

RADIO-TV MIRROR

June 53

Jan Miner as
Julie Paterno of
Hilltop House



New Stories:
ARTHUR
GODFREY
DINAH SHORE
BUD COLVER
JOH

SPECIAL FEATURES



Mr. Peepers
Nobody's Fool



Mary Jane Higby
When A Girl Marries



Buttons
Fit A Heart

THE NEW YORK
H. MARITZ
2-55 20-A 2Y R. D

“ah-h!



my Ivory Bath

it's a pleasure... pure pleasure!



Ivory makes more lather, faster!

Your bath's a moment to treasure—it's *all* pure pleasure—with Ivory! For Ivory never disappears into the depths—it floats! And, at a touch, Ivory makes the richest suds you ever soaked in! Ivory, in fact, makes *more* lather, *faster*, than any other leading bath soap!

Ivory gives you famous mildness ... and such a clean, fresh odor!

Your skin is *cared* as well as cleansed, when you treat it to baby-gentle Ivory lather. For Ivory's mildness is a byword—more doctors advise it for skin care than any other soap. And Ivory's lather is so clean, so fresh-smelling, too. It leaves you in a glow . . . full of go!

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Isn't *that* a nice surprise? America's favorite soap . . . pure, mild, floating Ivory . . . actually costs you less! Gives you more soap for your money than any other leading bath soap!

99 $\frac{44}{100}$ % pure...it Floats

“The whole family agrees on Ivory!”



America's Favorite Bath Soap!



"Ex... or Exquisite?"

As Laura read Jim's old love letters she could scarcely hold back the tears. She could imagine people whispering as she passed by, "That's the Morton fellow's ex-fiancee... Poor thing! I don't know what came between them." Unfortunately, Laura didn't either, and she spent many a lonely evening before she discovered that sometimes there's a breath of difference between "ex" and "exquisite." Once she corrected her trouble*, she gradually won Jim back. And exquisite she was as he carried her across the threshold... a girl with breath as sweet as the blossoms in her bridal bouquet.



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4 times better than chlorophyll or tooth paste

Why is LISTERINE Antiseptic so much better? . . . Why does it not only stop *halitosis (bad breath) instantly, but usually keep it stopped for hours on end? The answer is Listerine's superior ability to kill germs.

No chlorophyll kills odor bacteria like this . . . instantly

You see, germs are by far the most common cause of halitosis. They start the fermentation of proteins that are always present in your mouth. As a result, as research shows, *your breath stays sweeter longer depending upon the degree to which you reduce germs in your mouth.*

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Clinically proved four times better than tooth paste

No wonder that in recent clinical tests Listerine Antiseptic averaged four times better in reducing breath odors than the two leading tooth pastes, as well as the

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That's why we say, if you're really serious about your breath, no matter what else you may use, use an antiseptic.

Kill those odor bacteria with Listerine—the most widely used antiseptic in the world. Rinse with it night and morning, and before any date where you want to be at your best.



Every week 2 different shows, radio & television:

"THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE & HARRIET"

See your paper for times and stations

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC . . . the most widely used antiseptic in the world

Somebody Ought to Muzzle Her!



JUDY, WHAT'S THE SMILING ALL ABOUT? WHATEVER IT IS, NAME IT... AND LET'S KICK IT AROUND WHISKEY!

PETE, I CAN'T YOUR DENTIST IS THE ONE TO HANDLE A SUBJECT LIKE... LIKE BAD BREATH, MONEY!



JUST ONE BRUSHING WITH COLGATE DENTAL CREAM REMOVES MOST OF THE BACTERIA THAT CAUSE BAD BREATH! SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT COLGATE INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES THAT ORIGINATE IN THE MOUTH!



Just one brushing with Colgate's removes most decay-causing bacteria! And if you really want to prevent decay, be sure to follow the best home method known—the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating!

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream



BELIEVE ME, USING COLGATE'S PROVS. FOR I'M A LUCKY DOG THESE DAYS!

Now! ONE Brushing With COLGATE DENTAL CREAM Removes Most Decay and Odor-Causing Bacteria!

Only The Colgate Way Does All Three!
CLEANS YOUR BREATH while it
CLEANS YOUR TEETH and
STOPS MOST TOOTH DECAY!



GIVES YOU A CLEANER, FRESHER MOUTH ALL DAY LONG!

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Isn't this "Juliet" pretty? The crown is smooth, sides curl gently upward. With Bobbi, no days of waiting for a natural wave. It's yours from the start.



The "Page Boy" is a young dream. Imagine a wave natural-looking as a temporary pin-curl, but without nightly settings. Yes, it's yours with Bobbi!



There's royal charm in the "Princesse"! Bobbi's just right for all such casual styles. Gives you exactly the wave you want—where you want it.

Swing to casual hair styles demands new kind of home permanent

Tight, bunchy curls from ordinary home permanents won't do. Now here's the happy answer... Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent! The only permanent that waves so softly...so permanently...so easily.

At last you can get the casual hair styles you want in a permanent... as easily as putting your hair in pin-curls. No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed even for beginners. Just pin-curl your hair the way you always do. Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. Rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out—and that's all. Imme-

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Notice the soft curls at the ends of this flattering "Peter Pan" style. With Bobbi you can easily get curls like these all by yourself—you need no help.



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



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

Morgan, the sophisticated basset hound, communes with his old friend, Garry Moore.



WHAT'S NEW FROM

By JILL WARREN



Jimmy Durante looking pugnacious, while Helen Traubel and Eddie Jackson politely ignore him during a little get-together before Saturday's show.

TED MACK and his Original Amateur Hour are finally back on the air on NBC-TV, Saturday nights. When All Star Revue bowed out of the NBC schedule and the time period became available, the network was able to move the Amateur Hour into a half-hour of that spot, with the same sponsor, the other half-hour being taken over by Robert Cummings' My Hero telefilm series. Mack, who was in Korea entertaining the troops when the deal was set, is very pleased to return to television and, needless to say, his thousands of fans who bombarded the network with letters about his program share his enthusiasm.

The American Broadcasting Company is signing all sorts of new talent and planning many new programs now

Jane Froman, hostess of U. S. A. Canteen, and Pfc. Eddie Fisher run through a number for the folks.



Comic Red Buttons and columnist Jill Warren pose together at a cocktail party held in Red's honor.



COAST TO COAST

that they have extra shekels in the till since their recent merger with United Paramount Theatres. There is a new show called ABC Album on the Sunday-night television schedule, a half-hour dramatic program which will present a different play each week. However, it is so produced that should a sponsor want to buy any one of the thirteen shows, the particular one he wishes can then be developed into a whole series. Donald Cook will emcee the programs and as stars the network has lined up such well-known thespians as Paul Douglas, Alan Mowbray, Brandon De Wilde, Walter Slezak, Audrey Christie, and Mildred Natwick.

Thursday nights, on radio, you can hear ABC Playbill, a program combining completely different facets of entertainment. The producers are presenting, on alternate weeks, so-

called high level humor, unusual audience-participation gimmicks, and a panel show, One Minute Please. Two of the regulars on the latter are Jan Struther, who wrote *Mrs. Miniver*, and Marc Connelly, author of *Green Pastures*.

George Jessel has been signed by ABC as a performer and producer on radio and television, with his duties beginning June 1st. And, in addition, Jessel will represent the network as a "good will ambassador" at private and public functions. Jessel is affectionately known as the "Toastmaster General of the United States," in recognition of the countless dinners and benefits at which he has spoken.

ABC is already working on its fall lineup and to date has signed movie actor Barry Sullivan to star in an adventure series, *The Crackdown*, and Paul Hartman, the veteran dancing

comedian, to headline a situation-comedy program, *Pride Of The Family*.

CBS is also planning ahead for its fall schedule. They have tabbed screen actress Joan Caulfield to play the starring role in the television version of *My Favorite Husband*. Listeners will undoubtedly remember this domestic comedy, which started on CBS radio back in 1948, and ran for two and a half years with Lucille Ball as its star.

Edgar Bergen has also put his signature to an exclusive contract which calls for him to continue his Sunday-night radio appearances and also ties him to the network for five television shows during the 1953-54 season. To date, Bergen has done only a couple of video guest appearances on special occasions.

Eddie Fisher is starring in a brand-new bi-weekly (Continued on page 6)

NEW FINER MUM



Buy one jar—get another

FREE

of extra cost*



Special Offer to get you to try New MUM with M-3 — Destroys Odor Bacteria — Stops Underarm Odor All Day

Don't miss this wonderful, no-risk chance to try new Mum cream deodorant. Mum now contains M-3, a scientific discovery that actually destroys odor-bacteria—doesn't give perspiration odor a chance to start.

Gentle Mum is safe for normal skin. Safe for clothes. Certified by the American Institute of Laundering. Won't rot or discolor even your finest fabrics.

So get a trial size jar—FREE of extra cost. You pay for only one jar. And you'll be thrilled with its amazingly

effective protection or 39¢ will be mailed to you promptly.

**Accept this Offer!*



Use bonus jar of Mum with M-3. If you don't agree that Mum is the best deodorant for you, return unused 39¢ jar (before July 31, 1953), with your name and address, to Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. MM, 630 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y. for 39¢ refund. (Offer good only in continental U.S.A.)

Available only while supplies last.

A Product of Bristol-Myers

television show on NBC, complete with a cola sponsor. The show will also be taped for radio. The popular baritone, who recently was discharged by the Army following an eighteen-month training hitch, flies to London any minute for a two-week engagement at the Palladium, and will film his shows ahead to cover the time he is gone. Incidentally, the last professional appearance Eddie made before being inducted was at the Paramount Theatre in New York. He finished his final show at 11:30 at night and the next morning reported to Uncle Sam. Curiously enough, the day following his discharge in April, he opened back at the Paramount. And not a bad way to celebrate his return to civilian life.

This 'n' That:

Bishop Fulton J. Sheen is still receiving many, many requests for the script of the Stalin "Funeral Oratory" which he presented on his Mutual radio and Du Mont television programs. It was originally done February 24th and had startling significance when the Russian Premier died ten days later. The bishop has pointed out that his script was but a paraphrase of Mark Antony's funeral oration over Caesar's body in Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar." Sheen followed the script of the funeral eulogy, substituting Stalin's name for Caesar's, Malenkov for Mark Antony, and Vishinsky for Brutus.

J. Carrol Naish says he parted company with Life With Luigi because the sponsor would not let him tape the show. He had to turn down lots of movie jobs because he was unable to go on location trips. Naish played the role of Luigi for five years.

Donald O'Connor and his wife, Gwen Carter, have made their recent separation permanent and each has hired lawyers preparatory to filing the divorce suit. Insiders say that there will be a battle over the custody of their daughter, Donna.

Lucille Ball lost fifteen pounds following the recent birth of her son, Desi IV. "Lucy" trimmed down for the TV camera on a diet of skim milk, high protein foods and fruit stewed in honey. Desi reports that, on the same menu, he gained ten pounds.

Joel Gray, promising new performer who was discovered by Eddie Cantor, has been signed as a summer replacement for Jackie Gleason on CBS-TV. He will sing, dance and cavort about in a variety show format.

Barbara Britton, the "Mrs." of TV's Mr. and Mrs. North, is expecting her third visit from the stork in July. In private life, Barbara is married to Dr. Eugene Czukor.

Remember Davy Lee, the child actor who did the "Sonny Boy" number with the late Al Jolson in "The Jazz Singer"? He is now an aircraft worker in California and recently made a guest appearance as a singer on Jack Owen's show in Hollywood.

Margaret Whiting and her husband, pianist Joe Busch, are having marital difficulties which may lead to a final break-up. Friends are hoping they can iron out their troubles before they tell it to the judge.

The Aldrich Family recently celebrated its fifteenth year of broadcasting. The character of "Henry" originally evolved from Clifford Goldsmith's hit play, "What a Life," which was produced in 1938 and ran on Broadway for more than a year. Ezra Stone, who created the part on the stage, carried it into radio when it was first aired by Rudy Vallee on his variety show. Then it became a ten-minute sketch on the old Kate Smith program and was heard for thirty-nine consecutive weeks. Following this, Henry and his family were signed as a summer replacement for the

(Continued on page 11)

More than a Girdle... better than a Corset!



New! ... a magical non-roll top, plus tummy-flattening latex "finger" panels that echo the firm support of your own body muscles, slim you the way Nature intended! Magic-Controller acts like a firming, breathing second skin.



New! Tummy-flattening latex "finger" panels firmly assist the gentle lift of your own body muscles. Waist-trimming non-roll top stays up without a bone, seam or stitch.



New! See how the new boneless non-roll top and the latex "finger" panels are invisibly moulded in. The Magic-Controller itself is invisible under sleekest clothes.



New! Fabric lining inside, with textured latex surface outside. Magic-Controller is as comfortable as your own skin. And it washes in seconds, dries like a miracle!

Amazing New Playtex Magic-Controller!

With new non-roll top and hidden power panels, it slims and supports you as Nature intended!

Here is *natural* figure control! *Natural* control that works *with* your body, not against it... *resilient*, firm control that revitalizes your proportions, your posture, your pride!

Simply hold Magic-Controller up to the light and see the hidden latex "finger" panels that firm you without a bone, stay, seam or stitch. Playtex slims, supports, *never distorts!*

Magic-Controller is all *one piece* of fabric lined latex. Every inch reflects *firm* control. It does more for you than *any* girdle, and frees you forever from restricting, constricting corsets.

Dramatic proof of its power to "fashion" your figure *naturally* comes when you wear it under the season's new styles. You'll think you've lost a *full size* (and more than a few years!)



Playtex Magic-Controller with 4 sturdily reinforced adjustable garters.

Look for Playtex Magic-Controller in this newest \$100 Playtex tube. At department stores, specialty shops everywhere, **\$7.95** Extra-large size, \$8.95

Fabric Lined PLAYTEX GIRDLES from \$4.95
FAMOUS PLAYTEX GIRDLES from \$3.50

Playtex... known everywhere as the girdle in the \$100 tube.

Claire, Pretty Boy and Saxie Dowell enjoy discussing affairs of the world together.



his friends call him "Saxie"

HORACE DOWELL was born in Raleigh, North Carolina, and as soon as he was old enough to tell fried chicken from baby food—he was singing and playing. When he was twelve Horace was a page for the North Carolina Senate, so the first thing he did was to organize the pages into a band. The boys regularly played for senators and their families. Somewhere around this time, Horace got the name "Saxie."

At the University of North Carolina, Saxie met another young musician named Hal Kemp—and the two formed a college orchestra. A couple of other fellows in the outfit were John Scott Trotter and Skinnay Ennis. The band clicked, and soon schooldays were left behind, and the group stormed New York. Known as Hal Kemp and his North Carolina Band, the aggregation was booked at one of Gotham's largest hotels. After a tour of Europe and jobbing trips to the West Coast, the famed Kemp band moved into the Blackhawk Restaurant in Chicago. The band broadcast over Station WGN for two years.

It was during this period that Saxie wrote two songs which drove the nation delightedly batty—"Three Little Fishes," and "Playmates." In 1941 Dowell formed his own band, but at the outbreak of the war, he disbanded it and enlisted in the Navy.

As usual the first thing Saxie did was to organize a band. He was assigned to the *USS Franklin*, an aircraft carrier, and received some wonderful "press notices" for his heroism in helping wounded buddies when the ship was attacked in the South Pacific. After he got out of the Navy, he reformed his old band. And while doing an engagement in the Blackhawk, he met Claire Oldsen, music clearance chief for WGN in Chicago. On January 1, 1947, she became Mrs. Dowell. And now Saxie is WGN property, since he's definitely decided to settle down.

Saxie is now heard week nights on his own program, and on Fridays he takes over as emcee of WGN's *Songs We Sing*. The Dowells' home is somewhat of a "clearing house" for musicians passing through Chicago.

sea nymph *glamour suits*

when
looks
count
most



There's something about a Sea Nymph that makes any body more beautiful! Swimming or sunning, this royal Princess suit with cuff plunge collar raises raves! You'll love the exciting French Riviera colors in figure-molding lastex faille. Sizes 32 to 38.

Buy two or three at this happy price. **about \$9.**

Slightly higher west of the Rockies.

Sea Nymph glamour suits come in Juniors, too! Sizes 9 to 15

at better stores everywhere, or write: Betty Barnes,

JORDAN manufacturing corp., 1410 Broadway, New York-18, N. Y.

Sea Nymph of Canada, 425 River St., Montreal

EASY ON THE EAR



BACK in 1940, Easy Gwynn was selling cheese in North Carolina, his home state, for fifty dollars a week. He quit to take an eighteen-dollar-a-week job in radio. But, much to his chagrin, he found out he was still a salesman. However, the station installed a new transmitter and decided to test it in the hour before the regular sign-on. The staff announcers didn't want to get up that early, so they let Easy handle the tests. He played records and tossed in chatter for an hour, and response was so great that the program became a steady diet. . . . When Easy brought his two shows—morning Easy Listening and afternoon Easy Does It to WIBC in Indianapolis, the mail department really got a work-out with some 5,000 letters a month coming in for Easy. The only way they could explain it was that Easy just seemed to fit right into the spirit of his audience. Pardoning the pun, he was "easy" to listen to. . . . Once off the radio, Easy is a home-loving man. He spends all his spare time in a pleasant house with his wife "Bill" and son Mark. Attached to the family are two Palomino horses, which have won forty ribbons since Bill and Mark started showing them. In addition there's a cocker spaniel named Tanya. When Easy brags, it isn't about his own success but about his wife and son—their horsemanship and just about everything else they do. That's Easy—North Carolina's gift to the Hoosiers.

WIBC's Easy Gwynn (center) with his son Mark and wife Bill astride their two champion Palominos.



What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 6)

Jack Benny program in 1939, and the Aldriches have been with us ever since. The current Henry on the NBC-TV series is nineteen-year-old Bobby Ellis.

Rumor has it that Bob Burns, the bazooka-playing Arkansas comedian who was well known in radio and movies a few years ago, may soon return to show business. There is a possibility that he'll do a daily radio show and may even give television a try. During the past few years Bob has devoted most of his time to his money-making ranch in the San Fernando Valley.

Marshall Berle, a nephew of "Uncle Miltie," recently made his TV debut on the Tele-Teen Reporter program in Hollywood.

Bing Crosby and his youngest son, Lindsay, who have been abroad since March 21st, will not return home until early June. In spite of all the talk before he left, the "Groaner" refused to make a definite decision about his television future until he gets back to the States.

Martin Block, famous disc jockey of New York's Station WNEW for the past eighteen years, has signed an exclusive long-term contract with the American Broadcasting Company, to start January 4, 1954. The platter-spinner, whose salesmanship ability has made him a fortune, is said to be assured of three million dollars in the course of his contract, if complete sponsorship is achieved. And getting sponsors should be no problem for Martin.

When somebody recently asked Red Skelton what he thought of Mickey Rooney, Red kiddingly replied, "I have always felt sorry for Rooney. He's too short to be a lover, and too tall to be a producer."

The suspicion over at Columbia Square is that Texas has a monopoly on school-teachers and winners of radio contests! In December it was Nell Owen of Dallas, a cutie schoolmarm who walked off with first prize in CBS Radio's Our Miss Brooks contest to find the prettiest teacher in the United States.

This time around it's Mrs. Rowena Bridgers of El Paso, a teacher, too, who has won the "Why I Like My Mother-in-law" contest sponsored by CBS Radio's December Bride series starring Spring Byington. Mrs. Bridgers consequently enjoyed a seven-day, all-expenses-paid stay at the Biltmore Hotel in Palm Springs, California.

Prior to leaving for the desert resort, Mrs. Bridgers spent Sunday and Monday, March 15 and 16, in Hollywood as the guest of the program's star, Spring Byington. Miss Byington, like her contest winner, is a mother-in-law in private life.

Talking to Parke Levy, the program's creator-director, Mrs. Bridgers had this to say about her home state: "It's not true, Mr. Levy, that there are oil wells on every corner back home, and that Texans go to the bank five times daily with their oil earnings!"

Asked what the Texans think of Hollywood, Mrs. Bridgers said: "My friends at home, upon hearing that I was going to Hollywood as the December Bride guest, told me to relax about meeting all those radio personalities in Hollywood because, after all, they're just people. And I agree with my friends at home, you are just people—and some of the nicest I've met in a long time!"

One extra highlight of the Hollywood visit for Mrs. Bridgers was her reunion
(Continued on page 13)

Use new **WHITE RAIN** shampoo
tonight—tomorrow your hair
will be sunshine bright!



It's like washing your hair in
softest rain water! This new gentle
lotion shampoo pampers your hair...
leaves it soft as a cloud, bright as
sunshine, and so easy to care for!

CAN'T DRY YOUR HAIR LIKE HARSH LIQUIDS
CAN'T DULL YOUR HAIR LIKE SOAPS OR CREAMS

WHITE RAIN

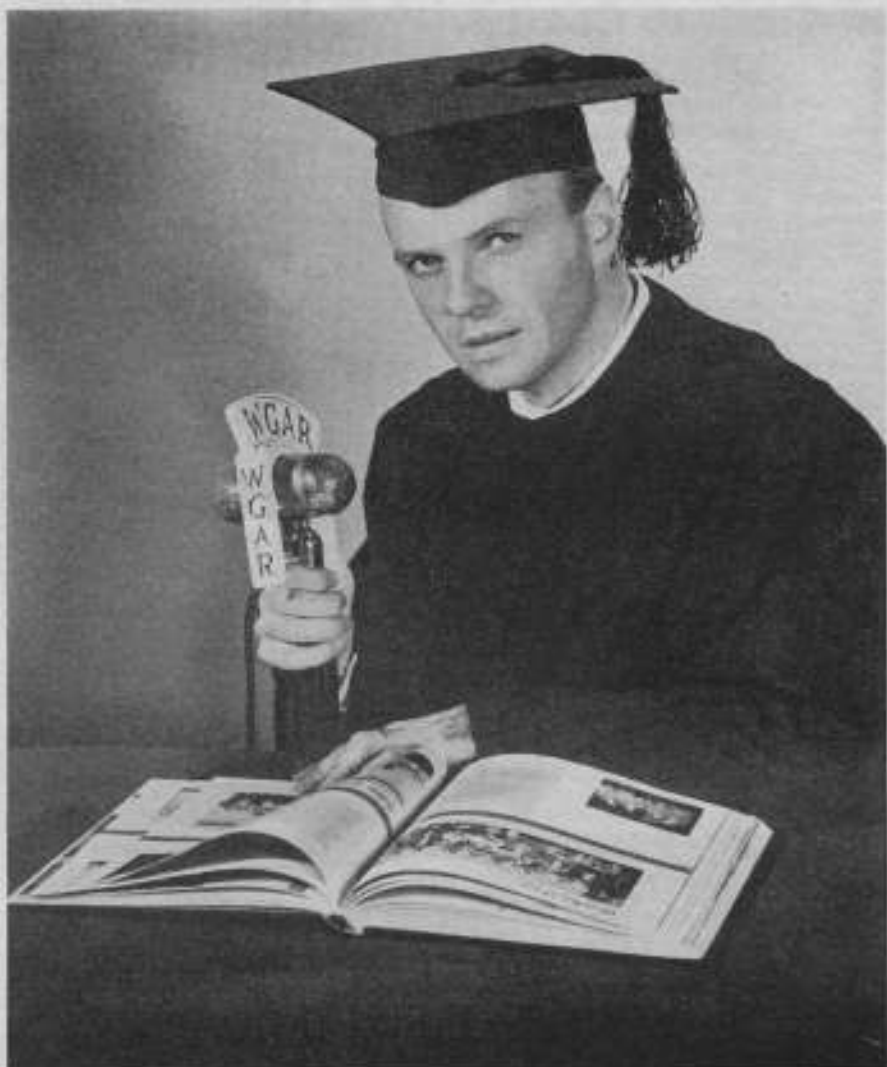
Fabulous New
Lotion Shampoo by Toni



Bob of all work

SPARE time is a rare commodity in the life of WGAR's Bob Smiley—affectionately called the "Professor" by his buddies at the station. A young man with so much energy that it frightens less hearty souls, Bet announces a half-dozen shows, writes all scripts for the station, and serves as standby announcer. Despite this heavy schedule, Bob still manages the time to take Ph.D. work in drama and speech at Western Reserve University. He already has a master's degree from there.

A list of his duties at WGAR staggers the imagination. Every weekday he arrives in time to prepare for his part as Esther Mullin's assistant on her 9:45 to 10:00 A.M. Ladies' Day program. He spends the rest of the day preparing scripts and continuity announcements that he reads on the air between programs. Then, of course, there's Smiley the home maintenance and garden expert on Saturday morning—he researches, writes and announces Homes And Gardens. And no sleep on Sunday mornings either; Smiley's at work announcing CBS Karamu Quartet—the only network show originating from the area. After that little job's over, while most Clevelanders are having their Sunday coffee, the Professor takes them on a Journey Into Melody.



Cleveland's own "Professor" Bob Smiley stationed at the WGAR mike.

No brunch for Bob—next he's rehearsing for Fairytale Theatre.

Sunday night is family night, and it's about time. At least Bob's wife Louise and his youngster think so. They kind of look forward to spending an evening with Bob in their Shaker Square apartment. Bob doesn't seem to object either.

A World War II veteran, Bob served in Italy. He was graduated from Kent State College in 1947 and took his first full-time radio job with station WHBC in Canton, his home town. He's been going strong ever since. The one consolation for all the work he's doing now is that he may be able to retire at an age when other men are just beginning to hit their stride.

What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 11)

after twenty-two years with one of her ex-students, Les Farber, who is now a successful writer-producer with CBS Radio.

What Ever Happened To . . . ?

Dotty Mack, who formerly worked with Paul Dixon on his television record shows? Dotty and Dixon are no longer partners and she recently went out on her own, debuting a new program over the Du Mont Television Network.

Bill Lawrence, who formerly sang with Arthur Godfrey before he was inducted into the Army? We have answered this one before, but still letters keep coming in, asking about Bill. So, once more, Bill will not return to the Godfrey crew. When he was medically discharged from the Army, he returned to New York City to recuperate and since that time he has made a few guest appearances on television and radio. And occasionally he plays theatres and night clubs in the East.

Roberta Quinlan, songstress and pianist who starred on her own TV show over NBC a few seasons back? With the exception of a few guest shots, Roberta has done little television lately. For the most part she has been playing supper clubs around the country, though there's a possibility she may return to New York for television again next fall.

Gracie Barrie, ex-musical comedy and radio vocal star? Gracie now lives in Florida and has more or less retired from regular professional activities. However, her husband is a night club owner, so every now and then Gracie makes an appearance in his club or sings for charity affairs.

These are some of the personalities readers have inquired about. If you have wondered what happened to one of your favorite people on radio or television, drop me a line—Miss Jill Warren, RANO-TV Minton Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City 17, New York, and I'll try my best to find out for you and put the information in the column. Unfortunately, we don't have space to answer all the questions, so I try to cover those personalities about whom we receive the most inquiries. Sorry, no personal answers.

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



Blemishes? "Noxzema helped heal my teen-age skin and I still use it," says Gloria Sherrer of Jamaica, L. I. "Cream-washing helps keep my complexion looking fresh and smooth."

How you, too, can Look lovelier in 10 days or your money back!

Doctor's new beauty care helps your skin look fresher, lovelier —and helps keep it that way!

If you aren't entirely satisfied with your skin—here's the biggest beauty news in years! A famous doctor has developed a wonderful new home beauty routine.

This sensible beauty care owes its amazing effectiveness to the unique qualities of Noxzema. This famous *greaseless* beauty cream is a medicated formula. It combines softening, soothing, healing and cleansing ingredients.

Thrilling results!

Letters from women all over America praise Noxzema's wonderfully quick help for rough, dry, lifeless skin and for externally-caused blemishes.

Like to help your problem skin look lovelier? Tonight, do this:

1. Cleanse thoroughly by 'cream-washing' with Noxzema and water. Apply Noxzema, then wring out a cloth in warm water and wash your face as if using soap. See how fresh

your skin looks the very first time you 'cream-wash'—not dry, or drawn!

2. Night cream. Smooth on Noxzema so that its softening, soothing ingredients can help your skin look smoother, lovelier. Always pat a bit extra over any blemishes* to help heal them—fast! You will see a wonderful improvement as you go on faithfully using Noxzema. It's *greaseless*. No smelly pillow!

3. Make-up base. 'Creams-wash' again in the morning, then apply Noxzema as your long-lasting powder base. *externally caused



Noxzema works or money back!
In clinical tests, it helped 4 out of 5 women with discouraging skin problems. If not delighted after a 10 day trial, return the jar to Noxzema, Baltimore. Your money back!

Get Noxzema today—40¢, 60¢ and \$1.00 plus tax at drug, cosmetic counters!

NOXZEMA skin cream



What's Spinning?

By CHRIS WILSON

WITH spring housekeeping nearly finished and everything in order for treks to the beach, we overhauled our portable phonograph and bought new batteries for our radio . . . and prepared to enjoy ourselves. And what a wealth of new people to know about in the recording field, what a wealth of old recordings to bring back sentimental memories of a decade or so ago! Perhaps the miracle of this form of entertainment is the fact that a man's or woman's voice, in spite of death, can go on thrilling millions. . . .

With Hank Williams' tragic passing, at least eight recording companies put out as many memorial record tributes. We personally feel his Luke-the-Drifter recordings are our greatest legacy from him. But the MGM "In Memory of Hank Williams" record—with Sonny Smith reciting a poem by recording star Art Smith—is a moving, touching testimonial. MGM has also re-issued under one label, "Hank Williams as Luke the Drifter," the best of the songs Hank recorded under that name. Included in the album are "Pictures from Life's Other Side," "Be Careful of Stones That You Throw," "Men With Broken Hearts," "The Funeral," "Too Many Parties and Too Many Pals," and "Beyond the Sunset."

Odds and Ends

We were amused to discover that Marilyn Monroe had recorded "Kiss" and "Do It Again," and that it won't be released for some time. Reason is simple. So many protests have come in to Hollywood motion picture studios, over Marilyn's sexiness on the screen, that the studio is shelving the recording until her public "cools off."

Did you see and hear Rosemary Clooney in "The Stars Are Singing"? Some 600 of her fans gathered to pay tribute to her on the opening of her picture in New York and Columbia Records released "Haven't Got A Worry" and "Lovely Weather for Ducks," which is doing very well.

Columbia seems to be going in for just about every type of personality these days. Arthur Godfrey's CBS-TV "Calendar Show" has been recorded—the first Godfrey show ever to be transferred in its entirety to records. Among the performers is the maestro himself, Godfrey, singing—with The Chordettes—"If It Wasn't for Your Father." Marion Marlowe, Frank

Parker, Julius La Rosa, Lu Ann Simms, Janette Davis—all have solo numbers. The Mariners recorded "Look Ahead" for the album. Then Columbia has put on wax Renzo Cesana, The Continental, the great lover of radio and television who sent men screaming from their TV sets last year. Cesana's provocative voice threads through "I Kiss Your Hand Madam," "Long Ago," "Temptation," and eight other popular love songs. Don't play it while Dad or the boy friend's around or you're likely to find a recording has been accidentally stepped on.

We're still mad about RCA Victor's album of Danny Thomas from "The Jazz Singer"—and those who share listening to our machine request it again and again. Songs from the film include "Hush-A-Bye," "Oh Moon," "Living the Life I Love,"

"The Birth of the Blues," "Kol Nidre," and "I Hear the Music Now." Love 'em, just love 'em.

Life Story

Little Joni James, who was once introduced as an "extra" on a Johnnie Ray TV show, is the newest rage—her "Why Don't You Believe Me" is on top. She was born on Chicago's South Side, one of six children whom her widowed mother supported. Her real name is Babbo, but Joni took her mother's maiden name for show business. Her uncle, who was supervising a travelling opera company, led her to an audition at the Children's Civic Theatre in Chicago. She danced her way into a contract with her first number. After an attack of acute appendicitis, she concentrated



The Four Lads receive some packages from members of their fan club.

Jimmy Boyd, a good man on the git, appears on the Jo Stafford Show.



on singing. Her singing led to recording dates, to MGM's "Why Don't You Believe Me," to night-club appearances and TV assignments—only this time as a star!

This Month's Selections:

Ten of these recordings and you're a constant platter spinner; eight, and a few friends will pay attention to your selections; six—go listen to someone else's collection and make a mental note to get with it!

1. "Somebody Stole My Gal," with Johnnie Ray and Buddy Cole quartet. Columbia. Backed by "Glad Rag Doll."
2. "He Who Has Love," with the Four Lads. Backed by "I Wonder, I Wonder, I Wonder."
3. "How Could You?" with Sunny Gale, for RCA (how could you miss it!)—backed by "I Feel Like I'm Gonna Live Forever."
4. "Dancin' With Someone" and "Long Gone Baby," by the Delta Rhythm Boys. And you'll be a Long Gone Baby, too, if you listen often.
5. "Oh, What A Sad, Sad Day" and "Mister Midnight," by Johnnie Ray—terrific, with the Four Lads doing the vocal backing. Columbia.
6. "Without My Lover" and "Smoking My Sad Cigarette," with Jo Stafford and her husband, Paul Weston, leading the orchestra for Columbia. Nice. Nice. Nice.
7. "Salome" and "Let Me Know," with Dinah Shore, for RCA Victor.
8. "Time for Love" and "Look Me Over Closely," Marlene Dietrich for Columbia. Someone said "sex" couldn't be packaged, but Dietrich comes mighty close to it.
9. "Gomen Nasai" and "Someone to Kiss Your Tears Away," for Mercury, with Eddy Howard. As always, the boy's good.
10. "More Luck Than Money" and "Are You Tired of Me?" with Lily Ann Carol, for RCA. Real bouncy.



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What
makes
them
all
like
Tampax?



Take Nancy. The outdoor type. Always ready for any sport, from cycling to tennis, no matter what time of the month it is. Even goes in swimming on "those days." How does she do it? With Tampax, the *internal* kind of monthly sanitary protection. Tampax does away with chafing and irritation; is so comfortable the wearer doesn't even feel it, once it's in place.



Then there's Helene. Overwhelmingly feminine. Sachet for her bureau drawers and satin cases for her lingerie. Helene likes Tampax because it's so dainty. The highly absorbent cotton is easily disposed of, even while visiting. One's hands need never touch the Tampax, thanks to the throw-away applicator.



Ann's a career girl. Efficient and practical. Naturally you'd expect her to use doctor-invented Tampax. Just the assurance that there can be no revealing outlines, *that there isn't any possibility of offending odor*, lets her feel poised and sure of herself under any circumstances. And Tampax is so convenient to carry. A month's supply fits in the purse.

Get Tampax yourself. Drug and notion counters everywhere carry all 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



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*Eating wisely and well
for health and beauty is fun
for this handsome household.*

Here's how they do it

Diet IS A FAMILY AFFAIR



The Starks enjoy Sunday breakfast: Pam, Kathi, baby Wilbur, Jr., and Will.

By HARRIET SEGMAN

"NO 'STARVATION' diets for us," says Kathi Norris. "I'm more interested in the chemical balance working within the body than just calorie intake." Kathi, her husband Wilbur Stark, seven-year-old Pam and baby Wilbur, Jr., all incline to plumpness. All diet.

