisture in your hair and scalp than even lanolin itself!

Overnight, all hair preparations made of vegetable or mineral oils, even those "containing lanolin" or with "lanolin added," become as old-fashioned as grandmother's curling iron!

That's why Charles Antell doesn't merely promise results with Super Lanolin Formula 9. Charles Antell guarantees results! While you watch, even damaged hair—hair that's been dried out by dyes and punished by permanents—must awake to new shimmering softness, thrilling manageability! Yes, this must be so—or your money back and no questions asked.

Start today—the new Super Lanolin way—greatest break for your hair since lanolin itself! And for a free, illustrated booklet, "Better Hair Care," write Charles Antell, 115 South St., Balto. 3, Md.

((plus tax))

LOOK for combination package Super Lanolin Formula 9 (60-day supply) and New Lanolin Shampoo at drug and cosmetic counters everywhere. Formula 9 also available in liquid form.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
Buddy Kling combines music and railroading to present a unique listening must for Washington night owls.

"Oh, for the life of a railroader," says Buddy, who spends most of his nights and days talking, drawing or inspecting trains.

Three-year-old Linda Lee Houston, daughter of a railroad employee in Washington, gets the lowdown on miniature trains from Buddy.

Capital Conductor

Buddy Kling—whose unusual Night Train is heard Monday through Saturday from 1 to 6 A.M. over Station WWDC in Washington—never worked on the railroad, but he was bitten by the train bug at the tender age of four and never recovered. "My pop gave me a Lionel," explains Buddy, "and trains have been going 'round in my head since."

On the air, Buddy always presides as conductor and cleverly builds his program of music, news and chatter around the railroad motif. Authentic railroad sounds are used throughout. Guests aren't interviewed—they board the Night Train and talk to the conductor.

Off the air, Buddy's uniform of the day scarcely changes and he can usually be found in Washington's Union Station where, decked out in a conductor's blue jacket and gold-braided cap, he gets tips from the station manager and brakemen. As a sideline, he draws train cartoons for railroad publications.

Buddy developed his love for things locomotive back home in Rockford, Illinois. "I almost went to work for the New York Central," he says, "but my folks talked me out of it and I went to college to study art. If I couldn't run trains, I thought, I could learn to draw them."

After graduation from Missouri State Teachers' College and service with the Army Medical Corps, Buddy became interested in radio work and tried his hand at Station WROK in Rockford where his first "train show," Commuters' Express, was aired. Next came Station KFMB in San Diego and Lullaby Train. Then, last year, during a vacation in Washington, Buddy says, "I got the idea for an after-midnight show based on night trains." After the usual sightseeing, Buddy sprang his idea on WWDC officials who gave him space on "Track 1260."

Buddy believes that his all-night radio-railroad job may have something to do with his marital status. "It seems that no one wants to marry a conductor and share an upper berth," he complains. So, at present, he is sharing an apartment with another train enthusiast. Their abode, says Buddy, resembles "The Wreck of the Old '97," and is littered with "railroad-ana." In any event, WWDC night owls will continue to be proud and happy to share Buddy's love for trains and music through the night, bachelor or no.
Here’s the “Inside” Story on Fabulous Playtex Girdles!

The one and only Girdle with Miracle Latex on the outside... kitten-soft fabric on the inside... and not a single stitch, seam or bone anywhere!

No other girdle whittles away so many inches... yet stays so comfortable! Only Playtex has the slimming power of miracle latex plus kitten-soft fabric inside to caress your skin. Washes and dries in a flash. Slip into a freedom-giving Playtex Girdle soon... and get that slimmer—trimmer look—no matter what your size!

Playtex fabric lined Girdles & Briefs, $4.95—$7.95. Known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube—at department stores and better specialty shops.

P.S. You'll love the new PLAYTEX® Living® bra! It’s “custom-contoured” of elastic and nylon to flatter, feel and fit as if fashioned for you alone! Only $3.95

*U.S.A. and Foreign Patents Pending
When are you really grown up?

There was a time when you wanted things to prove your maturity... like high-heeled slippers or the key to the front door. But all these hard-won privileges seem unimportant when you're really grown up. Then you make your decisions because they're best for you—not just to prove a point.

Take sanitary protection, for example. Almost every girl, every woman, who uses the internal method has made the grown-up decision to adopt it because she honestly believes it's best for her. She may have learned about it from a friend, from her doctor or from a Tampax ad. But basically, she has weighed the advantages of Tampax herself. Here they are:

1. Tampax prevents odor from forming.
2. Tampax is both invisible and unfelt when in place—does away with the whole belt-pin-pad harness.
3. Tampax is easy to dispose of.
4. Tampax is so small, month's supply slips into purse.
5. Tampax can be worn in tub or shower.
6. Wearer's hands need not even touch the Tampax.

Tampax is available at drug or notion counters in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

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4857—Jumper and blouse to mix 'n' match with the rest of your wardrobe. Proportioned for shorter, fuller figures. Half Sizes 14½-24½. Size 16½ jumper takes 3 yards 39-inch fabric; blouse, 2 yards contrast. 35c.

9135—For school days and Sundays, she'll mix-match this trio many ways. Children's Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. Size 6 blouse, 1½ yards 35-inch; skirt, 2½ yards 35-inch nap; weskit, ¾ yard fabric. 35c.

Send 35c (in coins) for each pattern to:
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The New Waist Cinch Bra—that gives you that graceful sweeping uplift to your bust at the same time that it nips your waist into a slim girlish figure by making it 2 to 4 inches narrower.

A special expensive elastic waist belt gives you the tiny waistline the new fashions so require.

The new amazing Waist Cinch Bra must do all we claim for it—or return it without obligation.

Reduces midriff bulge as it uplifts your bust $2.98
Only
Sizes 32-48; A, B, and C cup

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I enclose $2.98. (Ward Green pays postage)

My bra size is .......... My waist measures .......... inches.
A graduate of the school of hard knocks, George Scheck applies his varied talents especially for CHILDREN

Back in the days of the Roaring Twenties, when vaudeville was king of show business, one of its leading subjects was the great Gus Edwards—composer, producer and maker of stars. Edwards had a genius for picking out and promoting talented children, and his famous "School Days" troupe made a hit all across the nation. One of the fortunate members of this group was a young fellow named George Scheck. As a child hoofer with Edwards, George got his professional training the hard way, and it has stood him in good stead ever since. For today, as director of WABC-TV's popular children's show, Star Time—seen each Saturday at 7 P.M.—George invests that training in the future of talented children.

George created Star Time in 1950. Since then, the show has presented youngsters whose polished performances, thanks to George's advice and direction, match many an adult's. One of George's outstanding discoveries is nine-year-old Angel Miganell, a first-rate ventriloquist who has been featured on the Kate Smith Hour and the Ken Murray Show. Another is fourteen-year-old Lenny Dale, emcee of Star Time and a polished comic and crooner whose credits include the Milton Berle and Fred Allen shows.

Undisputedly one of the pioneers of TV, George entered the field in 1939 and produced TV's first variety show, Doorway To Fame. Since then, he has produced unusual shows such as City At Midnight, in which the cameras moved out into the city streets. Now, with Star Time, George has become the busiest employer of child entertainers since the days of Gus Edwards.

George still remembers some advice that great showman gave him shortly before his death. Throughout his career, Edwards suffered continuously from stage fright. When George started in show business, he asked Edwards for advice and got this reply: "Whenever you start screening for your show," said Edwards, "look for one thing." "What's that?" inquired George. "Orphans," was the answer.

Although George has not heeded that advice, there is no doubt that he has done show business a proud and meritorious service in following in his great predecessor's footsteps.
ALL WEEK LONG—at 7:30 pm & 10 pm
WOR-TV, CHANNEL 9—NEW YORK
presents "MILLION DOLLAR MOVIE"

featuring for the first time on television these recent Hollywood hits

in October...
Oct 12 to Oct 18
CAUGHT—James Mason, Barbara Bel Geddes
Oct 19 to Oct 25
ONE TOUCH OF VENUS—Ava Gardner, Dick Haymes
Oct 26 to Nov 1
PRIVATE AFFAIRS OF BEL AMI—George Sanders, Angela Lansbury

And, for the first week in November...
Nov 2 to Nov 8
ARCH OF TRIUMPH—Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman, Charles Laughton

...and other outstanding first-run films in the weeks ahead

*Each night plus additional showings on Sat. and Sun. at 4:30 pm
television show on NBC when and if they can find just the right child to be “Snooks.” To date they have auditioned over four hundred little girls, including James Mason’s daughter, Portland, and Groucho Marx’ offspring, Melinda.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. James Jordan—better known to the public as Fibber McGee And Molly—who recently celebrated their thirty-sixth wedding anniversary.

“Success Story in the Making” might be the description of the budding career of young Jack Harris of Detroit, Michigan. Jack, who is twenty-six years old and is a package meat salesman for the Armour Company, has been appearing locally in Detroit, on both radio and television over Station WWJ. Through the efforts of Bill Silbert, formerly of Detroit, and now a disc jockey on WMGM in New York, Jack was signed to a Coral Record contract, and Tin Pan Alley insists he has one of the greatest voices to come along in years. As a matter of fact, he sounds much as Bing Crosby did twenty years ago. Radio and TV execs in New York have become interested in Harris, who they say “talks like Crosby and acts like Como,” which should be a neat combination for success.

Ronald Colman has finally said “yes” to TV, and he and his wife Benita Hume are filming their Halls Of Ivy in Hollywood for showing this fall.

Jan Crockett, who is the “Sealtest Sweetie” on the Big Top show, is a recent bride. She said “I do” in Philadelphia to Hed Devlet, an assistant director at WCAU-TV.

Also on the bride-and-groom list we find Jeff Cain, co-star of Du Mont’s Marge And Jeff, who took designer Jean Sunstrom as his wife in St. Patrick’s Cathedral in New York.

“Smilin’” Ed McConnell, whose kiddie programs have been seen and heard for thirty years, passed away on his cabin cruiser in Newport Beach, California a few weeks ago. Death was attributed to a heart attack. His current show, Smilin’ Ed’s Gang was taped and filmed and will continue to be seen this year over ABC-TV.

And condolences to Patsy Lee, the former songstress of Don McNeill’s Breakfast Club show, on the sudden passing of her husband, Richard J. Lifvendahl, who was with Station KOVR in Stockton, California. Only twenty-six years old, he died from injuries following an automobile crash.

Mulling The Mail:

Miss E. R., Shippensburg, Pa.: Yes, of course Johnny Desmond is still on the Breakfast Club show, and you can write him c/o the program, ABC, Chicago, for a picture. . . . Mrs. A. F., Kansas City, Missouri: I don’t believe David Wayne has any exclusive movie contract at the moment, but he has signed to do a situation comedy, Norby, for television, and it is presently being filmed in New York. It will probably be released around the country sometime about the first of the year. . . . Miss J. C., Molalla, Oregon: Yes, all of the McGuire Sisters are married, though Dorothy is separated from her husband. She and Julius La Rosa are
still close friends. . . To all of you who wrote about The Marriage, the fine TV show which starred Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy on NBC this past summer: The reason it went off the air is only because the network simply didn't have an open time period for it. However, it is now slated for a possible return this coming spring, and NBC tells me they received mail in the thousands on this program. So maybe fan clamor will get it back sooner. . . Miss K. N. Van Nuys, California: You must have your Joans mixed up, because Joan Caulfield and her husband, producer: Frank Ross are still married, and very happily so. They are currently building a French-style country home in Beverly Hills, California. And her TV show, My Favorite Husband, will originate from Hollywood all season. . . Mr. P. B., Des Moines, Iowa: The reason Jack Webb gave for not going ahead with his planned televiserion of Pete Kelly's Blues was because of the high cost involved. Instead, he may produce it as a feature-length movie.

What Ever Happened To . . . ?
Red Foley, former Grand Ole Opry headliner, and just about the most popular entertainer in Nashville, Tennessee? Red has moved his operations from Nashville to Springfield, Missouri, and is presently doing a half-hour show over ABC Radio on Saturday nights, called Ozark Jubilee.

Peggy Taylor, who used to be Don McNeill's songstress on the Breakfast Club a few seasons back? When Peggy left Chicago she went to Europe, where she became a successful supper club personality, appearing in top spots in London and Paris. She recently returned to the United States and is currently playing the hotel circuit.

Kay Armen, the fine singer, who used to be on Stop The Music and other network air shows? Kay's career is looking up these days, because she was signed by M-G-M to appear in their big musical, now shooting, "Hit The Deck." She'll play the role of Vic Damone's mother, and will also sing three songs in the movie.

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 and shows about whom we receive the most inquiries. Sorry, no personal answers.
Well, then, next best to discovering the Fountain of Youth is The Oster MASSAGETT. Because no matter how tired you are from a long day at home, at the office, or shopping...You can still go out in the evening feeling like a New Woman. Fresh, sparkling, radiantly refreshed...if you have the Oster MASSAGETT. Because, in just a few minutes the Massagett’s velvet-smooth, soothing action...

- lets you give yourself the most glorious sparkle-eyed facials!
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Imagine! Only $19.95, too! No wonder more and more women are getting The Oster MASSAGETT! Why not you?

And another big beauty buy is the Oster AIRJET HAIR DRYER, for looking even more glamorous in a short time. The Oster AIRJET Hair Dryer lets you accept last minute dates, wash and dry your hair for faster...and without drying out natural oils.

Dries Hosiery, lingerie, nail polish, even defrosts refrigerators faster, too. Conveniences placed hot and cold switches...combination handle and stand for on-angled adjustment. Just $19.95. Oster Quality Products are available wherever fine appliances are sold...or write:

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Please send me, without obligation, the following valuable illustrated material for which, I enclose 10c
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DAYTIME DIARY

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

AUNT JENNY Even the smallest, quietest town has its quota of wickedness and evil. In one of her recent stories about Littleton, Aunt Jenny described the impact of a truly evil character on the lives of relatives who had tried to help him. Their effort was wasted on his selfishness, but his brother and sister-in-law learned a good deal about each other which they might otherwise never have known. CBS Radio.

BACKSTAGE WIFE As the wife of a famous Broadway actor, Mary Noble has often contended with fascinating women attracted to Larry’s good looks and success. But never before has she faced as serious a threat as she has found in Elise Shephard. With gambler Victor Stratton working to capture Mary’s interest, Elise has every opportunity of concentrating on Larry. Will the two be successful in wrecking the Noble’s marriage? NBC Radio.

THE BRIGHTER DAY Once upon a time, Grayling Dennis drank. Before he met Sandra Talbot he had already conquered the tendency. But if it turns out that Sandra was the wrong girl for him to meet, what will happen? Will his sister Althea, whose psychological tensions make her especially understanding of Grayling’s, be able to help? Or will dangerous Bert Ralston put a different end to Grayling’s love affair? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

CONCERNING MISS MARLOWE Actress Maggie Marlowe faces a crisis in her career that deepens the heartbreak in her private life—the loss, fifteen years ago, of the daughter she gave into the care of her husband’s parents after his death. With her grandmother, Carol disappeared in France during the war, and ever since then all Maggie’s resources have gone into a disheartening search. Will those resources fail just as the first hope dawns? NBC-TV.

FIRST LOVE In spite of her deep love for Zach and her faith in him, Laurie is wise enough to realize that his complicated character still holds many secrets and surprises even for her. Is he as hard and unfeeling as he sometimes appears to those with whom he is working on the new airplane design? Will he really sacrifice human values to gain even an inch toward his goal of achievement? NBC-TV.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL Sally Farrell always goes along with her crime reporter husband on his dangerous but exciting assignments, and David has learned to be grateful for her help. But he had cause to regret it in the recent case where a clever, vicious killer so expertly worked his way into Sally’s affections that both the Farrells stood in a danger they had never before faced—until the truth was finally exposed. NBC Radio.

GOLDEN WINDOWS What is it really that stands between Julie and marriage? Is it the possibility of a brilliant singing career? Other women have combined that with marriage. Is it Tom Anderson, who made such a mess of his life that his wife Meta is to be grateful for the New York City that there is little chance his meeting with Julie will alter his future? Or is it John himself, though Julie thinks he loves him? NBC-TV.

THE GUIDING LIGHT Joe Roberts and his wife Meta wonder if Joe’s daughter Kathy is masking bitterness over her shattered marriage as she insists her only aim for the future is to care for her daughter Robin and to enjoy herself. Meanwhile, Meta’s brother Bill and his wife Bertha find their disturbed relationship with their little son Michael further complicated by the new baby they expect. CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

HAWKINS FALLS Nowadays there is no place so small or so isolated that it can remain untouched by the main stream of events, no matter how remote it may seem. Dr. Floyd Corey and his wife, natives of Hawkins Falls, are surprised to find that their pleasant little town is no exception, and that there are things about it and things which can happen in it that they never would have suspected. NBC-TV.
HILTOP HOUSE As supervisor of an orphanage full of children, Julie Nixon knows better than to expect that a summer spent with a group of them can be really quiet. But not even Julie could have anticipated the dramatic developments into which she and all the Hilltoppers were plunged by Henry M's new friend, the hermit. Julie is also concerned over her husband's health, and the odd personality of his new partner. CBS Radio.

JUST PLAIN BILL Added to the strain of Bill's recent horrifying experience with the vicious Thelma Nelson has been the emotional difficulty between him and his beloved daughter, Laura, who has now become so worried about Bill that she has begged her husband, Kerry Donovan, to help her protect her father. Has Nancy underestimated Bill's ability to solve not only his own problems but those of the many friends who know they can rely on him? NBC Radio.

LORENZO JONES Lorenzo's persistent amnesia keeps him at the mercy of Phoebe Larkins, whose daughter Gloria is so well trained to call Lorenzo "Daddy" that Lorenzo has no choice but to believe the lie about his marriage to Phoebe. Belle, heartsick at Lorenzo's inability to recognize her as his true wife or to recall the happy years of their marriage, fears that, with Roger Caxton's help, Phoebe's deception may succeed. NBC Radio.

LOVE OF LIFE Van's love for Paul Raven survives the disclosure about his past, but what of the feeling she cannot overcome that she still doesn't know the full story? Can she be happy with a man she now distrusts? And will she once again become embroiled in the mess that her sister Meg cannot seem to help making of her own life this time through her attachment to Hal Craig? How can Van best help Meg's son Beany? CBS-TV.

MA PERKINS The only reason Ma accepted the responsibility of becoming trustee for the Pierce money was that her old friend Alf Pierce made it a special dying request. She is looking forward to the end of her trusteeship—but so is Laura, the ambitious young wife of Alf's son Billy. And Ma is beginning to realize that ambitious is too mild a word for Laura, who seems to want money more than she wants friends or love. CBS Radio.

ONE MAN'S FAMILY The Barbour girls have often chafed at the restrictions laid upon their activities by their somewhat strict and old-fashioned father. Is it because of that training—or in spite of it—that both Claudia and Hazel now find themselves in situations they do not know how to handle? Is Claudia's Johnny the kind of man who could make any girl a good husband? And is Hazel being deceived by glamour? NBC-TV.

OUR GAL SUNDAY Though Kevin Bromfield is dead, his love is a continuing threat to Sunday's marriage. The resentment it created between her and Lord Henry is being kept alive by clever Eve Barrett, who is determined to use every possible weapon in her war against the Brinthropes' happiness. Will Sunday find a way of.combatting Eve's plot before she and Lord Henry actually stand on the brink of disaster? CBS Radio.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY Like other relationships, good family relationships are impossible without mutual respect. But what happens when a father goes against his son's advice—and makes (Continued on next page)

Today, Tonight—wear it and see why more women use Evening in Paris than any other fragrance in the world!

BOURJOIS Created in France... Made in the U.S.A.
What Greater Assurance Can a Bride-to-be or Married Woman Have?

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

Douching has become such a part of the modern way of life an additional survey showed that of the married women who replied: 83.3% douche after monthly periods. 86.5% at other times.

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

ZONITE's Many Advantages

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

ZONITE—The Ideal "ALL-PURPOSE" Antiseptic-Germicide

a serious mistake? It seems impossible that even Helen could ever mar the affection that binds Pepper and his father and mother. But if Father Young is really caught in Grayson's trap, will he ever recover his self-respect? NBC Radio.

PERRY MASON Though Perry Mason fought hard to keep Kate Beekman from being taken into custody for the murder of Gordy Webber, her imprisonment may turn into a stroke of luck, for through if she meets a young policeman who cannot believe her guilty of killing a man. With this inside help Perry has a better chance than before proving thatKate is past cent, and of spotlighting the real killer before he covers his tracks. CBS Radio.

PORTIA FACES LIFE As Portia struggles to defend a man she knows to be evil, she wonders desperately whether she ought to pray for success or failure. If Morven Elliott is freed, Portia's husband Walter will have come through a crisis and his newspaper will be taken to them quickly—but Portia's career as a lawyer will have been reestablished and she already knows that her particular marriage will not mix with a career. CBS-TV.

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS Miles Nelson appears well adjusted to the political development that has taken him out of the governor's mansion and back into private practice. But his wife Carolyn wonders if any man who has had the power and limelight that Miles achieved can ever again be content with less. Will Miles, unconsciously knowing that Kate is past cent, and of spotlighting the real killer before he covers his tracks. CBS Radio.

THE ROAD OF LIFE Sybil Overton's perilous hold on sanity is shaken when her baby, Connie, is placed in temporary foster custody pending final decision as to whether Sybil or the Malcolm Overtons shall have the child. But what is the outcome, she will never forgive those who made her suffer. Are Dr. Jim Brent and his wife Jocelyn just a bit too sure that Sybil's threats of revenge cannot affect them? CBS Radio.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT After years of hopeless attachment to Gil Whitney, designer Helen Trent has at last become interested in another man just as it seems possible that Gil may be able to free himself from his miserable marriage to Cynthia. Will Gil's release come too late for him to win happiness with Helen? Or will Loretta Cole succeed in attracting wealthy Brett Chapman away from Helen, thus changing the course of all their lives? CBS Radio.

ROSEMARY Doing good unto others is supposed to result in benefits to the doer, but in the case of Bill and Rosemary Rob- ertson, he may have worked too hard, at least, in reverse. The Boys' Club in which Rosemary has become so interested did serve to take her mind off her own problems, but is it filling so much of her time that she is unconsciously neglecting Bill? How will young Lonnie make things worse—or better? CBS Radio.

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW Nathan Walsh's intricate plan to expose the plot against Joanne is on the verge of suc-ceeding when it is shattered by the death of the woman posing as Hazel Tate. Mr. Highgate is unable to the evidence makes such a clear case against Joanne that now, instead of clearing the way for her marriage to Arthur Tate, Nathan may find himself working to save her from a very different fate. CBS-TV.

THE SECRET STORM Peter Ames and his three children, still trying to adjust to the recent tragic death of Peter's wife, are delighted when housekeeper Jane Brooks meets and marries the young estate manager. The problem is that Peter is not the estate manager, and that Jane's situation is even more complicated than they do to her. But the malicious rumor-campaign started by Peter's sister-in-law Pauline may destroy the pleasant arrangement. The line will not allow any other woman to gain Peter's affections. CBS-TV.

THE SEEKING HEART As Dr. Rob-in McKay learns more about Dr. Adams' practice, she realizes that something very strange is going on in the circle of which he and his wife are an important part. Is young Lona really psychotic—or is her money the reason for a plot against her created by some one far more不平衡 than she will ever be? And what about Grace Adams, the doctor's wife? Is she Robin's friend... or enemy? CBS-TV.

STELLA DALLAS Only an insane wom-an could have conceived the plan by which wealthy Ada Dexter means to destroy the marriage of Stella's daughter Laurel in order to snatch her away from between Laurel and her own son, Stanley Warwick. But though Stella understands Ada's derganged outlook, she cannot find an effety to save her and the tragedy she sees approaching. Can she count for help on Laurel's husband, Dick? NBC Radio.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE Nora's mar-rriage to Fred Molina promises much happier for the future—except for the threat that the Syndicate still holds over them. With a wife's instinct, Nora suspects that Wyn Robinson is just in love with Fred, but she has no idea of the elaborate revenge Wyn plans. What will happen when Fred learns that Wyn's financial help carries a price tag that may not only ruin but end his life—and Nora's? CBS Radio.

THREE STEPS TO HEAVEN Mary Clare Thurmond took her life in her hands when she became Vince Bannister's enemy, but she has a partial reward when singer Nan Waring and her little girl, Beth, start a new life as the result of her ef-forts. Will writer Bill Morgan bear the brunt of Bannister's revenge? Or will Mary Clare, working with Bill and publisher Jason Cleve, wreck Bannister forever? NBC-TV.

A TIME TO LIVE Ambitious, talented, pretty Kathy Byron makes her first step in the newspaper business a big one by
breaking an important story. Will she go on to the kind of career this seems to promise? Will she be able to disregard the political reporter and the attractive police lieutenant whose attentions keep reminding her that she is an appealing woman? And if she does disregard them . . . will she be sorry? NBC-TV.

VALLIANT LADY Helen Emerson's son Mickey is over twenty-one, and she knows the truth so hard for mothers to learn—that they cannot spare their children all the pain of living. But Mickey's trial seems bitterly unfair to Helen, and she wishes more than ever that Mickey's father were alive to help her guide him. Will the handsome pilot she recently met bring her friend Bill Fraser to a realization he has so far evaded? CBS-TV.

WENDY WARREN AND THE NEWS Actress Maggie Fallon, once Wendy's rival but now her devoted friend, has some success in drawing Wendy's husband Mark back into a normal, constructive attitude toward his playwrighting and his way of life. But Mark's temperamental extremes are not so easily controlled. What are the real aims of the man called Magnus, and how will Wendy cope with them in the dangerous, perplexing days ahead? CBS Radio.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES During the years of their marriage Joan and Harry Davis have learned an important truth—that no matter how happy two people may be together they can never afford to take that happiness for granted. Now a new and very terrible crisis looms before the Davises—a trial that will test to the ultimate the real solidity of their love and the value of all the experience and understanding they have gained. ABC Radio.

THE WOMAN IN MY HOUSE Is a confirmed bachelor born or made by circumstances? Charming Caroline Wilson knows that Jeff Carter is fond of her, but she has not yet found the formula for changing that fondness into love. Would she be better off if she simply gave up? Not even Jeff's mother is sure that for her eldest son marriage and a family hold the key to happiness, much as she would like to see him headed that way. NBC Radio.

YOUNG DR. MALONE Since the death of her mother, young Jill Malone has been increasingly possessive about her father, and Dr. Jerry Malone is delighted when she forms a close, affectionate friendship with his young protege, David Kiley. Will Jill's new interest suffice to take her mind off Jerry's love for Tracy Adams? Or will wealthy Marcia Sutton gain Jill as an ally despite David's distrust of her overtures? CBS Radio.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN Ellen Brown's recent experience with Michael Forsyth has made her wary of every newcomer, and her deeply buried love for Dr. Anthony Loring gains in strength once more, although the possibility of eventual happiness seems no closer than before. Is Anthony deceiving himself and Ellen in holding out hope for the future? Will the strange situation that lies just ahead make an important change in Ellen's life? NBC Radio.

Now—a pressed powder for dry skin!

New "Puff Magic" is rich in lanolin!

New make-up clings longer, softens skin—comes in 5 flattering new shades

My dear friends,

Some of my friends with dry skin have problems with pressed powders—they don't cling long enough, and the shades are too pale. These women need a lanolin makeup, like my new Puff Magic. This pressed powder with lanolin foundation comes in five radiantly flattering shades:

Natural Magic—a stardust finish for your skin.
Honey Fair—for that "lit-from-within" look.
Honey Brunette—flattering as candlelight.
Bridal Pink—soft and natural as a blush.
Tan Magic—rich as Riviera sunshine.

If you have dry skin, try exciting new Puff Magic. It will help your skin look younger and lovelier always.

Sincerely,

Lady Esther

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by LADY ESTHER

PRESSED POWDER WITH LANOLIN FOUNDATION

Mirrored case. $1.00 + Tax • Scroll case. 59c + Tax

ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA
Mean Man at the Turntable

Deejay Dan Curtis is waging a one-man crusade at WIP for the return of the "band era"

When Dan Curtis left New York University, sheepskin in hand, he was a young man who knew exactly where he was going. Early in life, Dan had decided that he wanted to be a disc jockey, and this ambition spun 'round in his brain as steadily as the tops in music that Dan spins these days for Philadelphia's WIP listeners, on the Dan Curtis Show, 1:30 to 2 P.M., and C'mon 'n' Dance, from 11 to midnight. But when Dan, good-looking, talented and eager, had made the rounds of all the radio stations in New York City, he came away with only a few vague promises sprinkled among the stonier "no's." Nothing daunted, Dan took a job as a ticket-collector in a "dime-a-dance" hall. Dan's big break as a radio announcer finally came and was followed quickly by the choice announcing spot on Station WOR's coast-to-coast broadcasts from the famed Meadowbrook Ballroom. This was the golden era of big bands and the Meadowbrook was the stomping ground of such greats as Harry James, the Dorsey Brothers, Glenn Miller and Shep Fields. Dan rocked with their rhythms and his current crusade for the return of the "band era" stems from this time. Dan's fund of band lore got its big impetus then, too, and this fund has grown so rich that listeners often think that the thirtyish Curtis must have been one of the midwives at the birth of the blues.

Dan's early decision about a career parallels his early meeting with his wife Theo. This took place back in high school when Theo was placed in an all-boys class because someone thought this was a boy's name. Today, the Curtises and their sons, David, 6, and Larry, 2, live in a newly-built home in Haddonfield, New Jersey, just eight miles from Philadelphia. The current special project is a darkroom Dan and the boys are building so that Dan can teach his sons the finer points of his photography hobby. When this is completed, Dan hopes to get around to song-writing. In the meantime, Dan's platters and patter have won the respect and admiration of fellow deejays who have declared that "he's a mean man at the turntable." Philadelphia listeners are quick to join this chorus of praise from the pros themselves.
I dreamed I was a living doll
in my maidenform bra
Elephants 'n' Stuff

Dear Editor:

We enjoy the NBC program Today very much and particularly like Jack Lescoulie. We would like to know something about his background. M.K., Toledo, O.

Personable Jack Lescoulie, who handles most of Today's sports features, got his first big break in show business when fresh out of the Pasadena Playhouse, he was cast as the off-stage voice of an elephant in "Achilles Had a Heel." Jack had more cues than the star, Walter Hampden, and ran the gamut of elephant emotions in the short-lived Broadway production. After a period of odd jobs, Jack landed in other Broadway shows and then returned to his home state of California to create The Grouch Club for NBC's Pacific Coast network. He spent the war as a combat reporter with the Army Air Forces, then made his way back to New York to team up with Gene Rayburn for the Jack And Gene Show. In 1950 he joined CBS as a television producer, then moved over to NBC-TV and Today in 1952. Jack, born in Sacramento in 1917, has been on-stage since the age of seven when he debuted in a vaudeville music-and-dance act with his sister and brother, Jack, who also announces on the Jackie Gleason and Milton Berle shows, lives with his wife and daughter in Hollis, L.I.

Sweeney's World

Dear Editor:

Could you give us some background on Charlie Ruggles, who plays Mr. Sweeney on NBC-TV's The World Of Mr. Sweeney? Where can we write to him?

D.J., Conneaut, O.

Charlie Ruggles

Los Angeles born Charlie Ruggles was lured from his original medical ambitions by the promise of a higher salary for walk-on parts than he was getting as an apprentice in his father's wholesale drug firm. He debuted in the movies in 1915, then re-entered films fourteen years later to score a great personal triumph in "Gentlemen of the Press." He has appeared in dozens of films since, notably "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay," "Charley's Aunt," "Ruggles of Red Gap," "Alice in Wonderland," and "The Lovable Cheat." More recently, he appeared in a network radio show Barrel Of Fun and then in the family-comedy series The Ruggles, now being syndicated to local TV stations. His characterization of the lovable Mr. Sweeney, originally part of the Kate Smith Hour, was received so enthusiastically that it was scheduled as a regular program. Charlie and his wife Marian live on an Encino, California, ranch where Charlie runs a prize orange grove. Charlie once owned and operated kennels for about 100 canines, and, in his younger days, was an outstanding handball player and champ for several years at the Los Angeles Athletic Club. You can write to him c/o NBC-TV, Sunset and Vine, Hollywood, Calif.

Award Winner

Dear Editor:

I would like some information on the wonderful actress who plays Bonnie Withers on CBS-TV's Valiant Lady.

B.G., Swartz Creek, Mich.

Bonnie Withers on Valiant Lady is played by Joan Lorrying, a pert, blonde, talented actress who is also heard as Grace Seargent on CBS Radio's This Is Nora Drake. Born in Hong Kong to a Spanish-Arabian father and a German-Russian mother, Joan came to the West Coast at the age of eleven and debuted in radio when she was thirteen. Ever since, she has been winning plaudits for her versatility and fine acting—and the knack with dialects gained in multi-lingual Hong Kong. Her role as the Cockney girl in the film, "The Corn Is Green," won Joan an Academy Award nomination. In 1950, Joan received the Donaldson Award for "the best debut performance on Broadway" for her role in "Come Back, Little Sheba," with Shirley Booth. And for her role in another Broadway success, "Autumn Garden," Joan won the Drama Critics Award. Familiar to radio and TV audiences for her top performances in many popular dramatic programs, Joan starred recently on Broadway in "Dead Pigeon" and on the screen opposite Paul Muni in "Stranger on the Prowl." Joan shares her New York apartment with a poodle she acquired on a recent trip to Venice and which she has named Bursche, which means rascal in German.

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

BRECK

There Are Three Breck Shampoos For Three Different Hair Conditions

Each one of the Three Breck Shampoos is made for a different hair condition. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. The next time you buy a shampoo, select the Breck Shampoo for your individual hair condition. A Breck Shampoo is not drying to the hair, yet it cleans thoroughly. A Breck Shampoo will leave your hair soft, fragrant and naturally beautiful.

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

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BRIGHT 'N CLEAR

is the only indelible-type lipstick that stays bright and clear on your lips—even after blotting.

Here's an amazing, new lipstick achievement—a brilliant, bright, clear red that really stays that way on your lips...won't go dull or lifeless ever.

BRIGHT 'N CLEAR keeps your lips velvet soft...more youthful...smoother and lovelier hour after hour.

BRIGHT 'N CLEAR

keeps your lips velvet soft...more youthful...smoother and lovelier hour after hour.

Mink Cape by Alfred Reiner.
Ralph Edwards creates a miracle of surprises and secrets when he reveals:

"This Is Your Life!"

By GLADYS HALL

Are your best friends avoiding you? Do the members of your immediate family withdraw as much as possible from all contact and conversation with you? Have you recently been invited to the West Coast to deliver a lecture, receive a
plaque, judge a bathing beauty contest, review a book authored by a boyhood friend? Do you have an eerie sense that you are being shadowed? If so, don't look now, but the Life that Ralph Edwards is planning to use—some exciting night in the near future, on his NBC-TV show, This Is Your Life—may be Your Own!

If the "angel" of This Is Your Life fame is planning this, do you realize what you are? You're "top secret," You're "hot." You are really being shadowed. You are one of the most carefully shadowed and guarded individuals in the U.S.A. Your friends are avoiding you for fear that, by so much as a slip of the tongue, they may give you a clue as to what's cookin'! For the same reason, the members of your family are keeping their distance. And neither your family nor your friends hesitate to tell you bare-faced lies in order to maintain the secrecy in which—until that tense moment when Maestro Edwards makes the ringing statement, "This Is Your Life!"—you are swaddled and swathed.

The ends to which Mr. Edwards and his staff go in maintaining secrecy are fantastic, sometimes very funny, always ingenious, and no pains are spared to keep you from suspecting that it is your Life the network audience—millions of 'em!—are about to view. Unless they can throw a big, fat red herring across the trail, you—the principal—are never contacted. Not directly, that is. If or when it becomes necessary to get some first-hand information about you, one or the other of Mr. Edwards' two research editors, Don Malmberg and Jan Boehme, calls upon you . . . posing as a columnist wanting an "item" about one of your best friends . . . a detective on the trail of a missing person concerning whose whereabouts you may be able to shed a ray of light . . . a magazine writer from TV Radio Mirror polling you on your favorite radio and television personalities ("We're always being writers," Don told us, laughing, "from TV Radio Mirror") . . . as a solicitor of magazine subscriptions, an insurance agent, a friend of a friend from your old home town.

"Many and elaborate are the ruses we use," says Don, "to forestall every suspicion of the person with whom we must make contact."

If blue-eyed Mr. Edwards—himself, in person—makes the contact, he'll look you straight in your own blue, brown, gray, green or black eyes and tell you that it's the Life of your best friend, or next door neighbor, or family doctor, in which he is interested . . . and, please, can you help?

"When we were planning the Life of Dinah Shore," Ralph says, "we told Dinah that it was Eddie Cantor's Life we were doing, and would she—who knows Eddie so well—be good enough to help us with the research? Dinah, always a helping hand and a warm heart, both would and did. We even had a whole phony Eddie Cantor script written which we submitted to Dinah, who thereupon called us daily with suggestions about including this or that person in the script . . . she was so upset, I recall, because Deanna Durbin, of whom Eddie is so fond, was out of the country!

"Busy as she is, Dinah even helped with the rehearsal, the one and only rehearsal we have—with every-
Lillian Roth knew she was to be on the show—but didn’t know it would help rewrite her future history.

one present except, of course, the person whose life we are about to do—which takes place just before the show goes on the air. She came down to the studio and rehearsed with Eddie’s wife Ida who—because Ida can keep a secret—was in on the secret!

"Then we were on the air and I was saying, ‘Now, Miss Shore, will you please tell people who our principal subject is tonight?’ Dinah told them. Dinah made a whole announcement— (Continued on page 99)

This Is Your Life is seen on NBC-TV, Wed., 10 P.M. EST, for Hazel Bishop’s Long-Lasting Lipstick, Nail Polish, and Complexion Glow. Ralph Edwards’ famous Truth Or Consequences is seen on NBC-TV, Tues., 10 P.M. EST, as emceed by Jack Bailey and sponsored by the P. Lorillard Co. for Old Gold Cigarettes.
Aunt Fanny, that tart-tongued spinster of the Breakfast Club, while discussing early Christmas shopping with Don McNeill, cast a slightly jaundiced eye over the whole business. The stores, she stated, already were filled with shoppers moving in a determined tide. "I'll tell you," she reported, "I'm just beat black and blue. I am. I started out in washrags, then a crowd of women came shoving along and, before I knew it, there I was in the step-on garbage pails."

But she had her Christmas list well worked out, she confided. One friend would get crepe-paper butterflies of variegated red to pin on her curtains. "I can't give her anything to wear," she explained. "That woman's picked up so much, nothing but a handkerchief would fit her."

For her friend Nettie, she had a pickle dish. "That will remind her she never gave me that recipe for Chattanooga chow-chow I wanted last summer." She was willing, too, to bet a nickel she would get a pillow top in return. "It will be 'The Trail of the Lonesome Pine,'" she predicted. "I gave it to her five years ago." She paused reflectively. "And then there's Lucy. Last year she gave me a churn. She plumb forgot it was mine to start with and she'd borrowed it from me."

Obviously, Aunt Fanny anticipated that in the Christmas exchange she was going to come out second-best. She covered hastily: (Continued on page 84)
Is Fanny really and truly Fran? Only her best friends can tell you
concerning
John Raby

On TV, John is Bill, who adores Maggie (Louise Allbritton), heroine of Concerning Miss Marlowe. Jane Seymour is seen as their good friend, Hat.

At home, his heart really belongs to Del, who was a singer studying drama when they first met.

Miss Marlowe’s devoted friend
finds the greatest drama of all in
a quiet house far from Broadway

By ED MEYERSON

Ask John Raby how he likes playing Bill Cooke in NBC-TV’s new daytime drama, Concerning Miss Marlowe, and he tells you frankly: “I like it fine. I’ve got to pay next week’s meat bill.”

The remark comes as a shock, for we expect our actors to be dedicated artists—either fabulously rich or romantically poor, but nothing realistically in-between like ourselves. Actually, John is a dedicated artist, and his meat-bill approach to acting is merely the sign of a true professional, someone who knows his trade and can make a good living at it. But, above all, it’s the sign of a real human being—someone who knows that how a man makes a living, whether (Continued on page 96)
To John, these everyday episodes are the saga of a truly happy man: Doing the husbandly chores around the house . . . teaching his sons, Tony and John, Jr., to do their share . . . and watching them at play.
"If I knew you were there"

His marriage to Ruth was a great day for fans—the dawn of a whole new era for Milton and his daughter Vicki.
Only a song could express Milton's deepest feelings for Ruth... and Vicki... and beloved Sandra Berle

By HELEN BOLSTAD

Bubbling over with a secret, nine-year-old Vicki Berle slipped out of her father's private office every fifteen minutes to telephone his bride, Ruth. Excitedly, she'd whisper, "It's all right, Ruth. Honest. Daddy doesn't suspect a thing."

Keeping his smiles to himself, Milton Berle pretended not to notice. Their girl-talk, he presumed, concerned his birthday. To celebrate the event, Vicki had been permitted to spend all day at his office. Later, they were to call for Ruth and the three were to go out to dinner.

The Berle show has always been fun to work on—and it's easier now.

Vicki shares her father's sense of fun and has already learned to spring a surprise of her own.

Dining with Ruth, at New York's Harwyn Club, Milton is much quieter—a truly contented man.
Meet the first mate—the first "Annette"—as Bert and his wife prepare for a gay trip.

the CAPTAIN and his Crew

By GREGORY MERWIN

A glamorous-type mermaid swam alongside the yacht Annette, playfully splashed water on the skipper with a flip of her tail and then, as she winked one sky-blue eye (the other was pea-green), said, "Tell me, Captain Parks, what's the mystery tune this week?"

It hasn't happened yet. But, now that Stop The Music has returned, everyone is after Bert again for the name of the mystery tune—except the mermaids. They don't even beg him to help them win on Break The Bank. They are respecting the beautiful, precious privacy that Bert finds on his boat.

"Bless them," says Bert. "Bless them for their invisibility."

