

# TV *RADIO* *MIRROR*

JAN.

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by Rosemary Clooney



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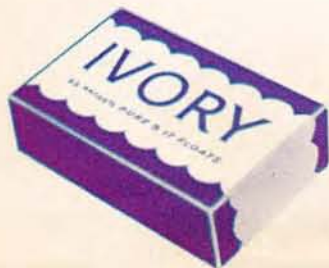
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Exclusive! Colorful pictures of a colorful songstress, fascinating visit —by word and camera—in the charming home of a real home girl

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**buy your February copy early • on sale January 6**

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**February  
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**PALMOLIVE SOAP HELPS YOU GUARD THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION LOOK!**

• By JILL WARREN



"Brightest Day" for CBS starlet Mary Linn Beller (Bobby) came recently when she was married to Robert Pitofsky. When he said "I do," Robert happily gave up his active status as vice-president of Bachelors Club of America.



A darkened studio, a piano and coffee-break help Frank Sinatra set the mood for his popular 15-minute NBC show.



Freeman "Amos" Gosden and Charles "Andy" Correll rehearse for their Christmas rendition of The Lord's Prayer.

## WHAT'S NEW FROM

THERE'S good reason for NBC-TV's excitement over plans for its big Christmas day extravaganza—"Peter Pan," starring Mary Martin. However, it will have to be a cut-down version of the stage production, which runs three hours. According to present plans, "Peter" will most likely be televised from the theater where it is playing, because of the many involved mechanics of the play.

CBS-TV's big Yuletide offering is Dickens' "Christmas Carol," which will be seen Thursday, December 23. Maxwell Anderson has done a musical adaptation of this famous classic, and

the big cast will include Fredric March as Scrooge, Basil Rathbone as Marley's Ghost, Christopher Cook as Tiny Tim, Ray Middleton as the nephew, Bob Sweeney as Cratchett.

"Amahl and the Night Visitors," by Gian-Carlo Menotti, will be presented on NBC-TV, for the fifth consecutive year, on Sunday, December 19. Also doing a repeat, on CBS Radio, December 19, will be Amos 'n' Andy, with their now-famous version of the Lord's Prayer. And Gene Autry, who will tell the story of the Nativity, as he did last year, will be heard on CBS Radio the same day.

Preparing for its role on the Sunday before Christmas, the New York Philharmonic Symphony has programmed Brahms' "Requiem," with Bruno Walter conducting, and featuring guest soloists. During the intermission time, James Fasset will narrate "A Carol Is Born," the story of the composition, "Silent Night." He will also play the late Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink's original recording of the selection, made many years ago.

"The Women"—by Clare Boothe Luce—which was a hit Broadway show and also a hit movie, will be performed on the Producers' Showcase Monday



Happy seventh birthday to Kukla, Fran And Ollie and, of course, Burr Tillstrom. The lovable group celebrated in fitting style in October. Naturally, Ollie could hardly wait for the camera to click so he could dive into the you-know-what.

## COAST TO COAST

night, December 13, over NBC-TV, with an all-star cast.

The Best of Broadway series, on CBS-TV, has scheduled another famous play for their January 5 production: "Arsenic and Old Lace," starring Helen Hayes, Billie Burke and Boris Karloff. The February presentation on this once-a-month show may be "The Petrified Forest," with Humphrey Bogart making his TV dramatic debut.

David Wayne's situation-comedy show, Norby, is all set to go: January 5 is the date of the first one, on NBC-TV. Wayne took a leave of absence from the Broadway hit, "Teahouse of the August

Moon," in order to film this series—which, incidentally, was shot in color.

Liberace—just about the most popular man in show business today—is expanding his career to the movies and, according to his fans, it's high time. He and Warner Brothers have set a deal for him to star in a series of pictures. His first one is scheduled to go into production in a few months. Liberace has said he does not want to do a film based on his life, but would prefer to portray a person like himself in his initial movie. In that way he feels he won't be a one-picture star.

My Friend Irma may soon be back

on television—under the title My Wife Irma. Cy Howard, who created, wrote and produced the original Irma series, is preparing to film the new one in association with CBS. Marie Wilson will be Irma again, but the role of her husband has not been set as yet.

This 'n' That:

The stork paid a visit, on October 24, to Dorothy Collins and Raymond Scott and presented them with a daughter—which means Dorothy will be returning to Your Hit Parade in the near future. Congratulations to Kukla, Fran And Ollie, which. (Continued on page 7)

# he talks to ELEPHANTS

*John Conrad makes jumbo-sized merriment with Elmer Elephant, whose floppy ears and twinkling eyes delight Chicago youngsters*



Fans rebelled when John tried to replace Elmer.



Toy elephants are an easy clue as to what's the favorite TV program for Pamela, Penelope and young John when Elmer's creator isn't reading to them or helping lovely wife Lydia with the dinner dishes.



**W**HEN John Conrad talks to his elephant, there are no raised eyebrows. Instead there are shrieks of glee from John's young WNBQ fans as *Elmer The Elephant* not only talks back but generally outsmarts his friend, trainer and butt of the pranks Elmer plays every weekday afternoon at five. . . . Actually, Elmer is not completely there; he's only a life-sized, papier-mâché puppet head of a pachyderm who speaks by means of printed cards or props. During a "conversation," a game or a lesson, John may suggest that they make a deal, whereupon Elmer will produce a deck of cards. For Elmer has lots of things in his floppy-eared head, namely wires and pulleys plus a real live actor to manipulate them. . . . Some months ago, Elmer began to show signs of wear and John tried to replace him with another puppet. But worried fans protested, asking "What's wrong with Elmer?" and so John took his new puppet, added curling eyelashes and a frill-trimmed howdah and introduced Elmira, the beloved Elmer's girl friend. A while later, John tried again, but once more the youngsters howled, "That's NOT Elmer!" The third puppet may soon grow a gray beard and appear as Elmer's father. . . . John's original uniform at NBC-Chicago was that of a page boy when, sixteen years ago, he attended classes at the station's announcers' school. Too shy to appear at auditions, John sent recordings of his voice to various stations and eventually landed his own commercial show at a small Chicago station. Finishing his education and gaining experience in El Paso, Texas, John was emceeing a dance remote when the station manager asked if he'd like to meet one of the local belles. John pointed to Lydia Chapman—who later turned out to be the manager's sister—and they were married just before John enlisted in the Navy. Today he gets many of his program ideas from his three offspring—Pamela, 9, John, 8, and Penelope, 4. John's carpentry hobby helped him to build the original puppet, and his penchant for magic is the source of many of the tricks and whimsies that have made Elmer as real and loved as Santa Claus or the Easter Bunny.

## WHAT'S NEW

(Continued from page 5)

recently celebrated its seventh birthday. Since its debut in Chicago as a local children's show, Burr Tilstrom's cast of popular little characters have become adult favorites as well. During its seven years on television, the program has received fifty-four national and regional awards.

Also celebrating an anniversary—a twenty-five-year one—is *The Children's Hour*, which began as a local broadcast in Philadelphia and is now simulcast over Stations WRCA and WRCA-TV. *The Children's Hour* and its originator and director, Alice Clements, have given a start to "kiddie" stars such as Eileen Barton, Ezra Stone, Kitty Kallen, Arnold Stang, among many others.

Albert Mitchell, the original "Answer Man" on radio, passed away a few weeks ago at his home in Paris, France. Mitchell started his program in New York in 1937 and was heard regularly until 1950, when he went to Paris to work for a Marshall Plan agency.

George Burns and Gracie Allen have arranged to have life insurance policies written for all employees of their McCadden Productions, without cost to the employees. George said the move was in line with a long-range plan to build up a permanent staff and crew for their telefilms, and, "This is our way of showing how much we value their talents."

Lots of romantic news this month. Ben Grauer, long considered one of the most eligible single men in broadcasting—and also one of the most popular—finally took himself a bride. She's pretty Melanie Kahane, one of New York's famous decorators. They were wed in Manhattan and then sailed for a whirlwind four-week honeymoon in Europe.

Joan Davis' daughter, Beverly Wills—who married Lt. Alan Grossman—is now living in Ft. Lewis, Washington. Beverly decided to give up her career in favor of being a housewife, so now Mama Davis has to find a new girl to play her sister on *I Married Joan*. Because the show is filmed far in advance, Beverly will still be seen a few more times.

It looks like we're losing our crooners to matrimony, too. Vic Damone and actress Pier Angeli will probably be married by the time you read this. Though their courtship was a whirlwind one, they have known each other for over two years. The young couple plan to live in Beverly Hills and have rented a house there with an option to buy it.

Eddie Fisher and Debbie Reynolds have told friends that they will probably postpone their wedding until both of them can get away from their respective jobs long enough to take a honeymoon trip.

One of the happiest married couples in Hollywood—Eve Arden and Brooks West—recently welcomed their first baby, who weighed in at nine pounds and answers to the name of Douglas Brooks. The Wests already have three adopted children.

Ralph Edwards was very grieved by the sudden death of his producer, Al Paschall, at the age of thirty-seven, following an operation. Paschall and Edwards had been close friends and partners since the early days of Edwards' fantastic career.

Sad, too, was the passing of Lee Bennett, an NBC announcer in Chicago, and well-known in broadcasting circles there. Many will remember Lee from his musical career when he was a popular singer with Jan Garber's orchestra in the Thirties, and later when he fronted his own band.

*Howdy Dooddy* had a mammoth party a few weeks ago, (Continued on page 9)

# The "Inside" Story of Fabulous Playtex Girdles!

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**F**rom youngsters to  
stay-up-lates, there are  
extra helpings of fun when  
WXYZ-TV announces that



## SOUPY'S ON

**A** PHOTOGRAPH of a young man wearing a battered top hat, an ear-to-ear bow tie—and a grin to match—was all the address that appeared on a letter received recently at a Detroit post office. But the photo was enough for anybody who's been keeping even one eye on television, and the letter was delivered post-haste to Soupy Sales, Station WXYZ-TV's lean, lovable man of mirth. The big polka-dotted cravat is Soupy's trademark for *12 O'Clock Comics*, his weekday lunch date with the "Birdbaths," as he affectionately calls his junior fans. As Soupy and Detroit youngsters meet across the TV set for lunch, there are cartoons, comedies and tricks, as well as chats with such unusual friends of Soupy's as White Fang, Black Tooth, Willie the Worm and his girl friend Too-Too. For fans who are older in years but still young at heart, Soupy dons a more subdued four-in-hand to present *Soupy's On*, every weekday evening at eleven. The tie is the only thing that's subdued, however, as Soupy showers his viewers with a riotous quarter-hour of music, dancing, joking, and guest celebrities.

Soupy was born Milton Hines in 1926, and grew up in Huntington, West Virginia, where he debuted on a local high school radio show. He was aiming to be a journalist when a new radio station opened up in town and Soupy hired himself out with them for a recompense of experience only. Later, he went on to spin his own deejay program, to conduct a teen-age show in Cincinnati that won the PTA award for the best of its type, and to garner additional experience in Cleveland with a comedy-plus-music show.

Soupy met his wife Barbara back in Huntington, and today they have two "birdbaths" of their own—Tony, 3, and Hunt, 7 months—and rent a three-bedroom house where Soupy spends off-hours on jazz music, writing, reading and renewing old friendships.

The genial comic was so named because a WXYZ-TV executive thought the name Hines might conflict with food sponsors on a potential show. After hours of thumbing through two telephone books, they came up with the name "Sales." But by any name, Soupy would still be one of Detroit's favorite funsters.



Guests such as Marilyn Maxwell are typical of the stars that join in Soupy's evening frolic.

## WHAT'S NEW

(Continued from page 7)

tossed by the Colgate-Palmolive Company, in celebration of their fifth year as a sponsor of this popular television show. More than fifteen hundred New York youngsters participated in the wingding, which was held at the Century Theater. Bob Smith, the "Buffalo Bob" of the show, is still recuperating from his recent heart attack, but he may be able to return to *Howdy* in a month or so. Meanwhile, Ted Brown, as Bison Bill, is pinch-hitting for Bob.

Jeffrey Clay—the singer with the Sammy Kaye outfit on their *So You Want To Lead A Band* show—and his wife, dancer Gloria Sicking, are the proud parents of David Sanford, their first baby.

### Mulling The Mail:

Mrs. C.C., Palestine, Texas: Haleloke, of the Arthur Godfrey shows, is not married. . . . Miss E.S., Watertown, New York: As I recall, the character of Anne Malone was written out of the story of *Young Dr. Malone* some time before Barbara Weeks, who played Anne, passed away in real life. . . .

Mrs. J.D., Baltimore, Maryland: The Fontane Sisters left the Perry Como show because the producers decided to use the Ray Charles Singers this season. The girls have been playing night-club engagements in and around the New York area, since departing from the program. . . . Mrs. M.B., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania: For a picture of Dorothy Collins, I suggest you write her c/o *Your Hit Parade*, NBC, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City. . . . Miss L.C., Xenia, Illinois: CBS has no plans to resume *Beulah* on the radio schedule—at least not this season. . . . Mrs. A.A., Austin, Minnesota: Yes, Loretta Young was married briefly, many years ago, to actor Grant Withers, but the marriage was annulled.

Loretta, in private life, is Mrs. Tom Lewis. . . . So many letters about Christine and Phyllis McGuire, so to all of you who wrote with questions about their husbands, etc.: Phyllis' married name is Mrs. Neil Van Ells, and her husband is an advertising man with a TV station in Cincinnati, Ohio. They have no children. Christine is Mrs. John Teeter, and John is with the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund in New York City. The Teeters are the proud parents of two children, both boys, age seven and twelve. Hope this straightens everyone out. . . . Mrs. H.E., Lebanon, Pennsylvania: Blair Davies is the new actor playing the part of Reverend Richard Dennis on *The Brighter Day*. As far as I know, he is permanently set for the role. . . . Mr. J.McG., St. Louis, Missouri: Yes, Phil Silvers is very definitely under contract to CBS. His new television show, which will be filmed before a live audience, is set to go on in a few weeks. Incidentally, the advance reports on this situation-comedy are just great. . . . To all of you who wrote asking about (Continued on page 11)

If you have a question about one of your favorite people or programs, or wonder what has happened to someone on radio or television, drop me a line: Miss Jill Warren, TV RADIO MIRROR, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York, and I'll try my best to find out for you and put the information in the column. Unfortunately, we don't have space to answer all questions, so I try to cover those personalities and shows about whom we receive the most inquiries. Sorry, no personal answers.

## What good is a pretty hat...



*if you don't have pretty hair?*

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And there are no "filler" oils to grease your hair or make you lose your wave. Just spray. Brush. Then watch. A before-and-after picture happens in your mirror!

And we'll bet you get more compliments on your hair than you do on your hats.

Regular size \$1.25 New large economy size \$1.89  
both prices plus tax

*Helene Curtis* **lanolin discovery**

*the breath of life for lifeless looking Hair!*



\*TRADEMARK

# STEVE ALLEN'S TURNTABLE



**H**ELLO, once more! It's about that time of the year—holiday time, that is, so happy jingle bells, and all that sort of thing. I suppose you're all busy as anything, buzzing about with your Christmas shopping list. And while you're looking for a certain "what" for a certain "whom," don't forget records. There are lots of interesting things on the platter shelf this month, including plenty of Yuletide stuff.

And we might as well begin with "White Christmas." Firstly, there's an album by Decca with all the songs from the new Bing Crosby movie, sung by Bing, of course, Danny Kaye and Peggy Lee, with Joseph Lilley's orchestra and chorus. Peggy sings the tunes that Rosemary Clooney sang in the picture because Rosemary is under exclusive contract to Columbia Records. But if you're a Clooney fan, don't despair. She, too, has an album of "White Christmas," and she does the whole score—including all the Kaye and Crosby numbers.