The entire family drinks skim milk, and eats meats and vegetables

that are low in calories. To take off a lot of weight quickly and safely, here is Kathi's two-week diet:

MONDAY

Breakfast: 3 eggs, grapefruit, black coffee

Lunch: 3 eggs, tomatoes, black coffee

Dinner: 3 eggs, combination salad, 1 piece dry toast

TUESDAY

Breakfast: 2 eggs, grapefruit, coffee
 Lunch: 2 eggs, grapefruit, coffee
 Dinner: Steak, tomatoes, lettuce, celery, olives, cucumbers, tea or coffee

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast: 2 eggs, grapefruit, coffee
 Lunch: 2 eggs, tomatoes, spinach, coffee
 Dinner: 2 lamb chops, celery, cucumbers, tomatoes, coffee

THURSDAY

Breakfast: 1 or 2 eggs, grapefruit, coffee
 Lunch: Combination salad, grapefruit
 Dinner: 1 or 2 eggs, cottage cheese, spinach, 1 piece dry toast

FRIDAY

Breakfast: 1 or 2 eggs, grapefruit, coffee
 Lunch: 1 or 2 eggs, spinach, coffee
 Dinner: Fish, combination salad, 1 piece dry toast

SATURDAY

Breakfast: 1 or 2 eggs, grapefruit, coffee
 Lunch: Fruit salad—nothing else
 Dinner: Lots of steak, celery, tomatoes, cucumbers, coffee

SUNDAY

Breakfast: 1 or 2 eggs, grapefruit, coffee
 Lunch: Cold chicken, tomatoes, grapefruit
 Dinner: Vegetable soup, chicken, tomatoes, cooked cabbage, carrots, celery, grapefruit, coffee

Second week repeat.

It is important, not only to abstain from anything not included in the diet, Kathi explains, but to eat everything that is mentioned. Quantities are less important, except where specifically indicated. Of course, vegetables are without butter, salads without oils, grapefruit without sugar and coffee or tea without sugar or milk. Also, only lean parts of meats are to be eaten. It's a good idea, too, to eliminate alcoholic beverages.

You can lose from ten to twenty pounds in two weeks. Don't follow the diet any longer than that. From then on, follow a sensible diet, heavy on meats, fruits, vegetables and light on sweets and starches. Happy eating!

Just look at her baby!

Ida Lupino

and her daughter, Bridget

"I've used PLAYTEX for my baby from the start...and I know it's the best!"

Says Miss Lupino, distinguished actress and the only lady director in the film capital. Her latest release is "The Hitch-Hiker."



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More babies wear **PLAYTEX** than any other baby pants!

MEET MILLIE and



Elena Verdugo

SINCE she was fourteen, Elena Verdugo—one of the prettiest secretaries to ever sit on the boss's son's lap—has never played a straight role. The five-foot-two-inch blonde turns thumbs down on any part that doesn't induce laughter. On Meet Millie, the laughs are plentiful, so Elena is happy. . . . A member of one of the oldest families in California, Elena went to school in Los Angeles—finishing high school on the studio lot. Her classmates there were Roddy McDowall and Stanley Clements. Her first public appearance was as a dancer in "Down Argentine Way." But an executive noted that she could act as well, and she's been acting ever since. Xavier Cugat fans will remember Elena's recording of "Tico Tico" when she vocalized for the rhumba king's orchestra. . . . Off-mike, Elena is Mrs. Charles R. Marion and the mommy of three-year-old Richard. Mr. Marion is a screen writer. Featured on the Meet Millie program, Elena has come into her own as a top-flight comedienne.

WHEN Alfred Prinzmetal—the Brooklyn Poet—tells Millie and her mother in mournful tones, "You hate me," the audience breaks up. Marvin Kaplan, the bespectacled young man who created the Alfred role on Meet Millie, just can't help breaking people up—he's so sad it's a scream. Born in Brooklyn twenty-five years ago, Marvin started out to be a doctor—went to New York University for that purpose. But the acting bug bit, and he started working with a little-theatre company in Southern California. One night, Katharine Hepburn of Boston met Marvin Kaplan of Brooklyn, and the meeting resulted in a part in her film, "Adam's Rib." To date, Marvin has ten pictures and several Broadway plays to his credit, yet he still looks and acts miserable. Friends swear he has been known to laugh, but professionally the boy is the saddest-looking thing around. A clue to this leads us to the fact that his grandfather, Joseph Rothman, founded a pickle works, and perhaps Marvin tasted one too many sour dills as a small boy.



Marvin Kaplan

her Friends

MILLIE'S beloved "Mama" on the Meet Millie show is portrayed by Bea Benadaret, one of the ablest character actresses in radio. She is Gertrude Gearshift—Jack Benny's talkative telephone operator, and Amber Lipscomb on My Friend Irma, to mention a few of her many characterizations. She has done parts on almost every top network program. . . . Bea was born in New York, studied voice and piano as a child. After she was graduated from high school, Bea studied acting at the Reginald Travis School in San Francisco. The manager of a local station heard her in a children's version of "The Beggar's Opera" and gave her a start in radio. Her first job was as a staff member of Station KFRC, where she was actress, singer, writer and producer. In 1936, Bea tried Hollywood and network radio. Her first big breaks were the jobs she got with Orson Welles and Jack Benny. In private life she is the very loving mama of Jack, thirteen, and Maggie, six. But on radio, Bea, as Brooklyn's gift to mothers, has kept people laughing until they yell "uncle."



Bea Benadaret



Earle Ross — Rye Billsbury

FAMOUS actor Wilton Lackaye saw Earle Ross—Mr. Boone, Sr., on Meet Millie—in his theatrical debut as a villain in a high-school play. The boy-villain was so convincing that Lackaye told him to go on the stage. Earle followed the advice, and has been playing the villain during most of his professional career. A silent screen veteran, Earle now remarks that he's seeing his old pictures on TV. One of the initial members of Actor's Equity, Earle has been active in every phase of show business. He formed one of the largest fine arts school in the country in Oak Park, Illinois. . . . Ross has a very unusual contract to play Mr. Boone on Meet Millie. It's strictly a verbal agreement with CBS—and that's the way Earle likes it—very friendly!

PROVIDING the love interest for Millie is a pretty difficult task for Mr. Boone, Jr., the boss's son on Meet Millie. Between stealing kisses during office hours and contending with Millie and Mama at their home, Rye Billsbury has his hands full. But he's equal to the task. . . . Rye is a native of Chicago, born in 1920—his whole family, with the exception of his mother, was show-business. He started out with a legal career in mind, but soon found himself drifting towards acting. He was Jack Armstrong, The All-American Boy, for two years, and has several roles on daytime dramas. He considers the comedy of Meet Millie an actor's dream, because the characters are honest. For the excellent job he does on the Meet Millie comedy, his star has risen in Hollywood radio.

Meet Millie is heard over CBS Radio, Thursdays at 8 P.M. EDT, for Brill Cream.
Meet Millie is seen on CBS-TV, Saturdays at 9:00 P.M. EDT.

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DAYTIME DIARY

AUNT JENNY Springtime in Littleton—like any other town—means spring flowers, new hats and love stories. But though Aunt Jenny has many touching, tender stories of young love to share with her listeners, she never forgets that small as her town is, its life has many sides. Not love alone, but other human relationships, are dramatized in the stories that make her neighbors such interesting people. M-F, 12:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Mary Noble, wife of Broadway star Larry Noble, wonders if wealthy Roy Shepherd is the right backer for Larry's new play. Shepherd insists that his amateur daughter, Elise, be given a prominent part. Can Larry and his leading lady, Dolores Martinez, carry the play with their own talents, or might Elise's failure in her part ruin the entire production? Should the Nobles seek another backer? M-F, 4 P.M. EDT, NBC.

BRIGHTER DAY Three Rivers, already split into two opposing camps over the imminent power company project, is further shaken by the murder of Elmer Davidson, in which young Alan Butler appears to be somehow involved. Rev. Dennis, trying to guide his fellow townsmen toward the greatest good for the greatest number, watches anxiously as his daughter Patsy faces her own personal aspect of the town's problem. M-F, 2:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

DOCTOR'S WIFE Though Julie Palmer believes she and Dan were right in returning young Jigger to his real mother, she cannot fight off the depression that comes with his loss. But a visit to Dr. Edwards is the most magical tonic in the world, for he tells her that the miracle has happened! The Palmers' marriage takes on a new dimension of happiness as they settle down to await the child they thought they could never have. M-F, 5:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL In his specialty as crime reporter, David Farrell of the *New York Eagle* is constantly facing new and unforeseen dangers as he fulfills his assignments covering stories of violence and evil in a large metropolitan city. David's chief assets are his sharp intuitions, his understanding nature, his inquiring mind, and his alert wife Sally, who has helped him in case after case to set the police straight. M-F, 5:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

GUIDING LIGHT Young Kathy Grant at last realizes the dangerous challenge she gave fate when she kept certain important facts from her family and her husband, Dr. Dick Grant. If their marriage survives, can it ever be the same now that the foundation of trust has been shaken? Or will the past be forgotten as Kathy's father, Joe Roberts, and her stepmother struggle to avert further tragedy? M-F, 12:45 P.M. EDT, CBS-TV, M-F, 1:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

HILLTOP HOUSE Julie Paterno, head matron of the orphanage Hilltop House, faces one of the grimmest tragedies of her experience as Reed Bannister's adopted teen-age daughter Marcia is killed in the South American accident which seriously injures Reed himself. Will there be an important change in Julie's life as Reed struggles to readjust to a life so different from the one he had planned? M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, CBS.

JUST PLAIN BILL Just how far from normal is the strange man known as Captain Everett Nightingale? Bill Davidson, desperately trying to prevent the Captain from harming his ex-wife and his present wife, has incurred the man's dangerous enmity. What real power lies in the hideous little idol which the Captain believes can rid him of those who oppose him? Is this closer to the truth than Bill realizes? M-F, 5 P.M. EDT, NBC.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL Now completely on the side of crippled young Danny, Chichi fights valiantly to protect the boy from the selfish clutches of two other women—his greedy, heartless mother, and wealthy, lonely Victoria Vandebush, who means well by Danny but does not understand her own motives. Will the scheming Paul Porter add a decisive factor to the increasingly turbulent situation? What does Papa David think? M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, NBC.

LORENZO JONES The loss of memory which separated Lorenzo Jones from his wife Belle has resulted in the start of a new life for him as he plans marriage to lovely Gail Maddox. Meanwhile, Belle, in New York, searches heartbrokenly for her lost husband, faithful to the conviction that their love must bring them together again. Will her kindly employer, Verne Massey, be her key to a new life? M-F, 5:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.

MA PERKINS Big events loom in the lives of all the family as Evey awaits her baby—Willy wonders about his new job at the hotel, and Fay faces a future she didn't dream of a few months back. Is Tom Wells reentering her life for better—or for worse? When he walked out of it more than a year ago he was a very confused young man. Are things different with him now? M-F, 1:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

OUR GAL SUNDAY During the years of Sunday's marriage to Lord Henry Brintrop there have been many upsets, many disturbances, but never before has Sunday had to fight such evil suspicions as have now been stirred up by the selfish, vindictive Rose Miller. Is there any basis for Rose's insinuations about Henry's friendship with Wilma Taylor? And has Henry anything to do with the murder of Wilma's ex-convict husband? M-F, 12:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY When Linda and Pepper decided to adopt a baby they believed they had embarked on a new and wonderful phase of their marriage. But what happens when little Culpepper's real parents suddenly determine to have him back? If the Dennises can't satisfy their ill-timed parental urge by legal means, will Jim Dennis find another way? M-F, 3:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.

PERRY MASON Lawyer Perry Mason is endeavoring not only to save his client,

Ruth Davis, but to expose the far-ranging plans of master-criminal Mark Cesar as the latter ruthlessly schemes to enlarge his criminal kingdom. The mysterious, untraceable poison whose secret Cesar holds has been his most valuable weapon, but as Perry closes in on the trail the weapon may very well turn against Cesar himself. M-F, 2:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS Carolyn Kramer Nelson struggles to clarify her own feelings as they are shadowed and confused by forces she does not entirely understand. Must she decide on complete submergence of her own principles and individuality to save her marriage? Or does happiness lie along another road? Will Miles himself be the one to indicate what decision, if any, must be made? M-F, 3:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

ROAD OF LIFE A confused young student nurse throws a decisive complication into the search for Gordon Fuller's murderer. Will her activity make things better or worse for Dr. Jim Brent? And what will happen to the relationship between Jim and Jocelyn McLeod when Aunt Regina arrives in town and starts to take things into her own hands? Is Jim's daughter-in-law right about Aunt Regina? M-F, 1 P.M. EDT, CBS. M-F, 3:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT Helen Trent, Hollywood gown designer, enters upon the biggest job of her career as well as the most trying relationship when autocratic producer Kelsey Spencer engages her to work on his new documentary. A host of strange personalities surround Spencer, and when Helen reluctantly obeys his order that she come to his eerie home, Eagle's Nest, for conferences, disaster finally breaks the tension. M-F, 12:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

ROSEMARY Bill Roberts has finally gotten on the track of the story behind the gambling activities that have been undermining family life in Springdale. Despite formidable opposition and secret conspiracy against him, he is approaching relentlessly closer to the truth with each issue of his crusading newspaper, *The Banner*. Will Bill succeed in his exposé—or will he be silenced? M-F, 11:45 A.M. EDT, CBS.

SECOND MRS. BURTON The newspaper venture so hopefully undertaken by Stan and Terry Burton, which almost ended in tragedy a short time ago, is now underway again. Will the restoration of normal-

when hair loses that
"vital look"



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Daytime Diary

cy also bring about a rebirth of Mother Burton's curious power to disturb her son's happy marriage? The wealthy widow's latest venture, a cultural program for Dickson, appears harmless—but is it? M-F, 2 P.M. EDT, CBS.

STELLA DALLAS The mysterious shouting of Arnold King's sister Alida has held up the marriage plans of Stella and Arnold, and Stella's daughter Laurel finds herself strangely glad of the postponement. Laurel, who at present is wrestling with a serious problem of her own, badly needs Stella's advice and help. But Stella has always insisted she would never interfere in Laurel's life. Would her help now be interference? M-F, 4:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE Grace, reckless-teen-age daughter of Dr. Robert Sergeant, is now unable to put an end to her dangerous association with hoodlum Cass Todero. Nurse Nora Drake, in love with Grace's father, endeavors to help the girl, but is confused by lies and evasions which the desperate Grace believes necessary to her own self-preservation. What decisive effect will the forged prescription have on their lives? M-F, 2:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

WENDY WARREN Striving to conceal her anxiety, Wendy watches her husband, playwright Mark Douglas, begin work on a play for the young actress who has made such an important impression on him. Mark's memories of his own early youth seem to be bound up in young Pat Sullivan. Is he overrating her ability, as Maggie Fallon insists? And what effect will Pat's personal plans have on Mark's life—and Wendy's? M-F, 12 noon, EDT, CBS.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES There were times in the recent past when Joan Davis felt desperately uncertain that she

would ever see her family again. But she has been restored to them, and that is why the scandal and difficulty that surround Harry leave her comparatively serene. If the great miracle of reunion came to pass, surely, Joan thinks, she and Harry can face whatever forces are arrayed against them. M-F, 10:45 A.M. EDT, ABC.

WOMAN IN MY HOUSE Until recently, Jeff Carter seemed to be in no special hurry to concentrate romantically on any of the girls who would have been glad to have him. It seems strange to his family—especially his disapproving younger brother—that his eye should fall on a girl ten years his junior. Is it serious with Jeff? Or will Carolyn's return to town throw some new light on how he really feels? M-F, 4:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

YOUNG DR. MALONE Dr. Jerry Malone continues to discover unexpected resources of wisdom and love in his elderly mother as he tries to rebuild for himself and his young daughter, the life that was almost shattered with his wife's death. Meanwhile, in New York, the marriage of his friends, Ernest and Mary Horton, has some dangerous ups and downs as Ernest's erratic personality at last takes its toll of Mary's patience. M-F, 1:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN When Ruth Loring first appeared in Simpsonville claiming to be the wife of Dr. Anthony Loring, Anthony's fiancée Ellen Brown believed it would only be a matter of time before Ruth was discredited. But Anthony was unable to prove the long-ago annulment of the marriage, and Ellen is shocked when he finally decides to accept Ruth. She does not realize Anthony is trying to protect her from suspicion in Mathilda Maxwell's death. M-F, 4:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.

TWO JOANS FOR JULY

Joan Alexander's picture on the cover and her summer vacation story inside
Joan Loring's real life story

PLUS SPECIAL STORIES ON

Doctor's Wife • Dennis James

HEDDA HOPPER EXCLUSIVE

EVERYONE LOVES LUCY!

All Featured in the July RADIO-TV MIRROR on sale June 10

Information Booth



Bob Williams
(See column 1)

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

Bishop Sheen

Dear Editor:

Could you please tell me what it is that Bishop Sheen writes at the top of his blackboard on his TV program? They are initials.

B. C., Hominy, Okla.

Bishop Sheen writes the letters—"J.M.J." They are the first initials of Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

Mr. Williams

Dear Editor:

Can I please have some biographical information about Bob Williams who does the Camels commercial on Your Show Of Shows?

B. K., Miami Beach, Fla.

Bob Williams was born in Charlotte, North Carolina, but doesn't have a Southern drawl. As a teenager, Bob thought he would like to go into medicine as a profession, but he changed his mind as the result of a street interview. A man with a walkie-talkie microphone approached him one day and interviewed him on a Charlotte sidewalk. Later he heard a record of his own voice, and Bob thought to himself—I sound like somebody on the radio. So he went into radio—just like that. For a few years he worked on the West Coast doing a variety of jobs such as singing, emceeing, and even a few hit parts in pictures. Today he is one of the most sought-after announcers in New York. He is charming—red-headed, and unmarried.

Groucho Theme Songstress

Dear Editor:

Could you please tell me the name of the singer who does the DeSoto-Plymouth

commercials on Groucho Marx's You Bet Your Life?

M. T., Pittsburgh, Pa.

The voice of the commercial is Darlene Zito.

Songs Of The B-Bar-B

Dear Editor:

Could you please give me some information about my favorite cowboy singer—Tex Fletcher, who is on the Songs Of The B-Bar-B program over Mutual?

V. C., Macon, Ill.

Tex Fletcher was born in Buffalo, South Dakota, in 1909. He has been a cowpuncher, circus boy and appeared in Buffalo Bill's famous Wild West Show. From 1938 to 1941, Tex made a series of cowboy movies in Hollywood—now being shown on TV as the Tootsie Hippodrome, which stars Tex. From 1942 to 1944, he served as an infantryman in Italy. He received a field commission as a Lieutenant. In 1944, he was wounded in the leg, and sent back to hospital in the States. It was there that he met Ada Mae Henkel, an Army nurse. They fell in love and were married. Now the Fletchers have two lovely children—Robert, five-and-a-half, and Jane Ellen, eighteen months.

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



the outstanding value in your home

**MORE THAN 101 WAYS
SODA SAVES YOU TIME,
WORK, MONEY**

For: Acid indigestion
As a toothpowder
Mouthwash
Gargle
For sunburn
Scalds and burns
Insect bites
Ivy poisoning

For: Baking lighter-
textured biscuits and
fresher keeping cakes

For: Cleaning refrigerators
Glass coffeemakers
Vacuum bottles
Bread boxes
Silverware
Baby bottles
Combs and brushes
Enamel and tile

WHY buy a number of different products to do a number of different jobs when soda does them all and costs less?

Soda is so pure you use it for cakes, cookies, biscuits. And the same soda you know is safe in foods you know is safe with foods. So you clean your refrigerator with soda—and SWEETEN it, at the same time.

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of soda in $\frac{1}{2}$ glass of water brings prompt relief from distress of indigestion—is mild and soothing in your stomach.

From baking to brushing teeth, from soothing sunburn to putting out fires, there's nothing does a better job than pure bicarbonate of soda.

Arm & Hammer and Cow Brand Baking Soda meet all requirements of United States Pharmacopoeia.

Free: a booklet on the "Usefulness of Soda." Write Church & Dwight Co., Inc., 70 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.

Al Morgan is the master of

FLOPPY RHYTHM



Cincinnati folks really rock to Al Morgan's floppy piano style over WLW-TV.

AFTER thirteen years of the hard knocks so familiar to show-business folk, Al Morgan finally came up with something which has plummeted him to fame and fortune in the entertainment world. As a child, Al loved to sing and play the piano, so when he finished school, decided on making his hobby a profession. He started out in the usual way—playing piano at dine and dance spots. But one of the things he couldn't get used to was the way the customers ignored the piano. They'd just keep right on talking and laughing while he gave his all. One night, he just blew his top, and was determined to shock the folks out of their indifference. He began to lift his hands to shoulder height and to flop them, seemingly, without specific aim, but with the greatest speed imaginable onto the keyboard. The result sounded pretty good, too.

The customers sat up and took notice—not that they liked what they heard—but, at least, they listened. Al didn't mind the heckling and before he knew it, people had become used to his floppy style and wouldn't let him return to the straight and narrow. He accomplished what he had set out to do—people were listening and talking about it afterwards. Shortly after Pearl Harbor, the pianist enlisted in the Air Force, where he became a gunner, and it was after his discharge that fortune really began to smile on Al Morgan. He became conductor of the staff band at Cincinnati's station WKRC, and shortly added several shows of his own to his duties there. After that, Al went to New York for a while, where he appeared as a featured entertainer at Roger's Corners, a spot specializing in big-city "corn." Several other night club stints followed. In addition, he made quite a name for himself as a recording artist.

Now Mr. Morgan is back in Cincinnati with his WLW-TV show. And his popularity with viewers makes it very unlikely that they'll let him leave their fair city again. Floppy piano-playing is here to stay!



Why Dial Soap protects your complexion even under make-up!

*Dial's skin-clearing ingredient washes
away blemish-spreading bacteria
that other soaps leave on your skin*

Here, at last, is real skin protection — *continuing* protection that works even under make-up. And it is yours in the mildest kind of face soap.

Now, no matter how lavishly or how sparingly you normally use cosmetics, when you wash beforehand with Dial, the fresh clearness of your skin is continuously protected . . . *underneath* your make-up.

For Dial does a wonderful thing. It washes away trouble-causing bacteria that other soaps (even the finest) leave on your skin. Dial does this because it contains AT-7, known to science as Hexachlorophene. This ingredient clears the skin of unseen bacteria that so often aggravate and spread surface blemishes.

Works in a new way!

Until Dial came along, there was no way to remove bacteria effectively. Even after thorough washing with other kinds of soap, thousands are left on your skin. Then, when you put on make-up, they are free to cause trouble underneath.

But when you wash every day with Dial, it removes up to 95% of these troublemakers. No other leading soap can do this—Dial's the only one with Hexachlorophene. This ingredient also removes skin bacteria that cause perspiration odor. That's

why Dial has become the favorite bath soap of millions . . . it stops odor *before* it starts.

PHOTOMICROS PROVE RESULTS



After ordinary soap (1). Thousands of blemish-spreading bacteria on skin...

After using Dial (2). It removes up to 95% of trouble-causing bacteria.

And Dial is so mild!

You'd never guess this mild, gentle soap gives you such benefits. Dial's creamy lather gently removes soil and make-up; gives you scrupulous cleanliness, helps overcome clogged pores and blackheads. Then Dial *continues*, with its skin-clearing action, to protect your complexion all day.

Skin doctors know how Dial clears away troublesome bacteria. They recommend it for adolescents and adults. For simply by washing with Dial every day, your skin becomes cleaner and clearer than any other kind of soap can get it. Why not let Dial protect your complexion—even under make-up?



DIAL DAVE GARRWAY—NBC, Weekdays



P. S. For cleaner, more beautiful hair, try *New* DIAL SHAMPOO in the handy, unbreakable squeeze bottle.

Mild, fragrant DIAL Soap keeps complexions clearer by keeping skin cleaner

Esther Williams

starring in M.G.M.'s
DANGEROUS WHEN WET
Color by Technicolor



YES, ESTHER WILLIAMS uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo. In fact, in less than two years, Lustre-Creme has become the shampoo of the majority of top Hollywood stars! When America's most glamorous women use Lustre-Creme Shampoo, shouldn't it be your choice above all others, too?

**For the Most Beautiful Hair in the World
4 out of 5 Top Hollywood Stars
use Lustre-Creme Shampoo**



Glamour-made-easy! Even in hardest water, Lustre-Creme "shines" as it cleans... leaves your hair soft and fragrant, gleaming-bright. And Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with *Natural Lanolin*. It doesn't dry or dull your hair!



Makes hair eager to curl! Now you can "do things" with your hair—right after you wash it! Lustre-Creme Shampoo helps make hair a delight to manage—tames flyaway locks to the lightest brush touch, brings out glorious sheen.



Fabulous Lustre-Creme costs no more than other shampoos—77¢ to \$2 in jars or tubes.

... and thrilling news for users of liquid shampoo! Lustre-Creme now available also in new Lotion Form, 30¢ to \$1.00.



Dreams can come true



Jan Miner, heroine of Hilltop House,
woke up in glamourland and
miraculously the world was hers

By PHILIP CHAPMAN

JAN MINER—who, as pert, pretty Julie Paterno in Hilltop House, endears herself to you daily with her understanding and sense of humor—went to a party a few months ago. There were a lot of elegant people there, and the conversation not only dripped famous names but places, too: “Ran into Basil in Havana two weeks ago, so we went on to the Riviera until it was time to come here for the dog show. . . .”

That sort of thing. Jan had been covering up with vague little mutterings: “Ah, yes, Havana, lovely place” . . . “The Riviera, such a blue Mediterranean in front of it” . . . and so on. But

See Next Page

Dreams can come true



Jan's usual idea of leisure—working on her farm.

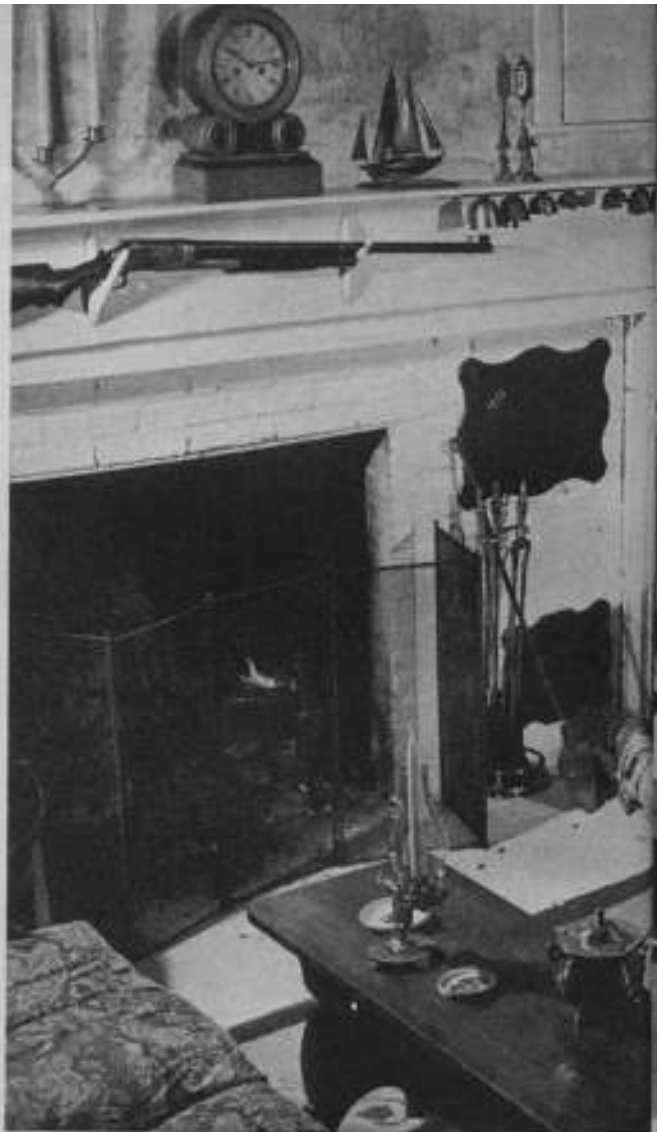
when finally a stuffy dowager turned to her and solemnly asked, "My dear, have you ever been to Iceland?" Jan had had it.

She jumped in her chair. "Me? My gosh, the only place I've ever been was to Detroit on a bus."

Well, that is true no longer. Jan has been to a place now.

Specifically, she's been to Hollywood to make a movie, and she will probably never finish talking about it.

As you have no doubt read in these pages, Jan lives in two places—New York City and her farm in New Hampshire. In New York, she works hard at her job. In New Hampshire, she works hard at just being good and alive, at digging loam or driv-



Even during quiet country evenings, there are scripts

ing a tractor or hoeing a row in her vegetable garden.

But when she was notified, on twenty-four hours' notice, that she was going to Hollywood to make a TV film (probably the hardest work any actress can be assigned to do anywhere, at any time) she thought of the expedition only in terms of a glamorous, exciting vacation.

To the girl who had never been anywhere except to Detroit on a bus, this was the most wonderful thing that had ever happened. Of course, she'd rather have had it all work out so she could have had more time to get ready—perhaps even more time in which to anticipate and dream.

She was on such short notice, in fact, that in all



to study, correspondence to keep up with her fan clubs.



Above, a scene from her Hollywood jaunt—Jan with Robert Warwick, in "Allen of Harper," for Schlitz Playhouse Of Stars. Below, back in New Hampshire—and the sunlit green pastures near "Hilltop House."

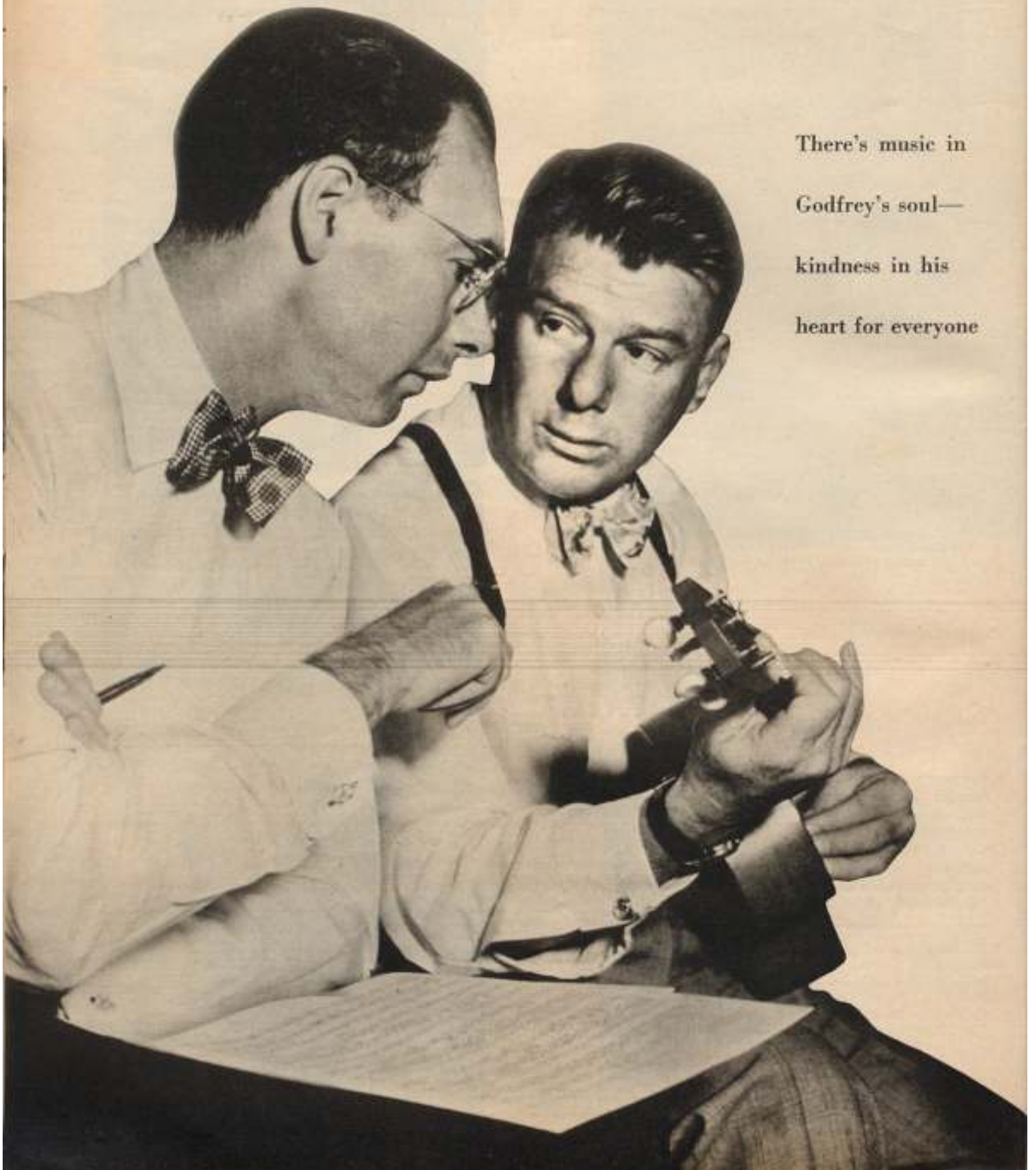
the flurry of getting ready she didn't have time to wonder what her first flight in a plane would be like, or even to gape at the splendor of such an opportunity as had come her way. Flying around her apartment in the hour before plane time, she babbled at Lillian Stewart (her good friend and secretary, who was frantically helping her pack): "Black book. Don't forget (Continued on page 92)

Jan Miner is heard as Julio Paterno in Hilltop House, CBS Radio, M-F, 3 P.M., for Alka-Seltzer (Miles Laboratories, Inc.), and as Lois Miller in The Doctor's Wife, NBC Radio, M-F, 5:45 P.M., for Ex-Lax, Inc. She appeared in "Allen of Harper" on Schlitz Playhouse Of Stars, which is seen on CBS-TV, Fridays at 9 P.M., for Schlitz Beer. (All EDT.)



the ARTHUR GODFREY

There's music in
Godfrey's soul—
kindness in his
heart for everyone



I know

By **ARCHIE BLEYER**

WHEN I became music conductor of the Arthur Godfrey morning radio show at CBS, back in 1946, I considered it just another assignment similar to the ones I was already doing as staff conductor for the network. I assumed I would have the usual duties of rehearsing the band and the singers and arranging new tunes. And I must confess I didn't undertake this new show with much enthusiasm, because it wasn't sponsored and, for all I knew, it might not even last long. Musically, it was a fairly simple program to do. There were just Janette Davis, the Mariners Quartet, the band—and, of course, Arthur ad libbed everything. (Continued on page 72)

Arthur Godfrey Time, CBS Radio, M-F, 10 A.M. (simulcast, CBS-TV, M-Th, 10-11), for Snow-Crop, Lanolin Plus, Fiberglas, Star-Kist, Pepsodent, Frigidaire, Pillsbury, Toni, Nabisco, and Chesterfield—Arthur Godfrey Sunday Hour, CBS Radio, Sun., 4:30 P.M., for Rybutol and Juvenal—King Arthur Godfrey and His Round Table, CBS Radio, Sun., 5 P.M., for Kingan & Co.—Arthur Godfrey and His Friends, CBS-TV, Wed., 8 P.M., for Chesterfield, Toni, Pillsbury—Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts, both CBS Radio and CBS-TV (simulcast), Mon., 8:30 P.M., for Thomas J. Lipton, Inc. (All times given are EDT.)



Seven years on the same bandstand—and I'm looking forward to seventy-seven more.

Time's always our master—by the hour or by the beat—but we Little Godfreys enjoy every moment and every note.



Life begins with Marriage



Jack Barry thought he had everything



Presenting wee Jeffrey Van Dyke Barry, whose fans sent gifts even before he was born—and whose arrival brought Jack and Marcia delight beyond all imagining.

By GLADYS HALL

THE NEW father pushed a formidable-looking bottle of medicine across the desk, the better for me to read the label. It was designed to settle jangling nerves and jolting stomachs.

"My wife is wonderful," the new father said wanly, "the baby is wonderful—and I'm sick as a dog!"