Bert has a new boat, a cabin cruiser which cuts the water clean with a sweet, smooth throb. The boat has a white hull with blue super- (Continued on page 94)

Bert Parks is TV star of Break The Bank, ABC-TV, Sun., 10 P.M. EST, sponsored by Dodge Division of Chrysler Corp., and Stop The Music, ABC-TV, Tues., 10:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by Exquisite Form Brassiere, J-B Watch Bands, Anson, Inc., and Van Heusen.
the bank" or "stop the music"—Bert Parks is the luckiest of all!

Second "Annette" is the trim cabin cruiser in which they sail—and the ever-busy emcee finds the relaxation he needs.

Third "Annette" is their little girl—but this is a "parents' holiday" and she and the twins are safe ashore.

There have been moments of drama aboard Bert's dream-boat, but it's quiet times like these which he and Annette treasure.
FLORIDA

The magic land called Tom Moore, and he's been calling everyone since to repeat the siren invitation!

By GREGG MARTIN

Some men love gold, some would give a kingdom for a horse, others love adventure—but Tom Moore is in love with the state of Florida. He is in love with the people, the grapefruit and wild turkeys, Southern accents and Northern tourists, water skiing and orange juice.

"Since I got down here, I'm a new man," he tells you. "I'm healthier, happier and kinder to dumb animals."

Tom's changed, although he still has thirty pairs of glasses, the four-inch waxed mustache and

Continued

Tom may be the daredevil of the family but he says wife Willie Lou (below) is the bravest of them all.

Willie Lou and Tom, Junior, are justly proud of the many trophies Tom's won as both sportsman and citizen.
"You can't exaggerate," Tom says. "Our home is a modest, six-room affair, simply furnished."

Willie Lou is Tom's wife and she—as well as her name—hails from Georgia. She prefers to be called Willie or Lou. Tom usually calls her W.L. She measures five-feet-two from her perfectly lacquered toe nails to her platinum blonde hair. Her number-one job is Tom Moore and the care of same.

"And in spite of it," says Tom, "she's always smiling."

W.L. loves to sew, and turns out some of her own clothes and tablecloths and slipcovers. Another interest is making costume jewelry out of sea shells.

She has furnished the house graciously and it is a Florida home from its white concrete blocks to its predominate rattan interior. The Moores do most of their living in the "Florida room."

"It's a combination rumpus-parlor-porch-everything room," says Tom. "That's where we do most of our living night and day. We drink our orange juice there in the morning and play gin rummy there at night."

Tom has a lot of trophies in the "Florida room." Most of the athletic trophies are for various ski events . . . for, as they say, "ducks take to water like Tom Moore took to water skiing."

"I wanted to specialize in jumping," Tom recalls, "but no one would teach me. Said I was too old."

So Tom taught himself and it was rugged going, for jumping is one of the most difficult and exacting phases of water skiing. The standard water-ski jump is a wooden ramp twenty-four feet long and eight feet wide, anchored at an angle in the water so that the take-off point is about six feet from the (Continued on page 98)
Such a beautiful big wedding!
But, suddenly, there were just the two of them... just Steve Allen and Jayne Meadows... man and wife

Honeymoon at home

By ELIZABETH BALL

In the spacious apartment on New York's upper Park Avenue—where Steve "batched it" prior to his wedding day—Mr. and Mrs. Steve Allen are now "at home"... have been at home ever since—on Saturday, July 31, in Waterford, Connecticut, at four in the afternoon—they said, "I do," and "For as long as we both shall live"... and, even as they were making their sacred vows, couldn't believe their own ears! "We knew each other," Jayne says, "for about a year before we became serious. We became engaged last January—" Jayne displays the lovely diamond engagement ring and the circlet-of-diamonds wedding ring which now adorn her left finger—"and then: 'When will we be (Continued on page 91)"

Moments together are precious for a husband-and-wife team like Jayne and Steve, who appear on separate TV shows.
ROMANCE IN THE AIR

By FRANCES KISH

One day last spring, Dolores Sutton—who plays nineteen-year-old Diane in Valiant Lady—was walking down a New York street with another young actress. A motorcycle chugged along, was stopped by a traffic light. Riding it was Earl Hammond—who plays Hal Soames, Diane’s young husband.

Dolores, who had been vacationing from the show a few days, grabbed her friend’s arm. “Wait for me a moment,” she said. “There’s my husband, and I’ve seen him so seldom lately I can’t let him get away this time.”

Two New York dowager types, who had been walking next to the girls, (Continued on page 76)

Dolores Sutton and Earl Hammond in Valiant Lady, CBS-TV, M-F, 12 noon EST, for General Mills, Inc., and Prom Cosmetics.

Dolores well knows what that motorcycle means to Earl (above, with Joe Billig)! Life’s quieter at home, with her art work—and her attempts to cook.
Dolores Sutton and Earl Hammond, Valiant Lady’s newlyweds, are dating in private life, too.
Same place, different season: Russ and Liza lunch at Rockefeller Plaza, near the spot where they first met.

Now a star, Russ puts in a busy day with fan mail and fittings. But Liza’s right there to help him—even to do his shopping!
New York at Christmas time can be the most wonderful place in the world, if you are in love.

The air is snapping cold, the windows along the Avenue are monstrous jewels of color and light, the hurrying crowds with their packages and eager faces seem to reflect your own joy. . . . But if you are not in love—if you are broke and alone . . . ah, then the air is bitter cold, the windows a mockery, the crowds a pushing, shoving bunch of strangers whose faces reflect only a self-absorbed desire to get home to their own festivities. . . . Through such a throng, on Christmas Eve in 1948, struggled Russell Arms, with five bucks to his name, lonely amid the eight million who did not know—as he himself did not—that he would someday be one of the singing stars on Your Hit Parade, over NBC-TV.

Russ was on his way to Rockefeller Center, where he had a job—of sorts. He was to play a messenger in the NBC "Nativity" presentation, at the foot of the great Christmas tree which annually dwarfs the plaza below with its fabulous height and dazzling decorations. His role was to come dashing in to inform Herod, the king, that a prophecy had been fulfilled. Shortly afterward, a girl named Liza Palmer would sing a song in her rich contralto, completely eclipsing the messenger, the king, and everyone else in the eyes of the audience.

While he dressed in a biblical costume, and while the early scenes of "The Nativity" unfolded, Russ reflected dourly that this must be the most dismal Christmas he had ever endured, including the ones while he was in service. But, after he had dashed on scene with his message and stood listening to Liza Palmer sing, his mood changed. Liza Palmer, it occurred to him, was without doubt the most beautiful girl he had ever seen, from her titian hair to the smartly sandalled feet.

"Jeepers," remarked Russ, almost loud enough for the word to be picked up by the sound boom during a particularly affecting section of Liza's song. The boom didn't catch it, but Liza did, and darted a wary glance at the messenger. She was prepared to be angry, but he was tall, he was slim, and he was very handsome. Furthermore, his eyes were a mirror of admiration. She was, after all, only human. She managed to slip him a "thank you" smile without missing a note of her song.

When the show was over, he sought her out. They made an arresting couple, (Continued on page 74)
3 jewels for Mother

Thanks to her loving children, there's no "secret storm" in Haila Stoddard's heart

By MARTIN COHEN

When Haila Stoddard won the fine role of Pauline Harris in *The Secret Storm*, she could hardly wait to share her happiness with her children. At dinner that night, she announced the good news to Robin, age fifteen, and Christopher, twelve.

"What network?" Robin wanted to know.

"CBS-TV."

Robin grimaced and Chris groaned.

"What's wrong with CBS?" asked Haila. "Their money is as good as NBC's."

"Sure it is, but you know what we're thinking about."

The fact was that NBC had been casting Haila in gay, light-hearted parts on the *Philco Playhouse* and *Kraft Theater*. At CBS, however, she got rather grim roles in such shows as *Danger* and *Suspense*. The current role on *The Secret Storm* turned out to be consistent with the CBS view of Haila—for, as Pauline, (Continued on page 72)

Haila Stoddard is Pauline in *The Secret Storm*, CBS-TV, M-F, 4:15 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Whitehall Pharmacal Co. and Boyle-Midway, Inc.

Haila's trio—Robin, 15, Chris, 12, and T.J., 5—are interested in show business only "because Mother's in it," though the two older ones get a kick out of theater props (above), Haila's star billing (below) and that fascinating stage make-up.
Nervous brides are a tradition, Ellen Brown told herself. But even as she tried to reassure herself and turn her thoughts to the Brightons' festive garden—where she was to be married in a few short minutes—Ellen wondered if her own doubts were not more troubling than those the usual bride faces. . . For years, Ellen had loved Dr. Anthony Loring and she had been sure that, in spite of the frustrations and difficulties that harried them, one day she and Anthony would be wed. Yet the dream had shattered—and Ellen's heart along with it—when Anthony had been tricked into marriage with the beautiful Millicent Randall. . . Ellen had had to face still another blow when Anthony's sister Victoria, still nourishing her dislike for the attractive young widow, had plotted to guarantee that Ellen would never enter his life again. Acting through her business manager, Michael Forsyth, Victoria had offered Ellen $10,000 in return for a promise to have nothing further to do with Anthony. Ellen—her despair mounting because she had been led to believe that it was Anthony himself who had asked that she sign the paper releasing him—had refused. Bleakly, she looked ahead to a future without the man she had loved for so long. . . Meanwhile, Anthony had learned that Millicent and Victoria had tricked him into his marriage—but he had to face the fact that Millicent was now expecting a baby. Knowing that Anthony still loves Ellen, Millicent had gone to Ellen's house to confront her with the news and to threaten her once again against trying to re-enter Anthony's life. There had been a painful scene, then Millicent had tripped and fallen down the stairs at Ellen's house. She lost the baby—and, in a storm of fury and bitterness, had then accused Ellen of having pushed her! . . As heartbreak had followed heartbreak, handsome Michael Forsyth watched and admired Ellen's proud bearing and courage and tried to comfort her in her loneliness. He had quickly realized what a rare,

(Lef) Should Ellen Brown forgive Michael—and forget the man she has loved so long?

I. Though Anthony Loring and Ellen Brown have loved each other for so long, trickery has destroyed their dream of a life together and Ellen hides her heartbreak as Anthony marries Millicent Randall.
2. Even after Anthony learns he has been tricked into his marriage, Ellen fears he is lost to her and she turns to Michael Forsyth in her loneliness.

3. In an angry visit to Ellen, Millicent falls downstairs. Maria Hav

wonderful person Ellen is, and he had fallen in love with her. To counter-act Millicent's vicious charges, Michael had now induced Ellen to announce their engagement—and so prove to the town that she was not still in love with Anthony and had had no reason to attack Millicent. . . Ellen had consented, but had asked Michael to wait six months to give them both a chance to be sure. In all this time, Ellen had never told Michael that she returned his love, but she had always hoped that mutual respect and companionship might grow into a deeper emotion—had hoped that Michael might make her love him. . . Millicent, determined to block Ellen's chances for happiness—even apart from Anthony—had then contacted Monty Fuller, a Chicago columnist who specialized in unsavory news items. Through him, she learned that Michael owned a luxurious town house in Chicago which was occupied by a mysterious Mrs. Harriet Summers—and that Michael was paying the medical expenses for Mrs. Summers' daughter, Lola, at a rest home near Chicago. . . Ellen thought it had been such a gay engagement party that her good friends, the Brightons, had given for her and Michael, even though Anthony had been suddenly called away, presumably on a professional emergency. She hadn't known that the call had come from Harriet Summers, who then revealed to Anthony that Michael had once been engaged to her daughter, Lola, and had jilted her just a week after he had arrived in Simpsonville. Mrs. Summers told Anthony
that Lola had collapsed on hearing this news, and the irate mother announced that she had come to Simpsonville to force Michael to return to Chicago and to her daughter. . . . Meanwhile, Ellen had been taunted and insulted by malicious town gossip which whispered that her engagement was only a shield for her carryings-on with Anthony. At last, wounded and desperate at the destruction of her good name, Ellen had announced that she would marry Michael right away . . . But now, even as Ellen took one last look in the mirror at her wedding costume, the doubts came crowding in. She was strangely troubled by the woman who, only yesterday, had appeared in the tea shop and, introducing herself as Mrs. Harriet Summers, had shown Ellen a diamond ring which
love him. . . . Millicent, determined to block Ellen's chances for happiness—even apart from Anthony—had then contacted Monty Fuller, a Chicago columnist who told Anthony that Michael had once been engaged to her daughter, Lola, and had jilted her just a week after he had arrived in Simpsonville. Mrs. Summers told Anthony
wonderful person Ellen is, and he had fallen in love with her. To counteract Millicent's vicious charges, Michael had now induced Ellen to announce their engagement—and so prove to the town that she was not still in love with Anthony and had no reason to attack Millicent. ... Ellen had consented, but had asked Michael to wait six months to give them both a chance to be sure. In all this time, Ellen had never told Michael that she returned his love, but she had always hoped that mutual respect and companionship might grow into a deeper emotion—had hoped that Michael might make her love him. ... Millicent, determined to block Ellen's chances for happiness—even apart from Anthony—had then contacted Monty Fuller, a Chicago columnist who specialized in unsavory news items. Through him, she learned that Michael owned a luxurious town house in Chicago which was occupied by a mysterious Mrs. Harriet Summers—and that Michael was paying the medical expenses for Mrs. Summers' daughter, Lola, at a rest home near Chicago. ... Ellen thought it had been such a gay engagement party that her good friends, the Brightons, had given for her and Michael, even though Anthony had been suddenly called away, presumably on a professional emergency. She hadn't known that the call had come from Harriet Summers, who then revealed to Anthony that Michael had once been engaged to her daughter, Lola, and had jilted her just a week after he had arrived in Simpsonville. Mrs. Summers told Anthony that Lola had collapsed on hearing this news, and the irate mother announced that she had come to Simpsonville to force Michael to return to Chicago and to her daughter. ... Meanwhile, Ellen had been taunted and insulted by malicious town gossip which whispered that her engagement was only a shield for her carryings-on with Anthony. At last, wounded and desperate at the destruction of her good name, Ellen had announced that she would marry Michael right away. ... But now, even as Ellen took one last look in the mirror at her wedding costume, the doubts came crowding in. She was strangely troubled by the woman who, only yesterday, had appeared in the tea shop and, introducing herself as Mrs. Harriet Summers, had shown Ellen a diamond ring which
she said belonged to her daughter. . . . Even as Ellen wondered what this curious woman had to do with herself and Michael, Harriet Summers arrived to carry out her scheme—arranged with Millicent Loring—to reveal the truth just before the wedding ceremony. Ellen listened incredulously as Mrs. Summers recounted the story of Michael Forsyth and her daughter Lola. She refused to believe the cruelly-timed disclosure and angrily accused Harriet Summers of being paid by Millicent to ruin her wedding. But, a few minutes later, Michael appeared, white-faced and grim, to tell Ellen that he had sent the minister away and that there would be no wedding. . . . Michael begged Ellen to trust him but, shocked and distraught, Ellen cannot find the answer in her heart. She is caught in a maelstrom of doubt and bewilderment between her confused feelings for Michael Forsyth and the realization of her undying love for Anthony Loring. . . . Can she rise above the despairing thought that Anthony is lost to her forever—and seek some measure of happiness in the attraction Michael holds for her? What further surprises do her relentless enemies have in store to frustrate the normal desires and innocent hopes of Simpsonville’s loveliest young widow, Ellen Brown?

6. Still vindictive against Ellen, Millicent meets with the mysterious Harriet Summers, who reveals that Michael was once engaged to her daughter, Lola.

7. Anthony tells Ellen that he still loves her and pleads with her not to marry Michael. But Michael, unaware that Harriet Summers has arrived in Simpsonville, orders Anthony not to interfere.
As the wedding guests chat gaily downstairs, Harriet Summers startles Ellen with the news that Michael is responsible for her daughter's breakdown. Anthony stands by as Michael appeals to Mrs. Summers and then begs Ellen to trust him.
"You have to be happy"

By GWEN AULIS

Many actresses think you have to be emotionally upset,” Jan Miner said, “in order to understand—and to play—drama. You must suffer, they say, in order to achieve stature as an actress. I disagree. I say you have to be happy,” said Jan, who so radiantly is!

We were talking—Jan and her handsome husband, Terry O’Sullivan, and I—around the glass-topped table set on a base of carved metal in the dining room of the O’Sullivans' charming New York apartment. Jan had come in late from a rehearsal of the last-of-the-season Robert Montgomery Presents series of summer plays. As she circled about, setting the table, lighting the candles, Jan spoke of how happy she’d been when Bob asked her to be leading lady on the summer shows.
why Jan Miner's so grateful to her husband, Terry O'Sullivan

This time, Terry lines up with his wife and his three daughters—and that very famous lady, Miss Liberty herself.

"Twelve weeks of stock," Jan said, "is what it actually is, and I've been on almost every single week!"

Terry, the gourmet of the family, had done the dinner—delicately browned and herb-flavored mutton chops, string beans in a cheese sauce, a mixed green salad with a French dressing "created" by Mr. O'S.—which was sufficient, in itself, to make anyone happy! It did us. And, because it did, we fell to talking about the so-called "little things" of life and how happy-making they are: A French dressing, fit for Epicurus himself. (Continued on page 89)
CONTEST RULES

1. Each entry must include your filled-in coupon as printed below, and your paste-up and identification of the faces shown on the opposite page.

2. Address entries for this contest to:
   BEAT THE CLOCK CONTEST, TV RADIO MIRROR
   P.O. Box 1835, Grand Central Station
   New York 17, N. Y.

3. This month's contest ends midnight, November 5, 1954. Entries postmarked after that date will not be considered.

4. The winner of this contest will receive a Sylvania Chairside Theater, which includes a television set with a 27-inch screen and a remote control unit. The next four runners-up will each receive a Sylvania radio clock.

5. Entries will be judged on the basis of accuracy in rearranging and identifying the faces and originality in completing the limerick.

6. You may submit more than one entry. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. The decision of the judges will be final.

7. This contest is open to everyone in the United States and Canada, except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc. and Sylvania Electric Products Inc.

8. All entries become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc. No correspondence can be entered into in regard to entries. Winners will be notified as soon as the judging has been completed.
Who are they? Rearrange the sections of these three mixed-up faces to form the original portraits of three outstanding TV and radio actresses. Just cut them apart on the dotted lines and paste them together in the right order.

Here's your second chance to win yourself one of Sylvania's beautiful Chairside Theaters

That's right. You've got another opportunity to enter Beat The Clock's exciting contest and win a Sylvania Chairside Theater—which features the new "Silver Screen 85" picture tube, 27-inch screen and remote control unit—or a handsome radio clock, both of which are pictured on the opposite page. All you have to do is cut apart the three faces pictured above and rearrange the sections so that they form the original portraits of three outstanding stars on radio and television. After you have matched up the faces, paste them on a piece of paper and write the name of each one in the coupon on the opposite page. Then make up a last line to go with the limerick printed on the coupon. Be sure the last line rhymes with the first two. For example:

A pretty young lass from Follette
Fell in love with a TV set;
To all others' dismay
She would spend the whole day
Watching shows, for each one was her pet.

That's all there is to it. You'll have fun doing it, and you might win a Sylvania Chairside Theater with the "Silver Screen 85" picture tube, or a handsome Sylvania radio clock. And be on the lookout again next month, for there will be new faces to guess, another limerick to complete and another chance to win a TV set or radio clock. Don't delay! Start right now—and be among the first to enter this month's exciting, easy-to-do contest.

Beat The Clock, with Bud Collyer as emcee, is seen on CBS-TV, Sat., 7:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Sylvania Electric Products Inc.
Daughter Margaret and Danny had different ideas about Santa Claus, but Daddy Thomas and his first-born agree on what family living really means.

Duets with Teresa and puttering in the workshop with Tony are part of Danny's philosophy of home.

Rosemary, Teresa and Margaret set the table and, comes mealtime, they pass the plate "family-style."

By BUD GOODE

Two families—one on TV, one at home? The Danny Thomas Show, "Make Room For Daddy," has been compared to Danny's own family life. The thirty-minute sequence we see each Tuesday night is like a peek through the keyhole of Danny's Beverly Hills home. Danny's friends say, "We don't see why Danny bothers to go to work every morning. They could roll the cameras over to his house and start shooting. His real family life would be just as entertaining!"

But what, exactly, is a family made of? We know from the jingle that little girls (Continued on page 68)
“DADDY” THOMAS!

Friends say a gathering of the Thomas Clan—Rosemary, Margaret, Teresa, Tony—tops even Danny's shows for hilarity.
the Joy of Sharing

Unlike Loretta Cole in The Romance Of Helen Trent, Teri Keane is happy—and bringing up a happy little girl

By MARY TEMPLE

Teri Keane and her daughter made a striking picture as they sat together on the wide sofa facing the huge carved stone fireplace in their living room. A high-ceilinged room in a duplex apartment in New York, with a delicately scrolled stairway leading upstairs to a small balcony and two bedrooms. The lovely blonde actress with the dancing hazel-green eyes looked proudly into her child's adoring brown eyes under their fringe of dark lashes and the wreath of silky light brown hair.

As three-year-old Sharon got up suddenly to look from the window at the view of Central Park, you noticed what a tall little girl she is for her age, and how, underneath her childlike friendliness, there is almost a grown-up poise. The outward sign of an inward security, the manner of a child who knows she is loved and protected.

"I am a happy woman," Teri Keane said. "I want Sharon to be happy when she grows up. Our lives will be different, of course. I was a child actress, and John and I are not thinking about that for Sharon, at least we are not planning things that way." (Continued on page 69)

Riding the merry-go-round with Sharon, Teri senses the wonderful link between generation and generation.

A former child actress herself, Teri wants only a domestic life for her own daughter—picnics for two in the park, motherly mending of a tiny ripped seam.

Teri Keane is Loretta Cole in The Romance Of Helen Trent, CBS Radio, M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Whitehall Pharmacal Co., Boyle-Midway, and Prom Home Permanents.
Bill Quinn—alias Fred Molina—can appreciate women, because he has been blessed with five of the "most wonderful in the world"

By HAROLD KEENE

NOT LONG AGO, the Sunday society section of a famous New York newspaper ran a paid announcement of Miss Nora Drake's marriage to Mr. Fred Molina, giving time, place, and a few pertinent details. The truth is, of course, that the notice was phoned in by an alert publicity representative of the popular radio drama, This Is Nora Drake. But—if the newspaper ever wondered whether Nora Drake and Fred Molina actually existed—there are countless millions of people around these United States who could reassure the most skeptical editor. They listen to Nora and Fred every day, over CBS, and they know that the glamorous nurse and her romantic man are as real as their own next-door neighbors.

I sat down with Fred Molina himself, the other afternoon, and found him to be a wiry, smiling Irishman named Bill Quinn who is, by all odds, one of the pleasantest men I've met in many a day. The next afternoon, his wife came in from Long Island to meet me—a little jittery and clock-watching because the kids had been left alone—and the picture was completed.

"The older girls are always perfectly fine," Mrs. Quinn said, worryingly, "because, after all, they're fourteen and ten. But the baby... babies can do such unexpected things and get into big trouble in such a little space of time. If I can just catch the four-thirteen. . . ."

The Molinas—oops, sorry! (Continued on page 85)

His wife Moe helps Bill in his career—just as his gallant mother did, when he was only a child.

Bill Quinn is Fred Molina in This Is Nora Drake, CBS Radio, M-F, 2:30 P.M. EST, under alternating sponsorship of The Toni Co. and Bristol-Myers Co.
Virginia (right, above) is their first-born, and Eileen (left) still wanted to be the family "baby", even after wee Mary Ellen arrived. But Bill's love showed him the way to prove that there was room in his heart for them all!
when Margaret was younger, she fell and broke her arm. Danny was playing Bill Miller’s Riviera in New Jersey, and Rosemary was on a week’s vacation from the °K. What Walter told about that day, it was secretary Janet Roth who took Margaret and her broken arm to the hospital.

But the hospital wanted permission from one of the parents to give the anaesthetic before they would operate. So Janet called Bill Miller at the Riviera. He told her Danny was doing a performance.

He’s so excitable, I don’t want him calling me back on the phone tonight,” said Janet. “Don’t tell him I called. I’ll call again in twenty minutes, when he’s through.”

But Miller did tell Danny, who immediately called his secretary. “What’s Margaret’s condition?” he asked.

Dan Roth explained the broken arm, giving him the address of the hospital so he could telegraph the okay for the anaesthetic.

But after the explanation, Danny—three throes of his heart—was suffering with sympathy pains. He was too nervous to write down the address. Janet finally had to ask him to put Wally Popp, his accompanist, on the phone. She knew that Walter would do anything and explained to him what Margaret’s condition was.

“Just a broken arm. She’s not dead or dying. She gave him the address. That night, Danny made sure Janet’s times were changed to check on Margaret’s condition and called Janet at home all night—when he wasn’t calling the hospital—to be reassured that Margaret was “all right.”

Margaret left the hospital next morning, but Danny continued throwing quarters into the phone in New Jersey. “Is she still in the hospital?” he asked. “No,” Janet told him.

But Danny wouldn’t believe her. “You’re just telling me that!” he said.

Janet finally had to put Margaret on the phone to prove she was okay. With it all, Danny broke his arm hurt for the next two weeks.

Like every loving father, Danny is as sensitive to his children’s mental needs as he is to their physical. So, after this, Danny called the club, warning them of his absence.

Danny was furious. He had received the part of the message about the “absence” but not the part about the “baby.” When Danny came in the next night, he came up saying, “This is your baby?”

“You’re my baby,” said Janet.

Danny explained, “But, Harry! I told the cashier, I couldn’t be here. My wife was having a baby!”

Harry Eager had committed himself, he couldn’t back down. “So does the cashier own the place?” he said. “You talk to me, not the cashier—and I say you’re fired!”

Danny still had two weeks to go. He and Eager had to play one another for four days. Then, one night after the show, Harry came up to Danny.

“Hungry . . . ?” he asked.

“Sure,” said Danny. “Then we’ll make it,” said Harry. After three minutes of silence, he said, “Well, how’s the kid?” Teresa was all of two years old before Danny finally left the 51 Club.

Young Tony arrived in 1949, when Danny was living in Beverly Hills but playing the Flamingo Hotel in Las Vegas. It was family policy, now, that Danny was to be protected. It was written into his contract. The one with the Flamingo read: “Good from here to Labor Pains!”

Danny has such a powerful feeling of love and affection for his family and children that, whenever one of them suffers a hurt, mental or physical, he suffers with sympathy pains.

Every family has the responsibility of teaching, of unfolding for its youngsters a set of spiritual and moral values for them to live by as they grow older. Danny and Rosemary have done that. They are in a million different places teaching other parents in this regard. They go to the Church of the Good Shepherd every Sunday, as a family unit. And they belong to their children’s parent-teacher’s clubs.

They have three children—Margaret, Teresa, and Tony attend three different schools. Rosemary belongs to three mothers’ clubs. She regularly attends the third Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday of every month. When Danny’s in town, he goes, too.

Danny tries to teach his children a set of values—or, as he calls it: “A sort of philosophy what’s in the right time and place.”

Though, on the surface, he sometimes is not too successful, he believes he’s getting his ideas through to his children.

Service at the dinner table is a specific case. Danny can remember his own early childhood and its very meager beginnings. Perhaps it’s because of this, perhaps not, but one way or the other—Danny doesn’t care to be waited on. He says, “Nobody brings my car. And we serve ourselves at the table.”

Recently the Thomases had a family dinner. Danny’s cousin, a family friend, was invited. Older daughter Margaret, at the impressionable age of sixteen, took charge. She wanted to make an impression on the cousin and arranged to have Anderson, the butler, serve.

When all were seated around the table and Danny’s chop was elegantly plopped on his plate, he said, “What’s this? If we have to be served when we have company, I don’t like it—this stuff when we’re alone.”

“Oh, Daddy!” said Margaret, “You live like a peasant!”

“Why, I’m not! I’ve always lived,” said Danny. “That’s how I want to live. Just to be served doesn’t make a gentleman. Or a lady, either—understand?”

“Yes . . . ” said Margaret, and proceeded to serve herself—classic style.

Finally, the father in every family is a nest builder. Danny is no different. He loves to putter around the house. He turned part of the garage into a charming paneled workshop where he keeps his tools. He calls it “the best-dressed workshop on the block.”

Some of the family (no names, please) look on Danny’s putting with raised eyebrows. The other night he mixed up a batch of paint leftovers and it turned out a deep fuchsia that didn’t matter much. Danny took the next morning and paneled the whole bathroom. Danny used it to paint all the bathroom seats! Then there was the episode of the cabinet Danny built. Well, not exactly built, because the television set was already a large one. When Danny took out the television apparatus, added a door, setting up the result in Tony’s room.

“No reason you shouldn’t use it as a cabinet,” he said. “It’ll hold all kinds of things.”

So what’s a family made of? If you ask Danny, he probably won’t mention the fuchsia bathroom seats—or the television set turned hold-all—yet they’re part of the Thomases’ spiritual family. There’s also love and sympathy pains . . . there’s teaching a sense of values . . . guidance for the children . . . spiritual companionship.

It’s all of these, all of these go to make a family. So, as Danny says, “It’s eighteen years of laughter and tears. That’s what a family is made of.”
The Joy of Sharing
(Continued from page 65)
John is, of course, John Larkin—Sharon's daddy—who stars in radio as Perry Mason and also plays Miles Nelson on The Right To Happiness. Teri plays Loretta Cole in The Romance Of Helen Trent, appears frequently on other dramatic programs, and has long been well known to listeners as Chichi in Life Can Be Beautiful.

"I began my career as an actress at nine," Teri went on, "By the time I was nineteen, I had played dramatic roles in five Broadway shows and was already a radio veteran. When John and I were married, on June 10, 1950, I added motherhood and then motherhood to the joy of going on with the work I love. I wouldn't change my life for anyone else's in the world. Yet I want Sharon to grow up a little more slowly than I did. I want her to have the natural, normal childhood that other little girls have, and to take her time about deciding what she wants to do with her life. I believe all mothers want more for their children than they had themselves."

At the moment, Sharon seems very much an individual in her own right. First, in her looks, so unlike her mother's blondness and yet so unlike her daddy's black hair and blue eyes. And in her whole personality, in the seriousness of her manner, the sweet gravity of her smile. Perhaps she will show some of her parents' talent for acting, and their love of it. It's too early yet to tell. Perhaps she will be a musician, like Teri's mother, who was a concert singer. (Teri herself, a lyric soprano, hopes some day to combine singing with acting.)

"I think the best thing she can be, for a long time to come, is a happy, healthy, normal little girl," Teri says firmly.

"I have very definite convictions about what is best for her, for a while, although you might think at times that I am hopelessly sentimental. You might think—at other times—that I am almost too realistic about the way she should be brought up, because I feel that modern life is realistic and she must be prepared to face it. Actually, we mothers of today must be a mixture of both sentiment and practicality. We can't neglect either, if we want our children to be happy adults."

Teri tells a story about her sentimental side and how she was affected by a visit to the Central Park carousel with Sharon. The carousel that has been whirling New York children around and around on its galloping wooden horses for many years.

"I suddenly remembered how, when I was about nine, my mother used to take me riding on this merry-go-round, and now here I was bringing my own little girl to enjoy the same thrills. As we swung around the circle on our handsomely painted steeds, my throat suddenly felt all choked up and tears came to my eyes. I saw Sharon looking at me curiously, and then I told her how Mommy had loved this carousel as much as she was loving it. I think it made the whole thing seem even more exciting and wonderful for her. It was for me."

On the other hand, Teri's realistic approach to Sharon's education is illustrated by the way she put her in nursery school before she intended to.

"I have a wonderful mother, Nellie, who is like one of the family. She has been with us since Sharon was born, so there was no need for school to keep my little girl happy while I work. I wouldn't and couldn't go on working if Sharon were not well taken care of at home by someone she loves and trusts. But I had begun

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An open letter to:

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The Editors

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to be over-protective and yet not too harshly realistic."

Her daughter's independence of thought and action is something very precious to Teri. She had to learn diplomacy as a child, because she sensed that in the busy world of the theater and radio there was no place for a small actress who was temperamental or difficult. Perhaps it taught her a great deal about being cooperative and considerate of others, but it was sometimes hard on a little girl to be so self-effacing and quiet.

"I think I am just now getting to the point where I feel I can really be myself, as a result of those early years," she said. "Everyone was wonderful to me, always, but there were times when I wished I could talk up more frankly. Sharon, on the other hand, is always herself, wherever she goes. She begged to be taken to the studio one day recently and, feeling she had a right to see where I went when I left her every morning, I did take her, wondering how she would react. I was very proud of my child that day. She was very nice with everyone, but didn't show off or try to attract attention."

The apartment where Teri and John and Sharon live is in the heart of the city, but they feel that—if they moved to a suburban home and commuted—there would be less time for them all to be together. They have the Park. The Museum of Natural History, with all its fascinating exhibits, is not far away. There is a riding academy nearby, where Sharon can watch the horses and dream of the day when she will sit astride the biggest one and canter through the Park in the sunlight. And there are the wonderful late afternoons listening to stories in front of the big fireplace.

The fireplace is the focal point in the big room—a room with blue-green walls and high casement windows, with comfortable places to sit, and big gold-shaded lamps and bookcases and tables, and with one of Sharon's dolls guarding a pile of Teri's radio scripts. (The rest of her dolls and toys have overflowed from her bedroom into an old cradle in a corner of the dining room, a room which is lovely in Early American furnishings.) Teri and John fell in love with the fireplace at first sight, and could hardly wait to use it after they moved in. So one night they made quite a rite of laying the fire, and then sat down to enjoy it, thinking how cozy and homey it was going to be. Suddenly, great billows of smoke began to flow over them and, coughing and sputtering, they hurried to put the fire out. They learned later that the flue is even smaller than the average, and that the trick is to build the fire 'way back, which works out just as well from the standpoint of enjoyment, once you have learned about it. But it amused them, and still do, to see that all this size was just so much show!

Teri was born in New York, grew up in Florida and in Ohio, and came back to New York to be an actress. She played a dramatic role at nine in "Swing Your Lady," on Broadway, then went into the Singing Lady radio show for four years, on which she sang with a group of children. She even substituted as the storyteller on the show when Irene Wicker, its "Singing Lady," went on vacation. From the very first, she was able to go from one role to another, on radio and on stage, because someone had seen and heard her and recognized she was a little girl with great talent.

"I never had to pound pavements to look for work," she said. "That didn't spare me some of the heartbreaks and disappointments that inevitably go with this business, but it did smooth some of the rough places. I got my chance for the role I loved on Life Can Be Beautiful because someone recommended me for an audition. I won the chance to audition as Loretta Cole on The Romance Of Helen Trent through another recommendation. It has always been that way for me, and I am very grateful.

Playing in Helen Trent is actually a homecoming, because quite a long time ago I did a part in it and everyone was very kind. Julie Stevens, who plays Helen, went out of her way to recommend me for other jobs when my role was finished. It has been wonderful to come back to them, after some success, feeling I justified their faith in me—at least a little, I hope.

"I love the role of Loretta. She isn't a very nice girl. She schemes to get what she wants and doesn't mind whose life she messes up in the process, but it is very reasonable that she is interested to portray. Loretta is driven by ambition for money and power, and she goes after these things in the only way she feels is open to a woman—by trying to snare a man who can give her to her. A few years ago, I was still playing nice little ingenuous roles, but Chichi in Life Can Be Beautiful, and Loretta in The Romance Of Helen Trent, have been much more than that. Roles like these are a real challenge to an actress.

"When Sharon gets a little older, I shall have to explain to her about some of these parts I play and to point out that—just as life isn't all black or white, but has shadings of gray—so have people. I hope I shall be able to impress on her that the real object of living is to keep as much gray out of character and heart as possible, and to let your light shine brightly through to illuminate everything around you. If I can help my daughter to do this, I shall be a very happy mother indeed."

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(Continued from page 51)

Three Jewels for Mother

For Haila. Her parents were strict and made it clear that girls were expected to stand straight and respect their narrow confines.

"So I went to work on my younger and only brother," she recalls. As a man, he had freedom and she tried to prod him into traveling.

"Not me," he said. "I like it here. I like the little houses and everything about it."

"And he still does," Haila notes today. "And he has three sons and a beautiful wife and is very happy."

Haila may have inherited her feeling for adventure from her father. He had traveled abroad for several years, as a producer. That led to the part of Pearl in the road company of "To- 

bacco Road"—which, after a 65-week tour, landed her on Broadway with the ingenue's part in a smash hit. Haila Stoddard's stage mother can be realized by simply noting that, since graduation from college, she has been constantly employed as an actress. She has done much radio says, "I have had the first experience with a daytime drama, for she was Big Sister back in the Thirties."

"The role of Pauline Harris is very satisfying," she says, "because she's a well-natured character, and we're not just showing what she is but how and why she got that way." Haila admits, also, to enjoying the greater economic security in her line. It took her three weeks to finish a cup of coffee, according to the script, and you can't beat that for steady employment.

Haila has been working with various producers—first as a co-producer for the past five years, initiating her ambition to be a producer herself. This year Haila and her close friend Gloria Safien, who is agent for Wally Cox, Orson Bean and others, will co-produce a play on Broadway.

"It will be exciting," she says, "but, whatever happens, I will always consider my children my best productions."

Haila and the children live in a pretty community on the Hudson River, just twenty-two train minutes from Manhattan. She is both father and mother to them and co-produces the show. While the show is on tour, she and her husband live in New York, and the children are sent to school.

"We do have a full-grown man present at all times," she says, "and he's a regular patriarch." The bay window of her apartment faces a gigantic statue of Henry Hudson himself and, from her seventh-floor home, Haila and children are just about even with his nose. "It's quite comforting," Haila says, "even though his nose does get to running quite a bit during a rain."

The apartment is furnished with odds and ends from the many plays that she has seen. She notes, "A producer must buy all the props and, when the play is over, he must get rid of it all, selling what he can."
So Haila's furnishings are not only striking, but wonderful mementos as well. There are a pair of handsome antique sconces and two antique chairs from the 1891 production of "Glud Tidings," which she did with Max Douglas. From the "Rivals," there is a beautiful antique dresser and mirror. Two porcelain puddles are a reminder of "Blithe Spirit," when she shared the stage with Clifton Webb and Peggy Wood. Finally, a revival of "Springtime for Henry," with Edward Everett Horton. She has a massive oval and square gold picture frames. She made one into a coffee table. The other she backed and used as a mounting for a set of Degas prints.

"The pictures are so mixed up, it would drive a decorator mad," she notes.

In addition, she has a traditional library and a large record collection which she and the children particularly enjoy. And Haila is no stranger to the kitchen. "I can cook modest about everything but my children and cooking. I've studied cooking everywhere I've lived, and I enjoy it and think I know something about it."

Some of her recipes have been published in books. She generally favors simple French cooking. Her recipes couldn't be easier or more delicious. In cooking scallops, for example, she puts them in a little lemon juice. She rolls them in heavy cream, dries them ever so slightly in flour, then sautés them in butter. In the case of chicken, she starts out by coating the parts in heavy cream, then rolling them in cashew nuts, then sautés them in butter.

Another homely virtue of one who has led a rather glamorous life is her sewing. Matter of fact, Haila earned her education from the time she was sixteen by designing and making clothes. "That's how I come in handy in the theater," she says. "I'm forever helping out with last-minute repairs to costumes. Once, I've helped to patch up a curtain or remake slipcovers for stage furniture during an intermission."

Haila hasn't had time in many years to make her own clothes. Her schedule is demanding. Morning starts at seven-thirty, when she gets up to make breakfast for the children. Robin must leave by seven-thirty. He and Chris have a chore walking a neighbor's dog before school. About nine, when the children are off, Haila herself heads for the railroad station, where she is a producer. At eleven, she goes to the CBS studio and becomes an actress. During the lunch hour, she meets with her assistant, Felice Bauer, to pick up her duties as a producer. Then back to the studio for The Secret Storm. After the telecast, she may stay on until six, rehearsing the next day's chapter. Otherwise, she goes home to the office. She gets home about seven-thirty to have dinner with her children.

"They don't mind waiting for me," she says, "and it's the nicest time of the day."

Robin, the oldest, is a very shaggy-haired blonde. Chris and T.J. are very blond, like mother. All together, they are an easygoing, genial crew with a flair for the imaginative.

"I think I worked on a recent birthday and thus didn't get home until well after midnight, when the children were asleep. She knew the kids had cards and gifts for her, but she didn't see them in any of the boxes. I was a little perplexed, when she went to the ice box for her habitual glass of milk. There, on the refrigerator shelves, were her greeting cards and gifts, nicely wrapped and very, very cold.

"And, of course, the kids are exactly the opposite of what you might expect," she says. "Because they were raised in a very unconventional, theatrical home, they are the most conventional children I've ever seen."

Robin, for example, has turned down juvenile parts in plays, for she considers her formal education more important than an early career on the stage. When she recently began dating, Haila sat down with her for a girl-to-girl talk on different situations which might be provoked by males. Mother told daughter how she had handled similar situations, and Haila thought she was being fairly instructive in all illustrative way. But, at the end, Robin said, "Mother, just what kind of a girl were you?"

"The point is," Haila says, "girls are smarter socially today, and that's mainly because we raise them more sensibly. But, you know, it's kind of heartbreaking to have all this advice stored up when no one needs it.""

Robin confounded her mother and practically silenced her for all time when she recounted an incident at a dance. One of the most popular boys had kissed Robin early in the evening and she in turn had socked him.

"I guess you had to do it," Haila said, "but didn't ruin the rest of the evening for you?"

"No, after I socked him, we got along fine and had almost every dance together."

Haila's sons adore her. Chris is usually at the railroad station in the evening to watch her. He kind of paces me," she says. "The station is at the bottom of a hill and it's seventy-two breathless steps to climb."

It has never been Haila's way to shelter her children from ordinary problems, and that was true even when her income was on the low side. Once, during the winter holiday season, she had put off buying a Christmas tree, hoping the price would come down near Christmas Eve. On about seven, what was going on and solved the whole problem by going out and chopping down a handsome fir tree.

"There it was in the living room, and it would have been awful. If I couldn't help thinking it might be the most expensive Christmas tree in the world if the owner wanted to make trouble and I was short on money, anyway. So I didn't make an issue about it with Chris. After all, it was Christmas and they didn't do anything to Washington when he chopped down the cherry tree."