Speaking of Crosby, the junior edition, Gary, is with us again this month with his second solo effort. It's another good job by Bing's boy. Gary sings "There's a Small Hotel," the ballad oldie now being revived, plus a cute rhythm tune, "Ready, Willing and Able," from the Frank Sinatra-Doris Day movie, "Young at Heart." Buddy Bregman batons the orchestra. (Decca)

"Noel and Gertie" is the name of a most interesting album—and certainly a collector's item—starring Noel Coward and the late Gertrude Lawrence, with Yvonne Printemps, the French chantoosie. The album includes scenes and musical interludes from Coward's most successful plays and scores, all of which were originally recorded between 1929 and 1938. There

are scenes from "Tonight at 8:30," "Private Lives," and "Conversation Piece," and such well-remembered songs as "I'll See You Again," "Zigeuner," "Mad Dogs and Englishmen," "I'll Follow My Secret Heart," and the humorous "Don't Put Your Daughter on the Stage, Mrs. Worthington." (Victor)

Don't look now, but here comes another vocal group. This time it's The Lancers, and they come through all right on "Mr. Sandman" and "Little White Light," with Van Alexander's orchestra. They've got a brand-new contract with Coral Records, and this is their first release.

Coral also handed out a contract to Steve Lawrence, the young baritone on my *Tonight* show on NBC-TV. I think you'll agree he does a fine job on his first record, "Tell Me What to Do" and "Willow." Steve gets musical support from Dick Jacobs and his orchestra.

Speaking of my TV show, did you catch Georgia Gibbs when she introduced her newest cutting, "Mambo Baby"? It really moves, and is a good contrast to the flip-over side, a pretty ballad, "Love Me." Glenn Osser did the arrangements and conducts the band. (Mercury)

Frank Sinatra is just about Capitol's number one record salesman these days, and no wonder. His latest disc is "The Christmas Waltz" and "White Christmas," accompanied by Nelson Riddle's orchestra and chorus.

A newcomer to the Capitol roster, but certainly no newcomer to recorded music, is Woody Herman, one of our most talented musicians and conductors. Woody can always be counted on for a good band, and his present outfit shows off to advantage on its first waxings for Capitol,

"Mexican Hat Trick" and "Sleepy Serenade," both instrumentals.

Talking of hits, Kitty Kallen has been etching one after another this past year. Now she has recorded a Yuletide song, "The Spirit of Christmas," which has been named the official theme of the 1954 Christmas Seal Drive, and a cute ditty called "Baby Brother." Jack Pleis' orchestra on both. (Decca)

Ann Southern has recorded a musical album of "Lady in the Dark," the famous play she did on television. Carlton Carpenter provides comic support, and Henri Rene and his orchestra back them up. The arrangements, by the way, are the ones they used on the TV show. (Victor)

Oops! Another vocal group, a trio this time, and a good one. Three fellas who call themselves The Chuckles, and their first platter—on the "X" label—could do it for them. They sing a fine ballad called "The Runaround," in a smooth style; the flip side is "At Last You Understand."

Cadence Records is all excited about a new singing gal they've discovered named Mary Del. Archie Bleyer heard her voice on a demonstration disc, signed her and conducted her first date. She does a rhythm and blues number, "It Hurts Me to My Heart," belting out the lyrics about a lady brushing off a guy, and on the reverse she chirps a silly novelty, "Yum Yum Yum, I'll Take You."

For the junior set we have some kiddie records by kiddies, and just in time for St. Nick. Little Rita Faye, the nine-year-old lass who is well known in the South and Southwest for her hillbilly lilt, sings "I Want Santa Claus for Christmas" and "There Really Is a Santa Claus." (M-G-M) And eleven-year-old Leslie Uggams does "Uncle Santa," and "The Fat, Fat Man with the White, White Beard." (M-G-M)

The Fontane Sisters, Perry Como's former vocal gals, are now out on their own, and also making records for a new company—Dot. With Billy Vaughn's orchestra, they harmonize on "A Love Like You," and the oldie, "Willow Weep for Me."

RCA Victor has gathered together some of their top personalities on one album, with all of them sending out Yuletide greetings in their own musical style. There are eight sides in all, which include: Dinah Shore singing "Happy Christmas, Little Friend"; Hugo Winterhalter's orchestra playing "Blue Christmas"; Eddie Fisher with "Oh, Come All Ye Faithful"; Eartha Kitt and her "Santa Baby"; Henry Rene's orchestra performing "The Christmas Song"; Tony Martin singing "Silent Night"; and Perry Como's "White Christmas." Oh, yes, the title—"Merry Christmas with The RCA Family."

And Merry Christmas from me, too, and I hope the old boy brings you everything you want, especially a nice, happy 1955! Be seeing you next year.



Those ever-lovin' Chordettes—Marjorie Needham, Carol Bushman, Janet Ertel and Lynn Evans—have good reason to smile. Their new record, "Mr. Sandman," is climbing up on the hit list by leaps and bounds. (Cadence)

## WHAT'S NEW

(Continued from page 9)

singing favorite Julius La Rosa: It is true that CBS did not renew its contract with him recently, but Julius has been doing well in night clubs and theaters and with recordings. His income for the first year after he and Arthur Godfrey parted company was somewhere in the neighborhood of \$300,000. So there's no need to feel sorry for Julie.

### What Ever Happened To . . .

Lucy Monroe, the soprano, who is known as the "Star Spangled Banner" lady? Lucy hasn't been on the air recently because she was ill and underwent surgery in New York City. Following her discharge from the hospital and a recuperation period, she returned to the USO Camp Show circuit. She is hoping to make a trip to Korea around Christmas time to sing for the Armed Forces.

June Hutton, the blonde songstress who appeared on Eddie Fisher's show, among others, on television? June was absent from the scene for a while because of the impending arrival of the stork. She and her husband, conductor Axel Stordahl, have just welcomed the first addition to their family—a six-pound girl named Susan. June hopes to resume singing shortly.

The Stroud Twins, Claude and Clarence, who were a popular comedy team in radio several seasons back? Claude now owns a restaurant in Westchester, California, called The Golden Drumstick and recently returned to show business part-time on Paul Gilbert's TV show, *The Duke*. He plans to work from time to time in Hollywood television, but will not make it a full-time career. Brother Clarence lives in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, and is in the automobile business there. He occasionally appears in little-theater plays there.

The Andrews Sisters, who at one time were the country's number one vocal trio? Since the girls battled and broke up their act, Patty has gone out on her own, while LaVerne and Maxene have been looking for a new singer to take Patty's place and to form another trio. So far it hasn't worked out. Patty, however, has been doing fabulously with her night-club and hotel supper-room bookings, working with her husband-accompanist Walter Weschler, and there's a good chance she may appear regularly on one of the top variety TV shows after the first of the year.



NBC's Emanuel Sacks and Sylvester Weaver help Eddie Fisher mark his fifth anniversary with RCA Victor.

*It's Elastic  
and Nylon!*

## Introducing Playtex *Living* Bra



*Exclusive  
criss-cross sides  
self-adjust  
for Fabulous Fit!*

*Criss-cross elastic  
front dips low,  
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*Elastic back sets  
lower and stays lower!*



"Custom contoured" to flatter, feel and fit as if fashioned for you alone!

See it—you'll want it! Wear it—you'll love it! The Playtex Living Bra uses elastic and nylon in a new way, to g-i-v-e with your every motion . . . to l-i-v-e as you live. Exclusive criss-cross design lifts your loveliness, contours your curves, rounds and raises as no bra ever before. For the first time in bra history, you can enjoy upmost uplift in utmost comfort. You'll see the beautiful difference . . . feel the comfortable difference!



Look for Playtex *Living* Bra®

in the heavenly blue package at department stores and specialty shops everywhere. In gleaming WHITE, wonderfully washable—without ironing! Sizes 32A-40C—\$3.95

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# WLW: Cradle of Stars

*The world's most powerful station  
has the finest list of graduates and  
undergraduates to be found anywhere*

**L**IKE A GREAT UNIVERSITY, Station WLW in Cincinnati has graduated hundreds of skilled performers and technicians into the stellar realms of radio and television. Today, every important network in the country has artists and experts who got their start or spent some time at "The Nation's Station"—which got its start in March, 1922.

After one year of operation with a power of 20 watts, Station 8CR—then owned and operated by Powel Crosley Jr.—changed its call letters to WLW. Four years later, the station's power jumped to 5,000 watts and the long procession of great-names-to-be began. One more year and WLW went to 50,000 watts, making it one of the most powerful in the nation. High point of WLW's growth came in 1934 with the authorization to build a 500,000-watt superpower transmitter—unequalled anywhere in the world—which sends WLW's airwaves into Canada and South America,

plus several other countries, both day and night.

Working conditions at WLW in the early days were a far cry from the professional atmosphere found there today. Those were "the versatile days," when announcers were called on to direct and/or produce shows, to handle engineering duties. A few even served as musicians on various programs or filled in, in administrative positions.

One of the earliest favorites at "The Cradle of Stars" was Singin' Sam, one of whose co-workers was a lovely young music student named Jane Froman. A little later came the Mills Brothers—John, Harry, Herbert and Donald—whose only previous experience had been singing for their father's barber-shop customers in Bellefontaine, Ohio. The all-time great, "Fats" Waller, the Ink Spots, Billy Williams, the Charioteers, and the late, lovable Smilin' Ed McConnell also thrilled listeners with their music and songs. Still-famous

This was Curt Massey—who now has his own network show, featuring Martha Tilton—during his undergraduate days as vocalist at WLW.



Well, look here! It's those Clooney Sisters, Rosemary and Betty, when they were 16 and 13 and had just started their careers warbling on *Moon River*.



Dick Hageman, known and loved as Mr. TV of the Midwest and recently first-rate WLW announcer, is now boosting his career network-style.





**Doris Day** recalls her singing days at her radio alma mater with present-day WLW stars, Brenda Hollis and zany comic Walter Phillips, who was recently voted Ohio's "Personality Most Worthy of Network Recognition."

and still-loved *Moon River* was the radio birthplace for Durward Kirby, Doris Day, Janette Davis. In the late Thirties, comedy and sports were handled by two Reds—Skelton and Barber. Tommy Riggs and "Betty Lou" reached network fame through WLW. And those two lovable veterans, Virginia Payne and Charles Egelston—alias Ma Perkins and Shuffle Shober—originated their roles, in the first of the daytime serials, 21 years ago at WLW.

But the list of greats is endless and runs from Albert (Eddie) to Zerba (Lawson). Today, WLW—through radio and television—continues to maintain its spectacular tradition by producing bigger and better stars and shows of the present and future. TV RADIO MIRROR joins millions of listeners and viewers in paying sincere tribute to Station WLW: May it continue to be admired and saluted as "The Nation's Station."

**Ed Byron**, once WLW's program director and originator of *Moon River*; Harry Holcombe, now a CBS executive producer; and Jay Jostyn, of *Mr. District Attorney* fame, airing the show "in the old days."



**Queen of WLW** today, Ruth Lyons is known to her tremendous audience as The \$1,000,000 Dynamo. Tickets to her daily show, 50-50 Club, are already sold out through 1956.



Interviewing the noted "Veep," Alben Barkley, is fun for wonderful "Willie" Thall; who also enjoys himself—and the fan mail he gets from all parts of the land—as emcee of *Midwestern Hayride*.

# Anne's WRETCHED



## PERIODIC PAIN

Menstrual pain had Anne down but Midol brought quick comfort. Midol acts three ways to bring faster relief from menstrual distress. It relieves cramps, eases headache and chases "blues".

**"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW"**  
A 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dep't B-15, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper.)

# Anne's RADIANT WITH MIDOL



All Drugstores  
have Midol



# information booth

## Mail For Miner

Dear Editor:

Where can I write to Jan Miner, who stars on Hilltop House and appears on other radio and TV shows?

T. B., New York, N. Y.

You can write to Jan Miner c/o Wolf Radio & TV Productions, 420 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

## Father And Son

Dear Editor:

I would like to know about the stars of Rocky King, Detective—Roscoe Karns, who plays Rocky, and Tod Karns, who plays his assistant, Detective Hart. Are they related?

L. P., Crete, Neb.

The two bloodhounds of Rocky King, Detective are blood relations—namely, father and son. While other sleuth shows have seen many replacements, Roscoe Karns is the original and only Rocky King. He's a plainclothes man now, but Roscoe got his start in the theater when his military school uniform won him an usher's job over other multi-clad candidates. He's been in show business ever since and has appeared in more than 200 films, generally cast in light-comedy roles.

"I'd love to do a serious role," Roscoe sighs, "but I'm definitely typed as the light-comic type." His own favorite film roles include "Night After Night," "It Happened One Night," and "Twentieth Century." He appeared on Broadway in "School for Brides," and on the West Coast in "Front Page," when he also spent a lot of time with detectives and grew familiar with their on- and off-duty lives.

As Roscoe's real-life son, Tod Karns recognizes that the family has "acting in its blood," but he once seriously considered giving up show business for an art career. He has received top prices for his paintings, but he eventually settled on acting and the role of Detective Hart in Rocky King, the part of Stillwell, the helmsman, in the movie of "The Caine Mutiny," a number of appearances in the Andy Hardy series and a role in Frank Capra's "Flame-Out." Tod, who has done paintings for Frank Sinatra and Garry Moore, is also a golfer of ability and often plays with Bing Crosby and Groucho Marx.

## Her Father's Daughter

Dear Editor:

I would like to know a little about Elizabeth Montgomery, whom I have seen on Robert Montgomery Presents and Kraft



Tod and Roscoe Karns



**Elizabeth Montgomery**

Theater. *Where can I write for a picture of her?* C. A. J., Glens Falls, N. Y.

Ash-blonde, green-eyed and twenty-one years old, Elizabeth Montgomery displays an acting talent which pleases even her father and severest critic, Robert Montgomery. Born in Los Angeles, she was a junior in high school when she transferred to the famed Spence School in New York. After her graduation at 18 from the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, Elizabeth debuted on NBC-TV—cast, appropriately enough, as her father's daughter in a drama on *Robert Montgomery Presents*. . . . Elizabeth uses make-up sparingly, likes to deck her 5'4½" frame in blue or green suits for day wear and go all out for feminine evening clothes. No duffer with the hockey stick, she has also won a number of ribbons for her expert horsemanship, but Elizabeth bows to her father on the tennis court. You can write to her for a picture c/o NBC-TV, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y.

### Great Life

Dear Editor:

*I would like to have some information on William Bishop, who is co-starred on It's A Great Life.* P.E., Baltimore, Md.

Born in Oak Park, Illinois, July 16, 1921, tall, good-looking William Bishop attended grammar and high school in New York and New Jersey, then enrolled at West Virginia University to study law. But one summer his uncle—the famed playwright Charles MacArthur—put him to work at the Suffern County (N.Y.) Theater and William's vacation job grew into a lifetime career. He left college to tour in "Tobacco Road," play opposite Helen Hayes in "Victoria Regina," and then do a brief stint with Orson Welles' Mercury Theater. Next he went to Hollywood to do a movie on the South Pacific and wound up, instead, serving with the Signal Battalion in that very area. After his discharge in 1946, he was seen in such films as "Anna Lucasta," "Walking Hills," "Harriet Craig" and "Wyoming Outlaws." His many TV credits include *The Loretta Young Show* and *Schlitz Playhouse*.



**William Bishop**

### Brooklyn Cowboy

Dear Editor:

*Can you please tell me something about Warren Berlinger, who plays Jerry Ames on The Secret Storm? Where can I write to him?* E.G., Whittier, Calif.