The new father is, of course Jack Barry, the urbane gent you've watched and listened to as he emceed *Juvenile Jury* . . . *WNBT's Oh, Baby!* . . . *Du Mont Television's Life Begins At Eighty* and *Wisdom Of The Ages*. Jack not only emcees these shows—the ideas for them originated in the fertile brains of the new father and of his partner, Dan Enright, and the two also own the shows. "We create about fifty ideas a year," the new father told me later, when he was able to speak of anything but his new fatherhood, "and if we get three to five of (Continued on page 88)

Jack Barry emcees: *Life Begins At 80*, seen over Du Mont, Fri., 9 P.M., for Serutan, and heard over ABC Radio, Wed., 8:30 P.M.—*Juvenile Jury*, NBC Radio, Sun., 6:30 P.M. (WNBC, Sat. at 1:30 P.M.)—*Wisdom Of The Ages*, on Du Mont, Tues., 9:30 P.M., Serutan and Geritol—*Oh Baby!*, WNBT (and others), Wed., 6:30 P.M., Sat. 11:15 P.M., Mennen Baby Products. (All EDT.)



he wanted—until he met a girl who fenced in his heart



Irene Beasley presents—

FRONT SEAT AT

Over the radio, a startled housewife hears that she's going to London to see the queen!

By MARY TEMPLE

JUST suppose it's any ordinary Friday morning and you are washing the breakfast dishes. Your husband has finally decided, with some help from you, what socks he should wear with what shirt, and you have waved him off to work. Your child has gone to school, maybe after remembering to run back at the last moment for the homework she somehow or other managed to get done between her favorite radio and television programs. You are deep in the day's household chores, pacing them to the radio, on which you are listening to Irene Beasley, one of your favorites.

And, suddenly, Irene Beasley (Continued on page 85)

Irene Beasley's audience-participation program, CBS Radio, M-F, 11:30 A.M. EDT, for Continental's Wonder Bread, Hostess Cakes.

Joan (left) is all excited about her mother's good luck, and even the youngest grandchildren realize it's something special.



The Westovers are full of gay plans, thanks to the fabulous prize she won by entering Irene's unusual contest.



THE ORONATION

Sunday learns it's not enough for a woman to have blind faith in her husband

OUR GAL SUNDAY, as she is so affectionately known to so many in her community, sat alone in the huge living room of the home which she and her husband, Lord Henry Brinthrope, shared. Her slender, shapely legs were tucked under her and she leaned her head back against the high cushioning of the chair—looking for all the world like a lost child. Lord Henry was in trouble—serious trouble, but Sunday wouldn't let her thoughts dwell too long on the terrible events that had transpired in the last few weeks. . . . Rather, her thoughts winged back to her childhood, when her mother had told her that, no matter what trouble existed in her life, if she could learn from that trouble she would grow stronger and better as a person. "One mistake is human," her mother had said firmly, out of a moral fiber that she had tried to implant in Sunday's character. "But to make the same mistake twice means you learned little, the third time means you're an absolute fool. And a fool's life has no richness, no grace." Almost as if she were hearing her mother again, Sunday's head nodded in agreement. Actually, wasn't she partly at fault for Lord Henry's present difficulties? With all the honesty that was so much a part of Sunday's soul, she had to admit she was. Being human, she had made a mistake. . . . When Lord Henry had brought Rose Miller home, Sunday had immediately been won over by her—Rose's helplessness, her charm, her extreme sensitivity, endeared her to Sunday's heart. But her affection for Rose had blinded Sunday to her first love, her first duty—blinded Sunday to her husband's needs and the problems he faced. She'd listened to Rose's idle chatter about her husband's attention to a beautiful redhead and, instead of questioning Lord Henry in an honest, open manner, she'd hidden her hurt, and lived on blind faith. If she'd only been honest in her own emotions at that point and made Lord Henry tell her the truth about the red-headed woman—whom she quickly found out to be Wilma Taylor, a young schoolteacher. Sunday would have known then that Wilma's husband, Paul, was an ex-convict who had threatened Lord Henry—threatened to take Lord Henry's land away. The day Wilma Taylor came to ask her aid she would have sensed the deeper troubles instead of just listening to the ones Wilma dared bring to the surface. Certainly, events would have taken a different turn if she had been side-by-side with her husband in his difficulties instead of just being an interested onlooker, closing her eyes to situations which were, at best, dangerous. . . . Now, Lord Henry faced a murder charge. Sun-

Our Gal Sunday

day knew it was false, must be false. And, in a way, Sunday felt guilty—for now, when Lord Henry desperately needed her, Sunday knew it was too late to unlink the chain of circumstances leading up to the accusation. It was not enough for a wife to merely stand and wait. Sunday stirred restlessly in her chair. Suddenly her back straightened and she planted her feet firmly on the floor in a gesture of fighting determination. A wife can not just take a casual interest in her husband's problems, she thought fiercely—a wife must share her husband's experiences every step of the way, else she, too, makes false moves. Together, with two minds working out a problem, there is less likelihood for error. . . . "Tomorrow," Sunday said to herself determinedly, "Lord Henry and I shall talk, and I shall hear every detail of his problem—something I should have insisted on long ago. I will find out the truth about Wilma, the truth about her crippled brother, the truth about poor Paul." In knowing everything, Sunday knew both she and Lord Henry would escape playing the fool. Yes, they had made one mistake by not confiding in each other, in an attempt to save each from the other's burdens, but they wouldn't make the same mistake twice! Indeed, life had a lot to teach them, and they'd be willing pupils—not reluctant ones—from now on!

Our Gal Sunday, CBS Radio, 12:45 P.M. EDT, for Annacin and other products. Pictured (left to right) in their original roles: Vivian Smolen as Sunday, Karl Swenson as Lord Henry, and Cathleen Cordell as Wilma Taylor.



Don MacLaughlin—

AT THE RAINBOW'S END



Snug harbor: The living room in Don's and Mary's Connecticut home.

By MARTIN COHEN

"WE ARE such stuff as dreams are made of," Don MacLaughlin says, grinning. Don MacLaughlin, star in *The Road Of Life* and *Counter-Spy*, has had some mighty big dreams and they've played a tremendous part in his life. And he adds, "A dream is like a high explosive. When you try to make it come true, sometimes it blows up in your face. Very confusing."

But confusion is only in the mind, not in the appearance of Don, as a man and actor. Physically, Don holds his own with Hollywood's best. He's tall, lanky, and good-looking, with light hair and blue eyes. He's amiable, easy talking. As an actor, he's got thousands of major broadcasts to his credit and a few Broadway shows. He's one of the best-liked men in the (Continued on page 70)

Don MacLaughlin stars as David Harding in *Counter-Spy*, Sun., NBC Radio, at 5:30 P.M., for *Gulf Oil*, and as Dr. Jim Brent in *The Road Of Life*, M-F—on NBC Radio at 3:15 P.M.—on CBS Radio at 1 P.M.—for *Procter & Gamble*. (All times are EDT.)

"Every man knows there is more happiness at home than in all the adventures in the Orient."



Off to work: Doug shouldering the tools, Don wheeling Britt and "Buttons," the dog. Right: The three gay gardeners with their two best girls, Janet and Mary MacLaughlin.



Joy and tears overwhelm Dinah as Ralph Edwards reviews her eventful past



Dinah Shore—THIS IS



A tender moment from the script: "January 4, 1948—Miss Melissa Ann Montgomery makes her appearance."



Fateful interview: "1940—You audition for Eddie Cantor, join his radio show as featured vocalist."



"1941—You come to Hollywood and make your motion picture bow in 'Thank Your Lucky Stars.'"

By MAXINE ARNOLD

"I don't believe it. I don't believe it at all," she kept telling herself. "What am I doing out here?"

She felt like a kid at recital who's learned the wrong speech. She'd watched this happen to others. And she'd cried with them.

Now—across the plains of Texas, in penthouses along Park Avenue and as down South as you can get in Dixie—all across America—others were looking inside the private heart of a girl named Dinah Shore . . . and they were all crying with her.

But she was still too emotionally dazed to believe it. Who would want to hear the story of her life? Or see it? There was some mistake— (Continued on page 94)

Ralph Edwards emcees *This Is Your Life*, NBC-TV, Wed., 10 P.M., for Hazel Bishop Cosmetics—*Truth Or Consequences*, on NBC Radio, Th., 9 P.M., for Pet Milk. Dinah Shore—NBC Radio, M, F, 10 P.M.—NBC-TV, T, Th, 7:30 P.M.—for Chevrolet and your local Chevrolet dealer. (All times EDT.)



The man in Dinah's life (right)—her husband, George Montgomery.

After the show, a memory-packed reunion: Ralph, Bessie Seligman, Dodie Jaffe, Louise Hammett Beal and Ticker Freeman surround Dinah and George (holding lively little "Misty," as she looks today).



MY LIFE

Some of the Becker treasures today: Little Curtis and Annelle—pet duck "Bobby"—and Sandy's well-stocked workshop.



**"I'm going to marry her," said
Sandy, the moment he saw Ruth—and the
moment grew into a lifetime together**

Sandy and another "member" of the family—Jocko, the German shepherd.



By ELIZABETH BALL

THE young Beckers, Sandy and Ruth, live in a white Georgian house, which they bought a little more than a year ago, in Little Neck, Long Island. They have two dogs, a duck and three children. Or, to put things in the proper order of importance: three children, two dogs and a duck.

The children are: Joyce, who is eight, Curtis, just four, and Annelle, two.

"Each of the children is entitled to 'special billing,'" says Sandy, "Joyce, being the oldest, as the first-born, Curtis as the only boy, and Annelle as the baby."

One of the dogs, a German shepherd, is called Jocko; the other dog, a member of that popular breed known as a (Continued on page 82)

Sandy Becker stars as Young Dr. Malone, M-F, 1:30 P.M., for Procter & Gamble, and is often heard on Armstrong's Theatre Of Today, Sat., 12 noon—both on CBS Radio. He is seen locally as emcee of the popular Ask The Camera, on WNBT. (All times EDT.)

the happy



Liveliest fivesome in Little Neck: Sandy and Ruth and the little Beckers. Curtis, 4; Joyce, 8; Annelle, 2.

BECKERS — and how they live

When a Girl Marries

She's lucky to be Mary Jane Higby—and wife of Guy Sorel!



With Mary Jane, it was a case of "love me, love my boat"—and Guy did. (This one is the *Freydis*.)

By MARIE HALLER

"PEOPLE have always claimed that opposites attract each other," laughs petite, blonde Mary Jane Higby, star of ABC Radio's daytime drama, *When A Girl Marries*, "and my husband, Guy Sorel, and I certainly fill the bill. In fact, we go far beyond just plain filling the bill . . . it might be said that we are a case in point, to the point of being extreme. And—perhaps for just that very reason—our life together has been extreme . . . extremely wonderful!"

In the case of most couples, (Continued on page 67)

Mary Jane Higby is starred as Joan Davis in *When A Girl Marries*, ABC Radio, M-F, 10:45 A.M. EDT, for Durkee Famous Foods, and is Cynthia Swanson in *The Romance Of Helen Trent*, CBS Radio, M-F, 12:30 P.M. EDT, for Whitehall Pharmacal and Boyle-Midway, Inc.

They're both fond of music—though she and Lettie, the pup, listen with mixed emotions to Guy's record collection.





Different in background, tastes, temperament—Guy and Mary Jane prove how happy "opposites" can be.

My head said, "Go slowly. But



But my heart beat in the tempo of love...

MY TRUE STORY

By MARY JASON

MY STEPS slowed almost to a halt, as I thought over the whirlwind events of the past few weeks. "Go slowly," my head cautioned, but my heart continued to beat as rapidly as ever "for Johnny, for Johnny"—as it had seemed to do from the first moment we'd met. The path I was walking in the park today was the same path I'd taken six weeks before. That had been in late March, when the trees, still gaunt from a long winter struggle for survival, seemed to reach to heaven, as if in search of relief from hardship, in search of life itself. The trees had been a symbol to me of my own misery. I was alone. In a big city for the first time. Without friends. With only my dreams for company. I had a job—but not the glamorous type of job I'd prepared for myself in my imagination. Secretary to the head of Graduate Group, Inc., sounded exciting . . . but, in reality, Mr. Clem Zenon, the president, occupied one desk and I another in a two-by-four office on the seventh

floor of the Manual Building on Seventh Avenue. My closest contact with persons my own age was through a window on the air shaft which gave little air and no light to the office. I could watch the young man who worked the comptometer machine in the cubicle directly opposite mine. Since Mr. Zenon dictated all his letters into a dictaphone and was rarely in the office, there had been times when sheer loneliness almost drove me to scream at this young man . . . just to have the attention of another human being for a moment, I thought, would be enough. Loneliness in a city where hundreds of people jostle you, push you, shove you, is probably the most terrifying kind of loneliness—for you feel that if you could reach out and touch another with a smile, a word, a gesture, the aloneness would vanish. I could never bring myself to make the gesture. Perhaps that is what had led me to accept the broad smile on the face of Johnny. Perhaps that is why I (Continued on page 71)

My True Story is heard on ABC Radio, M-F, 10 A.M. EDT, for Bayer Aspirin and Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. Popular stars Bill Lipton and Lorna Lynn are pictured here as Johnny Sloane and Mary Jason.



Three lovely ladies who think Nat's pretty nice to have around the house: Debra Jane, Wendy Ann, and wife Nancy.

WENDY WARREN'S MAN

In real life, he's Nat Polen—who's much too busy to be temperamental

By FRANCES KISH

WHEN a good-looking six-footer strides up to a microphone on the Wendy Warren And The News program to play the role of Mark Douglas, two women hang on his every word. One, of course, is Wendy Warren—his wife in the daytime drama. The other is pretty Nancy Polen—his wife in real life, who listens in the living room of their Long Island home. Perhaps their three-year-old Wendy Ann and two-year-old Debra Jane are listening, too, wondering how in the world their big daddy ever managed to get into that box the grownups call "a radio."

Nat Polen gets an appreciative twinkle in his eyes when he discusses the dual life he lives as Mark and as himself, touching on their similarities and the many ways in which they're not alike at all—even though Nancy sometimes teasingly accuses him of carrying over the role of Mark into their home life. "That's when she thinks I'm being temperamental," he explains. "Actually, she's fond of both of us, Mark and me, so neither of us minds."

(Continued on page 34)



Favorite pastime of Wendy Ann and Debra Jane is riding their tricycles—with the help of a parental push.

For Nat and Nancy themselves, there's nothing quite like a game of golf—when they can find the time to play.

Nat Polen is heard in *Wendy Warren And The News*, CBS Radio, M-F, 12 noon EDT, for Maxwell House; he's often in *Captain Video*, Du Mont, M-F, 7 P.M. EDT, for Post Cereals.



Career contentment: Singing and "acting" on Garry's show.

LUCKY, LUCKY— THAT'S ME!



Garry Moore's songstress, Denise Lor, leads a charmed life—and prays that she deserves it

All the joys of home: Denise's hearthstone is shared with husband Jay Martin, their son Ronnie and baby Dennis.

By GWEN AULIS

DENISE LOR, your singing star on CBS-TV's The Garry Moore Show, is French—did you know? She is American-born—birthplace, Los Angeles; raised in Sunnyside, Long Island—but of French parentage. Her given name is Denise Jeanne Brisault. Lor, which she took for her stage name, was her mother's maiden name. Denise has black, black hair and blue, blue eyes. The hair so intensely black, the eyes so brilliantly blue, it takes two adjectives to describe them. She is five feet, six inches tall, weighs 115 pounds and has a flair, like all French mam'selles, for clothes. The day (Continued on page 89)



Denise Lor is on the Garry Moore Show, CBS-TV, M-F, at 1:30 P.M. EDT, for Ballard's Biscuits, Daff's Mixes, Rit and Shinola, Stokely-Van Camp, Deepfreeze, Kellogg's Gro-Pop, and Masland Rugs.

a perfect day for DALY

John Daly's life is "organized chaos"—but it contains no fear of new, exciting experiences

by Gregory Merwin

"A PERFECT day for me," says John Daly, "would be to wake at noon, have breakfast in bed, then turn over and go back to sleep." John smiles quizzically—just about the way he does on *What's My Line?* when Bennett Cerf makes a pun—and asks, "Shall we be serious or continue with fantasy for a moment?"

He decides in favor of fantasy.

"Supposing I had caught up on my sleep. Well, on the perfect day, the entire family would be aboard a stratocruiser. We'd be on our way to Paris (Continued on page 80)

What's My Line?—CBS Radio, Wed., 9:30 P.M.—CBS-TV, Sun., 10:30 P.M.—for *Stoppette* (Jules Montenier, Inc.). *It's News To Me*, CBS-TV, Sat., 10:30 P.M., as sponsored alternately by *Jergens Lotion* and the *Simmons Co.* This *Week Around The World*, ABC Radio, Sun., 5 P.M. All EDT.



Family rehearsal for setting out on that dream trip, with Buntsy leading, then Charles, Johnnie, John Senior and Kit.



Most days end for John after everyone else is in bed, but Kit waits up, sets out a bite to eat—and then they talk.



John finds a lot of difference among his children. Charles, for instance, is the mechanic and designer.



Such get-togethers as this are precious, with Johnny usually away at school and Dad busy at the studios.



Buntsy's greatest interest is riding, and it's a big treat for her when Dad takes her to a horse show.



With Johnny, it's sports, particularly golf. Here he is discussing the game with Dad and his friend, Jack.



Red Buttons— Clown with a heart

By CHRIS KANE

IT'S A LONG way from Third Street and Avenue B to Sutton Place; it took Red Buttons thirty-four years to make the trip, and a lot of the ground along the way was rocky, but you get the feeling he wouldn't have wanted it any other way.

Aaron Chwatt is the name Red was born with, and in his neighborhood the kids didn't know from swimming pools, or tennis. On Third Street, they got their exercise fighting in the alleys—though, on the days when Aaron was too tired to fight, he'd stand back and bawl, "Hey, fellers, I'm an orphan."

Even the toughest muggs in the neighborhood were moved to tears by mother love, and the orphan gimmick had worked wonders.

Red was too mischievous to be a genius at school. ("Mom and Pop went to (Continued on page 79)

The Red Buttons Show is seen on CBS-TV, Mondays at 9:30 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by Instant Maxwell House and Gaines Dog Meal.



Impish Helayne pursued Red "to get rid of him." Now they're married and life's a far cry from the day that 14-year-old Aaron Chwatt (left) was graduated from dear old P. S. 44 in the Bronx.

Not much time now for Helayne's delicious cooking—but Red enjoys her coffee snacks between scripts.



But Red could hardly believe his heart, when he met "the only girl"





How Sandra and Ronny have grown! George remembers them when—

It's a question: Who's

Beloved teenagers

By BETTY MILLS

"GRACIE," puffed George Burns, as they walked up the stairs, "I think we've made a mistake!"

Gracie Allen and George were hiking up the stairs to the second floor of their Beverly Hills home. Gracie nodded her head in agreement. "You're right, George. Who'd think a little old thing like a telephone could turn us into mountain goats."

"Well, I thought it was a good idea at first," said George, "but now I know better. I should have known better before I put the phone in."

"That's right, George. We've learned our lesson *again*."

"Look, Gracie, I can't go any higher on

these stairs. You go up the rest of the way and answer the phone. If it's not for us, then take the message again!"

The upstairs telephone—recently installed in eighteen-year-old Sandra's room—was to have been the answer to their problems. George's and Gracie's, that is. They had suddenly become aware of the fact that their telephone was being monopolized by the endless conversations of their two teen-age children.

(Continued on page 73)

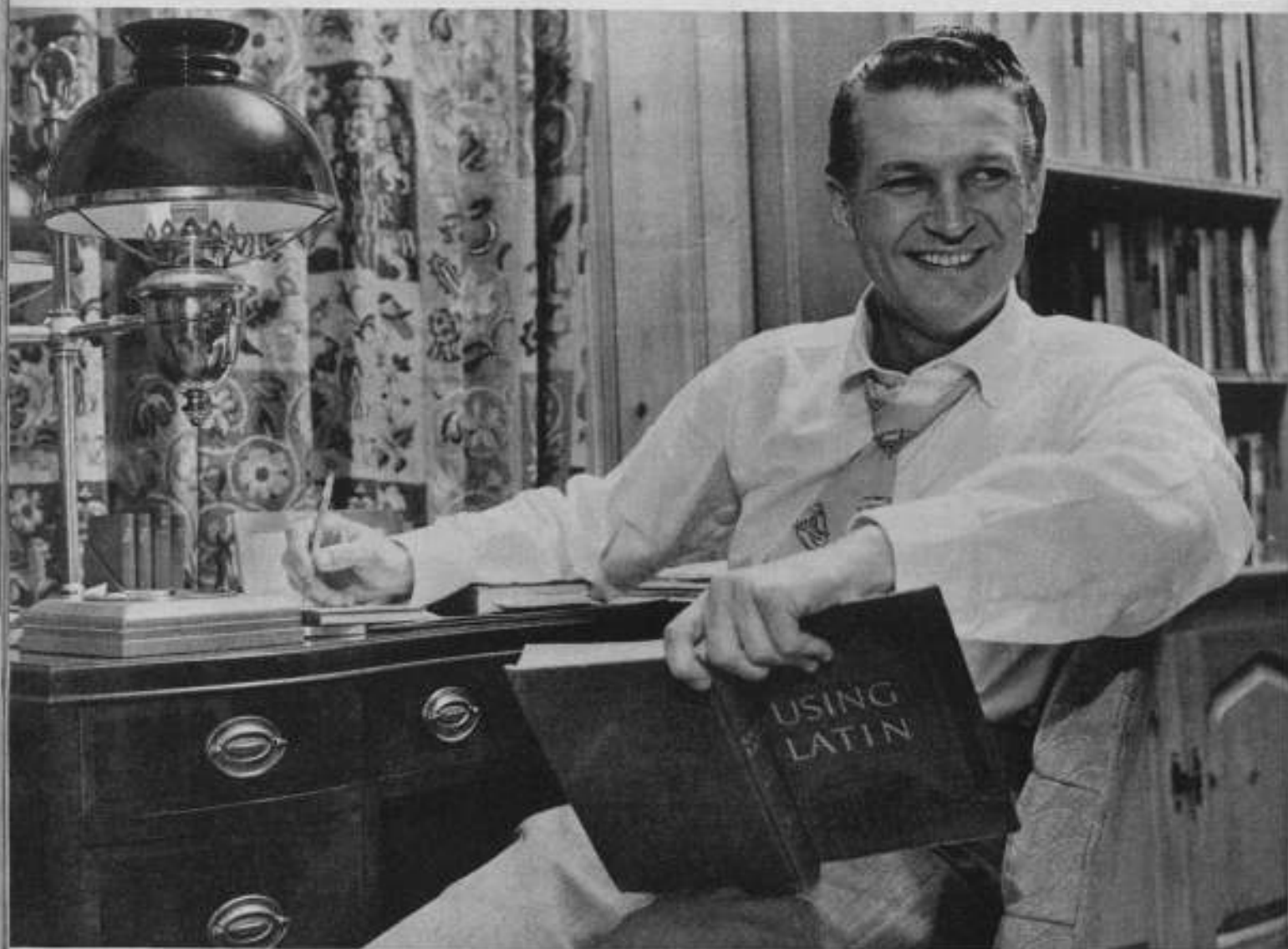
The Burns And Allen Show, CBS-TV, Mon., 8 P.M. EDT, alternately for Carnation Milk and B. F. Goodrich Co.

educating whom in the Burns and Allen household?

Gracie has memories, too, made up of fond kisses—and telephone rings.



BUD COLLYER—



If Bud had had any fixed ideas about his career, that would have been a law book in his hands today!

By CORINNE SWIFT

ATALL, handsome man faced a microphone with his first contestant—outwardly calm and self-assured, inwardly wondering if this was again a turning point in his career. As he asked his questions, he could feel the woman at his side getting more and more tense. He knew, with all the showmanship that was in his very bones, that somehow he had to bring a laugh or both he and the contestant would break under the nervous strain. Cautiously but steadily, he

built toward that laugh and suddenly, to his horror, he could feel it coming . . . but directed at the woman. With that instinct which comes with good showmanship as well as with being a good human, he deliberately twisted his next phrase into utter nonsense and the audience roared—roared with laughter at Bud Collyer.

Since then, thousands of persons have stood at his side when he faced either a microphone or a television camera, and people still marvel at

Man with an open mind

"I have a beautiful wife, a wonderful family, and an exciting career," says Bud



Bud's wife is the lovely Marion Shockley, herself an actress, just as Bud was an actor before turning emcee.



This is Collyer's castle, the home with an open viewpoint.

See Next Page ▶



Bud was one-and-a-half when this was taken, twelve in the photo at bottom.

BUD COLLYER—Man with an open mind

the ease of his contestants on Break The Bank and Beat The Clock. His public knows Bud as the emcee who laughs with you, not at you . . . and would-be contestants swarm to his two shows—daily to Break The Bank, every Saturday to Beat The Clock.

It took a good deal of living and a lot of learning, as well as strong personal conviction about the dignity of people, to bring Bud Collyer to one of the most envied spots in show business, a star spot which brings with it rich rewards of happiness for Bud. Bud did not always dream of becoming the country's top emcee, any more than Eisenhower always dreamed of becoming President. Quite the contrary. Bud approached life and his future with much the same ease with which he now approaches contestants . . . with an open mind.

"I never try to force people into impossible situations on the shows," Bud says seriously. "And I believe much the same type of attitude applies to life. We have to approach problems, careers—whatever—with an open mind. Certainly the time comes when it becomes necessary to make a decision. And, having made a decision, you naturally proceed on that basis. But . . . I believe it's utter foolishness to stick stubbornly to a decision when, as time goes on, signs point in other directions. In my own case, my route . . . once I had supposedly arrived at a decision regarding my future . . . was beset with sudden tempting turns—which I took. As a result, and at the risk of sounding a little smug, I am a completely happy and satisfied man. I have a beautiful and devoted wife—actress Marion Shockley . . . a wonderful family—Pat, Cynthia and Michael . . . an exciting and profitable career, and a multitude of friends."

The big switch in Bud's life, after supposedly having arrived at a decision, was the turn from law to radio. Of course, the fact that it was law—rather than the theatre—that he selected as a profession was, in itself, an example of Bud's open-mindedness. All of his early life, he had been surrounded by the atmosphere of the theatre. His mother was an actress. His father was a lawyer—with a flair for the dramatics. His sister, June, was to capture film audiences, while his brother eventually entered the business end of the movie industry. Yes, the atmosphere of the Collyer apartment was charged with theatrics.

"When I was about ten years old," reminisces Bud, "we lived in an apartment up on 112th Street and Broadway. My brother and I, who were just a little over a year and a half apart in age, were very close. Even though the apartment was large enough to allow each of us his own room, we (Continued on page 87)



Brother Dick, Dad and Bud enjoyed playing golf—caddy enjoyed the rest.



Bud Collyer emcees Break The Bank, NBC-TV, M-F, 3 P.M., for Nash-Kelvinator, others—Beat The Clock, CBS-TV, Sat., 7:30 P.M., for Sylvania—Talent Patrol, ABC-TV, Mon., 9:30 P.M., as presented by the U.S. Army and U.S. Air Force. (All EDT.)



Daughters Cynthia and Patricia and son Michael love to be with their parents, too—meaning Marian and Bud.



Photos of Timbo, toys for Timbo—the wonder never ceases for Jo and Paul. And Jo adds softly, "The baby has given me a new understanding of my husband."



Their son was an answer to their silent, secret prayers.

*Jo Stafford and Paul Weston
can talk about "miracles," for
they have one in their home*

By JO STAFFORD

BABIES change everything. I think it's wonderful that they do. If your life is not a kaleidoscope already, they can make it one—and pop up in every corner of it. Yes, I think babies touch every facet of life at some time or another. The wonderful thing about it is, they help give meaning to everything they touch.

I know our new son (and first baby) Timothy John has made plenty of changes in my husband Paul Weston's and my life. All kinds and shapes of changes. Take my general easy-going attitude, for instance. People have known me for years as Jo "I'll-be-there-when-I-get-there" Stafford or, after our marriage, as Mrs. Paul "I'll-be-there-when-I-get-there" Weston. But this was all B.T. (Before Timothy).

Today, you can set (Continued on page 91)

Jo Stafford can be heard on the Jo Stafford Show, CBS Radio, Monday through Friday, 7:30 P.M. EDT.



blessed tiny Timothy



He's not much bigger than a minute, but Timothy alone makes Thursday the most precious day of Jo's week.

MR. PEEPERS—

Nobody's Fool

"I finally decided," says Wally Cox, after due deliberation, "to let people pay for laughing at me."

By PERRY MANFIELD



One thing about Mr. Peepers—he can handle anything that can't talk back.



Flowers fascinate Wally, even when he's not playing a botany professor.

MARION LORNE, that tremendously funny lady on the Mr. Peepers show, entertained in her apartment at the Fairfax one afternoon not long ago. Honored guest was Wally Cox—Mr. Peepers to dotting TV audiences. But the real insight into the intriguing Wally Cox—Mr. Peepers' personality came, not too surprisingly, from his wise and witty hostess of the day.

Only Marion Lorne, with a flutter of fingers and a touch of unique mimicry, could adequately describe Wally's first reaction to the television (Continued on page 66)

Wally Cox stars as Mr. Peepers, Marion Lorne is seen as Mrs. Gurney, on NBC-TV, Sundays at 7:30 P.M. EDT; sponsored by Reynolds Metals Co.

Marion Lorne, who portrays his principal's wife, knows as much about Wally as anyone does. But—can you believe all he says?





(Continued from page 64)

camera. "In my own case," Marion began, "after thirty years on the stage, I'd always played to an audience that was at least ten feet away. Then when I started the television thing I suddenly discovered this great mechanical eye right here, practically in my face. I tell you, it was terrifying. All I could do was blink and stutter. Fortunately, when I do that, it's funny, so I got away with it."

"But when I grew to know Wally quite well I said to him one day, 'What was your first reaction to the camera?' His reply was absolutely typical of the man. He said, 'My dear Marion, I thought it was impertinent. I simply turned my back on it, and walked away.'"

Although this sounds too close to the Mr. Peepers character to be anything but apocryphal, it is the truth. Actually, Wally Cox was so wrapped up in the monologue he was doing that the camera distracted him; he forgot to identify it as the audience he was playing to, and so wandered off to escape it. Technicians (and the camera, on its dolly) frantically tried to follow him—apparently with success, because after that first show he was a TV star.

You have probably seen the Mr. Peepers show at least once or twice and, if you haven't, you will soon. Wally, who is twenty-eight this year and who is five-foot six, wears horn-rimmed spectacles, weighs 130 soaking wet, and has forgotten what a comb looks like, plays a young science teacher at Jefferson Junior High.

As Robinson Peepers, he knows just about everything there is to know about botany and biology, from mushrooms to muskrats—but when it comes to everyday, ordinary life he is completely baffled. He just doesn't dig the mechanics of getting along even in the academic world of a modern junior high. In class, he is sure to give such delightful, solemn pronouncements as: "It is unlikely that we can ever know how fast the dinosaur could run," and, "No, I don't think the oyster could be called a volunteer friend of man."

Also, when he is writing for *Petal and Stem*, a mythical magazine to which he contributes, he is most learned when he is discussing "Who Will Get To Your Lima Beans First, You or the Japanese Beetle?" or, "Are You Starving Your Dirt?" Then, after school, he has a date with the pretty school nurse, played by Patricia Benoit. A history-teacher pal, Harvey Weskit (Anthony Randall, a close friend of Wally's in real life), suggests that he brighten up and make the girl laugh if he wants to make time with her.

Mr. Peepers replies seriously that he isn't much good at that sort of thing. In fact, he knows only one joke and he isn't sure that it would go over so well—it's all in Latin, one of Cicero's. . . .

How close is the Robinson Peepers character to the real Wally Cox? Well, Wally was once a guest star on the Garry Moore show, and after he'd delivered his monologue Moore asked him a few leading questions off the cuff. Wally didn't say much until Moore hazarded, "Read any good books lately?"

Then Wally Cox gave out with the most quoted ad lib of his career. "Just this morning I was reading a 1921 National Geographic Magazine, in which a verbose gentleman had much to say about the ant lion's voracious appetite for aphids. Now, how can anyone pretend to be profound about such a subject? Everyone knows you just walk up to an aphid and start eating!"

Moore was so fascinated with this (and the appreciative laughter of his audience) that he almost turned the rest of his show over to Wally.

Young Mr. Cox has been naturally funny for most of the years since he learned to

talk, but only during the past year or so has he managed to market his owlish humor to the tune of \$1500 a week.

If you will close your eyes and remember back to your own days in grammar school, you will recall a Wally Cox. There's one in every school and every neighborhood. He's that little guy with the glasses, always hanging around the fringe of the field where the bigger kids are playing baseball. He's got a book or two under his arm, and he has a sort of wistful, hopeful smile—rather like the tentative wag of an unwanted spaniel pup's tail.

Wally's mother, who wrote detective stories under the byline of Eleanor Blake, divorced his father when Wally was very young and carted Wally around so much territory that he went to nine grammar and high schools before they finally stopped for good in New York. The constant changing from school to school was probably a not-unmixed blessing. True, he no sooner got to know his young friends in the community when he had to leave and make new ones. On the other hand, by that time he had become the butt of every joke, and "it" in every game.

Naturally, the other kids picked on him not only because he was small but because he was bright and knew the answers when they didn't. He learned that if he could kid himself, laugh at himself while he made others laugh, too, he could make fewer enemies and even some friends.

From this desperate need he evolved the trick of being the Wally Cox most people know today, who is almost synonymous with Mr. Peepers.

He was drafted by the Army before he could get well started on his botany studies in City College of New York. Four months later he had a heat stroke and was discharged. He paid twenty dollars for an aptitude test, and the examiner's summation of his abilities (or lack of them) sent him off on an oblique course for several years. The examiner told him his thinking was too mixed up to encourage any attempt at a career that required mental ability. He had, therefore, to seek the kind of work he could do with his hands.

Wally obediently enrolled in the School of Industrial Arts at New York University and studied handicrafts until he was good at designing silver cuff links. He had taken a Tenth Avenue cold-water flat and was using it as a factory in which to make his tiepins and cuff links. You are told, or you read in other articles already published about Wally, that he left food on the floor for a family of mice and that for three years he kept a Christmas tree which he neither remembered to decorate or to throw out. Well, perhaps.

Perhaps he also bought a pair of roller skates and skated around Manhattan selling his wares to smart gents' shops on Madison Avenue, deliberately attracting attention to himself so he could overcome his shyness. This is what is now becoming a legend, and it would be a shame if the stories weren't true.

But if he did these things, Wally Cox was laughing inside as he plugged away at creating a character that might one day become a star, a Mr. Peepers. Certainly, by the time he had developed some monologues about a G.I. pfc, a teacher and a scoutmaster, he was about as shy at presenting them at parties as Tallulah Bankhead would be.

There's a lot more to the legend. It seems very much in character that he was walking down the street one day and found a young man and a girl having a spat over an empty peddler's cart. The young man was Marion Brando, whom Wally had had as a fourth-grade class-

mate in Evanston, Illinois, and the girl was Marion's sister, Frances. Marion wanted Frances to get into the cart and be pushed along, and she didn't want to. Wally renewed his acquaintance with Marion, got into the cart himself and the two went merrily off down the street. Shortly afterward they took an apartment together.

Marion Brando hadn't starred in "A Streetcar Named Desire" then, or much of anything else. But he was on his way, and as he grew to greatness he managed to bring Wally to bigger and better parties, attended by bigger and more important theatre people. Wally gave his monologues at these parties and, as was inevitable, a certain Judy Freed, NBC policy editor, arranged an audition for him with Max Gordon, proprietor of the Village Vanguard, a not very dressy but charming night club in Greenwich Village.

From the Vanguard, Wally moved to guest appearances on radio and TV shows, and finally the Ford Dealers of America decided to sponsor him in the Mr. Peepers series. That was in July of last year. It was never meant to be anything except a summer show, and it ended in September.