While no disciplinarian, Haila is strict with the children in certain ways. She is demanding about such things as manners and courtesy. She thinks children suffer only from extremes: either too much or too little discipline. While Haila has never neglected her responsibilities as a dual parent, every once in a while she has the feeling she is being treated like a child.

"The children will discuss how much sleep I've been getting or how long I've worked or ask me what I had for lunch. They smile and adds, "You never realize how closely children observe you. While I tell them my best productions, they are also my sharpest critics."

Not so long ago, she was on the train with Robin and Chris. It was several hours' separation from her husband. Robin suddenly cleared her throat and said, "We've wanted to tell you something, Mother, now that you're kind of on your own. We weren't quite sure what to expect of you and thought maybe you'd go off at a tangent, but we want to say you're doing very well and we think you ought to know."

"That," says Haila, "is the best review I ever got."
So Young and So in Love

(Continued from page 49)
dressed like Israelettes of almost 2,000 years ago, standing together in the shadow of the RCA Building.

You sang that bit beautifully," Russ told her.

"I liked the way you did the messenger bit," she countered. "You've hammed it up, but you didn't.

"I'm glad you thought it was beautiful," she added, "even in that dress-type thing you're wearing.

"Could I come to see you in a plain business suit?"

Her smile faded. "I live at the Barbizon Hotel for Women," she said. "And I've got a date...

That's the way Russ changed his clothes and took the Seventh Avenue subway to Greenwich Village, where he was staying with some friends, being unable to afford a hotel room or apartment of his own. His friends, a happy married couple, were out, the fact creating their tree. Russ helped, sitting on the floor and passing over baubles and tinsel to his hostess. But he couldn't get the picture of Liza, lovely and sweet, or the sound of her clear, deep voice, out of his mind. The Christmas happiness of his host and hostess made him feel even more lonely than he'd have felt if he'd been staying in a hotel. When the first Christmas of his life came at midnight, and he had to join the family circle singing "Noël," he could feel the tears smarting in his eyes.

He'd never been so foolishly sentimental before in his life, and he wondered why. The answer was suddenly clear and sharp in his mind. He missed being with Liza.

"You're a hunk," he thought. "I'm in love! I can't be—I've only known her for a few minutes. But let's face it, I'm really in love.

He went to the phone in the hall and called his hotel. "Miss Palmer's best foot forward. She, the switchboard operator said.

"Would you take a message? Mr. Russell Arms wishes Miss Palmer a Merry Christmas."

"That'll be all."

"That'll be all.

He was lying in bed, staring at the ceiling, thinking about the show—and Liza—when he heard the phone ringing out in the hall. He grabbed the top to his pajamas and went running for it. Liza had called him.

"Miss Liza Palmer wishes Mr. Arms a Merry Christmas, too," she said.

"Look," he said, "I know it's late—"

"It's nearly two."

"I know! I know! But if I could just see you for a little while, a minute or two—if you didn't have to break it off right now, so soon...

There was a long silence, while she thought about it.

But she'd fallen in love, too, that night. "All New Yorker," she said. "Half New Yorker?"

"I'll be there in twenty minutes," he said.

They met on the street corner. Neither one of them talked of where they would go. Russ told Liza to arm in his, and they started to walk. They didn't even speak, for a long time. The night was very cold. They walked along the sidewalks, arm in arm, perfectly happy together, their faces hidden in the plumes of frosty air ahead of them. They were both broke, both ambitious, both utterly, magnificently happy. Central Park was their scenery, the honking of cabs their music. They walked all the way through the dawn, when the sky was growing lighter above them, they came back to her hotel. They'd talked, some. They knew each was a native Californian, but they had twin interests besides the strange, inescapable attraction they had for each other. At the door of her hotel, while the street-sweeping machine and the garbage trucks vied with each other for control of all sound, Russ took Liza in his arms and kissed her.

"Merry Christmas, Liza," he said. "I'm in love with you."

"Merry Christmas, Russ," she answered. A long moment went by. "All right," she said, "you look beautiful in that outfit—"

She laughed. "Thanks. You look nice, too—even in that dress-type thing you're wearing."

"Could I come to see you in a plain business suit?"

It was raining, hard. Russ met Liza in front of her hotel, and they started to walk. He carried the big black umbrella. She began to sing. She ended her song on the word "white," and turned to him. He started to sing "White Christmas" in the same key. After a while, he stopped, too. She thought a minute, then took the last word out, and began a new tune.

Together, under the umbrella, they walked the streets of New York, singing their own, a kind of vocal Scrabble. They were both broke and both wanted more. There was a lot of life in the air, and a hunk of salami. When she's nineteen and all-out to make a big success in New York, food and shelter are the least of your worries. But Liza wanted above all else to look nice for Russ, and she just didn't have the money or the wardrobe to do anything about it. That was where her friends on the other end. They had young models, mostly American girls, who lived on the same floor with me — and mostly all gone home for the holidays. I couldn't afford to go clear to California—I could hardly afford to go across the street, really. And then we were in the habit of lending our clothes to one another all the time, so that we each gave the impression of being well-dressed—when all any of us ever owned of any clothes was a pair of hose, a few good things. The other girls began to come back just as I ran out of changes for my dates with Russ. I told them what had happened to me, that I was in love with her, and was going to marry Russ, or die, and they all understood.

"There wasn't a girl on that floor who didn't come to me with a skirt or a blouse or a wrap or a freshly washed pair of hose, every evening. Seeing Russ tonight?"
After a while Russ and Liza learned about a little restaurant where they could buy a lot of spaghetti for a few quarters, and then they got friendly with the pages on the sixth floor of the RCA Building in Rockefeller Center. That's where NBC keeps a small viewing room supposedly for employees, with a big TV set and some chairs. The pages let them in, and there was their evening's entertainment, waiting for them. For free, too.

In February, things changed. Russ got a radio show and some spots on a TV set-up, *The 54th Street Revue* (now defunct). And Liza was offered a leading part in "Inside USA," the Bea Lillie stage show. Liza would spend our week with the play in New York, and then start on the road with the touring company.

Here was the first crisis in the love affair of Russ and Liza. Until now they'd only been broken. But, if Liza took the job, they'd be separated.

They walked down into Central Park that afternoon; she got the offer, and hurried together in the cold on a bench, talking it over through chattering teeth.

"It's a break for me, Russ," she told him, shivering against his shoulder.

"I can't let you go. It must be weeks, months, before I saw you again."

"But all that money—"

"You might meet somebody else—"

"Silly."

"You have to go, don't you?"

"I won't, if you say not."

"I couldn't stand in your way—"

"But I'd be back. I'd be back so soon."

"Don't go. I couldn't live with you away."

"All right, I won't go."

"But your career—I guess you've got to."

"Yes. Oh, Russ, hold me close. . . ."

So she took him in her arms.

The night she caught the train for Boston, he saw her to the station and went with her to the train. They were very civilized, very grown-up, about their parting. He kissed her gently, took up the steps, and walked along the platform outside as she walked along the aisle inside of the car, until she sat down.

"There she sat," Russ remembers, "with her hands crossed in her lap, a forlorn little figure. She was everything in the world to me, my whole life, and she was going away. Then she looked at me, and the big tears started rolling down her cheeks. In a minute I was crying, too. She sat there, and I stood there only a yard from her, and we both bawled like babies."

The next night he counted up his money, then phoned her at her hotel in Boston. Halfway through the conversation he said, "By the way, you know we're going to be married when you get back, don't you?"

"Yes," he said, "as I was saying, there's a good chance of a new TV show for me next week."

After they'd hung up, Russ suddenly said to himself, "Good Lord, I've just got myself engaged!" He went to stand in front of a mirror and grinned at his reflection.

In Boston, Liza started to wash out a pair of nylons. Suddenly she stopped. "I said 'Yes,'" she said to her reflection. "I'm going to marry him!"

The next morning she found the nylons still floating in the cold basin of soapy water. She couldn't remember how they'd ever got there.

Russ hadn't the faintest idea how, during the next months until May, 1949, he saved enough money to call Liza as often as he did, or buy plane tickets so he could fly for a few hours to Boston, Philadelphia, and other cities on the tour's way to Chicago. Liza thinks he must have hocked his watch several times, and admits that finally he said to her, "Honey, now that we're engaged, maybe you might call me once in a while. You can afford it and I can't, and I've got to talk to you—"

"Don't worry," she said, "just be by that phone at six tomorrow night, and I guarantee it will ring."

Russ, meanly afraid he hadn't taken a tenement walkup apartment in New York. He was trying to save some money for their marriage, but at the same time he wanted to carry her over the threshold of a cute, amusing apartment. So, all the time he was on tour, he remodeled the tenement flat. He painted it, turned orange crates into end-tables, went up to Harlem and bought an oak table for eight dollars, then cut it down to a coffee table. He made bookshelves out of planks discarded when a near-by building was wrecked. . . .

When, in May, Liza wired him that she was quitting the show and coming home, he started making fast plans for the wedding. He had some friends who lived in apartments in Greenwich Village looking out on the courtyard of the Episcopal Church of St. John's-in-the-Village, on Fourth Street. Russ and Liza were married at the outdoor altar in that courtyard, and held their reception in a friend's apartment.

There was no money for a honeymoon, but Providence usually takes care of nice young people whose only problem is to share their first few days of love together in privacy and beauty. The day after their marriage, Russ received a wire from his Hollywood agent offering him a part in a Gene Autry movie, "Sons of New Mexico," with a three-week guarantee.

For a whole week, they stayed at the Beverly Hills Hotel because Liza had always wanted to spend her honeymoon there. Then, sensibly, they moved to her mother's house in Beverly Hills. After all that would do now. They had found each other and their love, they were married, and they'd had the dream honeymoon they'd always wanted. From now on, marriage would be a sensible arrangement, albeit still the happiest of contracts in this happiest of worlds.

Today, the Arms family lives in a "garden apartment" in Flushing, and Russell commutes into New York City while Liza keeps house—and some singing "dates" of her own. At home in their one-bedroom apartment—which they furnished in modern "because modern goes with anything, and we hope someday to have a house that isn't furnished with left-over apartment furniture"—they are still as much in love as ever.

Russ is pretty much tops now, with his spot on *Your Hit Parade*. He started just singing the commercials, then began doing entire numbers on the show, and now is one of the vocal stars. And, when he goes home at the end of a long day, Liza is waiting for him. They still kiss each other hello as if they'd been married for just a week. Then Russ will sprinkle food into the aquaria of tropical fish, his greatest hobby, while Liza prepares the vegetables and meat in the kitchen.

Then they both fix dinner. When they were first married, Russ discovered that Liza couldn't boil water. He was already an accomplished cook, having been taught to art by his father. "So I passed on a few lessons to Liza, and she isn't bad," he explains. "Of course, I belong to the plain-cooking school, and she's beginning to throw garlic and wine around . . . but you can't have everything.

This should qualify as the most pointless remark of the year, since he obviously has everything. And he got it, so to speak, from the towering Christmas tree in Rockefeller Center.
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Romance in the Air

(Continued from page 48)
registered amazement and disapproval. Dolores is the only one drawn in their faces as she turned toward the curb. "I really wanted to explain," she says now, "but there wasn't time. I am sure they thought I was catching up with him. I could see them shaking their heads over these dreadful young couples of today!"

The facts are that neither Dolores nor Earl is married and that, of course, last to work on them together, and that often means a dinner date. And, suddenly, a very interesting thing began to happen. We have established a rapport, so that now whenever there is a spare date Earl and Dolores are always there for it, sticking to every word of the script!

Before she ever dreamed of playing his TV role, Dolores had been dreaming of being in television at all—Earl had been something of a hero to Dolores . . . a hero to the whole New York block of apartment buildings in which she lived at that time, before she began to spend some day she had gone her own apartment. She was just beginning to think about acting then.

"Earl lived on the same block, and he had that fantastic motorcycle even then. I watched it, and thought. He took me out for a ride, and I thought it was pretty big stuff to have a real actor escort a girl down the street, to get to know him, too, but only casually."

It turned out later—when Dolores had reached the point where she joined a class for young professionals who wanted to learn acting techniques too—Earl was a fellow student. One night he offered to drive her home, and she said that was fine, expecting to be escorted to her apartment building. She was rather dressed up that evening, and it seemed like a gala ending to the day until they got down to the street, and he walked over to the same motorcycle, and got on it.

"This is it," he said proudly. "Get on." She did, and they rode uptown, but when they neared her house she suggested they stop. All her mother might think this was odd transportation for a daughter of hers through New York streets. Perhaps he wouldn't mind sneaking around the corner and letting her off in a darker spot? As she was saying something, a car pulled up next to them and she looked into her mother's startled eyes.

"It was quite a shock to her, but now the story is used to it. So am I. Earl and I sometimes take each other in early evening, especially the quiet sections where there is little traffic. The first time he took me down to Wall Street and the financial district, it seemed like something out of a dream. The mammoth buildings were almost deserted by night, and the narrow, cavernous streets were almost empty. I had a sense of complete isolation, as if I were the only person in the world today known. The lights on the motorcycle threw gigantic shadows across the streets and buildings. It was beautiful—and just a big shock to my system."

Earl likes this serenity. In fact he feasts on it. He goes for eerie motion pictures, too. "Horror movies," Dolores calls them. "He sees every one of them at least twice. Takes me with him, and when I'm most scared I know he's enjoying himself, because that means it's a really spine-chilling plot."

He makes up for her sacrifices by taking her to Broadway plays and to the kind of movies she likes best—romantic ones in which even the villains are handsome, and no clutching hands drag a victim to his doom.

Although Valiant Lady is Dolores first television role, she has performed in many radio plays and has appeared on many TV and radio programs by the time she was asked to read for the part of Diane. They liked her reading. They liked her looks (a dainty 5'11", 105 pounds, curly dark hair and hazel eyes). But someone had a more blonde type in mind. She was disappointed, but there was a role in a play she hoped would get to Broadway. The role was that of a rich radicalspinster nineties woman. Dolores was cast, and although the part was a minor one, she was very happy with it. She was able to see how she handled the part for the first time on screen. It was for a film called, "The Californians" in which she played the seductive Elizabeth Guest, the petite young widow of the California oil tycoon.

"I wanted to play Diane. I love playing her now." Dolores says simply. "I think I have some understanding of her, some sympathy with her impulsion, her intense desire for excitement, her feelings of frustration because she thinks she is chained to what she considers a dull town."

And yet realizing that she would appreciate either her mother or her husband, because she hasn't grown up to their stature. She isn't mean, but she is thoughtless. She has been an actress for an experience. She loves mail, and hopes to help him make something of himself, never realizing that he is the really stable one. She has so much to learn, this girl, and I feel realizing that she will see this happening and to be a part of it."

Dolores herself switched careers almost one year ago. She was starting to work for her master's degree in philosophy, expecting to settle down to a good, solid teaching job. There was no theatrical tradition in her family. Her sister finished school and became a secretary. Dolores planned a career and thought marriage might come along and change the plan, or perhaps teaching and marriage might be combined. She had thought about acting out of fun.

"At Julia Richman High School (where Judy Holliday and Geraldine Brooks began their careers in school plays), I was in plays, but it wasn't until I entered New York University and was in the college plays that I got to feeling I might like to be an actress. I pushed it way back in my mind then, deciding an education was important. Perhaps if I had started doing dramatic training earlier it would have been easier for me. I don't know. I am glad, however, that I finished my education, because I knew I should be getting what I could from the world, which may which I might not have been interested in had I left school at that time. For instance, if I had not studied the philosophy of government, I would understand far less of the world today."

One way or another, either through education or our own reading and listening, we have to keep informed, and education made me able to think of things which may have impressed me."

It was while she was working toward her master's degree that the urge to branch off into some phase of show business began to overwhelm her. She took a job with a concert bureau, helping with the work of the performers and with the programming, and the hundred and one details.

"It was arithmetic that proved my undoing. We needed 500 tickets for a concert
I think cooking is creative work and anybody should be able to learn it. Anybody but me, perhaps!"

If she hasn’t an innate knack for cooking, she has for color, liking to surround herself with blues and violet and all the pastel tones. "I feel that color affects me, makes me gay or sad. For instance, I wear a bright red raincoat because it makes me feel happy, on the dullest day, although usually I don’t wear much red. Black depresses me."

She wears very little jewelry and her favorite ring is a cufflink that her father once wore, which she had put on a ring finger. "Her favorite costume is dungarees and a simple blue or pink shirt. But, like all young girls, she adores dressing up in formal. "And I don’t get much chance," she moans. "I go out mostly with young actors and you know they don’t take you places where you can dress up too much. (I hope they don’t read this, because they may not like my saying it, but it’s true.)"

Summers she doesn’t mind not dressing up. This year she rented a cottage with a friend, Peggy McCoy (who plays Vanessa, in Love Of Life). It’s on an island in the ocean near New York City, and they have been spending all their weekends sea- and sun-bathing and forgetting all the cares of show business. But not business of itself. Not they! Because, “for relaxation,” they have been putting on plays on their own front porch, writing their own scripts, composing parodies on popular songs doing revues and comedy sketches, improvising costumes and even scenery. One Saturday night they put on a gay revue for a few of their neighbors, and suddenly the audience began to grow and grow until it included some seventy-five of the islanders and their visitors. The young people from Valiant Lady have joined them on occasional weekends—for instance, Jim Kirkwood, who plays Dorothy’s brother and Joan Loring, who plays the girl he loves.

“We’re a happy group on the show,” she says of them all. "We’re writing together. Nancy Coleman, who plays my mother, is really a wonderful person. Lydia Reed, who plays my little sister, is one of the most interesting children I ever met. Did you know she runs a business on the side? It’s fantastic. She sells us things, to add to the allowance she gets from her mother, and we get such fun out of it. Her salesmanship is the best and she’s an expert. About two minutes before I go on camera, for instance, she will say something like this: ‘I’m selling these seeds very cheap today. Don’t want some? They’re only ten cents.”

“Not now, Lydia dear. I’ll talk to you later, when we’re through.”

“But I’m selling these today with the pots. All you need extra is the dirt.”

“All right, Lydia dear. I’ll take them and pay you after the show.”

“She runs away then, happy. Sometimes it’s pasted-up pictures, like flowers or birds cut from magazines, with some artistic mounting. The point is that she’s a fine little businesswoman as well as a fine little actress.”

Besides being a collector of Lydia’s assorted paste-ups (which she couldn’t possibly resist!), Dolores collects old photographs of famous actors and actresses, her prize being one of Ethel Barrymore taken in her early days. "Miss Barrymore was very young and very lovely and beginning the kind of career that Dolores dreams about today, a success which included a successful Broadway play, a long life being Diane in Valiant Lady, and somewhere along the way—not too far away—a husband, children, and a home in which there is love and laughter and the joy of living.
### Monday through Friday

#### Morning Programs

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<td>Alex Draper, ?Man On the Go</td>
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**Morning Programs**

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See Next Page→
Wednesday
8:00 & 10:30 Godfrey Show-Hour variety
5:00 & 7:00 Godfrey Show---Hour variety
8:00 I Married Joan---Domestic Ding Dong
5:00 What's the Story---Panel quiz
7:30 Disneyleyland---Oct. 27 of new, exciting full-hour show prepared and introduced by Walt Disney.
8:30 & (8) at 9:30 My Little Morgie
7:30 Steer and Spoon---Ferry family stuff
9:00 & 11:00 Howie Quiz for needy
8:00 & 11:00 Kroft Theater---Full-hour drama
5:00 Mosquerepa-—Amusing panel
9:30 I've Got a Secret---Maure's quiz
10:00 & 12:00 Blue Ribbon Boxing
5:00 & 12:00 Best of Broadway---Star cast comedies and dramas.
5:00 This Is Your Life—Ralph Edwards
11:00 & 12:00 Colonel March—Baris Karlab
10:30 Big Town—Mark Stevens stars
5:00 Foreign Intrigue—Espionage stories

Thursday
8:00 Meet Mr. McNulty—Ray Milland
6:00 & 8:00 Bet Your Life—Groucho's quiz
7:00 Postal Inspector—Adventures
8:30 Climax—Full-hour drama: Oct. 14th.
5:00 & 7:00 Justice—Police dramas
7:00 Treasury Men In Action
9:00 Dragnef—Jack Webb's round-up
9:30 Do You Want to Lead a Band?—Sammy Kaye makes you want to play games.
9:30 Four Star Playhouse—Drama
6:00 & 8:00 Ford Theater
5:00 Kroft Theater—Full-hour dramas
7:00 & 10:00 Lux Video—Full-hour
10:30 Nome That Tune—$500 quiz
7:30 Rocket Squad—Hadley as Captain

Friday
7:00 Gypsy Lombardo—Heavenly music
8:00 & 10:00 Moma—Heartwarming comedy
8:00 Red Lux Visits—Ralph Edwards
7:00 Front Page—Ed Lowe—Mellerdrumers
6:00 & 8:00 Ozzie & Harriet—Big, big laughs
7:00 Topper—Hocus-pocus laugh series
6:00 & 8:00 Life of Riley—Bill Bendix stars
7:00 With Elizabeth—White is red hot
7:00 Roy Bolger Show—Fine comedy
"If I Knew You Were There"

(Continued from page 37)

Reaching their apartment house at 7:30 P.M., he phoned from the lobby. Ruth had told him she would come right down when he called. Unexpectedly, she changed this to: "You'll have to come up. I'm not quite ready.

At their floor, Vicki dashed out ahead. As he entered the foyer, she called, "Oh, Daddy, come here quick. There's the funniest thing that just happened."

Round the corner, Berle saw—not the "funniest thing on television"—but some of its funniest men, all shouting "Surprise!" and "Happy Birthday." Before they were playing it straight, that group of comedians who customarily match wits and practical jokes at Lindy's had showed up without a single gag gift.

Instead, through the frorence and presents, they were letting Milton know they regarded him as a nice guy and a good friend. Jan Murray gave him pajamas; Jack Carson, Leonard, cuff links; Phil Silvers, after-shave lotion.

Opening these and similar gifts from the fifteen other guests Ruth had invited, Berle, the seasoned performer who has remained unshakeable, though sometimes came close to breaking up, Berle, the man of a million jokes, could only say: "I've never had a surprise party before. In fact, I never had such a birthday party."

"Not even when you were a kid," someone asked.

"When I was a kid," said Berle incredulously, "When I was a kid, I was too busy fighting with the drummer ever to have a boyhood."

Enjoying his first surprise party at the age of forty-six is but one of the new experiences which is bringing Berle in this, his year of greatest changes. While, in the main, these are personal changes brought about by two women, his friends say they also color his professional life.

Outward change has been quite unnoticeable; the boys along bright-lighted Broadway will tell you. Almost as soon as Milton started going with Ruth Coagrove, he tidied himself up. He had his hair cut when it needed cutting. He dieted and lost thirty pounds. Slimmed down, he looked handsomer, younger. He bought new clothes, paying careful attention to the tailoring of his new-Milton suits, most noticeable of all, he began to relax.

Then his changed attitude was reflected in his new-Milton eating habits. Working with Berle grew easier. He began placing more confidence in other people's talents. Although still the hard-driving perfectionist at rehearsals, he no longer felt compelled to write every song, place every spotlight, set each dance number.

Next came a change in his off-camera interests. No longer was he seen at Lindy's famous Italian restaurant, until three o'clock every evening. He was spotted up the conspicuous "Berle table" at which he customarily held court. He moved to a side-line seat, and occupied even that less frequently. He was often dining at home at least four nights a week.

No one really expected Berle to change so much. But, long before the 1935-34 season ended, it became obvious that—married to his Ruth—Milton Berle had begun to find contentment.

With a woman he loved, and through her thoughtful, affectionate consideration for him, Milton was the first Berle, beginning to settle down, to enjoy those small pleasures of everyday living which non-professional people take for granted, but which, for a star, often remain the most elusive of luxuries.

With contentment within his reach, sud-
won first prize—a cup which he sold for a quarter. His career had begun.

Berle never forgot about the muff. He said, "You know how, in vaudeville, everyone wanted to play the Palace? I'd been there as a child. It was that kind of count. Once when we were having rough going, I promised Mother, "The first time I play the Palace, I'll make up for that muff. I'll buy you a muff." That happened, finally, in 1930. "The day I opened, I drew an advance of five hundred dollars to make the down payment and bought her that muff coat before the first show. Oh, it was a type of a muff. Cost me twenty-two hundred dollars, I believe. But it marked the turning point. From 1932 on, I was able to keep Mother in luxury."

He gazed at the portrait fondly. "Mother loved furs, so I got all of them for her. Mink, ermine, Persian lamb. She had coats, scarves, stoles. That was the least I could do, to make up for the days when only her memories kept her company."

Milton Berle, the great story teller, was deep into a topic which delighted him, and to his telling he gave all the fervor of an on-camera performance. The recollections which emerged from crises in his life and in that of the remarkable Sarah Berlinger, the woman who became known as Sandra Berle, "She had to work as well, I'll take care of the house and the kids," he said. "My father was ill. Mother became a department store detective. I doubt if she ever made over seventy-five cents an hour and sometimes her pay would consist of a nickel's worth of rice."

The job had hazards. "When she caught a shoplifter, she not only had to haul him up to the office to get a confession, she also had to go to a police station in another lot he might have stashed away. It wasn't easy and sometimes it was dangerous, for she would go alone into criminals' hangouts and dives."

The third time, Milton got his start in show business. "She'd take me around to the booking agents," he said. "If I get an engagement, she was there with me, coaching, encouraging, leading the applause. She'd be all over me and film studios. You know I played the kid in The Perils of Pauline."

"Their poverty brought tough battles. I remember the day they came for the piano. We couldn't afford to buy a piano, so Milton's friend, E. W. Wolfe, told him to put it in a ratty rooming house around the corner from the theater. My mother went out and bought two oranges, two slices of bread, two donuts for us to cook them. The food was for Elizabeth and me. She said she wasn't hungry."

Shortly, they were touring the country. Sometimes the bookings were good, sometimes they were bad, but both Sandra and Milton Berle were learning every facet of show business. It was knowledge both were to use later to make his show the nation's first big television hit. "I'll never again be able to see his mother's iron nerve break."

"It was 1921, and we were making the long jump from Cincinnati to Memphis. The incredible thing happened. Mother, the butcher, had her own pocket picked. Someone slashed her purse and stole both money and train tickets. She had us all on the train—my sister, Elizabeth Kennedy, and me—when she discovered it. She was frantic for fear we'd be put off and stranded in some small town. She started to sob."

"Then I'll never forget. A stranger—who turned out to be Mr. Henry Mathews, a member of the Cleveland department-store family—came over to ask what was the matter. He told Mother not to worry. He advanced money to pay our fares and, when we arrived in Memphis, he called the Chiska Hotel to arrange for our rooms. He even invited us out to his estate, Oak Hall. We've remained friends ever since."

Throughout the long climb upward, from dismal days like those of the first ranking spot as "Mr. Television," Sandra Berle remained her son's confidante, critic and one-woman claque.

Milton, a familiar show business saying: "Managers insisted that Mother, out in the audience didn't laugh louder than anyone else when I told a joke, she just laughed longer."

Significantly, in that afternoon of affectionate recollection, he did not quote its counterpart—that Sandra Berle was the only one who has ever seen Milton cry, and that she saw it happen more frequently than one would imagine. For the top, as well as the bottom, had turmoil and travail for him. Even at the pinnacle of success, his personal life was not happy. Twice he was on divorce. Improvements from Joyce Mathews. At their final parting, Miss Mathews retained custody of Vicki, but Milton was granted unlimited visiting privileges. Today, they are on amicable terms.

Only once, and then only obliquely, did he refer to the distressing period when they separated. "Times when I got myself into some real jam, Mother would talk things over with me, not on a parental basis, but in a man-to-man sort of way. There never was anything I couldn't tell her."

Sandra Berle's professional advice also was dependable. Said Milton, "Mother knew when the time came that we should have changed the show. I'd taken my original television format directly from vaudeville, but even in vaudeville I used to revise my act completely, every two months; "Mother favored making a change during the 1950 season when we were right at the top. She recognized that the shock treatment I used to obtain was effective. The surprise was gone. Besides that, television audiences were also changing. To say that the average viewer had the mind of an eleven-year-old was totally wrong. Rather, it's the thirteenth-year-old today who has the mind an eleven-year-old once had. People are wiser, sharper, than they have ever been before."

Mother realized that. She also recognized the challenge of a change. And she knew its dangers. "What happened when the old format was retained became television's first major upset. The Berle rating dropped from number one to a bad twentieth."

Milton met that crisis by bringing in the brilliant Goodman Ace to captain a team of writers who developed the "story-line" format. But, while this was going on, it became the habit with critics to take pot shots at Berle.

Again, his mother's loyalty was important. When the reviews were bad, he knew it but when the very ones who had complained about his former way of piling on gag after gag panned the new show by saying the old Berle had been funnier. She took the sting out of the criticism. "Don't worry, Milton. We knew that you were the greatest and that others were the people who counted."

If you were told that the boys say in Lindy's, you're cooked. "Mother knew we'd get back to the top again. Ruth knew it too."

He shrugged as though to toss the weight of the years off his shoulders. In a happier vein, he continued, "Mother loved Ruth. And I think I fell in love the moment I met her."

It was October 7, 1951, that lovely, darkly, "I was with Ruth Congrove came into Milton's life. She had seen one of his rehearsals and had been appalled at his driving pace. She met him later at a party and brought him into the Congrove family."

The legend has it that Milton, the funny man, was so taken with her that he had no quick quips. He is supposed to have said only, "How do you do?" and "May I take your order?"

Peter Self confirms nor denies the story, but explains, "I'm never 'on,' to use the show business term, when I'm at a party. Then I'm a guest, not an entertainer."

Milton and Ruth were together for more than two years, marrying on December 9, 1953. During this long courtship, their intentions became a favorite topic for speculation by the boys along Broadway. With a feeling that they should be married, Milton knew that at Lindy's they were laying eight to five against our marriage, but you know the way these guys are—anything for a bet."

More seriously, he explains, "But Ruth and I had no doubts about what we intended to do. Right after I met her, I wrote a song titled, 'If I Knew You Were There,' and that about said it. For us, the only people sure of anything is that we'd have some time together without all the demands of the show. Time that belonged to us."

Such time was not easily attained. So many things demanded, so many reasons. We wanted to be sure of the wedding before we set eyes on each other. We wanted to be sure of the wedding before we set eyes on each other. Milton confided, "I can tell you now that we had set an earlier date and I wanted to be sure of the wedding before we set eyes on each other. We wanted to be sure of the wedding before we set eyes on each other."

"Fate intervened, Mother chopped the thing up in a big, black ink smudge. We knew she'd never be happy to going to our wedding reception in a wheelchair. We'd want to dance around, be the life of the party, and that's what we wanted, too."

"During the wedding until Mrs. Berle recovered put them right into the start of a new season. Again they had to scheme for a break. Milton said, "I had three weeks' vacation at Christmas time. We set the date right at the end of the season, at least let us go to Florida for our honeymoon."

He paused reflectively. "You know, it's remarkable that at my age I should finally find a girl like Ruth. A girl who understands me, who doesn't think I'm a little bit of—unwind."

But he also recognized that such "unwind-
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Breakfast Club Gossip

(Continued from page 32)

"But I don’t care if I don’t get a thing myself. It just will not do.”

Because Aunt Fanny’s self-centered flightiness and her turn of a phrase customarily produce a quick laugh, that broadcast a year ago caused no particular comment among the few friends who know Fran Allison well recognized it for what it was—Fran’s own sharply satirical protest against calculatingly balanced gift lists, and a bit of fun and frivolity.

Instead of making any pompous pronouncements on the practice, she simply reduced it to absurdity, via Aunt Fanny.

Friends understood its implications, for they knew the novel Fran gives with open-handed generosity, often to a greater extent than she can comfortably afford. Chicago radio and TV performers, to her skill in asking questions times and times when Fran has paid someone’s hospital bill or helped a down-on-his-luck entertainer get a new start. In the more light-hearted phase of her giving, members of the Breakfast Club family treasure the recollection of times when Fran and her husband, music publisher Archie Levington, have returned from a trip with a handful of gifts for the children—just the right little dress or toy or paint set to fulfill a child’s heart’s desire.

At the time of the Christmas list broadcast, there had just been another typical example of Fran’s generosity for she had gone to Jackson, Michigan, to appear on a show which The Michigan Bakeeries staged to promote the sale of her Aunt Fanny brand. On the surface, it appeared a totally commercial project and it was for Fran to the second place, where there were bedridden children needing entertainment, she gave 25 stereopticon projectors equipped with colored slides or films. Fran’s generosity.

The contrast between Fran’s attempt at secrecy in this charity and Aunt Fanny’s public evaluation of anticipated presents provides the key to the differences between the two characters. For Aunt Fanny has always known how to make an entrance, and as a result, at times Fran’s generosity.

Fran’s eyes flashed, but she accepted both the mike and the challenge. In the new-familiar voice, she began, “Well, as I was saying to Nettie . . .”

Exactly what she told Nettie no longer is a matter of either record or recollection. But, since she was irritated and in a hurry, it is safe to assume that right then, for the first time, Aunt Fanny expressed a desire for Fran Allison the she has many times repeated. With an acidity which Fran herself would never use, Aunt Fanny let the announcer know what she thought of his brashness.

The delighted audience admired her gumption and said so in letters. By popular request, Fran returned to the Breakfast Club.

When ambitious Fran moved on to Chicago and the NBC network as a singer and actress in daytime dramas, Aunt Fanny went into semi-retirement. But she was much better fitted for that life than her niece and was able to stay out of sight for long. When Fran joined the Breakfast Club cast as a singer in 1937, Don McNeill discovered that Aunt Fanny exalts in the semi-retirement of small-town, Don proved to be an inspired straight man, finding just the right questions to prompt Aunt Fanny into knowing commentary.

From the breakfast table came back livelier than ever, gaining rather than losing by her move to the city—because, while Fran herself was well equipped by breeding and education to handle the world of broadcasting, Aunt Fanny continued to see life through old-time Iowa eyes.

Such boscopic vision brought both worlds to sharper focus. The manner of talk and points of view Fran recalled from her own girlhood in LaPorte, Iowa, and from the period when, after her graduation from Coe College, she taught a country school, were far removed in contrast to the formal speech of the studios. Where even easygoing Don McNeill is likely to describe a certain man simply as “kind” or “generous,” Aunt Fanny referred to an氏 or to him as the man who walked in shoe-leather.

At times, her complete mastery of a bygone rural idiom has produced somewhat startling results. First came the letters which tossed that the Aunt Fanny must overbearingly be the correspondent’s second cousin thrice removed, else how could she know so much about the correspondent’s family affairs?

Next came the people. Most of those who sought a private little chat with Aunt Fanny were content to see her at the studio, but one elderly woman from the Kentucky hills arrived in Chicago and made determined inquiry to find out just where Aunt Fanny lived.

Ringing the doorbell, she announced that she had come to see her friend; Aunt Fanny. She let it be known that she felt she had more in common with Fanny than she had with folks back home, being as how so many of her real friends had died off. On the verge of tears, the surprised Miss Allison, was she prepared to wait until Fanny came in—she might have known she’d be out gadding.

Even after Fran made her caller a cup of tea and explained in her gentlest manner that she was Aunt Fanny, the visitor was sure she was being hoodwinked. No one so young, so pretty and so “modern” could possibly have been Aunt Fanny’s mother.

Televising the Breakfast Club has given more people an accurate picture of Aunt Fanny’s appearance, but it has made little difference in her opinion of Fran. Now & Then, one of the most noted of the Chicago papers, has an elderly woman who is well known for her good advice.

In conversation, too, they are direct opposites. Where egocentric Aunt Fanny rambles on about her doings in comic strips, Fran is most adept in diverting the subject from herself to the page. Reporters, who customarily fall in love with her at first sight, also customarily sigh that she is almost impossible to interview. Thanks to the sunflower in her hair and her charm as a story teller, they are likely to discover, after leaving, that they have either spent the whole time talking about themselves or they have heard about everyone else in broadcasting. Fran, who is a living directory to show business on both coasts and in mid-continent Chicago, tells delightful, colorful anecdotes about the other stars. But, when it comes to her own exploits, she simply sidesteps the issue.

The two personalities also differ in travel. Where Aunt Fanny sets the stage for laughter by flouting in, garbed in ludicrous and antique elegance, Fran herself is always beautifully dressed in simple clothes of perfect taste.

Most of Aunt Fanny’s and Fran’s shared characteristics reflect Fran’s own multiple interests. Both like to travel, to meet new people and to visit old friends. Both talk about them entertainingly. It is likely, too, that Aunt Fanny has the most prodigious knowledge of baseball to be possessed by any old maid in history, for Fran herself is an ardent and well-informed fan. They also like chowhound and science fiction.

Inevitably, too, Aunt Fanny reflects some of Fran’s own talents. Both are sharp observers. They can tell you how people do things, as well as what they say. Fran has superior intelligence and Aunt Fanny, to use her own words, is no fool, Significantly, both have a quick wit and high spirit.

It was this combination, in fact, which was responsible for Aunt Fanny springing into being, right before a microphone, talking a blue streak.

It happened at a Waterloo, Iowa, station where Fran, on an eager youngster, sang songs, sold time, wrote commercials and ran a cooking show. One day, in her head-long race to keep even with her many duties and to earn her ten dollar a week salary, she rushed by an announcer who was interviewing farmers.

Grinning, he barred her way and drew her to the mike, saying, “If it isn’t Aunt Fanny! Say a few words to the folks.”

Fran’s eyes flashed, but she accepted both the Mike and the challenge. In the new-familiar voice, she began, “Well, as I was saying to Nettie . . .”

The contrast between Fran’s attempt at secrecy in this charity and Aunt Fanny’s public evaluation of anticipated presents provides the key to the differences between the two characters. For Aunt Fanny has always known how to make an entrance, and as a result, at times Fran’s generosity.

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Instead, every word of her monologue originates spontaneously with Fran herself. Having her first cup of early-morning coffee, she starts to think like Aunt Fanny. On her way to the studio, she jots down a few reminders. By the time she arrives, she knows exactly what she is going to talk about—but she seldom knows how she will say it.

With what approaches superstition, Fran resists giving Aunt Fanny's remarks any greater degree of permanence. She has no written collection of her commentaries. A few are preserved through tape recordings which her husband, Archie, has made during the actual broadcasts. When friends, delighted with a particular show, ask for copies or transcripts, Fran evades the request by murmuring polite nothing. Thus Aunt Fanny continues to live almost exclusively on the Breakfast Club.

This modesty about the presentation of her own creation leads to Fran being ranked as a comedienne—a performer—rather than as the genuine humorist she really is. She makes her Aunt Fanny so utterly believable that most listeners accept her merely as a good impersonator.

A more penetrating appraisal is due from Fran Allison. Remembering that she originated Aunt Fanny—that the giddy spinster is not the copy of any particular individual, living or dead, and that Fran alone sustains her conversational points a different light on Fran's achievement. Only in that light does Fran Allison emerge as a witty woman ready to be compared with such famous men as Will Rogers, Groucho and Finley Peter Dunne—a truly brilliant satirist who uses a homespun character of her own creation to comment tellingly on human foibles.

Nora Drake's Romantic Man

(Continued from page 66)

I mean the Quinns—live in a pleasant, ordinary seven-room home on a short dead-end street in Rockville Centre, out on Long Island. The have been there for ten years now, paying off the mortgage, planting new shrubs and re-seeding the lawn, and last year even stretched the budget some and painted the house gray, with deep red on the shutters. It had been white before. They had the heart-warming experience of receiving visits from all the neighbors, who came over to tell them how much they liked the new colors, how much the neighborhood had been improved.

Ten years of hard living, the kind you and I do, preceded that new paint job. The Quinns would have had it done before, if they'd ever had the time to really see how seedy the house was looking, or if they'd ever had any extra money.

But, when Mae and Bill finally took the big step of buying a house of their own, their first child was barely four years old and another child was on the way. Besides, it was wartime. Bill had been automatically deferred because of all his dependents, which included his stepsons. Not long after the second daughter was born to them, Bill's draft board called him in and told him that he'd better get a job in a defense plant, because otherwise they didn't care how many people he was supporting, it was an M1 and the Japanese invasion for him.

Now, Bill had never made any phony pretense about wanting to be a great hero. He was a radio operator with a big family and, if the board saw fit to keep him around doing war-bond rallies and USO stuff and so on, that was up to them. But now he couldn't see deliberately dodging into a de-
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morrow, and I'd like to spend a day or two with my bride.

"Oh," Marty said, mollified. "By all means, take the weekend. But show up Monday, at ten, understand? I'm sending the script over by messenger. Learn it by Monday, incidentally."

Mae and Bill Quinn, newly married, spent their honeymoon closeted in a hotel room where Bill could rehearse his lines. The leading man went on as scheduled when the show opened, but Bill wound up understudying every male role in the plays...

You will remember that I spoke of the long, long ten years lived through by the Quinns in their little house in Rockville Centre. Both Bill and Mae, busy and very happy, had learned to weatherize the problems they've weathered. They smile. They say, "Why, it's just been with us the way it is with every couple with children. We haven't anything to brag about."

Well, no—perhaps. But they have something they can be wonderfully proud of. They have their home, and they have their love, and they have three beautiful daughters. And Bill and Mae know in their secret hearts that such wonderful things are not easily come by.

Both of them remember the times in their lives, great and small, when love had to conquer all. Bill's first breakfast prepared by Mae was a bowl of oatmeal, sugared and covered with cream. The only trouble was, she'd neglected to cook the cereal—and, if you don't think that's a crisis, you should try such a dish, sometime. They lived through a more important crisis when their second daughter, Ellen, had to learn that she wasn't the "baby" any more—and came into the living room and asked if she could have Mary Ellen's bottle. While Mae sat thunderstruck, Bill took eight-year-old Ellen's hand, fed her one of Mary Ellen's bottles of milk. He'd raise Ellen up to his left shoulder, go through the motions of burping her, then feed her the bottle again. He made cooing noises at her.

He laughed a lot while he was doing it, and so did Ellen. It became a game. And, when the bottle was finished, Ellen took it to the kitchen and washed it. She never made any protest about not being the baby any more.

With his family adjusted and happy again, Bill got up the next morning and caught the early train to New York and the Nora Drake show. During the next week, he played a reporter on a TV one-shot and substituted for a vacationing actor on a radio detective show. As Fred Molina, as Bill Quinn, he is quite content.