Warren Berlinger was just an eight-year-old playing cowboy on the streets of Brooklyn when a neighbor, Mrs. Tracy, interrupted him to ask whether he'd like to be in the movies. Warren thought this was an invitation to go to the movies and led the neighbor to his mother to ask permission. Mrs. Berlinger listened as Mrs. Tracy explained about the nation-wide auditions for the role of Harlan in the cinema version of "Life with Father," and finally consented to let Warren audition. Warren didn't get the role but Mrs. Berlinger took him to Joshua Logan's office, where he was hired to play Ethel Merman's young brother in "Annie Get Your Gun." Warren played Little Jake in the hit for three years. He also appeared on Broadway in "Bernardine," "Take a Giant Step" and "Anniversary Waltz," and has been seen on many of the top TV shows, including *You Are There*, but *The Secret Storm* (see page 26) is his first serial.

Now seventeen, Warren keeps up his standing as a high school junior by correspondence courses from the Professional Children's School. He likes softball, baseball, horseback riding, hockey and tennis and is very proud of his stamp collection. His ambition is to be a stage producer and director—and to do a little writing on the side. You can write to him c/o *The Secret Storm*, CBS-TV, 485 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

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



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Never needs sharp-  
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EYEBROW AND EYE LINER  
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79¢



Velvet Black, Dark Brown,  
Light Brown or Auburn...  
Elegant turquoise and gold case!

TWIN-REFILLS, 39¢

# MOTHERS' BIG HELPER

*Pretty, popular Carol Duvall provides a double kind of pleasure and entertainment for Michigan housewives*



Carol exchanges homemaking hints with Lois Ann Baker.

**A**LTHOUGH Michigan viewers have unanimously lost their hearts to pert, warm-hearted housewife and mother Carol Duvall, the lady in question reports that her two video programs meet with a more mixed response at home. Carol's own opinion of her shows is modest: "There must be 10,000 women in Michigan who could do just as well on television as I," she says. What this really means is that Carol is a "natural" and that she plays herself whether she's at home on Richards Drive in Grand Rapids or before the cameras at Station WOOD-TV. Of her *Chic Chat* show, seen weekday afternoons at four, Carol explains, "I just talk about things I am interested in myself . . . cooking, sewing and other jobs I must do in my own home." And for *Jiffy Carnival*, a 12:15 weekday treat for youngsters, Carol simply keeps thinking of what would be wholesome fun for her own two sons.

The Duvall youngsters—Jack, 5, and Michael, 3—"think of Mother as 'good, old reliable Mom,'" Carol laughs. "They think I am a wonderful playmate at home. But they just can't imagine Mom as entertainment on television." But Carol, who is 28 years old, takes consola-

tion from her father—who, she says, "thinks everything his daughter does is wonderful." The halfway opinion is held by Carol's accountant-husband Carl Duvall Jr. "Carl is just the ideal husband," Carol says. "He thinks my cooking is the best he ever ate, that I am a good mother. And whether I am on TV or not, it's all the same to him."

Carol and Carl met while they were both attending Ottawa Hills High School in Grand Rapids. Although Carol studied speech at Michigan State, she had no ambitions for a career and was happy and busy at home. But, about three years ago, a group sponsoring children's plays was looking for someone to entertain the youngsters between acts. Carol undertook the job "just to help out for a while," and this led directly to her TV work.

What with housework, family picnics or just playing with her children, Carol finds she seldom has time to watch television. Nevertheless, hundreds of thousands of WOOD-TV viewers are keeping close tabs on Carol and tell her so by filling her daily mailbag with letters of grateful praise for the daily TV holidaying she provides.

**Around the home clock with Carol:** Breakfast with husband Carl; cookies for Jack and Michael; prayer time with baby Michael.



# HERE THEY ARE!

The lucky winners of *Beat The Clock's* exciting big contest for the month of October are . . .

1st Prize,  
Sylvania Chairside  
Theater:

Mrs. Miladi A. Loeffler  
Box 914, Route 2  
Largo, Florida



Four runners-up, Sylvania radio clock:

Mrs. Barclay Hamilton  
229 James Drive  
Havertown, Pennsylvania

Mrs. Helen M. Saint  
1719 South Rendon Street  
New Orleans, Louisiana

Mrs. Mary Cashman  
RFD 1  
Amherst, Massachusetts

Louise C. Butz  
145 Burd Street  
Nyack, New York

Next month: Five more winners will be announced from *Beat The Clock's* November contest. Keep an eye on these pages—you may find *your* name printed here as a winner!

*Beat The Clock*, emceed by Bud Collyer, is seen on CBS-TV, Sat., 7:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Sylvania Electric Products Inc.

Winners were chosen on the basis of accuracy in rearranging pictures of three radio-TV stars and originality of last lines for a limerick. Stars in October's picture puzzle were: Art Linkletter, Bill Cullen, Herb Shriner.



Art  
Linkletter

Bill  
Cullen

Herb  
Shriner

For a colorful, comfortable Christmas...

**PLAYTEX®**

## HAPPY PANTS



Non-allergenic  
creamy, smooth  
Latex

No seams or  
stitches—cannot  
bind or chafe

Gives with every  
motion—never cuts  
circulation

Ventilated for  
coolness—and  
completely waterproof

Give baby the only colored and  
textured pants in miracle latex



Will not bind  
or mark. Prove  
it with your  
own hands!

Five pretty colors for a  
smart wardrobe — Maize,  
Mint, Blue, Pink and White.  
In U.S.A. . . . 98¢ wherever  
baby needs are sold . . .  
other Playtex Baby Pants  
from 79¢.

Keep your Baby "SOCIALY ACCEPTABLE"\*  
in Playtex Baby Pants

\*T. M.  
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No wonder so many women are changing to Camay!

THERE'S

**COLD**

**CREAM**

NOW IN

**CAMAY**



*"Such wonderfully  
luxurious complexion care!"*

Lovely Camay Bride, Mrs. Charles T. Jackson, Jr., says, "I changed to Camay with cold cream the minute I heard about it. Now, after using it for months and months, I can say it's the most wonderful beauty soap I've ever used!"



**WOMEN EVERYWHERE** love Camay with cold cream—extra luxury at no extra cost! And Camay is the *only* leading beauty soap that contains this precious ingredient.

**TRY IT YOURSELF!** Whether your skin is dry or oily, Camay with cold cream will leave it feeling exquisitely cleansed and refreshed. In your daily Beauty Bath, too, you'll enjoy Camay's famous skin-pampering mildness, satin-soft lather, and delicate fragrance. There's no finer beauty soap made!

**NOW MORE THAN EVER ... THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN**



"Christmas is for kids," says Arthur, lending a hand at a party sponsored by Westchester Parkway Police.

# Season's Greetings from Godfrey

By MARTIN COHEN

**C**HRISTMAS EVE comes to Manhattan with church bells, maybe a handful of snow, and a sudden, climactic silence. The weeks preceding Christmas are murder. Manhattan, normally overloaded and high-pressured, goes screamingly frantic. There isn't enough time or space for everyone to shop and talk and breathe. In elevators and subways and busses, the good people suffer the wedged existence of bottled olives.

It was in this hectic holiday season, one morning, that Arthur Godfrey caught a cab to the studio. He was a little late, but it was only a short, sixty-cent ride. He got out of the cab hastily, with a dollar bill flapping from one hand. Usually, the bill would have been snatched up before he got his shoulders through the door but, this time, there was Arthur on the sidewalk, trying to hurry, and still holding out his fare.

See Next Page →

# Season's Greetings from Godfrey

(Continued)

To Arthur, Christmas is "the most beautiful day of all," in spirit and truth



The very littlest ones are the stars at "Little Godfrey" Yuletide parties—with Arthur himself dressed up as Santa!



Arthur loves sharing with children of his fellow troupers



the innocent joy he recalls from his own boyhood holidays—and the reverent wonder he discovered one Christmas morning overseas.

"The ride's on me," the driver said. "A Christmas present."

"No, no," Arthur said. "Thanks, but I can't accept it."

"It's my Christmas present to you," the driver repeated.

Arthur Godfrey has developed an eye for judging strangers. He has had to. He has had nuts shove exploding pencils at him, and he has had professional beggars make flying tackles at his knees. Arthur looked carefully, then realized that the cab driver was no phony, and he was touched by the driver's good will. He didn't figure the driver could afford to give rides away, so Arthur then folded a five-dollar note into his hand. But, again, the driver stopped him.

"It's got to be this way, Mr. Godfrey. You're giving to me all year 'round, especially my little girl."

He pushed the bill back at Arthur, and this time Arthur took it and put it in his pocket.

"Boy, was I dumb," Arthur recalls. "I was telling this man that he couldn't give me something. What right did I have to tell him? Whose dignity was it?"

Arthur felt so bad that, even though he was late, he stopped a little longer, apologized to the driver and finally accepted the free ride. A week later, however, the driver's daughter received a beautiful

doll from Arthur—a Christmas present from Mr. G.

"Christmas is for kids," he says. "I remember when I was a kid how different it was. We'd get colored paper and cut it into strips and make paper chains to hang on the tree. No one does that any more. They were the happiest days, and not one of us had over a dollar spent on him."

He lived in Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey, a town of around two thousand. He was one of five children and, with his parents, attended the Dutch Reformed Church. His parents were well-educated, fine, gentle people, but—as Arthur points out—his father was a "lousy businessman." There wasn't much money around the house.

"We'd go out to some farm, or into one of the woods around town, and find a nice pine tree. Then we'd go to the owner and ask him if we could have it. 'Course, we always tried to keep it hidden until after the kids had gone to bed, (Continued on page 80)

Arthur Godfrey Time, heard on CBS Radio, M-F, 10 A.M., seen on CBS-TV, M-Th, 10:30 A.M., under multiple sponsorship. The Arthur Godfrey Digest, CBS Radio, Fri., 8:30 P.M.; multiple sponsorship. Arthur Godfrey And His Friends, CBS-TV, Wed., 8 P.M., for Pillsbury Mills, Frigidaire, and The Toni Company. Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts, CBS-TV and CBS Radio, Mon., 8:30 P.M., for Lipton Tea and Lipton Soups. (All times EST.)



He believes in Santa Claus and tiny reindeer—at least as seen through eyes of youngsters who must never hope in vain.



Mary Jane packs, with Camille's help . . . checks on the family food supplies for husband Guy Sorel while she's away.



She warns Lettie to behave . . . Guy speeds her to the airport. She's off for Hollywood—and *When A Girl Marries*.

# when a Star marries

By FRANCES KISH

**P**ERHAPS it is true, as some say, that if you think about a thing long enough, and hard enough, it will happen. Perhaps it is also true that, when it does happen, you may not be quite so sure it is what you really wanted. It may involve some changes you did not expect, some sacrifices you had not counted on. Heart's desire may be tinged just a bit

with heartache, as the rosiest dreams become reality.

This is the sort of situation in which Mary Jane Higby, star of ABC's daytime drama *When A Girl Marries*, found herself last fall when it became necessary to change the locale of the program from New York to Hollywood. Hollywood is practically her home town, and she loves it. (Continued on page 74)

Mary Jane is Joan Davis in *When A Girl Marries*, ABC Radio, M-F, 10:45 A.M. EST, for Carnation Evaporated Milk and Friskies Dog Food.

*Mary Jane Higby would  
make any sacrifice to  
keep on playing the  
woman she loves—and,  
at the same time,  
keep the man she loves*



Arriving, she greets the California sun . . . but her heart's in wintry New York, where she and Guy will celebrate!





# How to STRIKE

Warren Hull knows the deep wellsprings of humanity, which nourish the spirit of all who seek a more rewarding life

By LILLA ANDERSON

Winner Dudley G. Amendola and his family are very glad that Warren's program visited Los Angeles!

# IT RICH in 1955



Strike It Rich knows no geographical limits: Left, Mrs. Wendell Wilkie tells Warren about the needs of Korean orphans. Center, Warren takes part in the Do It Yourself Show at Kansas City. Right, he arrives to present his program in Hollywood.



West Coast candid: Warren guesting on Mercedes Bates' *California Living*, over KNXT . . . visiting little Yvonne Baxter, who's learning to walk again at Los Angeles Children's Hospital . . . and rehearsing with his host on the *Bob Crosby Show*.

WARREN HULL, the man whose understanding of people and their needs has grown through hearing the problems, hopes, fears and ambitions which are brought to *Strike It Rich*, was taking a moment to relax before leaving the studio in mid-town Manhattan. The show was over, the audience had filed out, the staff was picking up files, preparing to return to their offices, and everyone was in a happy mood because all the contestants had won as handsomely as anyone could have hoped.

Thanks to answering questions correctly, a mother, aided by her little son and daughter, had the money to remodel their house and give each child a room; a trio of singing, dancing sisters had the cash and new clothes which would make the winter easier for a large family; a young Pennsylvania farm wife, after winning the money to buy braces for her injured husband, had been surprised by a Heart Line call informing her that people in her own community had added to the fund. (Continued on page 70)

*Strike It Rich*, seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 11:30 A.M.—and Wed., 9 P.M.—heard on NBC Radio, M-F, 11 A.M. All EST, for Colgate-Palmolive Co.



# Little girl lonely

**Jean Mowry enjoys being Susan in  
The Secret Storm . . . but she  
fills her own life with a dream**

By GREGG MARTIN



On the show, the Ames children (played by Jean, Jada, and Warren Berlinger) show their warm appreciation for Jane Edwards (Virginia Dwyer).

**W**HAT's cooking? That's a very appropriate query where Jean Mowry is concerned! Jean is five-feet-six, blonde, blue-eyed and pretty. She constantly receives fine critical acclaim for both her acting and her cookery, since she's so domestically scientific that she can turn out ten delicious cakes between breakfast and lunch. She's cooking with gas and burning with honest ambition, but she's young and so demure, so earnest and yet so bright. She has simmered quietly for ten months in the world's loudest city.

"The ten loneliest months of my life," Jean says, "but what can I do about it—except get married . . . and after all. . . ."

Trouble is that Jean Mowry—who came East to play Susan Ames in *The Secret Storm*, over CBS-TV—has always been several years ahead of herself, by virtue



The **Secret Storm** cast and staff help create a home-like life for Jean. Above, star Peter Hobbs, director Gloria Monty, Jean, actress Haila Stoddard and producer Richard Dunn. At left, Haila tastes the cooking which is Jean's pride and joy. Below, Jean plays the piano at Liederkrantz Hall for Jada Rowland (her kid sister Amy, in the serial drama).

of skipping grades and possessing other tendencies toward female genius which resulted in her getting through college when she should have been getting out of high school. Jean was born in Madison, Wisconsin, and never got more than a few miles away from the city until she was graduated from the University of Wisconsin.

"I am a natural, guaranteed product of Wisconsin," Jean says. "I look butter-and-eggs. I cook butter-and-eggs. I can raise chickens, and I know how to milk a cow and churn the milk into butter."

Jean's "dairy-maid period" was incidental to her ambition to act. Actually, she was raised in a house in town, a pleasant home with just enough ground for a vegetable garden and gladioli and roses and pansies. No chickens. No cows.

Jean's mother had been a (Continued on page 79)



Jean is Susan Ames in *The Secret Storm*, CBS-TV, M-F, 4:15 P.M. EST, for Whitehall Pharmacal Co. and Boyle-Midway, Inc.

Geraldine and I make sure that I have plenty of time these days to spend with Johnny, our twelve-year-old (shown training the family beagle). Kenny, Jr. is now a college man, and helping him with his advanced courses is sometimes a bit beyond me!



# We're Really LIVING!



*We've found the things that mean so much more than bright lights and applause . . . our own fireside, love, understanding—and faith*

By KENNY BAKER

**Y**OU'VE HEARD the saying, "He's really living!" But have you ever asked yourself what *really living* means?

Well, I did, one day about six years ago. I was standing under a flashing red neon sign which was blinking out the message, "KENNY BAKER—APPEARING NIGHTLY!" I asked myself, then and there: "Kenny, boy, you call this *living*?"

My answer was: "Hardly—hardly living at all."

Sure, I was making thousands a week. My name was up in letters two feet tall. (Continued on page 77)

Whatever's cooking at our house, you can be sure the whole family will manage to get in on it together.



