

***RADIO-TV MIRROR**

*Two Magazines in One
October*

**Frank Parker • Alan Young • Strike It Rich • Steve Allen
Nora Drake • Tom Corbett, Space Cadet • Hilltop House
Contest: Young Dr. Malone Story – You Write The Ending!**

N. Y. AREA TV PROGRAM LISTINGS

ART LINKLETTER

MARY HARTLINE



25¢



Modess *because*

Often a bridesmaid but never a bride

EDNA'S case was really a pathetic one. Like every woman, her primary ambition was to marry. Most of the girls of her set were married—or about to be. Yet not one possessed more grace or charm or loveliness than she.

And as her birthdays crept gradually toward that tragic thirty-mark, marriage seemed farther from her life than ever.

She was often a bridesmaid, but never a bride.

You Never Know

The insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath) is that you, yourself, may not know that you have it . . . and even your best friends won't tell you. It may be absent one day and present the next. And when it is, you offend needlessly.

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Before any date . . .
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*She Sure Leads Him
a Dog's Life!*



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*YOU SHOULD KNOW! While not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the only toothpaste used in the research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

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People on the Air

For Better Living

Your Local Station

Inside Radio and TV

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Information Booth

Ask your questions—
we'll try to find the answers

Sudrow Statistics

Would you please print a picture of Lyle Sudrow who plays Bill Bauer on the daytime serial, Guiding Light. How old is he and how long has he been acting?

M. D., Pittsburgh, Pa.

This handsome thirty-two-year-old actor has been haunting the theatre since the age of eight when he made his debut, tap dancing in a minstrel show. Before he was inducted in the Coast Guard, he sang in theatres, and night clubs. Upon return to civilian life, having married singer-actress, Diana Cheswick, he turned to radio as a more stable life for a family man. He has one daughter, Nicole, seven.

Our Mistake

Dear Editor:

In your July issue you stated Clyde Beatty was married. I thought when I read it that you were mistaken since his wife, Harriett, died some time ago. In last night's paper I see proof of it so I am enclosing the clipping.

J. J. McM., Decatur, Ga.

The clipping stated that on June 28, 1951, Clyde Beatty and Mrs. Lorraine Abel, obtained a license to wed. Clyde's former wife, Harriett, died last fall.

Family Affairs

Dear Editor:

I would like to know something about Buster Crabbe. Is he married and how many children does he have, if any? I

would appreciate it if you could send me a picture of him.

J. S., West Grove, Pa.

Sorry that we don't have any picture to send you, but hope the shot below will do as a substitute. Buster Crabbe lives with his family, daughters Sande, fourteen, Susan, twelve, and son Cuffy, six, on a beautiful little ranch near Covina, California.

A Twosome?

Dear Editor:

I have been told that Kate Smith and Ted Collins are married. Is this true? If so, have they ever had any children?

Mrs. C. E., Leechburg, Pa.

Rumor is wrong—Kate Smith is not married. Ted Collins is, however, and will boast of his two grandchildren at the drop of a cue.

Raby Rooters

Dear Editor:

Would you please tell me what has happened to John Raby who played Don Smith on Wendy Warren and the News, and Harry Davis on When a Girl Marries. We all thought he had such an outstanding voice and so enjoyed his portrayal of Don Smith.

Mrs. R. E. J., St. Paul, Minn.

Much to the regret of his many fans, John, who was a member of the active reserve, was recently called back into service.



Lyle Sudrow



Buster Crabbe



John Raby



Kate Smith

Singing Couple

Dear Editor:

Would you please tell me if Curt Massey and Martha Tilton are related. We listen to them every evening and love to hear them sing.

Mrs. H. A. R., Mansfield, Ohio

The singing stars of Curt Massey Time are not related to each other. Curt Massey, however, is married, while Martha Tilton is not. The Massey family, wife Edyth and son Stephen, live in Beverly Hills.

Quiz Couple

Dear Editor:

Some time ago I read that the cast on Bill Slater's Twenty Questions consisted of the VanDeventers, Herb Polesie and Johnny McPhee. Will you please tell me if Van, Florence and Johnny are related and how?

Mrs. H. D. B., Washington, D. C.

Florence Rinard and Fred VanDeventer are known as the VanDeventers in their home town. Johnny is not related to either of them, nor is Herb Polesie, the fourth member of the panel.

Detective Work

Dear Editor:

Could you please give me some information on John McQuade who starred on Charlie Wild, Private Detective? On what other television shows has he appeared?

L. E. G., Guthrie, Okla.

John McQuade who has starred in such TV productions as Sure as Fate and Starlight Theatre, took over as Charlie Wild on March 25, 1951. This thirty-four-year-old native of Pittsburgh began his career as a boy soprano. After studying music and voice at Columbia University, he landed his first job as a professional actor in "I'd Rather Be Right." Since then he has played everything from Shakespeare on Broadway to soap opera. He also had a major role in the film, "The Naked City."

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer if we can either in Information Booth or by mail—but be sure to attach this box to your letter along with a stamped, self-addressed envelope, and specify whether your question concerns radio or TV.



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Three- letter man

CURT GOWDY, WHDH sports-caster for all Red Sox games, is known in Boston as a three-letter man—one who takes top honors whether he broadcasts baseball, football or basketball. Curt joined WHDH after a two year stint with Mel Allen on the broadcasts and telecasts of the New York Yankee games.

Selected by the *New York Times* as the top sports announcer of 1950, in their Honor Roll of Radio and TV performers, Curt is in the same top-flight bracket as Jimmy Durante for comedy and Fred Waring for music. Curt's citation read: "To Curt Gowdy, the announcer, who, be it baseball, football or basketball, sticks to straight reporting and abjures synthetic excitement, expertising or catch-phrases."

Born thirty-one years ago in Cheyenne, Wyoming, Curt started winning sports laurels long before he ever thought of broadcasting. A graduate of Wyoming University, Curt Gowdy was a six-letter athlete in basketball, baseball and tennis. He played on Wyoming's nationally famous basketball teams from 1940-1942. On receiving a B.S. degree, Curt entered the Army Air Corps. He incurred a spinal injury in flight training and was medically discharged as a Second Lieutenant.

In 1943, Curt started his radio career in his home town of Cheyenne, Wyoming. After broadcasting sports for two years for station KFBC, Curt went to Oklahoma City where for four years he broadcast the Oklahoma University football games, and the baseball games of the Oklahoma

City Club—members of the Texas League. In the spring of 1948, Curt joined Mel Allen to broadcast the Yankees games and this year moved to WHDH, Boston, to do the Red Sox home and road games for the 1951 season. In addition to broadcasting the play-by-play broadcasts of the Red Sox games, Curt also does a daily ten-minute program, Curt Gowdy's Report on Sports, over WHDH.

When Curt has some time off from work he hies himself to a nearby stream and tackles "the ones that don't get away." This year, however, he's going to tangle with the big ones out on the ocean. Curt is married to the former Jerre Dawkins of Edmond, Oklahoma, and they have one child, Cheryl Ann.



Curt Gowdy, WHDH broadcaster for all Red Sox games, wins honors wherever he goes. First as a top college athlete, now as a top sportscaster in Boston.

THE FOLLOWING STORES CARRY THE JUNIOR DEB SUIT ON PAGE 58:

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Providence, Rhode Island,
THE SHEPARD STORE

The accessories featured with the suit and on page 59 are available at most of these stores.

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the smooth top...*



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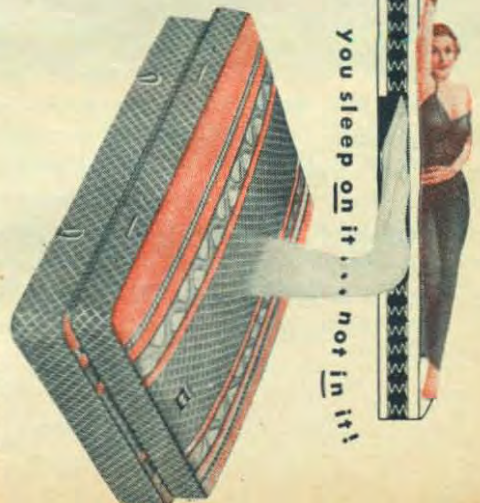
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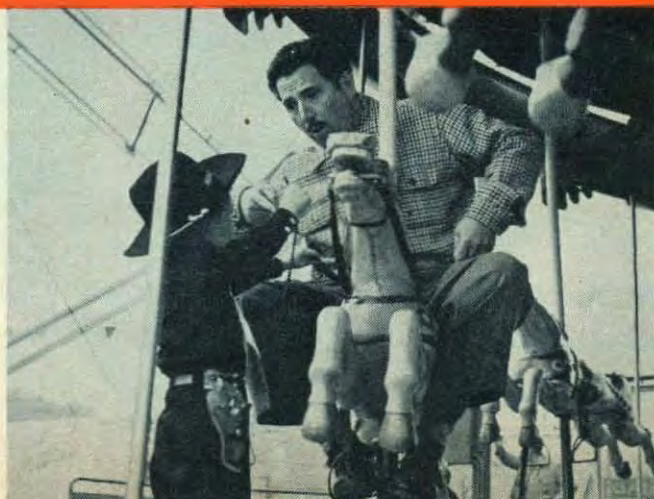
A beautiful Sunday morning, and Hal Peary intends to show son, Page, how much fun he can have in Kiddieland. Page is off on the miniature train.

The perils



“Now, look-a-here, son—you’ve got to grip that horse with your knees.” Hal, the expert horseman, gives Page a briefing before he sends him out on the pony ride.

“Okay, Pop. Now hold tight to his neck and don’t take any brass rings.” Son Page pulls a turnabout and launches Dad on his first merry-go-round ride in ??? years.





"Whee! This looks like fun!" This time Hal joins Page on the Ferris wheel. Page is just a little worried, but Hal assures him there is nothing like it.



"My, this reminds me of my younger days when you'd take a girl up in the Ferris wheel, and—say! they certainly build these things higher than they did."



"It must be the altitude," says Hal. Page wants to stay on for another round but Dad is sure he'd like something else—maybe another little pony ride?

of Peary

Hal Peary takes his son to the local carnival, but discovers—alas—that Kiddieland is strictly for little kids



The end of a perfect day. Hal is trying to think of a nice, trusty St. Bernard he can send along to shepherd Page on the next expedition. Page offers him some hot popcorn; Dad looks as if he'd prefer a hot footbath.

Listen to the Hal Peary Show every Wednesday evening at nine over Columbia Broadcasting System radio stations.

Chipmunk club



Much to the delight of all good Chipmunk Club listeners, Bertha, Charlie and Susie prepare to sound off under the direction of maestro Trafton Robertson.



WTAR's Trafton Robertson and his favorite off-the-air activity—relaxing at home with the family. That's wife, Sigrid, with young Carolyn and Richard.

AN ODD assortment of characters are heard, but never seen, on Brother Trafton Robertson's WTAR Sunrise Serenade. There are three tiny chipmunks, Bertha, Suzie and Charlie, who occasionally render startling vocal renditions; there is old Grandpap who is never without his beloved jug of "swamp water," guaranteed to relieve all aches and pains. These creatures materialize periodically to help Brother Robertson maintain a large and faithful audience for his "Chipmunk Club."

Good "Chipmunks" follow the rules and regulations of the "Club." They include such solid admonitions as: Mind your Mama and Daddy; Eat *all* your food; brush your teeth daily; wash behind your ears, too; be polite to everybody—especially Grandmas and Grandpas.

Trafton Robertson (pronounced Tee-Rafton) has been the morning personality on WTAR since 1946. It was also with WTAR that he started in radio back in 1932. After four years as an announcer he left the station for ten years, working in various capacities at radio stations from New York to Tulsa. While in Washington he handled presidential broadcasts and sometimes subbed for Fulton Lewis, Jr. After Norman Brokenshire left WMAL, Trafton took over his early morning Town Clock show.

Trafton is one of those people who is never completely happy unless he is helping someone. He has just finished collecting over \$500—more than he requested—as the result of only two pleas

to his listeners to finance an unusual operation for a twenty-one months' old child. On two other occasions recently, when large families were burned out of their houses, he instituted campaigns which pulled in furniture, groceries and money to more than meet the emergencies.

Trafton has two standard promotions on which he assists. One is the Community Toy Shop, which last Christmas provided toys and necessities to 3,500 underprivileged children; the other is the Easter Basket campaign which provides Easter

baskets for otherwise "forgotten" children and adults in city homes, hospitals and orphanages.

In addition to his early morning radio show, Trafton appears on WTAR-TV each Saturday evening, announcing stock car and midget auto races. He also manages, somehow to put in regular office hours as district manager in his area for the International Accountants Society of Chicago. Besides this, Trafton is a soloist at church and in his "spare" time steps out for some deep sea fishing.

HELP WANTED!

RADIO-TV MIRROR is *your* magazine. We've tried to make it a magazine you want to read each month and, in order to keep it that kind of magazine, we're asking you, its readers, to help us. Please give your answers by filling out the blanks in the following questions. Cut out and mail to: RADIO-TV MIRROR Reader Survey, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. You don't have to give us your name.

First, about you: Age Sex
 Married? Occupation How
 many children? Do you own, or
 have regular access to, a radio set?
 a television set? At a rough
 estimate, how many hours a day do you
 listen to radio? watch television?
 What other magazines do you
 read and enjoy regularly?

Now, about your magazine: Would you
 like RADIO-TV MIRROR to have more
 stories about radio programs and stars
 than at present? or about TV
 programs and stars?

Would you like to have more stories
 about radio programs themselves
 how they're run, how they look when
 being put on the air, etc.? or about
 TV programs themselves?

Would you like more stories about radio
 stars, their families and homes?
 or about TV stars?

Would you like most of the emphasis in
 the magazine to be on daytime radio?
 Night-time radio? Daytime TV
 Or night-time TV?

Do you like the features which run every
 month in RADIO-TV MIRROR, such as
 Art Linkletter's Nonsense and Some-
 Sense? Bonus Novel? Fun of
 the Month? Poetry? Family
 Counselor? Beauty? Fashion?
 Junior Mirror? Information
 Booth? Who's Who in TV?

Which story in this issue did you like
 best? on page
 Least? on page

Would you prefer to see RADIO-TV
 MIRROR's color pages devoted to: Por-
 traits of radio stars? of TV stars?
 Home-life pictures of radio stars?
 of TV stars? On-stage pic-
 tures of TV shows? Radio show
 casts in action?

Do you listen to daytime serials?
 How many each day, on the average?
 To quiz and audience participa-
 tion shows on radio? on TV?

Which radio programs and stars, that
 have not been already included in
 RADIO-TV MIRROR stories, would you
 like to read about?

Which TV programs and stars?

If you have other opinions about our
 magazine which have not been covered
 by the questions, please put them in
 this space



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appealing
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GUARANTEED
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Stars on parade

*Your favorites from
every corner of the entertainment
field recruit for Uncle Sam*

NAME ALMOST any top star you can think of—and chances are that he has appeared on Stars on Parade, the official weekly radio show of the U. S. Army and U. S. Air Force Recruiting Service. For its first program, back in 1940, the show carried the voice of the biggest star of the day—President Franklin D. Roosevelt—with an excerpt from his famous pre-World War II defense speech to Congress.

When the series began it was known as Voice of the Army and featured martial music by military bands with recruiting messages from high-ranking officers. Later programs, to meet changing needs of the day, started to carry dramatized incidents of training experiences and war-time episodes of the battlefronts.

After the war, the need arose to dramatize the advantages of a peacetime Army and Air Force; the show began to present top talent in musical, dramatic, comic and documentary programs.



It's a pleasant, relaxed evening for everyone when Perry Como joins the Stars on Parade roster for the show called "Guess Who." Perry is just one of the hundreds of stars who has been heard on this fifteen-minute transcribed program.



"George!" says Jerry Lester as he lends his talent to Uncle Sam in the Stars on Parade show called "Supersonic Swizzlestick."



A pre-show conference centers around the charming British actress, Gracie Fields, star of "International Sweetheart." Giving suggestions are director Charles Wilkes, announcer Joe Ripley and Lt. Robert B. Schall.



Barbara Britton makes a few script changes while co-star Glenn Langan chats with music director Johnny Guarneri and script writer Sgt. Downs.

Below: A tense moment in "The Little Guy," another production of Stars on Parade. This one stars the famous comedian, Edward Everett Horton, in an unusual radio drama.



"Tales from Caesar" starred the television comic, Sid Caesar. Announcer Joe Ripley is at the left; band leader Milton DeLugg supplies the accordion music.



Right: Film star Gene Tierney makes a tempting recruiter as she and Gladys Klark enact "Midnight Sailing."



Starr reviewer

THE LETTER came from one of the top actresses of the day. It expressed her thanks for a favorable review given her recent stage effort. This was only one piece of mail in the daily bundle that Martin Starr, Broadway and Hollywood Reporter for Radio Station WINS, receives. The letter was a singularly odd one since Martin Starr does not write for the newspapers, which are often considered the barometer registering either hit or flop. It is a definite sign that the people of and in the theatre regard Mr. Starr's radio reviews as important as those read in the dailies.

When he was fresh out of Columbia School of Journalism, Starr made the usual rounds of newspapers seeking to put his new-found knowledge to use. Having received his share of "We'll get in touch if anything turns up," he finally landed a job at the *Graphic*, incubator for many of today's newspaper greats. Working side by side with Winchell, Sobol and Sullivan, Starr began developing his now famous reportorial technique.

In 1931 after six years at the *Graphic* he began writing for various magazines including *True Story*. This job was followed by a two-year stint with the Great Ziegfeld. Hired as a talent scout, Martin Starr uncovered more than his share of talent and bestowed the accolade "Ziegfeld Girl" on the then unknowns like Dorothy Dell, Dorothy Lamour and Boots Mallory,



to name just a few. Shortly thereafter he organized the first "Miss Universe" contest, a beauty pageant that mushroomed into an international affair.

In 1934 he joined a local radio station to begin his Movie Starr Dust broadcasts, the first Hollywood gossip column of the air and the beginning of the most important phase of his career.

It has often been asked, "How can a man some three thousand miles away from his beat, Hollywood, come up with so many 'exclusives'?" The answer is simple; Starr knows personally 95% of the people about whom he talks. A gregarious fellow who makes friends easily, his trips to the coast on various assignments found him making new friends on each visit.

In 1946 when the Crosley Broadcasting Corporation took over the operation of WINS, Starr was hired to handle the Hollywood gossip broadcasts. Doing his own leg work and research often proved

invaluable to this reporter of the ether waves, especially in view of the incongruous statements sent out by the local publicity offices.

In recent months Starr has been asked to cover the Broadway scene for WINS under the heading of Broadway Starr Dust. Opening of this new facet proved a boon to Starr listeners. He presents a review that tells in a minimum of detail whether the play is good or bad, and most important, why.

With all this attention from his listeners, the man who began some seventeen years ago as the first Hollywood gossip columnist of the air confesses his greatest thrill came one night last month when he entered a theatre and took his place among the other first night reviewers. He found that seated on his left was Ed Sullivan and on his right was Louis Sobol, his old co-workers on the *Graphic*. "It was only then that I felt that I had arrived."

HAPPY BRIDE CONTEST WINNERS

Here are the names of those who submitted the best jingles and party suggestions to our Happy Bride Contest

- First Prize:** A year's supply of Best Food Products to Mrs. Sidney McIlveen, Houston, Texas.
- Second Prize:** A complete set of 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate to Mrs. P. W. Schumacher, Youngstown, Ohio.
- Third Prize:** A "Tyrolean" Embroidered Velvet Handbag to Mrs. Barbara Constant, El Paso, Texas.
- Fourth Prize:** A Ceil Chapman party gown to Mrs. Mack Halliburton, Los Angeles, Calif.
- Fifth Prize:** A Westinghouse Roaster Oven to J. G. Boren, Houston, Texas.
- Sixth Prize:** Leonid de Lescinskis French perfume to Mrs. Anita Pillow, Hyattsville, Maryland.
- Seventh Prize:** Our check for \$10.00 to Mrs. Marjorie Smith, Everett, Wash.
- Eighth Prize:** Another check for \$10.00 to Mrs. Elva Jones, Ogden, Utah.
- Ninth Prize:** A third \$10.00 check to Mrs. Rae Cross, Colorado Springs, Colo.

Ten Runner-up Prizes of \$5.00 each to:

- Dorothy Marble, Kenmore, N. Y.
Mrs. Walter C. Miller, Anacortes, Wash.
Mrs. Caroline E. Wilson, Louisville, Ky.
Mrs. Grace Smith, Austin, Texas.
Mrs. Frederick B. Gump, Long Beach, Calif.
Mrs. J. B. Banks, Albany, Georgia.
Mrs. Audrey H. Wright, Memphis, Tenn.
Mrs. Harry R. Stuart, Piedmont, Calif.
Mrs. Sara Sandt, Madison, N. J.
Helen L. Altimus, Indiana, Penna.

GENE AUTRY PRIZE ROUND-UP WINNERS

Here are the names of the boys and girls whose illustrations for Gene Autry's Code of the West rules were considered best by our judges

- First Prize:** A real Gene Autry Monark Bicycle to Mary Anne Trenchard, Akron, Ohio.
- Second and Third Prizes:** The Gene Autry Six-Shooter Watch to Barbara McNally, Concord, Calif., and Shirley Kraemer, Stewartville, Minn.
- Fourth and Fifth Prizes:** The official Gene Autry Gun and Holster set to Janice Nye, Ogden, Utah, and Colleen Tess, Spokane, Wash.
- Eighteen Runner-up Prizes:** The Gene Autry Electric Pencil goes to the following:

- Patsy Thomas, Carlyle, Saskatchewan, Canada.
Lorraine Golda, Fraser, Mich.
Dorothy Christy, Massapequa, New York.
Joan Buzzard, Winlock, Wash.
Lyle Whitacre, Brighton, Iowa.
Sylvia Pflimlin, LaMesa, Calif.
William Burkett, Augusta, Ga.
Robert G. Jarrett, Bassett, Va.
Sandra Baker, Burnsville, West Va.
Jerry Reis, Battleground, Wash.
Judy Kolb, Liberty, Indiana.
James McMillan, Laurel, Md.
G. Hansalik, Lancaster, Penna.
Gerald Eddington, Ardmore, Okla.
Steven W. Craig, Columbus, Ohio.
Pamela Nicholson, Kansas City, Mo.
Jackie Gene Howard, Corsicana, Texas.
Patty Sommers, Youngwood, Penna.



Do You Know About This Newer Effective Technique FOR FEMININE HYGIENE?

Greaseless Suppository Assures
Hours of Continuous Action.
Send for FREE Book!

Young wives everywhere are turning to Zonitors. This daintier yet ever-so-effective technique for intimate feminine cleanliness is so important for married happiness, health, after periods and always as a protection against an odor — far graver than bad breath or body odor.

Zonitors come ready for immediate use! No embarrassing mixing or clumsy apparatus needed. These greaseless, stainless vaginal suppositories release the same powerful type of germ-killing and deodorizing properties as world-famous ZONITE and continue to do so for hours. Positively non-irritating. Absolutely safe to tissues.

What Zonitors Do

Zonitors eliminate odor. They help guard against infection and kill every germ they touch. While it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, you can **DEPEND ON** Zonitors to *immediately* kill every reachable germ. A perfect answer to women who have long desired daintier yet *effective* hygiene.

NEW! FREE!

Send coupon for new book revealing all about these intimate physical facts. Zonitors, Dept. ZRM-101, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.*

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

*Offer good only in U. S. and Canada.



"Love my dog"



Two New England favorites—Georgia Mae and her equally enchanting pal, Baby, give out with a top song over their WLAW program. The two of them make early rising a lot easier for everyone from the Boston Red Sox to the Harvard senior class. Incidentally, the costume, except for hat and guitar, is a Georgia Mae original.

NEW ENGLAND radio listeners have been pouring affections for the past few years upon the glistening, burnished gold hair of Georgia Mae, who with her music and song helps welcome the dawn for WLAW audiences on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday mornings at six-fifteen.

But now, the twenty-two-year-old beauty with the sparkling blue eyes has to share the mike—and the listeners' affection—with her eighteen-month-old white Spitz dog, "Baby." The dog's debut a few months ago brought a flood of congratulatory cards and letters from all corners of the area.

Remember the old caution pretty girls used to deliver to their swains: "Love Me, Love My Dog!" Well, Georgia Mae doesn't have to be so dictatorial. They're both easy to love; Georgia Mae with blue eyes,

burnished gold hair, chic and cute, and "Baby," curly white, with pleading eyes, and affectionate.

New England radio listeners have taken both to their hearts, which is the reason why so many find it easier to get up in the morning when they know Georgia Mae is waiting at their radio dials.

Since WLAW took over on June 15th of this year as the Greater Boston Station for the American Broadcasting Company, Georgia Mae's audience has grown rapidly. She is at home with Boston folks because her home is in Dedham which is on the outskirts of the Hub of the Universe. A native of Colorado, Georgia Mae is a Bostonian and New Englander by choice. If the Coloradoans want to make something of it, Georgia Mae will have the Boston Red Sox in her corner, not to mention the entire Harvard senior class.

Let Your Beauty be Seen...



Palmolive Brings Out Beauty

WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR SKIN!

SO MILD . . .
SO PURE!



For Tub or Shower Get
Big Bath Size Palmolive!

36 LEADING SKIN SPECIALISTS IN 1285
SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVED THAT PALMOLIVE'S
BEAUTY PLAN BRINGS MOST WOMEN LOVELIER
COMPLEXIONS IN 14 DAYS

Start Palmolive's Beauty Plan today! Discover for yourself—as women everywhere have discovered—that Palmolive's Beauty Plan brings exciting complexion loveliness.

Here's all you do: Gently massage Palmolive's extra-mild, pure lather onto your skin for just a minute, three times a day. Then rinse and pat dry. You'll see Palmolive bring out *your* beauty while it cleans your skin.

Doctors Prove Palmolive's Beauty Results!



The "tissue test" proved to Lucille...



that Woodbury floats out hidden dirt!

Do you feel that all cleansing creams are alike? So did vivacious Lucille Ball until she convinced herself with the "Tissue Test" that *there really is a difference in cleansing creams!*

We asked her to cleanse her face with her regular cleansing cream. Then to try Woodbury Cold Cream on her "immaculately clean" face and handed her a tissue.

The tissue told a startling story! Woodbury Cold Cream floated out hidden dirt!

Why is Woodbury so different? Because it has Penaten, a new miracle ingredient that actually penetrates deeper into your pore openings... lets Woodbury's wonderful cleansing oils loosen every trace of grime and make-up.

It's wonder-working Penaten, too, that helps Woodbury to smooth your skin more effectively. Tiny dry-skin lines, little rough flakes just melt away.

Buy a jar today—25¢ to 97¢, plus tax.



Woodbury Cold Cream

floats out hidden dirt...

penetrates deeper because it contains Penaten



CLAUDIA PINZA

IT WAS no great surprise to anyone when, following the years of hardship she had spent in Italy during the war—studying singing between bombings—Claudia Pinza, daughter of Ezio Pinza, appeared on the American scene, bent on a singing career. What did surprise people was that she made no effort to trade on his name, and though she has appeared with him a few times, she has made her own way.

Claudia first determined to come to America after acting as nurse-interpreter for wounded G.I.'s in Army hospitals. Her contacts with our American lads made her decide that she would marry only an American. She used to give concerts for the patients in these hospitals whenever the opportunity offered, and on one of these occasions an American promoter, visiting in Italy, heard her and made arrangements for her to come to the U. S.

Claudia had made her debut in opera in Milan at the age of seventeen; now it became necessary to let American audiences hear her. After a successful American debut in Washington she was engaged for both the San Francisco and Metropolitan Opera companies, and later launched herself on three consecutive, successful country-wide concert tours.

Then she decided she wanted to "sing for everybody," not just the audience that enjoys opera and concerts. She took a bold step for a serious musical artist—perhaps a leaf from her father's book—and accepted an offer to appear at New York's famous citadel of vaudeville, the Palace Theatre. The hardened vaudeville patrons loved her; the Broadway critics and trade papers gave her rave notices and supper club operators began to make inquiries about her.