"But by that time," says Lady Dorothy Montagu, "I knew Wally and thought he was a lamb, and I also thought he had the most enchanting talent in television. So when I was staying with the Reynolds in Miami I told them, 'We must all stop whatever we're doing and look at Mr. Peepers on television,' and we did, and the Reynolds adored him. And in October there was Wally back on the air, big as you please, sponsored by the Reynolds Metals Company."

The truth is, of course, that while the visitors to the Village Vanguard and Lady Montagu probably were both especially instrumental in furthering Wally's spectacular rise, his success is due to the fact that, not just two or three, but millions of people discovered him. It is not surprising that a night-club customer or the stunning, worldly Lady Montagu should be fascinated by Wally's subtle wit. Mr. Peepers is such a charming, amusing guy that it would be a shame not to believe that Wally Cox is really Mr. Peepers in private life.

It is intriguing to think of Wally Cox as living and sculpturing figures in a one-room apartment, having moved from Brando's apartment because he couldn't stand Marion's pet raccoon, and owning only three suits and a motorcycle because he doesn't need anything more in life. It is so like Mr. Peepers to buy two acres of steep hillside woodland in Rockland County, New York, intending to build a dream house on it with his own hands.

But Marion Lorne and Lady Montagu, both of whom have known Wally for a long time and who talked of him in the warmest terms at Marion's cocktail party that afternoon at the Fairfax, see him another way.

"They see a young man who, having overcome a handicap of shyness and a natural inferiority complex, has developed into a witty, exciting showman and a great artist. The Wally Cox they know may never reveal himself to everyone, even the people he works with. But he's nobody's fool, he's a farseeing gentleman, and any time you catch him asleep or unawares it will be the result of an atom bomb or the millennium."

Friends have a hunch that Wally's career will follow just about any path he chooses for it. They also think that, when he gets ready for that house in Rockland County, it will quietly turn up there, a sharp, professional job.

It may be that Mr. Peepers will have built it with his own hands, but the odds are that a well-heeled Wallace Maynard Cox will have paid the contractor's bill.

When A Girl Marries

(Continued from page 44)

the word "opposite" merely indicates that one is fair and the other dark, or one is a deep thinker and the other a scatterbrain. Ordinarily, that is about as far as the term goes. Until it is applied to the Sorels, whose lives have been completely opposite right from their very beginnings. The fact that they eventually wound up in the same profession is in itself a minor miracle—that they ever met, a major miracle.

"I was born in St. Louis," explains Mary Jane, "of a theatrical family. My father had a stock company there . . . the theatre and my family had always been pretty much one and the same. Why, before I could walk, I had a 'carried-on' part in one of Father's plays, and by the time I was of kindergarten age, I was a seasoned trouper with Dad's group. Then when I was five, Father took an interest in films, and we moved to Hollywood. One day not too long after our arrival, Mother and I were standing outside one of the studios waiting for Dad when a stranger walked up to Mother and asked if she had ever thought of letting me work in films. Up to this moment I don't believe the idea had entered her mind, but it wasn't long before I was on my way to becoming a child star. And, strange as it may seem, it wasn't long before I found I didn't like it. I had loved working with my father in his stage productions, but the movies frightened me. I was, it seems, always being kidnaped, riding runaway horses or, generally speaking, being yanked around.

"Perhaps I was too imaginative and impressionable, but whatever the cause, after my third two-reeler, I told Mother I didn't like the movies . . . didn't like being pushed and pulled. And that was the end of my film career. Mother enrolled me in a Hollywood public school, and for the next number of years—through graduation from Hollywood high school, to be exact—my career took more or less of a back seat. I say 'more or less' because, even though I concentrated on my education, I never lost sight of the fact that one day I would become an actress. With the family background, my becoming an actress was just the natural sequence of events. It was the one thing I knew and loved—the fact that there might be other possible careers never entered my head.

"Along with my regular schooling I studied music—singing and piano—partly because of my love for both and partly because they would eventually stand me in good stead when I launched my career . . . which launching took place immediately after graduation from high school when I joined a stock company in Hollywood. Slowly, I broke into local radio—eventually, thanks to Edward Everett Horton, winding up with a network role. And, finally, the much coveted nighttime shows. But even this latter accomplishment left me somewhat dissatisfied . . . I disliked the lack of security. One day it occurred to me that the daytime serials—most of which originated in New York—offered both the experience and security I wanted. So, with the family's blessings, I departed for what I hoped would be greener fields.

"I'm sure I don't know what I did to deserve my good fortune but, two days after my arrival in New York, I landed a supporting role in a daytime serial which has since gone off the air. And, two years later, I won the starring role of Joan Davis on *When A Girl Marries*, a role I have continued to play over the years. Yes, radio has been good to me. . . . I've had interesting and varied roles in many programs, and have found the security I was looking for. Besides *When A Girl*

"My Skin Thrives On Cashmere Bouquet Soap

because it's such wholesome skin-care!"



Says—
complexion-lovely
ELLEN WILLIAMS

Read How This Smart Young College Secretary Was Helped by Candy Jones, Famous Beauty Director!

"I went to the Conover School to improve my appearance," says Miss Williams. "After all, as a secretary in an all-boys school, I had to look my best every second! Miss Jones taught me *wholesome* skin-care. She told me to use Cashmere Bouquet Soap because it's such a *natural* way to a softer, smoother-looking complexion. I love the fragrance of its mild, gentle lather. And it leaves a fresh glow no make-up can match!

Now Cashmere Bouquet is part of my daily beauty ritual, and my skin *thrives* on it. Yours will, too. Try it and see!"

Candy Jones
(Mrs. Harry Conover)



Here Are Candy Jones' Personal Beauty Tips for You!

1. Glamorize your legs the Hollywood way! Sponge on cake make-up . . . use a second, darker coat over too-fleshy areas. Your legs will look beautiful under your stockings!
2. Check your complexion under bright sunlight. If you don't like what you see, faithfully beauty-cleanse twice a day with Cashmere Bouquet Soap!

More later, *Candy*



New! a shampoo that

Silkens your hair!

Why not wear stars tonight? All it takes is one quick shampoo—and your hair will be winking with these starry highlights, silky soft, silky smooth. The sight of it, the feel of it will put you in seventh heaven!

New magic formula . . . milder than castile!

There's silkening magic in Drene's new lightning-quick lather! No other lather is so thick, yet so quick—even in hardest water!

Magic . . . this new lightning-quick lather . . . because it flashes up like lightning, because it rinses out like lightning, because it's milder than castile! Magic! because this new formula leaves your hair bright as silk, smooth as silk, soft as silk. And so obedient,

Just try this luxurious new Drene with its lightning-quick lather . . . its new and fresh fragrance. You have an exciting experience coming!

A NEW EXPERIENCE . . .

See your hair left silky bright
This new formula flashes into
lightning-quick lather—milder
than castile! No other lather
is so quick, yet so thick!

New Lightning Lather—

a magic new formula that silkens your hair.

Milder than castile—

so mild you could use Drene every day!



This is a

New

Drene!

A PRODUCT OF PROCTER & GAMBLE

(Continued from page 47)

Marries, I am currently heard as Cynthia in *The Romance Of Helen Trent*."

But the story of radio and television actor Guy Sorel reads quite differently. The fact that Guy looks exactly as a Frenchman should look can, no doubt, be laid to the fact that he was born in Neuilly, France, of French parents. When Guy was still a baby, his family moved to New York City, and in due time became American citizens. Guy received most of his schooling in New York, but returned to France for his final bout with higher education. All of which, he admits, was interesting and stimulating, but impractical. He had received a purely classical education and, whereas he wound up well educated, he also wound up unprepared for a practical business career.

To make matters worse, he didn't know what he wanted to do. He tried his hand at a number of things, to no avail, and eventually wound up in Philadelphia—again in a job he disliked. However, while he was in the Quaker City, a friend suggested that he join the Plays and Players Club. Thinking this would be a lively social outlet, he joined the group . . . with not the faintest notion of ever taking part in their theatrical activities. However, the day came when the director was in dire need of somebody to fill the role of a Frenchman and, after considerable pressure was brought to bear, Guy agreed to take it on. Much to his amazement, he found he liked acting . . . enjoyed it more than anything he had done before. To add to his amazement was the encouragement he received from his cohorts, who unanimously agreed he had definite possibilities.

After several parts with the Plays and Players, Guy announced to his mother, who had come to Philadelphia for a visit, that he thought he would follow a hunch—come to New York, get enough of a job to keep body and soul together, and at the same time look for work on the stage. But his mother went him one better—suggested he take a year off, come to New York and devote himself to the pursuit of a stage career. After one semester at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York, Guy proceeded on his rounds of casting offices and, exactly one year after deciding to follow his hunch, he not only won his first Broadway role in "In Time To Come," but was named the "best supporting player of the year" by George Jean Nathan.

Unfortunately, "In Time To Come" was short-lived. During the ensuing "dry period," Guy tried summer stock. The following season, he was offered a small role in Helen Hayes's production of "Harriet," which he eventually left to join the touring company of "The Patriots," with Walter Hampden, Cecil Humphries and Julie Haydon. After the close of "The Patriots," and at the suggestion of Mary Jane, Guy broke into radio. Two years ago, he went to Hollywood for the filming of "The Thirteenth Letter," and since that time has concentrated solely on radio and television.

No two careers could have been more diametrically opposed in their launching . . . one the result of birth, and the other the result of a hunch some twenty-seven years after birth.

Even the way Guy and Mary Jane met is not without its element of "opposites." One of Mary Jane's great loves is the water—anything to do with the water but, particularly, boats. During the summer of 1943, she and a close friend pooled their resources and purchased a boat. "It was just this side of being a tugboat," laughs Mary Jane, "but it stayed afloat, and we loved it. To help counteract its appearance, and because I'm such a bug on pirate lore,

we named her the *Ann Bonney*, after the famous woman pirate of the eighteenth century." What the boat lacked in size and comfortable sleeping quarters was compensated for by the exuberant spirits of the girls, who were wont to hold weekend open-house for their landlubber friends. And so it happened that, one weekend shortly before his first Broadway appearance, a mutual friend brought Guy Sorel as a house guest aboard the *Ann Bonney*.

"Just why he ever came out that weekend," muses Mary Jane, "is something I'll never really understand. He assures me he wasn't coerced into it—certainly his career didn't hinge on the visit. You see, my husband not only does not share my enthusiasm for boats—but he never did. He doesn't actively detest them but, if he never saw one again, I know it would be just fine. And yet, he came to spend the weekend on the boat of a stranger! A miracle? I like to think so. You know, I've since arrived at my own conclusion as to why he's so lukewarm on boats—he likes his comfort. He always claims that the reason I like sports and the outdoors is because I like to be just a little uncomfortable. If that is the case, I had good reason to love the *Ann Bonney*—she had just about everything in the line of discomfort."

Be that as it may, Guy's love of comfort didn't prevent him from making subsequent visits to the *Ann Bonney*. But Mary Jane's and Guy's romance was not one of those whirlwind affairs. Slowly and securely, it developed from friendship to love. They knew each other well—the good and the bad alike—by the time they were married on January thirteenth, 1945, in the rectory of the Presbyterian Church on Lower Fifth Avenue in New York, two-and-a-half years after their meeting. In two-and-a-half years, you can find out quite a bit about people. Guy found he would just have to accept boats—they were part of Mary Jane and, if he was to have Mary Jane, he would have to take the boats, too. In due time, Mary Jane found that with Guy came his fabulous record collection . . . a collection of the greatest vocalists of current and past generations. "Love of music," explains Mary Jane, "is one of the few things, besides our love of the theatre, that we have in common. We play the piano about equally well, and have great fun with duets. We love to attend concerts. But listening to old scratchy records—well, that's something else again. However, I don't suppose listening to records is as much of a concession, on my part, as weekending on the boat is for Guy."

On the other hand, there is cooking—which I feel more or less evens the score. In the true French tradition, Guy loves to cook. Frankly, only dire necessity forces me to face a stove. So, on the maid's days off, Guy does the cooking—I do the dishes. On the face of it, this might seem a reasonable bargain. But please remember the "true French tradition"—a dash of this in one saucepan, a dash of that in another, and a soupçon of something else in still another utensil. By the time it's my turn in the kitchen, it looks as though a battery of chefs had been at work for a week! At this point I know we've evened the score.

"From the standpoint of personality," continues Mary Jane, "Guy and I are again quite different. Guy is decisive. He thinks a thing through, makes up his mind, and then with infinite pains goes after it. Not so me. I go off in a burst of enthusiasm and, as a result, am inclined to peter out long before I have accomplished what it was I set out to do."

"In some ways, this personality difference is responsible for Guy's being the

decorator in our family. Besides having excellent taste and a real talent for carrying colors in his mind, Guy has the ability to make up his mind, stick to it, and track it down. As anybody knows who has ever tried to do any decorating, this is important . . . important to know your own wants, and stick to them. When Guy first decorated our apartment, using a combination of modern and Greek, he had quite some difficulty getting the point across to the decorators he worked with. Now you see the modern-Greek combination quite frequently, but back in 1945 those in the business thought he was off his rocker. Had I been the one doing the decorating, I'm sure I would have become discouraged and allowed somebody to change my mind. I know I would not have gone to the infinite pains Guy did to have everything just as he had planned."

Then there seems to be somewhat of a problem over my mathematics—which, when it comes to the checkbook, can be of some importance. I'm not sure that before we were married, Guy, who is an excellent mathematician, completely understood the major complications arising from my garbled additions and subtractions. However, he was quick to catch on, and early in our married life it was agreed that I should make out the checkbook stubs in pencil—easier to correct that way. A few months ago, when he announced his intentions of making out our income tax forms, I had one of my bursts of blind enthusiasm, and offered my services. His suggestion that I curl up with a good book and not open my mouth indicated to me his complete understanding of my mathematical shortcomings—and, since I've no great desire to spend a portion of my life behind bars, I happily followed his suggestion."

Of considerably less importance than household mathematics in the Sorel family, but still falling under the general classification of "opposites," is the question of household pets. Mary Jane is a dog fancier, while Guy is and always has been partial to cats. However, this problem never really amounted to much . . . it was solved by Eva Le Gallienne when she presented Mary Jane with a cairn terrier.

"One last surprising trait of my husband," concludes Mary Jane, "and one that never really came into focus until after we were married, is his indefatigable approach to museums. On the whole, and probably as a result of his frequent boyhood trips between France and the United States, Guy likes to stay put. Travel for adventure's sake means nothing to him. To me, having done very little in the way of travel, it would mean a great deal . . . would mean a great deal if we could ever get enough vacation time together to take a real trip. But just let someone announce a new museum exhibit, and we're up and out before the announcement has had a decent chance to cool. Fortunately, I, too, like museums but, without Guy to propel me, I would probably get to very few. Recently, Guy decided it was time I saw the National Art Gallery in Washington, D. C., so off we went for a weekend. When I say we saw the National Art Gallery, that's exactly what I mean—from stern to stern, starboard to portside. It was wonderful!"

Yes, it's plain to see how these two people have developed a truly satisfying and stimulating life. It's not so much the fact that the minor "opposites" outnumber the "alikes," as it is the fact that both Mary Jane and Guy have been wise enough to allow each other the privilege of their individualism. Beyond that, they have learned to good-humoredly make concessions to one another and, in the process, have built a wonderful life together.

At the Rainbow's End

(Continued from page 38)

business and known to be gentlemanly and regular. He's been married for eighteen years and has three fine children. Yet Don, a substantial, intelligent and sensitive man, has had his dream of glory, for his imagination and ambition at times has literally carried him away—thousands of miles away.

"I suppose if you grow up in a village of less than two hundred—counting dogs, chickens and cows—you dream a lot more than most people," Don says.

He was raised out in the Midwest in a really tiny town that was in existence primarily as a place where farmers had their churches and schools for their children. Don's father was a doctor but, although Don is well known for his role as Dr. Jim Brent, he never had any desire to be a doctor himself.

"As a youngster," Don explains, "I saw myself in more romantic roles—as an artist or an adventurer."

He'd look out over the Iowa wheat field and it wasn't a wheat field but the swell of the Pacific, and Don was on his way to Iodo-China, a pith helmet on his head, seeking adventure in the jungle. And it wasn't hard for Don to imagine the life he would lead, being an avid reader of the works of Conrad, Maugham and exotic Sax Rohmer.

"My first ambition at that time—for even a high-school boy can't think seriously of being a world-traveler—was to be an artist." He saw himself at an easel in Paris or maybe as a top-notch illustrator in New York doing covers for magazines. It was a romantic picture.

Of course, Don went on doing the things that adults expect of youngsters. His freshman year at Iowa Wesleyan College he went out for track and also earned his letter in basketball. (He was and still is a natural athlete and loves sports.) His sophomore year he gave up athletics to work with an amateur theatre group.

At the end of his second college year, Don went to Chicago, got a job as a time-keeper in a factory and took night courses at the Chicago Academy of Art. Don's first big dream—and it collapsed. At the end of the year, Don decided his talent was small and went back to college.

For several years then, Don was just trying to find himself. He attended three different universities: Northwestern, Iowa and Arizona. He majored in English and speech, did some theatre work and announced for a year at a Tucson radio station. Don acted with a Chautauqua unit one summer, but another summer he was in California building miniature golf courses. Another summer, he worked in a butcher shop. He tried a lot of things. Some from choice, some because the country was in a depression.

"I had given up the first dream of being an artist," Don recalls, "I finally had my A.B. degree and was expected to do the sensible thing, settle down in a real job."

Finally, he went back to his home town and taught school. In addition, he directed plays and the school band and coached the baseball team. He worked very hard. He even held a class in public speaking and got one of his students into the semi-finals of a state competition. But then his imagination took hold again and another dream grew. He saw himself as a magazine writer living, logically enough, in New York's Greenwich Village.

■ Came the summer vacation period and Don took off for New York. He got himself a room in the Village and enrolled in a writing class. He had a lot of rejections

from editors but some immediate success, too. A couple of contributions were accepted by *The New Yorker*. However, at the end of that summer Don, with little money and many manuscripts he couldn't sell, decided that another dream had burst.

"It was like this," he explains, "you see yourself in the part of a writer and you try it and it doesn't fit."

But Don didn't return to Iowa and the reason for this was Mary Prugh. She was a reporter, and he met her simply because they both lived in the same rooming-house. They met at the beginning of the summer and by fall they were in love. Don resolved he would be sensible again, stop his dreaming, and get a job. The CBS Artist Bureau took Don on.

"It was kind of a flunky job," he says, "but it gave me a chance to meet a lot of people in theatre and show business, and this I had always enjoyed."

The theatre fascinated Mary Prugh, too. They shared this interest and it is one thing more that added to their compatibility. And if Don had just stuck to his job, being a personable, bright young man, it's likely he would have advanced in the agent end of show business, but it wasn't a year before another dream began to nag at him. This was an old dream, the idea of going to the Orient.

He talked to Mary about it. She didn't like the idea of his going.

"Think of all the things she might have said. 'You wouldn't go if you loved me.' Or, 'You just can't take off for the sea like a headstrong kid,'" Don says, reminiscing. "But she told me to go."

Don shipped out of San Francisco as a seaman on a freighter in 1934. He didn't find the bugs and heat very exotic. It wasn't much fun when he took sick in Java and was all alone. The food wasn't so much exotic as inedible: raw fish at breakfast, when he was fondly thinking of flap-jacks. He worked on a Dutch ship for a spell and no one else spoke English; he was lonely. He had no adventures of the calibre of "Terry and the Pirates," but he got to know some wonderful people. He saw and heard some wonderful things: the spires in the white heat of a tropical noon at Bangkok and the sound of temple bells. He was gone six months in all and he knew on the return voyage that he was not cast for the role of an adventurer.

Mary Prugh was waiting in Los Angeles. Don and Mary walked around the city trying to figure out what they were going to do with their lives. They decided to put first things first and get married. Then they took a train to Iowa, where Mary met Don's mother. The next stop was Indiana, Pennsylvania, to visit with Mary's parents, and the last stop, completing the round trip, was New York.

It was then that Mary suggested Don try his hand at acting, and he did.

"Strictly through pull, I got my first job," he says.

He had made a friend, while in the artist bureau, who introduced him to a director. Although he had acting experience, Don claims he was not so good that he could have gotten work on his own. That was in the fall of 1934.

In the following year, he got only two more radio parts paying about eleven dollars each. He supplemented this income, however, by working as road manager with Little Jack Little's orchestra during the summer season at fifty dollars a week. Mary had herself a writing job.

That fall Don went into a radio stock company at WHN, now WGM, in New York. He was three years learning exactly

what it takes to be an actor. (Kenny Delmar, who was to go places as Senator Claghorn, was also in this group.) In 1938 Don got his first regular network job: *Thunder Over Paradise*.

From then on, Don's stock as an actor kept rising. He did several Broadway plays. He worked on *Cavalcade Of America* and *Death Valley Days*. He was Tennessee Jed. And in 1942 he played Chaplain Jim—and then David Harding in *Counter-Spy*, which he continues to do after ten years.

"And none of this had been a dream," he says. "The one part I never cast myself in was that of an actor."

Don's home is now in Darien, Connecticut. It's a lovely white house with casement windows, and it's tastefully furnished and happily occupied by his wife and their three children. They have two boys and a girl: Douglas, Janet and Britton.

And what is the life of an ex-adventurer-ex-artist, ex-butcher's assistant, ex-eteera? It's early to bed, for one thing, with the kids bedding down from nine on, at half-hour intervals, and parents following at 10:30. They are early risers and, on days off from radio work, Don is likely to be in jeans and a sweat-shirt working around the house. In the spring, he starts his tomato plants, sows grass, turns over the compost. In summer, when they move to their cottage in Vermont, he grows potatoes, ears of corn for roasting, baskets of cucumbers. Don has several hobbies—the chief one is painting, and he has done an excellent self-portrait and pictures of the family.

The entire MacLaughlin clan love the Dodgers and follow ball games. They spend evenings reading, listening or watching favorite programs. They are not ostentatious people and not attracted by glitter. They would rather gather around the piano for a sing with a few close friends than go nightclubbing.

Mary is kind of treasurer and bookkeeper for the family. The daughter of a math prof, she has a fine mind for such detail. She's also good at mystery stories.

"Even though I'm 'alias David Harding,'" Don says, "it's Mary who can pick up a mystery story and tell immediately who did it. Me, I never know till the last page."

And things are never dull, not in a house that has three children. "Just watching them grow is a fascinating process in itself. Just about a year or so ago, I was helping Doug with his arithmetic. Now he's fourteen and explains nuclear fission to me."

Janet, although feminine and blonde, is very fond of sports and often joins Don behind the garage to play catch or shoot a few baskets.

"Britt, our youngest, I've got a hunch, is going to take to acting," Don says, "but you never know, and that's the fun of it."

Don has worked at many things but he has accomplished much. He has moved about quite a bit, but he kept his eyes open and learned. Restless isn't the word for Don MacLaughlin. Actually, his aspirations, his varied interests, are part of the important stuff that makes up an actor—the desire to express himself.

"But in the end it boils down to this," Don says. "A dream must eventually be put to rest. A man must do those things for which he is best fitted or else he is still a boy. When he does his work well, conscientiously, he will be reasonably content and dreaming for the dream's sake will vanish. The person will then discover what every man knows—there is more happiness in his home than in all the adventures of the Orient."

My True Story

(Continued from page 47)

smiled back when we passed each other that first day we met on this very path that I was now walking . . . It was seven days exactly—I know because I counted them—seven days in which we smiled, and on the seventh day we spoke. Johnny introduced himself, told me his name was Johnny Sloane, and I had hesitantly told him my name—Mary Jason. Almost boldly, he'd led me to a cafeteria in the park. And before my shyness could take hold, I found myself seated opposite him, telling him about my job, listening to the fact that he worked as a truck driver on the Albany-to-New York run of a small furniture moving outfit. It was the night shift but he didn't care because he was saving every cent he was making toward his own outfit. Oh, he had dreams, too—dreams he could put into words. As the March winds died out and were replaced by the soft spring breezes of April, my heart seemed to reach toward Johnny more and more. . . . At first, it was just casually meeting him in the park and going for coffee in the cafeteria. Then it was by pre-arrangement that we met in the park after my working hours, from there to go to dinner and a movie before Johnny went off to his job. This all seemed right somehow—at first. Being left behind to find my way back to my rooming-house, after a date with Johnny, had been at my own insistence. Meeting Johnny at our old familiar stand in the park had seemed romantic, practical. . . . But, as the days wore into weeks, I began to wonder. Johnny had not offered to have me meet his family, his friends. Could it be that this was all as casual

to Johnny as our smiling at one another had been? Or had he something to hide? My mind would let me say, "Perhaps a wife," but my heart would always quiet my head with a positive: "But Johnny isn't like that." I'd read enough, been around enough, to know that what my heart said was logical. . . . Unconsciously, as I walked along the path, I stopped at the place where we always arranged to meet. It was nearing the noon hour, but on this day Johnny was to be away for his stop-over in Albany, and so I sat on the bench which the city provided for weary, troubled people. . . . Suddenly—a shadow. And then, as I looked up, there was Johnny grinning down at me. I tried to answer back with the same casual smile, but my lips trembled and I felt as if I were on the verge of tears. Johnny seemed not to notice, however, and words came tumbling out, words which I could hardly comprehend—at first. "Darling, Mary, darling," he stammered, "for days I've been trying to figure something out—I should have asked you right out, should have been honest with you. But I didn't dare. I was so afraid you had something to hide. Perhaps you were married. Perhaps you were ashamed of me. Perhaps—well, almost anything the imagination can hit upon. I couldn't understand why you wouldn't let me take you home. I couldn't understand why you'd never invited me to meet your folks—why you never talked about them."

"But, Johnny," I protested, rising from the bench. "I—"

Tenderly, almost possessively, Johnny took me in his arms and tilted my chin so I had to look directly at him.

"I know," he said. "I know without your telling me. Dumb guy that I am, I got bright and went to see your boss Zenon. Forgive me, darling, but the suspense was killing me. I had to know. You can't very well—if you are a young lady, that is—invite a young guy to your room when you live alone. You can't invite a guy to meet parents you don't have. Now, can you?"

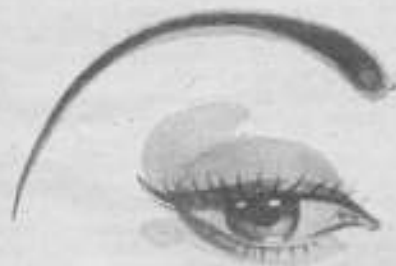
Dumbly, I nodded. I didn't bother to add, "You can't even take your young man to the orphanage where you were raised, to meet your 'family,' when the orphanage no longer exists."

"Well, if you're a young man," Johnny grinned down again at me, "you can't invite a girl—a respectable girl you hope to marry—up to your room to entertain her, and you can't invite her to meet parents you don't have—that is, if you're an orphan like me."

Like the sun coming out from behind a cloud, suddenly everything was clear. But, before I could catch my breath and realize that Johnny had explained to me and then proposed to me all in the same sentence, Johnny was speaking softly again.

"I think," he said solemnly, "I have solved our problem. Come with me to the head of my church, the one I've attended ever since I arrived in town five years ago. He knows me, he'll tell you all about me—and, most important, he'll marry us."

Johnny and I went for our last walk down that path where loneliness had driven us together . . . this time to the final realization of the love we both wanted so much.



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NEW COLOR-TRUE
Tangee

WITH PERMACHROME —
EXTRA-RICH IN LANOLIN

The Arthur Godfrey I Know

(Continued from page 31)

including the commercials, so there was not even a script to worry about. But look what's happened in seven years! Arthur Godfrey Time has grown into a huge, big-time operation which now involves a total of nine hours broadcasting and telecasting every week. And the veteran Little Godfreys have since been joined by a big cast of talented performers.

So I still rehearse the Godfrey orchestra and singers. But, with our daily broadcasts, the Talent Scout show and our Wednesday-night television program, it is impossible for me to write the actual song arrangements for our cast, as I used to in the beginning. Now I have seven arrangers and six copyists to turn out all the orchestrations necessary for the tremendous number of songs the Godfrey aggregation does every week. I wonder if our listening and viewing audiences realize how many actual hours of music rehearsal are necessary in order to do the job we do. Do you know that the orchestra and singers rehearse about twenty-five hours a week for the morning program and about thirteen hours a week for the Wednesday-night show? I guess if I ever have to fill in one of those blanks that ask: "Do you work forty hours a week?"—I'll have to answer: "Considerably more than."

I don't think there is another musical director's job in show business with this kind of heavy schedule. But, rugged as it is, you can be sure I am not looking for any other. Somebody once said something about long working hours being okay if you like your boss, the job you're doing and the people you work with. Well, as far as I'm concerned, Arthur Godfrey is a wonderful boss, I'm completely content with my job, and the Little Godfreys are great. You won't find personality clashes, feuds, gripes or jealousies with our cast. That sort of thing just doesn't go with the Godfrey crew or with the boss.

Arthur doesn't do as much singing on the morning program as he used to, because his whirlwind pace doesn't leave sufficient time for rehearsals. I will never forget the morning a few years ago when Arthur decided he wanted to sing a certain song. I gently reminded him that he hadn't as yet rehearsed it, which phased him not at all, and he said something to the effect that we'd have an on-the-air rehearsal right then and there, which we did. And the audience loved it. It took me and the boys in the band a while to get used to this kind of a show, but by now anything even remotely resembling a musical ad lib is duck soup. Of course, Godfrey loves to kid us with gags like, "Archie's is the only band in America where the melody is carried by the drums." But I guess he is pleased with the sound that comes out, because the whole orchestra, to a man, is the same bunch that started out on the original morning program seven years ago.

I don't know how much we have improved, but I do know that, as a musician, Arthur has improved tremendously during that time. He'll be the first one to tell you he doesn't think he has any real musical talent. But I'll be just as quick to disagree and say I believe he is a truly natural musician. Arthur sincerely loves music and it is a great part of his life. He has taken his ukulele playing very seriously and has spent hundreds of hours practicing. Whenever he has a few free moments during rehearsals, you'll find him off in a corner with Remo Palmieri, our guitarist, and Gene Traxler, our bass player, making music.

I am continually amazed at Arthur's retentive memory. He might have a little trouble learning a song, especially if it involves a tricky harmony part, but, once he's learned it, he never forgets it. For example, he may sing a tune once and then not repeat it for a couple of years. But, when he does, that fantastic memory of his comes through and he'll remember every single note. Another thing about Godfrey, he refuses to sing a song he doesn't really like. And, if a lyric is particularly sad or emotional, he'll actually break up while singing it. I have seen him do this many times, and with complete sincerity.

I think it is interesting that Lu Ann Simms, the Chordettes, and the McGuire Sisters, all joined the Godfrey gang after having been Talent Scout winners. In addition to all of Arthur's other abilities, he certainly has a talent for picking talent. There is sort of an alma mater spirit that prevails with the Talent show, too. Arthur and I constantly hear from artists who formerly appeared on the program. Frank Guarrera, the baritone, still keeps in touch with us and still has a very soft spot in his heart for the show. He was a winner way back when the show first started, and went on to the Metropolitan Opera, where he has been a leading baritone for the past five years. He told Arthur that every time he makes a concert tour there are always people who will come up to him after his performance and say, "I remember you from the Talent Scout show." Arthur and I are also proud of another former winner, Jeanne Mitchell, the violinist, who has become very prominent in the concert field. Whenever she appears in New York, we hear from her.

The other day somebody in our cast quipped that the Godfrey aggregation should be renamed the "Godfrey Institute," because most everyone on the show is constantly running from one class or lesson to another. The self-improvement spirit really reigns high. All the girls have a ballet class every week; Julius, Lu Ann, Marion and Janette take vocal lessons steadily; Tom Lockard, of the Mariners, is studying the guitar; several of the boys in the band are continuing their studies on their individual instruments; and even Tony Marvin is perfecting his basso profundo. I take lessons in conducting and solfège. I haven't gotten around to voice culture yet because about the only singing I do on the show is a little harmony work with "The Cherry Sisters." Incidentally, we got that name several years ago when Cy Shaefer, Johnny Mince and I began singing together on backgrounds with Arthur. When we did the little thing on his record of "Too Fat Polka," Janette kiddingly called us "The Cherry Sisters," and the name just stuck.

Before we did our TV ice skating shows, everybody took lessons like mad. And we all still go regularly once a week for a workout on the rink so we won't forget what we've learned before we do our next ice show. For the past couple of months, the whole cast has been taking swimming instructions two hours a week, in preparation for the big water extravaganza Arthur is planning for the near future.

I suppose you can gather from all this that none of the little Godfreys have much free time to themselves. A friend of mine recently asked me what I did with my "leisure hours," and I had to admit that, like the postman who takes a walk on his day off, I spend my bonus time on—you guessed it—music. A few months ago I started my own platter company, Cadence Records, and signed my first artist, Julius

La Rosa. His initial release, "Anywhere I Wander" and "This Is Heaven," has done very well and we're excited about his new one, "My Lady Loves to Dance" and "Let's Make Up Before We Say Good Night." Arthur, by the way, was just wonderful about plugging these records on the air, and Julius and I are very grateful to him.

I imagine I've had a million laughs over all the funny things Arthur has said during the time I've worked with him. But as a person I think he impressed me most by something he once did about seven years ago. On this particular morning, Janette was ill and wasn't on the program. Arthur, in his typical ad lib fashion, turned to the audience and said, "Well, we haven't got a girl singer to serenade us today because Jan is sick. Would any of you ladies out there like to come up and sing a song?"

With that, a woman about fifty-five years old, sitting toward the front, raised her hand and gestured that she would accept Arthur's invitation. She even had a pile of music in her hand. When she came up to the stage, Arthur thanked her, asked her her name, where she came from, and what she'd like to sing. It was around the holidays, and she mentioned a Christmas classic.

"That's fine," Arthur replied. "Why don't you go over in the corner with our organist, Lee Irwin, and get together with him on the music? While you get set, I'll ramble through a commercial here." A few moments later the lady came back to the microphone and Arthur asked her if she was ready. She nodded yes, whereupon he gave her a nice introduction and she proceeded to sing. Musically, the rendition was poor. The woman didn't have much of a voice and wasn't really able to sing in tune. The audience seemed uneasy, as if they were wondering what Arthur would say when the song was over. The lady was so wholeheartedly sincere and intense about what she was doing you could tell she had no idea she wasn't doing it well. When she had finished, there was scattered applause while all eyes in the audience went toward Arthur, watching to see what he would say or do.

He looked directly at her, smiled, and said, "Thank you, my dear lady. You sang that with the utmost sincerity and I thank you. You know, that's America. Your next-door neighbor comes into your home, feels like singing, and sings." It was an awkward situation, but the gracious way in which Arthur handled it relieved the tension for everyone. I was deeply impressed with the whole incident because Arthur made me realize that most people are too quick to criticize and judge the next person without taking the time to try understand his motives and reasons for doing things. In this particular instance, Arthur had asked the lady to come up to sing, and she had done so, honestly and sincerely. And he had kindly thanked her in the same manner. I have seen Arthur do many nice things for people and make many thoughtful gestures, but that particular incident will always stand out in my mind.

Life with Godfrey and all the Godfrey crew is certainly a hectic, active one—busy hours filled with music, laughs and lots of hard work. We rush from rehearsals to lessons to shows and no one can ever accuse us of having too much time on our hands. And, as I said before, I guess there is no other job exactly like it in the broadcasting business. It's been a wonderful seven years and "the Good Lord willin'," as Arthur Godfrey would say, I'll be around for a lot more to come.

Beloved Teenagers

(Continued from page 56)

"It seemed," says Gracie, "that the phone was growing right out of Sandra's shoulder. Whenever I turned around there she was on the phone."

"How they did it, I'll never know," says George. "Flat on their backs on the floor; watching television; radio on so loud you'd think someone down the block was listening; eating a sandwich; doing their lessons from an open book; and holding an hour-long conversation on the phone. Even in vaudeville I never saw an act this good!"