The second generation may not "follow father's footsteps" into a musical career, but we all love to sing hymns together. Left to right, Kenny, Jr.; my wife Geraldne; myself; Johnny; and our daughter Susie, who's quite a young lady at sixteen.



Johnny studies the accordion and Susie plays the piano very well, but they have their own ideas for the future.



Best of all, in a father-and-son relationship, is that sense of sharing enjoyable activities—whether work or play.



# THE YOUNGEST PIONEER

*Success in early TV called  
for faith and stamina.*

*Dennis James had plenty  
of both—and then Mickey's  
love to keep him there!*

By HELEN BOLSTAD

IN THIS YEAR of the color spectacular, the extravaganza and assorted other super-duper TV innovations, Dennis James put a fresh polish on an old technique, added two new shows to his roster and started his sixteenth year of regularly scheduled telecasting.

He's quite nonchalant about a record which few, if any, performers in this most frantic facet of show business have the air hours to equal—or the stamina to survive. Looking healthy, happy, handsome and prosperous, Dennis stretched out in a relaxation chair before the picture window (which turns Long Island Sound into a backdrop for his living room) and confided the secret of both his success and his endurance.

"Nothing to it," he said. "When I visit someone's home via TV, I have just as good a time as my viewers. It's fun."

His pretty wife, Mickey, nodded in agreement. "He's adjusted to it. Dennis thrives on a pace which would put anyone else flat on his back."

Her statement was no mere figure of speech. A moment earlier they had been speaking of their neighbor, Bob Smith—Howdy Doody's pal—who had suffered a heart attack and

**Continued** ➔

On Your Account helps Dennis celebrate sixteen years in television! Mickey's by his side as he cuts the cake; next, producer Bob Quigley; then assistant-producer Keith Quigley (Bob's wife) and the director, Charles Fisher.

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TV wrestling made a star of Dennis—though he started knowing less about it than "Hatpin Mary" (congratulating him, above).



Early James shows included *Okay, Mother* and *Cash And Carry*—one of the first daytimers on the "new" coaxial cable.



## THE YOUNGEST PIONEER

(Continued)

With all his shows, Dennis James just has to keep in shape!



The Name's The Same panelist Arnold Stang beams



at guest star Fernando Lamas—and host Dennis.



Chance Of A Lifetime presents Jimmy McPartland and his Firehouse Five.

was still hospitalized in near-by New Rochelle. Through the years, they had seen many of their friends fall victim to television's pace.

"It can get you," Dennis acknowledged, "but I've been lucky—maybe because, in the beginning, I didn't know enough to have any other idea and I started out believing that people want to find out about other people. So, ever since, I've been telling them what I've found out."

The "ever since" dates back to 1938, when, at Du Mont's experimental station on the roof of 515 Madison Avenue, in New York, he put *The Dennis James Sports Parade* on the air. "The whole place wasn't as big as your living room," said Dennis. "Cameras, controls and transmitter were jammed in together. Often I had to help Dr. Allan Du Mont

move packing cases around to clear enough space to put on a show. And then there were the lights..."

The lights of those days were something no television pioneer ever forgets. Banked solidly, they blazed down, turning a shirt collar into a pulpy rag in a matter of minutes, burning into the eyes and mind of anyone who had the temerity to face the bulky but feeble iconoscope cameras. "You never really got used to the lights," Dennis recalled. "You had to

*On Your Account*, CBS-TV, M-F, 4:30 P.M., sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Tide. *Chance Of A Lifetime*, Du Mont TV, Fri., 10 P.M., sponsored alternately by Old Gold Cigarettes, Lenthier Perfumes. *The Name's The Same*, ABC-TV, Mon., 7:30 P.M., sponsored by Ralston Purina Co. *Two For The Money*, over CBS-TV and CBS Radio, Sat., 9 P.M., as sponsored by P. Lorillard for Old Gold Cigarettes. (All EST)

fight back constantly to keep them from melting the thoughts right out of your head."

To meet that incandescent ordeal, Dennis had the advantage of a trained athlete's stamina. Born Demi James Spota, he had acquired one of New Jersey's best athletic-trophy collections by the time he enrolled at St. Peter's College, intending eventually to study medicine. Exposure to a microphone at a small radio station changed that aim. Commuting to Manhattan, he worked as a radio actor and an announcer.

While many labelled television as "the coming thing," Dennis regarded it as *here*—even though there were few sets, few hours of telecasting by the stations—and grew so fascinated by it that he soon considered his breadwinner, radio, as a sideline. He worked without pay or for small (Continued on page 82)

*I have two very small daughters of my own, with no room for jealousy in their hearts*



My "problems" on TV—mothering Millie (Elena Verdugo) and our famished friend Alfred (Marvin Kaplan)—seemed pale by comparison, when my husband George and I faced the task of preparing our first-born, Georgie, for the arrival of her baby sister, "Beany"!



# Millie's Mama



By FLORENCE HALOP

**Y**OU'D THINK that Millie's Mama, who knows *everything* on TV, would know how to prepare a four-year-old for the arrival of a baby sister. But, as Mrs. George Gruskin in real life, I found it's not so simple. When, around the seventh month, the questions started coming fast and furious from Georgie (Georgianna, our four-year-old daughter), I told myself: "Florence, you'd better start thinking up some answers!"

To my way of thinking, the explanation can be very simple. When you hear the first "Mommy's getting fat," that's the time to introduce them to their new baby brother or sister. You can simply say, "Mommy's making a (Continued on page 72)

Florence Halop is Mama on *Meet Millie*, CBS-TV, Tues., 9 P.M. EST, as sponsored alternately by Carter Products, Inc. (for Arrid) and O'Cedar Corp.



THERE'S ONLY ONE

# Bing!

By ROSEMARY CLOONEY

EVERY ONCE in a while it hits me—right between the eyes—the fact that I, personally, know Bing Crosby. Like the day when we were finishing the movie, "White Christmas," and looking forward to the party planned by Bob Alton, the dance director. As I shot out of my dressing room in the afternoon, I almost collided with Bing. (He had the dressing room next door to mine. Imagine being paid for living next door to Crosby!)

"You going to Bob's party Saturday night?" I asked him.

"Sure. You're picking me up."

"Great," said I, whose husband was slaving away in New York. "Then we've got a date."

"Not so fast," said Bing. "I'm bringing a damsel."

"Will you stop (Continued on page 84)



Singing with Bing in "White Christmas" was a great experience—as always. Somehow, it's not like working with any other singer I know.

Rosemary is heard on her own *Rosemary Clooney Show*, over CBS Radio, Thursday, 9 P.M. EST.

Love those Crosby records—and so does my husband, Jose Ferrer (center), who swears he married me just because I had the distinction of knowing Bing first! Below, right—on the Paramount set with Bing and that delightful director, Michael Curtiz.





**Like everybody else, I'm so crazy about Crosby that it's hard to forget he's my idol—and just remember he's my friend**

# a Pretty Wonderful Guy

That's how Grant Sullivan's wife describes him—  
and here's how they found their "golden windows"



Grant and Mary take great delight in decorating their New York apartment—and looking at house plans, California-style.

By GREGORY MERWIN

**G**RANT SULLIVAN's wife Mary puts in a hard day's work in the first half-hour of every morning. It takes that long to awaken Grant. This requires sheer physical strength, for Grant is a husky six-foot-two and gets a rather muscular grip on the blankets. It also requires a clever mind, for during the night Grant somehow manages to convince himself there's nothing worth getting up for.

"It takes two cups of coffee and—I hate to say it—lots of nagging, nagging, nagging," Mary tells you, in mock dismay. "And during the first thirty minutes Grant is as grumpy as storm clouds, then suddenly the sun breaks through."

On NBC-TV's *The Golden Windows*, Grant is currently cast as John Brandon, a clean-cut, good-hearted young man. And he isn't mis- (Continued on page 59)

Grant Sullivan is John Brandon in *The Golden Windows*, on NBC-TV, M-F, 3:15 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Cheer.



**Alias John Brandon:** Grant's a romantic man, both in *The Golden Windows* and at home, where he and Mary often eat by candlelight—even at breakfast, before going over scripts and fan mail.





# Two and two make Heaven

Ted and I and our daughters believe in sharing the work, the love—and the happiness



Ted and I wanted the farm so Sally and Sue could grow up in the country. They've enjoyed it as much as we hoped, and are proud of their prize calf. Ted's proved to be a real "working farmer," too, with true talent for management.



Going to Sunday School is part of the girls' country life. Slim, quiet Sue is twelve; bouncy, bustling Sally, eleven.



Our Pennsylvania farmhouse has survived for centuries, but I almost brought it down with my wall-chipping ideas!

### By MRS. TED STEELE

**W**HEN I was still Doris Brooks, working for the New York advertising agency representing a show on which there was a handsome young musician and arranger named Ted Steele, I had no idea that he would one day ask me to become his manager and business agent. Or that, after a while, I would take on the job for life—by marrying him.

I didn't realize, either, that some of the ideas I had about its being a wife's job to run the house would be completely upset by my husband's ideas. And I certainly didn't dream that I would come to respect his decisions

about the home as completely as he has come to respect mine about the two Ted Steele shows—on Mutual Radio and WOR-TV—both of which I produce. This is how it has turned out for us, and neither would want it any other way. Ted and I work together, plan together, and are equally interested in everything affecting our home and our profession—and especially everything that affects our two young daughters, Sally and Suzy. We believe it is a wonderful way of life.

In the beginning, I must admit it was difficult for me. Ted had come from a typical (Continued on page 67)

*The Ted Steele Shows* are heard on Mutual at 1:30 P.M. EST and seen on WOR-TV (New York) at 3:00 P.M. EST; both Monday thru Friday.

Ted wades into farming with all the enthusiasm he puts into his shows, and always has an answer for everything.



One thing he can't answer back is the alarm clock which awakens him bright and early to another busy, varied day.





# LORENZO JONES



1. Left: Phoebe Larkins (who claims to be Lorenzo's wife) and Gail Maddox (who hopes to marry him) plot to prevent Lorenzo from recalling his marriage to the devoted Belle.

2. In a visit to Basil Dunbar's office, Belle finds new reason to despair as Roger Caxton points out Lorenzo as the man he knew to be Phoebe's husband in Kansas City.

THE REMEMBRANCE of things past—the disappointments and failures, as well as the happy times—roots us in the present and prepares us with a history of hopes and dreams for tomorrow. But, for Lorenzo Jones, this does not hold true . . . because amnesia has drawn a black curtain across his mind. Rootless and unable to distinguish truth from falsity, where his own past is concerned, Lorenzo finds that each day takes on an unreal, nightmarish quality. Like a sleepwalker with his arms outstretched to find his way, Lorenzo puzzles to find the answer to the question: "Who am I?" Meanwhile, a tangled mesh of claims and counter-claims forms

around him, causing a never-ending emotional upheaval.

Yet—as he talked to Belle and listened to her quiet voice—it had seemed that a light was about to break through the somber curtain. Some hint that had been teasing his brain was about to reveal itself. But then Gail Maddox appeared to interrupt Belle and Lorenzo . . . and the glimmer of recognition had faded. Lorenzo again found himself unable to tell Belle that he had any memory of a time when she had been his wife.

Bravely, Belle has tried to take courage in the thought of how near she had come to making Lorenzo realize she is truly his wife. But she must constantly fight

# LORENZO JONES

(Continued)



3. Gail Maddox—siding with Phoebe, whom she thinks she can persuade to free Lorenzo to marry her—tells Lorenzo that Belle means only unhappiness for them all.



4. As she urges, Lorenzo joins Gail in asking Basil Dunbar's

help in persuading Belle to return to New York.



5. Unsuspected by all except Belle herself, Roger Caxton and Phoebe Larkins have united in a scheme to rob Dunbar's Queen Charlotte Mines—in such a way that Lorenzo himself will seem guilty of the crime.

despair as she finds herself thwarted in her every effort to find proof of their marriage or to recall those once-happy days to Lorenzo. She is heartsick when she thinks of the ever-increasing evidence Phoebe Larkins has presented to support her own claim of having been married to Lorenzo at a time when he called himself Jerry Lorenz! The evidence which haunts Lorenzo most—and which Belle has found no way to discredit—is the five-year-old child, Gloria, who Phoebe insists is the daughter of her marriage to Lorenzo.

Phoebe has found an ally in the young scientist, Gail Maddox. Lorenzo had met Gail after he lost his memory

and had become engaged to her. As two women—whom he cannot remember—both claim to be his wife, Lorenzo is uncertain and unhappy. Gail Maddox is the only woman with whom he can remember being in love.

Gail herself has preferred to believe that Phoebe is Lorenzo's real wife. She is hopeful that one day she can convince Phoebe to divorce Lorenzo, thereby making him free to marry her. With this in mind, Gail has opposed Belle, declaring that Belle has brought only unhappiness to all of them. She urged Belle to return to New York and even pleaded with Lorenzo to send Belle away. Believing himself in love with Gail, Lorenzo

had accompanied her on a visit to Basil Dunbar—his employer at the Queen Charlotte Mines—for the purpose of asking help in convincing Belle to return to New York.

As Belle struggled hopelessly to convince Lorenzo that Phoebe Larkins was not his wife, Phoebe struck still another blow. Roger Caxton appeared on the scene with a letter of introduction to Basil Dunbar. Roger presented himself as being interested in studying the mines. Upon meeting Phoebe and Lorenzo, Roger showed immediate recognition and claimed he had met them before in Kansas City when Lorenzo—as Jerry Lorenz—had been married to Phoebe.

See Next Page →

# LORENZO JONES

(Continued)

Although Belle realizes that patience is needed to help Lorenzo regain his memory, she is harried by the evil purposes she senses behind Phoebe's claims and the appearance of Roger Caxton. But Belle is alone in her suspicions and can find no proof to support them. Even Basil Dunbar, who had befriended and employed Lorenzo, is willing to accept Roger. Of all those involved, Basil alone has no personal interest in the conflicting claims and seeks only the truth in the matter. Yet he can find no reason to doubt either Phoebe or Roger.

Belle's intuition of danger has been even more accurate than she herself realized. Clever and unscrupulous, Roger could have been lying when he claimed to have known Lorenzo, but it is certainly true that he and Phoebe are old friends. Roger has masterminded a plan to work together with Phoebe to steal the gold from the Queen Charlotte Mines, then to place the blame on Lorenzo. To prepare the way for proving Lorenzo's guilt, Phoebe has constantly tried to show that he has frequent lapses of memory. She has even planted sugges-

6. Though Belle can find no proof to support her suspicions, they are increased when she hears Roger Caxton trying to get information from Gail and Lorenzo—both of whom work as scientists in the mines. Belle is heartsick as she remembers the suggestions which have been planted concerning Lorenzo's frequent lapses of memory and his "possibly criminal" mind.





7. In a moment when he believes Belle to be in danger, Lorenzo seems about to remember her as his true wife. Then he slips back again into the confusion of amnesia.

tions that Lorenzo has a criminal mind! With this established, Roger and Phoebe feel certain they can easily place the guilt for the robbery on Lorenzo while they themselves escape with a fortune in gold.

With Roger's and Phoebe's nefarious scheme nearing fruition, Belle, distraught with worry over Lorenzo, senses that some great disaster is impending—and that only she herself is wholeheartedly interested in protecting Lorenzo and guarding against any traps which may have been set for him. However, even Belle doesn't realize that she is racing against time—for Roger and Phoebe may put their scheme into operation at any moment. Will she be able to find the proof to back up her suspicions before Lorenzo finds himself accused as a thief and the betrayer of his good friend, Basil Dunbar? Once, in a past that for Belle seems dim and far away in the midst of her present unhappiness and trouble—and that for Lorenzo is concealed by the darkness and confusion of his loss of memory—Belle and Lorenzo Jones were married and lived happily together. Will Belle—even bringing all her love and patience to bear—find a way to restore this past and save Lorenzo from possible ignominy and ruin?