Radio and television have seen and heard her on such programs as the Telephone Hour, the Toast of the Town, the Faye Emerson show, and the Steve Allen show. Unless we miss our bet, she will be seen and heard with growing frequency over the air and on the nation's TV screens.

In private life Claudia has realized her wish to marry an American. She is the wife of John Boller, who acts as her personal representative. They have a two-year-old son.

ROUX COLOR SHAMPOO

Colors gray hair,
lightens or darkens existing color,
or gives new color, if desired...

**NO OTHER HAIRCOLORING GIVES
YOU SUCH GLAMOROUS
NATURAL LOOKING HAIRCOLOR**

ROUX COLOR SHAMPOO

THE EASY "SHAMPOO-WAY" IN QUICK "SHAMPOO-TIME"!

PREFERRED BY PROFESSIONAL COLORISTS
ROUX COLORS GRAY OR FADED HAIR—FASTER,
EASIER THAN EVER...TAKES JUST MINUTES!

Lovelier haircolor for *your* audience! Rich,
lasting color to hold admiring eyes. It's *yours*
—so easily, so swiftly, yet still *costs less!*

Enjoy the comfort of lovely new color
"shampooed" into every
visible strand in *just*
minutes.

Years of tested experi-
ence have gone into this
exquisite hair cosmetic.
It's sure, it's natural-
looking, it's lovelier. And
its name—ROUX—is
your guarantee of tested
dependability.

SEE HOW EASY IT IS FOR YOU TO HAVE
LOVELIER HAIRCOLOR IN "SHAMPOO-TIME"



1 Coloring mixture
is poured from
bottle on to hair.
Fingers work it
through.



2 Then after a few
minutes, the same
with the ends.



3 It's shampooed—
that's all!

SEE WHY ROUX COLOR SHAMPOO IS
THE PROFESSIONAL COLOR CHOICE!

- It's brushless—no fear of flat, painted look.
- It's resistant to sun, salt water and perspiration acids.
- It's lasting—won't wash out, fade or develop off-shade casts.
- It lightens or darkens haircolor several shades without prebleaching.

12 HEAVENLY COLORS

- No. 1 Black
- No. 2 Dark Brown
- No. 3 Brown
- No. 4 Light Warm Brown
- No. 5 Light Ash Brown
- No. 6 Dark Auburn
- No. 7 Light Auburn
- No. 8 Golden Brown
- No. 9 Ash Blonde
- No. 10 Reddish Blonde
- No. 11 Golden Blonde
- No. 12 Light Blonde

Use according to directions.

PROFESSIONAL COLORISTS USE MORE ROUX THAN ALL OTHER COLORINGS COMBINED

Visit your beauty salon—ask your hairdresser about ROUX COLOR SHAMPOO

Roux Distributing Co., Inc.



CAUTION
This product contains in-
gredients which may
cause skin irritation on
certain individuals and a
preliminary test accord-
ing to accompanying di-
rections should first be
made. This product must
not be used for dyeing
the eyelashes or eye-
brows, to do so may
cause blindness.



RHONDA FLEMING Co-starring in the Pine-Thomas Production, "CROSSWINDS,"
A Paramount Picture—Color by Technicolor



RHONDA FLEMING, beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl, one of the "Top-Twelve," selected by "Modern Screen" and a jury of famed hair stylists as having the world's loveliest hair. Rhonda Fleming uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo to care for her glamorous hair.

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

When Rhonda Fleming says . . . "I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo" . . . you're listening to a girl whose beautiful hair plays a vital part in a fabulous glamour-career.

In a recent issue of "Modern Screen," a committee of famed hair stylists named Rhonda Fleming, lovely Lustre-Creme Girl, as one of 12 women having the most beautiful hair in the world.

You, too, will notice a glorious difference in your hair from Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Under the spell of its rich lanolin-blessed lather, your hair shines, behaves, is eager

to curl. Hair dulled by soap abuse, dusty with dandruff, now is fragrantly clean. Rebel hair is tamed to respond to the lightest brush touch. Hair robbed of natural sheen now glows with renewed sun-bright highlights. All this, even in the hardest water, with no need for a special after-rinse.

No other cream shampoo in the world is as popular as Lustre-Creme. Is the best too good for your hair? For hair that behaves like the angels, and shines like the stars . . . ask for Lustre-Creme, the world's finest shampoo, chosen for "the most beautiful hair in the world"!



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

Famous Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo for Glamorous Hair

Poetry

FISHERMEN

Two ragged urchins,
 Pants' legs flapping,
 Shirt fronts gapping,
 Tousled hair like sun-bleached thatch.
 Trudged proudly homeward,
 Two boys giggling,
 Two fishes wriggling,
 The catchers and the catch.

OLIVE A. DIVERS

THE DANCER

The night is a dark, Spanish dancer
 She is flitting across the dunes,
 With the moon like a copper rose
 Atilt in her hair.

The wind has rent the sequined folds
 Of her mantilla
 And flung it athwart the sky.

From the black haunches of the sea
 Pours forth the creaming fantasy
 Of her dancing skirts.

ANN RUTH SCHABACKER

AUTUMN

I like the breath of autumn, bitter-sweet
 With mingled bonfire-smoke and piquancy
 Of spicy blooms that flourish hardily
 In country by-way and suburban street;
 I like its rust-brown, brittle grass, which has
 A crisp-voiced sound; its drifting leaves, that hold
 The colors of its sunsets—tawny gold,
 Vermilion, cool sea-green and clear topaz.

There is beneath its mellow suavity
 A frost-keen edge, unblunted by the sun—
 Prophetic of the days and nights to be,
 When earth will sleep, its faithful labors done . . .
 It tells of coming winter, of release
 From restlessness, of white, enfolding peace.

AMELIA LEE KELLEY

RADIO-TV MIRROR WILL PAY \$5.00 FOR JANUARY POETRY

A maximum of ten original poems will be purchased. Limit your poems to sixteen lines. No poetry will be returned, nor will the editors enter into correspondence concerning it. Poetry for the January issue must be submitted between September 10 and October 10, 1951, and accompanied by this notice. If you have not been notified of purchase by November 10, you may feel free to submit it to other publications. Poetry for this issue should be addressed to: January Poetry, RADIO-TV MIRROR, 205 E. 42nd Street, N. Y. 17, N. Y.



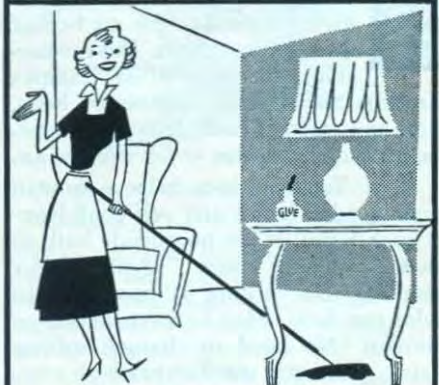
I'M THE RUG-A-BOO!

I LIKE BOYS WHO MAKE AIRPLANES. IT MEANS
 LOTS OF NICE LITTER AND GRIT TO GRIND
 INTO MOTHER'S EXPENSIVE RUG.



SCUTTLED!

BY A BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER! WHISK! THE
 DIRT IS GONE. SO'S MY CHANCE FOR FOUL PLAY.



MY BISSELL® MAKES QUICK CLEAN-UPS EASY—
 EVEN UNDER LOW FURNITURE. "BISCO-MATIC"™
 BRUSH ACTION NEEDS NO HANDLE PRESSURE!

DON'T LET THE RUG-A-BOO GET YOU!
 GET A "BISCO-MATIC" BISSELL



Only \$6.95 up
 A little more in
 the West.

BISSELL SWEEPERS

Bissell Carpet Sweeper Company
 Grand Rapids 2, Michigan

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Bissell's full spring controlled brush.

"I feel like a new woman!"



Wouldn't you be elated to find yourself, on certain days of the month, completely free from a lot of the worries that are usual at that time? Well, you must try the Tampax method of sanitary protection. This remarkable, doctor-invented Tampax discards the irksome harness of belts, pins and external pads. It is worn internally. *It cannot be seen or felt when in use.*

**NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR**

How Tampax does help a woman maintain her poise and self-confidence at such times! It has no outside bulk to twist, bulge or show "edges" under clothing. No chafing is possible. No odor can form. May be worn in tub or shower. (No need to change bathing habits when you use Tampax.)

Tampax is made of highly absorbent surgical cotton compressed into dainty applicators. The hands need never touch the Tampax. Easy to use. Quick to change. Disposal no trouble....Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies—Regular, Super, Junior. An average month's supply slips into purse. Or get the economy box holding 4 times this quantity. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

Dressing for a date



Young Nancy Lewis, co-emcee of the Paul Whiteman TV Teen Club, tells of her pre-date preparations. First, a thorough cold cream cleansing of the face.

Lipstick is applied with a brush to make sure that there are no rough edges. Nancy uses a pink shade, but you should choose one for your coloring.

There's nothing like a good brushing to keep hair its shining best and to make sure it will have enough body to stand up for an evening of dancing.



RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR **F**OR

A DATE is a lot more than a phone call from that special man—it takes a little something extra to bring out that gleam in his eye.

Before I go out, to make sure that I am well rested for the date, I usually lie down for a half-hour. After my nap I take a leisurely bath in luke-warm water. While in the bath I have a cleansing cream on my face. I use a long-handled stiff brush for back and shoulders and a complexion brush for my face. Then I rinse my face with cold water, followed by hot water and freshen my skin with witch-hazel.

Nails are always important on a hand-holding affair. I make sure that they are well-manicured and put on one of the new icy-pink shades of polish.

Now, for my hair. I wash it at least once a week—sometimes as much as every four days, depending on how dirty it gets. I usually use a cream shampoo and always a lemon rinse to keep it bright and shining. After my bath I take my hair down, brush it vigorously and then comb it.

On special dates, when I know I won't have too much time to repair my make-up, I use a light pancake. This seems to hold up longer. After applying the pancake—very lightly—I brush my eyebrows with a small brush. I never use an eyebrow pencil as my eyebrows are dark enough. However, I do use just a touch of light green eye shadow and a tiny bit of mascara.

To give my lips that neat line, I use a lip-brush. My lipstick is a pinkish shade with the slightest touch of purple in it—but, of course, lipsticks vary, as do eye shadows, according to your own coloring. I don't use any rouge; instead I go over my cheeks with a clean sponge. This removes what little make-up is on my cheeks and allows that natural color to come through.

For a casual movie date I choose a simple sports dress and a little cap to keep my hair neat, in spite of the autumn wind. For that big date, however, I wear my prettiest dress and high heel shoes.

I've always found it's worth while to put a little extra effort into dressing for a date. It pays off when the man in your life gets that special "That's my girl" look of pride in his eyes.

Timely Tips by Little Lulu

HOW DO YOU SCORE ON THESE HELPFUL WAYS TO SAVE?



What's best to limber meat grinders?

- Chicken bones Salad oil Bacon fat

Balky meat grinders get back to work—when you dose 'em with salad oil. Keeps the food taste-worthy. Speaking of grinders, there's no ground wood in Kleenex! It's a pure tissue; perfectly uniform. Free from weak spots, hard particles!



How to foil a dripping faucet?

- Try a cork Attach a string

Can't sleep for that "bloop-bleep"? Tie a string on the faucet . . . water slides down, silently. And see how Kleenex tissues save your nerves—for Kleenex serves one at a time (not a handful). No fumbling! No waste. Saves money.



Chair marks on carpets call for—

- Cleaning fluid Steaming

Cover furniture-flattened spots with damp cloth, then steam with hot iron. Lifts nap, saves carpet. Let Kleenex tissues give you a lift in your household tasks. Extra soft! So absorbent; sturdy! And no other tissue has that handy Kleenex box!



To peel peaches quickly, try—

- A teakettle Steel wool A scout knife

Peaches will shed their skins pronto; just pour boiling water over them. Likewise, save beauty-care time, trouble—use gentle Kleenex to peel off clinging makeup. Because this tissue has the perfect balance of softness and strength.

Kleenex* ends waste - saves money...

© INTERNATIONAL CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS CO.

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

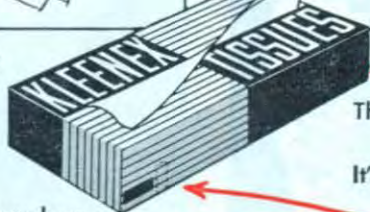
1. INSTEAD OF MANY...



2. YOU GET JUST ONE...



3. AND SAVE WITH KLEENEX



This Kleenex "window" shows you when it's time to order it again

Get several boxes when you buy—You'll always have a good supply

hair
hard to
manage?



dollar value
giant size...69¢

Finest creme shampoo you
have ever used...or money back.

Why pay a dollar? Guaranteed
by Helene Curtis—foremost
name in hair beauty.



large size
tube 49¢

**SLEEP
LIKE A TOP WITH
ASTHMADOR**

The soothing medicated fumes of Dr. R. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR relieve the choking agony of bronchial asthma. You breathe more easily—sleep better. Use ASTHMADOR anytime—powder, cigarette or pipe mixture—whichever is most convenient. At all drug stores in U.S. & Canada.

DR. R. SCHIFFMANN'S
ASTHMADOR

Who's who

Studying for a career as a speech and dramatics teacher began to seem too tame for Bob Mauer, so he left his Midwest home for a fling at the legitimate theatre. Once in New York he settled

**Bob
Mauer**

for a temporary job as page boy for NBC in Radio City. For recreation he took an NBC-Columbia University announcer's course, the outcome of which was a job offer on a Florida station. "It all happened so fast," says Bob, "I just couldn't think of a good reason for not accepting the job." The switch from theatre to radio was a permanent one. After a few years he joined Johnny Olsen, assisting him in radio and TV production. Soon, Johnny selected Bob as announcer for Ladies Be Seated, and Bob was back in the same studio where he had been a page boy five years before. Now, on Johnny Olsen's Rumpus Room and his Luncheon Club, Bob, a bachelor of thirty, is looking for an adventurous gal, the type who might talk him into looking for gold in Alaska!



Airy and blonde Cloris Leachman has portrayed a variety of roles from that of a Chinese girl in Suspense to a neurotic in Lights Out. The daughter of a Des Moines, Iowa, lumber dealer, Cloris de-

**Cloris
Leachman**

cidated at the age of fifteen that if she was going to be an actress, she had better enter radio because it wouldn't interfere with her marriage. By the time she was eighteen, she had her own show at a Des Moines radio station. But in the long run, it was Broadway that brought her not only fame, but love. She met her future husband, actor George Englund, while playing in "As You Like It."

Cloris is not only an actress, but an inventor. She is working on a formula for attaching electric outlets at windy bus stops so that waiting passengers can plug themselves in to get warm.

Cloris is still just as determined, as she was at fifteen, to prevent a conflict between her career and marriage. Her career would go, before there was any chance of its jeopardizing her marriage.



in TV

Jack Stanton, the male half of the Songs for Sale dance team of Stanton and Luster, started dancing on doctor's orders and hasn't stopped since. As a child Jack developed pneumonia and the doctor advised his parents to send him to dancing school to build up his frail body. Jack spent most of his childhood in Maple-

**Jack
Stanton**

wood, New Jersey, a few doors from the home of his future partner, Betty Luster. Although they even worked on the same show in school, Jack was unaware of her existence.

Jack made his way to Broadway from the chorus line after having done a great deal of choreography. It was while playing in "DuBarry was a Lady" that Jack started dating the pretty girl who was playing at the next-door theatre. The girl was Betty Luster; but it was not for many years after that that their partnership really started. They are TV partners only, however, for Jack is married to Marion Richards, a lovely, former model.



Two years after she started taking dancing lessons, Betty Luster, the girl in the Songs for Sale dance team, was a solo ballet dancer in London. Her success in Europe was quick and continued. She worked with Henry Sherek and the great dancer, Leonidoff, and appeared in theatres in France and Italy. Eventually she became the prima ballerina of the La Scala Opera Company of Milan, and later appeared as prima ballerina in the Metropolitan Opera production of "Faust." Betty recalls a wonderful time in Europe despite her "engagement" to an Austrian prince and the fact that she was "stood up" one night by the Crown Prince of Italy.

Back in New York, Betty was appearing in "Louisiana Purchase" when she met Jack Stanton. She is married to V. Nelson Barrington, a Wall Street broker, and is the mother of a two-year-old son. In her spare time, she does color motion picture photography which the team uses to study their work.

**Betty
Luster**

Her earrings are
flawless diamonds—
her nail polish
is beautiful
Cutex



Earrings
by Cartier

Smart women buy
CUTEX

THE LUXURY POLISH
AT A BUDGET PRICE!

Highest quality isn't always a matter of highest price. That's why truly discriminating women buy low-priced Cutex for lovely nails. Only Cutex gives—

Longer wear. Made with Enamelon, Cutex has a jewel-hardness that's a wonder for "non-chip" wear!

Perfect manicures. Exclusive "Nail-Measure" neck controls amount of polish on brush! Insures flawless manicures!

Lovelier colors. Soft pastels—lively reds! A variety so wide it rivals a rainbow! All with matching lipstick!

ORIGINAL

Spillpruf

BOTTLE
PREVENTS
ACCIDENTS!



Bothered with
Broken Nails?
GET **Nail-flex**
New, scientific conditioner develops
healthier, stronger,
lovelier nails.

First Aid for

HEADACHE

There is

NOTHING BETTER

Than a glass of Sparkling, Refreshing

Alka-Seltzer

Fast Acting
Pleasant Tasting
Dependable



ALSO FOR ACID INDIGESTION
COLD MISERY • MUSCULAR PAIN

AT ALL DRUG STORES • U. S. and CANADA

PSORIASIS

(ENEMY OF BEAUTY)

No Longer Makes Me Dread Summer

Hundreds of thousands of users have learned that Siroil tends to remove crusts and scales of psoriasis lesions external in character and on outer layer of skin. If lesions recur, light applications will help control them. Siroil does not stain clothing or bed linens.



Siroil is offered you on a two-weeks-satisfaction-or-money-refunded basis. Write for free booklet.

Dept. M-60

SIROIL

IS MY FRIEND
AT ALL DRUG STORES

Siroil Laboratories, Inc., Santa Monica, California
Siroil of Canada, Box 488, Windsor, Ont.



Jack Filgate, owner of a unique pet shop, explains to Terry the great value of a pet.

A pet in your home

BY TERRY BURTON

● A recent Family Counselor guest, Jack Filgate, owner of the Petville Pet Shop in Stamford, Connecticut, gave our listeners some very interesting ideas on owning pets. Although many parents are inclined to refuse their boys and girls pets because of the work required to care for them, Mr. Filgate believes that it's very important for children to have pets. Having an animal in the house, he explained, can give a youngster a sense of responsibility as well as a respect for life itself. "When a child is given his first pet,"

Mr. Filgate stated, "he should also be instructed in the care of the animal and given the responsibilities of a real owner. It should be the child's duty as well as his delight to walk the dog, feed him and even teach him some simple tricks. In this way the child will learn much about his pet and will lose any fear he might have of other types of animals."

When I asked Mr. Filgate for suggestions on suitable pets, he said, "Buy a pet that will fit into your way of life and especially the size of your home or

RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR **F**OR BETTER LIVING

After each shampoo or home permanent

LOVALON

your hair



added
fresh color makes
the lustrous difference!

- Leaves hair soft, easy to manage
- Blends in yellow, grey streaks
- 12 flattering shades • Removes shampoo film • Gives sparkling highlights

Only 10¢ or 25¢

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A pet in your home

continued

apartment. There is nothing more cruel than a large dog shut up all day long in a small city apartment. For a small apartment in the city, a cat or a small dog can be a wonderful friend for your child. If you live in the country, a larger dog or perhaps even two dogs can be company for your children.

"Another important thing," related Mr. Filgate: "If your pet gets sick, he should be taken to a veterinarian just as you would take a child to a doctor. Remember to watch your pet for signs of sickness, as he can't tell you about it himself. So, if your pet acts strangely, take him to the vet immediately for a check-up. This will save you a great deal of care and worry in the long-run."

It is also well to know, revealed Mr. Filgate, that puppies and dogs should be given shots against distemper. Before you buy a dog, make sure you find out if he has been inoculated. If not, see to it immediately.

"When a child owns a pet, whether it's a French poodle, an alley cat, canary or goldfish," Mr. Filgate told us, "he should make a detailed study of the animal. Learn your pet's particular characteristics, and above all how to keep him healthy. There are plenty of books available on the care and treatment of almost every animal."

I questioned Mr. Filgate about teaching animals tricks and he told me that people are mistaken when they think that a dog is the only house pet that can be taught to perform tricks. "A cat can be trained to retrieve as well as a dog, if the owner will give the time and love required when the animal is still young. If children are willing to devote unlimited hours to their pets, they should be able to train almost any type of animal they wish to have."

When buying a pet for someone else, we learned from Mr. Filgate, we can keep in mind that a canary or tropical fish make wonderful pets for older folks or invalids, since they require very little care and are cheerful to have around the house. And, when buying a pet as a gift for a child, we should always consult the parents first, in order to learn the most suitable type of animal for the temperament of the child.

"Everyone from six to sixty should have some kind of pet," concluded Mr. Filgate, and I agreed heartily.

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Sensitive skin. "Occasionally, my sensitive skin used to look flaky," says Marilyn Lavis of Toronto. "But now Noxzema helps keep it looking soft and smooth."



Smoother-looking skin. Mrs. W. Kent Elliott of El Paso says, "Noxzema's Home Facial helped smooth and soften my rough, dry skin. Noxzema is a grand night cream!"

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All you do is follow the easy Noxzema Home Facial, described at the right. Developed by a doctor, in actual clinical tests it helped 4 out of 5 women with problem skin look lovelier!

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With this doctor's Home Facial, you "creamwash" to glowing cleanliness—without any dry, drawn feeling. You give skin the all-day protection of a *greaseless* powder base... the all-night aid of a *medicated* cream that helps heal externally-caused blemishes, while it helps soften and smooth.

It works—or your money back!

Try the Noxzema Home Facial, yourself. Follow the directions given at right. If this easy Home Facial doesn't help your skin look lovelier—in 10 days—return your jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—and get your money back.

Money-Saving Offer! Get your jar of *greaseless, medicated* Noxzema today—at any drug or cosmetic counter—while you can get the big 85¢ jar for only 59¢, plus tax—43% more for your money compared to the small size!

Do this for a lovelier-looking complexion!

Morning—Apply Noxzema over face and neck. Using a damp cloth, "creamwash" with Noxzema just as you would if you were using soap and water. When you "creamwash" your skin clean with Noxzema, there's no dry, drawn feeling afterwards!



Now, smooth on a light film of Noxzema for your powder base. This *greaseless, invisible* film of Noxzema not only holds your make-up beautifully, but it also helps protect your skin *all day!*

Evening—At bedtime, "creamwash" again with Noxzema just as in the morning. How clean your skin looks! How fresh it feels! See how you've washed away make-up, dirt—without harsh rubbing!



Now, lightly massage your skin with Noxzema to help soften and smooth. Pat a little extra over any blemishes* to help heal them. Remember—Noxzema is *greaseless!* No "smeary" face or messy pillow, when you use this dainty cream!

*externally-caused

Money Saving Offer

NOXZEMA *skin cream*

BIG 85¢ JAR now only **59¢** plus tax

LIMITED TIME ONLY



Q and A on color TV

*Questions you've asked are answered by CBS,
developers of FCC-approved color television*

Editor's Note: Ever since the premiere of commercially sponsored color television programs last June 25, from the huge converted New York building that now houses the CBS-TV color studios, readers have been asking us these straight-to-the-point questions. To give you the clearest, most definite answers possible at this stage of color television's development, we went to the Laboratories Division of the Columbia Broadcasting System, where the CBS color system was developed.

● If we convert to color, or buy a new color television set, how soon may we look forward to seeing some of the really big shows, like *Toast of the Town*, in color?

A—The CBS program department is now planning special color versions of *Toast of the Town* and other shows now seen in black and white and expects to have them on the air this fall. The complete transition to color will depend on the circulation of color sets and converted black and white sets. Color television at this time is in addition to black and white broadcasting, not a replacement for it.

Q—How soon will color television sets be available?

A—Color television sets which will also receive black and white programs are expected to be on the market by the end of the summer; CBS-Columbia, Inc., has announced they'll be ready by September.

Q—Will converting our present sets to color prevent our getting black and white programs? (*Continued on page 88*)



DR. PETER GOLDMARK

*Brilliant young
physicist and inven-
tor, is Vice President
in charge of Engineer-
ing Research and
Development of the
Columbia Broadcasting
System*

It all adds up to happiness

To Frank Parker, happiness is a little thing called show business . . . specifically, Arthur Godfrey and His Friends

BEHIND Frank Parker's television debut last year on Arthur Godfrey's Wednesday night program is a story of rare friendship. Of radio successes three times abandoned and three times regained. Of happiness that comes to a man from being back in the work that he loves.

Frank and Arthur have had this friendship since the night, some sixteen years ago, when Frank made an operatic debut in the city of Washington, singing *Alfredo* in "La Traviata." Godfrey, already a popular local disc jockey with an early morning show, gave Frank's performance such glowing notices over his microphone that the theatre was sold out for the company's entire stay.

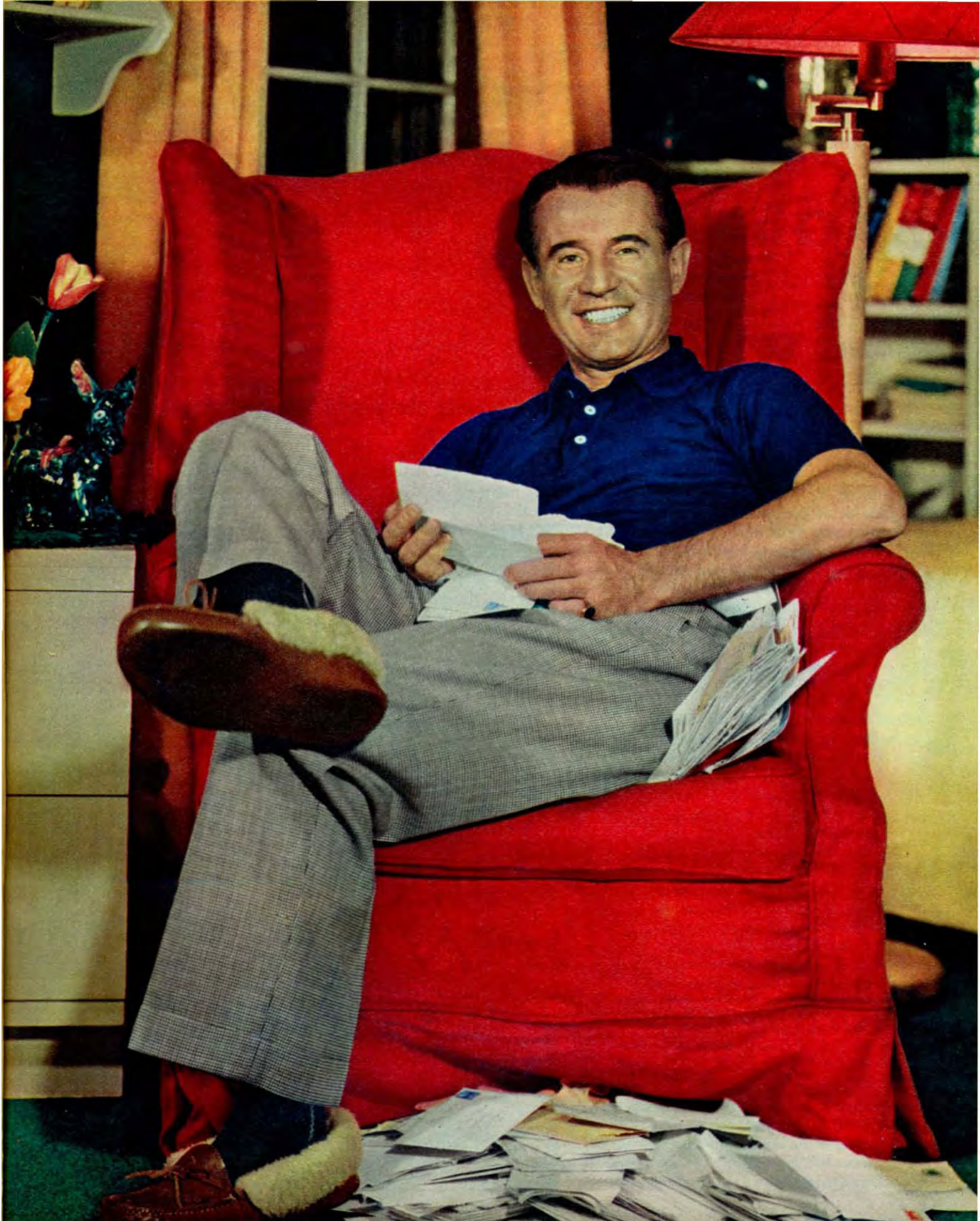
When Parker appeared on the program at 7 A.M. to thank him, Godfrey introduced him to the listening audience and promptly left him alone at the open mike.