His work gives him satisfaction, and he is happy between shows, discussing ball games with friends and making plans to play golf, tennis, and go fishing or hunting with pals. But Bill's heart and his mind are really at home on the little dead-end street... where on holidays all the neighbors come to visit and keep open house themselves. Where where one can borrow or lend a lawnmower... and where his newest baby daughter is just that much happier because Ellen has learned her lesson and doesn't resent her any more.

Above all, Bill looks forward to that moment when he comes home to find Mae waiting at the station, smiling and so pretty, the nicest wife a man could ever want.

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"Trade Mark"
cool moonlight—and we had all that time, free and clear, together. Together almost constantly—twenty-four hours a day, as we were—you call on resources you didn’t know you had.

“Terry,” I said, with a twinkle, “the little English car we rented. Because I was the invalid. Jan got an international license and did the driving. In an English car, as you know, there is a side seat on the right side of the car. You drive on the right side of the road. The gear shift is entirely different, four-speed-forward and all that. Everything in reverse—right not only to Jan’s resources, but threw her for a loop!”

“...you read books,” Jan said, blandly ignoring the interruption, “you didn’t get to read before. You have long talks you haven’t been able to have in town, because of lines to learn! When two people can get closer together—as in Jamaica, Terry and I got closer—it brings happiness.

“And then, last summer, as a serious summer, with the daughters, Colleen, now sixteen, Kathleen, fifteen, and Molly, eleven, came on from Colony to stay the summer with us. Other years we’ve spent most of our time with the girls on that part in New Hampshire. Or at the log cabin—Terry’s Folly!”—in New Jersey. But this year we wrote them, in advance, that so many of their friends had been to the Studio, that the Empire had called up and—so, that this summer they wanted to spend more time in New York, seeing the sights that are typical of New York, doing the things all tourists do.

“You started making your own tourists do,” Jan laughed, “and we did all the things all tourists do with them! Some sunny morning, we sailed aboard the good ship, Molly and me, the great Mississippi, and upon arrival, we crawled up and up and up the narrow winding stairway to the tower which, upheld in Liberty’s hand, lights the whole free world. Upon our return, I was the pilot in the Empire, flying our next port of call and there we zoomed to the top, from which dizzy height we took in the view that takes your breath! Then, just to reassure ourselves that we’re not the only people with life, we had a Coke or two, a bit to eat. From the Empire State, we journeyed uptown to the Central Park Zoo, where our paid a fine of several days. From there, we went down to the zoo’s aquarium. We visited the big fish, the little fish, the fish in tanks, the polar bears on their rocky caves. We took a few turns on the merry-go-round. We ate popcorn and drank pink lemonade. And the day in Studio 28, at Columbia Broadcaster System on Madison Avenue, where the girls watched a rehearsal of Hilltop House from the control room. After which, at dinner, we had a ‘My, Daddy,’ the girls chortled, ‘don’t you and Jan lead an active life in New York?’

“We lead an active life,” said Daddy, his voice muffled by the pillows of the sofa upon which he had stretched his length, “when you’re here!”

“Speaking seriously, though,” Jan said, reflecting on the value of Liberty—thrilling both to the girls and to Terry and me—who didn’t see it, either, and, but for the kids, might never have seen it. Standing on top of the world, there at the top. Trying to realize what an impressive thing this man has created—and how much taller by comparison, we marvelled, then the Statue of Liberty, a pyramid of Egypt.

“Experiences like these, open to us all,” Jan said, “and something is added. Some-thing important—and happy-making.

“I was feeling very happy that day, anyway,” Jan laughed, “happier than I normally feel—which is saying a great deal! I was feeling very happy about my association, too. The lady downstairs whom we have grown close to, and the lady upstairs, entered into things with them, and the interest they take in the things I am doing. The way they cued me, off and on, all summer. I studied lines. The way they helped me to play in, to play all the other parts in my scripts, themselves. The way Kathleen, who has been studying a little drama, followed the script of our trip, as it was going on that day in the studio.

“I was feeling very happy about the girl, and the children have accepted me, making what could have been a difficult situation a fine and friendly one.

“You know,” Terry remarked the other day, “sometimes I think parents should follow things, and let the children instead of the other way around.”

“Where Colleen, Kathleen and Molly are concerned, yes—for Mary, the girls’ mother, has done a good job there. Like most young girls, they’re so used to being taken care of, that if they’re not, they’ll think something is wrong. And, when they’re alone, they’ll think they’re playing all the other parts in my scripts, themselves. The way Kathleen, who has been studying a little drama, followed the script of our trip, as it was going on that day in the studio.

“Terry, too, there is the same quality.”

“Terry went on merrily. “When, for in-stance, he was planning to drive out to the country, for a couple of hours. Last evening, he said, ‘I’m going, you go, but I can’t—lines in the script have been changed and I’ve got to study,’ he didn’t go. Nor did he show a sign of the dis-appointment I knew he felt. Oh, what the heck,” he said, ‘we can go tomorrow night!’

“It this thing of sharing,” Jan said, “without which there isn’t much genuine happiness. Not only the sharing of things but of experiences—both the way they’re fun and the way they’re thought of one giving up for the other. And this brings us back to our theme song of happiness and to that day of which I’ve been telling you.”

“There was something about that day . . . something so happy-making that it made me feel, more keenly than ever, how necessary it is for us to be happy—if, as actor, actress, or boiler-maker, we are to fulfill our destinies . . . but especially, for the reasons I have given, for the reason of the actress whose medium is television.

“For, on television, more than any of the other mediums, every part of you has to be relaxed. Every brain cell has to be alert, every muscle has to be relaxed and react quickly. Suppose, for instance, that camera number two is on you, and you can’t remember your lines—you’re not necessarily out of the show. Suppose you’re doing a script which requires several changes of costume, with thirty seconds, sometimes twenty seconds, to make the changes—if you’re emotionally upset, that’s it. And, the camera cannot always follow you—and that you must compensate for this by making sure to stand on the exact spot the direc-tor’s had marked for you. I’m talking, the chalk. If you don’t, an off-stage voice will be speaking instead of an on-stage one—with horrid results.

“Many facets are demanded of you on television. You must know every character you very often play in short period of time. On the stage, you may play one role for months, even years. In pictures, you play one role for weeks, a few days at the most. If the picture is completed. In pictures, three to four roles in a year are a pretty good average. But on TV . . . well, take last summer as an example. I was the character of Mrs. Montgomery, the socialite, for a few weeks, and then, as a member of Mr. Montgomery’s Summer Stock company and a leading lady, I played sympathetic wives, nasty witches, sophisticated, spoiled wench, a woman’s father’s foremost correspondent, an actress. Some of them were big parts, some not so big as others, but all of them were demanding and, in trying my best to meet the demands the varied for me. I really, in a way, my emotional life is disturbed—you cannot be single-minded in your work. You’re scattered. Some actors can concentrate, I don’t know. But they can.”

“Marlon Brando, for one. But his is the concentra-tion of a genius. The rest of us,” Jan laughed, “are just workers! And, as such, we need—or I need—peace of mind and a change of role. And that, I think is what Terry. Because we have, our life goes along beautifully and serenely. Because it does, so many new activities develop for us, many new, explored abilities within. Because we are happy, our work has grown, and is growing.

“One of the things that makes me happy about marriage,” Jan said, making a funny face, “is that me and Marlon Brando, to the man in the apartment, in a TV studio, apple orchard at the farm—in the old Boston rocker in the living room—there, one place or another, he is there, one, two, three, I can’t help it the beauty of the place, strong and healthy, the sunny shining on the dew falling. There and so on, my love affairs,” Jan said, soberly, “so happy about the chance to do every-thing, and happy about having the freedom of the woman of us, wherever we may be, whatever we may be doing. But for an actress,” Jan added, and she was very pretty firm about it, “most of all. For I do truly believe they make a difference for an actress and to herself to the roles she plays, an actress to be happy. So, during this period of our lives, we are grateful to God that it’s our turn to be happy. And, whatever the future be. We have the strength and understanding to face it and still be happy.”

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Las were the questions.

"Time went by, and no date set, and people began to ask us the same questions we were asking of ourselves and of each other: When? In the spring, we'd say blithely, 'probably in the early spring.'

Spring, early and late, came along. But not our wedding day. For in the early summer, Steve planned to take his vacation—and why not, we said, and make Steve's vacation time our honeymoon?

"The early summer came along, and, with it, the exciting plans for Steve's show to go network...which involved tremendous rehearsals and conferences, with Steve tired—working overtime—and no time, it was obvious, for a honeymoon. Well, then we decided we didn't care whether we had a honeymoon, or not. In fact, 'If we found, we knew,' says Jayne, still honeymoon, 'just to be together.'

"So then, 'Well, I'll be married in June,' we told our families and friends, 'in late June, perhaps, but definitely in June!'

But it would take a month, my mother said, for her sister—my Aunt Christine, Mrs. Nora C. MacDowell, in whose home we were married—to get the house ready... the guests invited—all the guests were relatives and, since Steve has none in the East, all were my relatives...the caterers engaged...the florists...the decorators...and, etcetera and etcetera.

"It also took the better part of the month—and this we had not foreseen—for Steve and me to get up to Waterford in order to get our marriage license and have blood tests made. Since you must get the license in the township in which you are going to be married...and since Waterford is three hours by train from New York...we had a hectic time making time to get there...Saturdays, when we might have managed it, the courthouse is closed. We had a good day for us, because the only night Steve gets to bed early is Sunday night. Each Monday, however, another rehearsal of Steve's going-network show was called, so I was sent on TV...and when, eventually, we did get off, it took three hours to get there, three hours for the blood tests to come through...and three hours to get back to town in time—and only just in time—for Steve to get on his show!

"Breathless was the word," says Jayne, "the one word for bride—and groom—to be. Meadows and fields, breathless we continued to be, right up to the last, longed-for moment when we said, 'I do.'

"It was worth waiting for," Jayne smiles, remembering. "And wait we did, with June ending and July beginning...and Steve still breathlessly going network...and my sister Audrey and I—Audrey was, of course, my maid-of-honor— likewise short of breath. For, in addition to doing our own shows, Audrey and I were confessing about the CBS-TV daytime show which we may do together this winter, if conditions are the way we want them.

"And then Steve's young sons came on from California to stay the summer...Steve, Jr., ten—and the very image of his father, Brian, and David, four...and there was the business of finding a house in the country where the boys and their governess and Steve and I could live while the boys were with us. In time—but it took time—Steve found the house, on the Great South Bay in Lindenhurst, Long Island.

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In addition to being generous—her heart and wide open—Aunt Christine is the jolliest, most let's-go-place-and-do-things person in the world...and Steve is the luckiest guy in the world. She thinks Audrey is beautiful and I am wonderful...but secondary, I'd say, to Steve. It was primarily for Steve's sake, then, that Aunt Christine drove me to the airport. She was at the wedding party to the beach, picking up Steve at his New London hotel, en route. It was the most beautiful beach. The
I got hungry and ate a hot dog. And Steve, all but sleepless the night before, laid him down and took a nap. This workday—instead of being tiring—apparently confounded the young cousins, who had been gazing upon us with starry-eyed awe.

"The bride is eating a hot dog," I overheard one of them say, her voice incredulous, "and that's all they eat.... haven't they a nerve in their bodies?"

I didn't think I had one in mine," Jayne smiled. "So cool and calm I felt, so beautiful of steaks and potatoes. When asked, by one of my aunts, whether he felt as nervous as the bridesgroom is supposed to feel, 'No,' Steve said, just a little dubiously, 'I guess not. Not really nervous, that is—just normally emotional.'

Audrey was the nervous one! All the while we were dressing, 'Oh,' Audrey would say, "Not, not, not!" Steve, too. When other aspirin! She kept sticking her finger with flower pins, while putting on her corsage and helping me with mine. She kept being fearful I would forget something.... You're wearing 'something old,' something new, 'something borrowed, something blue,' aren't you? You haven't forgotten any one of them, have you?"

"My handmade dress is blue, also new, and it's on! The pearl earrings, now firmly attached to my ears, are borrowed. My diamond-and-sapphire antique bracelet is the 'something old,' very old, by tradition. "Sixpence for my shoe," I'll slip in the 'lucky penny'"

"It was not until I saw Steve in his light tan silk suit, all done in a pale gray and white, with touches of yellow and masses of flowers, white gladiolus—even the two MacDowell poodles, a Corki and a St. Berger, wear white, with their noses problem—where the private ceremony was performed. My brother, George Edward Trotter—that's our family name—gave me away. Audrey, as you know, was my maid of honor..."

"In two or three hours before the show, we sat in our old apartment, Steve and I, and chatted and relaxed. He asked me what I wanted for a wedding gift. I didn't know what I wanted above all other things and how I hoped—and the hope was a prayer—that I would make a go of it...."

"And I am often reminded of Jayne," Audrey says, "Jayne continues, more relaxed, 'and we were in the garden, and refreshments were being served....' "This is what I wanted above all other things and how I hoped—and the hope was a prayer—that I would make a go of it...."

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The Captain and His Crew

(Continued from page 38)

structure. The quarters are compact, with two bunks and room for two more, a tiny galley, and a twelve-gallon water tank for drinking. (For those over 40, it goes without saying that Bert is out on his cruiser about four or more times a week.

"The boat is one of the greatest things that ever happened to Bert," says Annette.

That makes two Annettes and there are three all told. The first mentioned is twenty-two feet long, and that is the boat. The second is a dinghy, and the third is Annette's sister, Annette, about five-foot-six, high, bruneet and very pretty. The third is daughter Annette, about "five-year-old high," bruneet and very pretty.

Bert, including the boat and eight-year-old twins Joel and Jeff, live together on the lower seaside of Connecticut. But Bert, a Georgia boy born and raised in Atlanta, hadn't the faintest notion of buying a boat when they moved out of a.

"All of our neighbors, all of the townspeople—the grocer, the police, the cleaner—everyone talked boats," Bert says. "You would hear of people buying a boat before they got a home."

After all, New England was once the heart of American shipping and so there the tradition of going-to-sea still lives. And New Englanders have special conveniences. They don't have to seek adventure on the high seas. The coastal boats most of the largest rocks in the world.

"I have made the acquaintance of a rock," says Bert, "and it was a very humilitating experience."

He was figuratively wrote his name on one of the rocks was quite beautiful and the rocks were there be seen, but Bert was making a chart run. After all, he had studied last winter in the Stanford Powell Squadron, where he learned and drew a chart, manipulate a protractor and run by compass. So it happened that, this day, he was running "blind."

"I was skidding along, feeling no pain," he recalls, "and suddenly people in other boats began to wave at me. Some waved kind of frantically and I thought they were fishermen complaining about my scaring fish. Anyway, I put away about scaring the fish, but my course was plotted and I couldn't go off it."

They weren't fishermen at all. They were asking people to send them away from the rocks. Suddenly, there was a wham, bang and crunch.

"It was the crunch I minded most," Bert says. "No one was chewing toast."

The wave shifted the skrog and rudder being chewed up by a hungry rock. And a boat without a rudder is like an automobile without a steering wheel. But Bert, although he hadn't time to think ahead, and couldn't have thought of a, managed to get ashore all by himself. This he did by riding the tide and running on full power when he was headed right. And, although he was only twenty-five, he was thought by the women boys for hitting the rock, none of them hid their admiration for his ingenuity.

"Afterwards I discovered the compass was off," Bert says, "and if I hadn't hit the rock I might have had a good night's sleep."

Then, a friend got Bert aside and said, "You've got to look proud, man. You've got to get a cap's cap."

So Bert went down to Abercrombie & Fitch, a sportsman's store where you can be completely outfitted for an African safari or an expedition to the South Pole. They had a hat which fit Bert nicely.

"That will be six dollars," the salesman said.

But the cap looked expressionless. "Should there be some kind of insignia there?" Bert asked.

"Thought you had it," said the salesman and pulled out an emblem made of gold thread. The emblem cost twice as much as the hat.

"I began to feel ill then," Bert recalls. "I got a pain in my hip pocket where I carry my wallet, but I was shamed into it and so bought it and the moral of that story is, when the cap wore out, it was retired to a closet and was never replaced.

"And then I needed a small boat to get out to the Catskills. "It's like buying a car first. Then you build a garage and then you have to build a house to go with the garage."

There was a do-it-yourself kit for building a dome.

"I first saw it in a magazine," Bert says. "There was a picture of a couple building the boat and they looked kind of thin and anemic. I figured if they could do it, so could I."

And the salesman was most encouraging. He told Bert of two elderly spinners who bought the kit and put the boat together in less than a week. And he said his own nephew, a mere Cub Scout, had made the craft in one weekend, after taking time out for football, Sunday school and the post office.

"So I took the kit home and, on a Saturday morning, I opened the kit in the garage and decided to concentrate and get it over in a hurry like the Scout and get two old ladies. Bert pauses for a grunt and deep breath. "I worked and worked, and three months later, it was finished. Brother, you never saw so many screws in one life."

In the end, the craft was mostly for speed and, more frequently than not, Bert would go out alone. When the children and Annette joined him, they would take a leisurely ride with a fish basket and then stop somewhere for a picnic.

It was the second summer Bert had the outboard that he began thinking about a larger boat. He began talking about it, too, and after a time it was a fine idea.

Fall of last year Bert went into the big boat show which has been annually in Manhattan. There you can see everything from an old gold-trimmed yacht. Bert was accompanied by his five-year-old daughter Annette, who is generally called Pet.

"This was strategic thinking," Bert explains. "A lot of the time, I figured she would have nothing to say."

He was so wrong. Pet found herself naturally attracted by yachts selling at $100,000. She clung to these and into the bunks and Bert was kept busy hauling her out of portholes.

"It was fantastic," Bert says. "At home, she won't take a nap if you get down on your knees. She's at the show she kept making for bunks."

Bert, being an intelligent man, immediately turned Pet's obsession to his advantage. He had been thinking about, plunked Pet into one of the bunks and sat down with a salesman for a leisurely discussion.

"It was just right for me," Bert says. "Large enough, comfort and safety small enough for one man to run.

Bert left the show with nothing but an image to carry him through the winter. The boat wouldn't be delivered till the spring.

"Winter nights," he'd say to his wife, "he should have been sleeping," Annette recalls. "At first, I worried that he was worried about something. Then I
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(Continued from page 43)

Top of the water. Tom, his skis being pulled along by about 35 miles an hour, had his skis straight into the calm, then hurtles through the air for distances of fifty feet or more, landing in an upright position.

Couple times, Tom nearly killed himself learning to jump. He cracked ribs, pulled muscles. In one bad spill, he dislocated both shoulders and slept painfully in a chair for the next twelve days. But he kept at it.

In the spring of 1948, he won his first medal for a ski exhibition and, since then, has accumulated a string of first place awards. He’s currently senior men’s jumping champion of Florida.

“A funny thing happened to me one day on the way to the ski jump,” Tom says.

“It was a ten-footer and they weigh about four hundred pounds,” Tom says.

“Down here, they tell you no alligator ever attacked a man, but I hadn’t been told that you could get plenty more,” a bear looked at Willie.

Tom aimed with one foot and, luckily, it was a bull’s-eye—the alligator was wobbled into the lake and everything was okay.

Another alligator or cracked ribs or passage of time have abated Tom’s enthusiasm for water skiing. He has even opened a school of his own, where he teaches six aftnoons a week and all day Sunday. And, if this weren’t enough, Tom is over at Cypress Gardens appearing in their water shows.

“They have four shows shows a day,” he says. “I try to make two or three.”

Tom’s days may sound strenuous, but he doesn’t feel it that way.

“I work seven days a week, but I enjoy every minute of it,” he says. “Everything I do here, I enjoy.”

Actually, Tom gets up a little earlier in Florida than he did in Chicago. It’s a 7 A.M. bugle in Winter Haven. The morning paper’s waiting for him on the porch, along with a quart of orange juice (16 drinks a gallon a day). Anyway, by eight, Tom is at the studio and the show goes on at ten, Central Time.

In addition to the five morning shows, Tom is the Senior ski show program, True Or False . . . running his ski school . . . owns some orange trees . . . and has a part interest in the local radio station. All the above items come under the heading of making money and therefore are called “work.”

For recreation, Tom eats Willie Lou’s Southern fried chicken, plays gin rummy, and goes for moonlight motorcycle rides on the back roads near Winter Haven. But understanding Tom invites W.L. for a ride around the lake, he’s talking about skiing. He taught W.L. to ski.

“He taught his wife to swim first,” Tom adds.

He was amazed at her courage, for most adults who can’t swim have a deep fear of water.

“I remember one time when she was just learning to dog-paddle,” Tom says, “and we were riding around in a boat, me and W.L. and a friend.”

It was the spot where Tom had jousted with the alligator and he was reminiscing, and then W.L. asked how deep it was there.

“Well don’t you jump in and find out?” Tom teased.

With that, his wife dived over the side and brought up her splashy dog-paddle.

“I was scared sick,” Tom says. “That part of the lake was considered bottomless, let alone plagued with alligators.”

Instantly, he and his friend dove in after W.L., the push button for the chagrin. She wasn’t frightened and couldn’t understand why she should be. And she’d been swimming only a few days.

W.L. has proven herself more than once in situations which are a little unusual for a woman—a modern woman anyway.

“Every once in a while, we go out on a big lake on the little boat I own,” Tom says.

“The turkeys are fine eating.”

The wild turkeys are very shy and require great patience.

“W.L. enjoys turkey hunts. The way we do it, we find ourselves—a likely glean and then each takes a post about a hundred yards from the others. Then we just sit there with a shotgun and wait, as quiet as a bump on a log.”

One day, W.L. had been sitting alone like that for nearly three hours when into the small clearing walked a full-grown bear.

That same bear looked at Willie. Lou and Willie Lou looked back at the bear.

Willie Lou couldn’t figure out what the bear had on his mind, so she decided she’d better do something. In stepped the Vermillion and she walked right up to the bear and yelled. The bear turned tail and ran. Tom, who heard the noise, came running and W.L. told him what had happened.

“Told him to scram him off by yelling?” Tom asked.

“Yes.”

Tom, a lot more shaken than W.L., asked, “What in the world did you say?”

“Nothing,” said W.L., “I told him ‘boo’!”

“W.L. with her shotgun and ‘boo,’ isn’t a frequent hunter. As often as not, Tom goes out with Tom, Junior. Tom, Jr., only fifteen years old, is also only six-feet-three and weighs only two hundred pounds. He’s very athletic—like Senior—and is a four-letter man. During the winter, he is at Shattuck Military Academy in Minneapolis. But, during the summer and vacations, he works for Tom as an instructor in the water-ski junior. You would like nothing better than to have a career in radio himself some day, with the emphasis on sport reporting.

“He’s a great kid,” Tom says, “one of the best.”

Tom’s main interest in life is looking out for his family and making their lives happy ones. He is always quick to praise his wife and children. And, then, in turn, think the world of Tom, too, and so do his neighbors.

Tom earned the gold Banker’s Cup, the highest award the community gives to one of its own. But Tom is not egotistic, he invites W.L. for a ride around the lake, he’s talking about skiing. He taught W.L. to ski.

“Of course we had to teach her to swim first,” Tom adds.

He was amazed at her courage, for most adults who can’t swim have a deep fear of water.

“I remember one time when she was just learning to dog-paddle,” Tom says, “and we were riding around in a boat, me and W.L. and a friend.”

It was the spot where Tom had jousted with the alligator and he was reminiscing, and then W.L. asked how deep it was there.

“Well don’t you jump in and find out?” Tom teased.

But natives of Florida figure they’re pretty lucky to have Tom.
Four Magic Words

(Continued from page 31)

complete with affectionate tributes to Eddie Cantor—upon the conclusion of which, Eddie rose from his seat in the audience and made his announcement. I have the greatest confidence, said Eddie, 'it's not my life, it's yours!'

"There was a moment of silence you could almost taste and hear!" Ralph laughs.

"Then but Ida!—the like of which had never before been heard issuing from the lyric throat of songstress Shore. And then, I didn't think you could do this to me, Eddie," she laughed, "I know you, Ralph, when you're off, the will at least, the principal's office, the miner and his relatives. She posed for pictures with them. She gave each and every one of them, her autograph, earnestly, and will help us an awful lot."

"So when Joan, having agreed to do her good deed for that day, came down to the studio half an hour before show-time, we had a whole circus case. She talked reassuringly, and charmingly, to the miner and his relatives. She posed for pictures with them. She gave each and every one of them, her autograph, earnestly, and will help us an awful lot."

"Not only Hollywood personalities are selected, as you know, for the spotlight on This Is Your Life. The way in which the selections are made is fascinating and also painstaking."

"At least twenty people a day," says Mr. Edwards, "call in, or write in, suggesting people to whose lives we should pay tribute on our show. Everyone reads the suggestions through the mail, our research editors and me. Choice of a principal subject is dictated, to some extent, by categories—that is, 'we haven't had a comic recently,' one of us will say. Or, 'We haven't had someone who conquered ill health.' Or 'Need a youthful personality this time'—as, for instance, the time we featured Jinx Falkenburg."

"Joan Caulfield was awfully cute, too," Ralph recalls, "and in our devious approach to her, we were also awfully cute—although she was concerned, the word 'cute' had a different connotation. I'm afraid. Joan is a very smart cookie and so we, trying to be likewise, threw the red herring of a real tall tale across her path: We told her we were planning to do the life of a miner from Colorado which involved bringing on his kith and kin from their mountain homes."

"They are going to be very nervous and frightened, we said, and so we wondered whether you would come down about half an hour before air-time, talk with them a bit, tell them how simple it is to be on the show, whether they can make it at their ease. We'll take pictures of you with the lot of them, which will be real great for them when they get back home. Just to meet you will add a Hollywood kisser, several inches of that, and will help us an awful lot."

"So when Joan, having agreed to do her good deed for that day, came down to the studio half an hour before show-time, we had a whole circus case. She talked reassuringly, and charmingly, to the miner and his relatives. She posed for pictures with them. She gave each and every one of them, her autograph, earnestly, and will help us an awful lot."

"We begin by finding out where the people involved in our principal's life can be found, and we talk to every single individual. If near enough, Don or Jan either or both—or will go to see them, talk with them personally. If not near enough, they call them on the telephone. They have to feel at home. He or she needs to be familiar with This Is Your Life. If they are not, they will be. If they are not, Don or Jan describes the show, explains that it is a tribute to the life of the person in the spotlight. From each and every individual contacted, they then swear each and every individual to extreme secrecy. 'If there is a leak,' they warn, 'if the person whose life This Is Your Life is to be on the show, then is tipped off, the show will be cancelled.'"

"As it will be. As it was," Ralph emphasizes, "in the case of Ann Sheridan, who had been contacted for material on her past and present pictures, and she happened to script titled This Is Your Life lying on his desk... noticed, too, that some of her photographs, old and new, were attached to the script got wise, called Steve Hannagan's office, and said, 'Look, kids, I've got to be honest about this thing... The Hannagan office, which handles Ann's publicity, called us and—we did not do the show. At the last moment, we called it off, told the audience why it had been called off, and replaced it with the Lillian Roth show."

"We have to prove the authenticity of the fact that we do not do a show if the principal subject finds out."

"Actually, however, Ann's is the only show I was ever upset about—a total accident—accidentally, that is before the show. We ourselves gave Eddie Cantor advance notice because of his heart condition. We did the same with Lillian Roth because she was then the Roth view. We might think it bad taste to take Lillian, who has come through so much—as those who have read her best-selling book, I'll Tell You a Secret. We recently tipped off another person—a dope addict. But Ann's remains the only leak on the record."

"As protection against a possible repetition, we keep a file of facts, and even have a standby film ready, and this goes," Ralph says, 'right up to show time."

"Not that this contingency worries me much, if at all, for I have found," Ralph

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National Laboratories, Dept. 552, Gulf, Calif.

Offer not good in California.
smiles his bright smile, "that people keep secrets. If you are planning to give a surprise party—who, after all, is going to spoil it by telling? And what, after all, is This Is Your Life but a surprise party?"

"It is, and Ralph, who, being a morning man—contractor Mr. Edwards that he really loves surprise parties, surprise presents—never comes home from a trip without wonderful surprise presents for his family, and sometimes the office staff. Ralph will trip—and will thank his family and office staff if they, upon returning from a trip he didn't make, will do the same for him! This is his love of the unexpected. "That clue to the brilliance, the ebullience, the eagerness and warmth, with which Mr. E. surprises his guest of honor and viewers.

"Our best bet in preserving secrecy is, of course, the very seldom contact the principal directly. When we do, it's always with a red herring in hand. And of old herring—in addition to those used to delude Dinah and Joan—we have an army of..."

"For instance, when we did Jeanette MacDonald's story, we used the gimmick of asking Jeanette to be on our show for the purpose—we told her, straight-faced—of presenting me with a plaque from the Optimists Club. Since Jeanette's appearance with us during the early days of the show, we figured that she wasn't the kind to be bothered with people like Nelson Eddy, who played so large a part in Jeanette's career, was also to be on the show—along with a number of other big names of people in the business. Everyone who might come into contact with Jeanette, including the parking lot attendants here at the studio, to take care what they said to Miss MacDonald if they should speak with her before air-time, in the warning given him—said briskly, 'Auditioning for a new TV show, Miss MacDonald. Which made sense to Miss Mac Donald, and allayed her suspicions.

"Fifi Dorsay, from the Fifi Dorsay comedienne, accepted an invitation to appear on our show in order to win an award—so she was told, in all seriousness—from Channel Nine, a similar award. We had two plates—one for Fifi, one for me. But when I presented her plaque to Fifi, it was with these words: 'For falling hook, line and sinker into our little joke—This Is Your Life, Fifi Dorsay!'"

Jean (Dr. Christian) Hersholt was led, by the hand, as the foil, by Neal Reagan, one of our co-producers—who ran that a new sponsor for the Dr. Christian series wanted to meet him, and that Neal would be happy to arrange the meeting for him. The meeting at the Hotel (which is a stone's throw from our studio), on... say, the next Wednesday evening. Jean and Neal were in the lobby of the Hollywood Knickerbocker waiting for the new sponsors. Jean, standing, back of me, some milky palm, holding, in his native Danish, was hustled by Neal to our studio and our waiting mike!

"Awards to be made to the principal (to me)—people who wish to meet the principal (to me) (a do) one way and another, with the DeFore show. We dared not tell the DeFore children until the last minute, in case they might inadvertently make a slip in front of their father. (We too, as careful as the FBI about those we take, dare to take, into our confidence.) Then Don tried to reach his mother in Iowa and she (being on the way here) reported upset him. Also, he was annoyed because, at the last minute, Ozzie and Harriet told him he'd have to work late Wednesday evening, at a hamburger stand making him for their show. Don had made a previous engagement for that evening, he is not a hamburger man, he was definitely not in the mood for..."

"All was well, however, that ended so happily. The brothers are in Hollywood, they are to be married to their long-time girlfriends. And the show—"
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What is Holmes & Edwards' dazzling difference? An extra helping of precious sterling *inlaid* at the backs of bowls and handles of the most-used pieces... *like this:*

To a hard-working spoon this sterling means extra years of silver beauty.

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

Now, however—after many centuries—a substance has been found that absorbs “certain time” odors within the body. This substance—DAROTOL—is found only in ENNS tablets.

DAROTOL works by entering the blood stream through the digestive system. It is thus carried to all parts of the body—where it removes the odor from certain organic compounds before they are excreted through the pores as perspiration or as other waste material.

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

For the assurance of personal cleanliness every day of the year, no woman should be without ENNS. Ask for ENNS at drug counters everywhere. Trial size only 49 cents. Larger sizes even more economical. Also available in Canada.

For free booklet, “What You Should Know About A Woman’s Problem of Odor Offense” (mailed in plain envelope), write “ENNS”, Dept. TS-A, P.O. Box 225, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N. Y.
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never, never stiffens your hair!

For all you women who've turned up your pretty noses at a Hair Spray

... don't, one minute longer! For here is an excitingly new hair spray without one smidgen of lacquer. Even the perfume is new—an airy, apple-blossom sort of fragrance.

Forget wind, forget weather. Helene Curtis new Super Soft SPRAY NET holds your hair perfectly in place softly. It's so exquisitely soft, you can use it every single day, as often as you like, without even a hint of stiffening or drying.

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Now there are two SPRAY NETS... Super Soft or Regular, both wonderful!
Father Knows Best is now "proving" it on television, over CBS-TV. Robert Young is still Father, Jane Wyatt co-stars as his wife, Elinor Donahue and Lauren Chapin are the older and younger daughters, and Billy Gray is son Bud.

By Jill Warren

- CBS-TV was most happy to have signed Ethel Merman to star in the musical production, "Panama Hattie," on Wednesday night, November 10, as part of their new Best Of Broadway series, seen once a month. "Panama Hattie" will be complete with a big-name cast, dancers, singers, and all that goes with musical comedy à la television. Ethel, of course, as Hattie, is re-creating the role she played in the famous Broadway hit of a few years ago. The Best Of Broadway presentation for December, by the way, will be "Arsenic and Old Lace," starring Helen Hayes.

The Metropolitan Opera resumes its Saturday afternoon broadcasts this year on December 4, over ABC Radio. ABC will also carry the Metropolitan Opera Auditions Of The Air later in the season.

The Vise is the name of a new half-hour show seen Friday nights over ABC-TV, and it's well worth seeing. A mystery series filmed in England, The Vise is done up in the best style of British melodrama. There's an all-English cast, with Ron Randell in the role of host.

CBS Radio has signed Mahalia Jackson to head her own program on Sunday nights, originating in Chicago. Miss Jackson, the fine singer of gospels and hymns, is well-known on records but does not appear in night clubs because of her religious beliefs. On her interesting new half-hour show, she will be accompanied by Mildred Falls at the piano and the Jack Halloran quartet.

If you like sports along with your turkey, you can dial ABC-TV on Thanksgiving Day and see the University of Maryland play the University of Missouri at College Park, Maryland. Then, too, most of the networks are planning Thanksgiving television extravaganzas, for afternoon and evening viewing.

Richard Hayes, the young baritone whose career was zooming along before he entered the Army, is going to be a disc jockey on ABC, even though he's still wearing khaki. With permission from the Army, Richard will fill the air time following the football broadcasts on Saturdays, and then, when he is discharged, he will have a show of his own.

Polly Bergen has been signed by the Pepsi-Cola Playhouse to do the beverage commercials, replacing the beauty expert, Anita Colby, who replaced the beauty queen, Arlene Dahl. Polly will continue to sing on Your Hit Parade, substituting for Dorothy Collins, who will return after the birth of her baby.
If and when Judy Garland makes her television debut, she is asking for $100,000 in the way of salary, and rumors have it that NBC is willing to pay that amount for her appearance on just one show. Wow! That even tops Betty Hutton's $50,000 paycheck for her "Satins and Spurs" performance.

More and more movie personalities are getting into television. The latest is Myrna Loy, who has been in semi-retirement. Miss Loy has signed with Carol Irwin, producer of Mama, to do a weekly, filmed, situation-comedy show concerning a woman lecturer, portrayed by Miss Loy. The series is being shot in the East and will probably be on the air about the first of next year.

Speaking of movie names, remember Rin Tin Tin, the old-time movie dog star? Though he passed away several years ago, his sons have carried on after him, playing canine roles in films, and now his great grandson—also named Rin Tin Tin—is the star of a new half-hour TV show, Adventures Of Rin Tin Tin. The series is filmed and can be seen Friday nights over ABC-TV. Oh, yes, the supporting cast is made up of human beings.

This 'n' That:
Robert E. "Buffalo Bob" Smith barely got his new network TV show underway when he was stricken with a heart attack at his home in New Rochelle, New York. He was hospitalized and in critical condition, but his (Continued on page 12)
Information Booth

Where To Write

Dear Editor:

I wonder if you could give me the addresses of CBS, NBC, and ABC, so that I can write for pictures of my favorite stars.

S.C., State Center, Iowa

The networks' New York addresses are: CBS, 485 Madison Ave.; NBC, 30 Rockefeller Plaza; ABC, 7 West 66th St. For programs originating from Hollywood, California, studios, write to CBS, 651 Sunset Blvd.; NBC, Sunset & Vine; ABC, 1539 No. Vine.

Where's Charlie?

Dear Editor:

Will Charlie Applewhite be appearing on the Milton Berle show? He's my favorite singer and I would like to know where I can write to him. V.S., Nampa, Idaho

Charlie Applewhite will make guest appearances on the Milton Berle programs. You can write to him c/o NBC-TV, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y.

Sports To Spears

Dear Editor:

Can you tell me something about the man who plays Paul Raven in Love Of Life?

B.J.B., Knoxville, Pa.

Richard Coogan, who plays Paul Raven in Love Of Life, was born in 1914 into a New Jersey family of ten children—all of whom turned out to be musical. As a child he cherished dreams of a sports career, then switched to acting ambitions and began his professional career in 1936 as a spear carrier in Leslie Howard's production of "Hamlet." During the run of that same production, Richard met the girl he was to marry, former actress and singer Gay Adams. The Coogans now have a five-year-old son, Rickie.

Richard, who recently took a short leave from Love Of Life to play the second male lead in the film, "Gun-Slinger," has appeared on Broadway in "Diamond Lil," "Strange Bedfellows," "Skipper Next to God," and "The Hasty Heart." On radio, he has starred in Ellery Queen, Abie's Irish Rose and Fighting Senator and had his most exciting moment before the microphone while playing with Helen Hayes in "Miracle in the Rain." His hobbies include painting, sketching, carpentry and singing and he indulges his knack for impersonations by recording every character in Love Of Life on his tape recorder, then playing the tape back as he rehearses his own role.

Riley's Daughter

Dear Editor:

Could you give me some information on the young girl who plays Babs in NBC-TV's Life Of Riley? Where can I send for a picture of her? J.C.B., Oneida, Tenn.

Babs Riley is played by Lucene Sanders, who was cast in the role when someone noticed how much she looked like Marjorie Reynolds, who plays Riley's wife Peg. She was born in Oklahoma City in 1934 but, when Lucene was 14, her family moved to Hollywood so that she could enroll at the Hollywood Professional School and start to do little-theater work and radio bit parts. When she was a college freshman, she won her first major role as the lead in the Carol Lawrence TV show. Aside from her current role as Babs, Lucene carries a full schedule of classes at the University of Southern California and adds to her hectic schedule some household chores as the wife of Marvin Solomon, also a USC student. Marvin and Lucene live in a San Fernando Valley apartment and are making plans to buy their own home. Lucene's name, incidentally, was chosen for her before she was born, with the provision that the "Lu" would be dropped if the baby turned out to be a boy. Recently, she has picked up the nickname "Luigi." For a picture, write to her c/o The Life Of Riley, NBC-TV, Sunset & Vine, Hollywood, California.

(Continued on page 11)
The new Film Division of General Teleradio has acquired the franchise *everybody* was after—30 recent, major-studio feature films, never before seen on TV anywhere. $45,000,000 of fine motion picture entertainment is now in view on the top TV stations listed on the facing page. See these celebrated motion picture hits and fabulous stars when they come to your town:

**all these hits...**
- Arch of Triumph
- Body and Soul
- Casbah
- Caught
- Countess of Monte Cristo
- Dark Mirror
- Double Life
- Fabulous Dorseys
- Force of Evil
- Four Faces West
- Let's Live a Little
- Letter from an Unknown Woman
- Lost Moment
- Lulu Belle
- Macbeth
- Magic Town
- Magnificent Doll
- Miracle of the Bells
- Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid
- No Minor Vices
- Northwest Stompede
- One Touch of Venus
- The Other Love
- Private Affairs of Bel Ami
- Ramrod
- Ruthless
- Secret Beyond
- The Door
- Senator Was Indiscreet
- So This Is New York
- The Scar

**all these stars...**
- Ava Gardner
- Barbara Stanwyck
- Charles Boyer
- Charles Laughton
- Dana Andrews
- David Niven
- Dorothy Lamour
- Ella Raines
- Frank Sinatra
- Fred MacMurray
- George Montgomery
- George Sanders
- Ginger Rogers
- Hedy Lamarr
- Ingrid Bergman
- James Stewart
- Jane Wyman
- Joan Bennett
- Joan Fontaine
- Joel McCrea
- Olivia De Havilland
- Orson Welles
- Robert Cummings
- Ronald Colman
- Shelley Winters
- Sonja Henie
- Thomas Mitchell
- Veronica Lake
- William Powell
- Zachary Scott
After some good years in show business and some lean—with the accent on lean—Bob Kennedy finds the present and future looking very rosy, indeed. But at 32, this blond six-footer still makes a point of taking his daily bow in the direction of Lady Luck. "Talent and hard work go hand in hand," Bob's wife Muriel says. "But don't forget that you have to be lucky, too." And Bob, knowing that the fates can be capricious, adds: "Amen!"... It's been seventeen years since a teen-aged Bob made his singing debut on New York's Station WNYC, and there have been many ups and downs in between. But today he stars on his own Bob Kennedy Show, seen daily from 3 to 5 P.M. on Station WPIX in New York, and his fan mail is something to write home about. In addition, Bob pinch-hit last summer as Beat The Clock emcee while Bud Collyer was on vacation, and he currently announces CBS-TV's Name That Tune... After Bob's radio debut came church-choir singing, road-show work and study at City College of New York. Bob was singing for supper-club patrons of New York's Fifth Avenue Hotel when he was tapped to understudy Alfred Drake in "Oklahoma!" This proved to be unexciting after a year, so Bob joined the production of "Carousel," then returned to star in "Oklahoma!" when Drake left. Next, there were dribbles of night-club engagements, and then Dame Chance really beamed on Bob during a random singing shore at an upstate New York resort. He met dark-eyed, brown-haired Muriel and they were married a few months later on little more than a firm belief that things were bound to get better. It took a while but, in 1952—a week after daughter Karen was born—Bob won his first major spot on TV as emcee of Sense And Nonsense... Today, the Kennedys live quietly and happily in Englewood, New Jersey, and are proud of Bob's basement tool shop and the decorating and painting he and Muriel did. Then, too, the Kennedy home is within easy commuting distance of the WPIX studios and the TV cameras that bring Bob to the many fans who count the Bob Kennedy Show as part of their own daily good fortune.
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Playtex Living Bra

Now...the designers who performed such miracles with Playtex Girdles bring you an exciting new bra of elastic and nylon!