Pictured here, as heard on the air, are:

Lorenzo Jones.....	John Raby
Belle Jones.....	Lucille Wall
Basil Dunbar.....	Alfred Shirley
Phoebe Larkins.....	Julie Stevens
Roger Caxton.....	Horace Braham
Gail Maddox.....	Fran Carlon

*Lorenzo Jones* is heard on NBC Radio, M-F, 5:15 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Fab, Palmolive Soap, and Colgate Dental Cream.



8. Preferring to believe that Phoebe Larkins is really Lorenzo's wife, Gail Maddox tries to make a deal with Phoebe to divorce Lorenzo so she herself can marry him.



9. As three women make conflicting claims for his love, Lorenzo Jones is more deeply confused. He searches his darkened memory for a clue to the question "Who am I?"



Like all individuals, Patience and Charlie are entitled to their own ideas. I try to help only when asked—even about clothes or cookery.

# Every girl a fashion QUEEN

By JEANNE CAGNEY

ALL PEOPLE have something about them that is beautiful, something that is their own. For example, whenever I sit at the dining-room table with my husband's and my guests, I am struck with this richness of nature: I hear a voice which is a lovely musical melody, or see a pair of eyes which always smile, or a special and proper charm of agreeableness and understanding. Wherever I look, I see that nature has laid for each the foundations of an inner beauty—but I also feel it's up to the individual to develop, to build on it.

Our viewers and the ladies in our audience know me as the fashion coordinator on Jack Bailey's *Queen For A Day*. Because of this, they frequently (Continued on page 73)

*Jeanne Cagney is fashion commentator on Queen For A Day, as heard over Mutual, M-F, at 11:30 A.M. EST; sponsored by P. Lorillard Co. for Old Gold Cigarettes.*

*The right clothes for you can change your life—not for just a day—but for a whole, satisfying future!*



Imagination helps achieve your dreams. But being practical helps, too. Be sure to check your wardrobe—present and planned—before you start any shopping.



"Home style" is best of all! My husband, Jack Morrison, and I relax as the children help in the kitchen. Jack and Charlie relax(!) in their own fashion, while I study a script.



(Right) Timekeeper Renee and emcee Peter may know the answers, but the show's witty panelists have to guess the identity of the mystery guests. (Below) His mynah bird talks "human" very well—but Peter speaks bird language even better!



Peter's

## Masquerade Party

Peter has many books on humor...

a dog named "Cookie" ... and a prize collection of helmets and honorary badges which he loves to show to fellow "fire buffs."

Mr. Donald has met people the world over—  
and he can imitate them all, without benefit of disguise

By ELEANOR POLLOCK

PETER DONALD collects people the way other folk collect curios or stamps. In fact, people are not only his hobby but his business. Peter, who moderates *Masquerade Party*, over ABC-TV, is a master mimic and dialectician, and anyone he meets is apt to add something to his vast gallery of characterizations and dialects. Peter has what he calls "a parrot's ear." Let him just hear a few sentences from anyone, in any language, and he's off in a perfect imitation. This trick, which has put money in the bank, has also caused him a bit of trouble now and again—for some people shy away from him, fearing that they will (Continued on page 69)

*Masquerade Party*, ABC-TV, Wed., 9 P.M. EST, sponsored alternately by Remington Electric Shaver Div. of Remington-Rand, Inc., and Esquire Shoe Polishes (Knemark Mfg. Co.)



# Who's who on ARMSTRONG CIRCLE THEATER



**Tony  
Randall**

In "The Beautiful Wife," with Janet Blair, Tony finds life humorously confusing when his wife is crowned beauty queen.



Stars and scenes from one of

TV's pioneer dramatic programs

FULFILLING its aim to provide adult audiences with excitingly different productions, *Armstrong Circle Theater* has combined the talents of outstanding writers and technicians, plus leading stage, screen, radio and TV performers to present each week a half-hour of televiewing at its dramatic best.

*Armstrong Circle Theater* is seen over NBC-TV, Tuesday at 9:30 P.M. EST, and is sponsored by the Armstrong Cork Co. for Linoleum, Resilient Tiles, Quaker Rugs and Floor Coverings.

FAMILIAR to viewers of *Mr. Peepers* as Harvey Weskit, Tony Randall has come an exciting and varied way since he was born, February 26, 1924, in Tulsa, Oklahoma. After graduation from Northwestern University—where he met and married an attractive fellow student, Florence Gibbs—Tony and his bride came to New York. There Tony studied at the Neighborhood Playhouse School and, in 1941, made his professional debut in the Chinese classic, "The Circle of Chalk." Next came the difficult role of Marchbanks in Shaw's "Candida," which starred the late Jane Cowl, followed by his appearance with Ethel Barrymore in "The Corn Is Green." After signing for a role in "The Skin of Our Teeth," Tony had to forego appearing in the Tallulah Bankhead—Fredric March hit to fulfill a four-year command performance with the Army Signal Corps. Upon his discharge in 1946, Tony became staff director of the Olney Summer Theater in Maryland, then joined Katharine Cornell in a national tour of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." In 1948, he joined Miss Cornell again to open on Broadway in Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra." Still in Cleopatra's wake, he appeared with Lilli Palmer and Sir Cedric Hardwicke in Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra." During the past ten years, Tony has also scored many radio and TV credits, including *The Henry Morgan Show*, *I Love A Mystery*, *One Man's Family* and *Television Playhouse*. With his wife Florence, Tony enjoys collecting modern paintings and classical records. He also plays a good game of paddle ball with his friend and colleague, Wally Cox.

**W**ALTER ABEL, whose performances always live up to his name, is equally at home in Hollywood, on Broadway, or in radio and TV. A native of St. Paul, Minnesota, Walter acted in little-theater productions before coming to New York to study at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. Two years later, on the eve of his graduation, he appeared in an Academy play and was noticed by producer Henry Miller, who gave Walter a contract with the road company of "Come Out of the Kitchen." The following year, 1919, Walter made his Broadway debut in "A Square Peg" and for the next fifteen years appeared in plays in and around New York. When, in 1934, he created a minor sensation in "Merrily We Roll Along," Walter was immediately signed to a Hollywood contract. His first movie was "Three Musketeers," followed by such outstanding films as "Kiss and Tell," with Shirley Temple, "Dream Girl," and "So This Is Love." Most recently, Walter has continued to prove his versatility by appearing on top TV drama shows such as *Robert Montgomery Presents* and *Armstrong Circle Theater*. Married to Marietta Bitter for 28 years, Walter has two children, Michael and Jonathan.



**Walter  
Abel**



*As star of "The Judged," Walter has a pre-show chat with Barbara O'Neil and the ROTC cadets who appeared in the play about military school life.*



**Carmen  
Mathews**

**O**NE of the most popular leading ladies in television, gentle, soft-spoken Carmen Mathews made her professional debut in England after graduation from the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts. Her American debut was with the Maurice Evans company of "Henry IV." In subsequent years, Carmen ran the gamut of plays from "Hamlet" to "Beaux' Strategem" (her favorite) and "Courtin' Time," with Joe E. Brown. TV-wise, Carmen's numerous credits include starring roles on *Omnibus*, *Danger*, *Kraft Theater* and *U. S. Steel Hour*. In addition to her Manhattan apartment, Carmen has a Connecticut cottage where she lives in the summer and enjoys sailing and swimming. Her apartment sports a fine collection of modern paintings, plus a dachshund—Archer—given to her by the Brian Ahernes. And, says Carmen, "One of the things dearest to me that I do is record books at the Foundation for the Blind."



*On the slow road to recovery in "Breakdown," Carmen finds some solace in playing with little Eileen Pollack and Kevin Coughlin.*



# LAUGHTER across the SEAS

**ROBERT Q. LEWIS** set sail for



With the help of secretary Nancy Robinson, Robert Q. clears the decks for a vacation.

By PHILIP CHAPMAN

**W**HAT makes Robert Q. Lewis tick? Today, thanks to his TV and radio shows over CBS, every listener knows Bob's droll wit and voice, every viewer knows the quizzical smile and twinkling glasses. Mr. Lewis has arrived. But how did he get there?

Ask Robert Q. that question, back in 1953—when he was just getting a firm grip on the ladder—and his answer would have been short, quick and to the point: *Hard work.*

Ask him that question, in mid-1954—when fame and fortune were already well in his grasp—and Bob might have had no answer at all. (Continued on page 78)

*The Robert Q. Lewis Show* on CBS-TV, M-F, 2 P.M. EST, for Miles Laboratories (makers of Alka-Seltzer), Helene Curtis (Spray Net and Lanolin Discovery), Betty Crocker Cake Mixes, O-Cel-O Sponges, Hellmann's Mayonnaise, Nucoa, Johnson's Wax, Swanson Frozen Poultry, Doerskin Tissues, and others. *The Robert Q. Lewis Show* on CBS Radio, Sat., 11 A.M. EST, for Helene Curtis (Suave and Shampoo Plus Egg), Royal Crown Cola, Van Camp Tuna, Pine-Sol, Gala Bleach, and other products.

the Old World and found some new friends and adventures, both grave and gay



**Godfrey Time:** Bob with McGuire Sisters—when he was "substituting" for Arthur.



**Sailing time:** Mrs. John Alden Talbot helps Bob try on a life jacket for size.



**Bon voyage:** Bob gives a lingering goodbye kiss to his proud parents.

**Robert Q. at home:** Members of his own shows gather at Bob's apartment for a party. Seated, left to right, Don Liberto, Jaye P. Morgan, Lois Hunt. Standing, Marjorie Needham, Lynn Evans, Bob, Earl Wrightson, Janet Ertel, Carol Bushman.





11:48 A.M. Minutes after another *Make Up Your Mind* broadcast, Jack signs his autograph, then heads for LaGuardia Airport.



12:25 P.M. Boarding Mel Lamb's (center) chartered plane—Jack Newhouse, *Jack Sterling Show* producer, waits to follow Sterling.



2:45 P.M. Dressed in fishing togs and well out to sea off Montauk Point, L. I., the two Jacks prepare to cast their lines.

CBS listeners and viewers who  
have always admired  
Jack Sterling can now proudly call him



3:15 P.M. "What a whopper!" Jack shrieks with glee, as he

**E**ARLY LAST WINTER, Jack Sterling added a new feature to his popular morning *Jack Sterling Show* over WCBS: the fishing news. As, day by day, he briefed anglers on pertinent fishing facts, Jack accumulated a fine knowledge of the subject. But, until recently, all this fascinating lore was being gathered for naught as far as Jack himself was concerned, for the likable emcee not only didn't have time to fish but had never been fishing in his life! Finally, however, Jack's yearning to wield a fishing rod got the better of him and, despite his many commitments and extreme lack of time, he figured out how to get in some fishing without forgoing any of his business chores. Deciding to

# a STERLING FISHERMAN



5:15 P.M. Sterling soon proves himself to be an expert fish-story teller as he tells Newhouse of the big one that got away.



7:00 P.M. End of a perfect day with a perfect catch—seventeen bluefish for Jack—a good haul for any angler, pro or amateur.

lands' his first catch, his very first time as a fisherman.

test his angling abilities off Montauk Point—which is some 127 miles from the CBS studios in New York—Jack chartered a plane. Just three hours after a broadcast of *Make Up Your Mind*, he and Jack Newhouse, producer of the *Jack Sterling Show*, were casting their lines in Long Island Sound. By 7 P.M., Jack was the proud possessor of a fine catch—and one of the happiest newly initiated fishermen to be found anywhere.

Jack Sterling emcees *Make Up Your Mind*, CBS Radio, M-F 11:30 A.M. for Wonder Bread and Hostess Cup Cakes. He's ringmaster for *Sealtest Big Top*, CBS-TV, Sat., noon. *Jack Sterling Show*, WCBS Radio (New York), Mon. thru Sat., 5:30 A.M. (All EST)

# Kit Carson finds his Mate

*For Bill Williams and Barbara Hale, marriage is one continued love story*

By BETTY MILLS

MARRIAGE is like a long book," says Barbara Hale Williams, wife of Bill Williams, TV's *Kit Carson*. "Some of the chapters are the greatest; others you think you'll never get through. And when you have children—the plot grows!"

The story of Barbara's and Bill's life together began at RKO, where they were both under contract in 1945. They knew one another well enough to exchange friendly hellos, though at the time Barbara was going steady with another actor. One day, after a spat with her beau, Barbara met Bill in the reception room of the drama coach's office, where they were both waiting for an appointment.

"Hi," said Bill.

"Good morning," said Barb.

Bill asked, "How's your man?"

"We're not going together any more," said Barbara.

(Continued on page 75)

Bill Williams stars in *The Adventures Of Kit Carson*, which is presented on TV by the Coca-Cola Bottling Company in your area. Consult local newspapers for correct time and station.



Names have been the only real problem in the Williams' life together. At latest check-up, their boy is Bill, Jr., their older girl, Jody—and the baby, "Da'by" (for short).



Jody and her little brother take to Western ways like true children of Kit Carson—and Daddy's right there to teach them the ropes.

## A Pretty Wonderful Guy

(Continued from page 38)

cast despite that early morning grumbling—for it makes sense to cast Grant as a well-intentioned young man. The last time he was a video villain, he got so much fan mail that they had to convert him into a good guy!

"That was on a kid's show, and it got to be embarrassing that the kids liked a heel," he says. "So I repented—just before they wrote me out of the script."

Grant has acted on the Kraft and Philco theaters, *The Web and Suspense*, *Love Of Life* and other adult dramas, in addition to *Tom Corbett*, *Space Cadet* and *Captain Video*. But the adult shows are somewhat anemic when compared with the adventure in shows for youngsters. When, for example, he was being mean to *Captain Video*, he was cast as Spartak from the *Black Planet*. As an operations officer for *Tom Corbett*, he was stationed on the moon.

"Something exciting was always happening," he recalls. "Once, Tom and I were stuck fifty million miles out in space with a broken rudder. We were trying to repair the ship while fiery meteors rained about us. And then the director signalled us we were running two minutes short and we had to ad-lib the rest of our lines! Brother, that's dangerous living." He grins and sighs, "You know, after that kind of experience, a man appreciates a warm place by a twentieth-century hearth."

It would be wrong to imply that Grant is an "aging," put-another-log-on-the-fire type. He's young enough not to have to think hard to remember the hot-rod he built as a teenager in California. But, on the other hand, in his thirty years he has been "living it up"—as an auto racer, telephone linesman, clerk, meteorologist, theater usher, and a few other things. Grant could be accurately described as a mature and responsible man.

"He's a complex character," says Mary. "He can be as stubborn as a mule about ideas, and yet he is as sweet and playful as a puppy. He's a rugged individualist and yet a sloppy sentimentalist, too."

Grant has no respect for men's fashions. Summer or winter, at home or in the studio, he dresses for comfort. He has no respect for a necktie but, on the other hand, is meticulous when it comes to observing all the rules about roses on anniversaries and a kiss before he leaves home in the morning.

"With Grant, there's never a dull moment—but never a dreadful one, either," says Mary. "He's a pretty wonderful guy and, when I think of how lucky we were to meet, I kind of get the chills."

They were born about three thousand miles apart. Mary Samuel, whose father was a minister, lived in the East. Grant grew up in California.

"I loved it there and I miss it now," he says. "I was a typical beach rat as a kid."

He was the oldest of three brothers, all of whom spent whole days on the beach swimming, water skiing, learning about boats. Away from the surf, he was always building mechanical things—soap-box scooters, model planes and even a hot-rod.

"Mother always encouraged us in our hobbies," he says. "When we were excited about racing, she took us to the auto races."

Grant's parents separated when he was about thirteen and, from then on, he and his brothers were raised by his mother.