"Who but a genius like Godfrey could ad lib at that hour?" Frank asks even now. "There was Arthur standing in the doorway and grinning at his joke on me, and there was all that empty waiting air. I signaled to the studio organist to accompany me and I did four or five songs and tried weakly to say a few amusing things. Arthur rescued me before the situation got too serious."

The friendship begun that day was strengthened after Frank was
(Continued on page 98)

Frank Parker is heard on CBS, Arthur Godfrey Time, Mon.-Fri., 10:00 AM, EST, sponsored by Lever Bros., Pillsbury Mills, Chesterfields, Toni and National Biscuit Co.; and Arthur Godfrey and His Friends, CBS-TV, Wednesday, 8:00 PM, EST, sponsored by Toni, Pillsbury Mills and Chesterfields.





DESPITE COMFORTS OF A BACHELOR APARTMENT, FRANK ADMITS TO AN "OPEN MIND."

BY ALAN YOUNG

Gini puts up with me

Alan's was the sneeze heard round the world. From then on it was kill

IN THIS world it is possible to fly upside down over the North Pole, to wrestle a bear while catching a New York subway train, or to wear a parka in July on Hollywood Boulevard without attracting more than casual attention from one's fellow citizens, but let a man come down with a common cold and he becomes as conspicuous as an atom bomb.

Several months ago I did a television broadcast in which I played a luckless character who had just caught the sniffles. In reality, I felt fine on the day of the broadcast. All during the hours of rehearsal when I was wrapped in blankets, steamed by a teakettle, drowned by fruit juices, and chilled under an ice pack, I felt fine.

After the broadcast I still felt fine, and my health was perfect when letters began to pour in from every section of the country in which television is viewed. Most of the letters coupled sympathy with the writer's secret, sure-fire, old heirloom recipe for banishing colds. Medical (*Continued on page 90*)

The Alan Young Show may be seen Thursdays at 9 P.M. EDT, CBS-TV stations. Sponsored in the East by Esso, in the West by Ford, in the Mid-West by Kroger Grocery.

Gini thought a mustard foot bath would be just the thing. Alan's feet hit the water and he hit the ceiling at the same time. "Send for the fire department," he yelled. "There's a stream of hot lava flowing down Ventura Boulevard!"



or cure—or maybe both!



It was Marjorie, the mysterious lady embalmer, who suggested this one: seems you heat a lot of table salt and fill a woolen sock with it. Then you wrap the sock around your neck, drink hot milk, take aspirin—and off to bed.



Grapefruit juice, Gini insisted, was what Alan needed—over his protest that it gave him indigestion. Grapefruit juice was what he got, by the glass, by the bucket and by the barrel!

A man in Atlanta wrote that a really sure cure consisted of stealing a lady's handkerchief from her purse and burying it. Got the remedy, he said, from the acrobat son of a gypsy.



Gentleman from Pittsburgh explained that cold germs lodge in the nose. Snub them, he said, with a clothespin!

BABY ROSEMARIE'S LIFE WILL NOW BE VERY DIFFERENT FROM THE WAY JOHN AND ANN PLANNED IT



Strike It Rich, the program with a heart, gave me the chance

They filled my heart with hope

BY ANN KANE

JOHAN AND I sat before the television set. It was around ten o'clock in the morning and I'd cleaned up the apartment and was relaxing before it would be time to get John's lunch. Every once in awhile he'd reach over and stroke my hair. It was as if he were thinking about me while he sat there and wanted the reassurance that I was near him. When you've been married to a man twenty years you can sense things and I knew it was a troubled kind of thinking he was doing.

I got up and walked around the room. There had to be a stop to this worrying of his. Some-

where, somehow I had to find an answer to our problem. I had to find a way of easing John's mind . . . of making him at peace with himself. This worry was driving him—and me with him—to distraction.

My thoughts went back to those days more than twenty years ago when John and I first met. It was a dance at the Caledonian society—both of us Scotch, both of us young. (Continued on page 84)

Strike It Rich: on CBS, M-F, 4 P.M.; CBS-TV M-F, 11:30 A.M., Wed., 9 P.M., EST. Sponsor, Colgate-Palmolive-Peet.



The kitchen-dining-room has now become the "office," too. Ann practices on the typewriter an audience member donated.



The family whose lives were changed by Ann's ingenuity and Strike It Rich's heart, gather for a family portrait in their small but tidy living-room.



Despite his physical and mental pain, John maintains his natural, optimistic self . . . Ann helps him at every turn.

to solve my problem and put my husband's soul at peace



This is Nora Drake

*The story of her attempts
to locate an unknown benefactor*

PASSING Fred Molina's club one day, Nora is unaware of Fred and Lulu huddled in the doorway. She does not hear him tell Lulu that it would be disastrous if Nora were to see him.

In these pictures, as on the air, *Nora Drake* is played by Joan Tompkins; *Fred Molina* by Larry Haines; *Dr. Jensen* by Horace Braham; *Peg Martinson* by Lesley Woods; *Ken Martinson* by Leon Janney; and *Lulu* is posed for by TV starlet Cindy Cameron.



Nora, discharged from the hospital under a cloud of suspicion, finds her bills are being paid by an unknown person. Is this friendly help, or a scheme against her?



Thinking it may be kindly Dr. Jensen, Nora steels herself to return to the hospital to question him. The good doctor is glad to see her, but disclaims payment.



Suspecting wealthy Peg Martinson of trying to humiliate her, Nora confronts her. Peg suggests it might be her husband, Ken.



Nora finds Ken at Molina's club. He admits he can't pay his own bills. Molina is staking him. Lulu overhears him suggest that Molina might be staking Nora, too.



Lulu, suspicious and jealous of Nora, assumes that Ken's chance remark is true, and flies at Nora. Molina arrives in time to stop her from attacking Nora.



Molina confesses to paying her bills. He plans to use underworld friends to uncover plot that cost her job. Will this hinder Nora?

I've got my fingers crossed!

All she asks of the future: "A chance to do more of the same—better!"

EARLY morning sun cast some intricate leaf patterns on the pale green walls of my bedroom and through the open window came an insistent call, "Hoohoo, Mary! Oh, Maryeeee!" Shutting my eyelids tight, I hoped Mother would send my girl friend Sally back home for a second glass of milk. I didn't want to go out to play just yet. I wanted a few more minutes to enjoy my dream. In it,

I saw myself brilliantly costumed and radiantly happy, leading a wonderful orchestra while a huge audience cheered and applauded.

I was resentful, I'll confess, when the continuing hoohoes were followed by a zing of the doorbell and a request, "Please, Mrs. Hartline, tell Mary to come out. We want to see her."

With a start, I rubbed my eyes. That wasn't Sally's voice! Sally

was grown up and so was I. Only the dream was unchanged—but by now it had, almost miraculously, come true.

I heard Mother urging the children to be quiet. Mary was tired, she explained. I was—bone tired. For seven years I'd had no vacation and since my daily program, the Mary (Continued on page 92)

Super Circus—Sun. 5 P.M. EST; sponsors: Canada Dry, Bauer & Black. Mary Hartline Show—M-F 5 P.M. EST. Both are on ABC-TV.



Mary on Super Circus: she referees an exhibition of feline fisticuffs, comes through without a scratch despite the fact that the cats put their whole hearts into the bout. Mary at home: her living-room is lined with plants, her big-city substitute for the wide lawns, spacious gardens that she had for playgrounds as a child in Hillsboro. Mary lives alone in a three-room apartment now.





Mary relaxing: still an outdoor girl, Mary takes advantage of Chicago's long Lake Michigan shore where there are open spaces to be found very close to home. Back at the apartment: she curls up in pretty, comfortable lounging clothes to work on a new script.



Mary on a postman's holiday: the kids had as much fun as she when Mary spent a day at the Lincoln Park Zoo.





Alibitis



“Robert, age seven, alibied his way out of chores by developing stomach-aches. We put him to bed immediately. A few boring days in bed, while the rest of the gang played very soon cured Alibi Ike.”

“Five-year-old Sharon picked at her meals. Gobbled her meat first, then pushed the vegetables aside with an ‘all full!’ We put her meat on a separate plate . . . to be eaten only after vegetables were gone. Worked like a charm.”



“Art, Jr., age thirteen, was fascinated by the telephone. Talked at great length—and expense. We installed a phone for him on the basis that he would pay over-charges from his allowance. Phone company lost considerable income.”

“Shoeing our youngest colt, two-and-a-half-year-old Diane, was a real undertaking. She rebelled at the prospect and fought the action until we showed her how to put them on herself. Now it’s her most exciting ritual.”

Pickitis



“The blending of homework and TV was eleven-year-old Dawn’s problem. We solved this by restricting video to before-dinner activity . . . after dinner it’s homework. Weekends are bonus times, when she can watch to her heart’s content.”

Telephonitis

*For every childhood
problem there's a
solution, Lois and Art maintain
—but each solution
must be tailor-made to fit!*



CHILD psychologists point out that children emulate their parents. That being the case, Lois and Art Linkletter's youngsters are bound to be regular fellows and quick thinkers.

Taking them in chronological order, Jack, the senior of the juniors, has just arrived at the age of being critical of his father's profession and acting ability. Recently, after carefully watching a TV session of *Life With Linkletter*, he greeted Art at the door with, "Hey Pop, how come you kept your right side to the camera? You know your left side is better."

In looks, Dawn is a carbon copy of her father. Her many freckles bother her. During an appearance with her dad on his TV program, her main concern was those freckles. "Please," she asked, "can I have lots of make-up?"

Bob is the "ham" of the family. Recently, when a photographer came to the house, Bob greeted him by wanting to know if the pictures were to be in color. When informed they would be black and white, he said sadly, "That's too bad. I look best in color." Sharon, next to the baby, is the cuddly and affectionate type, and already knows how to defeat her father . . . lets her big brown eyes well full of tears when she senses that a scolding is on its way. Diane, a round-faced cherub, is a young one with an outstanding digestive tract. Recently, she happily chewed up a book, *People Are Funny*, that Art had written. Her father's comment was, "At least it agreed with her!"

Art Linkletter's House Party M-F, 3:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by Pillsbury Mills, *People Are Funny*, Mon. 8:00 P.M. EST, sponsored by Mars Candy. Both are heard on CBS stations. *Life With Linkletter*, seen Fri. 7:30 P.M. EST, on ABC-TV, sponsored by Green Giant.

Five little Linkletters

Did you say glamour?

Glamour, indeed! Why, Robin says, the thing upon which her reputation really stands or falls is—laundry!

BY MARTIN COHEN

ROBIN CHANDLER stars on two glamorous TV shows, *Vanity Fair* and *Cover Girl*. She shines brilliantly, too, as a panelist on *That's News to Me* and frequently on *Leave It to the Girls*. At home she co-stars as wife to handsome actor Jeffrey Lynn, who would place any woman in the coveted glamorous class.

But the very word, glamour, makes Robin bristle. "Me glamorous?" she repeats angrily. "Look at these!"

And she spreads out her hands. Nice, slender hands they are—but at the moment slightly the worse for hard work. With those hands Robin held an exclusive five-hundred-dollar dress before the TV camera. But earlier in the day, the same hands were submerged in suds when she washed her children's clothes.

"Anyway, I'm good at it," Robin reports concerning the fact that she does much of her own laundry, particularly the best clothes of Jeffrey Jr. and Tish. "But I ask you," she demands, "is that glamorous?"

Well, maybe not . . . but she looks glamorous! She is a striking, tall, slim blonde and, to boot, has an abundance of alluring charm which is the dictionary's definition of glamour. Furthermore, she has moved in high society all of her life and career-wise has been connected with fashion and modeling. Just the same, the amazing Robin manages to work successfully at being housewife, mother and career girl as well as maintaining an active interest in sports and current events.

"I've got my low points," she admits. "Take vegetables—but not mine. No matter what I do with them, they taste awful." She can turn out a good roast, baked potatoes, apple pie and salad, the favorite dinner when the Lynns are at home—and they are at home most evenings.

Jeffrey and Robin recently moved into a house in Bronxville after a lengthy time in a cramped Manhattan apartment. One reporter recalls an interview with Robin. At the time, both of her cotton-topped youngsters were having the kind of noisy, exuberant fun that comes naturally. A sculptor was on hand making a bust of Robin. A maid was running a vacuum. The telephone rang continually. "Funny thing, we had a good chat," the reporter remembers. "And Robin was cool, calm and collected through it all."

During sunny spring and summer days, Robin earned the name of the "young, female Bernard Baruch." Reason for this was that she would pile children and tricycles into her old station wagon and drive up to a bench in Central Park. She met producers, interviewees, etc., at a designated bench and carried on business in the best traditions of the "elder statesman."

The new Lynn home is something altogether different. They have an acre of land with a flower garden that sports snap dragons, rose bushes and a magnificent elm tree. It's a white house in Colonial style, with four bedrooms, the usual first-floor rooms, plus a sewing-room and den.

The average day for Robin begins at 6:45 A.M. when she has "got to get up and get things going." This entails breakfast for the children and Jeffrey—who is an early riser too—and getting the children washed and dressed. The full-time maid, recently acquired with the new house, comes in about (Continued on page 89)

Cover Girl: Thursday, 3:30 P.M. EST. *Vanity Fair*: Tuesday, Thursday, 2:45 P.M. EST. Both cooperative sponsors. *That's News To Me*: Monday, 9:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by Sanka. All on CBS-TV stations.



For her TV *Cover Girl* show, Robin Chandler turns up in all sorts of unexpected—but becoming—costumes. Her regular programs, plus many guest appearances, plus home, plus family, keep Robin on the go all day and every day.

At home she's the star of the kitchen. Handsome co-star is actor-husband Jeffrey Lynn—whom she first met when she had her hair in pin curls, her face lathered with cream. On her it must have looked good—he came back!



Maybe, as she says, she's not glamorous, but Robin manages to look that way even when washing the best clothes of Jeffrey Jr., who's four, and Letitia—called Tish—who's two. With Robin (Jeffrey, too) the children come first, other things have to fit in. Below, Robin introduces Jeffrey to Dorothy Doan on *Vanity Fair*.





Their last evening together before Jerry leaves for New York is not a happy one for Anne who cannot dismiss her distrust of Dr. Thomas—the man through whom Jerry got his new job. Anne and Jill plan to join Jerry as soon as he finds a suitable house.



2. Jerry, impressed by the high whirl of New York life shown him by Dr. Thomas, is further impressed when he meets beautiful, wealthy Lucia Standish, financial controller of the Institute he is joining. Lucia is a completely ruthless woman who goes after what she wants—in this case, Jerry.



Confirming her suspicions, the real estate agent tells Anne that the house is Lucia's. Jerry cannot believe it, and phones Lucia who denies it, and bribes the agent to refute his story. This leaves Anne helpless and strengthens Jerry's belief that Anne is unreasonable.



5. Anne goes back to Three Oaks alone, completely confused over Jerry's attitude, but hoping to straighten matters out. Meanwhile she is kept busy as Superintendent of the Dineen Clinic. Here she meets Sam Williams, aggressive Three Oaks businessman who is interested in her.

*story
continue
next
page*



Anne Malone asks:

Where does my happiness lie?



Radio Television Mirror will purchase readers' answers to the Anne Malone's question, "Where Does My Happiness Lie?" Writer of the best answer, in the opinion of the editors, will be paid \$25.00; to the writers of the five next-best answers will go \$5.00 each.

What is your answer to this problem? State your views in a letter of no more than one hundred words. Address it to Anne Malone, c/o RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. The editors will choose the best letter, basing choice on originality and understanding of the problem, and will purchase it for \$25.00. They will purchase five next-best letters at \$5.00 each. No letters will be returned; editors cannot enter into correspondence about them. Opinion of the editors will be final. Letters should be postmarked no later than October 1, 1951, and should have this notice attached.

Young Dr. Malone can be heard Monday through Friday at 1:30 P.M. EST, over CBS. The sponsor is P&G's Crisco.



6. Meanwhile, in New York Lucia monopolizes as much of Jerry's time as she can—and as subtly as she can. Since she is Controller of the Institute, and as such carries weight with the Board of Directors, she wangles a Directorship for Jerry. Jerry is completely unaware of this.



9. Though malicious maneuvering, Lucia had Jerry's co-worker, Dr. Browne, discharged—fearing he might expose her past to Jerry. Later a hospital porter confesses to Jerry that Lucia had him plant false evidence against Browne. For the first time Jerry sees the real Lucia.

Anne Malone asks:

Where does my happiness lie?

ANNE and Jerry Malone lived happily for many years in Three Oaks where Jerry was the town's favorite doctor. There came a time when he felt the lure of the big city and its greater opportunities. Anne was skeptical . . . he could well serve humanity right here in Three Oaks, she felt, far from the pitfalls of New York. However, she would be the last person to stand in his way. They left for New York, where Anne's worst suspicions were soon realized in the person of Lucia Standish.

Follow the story through pictures beginning on the opposite page. Then—can you help Anne? From your own experience or your friends and family, what is *your* opinion? Where does her happiness lie? Write what is, in your opinion, the proper ending to the story by telling Anne whether she should choose Jerry or Sam—and why.

In the pictures, as on the air, *Anne Malone* is played by Barbara Weeks; *Jerry Malone*, Sandy Becker; *Lucia Standish*, Elspeth Eric; *Sam Williams*, Berry Kroeger; the *Porter*, Danny Ocko.

*Anne Malone struggles to
find the answer—as important
to her daughter as to herself!*



3. Lucia gets into full swing with her campaign when Anne comes to New York by offering the Malones a house near her country estate—at a very low price. Unknown to Anne and Jerry, the house belongs to Lucia and she wants them to take it so she can be near Jerry.



Anne and Jill, at home in Three Oaks, are very lonely without Jerry. This presents Sam Williams, who has become interested in Anne, with the psychological moment to become part of the family group. Jill soon takes to Sam, and Anne cannot help but enjoy his attentions.

8. Anne realizes Jill needs her father, so she returns to New York in the hopes of effecting a reconciliation. However, Lucia has so colored Jerry's thinking that he believes his wife to be completely selfish. Once again Anne goes home alone—this time the rift is definitely greater than ever.



Jerry, realizing how Lucia has duped him and how he has mistreated his family, collapses. Anne flies to New York at once in order to help him. He finally agrees to see a psychiatrist, but before any headway can be made, disappears—believing this to be best for Anne.

11. Back in Three Oaks again, Anne now feels her love for Jerry is in vain. She must think of Jill who needs a father, and Sam whom she has kept on tenterhooks so unfairly. She promises Sam that in six months' time she will decide whether she will stay with Jerry or will marry Sam.

Lux video theatre

A flashbulb Grand Tour—a day in the life of a TV drama

Now celebrating its first birthday, Lux Video Theatre has already been fulfilling its promise to bring to television the same fabulous parade of Hollywood and Broadway stars that Lux Radio Theatre provided for its listeners over a seventeen-year period. Drama and comedy have mingled in this TV series but particular emphasis has been laid upon stories that have strong emotional impact. Not long ago a Lux play starred Margaret O'Brien as a sensitive young girl who found growing up harder than some of her elders imagined. Margaret, once famous as the Hollywood screen's most brilliant and versatile child actress, has now grown into a knowing and mature portrayer of teen-age roles. Let's follow her around on the important last day of camera rehearsals, to show you what happens in the final busy hours before a TV drama is airborne.

Lux Video Theatre is on the CBS-TV network every Monday from 8 to 8:30 P.M. EST. Sponsored by Lever Brothers.

"TAXI please!" Margaret O'Brien and her mother leave their hotel for the CBS-TV studio where the screen starlet gets ready to star in a dramatic half-hour play—in which she will be wearing her very first, grown-up evening dress.

SINCE the Lux Video Theatre began on October 2, 1950, Many well-known stars have occupied this dressing room now marked with little Miss O'Brien's name. Ipan Caulfield was the first, in Maxwell Anderson's "Saturday's Children."

ALTHOUGH brought up on motion picture sets, Margaret has never grown blasé about the mechanics of movies or of TV. Her inquiring mind still wants to know the why of everything in the studio, so cameraman John Lincoln demonstrates.

THE BOY who plays opposite her is Skip Homeier, who in his early teens made theatre history as the young Nazi in "Tomorrow the World." Now grown-up, Skip has to his credit such movies as the "Halls of Montezuma" and the "Gunfighter."





REHEARSAL starts with Margaret being prompted by script girl Audrey Peters. Anna Lee, in apron, plays Margaret's mother, and in the background is Nancy Franklin, stand-in for Pat Gaye, who is playing one of Margaret's schoolmates.

THE GIRLS go through their dialogue during a brief break. Pat, at left, had an abscessed tooth extracted the night before and is just beginning to feel like helping the show go on. Nancy, middle, has learned the role just in case.

RECORDING some of the narration is common practice on dramatic programs to save the star from running breathlessly to a microphone on the sidelines, then back into the next scene. Margaret reads some lines at the recording mike.

FITTINGS for her role of a schoolgirl invited to her first Junior Prom have gone on for days. Wardrobe mistress Tauh-ma Seid adjusts the belt for the jeans and shirt outfit worn in the opening scenes. Even casual clothes must look just right.

DESCENDING stairs may seem to you like a simple scene when you watch it on your screen, but director Fielder Cook coaches Margaret on just the right timing and the right moment to look into the mirror behind her and to turn to watching cameras.

WHILE some of the others take time out for make-up our teenager takes forty winks. Margaret does not use make-up on television or in real life. Her dark hair, eyes and brows don't require additional emphasis and she never wears lipstick.

THE BIG event for any young girl is her first formal. For Margaret that goes double, because it's the first formal for the girl she plays and the first she, too, ever owned. It's net over taffeta with tightly crushed satin sash tied into a bustle at the back.

SHOW'S over at 8:30, and after the good-byes to the rest there's a short stop for sandwiches and milk. Then, the precious new dress carefully folded in a box and all the accessories gathered together, Margaret arrives back at her hotel.



*Genial Quiz panelist
puts out the welcome mat,
invites you to visit the
house that Herman built*

At home with **Herman**

FOOTBALL and television have been good to Herman Hickman, Yale football coach and permanent panel member of *Celebrity Time*. The advent of a ten-year contract as head coach of Yale's football team, plus his liking for his role in television, convinced Herman that he should stay "up nawth" for a while.

So saying, he promptly built a twelve-room ranch style home of field stone and clapboard, which boasts two master bedrooms, guest rooms, a forty-foot living-room with a large picture window, an all electric kitchen for the convenience of Mrs. Hickman, breakfast-room, dining-room, generous supply of closets, and a huge office-study-den large enough to accommodate Herman and a host of friends. The outsized basement playroom is not really part of the Yale Bowl, but it will be used for showing motion pictures of football plays, as well as occasional skull sessions with the grid squads—scrubs to varsity.

Herman Hickman is seen each Sun. on *Celebrity Time*, CBS-TV, 10:00 P.M. EST. Sponsor is the B. F. Goodrich Co.

Herman bones up for a TV session of *Celebrity Time*. His library contains several thousand volumes ranging from sports to poetry. Proof of the pudding is in the making . . . the secret of a steak is in its size!



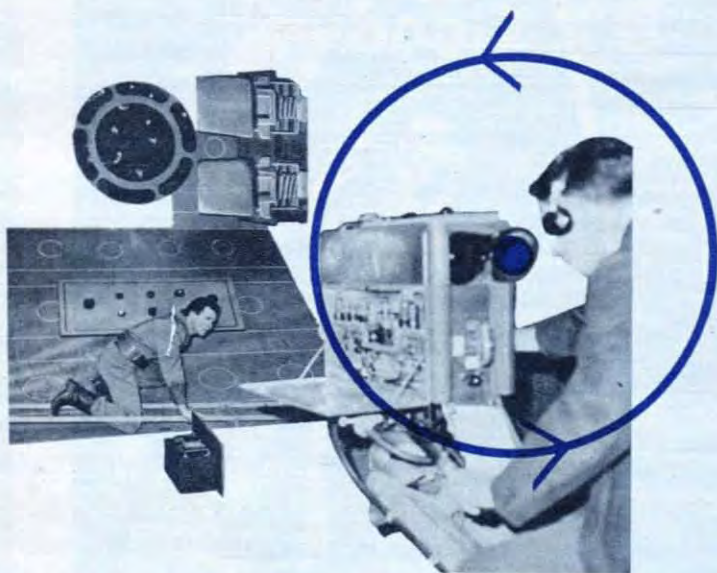


*Kinsfolks' Rest II, Herman's dream house, sits on a pleasant knoll overlooking his three acres of Connecticut suburbia where he envisions Yale gridiron skirmishes. Despite his hearty appetite, or perhaps because of his multiple activities, Herman is losing weight. In a recent gag on *Celebrity Time* this panel member weighed in at a mere 265 pounds. His comment: "You can't say I'm a man who doesn't carry any weight—but you should have seen me fifty pounds ago!"*



Helen in the kitchen and Herman in the breakfast nook, consult over the important business of menus and ordering. The result of this conference is pictured at the left. A happy man sits before a typical dinner—steak, two vegetables, potatoes, salad, milk and dessert. "The fruit," says Herman, "keeps me from getting too hungry between meals."





TOM CORBETT, **Space cadet**

I SOLEMNLY swear to uphold the Constitution of the Solar Alliance, to defend the liberties of the planets, to safeguard the freedom of space, and uphold the cause of peace throughout the universe. To this end, I dedicate my life." This is the oath Tom Corbett took upon entering the Space Academy, the interplanetary West Point of the year 2351 A.D.

Politically, 2351 A.D. is an age of diplomacy where wars and the use of destructive weapons are outlawed; an age of conquest of space and solar exploration; an age of rocket ships that bridge the void of outer space. In 2351 A.D. medicine, psychology and physics have made giant strides . . . gadgets in this advanced age have relieved the tedium of everyday living. A ray razor, for instance, gives a quick, clean shave. Special telephone transmitters permit visual interplanetary communication. Light sticks—flashlights—need no batteries and never wear out.

2351 A.D., of course, carries its own vernacular. *Space station* means airport; *blast off*, *scream*; *blow our jets*, *blow our tops*; *by the rings of Saturn*, *gee whizz*; *jet bus*, *space ship*; *cut your jets*, *lay off*; and to all Tom Corbett's friends, *spaceman's luck!*

Tom Corbett, *Space Cadet* is seen every M, W & F on ABC-TV from 6:30-6:45 P.M., EST. Sponsor is The Kellogg Co.



Trick sets and lens achieve 2351 A.D. gravity reversals. Tom Corbett and Dr. Joan Dale, (Frankie Thomas and Margaret Garland) check controls on rocket ship which carries Tom and Cadet Manning (Jan Merlin) to Venus.



They fly through space



Space Cadets Manning and Astro (Al Markim) and Captain Strong (Ed Bryce) don space suits and take to the air, while Tom Corbett in Academy full dress regalia looks on.



with the greatest of ease, these adventurers of 2351 A.D.

Steve Allen, himself

"I'M THE happy victim of a series of lucky circumstances." That's Steve Allen talking, explaining how he happened to get where he is. "Nothing I ever did was the result of any special planning ahead, but each thing led to something better. Even the jobs I was fired from, the shows I wanted but didn't get, the zany stunts I took a chance on doing. I've seemed to stumble onto my successes, and luck has had a lot to do with it."

It started when Steve quit Arizona State Teachers' College to take a job as a radio announcer for KOY in Phoenix. He hadn't any idea that he was picking up so much all-round knowledge of show business, including those little trick things that keep an audience interested. Practically everything he does now he began to learn then.