“Custom-contoured” to flatter, feel and fit

as if fashioned for you alone!

From the very first moment, you’ll see and feel the dramatic difference! Because there’s never been a bra like the new “custom-contoured” Playtex Living Bra. It lifts, it lives, g-i-v-e-s with every motion of your body...for support unmatched by any other bra. The news is in the criss-cross design, the clever use of elastic, those sculptured nylon cups. And the straps are doubled...can’t cut, curl, slip or fray! Wear it once—you’ll love it forever!

Look for PLAYTEX LIVING BRA* in the blue package at department stores and specialty shops everywhere. Gleaming WHITE, needs no ironing! Sizes 32A—40C... $3.95

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LADY of DISTINCTION

RUTH CRANE hails from Missouri, and so—while she is invariably poised, amiable and unpretentious—she can be fairly stubborn in her insistence on not being classed as a “performer” or having her daily Modern Woman programs referred to as “shows.” “Makes it sound too staged, artificial,” she explains. “After all, I don’t play a role.”

That she doesn’t play a role, on the air or off, may account for Ruth’s record of more air-hours than any other woman in Washington, her house-full of awards and citations, and her enthusiastic, loyal audiences. Heard on WMAL Radio at noon and seen on WMAL-TV at 3 P.M., Ruth presides over half-hours of news, fashion, home-making and interviews that are intelligent but never stuffy, informal but never “cozy.” She loves Washington and she fills her shows (oops, programs) with a variety of interests that range from protocol to pickle-making.

Ruth’s journey from Springfield, Missouri, to the nation’s capital included a stop-over in Chicago for schooling and the start of her career, and a sojourn in Detroit for fifteen successful years with Station WJR. An attractive, alert woman, she has been Director of Woman’s Programs for WMAL since 1944 and for WMAL-TV since 1947 and, since she is usually president of something, is now in her second year as head of the American Newspaper Women’s Club.

Ruth is married to William H. Schaefer, an automobile manufacturing executive, and the two make a striking couple at Washington theaters and embassy parties—or as they pore over old records in the Library of Congress in their mutual love for Civil War history. The Schaefers live in an eight-room, white brick home which Ruth has decorated partly in Williamsburg blue, partly in salmon pink and white.

A maker of radio and TV precedents, Ruth clearly proved her pioneer instinct when she left a job she had held for fifteen years to take up a new life in Washington. “The monumental build-up given me when I joined WMAL Radio gave me an acute case of mike-fright,” she recalls, “and on my first program here, I lost my voice!” With her usual adaptability and sense of humor, Ruth has been able to laugh about such TV mishaps as the cookies that ran together and formed a solid sheet of dough when she took them out for all the audience to see. “I’ve never been nervous on television, because I have so much to do,” she says. “I don’t have time to worry about how I look or sound.” She need never worry, because Washingtonians agree that Ruth Crane looks, sounds like—and is—a lady of distinction.
Joey Walsh

Teen Talent

Dear Editor:

Would you please give me some information on Joey Walsh, who is seen on many TV programs and was also in the motion picture, "Hans Christian Andersen?"

A.M., Milford, Mass.

A puckish, unspoiled seventeen-year-old with the ability to portray any type of teenager, Joey Walsh has become known as "TV's busiest youngster." The young boy from New York's tough East Side has appeared in over 200 TV shows, given a good account of himself in radio, starred in two films, "Hans Christian Andersen" and "The Juggler," and in two Broadway shows, "The Man" and "The Innocents." It all began when Joey's father, who runs a sight-seeing bus from one of Broadway's busiest corners, implored John Ross, an old friend who was in show business, to try to develop his youngest son. Under Ross's coaching and management, Joey went on to fame but always remained a refreshingly "nice kid." As befits a youngster from the East Side, Joey can handle his dukes (but doesn't try to prove it), is completely at home on a baseball diamond, football field or in a swimming pool and is currently delighted at the skill in juggling he acquired during his role opposite Kirk Douglas in the film "The Juggler." Joey attends the New York Professional School, where his favorite class is in history, and he appears frequently on such programs as Danger, Kraft Theater, The Man Behind The Badge, Studio One and Armstrong Circle Theater.

Within The Law

Dear Editor:

Please print some information on Reed Hadley, who stars on CBS-TV's Racket Squad and Public Defender. Where can I write to him? A.H., Point Pleasant, N.J.

Handsome Reed Hadley's realistic portrayals of law-enforcement officers have (Continued on page 15)
June Havoc, a lady lawyer known as Willy, poses with one of her best friends and clients, name of "Ranger."

Ethel Mermon hits the high-C's, via American Airlines—and also CBS-TV's The Best Of Broadway, in "Panama Hattie."

Helen Hayes is the next star on Best Of Broadway, in "Arsenic and Old lace."

Doctors say he has improved a great deal. However, he won't be able to return to Howdy Doody or his other programs for some time.

Jay Sims, popular radio and TV announcer, and beautiful Barbara Schockley, one of New York's top models, were married in New York City a few weeks ago. Their wedding climaxed a whirlwind courtship of two months. Jay met his bride while announcing a fashion show in which Barbara participated.

Eleanor Holm, the former swimming champion—and more recently better known as the ex-wife of producer Billy Rose—is hard at work preparing a television program about women in sports. The show will be filmed, and such feminine sports queens as Babe Zaharias, Helen Wills Moody and Sonja Henie have already been lined up as guests.

Perry Como had to do without the services of his glamorous secretary, Rory Meyer, for a couple of days when Rory was chosen as "the girl most resembling Ava Gardner." It all had to do with a whoop-dee-doo they had for the opening of Ava's new picture, "The Barefoot Contessa," in New York. The producers ran a contest and, after looking at some five hundred entrants, Rory won. She had a lot of fun, went to the Manhattan premiere of the movie with Ava, and then had to go back to her secretarial job with Perry—which, by the way, she doesn't think is un-glamorous. Perry's remark, when kidded by his pals about his beauteous Girl Friday was, "I always knew she looked like Ava."

Geraldine Carr, who played Joan Davis' girl friend, Mabel, in I Married Joan, was killed in an automobile accident in Hollywood. Her musician-husband, Jess Carneol, who was with her at the time, was seriously injured.

Judy Tyler, who for two years was the Indian princess, Summerfall Winterspring, on the Howdy Doody show, has landed a movie job: a feature role in the new Paramount film, "Blue Horizon," which stars Fred MacMurray and Donna Reed. And the part she plays? "A pixie-like Indian girl."

Mulling the Mail:
Miss E. W., Fort Wayne, Indiana: The best place to send for a picture of the late Glenn Miller would be RCA Victor Records, 650 Fifth Avenue, New York. Address your request to Mrs. Glenn Miller, c/o RCA, and mark it "please forward"...

Mrs. M. G., Mountain View, California: Julius La Rosa has been very busy making personal appearances throughout the country, mainly in night clubs and theaters. His movie plans are up in the air at the moment, though there is a chance he may have his own TV show around the first of the year...

Mr. J. L., Detroit, Michigan: Yes, Eva
TO COAST

Marie Saint has appeared on many radio programs and done extensive television work. Her first motion picture was "On the Waterfront," and she is married to television director Jeffrey Hayden. They live in Greenwich Village, in New York City. ... Miss A. M., Peoria, Illinois: You are right — Cornel Wilde was originally set to be the host on the Chrysler show on CBS-TV, but he and the sponsor had some differences before the first program, and he was replaced by William Lundigan. ... Miss M. W., Louisville, Kentucky: No, Jerry Lewis' illness was nothing so serious as what you mention. Actually he was suffering from jaundice, which necessitated a slow but sure recovery. ... Mr. K. O'L., Burbank, California: Marjie Millar, Ray Bolger's new TV leading lady, is no relation to Marilyn Miller, the late musical-comedy star. Yes, Marjie did appear in the Martin and Lewis movie, "Money from Home." ... Bret Morrison Fan, Allentown, Pennsylvania: Bret Morrison has played The Shadow on the Mutual network show of the same name for many years, but you have the year wrong. Bret has done it since 1943, not since 1933. Previous to 1943, The Shadow was portrayed by Orson Welles and John Carradine.

What Ever Happened To ... 
Fran Warren, well-known recording and night-club star, who made many guest appearances on television? Fran hasn't worked too much lately, as she and her husband, Harry Steinman are expecting their first child about the first of the year.

Bob Fosse, the dancer who, with his partner, appeared on the early Your Hit Parade television shows? Bob has been in Hollywood and has been clicking nicely as a choreographer-dancer in the movies. He was recently signed by Columbia Pictures for dancing chores in the forthcoming musical, "My Sister Eileen."

Kenny Baker, who was one of the most popular tenors on the air and was featured on the Jack Benny Program, among others, during his long career? Kenny went into semi-retirement about six years ago and lived quietly with his family in California. He just recently returned to broadcasting and has his own radio show over Mutual, Monday through Friday.

If you have a question about one of your favorite people or programs, or wonder what has happened to someone on radio or television, drop me a line: Miss Jill Warren, TV Radio Mirror, 265 East 42nd Street, New York 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 and shows about whom we receive the most inquiries. Sorry, no personal answers.
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—and the lovely way you look in this smart, new jewelry!

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Ideal for Christmas giving, too. Order today

A. Balinese Dancers capture the eye in vivid hand painted colors, with jet or ruby background. Hand set in highly polished 14k goldplated finish, $6.98.* Matching earrings $2.98.*

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D. Carved stones. Bracelet $4.98* □
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Add 5c for each pattern for first-class mailing.
Information Booth

(Continued from page 11)

won him praise from police groups across the country, yet the mail bag is more than half-filled with letters from the distaff population. But when Reed filled out a routine biographical form, he listed under Most Treasured Possession: “My wife, she’s the greatest!” The Hadleys, together with their nine-year-old son Dale, live on a San Fernando Valley ranch and Reed teaches Sunday school and is a regular at Boy Scout meetings on Fathers’ Nights. . . A native of Petoria, Texas, Reed grew up in Buffalo, New York, caught the acting fever in a high school play and graduated directly to Broadway, where he played two small parts in “Hamlet.” While in stock, learning more about his trade, Reed was signed by a movie company and for two years drew a salary without appearing in a single film. But after a stint as the original Red Ryder of radio, Reed renewed the movies’ interest in him and he has since appeared in “House on 92nd Street,” “Captain from Castille,” “Leave Her to Heaven,” “Behind the Iron Curtain,” and other films. Although he can command top bracket salaries, Reed has accepted only a token $25 fee for each of almost a hundred documentaries he has made for the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Defense Department and Atomic Energy Commission. He has also appeared in almost every top dramatic show emanating from Hollywood, including Lux Theater and Screen Guild. You can write to Reed Hadley, c/o CBS-TV, 6121 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Mr. District Attorney

Dear Editor:

I am Gray Lady and work in the tuberculosis wards of an Army hospital. Every ward has a television set and the boys in my ward are very interested in learning something about David Brian who plays Mr. District Attorney on television. Where can they write for a picture of him?

V.R., Memphis, Tenn.

Alice Frost

David Brian is a tall, blond, blue-eyed native of the Vinegar Hill section of New York City. When David, whose real name is Brian Davis, was graduated from the City College of New York, he tried some commission selling, a bit of carpentry, and then had his first brush with the theater as a ticket taker and doorman at the famed Roxy Theater. One day he joined a friend standing in a group outside the Imperial Theater and, a short while later, David found himself hired as one of a group of singers in “Crazy Quilt.” Next came a string of Broadway roles and then tours of both North and South America as a song-and-dance act, a straight man and an emcee. After a World War II hitch in the Coast Guard, followed by an appearance in a Broadway flop, David decided to give up the theater and moved to Los Angeles to become a building contractor. But Joan Crawford spotted him at a dinner party, thought he was just the right man for the part of the political boss in her forthcoming “Flamingo Road.” Thus David was launched on a movie career which has included such films as “Intruder in the Dust,” “Beyond the Forest,” “The Damned Don’t Cry,” “Breakthrough,” “This Woman Is Dangerous,” and “The High and the Mighty.” In 1949, David married actress Adrian Booth and settled down for good in California in a Sherman Oaks home. Television’s Mr. District Attorney is fast at ping pong and tennis, expert at the Spanish guitar, and fond of music, good graphic art, and reading. You can write to him for a picture c/o ZIV Productions, 5255 Clinton St., Los Angeles 4, Calif.

Organ Encore

Dear Editor:

I would like to know about Alice Frost, who plays Mrs. Lew Archer on The Second Mrs. Burton and Aunt Trina on Mama.

B.W., Schenectady, N.Y.

When Alice Frost, in her role as Marcia (Continued on page 16)
Has the Real Thing Come Your Way?

When it happens, you'll know it at once. The feeling is fabulous. Like the streets are paved with diamonds and they all belong to you. Suddenly all the love songs seem to make sense. A walk in the rain is a trip to Spain, when the real thing comes along! And all your dreams of foreign labels and racing stables, of furs and jewels and swimming pools—you trade them all, for one million-dollar moment filled with love. You're fortune's darling, you're 'Queen of Diamonds,' you own the world—when the real thing comes your way!

Wouldn't you know that only Revlon could create a color to match this million-dollar mood? It's here and it's heaven—a haunting, restless flame that fairly crackles with excitement! Wear 'Queen of Diamonds' now, tonight. And all at once the world is yours! Anything could happen—and (why not let it, just this once?)

Have you tried Revlon's new lip-softening 'Lanolite' Lipstick?
It's almost too good to be true—you'll agree, first time you wear it! Here's the real thing, at last, in a non-smear-type lipstick—it actually softens dry lips—because it's blended with Revlon's own precious ingredient, 'Lanolite.' 3-ways better than lanolin itself! Who'd dream a lipstick could look so luscious, feel so good, and last so long!

For matching fingertips...
Revlon's Wear-Longer nail enamel
For over 20 years, known the world over as the only professional nail enamel. Stays on days longer—and actually helps nails grow longer!

Information Booth

(Continued from page 15)

Kirkland, marched down the aisle on The Second Mrs. Burton to become Mrs. Lew Archer, the accompanying wedding march was played by organist Dick Liebert. This was history repeating itself, for thirteen years ago, when Alice—this time in real life—married William Tuttle, TV producer-packager, the music was also by Dick Liebert. Beginning her career at the age of four as a singer in her home town of Minneapolis, Alice was ten when she had advanced to such character roles as the witch in "Hansel and Gretel." Encouraged by her father, a Swedish Lutheran minister, she went from student dramatics and stock companies to important roles in such hits as "Green Grow the Lilacs," "The Great Lover," "As Husbands Go," and "It's a Wise Child." On radio she was a regular on the Stoopnagle And Bud Show, Camel Caravan, played the late Robert Benchley's wife on his air show, starred in Big Sister and was the Mrs. half of Mr. And Mrs. North for more than ten years. Currently, she's Marcia on The Second Mrs. Burton, Twinka on Moon and appears frequently on The FBI In Peace And War, Aunt Jennie and Robert Mon- gomery Presents. As Mrs. William Tuttle, she lives in a Manhattan apartment, is taking a special course termed the "Comprehensive Review of Acting," and loves the theater, jigsaw puzzles, backgammon and collecting memorabilia on "Alice in Wonderland."

Guiding Light

Dear Editor:
Who are the actors who play Michael Bauer and Dr. Jim Kelly on The Guiding Light? Where can I write to them?
B.C., Birmingham, Ala.

Michael Bauer is played by Glen Walken, while the part of Dr. Jim Kelly is taken by Paul Potter. You can write to them c/o The Guiding Light, CBS, 485 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.

Tall In The Saddle

Dear Editor:
Would you tell us something about Brad Johnson, who portrays Lofly Craig on the Du Mont TV Network show, Annie Oakley?
Where can I write to him?
V.P., Los Angeles, Calif.

Brad Johnson, who portrays the deputy sheriff and silent suitor of Annie Oakley, is every inch—six feet, four inches, to be exact—the picture of a Western lawman. Brad was born July 23, 1923, on a peach farm near Marysville, California, and on graduation from the eighth grade, he received his diploma from the hands of his own mother, who presided over the local one-room schoolhouse. He decided on an acting career while in high school in Sacramento and, after his discharge from the Air Force, he enrolled at the University of Southern California in the drama department then headed by William DeMille.

Gail Davis-Brad Johnson

Brad was the second student in eight years at USC that William DeMille presented with a letter of introduction to his famous brother, Producer Cecil B. The letter resulted in the role of the reporter in "The Greatest Show on Earth," and this was followed by bit parts in other films and a great deal of little theater work. Brad appeared on TV in the Range Rider series and was spotted and signed by Gene Autry, whose company films the Annie Oakley series. Fond of all sports, Brad boxed and fenced at college, rides daily and goes hunting or fishing when he can find the time. He is married to Amanda Webb, who had been in his USC drama classes. They were co-starring in a stock company at Lake Tahoe in 1950 when they decided it was the perfect time and place for a honeymoon. They now have a two-year-old son, Sander. You can write to Brad Johnson, c/o Flying "A" Enterprises, 6920 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California.

Letter From England

Dear Editor:
Could you please give me some information as to what Bill Williams is doing at the moment? Also I should be grateful for an address at which I could write to him.
L.M., Yorkshire, England

A coming issue of TV Radio Mirror will carry a complete story on Bill Williams. You can write to him at 8966 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California.

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.
Has the real thing come your way?

Revolon’s ‘Queen of Diamonds’

New ‘real-thing-red’ for lips and matching fingertips...a bright-hot, white-hot flame like acres of diamonds flashing with fire!
This is the red that turns every other red pale with shame.
This Christmas give the fragrance more women use than any other in the world—

Evening in Paris

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BOURJOIS

Created in France . . . Made in U.S.A.
STEVE ALLEN'S TURNABLE

H, EVERYBODY! It's me again, back for our monthly platter meeting. I've been listening to records at the oldest times lately, since my late-night NBC-TV show now keeps me working till the wee hours. But listen I do—all after, music is wonderful just about any time. Say, speaking of time, let's get on with the minutes of the meeting.

The name Crosby is always a good one to start with, and this one is Gary, who started off his recording career with his old man, Bing. Now he has made his first solo disc, and it's okay. Gary sings "Mambo in the Moonlight," and "Got My Eyes on You," helped out by The Cheeleaders and Sonny Burke's orchestra. (Decca)

If you're a Judy Garland fan, then her "Star Is Born" album is a must for you. Judy sings six songs and a wonderful medley from the score of her new picture of the same name. Of course the big tune is "The Man Who Got Away," and the medley is "Born in a Trunk," which is one of her feature numbers in the picture. Judy gets excellent musical assistance from Ray Heindorf's Warner Brothers Studio orchestra and chorus. (Columbia)

Mr. and Mrs. Guitar, otherwise known as Les Paul and Mary Ford, have made "Whither Thou Goest" and "Mandolino," and either or both sides could very well spell hit for this popular team. The first side is a pretty ballad, sung prettily by Mary, and the reverse is a bright instrumental by Mary and Les. (Capitol)

"Musk Rat Ramble," the old Dixieland favorite, is given the lyric treatment by Rusty Draper, backed up with "Magic Circle." (Mercury) And those charming vocal lasses, The McGuire Sisters, have also chosen "Musk Rat Ramble" for their newest record offering, but they double it with "Not as a Stranger." (Coral)

Merv Griffin has recorded a tender ballad from Europe, "The Story of Tina," backed by another ballad, "Do You Remember Me?" I'm partial to the latter side because I wrote the lyrics and helped adapt the music from one of my favorite melodies, Drida's "Serenade." Anyway, I know you'll know the "tune." (Columbia)

If you missed Betty Hutton's recent debut on NBC-TV in the musical comedy, "Satins and Spurs," you can dig the whole thing, record-style, on Capitol's new album of the same name. La Hutton belts out the numbers in her usual bombshell style, and baritone Earl Wrightson sings along with her here and there, accompanied by Nelson Riddle's orchestra.

For Louis Armstrong fans—and please count me in—there's a new album called "Louis Armstrong Plays W. C. Handy." Louis, with his All Stars, has recorded many of the famous Handy compositions—"St. Louis Blues," "Loveless Love," "Long Gone," among others. Blues singer Velma Middleton duets on some with Louis. Incidentally, this album is one in the "Great Jazz Composers Series" by Columbia.

Maybe Frank Sinatra started something by singing "Three Coins in the Fountain" over the main title and credits of the picture. For here again 20th Century-Fox has done the same thing in the new picture, "Woman's World," with the voices and not the faces of The Four Aces. And the song—especially for "I've guessed it, 'It's a Woman's World,'" a nice ballad with a beat—has also been waxed by the boys on Decca, coupled with a rhythm thing entitled "The Cuckoo Bird in the Pickle Tree." Where do they find those titles?

"An Evening with George Shearing" is a pleasing album by the great blind pianist and his quartet. All of the tunes and three of them, have been recorded previously, and you'll recognize such renditions of Shearing's as "To a Wild Rose," "The Continental," "Roses of Picardy," "Body and Soul," etc. (M-G-M)

Also on the M-G-M label there's the "David Rose Festival," which is actually three new twelve-inch LP records by Rose and his fine orchestra. The first is "Love Walked In," all George Gershwin compositions, the second is "Fiddlin' for Fun," which includes many of the familiar David Rose arrangements featuring string instruments, and the third is "Nostalgia," with several sentimental favorites.

Art Carney, Jackie Gleason's talented TV sidekick, is becoming a great favorite with youngsters now that he's making kiddie records for Columbia. And his newest should find favor with the junior set. It's called "The Town Musicians" and the grownups will probably like it, too.

Another funny fellow you've seen on television a lot is Sammy Davis, Jr. He has taken the old tune, "Because of You," and has recorded vocal impressions of singers and vocal impressions of actors—very good, too. His imitation of Jerry Lewis is a killer. (Decca)

If you want to rush the season a bit, you can take your pick of two fine Christmas albums, released a bit in advance of Santa Claus. Percy Faith and his orchestra offer "Music of Christmas," a lush treatment of many traditional Yuletide melodies (Co-

The Four Lads have added another unusual title—"Skokiaan"—to their list of other hits, "Cry" and "Istanbul."
When Jerry Marshall is at the mike, WNEW listeners know they’re getting the best in popular music.

When Jerry Marshall, Station WNEW’s star deejay, assumed the reins at the Make-Believe Ballroom, he faced a tremendous challenge in trying to live up to the popularity of his famous predecessor, Martin Block. During his first year as host on the Ballroom, Jerry has proved himself worthy of the challenge and at the same time has been rewarded by finding himself—and the Ballroom—more popular than ever.

Actually, this won’t come as a surprise to anyone who knows Mr. Marshall. An easygoing, friendly fellow, Jerry has a calm, unfrenzied manner and a flair for salesmanship which endear him to everyone. Born in Far Rockaway, New York, and raised upstate in Saugerties, Jerry entered Cornell University on a scholarship, with plans to pursue a law career, and gradually found him-
self involved with Cornell’s radio station and later with Station WKNY in Kingston. After receiving his B.A., Jerry was awarded a scholarship to the Cornell Law School, but finances stood in his way and he finally decided upon radio as his life’s work, explaining, “I just had to be a mouthpiece one way or another.” And so, the day after his graduation, Jerry was placed on the payroll at Station WAAT in New York. Ten months later he was at WINS, followed shortly by his final move to WNEW in 1943.

Jerry’s first big chance at WNEW came in 1946, when he was made emcee of the Music Hall, the station’s top daytime program. For the next four years, according to Jerry, nothing much happened: “I just did the show. No one said anything or did anything. I just didn’t make a splash—not even a ripple.” But, when station officials replaced him with a team, fans clamored so indignantly, Jerry was brought back with a bigger and better Music Hall. Then, last year, while WNEW bigwigs were scouring the land for a Martin Block replacement, they suddenly took a closer look at Jerry and agreed he was the man to take over the Make-Believe Ballroom.

Today, Jerry is heard for more than twenty hours, Monday through Saturday, and, though he’s at the studio from 9 A.M. until 8 P.M., spins and cues all his own records, and broadcasts standing up, he claims, “It isn’t tough physically. Not when you love it. But it is demanding. So demanding you have to work even when you sleep.”

During his eventful rise to the top, Jerry also managed to snag himself a wife — Gerry — who worked in WNEW’s accounting department. Jerry says he fell in love with Gerry the first time she handed him his paycheck.

The Marshalls now live in a six-room brick house in Bayside, Long Island, with their children, Michael Terry, 5, and Carolyn Diana, 1. Besides his family, Jerry’s hobbies are stamp-collecting and raising azaleas in his big back yard.

Jerry provides constant proof that deejaying is in his blood. For example, he’ll give Gerry jewelry with “12 J 51” inscribed on it. That’s WNEW’s record library file number for Harry James’ “You Made Me Love You”—the Marshalls’ “song.” Jerry is such a popular deejay he has his own fan clubs, the most loyal calling themselves the “Marshall-Mallows.” As they and all Jerry’s countless fans would happily shout: “Vive the Marshall-Mallows! Vive Jerry Marshall!”
Pat Monroe and Monroe “Jack” Taylor delight WPEN listeners with a twinkling-eye view of the world

PHILADELPHIA PIXIES

A youthful radio veteran and an ex-entomologist, respectively dubbed Pat Monroe and Monroe “Jack” Taylor, are the madcap sponsors of a new version of the Monroe Doctrine—namely that “happy people are news.” The co-signers of this doctrine meet at 9:05 A.M., Monday through Saturday, to thumb their humor at the gloom-and-doom folks in an hour of chit-chat, interviews and music on Station WPEN’s popular Pat And Jack Show. In a spirit of friendly rivalry, they try to outdo each other with the unorthodox discoveries they have made on their separate ways about Philadelphia. . . .

Both Pat and Jack are delighted at the way Philadelphians are subscribing to their doctrine, and their comments about the show are a joint chorus of “We’ve never been happier than when we collect ammunition against each other, and never more excited than when we use it on the air.” . . . Pat, who has great faith in her mother, says, “Mom comes up with some great ideas to keep Jack hustling. You see, we’ve kept busy at being happy for a long time.” Still in her early twenties, Pat debuted in radio by airing a high school gossip column on Station WTTM and soon found herself spinning records, newscasting, holding down the chores of Women’s Director, and by-lining columns in two Trenton newspapers. She holds the unique honor of twice winning honorable mention in the BAB awards to top women’s shows. . . . Jack began his radio career at Dartmouth College, where he took both Bachelor’s and Master’s Degrees in Science, then forsok microscope for microphone to run the gamut of radio jobs. He and Pat live in Trenton and rise at 6 A.M. to commute to Philadelphia. Frequently, after the show, they will drop in unexpectedly on listeners who happened to write to the program, and from these “at home” visits, they bring back flavorful sidelights on family life and on the customs and traditions of the Delaware Valley area. And, whether they call in person or on radio, the Pat and Jack team are heartily welcomed and cheered by their many fans.
DAYTIME DIARY

All programs listed are heard Monday through Friday; consult your local paper for time and station.

AUNT JENNY Even a town as small as Littleton has its share of femmes fatales, but pretty Crystal was bitterly resentful of the unjustified reputation her looks had given her as she fought to be accepted as the sweet, simple girl she really was. Crystal's story was one of those recently told by Aunt Jenny in her series about Littleton life, which reflects life in every small American town today. CBS Radio.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Actor Larry Noble, unaware of the depths to which Elise Shepard will stoop to break up his marriage, is devoting all his time to her under the influence of the lie she told him about her having only a few months to live. Mary, ignorant of the lie which Elise made, Larry swear to keep secret, is so bitterly hurt that she falls easy prey to gambler Victor Stratton, who has plans of his own. NBC Radio.

THE BRIGHTER DAY Bert Ralston shows every sign of wishing to become a part of New Hope's quiet, simple community, but there are at least three people he has not convinced. One is Reverend Dennis, who knows people too well to be taken in by Bert's smoothness. Another is Sandra Talbot, who has good reason to know Bert's true character. The third is young Babby Dennis, who doesn't like shaking hands with the stranger in town. CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

CONCERNING MISS MARLOWE Beautiful Maggie Marlowe has worked long and hard for her acting success, and is ready to put it aside for a quieter, less demanding life, when a sudden need for money sends her back to Broadway. The detective agency which has conducted a long, hopeless search for her young daughter, who disappeared in France before the war, at last turns up a promising clue. Will this be another will-o'-the-wisp? NBC-TV.

FIRST LOVE A new marriage is a difficult thing at best, but when a girl is married to a man with a positive talent for rubbing some people the wrong way, the problem is certainly intensified. Zach is a difficult personality, so forceful, ambitious and single-minded that he cannot help stepping on toes. Will Laurie's deep love help her achieve the wisdom she knows she will need to guard their happiness? NBC-TV.

GOLDEN WINDOWS Has Julie thrown her hat over the windmill, as the gossips of Half-Gale claim? Would she have been better off going through with her marriage to the son of one of the town's important families? Only Julie knows how many doubts she had about John even before Tom Anderson came into her life. But she has no way of knowing how Tom is going to change that life, or whether she will be glad or sorry about it in the long run. NBC-TV.

THE GREATEST GIFT Dr. Lee Allen, just starting out to build a practice, encounters an obstacle that could prove fatal to her career, when she becomes involved in the aftermath of an accident caused by the son of the town's most influential citizen. What sort of pressure will be brought to bear on her if she does not change her story... and how will she reconcile herself with her own standards if she does? NBC-TV.

THE GUIDING LIGHT Dr. Dick Grant has only his own indecision to blame as he finds himself chafing under the brusque authority of Dr. Thompson, the surgeon hired by Dr. Baird to fill the position Dick could have had. Will nurse Janet Johnson find in Dr. Thompson the tool she needs to carve her revenge against Dick? Meanwhile, Dick's ex-wife also courts trouble as she tries to forget her marriage in a round of gaiety. CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

HAWKINS FALLS As a doctor, Floyd Corey would never object to being called one of the pillars of the town. But he never expected to become a political pillar, and his brief, accidental adventure as deputy mayor almost convinced him to stick to his last. Will certain revelations

for a costume that really sings

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DAYTIME DIARY

(Continued from page 23)

about the mayor himself change not only Floyd's mind, but his wife Lona's as well? Chicanery never did go down with Lona Corey! NBC-TV.

HILLTOP HOUSE For many months Julie and the doctors have been joined in a quiet conspiracy to help Julie's husband Reed conserve his health without making him fully conscious of his limitations. Now, however, a new course of treatment makes Reed irritably aware of his illness. How will this affect his relations with his new partner, which are already strained? What will Julie do if there's trouble? CBS Radio.

JUST PLAIN BILL Bill Davidson and all those most dear to him had a narrow escape from the vicious Thelma Nelson, and Bill's daughter Nancy was so exhausted by the experience that she cannot bring her normal affection and energy back into her relationship with her husband, Kane Donovan, or her son, John. As she loves them. Realizing that Nancy faces a crisis, Bill forces himself to take an unprecedented step. NBC Radio.

LORENZO JONES Lorenzo, still suffering from the loss of memory that makes him unable to call Phoebe Larkin's a liar when she claims to be his wife, is an almost helpless victim in Phoebe's plan to rob the Dunbar mines and place the blame on him. Only his real wife, Belle, is working to save him—but, without the cooperation Lorenzo's amnesia prevents him from giving her the proof she needs in time? NBC Radio.

LOVE OF LIFE Never was a wedding more clouded over by ominous thoughts than that of Vanessa to Paul Raven. Even Van found it hard to forget the unknown secret of Paul's past, though she had determined not to let it come between them. Will the day come when she must forget that decision? Will the curiosity of her sister Meg make that day come even sooner than it had to? CBS-TV.

MA PERKINS All the Pierces trust Ma Perkins—that was Alf Pierce's reason for making her promise to be trustee for the money he left his son, Billy, too, trusts and respects Ma—but not even she could convince him of the truth about his young wife Laura. Will it be Laura herself who inadvertently reveals to Billy that she will stop at nothing to get control of his money? How will Billy react to the shock? CBS Radio.

ONE MAN'S FAMILY Carefully, perhaps too rigidly, brought up by their father's old-fashioned principles, Claudia and Hazel Barbour run into trouble in their first serious encounters with men. Through Johnny Roberts, Claudia is brought to the brink of death, and it is certain that the dynamic, almost sinister personality of Danny Frank will leave its mark on Hazel's future, for better or worse. NBC-TV.

OUR GALS SUNDAY Kevin Bromfield, who sacrificed his life to save Sunday, did not manage to save her happiness, for the memory of his love for her seems destined to stand forever between Sunday and her husband, Lord Henry Brinthoppe. With Henry's resentment as a weapon, his assistant, Eve Barrett, has almost everything she needs to pursue her openly avowed aim to break up his marriage. Will Eve be successful? CBS Radio.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY Pepper and Linda, devoted to the little farm they were making into the home of their dreams, hated being uprooted to make way for an oil well, but their distrust of the man who was advising Father Young about the oil operation was based on their own discomfort. Instinct helped them spot one misrepresentation—but is it always reliable as a method of distinguishing friends from enemies? NBC Radio.

PERRY MASON Lawyer Perry Mason reaches the climax of his fight to save Kate Beekman's life as Prosecutor Abt presents the State's case against her for the murder of her husband, Goody Webber. Abt and Abt are old antagonists who know each other's tricks by heart, but Mason also knows that Abt would become his ally if he suspected Kate had been framed. Can Mason gather the needed proof in time? CBS Radio.

PORTIA FACES LIFE There is no flaw in the understanding and love that make the foundation of the Mannings' marriage. Portia knows that, proud though he is of her talent, Walter needs to be the only breadwinner in the family. What happens when a strange series of events makes it impossible for her to refuse to take a case, and throws her into the limelight in a way that overshadows Walter's achievements? CBS-TV.

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS Every aspect of Carolyn Nelson's life underwent severe strain while her husband was Governor, and at the close of his term she was more relaxed than regretful to go back to private life. Does Miles share her feelings? Or does he miss his prestige and eminence enough to take a dangerous chance to regain them—a chance that may lead to more trouble than even Carolyn suspects? NBC Radio.

THE ROAST OF LIFE Sybil Overton's fight to regain the baby she was once anxious to get rid of has become another battle in her war against Dr. Jim Brent's happiness—a war that her resourceful, ruthless father is equally determined to carry on. Can Jim and Jocelyn really be hurt by a threat as obvious as Sybil? Or is there some way in which they do not realize they are vulnerable—a way Sybil may discover and use? CBS Radio.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT Wealthy Brett Chapman is delighted to be host to designer Helen Trent when the studio for which she works goes on location near his ranch. But with Helen comes her scheming young assistant, Loretta Cole, who is still preoccupied with improving her own future, though her engagement to Brett's son Richie has been announced. How will Helen be affected if Richie, defying his father, finds himself disinherit? CBS Radio.

ROSEMARY Young Lonny Cisar,
member of the Boys Club sponsored by Bill Roberts, is so badly hurt by a shrewd, self-seeking girl that Bill's wife Rosemary makes a project of helping him back to a healthier adjustment. Will Betty's obvious fondness for him help Lonny forget Monica? And will Rosemary become so absorbed in the youngsters that she finds herself with an unexpected problem of her own to solve? CBS Radio.

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW Some time ago, Joanne Barron found it impossible to go ahead with plans for her marriage because a sense of oppression came between her and all thought of the future. At the time she could not understand it, but the days that followed made it plain enough that her dread has been justified. What will happen if she cannot identify her enemies? CBS-TV.

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON Stan and Terry Burton are delighted when Stan's sister Marcia finds a long-delayed happiness in her marriage with Lew Archer. But Stan has his fingers crossed, for he has a firm lack of faith in Marcia's judgment and fully expects that sooner or later some of hers will cause trouble. Nobody is more surprised than he is when the trouble does arrive—from a totally unexpected quarter. CBS Radio.

THE SECRET STORM New hope for happiness seemed to dawn for Peter Ames and his three children when Jane Andrews became their housekeeper some time after the death of her husband, but the secret she carries is a fearful and powerful one, and it makes it impossible for that hope to see fulfillment? And will Peter's jealous sister-in-law Pauline lend the past a willing helping hand, in her hope of winning Peter for herself? CBS-TV.

THE SEEKING HEART As assistant to Dr. John Adams, young Dr. Robin McKay finds herself allied with him professionally and emotionally as they try to protect a young heiress from what they are certain is a plot to gain control of her fortune. Will this association lead to emotional complications—and is this what John's wife Grace has been waiting for? Will Robin find herself a pawn in a dangerous, hidden game? CBS-TV.

STELLA DALLAS Though Stella can see what Ada Dexter is trying to do, she can find no means of keeping the wealthy old eccentric from carrying out her plan to break up the marriage of Stella's daughter Laurel and her own son, Stanley Warwick, can become Laurel's husband. Must Stella stand by to see her beloved child's happiness crushed by the mad plans of this dangerously backbiting woman? Laurel and Dick together again? NBC Radio.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE If the Syndicate were not such a terrible threat, Nora Drake might allow herself to be charmed into giving up the danger to both of them that brought her and Fred together. But the Syndicate's power cannot be lightly dismissed, and Nora now must begin to plan her peace in a new way. Can she be made to doubt Fred's devotion? Will Wyn Robinson's vengeful cooperation with Dan Welsh cost Nora her marriage? CBS Radio.

THREE STEPS TO HEAVEN Mary Clare never lost her firm faith that she and Bill would resume their interrupted marriage, but even she is dazzled by the abrupt return of Bill's memory and the happy future that seems to be opening before them. Has Vince Bannister really been wiped from their lives? Have they helped Nan Waring and her daughter to begin a safe, secure life—or have they only created more danger for them? NBC-TV.

A TIME TO LIVE Is it possible to save someone who doesn't want to be saved? Reporter Kathy Byron's spirited fight to clear Greta Powers is almost wrecked by the deserted Greta's defeatism—and so is Kathy's promising career. But Kathy's wits are sound, and she comes out of the crisis with a growing reputation, a couple of new friends—and a romantic problem. Is it or only a problem to the young man concerned? NBC-TV.

VALIANT LADY Helen Emerson is too sensible to blame herself for her daughter Diane's mistakes, but she is almost in despair at the shoddy selfishness that not even marriage helped Diane to outgrow. If she must also see her son Mickey through a romantic crisis, will Helen have any heart left for her own personal happiness—which became so much more interesting and complicated when pilot Chris Kendall came into it? CBS-TV.

WENDY WARREN AND THE NEWS Wendy is delighted when her playwright husband emerges from a period of paralyzing mental confusion to resume his work. But actress Maggie Fallon, who was once in love with Mark, warns Wendy of his collaboration with the shrewd young woman whose play he is directing may also lead to trouble. Under normal circumstances, Mark is well able to take care of himself. But is Maggie right in worrying now? CBS Radio.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES Under the guidance and sponsorship of the brilliant Dr. Davon, Joan Davis enters a new, trying phase of her life as an assistant in a nursing home. What lies behind the enmity of the supervisor? Will she make it impossible for Joan to succeed in the project that has become so vitally necessary now that her circumstances have changed so drastically? Or will Joan's honesty checkmate the strange woman? ABC Radio.

THE WOMAN IN MY HOUSE All the Carters would say that they grew up in a quiet, everyday household, where crises were few and far between. Now that they are adults, they realize for the first time just how many of those crises were disposed of by their parents before they ever realized what was going on. Will this make them more or less able to cope with difficulties on their own? NBC Radio.

YOUNG DR. MALONE Working with the staff he knows and trusts, Dr. Jerry Malone has guided the Dineen Clinic to an important position in Three Oaks. He cannot believe that ambitious Dr. Ted Mason offers any real threat to his own security or the Clinic's integrity, but his friend Dr. Brownie is fully aware of Mason's ideas and Jerry himself knows Mason to be mercenary rather than idealistic. Is Jerry too confident? CBS Radio.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN Ellen Brown, who lost her fiance to one scheming woman, now faces the lying trap in which a second vicious woman has caught Michael Forsyth, to whom Ellen had turned on the rebound from Anthony Loring. Is Ellen misguided in retaining her faith in Michael despite Harriet Summers' accusations? Will Anthony's wife Millicent, well aware of her husband's love for Ellen, help Harriet's schemes? NBC Radio.