"Something had to be done," says Gracie. "We couldn't get our business calls. We thought maybe we should put them on television. Their 'act' would be a sensation."

"I had what I thought was a good idea," says George. "We'd get the kids a phone of their own. Then they could talk all day if they wanted to, but on their time."

"So we put in the phone. Now one of two things happens. If they're expecting a call on their phone, and we are all downstairs in the den, with the television, they still hear their phone when it rings! Bang! Off Sandra'll go like a shot. I didn't hear the phone ring. I wouldn't have heard ours ring right here in the den beside me."

"Then if neither is expecting a call, but their upstairs phone rings, nothing happens. It can ring itself out of its cradle and they won't budge. Or maybe they're just too tired to run up the stairs to answer it. Never fear. They won't have to. Their little chums are psychic. After ten or twelve rings, they call the downstairs number and naturally the kids answer that!"

"No matter which situation holds, if Gracie or I want the phone, we have to go upstairs to use it!"

This wasn't the first adjustment that George and Gracie had to make to their children. Not at all. Sandra and Ronnie, in fact, have helped their parents make adjustments nearly every day—in their ways of thinking, their ways of understanding, and their ways of living.

For example, at the Burnses' there is no more saying, "What was good enough for me is good enough for you."

"No," says George, thinking aloud, "we learned that lesson, too." He recalls a recent incident when he and Gracie were dressing to go out for dinner.

"You've got to speak to Sandra, George," Gracie had said. "She doesn't look like a girl any more. I never wore levis and shirts when I was her age. Besides, I thought that since we aren't the same size any longer she wouldn't be borrowing my clothes. She doesn't—but she does!"

"Now, Gracie, calm down. What are you talking about—she doesn't—but she does!"

"About Sandra's borrowing my jewelry, purses, scarves—especially my scarves."

"So what's a scarf," said George. "Nothing to be excited about. Let her wear them!"

"Oh," said Gracie, "you don't understand. Because Ronnie isn't your size, he doesn't borrow from you. You'd see how you felt if you wore scarves. . . ."

George only laughed and went into the bedroom to get a clean white shirt. He opened the drawer and was surprised to see it was nearly empty. One sports shirt, one tan polo shirt, but no white shirts. "Gracie," he called, "didn't my shirts come back from the laundry?"

"Of course," said Gracie, "day before yesterday."

"Well, there must have been a hole in the laundry bundle and they all fell out on the way home. Look, the drawer is empty."

OPPORTUNITIES FOR EVERYBODY

For advertising rates write to Publisher's Classified Department, 9 South Clinton Street, Chicago 6 (Ave.-W.)

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MAKE MONEY INTRODUCING World's cutest children's dresses. Big selection adorable styles. Low prices. Complete display free. Rush name. Hartford, Dept. J-6559, Cincinnati 25, Ohio.

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LADIES: \$30 WEEKLY making Studio Homes at home. Easy. Write: Studio Co., Greenville 7, Penna.

AGENTS WANTED

EXTRA MONEY EVERY WEEK. I'll send you full-size hair removal products. Show them to friends and neighbors. You can make Big Extra Profits. Write Blair, Dept. 1631H, Lynchburg, Va.

HOME SEWERS WANTED

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MAKE LEATHER ITEMS as gifts or to sell. Easy-to-assemble belts, purses, gloves, woadskin toys, etc. used no tools or experience. Send for today for free catalogue or over 100 ideas, largest stock in U.S. J. C. Larson Co., 820 S. Tripp, Dept. 3091, Chicago 24, Ill.

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COMPLETE YOUR HIGH SCHOOL at home in spare time with 10-year-old school. Tests furnished. No classes. Diploma. Information booklet free. American School, Dept. XA74, Drexel at 28th, Chicago 37, Ill.

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PERSONAL

BORROW BY MAIL, Loans \$25 to \$999 to employed men and women. Easy, quick, completely confidential. No indicators. Repay in convenient monthly payments. Details free in plain envelope. Give occupation. State Finance Co., 227 Securities Bldg., Dept. B-69, Omaha 2, Neb.

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Easy to use Viscose applications may heal many old leg sores by relieving venous congestion if caused by varicose veins, leg swelling or injuries. Send today for book and trial plan.

R. G. VISCOSE COMPANY
140 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 2, Illinois

Thrilling New Massage Cream Contains PC-11. Acts Instantly to DRY UP SKIN BLEMISHES

From Both Oily Skin and External Causes!



Have you tried in vain to get rid of oily, muddy look, pimples, "hickies," other externally caused skin blemishes? Well, you never had PC-11 before! That's POMPEIAN'S name for Hexachlorophene. Wonderful discovery of science helps up such skin blemishes! PC-11 is now contained in new POMPEIAN Massage Cream! Acts instantly to clean out dirt, help you remove blackheads like magic! See how it goes on face pink—rolls off muddy gray!

GENEROUS TRIAL TUBE

—10 CENTS! Send name, address and 10 cents for 5 messages to POMPEIAN CORP., Dept. P-6, Baltimore 24, Md. (Offer good only in U.S.) Or get Pompeian Massage Cream at any drug store.



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ADDRESS AND MAIL portals. Make over \$50 week. Send \$1 for instructions. Lincol. Watertown, Mass.

PRICE BOOK "999 000. Successful Businessmen! Work home! Expert something Old! Pacific-TU, Des Moines, Calif.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

FREE CATALOG — WRITE today for 66-page color-illustrated catalog of women's, men's and children's wear. Household necessities. Bargains for folks who want to save. Send name and address on postcard. 75¢ advantage to you. Water Field Co., Dept. 355, Chicago 4, Ill.

LADIES! PERSONAL-LIKE BELT-FOLDERS. Dresses, bags, stationery—everything—with own signature in 25-hour Gold! Easy, quick, interesting hobby. Sell everywhere. Amazing \$10 \$3 Value; only \$1 wholesale. Postpaid Satisfaction Guaranteed. Charm & Cain, 407 South Dearborn, Dept. 1002, Chicago 4.

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HOME SEWERS NEEDED! Everything finished, 75¢ per hour. Ten of Month, 212 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Ill.

WE PAY CASH for Buttons, Labels, Wrappers, Coupons. Free! Particulars free. Woodops, FW-986-5, Main, Columbus 4, Ohio.

NEED CASH? ASSEMBLE one at home for our markets. All materials furnished. Wilson Tans, Stillwater 2, Minn.

EARN BIG MONEY —Exclusively Reweave damaged garments at home! Details Free. Fabroon, 6348 Pacific, Chicago 13.

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PROFITABLE HOME BUSINESS. Make Fast-Seller clientele monkey team. Literature Free. Velva, Bohemia 32, N.Y.

MAKE MONEY ADDRESSING envelopes. Our instructions reveal how. Paul Glowatz, 5713 Euclid, Cleveland 3, Ohio.

YOUNG FARMERS — Make fine talkers. Herb Miller, 1911-N, Lubbock, Texas.

PSORIASIS

PSORIASIS SUFFERERS: Has everything failed to bring even temporary relief from scales, itching and itching? Then write today for FREE important information. You needn't invest one cent!
PIZACOL CO., Dept. T, Box 3583, Cleveland, Ohio

Callouses

Pain, Burning, Tenderness

SUPER-FAST RELIEF!

Puts You Right Back On Your Feet!

You'll enjoy super-fast relief from your painful callouses, tenderness or burning on the bottom of your feet when you use Super-Soft Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. They're wonderfully soothing, cushioning, protective and remove callouses one of the fastest ways known to medical science. Try them!



Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Just then eighteen-year-old Sandra, dressed in levis and a white shirt several sizes too big, popped in the door. "Hi, Mom. Hi, Dad."

Together George and Gracie cried, "That shirt!"

"Oh, this. It's Dad's. I've got another one in my room. All the girls are wearing their father's shirts. I didn't want to be different."

"Wearing their fathers' shirts . . ." said Gracie.

"Oh, no!" said George.

"But we never dressed like that when I was eighteen," said Gracie.

"Wonder how I'd look in Sandra's shirts," mused George.

"Though I did look funny at dinner that night at Jack Benny's in my polo shirt, we . . . uh . . . adjusted," George reports now. "We had to, Gracie even got used to the idea that girls nowadays wear their fathers' shirts. As for me, I just bought some more shirts, so we'd both have some. Sandra and I, that is."

Both George and Gracie agree they wouldn't have missed parenthood for anything. "We always had to be flexible to keep up with them," laughs Gracie. "Even when he was four or five, Ronnie was way ahead of me."

"There was the time he'd stopped up the guest bathroom plumbing by stuffing all the paper he could find down the drain. The water flowed all over my rugs, even out into the front hall. Looked like the swimming pool was inside the house. Let me tell you I was waiting for that young man to come home from school! He finally did."

"Oh, hi, Mommy," he said the minute he walked in the door and spied my sour look. "I'm awfully glad you're here. I wanted to talk to you."

"Yes, I said."

"You know what I did—"

"I was about to say 'Yes, I know what you did,' but he rushed on and didn't give me a chance. I stopped up the plumbing," he blurted out, "and I think the water ran all over the rug and maybe ruined it. Now here I am seven years old—you'd think I'd know better than that. Now what do you suppose I was thinking of? I oughta have my head examined!"

"I was stunned," says Gracie. "I was speechless. He'd beaten me to the punch; said everything to me I was going to say to him. There was nothing left to do."

As Ronnie and Sandra grew up, George and Gracie slowly adjusted to this "adjusting" process. At least they thought they did. "There were a few things that threw us," laughs George, "like the time the kids thought we had two heads. If we'd ask them to do something, they'd look at us as

though we didn't have good sense. After a while we began to wonder ourselves."

"We finally learned what happened," says Gracie. "Their playmates used to say to them, 'We heard your mother and daddy on radio and they sure are dumb-bells. Gee, your mother's crazy.'"

"Got so the kids believed it," says George. "We just had to bear with them until they got to the age where they realized we weren't such dopes, no matter what the other kids said."

George and Gracie have found you can't teach your children by simply telling them something—or by force. Like hiding cigarettes, for example.

"We learned this lesson," says Gracie, "after we found Ronnie puffing away in the dark recesses of his closet. Now there are cigarettes out in the open and a lot less interest in smoking."

"You don't teach your kids to be good by either forcing goodness on them—or refusing to let them indulge, as in the case of the cigarettes. Our kids share everything they do with us, so they don't have to sneak away from home to have fun. We don't lay down the law about going out and coming in at certain hours, because we make home life attractive enough so that the kids don't want to wander."

Teaching responsibilities to the children has taught the Burnses, too. "When Sandra was eighteen," George says, "we figured she was old enough to handle her own allowance. This included banking, a brand-new experience. In fact, Sandy spent more time puzzling over her bank statements than she did her algebra. When she wasn't adding and subtracting, she was down at the bank—practically every day."

"I think," says George, "when she found she could trust the bank with her money, she relaxed. Now life has settled down into its usual pattern and Sandy has taken to handling her own finances like a banker. No mistakes and no overdrafts."

"Makes us proud," he adds, "to know that Sandy can manage so well. Taught us that kids today are pretty self-reliant and pretty smart."

But George and Gracie are smart enough themselves to know that youngsters need not only parental love and wisdom but guidance as well. Yet they've never tried to steer a set course for the two. "I've always told the kids," says George, "if you love something enough to do it for free, then you're on the right track. Looks as though Ronnie has found it. He's interested in studying architecture when he goes to Southern California next year. This is great with us."

Sandy isn't certain what her future holds yet. At present, she's enrolled in

Santa Monica City College, where she's taking a Liberal Arts course. "Golly," she said one day to Gracie, "I'm getting awfully old. Maybe life's passing me by. Everybody's getting married!"

"Why is it?" Gracie laughingly told her, "that when you're eighteen you want to be eighty! Don't rush. When you get ready to marry, you'll pick the right boy. Just make sure he has a sense of humor. I did—and I've never felt for an instant I made a mistake."

George and Gracie have concluded, however, that the mistakes help you learn. That's what the kids have taught them. "Whenever I think I know all the answers and am past mistakes, I recall the dictionary incident," says George. "Then I know I'm still learning. I can remember the first time I felt I had parenthood well in hand. The kids were about seven when Gracie and I bought a new Webster's dictionary. One of the big ones that weighs half a ton. About three days after we got it, I had to refer to the book for the same reason that anybody has to refer to a dictionary. I didn't know how to spell a word. So I looked inside—I think the word was 'admissive' and I still don't know if it has two s's or one—and found that 'admissive' had been cut out of the book! Along with 'admissive' went 'afflict' (with two f's) and 'assay' (with two s's). I was both shocked and surprised that someone had been at the dictionary before me. I didn't know there was anyone in this crazy house, besides myself, who got information out of books."

"I was disappointed (with one s, two p's) that the book had been damaged, and looked around for some reason for it. I didn't have far to look. On the desk beside the book I found the cutout words 'admissive,' 'afflict,' and 'assay'; etcetera. At first I could find no clue or reason for their being so far removed from context. Then I turned them over and found what it was they had in common. Pictures of birds. The adjutant bird, the golden-breasted trumpeter, and the whale-headed stork (with one head)."

"I didn't know which one of our two children to blame for this outrage on both birds and dictionary, but I was prepared to find out. It was at this point that I thought I was playing the part of a parent rather well. I invited the children in one at a time."

"Sandra, I said, 'I know you didn't do it, but where are the scissors your brother used to cut out these pictures?'"

"I don't know," said Sandra.

"Then I asked Ronnie in," said George, "and asked the same question. 'I know you didn't do it, Ronnie, but where did your sister put the scissors she used to cut out these birds?'"

"There in that drawer," said Ronnie, and I promptly picked him up and paddled him. My reasoning was that he wouldn't know where the scissors were unless he had cut out the birds himself. I felt mighty proud of my artifice and can remember thinking that, with detective powers so acute, I should have been with the FBI."

"It wasn't until years later that I learned the truth. I was telling the same story—as I had been from the day it happened—in the same bragging manner of how smart I was, when Sandra came in."

"Why, Daddy," she said, "Ronnie was with me and saw me cut out the birds. That's how he knew where the scissors were. He was so surprised when you spanked him that he didn't know what to say. Besides, he didn't want to make you look bad!"

"They say you can't teach an old dog new tricks," laughs George, "but he'd better learn if he wants to keep up with the younger generation!"



"I had no one to turn to"

said countless people facing a hard-to-solve situation—until they heard their very problem solved on radio's "My True Story." For this *true-to-life* program presents, in vivid dramatic form, *real problems of real people*—directly from the files of "True Story Magazine." When you listen, you'll hear everyday situations involving such emotions as love, hope, fear, jealousy . . . you'll meet the kind of people you've known all your life.

TUNE IN

"My True Story"

AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS

Be sure to read this tragic story, "CHILDLESS—I TURNED TO ANOTHER MAN"—in the June issue of TRUE STORY Magazine—on sale everywhere.

Sunday

NBC

MBS

ABC

CBS

Morning Programs

8:30	Jack Arthur		Light And Life Hour	Reyno Valley Sunday Gathering
8:00 8:15	World News Roundup We Hold These Truths	Eiler Michaux	Milton Cross Album	Trinity Choir World News Roundup
8:30 8:45	Carnival Of Books Faith In Action	Back To God	Voice of Prophecy	E. Power Biggs Organ Concert
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	National Radio Pulpit Art Of Living News, Peter Roberts	Radio Bible Class Faith In Our Time	Message Of Israel College Choir	Church Of The Air
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Faithless Stand Time Viewpoint, U.S.A. UN Is My Best The Living Word	Frank And Ernest Broadfield Reporting Reviewing Stand	Fine Arts Quartet Christian In Action	Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir News, Peter Hackas 11:25 Invitation To Learning

Afternoon Programs

12:30 12:15 12:30	Sammy Kaye The Eternal Light	College Chorus News, Bill Cunningham Merry Mailman	News Ted Malone Piano Playhouse	News Story, Bill Costello Howard K. Smith News, Costello
12:45				
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Youth Wants To Know Univ. Of Chicago Round Table	Fred Van Deventer Lansy Ross Show Lathens Hour Game Of The Day**	Herald Of Truth National Vipers	Galen Drake Synopsis Piece
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	The Catholic Hour American Forum	Bandstand, U.S.A. Wings Of Healing Dixie Quartet	Pan American Union U. S. Military Band Lawr Pine And His Mountaineers	The Symphonette New York Philharmonic Orchestra
3:00 3:15	Intermezzo Youth Brings You Music	Tap Tunes With Trendler	Marines In Review	
3:30 3:45	Bob Conditine Elms Paper	Musical Program	Hear Of Decision	
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	G.I. Joe Jason And The Golden Flame	Under Arrest Dear Marge, It's Murder 4:55 Ed Petit, News	Old-Fashioned Revival Hour	America Calling Godfrey's Sunday Hour
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	The Chase Caunter Spy	The Shadow True Detective Mysteries	This Week Around The World Greatest Story Ever Told	King Arthur Godfrey's Round Table Choral Symphony 5:45 News, Bill Downs 5:55 Cedric Adams

**Heard only in southern, southwest, and central states

Evening Programs

6:00	Hy Gardner Calling	Nick Carter	Monday Morning Headlines Den Correll George Sokolsky	Theatre Of Stars Our Miss Brooks
6:15 6:30 6:45	Meet The Vesp Juvenile Jury	6:25 Cecil Brown Squad Room		
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	My Son, Jeep Aldrich Family	Treasury Varieties Little Symphonies	American Music Hall Burgess Meredith, Enoco	Jack Benny Anno 'n' Andy
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Phil Harris And Alice Faye Theatre Guild On The Air	Hawaii Calls Enchanted Hour	American Music Hall (Cont.)	Bergen & McCarthy My Little Margie
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45		Just Necture Answers For Americans	Walter Winchell News, Taylor Gross The Adventurer, Burgess Meredith	Haltmark Playhouse Escape
10:00 10:15 10:30	Barrie Craig Meet The Press	Great Day Show Music Of The People	Paul Harvey Auntie Cooks World And The West	Quiz Kids News, Ed Morgan 10:35 Listen To Korea



**Inside
Radio**

All Times Listed Are
Eastern Daylight Time.

Monday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45	World News Roundup	Local Programs 8:55 Gabriel Heatter	8:40 Betty Crocker Pauline Frederick 8:55 John Conte	Jack Hunt
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Ev'ry Day Thy Neighbor's Voice	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbor Cliff's Family	Breakfast Club	News Of America Barnyard Follies Joan Edwards Show In Town Today
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Double Or Nothing	Cecil Brown Music Box News 10:35 Jack Kirkwood Show	My True Story Whispering Streets When A Girl Marries	Arthur Godfrey Show with Robert Q. Lewis
11:00 11:15	Strike It Rich	Ladies Fair 11:25 News, Holland Engle Queen For A Day	Live Like A Millionaire	
11:30 11:45	Phrase That Pays Bob Hope Show		Friend In Need— Dennis James	Grand Slam Rosemary

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15		Curt Massey Time Capital Commentary With Soukhafe 12:55 Music Box	Don Gardner 12:10 Jack Berch Bill Ring Show	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	News, Home Edition Dr. Paul	Cedric Foster Luncheon With Lopez Game Of The Day**	Paul Harvey, News Ted Malone	Road Of Life Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:25 2:30 2:45 2:55	Pickens Party Dave Garraway Kukla, Fran & Ollie News, Barnhart	Say It With Music Sam Hayes, News Mac McGuire Show Music By Willard	Mary Margaret McBride Betty Crocker 2:35 Tennessee Ernie	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road Of Life Pepper Young Right To Happiness	Cameo Talks 3:05 John Gambling	Tennessee Ernie (Cont.)	Hilltop House House Party Home Folks 3:55 It Happens Every Day
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage With Stella Dallas Young Wilder Brown Woman In My House	Music By Bob And Don Lucky U Ranch	Cal Tinney Show 4:25 Betty Crocker Jack Owens Show	Robert Q. Lewis 4:55 The Chicagoans Treasury Bandstand 4:55 News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell Lorenzo Jones The Doctor's Wife	Gobby Benson Wild Bill Hickok 5:55 News, Cecil Brown	Big Jon And Sparkie Fan Factory Lam 'n' Abner	Curt Massey Time

**Heard only in southwest, southeast and central states

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Program	Jackson & The News Dwight Cooke	
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	H. V. Kattandean News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Mr. Mystery Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel 7:55 Titus Moody	Taylor Grant News Elmer Davis The Lane Ranger 7:55 Lee Griffith, News	Scotch Junior Miss Jo Stafford Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	The Railroad Hour Voices Of Firestone	The Falcon Hall Of Fantasy	Henry J. Taylor Fleet And Stream Proteroads Symphany	Suspense Talent Scouts with Gary Moore
9:00 9:05 9:20 9:40	Telephone Hour Sand Of America	News, Bill Henry Reporters' Roundup On & On The Record	Concert Studio—Jan Pearce	Lux Theatre
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Orin Shore Show Words In The Night News, John Cameron Swoyer Al Goodman's Musical Album	Frank Edwards Elton Britt Show Dance Deck 10:55 News, Singler	News Of Tomorrow Virgil Pinkley Edwin C. Hill Time For Defense	Bob Hawk Show News, Robert Trout Cedric Adams

Tuesday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45	World News Roundup	Local Programs 8:55 Gabriel Heatter	8:40 Betty Crocker Pauline Frederick 8:55 John Conte	Jack Hunt
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Ev'ry Day Thy Neighbor's Voice	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbor Cliff's Family	Breakfast Club	News Of America Barnyard Follies Joan Edwards Show In Town Today
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Double Or Nothing	Cecil Brown Music Box News 10:35 Jack Kirkwood Show	My True Story Whispering Streets When A Girl Marries	Arthur Godfrey Show with Robert Q. Lewis
11:00 11:15	Strike It Rich	Ladies Fair 11:25 News, Holland Engle Queen For A Day	Live Like A Millionaire	
11:30 11:45	Phrase That Pays Bob Hope Show		Friend In Need— Dennis James	Grand Slam

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15		Curt Massey Time Capital Commentary With Soukhafe 12:55 Music Box	Don Gardner 12:10 Jack Berch Bill Ring Show	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	News, Home Edition Dr. Paul	Cedric Foster Luncheon With Lopez Game Of The Day**	Paul Harvey, News Ted Malone	Road Of Life Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:25 2:30 2:40 2:50	Pickens Party Dave Garraway Kukla, Fran & Ollie News, Barnhart	Say It With Music Sam Hayes, News Mac McGuire Show Music By Willard	Mary Margaret McBride Betty Crocker 2:35 Tennessee Ernie	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road Of Life Pepper Young Right To Happiness	Cameo Talks 3:05 John Gambling	Tennessee Ernie (Cont.)	Hilltop House House Party Home Folks 3:55 It Happens Every Day
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage With Stella Dallas Young Wilder Brown Woman In My House	Music By Bob And Don Lucky U Ranch	Cal Tinney Show 4:25 Betty Crocker Jack Owens Show	Robert Q. Lewis 4:55 The Chicagoans Treasury Bandstand 4:55 News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell Lorenzo Jones The Doctor's Wife	Gobby Benson Wild Bill Hickok 5:55 News, Cecil Brown	Big Jon And Sparkie Fan Factory Lam 'n' Abner	Curt Massey Time

**Heard only in southwest, southeast and central states

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Program	Jackson & The News Dwight Cooke	
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	News Parade News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Hazel Markel Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel 7:55 Titus Moody	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Silver Eagle 7:55 Lee Griffith, News	Scotch Junior Miss Jo Stafford Show Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Eddie Fisher Red Skelton	That Hammer Guy High Adventure	Sparrow Partners Paul Whitman Teen Club	People Are Funny Mr. & Mrs. North
9:00 9:05	Martin & Lewis	News, Billy Henry The Search That Never Ends	Fawn Meeting	Luigi
9:30 9:45	Fibber McGee And Molly	Off & On The Record	Erwin D. Canham, News	Years Truly, Johnny Dellar—John Lard
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	What's My Line? News, John Cameron Swoyer First Nighter	Frank Edwards Elton Britt Show Bonds For Bonds 10:55 News, Singler	News Of Tomorrow Virgil Pinkley Edwin C. Hill	Louella Parsons Doris Day News, Robert Trout Cedric Adams

Wednesday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45	World News Roundup	Local Programs 8:55 Gabriel Heatter	8:40 Betty Crocker Pauline Frederick 8:55 John Conte	Jack Hunt
9:00 9:10 9:30 9:45	Ev'ry Day Thy Neighbor's Voice	Robert Hurligh Cliff's Family	Breakfast Club	News Of America Barnyard Follies Jean Edwards Show In Town Today
10:00 10:15 10:25 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Double Or Nothing	Cecil Brown Music Box News 10:35 Jack Kirkwood Show	My True Story Whispering Streets When A Girl Marries	Arthur Godfrey Show with Robert Q. Lewis
11:00 11:15	Strike It Rich	Ladies Fair 11:25 News, Holland Engle Queen For A Day	Live Like A Millionaire	Grand Slam Rosemary
11:30 11:45	Please That Pays Job Hope Show		Friend In Need—Dennis James	

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15		Curt Massey Time Capital Commentary with Bookings 12:25 Holland Engle 12:55 Music Box	Don Gardiner Valentino	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45			Bill Ring Show	Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	News, Home Edition Dr. Paul	Cedric Foster Lanshen With Lopez Game Of The Day**	Paul Harvey, News Ted Malone	Read Of Life Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:25 2:30 2:45 2:55	Pickens Party Dave Garraway Kukla, Fran & Ollie News, Banghart	Say It With Music News, Sam Hayes Mac McGuire Show Music By Willard	Mary Margaret McBride Betty Crocker 2:35 Tennessee Ernie	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road Of Life Pepper Young Right To Happiness	Cameo Talks 3:05 John Gambling	Tennessee Ernie (Cont.)	Hilltop House House Party Home Folks 3:55 It Happens Every Day
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Young Wilder Brown Woman In My House	Music By Bob And Dan 4:25 News Lucky U Ranch	Cal Tinney Show 4:25 Betty Crocker Jack Owens Show	Robert Q. Lewis 4:25 The Chicagoans Treasury Standstill 4:55 News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell Lorenzo Jones The Doctor's Wife	Songs Of The S— Ban-B Wild Bill Hickock 5:55 News, Cecil Brown	Big Jon And Sparkie Fun Factory Lum 'n' Abner Curt Massey Time	

**Heard only in southwest, southeast and central states

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Programs	Jackson & The News Dwight Cooke	
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	News Parade News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Men's Corner Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newscast 7:55 Titus Moody	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Lone Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith, News	Beulah Junior Miss Jo Stafford Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Walk A Mile—Bill Cullen Great Goldenroove	Crime Files Of Flammond Crime Fighters	Mystery Theatre Life Begins At Eighty	FBI In Posee And War Dr. Christian
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	GroUCHO Marx— You Bet Your Life Big Story	News, Bill Henry Family Theatre Off & On The Record	Mr. President Creative	Playhouse On Broad- way 9:25 News What's My Line?
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Bob Hope Show News, John Cameron Swoyze Dangerous Assessment	Frank Edwards Ethan Britt Show Dance Orch. 10:55 News, Singler	News Of Tomorrow Dream Harbor Edwin C. Hill The Latin Quarter Orchestra	December Bride News, Robert Trout Cedric Adams

Thursday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45	World News Roundup	Local Programs 8:55 Gabriel Heatter	8:40 Betty Crocker Pauline Frederick 8:55 John Conte	Jack Hunt
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Ev'ry Day Thy Neighbor's Voice	Robert Hurligh Cliff's Family	Breakfast Club	News Of America Barnyard Follies Jean Edwards Show In Town Today
10:00 10:15 10:25 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Double Or Nothing	Cecil Brown Music Box News 10:35 Jack Kirkwood Show	My True Story Whispering Streets When A Girl Marries	Arthur Godfrey Show with Robert Q. Lewis
11:00 11:15	Strike It Rich	Ladies Fair 11:25 News, Holland Engle Queen For A Day	Live Like A Millionaire	Grand Slam Rosemary
11:30 11:45	Please That Pays Job Hope Show		Friend In Need—Dennis James	

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15		Curt Massey Time Capital Commentary with Bookings 12:25 Holland Engle 12:55 Music Box	Don Gardiner Valentino	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45			Bill Ring Show	Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	News, Home Edition Dr. Paul	Cedric Foster Lanshen With Lopez Game Of The Day**	Paul Harvey, News Ted Malone	Read Of Life Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:25 2:30 2:45 2:55	Pickens Party Dave Garraway Kukla, Fran & Ollie News, Banghart	Say It With Music News, Sam Hayes Mac McGuire Show Music By Willard	Mary Margaret McBride Betty Crocker 2:35 Tennessee Ernie	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road Of Life Pepper Young Right To Happiness	Cameo Talks 3:05 John Gambling	Tennessee Ernie (Cont.)	Hilltop House House Party Home Folks 3:55 It Happens Every Day
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Young Wilder Brown Woman In My House	Music By Bob And Dan 4:25 News Lucky U Ranch	Cal Tinney Show 4:25 Betty Crocker Jack Owens Show	Robert Q. Lewis 4:25 The Chicagoans Treasury Standstill 4:55 News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell Lorenzo Jones The Doctor's Wife	Songs Of The S— Ban-B Wild Bill Hickock 5:55 News, Cecil Brown	Big Jon And Sparkie Fun Factory Lum 'n' Abner Curt Massey Time	

**Heard only in southwest, southeast and central states

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Program	Allen Stuart	Jackson & The News Dwight Cooke
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	News Parade News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Rukyer Reports Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newscast 7:55 Titus Moody	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Silver Eagle 7:55 Les Griffith, News	Beulah Junior Miss Jo Stafford Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Roy Rogers 8:25 News Father Knows Best	Official Detective John Steele, Adven- turer	Top Guy Heritage	Meet Millie On Stage
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Truth Or Con- sequences Richard Fulton J. Sheen Edna Carter	News, Bill Henry Off & On The Record	Playbill Time Capsule	Time For Love— Manana Dietrich Bing Crosby
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Judy Canova News, John Cameron Swoyze June Pickens Show	Frank Edwards The Valley Boys Dance Orch. 10:55 News, Singler	News Of Tomorrow Three Safe Edwin C. Hill	The American Way with Horace Heidt News, Robert Trout Cedric Adams

Friday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45	World News Roundup	Local Programs 8:55 Gabriel Heatter	8:40 Betty Crocker Pauline Frederick 8:55 John Conte	Jack Hunt
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Ev'ry Day Thy Neighbor's Voice	Robert Harleigh Tell Your Neighbor Cull's Family	Breakfast Club	News Of America Barnyard Follies Joan Edwards Show In Town Today
10:00 10:15 10:25 10:30 10:35 10:45	Welcome Travelers Double Or Nothing 10:35 Jack Kirkwood Show	Coed Brown Music Box News	My True Story Whispering Streets When A Girl Marries	Arthur Godfrey with Robert Q. Lewis
11:00 11:15	Strike It Rich	Ladies Fair 11:25 News, Holland Engle Queen For A Day	Live Like A Millionaire	
11:30 11:45	Phrase That Pays Bob Hope Show		Friend In Need— Dennis James	Grand Slam Rosemary

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15		Carl Massey Time Capital Commentary with Soukhaige	Don Gardner Valentino	Wendy Warren Aunt Jerry
12:30 12:45		12:35 News, Holland Engle 12:55 Music Box	Bill Ring Show	Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	News, Home Edition Dr. Paul	Cedric Fester Luncheon With Lopez Game Of The Day**	Paul Harvey, News Ted Malens	Road Of Life Mx Perkins Young Dr. Malens The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15	Pickens Party	Say It With Music 2:25 News, Sun Hayes	Mary Margaret McBird	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason
2:30 2:45 2:55	Dave Garraway Kukla, Fran & Ollie News, Barnhart	Mac McGuire Show Music By Willard	Betty Crocker 2:35 Tennessee Ernie	This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road Of Life Pepper Young Right To Happiness	Cameo Talks 3:05 John Gambling	Tennessee Ernie (Cont.)	Hilltop House House Party House Folks 3:55 It Happens Every Day
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Young Wister Brown Woman In My Hoose	Music By Bob And Don Lucky U Ranch	Cal Tinney Show 4:25 Betty Crocker Jack Owens Show	Robert Q. Lewis 4:05 The Chicopans Treasury Bandstand 4:55 News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell Lorenza Jones The Doctor's Wife	Songs Of The B- Bar-B Wild Bill Hickok 3:55 News, Coed Brown	Big Jon And Sparkie Fun Factory Lans 'n' Abner	Curt Massey Time

** Heard only in southwest, southeast and central states

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Liner News Bill Stern These Star Extra	Local Program		Jackson & The News Dwight Cooke Lewell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	News Parade News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Mr. Mystery Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsweek 7:55 Tibes Moody	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Lone Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith, News	Gullah Junior Miss Jo Stafford Show Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Eddie Fisher Name That Tune	Movie Quiz True Or False	Adventures Of Michael Shayne Fun For All	Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons Mr. Charlemon
9:00 9:00 9:20 9:45	Best Plays	News, Billy Henry Great Day Off & On The Record	Ozzie & Harriet Cecilia Archer 9:05 News	Music In The Air— Donald Richards Alfredo Antonini
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Orin Show Show Words In The Night News, John Cameron Swartz	Frank Edwards The Valley Boys Dance Orch. 10:55 News, Singlar	Fights 10:40 News Of To- morrow 10:55 Edwin C. Hill	Capitol Clockroom News, Robert Trout Cedric Adams

Saturday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45	Howdy Doody	Local Programs	News Summary	Renfro Valley
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Farming Business Mind Your Manners		No School Today	News Of America Robert Q. Lewis
10:00 10:15	Archie Andrews	Local Program		Galen Drake
10:30 10:45	Mary Lee Taylor Show	Frank Singlar News Helen Hall	Space Patrol	Let's Pretend
11:00 11:15	My Secret Story	Coast Guard 11:25 Holland Engle News	Soslin/ EdMcCormell	News, Bill Shadel 11:05 Grand Central Station Give And Take
11:30 11:45	Modern Romance	Farm News Con- ference	Eddie Fisher	

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	News Public Affairs Coffee In Wash- ington	Man On The Farm Fifth Army Band	101 Ranch Boys American Farmer	Theatre Of Today Stars Over Holly- wood
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	National Farm And Home Hour U.S. Army Band	Music Game Of The Day** Ruby Mercer	Navy Hour Stoke The Maracas	Fun For All City Hospital 1:55 Galen Drake
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	U.S. Marine Band	2:25 Headline News Georgia Crackers	Music	Music With The Girls Make Way For Youth
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	What's The Score?	Bandstand U.S.A. 3:25 Headline News Sports Parade		Report From Overseas Adventures In Science Farm News Correspondents' Smithhead
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Treasury Of Music	U.S. Army Band College Choirs	Horse Racing	Treasury Bandstand Eddie Fisher
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Big City Serenade Aurifer Speaks Key To Health	Preston's Show Shop 5:35 H. R. Soukhaige Club Time	Tax And Croquetts At Home With Music Club Time	Washington, U.S.A. At The Chase

** Heard only in southeast, southwest and central states

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15	George Hicks News, H. V. Kallornbern	Donna Orch	Una Mae Carlisle Saddy West Trio	News, Ed Morgan UN On Record
6:30 6:45	NBC Symphony, Milton Katims Conducting	Country Editor Preston Sellers	Harry Wisner As We See It	Sports Roundup News, Larry Lohmeier
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45		Al Helfer, Sports Pentagon Report Down Yaw Go 7:35 Cecil Brown	Speaking Of Business Women In Uniform Dinner At The Green Room	Broadway's My Best Vaughn Monroe
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Inside Bob & Ray Dude Ranch Jamboree	Twenty Questions Virginia Bart Dancie	Margaret Whiting's Dancing Party	Gene Autry Gunsake
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Poe Wee King Show Grand Ole Opry	New England Barn- yard Jamboree Lombardo Land	ABC Dancing Party (Cont.)	Gangbusters 9:25 Win Elliot
10:00 10:30	Eddy Arnold Show Merleth Willson's Music Room	Chicago Theatre Of The Air	At The Shamrock Politics On Trial	Country Style News, Ed Morgan

Red Buttons

(Continued from page 54)

school as often as I did. They should have graduated with me.") What he was a genius at was entertaining people. He started doing this at a hotel in the Catskill Mountains in the summer of 1935, when he was a hot sixteen, and by '37 he was working club dates at night, and appearing at Bar Mitzvahs, weddings, and meetings of the Knights of Pythias.