When, some years ago, he got a six-night-a-week midnight show over radio station KNX in Hollywood, that was another piece of luck. Steve's was the only comedy show on late at night and he explains it didn't have to be any better than anyone else's. All the insomniacs in the Los Angeles area became his rooters. So did the night owls who stood in line waiting to get into the studio to see if the show was really as uninhibited as it sounded. It wasn't Steve Allen they came to see, but a friend they had created in their own minds, who turned the midnight hour into a crazy quilt of laughter, impromptu music, pertinent and impertinent interviews and casual commentary on anything and practically nothing. They couldn't sleep, so it was easy to listen. (Continued on page 96)

Steve Allen appears on The Steve Allen Show, Monday through Friday at noon EST, CBS-TV, sponsored in part by Proctor and Gamble, and on Songs For Sale, simulcast on CBS radio-TV Sat. at 10 P.M. EDT, sponsored in part by Carter, in part by Sterling Drug.

"I became a comedian—if I ever did—by accident," he explains.

"I was a shy brat, given to writing poetry. When my folks found out, they figured that I was going to be a bum!"



Young Allens—Stephen Jr., Brian, David—with Daddy. Opposite, the boy who grew up to be a funny man.



My brother, Sam

Al remembers the lively Levenson childhood with five other brothers, one sister as vividly as Sam.

Betty Furness and daughter Babbie appeared on Sam's Saturday night parent-child panel.



Being on the other side of the TV screen is obviously fun for the Levensons: Sam, wife Esther, son Conrad.



IF YOU had told Mama and Papa that someday their youngest child would be a professional humorist, and on a thing called television, they would never have believed it. Of the seven boys and one girl that made up our family, Sam was the most serious. Convince Papa that Sam would get up on a stage and tell funny stories, and get paid for it? Impossible! Not even I would have believed it. Not that shy kid whose battles I was always fighting.

That the funny stories would be about Mama and Papa themselves, and all us children and our family life when we were growing up, would have completely flabbergasted our parents. Mama was busy from morning until night cleaning, washing, keeping us reasonably filled with food and reasonably respectable embryo citizens. Papa was a hard-working tailor whose kids never had quite enough to wear. What did they have to laugh about? What could they find so amusing?

Sam must have seen them both through the eyes of affectionate understanding long before the rest of us realized how wonderful such parents are. Even while he was rebelling against their dictums and discipline, as all children must at times, he was seeing the unconscious humor in our daily life and the universality of this conflict between parents and children, the parents doing their best within their limits to give the kids every material and spiritual benefit, and the kids seeming to thwart the parents' hopes and plans at every turn.

Take, for instance, the matter of Sam's violin lessons. My parents practically pawned themselves to get Sam his first violin and give him lessons. It was a great thrill for Sam, except for the practicing. As his protector, I was now elected to watch for the music teacher's approach and tip Sam off. When teacher arrived, Sam was nowhere to be found. I had to take the lesson, just as I was the one to come home with the black eyes when Sam got into street corner fights. Eventually, Sam did let Mama and Papa bully him into practicing, and one day when Papa got mad at Sam's progress and put a sign in our window, "Violin for Sale," one of the neighbors hung a postscript in hers, "Hurrah. Thank God!"

Sam's playing was more popular the day he gave his first pupil's recital. Mama called all the relatives and said if the concert was successful she would ask everybody to the house and make a big party. Of course they all went to the recital, but Sam, who had been dodging practicing, played so badly that Mama could hardly hold her head up. When we came back to the house all the relatives were there, the table was set, and already everybody was beginning to nibble. Mama said, "I told you I would make a party only if Sam played well." "We liked him," they told her, and went right on eating.

Sam was born in New York on December 28, 1911. I was hardly more than a baby myself when Sam came, so we grew up very close together, but he got

things no one else could, like a cookie that Mama would hide away for him, or something else special. I never minded, because right from the beginning I began to take on my responsibilities as his older brother and protector.

The children started with my oldest brother, Joe, now a doctor; Jack, who is a dental mechanic; my sister Doris; Michael, who is an artist; Bill, Dave and I, who are businessmen, and Sam, a school-teacher turned actor and comedian. As in most large families where money is hard to come by, there was nothing wrong with our appetites. We all ate like crazy, even Sam, who always looked a little undernourished and didn't really begin to put on weight until he got to college.

Our dinner table was the family gathering place and many is the time we kids got the giggles over something our parents were discussing and were sent in one swoop from the table. Sam and I, in particular, only had to look at each other to start giggling about some secret joke we shared. Mama tried putting our big, old-fashioned heavy ironing board down the center of the table, like a fence with Sam at one end and me at the other, so we couldn't exchange looks and start laughing. It didn't work, because all we had to do was peek around the edge, in itself enough to send us into hysterical shrieks.

We had labels for people, not names. Papa would tell Mama he had met "the short Meyer," or "the long Meyer," and we all knew just which of our neighbors he meant. Or Mama would say something about "the fourth floor back on the other street," and it was the only identification we needed.

Until Sam was about twelve we lived in an apartment in New York. By that time my sister had married and moved to Brooklyn, and when my mother had a spell of sickness it was decided we too should move to a Brooklyn apartment that was near my sister's.

As children we never played "show" very much, except on rainy days. Then all the kids herded together on the damp stairs of the cellar. One boy would do imitations of Charlie Chaplin. A bunch of us would re-enact the serial we had seen at the movies the preceding Saturday. Sam was never anything special, usually just one of the dead Indians. He always started to get up too soon and some kid would yell, "Lie down, you. The shootin' ain't over yet."

We used to sit around and worry over those serials. Sam would ask, in a scared voice, "Do you think Tom Mix could get *killed*?" There was always a philosopher in the group, who had everything doped out.

"Naw," he'd say. "He can't. They're 'leven more chapters to go in that serial."

We were allowed to go to the movies only on Sat-

urday afternoon. Admission was five cents for two kids, but the trouble was that every mother gave her kid just two cents and expected some other child to have three. We'd go around chanting, "Who's got three cents? Who's got three cents?" Sometimes we went home, heartbroken. Mama would meet our tears with, "Go play better in the fresh air"—and take back the two cents. Or she would console us by saying, "Aunt Lena is coming—from New Jersey." We were only interested in the visits of certain uncles who gave us nickels or dimes when they came. Mama would tell them, "Don't give the children any money. You are spoiling them." After we had amassed a couple of dollars, Papa would "borrow" from us. "You're only going to waste it anyhow," he would say.

Sam and I did odd jobs to make extra money, as did all of our brothers. We ran errands for the butcher, called people to the telephone in the candy store at the corner, acted as watchmen for crap games. Sometimes we got some easy money when we found "deposit" bottles for soft drinks and milk, but most of the time we were just workhorses who had to toil for every cent we got. We were never any good at selling things.

I remember when Sam cleaned out the butcher shop one day and I caught him on top of the icebox gathering up feathers like crazy. He came home looking like a turkey and even Mama laughed and said, "I didn't order any." He got three cents for the job. Mama said, "For others you will do, but not for me." So Sam did some cleaning for Mama, but when it came time to pay him the three cents he settled happily for a piece of bread and jelly.

This question of money plagued our parents and us through all our growing years. When Sam wanted roller skates Papa's heart might be torn, but all he could say was, "What do you need them for? To ride under a truck or something?" When any of us wanted a fountain pen the standard answer was, "You'll only lose it." For a new hat, "Your fancy friends will recognize you in the old one." Sam would say, "Papa, it's hot. Let me buy an ice cream cone." And Papa would reply, "Take a bath. It will cool you off just as well."

By the time Sam got to (Continued on page 94)

*Practically every-
thing happened to Mama
and Papa . . . including
Sam. As his older brother
and protector, I can
vouch for that!*

BY ALBERT LEVENSON

The Sam Levenson Show can be seen weekly over CBS-TV.



RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR

*daytime
fashions
for you*



If there's a woman anywhere who doesn't believe a good suit is the world's best fashion buy, let her step forward and be educated! On any list of suit fabrics, flannel rates high for fashion, durability; on any list of colors, gray's right at the top. Here you have a good suit, a flannel suit, a gray suit—all done up in one picture—pretty package. (It's modeled by Peggy Lobbin, who's Patti Dawson on Rosemary, M-F, 11:45 A.M. EST, CBS; sponsor: Ivory Snow, Prell.) Opp., "dressed down" for town; this page, smart accessories.

Fashion news in every line, every feature: the flannel fabric, the oxford shade—smartest gray for fall—the fitted jacket with its padded (yes, padded!) hips, the so-new, slightly flared skirt. Also light gray, brown—by Junior Deb, 10-18, about \$50.00. Matching-fabric slouch hat by Dani, about \$7.95. Mustard-gold scarf for an exclamation point of color, fastened with a crown pin by Accessocraft, about \$3, plus tax. Same color: polished leather gloves by Debutante, about \$5.

Above: to top skirt, man-tailored cotton blouse, Dan River tattersal check, by Alice Stuart; 32-38, about \$5.95. Tailored cape belt, elongated buckle, by Debutante, about \$5.00.

Shelf above: suit dress-ups. Side-drape black velvet hat by Dani, about \$5.95. Black-white-stripe taffeta "neck piece" by Carol Stanley, about \$1.95. Chunky rhinestone cluster pin by Coro, about \$5.00 plus tax. Black velvet envelope purse by Garay, about \$5.00 plus tax. Hand-stitched white cotton shorties, about \$3.00—by Dawnelle. The tailored look again: walking-comfort calf spectator with built-up leather heel, by DeLiso Deb, about \$16.95. Leather bag which is shown in color, too, a French copy by Park Lane, is about \$12.95, plus tax. Check-pattern scarf about \$1.00. Larger version of the crown pin, about \$4.00 plus tax.

ALL FASHIONS SHOWN: AT STORES ON PAGE 59.





BY NANCY CRAIG

Radio Television Mirror
Food Counselor.

Heard 4:00 P.M. EST

Mon.-Fri. on WJZ-TV.

Tasty tidbits

WE ALWAYS start our fall entertaining with a gay and colorful buffet. My cold hors d'oeuvres tray is garnished with crisp cucumber slices and radishes. The hot appetizers are kept hot on an electrically heated tray. Both are the talk of our town! There are tricks I have found valuable in making sandwiches canape style. Trim crusts from bread slices. Cut in varied shapes with cookie cutters; toast lightly. Spread with prepared spreads, cheese, meat, etc. Give them a festive appearance by garnishing with chopped chives, pimienta strips, parsley and sliced olives. To keep sandwiches fresh cover with wax paper, then with a damp cloth.

PATTY CASES

Cut sliced white bread into 3 rounds with a cookie cutter. Cut holes in 2 of the rounds. Place on the first slice. Mix 1 egg white and $\frac{1}{3}$ cup milk. Brush mixture onto surface of bread cases. Place on cookie sheet. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about 10 minutes or until brown. Fill with Chicken a la King.

CHICKEN A LA KING

(Fills about 15 patty cases)

2 tablespoons butter	3 tablespoons milk
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup diced green pepper	1 cup diced cooked chicken
1 can condensed cream of chicken soup	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup diced pimienta
	1 egg yolk, slightly beaten

Melt butter in saucepan. Add diced green pepper and cook over low heat until tender. Stir in condensed soup and milk. Bring mixture to a boil. Mix chicken, diced pimienta and egg. Add sauce; stir well. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, 5 minutes. Serve hot in patty cases.

LITTLE MEAT BALLS

(Makes about 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen small balls)

1 pound ground beef	1 teaspoon horse-radish
2 tablespoons chili sauce	2 teaspoons grated onion
1 teaspoon prepared mustard	1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons dry bread crumbs	

Combine all ingredients in bowl. Stir well with fork. Shape meat mixture into small balls the size of a walnut. Place on greased broiler pan. Broil 3 minutes on each side or until done. Serve hot.

DEVILED EGGS

(Makes 24 halves)

12 eggs, hard cooked	$\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons cream	$\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon vinegar	2 teaspoons grated onion
$1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon prepared mustard	1 tablespoon mayonnaise

Halve eggs lengthwise. Remove yolks; put through sieve. Add remaining ingredients. Mix well. Fill egg whites with yolk mixture using pastry tube with rosette tip. Sprinkle with paprika.

SALMON SALAD SPREAD

(Makes about 1 $\frac{1}{3}$ cups filling)

1 (7 oz.) can salmon	$\frac{1}{8}$ cup French dressing
1 tbs. grated onion	
$\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon garlic salt	1 tbs. mayonnaise

Drain salmon; remove skin and bones. Flake with fork. Add onion, garlic salt, dressing and mayonnaise. Mix. Trim crusts from bread. Spread with butter; then with salad. Fold 2 opposite corners to center. Garnish with parsley.

RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR **F**OR BETTER LIVING

SPECIAL SECTION

COPS 'N'

ROBBERS



1. *The carefully documented This Is Your FBI illustrates how research on actual case histories adds realism. Jerry Devine, producer-director, confers with FBI head, J. Edgar Hoover on "The Tin Can Killing" where agents used trash heap to trap killer.*



2. *The case began when Indian Agent Porter took custody of a jewel box from a plane crash. That night Porter's watchdog was poisoned, Porter was slugged, and his safe cracked for the gems. An FBI agent indicates to Devine certain markings on the safe which tipped them off that the job was done by amateurs.*



5. *Agents recalled the cans of meat near Porter's dead watchdog. Devine observes how the toxicology lab found arsenic. This was helpful, but also inconclusive, for although the Whitleys had a barrel of arsenic in their barn, so did most other farmers in the area.*



6. *On a hunch, the agents then took cans from the Whitley trash heap and rushed them, together with the meat cans, to the X-Ray laboratories. Highly dramatic micro-photographs proved all had been opened with the same can opener. Upon being faced with this startling evidence, one of the Whitleys pulled a gun.*

This Is Your FBI, ABC Fri. 8:30 P.M. EST. Sponsor Equitable Life Assurance

This is your FBI

TIN CAN KILLING



3. Porter rode to the farm of the Whitley brothers, who had seen the jewels removed from the crash. They denied knowledge of the robbery. Later, Porter was critically wounded by an ambush shot from a wooded ledge. Above, Devine is shown the markings on the actual bullet that was fired.



4. An FBI agent shows Devine fingerprints of the Whitleys. File comparisons revealed no criminal record. However, agents were sure of their guilt when mud samples from their horses' hoofs matched the peculiar clay found only near the ambush ledge. But more direct proof was needed.

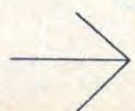


7. A fast-moving agent wrested the weapon from him, and it checked as the exact .38 which fired the ambush bullet, the bullet that killed Porter, the final link of evidence in "The Tin Can Killing." The case ended with the Whitley brothers each being sentenced to a twenty-five-year jail term.



8. Back at studio, Devine and actor Stacy Harris prepare the authenticated script for broadcast.

For more COPS 'N'
ROBBERS turn page



Mr. Detective

TWENTY-NINE years ago, Ralph Bellamy was gently but firmly tossed out of the Wilmette, Illinois high school for smoking a cigarette. At the moment he hit the sidewalk, a faculty poll doubtless voted him the non-graduate most likely to wear handcuffs. Today he's evened both counts. A cigarette company pays Ralph the highest salary of any regular actor on TV, and his role as Mike Barnett has established him convincingly as a Man Against Crime.

His dramatic success, however, did not come to him the easy way. Ralph has been a hard-working actor since he was eighteen, playing over four hundred different roles in fifteen stock and repertory companies. Next, Hollywood where he made eighty-seven movies in sixteen years. Three Broadway hits followed. Detective Story catapulted him into the public eye as a favorite "private eye." His career also won him his wife, Alice, whom he met when she was his agent's beautiful and capable assistant.

The Bellamys are now New Yorkers by adoption, and it's an ideal spot for Ralph's two hobbies. A cook of distinction, he is given free run of the kitchen at Henri's Fifty-Second Street restaurant. He also paints New York scenes, and sold his first water color at an Urban League competition. An early riser, Ralph has a gadget which turns on the lights, plays music, and rings a buzzer—although he's usually up before the buzzer. Alice helps him with his huge mail. Then there are endless meetings and rehearsals, leaving little time for his favorite relaxations of music, preferably Sibelius, wrestling on TV, or the play he still intends to write.

But Mr. and Mrs. Detective get even with the hectic schedule. Once a year they hide away on a tramp steamer for five weeks ... just cruise about, leaving no clues on their whereabouts.

When not stewing up mystery scripts with wife, Alice, at home, Ralph is whipping up mysterious stews with the chef at Henri's.



TV men against crime, fiction and non-fiction—Senator Keftauver and Bellamy.



SPECIAL SECTION

COPS 'N'

ROBBERS



(above) *Humor*



(above) *Sympathy*



(below) *Sex Appeal*

(above) *Action*

(below) *Brains*



Qualifications For A Successful MAN AGAINST CRIME

THE hard-hitting role of Mike Barnett "spell it with two 't's'" is a natural for Ralph Bellamy. As a detective who never carries a gun but relies on ready fists and a flair for flippancies, Bellamy brings into play all the tricks learned as the movies' first Ellery Queen, and as the memorable tough cop, Jim McCleod, in Broadway's "Detective Story." In addition he plays the role with a rare appreciation of police work gained from many nights spent at the Fifty-third Street squad room.

As a result, TV's Mike Barnett is authentic and interesting. With the true detective's paradox in personality, he is both tough and gentle. He uses his head and has a sense of humor. But his big weapon is action—hard, fast, and plentiful. TV producers have gone a step further and made Mike interesting to the ladies. Bellamy's pals on the force grin and pardon him for this, lamenting, "It should happen to us!"

Man Against Crime is seen Fri., CBS-TV, 8:30 P.M. EST. Sponsor is Camel Cigarettes.

For more COPS 'N'
ROBBERS turn page



Casey, crime photographer

CASE OF THE SCOWLING BOY

CALLING all sofa-bound sleuths! Casey, CBS-TV's adventurous Crime Photographer, invites you to try your luck and logic in solving the perplexing "Case of the Scowling Boy."

After studying first seven pictures of Casey's Camera Quiz, see if you can spot the clue that offers the simple key to the mystery and traps the guilty one. Then check with the upside-down final picture for the solution.

In these pictures, as on the air, the cast of Casey, Crime Photographer:

Casey.....	Darin McGavin
Captain Logan.....	Donald McClelland
Mr. Baldwin.....	Bert Bertram
Nat Foley.....	John Baragrey
Mrs. Adams.....	Frances Farmer
Jackie Adams.....	Bobby Nick
Ethelbert.....	Cliff Hall

Casey, Crime Photographer, CBS-TV, 10:30 P.M. EST, Thurs. Sponsor alt. wks., Carter.

SPECIAL SECTION

COPS 'N'

ROBBERS



1. When the \$30,000 payroll of Baldwin Construction was stolen and the paymaster killed by a police .38, Casey first shot a picture, then a question, "Where was Foley, the cop assigned as payroll guard?"



2. That also was the question demanded by irate Mr. Baldwin, angry at the crime although the company is insured. Logan heatedly backs police integrity but reluctantly admits Foley hadn't shown up.



3. As Casey takes his last picture, a frightened boy peers over a pile of sandbags. Casey calls to him, but he runs away. Just then Officer Foley appears claiming he had overslept. His rooms are searched.



4. Logan jails Foley after finding packed suitcases hidden in his apartment. At headquarters, Casey hears Foley's brother, Nat, protesting that the arrest is a frame-up, even though lab tests have proved that Foley's gun fired the murder bullet.



5. Casey agrees with Nat on Foley's innocence and uses picture to locate the scared boy, Jackie Adams. Elated when Jackie finally admits seeing the shooting, Casey then is stunned as the boy sobs that his idol, Officer Foley, had done it.



7. Unnoticed he places Foley's picture over a similar shot of the boy's dad, a dead police hero. Casey asks Jackie who the cop is in the photo. Jackie's startling reply is, "That's my father." STOP. What is the clue, who is the murderer?



6. Casey shows the boy's photograph to bartender Ethelbert who sadly agrees the case is now airtight against their friend Foley. "Everything's sour," he mourns, "even the scowl on the poor kid." Casey gets an idea, returns to the Adams' home.



The boy's scowl made Casey suspect nearsightedness, a secret kept to avoid "sissy" glasses. The photo test confirmed. Nat in a police suit could have resembled brother. Nat could have drugged him, taken gun. Nat comes after boy, is trapped.

Tricks to Teach Your Dog

By Jack Gregson



TEACHING a dog tricks is one of the best ways for boys and girls to get close to pets. Just the way you enjoy games with your parents, so your dog gets a kick out of practicing stunts with you. Besides, you'll find these tricks very useful.

In the first picture you see me teaching Tippy, who's a beagle-terrier, to speak. That's not hard, for barking comes naturally to a dog—every time you start to play with him he gets noisy! If he learned how to speak up when he wanted a drink or to come into the house you'd both be saved lots of trouble. Train him just before meal-time. Hold his food up. Get him excited and barking and then say, "Speak!" as he begins to bark. Do this often when he's hungry, not giving him food till he speaks for it, and pretty soon you will find that he'll come to you and speak whenever he's hungry or wants something.

In the middle picture I'm teaching Princess Della, a cocker spaniel, to jump up at command—that's very convenient at times, like when

you want to take your dog riding in the car with you. Start by putting his leash on. Set out an old box and lead him up to the side of it, lifting him part way and saying, "Jump up!" Do it over and over until he does it by himself without a leash. Then take him to the car, open the door and say, "Jump up!" He'll be in before you know it.

In the bottom picture, I'm teaching Liebchen, a dachshund, to carry a small package. Start with a dummy package or rolled up cardboard. You may have to force it in your dog's mouth at first. Be gentle but firm—hold his jaws shut on the package, and each time say, "Carry!" Pretty soon he'll pick up and carry any package you want him to, on command.

Remember, it's important to be kind and patient and firm in teaching your dog any stunt. And be sure to pat and praise him when he does it right—that's the only way he has of knowing he's doing what you want him to.

And remember, too, to watch our show, Your Pet Parade, each Sunday from 4:30 to 5 P.M. EST, over ABC-TV stations.

Junior Mirror

A Joke on Andy "Jingles" Devine



ANDY DEVINE is an extra-good hunter. Things can go wrong, though, even with a good hunter's plans. Like

the one time he went out for bear, to the Rogue River country in Oregon. It was a big trip over rough water, through—some of the way—unexplored, uncharted wilderness. All during the trip, Andy was on the lookout for bear—and never so much as laid eyes on a single one! Finally he gave up and went back to his car, pretty disgusted. He'd just started along the highway when out of the woods came charging a big bear! That bear ran into the side of the car and tore off the right fender. Andy never did get the bear—but the bear got Andy, that's for sure!

You know, Andy Devine has played a lot of cowboy parts in movies. You can see and hear him at home, now—as Jingles on the Wild Bill Hickock Show at 7 P.M. EST, Sundays on MBS radio and Tues. and Thurs. at 6:30 P.M. on ABC television stations.

A Surprise Party
with the Merry Mailman

Hello there, boys and girls! I'm the Merry Mailman. I'd like you to come to a little party with Mr. Chimp and me. Would you like to come along with us? All right—here we go!



After you, Mr. Chimp. You know, children, Mr. Chimp has such wonderful manners he sometimes even makes me ashamed of myself. He always says "please" and "thank you" and he never, never rushes through doors ahead of grownups. Everybody loves him because he's so polite, and that's why he always has such a great big smile on his face. He's happy because people love him and he smiles because he's happy! Now, let's go through this door and see what we can find. Why, it's—



Naughty Nicky, the pelican! Nicky, how many times must I tell you not to interrupt when someone's speaking? Excuse me, children, while I have a talk with this young man. Nicky, you do lots of thoughtless things like playing tricks on people and pulling the tails of all the dogs and cats you see. I just don't know what I'm going to do with you! You know people don't like a trickster at parties, so you'd better straighten up and fly right!



Now everybody line up for inspection so we can see if you've all washed your hands and faces. Oh, oh—Dirty Joe seems to have forgotten all about toothbrushes again! Now look here, Dirty Joe, this is a toothbrush—you must clean your teeth with it at least three times every single day and always remember to use it first thing after each meal. Understand? Will you remember that now?



Whoops! What's this? The Nevereaters have barricaded the dining-room door and we can't get in to the ice cream and cake! To arms, comrades!

We must banish these silly, skinny Nevereaters forever! It's really not hard to conquer them, for they're weak from not eating nourishing meals. We give them a sniff of food, like this—pouf! They're gone!



Here's our guest of honor—Good Gussie, I have a Merry Mailman diploma for you. You always do your lessons, sturdy hard, and set the table and dry the dishes for mother. Children, if you're like Good Gussie, you deserve a diploma, too. The Merry Mailman's proud of you! Did you like our party? Then join us on WOR-TV every Monday through Friday at 6 P.M. EST, for more fun with the Merry Mailman!



BY JULIE PATERNO

Pixie finds a home

I SUPPOSE I knew we would have trouble with fourteen-year-old Pixie from the moment the Chapmans changed their minds about adopting her. It would have been a bad blow for any child after the affectionate way they'd practically taken her into the family before any legal adoption arrangements had been made. But Pixie had always been happy at Hilltop, and a girl as old as she was doesn't actually hope too hard for adoption.

So, if it hadn't been for the special circumstances, I wouldn't have expected Pixie to take the disap-

pointment quite so hard. What bothered me, a few days after the Chapmans faded out, was the suspicion that Pix had somehow discovered *why*. What else would explain the overnight transformation of a lively, bright, affectionate girl into the sulky, defiant, rude character who left Hannah and me speechless as we tried to cope with her? If it had been only the Chapmans, I would have expected tears, moodiness, an overflow of resentful hurt feelings. She was entitled to that much, I felt. But this was different. This was a bone-deep bitterness that must have

been caused by a really profound shock . . . just such a shock as it would have been for Pix to learn that her real father had died in prison. Discovering that, she would know at once that that was why the Chapmans had withdrawn.

The longer I watched the transformation in Pixie, the more certain I was. For one thing, she had completely switched her group of friends. Glendale High School harbored the usual crowd of so-called

Hilltop House is heard M-F at 3:00 P.M. EST, over CBS; sponsor: Alka Seltzer.

Pixie wasn't a "bad" girl—Julie knew it—but she had to



Chuck Hunter (Ronnie Liss) was not the kind of a boy that Julie liked to see Pixie going with, but there seemed to be some kind of bond which drew them together.



Playland, operated by Reed Nixon (Phil Sterling) was not a healthy atmosphere for young people. If Pixie was involved in the trouble there, Mrs. Dolben (Vera Allen) would see to it that she left Hilltop House.



Mrs. Barnes (Helen Choat) was the mother of Pixie's best friend, Mildred, but when Pixie came to visit her there was only hatred in her face for the young girl.

Pixie (played by Jeanie Elkins) had always been happy and secure in her friendship with Dr. Jeff (Robert Haag) and Julie (Jan Miner) until the shocking day when she discovered her true identity.

"fast" kids—the ones who drove "hot rods" and stayed out too late on Saturday nights and generally got themselves frowned on by their elders. I wasn't certain, but I suspected that Pix was spending her date time with that crowd. She had never lied, and in order to avoid forcing her into a lie I didn't ask direct questions, but I was pretty sure she had also disobeyed my express rule and gone out to Playland, the amusement park that, for good and sufficient reason, I had told my Hilltoppers was out of bounds for them. (Continued on page 72)

fight everyone, even Pixie, herself, to prove it

B Radio
Television
Mirror
novel

Pixie Finds a Home

(Continued)



*It was up to Ralph Martin now
(played by Hal Studer) to tell the truth.*

*Pixie's whole future depended on it, but
some fear was holding him back.*

*Mildred Barnes (Rosemary Rice)
had been his girl before the accident*

Still, I was fond of Pix, and I dreaded having the orphanage board find out I was having trouble with her. The times she said she was going to the library and then didn't get home until after ten, when I knew the library closed at nine. The school days when classes were over at three-thirty, but Pix didn't arrive home until one minute before the supper-gong rang. Other things . . . the lipstick she wore on weekends, for instance. And a boy named Chuck Hunter who called up much too often.