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Ball, Susan
Barker, Lex
Baxter, Anne
Blyth, Ann
Bogart, Humphrey
Booth, Shirley
Brady, Scott
Brando, Marlon
Burton, Richard
Calghoun, Troy
Caron, Leslie
Charlton, Jeff
Charisse, Cyd
Clift, Montgomery
Cloonan, Rosemary
Cochran, Steve
Cooper, Gary
Crain, Jeannie
Crawford, Joan
Crosby, Bing
Crosby, Pat
Curts, Tony
Dahl, Ariene
Damone, Vic
Darvi, Bello
Day, Doris
DeCarlo, Yvonne
Douglas, Kirk
Ferrer, Jose
Fleming, Rhonda
Francis, Robert
Gable, Clark
Gardner, Ava
Garland, Judy
Garson, Greer
Grable, Betty
Grahame, Gloria
Granger, Stewart
Hayden, Sterling
Hayward, Susan
Hayworth, Rita
Hepburn, Audrey
Heston, Charlton
Holden, William
Holliday, Judy
Hope, Bob
Hudson, Rock
Hunter, Jeff
Hunter, Tab
Johnson, Van
Jones, Jennifer
Kaye, Danny
Keel, Howard
Kelly, Gene
Kelly, Grace
Kerr, Deborah
Ladd, Alan
Lamas, Fernando
Lancaster, Burt
Laurie, Piper
Leigh, Janet
Lemon, Jack
MacMurray, Fred
Madison, Gay
Martin, Dewey
Martin & Lewis
Mason, James
Mature, Victor
Mayo, Virginia
Milland, Roy
Mitchell, Cameron
Mitchum, Robert
Monroe, Marilyn
Moore, Terry
Murphy, Audie
Nader, George
Nach, Kim
O'Connor, Donald
O'Hara, Maureen
Paget, Debra
Palace, Jack
Parker, Eleanor
Peck, Gregory
Peters, Jean
Pidgeon, Walter
Powell, Dick
Powell, Jane
Powell, Tyrone
Purdum, Edmund
Reed, Donna
Reynolds, Debbie
Rogers, Ginger
Rogers, Roy
Rogers, Rolf
Rogers, Gil
Russell, Barbara
Russell, Ann
Saint, Eva Marie
Simmons, Jean
Sinatra, Frank
Stack, Robert
Stanimych, Barbara
Stewart, James
Taylor, Elizabeth
Taylor, Robert
Thompson, Carlos
Tierney, Gene
Todd, Richard
Tracy, Spencer
Turner, Lana
Wagner, Robert
Wayne, John
Webb, Clifton
Webb, Jack
Widmark, Richard
Wilding, Michael
Williams, Esther
Winters, Shelley
Wymann, Jane
Wynn, May

MOVIES

About Mrs. Leslie
Act of Love
Adventures of Robinson Crusoe
Americano, The
Apache
Athena
Barefoot Contessa, The
Beat the Devil
Beau Brummell
Bengal Brigade
Big Rainbow, The
Black Shield of Falworth, The
Brigadoon
Broken Lance
Caine Mutiny, The
Carnival Story
Casablanca's Big Night
Command, The
Country Girl, The
Creature from the Black Lagoon
Dangerous Mission
Demetrius and the Gladiators
Desiree
Dial "M" for Murder
Dragnet
Drum Beat
Easy to Love
Eddie Cantor Story, The
Egyptian, The
Elephant Walk
Executive Suite
Flame and the Flesh
Forever Female
Francis Joins the WACS
French Line, The
Garden of Evil
Glenna Miller Story, The
Hell and High Water
Hell Below Zero
High and the Mighty, The
His Majesty O'Keefe
Hobson's Choice
Hondo
Indiscretion of an American Wife
It Should Happen to You
Johnny Dark
Johnny Guitar
King Richard and the Crusader
Knights of the Round Table
Knock on Wood
Last Time I Saw Paris, The
Little Kidnappers, The
Living It Up
Long, Long Trailer, The
Lucky Me
Mu and Pa Kettle at Home
Magnificent Obsession
Man with a Million
Men of the Fighting Lady
Money from Home
Miss Sadie Thompson
Naked Alibi
Naked Jungle, The
Night People
On the Waterfront
Paratrooper
Passion
Phifft
Prince Valiant
Pushover
Rear Window
Red Garters
Rhapsody
River of No Return
Rob Roy
Rose Marie
Sabrina
Saskatchewen
Secret of the Incas
Seven Brides for Seven Brothers
She Couldn't Say No
Son of Sinbad
Star Is Born, A
Strategic Air Command
Student Prince, The
Suddenly
Susan Slept Here
Them
This Is My Love
Three Coins in the Fountain
Track of the Cat
Vanishing Prairie, The
Vera Cruz
Walking My Baby Back
White Christmas
Wild One, The
Woman's World
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Young at Heart

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*Your vote will be incorporated in Photoplay Magazine's Gold Medal Awards Ballot for 1954-55
Christmas Memories

For my brother Lee and myself, Christmas has always been a
time of happiness—of sharing priceless gifts and memorable, heartwarming experiences.

By GEORGE LIBERACE

WHETHER rich or poor, Christmas is a time of
happiness. I remember those early Christ-
mases when my brother Lee (Liberace) and I
were very young. Our mother and father struggled to
make a living, but when Christmas came the struggle
couldn’t keep the smiles off our young faces.

I think we all have a sense of expectancy during the
Christmas holidays—probably because we know that
spring, with all its new growth, is just around the
corner; more probably because the season really is a
symbol of new birth. A new year is beginning, and
hope and courage are born again in the hearts of men
—just as they were on that Christmas morning almost
two thousand years ago.

It doesn’t take much to make children happy at
Christmas. Lee and I learned that when we were
very young. I remember those first Christmases our
family spent at Grandmother’s home up in Menasha,
Wisconsin. Grandmother dressed as Santa Claus!
During her summers, Grandmother spent her days
knitting gloves, socks, and tasseled caps which would
cover our ears. We needed them; Menasha in the
winter months usually stood window-high in snow.

No, it doesn’t take much to make children happy at
Christmas. Dressed alike in Grandmother’s knitted
outfits, Lee, our sister Angie, and I felt like miniature
royalty riding along in Grandfather’s sled. We lived
from Christmas to Christmas, I think, in anticipation
of those sleigh rides—and they didn’t cost a cent.

I can still remember the cold crispness of the snow
and the warmth of the lap robe; and I still can see the
steam (as Lee called it) choo-choo-training out of the
horses’ noses. We three (Rudy hadn’t been born yet)
grinned so much, so widely, racing through that frozen
air, that our faces hurt.

And after the ride, of course, it was the men’s duty
to feed the horses; that meant Lee and me. To make a
young boy happy, there’s nothing like the thrill that
comes from feeding his horse—and Grandfather’s
horses were ours for the holidays. A warm velvet nose
pressed against a five-year-old boy’s hand, full of oats,
is a sensation that sets his young world tingling.
All the wealth in the country couldn’t have bought
us more pleasure. (Continued on page 66)

The Liberace Show is seen in most major cities throughout the U.S. and Canada. Check your local papers for correct time and station,
for both the TV presentation and The Liberace Radio Show.

Christmas, 1952, was memorable for two wonderful friends and associates—Lee’s arranger Gordon Robinson (left) and
director Duke Goldstone (at right with Lee and me)—for Lee really went overboard and gave each of them a piano.
Songstress Paula Kelly approves of Lee's gift-wrapping. Lee spends a half-hour on each one, matches wrapping with gift.

Lee and I try to make Christmases happier for polio victims like Debbie Stone. Last year, friends such as Paula were kept busy admiring Lee's three trees. Though Lee is an expert chef himself, he bows to Mom as the chief cook.
so glad to meet Millie!

I've learned a lot from playing this lovable screwball—and even more from meeting her fans
I've learned a lot from Millie. As Elena Verdugo, girl actress in private life (sometimes called "the Vague Verdugo"), I've learned that Millie (sometimes called "the Mad Millie") is not so crazy after all. Sure, Millie has a balmy sense of humor, one which serves as an efficient trouble magnet; problems of all shapes and sizes are drawn to her like ants to honey; but she's never had a problem too big to overcome. The reason, I think, is because Millie gets along with everyone.

We live in a world of science—atoms, rockets, and television—but as long as there are people around we have to get along with them. How to get along? That's what I'm learning from Millie.

Take the relationship between parents and children, for example. I come from an old Spanish family whose roots are planted deeply in the history of California. My parents lived and thought about family life very much as their old-school European ancestors did. It's like a "We are your mother and father and you are our child—there'll be no arguing" attitude. Of course, the Europeans don't have a monopoly on this old-fashioned kind of family life. There are plenty of American families who raise their children in the same way.

It's difficult for a child from such (Continued on page 74)
It's a rare occasion indeed when Arnold and I can get David, Deborah and "Ihurber" to sit so still.

Marriage can be fun

He may be brash on the Berle show, but Arnold was really a bashful suitor—and proved to be the most considerate husband in the world.
Our treasured moments are simple ones: Searching for ducks in the brook near home; telling funny stories and making big promises to encourage eating; and (right) our fondest treasure, Bessie—Mrs. William Hand—the children's nurse.

By MRS. ARNOLD STANG

Considering that my husband, Arnold Stang, makes his living as a comedian, I suppose it was not so surprising that, when he introduced me to his mother, her first words were, "Oh, yes. You're the girl who cries at the train!"

Although I am no longer classed as a perennial weeper, that statement held a lot of truth for too long a time. But, in order to explain, I'll have to go back eight years to when Arnold and I first met.

It was the summer of 1946 and I was a reporter on the Brooklyn Eagle. I had arranged to interview "Mr." Stang and, after he met me at the office, we went to lunch and, over chicken croquettes and iced coffee, I got all the necessary particulars about Arnold Stang, comedian. (We (Continued on page 89)

Arnold is seen on The Buick-Berle Show, over NBC-TV, every other Tuesday, 8 P.M. EST, for the Buick Div. of General Motors.

Don't let Arnold and Milton Berle fool you with their arguing on TV . . . they're really the best of friends.

Our home—which we're still remodeling—is truly our castle, the source of our happiest moments.
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Our home—which we're still remodeling—is truly our castle, the source of our happiest moments.
Agnes Young by name, forever young by nature, she has an age-old warmth and wisdom

By MARTIN COHEN

When women first meet Agnes Young—especially those who have listened to her as Aunt Jenny for years—they appear to be a little wary and doubtful. They have come to love Aunt Jenny and seem to fear that Agnes Young will be "just an actress." But even the most critical and most expectant of these women are delighted, for Agnes Young is a surprising person in her own right.

"If they are disappointed, it is only in one way," says her daughter Nancy. "They expect Mother to be aged and gray."

Agnes Young has brown hair. Her gray-blue eyes are very bright and alert. For all her professional experience and her twenty-three-year-old daughter, she is a young woman—young in appearance and young in heart—but her (Continued on page 85)

Agnes Young stars in the title role of Aunt Jenny, as heard over CBS Radio, M-F, at 12:15 P.M. EST, for Spry and other products of Lever Brothers.

Agnes Young's hobbies couldn't be more typical of Aunt Jenny: Crocheting colorful afghans . . . baking the most delectable desserts . . . sharing playful moments with the Siamese cat, "Barnaby" . . . and—above all—creating a complete family life, the year around, for husband Jimmy Wells and their actress-daughter Nancy.
No “secret storm” for Susan

Virginia Dwyer thinks
it’s fine to be an actress
but best of all to be
an understanding mother

By ELEANOR POLLOCK

Like other little girls, Susan is learning to cook and keep house. She also knows about scripts—but has ambitions for the future all her own.

When Virginia Dwyer puts on her apron, cooks a meal and takes over as Jane Edwards, the competent and sage housekeeper in The Secret Storm, she is actually doing what she likes best in the world. For this pretty red-headed woman—who certainly doesn’t look old enough to be the mother of her “nearly twelve” daughter Susan—revels in housekeeping and would like nothing better than to have the time to do all her own cooking and run her home like any other young suburban matron. But, for the moment, she can express her homemaking instincts only on her five-day-a-week show over CBS-TV.

In order to give Susan—who is a miniature of her attractive mother—the kind of life Virginia believes is the right of every child, she has set up an almost superhuman schedule for herself. For many years, Virginia and Susan lived in a New York apartment. They have lived alone together ever since Susan was a baby and Virginia and her newsman husband separated. All this time, Virginia has put her daughter’s welfare and interests above her own. So, now that Susan is ready to enter junior high, her mother decided that it was time they lived someplace where (Continued on page 68)

Mother and daughter find it’s easier to do things together in the country—like skating—and easier to invite friends to call.

Virginia Dwyer is Jane Edwards in The Secret Storm, CBS-TV, M-F, 4:15 P.M. EST, sponsored by Whitehall Pharmacal Co. and Boyle-Midway, Inc.
Christmas is the infinitely precious season of birth, looking ahead—
OUT OF DOORS, the air is crisp with a promise of snow, and within the house—warm and alive with the joys of a family Christmas—there is also a promise. A tall tree blazes with colored lights and ornaments treasured from year to year, bright tinsel and ribbon are everywhere about the room, and party-dressed youngsters giggle and shriek with pleasure. . . . Christmas is their season, Pepper Young thought, his heart filled with contentment at the sight of the family gathered around his hearth. His own son Button, turning from toy to toy in a merry-go-round of delight, showed Pepper and his wife Linda how pale Christmases had been when they were childless. And Pepper's sister Peggy Young Trent, aglow with maternal pride and love for Hal and young Ivy, mirrored their happy feelings. . . . Yes, Christmas is for children, and it is also a time that looks ahead into a shining new year. The important thing, Pepper said to himself, is to look ahead, to forget the past year's angers and disappointments, and renew that peace of mind and inspiration which are the season's greatest gifts. For Christmas time celebrates the long-ago birth of a Holy Child, and it is dedicated, now and forever, to children . . . and to those grownups who have retained the innocence of heart which shares a child's joy at the season's blessings.

Pepper Young's Family, on NBC Radio, M-F, 3:30 P.M. EST, is sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Camay, Joy, Spic and Span. Pictured here, left to right, in their original roles, are: Betty Wragge as Peggy Young Trent, Richard Wigginton as Hal Trent, Mason Adams as Pepper Young, Eunice Howard as Linda.

through the clear, innocent eyes of children—to a bright new year
Christmas is the infinitely precious season of birth, looking ahead—
Christmas is the infinitely precious season of birth, looking ahead—through the clear, innocent eyes of children—to a bright new year.
The Desmonds have plenty to eat today, but Ruth and I can remember when we lived on love—and very little else!

By JOHNNY DESMOND

Back in Detroit, where I was a kid, they had an expression to describe anybody who turned into a sensation overnight. They called him a "ten-day wonder." Those words could describe anybody who burst into sudden fame; they could be said of somebody who turned into a genius on an automobile production line, or some youngster who became a one-game star in basketball, or some performer who made an unexpected smash hit the first time he stepped on a stage.

Those words described me, back a few years ago. I didn’t realize at the time that the description fitted so well. But it sure did, now that I think about it. Something else, too: those words (Continued on page 69)

I met Ruth Keddington when we sang in the same quartet, back in the early days of my professional career. Now she’s Mrs. Desmond, and we have our own home-style quartet—including those very “youthful lyric” sopranos, Diane, 8, and Patti, 5.
THE PHRASE THAT PAYS

Ted Brown, emcee of NBC's The Phrase That Pays, occasionally asks one of his telephone contestants: "What do you think I look like?" A pause. Then: "What's that?" He repeats the answer for the benefit of the studio audience and the radio listeners. "You say you think I'm tall, dark and handsome? And good-natured? Madam, I'm sorry to tell you this, but you're wrong." And he stops to grin impishly at the audience. "You say that's the way I always sound to you? Oh, thank you, kind lady." Then he grins again, and the studio audience smiles right back at him, knowing that—no matter what he says—the lady has guessed just about right.

For this quick-tongued quizmaster is a slender, tall young fellow (five feet, ten and a half inches) and darkly good-looking (black hair, hazel eyes behind tortoise-rimmed glasses). And wonderfully easygoing and relaxed. Except that, when you watch him carefully, you see—under the easy manner and the general spirit of tomfoolery pervading his broadcasts—that he's a rather serious young man. (Until that grin of his takes over.)

Ted is serious about some things. Things like his home, his pretty brown-eyed, red-haired wife Rhoda. His two boys, teen-age Tony and three-year-old Rickey. His ambition to accomplish a lot of things before time catches up with him. (Time hasn't even begun to, so he needn't worry for a long stretch to come.)

Continued
For Ted and Rhoda Brown, the answer will always be:
"Home-keeping hearts are happiest"

There's a "heap o' livin'" in the Brown home (opposite page). Ted and "Ro" broadcast their local daily programs there. Teen-aged Tony and runabout Rickey have their own ideas to help their parents' shows. And they all have hobbies to fill the leisure moments in between.
THE PHRASE THAT PAYS

(Continued)

Young Rickey believes "clothes make the man," so he helps daddy Ted select a tie.

Bricks for a barbecue? Ted's always ready to rebuild anything "nearer to the heart's desire."

The Browns live in a nine-room house in a section of New York not far out from the skyscrapers but still miraculously open to sun, wind and stars. They bought their home from the man who had built it to the specifications of a house he had loved in Wales, and in the basement he had constructed fine organs on which no doubt many an old Welsh song had been played. Now the basement has been partially converted into a complete broadcasting studio, from which Ted's two other radio shows are aired—with wife Rhoda participating—six mornings a week from seven to nine and evenings from six to seven over WMGM, New York. The Phrase That Pays, which Ted conducts alone, five days a week, is broadcast from a big NBC studio in New York.

Rising time is 6:30 A.M. Just before seven, the engineer calls up: "One minute to go"—and they're on the air, Rhoda usually in a crisp housecoat, Ted in his favorite costume of sports shirt and slacks ("Casual, verging on sloppy," is his description of his outfits for these informal morning sessions). Sometimes Rickey wanders sleepily downstairs in his nightclothes, climbs up on Rhoda's lap and decides to say something on the program. Usually something helpful . . . such as the time Ted asked if he liked the soft drink bottled by one of the show's sponsors, and Rickey answered a very definite "No"—then quite unexpectedly announced that his preference was all for beer. "He remembers all the commercials, and whichever one is uppermost in his mind at the moment is the one he talks about, so we never know what he's going to come up with," Rhoda explains, tossing her short-cropped hair in amusement over the drolleries of a little boy.

A very cute little boy, who is his mother's shadow. Bitti-Boo is Rhoda's shadow, too—Bitti-Boo being the pure-white midget poodle. The three other dogs are a gray midget poodle named Boysy, Hammy the Airedale, and Tima the terrier. A pampered lot, for whom a dog's life is something rather special.

The Browns currently are in the throes of re-making their homestead, having just ripped out the old kitchen and put in a brand-new one. The dining room is practically finished—furnished and decorated in Provincial

Ted Brown emcees The Phrase That Pays, over the NBC Radio Network, Monday through Friday, 11:30 A.M. EST, sponsored by the Colgate-Palmolive Co. Ted and Rhoda Brown are heard in the New York area over WMGM, Mon. through Sat., from 7 to 9 A.M., 6 to 7 P.M.
Ted’s broadcasts over WMGM give Rickey unexpected chances to prove the old saying about "out of the mouths of babes." But, around the Brown household, the phrase-that-pays-off-biggest— for dogs—is "a man's best friend." They have four pampered pooches, including snow-white Bitti-Boo.

style—and the living-room furnishings are being gradually assembled. Rhoda had a huge curved sofa made to her own design. "You know," Ted describes it, "one of those which are thirteen feet long and just wind and wind around."

It's an easygoing, cooperative household, although Ted might call it "our crazy, mixed-up home," because nobody has any set schedule, except for the broadcasts and the children. The grownups eat when they feel like eating. Their maids always get used to this sort of thing, after a while, and don’t seem to mind if somebody suddenly decides to raid the icebox or do some fancy cooking. In an emergency of any kind, everybody pitches in, anyhow. They’re that kind of close-knit gang.

"At the merest whisper from me that I could go for one of her cherry pies, Ro will whisk into the kitchen and bake me a beauty," Ted boasts. "She may not like cleaning up afterwards, but she is meticulous about cleanliness, and she loves to cook. She’s so fussy about everything being clean that we go on vacations armed with supplies to scrub out all the rooms we are going to inhabit, however briefly. At home, however, she likes to let someone else do the (Continued on page 83)
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She's our guiding star, our sternest judge, our refuge and our strength.

There's only one word for her: "Mom!"

By BOB CROSBY

How would you like to have five devoted and more-or-less (not you, Everett—you're more) presentable beaux hanging on your every word? How would you like to be a beautiful girl, courted, admired, complimented, begged to accept a mink coat and a chauffeur-driven Cadillac . . . and yet be able to say "no" firmly but affectionately, while still retaining the ardent affection of your swains?

The Crosbys have such a girl.
We call her "Mom."
She's worth her weight in uranium, yet she's as unpretentious as apple pie. She could have any material thing she wanted (this side of the Aga Khan—and Bing can't make the weight), but she's a marvel of canny economy. When brother Bing tried to buy Mom a mink coat, she looked incredulous and asked, (Continued on page 76)
LOVE FOR A LIFETIME

Like Vanessa Dale, Peggy McCay wants to marry "for keeps," with heart and mind both satisfied

By MARY TEMPLE

Ever since Vanessa Dale's romance on Love Of Life has become a high point of that TV drama, people have been asking Peggy McCay, the girl who plays her, how she herself would react to Vanessa's problems.

"Exactly as Van does, I am sure," Peggy answers. "Van thinks of marriage as a solemn and serious step. So do I. She believes that marriage should be for keeps. So do I. Not to be entered into lightly—although we both realize that it's the light touch which helps keep a marriage happy. By this, I mean the way two people can laugh at their problems together, even while they are (Continued on page 72)

Peggy is Vanessa in Love Of Life, CBS-TV, M-F, 12:15 P.M. EST, for Whitehall Pharmacal Co., Boyle-Midway, Inc., Chef Boyardee.

(Left) This treasured friend of Peggy's is "Prince Boo."
(Below) Charles Woods of the Manhattan Riding Club sees them off for a morning canter in the park.

Dress-up dates are fun, but Peggy knows it's really the simple things—those quiet moments together—which tell a girl's heart when the time has come to say yes.
EVER IN HIS HEART

From school days, Vaughn Monroe has always been true to his first loves: Marion—and music.

By GREGG MARTIN

When you say Monroe, stranger, whistle! Not since the Monroe Doctrine has the name had such impact on Americans. The Magnificent Monroes, Marilyn and Vaughn, although unrelated, have the same throb effect on members of the opposite sex. Marilyn sets the boys to whistling with her feminine charms and the blonde beauty which could launch a thousand ships. Vaughn sets the girls to whistling with his masculine good looks—and the singing voice which has already sold some thirty million records!

Through these recordings and his multitudinous broadcasts and personal appearances, Vaughn has flipped and fluttered the hearts of thousands of females, but he was true to his first love, his schoolgirl sweetheart, and married same. Vaughn has been fabulously successful, but his disposition has been the same in dungarees or white-tie-and-tails. He's not the kind you would accuse of trying to set the world on fire.

"Vaughn is easygoing, friendly and trusting," his wife Marian says. "He lives for (Continued on page 87)

Vaughn Monroe is the Voice of RCA on Sid Caesar's Hour, NBC-TV, three Mondays out of four, 8 to 9 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Radio Corporation of America, American Chicle Co., and Speidel Corporation—all on those NBC-TV "color spectacles" seen every fourth Monday, 8 to 9:30 P.M., for the Ford Motor Co. and RCA.

Monroe treasures include the antique silver which Marion collects... their handsome home near Boston... Vaughn's first cornet, above the fireplace... the cornet-base lamps he made... and the toy poodles, "Angel" and "Petit-Four."
Above, their greatest treasures, daughters Candy (left) and Christy. Below, The Meadows restaurant, owned and operated by the Monroes.

Leisure hours are spent in his workshop, playing with the girls—and the model trains he builds—and with his music. Gold discs on wall represent million-sale recordings.
**TV RADIO MIRROR**

_You are the judge! Your votes will decide the winners of the eighth annual TV RADIO MIRROR Awards, in the only recognized, nationwide poll which offers you the opportunity to name your own favorites among the radio and television stars and programs which have won your heart. Fill out the ballots on these two pages—for either radio or TV—or both. You need not sign your name, but ballots must be postmarked not later than December 10, 1954. Mail yours today!_

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**Vote for Your Favorite STARS on Radio and Television**  
*(Write name of one star in each column for each classification)*

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CLASS</th>
<th>FAVORITE RADIO STAR (specify show on which star appears)</th>
<th>FAVORITE TV STAR (specify show on which star appears)</th>
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*(Cut out this ballot and mail to TV RADIO MIRROR AWARDS. Box 1703, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. It is not necessary to fill in both radio and television sections of this ballot.)*
AWARDS for 1954-55

Vote for Your Favorite PROGRAMS on Radio and Television
(Write name of one program in each column for each classification)

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<thead>
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<th>CLASS</th>
<th>FAVORITE RADIO PROGRAM</th>
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<td>Best Program on Air</td>
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Voting in the eighth annual TV RADIO MIRROR poll will end December 10, 1954, when a staff of independent tabulators starts adding up the votes you cast for your favorites. The exciting results will be announced in our May issue, complete with colorful pictures, intimate glimpses and exclusive stories of winning stars and shows. Remember—the only way your favorites can win the coveted TV RADIO MIRROR gold medals is with your votes. Cast yours today!
LOVE STORY for TODAY

When star-kissed youngsters like
Eddie Fisher and Debbie Reynolds meet,
there’s bound to be a romance as
old as time, as unexpected as tomorrow
Crowds gather wherever Eddie and Debbie go, whether they're together or apart. But Debbie was with Eddie (above) when he broke all-time attendance records, as 86,000 admirers gathered to hear him do an outdoor broadcast with Bill Silbert's "Saints and Spinners Club," over New York City Station WMGM.

By MAXINE ARNOLD

Whether you are near or far—no matter, darling, where you are—I think of you . . ."

Across America, the ardent voice of Eddie Fisher sings. Teenagers swoon and sigh, and older hearts remember, as love goes transcontinental today.

From New York—on Coke Time, over radio and TV—Eddie Fisher has sung his heart out, across the miles, into a modest green stucco home in Burbank, California . . . and into the starry eyes of a girl named Mary Frances ("Debbie") Reynolds, who got the message.

Every tender ballad has lyrics that seem to have been written just for them. A melody that is theirs alone . . . in spite of the entire nation sharing it . . . in spite of the newspapers headlining it, and the columnists forecasting their future from it.

As Debbie philosophically remarked, "They all seem to know more about it than we do. When two people enjoy being together, they not only want to walk you down the aisle, they want to shoot you down it."

With Debbie's instinctive reluctance to let her heart show, she parried queries about whether or not she's in love, with "I'll answer this only to Eddie." But they both answered it in a thousand ways. It would be easier to try to hide the sun.

Their happiness rubbed off on everyone, from the start.

But, though they might be on "cloud nine," they have tried to keep their feet firmly on the ground. Both had always believed in long engagements as insurance on marriage that will last a lifetime. "I'm a great believer in (Continued on page 81)

Coke Time Starring Eddie Fisher is seen over the NBC-TV Network, Wednesday and Friday, at 7:30 P.M. EST, and heard over the Mutual Radio Network, Tuesday and Thursday, at 7:45 P.M. EST. Both sponsored by The Coca-Cola Company.
BEAT THE CLOCK'S EXCITING BIG CONTEST

Hurry! Hurry! This is your last chance
to win a beautiful Sylvania Chairside Theater

This is it ... your third and last chance to enter Beat The Clock's big contest and win a Sylvania Chairside Theater—complete with the new "Silver Screen 85" picture tube, 27-inch screen and remote control unit—or a handsome radio clock. It's really easy—as proved by the entries already received in the two previous contests. Simply cut apart the three faces pictured on the next page and rearrange the sections so that they form the original portraits of three outstanding stars on TV and radio. After you have matched up the faces, paste them on a piece of paper and write the name of each one in the coupon on the opposite page. Then make up a last line to go with the limerick printed on the coupon. Be sure the last line rhymes with the first two. For example:

Two children who lived in Cathay
Became uncontrollably gay;
The cause of their glee
Was a show on TV,
That's why they're still perched there today.

That's all there is to it. So don't delay—mail your entry today and you may win a TV set or radio clock!

Bud Collyer and Roxanne admire the first prize—a Sylvania Chairside Theater.
Who are they? Rearrange the sections of these three mixed-up faces to form the original portraits of three outstanding TV and radio personalities. Cut them apart on the dotted lines and paste them together in the right order.

Four handsome Sylvania radio clocks will be awarded to the runners-up.

CONTEST RULES

1. Each entry must include your filled-in coupon, as printed on this page, and your paste-up and identification of the faces shown above.
2. Address entries for this contest to:
   BEAT THE CLOCK CONTEST, TV RADIO MIRROR
   P.O. Box 1835, Grand Central Sta., New York 17, N. Y.
3. This month's contest ends midnight, December 5, 1954. Entries postmarked after that date will not be considered.
4. The winner of this contest will receive a Sylvania Chairside Theater, which includes a television set with a 27-inch screen and a remote control unit. The next four runners-up will each receive a Sylvania radio clock.
5. Entries will be judged on the basis of accuracy in rearranging and identifying the faces and originality in completing the limerick.
6. You may submit more than one entry. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. The decision of the judges will be final.
7. This contest is open to everyone in the United States and Canada, except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and Sylvania Electric Products Inc.
8. All entries become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc. No correspondence can be entered into in regard to entries. Winners will be notified as soon as the judging has been completed.

The faces pictured above are:

LIMERICK

Two children who lived in Cathay
Became uncontrollably gay;
The cause of their glee
Was a show on TV,

Last line

YOUR NAME

STREET OR BOX NO.

CITY OR TOWN    STATE

Beat The Clock, with Bud Collyer as emcee, is seen on CBS-TV, Sat., 7:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Sylvania Electric Products Inc.
Rediscovered happiness: Everett and Clare at their wedding, in 1952.

“Farm” and “home” are more than words to Everett Mitchell ... they are the rewards of love, work, and undying hope.
Their search had started as the first new grass turned green on the hillsides. But, before Everett Mitchell and his bride Clare found the farm they wanted, the trees again bent stark branches to the icy wind. Yet, although their chosen fields lay bare before them, Clare saw only the promise of bountiful fertility. "Let's call it The Beautiful Day Farm," she suggested. Everett nodded and with a gratitude which came from deep within his own heart added, "Here's where we'll celebrate our next Thanksgiving." Clare touched his hand. She, too, knew that to him the day held special significance. In his memories of the past five Thanksgivings, he could trace the course of crushing, tragic loss, deep sorrow, devastating loneliness and finally, like an unexpected rainbow, a new love and new life he had never thought he would find. It was, for instance, the Thanksgiving in 1949 which had once marked a pinnacle in the career of Everett Mitchell, the man who entered radio as a pioneer singer and found his life's work when he decided farm listeners deserved something more than the programs he described as "a weather report and a hillbilly tune." The son of an Illinois farmer, grandson of a New England circuit rider, and great-grandson of a Pennabscott Indian woman, Mitchell had a deep attachment for the land and put a crusading zeal behind his conviction. In 1926, he joined the Chicago NBC staff and became master of ceremonies for the National Farm And Home Hour. In the depressed Thirties, he captured the nation's imagination when—on a dreary gray morning after a storm had destroyed his garden and financial reverses had wiped out his savings—he conquered his own despair and proclaimed at the opening of his program, "It's a beautiful day in Chicago!" To friends who questioned his (Continued on page 73)
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To friends who questioned his (Continued on page 73)
Introducing...

DISNEILAND

An exciting peek into the realm of dreams and adventure

- "A place for people to find happiness and knowledge... for parents and children to share pleasant times in one another's company. Here the older generation can recapture the nostalgia of days gone by, and the younger generation can savor the challenge of the future. Here will be the wonders of nature and man for all to see and understand." This, in Walt Disney's words, will be Disneyland. "Based upon and dedicated to the ideals, the dreams and hard facts that have created America," Walt explains, "it will be filled with the accomplishments, the joys and hopes of the world we live in. And it will remind us and show us how to make these wonders part of our own life." This is a solemn promise which lovers of Disneyana well know will be fulfilled by its creator, master make-believer Disney.


Creator Disney gives some last-minute expert advice to members of his immortal cartoon family before they go "on-camera" and invite TV viewers into the land of fantasy.

WALT DISNEY

In 1922, Walt Disney received his first Academy Award for his first cartoon creation, Mickey Mouse. Today—22 years and 21 Oscars later—Mickey is still his favorite, though Walt's list of lovable creatures has grown long and illustrious. For twenty-five years, millions of people the world over have loved and marveled at the world of fantasy—and, more recently, true-life adventure—only his genius has been able to create. And now, millions more are enjoying the fascinating results of his work in their homes. In undertaking the tremendous project involved in presenting Disneyland—in addition to carrying the heaviest movie production schedule of his entire career—Disney is exemplifying his life-long creed: hard work. Always crackling with energy, Walt has found the greatest outlet for it in his work. When he leaves the studio, he goes home to more work—though he calls it relaxation. With his wife Lillian, Walt leads a quiet life, shunning night clubs, resorts and the like. Both their workaday and recreational interests make for color and excitement in the house that Walt built—a spacious, white-trimmed structure located in Holmby Hills. Recently, the Disney household was reduced to three when Walt's oldest daughter, Diane, was married. Having raised two girls, Walt yearns for a healthy flock of grandchildren. "Grandsons particularly," he adds. Sharon, the Disney's 17-year-old, still lives at home, and the Disney menage continues to overflow with extraordinary activity. Most recently this has centered about Walt's enthusiasm for scale-model railroads and his proficiency with tools and mechanical gadgets. In his back yard, Walt has installed a one-eighth scale railway system which includes an 1872-style steam-powered locomotive (named Lilly Belle in honor of Mrs. D.) with a train of cars. Combining this with his number-two hobby—making miniature furniture—Walt has outfitted the Lilly Belle's caboose with everything from bunks and a magazine rack (with miniature newspapers) to a washstand and pot-bellied stove. Some of his ingenious handiwork will also be incorporated into miniature exhibits as part of his great Disneyland project. Because he loves his home and the satisfying life therein, Walt seldom takes a vacation. However, he did break precedent a short while ago and took off for Palm Springs. Next day he was back home. "I thought you were in Palm Springs," a neighbor remarked. "I was," replied Walt, "but, boy, the grass around here sure is a lot greener."
KIRK DOUGLAS

I've done a lot of things in the line of duty," says Kirk Douglas, "but the bravest so far is to sing." Which is just what Kirk will do on Disneyland as, in his untrained baritone voice, he sings the rollicking chanty, "A Whale of a Tale." Kirk, who has been working with Disney on the live-action CinemaScope feature, "20,000 Leagues under the Sea," will make his TV debut in "Operation Underwater," one of the "True-Life Adventureland" series. "I look at it this way," he explains. "Crosby and Sinatra became actors. Nobody thinks of me as a singer, including me. I hate to do this to Eddie Fisher and Julius La Rosa, but in TV it's every man for himself." The son of an impoverished immigrant family which fled Russia to seek freedom in the U.S., Kirk laughs off his self-made success. "Life," he says, "is a 'B' script. If I were asked to play a story of my life, I wouldn't. Too corny." Kirk is devoted to his two sons, Michael, 9, and Joel, 7, but says, "I don't want to make a lot of money just to leave to my children," believing that rich children have as many problems as poor ones. He is, therefore, steering a middle course with his sons, in addition to donating much of his time and money to humanitarian causes, such as the charity foundation he established in his mother's name in his home town, Amsterdam, N. Y. "When a person has been geared to fight for many years," Kirk wisely observes, "it's tough to stop fighting. Yet a man must somehow learn to do this—to change the fight and drive from the struggle for existence to the shaping of a life. With success, one must realize that there is no further necessity to battle for food, or a foothold toward a career, and somehow channel his energy into other directions.

Kirk Douglas eagerly examines model portions of Disneyland in preparation for his TV debut on the Disney show. Other live and cartoon stars who will appear include Peggy Lee, Peter Lorre, M. Mouse, D. Duck and Pluto.

Scale model of the $9,000,000 Disneyland project, scheduled to be completed next July. Disneyland will cover 160 acres and be divided into areas known as True-Life Adventureland, Land of Tomorrow, Frontier Land, Fantasy Land, Recreation Land and Holiday Land. Top landmarks include a 70-foot castle, a 336-passenger train, Donald Duck boats—and Mickey Mouse Island.
WALT DISNEY

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See Next Page
Introducing...

WILLYLEY

One of the highlights of the "Land of Tomorrow" series on Disneyland will be a flight to Mars. In order to make it as authentic as possible, Disney has engaged space scientist Willy Ley as a technical consultant. Although spaceman Ley is in the know as to what's going on out of this world, he scorns such intangibles as flying saucers. "I am quite sure there is life elsewhere in our galaxy," says Willy. "I consider it possible that we can get visitors from space, but I do not think flying saucers are it." Author of books on space travel, Willy comments, "No matter what your contemporaries do, future generations won't know unless there is a man who writes it down. The man who writes it down is me." While his imagination is usually millions of miles away, Willy is careless about earthly matters. He forgets to have his suits pressed and keeps running out of cigars. "I'm not handy around the house, either," he says proudly.

DR. WERNER VON BRAUN

Joining Willy Ley as a space expert for "Land of Tomorrow" is Dr. Werner Von Braun, a ranking space engineer whose life-long dream has been to fly to the moon. Chief of the Guided Missiles Development Division at Redstone Arsenal in Huntsville, Alabama, Dr. Von Braun figures he's within 15 years of realizing this dream. As earth-bound as any human right now, he is devoted to the twin tasks of designing space rockets and raising a family. A pioneer in developing liquid-fuel rockets, he also helped perfect the V-2 and similar rockets. Author of The Moon Project, Dr. Von Braun became interested in his favorite subject in his teens. "It filled me with a romantic urge," he says. "Interplanetary travel! Here was a task worth dedicating one's life to. Not just to stare through a telescope at the moon and planets, but to soar through the heavens and actually explore the mysterious universe. I knew how Columbus felt." A serious man with boundless energy, Dr. Von Braun often works 14 hours at a stretch toward realizing his dream. However, until he can board a space ship, he is content to live like anyone else. "We've just had a new house built," he says, explaining that it has "much more room in it, especially for my growing daughter." Speaking with a Teutonic accent—a carry-over from his native Germany—Dr. Von Braun adds: "With its mountains, Huntsville reminds me of Silesia, where I come from."

MICKEY MOUSE

Without a doubt the most distinguished and beloved member of the rodent family, Mickey Mouse's life has been as fascinating as it has been spectacular. Having risen from barefoot obscurity to international fame, Mickey is now climaxing his career with stellar roles in the "Fantasyland" series on Disneyland. In fact, his life story has been presented in one of the early shows and, says creator Disney, "It couldn't happen to a nicer mouse." Although he doesn't look it, Mickey is 26. He vividly recalls his first movie, "Plane Crazy": "In those days, I was as poor as a church mouse. Didn't even own a pair of shoes. When the picture was previewed, I looked for the nearest hole. I thought it could have been better... so did everyone else." It didn't take long for Mickey to prove how much better he could be. He has since appeared in 125 movies, and his laurels have assumed mountainous proportions. His happiest personal experience, Mickey feels, was the appearance in 1928 of his girl friend Minnie. There isn't a corner of the globe Mickey hasn't entered, either in person or on the screen. He has appeared before royalty, and his voice and face are perhaps the most easily recognizable in the world.
NORMAN FOSTER

FRONTIERLAND," one of the four fabulous realms of Disneyland, will recreate the heroic panorama of American folklore and present stories of real men who became legendary and legendary men who became real. Assisting in this tremendous undertaking is actor-director-writer Norman Foster, who makes his bow as a TV director with the Davy Crockett story. For this assignment, Foster travelled 3,000 miles in search of authentic settings. Married to Sally Blane, Norman has a daughter, Gretchen, and a son, Robert. Preferring to spend his days off camping and swimming, Norman says, "I have a lot of wanderlust in me." Some of this he has satisfied by circling the world twice. Norman's only hobby is underwater photography and he once tried to make it pay off. "I went to Tahiti," he explains, "and spent months shooting a South Seas story only to lose the whole thing when the climate ruined my film. Goodbye profit, hello hobby."

BILL THOMPSON

FANTASYLAND," the fairy-tale section of Disneyland, will feature immortal Disney characters such as Donald Duck and Mickey Mouse. Equally familiar—by voice, but not by face—will be Bill Thompson, whom radio fans will remember as The Old Timer, Wallace "Bird Book" Wimple, and other characters on Fibber McGee And Molly. Actor Thompson has long believed that grownups should be heard and not seen, but Disney finally changed Bill's mind and he will make his TV debut in "How Do You Doodle." Heretofore, Bill shied away from TV because he valued his personal anonymity. However, his career shows that he was anything but hidden and even the countless servicemen he entertained across the land. Bill started with his "limber larynx" at the age of 5 when he appeared as Master Billy Thompson. From his show business surroundings he picked up a variety of songs and stories in the dialect of many races and nationalities. In 1934, Bill debuted in radio on Don McNeill's Breakfast Club. Since then, he has originated vocal characterizations for the shows of such stars as Joan Davis and Bing Crosby. But his heaviest workout, says bachelor Bill, comes on Sundays. "The neighborhood kids think I'm great for reading funnies out loud." A jovial fellow who sports a perpetually startled look, Bill is an old hand—or voice—at Walt Disney's. "I'm listed as a talking dog," he laughs, "also owl, bullfrog and bumblebee. Arf!"

PEGGY LEE

WITH her appearance on Disneyland, charming Peggy Lee proves to be a triple threat as a singer, composer and actress. Peggy will be seen in scenes from Disney's new cartoon feature, "Lady and the Tramp," for which she supplied songs and vocal characterizations. Originally from Jamestown, North Dakota, Peggy made her mind up in high school that she would conquer the world and become a singer—which she accomplished through hard work and the help of such artists as Buddy Clark and Benny Goodman. A great home-lover, Peggy is now remodelling her Beverly Hills house for herself and her 11-year-old daughter, Nicki. Peggy's home is always filled with guests, for whom she cooks international dinners ranging from Scandinavian to Peruvian, and she is considered one of the best-dressed women in show business. Although she has 58 published songs to her credit, Peggy is proudest of her book of poetry, Softly with Feeling, excerpts of which she once recited at the Hollywood Bowl. Peggy hopes to write a Broadway show someday, but in the meantime she is busily enjoying hi-fi, sun-tanning, and reading. In the clothes line, she prefers tailored suits and the color brown.
Christmas Memories

(Continued from page 29)

Inside the house, during Christmases at Grandmother's, there was just as much pleasure. I'm sure the Christmas dinner cooked in a blizzard was just as good as the one time we really had a turkey. Turkey with dressing? Of course. But there were also the added pleasures, the special dishes which came with Polish and Italian cuisine. I don't even remember serving me correctly, Lee got one of his first "tastes" of the piano at Grandmother's. Grandmother didn't have a piano bench—just one of those old-time ones with no back, which were smaller than Lee, she could pick out "Silent Night." She held Lee on her lap and we all sang. Later, when Lee could play, he got the piano. By then I played the fiddle, Dad had his guitar, and with the voices of the ladies, we made quite a sextet. Being a religious family, we always topped off this most perfect of evenings with a Christmas Midnight Mass. So those are our early memories of Christmases at Grandmother's. We'll never forget them.

We remember our early Christmases in Milwaukee, too. During our childhood, our parents were living in a one-bedroom apartment on a man's living, but Mother and Dad made sure we always had a "Christmassy" experience. With not too much money to spend they picked out the best gifts. Mother would spend hours wrapping them. Paper was inexpensive, and she made every Christmas jacket, shirt, dress, and toy look like a twenty-dollar gift.

One Christmas at home it was seldom two sit-down dinners, mostly it was nickels, dimes, and quarters—and pennies.

I remember Lee was always a brilliant piano student. It wasn't long after Mother and Father's Christmas gift that he won a scholarship to the Wisconsin Conservatory of Music. Florence Beteray Kelly, his teacher there, was inspired by his ability and worked patiently with him. Lee is graced with a beautiful voice. I remember the day, shortly after Christmas, when Lee was sixteen and won the audition to play as soloist with the Chica-go Symphony. Lee decided to use the day to make Christmas to remember. The director, and one of the founders of the Symphony, the late Dr. Frederick Stock, was thrilled with Lee's ability and gave him every assistance possible. As a result of that solo concert Lee traveled to New York, where he made his first professional appearances—first at the Persian Room of the Hotel Plaza, later at the Raleigh Room of the Hotel Waldorf Astoria.