"It was quite a load for her, but she never showed it," he says. "She's always been a young, sweet kind of person and

(Continued on page 63)



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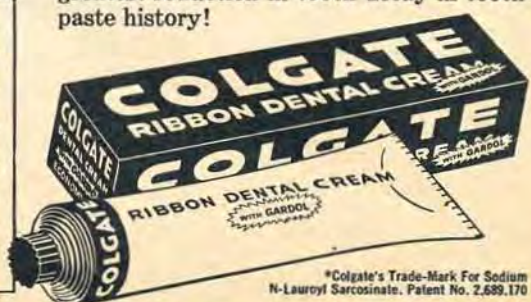


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# Inside Radio

All Times Listed Are Eastern Standard Time.

## Monday through Friday

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
<b>Morning Programs</b>				
8:30 World News Roundup	Local Program Gabriel Hunter's 8:35 It Happens Every Day	John MacVane 8:35 Betty Crocker*		
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45 Ev'ry Day	Robert Hurligh Wifesaver Johnny Olsen Show	Breakfast Club	News Of America	
10:00 Mary Margaret McBride 10:05 Bob Smith Show	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Arthur Godfrey Show	
10:15 10:30	Kenny Baker Show News 10:35 Madeleine Carroll's Storytime	10:25 Whispering Streets When A Girl Marries		
10:45 Break The Bank	Florida Calling With Tom Moore 11:25 News, Holland Engle	Modern Romances Ever Since Eve	Arthur Godfrey (con.)	
11:00 Strike It Rich	Queen For A Day	Thy Neighbor's Voice	Make Up Your Mind	
11:30 Phrase That Pays		Three-City Byline	Rosemary	
11:45 Second Chance				

## Afternoon Programs

12:00	Break The Bank	Valentino	Wendy Warren & The News Hunt Jonny	
12:15	Capitol Commentary with Les Higgins 12:20 Down At Holmsby's	Frank Farrell	Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday	
12:30 12:45				
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Cedric Foster, News Paul Harvey, News with Les Higgins Ted Steele Show	Paul Harvey, News Ted Malone	Road Of Life Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light	
2:00 2:15	Pauline Frederick Reporting	Luncheon With Lopez 2:25 News, Sam Hayes Wonderful City	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason	
2:30 2:45		Betty Crocker*	This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day	
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	News, Ben Grauer 3:05 Women In Love Pepper Young Right To Happiness	Ruby Mercer Show Martin Block (con.)	Hilltop House House Party Mike & Buff's Mailbag 3:55 It Happens Every Day	
4:00	Backstage Wife	Read Browning Show 4:25 Betty Crocker*	News Treasury Bandstand 4:55 News	
4:15 4:30 4:45	Stella Dallas Young Widdow Brown Women In My House	Tony Martin's Gals Bruce & Dan		
		M-W-F T-Th	*T, Th-Sheila Graham	

## Monday Evening Programs

5:00	Just Plain Bill 5:15 Lorenz Jones 5:30 Hotel For Pets 5:45 It Pays To Be Married	Bobby Benson Wild Bill Hickok 5:55 News, Cecil Brown	Musical Express Art & Doty Todd Gloria Parker Vincent Lopez	News Curt Massey Time 5:55 This I Believe
6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Sports Daily with Mel Allen, Russ Hodges Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABC Reporter	Jackson & The News East Of Athens
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter In The Mood	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Silver Eagle 7:55 Les Griffith, News	Tennessee Ernie Choraliers Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Best Of All	Top Secret Files Broadway Cop	Henry L. Taylor American Music Hall Voice Of Firestone	Moet Corliss Archer Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Telephone Hour Band Of America	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Edward Arnold Mutual Newsreel Reporters' Roundup	Sammy Kaye	Perry Como Mr. & Mrs. North Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee And Molly Great Gildersleeve Two In The Balcony	News Manhattan Crossroads Distinguished Artists	Headline Edition Richard Rendell, News Edwin C. Hill 10:35 Martha Lou Harp	Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons

## Tuesday Evening Programs

5:00	Just Plain Bill 5:15 Lorenz Jones 5:30 Hotel For Pets 5:45 It Pays To Be Married	Sgt. Preston Of Yukon Bobby Benson 5:55 News, Cecil Brown	Charles Antell Show Art & Doty Todd Gloria Parker Vincent Lopez	News Curt Massey Time 5:55 This I Believe
6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Sports Daily with Mel Allen, Russ Hodges Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABC Reporter	Jackson & The News East Of Athens
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Silver Eagle 7:55 Les Griffith, News	Tennessee Ernie Choraliers Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	People Are Funny Dragnet	Treasury Agent John Steele, Adventurer	Jack Gregson Show	Stop The Music
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Lux Radio Theater Lux Theater (con.)	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Edward Arnold Mutual Newsreel Search That Never Ends 9:55 Lorne Greene	Sammy Kaye	Stop The Music (con.) Mr. & Mrs. North Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee And Molly Great Gildersleeve Listen To Washington	News Manhattan Crossroads	Headline Edition Richard Rendell, News Edwin C. Hill 10:35 Martha Lou Harp	Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons

## Wednesday Evening Programs

5:00	Just Plain Bill 5:15 Lorenz Jones 5:30 Hotel For Pets 5:45 It Pays To Be Married	Bobby Benson Wild Bill Hickok 5:55 News, Cecil Brown	Musical Express Art & Doty Todd Gloria Parker Vincent Lopez	News Curt Massey Time 5:55 This I Believe
6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Sports Daily with Mel Allen, Russ Hodges Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABC Reporter	Jackson & The News East Of Athens
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter In The Mood	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Silver Eagle 7:55 Les Griffith, News	Tennessee Ernie Choraliers Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Dinah Shore Frank Sinatra Walk A Mile	Squad Room	Jack Gregson Show	F.B.I. In Peace And War 8:25 Doug Edwards, 21st Precinct
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	You Bet Your Life Big Story	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Edward Arnold Mutual Newsreel Family Theater	Sammy Kaye Brown Derby	Perry Como Mr. & Mrs. North Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee And Molly Great Gildersleeve Keys To The Capital	News Manhattan Crossroads Sounding Board	Headline Edition Richard Rendell, News Edwin C. Hill 10:35 Chautauque Student Symphony	Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons

## Thursday Evening Programs

5:00	Just Plain Bill 5:15 Lorenz Jones 5:30 Hotel For Pets 5:45 It Pays To Be Married	Sgt. Preston Of Yukon Bobby Benson 5:55 News, Cecil Brown	Charles Antell Show Art & Doty Todd Gloria Parker Vincent Lopez	News Curt Massey Time 5:55 This I Believe
6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Sports Daily with Mel Allen, Russ Hodges Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABC Reporter	Jackson & The News East Of Athens
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Silver Eagle 7:55 Les Griffith, News	Tennessee Ernie Choraliers Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Roy Rogers 8:25 News Bob Hope Show	Official Detective	Jack Gregson Show	Suspense 8:25 Doug Edwards, News Nightwatch
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	News 9:05 Spend A Million	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Edward Arnold Mutual Newsreel State Of The Nation		Rosemary Clooney Mr. & Mrs. North Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee And Molly Great Gildersleeve Jane Pickens Show	News Manhattan Crossroads Musical Caravan	Headline Edition Richard Rendell, News Edwin C. Hill 10:35 Front And Center	Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons

## Friday Evening Programs

5:00	Just Plain Bill 5:15 Lorenz Jones 5:30 Hotel For Pets 5:45 It Pays To Be Married	Bobby Benson Wild Bill Hickok 5:55 News, Cecil Brown	Musical Express Art & Doty Todd Gloria Parker Vincent Lopez	News Curt Massey Time 5:55 This I Believe
6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Sports Daily with Mel Allen, Russ Hodges Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABC Reporter	Jackson & The News East Of Athens
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter In The Mood	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Silver Eagle 7:55 Les Griffith, News	Tennessee Ernie Choraliers Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Dinah Shore Frank Sinatra Friday With Garroway	Counter-Spy Take A Number	Jack Gregson Show	Crime Photographer 8:25 Doug Edwards, 21st Precinct
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Garroway (con.)	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Edward Arnold Mutual Newsreel Have A Heart	Sammy Kaye	Perry Como Mr. & Mrs. North Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fights, Cavalcade Of Sports Sports Highlights	News Fall Out	Richard Rendell, News Edwin C. Hill 10:35 Capitol Concerts	Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons

See Next Page

They were friendly, of course, and even had lunch together on one occasion. Then a few days after "Of Thee I Sing" had opened, Mary began an engagement at the Empire Room, where she sang after the Playhouse performance. She invited the cast at the Playhouse to be her guests on opening night at the Empire Room. She thought she had invited everyone, but Grant had been overlooked and he felt slighted.

"So what does she do," Grant says, "but invite me to be her guest a few nights later, and I accepted. It turned out to be nicer that way."

In between her singing chores, they danced. When the Empire Room closed, Grant asked Mary if she wouldn't like to walk a bit. There was a small blizzard raging in the city and it was after two in the morning, but Mary went up to her room, put on slacks and boots and got bundled up, and they walked the streets and talked and talked.

"We covered everything from sex to religion," Mary says. "We didn't mind the snow, but I think our tongues were frost-bitten."

After that first date, they were practically inseparable.

"We talked a lot about marriage, other people's marriages," Grant says. "Neither one of us had the sense to propose."

It was on New Year's Eve that Grant realized how much he was in love. Mary was singing in the Empire Room at midnight, against her better judgment. The crowd was noisy and gay, but the band-leader insisted they would quiet down if she sang "The Lord's Prayer."

Grant watched the experiment from a table and began to writhe as she sang "The Lord's Prayer" into the unceasing din. He turned to a friend and said, "That's the last time she's ever going to sing for a New Year's Eve crowd."

Then he did a double-take, realized what he had said and knew he would ask Mary to marry him. Six months later—June 13, 1951—the ceremony was performed in New York. The date had been decided by the arrival of a check.

"I got two hundred dollars for some television work. That paid the first month's rent on an apartment, bought food, and a gallon of paint for the walls, and we were in business," Grant says. "It may sound impulsive but, of course, it wasn't. We both knew show business and knew there would be plenty of times when we'd be broke, so it was just as logical to marry when we had nothing."

They sat on boxes. They couldn't afford drapes so they painted the wall on the window side charcoal, opened up the old-fashioned shutters and painstakingly painted the slats alternately yellow and white.

"Who says it was bad?" Grant demands. "It was wonderful."

And, when their first anniversary rolled around, they were still on their honeymoon—and broke again. They had only an unemployment check for about thirty dollars.

"We decided to blow the entire check on our anniversary," Mary recalls. "To us our marriage was worth it."

They dolled up. Mary got into one of her \$300 "Maxine IV" evening gowns and they made a beautiful couple. They took a cab to the Waldorf-Astoria and went up to the fancy Starlight Roof.

"We decided to spend every cent of our cash," she says, "and pay the cab driver on our return with a single dollar bill I'd had tucked away in a drawer."

They calculated carefully but forgot about entertainment tax.

"So we had to give our waiter an I.O.U.," Grant recalls.

They didn't starve, for Mary's credit with the grocer was good and within a couple of weeks Grant began his lengthy interplanetary tour with *Captain Video*. Of course, by that time their apartment was furnished. It was all over too soon for Mary, however, because designing and decorating a room or a house has always been a particular pleasure for her.

"No one has to ask me," she says. "If I overhear someone on a bus say they'd like a home in New Jersey for their family, I mentally create a family and start planning a house."

She has decorated several apartments and studios for friends.

The Sullivans' own apartment takes advantage of the high ceiling and immensity of a brownstone apartment. The one wall is still charcoal, without drapes, but the shutters are now solid charcoal, too. The other walls are light, and the corner where they dine has a wall patterned with yellow triangles.

"People think I painted each triangle with a brush and that it took days," Mary confides, "but, actually, I cut one of those dishwashing sponges into a triangular shape and just pressed the paint on."

The floor is covered with a huge white Australian string carpet. The television set is in a corner and the cabinet that holds it has an interesting design which Mary made with twenty-five cents' worth of wood matches and glue. Above the receiver is a painting.

"It's my first and only painting," Mary tells you. "I call it 'Dust Storm over El Paso.' It was inspired by left-over wall paint."

And it's not bad for left-over wall paint.

There are a couple of iron sling chairs, a built-in corner desk that stands chest high, with a couple of high stools finished

down to the natural grain. But probably the most used fixtures in the room are the candlesticks.

"We eat by candlelight every evening," Mary says. "Most of the time, we light candles for breakfast. Here we don't complain about the electric bills, just the candle bills."

They don't pretend that it's usual to light candles for breakfast, but agree that it cheers up the morning for them.

"If you need an eccentricity," says Grant, "that's a pretty harmless one."

Lots of mornings, Mary admits, she wishes she were lighting a dynamite fuse instead of a candle.

"For getting Grant out of bed!" she says. "I feel like an engineer taking on a major job—like moving a mountain."

Once at the breakfast table, however, Grant is fully awake and alert.

"I have to be—to keep from getting burned by the candles."

After breakfast, Grant reads his lines for the day's show, checks them with Mary and then, although they live in Manhattan, a half-block from Riverside Drive, he leaves for the studio with an hour more than he needs for the trip.

"You see, Grant wasn't being romantic or cute when he took me for a wintry hike on our first date," Mary explains. "Grant likes to walk. It's one of his favorite sports."

Grant's schedule doesn't permit much walking now, with his current assignment as the American suitor in "Portrait of a Lady," the Broadway play starring Jennifer Jones. But he likes to walk to work whenever possible, and particularly enjoys strolling with Mary along the Hudson River.

"The river is beautiful from the New York side," Grant explains, "because you're facing California."

Because of his walking habits, Grant has on occasion given some of his more ardent teen-aged fans a hard time. Some of the teen-aged girls will follow their idols all over Manhattan, so a besieged actor or singer often dives into a cab and leaves his fans in a cloud of fumes. Grant Sullivan does no such thing. He walks them to death. Only two ever survived one of his hikes. They got the address of his apartment, traced his unlisted phone number.

"We changed the number," Grant says, "but think of the healthy workout they got."

Grant is no screwball about fans. He loves to have them but, when a lot of his admirers wanted to organize a fan club, Grant and Mary wrote to each of them suggesting that, instead, they give a hand to CARE.

"We seem to get more serious by the day," Grant says. "You know, I can almost trace our complete change in attitudes in the few years we've been married."

"For the better," Mary says. "We're positive now."

"I know how we are now," Grant adds. "If Mary and I are upset with someone, we sit around and talk about it—not angrily, but asking ourselves what was the reason for it and how would we behave in the situation. We try to understand bad behavior and then do something positive about it."

Grant tells you, contrary to movie plots, that you don't get along in the acting business by cutting throats and turning bitter if someone beats you out at an audition.

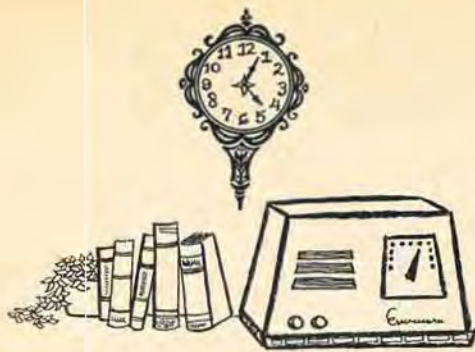
"When you're in a tough business, it isn't enough to try hard. You've got to be able to take it with a smile."

"You've got to be generous," Mary says. "It's the Golden Rule."

"It sure helps," Grant concludes, on a very positive note.

Garry Moore and the winsome Poster Girl for 1955—Mary Kosloski of Collierville, Tenn.—team up to remind everyone that now is the time to join the March of Dimes.