UNLESS I had to, I wasn't ready to restrict Pixie's activities. But from Judge Lennox I learned that Chuck had been up before Juvenile Court two or three times for minor infractions, and also that his father was serving time in the state penitentiary. That clicked too neatly to

be ignored. What was more natural than that Pixie, in her bitter, overdramatized reaction to the revelation about her father, was deliberately throwing herself into company that was—as I suspected she'd put it—no better than herself? Chuck would understand, he would help her to brazen it out, because his dad, too, was in prison.

Apprehensively, but quietly, I waited for the adolescent rebellion to wear itself out. Sooner or later, I hoped, she would talk to me about the whole thing, as she always had before. But in the meantime—I dreaded having the orphanage board find out I was having trouble with her. Mrs. Dolben, the county charities supervisor, believed that Hilltop should devote itself to children under twelve. She had all along wanted me to send Pix to the Girls' School in nearby Cary. To uproot

Pixie at a time when her security was already so shaken—I vowed that Dolbie wouldn't get the chance. I knew she meant it for the best, but that wouldn't be the best for Pixie.

But the episode of the green shoulder bag took me almost to the end of my rope. Pix baby-sat for her spending money, and for weeks she had saved every penny of her earnings to buy a particular green plaid purse she had fallen in love with. It cost over twelve dollars, however. One day she said to me with a sigh that she had changed her mind. She wasn't going to fling all her cash away on one grand gesture even when she had that much saved up. But two days later she came home from school wearing the bag. I was surprised, but not suspicious. Only because she was positively furtive about trying to conceal it did the thought dawn on me that she was ashamed of the way she had gotten it. She was; I hardly opened my lips to comment when she blurted out that Chuck Hunter had given her the bag, and I could say what I liked but she wasn't going to give it back.

I COULD almost hear Dolbie . . . "Twelve dollars, eh? And just why did young Hunter make such a generous gift, eh?" Having talked briefly, a couple of times, to Chuck, I was pretty sure Dolbie's suspicions would be well founded, but I was also sure of Pixie's fundamental innocence despite the new aura of hard-boiled knowledgeability she wore like an ill-fitting dress.

She had to give that bag back, I told her, and that was final.

I won my victory. She kept the bag a few days, and then one evening, after she'd asked for and been allowed permission to "do some work at the library"—she turned back at the last minute and said she had decided to give the bag back. "Only because it might make trouble for you, and I don't want to do that," she underlined. Her voice was cool, but her eyes looked like the old Pixie's—sweet and straightforward—and I started to put my arm around her shoulders, but she slipped away. The chip was still on her shoulder. I had won my victory about the bag, perhaps, but that was

all. The big battle, the one to wean Pix away from the Hunter crowd, was still going on.

Or so I thought, then, as I went into the living-room to wait for Dr. Jeff, who was coming over later on for some coffee and conversation. If I had known what a tragically expensive victory I had won with that bag—if I had suspected how close, but at what a cost, it was going to bring the end of the main battle . . .

I suppose the half-hour or so I spent with Jeff was my last tranquil one for many weeks. About ninety-three the phone rang. Jeff grimaced. "I might as well take it, it's sure to be my phone service. I guess Mrs. Finley managed to start that baby coming at last."

"Oh, dear. Here—take it at my desk," I said. "I'll peek out and see that nobody's been into tomorrow night's chocolate cake."

Jeff already had the phone in his hand. He grinned ruefully as I passed him; I remember all the details in the way one does, later on, when shock throws a scene into sharp focus. The dark hallway and the kitchen were empty, so I took the opportunity of knocking on Pixie's door just for luck. I waited, and knocked again, but there was no answer. I was a little perturbed about it when I went back downstairs, but the sight of Jeff's face as he replaced the receiver wiped all personal concerns out of my thoughts.

HE STARTED past me into the hall to get his hat. "Sorry—got to go. Emergency." He mumbled so I could hardly hear.

"Jeff! You look terrible! What on earth has happened?"

"I'm not sure—they're calling all the doctors in town, so I guess it's bad. A car accident. Some high school kids in a race."

My heart thudded. "Oh, Jeff—who? Tell me!" I ran out on the porch after him, convinced suddenly that he was trying to evade me as much as he was rushing to help. "You've got to tell me! Who was hurt?"

Jeff had already started his car, but he paused long enough to lean out the window. "Don't fuss, Julie,

please! No reason to borrow trouble. If I can I'll call you from Playland and let you know. Go drink that coffee. You'll hear from me." With a subdued roar his little coupe sped away, and I was left staring up the dark street.

I'm not much of a hand at "borrowing trouble." I'm not given to sudden intuitions of danger or to vague images of impending disaster. But I couldn't shake the absolute certainty that something had happened to Pixie. Trembling, I sat by the phone for a nightmare half-hour. When Jeff finally called, his tone was so carefully unemotional that I knew instantly I'd been right.

CAN YOU alert Hannah to hold the fort?" he asked. "Pix is here, Julie—please keep calm, now. She's not badly hurt. She's unconscious, and her face was cut, but—"

"Her face! Oh, no, Jeff!"

"She's better off than the others," Jeff said soberly. "Ten kids, smashed up—this'll be a fine night for their families. Can you get over to the hospital, Julie? They've all been taken there."

I don't remember anything about the drive. Hands, feet, eyes operated mechanically to get me to the Glendale Hospital and up to the room where they had put Pixie. Before I went in, the nurse who had brought me up hesitated. "I know I can trust you not to get excited, Mrs. Paterno. But will you remember to act very casual if she should come to and start asking questions? Dr. Browning said she'd be in shock, most likely."

I bit my lip and nodded, and went in. At first sight Pixie didn't look too bad. Against the chalk-white hospital sheets her little face looked gray, but the bandages, thank heaven, made only a nun-like coif around her head, leaving the features free. The nurse put a hand against the side of Pixie's face, picked up the limp wrist for a moment, and shrugged. "As she was," she murmured. "Not much use your staying."

Outside in the corridor, Nurse Mason told me to keep in touch with the board for any developments. Jeff had left word that I could see Pix as

soon as she was conscious. "I guess he knows it's not as if you were her mother or anything," Nurse Mason said. "He knows you won't pull hysterics."

"Do you think because Pixie is not my own child that I feel any less about this?" I fairly snapped.

Miss Mason gasped, "I'm sorry, really. I only meant—" Her eyes slid to some point behind me, and then met mine with real grief. "That poor woman, that Mrs. Barnes. What can we do or say for her? That's what I mean."

I recalled briefly noticing on my way past the floor desk, a well-dressed woman sitting. Just sitting. The nurse must have seen the dawning horror in my eyes, for she lowered her own immediately and became very businesslike, fussing with papers at the desk.

"Say about what?" I demanded in a half-whisper.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Paterno, I thought since Dr. Browning was the orphanage doctor you might already know." She snapped a rubber band off a notebook. "One of the girls . . . Mildred Barnes . . . was killed."

I TURNED and walked toward the elevator, past the waiting, unmoving woman who still sat there. She was dressed elaborately, as if she had been called away from a party by the news. Her eyes stared vacantly down the corridor; if it weren't for their curious blankness she might have been sitting composedly in a restaurant lobby waiting for a friend who was late for a luncheon appointment . . . I was filled with an aching, bottomless pity—and a violent, unexpected thrust of anger. Why had it happened? What had made it happen? Whose fault was it?

By the next morning everyone in Glendale was asking those questions. According to Jeff it looked as if a man named Reed Nixon was going to have to give the answers. Jeff picked me up on his way to the hospital because he had had word that Pix was conscious, and during the short drive he brought me up to date on the few grim facts that were known. The ten kids, Pixie among them, had (Continued on page 74)

been having a "hot rod" race. Those races had been one of the curses of Playland—of which Reed Nixon was the guiding spirit—ever since it opened. But by some fortunate chance they'd never before led to any of the trouble we had believed inevitable. Jeff said grimly, "Except for the poor Barnes kid I'd almost be glad it happened. None of the others was critically hurt. Maybe this'll get that place closed down once and for all—" He glanced at me and changed his tone. "I don't think Pix was a real old-timer out there, Julie. As a matter of fact one boy told me it all happened because she wasn't the type."

"What?"

KID NAMED Ralph Martin. He just got banged up a bit, and he was pretty coherent. He said Pixie brought them bad luck." Jeff pulled up in front of the hospital and opened the door for me. "I understand Pix was in Chuck Hunter's car when it happened. Julie . . . I don't want to alarm you, but there's going to be trouble over this."

I waited, knowing Jeff was trying to convey a message without putting it in black and white. He frowned worriedly. "I've got a feeling there's going to be trouble of some kind. Just—well, try to get as much information out of Pix as you can, will you—without upsetting her."

Pix was propped against her pillow this morning, still pale and encased in her face-framing turban of bandages, but her eyes were open and she looked altogether alive, though anxious. When she saw me she started up. "Miss Julie! Oh, thank heaven! What's going on?"

I glanced at the nurse, who shook her head slightly. Pixie said impatiently, "They won't talk. They found out I don't remember and they won't tell me a *thing*! Oh, can't we get Dr. Jeff here so they'll quit treating me like a mental case?"

"Take it easy, Pixie, you've got to rest," I said mechanically. My eyes sought the nurse's again, and she said in a low voice, "She doesn't remember anything except getting into the car. Shock'll do that. Nothing to worry about—temporary." With an impersonal smile, she went out.

I hadn't counted on anything like this. Full of anxious affection, I'd been bidding my time impatiently through the whole worried night, even after Jeff said Pixie wasn't badly hurt, until I could talk to her and hold her hand and be sure, myself, that she was going to be all right.

I said cheerfully, "Well, it's not a happy thing, so maybe your subconscious doesn't care to remember. Give yourself time."

"What happened?" Pixie demanded. "Gosh, did I rob a bank and get caught trying to get away?" I laughed, delighted at her liveliness. "No, but seriously," she said. "I remember—Oh, Miss Julie, darling, I remember going out to the Library, only I didn't stay there—I meant I had sort of a date." She looked at me mournfully. "With Chuck Hunter. And—well, I want you to know, it wasn't the first time I said I was going to the Library . . ."

"I know, Pixie."

"You knew? But then why—"

"Because I have a lot of confidence in you, darling. I knew my reasons for disliking Chuck were pretty sound, and I figured sooner or later you'd see them."

"You're wonderful," she said gratefully. "I know what old Dolbie would have done if she were in your boots. But anyway, then—oh yes, then I tried to give him back the bag, you know, the one you said I couldn't keep. And he said—now this is where I still remember everything. He said he wouldn't, and for me to throw it down the sewer if I didn't want it, but I kept saying he had to take it and then finally he said okay, he would, on a condition." Pixie drew a deep breath. "Boy, what a fool I was. I had to go out to Playland with him one last time, he said—I guess you know I disobeyed you three other times, and went. You might as well know everything now."

I squeezed her hand, remembering to look reproachful though inwardly I was relieved. Only three times!

"That's where it gets fuzzy, after we got there." The exposed part of her face grew peaked with concentration, and I said, "Let's leave it, darling."

"No, wait—we came out in Chuck's hot rod, and we met the others, Janey and Carl and . . . Ralph." She paused. "We ate, I remember that, barbecue stuff. And then—" She stared at me helplessly. "Then we got back in the cars, and that's where I black out."

While I was wondering how much, and what, to tell her, the nurse knocked and came in. "Here's your lunch menu, Toots," she said to Pixie. "Check off what you want. Why don't you try some—let me see. "Some chicken, maybe?"

Pixie was staring at the nurse as if she had had a glimpse of unspeakable horrors. "Not chicken! Don't bring me chicken, I loathe it!" Her voice was shrill. "I don't ever want to eat chicken again." Startlingly, she burst into tears. I had only time to press my lips against her cheek before the nurse conveyed me gently but firmly out of the room.

In the hall we came up against Jeff, just on his way in, and the nurse held him there while she briefly told what had happened. Jeff nodded and put a hand on my shoulder. "It's the usual picture—surface calm, and then the breakdown as memory begins to return. A good sign, actually. Wait for me," he ordered.

I was too uneasy, suddenly, to sit still. On impulse, I wandered around the corridor until I found a door with "Hunter, Charles" on it, knocked, and went in.

Chuck's good-looking, sullen face seemed surprisingly healthy and unmarred.

"**H**OW ARE you, Chuck?" I said pleasantly.

"Well, if this isn't kind of you, coming to see the enemy." He grinned, not too nicely. The few times I'd had occasion to talk to Chuck I'd always been aware of that faint sneer he turned on those he considered hostile. I knew why it was there—knew about his mother's struggle and the chip on his shoulder toward people he felt were luckier than he. But knowing didn't mean liking; I didn't like Chuck, and he knew it quite well. "I'm getting along, thanks," he said. "Pix okay? She didn't want—" He stopped abruptly, and the sneer, which had faded, came unmistakably back. "Poor little orphans don't have any luck, do they?"

"Chuck," I said cautiously, "Pix can't remember much of what happened. Maybe

you can tell me—what would there be about chicken to make her excited? Just the word, chicken. Were you eating it, perhaps, just before the accident?"

Chuck studied me intently. "Sure," he said. "That's it. We had barbecued chicken, and then we went over to the race track. Guess we shoulda stood to home, huh? More for Pix's sake than anyone else's, I guess—except Millie."

"Why for Pix's sake?" I demanded quickly. Chuck shrugged. After a moment I said I hoped he would recover quickly, and ducked out. More certain than before that something unsavory was stirring with regard to Pixie—I dared to put it into words now—I found Ralph Martin's room and went in. A drawn-faced man was with him, and I was about to withdraw when Ralph said, "Please don't go, Mrs. Paterno. I'm all right. This is my dad."

I smiled and nodded at Mr. Martin. "I'll only stay a second. I'm glad you're all right, Ralph."

"Why should I be?" the boy said bitterly. "Why should I be all right, and Millie . . . All right, Dad, I won't get excited. But she was my date, you know. She went there with me!"

WITH RALPH's distressed father right there, I couldn't say what I would have liked. I made a definite effort to put the brief conversation on a more cheerful level, and then, just as I was leaving, I asked what I had come to find out. I asked Ralph what they had eaten, all of them, before going to the race track. Both he and his father looked at me as though I was peculiar.

"Eat?" Ralph thought. "The same old stuff, I think. Hot dogs and barbecue."

"Barbecued chicken?"

"No, they don't serve chicken out at Playland. Mr. Mixon said it was too hard to keep, or something."

"They don't serve chicken? You're sure?" My heart was racing. I'd found something! There *was* something! Chuck had lied . . . why? With Ralph's puzzled assurances echoing in my ears, I said goodbye and went back to Pixie's room. I had missed Jeff. The nurse told me to meet him in the main lobby in ten minutes, so I went downstairs and used the time trying to puzzle it out.

Jeff, coming briskly out of the elevator, swept me along to his car. He was grim and angry, and he told me immediately I'd better get set for a shock. "They're blaming the whole thing on Pixie."

I sat dumbfounded, not knowing where to start asking questions. Jeff continued, "The way I get it is this—I got it from Hunter and Martin and the other boys too, the ones I got to talk to. There were two hot rods racing one another. Hunter was driving one, Pixie beside him, three others stuffed into the back—Martin and the girl who was killed, and one other. Well, the race was a pretty routine thing for the others. They say. Of course that's the big thing, you know; they're all scared to death of those races, but they'd rather die than admit it. And one girl did. They all tell the same story—something scared Pixie. She was the outsider, the one who didn't want to go along. At the last minute she turned what they call 'chicken'—got scared, in other words, and grabbed the wheel hysterically (Continued on page 86)

Daytime diary



AUNT JENNY has just told the story of Ann Bennett, a divorcee, who almost allows the unsuccessful experience of her first marriage to block her future happiness. Ann builds up a happy, secure life for herself and her daughter, Suzy, and does not admit—or does not even realize—that basically it is a lonely life. Then her employer, Hal Waring, proposes marriage. What is Suzy's reaction? And what is Ann's? M-F, 12:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Mary Noble is disturbed by the presence of starlet Dora Dean at Rupert Barlow's Long Island home, for she knows that Dora is strongly attracted to Larry, Mary's actor husband. Mary does not realize that Dora has become Barlow's guest as the result of Barlow's newest plan to break up the Nobles' marriage. Will the pretty young actress succeed in capturing Larry's serious attention? M-F, 4 P.M. EST, NBC.

BIG SISTER The long struggle between Dr. John Wayne and Dr. Reed Bannister comes to a climax when a stranger, Dr. Roger Marlowe, becomes director of the Health Center, and Reed and his wife Valerie leave Glen Falls. This could be the beginning of a better relationship between Ruth Wayne and her husband, but instead things become worse when John resents the fact the new head is a younger man than he. M-F, 1 P.M. EST, CBS.

BRIGHTER DAY At last the lingering memory of Nathan Eldredge is gone from Liz Dennis' thoughts. She knows now she does not love him, and also that she is becoming increasingly interested in organist Mark Ellis. Can she help him with the problem of his oncoming blindness? And what will happen to Althea Dennis as stardom seems within her reach? Does this mean the end of relations with her family? M-F, 2:45 P.M. EST, CBS.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL David Farrell, star reporter on the New York *Daily Eagle*, faces one of the most curious problems of his career when he gets involved in the murder of a famous cartoonist, who is killed in a room with a time lock on the door. Did one of the peculiar people living in his home gain entrance to the locked workroom? David and wife Sally help solve the "Case of the Invisible Killer." M-F, 5:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

GUIDING LIGHT The emotional problem between Meta and Joe Roberts seems no closer to solution as his children continue to block their marriage. But an automobile accident brings the situation to a near-tragic climax. Bill Bauer, though he has almost left Bertha for Gloria, begins to wonder if Gloria's real interest isn't in her career. And will Trudy come back from Jamaica with a real romantic interest at last? M-F, 1:45 P.M. EST, CBS.

HILLTOP HOUSE Julie Paterno wonders about the motives behind millionaire Earl Kennifer's fight to get control of the musical prodigy, Tony Roullian, despite the strenuous efforts of Tony's grandparents to keep custody of the child. Tony's mother was the weak spot, unable to resist Kennifer's promises that he would make Tony a great musical genius and give him a wealthy life—if she would sign away her rights. M-F, 3 P.M. EST, CBS.

JUST PLAIN BILL In spite of all his efforts to help, Bill Davidson sees the tragic rift between his friend Stanley Warner and Stanley's wife Bessie grow wider each day. Nancy, Bill's daughter, has also tried to bring the Warners together again, but the quarrel seems too deep for reconciliation. How is Trudy Wellman involved with the Warners? When Bill finds out, he'll be able to help more effectively. M-F, 5 P.M. EST, NBC.

KING'S ROW In a small town, can an extra-marital love escape exposure? Even though Randy McHugh and Dr. Parris Mitchell have admitted their love, they know that Parris' invalid wife will stand between them as long as she lives, and neither would willingly cause Elyse anguish. But there are eyes in Kings Row sharp enough to detect emotional undercurrents and malicious enough to delight in scandal. M-F, 3:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL Chichi, who has been confined to a wheel chair for many months, finally walks again as the result of the shock of Barry's arrest for the murder of Colonel Bell. She and Papa David scarcely have leisure to rejoice over the miracle as they put their heads together to find a way out for Barry. Was the Colonel's death an accident, or did someone desire to get him out of the way? M-F, 3 P.M. EST, NBC.

LONE JOURNEY Wolfe Bennett, now firmly established on the Spear-T Ranch, and Sydney MacKenzie, still struggling with her music school, have openly acknowledged their love, but the shadow of Sydney's missing husband, Lance, still hangs over them. Is Lance really alive, despite the reports of his death during the war? And does mysterious Tao Smith, who knows so much about Lance, know where he is now? M-F, 11:45 A.M. EST, ABC.

LORENZO JONES Lorenzo, in partnership with Dr. Oliver Caldwell, is now working on the biggest invention of his career—a rocket to the moon. As usual, his wife Belle is not at all convinced that this is a good idea, particularly since Lorenzo has again been fired from his only income-producing work, as mechanic at Jim Barker's garage. Lorenzo is upset because Neil Scott, Dr. Caldwell's friend is attentive to Belle. M-F, 5:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

Daytime

diary

(continued)

MA PERKINS What would have happened between Fay and Spencer Grayson if Tom Wells hadn't appeared upon the scene so explosively? In spite of Fay's wedding plans, she cannot avoid knowing that Tom is in love with her—and she cannot help feeling about him in a way that makes her wonder if she really ought to be Spencer's wife. And what will happen when Tom's story is finally published? M-F, 1:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

OUR GAL SUNDAY Lord Henry, arranging for Bob Merrick to come to Fairbrooke to build the new hospital, is unaware that he has invited new complications into his own life and that of his wife Sunday. Sunday immediately senses trouble in the Merrick family, which consists of Bob's invalid wife, their daughter Lynn, and Lynn's friend, Sheila. Is Sunday right in suspecting Sheila is the troublemaker? M-F, 12:45 P.M. EST, CBS.

PERRY MASON Perry Mason's efforts to save May Grant and her daughter have taken him enough outside the law to enable Anna B. Hurley to have him arrested—when and if the police can catch him. Meanwhile, however, Anna herself knows that Perry is drawing closer and closer to the truth about her baby-farming activities, and she is beset by enemies from within as sinister Marcel decides to play his own game. M-F, 2:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY Something that Pepper thought impossible seems to be creeping into his life—a rift between himself and Linda as their continued childlessness begins to prey on Linda's mind. She became so attached to baby Edie that after the child was returned to its own parents she refused to consider adopting a child. Pepper cannot seem to help Linda in her emotional turmoil. M-F, 3:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS As Carolyn endeavors to ease the burden of Miles' duties as governor, she runs more and more counter to the plans of powerful Annette Thorpe, who has never become reconciled to the marriage of Carolyn and Miles. Annette is now working on a new scheme to discredit Carolyn not only personally but politically as well. How is she planning to use Neil Prescott for this purpose? M-F, 3:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

ROAD OF LIFE In spite of the lack of proof, Dr. Jim Brent's suspicions of Conrad Overton and Gordon Fuller will not be denied. The fire that endangers Jim's daughter, Janie, confirms Jim in his belief that Overton is after something to use against him. What it is, or how he plans to use it, Jim does not know; but he does know that Overton's pretty niece, Jocelyn McLeod, is also in danger from her uncle. M-F, 3:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT Cynthia Swanson, who worked hard to make Gil Whitney marry her, is now working just as hard to evade his insistence that they have the marriage annulled. But in spite of Cynthia's clever scheming, and the help given her by columnist Daisy Parker, Gil becomes determined to end the meaningless marriage. Will she find an ally in Berkeley Bailey, who loves Helen? M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

ROSEMARY Just as Bill Roberts thought he was cutting Blanche Weatherby out of his life, she succeeds in involving him more than ever by getting herself shot, accusing him of her murder before she dies. Immediately Rosemary leaves Springdale and goes to New York to stand by Bill's side. The case against him looks very strong, but she never stops hoping that somehow his friends will discover the truth. M-F, 11:45 A.M. EST, CBS.

SECOND MRS. BURTON Stan Burton's foolish mother finally realizes her folly when her murderous husband tries to kill her for her money. With this attempt foiled, Rupert Gorham's whole plot crumbles and he is convicted of the murder of Ralph Kirkland. Even Mother Burton now admits Terry's suspicions justified. As for Terry, she wonders how Stan feels about the designing job offered her. M-F, 2 P.M. EST, CBS.

STELLA DALLAS On the eve of Hollis Page's wedding to Bob James, she disappears. Ben Jasper, the decorator who is redoing a room in the Grosvenor mansion, had threatened to upset the wedding plans, and Stella strongly suspects that he found some way to make good his threats. In the meantime Stella begins to fear for her daughter Laurel, who as the wife of Dick Grosvenor is in daily contact with Jasper. M-F, 4:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

STRANGE ROMANCE OF EVELYN WINTERS Gary Bennet, returning to New York with actress Cecily Lockwood to produce a new play, still refuses to recognize that his young ward, Evelyn Winters, is grown up enough to resent Cecily's attempts to monopolize Gary. Gary, in turn, is disturbed by the attentions Evelyn is receiving from wealthy Bruce Holliday. Is Bruce a playboy or something else? M-F, 11 A.M. EST, ABC.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE Nurse Nora Drake and Dr. Robert Sergeant seem destined to bring one another unhappiness in spite of their love. Though Robert is divorced from the beautiful Vivian, she retains a hold on him through their adolescent daughter Grace, and has threatened to use this hold in such a way that to protect Grace, Robert may be forced to return to her. Will Nora have to give Robert up? M-F, 2:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

WENDY WARREN Even though Wendy and Mark had finally decided to get married, Wendy wasn't entirely happy because she knew that part of Mark's mind was in a partial amnesia. But the coming of Roseanna solves the mystery, when the lovely German girl reveals that she and Mark were secretly married during his European trip. What will the shock of this revelation do to Mark's already unstable nerves? M-F, 12 Noon EST, CBS.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES The love of Joan and Harry Davis has stood staunch through many trials—danger and poverty and the efforts of enemies to make them distrustful of one another. Now, however, it has a more difficult test to weather—the test of prosperity. Will Harry's success really change his personality in such a way that his ideas and Joan's for the first time, will go along different tracks to different goals? M-F, 11:30 A.M. EST, ABC.

THE WOMAN IN MY HOUSE The Carter family had always been a close, affectionate group until the children started growing up. Then Jim Carter began to fear that he was losing his children, for their own multiplying interests drew them away from the family circle. However, lately, through his oldest son Jeff, Jim has had reason to understand that family ties grow stronger as they are tested. M-F, 4:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

YOUNG DR. MALONE In some ways Crystal Williams knows she is getting only what she deserves, for she was pretty sure when he married her that Gene wasn't wholeheartedly in love with her, and she went ahead anyway. Now, however, his prolonged neglect has finally shaken her hope that they can achieve happiness together. In her resentment, Crystal may do something foolish. Will Joe Burns be involved? M-F, 1:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN Almost since the beginning of Ellen Brown's engagement to Dr. Anthony Loring, everyone in Simpsonville has known that Anthony's sister, Victoria, means to prevent their marriage. Though she knows from experience to what lengths Victoria's hatred of her will go, Ellen tries to help when Victoria finds herself in trouble. How will Victoria repay Ellen's kindness? M-F, 4:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

Poetry

(Continued)

THE BLACK OILCLOTH CAT

The black oilcloth cat
In a gutter sat
And his heart was as heavy as lead,
For he'd been sadly neglected
And left unprotected
And he heartily wished he were dead.

His body was soaked,
He felt quite provoked,
His pride had suffered a blow.
His oilcloth grew streaky,
His yarn eyes got weepy,
O, great indeed was his woe!

Tho' his heart was sore tried
And he fain would have cried
He greeted the world with a grin,
And when morning came round
Not a thing could be found
In the place where the black cat had
been.

But his smile seemed to stay
To brighten the way
And make up for any small lack.
Can you stick to your grin
When trouble rolls in
Like the little, old, black oilcloth cat?

LUCILE BRANDA

TIMBERLINE

What anguish can ever compare to
these
Bruised and beaten, pain-twisted trees
Dwelling on this high, wind-tortured
crest
Where despair has no place to hide
or rest?
Beauty speaks with a violent tongue,
And Fury is the shouting song that's
sung,
Up here where the starving earth
crawls and dies
Tasting granite so near to the skies.
I raise my eyes and search beyond
this place
And hurl the question into timeless
space!

DOROTHY LOWELL JACKSON



Only one soap
gives your skin this

Exciting Bouquet

And Cashmere Bouquet is proved extra mild... leaves
your skin softer, fresher, younger looking!

Now Cashmere Bouquet Soap—with the lingering, irresistible
“fragrance men love”—is proved by test to be extra mild
too! Yes, so amazingly mild that its gentle lather
is ideal for *all types* of skin—dry, oily, or normal! And
daily cleansing with Cashmere Bouquet helps bring
out the flower-fresh softness, the delicate smoothness,
the exciting loveliness you long for! Use
Cashmere Bouquet Soap regularly... for the
finest complexion care... for a fragrant
invitation to romance!

Complexion and
big Bath Sizes



Cashmere
Bouquet
Soap

—Adorns your skin with the
fragrance men love!

Fun of the month

Talent Scouts

Says Arthur: "I ran into some trouble flying up to New York for my program—at 8 000 feet above Washington I almost bumped into some meat prices."