He put in a stint at Minsky's. (Recently, his wife got cute and squirted water at him, and he fixed her with a devilish eye. "Fool around with water with an old burlesque comedian, and you take your life in your hands—") And, after Minsky's, he worked in two legitimate plays. Nothing came of either.

In 1943, Red went into the Army. "Take care of yourself," said his friends, with long, long faces, thinking of our boys in the trenches and breaking into heart-rending versions of "Over There."

A couple of weeks later, he was home again. He'd been assigned to the "Winged Victory" company. "I was ashamed to come back. Almost."

He was a corporal by the time he got out. "I got my stripes for thirty missions to the Gaiety Delicatessen," he told New York Times writer Gilbert Millstein. "Never loused up an order."

At any rate, Red was discharged in 1946 and went back to night clubs and the Catskill circuit. Today, eighteen years after he started his show-business career, he's a television star. So much for his background. What we want to do here is tell a love story. One which hasn't been told before. The story of Red and his wife, Helayne.

Helayne has a pixie kind of face and bears a striking resemblance to Leslie Caron. She is petite, with dark curly hair, wide hazel eyes, a directness of manner, an easy grace. She comes from Ohio, but she's lived in New York the past eight years. "And the past four have been the happiest of my life, because of Red..." No big line, no pretensions. She means it, and she says it, heart in eyes.

Actually, she first saw Red some five years ago, in Florida. He was playing the Copa City, and she caught his show and thought he was "cute beyond expression."

The first time she met Red was in Lindy's, back in New York, a few months later. A mutual friend introduced them, and Red took Helayne home. She didn't see him again for three months.

One night, she went to Lindy's again and was greeted by Red, who used to spend a lot of time there. "Where are you going?" he asked.

"I'm going home to wash the dishes," she replied.

"I'd like to come along and wipe 'em," he said.

So he took her home, and she let him wipe the dishes. It was the only time he ever did it. They now own an electric dishwasher. (He used to tell her that he'd love to "putter around the kitchen," but as she points out, they've been married three years, and he hasn't puttered once.)

After that, he dated her occasionally and, whenever too long a time elapsed between dates, she would invite him to dinner at her apartment. (He says she's the greatest cook in the world, and makes even better blintzes than his mother.)

They had a lot of fun together then, but they knew they didn't want to be serious about each other. Red had been married once, and it had been annulled. (Nice girl, in-law trouble. It just hadn't worked.) Now he knew where he was going. He didn't want to get married again. Not till

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he was about thirty-five. (That's next year.) And not till he was a big star. (He figures that's next year, too.) He wasn't a ladies' man, in any case; he liked to hang around with the fellows.

Helayne herself had decided she wanted to get married—but not to Red. On the other hand, she told herself, you've got a king-sized crush on him, so calm down and figure things out. See him as often as possible. Get him out of your system. Then you'll be able to fall in love with some eligible young man who doesn't work all night and sleep all day and spend his spare time in *Lindy's* with the boys.

She then mapped a campaign for getting him out of her system—which meant taking the initiative. She used to send him little gag cards and letters. For instance, there was one gadget held together with a rubber band and, when he opened the envelope, a great big fake moth would fly out. He'd laugh, then phone. "Hey, Doll-face, how about a date?"

They'd spend the evening together, and she'd manage to slip a note into his pocket. "Call Doll-face Friday," the note would say. Being amused by this, he followed instructions. Little by little, it became a habit—until reminders were no longer necessary.

As Red became more and more aware of Helayne, and gradually fell in love with her, she began to realize that she needn't look any further for her aforementioned eligible young man. Love had changed Red into a marriageable fellow.

While he was playing the Paramount

Theatre in 1949, they arranged for a wedding, which took place after his last show one night. At the home of Artie and Betty Dunn (Artie's one of the Three Suns), they said their vows.

They have never had a honeymoon. When Red finished his stint at the Paramount, they took off for Miami Beach—which sounds ideal for honeymooning, except that he had a night-club engagement that kept him occupied every evening.

Until this past fall, the Buttons lived in a little penthouse on Fifty-Fifth Street. One of Helayne's favorite stories about her husband took place there. The apartment was surrounded on three sides by a terrace and, on very hot nights, the Buttons would curl up on their double chaise to sleep out there. The first time they ever tried this, they slept the night away. With first dawn, however, Red woke up. Helayne was slumbering peacefully beside him. The sun was beginning to beat down. Red started to shake his wife. "Wake up! Wake up!" he cried. "You'll never be able to sleep out here." It was the only time anybody had ever awakened Helayne to tell her she wouldn't be able to sleep.

Helayne and Red both feel that the years they spent in their tiny penthouse were extraordinarily happy ones. They were together constantly. But sometimes, when you gain one thing in life, you have to give up another. They've had to sacrifice a lot of shared time to the demands of Red's TV career.

"I talk to her once in a while," Red says, grinning. "I don't know where I get the

time." Which is a joke, but one which is sadly based on truth.

They now live at Sutton Place South, in the first all air-conditioned apartment house in the city, amid coral-colored sofas, lots of windows, light, air, shaggy gray rugs, and a big, gold-spattered black bird cage planted with greenery.

It's a beautifully decorated apartment, but Red isn't home to enjoy it as much as he'd like. His show's on TV only half an hour every week, but it still takes up the best part of the whole week, what with rehearsals, writers' conferences, and all the other time-consuming details. "TV's like a furnace," he says. "It burns up material as fast as you can stoke it in." And, though his audiences adore him, he claims that a performer has a limited life-expectancy in the medium. "People get bored with any personality. Each artist has a limited bag of tricks; once you've seen 'em, you've seen 'em."

Helayne says Red always knew TV would be rough work, but he hadn't known how rough. He's not complaining, though. He likes the way he's living now; he's glad he can afford it. He loves his profession, and he doesn't feel as if he's competing with any other comedian or actor. "There's enough for everybody," Buttons says simply. And then he looks around at his beautiful home—the one that's a long way from Third Street . . . and his beautiful wife—the one that's going to last him a lifetime . . . and you know he's telling the truth. There's enough for everybody, and he's got his.

A Perfect Day for Daly

(Continued from page 52)

for a vacation." He smiles ruefully. The Daly family, numbering five and residing in Rye, New York, has not had a vacation together in sixteen years—or since the honeymoon, when the family numbered only two.

"We'd wake up for breakfast just off the coast of France. We'd have grapefruit, fine kidney lamb chops with eggs atop, toast and tea. Then make a three-point landing at Orly Airfield."

Actually, John Daly wakes up each morning, like most of us, with one eye on the clock. He has a cup of tea first thing, checks the mail—shuddering normally at the sight of bills. He chats sporadically with his wife Kit and he may have some toast and another cup of tea, his eye constantly on the clock, for within an hour's time he will make a two-point landing in Manhattan off his commuter train.

"But now we are at the airport and Johnny, my older son, takes care of our baggage at customs."

This would give Johnny, fifteen, a real chance to demonstrate the French he has been learning at Phillips-Andover.

"And there would be a jet-propelled roadster waiting for my second son to drive into Paris."

Charles, twelve, spends his spare time designing superpowered airplanes and cars. The youngster has plans for a dream roadster that cruises at 500 mph, and would cost \$35,000. (His economy model he estimates at \$18,000.)

"There would be a five-gaited horse for daughter Buntzy that she could ride down the Champs Elysees, under the Arc de Triomphe and right into the lobby of the luxurious George V Hotel."

Seven-year-old Helene, nicknamed Buntzy, has a mad passion for horses.

"Let's see. We're in Paris now. Well, Kit would probably like to shop for gowns at Christian Dior's and, even in fantasy, I

mean window-shop. Johnny would be looking for the Paris edition of *The Times* to check baseball scores. Charles would be at the Deemo plant, dissecting an airplane. Buntzy would be at the Chantilly race track—to look, not bet, of course. And I would be having an exclusive interview with General Ridgway and/or the French Premier.

"Early afternoon, we would fly over to London. Kit would have tea at Buckingham Palace. The children would still be involved with ball scores, horses, engines. I would be chatting with Churchill."

In the afternoon, the children are in school. Mrs. Daly is housekeeping. John is working.

"In the evening," John begins—then stops, smiles wryly, and finally says, "this is silly, I can't stretch my imagination any further."

At night, John Daly is still working. Seldom does he get home before eleven p.m. and many nights as late as two a.m. This is the result of his being pivot man on CBS Radio and TV editions of *What's My Line?*, *It's News to Me*, and ABC's *News Of The World*. He works days, nights, holidays and weekends. In spite of this, he has managed to set up the very closest relations with his family, for he dearly respects their interests and lives.

"In this radio business, you get so you envy anyone who works normal hours and normal days," he says. "After all, my kids are home Saturday and Sunday. It would be fun to pack them all into a car and go for a ride to the White Mountains or just fool around the house together."

Actually, it is whole truth that John has never had a vacation with his wife and children. This past winter, for the first time since they were married, John and Kit managed five days in Nassau.

Kit had no idea of what they were getting into when she encouraged John to try for a job as a radio announcer. They had married in the depression year of 1937 and

set up housekeeping in one room, John, who had left Boston College two years before, had tried a good many things—wool business, transportation—and was a schedule engineer, when Kit talked him into auditioning for a job at NBC as a summer-relief announcer. He got it and that fall joined the CBS Special Events department. Before Kit could catch her breath, John was suddenly a network news reporter—away for weeks, months or years—on political campaigns, at international conferences, to wars. And Kit had one, two and three children to take care of and manage on her own much of the time.

John sums it up simply. "She's a wonderful wife. I'm grateful that she hooked me."

Of course, Kit insists that it was the other way around and it probably was. No matter, neither has any regrets.

"Maybe one regret," Kit says. "We would like more time together."

As any married woman knows, early morning is hardly the time to relax and talk. Anyway, it's really the end of the day when there is so much to discuss. Well, Kit's problem is that John gets home so late. And she must get up early with the children. She can't afford to keep John's hours, but she has solved the problem with usual feminine ingenuity.

She goes to sleep quite early with the children and takes an evening nap. When John comes in, she is up to meet him and they adjourn to the kitchen.

"We put out a slab of butter, a jar of peanut butter, a huge box of crackers, and keep our jaws going."

Naturally, the first topic on the agenda is the children. Johnny is away at school but there may be a letter from him to rehash Johnny's grades are excellent, but the parents are interested in all facets of his personality. This has to do with John Senior's theory on children.

"I encourage the youngsters to make

their own decisions as much as possible," John says. "Sometimes they get their fingers toasted but they're much wiser for it."

Young Charles got involved in an amusing incident recently. He had joined a boys' organization in the community, then one day announced to his father that he wanted to quit.

"I don't think much of that club," Charles said.

"If you want to quit, go ahead."

The following day Charles said, "Well, I mailed in my letter of resignation."

"A letter?"

Charles had not only quit but explained in detail why: the club was disorganized, there was a lack of discipline, no progress was being made, it was a waste of time.

"And he was right," John tells you. "Kit and I had gone to one of his meetings. The boy's criticisms were accurate, although I certainly didn't expect him to write the letter." John paused and reminisced. "You know it isn't the kind of thing I would have done as a boy. Parents then wanted their children to be merely unobtrusive. As adults, they expected their sons to stand on their own feet but weren't too willing to let them learn at an early age, in formative years, when it's important."

At times, John and Kit have some rather serious discussions. "You take headlines. Today people think of news in personal terms: what war means to their children and husbands, what a law is going to do to their standards of living."

Kit is lucky to have an authority to analyze the news for her. John has been a working reporter with many greats and near-greats. He was a war correspondent and personally supplied Eisenhower with a pen to sign the German surrender papers. He was presidential announcer to FDR and traveled with Wendell Willkie.

"People get depressed, even morbid, about what they read in the paper," John notes. "They forget that civilization has come a long way and is here to stay."

But the Dalys are parents and understand the concern of those who have sons in the armed services.

"Before we know it, our own son will be of draft age," John says. "Of course, we hope that tomorrow or next week will bring a better world. In the meantime, we must remember that our way of life, with its freedom and dignity, is always worth defending and worth sacrifices."

John talks the same way to his children for, as he says, "I don't want them to think they are merely being used to fight someone else's battles. I don't want them ever to be self-pitying. And that means they must not be afraid to live a full life and accept new experiences."

But John does not spend all of his time lecturing the children. The last time Johnny got home for a few days, John Senior planned a free afternoon to golf with his son and had tickets purchased far in advance for a ball game. Neither Charles nor Buntsy were interested in the game.

"Now there's a problem," John says. "Each of the kids has a different line. With Buntsy, it's taking her to a riding academy or horse show. Johnny is interested mainly in sports. Charles is the mechanic and designer. So it means expeditions with them, one at a time."

John and Kit do little socializing with friends, for most people are ready to go to bed just about the time John gets home. John's usual free time comes on an afternoon and in the middle of the week.

"You see, a perfect day can't be planned," John says. "And it's not really important, anyway. I have many perfect days. I know it when Kit and I are in the kitchen late at night. We both know it."

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The Happy Beckers

(Continued from page 42)

"curbstone" setter, is named Stumpy, and the duck answers—and he really answers—to Bobby.

"We have a kind of a Bide-A-Wee home of sorts," Sandy laughs, "animals just wander in, look us over, seem to like the neighborhood—and stay."

It is a charming neighborhood of tall trees, bright gardens and spacious, pleasant homes, but the animals probably stay because the Becker home is such a happy home. Happy because Ruth and Sandy are as much in love as they were when, ten years ago, they were twice married—secretly married, the first time; married in church with white veil, orange blossoms and organ music, the second time. And because they love the children (and the animals) with the warm and wise love that is the food of happiness for all young, growing things.

There is one lack, and only one, in the well-nigh perfect happiness of the young Beckers. Due to Sandy's radio and TV schedule, which is as tightly packed as—to use the popular simile for crowded quarters—a can of sardines, Sandy hasn't the time he'd like to have (has, in fact, only Sundays) to be at home.

"But Ruth comes into town for dinner fairly often," Sandy says, "and I sometimes talk to the kids on TV. They watch me avidly, too—especially on Ask The Camera—and little Curtis is quite a critic. The kind of critic all performers pray for," Sandy laughs, "since his lead is invariably, 'Pretty good show tonight, Dad!'"

Sandy's day begins (five days a week) with the alarm going off at 6 A.M., in order that Sandy may be off for the city in time for his spot (the local spot called Today In New York) on Dave Garroway's NBC-TV show, Today. Five days a week, too, Sandy is your Young Doctor Malone on CBS Radio's daytime serial. Five evenings a week, at 6:30 P.M., he emcees Ask The Camera on WNET.

Weekends are well taken care of, too. Saturdays, he often guests on Armstrong's Theatre Of Today, over CBS Radio, and he appears regularly on ABC-TV's Pet Party and Mutual's Twenty Questions. His announcing chores are many—including a Sunday stint on The Shadow, for Mutual. (Fortunately for Sandy, The Shadow is recorded and transcribed or he wouldn't have his precious Sundays at home, either.) He's seen in the Lucky Strike commercials for both Saturday night's Your Hit Parade and Monday night's Robert Montgomery Presents, on NBC-TV. Here and there along the way, he has announced We Love And Learn and Theatre Of Romance, among others—and has played dramatic roles on Rosemary, Grand Central Station and Columbia Workshop. As a newscaster, Sandy's performances are also numerous and noteworthy.

But even this all-work-and-almost-no-play schedule, this palm-of-your-hand-sized cloud, has its silver lining—is, in fact, the happy ending to a story that hasn't been all sunny-side-of-the-street.

It all began, of course, with boy-meets-girl—begins with the love story of Sandy and Ruth.

"One day," Sandy says, heading off, "I was sitting in the control room of Station WBT in Charlotte, North Carolina, with a friend of mine, John Henderson, the engineer, when we noticed two beautiful young ladies walking into the studio. I'd never seen either of them before but I turned to my friend and said, 'See that girl, John, the one with the dark hair and the—eyes?'"

"To which my friend, a sort of taciturn, Gary Cooper type, replied thriftily, 'Yeah,

"You know what—I'm going to marry her."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah."

"It went," Sandy laughs, "something like that—"

"It went on from 'that,' too," Ruth takes up the telling, "but first let me explain that I'd gone to the studio with a friend of mine who was a singer. I was a secretary, but I used to sing. . . ."

"She has the most beautiful voice. . . ."

"I used to sing," continues Ruth, "and was getting interested in radio, which was why Grace thought I'd be interested in seeing a studio and took me along with her that day. The next day I had a call from Grace telling me that she'd met Sandy Becker, who just had to meet me!"

"I hadn't even seen Sandy at the studio, hadn't noticed, in fact, that there was anyone in the control room. So why, I thought, should I rush forth to meet him? For the next three days, however, Grace called with the same 'transcribed' message: 'He says he has to meet you.'"

"On the third call, I gave in. 'Okay,' I said, 'I'm going downtown Saturday afternoon, as I always do, to have my hair done. Tell him I'll meet him in front of the Broadway Theatre on Tryon Street at four o'clock.' We met in front of the Broadway Theatre. I think we went into a drugstore and had a soda. I don't remember what we talked about. . . ."

"We didn't," Sandy contributes briefly, "I just looked. I'd taken quite a bit of ribbing, when I first arrived in North Carolina," he laughs, "because I'd expected levees and bales of cotton, Stephen Foster songs and mint juleps and all the girls looking like Southern belles, and it hadn't been that way, not a Southern belle in a bevy, until Ruth. . . ."

"I don't remember what we talked about," Ruth is patient but persistent, "but I do remember that he asked me for a date the next day, Sunday, and refused to believe that I had dates for Sunday, both afternoon and evening. . . ."

"But I dated him on Monday," Ruth resumes. "The next Saturday, he asked me to marry him. Up to this point, I'd been a little amused by him. He was so very tall, six-foot-two, and weighed, at that time, only 145 pounds. And he was, on dates, quite different from the boys I'd been dating. With them, it had always been Ruth this, Ruth that—also, as the one girl in a family of four older brothers, I was a bit spoiled at home. So when, instead of Ruth this and that, it became Sandy this and that, Sandy wants, Sandy thinks, I became, shall we say, confused."

"I was just turned twenty," Sandy puts in, "making pretty good money. I was irresistible—so I thought! But nothing impressed our Miss Venable. She treated me very badly, very coldly—she was generally aloof. She was," Sandy's green-flecked brown eyes spark, "a challenge!"

"It was in the parking lot across from Station WBT," Ruth cuts in, "that he asked me to marry him. Rather oddly, I thought. He was very tired, having worked most of the night, and was sitting there, in the car, head back, eyes closed. With his eyes still closed he said, in a talking-in-his-sleep tone of voice, 'What would you say if I should ask you to marry me?'"

"To which my reply was a crisp, 'I should probably say no.'"

"But he kept 'bothering' me—or that, so I tried to kid myself, was the why I felt about it—with practically daily proposals. And then, after I realized that I was in love with him, and told him so, he got scared. . . ."

"I didn't—"

"Got scared and instead of the fervent, 'Let's get married now, this morning, this afternoon,' he began to say, 'Maybe we had better wait a little. . . .'"

"I was furious."

"Well, goodbye, nice knowing you, but I can easily forget you," I said. A lie and I knew it. I'd never been in love before. That 'old feeling' was a new feeling," Ruth laughs, "to me. But that this was love, the kind that would not come again, I, for all my ignorance of love, was sure."

"But with those flippant-sounding words of farewell, I really got him tied down solid," Ruth smiles, "and one month later, on July twentieth, we were married. We'd planned to be married," Ruth explains, "on August sixteenth. We had no idea of being married the weekend we went to the beach, Myrtle Beach, to visit with friends who were staying there. But the friends got our reservations all mixed up and when Sandy went into the little house where rooms had been booked for us, he came out saying, 'They have only one room in the place—we'll have to get married!'"

"I was pretty upset—mostly because I knew it would hurt Mother if I eloped. But there we were—and so I said I would, providing that Sandy would promise to keep it absolutely secret. He promised and we got married. When we got back to Charlotte, he absolutely wasn't going to tell anyone and, of course, he blabbed it all over WBT. Happily, however, it didn't get on the air and so we were married (again) according to plan, on August sixteenth, in the Tenth Avenue Presbyterian Church, in which I'd been brought up. It was a very simple wedding and I wore a very simple dress, but it was a church wedding and a home wedding and a happy wedding, and Mother never knew, until years later, about the secret first wedding. When she knew, she took it beautifully."

A year after the young Beckers said their second "I do's," they came to New York, which was Sandy's home town.

"We took quite a licking," Sandy and Ruth say, almost simultaneously, "when we first came to New York. I had to re-audition," Sandy explains, "for an announcer's job, and my auditions—and, particularly, the fruits thereof—were conspicuously few and far between. We were making only half as much in New York as we'd been making down South. It got to the point where we used to steal bus rides by pretending, come time to collect fares, to be so deep in our newspapers that the conductor would pass us by. We'd go to cheap cafeterias and divide our meals. One cafeteria of blessed memory—the guy there must have felt sorry for us—he loaded us! Used to give us double of everything. We must have looked skinny, I guess, as if we needed it. Matter of sober fact, we were hungry. . . ."

"I can still taste the bitterness and irony of the situation when two fellows from the South (one of them Olin Tice, best man at my wedding) came up to New York and made the network grade in nothing flat—and here was I, the native-born New Yorker, seething and churning!"

To the financial pressure bearing down on the young Beckers was added the worry of Ruth's first pregnancy, during which—as with the second and third babies—she was gravely ill.

"With Curtis," Ruth admits, "I nearly died. And with Annelle, who was born by Caesarean section, it was a miracle that either of us survived. Dr. Frederick Freed, my wonderful obstetrician, calls Annelle our 'miracle baby.' I call Dr. Freed 'the miracle man.' Why, Annelle's birth made the Medical Journal. To me, to us both,"

Ruth says, and her voice is reverent, "he is nearly God."

It was "quite a licking" they took, no doubt about it, but they took it standing up. "One night when we were thoroughly depressed, when things looked the blackest, we were walking up Madison Avenue," Sandy recalls, "looking in the shop windows. I've always been a pipe smoker and collector, and in the window of the little Wilkie Pipe Shop I looked longingly at one of those little old grandfather pipes with the curved stem and the fat bowl. 'Think you'd feel any better,' Ruth asked me, quietly, 'if you had it?' I don't remember what I answered. I do remember that, practically penniless as we were, we went in and bought it. Ruth," Sandy adds, his voice deepening, "is like that."

Perhaps it was then, with that gallant thumping of the nose in the very face of frustration, that fortune at last turned in their favor. At any rate, it turned—Sandy got a call ("the first call I'd had") for the job of announcer on a Sunday afternoon show, Reader's Digest Of The Air. He began, then, to do some fairly steady announcing on soap operas. Success, like failure, pyramids and on Sing Along With The Landt Trio he was, for the first time, he says, "something of a personality." On newscasts, thereafter, he—as the announcer—ad libbed a bit, and each time he did so the personality that was to "make him what he is today" emerged more clearly.

Soon he was doing a great deal of newscasting, some of it—such as the crash at La Guardia Airport—headline stuff. For which, since he thinks quickly and is never at a loss for words, he was commended. And the "We want Becker!" movement was on.

It was in late 1948 that Sandy was told he'd gotten the part of Young Dr. Malone.

"I'd done some big shows by that time," he says, "announced the New York Philharmonic and others, but nothing ever excited me as much as Malone. Actually, announcing was never completely satisfying to me. I'd hoped to do some acting—and here, in the part of Malone, it was! I took pride in the assignment, too. Gary Merrill had been doing it just before me, and when he left to go out to Hollywood—where he did fine in pictures and subsequently married Bette Davis!—there were auditions all over the place. Everyone with a tongue (including me) was auditioned. There were semi-finals and razzmatazz—and, when Kate Gorman of the Compton agency told me I'd gotten it, my knees actually buckled! I called Ruth up immediately. We were kind of in a daze. The kind of daze it's a pleasure to be in!"

Now, with Malone on radio and Ask The Camera on TV—not to mention again the other choice chores on radio and television—Sandy, with colors flying, has come through. And happily.

In the role of Young Dr. Malone he gets, of course, a peculiarly personal satisfaction. On the air, if not in Little Neck or on Park Avenue, he is the doctor he always wanted to be. To Sandy Becker, of all actors, Malone is not merely make-believing.

Ask The Camera provides Sandy with the same satisfaction. "Dispensing knowledge, which is what I'm doing on Ask The Camera, is," he says, "as important, perhaps, as dispensing pills."

"I went on the show about the first of last August as a summer replacement. We found that there is in children, as in adults, a definite thirst for knowledge, and I had some ideas about how I wanted to gratify that thirst. Happily for me, Steve Krantz, the producer, a highly imaginative, intelligent guy, saw eye to eye with me immediately—and almost at once the rating began to climb, the letters to pour in until we're getting, as of now, some one thousand letters a day.



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"I read them all," says Sandy. (There are suitcases of them in the Becker living room!) "And it kills me not to be able to use them all, answer them all. For me, it's a great responsibility," says this young man who puts his heart into his work. "It's also a real, deep-down satisfaction to feel that the kids are assimilating a certain amount of knowledge without hokum, are learning something every night—palatably."

Sandy puts his heart into his marriage, too— "And none of the romance," to take Ruth's word for it, "has gone out of it."

"Most wonderful husband in the world" is the way Ruth captivates Sandy, adding, "Well, he is—after ten years, he's still romantic; still affectionate every day, not every other day, and I have never, even when we had no money, heard him object to anything I buy for myself—I can't have enough clothes to please him!—or for the house."

"Comes home with some pretty gruesome-looking antiques, though," Sandy teases, reddening, man-like, at open praise.

"Half a toothbrush!"

"Sandy makes fun of my 'grab-bags,'" Ruth explains, "pretends not to understand that, if you see one interesting piece in a box of junk, you have to take the whole box. I once got a job-lot for \$1.75 and there, among the trash, was the most wonderful old ironstone platter which is, as we learned from the tracings, over three hundred years old. I found our sofa at an auction for \$27.50 and covered it myself, with this red material. The small red chairs by the TV set were sample chairs. I got them for \$25 each. I made the draperies myself. They cost us \$100 instead of the \$500 we'd been quoted for having them done. And we did all of the painting and papering ourselves."

In his basement workshop on Sundays ("I try to do everything on Sunday!"), Sandy makes what he describes as "mostly useless things—a door, a duck house, lamps, toys for the kids. I also cut down and re-did this old Italian coffee table," he points out, with modest pride.

Ruth does most of the cooking and, as a

cook, "she is," says Sandy, "the finest! She's an improviser and it always turns out fine! I," Sandy grins, "am a chemical-set cooker. Like to take all kinds of canned stuff and fool around with it. Inspirational cooking, you might say!"

In the Becker household there is now the invaluable Gundel, housekeeper, children's nurse and member of the family. (Gundel came from Germany, and the Beckers are now bringing over her entire family.) But Ruth still does most of the cooking, lists her occupation as "housewife," and that is happy-making, too.

"Ruth has a very beautiful voice," Sandy beams, "and, as soon as I say I'm glad she isn't singing professionally, I seem to be the kind of man who wants to submerge his wife. Actually, I don't want to—but the kind of singing Ruth would be doing would be late at night, night clubs and such, the kind of things that don't go very well with home life. . . ."

"With our home life, anyway," Ruth smiles.

"Happy as it is," adds Sandy.

Wendy Warren's Man

(Continued from page 49)

Such teasing doesn't go on often, anyhow. Nancy is the first to say that the man she married is a thoroughly stable fellow, with no time for temperament. A busy man, whose life has been enriched by many things that he never really planned for himself or expected to happen. In fact, this element of the unexpected has been weaving in and out of Nat's experience ever since high-school days. (If you're a follower of Mark Douglas' career you'll remember that Mark's life, too, has taken many unusual twists and turns.)

Most of the things that have happened to Nat stem from the year he was sixteen and announced to the family one day that he would like to learn to play the trumpet. An uncle who was a little hard of hearing misunderstood and thought Nat had asked for drums, so that's what he got as his next present. Quite naturally, then, he decided to master them, which led later to his organizing a dance band and putting a lot of time into extra-curricular activities throughout the rest of his school years. Not that he was intending to be a professional musician. It seemed more likely that he would become an actor, like his father, who combined acting with singing in musical productions.

In high school he had decided that amateur dramatics were not for a fellow like himself who, through his father, has been around real actors and the real theatre all his life. A teacher wanted him to try out for the class-night play, and without caring one way or the other he walked off with the role of the hero. College dramatics, and a scholarship in a dramatic school followed, and after college a job in radio. By this time he thought of himself as an actor, and his career seemed set. Then, practically overnight, he went back to his drums.

It happened this way. The Depression began to lop off radio jobs, and Nat's got lopped quickly. Unexpectedly, he had to turn to music again and, through the recommendation of a professional musician he had hired occasionally to assist in big-time dates of his college band, he now got a real professional job. For six years, he toured the country with some of the leading dance bands, made recordings, and believed that for him acting had become completely sidetracked.

Marriage was being sidetracked too, until he was more securely established. Again the unexpected happened. He was playing

at a country club near Baltimore, Maryland, when he met the blue-eyed blonde who was to upset all his plans. She had come to the club with her date, a local boy whom everyone expected she would marry when she got a little older. When Nat was introduced, he knew that this meeting and this girl were going to be quite different from all the others. "I hadn't prepared myself mentally for failing in love and getting married, because there was too much else I wanted to do first. But there it was, happening. I knew before many days had passed that this was the girl I wanted to marry."

When, recently, on his radio program, Nat played out Mark's stormy courtship of Wendy Warren, it was easy for him to get "inside" the role. "It paralleled my own courtship of Nancy at least in its uncertainties," he says. "In our case, there was this other boy. And there was opposition from both of our families, naturally enough, since neither knew the other. Nancy was still very young, I wasn't permanently settled, there were no immediate prospects of our having a home in any one place. That's all over now—the opposition, I mean—with everybody pointing with pride to our family life and being happy about our marriage."

During those first few weeks after Nat met Nancy he tried to pretend to ignore her when she came to the club with a date. He even convinced himself that she was probably unaware he was alive, and that she had not the slightest interest in him. He must have been wrong—because, when he asked to drop by one afternoon and take her for a walk, he brought up the subject of the other boy and said he didn't want to break up anything that might have been decided before he came along. "Nancy got quite angry at this point," Nat says now. "She said she was old enough to make her own decisions, and I knew then that she was more interested in me than I had dared to hope. After two months, when the band's engagement was over, I spoke to Nancy's mother, but we had to leave things the way they were, when I moved on to the next spot. I would fly in to see Nancy if I were anywhere near Baltimore, or anywhere in the eastern part of the United States. Between us we must have requisitioned tons of stationery and rivers of ink, and thousands of feet of telephone wires.

"Finally, when she came of age, we took things into our own hands and eloped,

and after that Nancy traveled with me. Through my work, we went back and forth across practically every state and into Canada and Mexico, and had some wonderful times. I made two motion pictures in Hollywood—"Seven Days' Leave" at RKO, with Lucille Ball and Victor Mature, and one at Universal with the Rita Brothers called "Behind the Eight Ball."

The time came when both wanted to settle permanently in New York. Nat went back to radio, played leads in dramatic serials like *The Second Mrs. Burton* and *Backstage Wife*, and appeared in many other dramatic shows. There was one point at which he was playing in three different daytime dramas, until a time change in one of them made a conflict with his other rehearsal periods. On television, he has played in most of the important dramas and has done many leads on *Big Story*, *Treasury Men in Action*, and others. He plays intermittently on *Captain Video*, where he has been *Special Agent Carter* and, most recently, *Dr. Lawson*—and you may tune in any day now to find him impersonating some new kind of ace-spaceman, or concocting some cosmic chicanery.

Radio and TV have left him some time for his favorite sport, golf, and time to teach Nancy how to play. He had just bought her the snazziest set of clubs he could find, to encourage her to keep on, when she suddenly had to give up golf for a while and await the arrival of their first child. This was an unexpected happening, as they had about decided, after nine years of marriage, that there would be no children of their own and were preparing to adopt a baby. Fifteen months after Wendy Ann arrived (on December 11, 1949), Debra Jane was born—on March 8, 1951.

People connect their older daughter's name with the Wendy Warren program, but that, too, just "happened." Nat didn't go on the program until some time after Wendy's birth, but they liked the name, which later was to loom so importantly in Nat's work. His hobbies, too, were unplanned as the coincidence of Wendy's name, developing from unexpected demands upon his ingenuity and skills. The house they had bought in a suburban community had been big enough when they first moved in, but with Debra's arrival they began to spill over into every inch. Nat had to learn how to expand that house, and to find ways to increase the family comfort. With the help of a car-

penter he finished an extra room and hallway upstairs, and partitioned off the rest for much-needed storage space. The garage was lengthened so he could have a workshop at the back. Now that the kids are growing up, he falls over dolls and tricycles to get to it, but it's still his pride.

Other Polen projects have been knotty-pinning the kitchen walls, making cornices for the windows, doing electrical work under the skilled instruction of a neighbor who told him what to do—and, more important, what not to do—and building toys for the children. On hand right now are plans for a cabinet to house an AM-FM radio and record player, a toy chest for the children, and an Early American "dry sink" of knotty pine, with a place for potted plants in the top. A fair-sized lineup for a fellow who had hardly a speaking acquaintance with a hammer before he became a householder. The work has turned out to have therapeutic value too, relaxing for a man who works with ideas the rest of the time.

Another recent interest, getting a chance to direct a group of actors, wasn't completely unplanned, because Nat hopes to direct at some future time, but the way it happened was certainly unexpected. Out of a clear sky, one day about a year ago, the local Little Theatre group called him and asked if he would direct the play they planned to put on last summer. Now another one is coming up. In the meantime, a group of professionals like Nat, who find themselves living rather far from Broadway, have banded together to form a local "arena theatre." He wanted to direct for this one, too, but they needed him for a role in their first production, "Second Threshold." Oddly enough, all this activity began before Mark Douglas, in the Wendy Warren script, wrote and directed his play. The actors Nat directs tell him that some days he sounds a lot like Mark, when he's impatient with their mistakes. They don't really mean it, however, because Nat is having too much fun out of the whole business of working with a community group ever to get really upset, as Mark did with his professional actors.

Nowadays, when the Polens get the rare chance to sit back and enjoy their house,

they can feel pretty pleased about the way Nancy has used color and decoration. The walls are mostly deep, restful greens. One wall is papered for contrast, in a Grandma Moses sampler print. The fireplace bricks are painted white, there are touches of gold and white in fabrics and lamps and decorations, and a few bright patches of color scattered about all the rooms to give a cheery note. Nancy, one of eight children, knows the endless round of housekeeping, but she has things down to a system and is fussy about everything being just right.

When Nat appears on Captain Video, she sometimes lets the children stay up a while to watch. The first time this happened, their daddy was getting some rough treatment from a spaceman, and his arm was supposed to be hurt. Dobra, old enough to realize he was in trouble, forgot that her mother had said this was "only pretend" and she rushed to the screen and tried to pull her father out. "Give me Daddy. I fix him, I fix him," she insisted. Ever since then the kids haven't been allowed to watch, if trouble is brewing for Daddy.