Success didn't come overnight to Lee; he had to work for it. But on Christmas day—in any year during the time Lee was classified as a success—I would never know he was struggling. He copied mother's ways; he gave gifts by the bushel and, during his less affluent period, though the gifts were comparatively inexpensive, they would make the children's eyes light up. Today, Lee still spends half an hour wrapping every package. He also tries to make the idea of the wrapping match the gift inside.

Lee was on the road by himself for some time. It wasn't until 1947 that I joined him, adding orchestrations and a musical background to his piano. We'll both remember Christmas 1947. We were always driving to our next job when we were caught in a blizzard. We made it to a small town—where we were promptly snowbound. All the cafes were closed tight; they didn't have Christmas. Lee and I will never forget the Christmas after our first live television show. That was 1952. It was sort of a personal triumph for Lee—because there had been a lot of secrecy about it and how it would be received. It was like being televised because it would make the show would be liked by a television audience.

The people who were most responsible for bringing us to television were our managers, Gabbe, Lutz, and Heller, and Bill Steiksal. He had been the beneficiaries of KLAC, a network of radio stations, including KLAC, which sold the show to Mr. Harry Peterson, Vice President of Los Angeles' Citizens National Bank. Mr. Feddersen, who owned our insurance agency, had played in the supper clubs. He had great faith in his ability as a pianist and entertainer—in Lee, even though other network executives had already told Lee that he could make it.

Mr. Feddersen opened a spot for us on KLAC (now KCO) and, with bated breath, we cancelled a number of bookings in order to go on KLAC. We hoped the show would be a hit. But a week after the last number the switchboard—speaking of Christmas—it up like a Christmas tree!

We were a success; but it wasn't immediately evident. For three weeks we didn't get a sponsor. That's when Mr. Feddersen's faith in us was made clear; he was willing to carry us at station expense until we did get a sponsor.

Enter Mr. Harry Peterson, Vice President of Los Angeles' Citizens National Bank. Mr. Peterson had seen the show; he was interested. But he was some who didn't think the bank should buy it. Mr. Peterson had faith in us, too. He asked the bank's eleven hundred employees to watch the show the next week—and tell him what they thought. We were voted in by 96% of the viewers. Here and now I would like to express our thanks again to the eleven hundred Santa Claus employees of Citizens National for making our Christmas great. We won't go back to the days when we spent our time talking about Christmas, but the first Christmas we'd spent at home; two, I especially remember it because of the way Lee showed his generosity and appreciation to those around him.

Remember the many beautifully wrapped but inexpensive gifts of our childhood I described? Well, Lee went overboard in 1952; he designed and had specially made for me a diamond violin ring. It is gold, set with a five-carat diamond. Gordon Robinson, Lee bought a new piano. Why? Because Gordon had an old beat-up one that barely made music. Lee reported to the local director of the first Christmas we spent at home; two, I especially remember it because of the way Lee showed his generosity and appreciation to those around him.

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New Designs for Living

649—She's 44-inches tall—and she dances! (Note the elastic strap that holds doll's feet to your little girl's.) Transfer of 44-inch doll, cutting chart for dress. Use straw yarn for hair. 25¢

7031—This apron is see-easy—jiffy to embroider. Use scraps. Make two: a bib apron for cooking, half-apron for serving. Pattern pieces, embroidery transfers. 25¢

7399—Scarves, centerpieces, tablecloths—picture all the exciting accessories you can make from this basic hexagon. Just seven form a 54-inch circular cloth. Easy directions for hexagon. 20-inches diagonally in No. 30 cotton. 25¢


7108—Lilacs in combination of lavender with green leaves to iron-on linens. No embroidery; washable. Transfer of ten motifs; four, 4" x 5" to 6" x 6½"; six, 2½" x 3½". 25¢

7332—She protects your toaster, brightens your kitchen. Make her of scraps—the gayer the prettier. Embroidery transfer, pattern pieces for gay Toaster Doll. 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.

NAME

STREET

CITY

STATE

Send an additional twenty cents for Needlecraft Catalog.
No "Secret Storm" for Susan

(Continued from page 39)

Susan might create and direct her own social activities and interests.

The New York Times, Virginia, "everything Susan did was planned and supervised. She took riding lessons one day, swimming lessons another, and dancing lessons another. She couldn't roam around the way children do in the country. It was hard for her to make lasting friends, because people shift around so in the city. So I decided the thing to do was to move her out to the country and see if she could have a normal life and I could commute to work."

Every day now, Virginia makes a seventy-minute ride to New York from the Connecticut town in which she decided to reside. This involves a trip to the city the morning and the 6:02 home at night. In between are performances and rehearsals of her radio and TV shows. Anyone who has an idea that the life of an actress is all milk and honey and glamour should think of this schedule, which would be tough for even a husky male.

And Virginia Dwyer is far from husky...her height, her lank figure, her human smile, she looks as though she might be a charming suburban wife whose only problem was what to have for dinner. But she doesn't mind her rigorous schedule, she says she thinks of it as a vacation. "Susan can get on her bike, ride down to the village, play with the kids next door, go skating with the gang, lead a normal outgoing existence. That's what I'd rather do."

"Susan," Virginia explains, "loves people. She's social and gregarious. Not a bit like me. I can spend days by myself, never see a soul, and be perfectly happy. But not my daughter. Even Virginia's idea of a wonderful time is to shut herself up in a room and read. The city fascinates her and she finds it hard to believe that Susan prefers the country to having art galleries, museums, concerts, right at hand. But this intelligent, sensible mother realizes that people—even children—are different...that what is fun for one person is horrid for another."

Having discovered what her daughter's interests are, she is determined that Susan will have as happy a life as she can make for her...even if it means putting a bit of strain on that bit of strain. That Virginia admits that it's a strain. Not for a minute. "Why, I find time to study my parts and read the papers on the train," she declares. "I don't mind it at all."

Susan's own ambition is to live in Peoria, Illinois, and have five children. Why Peoria? Well, Virginia explains it. "That's where Susan is living now, and when she visits her, she gets a taste of true neighborhood life—the normal daily routine lived by millions of people in America—and she loves it." Virginia admits that the life she finds there is not what she thinks that, if that's what her daughter wants, it is her responsibility to duplicate it as closely as possible. "I have no patience with parents who try to mold their children into what they themselves think is the same. How that Virginia even more tensely, "I think that children must be encouraged to follow their natural bent and that parents have an obligation to provide for their offspring the kind of life in which they are happiest."

Virginia, who thinks that a fatherless household is hard on any child, has never once hesitated between what she thought was good for Susan and what she herself might have preferred. This has not always been easy for this talented, hard-working actress, who takes her job seriously and sees life as an exciting adventure.

But...because her own parents were understanding and sympathetic to her when she was a child—and later on, too, when she decided to try her wings...Virginia never had to try for the role. She had some experience in the Omaha Playhouse, so she got a chance in a show called Houseboat Hannah. After about two years in radio there, she decided the New York life was more interesting, so she looked at the town over. "I stayed at the swank Hotel Ambassador and saw nothing but Park Avenue on that trip," she remembers, her brown tooth, from the no idea there was anything more to the city than the cream. So I called my folks when I got back to Chicago and told them I was on my way!" Once again Virginia's father told her that she could do it. "I can do anything," she said, "Nothing ventured, nothing accomplished"—and Virginia came to the city of her dreams. She found out that New York was not all Park Avenue...that it had its own charm and a whole new scope. Long hours spent in casting offices and directors' anterooms took some of the bloom off the city, but eventually she got a break.

She made herself by stopping a top NBC director in the hall and asking if she might read for her. This director, a woman, had the reputation of never seeing anyone except her own home, and her enthusiasm and courage appealed to her and she consented. So Virginia got a part—and has been getting them ever since.

A lot of actors and actresses will say that they're lucky to get to play in the plays they were in their cradles. Not Virginia—although she does claim that she was always "hamming it up." At the age of five, she'd pretend to faint on the stairs and scare wits out of every new cleaning woman her mother hired. (Her brothers and sisters cursed her of this dramatic idea by drenching her with water.)

Although she is grateful for the talent which has prepared a living for her and her daughter, Virginia is something of a perfectionist. She likes acting, but wants to be very, very good—or nothing. She has no patience with "mediocrity," as she expresses it. TV is an exciting medium to her because, as she says, "It gives me a chance to learn to act. Radio can't teach you acting, though of course it can help you out. But when you go on the air in TV, you feel the presence of an audience even if there is no one in the studio. It's just like the theater. In radio you don't get the same feeling."

Working in radio when she got married. Then, for a few years after Susan came, she didn't pursue her career. She finally went back to work when her correspondent husband went overseas. Because she was serious about wanting to learn to act, she took chances and turned up in two radio serials for a spell at summer stock. She played a whole summer at the famed Elitch Gardens in Denver and then, coming back to New York, she was in the All-Star Revival of "Craig's Wife" on Broadway.

Of course she'd like to do a Broadway play someday—to "see how good an actress I am." But Virginia feels that she is not ready to accept a stage role, since it would keep her away from Susan. After all, it would be impossible to commute to Connecticut after midnight each night. And, of course, going on the road would mean leaving her for months at a time. So close is the mother-and-daughter relationship that anything which interferes with it is automatically out.

Virginia and Susan have taken a couple of unusual vacations together. They may get on a Bermuda-bound ship, spend just six hours on that fascinating island, then get off and try for more hours on a weekend. That's because Virginia's time is limited and the round trip to Bermuda can be made almost over a weekend. "This sort of vacation," says Virginia, "gives us each a chance to see what the other is up to. I can spend a few hours away but can't even relax...Susan...at a wonderful housekeeper, who likes to work for actors because she thinks they are the "best people"—has things in hand during the week. But every weekend, Virginia enters the kitchen with her skates and makes such exotic recipes as chicken cacciatora, beef Stroganoff and eggplant parmigiana.

On weekends, while Virginia and Susan were away from home, Virginia and Susan would pile a bunch of kids in her tiny Crosley car and head for the Museum of Natural History or the Planetarium. "We used to play games at the Museum," she says, "and then we'd go ice-skating in the ugliest snake, the most frightening dinosaurus and so forth."

Now that they live in the country, the kids come over for picnics, or swimming and music lessons and the like. This year, Mother and daughter have a compact. Each is gracious and welcoming to the other's guests. But Virginia doesn't hang around when the kids are there and, in return, Susan, after greeting her mother's friends, leaves the grownups to themselves. In this way, everyone is happy. Virginia disapproves of having a child designated as "the baby"—or worse. "I'm the grownup," she says. "She feels that it makes them adult before their time and robs them of a lot of fun."

Whenever possible, Virginia likes Susan to make her own decisions. "She'll have to learn when she's old enough, so she might as well learn to abide by her own judgment now."

"At twenty-one, with a child to take care of, Virginia Dwyer found her life mapped out. "She had to do this," or "She had to do that." She considered the only possible course of action. She has not always been able to do the things she wanted to do, but she believes this is what makes her worth while. Her major ambition is to help Susan make the most of herself, so Virginia has never considered that she was making any sacrifices in making her decisions. "Susan's such a wonderful girl, I would be criminal of me not to help her grow up to be a talented, intelligent girl," says this attractive actress...whose career has always taken second place to her daughter's happiness and well being—and always will

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STOP ARTHRITIS
Johnny Desmond
(Continued from page 42)
applied to me at a time which was just ahead of the unhappiest period of my life. Like all "ten-day wonders," I woke up on the morning of that eleventh day puzzled and hurt and feeling like the close relative of the grandfather of all hangovers.

But this is a story about a hangover with a silver lining. Basically, I’ve had a happy life, although in some respects it differed considerably from the life of the average kid in Detroit, especially in its early stages. You see, I was pointed toward the entertainment stage from childhood and, while other youngsters were learning to cover third base, I was learning to cover the C-scale on a piano.

My folks ran a little grocery and fruit store right across the way from one of the public school playgrounds, and any time I stopped on the sidewalk to watch what went on across the way I could usually bet on hearing the same roll of thunder from inside the store.

"Johnny! Sweep the floor! Rack up the fruit stand!"

I don’t think that a grain of dust had a chance to stay on that floor for more than five minutes. I never kept track of the brooms that I wore out, but there must have been enough in the course of time to start a nine-hosecart blaze. There was plenty of reason for my helping out. I was one additional set of arms and legs to help a struggling business—and, in my individual case, to help pay for lessons in piano, voice and dancing. Between sessions with the broom and the fruit stand and deliveries to folks who had ordered groceries, I helped add to the family income with a paper route.

Pop was a wonderful cook. I don’t know whether he had any professional experience with the pots and pans, but he could certainly make food interesting. Sometimes, in kidding my mother about Pop’s cookery, I’ve said that he had to learn to cook in self defense—Mother always seemed to be so busy with bill collections that the culinary department had to be handled by Pop or we didn’t eat. Of course, that wasn’t really the case. He liked to mess around in the kitchen and, as long as he had real genius for it, there was no reason why he shouldn’t prepare the food. Theoretically, with all that good food I should look like an old-style version of an Italian tenor, but Pop apparently kept the family diet balanced, because I can still tie my shoelaces with no trouble.

I was a little over eight years old when I got my start in the entertainment business. There was a Mrs. Ferguson, who was one of our customers, and she became interested enough in me to get her son Harold to set up an audition at Station KMBC. Harold was an announcer at the station, so it was easy to arrange a hearing for me. I auditioned for the Uncle Nick Program, a kiddie show and, at the time I went up to face that microphone, the accompanist was out of the studio, so I had to furnish my own music on the piano.

I’ll never forget the song I auditioned: "Just a Little Street Where Old Friends Meet." It had a picture of Arthur Tracy on the back of the sheet music. I don’t recall that I was nervous or anything. In a short time, they were billing me as "The Italian John McCormack"—although how that title was supposed to fit a boy soprano, I have never been able to figure out. Uncle Nick’s program was on the air during after-school hours, so it didn’t interfere with my education or the paper route—or sweeping the floor—or racking up the fruit stand.

I was singing for Uncle Nick and the


KMBC audience one day, at the age of thirteen, when I went from boy soprano to nothing—right in the middle of a song. It was a tune called “I’m Laughing.” But instead of feeling that I was a failure in that matter, I was terror-stricken at the horri-

blesounding coming out of my voice box. The family was frightened, too, and rushed me over for a consultation with Carl Mann at the Eastman School of Music. We all thought that the voice was gone for good. All, that is, except Carl Mann. He got a big laugh out of the whole thing and told my folks to calm down. It’s nothing, he said, just the voice is taking its time developing. He instead taught me everything I know about handling a voice. He was more than a teacher; he was a good friend. He said there were only two ways to sing—good and bad. And I told him that I didn’t care which, because I didn’t care what type of career you chose, classic or popular, the fundamen-
tals were the same. Phrasing is something you have to learn yourself. But, as for the rest of it, I was taught that that was something that could be taught by a good teacher.

It has always been my good fortune to pump into the hands of someone who could give me help right when I needed it. Carl Mann was one, and in later years, there were Glenn Miller and Don McNeill. But, after my voice steadied down again, there was not much help needed.

Jimmy had a show on WXYZ called Radio Playhouse, and it featured young performers like me. But the most im-
portant thing about the show, from my standpoint was that it took all my personal interest in all the twenty-five or thirty kids who appeared on the program. At his own expense, he set up a profes-
sional school for us, and brought in ex-
perienced instructors to teach us the things we needed to know about show business.

Clear back there in the late ’30s, Jimmy Jewel was getting us ready for television. If we had to do a dramatic sketch, he had the lines poured into us before we went on stage—and then picked up the scripts before the show so there would be no peeking at lines during the performance. He was the only one who ever asked me for help, and I guess he did more to influence my career than any other one person.

Of course, with all that kind of thing going on, I was under a great deal of demand to help fill out a sandlot ball team, as I was in every entertainment program they held at Northeastern High School after I started there. I had organized a quartet with Tony Levy, Larry Maiken, and when Bob Crosby appeared at Detroit in 1940, we managed to wrangle an audition. We must have been pretty good, because there we were with a con-
trabass in the band—and a new group name, The Bobolinks.

Somewhere along the route of those one-night stands which followed, Gilda began to get homesick, and by the time we got to that last one, we were all eager for a new girl friend. I guess we audition-
tioned every girl singer in Salt Lake and finally settled on Ruth Kendedington. I didn’t care much for the idea of settling on something for life, but that’s the way it worked out. She turned into Mrs. Johnny Desmond a couple of seasons later in New York. The quartet had broken up, but if they ever called me to come back, I could either work for Gene Krupa, when I wired her to come to a running if she still wanted to. She did, bless her.

But there was a war on. Ruth and I felt it over and decided that the best

thing for me to do was not to wait for it to catch up with me but to enlist right then. So, six months after our marriage, I was headed for the Air Force at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. Ruth, Salt Lake and her people. There’s one thing about my military life which has always pleased me, although I don’t suppose that particular side of it would have been so favorable to the Air Force. I was needed for the Air Force taught me how to play baseball! All

during my childhood there had never been time for sports, but the Air Force athletic program changed all that, and how grate-
ful I am for it.

Since I had musical training, they stuck me in the post band, too—although not with any piano. It was my job to beat the drum. This was the best job I had. I used to sing at post entertainments and things like that, too, and this part of it had some bearing on what happened next.

I happened to be reading a magazine one night, and in it was Jimmy Miller’s decision to break up his band and join the Air Force. There was a lot of talk about stars Miller planned to assemble from the various military branches. Ap-

parently, he was going to be given free choice from among the musicians who were in uniform. It sounded like a great idea to me, and the Air Force made a two week’s com-
position a letter to him. Nothing happened —I was ten weeks in my life—and then along came a letter from Glenn telling me to come ahead.

It wasn’t quite the easiest switch in the world. I was in the Flying Command, and Glenn Miller was in the Army Air Forces—under military regulations in wartime—

a transfer is pretty rugged to get. Fortu-

nately, some of those singing chores I had done at Fort Sill had made an impres-
sion on the officer in charge, and he helped speed things up as far as the paper work was concerned. My end of it was completed in short order, but the of-
ficial transfer order didn’t come until I was in New York.

Days slipped into weeks and into months. I had abandoned all hope of the Miller assignment, so one day I applied for a singing part in “Winged Victory.”

As part of the transfer, they shifted me to Chanute Field, Illinois, and I was sup-
posed to get a tryout in Chicago. I was cast as a singer in the Chorus of the musical, Tophet. For some reason or other, there was a ten-day delay, and I had a chance to go home and visit the folks in Detroit. I turned in the best job of the week and was called out for a second try. Glenn Miller was cutting out the “Winged Victory” thing, getting me returned to Rantoul, getting me reassigned to Miller, and kindred mili-
tary fests of magic, went on in a first-

class fashion.

For the next two and a half years, I sang for Glenn Miller and about a million as-
sorted GIs. I think mainly, though, it was singing for Glenn Miller. Like any kid in any army band, you want to be a good band, and be a big, important star. Like any other kid, I was aware of what various top names in the business were doing. I was impressed, and I tried to make my role enough to conclude that, if they were suc-

cessful with a particular kind of style or phrasing, I could be a success with the same kind of thing. I would toss in a con-

cert or a帮他 or a public appearance with the band, and play the part of either a singer or copy a passage straight out of Tony

Martin, and think I was doing fine.

I had been doing that for a time when Miller gave me a man-sized mental going-

over. “Look, kid,” he said, “If I want

somebody to sing like Sinatra, I can prob-
ably get Sinatra, or Crosby, or Martin. I want you to sing like Johnny Desmond and nobody else. And if you don’t, you’re going home in the barracks at Rantoul!” Sweep the thing: I was back with Desmond in hand and made him sing like Desmond.

It was in December, 1944, that a great gust of wind blew a hole in the nose of a plane and never came back. He was scheduled to go there a couple of days ahead of the band to set up details, and when we followed him to Le Bourget air-

field, they told me that he had been on the margin of something that had gone done. It was only after the band arrived and sat around at the airport for three hours waiting for Glenn that people began to arrive for different reasons or not. They combed the English Channel for days but never found a trace of him.

But Glenn had built it well, and the band was a great sensation in Europe. We even had a hand in the Air Force’s entertaining at the Olympic Games in London, in August, 1945, were enroute across the Atlantic for Japan. It was on the ship that we heard news of the first A-bomb. Six weeks later, I was out of the service and making the job rounds in New York.

Now this gets back to that “ten-day wonder” phase I was talking about. The best job I ever had, I have to date, and along with it I had received more publicity than was good for any young singer. In the first post-war rush of enthusiasm, I guess I thought I was pretty important. I was a top name in the Foreman Theatre on Saturday and Friday, and the following day I was head-

lining the Teen Timers show on NBC. Two weeks later, I was headlining the stage show at the Oriental Theater in New York, and then by the next Sunday was recording a movie score for David and Bathsheba. Within sixty days, my income jumped from $72 a month to $3,600 a week.

In nine months, I was out of a job, and had rained six jobs. I know now that I really wasn’t ready for success. I had been a novelty—a ten-
day wonder. Now I had to pick up the pieces and find out if there had ever been a possibility for success for me in the first place. It was confusing and it was frustrating.

By the end of 1947, I was glad to find a night club date. Between that and theater dates, I had to hustle to make a living. I had a lucky break when the Teen Timers show closed down on the air and I found myself in a regular broadcast spot again. All of a sudden I realized one day that I was eating regularly, and had been for some time, and the pressure of the show managed to weather a pretty bad storm and that we still had and loved each other.

Besides all that, we had a daughter to be happy about. Diane had arrived on August 30, 1950, and I had been gun to feel like old married folks.

Jumping along a couple of years, I man-

aged to land a good singing role in Face

The Music on CBS. This was just about the only thing in television and I found a lot of that old experience under Jimmy Jewel paying off. It was an exciting thing to do, full of experimental ideas.

It was along in the following year, 1949, that Don McNeill and I decided to take some time off for a vacation, and I was one of the singers called in to take over his chores for a week. That was in Februa-

ry, 1950, and the assignment was just for that one week and no more. I got fooled. In July, 1949, I joined the Breakfast Club as a regular member—and I’ve been there ever since.

It seemed to be the right kind of place to be, and it seemed to be somebody around to give me the right kind of advice when I needed it. For quite a while after I joined Don, the whole thing had a sense of being tempo-

rorary. For someone or other, I felt that...
I would be doing back to New York, or Hollywood, or anywhere, I could hardly wait for the weekends, to get back to the family in the East. But, through all of that period, Don put up with me, gave me encouragement in my madcap doings, and a back-up every now and then. One day, after a show, he said something to me that stuck: "Johnny, try to enjoy your work. If you don't, it shows.

All I could think of was that I was working with a swell guy, and a swell crew, that I had been having a lot of fun and that my career was just as much here as anywhere else. I took Don's advice. I started to enjoy my work.

Funny thing about it—my fan mail took an immediate jump! You can't fool an audience.

New York and Hollywood are easy to get to from Chicago. I do it with a fair amount of last minute by plane for the Jack Paar show on CBS, but the recording dates have probably been the last day of the week, and recording is pretty necessary in this business, and I've been rather lucky along that line. I had a hit in "Guilty," which I made for RCA Victor, and another big seller; "Heart of My Heart" and "Woman" were successes on the Coral label, as was "The High and the Mighty." I did a duet in Hollywood with Jane Russell, and called it "Backward," and of course there have been many others with reasonable success.

But, all of the things I do, the one I enjoy most is fooling around with the family. I am the only one of my family to stay active all year, and her sister Patti was five last May—same birthday as her mother, which makes it handy. Both our girls are in Chicago at the moment. When we aren't in session, we go biking all over the lot—and oil-painting whenever we get the chance. Sometimes I take them for rides on the motorcycle. I haven't been able to get to doing any painting lately on vacation, because of being too busy with singing, but we'll figure that one out one of these days, too. Once in a while, we all get a chance to visit Mother and my family in Detroit, and of course that is a great break. Another thing, my brother Harry and I have all the girls—he has two and so have I. My sister Antoinette has two boys and my sister Joanna has two, I don't know how that distribution was figured out.

Ruth keeps up a strong interest in music and plays the Hammond organ at our apartment. We also have a lot of good home entertainment. Probably as an inheritance from Pop, I make heavy onslaughts on the kitchen every now and then, particularly in the salad department. It seems to me I never seem to have enough. Way twice. although all of them seem to have wine vinegar, olive oil and oregano somewhere in the dressing. Oh, yes—and garlic!

I really got interested in golf just recently and I am pretty locked to being playing in the low 90's. That's not too hot by some other Breakfast Club standbys, but it suits me for now and I figure that I'm going to get better.

I haven't had any really good years these—certainly a lot happier than I was back there in 1947 when I thought I could swallow all the success there was in one gulp. If I've learned anything from experience, I learnt that life is better without using it for sound training or for an internship at the lowest level of the business.

Everything I have always wanted has been coming along way because there seem to be a lot of them people who thought Johnny Desmond on something more than a "ten-day wonder" basis. I'm grateful to them for that, and I hope they keep feeling that way for a long, long time.
Love for a Lifetime

(Continued from page 51)

working seriously to solve them, and can have fun year in and year out. Never, never to lose that sense of fun seems so important.

At this point, Peggy pauses to laugh a little at herself, a single girl, discussing marriage with such assurance. A popular girl, however, and strikingly pretty, with bronze-brown hair, lovely hazel eyes—a slim, soft figure that has already had plenty of chances to ponder this question of what makes a marriage right. Particularly, what will make it right for her.

"For me, even friendship is usually a slow growth," she says thoughtfully. "Then I think of that person as my friend forever. It's the way I believe that love should be growing.

"A girl should be very sure, before she goes into marriage, but all of us have to get to a certain phase of our lives before we can understand this. We have to arrive first at a certain maturity in our emotional development. For me, a very youthful marriage would not have been good, because my reasons for entering into it would have been so important, not thought enough. Certainly, I have believed myself in love, once or twice, but now I am glad I waited." She laughed, hesitated. "I probably wasn't really in love, anyhow, or the thing would have happened!"

One notion, the only one that you can make a man over to your pattern after marriage, doesn't appeal to Peggy at all. "You fall in love with the man and all his traits, even his idiosyncracies. Maybe the qualities that seem so endearing may turn out to be a little annoying when lived with, and you may find yourself wondering whether he takes the same chance with you. I have heard girls talk about the men they were going to marry and mention all the things they expected to change. I don't believe anyone has a right to do this to another person. Perhaps a husband will conform a little more to your ideas as time goes on—just as you will adapt to some of his—but a girl makes a mistake when she begins to build up these things. If they had seemed important enough in the beginning, she would never have been interested in the man.

"I hope, too, that I shall try very hard to avoid that dreadful moment in a marriage, the time when a wife begins to make an issue of really small things. I have seen this happen, and it seems most apt to happen when a woman has no interests of her own. I suppose the way to prevent it is to keep up some of one's own interests. I think it would be on the side against it. Even when people really love each other dearly, an argument can sometimes start about something rather important and yet end up with all sorts of petty quarrels. I'm sure these discussions have been worth talking out, but it's as if the smaller ones were just brought in for something hurtful to say. It seems so foolish—a silly thing to be screening the man. It seems most apt to happen when a woman has to listen to the quarrel go off on these bypaths. Once in

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Day of Thanksgiving
(Continued from page 61)
optimism, he explained, "I have the strength to work and a wife who loves me. I believe in God and His goodness. Every day is a beautiful day."

Backing his faith with hard work, he became radio's best-known farm expert. He studied agriculture, travelled the country, talked to farmers and broadcast every major agricultural event.

Recognition which meant much to him came in June, 1949, when Illinois' Carthage College conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters, citing his work both in promoting better understanding between rural and urban areas and his contributions to the religious life of farm communities.

Thus, when Thanksgiving came that year, he could offer his prayers with heartfelt gratitude, knowing that the day had been good to him, materially as well as spiritually.

Beside him, at that 1949 Thanksgiving table in the gracious white house in Park Ridge, was his wife Mildred, the quiet girl who had grown into a serenely beautiful woman. He had loved her at their first meeting and, like many childless couples, they had grown so close through the years that they could sit silent on either side of a room and each would know what the other was thinking. They looked forward to long, happy years together.

But, by the Thanksgiving of 1950, everything had changed. Everett Mitchell, seasoned broadcaster that he was, had to fight to control the break in his voice when he tried to proclaim, "It's a beautiful day in Chicago!" By then, they both knew Millie had only a little longer to live.

She died on February 7, 1951. Everett Mitchell was not a man to parade his grief, but his "beautiful day" announcement had lost its ring. Friends wondered how much longer he would be able to force himself to say it. The kindest thing a spouse ever did was that which occurred when officials of Allis-Chalmers suggested he make a flying tour of Europe.

In six weeks, he travelled from the Arctic Circle to Israel, visiting fourteen countries, avoiding cities and official guides to talk directly to farmers. He also sought out the boys and girls who, through the International Farm Youth Exchange Program, were spending the summer working on European farms. Reporting to a group of farm editors on his return, he contended that these young people were the best unofficial ambassadors America ever had.

This admiration led to a constructive outlet for his sorrow. He gave Carthage College thirty thousand dollars to construct a Mildred Mitchell Memorial Wing to the chapel, and also set up a scholarship fund for needy students.

But Thanksgiving, 1951, loomed even more bleakly than it had in 1949. Everett Mitchell faced it by seeking out the only ones who would possibly be lonelier than he was. He went to Korea to interview former-4-H boys on the fighting front.

In March, 1952, he took to travel again, this time to find out about farming in Central and South America. Again, on his return, his attention turned toward young people. He established two annual five-hundred-dollar awards to be presented to the young man and young woman, members of the United Lutheran Church, who, in the opinion of the officers of the Lutheran Layman's Movement For Stewardship, showed evidence of outstanding Christian leadership in everyday life.

Admirable though it may be for a man to give both his worldly goods and his talents to support his ideals, it is no ade-

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...
Thanksgiving
day Everett called to ask in a this-is-a-
voice, "Will you have dinner with
I?"

They both found it a wonderful evening, talking about Everett's trips, their church, the “old" type family to talk up; even if
you do, you'll probably find that you
aren't getting your point across—simply
because older people are more set in their
ways.

But I've learned from Millie that young-
sters can talk up to their parents. Millie's
relationship with Mama, for example, is
like a gasp of kindness; any second it may explode into a hot fire.

The show, of course, is built that way for
laughs. Millie slams doors, Mama shouts,
and bedlam reigns. But—in talking up, the
test is the like; second chance; we take
for ourselves. We try it. I'm walking through the park. You see me,
you smile. Laughing, you shout, "Hi,
Millie!"

I say, "Hello . . ." I smile, because no
matter how blue I may be that day, I
would never let anyone give Millie a smile
and not get one back in return. Then
presto—because of that smile—my blues are
away. I often have a second
goodness. They have them; they face them; they get over them. And,
because so many of Millie's fans are chil-
dren, that's another thing she's teaching
them: How to get over their problems; adults
tend to pocket them.

Actually, I think children are very
"adult" in their approach to problems. At
least—so far—Millie's boy friend, Richard
had got his problem out in the open where he could
examine it, and he was direct about it, too.

What is this, anyway?" he said. Finding
out, he discarded it.

I'm sure Richard got over his pique, be-
cause the very next day, with no reserva-
tions, he came to my rescue. Twice a week, he and I go over to Westchester
Park to play bridge with a good friend Joan Shawlee. There's Joan and I do yeoman work on the swings
and teeter-totters.

We'd no sooner got started on the swings
than two sweet little ladies came marching
don't laugh! She's an obviously attractive
girl with red hair. And, aside from being on top TV shows, Joan is active in her local church
group and is the sheriff of her community.

"Oh, Miss Shawlee!" the ladies said
making such a big fuss. "We watch you on
the Colgate show every week, Miss Shaw-
lee, and you're just so wonderful!"

The family had always been so close, Clare was totally surprised
the day Everett called to ask in a this-is-a-
voice, “Will you have dinner with
I?"

As Clare and Everett traveled, a new
dream emerged—that of a farm of their
own. Although as a boy Everett had
revolted against the drudgery and back-
breaking labor, he now, in an era of agri-
culture, had learned to turn his own
learning in the field.

But to pull up roots and buy a farm was
a serious decision. For months they talked
about it. Finally, Clare said, "It's what
we've always wanted. Let's sell this house
and do it."

It was then their long search for exactly
the right farm began. In eight months, they
visited ninety different places. Says
Everett, "We had a million friendly dis-
agreements. Clare wanted Aberdeen
Angus cattle. I preferred Herefords. She
favored Yorkshire hogs. I wanted Durocs.
We'd agreed on the farm, and it happened
that our farm must be a sweet-
tempered German shepherd, and we both
wanted a rooster instead of an alarm
clock."

The place which finally suited them
perfectly is near Wheaton, Illinois, west of
Chicago. Features which would have de-
terred another buyer—worn fields and no
automatic milking machine—seemed to them
they could build to suit themselves. Work-
ing with United States Department of
Agriculture scientists, Everett could ex-
periment with soil restoration. Engineers
from his sponsor, Allis-Chalmers, could

So Glad to Meet Millie!
learn, because Millie is such a loved
person. But, most important, Millie is showing me how unimportant most of our problems
are. How? I'll show you.

Suppose I think I have a problem. I
brood over it all day. Then one day I'm walking through the park. You see me,
you smile. Laughing, you shout, "Hi,
Millie!"

I say, "Hello . . ." I smile, because no
matter how blue I may be that day, I
would never let anyone give Millie a smile
and not get one back in return. Then
presto—because of that smile—my blues are
away. I often have a second
goodness. They have them; they face them; they get over them. And,
because so many of Millie's fans are chil-
dren, that's another thing she's teaching
them: How to get over their problems; adults
tend to pocket them.

Actually, I think children are very
"adult" in their approach to problems. At
least—so far—Millie's boy friend, Richard
had got his problem out in the open where he could
examine it, and he was direct about it, too.

What is this, anyway?" he said. Finding
out, he discarded it.

I'm sure Richard got over his pique, be-
cause the very next day, with no reserva-
tions, he came to my rescue. Twice a week, he and I go over to Westchester
Park to play bridge with a good friend Joan Shawlee. There's Joan and I do yeoman work on the swings
and teeter-totters.

We'd no sooner got started on the swings
than two sweet little ladies came marching
don't laugh! She's an obviously attractive
girl with red hair. And, aside from being on top TV shows, Joan is active in her local church
group and is the sheriff of her community.

"Oh, Miss Shawlee!" the ladies said
making such a big fuss. "We watch you on
the Colgate show every week, Miss Shaw-
lee, and you're just so wonderful!"

(Continued from page 31)
And, with my bandana on my head, they didn't know me from Eve! So, after about two minutes of this, without anyone giving me a moment's attention, my understanding son, Richard, turned around, saying: "Do you have to go to your Meet Providence rehearsal today, Mommy?"

The little ladies didn't even hear—they were too thrilled with Joan (as they had every right to be). But I knew what Richard was trying to do. Just five years old, he was looking out for the professional welfare of his bandana-wrapped mother! I'd add it to the little George's gallery I touched me. I had tears in my eyes all the way home. Finally, I was able to ask him: "Baby, why did you do that?"

And he said, "Because I think you're a very good actress and Joan isn't the only one on TV!"

I'm also learning from Millie how to work with just plain folks. You know, the gas-station man, the laundryman, and the fruit-stand man—the people who make the country tick.

Everybody feels, because Millie is such a friendly person, that they can chew my ear off. It's not like I was a Miss Someone-or-Other—not a set-apart beauty, nor a great dramatic actress that you look at from afar but don't dare approach. None of that! I'm just Millie.

No matter where I go, it's always: "Say, listen, why did Mama do thus—and-so?"

It was so cute, in the market the other day. The fellow from the fruit stand came over to me, while I was picking out the tomatoes, and said, "You know, I've been watching the show a long time. Elena (it's always Elena or Millie), and I want to ask you something."

"Yes?" I said. "What's that?"

"Well, come on over to the delicatessen and we'll have some coffee..."

So I said, "Okay, I'll go over and sit down. He ordered my coffee, and started asking me about the show. "What about Marvin Kaplan?" he asked, and we talked about the show for five minutes. Then he got to the question he was really interested in: "You know," he said, "I've been watching the show a long time. I thought Mama was a young girl. By George, I read where she had been a baby. Isn't that right?"

"That's right," I said.

"That's what I told my wife," he said, "paying for the coffee. "Listen, by the way, don't take those tomatoes: I got some fresh ones in the back."

So—being Millie—no matter where I go, I no longer have to have an introduction. There's always someone to speak with, in friendly fashion. I think it's because she's such a normal human being in the eyes of the public—or rather because she's just so human.

It's really wonderful to have so many friends everywhere. You know, so many people are embarrassed when they go into a new group. They hang back. It's hard for them to make friends. Before Millie, I was a little like that. But now, when Millie paves the way for me, it's really a blessing.

So these are the things I'm learning from Millie: that, within the family, children can be recognized as individuals . . . more often than not, they can contribute to the unity and strength of the family . . . when they talk up, it's because they're happy about the progress of the day . . . and, with humor, they can laugh around a problem until it melts away. I've learned that unhappiness is an illness which can be remedied with the simple medicine called laughter... that children have their problems—and they get over them right away . . . as an adult, I'm learning from Millie to do the same thing. And, finally, I'm learning from Millie to overcome my embarrassment. Whenever I go in the good old U.S.A., I find friends.

This is what I'm learning from Millie.
I don't believe that women like Mom should be confined to mathematics; perhaps it would be better to catalogue them as being of the Grecian, Empire, Early Grand Rapids, Jazz Velours, Morris Chair, and Contemporary. Mom is strictly Contemporary.

While Bing (whom I have always called "Harry") left home, he made Mom a promise. It went like this, "I will never contemplate anything important in my life without talking it over with you. I will guard your propriety if that might bear investigating. With whom do we discuss it? With the Crosby Unofficial Vice-President in Charge of Everything: Mom. She channels the info to the proper person.

This was said in an offhand manner, but the most difficult task facing any mother of seven children is that of maintaining absolute equality among the family, of behaving to every child, as each child were unique, of vital importance, of her own right, but no different in that respect from any other member of the brood.

Our Mom has managed it. From childhood unto this day, I have never felt that Mom had a greater tenderness for one of us beyond what she held for any other. I remember one time that someone congratulated Mom on an achievement of Bing's, and she replied with her wonderful air of calm but grateful acceptance, "I'm a fortunate woman; each of my children is gifted, each in his own way."

She has preserved this status of non-hostility by remaining at all times the family chief executive. We're all afraid of her, right to this day. We defer to her and revere her for her straight-thinking, no-nonsense approach to life's problems.

Sometimes her built-in rules of justice may make her seem a bit austere. For instance, when she sends my family Easter cards, she sends her nieces and nephews away a trip, she addresses one communication to "The Crosby Boys," which takes in Chris, Bob, Jr., and Steve, and one to "The Crosby Girls"—Cathy and little Malia. For a long time, I had been trying to get Mother to appear on my daily CBS- TV program, "The Madison Square Garden Show." I knew very well that TV kick'd I get out of it, and second because literally hundreds of viewers have been interested enough in the matriarch of the Crosby clan to write to me asking when I was going to do a guest spot. She had intimated that if she should appear on my program she would have to even things by appearing on Bing's program and thereafter she might find herself launched into the world of business—an activity for which she said, she had neither leisure nor aptitude.

However, she must have confided her invitations to people like that, up onto the stage with you? That would maintain your status and it would inspire them to become performers, too.
Pretty sharp, huh? I tried it, and I am told it works like an Egyptian charm.

At this point, I recall another time when Mom gave me advice which I have followed ever since. This took place during a formative period when a couple of coins to rub against one another in the pocket felt like the Comstock Lode to me. I was given thirty-five cents to have my hair cut, and was dispatched toward the tonsorial emporium. However, I had a gimmick. I knew where there was a barber college that would cut hair for free. Not good—I didn’t say that. But definitely for free. So I hied myself down to this flying-scissors field and stood in line for attention.

Got it, too. The neophyte nipped my ear and I thought I was going to bleed to death before coagulation set in.

When I reached home, bloody but “unbroke,” my wound was noticed by my ever alert family and my father had some dealings with me toward the back of the lot. At that time my mother said simply, “Don’t ever do it again, Bob.”

Normally, discipline was handled on a step-down gradient of hand, hand, hand. Dad managed him; but if the miscreant was Larry, Everett handled the situation. Larry kept an eye on Ted, Ted supervised Bing—and darned near everybody supervised me though Toplus.

This same chain of command served as champions for our two sisters. As a school girl, our sister Mary Rose was comfortably upholstered. This roundness, this her name, made her joke fodder. A favorite canned was, “Little Mary Rose sat on a tack. Little Mary Rose.” Whenever she came home, crying as a result of this publicity, one question was asked, “How big was the boy who said it?”

A brother of the appropriate size was sent out to issue an admonition. If he came home, himself admonished, the next size larger brother was dispatched. I don’t remember that the entire quintet ever became involved, but I imagine Dad—a rugged gentleman and a great handler of emergencies—must have wished for such a situation to develop.

To all intents and purposes, Mom never knew about such things. We protected her sense of decency, along with the girls’ sensibilities. I suppose she must have smiled to herself often, because our platinum-blond girl friend does not lack for a sense of humor.

This spring, while we were discussing Mother’s trip to Europe, I asked if her ship docked in England first, or went on to France. She said she would dock in France, and would think this shook my head and said, “That’s bad, you know. Our family is always getting into the newspapers for one reason or another, and you’ll probably inspire the tallest headlines of all. You, in Paris, along with Porfirio Rubirosa.”

She played it very straight. After a moment’s consideration she said, “I doubt if I’d meet him.”

Someone else—Larry, I believe—carried it on by hazarding a guess that Senior Rubirosa might like to take Mom out.

“You’re pretty enough,” I told her. “That I am,” she agreed with alacrity, “but I haven’t enough money for him.”

Who could top that?