Talent Scouts: Monday, 8:30 P.M. EST, CBS and CBS-TV.

Halls of Ivy

Ronald Colman's recipe for his program's success: "Don Quinn writes the big words, Director Nat Wolff throws some of them out. And what stays in Benita mispronounces!"

Halls of Ivy: Wednesday, 8:00 P.M. EST, NBC.

Pulitzer Prize Playhouse

Announcer Jimmy Blaine, the last words of his commercial still echoing through ABC-TV's Studio #1, sauntered out, snatched up his suitcase, climbed in beside his wife at the wheel of his car, and was off for a New England vacation. In a minute his car was back, screeching to a halt. Blaine still had a final commercial to do!

Pulitzer Prize Playhouse: Friday, 9:00 P.M. EST, ABC.

You Bet Your Life

When the young soldier told Groucho that he was just a buck private, Groucho asked . . . "and what would you like to be?"

"A civilian!" said the soldier.

"Sorry, we're full up," replied Groucho, "but leave your name at the front office, and if anything turns up, we'll let you know."

You Bet Your Life: Wednesday, 9:00 P.M. EST, NBC.

Meet Corliss Archer

Corliss: Dexter, why don't you settle down and try to get something out of school? Turn over a new leaf.

Dexter: There's not much sense turning over a new leaf in my algebra book. All you find on the next page is another algebra problem.

Meet Corliss Archer: Sunday, 9:00 P.M. EST, CBS.

Red Skelton Show

O'Connor: Why didn't you get a job before this?

Skelton: I was unable to work because of my ailment.

O'Connor: What ailment?

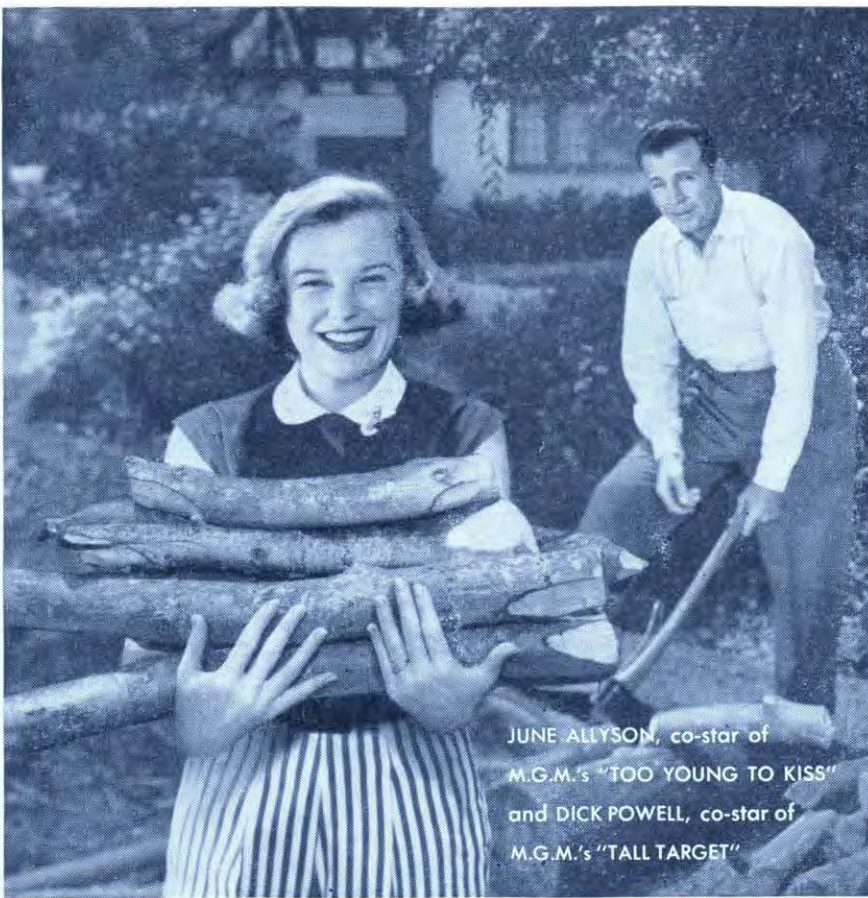
Skelton: I'm lazy.

Red Skelton Show: Sunday, 8:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

Senator Ford's Can You Top This

Senator Ford tells this one: The owner of a hole-in-the-wall "greasy spoon" restaurant was complaining to his waiter that the customers were constantly complaining about the soup. "It's fine soup," the owner cried, "the best!" The waiter answered, "That's the trouble, boss. That's just what makes the customers so grouchy. If the chef would admit it's soup, everything would be okay. But he claims it's coffee!"

Senator Ford's Can You Top This is heard Tuesday, 8:00 P.M. EST, ABC.



JUNE ALLYSON, co-star of M.G.M.'s "TOO YOUNG TO KISS" and DICK POWELL, co-star of M.G.M.'s "TALL TARGET"

"My husband is tearing our place apart!"

"There isn't a more considerate husband in the world than Dick Powell," June Allyson boasted. "But I'm afraid he'll leave me 'homeless'! When he isn't breaking through walls of the house, he's out chopping trees. I like to help, but days like this are murder for my hands."



"Sometimes he takes the furniture apart to refinish it. I help and afterwards my hands beg for soothing Jergens Lotion."



"I learned at the studio Jergens doesn't just coat skin, it softens because it penetrates and furnishes moisture."

"So no matter how I abuse my hands, Jergens Lotion keeps them lovely for studio closeups—and for Dick."

Try Jergens Lotion. See why Hollywood stars prefer Jergens 7-to-1. Jergens is still only 10¢ to \$1, plus tax.



Program highlights in television viewing

New York City and Suburbs and New Haven Channel 6
September 11 to October 10

Baseball Schedule for Television Viewing

DATE	TIME	GAME	CHANNEL
Tuesday, Sept. 11	8:30 P.M.	St. Louis vs. Yank.	11
Th.-Fri., Sept. 13-14	2:30 P.M.	Detroit vs. Yank.	5 & 11
Saturday, Sept. 15	2:00 P.M.	Detroit vs. Yank.	5 & 11
Sunday, Sept. 16	2:00 P.M.	Cleve. vs. Yankees	5 & 11
Monday, Sept. 17	2:30 P.M.	Cleve. vs. Yankees	5 & 11
Tuesday, Sept. 18	8:30 P.M.	Chicago vs. Yank.	11
Thursday, Sept. 20	2:30 P.M.	Chicago vs. Yank.	5 & 11
Saturday, Sept. 22	1:30 P.M.	Boston vs. Giants	11
"	8:30 P.M.	Phila. vs. Dodgers	9
Sunday, Sept. 23	2:00 P.M.	Phila. vs. Dodgers	9 & 6
"	2:30 P.M.	Boston vs. Giants	11
Monday, Sept. 24	1:30 P.M.	Boston vs. Giants	11
Tuesday, Sept. 25	2:30 P.M.	Phila. vs. Yankees	5 & 11
Friday, Sept. 28	2:30 P.M.	Boston vs. Yankees	5 & 11
Sat.-Sun., Sept. 29-30	2:00 P.M.	Boston vs. Yankees	5 & 11

Announcers and sportscasters for the Giant games include Russ Hodges and Ernie Harwell; for the Yankee games, Mel Allen, Dizzy Dean and Art Gleason; for the Dodger games, Red Barber, Connie Desmond and Vince Scully.

Monday through Friday

- 11:00 A.M. Rudy Vallee Show • 4**
The vagabond crooner, one of the pioneers in radio, premieres his brand-new, full-hour variety.
- 11:30 A.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 6**
Warren Hull emcees quiz for worthy contestants.
- 12:00 Noon Ruth Lyons' 50 Club • 4**
The popular Cincinnati audience-participation program premieres on the network Oct. 1, starring Ruth Lyons with her folksy chatter.
- 12:00 Noon Frances Langford & Don Ameche • 7**
The two stars promise a well-rounded hour of comedy, interviews, song and audience quiz.
- 1:30 P.M. Garry Moore Show • 2**
Garry, who spent his month vacation aboard a 40-foot boat, back with first mate Durward Kirby.

- 2:30 P.M. First Hundred Years • 2**
Jimmy Lydon and Olive Stacey, the young married couple, learn about wedded bliss? the hard way.
- 3:00 P.M. Miss Susan • 4**
The daily problems of a brave and busy woman attorney with Susan Peters in the title role.
- 3:30 P.M. Fashion Magic • 2 (Tuesday)**
Clever, easy, economical suggestions for getting the most out of your clothes from one of the world's best dressed women, Arlene Francis.
- 4:00 P.M. Kate Smith Show • 4**
Kate and Ted Collins return from her Lake Placid home, "Camp Sunshine," with their full-hour of music, fashion, entertainment and interviews.
- 5:00 P.M. Sheriff Bob Dixon • 2**
Wonderful for everyone interested in woodcraft, outdoor life, handicrafts and Indian lore.
- 5:00 P.M. Hawkins Falls, Pop. 6200 • 4**
Still waters run deep and dramatic, proven in this serial of life in a small, quiet town.
- 5:30 P.M. Howdy Doody • 4 & 6**
Mr. Television, Jr., with creator Bob Smith.
- 7:00 P.M. Kukla, Fran and Ollie • 4 & 6**
Business as usual again with the winsome Kukupolitans, creator Burr Tillstrom and Fran Allison.
- 7:00 P.M. Captain Video • 5**
Out of this world drama of the future, starring Al Hodges, a Long Island commuter, in title role.
- 7:45 P.M. Perry Como (M, W, F) • 2**
Como's back with top tunes and the Fontanes.
- 7:45 P.M. News Caravan • 4 & 6**
John Cameron Swayze with newsreels of the day.

Monday P.M.

- 7:30 P.M. Hollywood Screen Test • 7**
Neil Hamilton, "screen test director," puts actor candidates through auditions in their bid for Hollywood fame with guest stars on hand.
- 8:00 P.M. Lux Video Theatre • 2 & 6**
Stories of romance and adventure with the light touch, featuring star actors of screen and stage.
- 8:00 P.M. Paul Winchell Show • 4**
On September 17, Jerry Mahoney returns (Paul, too) with their comedy and musical variety quiz.
- 8:00 P.M. March of Time Through the Years • 7**
Time Magazine's documentary with John Daly as commentator and moderator of group discussions.
- 8:30 P.M. Godfrey's Talent Scouts • 2**
Arthur introduces new faces and voices to TV.
- 8:30 P.M. Voice of Firestone • 4 & 6**
Concert time with outstanding musicians and singers. Howard Barlow conducting.
- 9:00 P.M. Wrestling with Dennis James • 5**
Dennis with his unpredictable mike-handling of bone-crushing from Columbia Park, N. J.
- 9:30 P.M. It's News to Me • 2 & 6**
John Daly scrambles to another show. This time a quiz on news events. Panelists: lecturer Henry Faulk, actress Anna Lee, professor Quincy Howe and TV's own Robin Chandler.
- 9:30 P.M. Maugham Theatre • 4**
Full-hour dramatic productions adapted from the writings of celebrated W. Somerset Maugham. Biweekly: Sept. 17 & Oct. 1. Alternating with—
Robert Montgomery Presents
The talented actor-director is host to elaborately produced plays. Sept. 24 & Oct. 8.
- 10:00 P.M. Studio One • 2 & 6**
The pace-setting dramatic show returns for the fall. Alternating director, Lela Swift, got her start as secretary to a CBS executive.
- 10:30 P.M. Who Said That? • 4**
Newsmen Robert Trout, who dreams of the day when he can sail around the world, emcees this panel quiz-identification of topical quotations.

7:30 P.M. Beulah • 7

Academy Award winner Hattie McDaniel, who protested playing the TV counterpart of her radio show plus moviemaking was too much work, has at last agreed to take over the role of the wise-cracking housekeeper for the Henderson family. Filmed in Hollywood.

8:00 P.M. Texaco Star Theatre • 4 & 6

Music, fun and dance reach the Berling point on September 18, the day Milton gets back to his laughing-gas station after a vacation abroad. Until then, Meet the Press in this time.

8:30 P.M. Johns Hopkins Science Review • 5

This Peabody Award winner begins its second winter series this week and here is proof positive that a science program, produced and cast with college professors, can be as exciting and entertaining as most other shows on TV.

9:00 P.M. Fireside Theatre • 4

The ironical, the whimsical, the unexpected tricks of fate that suddenly change a person's course of life make for drama in these stories filmed in Hollywood and cast with movie people.

9:00 P.M. Cavalcade of Bands • 5

Buddy Rogers, who served five years during the past war as a test pilot for the Navy, is your host to the top bands of the nation with the kind of variety you'd find on Broadway's stages.

9:00 P.M. Q. E. D. • 7

Q.E.D., meaning "that which is proven" with popular radio announcer, Fred Uttal as moderator. Experts unraveling audience-submitted problems are producer Hi Brown, musician-magician Richard Himber and actress Nina Foch, daughter of Dirk Foch, once conductor of the London Symphony.

9:00 P.M. Boxing from Westchester County Center • 9

Beginning October 2, bouts scheduled by matchmaker Joe McKenna. At the mike with blow-by-blow commentary, Stan Lomax and Dick Nesbitt.

9:30 P.M. Suspense • 2 & 6

In addition to the usual exciting mystery dramas, producer-director Robert Stevens now presents every few weeks documentary stories in the same suspense-plotted framework.

9:30 P.M. Circle Theatre • 4

Back on its fall schedule with Nelson Case as host to star-cast plays that feature stories of light romance and comedy of everyday life.

9:30 P.M. Life Begins at Eighty • 7

Jack Barry, son of a handkerchief manufacturer, poses questions of sense and nonsense to the only panel show that can claim over 400 years' experience. Experts: Georgiana Carhart, 85, John Dranury, 90, Fred Stein, 82, and guests.

10:00 P.M. Danger • 2

High tension dramas of people living under a threat. Charles W. Russell, producer, learned about danger in the radio role of Johnny Dollar.

10:00 P.M. Original Amateur Hour • 4 & 6

Amateurs, young and old, make a bid for your votes and a chance at show business. Host Ted Mack enjoys the program so much that once he broke into an exuberant, unrehearsed tap-dance that brought in a good number of unexpected votes.

7:30 P.M. Chance of a Lifetime • 7

The ever-popular, audience-participation quiz with prizes worth up to \$500 plus the riddle "Mystery Voice" that grows and grows into prizes worth thousands. John Reed King, a sailboat enthusiast, heads the show with lovely assistant Cindy Cameron, comedian Dick Collier, and dancers Russel Arms and Liza Palmer.

8:00 P.M. Godfrey and His Friends • 2 & 6

If you don't buy Arthur's commercials, you've got a fight with the National Sales Executives who two years in a row voted him the "nation's top salesman." In this variety show, his friends are Marion Marlowe, Janette Davis, Frank Parker, Haleloke, backed up by the Chordettes, Mariners and Archie Bleyer's orchestra.

9:00 P.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 6

Handsome announcer, Warren Hull, is host on this audience quiz that gives worthy contestants a chance to earn up to \$500. A recent winner of \$195 to pay a doctor bill was a real Indian princess, Molly Spotted Elk.

9:00 P.M. Kraft Theatre • 4

One of the first and still one of the best 60-minute dramatic shows on TV. While in the beginning most works were adapted from the classics of the theatre, present policy calls for more original scripts, all capably produced.

9:00 P.M. New Kate Smith Show • 4

In addition to her daytime shows, Kate premieres on September 19, a night-time extravaganza featuring star comics, Hollywood personalities in dramatic skits, variety and her own lovely voice.

9:00 P.M. Don McNeill's TV Club • 7

Back again this week, Toastmaster Don and the large sparkling cast including Sam "Clowning" Cowling, Fran Allison as Aunt Fanny, vocalists Peggy Lee and Johnny Desmond. From Chicago.

9:30 P.M. The Web • 2

Powerful spine-tinglers, adapted from the pens of the Mystery Writers of America. Franklin Heller, producer, has played more than 100 Shakespearean roles in his acting career.

9:30 P.M. Wrestling • 7 & 6

In the "foxhole," Wayne Griffin, who has gone far afield from his chosen career as an electrical engineer, gives you side comment on the action, color and comedy as the matmen gnash their teeth and perform their peculiar mayhem.

10:00 P.M. Break the Bank • 4

Bert Parks, who got his start in radio at 16 as a \$7-a-week announcer, offers generous prizes, of \$10 to \$500, for ten questions plus a cash bank of many thousands for the big question. Bud Collyer, host. Peter Van Steeden's music.

10:00 P.M. International Boxing Club • 2 & 6

Prime bouts by IBC's matchmaker Al Weill. Russ Hodges handles the mike assignment from Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis and New York.

10:00 P.M. International Playhouse • 5

Full-length English films, originally produced for theatres. Many exceptionally fine movies.

10:00 P.M. Playwrights' Theatre • 7

A premiere not to be missed on October 3 when this new hour-long dramatic program begins a biweekly schedule. \$35,000 will go into each show and many plays will be chosen from works of The Playwrights' Company that includes foremost dramatists such as Robert E. Sherwood, Sidney Kingsley, S. N. Behrman, Maxwell Anderson and Elmer Rice.

10:30 P.M. Dave Garroway • 4

Super showman Dave Garroway back from Europe where he wire-recorded his impressions. Now in a new time spot with the same great cast: comic Cliff Norton, singers Betty Chapel, baritone Jack Haskell, and Connie Russell.

- 7:30 P.M. The Lone Ranger • 7**
The intrepid Masked Rider and his scout, Tonto, ride dangerously to carry out Western justice.
- 8:00 P.M. Burns and Allen • 2**
Gracie and George continue their hilarious escapades, explaining they sandwiched their "vacations" in at Lake Arrowhead between work. Other hardy cast members: Bill Goodwin, John Brown and Bea Benadaret. Biweekly: Sept. 13 and 27. Alternating with—
- Starlight Theatre**
Thirty-minute stories of comedy and romance, on film, with Hollywood actors. Sept. 20 and Oct. 4.
- 8:00 P.M. It Pays to be Ignorant • 4**
The crazy satire on quiz programs with baffled Tom Howard as quizmaster. Nonsensical panel panners: querulous George Shelton, obtuse Harry McNaughton and rasper Lulu McConnell. Groucho Marx returns to this spot on October 4.
- 8:00 P.M. Stop the Music • 7 & 6**
Bert Parks, home from his European jaunt, offers the Mystery Melody, worth as much as \$15,000 in prizes. On hand with vocal-visual clues, Jimmy Blaine, Betty Ann Grove, golden-haired Marion Morgan.
- 8:30 P.M. Amos 'n' Andy • 2**
Laugh-laden situation comedy with characterizations highly satisfying for fans of this famous duo. Wonderful Tim Moore, as the Kingfish, was once a jockey as well as a boxer.
- 8:30 P.M. Treasury Men in Action • 4**
From the closed files of the U. S. Treasury Department, hard-hitting dramas of T-Men investigations. Walter Greaza, a professional actor since 1919, plays the "Chief of the Bureau."
- 9:00 P.M. Alan Young Show • 2**
A highpoint in TV pleasure for Alan's comedy skits continue to be as fresh and funny as ever. Alan, born of Scottish parents in England, came to the U.S. in 1944, by the way of Canada where he stopped over for 19 years with his parents.
- 9:00 P.M. Ford Festival • 4**
Well-known baritone, James Melton, who makes his home on Long Island, with an hour of music and dance. Regulars in the cast: Dorothy Wrenskjold, John Reed King and David Broekman directing the chorus and 32-piece orchestra.
- 9:00 P.M. Ellery Queen • 5**
Hollywood actor Lee Bowman, once a law student at the University of Cincinnati, in the title role of the suave, ingenious super-criminologist.
- 9:30 P.M. Big Town • 2**
Steve Wilson as Pat McVey, the rugged, dynamic newspaperman who frequently faces death to get his story. Wilson may look familiar to war veterans for he made 15 training films while in the Army. Mary K. Wells as Lorelei.
- 9:30 P.M. The Guild Theatre • 7**
Starting September 27, a weekly half-hour dramatic show with top-ranking stage and screen stars in leading roles, filmed in Hollywood. Until then, Blind Date with Arlene Francis.
- 10:00 P.M. Martin Kane, Private Eye • 4 & 6**
The quiet, pipe-smoking detective returns to crime-chasing but with a new look. San Francisco-born Lloyd Nolan, well-known for his many screen roles, is the new Martin Kane.
- 10:30 P.M. Crime Photographer • 2**
The strong, astute lensman, Casey, played by Richard Carlyle, who for a time played the leading male role in "A Streetcar Named Desire." John Gibson as Ethelbert, the patient bartender.
- 10:30 P.M. Quick on the Draw • 4**
A panel of show people are challenged with cartoon-charades, drawn by Bob Durin. Hostess Eloise McElhone teases, jibes and moderates.

- 7:30 P.M. Say It with Acting • 7**
Emcees Maggi McNellis and Bud Collyer with the funful game of charades as guest teams from Broadway plays compete. Sept. 14 & 28. Alternating with—
- Life With Linkletter**
Art Linkletter, after a summer breather, returns with his popular ad-lib interviews, filmed in Hollywood. Sept. 21 & Oct. 5.
- 8:00 P.M. Mama • 2 & 6**
Note the copper coffee kettle used in this heart-warming show. It's over 150 years old. Lovely Peggy Wood stars as Mama; Judson Laire as Papa; Robin Morgan, Dagmar; Dickie Van Paten, Nels; Rosemary Rice, Katrin.
- 8:00 P.M. Quiz Kids • 4**
The nation's youngest brain trust proved their hearts are as warm as their IQs are high by recently adopting a French war orphan. Joel Kupperman, Melvin Miles, Naomi Cook, Harvey Dytch and Ann Wilhelm catch visual questions and problems thrown by Joe Kelly, chief quizmaster.
- 8:00 P.M. Twenty Questions • 5**
The video version of "animal, vegetable or mineral" with Bill Slater, ex-schoolteacher, as emcee. The show stars Fred Van Deventer, Florence Rinard, Herb Polesie and Johnny McFee.
- 8:00 P.M. Jerry Colonna Show • 7**
The hysterical, mustachioed Colonna, once a longshoreman in Boston, with comedy and music assisted by blue-eyed Barbara Ruick, comic-singer Gordon Polk, laughman Paul Sells and Del Sharbut.
- 8:30 P.M. Man Against Crime • 2**
Actor Ralph Bellamy, with a new summer tan, stars again as Mike Barnett, tough, tall private eye who always gets his man and woman, too.
- 8:30 P.M. We, The People • 4 & 6**
On September 28, genial host Dan Seymour returns with his unusual, provocative anecdotes of people from all walks of life, replacing the current production of The Clock.
- 8:30 P.M. The Ruggles • 7**
Family comedy, filmed in Hollywood, starring Charles Ruggles, who, as a rabid dog fancier turned his San Fernando Valley Ranch into one of the country's largest dog kennels.
- 9:00 P.M. Playhouse of Stars • 2**
Premiere performance October 5 of a superb, weekly dramatic hour. Last year's sponsor of Pulitzer Playhouse will present shows of the same quality with leading actors, among whom will be Walter Hampden and Helen Hayes, exclusively contracted for this ambitious series. Until October, Film Firsts continues with movies in this slot.
- 9:00 P.M. Big Story • 4 & 6**
Dramatizations of actual reporters cracking a big story with the accent this month on murders. Sept. 14, Story of Alan Kohan of the Omaha *World Herald*; Sept. 21, Ruth Mugglebee of the Boston *Record American*; Sept. 28, Nolan Bullock of the Tulsa *Tribune*.
- 9:30 P.M. The Aldrich Family • 4**
The perennial Centerville family shifts to this Friday night slot after breaking the Sunday peace with their laugh-getting confusion. Dick Tyler as Henry; Jackie Kelk as Homer.
- 10:00 P.M. Cavalcade of Sports • 4 & 6**
IBC bouts scheduled in New York's famous Madison Square Garden. Sport announcers to be rotated from week to week.
- 10:00 P.M. Cavalcade of Stars • 5**
Brooklyn-born emcee, Jackie Gleason, heads the stellar cast with the June Taylor Dancers.

12:00 Noon Big Top • 2

Big black bears, tumblers, aerialists and other exciting acts that thrill young and old. Ringmaster Jack Sterling, strong man Dan Lurie, clowns Ed McMahon and Chris Keegan and Joe Basile with his 65-piece Brass Kings Band.

2:30 P.M. College Football

About September 29, you'll be able to dial in gridiron play but, due to restrictions by the N.C.A.A., TV schedules will be made up on short notice to test TV's affect on game attendance.

5:00 P.M. Italian Feature Films • 9

Masterly productions from Italian studios, all with English titles: Sept. 15, "Friendship" with Nino Vesolzi, Sept. 22, "La Traviata" with Maria Cebotari, Sept. 29, "Lively Teresa" with Lilia Silvi, Oct. 6, "Barber of Seville," narrated by Milton Cross.

7:00 P.M. Sammy Kaye Show • 2

Maestro Kaye with the novelty music and acts that have made his band a long-time favorite, including his "So You Want to Lead a Band Contest." Barbara Benson is featured vocalist.

7:00 P.M. Victor Borge • 4

The Droll Dane returns from his California home and tomato garden with his superb piano interpretations and wonderful, provocative humor.

7:30 P.M. Beat the Clock • 2

Prizes worth \$100 and more for studio contestants who perform zany parlor stunts with emcee Bud Collyer, whose sister June, Stu Erwin's wife, can be seen same time, different channel.

7:30 P.M. One Man's Family • 4

Gracious Marjorie Gateson, who got into show business via a chorus line, plays Mother Barbour in this beloved, homey series. Bert Lytell, father.

7:30 P.M. Stu Erwin Show • 7

June Collyer (see Beat the Clock) co-stars in this family comedy centered around the problems of a high school principal. Filmed in Hollywood but the Erwins make their home in New York.

8:00 P.M. Ken Murray Show • 2 & 6

Ken mixed business with vacation and turned up some new beauties for his fall glamour-lovely line. Darla Hood returns as the show continues to mix guest stars, dance, music and laughs.

8:00 P.M. All Star Revue • 5

Top-name comedians, including Jimmy Durante, Ed Wynn, Danny Thomas and Jack Carson, for an hour of great entertainment, each seen on a rotating basis every Saturday night.

8:00 P.M. TV Teen Club • 7

Paul Whiteman's talent factory, co-emceed by sweet-sixteen Nancy Lewis, a fashion model at five, who sings, dances, plays piano.

9:00 P.M. Wonderful Town • 2 & 6

Fabulous Faye Emerson takes you on a tour of one of America's most exciting cities.

9:00 P.M. Your Show of Shows • 4

The biggest revue (90 minutes) on TV with wonderful song and dance interpretations, a galaxy of star performers and headlining in capital red letters, SID CAESAR and IMOGENE COCA.

9:30 P.M. The Show Goes On • 2 & 6

Genial comic, Robert Q. Lewis, brings before the camera entertainment buyers and talent.

10:00 P.M. Songs for Sale • 2

Steve Allen, himself the composer of "Let's Go to Church Sunday," emcees. New song writers vie for prizes with unpublished works, sung by guest stars and judged by a panel of experts.

10:30 P.M. Your Hit Parade • 4 & 6

Back in the fall, as they promised, with the nation's choices in popular tunes. Eileen Wilson, Dorothy Collins and Snooky Lanson lead the vocalizing, backed up by the Hit Paraders and Raymond Scott's orchestra.

4:00 P.M. Meet the Press • 4

No holds are barred as news correspondents try to pin down congressmen and government officials making controversial news. Martha Rountree and Lawrence Spivak are moderators.

4:30 P.M. Zoo Parade • 4

Colorful, peculiar birds and animals from Chicago's Lincoln Park Zoo make a fascinating program with narrator R. Marlin Perkins, zoo director and announcer Jim Hurlbut.

5:00 P.M. Gabby Hayes • 4

Genial, grizzled Gabby, who confides he sleeps with his beard outside the covers, with some rootin'-tootin' whoppers and dramatizations of heroes in the early days of American history.

5:00 P.M. Super Circus • 7

Thrills from "the greatest show on earth" with cheerful bandleader Mary Hartline, who smiled her way through polio five years ago, ringmaster Claude Kirchner, clowns Cliff and Nicky.