While playing a role on Captain Video is probably mostly fun for Nat, portraying Mark Douglas on the Wendy Warren program is a real challenge, since he has to get inside the character of this complex personality to play him properly. "Mark, as I see him, is a poetic person, deeply sensitive, inclined to extreme heights and depths of feeling. When Wendy Warren says he is 'on wires' I know just what she means. As Mark, I am either riding the crest of the wave or sinking 'way down under. Yet sometimes I think people like that get more out of life than the others do. They feel so strongly about everything. They suffer so from unhappiness, they are super-sensitive, but they savor every happiness to its fullest."

As her husband says this, Nancy nods her head in agreement, and you know she is thinking that in some ways this could be a description of Nat himself, a sensitive man of deeply-felt emotions... except that—between his jobs in radio and television, his home and wife and kids, and all the extra-curricular activities—he has absolutely no time for tempera-

ment!

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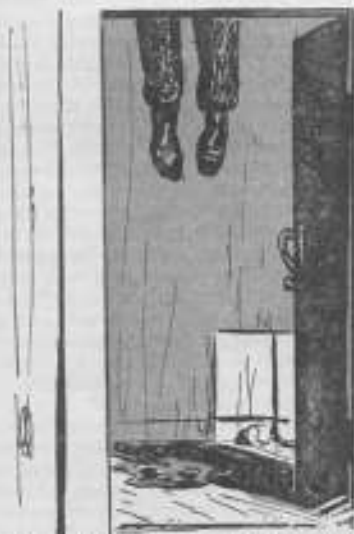
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Front Seat at the Coronation

(Continued from page 35)

is telling you that you have won a trip to England for the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II in London, in June (and this you can't believe at all, at first). A trip for yourself and anyone you wish to take along as a traveling companion. And, suddenly, you remember Irene's contest and those five postcards you sent off to New York a few weeks back, each one with a figure written on it, and your suggestion for an unusual way to serve Hostess Cup Cakes. The figure was your guess at the number of prizes that had been given out to home players in the six years that Irene's program, Grand Slam, had been on the air. Now Irene is telling you that one of those postcards had hit the exact number, 15,108, and that you and one other contestant had guessed it right and therefore had won Coronation trips.

It sounds like a fairytale, but it really happened last January 28 to Mrs. Albert O. Westover, of San Diego, California, and to Elsie Witt of Cunningham, Kansas. Only once before, back in 1947, had Mrs. Westover competed in any contest. As a Beasley fan of long standing, Mrs. Westover had sent in some questions for a studio player to answer and, when the studio contestant failed, she had won a lapel watch and some cooking utensils. This, years later, was something completely unexpected.

"I still had the radio going when the telephone rang, right after Grand Slam," Caroline Westover told her family later. "It was Irene and she was nearly as excited as I was. I had to ask her to wait while I turned the radio off. Then we talked at least ten minutes, and she was so friendly and wonderful. At first I said, 'Oh, no, you can't mean me,' but she assured me that she did."

As soon as the New York call was finished, Mrs. Westover tried to reach her husband to tell him the news. Albert Westover is a building contractor, in business for himself, and that day he was working on a new building that had no telephone. She called him on a phone down the street from his work. "I said, 'Sit down, Al, before you listen to this. I have news that will just about take you off your feet.' I told him we were going to the Coronation. He was quiet for a minute, then he said, 'You know, dear, it isn't funny to call me to the telephone to pull a joke like this on me when I'm so busy. I'll talk to you when I get home.'"

Telling her husband was only the beginning of meeting with what was almost disbelief, at first, and then amazed happiness, on the part of the whole family. Ten-year-old Carole, the youngest of their five children, was jubilant and suggested at once that one suitcase would hold her. She settled, however, for the promise of some new dolls for her already extensive collection, a pretty dress and hat, and "anything you see that's pretty and you think I would like." She will stay with her sister Joan and Joan's husband, John Zetterquist, and their three children, Stevan, Philip and Eileen, in nearby Linda Vista.

The telephone wires going in and out of the Westovers' house carried a heavy load all that day. Word went out to Lois, the eldest daughter in the Westover family, who is married to Will Wegener, manager of the Technical Laboratory attached to the hospital at Richfield, Utah. They have three little girls, Jill, Rebecca and Jeanne, and a son, Bill. Betty, the second daughter, married to Orville C. Hancock, lives near her sister Joan in Linda Vista, and there are two children in that family, Jimmy and Nancy. Down the block from the Westovers lives their oldest child, their only son, Richard, whose wife is Wilma

and whose four boys are Robert, Keith, Layne and Clay.

The news of the fabulous prize got around town fast. The San Diego Union and the Tribune both carried pictures of Mrs. Westover and articles about her good fortune. Radio and television newscasts spread the story. Neighbors flocked to the house. People she hardly knew were so delighted about it that they telephoned congratulations. Some recognized her from her newspaper pictures and stopped her on the street to say how wonderful it was. "Many of them would ask if I had really won the trip through a contest. They had heard of people winning things like that but thought it was just propaganda or publicity. I think it impressed a lot of folks that these contests are on the level, having now personally met someone who was a winner. The part that pleased me so much was that everyone else seemed as happy about my winning as I was."

The events in Mrs. Westover's life, meanwhile, were being paralleled more than a thousand miles away in Cunningham, Kansas, where Mrs. Witt, ill with the flu, heard her name as winner over Irene Beasley's Grand Slam program, and she too received a confirming phone call from Irene. At first, Mr. Witt couldn't believe the news, then, when convinced, he enjoyed the prospect of the trip as much as Mr. Westover. Arrangements, too, had to be made for the care of the Witts' two children. And neighbors and well-wishers telephoned and wrote letters of congratulations.

As for the Westover trip itself, and the opportunity to be present for the historic pageant of the crowning of England's Queen, there are hardly words to describe how Caroline Westover feels. Neither she nor Mr. Westover have ever flown, and there will be, first, the trans-continental flight east from Municipal Airport in San Diego to New York, and then the trans-oceanic flight on Saturday, May 30, from International Airport to their destination on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean. "I wake up dreaming of all the thrills of just this one part of this glorious trip, and thinking of how my husband and I will share this wonderful new experience of flying," she says.

They will spend Sunday and Monday at Le Touquet, a French seaside resort, where they will stay at a fashionable hotel. There will be surf and pool bathing, golf, and other sports, if they want to join in. At night there will be dancing and entertainment at the Casino. Tuesday will find them in London, occupying reserved seats for the Coronation procession, followed by dinner and tickets to the famous London music hall, the Palladium. Wednesday they will go back to Le Touquet to relax. On Thursday they will drive to Paris, luncheon on the way at the lace center of Chantilly. In Paris they will see the Folies Bergere, and on Friday drive out to the Palace at Versailles and wander through the beautiful gardens, of which they have seen so many pictures. They will have dinner in Paris that night, go on a tour of the famous night spots, and follow that with a day of sight-seeing all over Paris.

Their schedule calls for the flight home next day, but the Westovers may prolong their stay two weeks further on their own account, to visit some of the countries they have always wanted to see, probably Switzerland and Italy—where they hope to spend a few days in Rome—returning to Paris by way of Nice, and spending the end of their vacation in London. There Mrs. Westover hopes to get in touch with some distant cousins with whom she has been corresponding.

Part of her interest in meeting relatives, apart from the natural family considerations, is her interest in genealogy. She has been writing a history of her own family for generations back, and is the chairman of programs of the San Diego Genealogical Society. Besides her active club, civic and church work (all the Westovers are active in their church), she does her own housework in their roomy, comfortable old house in a good section of San Diego, a house which has been thoroughly modernized by her builder husband. She loves to cook, and has a reputation for desserts.

Now, a good deal of the spare time goes into reading up on previous Coronations and on the Royal Family, although she already knows a great deal about both. "I have always been interested in them," she explains, "because they seem like such a wholesome group of people. I have sympathized with their having to be in the limelight and have marveled at how well they wear under its glare. I know the Coronation procedure in a general way, and can hardly believe that the opportunity will be mine to see part of this historic event in England. I am sure the tears will come to my eyes when the youthful Queen officially takes on her tremendous responsibilities. I am sure, too, that I will have even more understanding of her position when I see the reaction of the British people to this great occasion."

No story about the Westovers and their trip would be complete without telling something of how it came about. In the first place, you have probably guessed that Caroline Westover is the kind of woman who likes to try new things and who keeps her mind alert and open. "I have always been ready to take a chance in a game."

So the first day it was announced on the radio I sat right down and tried to figure out the number of prizes that had been sent out to home winners during the six-year period. Being a constant listener, I knew that the Continental Baking Company had been generous with extra prizes during their anniversary and Christmas weeks every year, so I took all that into consideration, but after I sent the first postcard I began to have misgivings about the number I had arrived at. I began to re-figure, and I sent another card. I sent a third one, and a fourth, each time revising my calculations.

"About a week after that, I got out all my previous figures and thought about them some more. This time I shut my eyes and simply wrote down the number that seemed right to me, and mailed it off without giving myself a chance to change my mind. It was a lower number than the others, because I had used another method of calculating, and it won the prize. I never consulted anyone about what I should send in, but relied on my own judgment, and the thing that really amazes me is that I should hit exactly the right number."

"Thinking back, now that the contest is all over and my husband and I are preparing for the privilege of going to England and the Continent and of witnessing part of the ceremony of the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II of England, I believe that it was more good luck than good judgment, or maybe just some inspired guessing, that did the trick. Possibly it's an answer to my prayer of many years, that I might someday see England for myself. Who knows? For us, it is a glorious experience to look forward to, and something wonderful to be remembered for all the years to come. As for all my children, the sweet things, all they really ask is that we bring back happy memories and come back to them, safe and well!"

Bud Collyer

(Continued from page 60)

preferred to be together. All of which left the adjoining bedroom empty, and gave me a place to set up a theatre. I was fairly handy with tools, and had been backstage at enough theatres to have a general idea of what was considered standard equipment. Using one end of the room for a stage—the end into which the door from the bedroom opened—I rigged up one of the most complicated sets of stage curtains ever seen outside of the Radio City Music Hall.

"On this stage, I, Bud Collyer, gave nightly performances for my family. My performances were always spontaneous—sometimes as much of a surprise to myself as to my audience. I gave everything—from heavy drama to musicals. And I did everything—from working the curtains and lights, to gathering and arranging the props, to running the phonograph for the musicals, to the actual acting and singing. Naturally, it was great fun—but beyond that, to me, personally, it was important. It brought me up sharp with the fact that my parents were my friends . . . my best friends. Never once during this period of my life did either my mother or my father ever say, 'Not tonight, Bud.'

"My father, who often had to work at night, always arranged his business engagements so that, for the half-hour after dinner, he could attend my performances. If my parents had never done another thing for me—which, of course, they did—the friendship they gave would have been enough. I really feel very strongly on this. It is the thing I am striving so hard to accomplish with my own children . . .

have them regard me as their best friend. I think, if I can be sure of this, I can also be sure of never failing them, as my parents never failed me."

When Bud reached high-school age, he branched out from his home performances and became an active member of the Horace Mann Dramatic Club. At Williams College he not only took part in the four yearly productions of the Williams Little Theatre—a group that used the faculty wives and women teachers from the local school for the female roles—but also two plays a year with the Cap and Bells Society, a strictly student organization in which the men played all the roles. Besides these activities, he found time to go out for the usual athletic sports . . . making first team on some, and scrub team on others.

As though these were not enough in the way of extra-curricular activities, Bud's interest in religion came to the fore, and he joined the Williams Christian Association. Bud had always had a very great interest in religion, and this college group afforded him an outlet to put this interest to practical use. A number of the small churches in the vicinity of the college were too poor to afford regular ministers, so the Williams Christian Association took them under their wing—the boys organized and ran the various Sunday schools and church services. They organized church get-togethers, and Bud and the boys would work up entertainments for these occasions . . . Bud generally singing and playing the guitar.

These activities did not end with the receipt of his diploma—since graduation, he has been an active worker in the Sunday schools of various local churches. He has been Sunday School Superintendent for a Community Church, an Episcopal, a Methodist, and now a Presbyterian Church in his present home town of Greenwich, Connecticut.

By the time Bud was graduated from Williams College, he had decided to follow

in his father's footsteps and become a lawyer. Or, at least, he had decided to tuck a law degree in his vest pocket and pass the New York Bar examinations, so that he could always be a lawyer if, when the time came, he still wanted to. In other words, he made a decision regarding his future—but proceeded with an open mind.

From Williams College, Bud went to Fordham Law School. In those days Fordham had no dramatic club, and for a time it appeared as though he would have to forego his pet extra-curricular activity. But not for long. The Morningside Players, Columbia University's dramatic club, invited him to join them, and for the next three years Bud divided his time between Fordham law and Columbia dramatics . . . to say nothing of a musical show he put on six days a week at 7:45-8:00 A.M. over WCBS.

It was by means of this latter activity that he not only paid his way through Fordham Law, but also paid for a thirty-four-day European trip upon graduation.

Upon his return from his European holiday, he went to work as a clerk in a law office for a scant fifteen dollars a week. On the side, he continued his work with the Morningside Players, and, as it turned out two years later, it was this group that was responsible for the major change in the direction of his career. One evening, an NBC producer attended a Columbia play in which Bud had a singing part, and—the next thing Bud knew—he had left law in favor of a role on the NBC sustaining program, *Dreams Of The Long Ago*. In due time, other acting as well as announcing roles came along.

In 1939 he took over the roles of Clark Kent and Superman—in the popular radio program, *Superman*—which roles he continued to play for twelve and a half years. By 1940 his assignments were equally divided between acting and announcing.

In the mid-forties, quiz shows came into the picture and the need for emcees became greater and greater. With his usual open mind, Bud sensed another turn in the road, and proceeded to train himself in the art of ad libbing. Here his law training—and, perhaps, those early days of his personal theatre—came to his aid, and in short order he won his first master-of-ceremonies assignment in the *Battle Of The Boroughs*. As his emcee calls mounted, his dramatic roles dropped, and today he is one of the busiest quizmasters on the air and TV screen. "By the same token," Bud grins, "almost nobody calls me for dramatic roles any more. What has happened is that I have gone from law to acting to announcing to emceeing, and, frankly, I'm quite happy with the outcome. I like the stimulation of emceeing, I like the continual meeting of new personalities on quiz shows. And, best of all, I like the more scheduled life of the emcee, as opposed to the hit-or-miss existence of the actor—it gives me more time to be with my family. I imagine I have even more time with my family than the average business man who, despite regular office hours, of necessity must frequently bring home office leftovers to work on at night. I can remember my father working far into the night on briefs for the following day's court session.

"Had I remained a lawyer, I, too, might be burning the midnight oil in the solitude of my study. I'll bet I would not have been able to manage what we laughingly refer to as my hobby—Pat's, Cynthia's and/or Michael's homework! Yes, I'm glad I wasn't stubborn . . . that, when the signs pointed in other directions, I willingly went along."

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Life Begins With Marriage

(Continued from page 33)

them on the air, we consider it's a good year."

The new father is, likewise, that erstwhile man-about-the-night-clubs and squire of some of Hollywood's loveliest stars . . . known to you, a brief year ago, as "Bachelor Jack Barry" . . . now married to vivid, beautiful, many-talented Marcia Van Dyke . . . and the most walking-on-clouds new father you ever did see—of Jeffrey Van Dyke Barry, aged (the day we talked with his slightly delirious dad), a hoary five days.

"I never believed it," Jack was saying, his blue-gray eyes dilated, his dark hair giving the impression of being ruffled—although it wasn't . . . his hands shaky—and they were. "For years, I've heard all those tales about tensed-up expectant fathers and never believed them. I believe them now."

"It began, the tensing-up, the night before my son was born. A Tuesday night. On Tuesday evenings our *Wisdom Of The Ages* show is televised. It's a quiz show, as I hope you know, and Marcia is on the panel. This particular—this most particular—Tuesday P.M., we're on the air and suddenly I notice a strange expression on Marcia's face. Immediately, my mind began to operate on two levels. On one level my mind was on the show. On the other level, it was preoccupied with Marcia's strange expression and what it might mean."

"By the time the show went off the air, Marcia's strange expression was erased from her face. Yes, a slight upset of the tummy, she agreed with me, that was all . . ."

"This was a Tuesday night. Or am I repeating myself? Wednesday, around noon, my wife called me: 'Dear, you'd better come home. I'm going to have a baby.'"

"When?"

"Now."

"But 'now' isn't always what it means in the dictionary. We sat and played *Scrabble* all day long."

"In the early evening we went to the hospital. In a hurry. I can't describe the short trip because it is, mercifully, a blank . . . but you know the last thing she said to me just before she went into the delivery room? As you know, we have a five-minute TV show on film called *Oh, Baby!* It's a tough job. Marcia knows how tough a job it is. Perhaps that accounts for her

train of thought, for just before she went under, she looked up at me and said, 'Oh, baby!'

"I was all right at the hospital at first," Jack confided then, with modest pride, "pacing away the time. All of a sudden, Dan walked in. He hadn't been able to sit it through with his own but thought he could manage it with mine. He did. He stayed with me. I was grateful. Made things seem more normal. So I was fine until a nurse came in and said 'Mr. Barry, your baby will be here in about twenty minutes.' And then an hour passed, two, three . . . Never in my life have I been so completely tensed-up as I was then, or so abjectly—in my heart—on my knees."

"Just as I walked the last mile my legs would carry me, the doctor came in, smiling. 'You have a handsome baby boy.'"

"The next thing I know, I am looking at the baby. He looks, I remember thinking, with feeble humor, as if he ought to be on *Life Begins At Eighty!* They do, you know, they all do," the new father said, defensively, "but that only lasts a few hours, a day or two. You should see him now!"

"About twenty minutes after the baby was born, the doctor—finding me hovering outside my wife's closed door—told me, 'You can go in now.' I went in. She was pretty groggy. I leaned over, kissed her, said, 'Darling, you should be very happy, you have a beautiful baby boy.' There was a flicker, or so I thought, of long dark lashes. An hour later, they let me see her again before I went home to breakfast. (The baby was born at 3:28 A.M.; it was now five o'clock or so, and dawn.) Again I leaned over her, kissed her, said, 'Darling, you should be very happy, you have a beautiful baby boy.' 'I know,' my wife said, contentedly, 'some man was in here a while ago and told me the same thing!'

"By the way," Jack said then, consulting his watch, "it's time for me to call my wife. Like to listen in to a report on progress?"

I would, I said, I would indeed!

The conversation—of which, obviously, I could hear only one side—went like this:

"Ounce and a half today, huh? You don't say! Fine! Great! So how is he, darling? That's swell! So how's the little feller—all right?"

There were, by actual count, half a doz-

en more of the same exclamatory questions: "He's all right? He is? That's fine!"

From last year's bachelor to this year's husband and father is quite a change for any man, however valiant. One minute, there was Jack Barry, bachelor—confirmed bachelor, he would have told you—and the next minute, he was falling in love, in love at first sight. In love at first sight, moreover, with a picture.

"One day," as Jack tells it, "I saw my wife's picture in the newspaper. That, (and I guess I knew it), was that. A very pretty girl, a cross between Ella Raines and Jane Russell, yet like neither of them, really, being in a class, and of a type, all by herself. At that time Marcia was playing in the Broadway musical, 'A Tree Grows in Brooklyn.' This gave me an idea. On our panel show, *Juvenile Jury*, we have a little girl, nine years old, called Patty Milligan. Patty, I knew, was playing in 'A Tree.' I showed her Marcia's picture. I said, 'Is this girl in your show?' 'Yes, sure,' said Patty and added, as if reading my mind (or, perhaps, my heart), 'Why don't you take her out?'

"Will you speak to her for me?" I said, snapping at the bait. 'Ask her if I may call for her at the theatre next Thursday night?'

"Upon Patty's report that Miss Van Dyke had said I might call for her, I called for her. Properly introduced by Patty, we went to the Copacabana for dinner after the show. Whether Marcia thought she would be bored with me, or bothered by me, I don't know, but she brought her agent along. I didn't say a word to her all evening. Very hot then, a hit in 'A Tree,' with a lot of commitments and offers to discuss, she and her agent talked business all evening. In spite of which neither Marcia nor I, after that evening, ever dated anyone else again. We both had a couple of old dates to dispose of, so to speak," Jack laughed, "but after that—well, not too long after that, we found ourselves married and on our honeymoon!"

"But weren't you sort of scared," I asked then, "when, at the altar, you actually faced the change marriage would make in your routine, in your life as it has been for thirty-four pretty gay-making years?"

"I don't know of a bachelor who isn't scared," Jack laughed, "but I was not too scared, because I have a very unusual wife. As for the change in my routine, it



Jack Barry and those erudite panelists on *Wisdom Of The Ages*, seen Tuesdays at 9:30 P.M. on Du Mont Television.

is completely changed—of course it is—but the changes are all for the better. "Since my marriage, I've developed interests I never had before—I'm painting now. Oils. Love it. I've gone back to my music. Often, of an evening, we duet, Marcia and I. I play piano; she, the violin. We're planning a new TV show together, Marcia and I, a husband-and-wife show. In fact, it's planned. We're calling it, It's The Barrys. Supposed to be done in our apartment, we'll chat and entertain our friends in show business.

"Now we have the new interest," the new father said, "of the baby—Jeffrey, my son. Concerning plans for him I have, I'm afraid, the typical male reaction: the looking forward to the time when I can take him fishing, swimming, to baseball games, the fights. We'll have a lot of fun together, all three of us, for Marcia is a splendid athlete. She's a magnificent tennis player—she's revived my interest in that, too. She excels at tennis, and to see her glide over that court is something to see! She's a fine swimmer. I'll teach her to play golf. And, yes, she'll continue with her career. I prefer her to continue. A very fine actress. Quite a girl," Marcia's handsome husband said, with an expression in his eyes it would have done Marcia's heart good to see, "so many wonderful qualities—so tolerant of my shortcomings—and, let's face it, a very pretty girl!

"There is, too, the comfort of marriage, of my marriage, anyway, such as I have not known since I was a boy in my parents' home. Some bachelors live sumptuously but I," Jack said, with his engaging grin, "was not among them! My place looked like the abode of the late Collier brothers! Now, to point the contrast, we live in a beautiful apartment, with beautiful ter-

aces out over the river where, on summer evenings, we dine by sunset and starlight. We have a maid but no cook because my wife is a wonderful cook. I don't know where she learned, when and how she found time to learn, practicing violin for six hours a day as she does, and has been doing for years. Nevertheless, she cooks divinely, so that the only night our maid cooks is Tuesday, when Marcia is on the panel of our Wisdom Of The Ages show. There are racks for magazines. My clothes are sent to the cleaner. The beds are smoothly made. There are flowers everywhere. A home well-kept—no one," Jack said, a purr in his voice, "can deny the comfort of that!

"Speaking of the apartment, while Marcia and a decorator were 'doing' the place, one room was set aside for me, as a den. For this room I have a desk, a beautiful big desk, a big chaise longue on which to lie back and dream up those ideas, a TV set. A room of my own, so equipped, would increase my output of ideas by, we figured, about thirty a year. But I'm finished now," Jack laughed. "No more shows this year! For this room of my own, this den designed as an incubator for increased production, is mine alone no longer! To one side has been moved my beautiful big desk, my big chaise longue, my TV set and other gear. The remaining side is now equipped with a hassinet, something called a bathinette, a pair of pale blue scales, a playpen, several woolly objects purporting to be lambs, kittens, puppies, very small bears, pandas and the like . . . various and sundry trays and racks of powders, oils, safety pins, bottles, neat stacks of diapers. No more shows this year," Jack repeated, firmly, "unless it may be a bigger and better Oh, Baby!"

My Constipation worries are over!



Lucky, Lucky, That's Me

(Continued from page 51)

we lunched at Sardi's in New York. Denise was wearing a full-swinging purple wool skirt, a putty-colored cashmere wool sweater, the "jewel" neckline circled with pearls, and in her hand she carried the red, red rose she'd used in the song she'd just sung with Ken Carson on the show. In Sardi's, eyes focussed on Denise. She's like that. In the tradition of Hollywood's spectacular glamour girls who turn heads, likewise hearts.

Vivid is the word to use for Denise. Also, dramatic. She is dramatic, too, in temperament, as well as in appearance.

"I do everything," Denise admits, amused, "to extremes! I love to eat but am always on a diet, so I just gorge myself one day, then nothing, not a mouthful, the next day! I love clothes, love pretty negligees, pretty nightgowns, fur . . . but it's either all that stuff, fuss and feathers, perfume and powder . . . or it's the jeans with the shirt-tail hanging out! I'm either very self-conscious or I feel completely abandoned. Never quite comfortable, as a matter of fact, either feel I don't do anything right, feel embarrassed or Well, who cares? You know?"

Denise is married (was married on February 8, 1947) to James ("Jay") Martin, director of CBS-TV's philanthropic and heart-tugging Wednesday-night show, Strike It Rich, and has two little sons, Ronald Lor Martin, five years old, and Dennis McIntyre Martin, seventeen months. As of now, the Martins live in a small—and not very interesting," says Denise—apartment in Jamaica, Long Is-

land, but are spending their weekends looking for a house to buy somewhere on the North Shore . . . Syosset, perhaps, or Cold Spring Harbor.

Her mother—who used to make clothes for actresses—taught her skill to Denise.

"Starting with hems," Denise laughs, "then learning how to cut a dress. Mother taught me everything—and she knows everything—about dress-designing and dressmaking. She made all my clothes, of course, when I was a kid. A great one for buying up two-yard remnants. If I had a date the next night and didn't have anything to wear by the time my date was due, she'd have made me something dreamy out of a remnant! I—although not anywhere nearly as skilled as my mother—could do likewise. But, with two little boys, all I can do for them is patch up holey knees!

"From choir loft to wings in a single bound" is the way, the succinct way, in which the lovely Lor sums up her career. "I simply happened to be in the right place at the right time," is the way she explains it, adding on a slight note of anxiety, "I sometimes have the feeling that, when success is achieved by gradual degrees, it is more permanent and lasting."

The "single bound" is, however, something of an exaggeration. It is true that Denise did not have "that pounding the pavements" as she puts it, but neither did she spring, full-fledged, from the church choir to The Garry Moore Show. There was a time, however brief, of waiting and of working; of dreaming that perhaps, some day; of almost not daring to hope. . . .

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Denise was five when, shortly after her father's death, her mother moved to Sunnyside, Long Island, where Denise grew up. As a youngster Denise always played with boys—rough boys, tomboys—played Cowboys and Indians, and roller-skated.

"Roller-skated all the time," Denise recalls, laughing, "to the movies, to the store, up and down the stairs! Did I go to the movies much as a child? Every day, if possible; two and three times a day, if possible! And, no matter what picture I saw, I was the star I'd just seen! Used to change my eyebrows, the shape of my lips, my expression, my hair-dos, way of walking, way of speaking, mannerisms—to match those of Deanna Durbin, Joan Crawford, Jeanette MacDonald, or whoever. . . . It was Jeanette MacDonald, in fact, who gave me the idea! The idea, I mean, of becoming a movie star. I saw every picture of Jeanette MacDonald's five times! I sang all of her songs! It was natural that I should think of the movies as a career, since they were all I ever saw—never saw any New York shows. We didn't have much money, just my mother and I.

"How I had the nerve to think of the movies as a career for myself is, however, a puzzle . . . for . . . in grade school and at Newtown High, I didn't take part in school dramatics—not ever. Too shy. I sang in the church choir—which seemed, somehow, sort of anonymous—but never got up the nerve to join the glee club."

After high school, Denise started going to Art School (night school) at Cooper Union in New York, with serious intentions of becoming a commercial artist.

"Singing was what I loved and what I wanted to do," she points out, "but—singing just wasn't practical; it took too much money to study and too much time to get to the place where you make money. Or so I thought. But, while at Cooper Union, I had a part-time job, from noon until three p.m., as a waitress at Schraff's—(There was a time, however brief, of waiting and of working . . .)—and so when someone at school recommended a singing teacher to me, the fact that I was earning a few dollars made lessons possible. . . ."

Almost immediately, Denise was star-borne . . . right away, the next summer, the singing teacher's husband took a small musical company out to Toledo, Ohio, for summer stock appearances. And right away, that same summer, Denise, in the chorus, was given little parts to act and songs to sing.

"I—like Jeanette MacDonald—sang in 'The Firefly,'" Denise remembers, "'The Sapphire Sea,' the song, I got to sing all by myself. I was in my glory! In a bit of a quandary, too. The zoo was right next door to us, with the big cats roaring and peacocks walking around. Ever hear a peacock scream? Well, I did! Like a woman crying in a forest. And when I hit high C—and I did hit high C—the flies would go right in and down my throat!"

When, at summer's end, Denise came back to New York, she was in what she describes as "a frantic thing." She was thinking: Now I'm in show business. Now what do I do? Start tramping the streets?

But for Denise there was to be, as has been said, none of that pavement-pounding that so sorely tries the souls (and the soles) of her sisters and brethren in the profession. For again to the rescue came her singing teacher, who knew an agent who knew a girl—a girl about to leave Sonja Henie's ice show at the Center Theatre. The day this girl left the ice show, Denise joined it.

"Singing—no skating," Denise explained, "just slid out, opened my mouth and sang—that is what, that is all I did."

In the ice show (notice how, for Denise, the script writes itself!) Denise met her husband-to-be. Not that she thought of him in terms of matrimony when first they met, or for some months thereafter. She didn't give him much of a thought in any way. He sang as well as skated—and he really skated, this tall, blond young man named Martin. He wasn't required to put in as many hours of rehearsal as Denise and some of the others. Says Denise, "I'd think to myself, Who is that? Who does he think he is? Then we got to working together, singing together, and I got to thinking, Pretty nice. . . ."

"Then, we just gradually had a first date . . . we'd go around to the corner drugstore—all the kids—have breakfast together, have supper. First thing you know, you—and he—are going alone.

"Our first real date, we went, I remember, to the beach, Jones Beach. We went swimming and ate out, by moonlight, and then, same as we just gradually had that first date, we just gradually," Denise laughs, "got married! By this time, Jay was in Chicago, playing in 'Finian's Rainbow,' and one day he just called up and said, 'Come on out!' That, in three words, was my proposal. All of it. So Mother made me a pink suit and I made myself a matching hat—gee, it was pretty!—and went on out. And we got married. We didn't have a honeymoon trip, but it was fun to be with Jay in Chicago. I'd never been there or ever been married. And everything was perfect, except that Jay didn't like my pink suit on account of he doesn't like pink. So I dyed it dark green and it shrank to this size," Denise makes a tiny gesture, "and I threw it away!"

Within a year after her marriage, Denise's first baby was born and Denise, in the dual roles of young housewife and mother, stayed home for a year and a half. Then she got "sort of restless." She wanted to do something, if only now and then, "But what?" she asked herself, "and where? And also when?" Again for Denise (one of Destiny's darlings, it seems) the questions were no sooner asked than they were answered. Like this:

Garry Moore had just come East from Hollywood to do exactly the same show on TV as he had done on radio on the West Coast. Ken Carson, who had been on Garry's radio show, came with him. But Ken's singing partner, having been chosen by Walt Disney for the voice of Cinderella, remained in Hollywood. Which meant that Garry was auditioning girl singers. And among them, among the more than two hundred of them was—surprise?—our Miss Lor.

"I auditioned the first time," Denise relates, "for voice. But on Garry's show the singer has to do a little acting, too, so right after the voice test came the acting. That day, three girls were picked as finalists. I was one of the three. The following day, I did a few lines with Garry, sang again (as did the others) and then was told to wait in my agents' office (MCA are my agents) until three in the afternoon for a phone call that would say 'Yes' or 'No.' I waited." (There was a time . . . of almost not daring to hope. . . .) "So the phone call came and, as I jumped through the ceiling, a voice said 'Yes.'"

Thus and so, Denise made the "single bound" to stardom. And, although there was a time of waiting and working, of dreaming, of almost not daring to hope, it was as brief—compared to the slow rung-by-rung climb of other star-struck youngsters—as a drawn breath.

And there's something added: Now that Denise is "in the wings," in neon lights, pictured in magazines and newspapers, besought for her autograph, she—unlike so many other youngsters who make the

goal—is not disillusioned. Far, far from it. One of these days she'd like to be in a Broadway show. "I'd like to act," she says. (One of these days she'll be in a Broadway show and—who'll take the bet?—in Hollywood.) Meantime, she's as happy as her too-short days are long. She loves working on The Garry Moore Show. She loves everyone on the show. As for Garry—to the question, "Why, exactly, do you like Garry Moore?" she answers, "He's wonderful, that's all! He's a humanist. Considerate of everyone. Never says anything rude. Conscious, always, of other people's feelings and—his greatest charm—gracious to everyone. He knows people, that's the good, great thing about Garry. Knows what they're thinking, what they're feeling and why. His instincts are as true as his mind is quick—when, for instance, we have the Open Forum on the show and people shout all kinds of questions at him, he's got the right answer there—always!"

In her marriage and home life, as in her career, Denise is something more than well-content. And she balances the two as evenly as Justice does her scales. Up with those little birdies in the morning, she takes Ronnie to kindergarten, then keeps going . . . to her singing lesson, to the studio, where—at 10:30 in the morning, five days a week—rehearsals begin. After the program, she has a hurried lunch and is back going over songs and lines for the following day, trying on costumes, having photographic and fashion sittings, attending production meetings. By five or, at latest, six, she is back home, plays with the children, then kicks off her shoes, rolls up her sleeves and prepares dinner.

"We have a nurse, a wonderful nurse, for the children," Denise glows, "but I am the family cook. Can I cook? I certainly can cook. You're talking to a French girl—remember? Yes, mostly French recipes. But not from a book—from the recipes I remember my mother making—and with only an occasional call to Mother, who lives near us on Long Island, to ask 'How do you make that sauce for the smoked tongue?'"

We go out very little, Jay and I. Sometimes we do some personal-engagement stuff—as when, for instance, we both went to Syracuse and both sang in the War Memorial Hall there. But when we're home, we're both tired by the time evening comes. Or Jay is working. Or I have to learn words—those words! The fear of not remembering my lines is the one fly," Denise groans, "in my nice, creamy-smooth ointment. Happens quite often, too. When it does, what do I do? Make 'em up as I go along. But that can get to be quite a nerve-racking thing!"

"Saturdays and Sundays, I forget my work—forget it completely until Sunday night after the children are put to bed—then I start remembering again. Start trying to remember my lines again!"

It's such a good life, Denise believes, because, for one thing, one important thing, she and Jay are in the same profession. Each understands what the other is doing, and why; when the other is tired, and why. In temperament, too, in character, each complements the other.

"Jay goes out and talks for me," Denise says, "talks things over for me at MCA, for instance. I don't have a business head, I'd sign anything to keep the peace. Not Jay. I'm extravagant, too, not thrifty as—so it says in books—French girls always are. I have no conception of what I do with my money. Jay is a far more stable person."

"So, I'm plain lucky," swears the lovely-to-look-at-and-listen-to Lor, "born lucky. Lucky in work, lucky in love. And I say this with my fingers crossed—and with, in my heart, the prayer that I deserve it."

Blessed Tiny Timothy

(Continued from page 62)

your clock by my rising and shining. So you see, the baby's already given new meaning to my way of living. Until he came along I'd never seen a sunrise. Now I'm up at the crack of dawn (well, the eight-o'clock dawn) to be sure I'll have my playtime with Timothy—before the lucky guy falls back to sleep!

The baby has also given me a new understanding of my husband. Of course, I always knew that Paul was considerate and understanding. It was just that the "confession incident" was one of the little things he'd done, or rather not done, that showed me his consideration at work.

I remember it was in the early morning shortly after the baby was born. I didn't yet know "it" was a boy. But I had such a wonderful feeling, as if the fragrance from the flowers in the room reached out and covered me with their warm perfume.