# DAYTIME DIARY

*All programs listed are heard Monday through Friday; consult your local paper for time and station.*

**AUNT JENNY** When a solid, reputable Littleton citizen, devoted to his wife, his family and his way of life, abruptly deserted them all, town gossips were quick to come up with the usual reasons. But they were all wrong, as Aunt Jenny revealed when, in one of her recent stories about life in Littleton, she told the whole truth about the startling, unexpected crisis that almost wrecked one of her home town's happiest marriages. CBS Radio.

**BACKSTAGE WIFE** As the wife of famous actor Larry Noble, Mary Noble has frequently had to defend her marriage against the onslaughts of irresponsible women attracted by Larry's fame and charm. But actress Elise Shephard, persistent and vicious, has almost succeeded where so many others had failed. Desperate and heartsick, Mary falls easy prey to Victor Stratton. Will she learn his true plan in time to save herself? NBC Radio.

**THE BRIGHTER DAY** When Sandra Talbot came to New Hope, she did not expect to fall really in love with Grayling Dennis. Surprised by her own unexpected sincerity, and frightened by the pursuit of Bert Ralston, whom she knows to be dangerous, Sandra feels she must forsake Grayling and the new life that had once seemed possible. Will Grayling's worried family be forced to stand by helplessly as this becomes his excuse to begin drinking? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

**CONCERNING MISS MARLOWE** Charming, successful actress Maggie Marlowe is experienced enough to know when a man is interested in her, and in Jim Gavin's case she finds the interest very pleasant. She is also experienced enough to realize that young Kit Christy, aspiring actress, is not altogether the artless ingenue she appears. Is she about to make the mistake of underestimating Kit because she believes she understands her? NBC-TV.

**FIRST LOVE** It's easy enough to be happy with a man everyone likes and understands—a man who is easy to get along with. Laurie did not choose such a man when she fell in love with Zach. He is difficult and strong-minded and treads on many toes, and his potential for achievement is as great as his ability to get himself misunderstood. Laurie will need more than the average allotment of love and faith. Will she have it? NBC-TV.

**GOLDEN WINDOWS** Love always seems terribly simple to the very young

—and despite her long engagement to John, Julie had never been in love before she met Tom Anderson. It was clear enough that she couldn't marry John after that. But what is less and less clear is just what the future holds—if anything—for her and Tom, as the peculiar circumstances from which he tried to escape entangle him once more and also threaten Julie. NBC-TV.

**THE GREATEST GIFT** By telling the truth as she knows it about a recent near-fatal accident, Dr. Eve Allen finds herself unwillingly drawn into town politics and a tangled emotional situation which could certainly wreck her medical career before it gets started. How will she handle the disturbed father of the young accident victim, balancing his desire for retribution against her own loyalty? NBC-TV.

**THE GUIDING LIGHT** Bertha Bauer's campaign to revive the marriage of Kathy and Dr. Dick Grant acquires several assistants—her own husband and Dick's father among them. Dick's friend, Dr. Jim Kelly, once felt the same way, but how would he feel now if Kathy, of whom he has become so fond, showed new interest in her ex-husband? Is Dick too involved in conflict with Dr. Thomson to wonder about his personal life? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

**HAWKINS FALLS** A busy small-town doctor has enough on his hands without becoming involved in politics, but Dr. Floyd Corey finds that in taking on an alert, active wife like Lona he has also taken on a new interest in every phase of life in Hawkins Falls. Is Mitch the right candidate for mayor merely because he happens to be the Coreys' friend? Or has he all the other qualifications that Speck Bassett lacks? NBC-TV.

**HILLTOP HOUSE** The curious personality of Carl Burnett, her husband's partner, is partially explained for Julie when she realizes he despises his wife and refuses to believe little Tony is his son. Will Carl's unhappiness have a lasting effect on the lives of Julie and Reed—an effect not even Julie suspects? What is Mildred Burnett's real goal, and can Julie keep Tony from being hurt by it? CBS Radio.

**JUST PLAIN BILL** The murder of Thelma Nelson flings Bill's beloved daughter Nancy into the greatest crisis of her life. Suspected of killing Thelma, she finds a defender in the fascinating lawyer Peter Dyke Hampton—a defender and perhaps

an admirer, as her husband Kerry angrily believes. Unwilling to interfere in so personal a matter, Bill finds himself forced to make peace in the Donovan family. But what are Nancy's true feelings toward Peter? NBC Radio.

**LORENZO JONES** Belle's long heart-breaking fight to help Lorenzo regain his memory is on the brink of success as Phoebe Larkins overplays her hand and arouses Lorenzo's suspicions about her own claim to having married him. Will gratitude toward Belle finally lead Lorenzo to realization that she is his real wife, and to the recollection of their happy years together? Or will Gail Maddox find some way to prevent this? NBC Radio.

**LOVE OF LIFE** Can a bride ever forgive her husband for allowing business to break up their honeymoon? Vanessa might be able to if she did not suspect that Paul's sudden return to his home town had something to do with his first wife. What will she do when she discovers what Judith really intends to do—and how much power she can put behind the effort? Will the vicious Judith get unexpected help from Van's sister Meg? CBS-TV.

**MA PERKINS** Did Ma ever really like and trust young Laura, the girl who married Billy Pierce? If she did, it was one of the very few mistakes Ma ever made in reading human nature, and she made it because she was so anxious to see happiness ahead for the son of her dear old friends, the Pierces. Will Laura pull off her sordid, ruthless plan to get Billy's money and ruin his life as well? CBS Radio.

**ONE MAN'S FAMILY** How strongly can a father lay down the law to his children in this day and age? The Barbour children have complained for years that their father had old-fashioned notions about being head of the family. If they had followed his dictates, Claudia and Hazel might have been spared their recent romantic mistakes. But if they had been less strictly brought up, wouldn't experience have kept them equally safe? NBC-TV.

**OUR GAL SUNDAY** Eve Barrett's plans were careful and intricate, but in the end she didn't completely deceive Lord Henry. Her effort to ruin his marriage to Sunday might have come to nothing if Eve hadn't gotten herself murdered. As Sunday stands in dark suspicion, will Eve accom-

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plish in death what she could not do in life—the wreckage of the once-happy Brinthrope marriage? Or will Henry realize the truth? CBS Radio.

**PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY** Grayson's carefully-laid plan to protect his fraud explodes in dreadful tragedy that brings destruction and death—and may bring further horror upon Carter Trent, husband of Pepper's sister Peggy. Already suffering from nervous strain, Carter is tricked into believing himself responsible for the oil well fire and its tragic aftermath. Will this be the last straw for his overburdened mind? NBC Radio.

**PERRY MASON** As Perry Mason and his associates work indefatigably to uncover the vital clue that will lead to the real murderer of Gordy Webber and thus save Kate Beekman, Kate realizes she is undergoing the greatest crisis of her life in more ways than one. Can a girl who stands in the shadow of the electric chair find time to fall in love? Has she the right—and can she believe in it? CBS Radio.

**PORTIA FACES LIFE** Loyalty to the Bakers has forced Portia and Walter Manning to a crucial decision as their marriage falters under the strain imposed by Portia's legal success. Will Walter's shaken male ego undermine their family security? Will Portia's son, never completely sure of his stepfather's strength despite their affection for one another, be the unwitting tool of his power-hungry grandmother? CBS-TV.

**THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS** The many months of difficult maneuvering and self-control that Carolyn had to exercise while her husband, Miles Nelson, was governor are behind her now, but the future promises little relief as Miles finds himself unexpectedly uneasy in his return to private practice. Does he really belong in prominent public life? Will his efforts to re-establish himself ruin his marriage? NBC Radio.

**THE ROAD OF LIFE** Sybil Overton throws her misdirected vitality and twisted resourcefulness so completely into her war against Jim Brent's happiness that Jim and Jocelyn are almost caught off guard by the force of the attack. Can they count for any help on her brother Hugh, torn between secret knowledge of Sybil's unbalanced mind and the family loyalty he cannot quite give up? CBS Radio.

**THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT** Helen's assistant, Loretta Cole, may have been an apprentice gown designer, but she needed no instruction in female strategy. Her persistence has gained precisely the goal she aimed for—she has attracted Brett Chapman's serious interest, thus taking from Helen the attention of the only man who might have taken Gil Whitney's place in Helen's affections. Can Gil come back into Helen's life? CBS Radio.

**ROSEMARY** Young Lonnie, completely under the sinister influence of Monica, is increasingly distressed at his treachery toward Rosemary and Bill Roberts, but cannot throw off the spell of Monica's attraction. Not even Rosemary suspects the double life Lonnie has been leading until the runaway climax of Monica's plan brings Lonnie to his senses—but too late to draw back from the inevitable tragedy. CBS Radio.

**SEARCH FOR TOMORROW** The death of Hazel Tate, which should have projected Joanne Barron into the happy future she and Arthur Tate prayed for, instead threatens her very life, as she fights to defend herself against the charge of murdering Hazel. What will this crisis mean to Joanne, to the Bergmans, and most of all to little Patti Barron, who may once again fall victim to the selfish love of her scheming grandmother? CBS-TV.

**THE SECOND MRS. BURTON** Happy as Marcia is in her marriage to Lew Archer, there are one or two points on which they do not see eye to eye, and these generally involve Marcia's family. How will she feel when she learns that it was Lew's money that pulled her brother Stan's paper out of the red? Lew and Stan understand each other perfectly, but with Marcia, Stan's mother, and politics to interfere, there could be some serious trouble. CBS Radio.

**THE SECRET STORM** Tragedy brought Peter Ames and Jane Andrews together when, after the recent death of his wife, she became housekeeper to Peter and his three children. And tragedy of another kind may part them again as Jane becomes convinced that because of her past there can be no future for her and Peter, though they have fallen in love. Is Jane rightly suspicious of the sudden friendship of Peter's sister-in-law? CBS-TV.

**THE SEEKING HEART** Dr. Robin McKay is drawn more deeply than she likes into the increasingly complicated plot surrounding young Lorna and her money. Will Lawson Ware and his sister Cynthia manage to discredit Robin in their effort to get control of Lorna's estate? Will they accomplish what Robin fears even more—the wrecking of Dr. John Adams' career? Or will Robin find a way to use wily Orrin Vail in a way he never intended? CBS-TV.

**STELLA DALLAS** Her daughter Laurel's happiness is the most important thing in life to Stella Dallas. Now Stella fights desperately to preserve it against two strong adversaries. Aristocratic Mrs. Grosvenor, Laurel's mother-in-law, would like her son Dick to divorce a girl she never considered good enough for him. And insane Ada Dexter wants Laurel for her own son. How can Stella defeat their combined strength? NBC Radio.

**THIS IS NORA DRAKE** Wyn Robinson has done a good job of pulling the wool over Fred Molina's eyes, so that although he knows he is endangered by the Syndicate he does not realize that Wyn, whom he believes to be his friend, is the bait in the Syndicate's trap. And although Nora has reason to know the depth of Fred's love for her, she cannot help wondering about Wyn's place in his life. Will she find out too late? CBS Radio.

**THREE STEPS TO HEAVEN** Captured and caged, and on the edge of death, vicious Vince Bannister nevertheless struck a shattering blow against Mary Clare and Bill Morgan, who had been instrumental in putting him behind bars. The dreadful explosion that wrecked River Lane has brought tragedy to the Morgans and their friends. Will they ever uncover the sinister network by which Vince managed his hideous revenge? NBC-TV.

**A TIME TO LIVE** Reporter Kathy Byron goes out after Paul Cheney for more than a story, when Miles Dow is bounced from the police force for following a framed lead which Kathy, victimized by Cheney, innocently gave him. Is Cheney too well-organized and ingenious for Kathy, or will she break him down? And meanwhile, how does Miles stand in her private life, now that Chick Buchanan's place as good neighbor is so subtly changing? NBC-TV.

**VALIANT LADY** Emotional problems beset the recently widowed Helen Emerson as she tries to convince her son Mickey that he cannot waste his life searching for a girl who may not be as right for him as he believes. She is also worried about her headstrong daughter, Diane, who may—or may not—patch up her marriage to Hal Soames. Is this the time for Helen herself to have to decide what pilot Chris Kendall really means to her? CBS-TV.

**WENDY WARREN AND THE NEWS** Wendy's absorbing newspaper career takes second place in her thoughts as her husband's turbulent emotional upset shakes the very foundations of their life together. Will Mark's dependence on Magnus turn out to have been the decisive tragedy of his long struggle for adjustment and understanding? Or will it lead to the peace Mark was once so certain he saw ahead on the path Magnus promised to show him? CBS Radio.

**WHEN A GIRL MARRIES** Joan Davis finds herself tested in a new way as she comes to grips with the unexpected change in her life that has been forced upon her by circumstances. Will Dr. Davon be able to guide her past the worst dangers she will encounter, or will her association with him lead her into a situation where she must make a decision she never expected to have to make—a decision that will affect her future? ABC Radio.

**THE WOMAN IN MY HOUSE** As a family grows, the elders grow in wisdom—but the problems also multiply. James and Jessie Carter have learned that merely raising their children from babyhood to adulthood doesn't give them the right to sit back and relax. A parent's job is never done—not even when the oldest child is as old as her son Jeff, as Jessie learns to her surprise. Will Jeff, self-sufficient as he is, accept help? NBC Radio.

**YOUNG DR. MALONE** Young Jill Malone looks on bitterly and resentfully as her father, Dr. Jerry Malone, plans to marry Tracy Adams. Determined that no other woman will ever take her dead mother's place, Jill refuses to soften toward Tracy, who is oversensitive and uncertain enough to be shaken by the rejection despite her love for Jerry. Is happiness to be snatched from Jerry Malone once more? CBS Radio.

**YOUNG WIDDER BROWN** Ellen Brown finds herself the victim of a death-bed promise made by her fiancé, Michael Forsythe, to his mother, as Michael's brother Gerald comes to Simpsonville and proceeds to behave in a way that can only bring new unhappiness to Ellen. Why did Michael make his mother the promise that prevents him from doing anything now to protect Ellen? Will he break his word to save her—or will he find another way? NBC Radio.

## Ted Steele

(Continued from page 41)

New England background, in a suburban community near Boston. His mother is one of those perfect homemakers, dedicated to home and family. Everything revolved around Ted's father, the breadwinner and the family head. As long as he lived, he made all the decisions. The boys, Ted and his brother, were satisfied with this until they got out on their own.

My background was quite different. Down in Montgomery, Alabama, where I come from, I got the idea that women always ran the home and made all the plans concerning it—probably because my mother was widowed when I was three and my sister only six months. Mother had been the "man" of our family as far back as I could remember. In our house, if the sink got stopped up, she fixed it. If the electric iron wouldn't work, she repaired it. She knew exactly what was in the family budget and how it could be spent. She ran the house, supervised our studies, our movie-going, our companions and all our activities. She inspected our fingernails and ears and told us what we could do and what we must not do.

It was something of a shock, therefore, to realize after our marriage that—while Ted was already deferring flatteringly to my business judgment (largely because of my agency background of good, solid experience and the managerial ability he seemed to have faith in from the outset)—he expected to make the home decisions, certainly the major ones and even what I considered minor ones. It seemed like a complete switch from the usual husband-and-wife arrangement, although I have since met many men like Ted who are literally the head of the house—and many wives like myself who are satisfied to have it that way.

While our girls are each as much individuals in their own right as their daddy and myself, they adore their father and have the greatest respect for him. Because he has always wanted the best for the children—which in his opinion includes country living—and because we also love the country, in the summer of 1947 we bought a farm near the little town of New Hope, in Bucks County, Pennsylvania. Buying that farm is something I am proud of having strongly influenced, even though it was Ted, of course, who made the final decision. We had been staying nearby with some friends, temporarily, and Ted, as always, was haunting the cattle auctions. He couldn't resist buying a few calves and heifers, even though he had to board them out, and he was trying to rent the barn on our farm when the caretaker suggested he take over the whole place.