6:00 P.M. Hopalong Cassidy • 4

Gun-blastin', hoof-beatin' Westerns starring Bill Boyd whose prized possession is a first edition of C. E. Mulford's first "Hopalong" novel.

6:00 P.M. Ted Mack Family Hour • 7

A pleasant, enjoyable hour interlude "fathered" by genial Ted Mack. Regular favorites: Mack Triplets, Jean Steel, Dick Byrd, Mildred Lang.

7:00 P.M. Gene Autry • 2

Thrills where the buffaloes roam featuring the Singing Cowboy. Gene, an ex-railroad telegrapher, once dispatched his own rodeo train.

7:00 P.M. Bob Hope • 4

Beginning Oct. 7, thirty-minute fun fest starring Bob Hope once a month. Rotating comedians. Until then, Leave It To The Girls.

7:00 P.M. Paul Whiteman Revue • 7 & 6

Many years ago a cab driver, Pop leads his current handwagon of musical and dancing stars featuring Earl Wrightson and Maureen Cannon.

7:30 P.M. This is Show Business • 2 & 6

High-scoring wit and entertainment distinguish this show returning for the season. Ex-book reviewer Clifton Fadiman is host to top talent and the erudite panel of guests and regulars, playwright George S. Kaufman and Abe Burrows.

8:00 P.M. Toast of the Town • 2 & 6

The multiple-award winning variety show directed and emceed by Ed Sullivan with the Toastettes, Ray Bloch's music and outstanding entertainment.

8:00 P.M. The Comedy Hour • 4

This Sunday (Sept. 16) Spike Jones and his city Slickers raise their mad havoc. The show continues last year's policy of rotating the nation's favorite comics with Lewis and Martin, Eddie Cantor and Donald O'Connor definitely lined up.

9:00 P.M. Fred Waring Show • 2

The big Waring aggregation, after a summer of work and play in Shawnee-on-Delaware, Pa., return 60-strong with star lyric soprano Jane Wilson, balladeers Joan Wheatley and Joe Marine, comedienne Daisy Bernier and a host of others.

9:00 P.M. Philco TV Playhouse • 4 & 6

Among the very best of TV's hour dramatic shows. Scripts adapted from contemporary novels.

10:00 P.M. Celebrity Time • 2 & 6

The impeccable Conrad Nagel with entertaining visual problems as celebrities of both sexes team up with Broadway star Mary McCarty and Herman Hickman.

10:00 P.M. The Red Skelton Show • 4

The famous "mean widdle boy," comic favorite of radio and movies, premieres in his "bwand-new" show on September 30. Filmed in Hollywood. Until then, American Forum of the Air.



Faith's ring

SHE'S ENGAGED

Charming FAITH ROBBINS of Short Hills, New Jersey, and James T. Phillips of New York announced their engagement on Easter Eve. Their exciting plans included an afternoon wedding with four bridesmaids and a maid of honor in the wedding procession, escorting Faith.



SHE'S LOVELY

Faith's sunny, blue eyes have a sweetly serious look that belies her fascinating dimples. Her dark brown hair frames a complexion velvet-soft and perfect as pink hawthorn blossoms. Hers is a face that shows you *at once* the enchanting warmth of her Inner Self.

SHE USES POND'S

FAITH ROBBINS—She's gay, a perfect darling, and her lovely Pond's complexion is something to envy.

"Look your best and you can't help having fun,"

FAITH SAYS

WHEN YOU KNOW you *look* your nicest, it gives you a wonderful *confidence*.

Faith feels that every girl's key to her own best looks is a soft, smooth complexion. The secret of Faith's lovely skin is Pond's. "Cream-cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream is just fabulous—leaves my skin so *clean*, so *soft*. I wouldn't skip it for a single night," she says.

Your skin, too, will love Pond's *cream* cleansing. *It can't be drying*. Every night (for day cleansings, too) use *your* Pond's Cold Cream as Faith does. *This is the way:*

Hot Stimulation—a good hot water splashing.

Cream Cleanse—swirl light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream all over your face and throat to soften dirt and make-up. Sweep them from pore openings. Tissue off.

Cream Rinse—more Pond's now, to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue off.

Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash.

Now—don't you like the soft, *sparkling* complexion your mirror shows you?

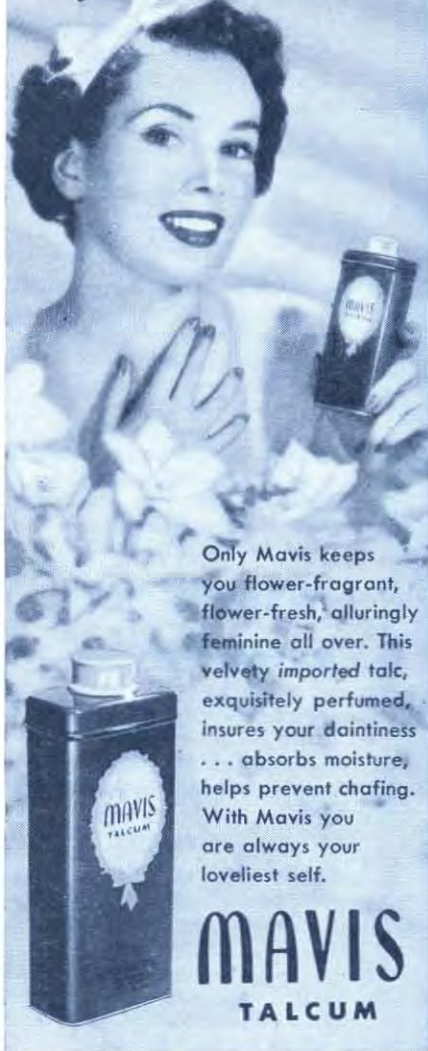
It's not vanity to help your face look lovely. When you look your best, a world of happiness sparkles in your face, attracting others to you *on sight!*



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Kurlash EYE BEAUTY PRODUCT

THEY FILLED MY HEART WITH HOPE

(Continued from page 35) John was a sterling lad, nearly six feet tall and his dark hair waved away from his forehead. But that wasn't what I noticed about him then. It was his laughter, the very light of life that shone from his blue eyes, that made me say yes to his proposal.

A little over a year later Johnny, our son, was born. My husband was a seaman in those days, and away part of the time, but our whole life stretched rich and full ahead of us.

It was only a little over two years ago that John and Johnny and I were happy beyond words to tell it, for we had found out that Rosemarie was on the way. By that time Johnny was just about through high school and my husband and I had almost given up thinking that we'd ever have more children.

THEN HAD come the night of Rosemarie's first birthday. I'd dressed her in her little blue dress trimmed with white ruffling. Johnny had rushed home from school to help me make our four-room apartment spick-and-span for the celebration. Eagerly we waited for John to come home. Finally we heard his step on the worn marble stairs which wind up the four floors to our Bronx apartment.

The thought went through my mind that he must be very tired tonight, for usually he started slowly but fairly bounded up the last flight. I went to the door and opened it. There he stood with Rosemarie's birthday cake—a great big cake for such a little girl. He was carrying it in front of him, and I thought how heavy it must have been to carry up the long flights of stairs. I took the cake and went to put it in the kitchen. When I returned to the hall John was still standing there, one hand clutching the door frame. Before I could reach him, he fainted.

I don't like to remember the months that followed, though I know I'll remember them to the end of my days. The worry, the fear, the anxiety—They are things you live with, and in living learn to hide.

My John had cancer. Cancer beyond the stage of cure. Cancer that would allow him life... but only for a little while.

Can you know what it means to have your grasp of life torn from you? There are moments when you think you can never go on. But, somehow you do. You look at your young son and watch the inevitable happen. Not wanting it, but somehow not being able to do anything about it. It was Johnny's own decision that he should quit school, get a job, somehow or other help get food on the table. You watch your son hardly out of his seventeenth year assume the burden of caring for an entire family.

And your husband—it makes your heart ache to see him worrying. There's the physical pain, and even more painful, his thoughts that you can read as plainly as if they were written in a large clear hand on a slate—worry lives like a black cloud behind the sun of his smile.

Watching one day, I told myself something, something just had to be done to relieve his mental torment. Wasn't it enough, I asked myself, that his poor body, which had been so strong, should now be racked

with pain? Idly, I listened to the announcement of the next television show as it came on the screen.

"The Columbia Broadcasting System presents: The show with a heart! Strike It Rich!"

I went over and took John's hand again as I sat down beside him.

"John," I said, thinking out loud. "Perhaps I should write to that program and see if they could help us... I've had an idea for a long time, but I didn't quite know how to go about it. If I could win enough money to get me to a typing school, I could learn to type and do work at home. That way it wouldn't be like a regular job—I could be here with you and Rosemarie and still be helping out."

John grew serious. Gently he straightened out my hair where it had fallen loose from the combs. "We could try anyway," he said softly.

That day I wrote a letter to the producer of Strike It Rich, Mr. Walt Frammer. I told him as honestly and straightforwardly as I could what I needed the money for. A few days later I heard from him—I could come down to the program and see if I could answer enough questions correctly to pay for a course at business school. When I appeared on the show, just as I finished telling the television audience about my husband and my family, it was time for the program to go off the air and I was asked if I could return the next day. Disappointed, I took the subway from the CBS building in Manhattan to our apartment out in the Bronx. All the way home I kept thinking of the hopes my family had for my success. Sure I'd have another chance the next day, but suspense carried with it an element of heartbreak. But, when I walked in the door of our apartment, John told me I was to call Mr. Frammer's office immediately. Over the telephone Mr. Frammer told me the exciting news that I'd been given a brand-new typewriter. A member of the audience had donated it.

THE NEXT day was a nightmare that turned into a beautiful dream—a dream that somehow was real. I returned to the studio and got up as far as \$110 on the questions. Then I missed the last question, and I realized I had failed—\$110 was not enough to pay for the business course. It meant the end of a hope and a prayer. But glory be, just then Mr. Hull told me that the Cambridge School of Business had given the program a complete typing course for me. I could attend the school for free! And besides that I had the \$110!

I have started school. And Mary Pagano, a woman the Cancer Society has sent to me, takes care of my husband and Rosemarie while I'm learning to type. Each week I get a little better and already I'm able to earn eighteen dollars a week at odd jobs the school has gotten for me.

My husband's face still reflects the physical pain he feels, but that other more subtle pain that was eating at his soul is gone. He shares with me the sure knowledge that people are kind and good, that Johnny and Rosemarie are safe. And his soul is at peace.

"Be Lux Lovely"

says
Virginia Mayo

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"PAINTING THE CLOUDS
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9 out of 10
Screen Stars use
Lux Toilet Soap

PIXIE FINDS A HOME

(Continued from page 74) and—well, that was it. They smashed into the other car, and they both folded up like cheeseboxes." He grimaced. "Not a pleasant sight."

I sat transfixed. I'd heard everything, every word, but only one word had significance. Breathlessly I told Jeff about Chuck and Ralph, the discrepancy in their stories, the eerie importance of the word chicken. I was relieved when he took me quite seriously.

"Chicken—I wonder," he said thoughtfully. "In teen-age talk that means cowardly, of course."

"When do you think Pixie's memory might return, Jeff? I know I'm not supposed to press her but—"

"Any time now. She has a very transient form of shock amnesia. She may be fine by this afternoon. Unless that police sergeant shocks her back into a relapse."

IN A WAY I was almost grateful to Sergeant Gillian for doing exactly what Jeff predicted. I was there when he questioned Pixie—I'd insisted on that. I heard her start out on her answers, almost calm, curious, anxious to help. And I saw what happened when the sergeant told her, in a voice calculatedly casual, that Millie Barnes had been killed. By that time Pix had remembered that she and the others had been in a crack-up. She knew they had all been hurt. But *killed*. . . .

She stared at the sergeant with unbelieving eyes, too overcome to speak. "Sure, now, you must have figured it out, Pixie," he said. "A crash like you were in, somebody's bound to get really hurt. Now I understand from one of the other boys that you tried to stop at the last minute? Grabbed the wheel from young Hunter, didn't you? And that was when it happened? Turned chicken, he said. Well, that's not the way I look at it. I think it was good sense, trying to stop if you were going faster than you liked."

"But I couldn't. I didn't!" Pixie beat on the bed excitedly. "Don't you get it? Chuck was holding both of my hands so I wouldn't grab the wheel. Who says I grabbed the wheel?"

"Chuck was holding your hands and driving too, eh?" The sergeant eyed her skeptically. "Four hands, has he?"

"He wasn't driving! That's it—I remember, that's it!" Pixie shrieked. "It was a chicken race! Oh, Miss Julie, it was terrible, terrible, don't let me see it—" Sobbing wildly, she threw herself across my lap. The nurse motioned the sergeant out. I cornered the sergeant and in a few quick questions found out everything.

Chicken races, it turned out, consisted of a pair of hot rods, filled with boys and girls, racing not side by side, but *toward* each other. And *nobody held the wheel*. That was the whole point. The first person to reach for his wheel, to swerve away, was 'chicken'—a branded coward. I couldn't credit the description at first, but Sergeant Gillian assured me that some kids were old hands at it. Fortunately, there were legal measures that could be taken when chicken racing was proven. But in this case, he explained, Pixie was the only one who had mentioned it.

That night Jeff and I held a council

of war, pooling our information and trying to decide how to proceed. It was clear enough to me that Pix was telling the truth, and that the others were lying. That probably explained Reed Nixon's worry. A chicken race *could* close down his place.

"Chuck Hunter is an old crony of his," Jeff said grimly. "He works for Nixon out there. He'd have to lie for him to protect his job. And Martin and the others—" Jeff shrugged. "Nixon probably scared them with threats that if they told the truth they'd set themselves up for prosecution. They're lying to protect themselves. Pix was a made-to-order goat. They all agree she was scared to death."

Mr. and Mrs. Barnes, the dead girl's parents, had moved for an investigation of the accident. The more they were questioned, the more closely all the kids stuck to their story that it was an ordinary race; and the more hysterically Pixie maintained that it was not. I tried to see Ralph Martin after he went home, but his father remained with us and prevented any attempt I made to get Ralph to admit he was lying. I felt, somehow, that he was a decent, honest boy, and if anyone broke down it might be he. After Pixie was released from the hospital he phoned a couple of times to ask how she was, but apart from that I made no progress in exposing the truth. The whole town believed that Pixie had caused the death of Mildred Barnes.

Mercifully unconscious of all this, Pix insisted on going to see Mrs. Barnes as soon as she was able. I had heard, from Jeff, that the poor woman was far from having recovered from the shock. In fact she was in a state of mental collapse. I really tried to explain to Pixie, without frightening her, that Mrs. Barnes held all the fellows and girls who had been with Mildred responsible for her death, but Pix insisted, with tears in her eyes, that Mrs. Barnes had always considered her Mildred's best friend and would be soothed to talk to somebody who had been with her at the last minute. Most reluctantly, I drove her over one afternoon, and sat in the station wagon while she went in. She wasn't there very long. When she came out, she was white-faced and shaking, and she never did tell me all that had happened. All she said, over and over, was, "She thinks it was my fault. I wanted to help her, but she said it was my fault. Miss Julie, she looked—she looked real crazy. And she talked in this kind of dead voice, like a zombie." Tears streaked Pixie's face. That was all she ever said about her visit.

IT WAS, all things considered, a minor blessing, but that accident did serve to bring Pix and me into communication again. Of her own free will she confessed having found out about her father, and how much it had upset her. I had been right about Chuck Hunter. They seemed natural cronies, in Pix's distorted view, for wasn't his father in prison too? It all came out, everything she'd feared. Her guilt over disobeying me. Her knowledge that she wasn't really enjoying herself with Chuck. Now the very thought of Chuck Hunter turned her pale and sick. Especial-

ly after I told her, as gently as I could, that because of his lie about the accident—and the backing the others gave him, of course—there was going to be a Grand Jury investigation of the whole thing. Pix, naturally, was to be practically the star.

What bothered me most was that there was now no keeping the whole story from Mrs. Dolben. Naturally the whole orphanage board knew that Pix was in bad trouble, and I suffered a good deal of unofficial rebuke and Dolbie claimed I should have brought my troubles with Pixie before the board long ago.

Defending Pix and myself as well as I could, I realized I had no more power to hold back the board. Dolbie determined that Pix would have to leave Hilltop, and the board agreed, and that was that.

WHEN THE investigation finally came, I was heartsick, because for all my prying and struggling I hadn't managed to shake one of those youngsters in their false stories. I had never had any hope of making Chuck tell the truth, but I couldn't understand Ralph Martin. He was obviously suffering from fierce guilt; he wasn't regaining his health as quickly as he should have.

I went down to the courthouse with Pixie and waited in the lobby until she was called. I couldn't go in with her, not being a contributing witness.

Around a while, Jeff came in, looked after the lobby, and came toward me hurriedly. "How's it going?" he asked.

I shook my head. "They've only been in about fifteen minutes. Oh, Jeff, that poor girl. Why should she have any faith in the world after this?"

"Don't worry too much. It may not be as bad as you think," Jeff said gently. "I don't want to raise your hopes too high, but I think we may get something today. I saw Ralph Martin last night. They called me over for his father. Nothing serious. But I think I got somewhere with the boy at last."

"Jeff, really! Did he admit—"

"No, not quite. But I found out the reason Nixon had such a hold on him. He told him his father was so sick that he wouldn't be able to stand the shock of knowing his son had been in a chicken race." Jeff's eyebrow quirked upward. "Mr. Martin's not that sick. I think when I explained things to Ralph he began to feel quite differently. I didn't neglect to point out also that today they'd all be under oath. I managed to scare him."

I felt hope for the first time since that awful night. I'd forgotten that all the witnesses would be under oath. I reached over and took Jeff's hand in mine. It helped to have someone to hang on to. . . . Poor Pixie, inside, had no one.

As it turned out, Pixie didn't need help. At least, not any more than Jeff had already given her. Ralph, throwing aside the false story he'd been telling, sat before the investigators and backed up Pixie on every point. It was a complete reversal. Afterward, in the lobby, while I was hugging Pixie, he came over to me with his hand outstretched. I took it warmly.

"I hated the whole business," he said seriously. "I guess I'm the real coward, not big enough to stand up for what I knew was right. If Dr. Browning hadn't been at me last night, I—well, I had to

tell the truth today." Impulsively I pressed his hand, and then he took Pixie aside for a minute and, I suppose, apologized for the way he'd held out. I had the satisfied feeling that between them they were writing 'the end' to a chapter neither of them was proud of.

The news report on the Grand Jury findings made Pixie a town celebrity. Nobody forgot that a girl had been killed, and that there was nothing to celebrate; nobody could, with Mr. Barnes suddenly a gray, worn middle-aged man and with the stories that Mrs. Barnes had lost her mind. But the one little girl who'd maintained the truth in spite of all the force lined up against her captured the town's imagination. Unfortunately, Dolbie and Mr. Klabber, the two most influential members of the orphanage board, felt that the publicity made things much worse. Vindicated or not, Dolbie insisted Pix had to go.

I DIDN'T really formulate an idea about Mr. and Mrs. Barnes. It wasn't so definite as that. But their loss, and my strong wish to help in some way, and the way Pixie kept trying to conceal her growing distress as the day of her leaving came closer . . . it all seethed around in my mind until finally Pix and the Barneses settled into a recognizable relation to one another. Jeff had told me it was hopeless to try to make an impression on Mrs. Barnes, the way things were; but later on, maybe—she was lonely, and Pix needed a home and someone to love. And Mrs. Barnes had always liked Pixie, indeed had encouraged Millie to spend time with her because in the pre-Chuck Hunter days Pix was such a happy, well-ordered girl. It was an audacious idea. But perhaps having it, and hoping, worked some kind of magic. I can't tell. I only know that one day, taking my courage in both hands, I called on Mrs. Barnes with a baby who had just been left temporarily at Hilltop. She was utterly unmoved at first, and scarcely greeted me. But before I left she had roused from her lethargy enough to hold the baby for a second.

In a few days I called again, and Mrs. Barnes talked to me about impersonal things. She asked about the baby, too, and was affected when I explained that baby was not up for adoption. I don't think she had gone as far as considering such a thing, not consciously. I decided, the next time I went, to take Pixie along. I had some qualms, but to my surprise Mrs. Barnes was very kind to her. And when we left, she hugged her, with helpless tears streaming down her cheeks.

After that, I somehow knew it would all come out right. Everyone was surprised—even Jeff was surprised, when it happened, but I wasn't. Pixie and the Barneses, right then, were made for each other. It was perfectly natural that after some months had gone by they should adopt her. The Barneses really loved her, partly because she seemed to bring some of their own child back to them, but mostly for herself. Mr. Barnes in particular kept insisting, almost with tears, that Pixie was all that had saved his wife from complete despair, and there was nothing in the world he wouldn't do for Pixie's happiness.

We have an excellent placement record here at Hilltop. But I've never been happier over any of our placements than I was over Pixie's.

FELSO

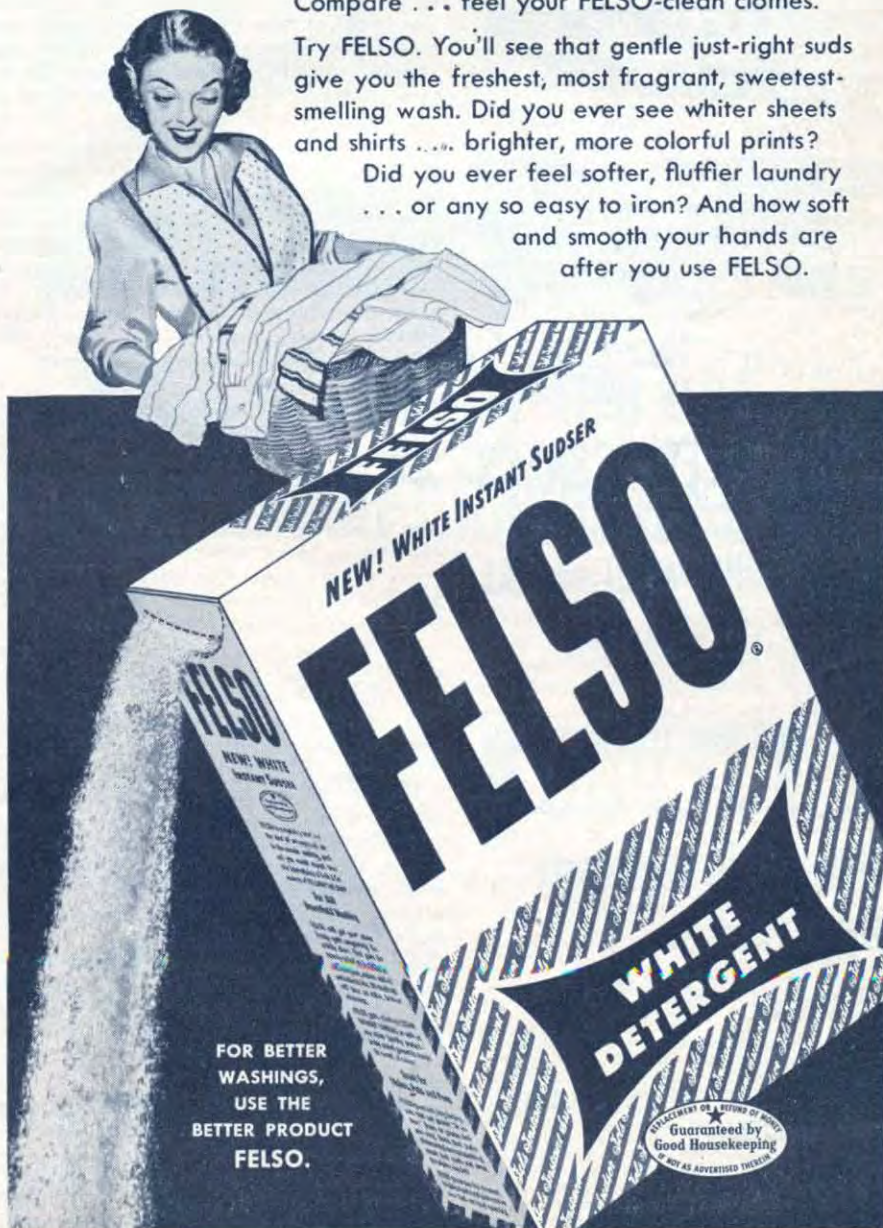
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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ON COLOR TV

(Continued from page 29) A—No. You will be able to receive black and white programs exactly as you did before.

Q—Will the cost of adapters and converters be as high as for new sets?

A—No. They will be appreciably less.

Q—Will gentlemen prefer blondes on TV, or will brunettes and redheads televise just as well?

A—Blondes, brunettes and redheads televise equally well so gentlemen may continue to take their choice.

Q—Do textures as well as color televise true enough so merchandise can be bought with confidence after seeing it on TV?

A—Color will reproduce textures in a way that black and white can never do. A piece of chiffon or of satin might be almost anything in black and white, but in color it becomes just what you would see if you held it in your hands and felt it. At some of the color demonstrations the audiences marveled at the fidelity of textural reproduction when they saw the actual materials and the televised counterparts.

Q—Does color TV give the true colors of the object, person or scene?

A—Yes. This has been proven not only in fabrics and other merchandise, but also in the fields of medicine and surgery where color is most important for diagnosis. Thousands of doctors and surgeons have been impressed with the accuracy of the colors. Color is a natural medium. It gives the true richness to outdoor scenes. Special events, parades, and sports like football will have heightened interest.

Q—Will the cost of producing shows in color be greater than in black and white?

A—No. Our program department experience in producing color television shows indicates no increased costs over black and white. Producers have felt it was a source of disappointment that the spectacular color effects of costumes and scenery have been seen only in black and white. Also, color cameras are not appreciably more expensive than others.

Q—Why are red, blue and green used as primary colors for TV, instead of the usual red, blue and yellow?

A—Red, blue and green are the primaries of an additive color system. They allow for the greatest gamut in color.

Q—Does color have to be viewed in a darkened room?

A—No. Color TV pictures are viewed under the same lighting conditions as black and white.

Q—Can color motion pictures be televised in their original color?

A—Yes, they can. And the present-day interest in color is emphasized by the fact that more than half of Hollywood's motion pictures next year will be made in color.

Q—Will color be limited to the 12½-inch screen?

A—No. There is no inherent limitation on the size of the picture. Large size projection pictures have been demonstrated—also on 17-inch direct drum type receiver. When a tri-color tube is perfected, there would be no greater limitation than there is in black and white.

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DID YOU SAY GLAMOUR?

(Continued from page 43) nine and begins to help with the cleaning. From then on it's a mad race.

Jeffrey and Robin treat their children with great patience, ignoring the old rule of spare the rod and spoil the child. According to the youngsters, Robin is the world's greatest falsetto and Jeffrey has no master when it comes to rendering "Buffalo Roam," otherwise known as "Home on the Range."

"Some people think that because Jeffrey is an actor we see very little of each other," Robin says. "Actually, I think we get more time together than most couples."

WHEN THEY go out, it is usually to the theatre or a good movie for enjoyment as well as to satisfy Jeffrey's professional interest. They prefer winter vacations in Northern resorts, for both are ardent skiers. At home, they have a huge library and devote their free evenings to reading and television. Robin, a woman of strong convictions, insists upon keeping up with the world. Politics, international and domestic affairs are their prime interest.

When Sanka replaced The Goldbergs with That's News to Me, and chose Robin as one of the panelists, she was the happiest girl in town. "I'm a newshound," she explains. "In fact, when I was a fashion editor, I used to steal away to political press conferences where I had no business being."

Robin and Jeffrey watch their share of TV, and if you ask which programs they favor, there is no fumbling.

"Nothing can top What's My Line?" Robin exclaims. "I could watch it by the hour. And my favorite TV personality is Faye Emerson. She's superb."

But Robin estimates she still pays more attention to the radio. Her private ambition is to team up with Jeffrey for a regular Mr. and Mrs. show.

Radio would have one big advantage for Robin. "People raise the roof if I wear the same dress on a show twice in one month," she tells you. "I can't possibly afford to buy a different outfit for every performance."

Sophie Gimbel, the famous Saks designer, comes to Robin's aid frequently. Robin and Sophie are great friends. Robin used to be one of her best customers and, in fact, it was Sophie who designed her wedding gown. Now, on occasion, Sophie lends Robin clothes for television.