I had hoped and prayed so hard that the baby should be a boy that when I felt the perfume of the flowers and saw the early light of the dawn I knew! I knew that our baby was a boy!

Then the nurse and Paul came in. "You have a son, Mrs. Weston," the nurse said. "We have a son," Paul said, and his face was lit up with such a big smile you'd think he had a searchlight playing on it. Then we both confessed.

"Oh, Paul," I said, "I'm so glad. I wanted a son so badly!"

"You wanted a son? So did I!"

"But you never said a thing. . . ."

"You never said a thing, either," he replied.

"Yes, but . . . I sort of thought you expected an 'it' the way you were so careful never to refer to her or him."

Then I learned the reason for his silence. He didn't want me to be disappointed when the baby arrived, so he hadn't made his preference known. Masculine logic! Not much, but consideration aplenty.

To celebrate Timothy's arrival, Paul brought me a beautiful emerald-cut diamond. "This," he said, "is a baby present, Christmas present, and anniversary present all in one."

"Oh, Paul," I said, "you shouldn't have. . . ."

"Yes, I should have," he said. "However, don't expect anything else. Better make up your mind as to what color hankies you want for other special occasions. They'll be about the only surprises for the next year or so."

I wasn't the only one who came in for surprises because of the baby. Paul was given a baby shower by Dave Klein, Dave, Paul's contract man, I later learned, phoned all the boys in the orchestra and told them he was giving a baby shower for Paul. He also told them it was strictly on the level and they were not to bring any gag gifts.

They didn't. They didn't have to. It was gag enough to watch Paul come stomping into the house after the shower, burdened down with two dozen pairs of diapers, a pink bassinet, silver baby brushes sticking out of his pocket, and pushing a four-wheeled buggy which was crammed full of teething toys, all topped off with a blue bath set.

Talk about the baby having an effect on our lives! The child hadn't even arrived yet and "it" had already turned my husband into a comedian.

This condition persisted even after I came home from the hospital. The baby wasn't two months old before he and Paul were having hour-long discussions at the breakfast table. According to Paul, that is. "Good morning, Timbo," he says, sitting down at the table.

"Da," says the baby.

"What's in the morning paper?" Paul asks.

Silence from the child as he focuses on Paul's bright tie. "Did you see that!" says Paul. "Not much news in the paper, so he doesn't say anything. Don't tell me that kid isn't bright."

"Well, Timbo, do you love your daddy and mommy today?" Paul asks.

"Da," says Timmy and lunges for the red tie.

"Look at that, will ya? Isn't he a honey, though—understands every word you say to him."

Then, with his coffee finished, Paul will get up from the table and say goodbye.

"Got to get to work," he says. "Bye, dear," and kisses me on the cheek. "Good-bye, Timbo."

"Da," says the baby.

"Did you hear that!" says Paul. "Only two months old and already says goodbye to his dad. What a kid!" And out the door he goes.

Paul isn't the only one in the house who, because of the baby, has turned comedian. Not at all.

Beau, our pet poodle, has to get his licks in, too. Beau is the only poodle, so far as I know, who holds a musician's card. That's right, Beau plays the piano. Not well, but loud. Especially if I'm devoting all my time and attention to the baby. Then Beau gets frantic. He's not used to being slighted.

He'll rush off to the piano, hop up on the bench, and start pounding away. He's just plain jealous. Won't stop pounding till we start laughing. It's not just a question of paying attention to him—we have to laugh yet.

Between the two of them (Paul and Beau) it's like a carnival—and on Thursdays it's like a three-ring circus. That's the day Edna, our cook, and Mrs. Park, our nurse, have off. But I look forward to Thursdays eagerly, for that's when I have baby Tim all to myself. It's real heaven—I can love him for eight hours without interruptions. Paul says Thursday's good for him, too. Since all he gets for dinner is hot water, it's like being on a diet.

I've already been asked by some of our friends what sort of a career or future we have planned for Timothy. It's a good question, but one we find hard to answer. Paul and I were allowed to choose our own careers. We feel we've made happy choices. When the time comes we know Tim will, too. Until then, it's public school for him and the yellow school bus that goes with it (since it goes right past our hilltop house).

That bus is an education in itself. I've never seen anything so big and yellow and filled with so many happy, screaming children. It'll be a nice feeling to be able to kiss Tim goodbye in the morning and send him off on that happy bus. Then, whatever special talents Tim has, we'll let the school develop. Of course, with our love and encouragement.

That's where parents come in, we feel. With encouragement, and maybe a little guidance, and lots of good example. We feel children learn best by example and not nearly so well by criticism.

Take my young nephew, Chris, for example. His parents agreed to teach him by example, too. Last week they all came to dinner and, when we were at the table with our soup, my sister Christine caught my eye. I saw that young Chris had left his spoon in his soup bowl. She indicated she wanted my help in teaching Chris by example that people generally don't leave soup spoons in their soup bowls. But she didn't want to nag at him. She doesn't feel

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that's the way—doesn't do nearly as much good as an example.

So she obviously banged her soup spoon on the bottom plate. So did I. Bang. So did Paul and my father. Bang, bang. Chris's eye flashed around the table. He saw four soup spoons nestled in their cribs beneath the bowls—and one (his) stuck out like Huck Finn's fishing pole.

His little hand went up on the table like a stealthy highwayman and stole the spoon out of the bowl. He hid the movement with a reach for the celery. Bright boy? I think so. Some folks don't realize how smart their children are. Maybe instead of criticism they should try teaching by example. We hope we can with Tim.

As you can see, the baby's had quite an effect on our family. Redirected our thinking, turned my husband and the dog into comedians, and made a time clock out of yours truly. The baby's changed the design of the house, too. We've turned Paul's music studio into a nursery.

Speaking of changes, soon after Tim was born, Paul suggested we get away for a few days' rest. He thought we ought to run over to Las Vegas and lie in the sun and loaf around in the pool (he apparently hadn't used up all of his surprises on the emerald-cut stone). At the moment I thought the idea was great; there's nothing I like better than to lie in the sunshine!

So I kissed Timothy goodbye and we hopped in the car and started off. But as soon as we drove away from the house I

felt as if I'd lost something. It was like an emptiness beside my heart, and the farther away from home we got the sadder I felt.

At Las Vegas, I moped around for two or three days until Paul finally said: "You haven't smiled since we got here. I think I know what's wrong."

"You do?"
"Yes," he smiled. "The car's outside and it's full of gas. You want to go home . . .?"
"Oh, Paul!" He said I smiled for the first time in three days.

It's easy to explain. It's just that babies change everything. I hadn't realized how much I'd miss Tim—and the house and the early-morning feedings, and Paul's conversations at the breakfast table, and Beau at the piano, and—especially—the Thursdays Tim and I spend together by ourselves.

I think I must have held my breath all the way back to Bel-Air. Finally I saw the trees that surrounded the house. Golly! They were all decked out in spring flowers. It was just as if spring had gone all out to show us she was glad to see us back home.

Yes, I remember thinking, babies change everything. I'd never thought of spring having a meaning before. But when I saw those beautifully decorated trees I couldn't help but think that Tim had done that. Weren't babies wonderful? They even give meaning to the spring.

Golly, I was happy! Golly, I am happy!

Dreams Can Come True

(Continued from page 29)

black book! And hair. Don't forget hair! I don't know what kind of a part it's going to be. And there's smog, they tell me, smog and the rainy season. I'll be helpless without all those pieces of hair, and I've got to have the black book. . . .

About three weeks later, while Jan and I sat at a table in Cherie's in New York, talking over her Hollywood junkie, Lillian Stewart came up to the table and—before she had even taken her coat off—rather nervously put a small, morocco-covered address book in front of Jan.

"There," she said.
Jan grabbed it, gave Lillian a stricken look, and said simply, "Where?"

"In the desk. Under some papers."
Jan leaned back and began to laugh. "Oh," she said. "Of course, that's where it would be." Then she explained about the black book and the hair.

Of all the things she might possibly need in Hollywood, the address book was the most important because it contained every address and phone number of every friend she wanted to look up while she was on the Coast.

Naturally, she hit Hollywood without it. As for the hair: Jan, who has baby-fine hair of a shade which she describes as "a good, vibrant mouse-color," went one day to a great hairdresser and said to him, "I don't like my hair."

"Neither do I!" he said. "I'll fix it for you."

And he certainly did. He dyed it a shade of silver ash that was perfect for her complexion, and furthermore managed to induce a crisp curl into it that was good for any emergency—except fog. Fog undid the triumph every time. With every wisp of fog emerged a tendril of fine baby hair.

But Jan's big boxful of braids, buns and what-not were made of crisp hair that would maintain size, shape and luster even if dunked in a pool. This was to be her insurance against California smog.

But the weather was wonderful and

she never opened the box of hair. And she didn't see many of the friends listed in the little black book, either.

This is by no means to say that Jan didn't meet people. She met dozens of fascinating new people and went places she would have missed otherwise.

You see, the minute she learned she was going to Hollywood, she had wired Tom and Dodie McCray, of the NBC Western office, saying she wanted to visit them. This was from every standpoint the sensible thing to do, since she had known the McCrays from the old Hartford, Connecticut days and had stayed with them before, in their apartment in New York. In fact, she had stayed in their apartment so long she was still in residence when the McCrays moved to Hollywood, and she had simply taken over the apartment, which is her present home.

Tom McCray wired back: "Have emptied closets." He did not know she would be with them for only a week, and he and Dodie intended to be prepared, this time, for the girl who "came to dinner" during war days in New York.

Jan was 20,000 feet over Indiana before she had a moment to consider what was happening to her. Then she paused in her frantic search among her luggage for the little black book, and looked down. The great plane droned quietly on, and the cultivated land slid by far below.

"Gee," breathed Jan, wide-eyed.

Like the rest of her generation, Jan had been brought up to think of Hollywood as a collection of enormous, lordly, scattered studios in which great directors and stars and cameramen worked leisurely on pictures costing two or three million dollars apiece. If the big scene involving a \$100,000 set didn't look right, it hit the cutting-room floor. If Betty Grable caught a cold, all work was suspended for three days because they couldn't shoot around her. An extra \$150,000 more went into the budget.

The TV film Jan was in was shot in three days, and if anybody had got a cold he

or she would have been morally obligated to slit the old throat, for honor's sake. Time? Minutes, instead of hours. Sets? All ready, all beautiful—and all used in the film. Make-up? By Don Cash, one of the best in the business, because it had to be done right—and done fast. Photography by Russell Harlan, an Academy Award nominee, and direction by ace director Roy Kellino, with the help of a top crew—for those three days of shooting were the end-result of three months of work.

Here was the old Goldwyn studio in Hollywood, smack in the center of it, where great screen pics had once been filmed in leisurely fashion. Now it was taken over by TV, the speed medium.

The story Jan had been hired to film was an episode from a daytime drama called *Against The Storm*, and the present cast included John Newland, Hans Conried, Anne Seymour, and Robert Warwick. It had to do with a professor in a little college town who is being arbitrarily retired. His daughter (played by Jan) and other people in the town don't think he should be retired, and they set out to form a plan to keep him at his job.

The shooting started at dawn. Shot followed shot in breathless succession. "And do you know," Jan says, "the most wonderful thing is this: There wasn't one moment during the whole shooting schedule when anyone's nerves gave, or anyone spoke except in the friendliest possible way. Everybody seemed to love everyone else—there just isn't any time for impatience or temperament, any more than there's time for nonsense or gags. Except, of course, for Hans Conried's natural wit—and one amusing incident the last day."

At six p.m. on that third day, the final scene was shot. Roy Kellino said, "Oh, one more shot, please, at the kitchen table. No dialogue in this one." All Jan and the others had to do was sit at a kitchen table folding letters and putting them into envelopes. Of course, the actors were to continue the action until the director called "Cut!"

Bone tired, her hair slowly wilting under the hot lights, Jan sat and accepted folded pieces of paper from the person at her left (Hans Conried), stuck them in envelopes, licked, sealed, and passed them to her right (John Newland). Suddenly, she did a double-take at one of the pieces of paper. It had been folded in the shape of an airplane, the kind you sail out of office windows.

She could feel the rising tide of hysterical laughter starting, felt her face getting red with it. She sealed her lips tight. I can't let loose, I can't break up, I'll ruin the shot and we'll be here all night, she thought frantically, tears streaming down her cheeks.

Then, just as she was about to pop, she heard uproarious laughter clear at the other side of the stage. The shot had been over for minutes, the picture wrapped up, and the entire crew had sneaked to the back of the set to watch and see how long the earnest actors would continue waiting for the word, "Cut!"

Jan was tired at the end of every working day. When she got home, she would collapse at her dressing table and dig her fingers into her temples.

But then, after a bath and a good, homey glass of beer (which is the strongest thing

Jan ever drinks) things seemed to get brighter. At 7:30, when she joined the McCrays, she was miraculously as good as new.

And then, each night, she got her reward for all the hard work.

For here was all the glamour, the excitement of Hollywood, that she had always read and dreamed about, all her life . . . the drive up above the Sunset Strip, up toward Mulholland Drive, until the whole land to the horizon was a quiet mosaic of lighted beauty ("Wait till you see it in the daylight," Dodie would say. "That'll be the day," Jan would sigh, "but even at night it's beautiful") . . . the visits to all the world-famous places where celebrities might gather.

Like any tourist, Jan asked that she be taken to the two, big, important Brown Derbies (there are four)—the Vine Street one in Hollywood, and the Beverly Derby across Wilshire from the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. She wanted to go to Ciro's and the Mocambo, up on the Strip. And, after seven years of being a top radio star in New York, and of giving autographs and being stopped on the streets by admiring listeners, Jan in turn gawked at her own idols—Tracy and Gable and Joan Crawford, Robert Young, Robert Taylor, Tyrone Power, Fred MacMurray, Irene Dunne. She met these people, and felt the same thrill you or anyone else would.

She also met the one and only "name" she's been name-dropping for years. In a situation similar to the Iceland, Detroit-on-a-bus episode, Jan's boy friend was once asked if he knew any movie stars and, after some reflection, replied: "Well, I know Alfalfa." Seems he'd once been on the set of an "Our Gang" comedy and had met the comedian. So, always after that, Jan would say to people, "No, we don't know Tyrone or Lana, but we do know Alfalfa."

One day on the set at the Goldwyn studio, she laughingly made this remark to the unit manager, Frank Dexter, who said, "Oh, you do?" Then he called across the set to a tall young man. The tall young man came ambling over. "You remember Miss Miner, of course," Frank prompted.

"Why, uh—" said the tall young man. "Jan, this is Alfalfa," Frank told her. This and many other things she remembers of the trip to Hollywood, and will always remember, no matter how many trips she makes in the future to that fabulous place—or to Havana or the Riviera or even Iceland.

She'll remember the wonderful party Tom and Dodie McCray gave her, to meet their friends, at their beautiful home in Hollywood. And she'll remember the night of the "Eunoy" Award dinner . . . where she sat and cried happily with all the rest when Lucy and Desi got the Award. . . .

Yes, Jan—or Julie Paterno of Hilltop House, as you know her—has been to Hollywood, that glamorous farther-than-Detroit-on-a-bus place. And the experience didn't change Jan any more than winning still another Radio-TV Mmsion Award, as the favorite daytime radio actress, has changed her. She has the same ability to laugh that captures your hearts on Hilltop House—the same gentle ability to be completely down-to-earth and decent. She's just a wholesome American girl who's had another dream come true.

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This Is My Life

(Continued from page 41)

Still, that was Eddie Cantor's voice saying, "But Dinah, darling—this is your life. . . ."

Now Ralph Edwards was saying something to her. She tried to answer. Then stopped. Started and stopped. "Well—er . . . I remember . . . er . . . Do you know what—er . . . er. Tell you later—" The lump in her throat wouldn't let the words through. Have to get myself a writer, she thought. Half-words. Half-tears.

Out of somewhere in that sympathetic blackness beyond the television lights came the swelling strains of "Dinah." In her gray linen dress with its white collar, sitting there on the high rose velvet couch on the stage of the El Capitan Theatre, twisting and untwisting her damp handkerchief, Frances (or "Fanny," which had been her nickname as a youngster) Rose Shore Montgomery looked like a little girl. And she was feeling smaller—every minute now.

"F-a-n-n-y-e," she had always used to spell it out so carefully. With emphasis on the "e" that seemed to add a little distinction somehow.

To those now standing behind the archway backstage, that added "e" had always seemed of small moment. For each had felt some day her name would be spelled out in lights, anyway—

Their voices—their faces—all seemed part of a shadowy dream to her now. She was in a vacuum—and she couldn't get out of it. She was in her father's red-brick dry goods store in Winchester, Tennessee, standing on the counter singing "Here I Stand on Two Little Chips," with her dad and the customers egging her on. She was at the wheel of the car he'd given her for graduation, a Chevrolet convertible, with her hair flying proudly in the breeze. She was on a truck in a rainy forest somewhere in France—singing a song to a homesick G.I. from Georgia who listened spellbound to the soft voice of "the girl from home." She was on a Fifth Avenue bus, watching the towers of Manhattan blazing to life against a dark sky—all for her. She was singing. Singing for cold eyes that didn't see. Ears that wouldn't hear . . . "Look, kid—why don't you go home?" But then she was singing again. And again. To a wonderful magnetic little dancing man with rolling brown eyes. Singing to a warm heart that could both see and hear. Eddie Cantor's.

Eddie—was the reason she was here. . . . All day long Dinah had wanted to call Eddie Cantor and prepare him for this evening. Warn him he was the subject for Ralph Edwards' This Is Your Life NBC-TV show. She would pick up the phone—then put it down again. But she kept worrying. What if the shock should prove too much for him? Worrying about how tonight would affect Eddie. . . .

What a performance Ralph had been giving in the dressing room for the last hour. All that dramatic double-talk with Ida Cantor, who was backstage being made up—to keep Dinah from catching on. Ida, feigning stage fright, had given a fine performance. She had said she just wasn't equal to going out there and being part of her husband's "life." She wasn't going to say a word. "I just can't. I'm not going to open my mouth," she kept saying. "I'm too scared to talk." And with Ralph saying soothingly, "But you have to. Why, you're the focal point of Eddie's story. You must go on. . . ."

And Dinah—Dinah was busy reassuring her. "Oh, yes, you will. When you get out there, honey—you'll be fine." There was nothing to it. Nothing to it at all. . . .

Meanwhile, across the stage in another dressing room, another cast was feverishly rehearsing lines, applying a final touch of make-up, smoothing a dress for the last time—as feverishly as though the whole Confederate Cause would stand or fall with this show. Gathered there was a cast of assorted relatives and friends who'd shared in the drama, the laughter and the tears, of Dinah's past—and who'd gathered from all parts of the country, out of love and loyalty, to share in telling her story now. Nobody belonged there, in her story, more than sister Bessie and her husband, Dr. Maurice Seligman, whose backing, spiritually and financially—a fiver here, a ten-spot there, and seventy-five dollars when Frances Rose was finally ready to give up in the Big Town and come home—had helped pull her through her toughest times. . . .

From Tin Pan Alley, there was Ticker Freeman, Dinah's accompanist—so important a part of her success ever since, years ago, the girl with the deep drawl and the melting brown eyes had come into his office where he worked as a song plugger and asked him to play an audition for her. She had little money to pay for his services, but his faith in her had been so strong he'd been willing to go along. . . . Ticker'd taken six weeks off to accompany Dinah to Hollywood and help her get started—twelve years ago—and never returned to Tin Pan Alley, giving up a then far more lucrative job plugging songs for Feist Music Company to gamble his future with hers. . . .

From Alabama, her attractive brunette cousin, Dodie, Dinah's girlhood companion, now married to Leo Jaffe, of the Jaffe Dry Goods Store in Birmingham. Dodie had been cooking dinner on maid's night off—stirring stew on the stove and keeping a wary eye on her busy fifteen-month-old, Sally—when her teen-aged daughter, Judie, rushed into the kitchen gasping, "Mama—Hollywood's on the phone. . . . Mama . . . Hollywood!" Returning from the glamour world and dreamily stirring the stew, Dodie had wondered what Leo would say. It wasn't easy to get away, even with half of Birmingham helping them. A lawyer helped her husband get relieved of jury duty. Then, at the last minute, Dodie had fallen down the steps and injured her toe. "Oh, Doctor, I've got to get to Hollywood," she'd wailed, and he'd assured her, "Don't worry—no matter what's broken—you'll get there. . . ."

Then from Shreveport, Louisiana, blonde Louise Hammett Beal, the ballad half of Dinah's first sponsored radio program on WSM, Nashville, Rhythm And Romance, fifteen years before. Louise had returned from a long distance call to tell her fourteen-year-old daughter, Barbara, "I must be dreaming." Marge Cooney of WSM had traced her through relatives in Mississippi to Shreveport—"and Cooney says Ralph Edwards will call me tomorrow from Hollywood!" Daughter Barbara and son Jimmy, nine, a vigilant committee of two, stayed by the phone all the next day to switch the call to the Veterans' Administration office where Louise works. Louise had been both excited and worried about coming to Hollywood. "I don't see how I can." But remembering . . . she knew she would. Remembering those years ago when her parents in Mississippi died, and she felt so lonely living at the YWCA in a strange city, how Fanny Rose was always taking her home with her on holidays. Sharing her own family and home with her, so warmly welcoming her. . . .

Jimmy Rich was in the dressing room, too. A week before, at Station WMGM in

New York City, the small baldish musical maestro—who'd coached Dinah, believed in her, and made chances for her, when she made her bid in the Big Town—had been in the middle of a tough recording session when he was called to the phone. It was the first record for a new boy singer and with a new recording company. On crutches, Jimmy had hobbled to the phone, but he couldn't hear a word. "You'll have to call me tonight at home," he shouted. That midnight in Jersey City, a sleepy-voiced Jimmy said he didn't see how he could leave town then. He'd broken his ankle a few weeks before and he'd been away from work too long. But he kept seeing the plucky kid with the down-South voice, who'd approached him so eagerly. "Fanny—with-an-e Shore," she'd said. She was one of the few famous singers he'd coached who'd remembered. Dinah had never forgotten—or let him forget—ever. Whether by cane or crutch—he knew—some way he'd be there.

And George Montgomery—Dinah's beloved husband, he was there. At five o'clock that same evening, George had been before the cameras on movie location thirty-five miles out in the San Fernando Valley, starring in "Fort Ti," for Columbia studios. One thing sure, he'd never get home to dress. Even if they finished shooting in time, he'd have to go straight to the El Capitan Theatre—fringed green buckskin suit and all. The studio was working day and night trying to make "Fort Ti," the first three-dimensional action film out. Every day counted. Every hour. The sympathetic cast and crew had tried so hard to hurry the day's shooting through. Finally, knowing how important tonight was in George's life, Producer Sam Katzman and Director William Castle cut a whole scene and held up the capture of Fort Ticonderoga—and George Montgomery zoomed down the freeway to Hollywood to take the role which meant too much to miss.

And now, sitting demurely in a chair in the dressing room, their beautiful little five-year-old daughter, Missy, was the calmest of the lot. Her Uncle Maurice had brought her, explaining Mommy was doing a television show and Missy was to be part of it, and she'd been thoroughly delighted with the entire idea—and dressed for it.

Now they were moving en masse quietly behind the curtain, preparing to go through the white archway into the life of the star who meant something different to each of them. And so much to all of them. And who was waxing real warm out there on stage then, introducing—"One of the greatest of show business—beloved by millions—that great humanitarian—Eddie Cantor!"

All across America any who'd asked themselves whether this show was on the level, whether the subjects ever knew, could find their answer in the absolute shock on Dinah's face as she heard, from somewhere, "But Dinah, darling—this is your life!" In her broken words, her half-laugh. Half-tears. Hearing these voices—as though from thousands of miles away—voices so warmly remembered out of her present and past.

Voices associated with those family snapshots flashing on the screen now. Where on earth had Ralph gotten them? She'd been hiding pictures like these for years. Like that one of a wide-eyed infant in a long white dress who, as Ralph was saying, seemed "to be looking for an audience."

"I probably was," she laughed shakily. And beyond the doorway her sister's voice was affirming that fact. "She sure was, Ralph—from the time she was old enough to take a bow."

"Bessie! I talked to you all day—and you never said a word. All day—"

Bessie—she'd always talked to . . . and still did. Bessie had been Mother, confessor, sister and friend. When their own mother died, Bessie and her bridegroom, Maurice, without a moment's hesitation had uprooted their own home and lives and jobs in St. Louis, Missouri, and headed straight for Nashville to make a home for her dad and Dinah, realizing how much she would need an older sister's understanding and care.

Bessie—who'd been such a comfort earlier to their mother and dad when Dinah was stricken with polio. Nobody had known at first that it was polio—until her fever died down—and she wanted to get out of bed . . . and they noticed she was dragging one foot across the room. When she was four her parents took her to New York with them on a buying trip for their dry goods store—and to see a famous European specialist who'd just arrived there. He'd advised muscular manipulation—such as Sister Kenny was using in Australia . . . and told them to encourage her to take part in all sports and to exercise. Ride a tricycle, play ball, and swim . . . and later she'd become the neighborhood champ at all of them. But even then the little actress, Frances Rose, had been far more impressed with the models she saw in the stores in the Big Town. And in imitating them. "Show Bessie, dear," her mother would say, egging her on to perform for her sister at home. "What did the models do?" And four-year-old Frances would clutch her little coat closely around her small hips and, taking miming irregular steps across the living room, announce in affected dramatic tones—"And it's only—twenty-nine . . . seventy-five!"

And speaking of acting—where had Ralph Edwards gotten this adventurous close-up of a teen-aged Dinah clutching the wheel of a small convertible with its rumble seat overflowing with girl graduates? A vehicle, the voice of one of the girls was saying, Dinah had christened "Soloman Aaron T. T. Harem."

"Oh, no! That can only be Dottie. My cousin, Dottie—"

How excited they'd been that day. Fanny Rose and cousin Dottie—the attractive brunette who was embracing her tearfully now. And the other girl grads in their long pastel dresses, who'd loaded into the Chevy her dad had given her for graduation. They'd driven out to the edge of town to a little place where they served the best barbecue sandwiches. They'd ridden around all the rest of the afternoon, singing and harmonizing like mad. They were really livin'—high-school grads who'd acted in school plays and thought that Fanny Rose, at least, was sure to become an actress.

But it was Dinah's moanin' low voice that got recognition for her and a sponsored show at WSM called Romance And Rhythm—as the soft drawl beyond the archway was reminding her now. A voice from fifteen years ago—chanting, "Louise Hammett and Fanny Rose Shore have many grand surprises in store. But one at a time—the rest they'll be savin'—let's hear them cut loose with 'Ain't Misbehavin'."

Louise!—Louise Hammett Beal—the "romance" section of the show they did once a week for two dollars and fifty cents each. Hank Fort—who later wrote "I Didn't Know the Gun Was Loaded" and "Put Your Shoes On, Lucy"—had written those limericks for them. Marge Cooney and Beasley Smith (later to be famous for composing "That Lucky Old Sun") had accompanied them on twin pianos then. Beasley was pretty important at the station then, and, at some dark moment when a show had been dropped, he was her biggest booster. "Just keep her on the

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station," he would plead, adding courageously, "If there are any repercussions—I'll use her on my own show." These were the days in radio when careers changed overnight. One day they were at the top—only to find the next morning the station had cancelled the program—leaving them two dollars and fifty cents poorer . . . and a dream less.

But Fanny Rose was making another name for herself even then. She was always singing "Dinah," because it had such a good rhythm beat. And listeners began writing in, addressing their letters—to—"That Dinah Girl."

This Dinah girl was always meant for show business, her former partner was thinking now. No surprise to her that Dinah Shore today was so important a star on NBC with two shows weekly on radio and TV. No surprise that she was the star—of the two of them—tonight on that stage. "How posing she looks"—Louise kept admiring her. "And so pretty—prettier than she's ever been."

The voice behind the blue curtain, who'd shared so many experiences with Dinah, was relating now: "Ralph, in those days, Dinah used to cry on my shoulder till I was afraid my suits would shrink." And nobody knew better than he—how much reason she'd had to cry.

"Jimmy—Jimmy Rich . . ." she was crying again now . . . as the small baldish maestro who guided her through those early heartaches—hobbled his way across the stage to her.

Jimmy Rich had been musical director at WNEW. He had been sold immediately on her warmth and personality. For personality was the yardstick to stardom, he'd found. A voice, any voice, was only the means of projecting it. And this kid—she had personality to spare. There was a great actress inside of this girl . . . together they'd bring it out in her voice. "Mean what you sing," he would tell her. "If there's a reason to shout—then shout it . . . don't whisper it. But don't sing 'I Love You'—unless you really mean it. Don't shout it. Don't frighten the guy away. . . ."

But for some reason, looking at him wiping the moisture from his glasses now, Dinah could think of only one thing—those English muffins he'd always insisted on getting for her when they went out "for coffee" at that little place near the radio station.

And there had been those who would bet him the talents of Fanny-with-an-e weren't even worth the price of a muffin then. How Jimmy's eyes would glint when somebody would ask, "Why are you wasting your time on this one? You must be out of your mind." But undaunted, Dinah hung around the station all day—ready and eager to perform. Let some artist fail to show, and instead of substituting a musical interlude, Jimmy would rush Dinah in to sing. Finally, together with a boy singer, she had a sponsored show for a furniture store . . . two dollars apiece per fifteen-minute show. . . .

But she had stardust in her eyes, and it was hard for her to go back to Nashville and finish out the term, getting her B.A. degree in sociology at Vanderbilt, as she'd promised her dad she would do.

And with the ink barely dry on her diploma, she was getting on a train bound for New York—and Jimmy Rich—again. Like any good father, her dad was worried about her. He didn't approve of a singing career. "A thousand people can sing," he would point out. Furthermore, she was far too young to tackle New York. She should stay home and teach, or marry a local Nashville boy and have a family. He drove her to the train that morning, and they were both heavy-hearted. "Take care of yourself, Frances

Rose. You're a good girl. I'm not worried about you. But you take care of yourself now—" Dad kept saying. And they'd both cried a little when he'd put her on the train. . . .

But because Dad loved her so very much—his was both a sad defeat and a victory—when one night a few months later, on New Year's Eve, the phone rang in Nashville and a broken-hearted Dinah sobbed to send her the fare. Tonight had finally been just too much to take. She'd been promised twenty-five dollars to sing at a party from midnight until four A.M. She'd spent her last dime getting to the address—only to find a note there saying the party had been called off. She'd borrowed a nickel and put in a collect call to tell him she was giving up and coming home. But the hurt in her voice was too much for her dad and two others standing near him—the three who loved her most—to take. That night her sister, Bessie, and Maurice sent her seventy-five dollars—and helped her dad convince himself she should be given an allowance that would enable her to stay and keep trying there. . . .

And her father had been the proudest of them all—when Dinah got a job for two weeks at seventy-five a week—singing at the Strand Theatre with Leo Reisman's orchestra. Unknown to Dinah, he got himself a ticket on the train, and one matinee—there he was out front—listening to his Frances Rose sing. Afterwards backstage, theirs were—this time—happy tears. . . .

Then Eddie Cantor and Vick Knight arrived in New York and Jimmy heard Cantor was looking for a girl singer. Dinah auditioned for him. She was so eager and so nervous—she dropped her music—put it on the stand—knocked that—and the music spilled all over the floor again. But Cantor and Knight felt drawn to this kid, and the spark they sensed in her, the emotional warmth, the eagerness and intensity. "We're all set for this show," they told Jimmy Rich. "But we won't forget this kid—anything we can ever do. . . ."

A year later Eddie Cantor was in New York and again looking for a girl singer for his show. Dinah sang "Summertime," with Ticker Freeman accompanying her . . . and Jimmy Rich near by. Eddie Cantor asked her to sing another. And another. And kept her singing for him. . . .

How nervous she'd been in those days. Almost as nervous as she was right now . . . Dinah was thinking. But how wonderful Eddie had been. If now and then she hit a real clinker on the show—she would feel terrible. But when they were off the air, Eddie Cantor would come to her dressing room and say, "I just talked to Ida and the girls—and they said you've never sounded better!" That was the kind of friend Eddie Cantor had always been.

When the Cantor show moved West for his starring "Thank Your Lucky Stars" for Warner Brothers, and Dinah had a part in it as well as her own fifteen-minute show, she'd persuaded Ticker Freeman to come along for a few weeks to help her. So he'd moved his wife and family out and stayed—for twelve years.

"George!" Dinah was exclaiming now—as her husband, buckskin suit and all, came through the archway saying, "I just about didn't make it," and warmly embraced her. "When did you know about this?" she said—breaking up again. . . .

Looking at him now, her heart was doing the same familiar flip she'd experienced when she first met him at the Hollywood Canteen. And some measure of which she'd even experienced when she fell a little in love with him in "The Cowboy and The Blonde," watching him from the screen. . . .

It wasn't her regular night at the Can-

teen, but somebody who was scheduled for that Saturday night didn't show—and Dinah filled in. For some strange reason—strange to some—she'd felt something wonderful was going to happen to her. "I'm going to meet George Montgomery tonight," she told her roommate. And—strangely enough—she had. He was there. George took her home that night and Dinah said proudly to her roommate, "See?"

George proposed to her by letter from Alaska, where he was stationed with the Army Air Corps, but his letter still hadn't arrived, when he came home on leave and they were married—rushing to Las Vegas one night after Dinah did her Command Performance show. The whole thing was so hectic, she wore a blue cocktail dress cut off hurriedly from a longer one, and she was sure she looked dreadful—but George, bless him, hadn't seemed to agree—

And in 1948—Melissa Ann, their proudest production—and their proudest, happiest hour. . . .

"Missy, is she here?" Dinah was saying, in tears again, as her five-year-old daughter ran out on the stage to her mommy and dad—her attention quickly fastening onto the gold charm bracelet Ralph had given Dinah, with, "Mommy—can we take the bracelet home?"

Winchell told them they were going to have a baby. On Saturday the doctor had said he still couldn't confirm it—by Monday he should be sure. Then on Sunday, like the rest of America, they heard it on the air. And a joyful Dinah and George confronted their doctor, who was saying wonderingly, "But I wasn't even sure until today—" And then laughing at their anxious faces, "Well—we can't make a liar out of Winchell—can we?"—confirming their happiness. . . .

Dinah thought she was a fairly considerate mother-to-be. No dil pickles and chill in the middle of the night to send George scouting for. And George—what a loving father-to-be—building that beautiful maple cradle and hand-carving all those little animal figures on the sides. Then one night Dinah awakened crying out—a very bad dream. "Fire—" she was saying. . . . "Fire—and there's only one way out of my bedroom—the front way—with the baby. . . ." George had said sleepily, then wide-awake, "What fire?" But she kept worrying, "Well—we could have one—" And the next morning she awakened to hear her husband sawing away—cutting another door down the backstairs from Dinah's room. . . .

All her life she'd dreamed of the magic moment when her husband would take her and their baby home from the hospital. But in his anxiety, George had been like a madman all the way. Yelling at traffic. Shaking his fist. . . . "Where do you think you're going?"—And he'd carried Missy, a precious package, into the house so carefully. As though, if he even bobbed, she might break in two—

But there'd been no fire. And Missy hadn't broken in two. And with a sturdy five-year-old's grasp on the gold bracelet, there she was, sitting on Daddy's lap now—and wondering why her mommy was crying into the telephone. . . .

But it was Eddie Cantor now. . . . Eddie telling her only his doctor had stopped him from being there on the stage with her now. But he'd been watching from home. And he wouldn't have missed being a part of her life for anything. . . .

And all across America others were agreeing with him. So many others—whose lives Fanny-with-an-e Shore Montgomery has made a little less lonely, touching theirs with her own warmth and happiness and sharing with them the song in her heart that wouldn't be stilled.

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