Probably in closing I should mention that Mother was a cat of Kitty Harrigan and that my dad used to play a bit of mandolin, especially as accompaniment to an old love song—you’ve heard it almost as often as we did in our home—called “I’ll Take You Home Again, Kathleen.”

Each one of us always takes Kathleen home with us, in our hearts.

(And I’m a-tellin’ ya, Mom, me darlin’, it’s not blamey, not a bit of it, if you’ll excuse me for contradictin’ ya, just this once.)
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**See Next Page**
NEW YORK CITY AND SUBURBS AND NEW HAVEN CHANNEL 8 NOVEMBER 6—DECEMBER 7

Monday through Friday

7:00 ① Morning Show—Wake up to Poor Scott
② & ③ Today—Away with Gorrayow
8:00 ① Good Morning—With cute Scotty Scott
9:00 ① Skinner Show—Real George variety
② & ③ Herbdid—Genial AM chatter
② & ③ Don McNeil's Breakfast Club
10:00 ① Garry Moore—Blues-chasing variety
② & ③ Ding Dong School—TV nursery
② & ③ Ena W:erum—Beauty advice
10:30 ① Godfrey Time—Artfully yours
② & ③ Time To Live—Serial
② & ③ Nancy Craig—Feb interviews
10:45 ① The Steps To Heaven—Serial
11:00 ① Home—Arlene Francis, femece
11:15 ① Morning Chapel
11:30 ① & ② Strike It Rich—Quiz for needy
② Susan Adams—Temple cooking
12:00 ① Valiant Lady—Serial
② & ③ Betty White Show—Gay gal
12:15 ① & ② Love Of Life—Serial drama
12:30 ① & ② Search For Tomorrow—Serial
② & ③ Marye Amsterdam—Laughter
12:45 ① & ③ Guiding Light
1:00 ① Partie Faces Life—Serial
1:15 ① The Seeking Heart—Serial
1:30 ① & ② Welcome Travelers—Interviews
② Maggi McNee—For women only
2:00 ① & ③ Robert Q. Lewis Show—Quirky
② Allen Prescott—Wife-saving tips
2:30 ① Linkletter's House Party—Fun
① Journey Through Life—Real stories
① Ted Stelo Show—Lively music & talk
① Libera—Valentine of the keyboard
3:00 ① & ③ Big Payoff—Mlnk lined quiz
① Paul Dixon Show—Musicmics
3:15 ① & ③ Golden Windows—Serial
3:30 ① & ③ Bob Crosby Show—Musical variety
① & ③ One Man's Family—Serial
3:45 ① & ③ Concerning Miss Marlowe—Serial
4:00 ① & ② Brighter Day—Serial
① Hawkins Falls—Rural serial
4:15 ① & ② Secret Storm—Serial
4:30 ① First Love—Serial drama
4:30 ① On Your Account—Win Elliot, banker
① World Of Mr. Sweeney—Chuckles
6:30 ① Libera—At the airplane
7:00 ① Kukla, Fran & Ollie—Fun in fantasy
7:15 ① John Daly—News
7:30 ① Million Dollar Movies—First-run TV features, starring Ava Gardner, Frank Sinatra, Shelley Winters, et al. Second show at 10:00 P.M. each night.
② & ③ News Caravan—Swezy reports

Monday P.M.

7:30 ① China Smith—Adventures
① Jamie—Brendon de Wilde stars
8:00 ① & ② Burns & Allen—Very funny
① Sid Caesar Show—Whopping laughs
8:30 ① Talent Scouts—Godfrey's showcase
① Life With Beth—Betty White
① & ② Voice Of Firestone—Concerts
9:00 ① & ② I Love Lucy—The very "Deece" Arnazes
① The Medi—First-rate documentaries
① Pre Boxing—Preliminary events
① Robert Montgomery Presents
10:00 ① & ② Studio One—Fine drama
① Baxing From Eastern Parkway
10:45 ① Wrestling From Hollywood

Tuesday

7:30 ① Waterfront—Preston Faster stars as resourceful rugby captain.
① Calvadale Of America—Dramas
8:00 ① Red Skelton—Red-headed riat
① & ② Milton Berle Show—Alternates with Bob Hope and Martha Raye
① Life Is War—Liz Bishop Sheen
8:30 ① Halls Of Ivy—Rondol Colman stars
① The Goldbergs—Hilarious and heart-warming
① Twenty Questions—Panel game
9:00 ① Meet Millie—Doings of dizzy dome
① Fireside Theater—Dramas
① Studio 57—Varieties of drama
① Make Room For Daddy—Danny Thomas in beguiling comedy
9:30 ① & ② Danger—Spine-chillers
① Circle Theater—Dramas
① It's A Mystery
① U.S. Steel Theater—Elgin Theater
① Excellent, sixty-minute dramas each week
10:00 ① Life With Father—Comedy series
① & ② Truth Or Consequences
10:30 ① See It Now—Ed Murrow's editor
① It's A Great Life—Great big laughs
① Stap The Music—Parks sparks quit

Wednesday

7:30 ① Counterpoint—Off-beat dramas
① Disneyland—Full hour of thrills
8:00 ① & ② Gable Show—Hour variety
① I Married Joan—Domestic ding-dong
8:30 ① & ② At 9:30 My Little Margie
① Stu Erwin—Funny family stuff
9:00 ① & ② Strike It Rich—Hull's quiz
① Kraft Theater—Full-hour drama
① Chicago Symphony—Fritz Reiner
① Musiquette Party—Panel game
9:30 ① I've Got A Secret—More of Moore
10:00 ① That's My Baby—Eddie Mayehoff
① Colonel Merri—Baris Karoff
10:30 ① Big Town—Mark Stevens stars
① Foreign Intrigue—Espionage series

Thursday

7:30 ① Royal Playhouse
① Lone Ranger—Horse oopy
8:00 ① Meet Mr. McNulty—Ray Milland
① & ② Bet Your Life—Madam Marx
① They Stand Accused—Trials
① Postal Inspector—Adventures
8:30 ① Climax—Outstanding, hour dramas.
① Nav., 25, Shaver Of Stars—Musical
① & ② Justice—Police dramas
① T-Men In Action—Active T-Men
9:00 ① Dragoneye—Spies dragging dramas
① What's The Story?—Panel
① So You Want To Lead A Band?—Sammy Kaye with his musical game
9:30 ① Four Star Playhouse—Dramas
① & ② For The Father—Outstanding, hour dramas.
① Kraft Theater—Full-hour drama
10:00 ① & ② Lux Video Theater—Full hour
10:30 ① Name That Tune—Cullen's quiz
① Rocket Squad—Reed Hadley stars

Friday

7:00 ① Guy Lombardo—Heavenly music
7:30 ① Royal Playhouse
① Rin Tin Tin—Canine adventures

Saturday

7:30 ① Beat The Clock—Stunts for prizes
① Ethel And Albert—Domestic cycle
① Archie Mckay Show—Film musicmics
8:00 ① Jackie Gleason Show—Laugh revue
① & ② Mickey Rooney—Comedy series
① Pro Football—11/13, Boll., vs. Green Bay; 11/20, San Francisco vs. Pgh.; 12/4, Baltimore vs. Cleveland;
8:30 ① & ② Place The Face—Cullen, emcece
9:00 ① Two Far The Money—Shiriner quiz
① & ② Imaginee Coke Show
Nov., 20, 9:00—10:30, Max Liebman presents
9:30 ① My Favorite Husband—First-rite
① Durante-O'Connor Shows
Jimmy, Nov., 27; Donald, Nov., 13 & Dec. 4
10:00 ① That's My Baby—Eddie Mayehoff
① George Gobel—Gobs of laughs
① Shirk—Bem Billingsley's bistro
10:30 ① Wally—June Havoc comedy
① Your Hit Parade

Sunday

5:00 ① Omnibus—Very fine entertainment
① Hollmark Theater
5:30 ① We Love Dogs—Pet show
6:00 ① Meet The Press—Newsmaking panel
7:00 ① Lassie—Costarring Tommy Reigio
① & ② People Are Funny—Linkletter
① You Ask For It—Baker's addictions
7:30 ① & ② Jack Benny—Alternates weekly with Private Secretary, with Ann Sather
① Mr. Peppers—Wally's whole of fun
Dec., 5, 7:30—9:00; Max Liebman presents
Speculator
① Opera Cameos—Live from NYC
① Pepsi-Cola Playhouse—Polly Bergen
8:00 ① & ② Toast Of The Town—Sullivan
① Colgate Comedy—Variety
9:00 ① E Theater—Reinold Reagan, host
① & ② TV Playhouse—Hour dramas
9:30 ① Honestly, Celeste—Celeste Holm
① Life Begins At 80—Spirted talk
10:00 ① That's My Baby—Robert Young
① & ② Loretta Young Show—Dramas
① Break The Bank—Parks' $55 quiz
10:30 ① & ② What's My Line?—Job game
① Victory At Sea—Superb documentary
Love Story for Today

(Continued from page 57)

long engagements," Debbie has said frankly. "I'm a great believer in that you don't know anybody really unless you've known them a long time." And Eddie has agreed that he's a believer, too. That's the only way to find out about another.

The only way to find out if it would be the right thing for both of you. True—there's the matter of the distance between New York and Hollywood —a million miles! But, that's the thing, of course." And he added that this might be good, too. Good to test just how much they care, he meant.

One thing known to those who know them: Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher have been one of the nicest things that ever happened to love in Hollywood . . . on or off the screen . . . the most sincere people who deserved each other and had been conditioned by life for each other and for whatever challenges the future might bring.

For their story begins years before the fateful day when Eddie Fisher went on a stage at M-G-M . . . and saw Debbie Reynolds rehearsing with a harp in her hand . . . and found his answer to "How do you speak to an angel?" (A question he'd long voiced musically.)

Their's is the story of a pretty little pixie with a rare gift for making laughter for those around her, whenever they needed it most, and of a serious-faced, thin kid, with a shock of black hair and intense brown eyes, who was born with a song in his heart which no degree of poverty or struggle could still.

Although the settings differed, their backgrounds were fundamentally the same. Their story begins with the Depression years, when they were members of the W.P.A. Mary Frances Reynolds, daughter of an unemployed carpenter for the Southern Pacific Railroad in El Paso, Texas, was born in a little rock house that was being filled with the noise her father labored fourteen hours a day, for a dollar.

Eddie Fisher, born on Philadelphia's south side, is one of seven children his father Joseph Fisher was always struggling some way to feed. Finally, when there were no other jobs to be had, Joe Fisher took a job as a railroad stoker and "huckstered" vegetables up and down the street—with young Eddie calling them out melodically. His father gave him the name his family and friends use. Inspired by his regard for Al Jolson, after Eddie was born, he'd look into those serious brown eyes and say, "He's Sonnyboy, our Sonnyboy."

The music inside Eddie Fisher softened the shock of surrounding for him. The heat from the steaming pavement, the smell of the wilting vegetables, were all blotted out by the music he made and by the happy face he saw at the windows whenever he sang.

"From the time he was born, the music always came out of his heart," his father says now. "People always liked to hear him sing the smallest of surrounding for him. Sonnyboy with something and I am happy and proud. But every song he ever sang was a hit with us. And we were proud of him. We always encouraged him. You have to try and try again. If you like it, if it's in your heart, you will do it."

Eddie dreamed then of the day when he would say, "Mama, you will have a house, a beautiful house with two bathrooms." And to his father, "Papa, you've worked too long, now you must rest."

Eddie was self-taught, because there was no money for voice lessons, but a coach who heard him sing early advised him that he would have to deprive himself of many things—a boy likes to dreamball, baseball, many things—and put the time on his voice, if he wanted to make good, and he did. Eddie Fisher was in love with music, with his whole heart. As he put it, "singing along the sidewalk—homebound from a Bing Crosby movie, with his pals Joey Forman and Bernie Rich—"If I didn't sing, I'd rather die."

To sing would be worth whatever price he would have to pay. However long, the hours and however discouraging. However small the financial reward, his reward then was in the smiles on the happy faces and in the hearts he could lift.

His friend Joey Forman, today featured in Mickey Rooney's television series, had no doubts Eddie would make it. "We all always had big dreams of being stars," Joey says. "How we used to listen to all the records in the music library at WFIL—and we'd sometimes go to three movies in one day! I always felt that Eddie would make it. Once, when we were sixteen years old, Eddie, Bernie and I saved our money, packed our bags and went to New York for a weekend to see the big town. We walked up and down Broadway looking at the bright lights and dreaming it up a bit. There were a few times later on, of course, when we were lucky if we had thirty-five cents between us. We'd go to the Automat for three orders of beans."

One April Fool's Day—just about the time his grandmother was singing folk songs to Eddie Fisher—the girl who was going April not only into his own life, but into the world over, was born. When she was eight years old and the family was moving bag and baggage in a Model-A Ford to Burbank—where he father had a job as a carpenter for the railroad again—twelve-year-old Eddie was singing on Skipper Dawes' The Magic Lady Supper Club and Teen-Age Time shows on Philadelphia's Station 12 ful walking—thirty-five blocks between home and station, both ways, with no complaints.

By the time Eddie was eighteen years old and singing at the Grossinger Hotel, Mary Frances Reynolds was graduating with honors from junior high, wearing her mother's dresses made over for school proms, and being heartbreakingly turned down for any part in a school play. But the dream of making laughter remained. "I gave my speech at graduation on happiness," she recalls. "I wanted to be a comedienne. I never thought I would achieve it then, I just knew I must make people laugh."

By 1950, Debbie Reynolds had signed with M-G-M and was on her way to becoming the little comedienne she had always dreamed of being some day. This year, too, on the opposite coast, Fran Warren had to cancel a date at Bill Miller's when the band ran out of money. And Eddie's telephone rang with the big news that Eddie was going to fill in. "I'm going on tonight," he said. "Pray for me." Five minutes before he was to go on, his mom and dad walked into the dressing room of the club. "He was standing there, waiting to be called, a little afraid," his dad remembers now, "then he saw us coming and he let go. We said, 'Sonnyboy, you go out there and give it to them.' And he
did. When he started singing, the glasses and the spoons, the ice, all the noises stopped. They wouldn't let him leave. The next day, the critics said a new star was born. We felt so proud and so happy for him.It was his first "tuxedo— and all those people loving him."

So both were on their way to realizing the big dream. When Eddie Fisher and Debbie Reynolds first met, Eddie had two hit albums behind him and "Debbie Reynolds" and "Wish You Were Here" — and a string of offers whenever Uncle Sam released him from contract. We met at the Walter Reade Hotel. Debbie was making personal appearances in Washington, D.C., playing a program at the hospital. I was doing a thing with the Army band on the show. It was just a quick hello. I thought she was a nice performer, but I did a tremendous job," Eddie says proudly.

Through the months that followed, the memory of Debbie Reynolds had a way of staying with you. By the time she was the favorite of GI's everywhere, the girl they were all coming home to. Maybe thousands of miles away in Korea, Private Eddie Fisher had the image of his own. He sat down and wrote Debbie a letter, suggesting that she come over there and entertain the GI's. He didn't have her home address, and he sent the letter off with a who knows what. Debbie's mother pointed out, "with all the others in costume." Then, when Debbie brought home his ensemble of silver, he decided to take a look at the blazer and knickers and beanie, and almost backed out again. "Look at me," her mother said. "I'm in costume — and nobody can look more foolish than 17 or 18. There are thousands of every man's in costume..."

Eddie went along. He watched from the sidelines for a long time, as they bore down on the Charleston. But gradually she relaxed and had a great time. When Eddie saw her, his American appearance in the Hollywood Bowl, Debbie and her parents were down front in a box, along with his dad and Irving Berlin. For July 4th, he asked her to say "Happy 4th, Piper" and his audience as he sang out the vegetables along a Philadelphia street remembering all the struggles through the years... this was a mighty proud moment. All the old memories of those Sonnyboy. It all seemed like a beautiful dream. And as Eddie put it later on, "It was a very exciting evening I'll never forget. It looked like all of California was up there with us.

The week before the concert, Eddie and Debbie and her mother had "scouted" the Hollywood Bowl and he'd felt no alarm. He'd played to larger audiences than this before. There'd be no worry here. But that night, sweating it out before time to go on, it was another whole story. He kept pacing nervously back and forth. Finally, Debbie's mom came out screaming at the crowd through a peek-hole backstage. Their eyes traveled up a hill solid-packed with humanity—and with scores who couldn't get regular seats sitting on the sides. "Well, if you're here, you must be for Europe, Debbie overslept and broke all the speed laws in a wild dash to the airport, even side-swiping a car en route. If the plane hadn't departed fifteen minutes later, Eddie might have been forced to be a dog. The little poodle trotted to Debbie, as though knowing this was the girl to whom she belonged. The pup was a surprise for Debbie. The look of amazement, the emotion, the love, was real. Eddie was beginning to worry whether the small creature would be happy, "way off in New York. 'The name's Fanny'" he said, questioningly, horrified. Her mother started the hit show and the hit Fisher recording. "Fanny Fisher," she agreed.

By this time, they'd arrived at what two suppositions: that this term ‘an understanding.’ They made a date to note others while he was away. And then they kept it. At Hollywood openings, Eddie and Debbie made their first, second, and third best friend. And, in Rome, Eddie made a wish—and flipped the fourth coin in the fountain. He brought Debbie back a "good conduct medal" on a red polka-dot ribbon—"on two dates in Rome."

Any thought that their romance might be harmful to their fan following has been blunted, not only by their mounting fan mail, but also by the way the turned to them by the fans in New York. Debbie and Eddie have the same age-group of fans— the teenagers, both feminine and masculine—and these swarmed them whenever they met. "Would you be funny if you'd— you'd— love any fond of Eddie?" they would ask Debbie—adding, "We think that’s just great."

Eddie Fisher has shared their enthusiasm—and then some. That she shared his own enthusiasm, this is true with parents in their Burbank bungalow, had kept her school-day friends—who call her "Mary Frances"—and has never stopped calling her "Ike," like things proved Debbie Reynolds to be a girl after his own heart. As he puts it, "She hasn’t changed. She has both feet on the ground. She’s sincere. She’s honest. She’s just a wonderful, wonderful girl."

Debbie admires Eddie's "greatest zest for living. His gayety and great sense of humor. He’s not a gay blade. He’s a world traveler, too."

Her favorite Eddie Fisher records are "How Do You Speak to an Angel" and "The Green Years." He calls her Mary Frances, and she calls him Edwin Jason. They’re very alike in temperament... no fine temper, and easily going most of the time. According to Eddie, they have many things in common. "We like to do all the same things—except for tennis and ski. We like the same music. And we have our business in common."

However close their jobs—geographically, they’re a nation apart. Their marriages ended with the same-faced. Debbie is one of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer’s top box-office stars, and her career is in Hollywood. Eddie’s television shows and recording sessions—and Tin Pan Alley—are in New York. He’s under contract to his present sponsors for another year. And, no matter how many fabulous offers Hollywood producers make him, he can’t stand to leave home. "It’s like being crazy now. Debbie and Eddie have agreed that his first picture must be a musical smash built just right for him.

However, distance shouldn’t defeat these two. Nor, in fact, should anything else. To Mary Frances Reynolds and Sonnyboy Fisher, challenge is a very old friend. Meanwhile, Eddie asked her: would she love to do a Broadway show... if anybody wants me to. I’ve loved working on a stage in front of live people. And—the theater would put me in New York." And, when the show was scheduled to open on Time show in Hollywood, Eddie has said, "We’re going to try to arrange it."

As for Eddie Fisher and Debbie Reynolds today, as a team, Eddie said that they are "Heaven Was Never Like This." The girl who dreamed of making laughter and the boy who lived to make music have found love is the happiest they ever were.

When asked if she would give up her career of making laughter if she were married, Debbie said, "I wouldn’t give it up entirely. But I wouldn’t be involved as much."

They have been discussing openings, interviews, and layouts and making movies—I’d be lucky to see my husband every other Wednesday. 

But to us, for Eddie Fisher—"for Eddie Fisher and Debbie Reynolds—wouldn’t be enough. It could take a lifetime.
The Phrase That Pays

(Continued from page 47)

...scrubbing, and she concentrates on whipp-...
Santa Claus, Home Style

(Continued from page 37)

Working in the fields, wearing shirts his mother made from flour sacks, Eddy had refused to let hard times daunt him. He sang as he plowed or picked cotton and, when a cousin gave him a guitar, his ambition was shaped. His mother taught him the clods and, later, at a cost of seventy-five cents each, he took four lessons from an itinerant musician. As a boy Eddy had a small band at small pay. To augment it, he worked for an undertaking, driving the hearse and assisting at funerals. He felt he had really arrived when he was offered a regular job in a wearhouse.

Swagging just a little with his new-found importance, Eddy took a day out into a dime store and, back of a counter, spied pretty little dark-haired Sally, who had recently arrived from LaGrange, Kentucky, and was working on her first job.

"I couldn't tell at first whether she was up to anything," Eddy recalls, "for she sure did look like one of the more troubled types of girls. I wasmail great delight in keeping me guessing. That was all right with me, because I was sort of going with another girl in another town at the same time. Sure, I liked them both, but I kind of mourned for nobody. I had it in mind that I first had to get somewhere with my music. I wasn't ready to get tied down."

Sally apparently felt the same way, for the evening she joined another bandsman and her on a double-date. Ordering sodas, they encountered a waitress who was both unusually attentive and unusually well informed. "So I winked at her," says Eddy. 

(Continued on page 38)
Aunt Jenny

(Continued from page 34)

values and virtues are the old-fashioned kind.

"I've stuck to one rule throughout my career," she says, "I have never taken a role in any production that would take me away from home and interfere with the welfare of my family."

The proof of the pudding is in the marriage which has lasted twenty-seven years, in a daughter who is a friend and companion, and in a son who still admires and loves his wife. The home itself speaks eloquently of family life, for the maples and pines have the warmth of use and affection. Agnes built a housekeeping and cooking at an earlier age than most girls. Her mother died before she reached the age of four. Her grandparents kept house for Agnes and her younger brother, and her reputation among her friends is considerable. On her kitchen wall is a framed print—a drawing of San Pascal Baylon, the patron saint of cooks.

"It's what got me going," her husband Jim Wells says, "whether you're talking about Agnes Young as Aunt Jenny or Mrs. Wells.

But Agnes isn't satisfied merely with proving that the Spry recipes work for brownies or tollhouse cookies. The Wellses actually make their own bread and have an efficient bread-mixer.

"We put what's good in it, and molasses and unbleached flour, and even send away for mill-ground whole wheat.

Agnes makes one loaf a week—but it is about two feet long, keeps well, and lasts the week.

'It's so full of vitamins and proteins we dare eat only one slice a day," daughter Nancy explains, "Eat two slices and you'll fly away!"

Nancy is a gay, pretty blonde who has been acting professionally for five years. For a while, she and her mother shared clothes, but Nancy is now topping her petite mother's five-foot-one.

"Nancy has a wonderful disposition," says Agnes. "She has always been as much a companion as a daughter."

Nancy and Agnes have similar mannerisms and there are much alike. This isn't unusual for parent and child, but it is odd that they both came to choose acting as a career under similar circumstances. Agnes' grandfather and her father were musicians, had been steeped in music as a youngster. But she never had the fainest ambition to be an actress until her senior year in high school. That year, she was an orderly in a hospital and played a lead in the class play. She decided overnight to go on the stage.

Nancy had nothing special in mind all through school," Agnes recalls. "Her senior year we were selecting catalogues from dozens of colleges.

Then Nancy tried out for her senior play, was cast in one of the leads, and also made an overnight decision. She enrolled in a dramatic school rather than a college.

At twenty-three, she has stock, network radio and television experience to her credit—but it hasn't been without some tough sledding and disappointments.

"She knows what she's getting into," Agnes says. "She has no illusions of a glamorous world.

Nancy, however, has a good idea of the happiness and satisfaction her mother has found in both her professional and private life. Nancy enjoys her home so much that, when she finished her fourth season in stock last summer at the Holyoke Theater, she told her father she would start the trip home right after the last performance. She had the family car.

"You're not going to drive all the way down from Massachusetts at midnight?" her father asked.

"I'm just that anxious to get home," she explained.

The Wellses live in New York, on a street in the back of Queens where trees crowd the curbs and apartments lean over the trees. It's a city street but a street of family living, where early morning finds men on their way to work and children on their way to school, where women go out in mid-morning to do their shopping, where quiet falls in the evening and lights burn warmly in living rooms. On this street, Agnes and her family have a four-floor apartment which is very handsomely furnished.

"Some of this furniture goes back to the day Jimmy and I were married, and some of it goes back to the days our parents were married," Agnes tells you.

The living room is a big forty feet. The chairs, cabinets, and whatnot, which holds porcelain figures, are all Colonial. There is a huge oak cabinet made by the Pennsylvania Dutch which fits in well with the Early American. In keeping with the period, Agnes has hung cross—cross curtains instead of drapes. There is a spinet piano which all three play, and bookshelves line the walls on either side of the fireplace. The floor is covered by a half—dozen large, oval, braided rugs. Agnes herself makes the green and brown afghan which is thrown over the sofa.

"I get a lot of my needlework done at the studio during rehearsal," she says.

She has made two afghans in the last few years. Each is the size of a bedspread, crocheted in individual squares which are then sewn together. These brightly colored squares have become a familiar sight in the studios where Agnes rehearses and performs—familiar, and yet strange to many a masculine eye.

On one occasion, Agnes had just finished one afghan and started another, when an actor friend walked up to her.

"How many of those are you going to make?" he asked.

"All together, two hundred and forty," she says.

He looked at her as if she were crazy, and finally exclaimed, "What will you do with two hundred and forty pot holders?"

On the kitchen wall over the breakfast table is another example of Agnes' needlework—a sampler inscribed, "Old friends are the best." It is the only sampler Agnes has made, but it is meaningful. The Wellses have many friends, and every weekend is devoted to them.

"We usually have people in on Saturday nights," Agnes says, "and always Sunday afternoon for dinner and the evening."

So most of the baking and heavy cooking is done Saturday and Sunday. Main courses are usually something special, like barbecued chicken or spareribs. Sometimes Jimmy pitches in, for he's handy with a skillet and can turn out a loaf of bread on his own, if the women aren't around.

"Mostly we share the work and the fun," Agnes says. (Continued on page 86)

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T Y R
Actually, her role as Aunt Jenny is not so demanding that she finds herself too busy to give proper time to family chores. She is in the studio for about an hour and a half each day, Monday through Friday.

"They sound like banker's hours, I know," she says, "but think of all the years of work before I got them."

Nevertheless, she is up at seven-thirty in the morning. While Jimmy is a coffee-only man and immediately gets off with the morning paper, Agnes and Nancy have a simple breakfast of juice and coffee and one slice of the super bread.

"And they gab and gab and gab," says Jimmy, "until one screams, 'Look at the time!' then they rush all over the house.

The two women both attend to light housekeeping and their personal laundry and some ironing. Nancy, too, goes into the city every day. Agnes herself is at the studio from eleven to twelve-thirty. She may then have rehearsals for another show. Her schedule permits her some additional work, and she acts in both television and radio. (She has done thousands of different broadcasts and it is doubtful that there is a single person with a radio who hasn't heard her at one time or another.) Usually, however, she is at home by four in the afternoon, with plenty of time to shop and prepare dinner.

"And you know she is very neat," says Jimmy. "Our closets are as orderly as a safe deposit vault!"

"I only pack and label logical things," she says, "Winter stuff in the summer and vice-versa."

She is also a thrower-out. She likes to get rid of things that have no or little use.

"I think it runs in the women in my family," she says.

She remembers her grandmother was always getting rid of her grandfather's magazine.

"Trouble was that Grandfather intuitively got at the ash cans before the garbage collector," she says, "and he always brought them back."

But the only time a closet has been messed up in the Wellses' home was the day the cat locked himself in. How did it not one knows. He's a very beautiful, rare Bluepoint Siamese named Barnaby.

"Before Barnaby, we had just ordinary cats," Agnes says, "but he was a special present for Nancy."

Barnaby is in love with the Wellses and is jealous of most visitors. When guests come in for the evening, he withdraws to a corner and hides himself. The moment they leave, he is as wild and fast as lightning. He streaks down the hall, leaps to the sofa, snaps at the television set, whirs about and leaps forty feet back to the other end of the room.

"I think Agnes is Barnaby's favorite," her husband says, "and I can understand that, for she has a special kind of outgoing warmth. She may look cool and calm, but inwardly she reacts to misfortune or injustice, regardless of how remotely she knows the victim. She has an awareness of the needs of others."

He was thinking of a young actor who had brought his wife and child to America. They were having difficulty finding an apartment and, when the holidays rolled around last year, they were in a hotel.

Agnes and Jimmy have always observed Christmas as a day of holiness, first of all, but they make it a day full of joy, too. They have become great admirers of instrumental music, as well as carols. Jimmy spends a half-day making a manger in the fireplace with loving skill and care. It's a big day in the lives of the Wellses, and so Agnes invited the young actor and his family to share it with them.

Late that evening, when the guests had gone, Agnes confided to Jimmy that she had been worried, at first. "I was so afraid that they wouldn't enjoy themselves," she said. "I was so afraid it would just be enough to make them homesick and sad."

The family Christmas was a great success, of course—as always. But that's Agnes, forever concerned about the needs of others, forever planning on ways to ease their heartaches.

She tells the story, and adds a significant footnote of his own.

"You know, in twenty-seven years of marriage you see a lot of a woman. In our marriage, we've had our share of hard times, we've had a house burn down, we've had accidents and our share of hospitals. I've seen Agnes in a lot of real-life drama."

He pauses, then concludes simply, "I wouldn't have any other leading lady."

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Ever in His Heart

(Continued from page 52)

the day, though I don't mean to say that he's irresponsible. I just mean that, whether we were flush or flat broke, he's made the best of what we had.

Vaughn wasn't an ambitious man. Or is he? He kept his birth as a bandsman and bandleader over twenty years—working seven nights a week, traveling five hundred miles a day in every kind of weather. And Vaughn's schedule now, without a band, is nothing to scoff at—what with personal appearances at supper clubs and theaters all round the country, in addition to his continuing commitments as the bugle of Radio's hit TV program sponsored by the Radio Corporation of America.

"How does it figure?" Vaughn says grinning. "I like doing what comes naturally—and, with the band."

Marian was a brilliant executive and should take credit for my good fortune. We're a combination.

Marian and Vaughn grew up in Jeanette, Pennsylvania. They were high school sweethearts—although, even in those days, Marian Baughman was usually on the dance floor with someone else, looking up at Vaughn in admiration.

"That was quite an exercise watching Marian and the music," says Vaughn. "I had the most nervous eyeballs in the county.

Vaughn's ambition was to become a concert singer, and he went on to study at Carnegie Tech. Marian entered Pennsylvania College for Women, also in Pittsburgh. Vaughn earned part of his tuition with his cornet, and Marian played the best of the local bands.

"When I was on a school dance commitee," Marian remembers, "I always saw to it that Vaughn's band was the head attraction.

"Even when I was getting chummy with a basketball star," Vaughn notes. "I was up on the platform making beautiful music for a rival—and getting paid for being a 'traitor.'"

Vaughn got out of Tech in the Depression, and his hope of continuing to study voice was put aside to earn a buck. He was a fine musician and joined up with Larry Furtado who had a popular dance band of the day.

During the next nine years nothing happened, except that Vaughn grew money in the brass section and led lots of the country from the inside of a band. What he saw around Boston he particularly liked, especially the New England Conservatory of Music, where he could resume voice study. So he hied by the Funk aggregation and signed up with a Boston society band led by Jack Marshard.

Marshard and Vaughn became fast friends. Marshard admired Vaughn's musicianship and appreciated Vaughn's charm on the bandstand. Soon he had Vaughn fronting bands in New England and, during winters, in Florida. The orchestras were small and played "businessman's music," with settings of short of five, lets-you-close-a-deal style.

In the winter of 1940-41, Vaughn and Marshard, noting the trend to big bands, decided to try it. They formed the Vaughn Monroe band, got some engagements, and Vaughn Monroe discs past the million-sales mark.

But that was well after his Ten Acres engagement ended. Before that, Vaughn had obtained a break. Bert Stumbo, mananger of Boston's Statler Hotel, brought Vaughn's band into his club. Bert wasn't sure that he liked the band, but he liked Vaughn and believed in him. A friendship grew which has continued

where," Vaughn says. "I mean, in terms of personality, the kind of feeling a man wants when he gets married."

Maybe it was the plans for the new band that did it. One night Marian phoned Vaughn at the Florida Club and the call came in at the bar. It was not a very good night, and Vaughn crawled under the bar for privacy. The bartender thought this was kind of funny and couldn't resist snapping his rear. Under these ideal circumstances, Vaughn shouted, "Will you marry me?"

"Yes," she said. Then, considering the noise at the other end of the phone, she added, "But don't worry, I won't hold you to it..."

Vaughn went to his room, put the proposal into writing and signed his name, noting that at the time he was of sound and sober mind. They married in April, and Vaughn says seriously, "The turning point in my life is dated from the day I married Marian. Not only did she make a good home, but she got out and away from the band."

From the wedding day on, there was a third person present when Marshard and Vaughn conferred, and that was Marian. Marian had gone on to Pitt to get her master's degree in business administration. She had worked for two big firms. She excused her interest in business by terming herself a "frustrated businessman," but she has nothing to excuse.

The new Vaughn Monroe band opened outside Boston at Ten Acres. They were good—so good that negotiations were soon under way for a recording contract with Victor and a network contract. "We were riding high on a big fish, and guess how much we made—$325.50 a week, and I had to sign a note for that," Vaughn recalls. "A few months earlier, we were nobody's deuces away from Marian and me—we'd been making $250."

Vaughn's sweatshop salary is easily explained. A big band is a big business, with big payrolls and expenses. Vaughn, with the loss he had to keep the business going, and so only the "change" that was left over was his and Marian's.

"And we couldn't have been happier," Vaughn says. "Marian and I were having the time of our lives."

There was only one rough spot in that first year and it had to do with Vaughn's singing. For ten years he had worked with dance bands, and for ten years he had refused to sing in public. Marshard, who was responsible for singing, brought it in to Vaughn to vocalize but Vaughn just laughed at him. He wasn't going to ruin his voice.

Vaughn blows a mighty fine horn, and he would have been a great one, but when he formed the big band, Harry James was already famous. You can't carve your way to the top when people think of you as an imitator. So Vaughn agreed to sing, but was needed to keep the band exciting. He worked with a voice coach, hours every day, for four months.

"It broke his heart to unlearn every thing he knew about concert singing," Marian says. "But it turned out to be the right thing."

That first year, his recordings caught the public ear and started the phenomenal c]laim. Vaughn was no stranger to Doctor. While Vaughn Monroe discs past the million-sales mark.

But that was well after his Ten Acres engagement ended. Before that, Vaughn got another break. Bert Stumbo, manager of Boston's Statler Hotel, brought Vaughn's band into his club. Bert wasn't sure that he liked the band, but he liked Vaughn and believed in him. A friendship grew which has continued

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through the years. And Vaughn's music was so successful that he stayed at the Statler six months, a record for any band at the hotel.

The band was still on trial when it got a great chance at the Commodore Hotel in New York. "We weren't famous," Vaughn says. "We had no following outside of Boston. You might say we were a risk to a big-city hotel."

It turned out to be a good risk. The orchestra was a smash success and repeated at the hotel for six years. And the personal touch was just about the same, when Vaughn disbanded the group in May of 1953.

"Vaughn can't say this, but I can," Marjorie tells The Star. "The men loved Vaughn."

A band is on the road about nine months out of a year and travels tens of thousands of miles, sometimes going four or five nights sleeping in a bus. Nerves get raw and tempers rub in. But Vaughn 'was never a phenomenon among bandleaders for his even disposition."

"Once every six months, he'd get up on the bandstand and blow his top," Marjorie says. "He'd say, 'This is the last time. We're through.'"

The musicians expressed their sentiments by paraphrasing the famous lines of the postman, "Through rain, sleet, ice and snow, We'll carry on with Vaughn Monroe."

His decision to break up the band was programmed. "Our families are growing up and they resented his being away from home so much."

Vaughn is the kind of father who is hopelessly in love with his children. He plays with them on the house floor, but by the day he gets the chance.

For instance, there was the time when he was about to open a two-week engagement at The Meadows, a place he owns in North Carolina. "The children were un-expected that night. There were a hundred details that Vaughn could have been worrying over, at The Meadows. But Vaughn spent the whole day out in the yard with the kids. He built a skating rink for the girls' toy poodles, to keep them out of the street."

"Vaughn is essentially a homebody," Marjorie says. "But he just doesn't like the rules and regulations of show business."}

Candace, now almost thirteen years old, was born on a Friday night when the vaudeville crowd crowded the Meadowbrook. "If Vaughn couldn't be with Marjorie, he phoned the hospital every time the band took a break. There was no news. The show was over, and Vaughn was in the spotlight singing. Then he saw the headwaiter answering the telephone and gesturing."

Vaughn walked right out of a sustained high note and the show came to an abrupt halt. Vaughn said to Candace's birth and assured him that Marjorie and the baby were doing well. Then the show went on.

The Meadows moves to Boston in 1948. They call their comfortable, four-bedroom house "the place that 'Ballerina' bought."

In the basement, Vaughn has a workshop where he repairs electric toasters or toys for his family and neighbors. The whole family tries to hold Vaughn's first cornet and tools his own model trains to scale.

The den is a colorful room, jammed with memories. A photo of Candace is the place he is holding Vaughn's first cornet. On the mantels are two lamps he made using trumpets for the bases. There is a number of gold-plated records on the wall that Victor gave him for his recordings which sold a million or better. He has a fine collection of hunting arms and a few collector's items, including hunting pistols and an English fowling piece.

Marjorie is silver and she has a magnificent display of George II period in the dining room. The dining-room window, they can look out on a golf course. Vaughn plays a lot of golf. They both played tennis. Vaughn and Marjorie carefully restrain themselves from pushing the children. Although Marjorie plays the piano and Vaughn's life revolves around music, no one has ever suggested the girls take music lessons.

Candy, the older one, once asked to take piano lessons.

"Go right ahead," Vaughn said, "but remember no one is going to force you to practice."

In a year, she quit—and that was that. The girls have good voices but are strictly bathtub sopranos. They will harmonize for you, but their parents—and not often for them.

They are beautiful children. Christy (Christina, ten) is mad about Vaughn and horses. Candy dotes on her father and has the run of the woods. Marjorie has turned out some serving trays and bookmarks.

"We live quietly," Marjorie says. "I don't think we've given more than two formal parties since we got married."

But Vaughn and Marjorie are still a combination, and still a winning one. The proof is their highly successful enterprise, Vaughn Monroe's Meadows, a dance-and-dinner restaurant in Framingham, Massachusetts, Route 9 on Boston Turnpike.

"Over the years Vaughan has worked thousands of clubs," Marjorie says. "This represents what he thinks a club should be."

The Meadows is a handsome frame structure, red and white, cut to the lines of early New England architecture. The rooms are pine-paneled, warm and comfortable. The Monroe's have made it the kind of place where a man can bring his family for Sunday dinner or which he can recommend to his teen-age children for dancing. There is a lot of parties kids and, on Sundays, a pony and cart for youngsters.

Marjorie has taken on the job of running The Meadows, and her success is evident in the club's reputation for delicious food and entertainment. The Monroe's have entertained celebrities, served over 1000 meals with only two complaints—a couple of plates had cooled off before they got to the table. Vaughn stars in the show floor show a few weeks each year. "Vaughn and I would like to hire Vaughn Monroe, the singer, often," Marjorie says, "but we just can't afford it."

Vaughn, as a star entertainer, is still away from home. Aside from his TV shows, there are night-club and theater engagements which may take him to California, Nevada or Florida, at a moment's notice.

But, between rehearsals or shows, you most likely will find the romantic baritone "de-glamorizing" in his dressing room. He will be reading, or writing a letter, or tinkering with a model train.
Marriage Can Be Fun

(Continued from page 33)
don't know why, but we both still remem-
ber what we had to eat that day.) Lunch
and the interview completed, I went back
to the room to find Arnold had returned
to the car when the note from Mr. Stang thank ing me,
and that was that . . . for a year, anyway.

Then, one day the following summer, I
was having lunch with some friends in a
mid-Michigan hunting lodge. It was a
clear day, and we all walked a bit into the
woods to look at some woods. We were
walking in but Mr. Stang with some mutual
friends of ours. We all sat down together
and had coffee and that, officially, was
the beginning of, as Arnold says, "our—you
should pardon the expression—our ship."

I was living in New York then, doing
publicity work, and Arnold was busy with
the Milton Berle and Henry Morgan radio
shows. We corresponded twice a week, we
didn't see each other and had ourselves a gay
time, gath-
ering about to the theater, parties and such.
Arnold hadn't known how to drive a car,
but he soon learned, then promptly bought
himself a red convertible.

As the weeks turned into months, it be-
came obvious to both of us that we were
falling in love. But there was one major
obstacle on the way to making the final step toward
marriage. Every time we got to the
properly serious stage, Arnold would have to
dash out to an appointment. His appearance on the Eddie Cantor show, or a
part in a movie such as "Let's Go Steady" or
"So This Is New York." We carried on
a heavy correspondence, of course, but
letters one mile apart seemed a long way
to you love. And, each time Arnold returned
from the Coast, we had to start our "court-
ship" practically from scratch. As far as I
was concerned, the first film fear for Arnold's
fortune on the station platform every time
Arnold's train pulled out—and being
known as the girl who cried at the train.

Our "rochet romance," as it were, went
on and on until the end of 1948. Then
Arnold and I attended a New Year's Eve
party with our good friend, Phil Silvers.
Phil, in addition to being such a great
comic, was a wonderful, lovable man.
He thought Arnold was a bloody interesting
guy, and that night he decided to
do something about it. After the party had
gotten into full swing, Phil came over to me
and said: "Arnold, I like your guy. He
seems very discouraged. He thinks you
don't want to marry him." Slightly stunned,
I quickly assured Phil that this was not the
case. He smiled, patted my hand, then
walked across the room to Arnold. I
him put a bewitching arm around Arnold
and whispered something to him. Suddenly,
Arnold stiffened, then whirled around
and stared at me wide-eyed. The next thing
I knew, he had rushed over to me and
announced: "We are getting married..."
We were announcing our engagement
(p. 33)
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