Of course, no matter how hard you try, you can't get around it: the average woman just isn't in the position to borrow clothes from Sophie. The average woman's personal scrapbook doesn't hold pictures of the Vanderbilts, Lucius Beebe and other celebrities. The average woman isn't married to a handsome movie actor. No matter how you slice it, thick or thin, Robin Chandler leads a glamorous life and yet—well, a CBS associate called her at home the other day. Husband Jeffrey answered.

"Would you mind calling back in about forty minutes?" he asked. "Robin took some clothes down to the Laundromat."



Ladies, it's really too bad that the men don't have the babies

Diaper rash, scald, cradle cap, all such skin irritations can make baby's life miserable, as every Mother knows.

Now you may ask, what does a mere man know about caring for the precious, tender, rose-petal skin of that Bundle from Heaven?

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GINI PUTS UP WITH ME

(Continued from page 32) science admits to being baffled by the common cold, but this sense of defeat is not shared by Dr. Public.

I was still spending spare moments reading anti-cold letters when I discovered that if a squadron of homeless wasps had not set up housekeeping under my eaves, I was buzzing into pneumonia.

"Just a touch of some allergy. You aren't going to die," said my wife Gini in the tone of one who is the beneficiary under her husband's life insurance policies.

I announced calmly, "I also hab a feber." "We'll treat the cold first, then the feber," chirped my helpmeet. "All right, off with your slippers, then slide your feet into this mustard bath. Not with your sox on, silly. Just your bare feet."

My feet hit the water and I hit the ceiling at the same time. "Send for the fire department," I yelled, "There is a streat of lava flowing down Ventura Boulevard."

My wife said with great coolness, "I've had enough of this. You won't let me take care of you. I can cure one of my own little colds in half a day, so I think I am safe in saying I know something about getting rid of the sniffles, but you're too stubborn to cooperate. Very well, I have a number of errands to do."

It was lonesome in the house without her. I decided to study television letters in search of the one-in-a-million, instantaneous method for curing myself.

A televiewer from Chicago advised, "Saturate a teaspoonful of sugar with kerosene, and eat. Repeat every three hours." I rejected this suggestion because of the danger of arson.

A gentleman from Pittsburgh explained that cold germs lodged in the nose and could be snubbed into departing only by pinching the lower portion of the nose shut. Best method for achieving this, he amplified, was by using the common or washline variety of spring-snap clothespin. "Breathe only through the mouth until all sensation in the nose has ceased," was the final admonition. "Numbness will indicate that the germs have suffocated."

Located a clothespin. Affixed it. Studied myself in the mirror. Wondered what Boris Karloff was doing.

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... is offered for information leading to the arrest of any one of these criminals. There's nothing to buy; no box-tops to send in. Hear the details about his \$1000.00 reward on "True Detective Mysteries."

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From Cleveland a woman who described herself as "mother of seven and grandmother of nine" wrote: "My mother was Cuban. She confided to me a secret method that will cure a cold in a few hours. You merely make a cummerbund out of red flannel and wear it under or on top of your clothes."

I rumpled through my drawer in our twelve-drawer Mr. & Mrs. chest of drawers and found no red flannel at all. Naturally, I began to search through Gini's eleven drawers. Found bundle of letters tied with blue ribbon, and decided Gini had a secret love. Didn't blame her. Opened the packet and began to read in order to find out what kind of a guy he was. Very dull. Little silly. Signature at end was "Alan."

Returned to my letters, feeling better. A man in Atlanta wrote, "You sound as if you were in the midst of a virus attack. Well, I've got the craziest remedy ever tried by a sane man, but it works. Don't ask me why. I just listen to comedians, I don't write their lines. I got this one from an acrobat, the son of a gypsy. All you do is steal a handkerchief from a lady's purse—any lady's purse as long as you don't get caught—and bury it. Maybe it's the excitement that brings about the cure. I can't figure it out, but it works."

This appealed to me. I went back to the chest and examined ten or fifteen of Gini's purses until I found one in which the handkerchief had been forgotten. It was a beauty. Took it. Buried it.

Returned to the house somewhat exhilarated and recalling something in the purse I had ransacked. There was a note written by Gini to herself saying, "Be sure to

call Marjorie on Tuesday. Hollywood 1-1191." I had no idea who Marjorie was, but felt that I should explain that Gini had left the house to do some errands.

A sweet voice answered. "This is Alad Yug." I said in my best personality tones.

"Who?" she murmured in mystified accents. "I think you must have the wrong number."

We conferred on that at length and I established the fact that I had dialed Hollywood 1-1191, and that she had answered Hollywood 1-1191. "Do'd you know Virginia Yug?" I persisted. "She was supposed to call you od Tuesday."

"What about?"

"The dote doesn'd zay. Whad iz your proffession?"

"I am a licensed embalmer."

"There busd be zome misdake. I'b sorry I bothered you."

"I'm not sure there is a mistake, to judge from your voice. You have the worst cold I've ever heard. I can tell you exactly what to do: heat a pint of milk and drink it, taking two aspirin tablets in the process. Then heat enough common table salt to fill a woolen sock to a point about two inches from the top. Close the top by winding string firmly around it. Fasten the salt-filled sock around your neck securely and go to bed. Your cold will be gone tomorrow."

I thanked her and assured her that I would have Gini call later. I heated the milk and took the aspirin. I had to try seven or eight different pans before I found one large enough to hold sufficient salt to fill a woolen sock. I lay down on the living-room couch and had an in-

teresting dream. I fancied that I was a bull fighter in such deep disgrace that I had been ordered to fight a huge white cow. My only weapon was a flashlight, batteries burned out, and every time I—brave as all get out—approached the cow, she would lick me with a tongue that was ten feet long.

Then, noting that an avalanche of aspirin tablets was about to descend into the bull fighters' ring, I speedily turned to run.

How I reached the police station is not quite clear. At first I thought it was part of my dream, too, but nobody could dream up the expression on that desk sergeant's face. I told Gini, when she came down to bail me out, that it was all Marjorie's fault. She wanted to know who Marjorie was. I discovered that somewhere, during my sleepwalking act, I had lost the slip of paper bearing Marjorie's telephone number in Gini's handwriting. That mystery has not been solved, and it may never be because Hollywood 1-1191 is a wrong number. Who Marjorie is, I'm afraid we shall never know.

The authorities were most understanding. They dismissed all charges against me, agreeing that it was not criminal, merely unusual, for a citizen clad in robe, pajamas, cummerbund and white paste, and wearing his nose in a clothespin, to be sleepwalking on a quiet residential street at three o'clock on a dazzlingly sunny afternoon.

Funny thing, though. My cold was gone the next morning.

Puzzle: Which treatment turned the trick?



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I'VE GOT MY FINGERS CROSSED

(Continued from page 39) Hartline Show, had gone on in addition to Super Circus. I'd been working twelve hours a day, seven days a week. Last night after the two-hundred-forty-mile drive from Chicago to Hillsboro, I'd told Mother and Dad I wanted to sleep for the full three days I'd finally managed to get free.

But the youngsters' arrival changed my plot in a hurry. To Mother, I shouted, "Tell them to wait. I'll be down in a minute." Regardless of how many autographs I previously had signed, it didn't compare with having the children of my friends flock around. On the front porch of the very house where my dream began, the kids were adding a new chapter to it.

AS A SMALL place does for so many kids, Hillsboro offered me training, encouragement and resolution-strengthening competition. My town, I recognize, has many counterparts throughout the United States, but to me Hillsboro, Pop. 5,000, will always seem an extra-special sort of place. Our house is neither awfully new nor awfully old, but I think it is beautiful, for to me it represents the family—and my family is a challenging crew. I've always had to be on my toes to hold even with them. Mother, black-haired and beautiful, has a dignity and charm which can put anyone at ease. Sandy-haired Dad, jovial and hearty, is fond of hunting, fishing and politics, and he is postmaster of Hillsboro. Grandmother and Grandfather Hartline live next door and of course provided an extra quota of cookies, consultation and love, but they also gave us a sense of belonging—of having our roots planted deeply in the life of our town.

And finally, Jane, my older sister who is now Mrs. Anthony John Coderkow. As dark in complexion as I am fair, Jane was exactly opposite me in some respects and identical in others. In childhood, she was both my companion and rival.

I was in first grade, I recall, when first I announced that when I grew up I wanted to lead an orchestra. That's when my dream began, detailed and vivid, waking and sleeping. The folks, a bit amused, indulged me by arranging music lessons.

Closing their ears to the sour notes I blew during my hours of trumpet practise, they concluded that knowing a little music was a nice accomplishment for a girl. It was nice, too, that I should win the local and regional music contests and the state finals.

It was one of these school events which actually led to my first big break. There is, in our town, a nice custom by which the townspeople join the students in electing a Queen of Love and Beauty. I was enormously happy when as a senior, I won—but the honor didn't become really significant, until, as a special prize, the folks gave me a trip to Chicago.

There, as a guest of Mother's cousin whom I called Aunty Logan, I had my flash of inspiration. On graduation, I decided, I would come to Chicago.

A year after graduation—a year in which I wore out a dozen pairs of shoes

R M

I still had no baton, no orchestra. But I was working at it, taking three trumpet lessons and two voice lessons a week. And then an almost miraculous opportunity arose. American Broadcasting Company, building a teen-age show, wanted a girl still in her teens to lead the orchestra.

At the audition to bolster my nerve, I pretended this was just another music contest. I waved a baton as I had been taught to do. I played my trumpet. I talked into the mike. I kept a model's smile on my face. But when ABC executives announced I was selected, I crumpled up. There I was, just sixteen years old and attempting to front an orchestra composed of staff musicians, some of the greatest guys in the business! Tears streaming down my face, I sobbed, "How did this happen? I don't know anything."

Right then, I found out how wonderful those people really are, for a producer patted my shoulder and said, "Hey, kid, you're supposed to be happy." Someone else added, "Don't worry, we'll help you."

I wish I could tell you how many times the ABC gang had kept that promise!

I'LL NEVER forget the opening day of Super Circus, when I peeked out at the big audience and the staring cameras. My knees shook, and to Cliff Soubier, I confided, "I'm scared."

That great veteran clown flapped his big shoes an extra flap and said, "That's nothing. I've been at this at least one hundred ninety-seven years and I still get scared too. But we'll all pitch in."

If anyone asks me, the secret of our success is summed up in that one phrase of Cliffy's. If you miss a line everyone from young Scampy right up to his father, Phil Patton, the executive producer, is quick to cover for you and make you look good. Tall ringmaster Claude Kirchner can think quicker on his feet than anyone I've seen; Bruce Chase probably has forgotten more music than I'll ever know; Nick Francis, our tramp clown, is as funny off camera as he is on, and Scampy, who played his first show as a fill-in for a midget who failed to appear, has a genuine gift for comedy—as well as mischief.

On our very informal Monday-through-Friday program, the Mary Hartline Show, crises of a different variety arise. Entertaining children at a studio party, we never can guess what a youngster is going to say. On the daily show the man I depend on is that great piano player, Chet Roble.

It's actually a little startling for me, sometimes, to realize that at twenty-three years of age, I already have seven years of radio and four years of television behind me. With such a record, I recognize that whatever my chronological age may be, I'm going to seem awfully ancient by the time some one picks up a faded Super Circus photograph and whoops, "Well, look when Mother wore tights!"

When that happens—and I certainly hope it does—drawing myself up in my most superior manner, I shall say, "Okay, sprout. What kind of dream do you have in the back of your head? One good enough to come true?"

For the only accomplishment I can claim all to myself is dreaming the dream. At present, all I can ask of the future is a chance to do more of the same things—better. And I've got my fingers crossed!

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Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

MY BROTHER, SAM

(Continued from page 57) high school my parents' hopes and sacrifices were beginning to pay off. He played the violin well enough to get into the school orchestra and later they made him concert master. When he went to Brooklyn College he majored in Spanish, and gradually gave less and less time to music. In 1934 he got his B.A. and went on to Columbia University to take an M.A. in Spanish folklore.

Sam started as a high school substitute teacher but was soon appointed to a steady teaching job. Right after that, on Christmas Day, 1936, he married a second cousin, Esther. They had gone to the same college where she had been preparing to teach. Esther gave Sam a wrist watch for an engagement present. I don't think he had enough money for a gift for her.

A LONG about this time Sam began to entertain at parties and school affairs and he found that people were seeing themselves in the stories he told. Once in a while he would write something humorous, like the satire on his first term of teaching, which had amused the faculty so much that the principal handed out copies with each diploma.

In the summer of 1940, a couple of school teachers decided to be musical entertainers at a resort in the Catskills and they asked Sam to go along as master of ceremonies for the act. What was there to lose? he argued, and said yes. He and Esther got their room and board, and it meant a summer in the country. They were asked back the following year and that time Sam was paid fifty dollars for the season in addition to board.

After that, the club dates began to come his way. One day he appeared before hundreds of women at a club luncheon, scared to death to face so many serious female faces. When he found he could make them laugh out loud by just recounting the things that went on in our family, he knew he was on the right track.

It was about 1946 when Sam's ability to entertain began to get in the way of his leisure time with his wife and their son Conrad, who had been born on January 4, 1943. Saturdays, when Sam wanted to be home with his little boy, were his best days for club dates, and he wasn't even having many Sundays with the family.

Knowing that the New York school system allows a five-year period of grace during which a teacher can be reinstated, Esther encouraged him to take a chance on show business, but because Sam felt that teaching was a privilege it was a big decision for him to make.

Sam's first appearance on television was on Ed-Sullivan's Toast of the Town. He was then quite well known as an entertainer and Marlo Lewis, who produces the Sullivan show, heard him perform at some club and arranged for his appearance. Next he went on This Is Show Business and was such a success that he was asked back six more times that season. The Kitty Davis Club in Miami Beach booked him twice and he played the Capitol Theatre on Broadway in New York. By this time no one worried about his jeopardizing the pension he would one day get as a teacher.



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Last October Sam did his own Sam Levenson Show for the first time on television, in the fifteen minutes left open after a forty-five minute Jack Benny program. The response was wonderful, and on January 27 the Sam Levenson Show went on CBS television every Saturday night for half an hour.

Sam's son, at eight, seems destined for some phase of show business. He's producer and master of ceremonies of The Conrad Levenson Show for the kids in his neighborhood. He has the whole block organized and they play to a couple of dozen parents at a time. Conrad is a Cub Scout, which reminds me of the time Sam wanted to be. When Papa found the uniform cost twelve dollars, he suggested Sam resign.

HAVING a child of school age would be enough to keep up Sam's interest in teaching methods, even if he didn't still love teaching for its own sake. He has different ideas about it now, however. "As long as you're in the school system," he says, "you accept the curriculum. When you get out of teaching you begin to see all the things the child needs to know and realize how much time is wasted on subjects unrelated to the child's life. Educators are apt to fight certain things instead of helping children to evaluate them properly—things like the movies, comic books, and television. If I were teaching now, I would work television into the curriculum. I might ask the children to write criticisms of some of the shows, like the Berle show or a dramatic sketch, instead of forcing them to read and report on a book they don't care about. That wouldn't mean dropping books, by any means. I would lead them from the comic books they read in such quantities to the great mystery and adventure stories that fill the libraries, and let them judge for themselves.

"If Western movies were being shown on television, and they always are, I would have them do some reading about the real West, as a basis for judging the artificialities of certain Westerns and appreciating the more factual and honest ones. I would have them re-tell the stories of the movies they see so they would learn how to repeat a story and make it live again. All of this to relate the things they do to the things they study in the classroom, and to teach them to judge for themselves."

The kids who appear on Sam's program are not actors or actresses, but ordinary children with bona fide problems which Sam can talk about in relation to his own childhood. When a letter comes in with a problem that seems universal enough to interest an audience, a problem that hasn't before been discussed on the show, Sam asks the parent to bring the child for an interview. If children aren't afraid to talk up in Sam's office they are usually not afraid on the show. It's the parents who get self-conscious before the cameras.

By the time you read this, something new may be added to the show. Sam has had so many letters from grown-ups who tell about their problems and irritations that he may ask some of these adults to come on the show and recite their minor woes. If he does, I know he will always have some apt parallel from the lives of Papa and Mama, to whom everything happened, including eight children—seven of them boys!

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**STEVE ALLEN,
HIMSELF**

(Continued from page 54) To go on with this pattern of luck, Steve says, "I had been in New York only a couple of weeks last winter when, on January 8, I got a real break. I can't remember when Arthur Godfrey has missed a program, maybe never, but this one day his plane was delayed after leaving Miami. I was asked to take over his Talent Scouts' show that night, half an hour after my own show would be off the air.

"I thought I ought to open the Godfrey program with an informal explanation of my presence, which I must admit got pretty involved, and I further distinguished myself by turning the commercials into an even greater shambles of tea and noodle soup than I had intended, but the audience and the critics were kind and it added up to another lucky circumstance for Stephen Valentine Allen."

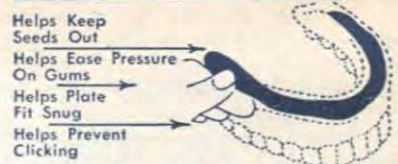
IN CASE you missed the "informal explanation" Steve refers to above, it was typically Allenesque and went like this: "This is Arthur Godfrey," he announced. "Well, not really Godfrey. I just said that to scare my wife. Actually, I'm not replacing Godfrey at all. I'm replacing Robert Q. Lewis, who usually replaces Arthur Godfrey." His soup commercial started mildly enough with "It has that home-cooked flavor, because well—you cook it at home," but when he began to pour the noodle soup into Godfrey's teapot and the whole mixture into Godfrey's ukulele, audiences succumbed completely and the laughs exploded all along the CBS-TV net.

Now that you've heard Steve's own explanation of his success, that business about luck, you may be ready to admit there's something to it. But there's more. It starts with a six-foot-three-inch, one hundred-ninety-pound fellow with a deadpan expression heightened by owlish eyeglasses, who makes unexpected and ridiculously funny comments and asides, delivered with perfect timing. He has a generally amiable and casual air that makes the watcher think nothing much is going to happen and leaves him that much more delighted when it does!

On paper it may not sound very funny to know that he opened a recent program with "Welcome to a new show called What Else Is On?" but to his audience that's a perfect Allen opener and they love the way he throws the line away. "We've got the ladies of the Wandering Stitch Club of New Jersey here in the studio today," he announces solemnly, and the Sewing Circle girls who have come en masse from across the Hudson are thrown into stitches by the introduction.

In spite of the fact that he's a serious young man of thirty, rather shy and quiet except when he's working, Steve's showmanship seems a natural expression for a fellow who spent the first few years of his life on the vaudeville circuits. His parents, Billy Allen and Belle Montrose, did an act in which father was the singer and straight man and mother the comedienne. He still talks about his mother's "great off-the-

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cuff wit—her way of working is entirely different from mine, but she's wonderful," he brags. He was an only child and after he started to school he lived variously with a grandmother or aunt or friends during school months and spent his vacations traveling with his parents.

Maybe it was because he lived in so many different places and had to make new friends frequently at some sixteen different schools that he turned into what he calls a "shy brat, given to reading and writing poetry," and adds, "My folks figured I was going to be a bum, when they found out about the poems. They wanted me to be a bookkeeper or an engineer. Then I won a hundred dollars in a high school essay contest, and writing didn't seem so insubstantial."

"IT WAS kind of by accident," he tells you, "that I became a comedian—if I ever did. I had written a humor column for the college paper, which didn't mean too much I suppose, but when I was working as an announcer with Wendell Noble I began to listen to a lot of shows and you know you get to thinking. 'I could do better than that myself.' Well, I got to feeling that way and finally Mutual asked Wendell and me to put together a fifteen-minute show. A cosmetic company bought it and dropped us after six months."

Steve's ad libbing started on a CBS disc jockey show. Whenever he ran short of material he would fill in with impromptu talk, adding more and more on the spur of the moment until after a while he wasn't preparing a thing ahead. It was during this period that he developed his gift for audience interviews. "I tried to probe people's minds and bring out something ridiculous in our conversation. They were wonderful at figuring out what I was getting at. Even the smart-alecks can be a big help, and women are usually more fun than men to interview."

Steve's first television program, on the West Coast, was called Country Store "because it had absolutely nothing to do with a country store except that I wore a white apron and the sponsor sold food products." It was an audience-participation show and about all Steve had to do was to get the guests on and say something like, "Let's put blindfolds on the Rileys and see how many cherry pies they can eat in a minute and a half."

He did a radio show for a while, called Earn Your Vacation, in which the participants were school teachers, and last summer he was the hot weather replacement for Eve Arden's Our Miss Brooks. But his midnight show on the Pacific network of CBS probably gave him his greatest scope. That's the one that had the crowds lined up waiting to get in. He'd read his mail, improvise on the piano, clown with unknowns and "name" guests who dropped in to watch him work, treating both kinds with the same lack of deference and quickness of quip. Because he had originally been billed as a disc jockey he played just one record every night, to make good on the billing.

When he left Hollywood last December after six years on radio, he was touched by the crowds who showed up to wish him well on his final broadcast. "It was like being present at my own funeral, they said such nice things about me."

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IT ALL ADDS UP TO HAPPINESS

(Continued from page 31) established in New York radio and Godfrey came to conquer the biggest city of them all. "Arthur tells everyone I introduced him around to the people in New York who weren't aware of his success in Washington, but actually he always did far more to help me than I could do for him. All I did was tell a few indifferent headwaiters that they would be jumping through hoops before long to wait on Arthur. Little things like that which didn't add up to much, but that he never forgot. He never forgets any kindnesses, except the ones he does.

"The best thing of all Arthur did for me was a little more than a year ago, in June, 1950, after I gave up a business career for the third time and for the third time decided to come back to show business. I had been in radio since 1926, which was the year I became the first soloist on the Ever-Ready Hour, and I had wound up my last radio program, The Frank Parker Show, in 1942.

"In May, 1950, I had come up from Florida, where I had lost my shirt in my latest business venture, a night-club partnership. I needed a job. Friends in radio and TV were interested and kind, but cautious. 'We don't know just how you would get across on television,' several said. 'We don't know how you will sound on radio any more,' some of the others worried.

"I walked into Arthur's office one afternoon. 'I need a job,' I told him. 'I still have the natural singing voice that God blessed me with from the beginning.'

"'You're on television next Wednesday,' Arthur answered.

"That's how I made my television debut, on Arthur Godfrey and His Friends. Each week Arthur told me to report for the next rehearsal. I'm still reporting. Last July he let me take over the Wednesday night show during his eight-week vacation, the kind of break only a guy like Godfrey would hand me.

"I find that there are still people who are trying to analyze Arthur and his success, but what they all seem to overlook is the bigness of the man."

Frank, in his late forties, is a slim five-foot eight inches with dark hair and gray-brown eyes. Few people guess he is of

Italian descent, many think of him as an Irish tenor. He plays golf now rather than the polo he used to love, lives in a typical bachelor's apartment, attractively furnished and liveable, in a garden court in the heart of midtown Manhattan.

At fifteen he joined the 104th Field Artillery with another boy of his age by the device of getting a man in their neighborhood to pose as their father and sign papers falsifying their ages and giving them permission to enlist. Their worried parents traced them to Fort Bragg, where Frank was for once getting enough chance to ride the horses he always wanted to have, and when the Army got the facts they sent the kids home fast. Frank left high school a second time to join a show as a dancer, although his knowledge of the subject was sketchy in the extreme.

For six months he was a Broadway hooper. "Not a good one, either. I had two left feet," he says. One night when he was in the Greenwich Village Follies one of the singing juveniles didn't come in. Frank got the chance to sing one of his songs. After that the producer promised him a song in the next Follies. He realized he had better be ready, so he started lessons with Caroline Lazzeri, a contralto who had sung with Caruso at the Metropolitan. Later, when Frank visited a sister who was then living in Genoa, Italy, he decided to study in Milan for a while. He stuck to opera only to please his teacher, but it was an operatic role that led to his meeting with Godfrey.

No one in his family had sung professionally. "My father knew two tunes," he explains. "One was 'Yankee Doodle' and the other wasn't." The family loved music, however, and they had the first pianola and the first Victrola in their neighborhood and people came from up and down the street to marvel. "I was the only ham of our family," he says. "Every time I left show business to go into some other work I used to watch other performers and want to be right up there with them."

Three times Frank left radio because he thought it was time to give up singing and go into some business. First he tried a transcription business, then he bought race horses, once owning as many as twelve at one time. He was part owner of a night

club at Hollywood, Florida. But he didn't know enough about business and began to realize he belonged in the work he understood and loved. "I'd play a night club or theatre date occasionally to make a few extra bucks but it was just as much to keep me from being too homesick for the world I knew best.

"I began to realize too that a voice relaxes if it's not used. Each time I went back to singing I had to tighten up my voice. I still feel that a singer can find out more about his own voice by using it than any teacher can tell him, because his 'third ear' listens and reports to him. The teacher's most important function is to watch for physical faults and to keep the pupil from covering up one fault by developing another."

In between his own radio successes and these business adventures, Frank found time to give several youngsters their musical coaching, and to make a couple of motion pictures. He served as a Chief Petty Officer in the Merchant Marine, having volunteered for patrol duty because he owned a forty-eight-foot boat he felt might be useful, but when they heard he was a singer he ended up in entertainment. His first job when he got out of service was to play a naval officer in the stage show, "Follow the Girls."

"All the stage and night-club experience that didn't seem very important while I was getting it is paying off on TV today," Frank says. "I had worked so long with seasoned actors that I learned how to move about a stage easily and how to make entrances and exits. That made me feel at home on television.

"Being on television is wonderful in many ways for me. In six months I was right back in the picture. Total strangers came up to me and said they remembered me on radio. I had to settle bets that I was the same Frank Parker who had played the fresh guy on the Benny show. That I was the Parker who had worked with Bob Hope and Jessica Dragonette. It has been really great. Of course, the payoff came when a little old man walked up to me one night and said, 'Tell me, son, is your father still singing?' At least I was glad he remembered!"

Orchestra leader Archie Bleyer assures everyone that this is the original Frank Parker, and not his father, who does the singing. "Frank is one of our best natural performers," Archie always says, "and what makes him even more outstanding is his poise. His comeback through Arthur is a wonderful human-interest story."

Marion Marlowe, the beautiful and velvet-voiced young singer who joined the Little Godfreys last winter says that "Seldom does one find a person as talented as Frank who is as helpful and kind to others—except Arthur himself, of course. Frank and I may be Parker and Marlowe to you, but to each other we'll always be just 'Sam' and 'Max'—our nicknames, who love to sing together and hope we'll be Little Godfreys until we're ninety."

In addition to their Wednesday night show with Arthur, these two Little Godfreys are going to be on the televised every-morning program when it makes its debut on the home screens.

All of which adds up to happiness for a fellow who has found that there's no business like show business and no friend like Arthur Godfrey.

"Her Problem Was Mine"



is what so many people say when they hear the true-to-life problems of real people on radio's "My True Story". Not fiction, "My True Story" is taken right from the files of True Story Magazine. It presents in dramatic form the problems of people who could be your neighbors, or that family down the block. You'll find the answers to many of your own problems here, too . . . problems of love, hope, fear, jealousy and many others.

TUNE IN

"MY TRUE STORY"

AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS

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Gentle Toni with Permaflox guarantees a wave you
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Look closely! Compare the deep, soft, rippling waves and the natural-looking curls. Which is which? You just can't tell! No—you can't tell a Toni from naturally curly hair. That's because Toni has the gentlest waving lotion known . . . plus a new wonder neutralizer, Permaflox, that actually conditions your wave to the silky, natural softness you've always wanted.

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Discover why millions of women prefer gentle Toni to any other permanent. Have a Toni with Permaflox today, and *tonight* have a wave so naturally lovely, people *ask* you if you have naturally curly hair! And month after month your Toni will take no more care than naturally curly hair.

Remember Toni alone, of all home permanents, guarantees a wave you can't tell from naturally curly hair—or your money back. Skye Patrick, on the right, has the Toni.



Hair styles by Shirlee Collins

Which Twin Has The Toni? Compare Barbara Dahm's Toni (on the right) with her sister Beverly's beauty shop permanent, and you'll agree that even the most expensive wave can't surpass the natural beauty of a Toni Home Permanent.

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