Ted laughed off the idea, not feeling at all ready financially to assume the purchase of such a property, but he made the mistake of mentioning it to me jokingly, and we drove over just to look. Or so we thought! I got out of the car and walked toward the door of the fine old Pennsylvania Dutch farmhouse and knew, before I went in, that this was for the Steeles.

"I might have known it," Ted said later. "I might have known you're a girl who always believes you can make a deal for anything you think is important to us." It was important, and with Ted's help I did make a deal that was satisfactory to everyone. And one of the first things I did after we moved in—with one lamp and some borrowed beds—was to tack up my favorite motto: *You can do anything you want to do.*

That's how we started Celebrity Farms, 100 acres now, with 400 more which Ted rents for growing feed and other crops. Stocked with 100 head of pure-bred



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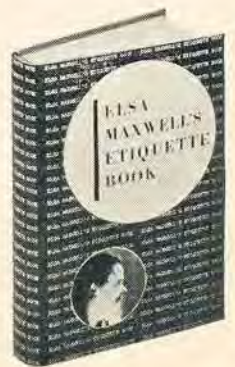
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Guernseys that are my husband's greatest interest outside his shows and his family. The girls love the farm, too, as their father knew they would. Sally, eleven, is inclined to be chubby, but is bursting with energy and climbs everything in sight, plays hockey and football and baseball. Sue, twelve, doesn't mind when we call her Suzy Stringbean because she knows it's a term of endearment and a compliment for her lovely, budding figure, so tall and slim. Her daddy is a tall man, 6'2", and Suzy is very like him, with the same ash-blond hair and gray eyes.

In spite of Sally's love of outdoors and action, she is turning into a fine housekeeper and cook—although she puts herself on a self-imposed diet of no "seconds," desserts only on weekends, one Coke a week, and a salad to start every meal. (We all have to watch our weight, except Suzy, and Sally sets us a good example.)

Sue is our reader, and she loves to sew, but she, too, is active in such projects as the Girl Scouts. The greatest contrast between the girls is in the way they keep their room and their personal possessions. Sue isn't interested in detail and is careless about putting things away. Sally is immaculate and meticulous about everything. Since they share a bedroom and use the same dressing table and the same bath, you would think Sue would get more neat or Sally less so, but it hasn't worked out that way—yet!

Their daddy is so fastidious and neat that it has taken him quite a while to understand that a house can't be kept perfect if you have children and pets—and you want everyone to be happy and comfortable. He now admits, with some resignation, that there will always be pets running around the place and that children can't always remember to straighten up a room after they have been playing in it. We have two dogs and about thirty cats, only two of whom are allowed in the house—one we call Mama and one the children named Studebaker. One of the dogs is George, a female cocker spaniel inappropriately named by Ted. (George was a gift to him on a television show. We were giving a dog away to a viewer every week and, when this puppy was brought in, she made a great fuss over my husband, chewing the carnation in his lapel, licking his ear and his hair. Ted fell for it, of course, said, "Here George, you're the one I want for myself." The donors of the dogs were delighted to have the puppy choose Ted, since they had been planning to offer him one. And the name stuck.) Ching, my Pekingese, was shown on the animal segment of our present television show—a segment in which I appear—and, this time, I fell in love with the cute little thing. The children misunderstood his name and call him Sing, but both dogs answer to any call—especially if they think food is involved.

I have an outdoor aviary with about 200 parakeets. There have been other birds—a dwarf parrot whose chattering kept Ted from ever getting a nap after he came in from working on the farm, and some love birds, also too noisy, so I had to give them up. I must say that Ted has been a very good sport about my birds, especially when I let a few of them fly around the house. If he still winces at times at the confusion, he does a good job of hiding it.

He certainly did wince—visibly and audibly—when I started to chip away part of our dining room wall, with the idea then of making an indoor aviary. That room is part of the original farmhouse, which dates back to the late seventeenth century, though other wings have been added at twenty-five- or thirty-five-year intervals and the one housing Ted's study is quite modern, built only a few years before we bought the place.

I had told Ted I was sure I could chip away a part of the inside wall to hollow out a niche for an aviary. He seemed satisfied but warned me to take it easy. I blithely started to rip out old wood and plaster, and came to a second inside wall—the original one, I was sure. When Ted came home and saw how far along I was, he just about blew his top. I didn't blame him. I was a little scared myself at what I was doing, but I kept chipping away with a screw driver and hammer and finally got down to what I suspected was the original stone. By this time, I was convinced I could take out some of the smaller stones on the inside of the thick wall and at last have that niche I so much wanted. Ted looked worried all over again at this point, but he began to tap the wall and decided I might be right. He wasn't completely convinced, but I carried him along on my enthusiasm—knowing perfectly well I was in for it, if I made any mistake. (What man would ever let a wife hear the end of a thing like that!)

The result, however, was beautiful. I got out just enough of the crumbly old mortar and the smaller stones to make a sort of picture-window effect—about eight feet by five, backed by the old wall—and it now frames an arrangement of plants, because we decided the birds belonged outside. During the holiday season we fill the niche with evergreens and holly and mistletoe.

The Christmas holidays are very special at our house, anyhow. For the first time since the girls have been old enough to appreciate it, Christmas is a day at home for us this year. When it doesn't fall on a Saturday or Sunday, Ted and I always have to work, so in previous years we have celebrated on the Sunday preceding Christmas and had an extra celebration on the day itself, during whatever free time we could manage. Usually, on the Sunday before, we have opened our family presents only, had our big leisurely breakfast, with everybody dropping in and the coffee pot bubbling constantly and the orders of ham and eggs and bacon and pancakes and toast and jam coming along constantly. Later in the day we have had our big turkey dinner with all the trimmings, just as other people do on Christmas day. On the 25th—when we had to go to work as usual—we have all been up early to open the rest of the presents, from relatives and friends, to have breakfast together, and then, be off to the studio. Rather than considering all this a drawback, our girls have always felt especially privileged to have two Christmases, instead of the usual one. Yet it's nice for the family to be at home and together on Christmas and New Year's Day this year. Ted's mother comes for Christmas, but my mother has a plant nursery in Alabama and that's her busy time, so she has to visit later in the year. We have a big tree, and the children also adore the small one set up for the dogs.

If you have gathered that we have a happy household, all the Steeles would certainly agree with you. Ted and I have our differences, as most couples do. But neither of us likes an argument which gets out of bounds, and one of us always gives in before any quarrel gets to the point where things are said that will hurt and go on hurting. Perhaps this is the result of having known, always, that we intended to stick together, no matter what might happen, and therefore trying to understand the other's point of view.

We are really inter-dependent, and it's my belief that this is wonderful for any marriage. It is unthinkable to either of us that one could get along as well without the other, at home or at the studio. The man who runs a grocery (or any business) and whose wife stacks the merchandise on the shelves and helps wait on customers

will know what I mean, and so will the wife. Any couple who are closely related in their work, or in any program of activities, will agree with me, I am sure. Each knows something of what the other is going through, day after day. The wife who works alongside her husband, for instance, doesn't have to be told when business is falling off and cautioned to go easy on expenditures. In our case, whenever Ted lost a show in the past, he never had to come home and break the news. I was already figuring where I could save a few dollars on the housekeeping, or deciding to forget the new chair or the new coat I had been thinking about, until he got another show to replace the cancelled one. I feel this kind of close cooperation helps keep a marriage secure.

Before Ted packaged and owned his own shows, we always had to ask the powers-that-be at a station or the agency whether we could do certain things on the programs. But, a little more than a year ago, I finally prevailed upon my husband to become his own boss in these things, and that's the way his contract is now framed. It was part of Ted's faith in my judgment that he saw the light and came home one day and said so. "Now," he said to me, "it's up to you to go out and sell the package!"

As soon as word got around that Ted was leaving his former station, our telephone began to ring like crazy. One call came from WOR-TV, on a Saturday, and I drove out to where Ted was working in the field and told him we should talk it over and call them back. He got off the tractor long enough to listen and then hopped back on, saying he would discuss it at lunch, being very much Farmer Steele instead of Performer Steele. I went back to the house and typed up the list of things I knew we both wanted in any contract and, when WOR met our terms, we both felt his programs had found a fine home. He has a five-year contract which we hope will be renewed many times.

You have probably noticed that Ted always closes his radio and television shows with a hymn, something we have always wanted to do. We ourselves love hymns and feel sure there are many other people who find comfort and inspiration in them, as much on weekdays as on Sundays. We get great satisfaction also in taking only the sponsors whose products we believe in and are proud to be advertising.

People often tell Ted how lucky he is, but I know he has made most of his own good luck by working enormously hard, by fighting discouragement whenever it has got in his way, and by never being afraid to forge ahead and take some chances. He gives me credit for always being willing to take chances along with him. I have always felt that a wife who is worth her salt should put her husband's joy in his work and his peace of mind ahead of any so-called "security" that may turn out to be an unhappy situation for them both. When Ted has been really discontented in any job, I have told him to give it up and try something else.

His old friends, in particular, stress his luck. They mention the farm, the successful shows and the fine contract, the healthy, happy children and a wife who is interested in helping. Ted agrees with them, of course, admitting that he has been fortunate in many ways. I think of the effort he has put into the talent side of his shows, into the farm, into the home, and the effort I have put into the business management and all the rest of it, alongside of him. It all seems very worthwhile, however, when my husband turns to me after one of these comments from a friend, and adds his own. "Yep," he says, smiling at me with affection and understanding. "The harder we work the luckier we get!"

## Peter Donald

(Continued from page 50)

otherwise see or hear themselves in one of his after-dinner or TV performances.

Actually the sandy-haired Scotch-Irishman would never dream of doing an unkind or cruel characterization. His respect for people is too great. Peter's fondness for the human race stems from the fact that he has met so many different types and nationalities. From the age of ten months, he travelled all over the world with his parents, who were music hall performers.

"I had a Zulu warrior for a nursemaid in South Africa," he recalls, "lived through a tidal wave in the Indian Ocean, survived a plague of locusts in Australia, and tried to learn the Indian rope trick in Calcutta. I find people very much the same everywhere. Pretty wonderful, in fact. But you have to learn to understand them. Never make the mistake of trying to make them conform to your ideas."

Like a great many humorists and comedians, Peter Donald is basically a serious and thoughtful person. There's not a bit of the "laugh, clown, laugh" pose about him and life and people are not to be taken lightly in his book. For instance, when he is scheduled to make an after-dinner speech (he does almost as many banquets as George Jessel), he will go to the town or city a day or two ahead of time to get the feel of the place and to know the people. He learns what their interests are, what their prejudices may be. "In this way," he declares seriously, "I avoid stepping on toes or probing sore spots. It makes no difference whether I'm talking to a group of twenty or 8,000. They are people—not numbers—and it's my business to please them, to make them laugh. If I succeed," he continues, "that makes me happy."

Peter Donald takes to the stage like a duck to a pond. It's in his blood, his heritage from his parents. His father was born in the same Scottish village as the late steel magnate Andrew Carnegie—who financed his trip to America—and was "discovered" aboard ship by George Primrose, whose minstrel show was as famous in its day as any name band or top TV or movie star today. Peter's father was a tenor and sang his way around the world. He was with the famous Weber and Fields Company at the turn of the century and had supper with Lillian Russell. He also played with the Lew Dockstader Minstrels, the last of the large "blackface" groups to tour the big time. Peter's mother played the piano and sang a bit, so it was inevitable that some of the greasepaint should rub off on the youngster.

"When I was ten," Peter recalls, "I was living an almost normal life going to the Professional Children's School. But, one day, Noel Coward—who was casting for his famous operetta, 'Bitter Sweet'—came by the school and picked me to play a busboy in one of the scenes. That was twenty-six years ago, and I have never been far off stage since." It was impossible that his gift for dialect should remain undiscovered for long and, while he was still in his teens, he got into radio playing such parts as Ethel Barrymore's husband or Helen Hayes' father.

"What those distinguished ladies of the theater thought when they were confronted with a beardless boy, whose only talent was the ability to imitate any voice he heard, I cannot imagine," he laughs. "But anyway, they were very kind and probably put it down to just another eccentricity of radio—that upstart of the theatrical profession. However, I went right along imitating the voices of statesmen and other celebrities on *The March*



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Of Time, and found time to do a radio show called *Light Up And Listen*—which I wrote and emceed for the magnificent sum of twenty-five bucks a week. But," he roars, "that's not the half of it. On that show we had Dinah Shore, Dennis Day and, hold your breath—Hildegard—for eighteen dollars a week!"

In spite of the fact that Peter always loved a joke and has an enormous sense of humor, he never thought of himself as a funny man until, in 1940, he became emcee of the Senator Ford-Harry Hershfield radio show, *Can You Top This?* Here the panelists vied with each other in telling funny stories, and Donald's job was to set the pace by teeing off with a yarn which he usually built up as he went along. But it was as Ajax Cassidy, the irascible Irishman in "Allen's Alley," on the Fred Allen show, that he really came into his own as a comedian.

His present show is fun. "It's really a giant gag," he explains. "Our panel—made up of Ogden Nash, Ilka Chase and Buff Cobb, with a guest panelist—attempts to unmask our contestants, who are famous people dressed up in masquerade costumes. The costumes usually reflect either their name or their occupation and there is a verbal clue. For instance, Pee Wee Reese, captain of the Dodgers, appeared as Napoleon. You know, he's called 'the little Napoleon of baseball.' That's the way it goes. Herbert Wolf, our producer, is a genius at thinking up the disguises. The costume department does such a good job that sometimes I'm just as startled as the panelists."

Peter's humor is never turned off long and he roars with laughter at the recollection of the time that Broadway columnist Leonard Lyons and his wife Sylvia were guests. Sylvia was sitting in the costume

room, done up in a flowing garment and a long beard, when Peter rushed in for something. He forgot for a moment who was going on the show, and just stared. Sylvia Lyons looked up through tangled eyebrows and beard and said, "Oh, Peter! I didn't recognize you for a minute."

"That's what I like," he says, "somebody who can think fast."

Peter himself is no slow wit. His interest in everything is enormous. He buys and reads five papers a day, all the major magazines, and even finds time for a novel or two. "I learn by living," he says. "I never had time for college, so I've never lost my curiosity." His curiosity leads him into strange bypaths. He's a fire-buff, for one thing—a man who goes to every fire he can. In fact, he belongs to The Fire Bell Club, a group of men interested in the science of fire-fighting, who receive alarms over short-wave radio. He carries an accredited badge and, if there is a big fire and things really get tough, he and the other buffs lend a hand wherever they can. He's an honorary fire chief in Chicago and other cities, and when he goes to these towns the local fire chiefs usually have the red carpet out for him.

There's something basically boyish about Peter. In some strange way, he's like a youngster who never had much time for play. His interest in fire-fighting is a small boy's projection of what he wants to be when he grows up. His passion for sports cars is another manifestation of a man who, as a boy, didn't have time for playmates or games. His pride is his Kaiser-Darren car done in pale green with matching leather upholstery.

Peter's apartment in Manhattan's busy Forties reflects his combined interests. There is a huge file of jokes—classified—although he says, "I seldom refer to it any

more." He has a dog—not any particular breed—just a dog. And there's a talking mynah bird brought him from Singapore by explorer Carveth Wells. In evidence are also a fire helmet and ax. For a showman and someone who has lived and breathed the theater for years, Peter shows small enthusiasm for show people. "I hate talking shop," he explains, "so I spend most of my time with business people. I hope to be in business someday myself. Of course, it will have to be allied with show business, but it will be away from the acting end of it."

Although *Masquerade Party* is his main stint these days, eight weeks a year he also subs for Don McNeill as host on the *Breakfast Club*. "I love it," he says simply. "The women are wonderful. They have a wonderful time, and so do I."

He at one time commuted back and forth from Chicago, with his portable typewriter in action both ways. He did a morning show in Chicago and an evening show in New York. "It was rugged," is his sole comment.

But, in his thirty-six years, he has traveled a million miles by air, plus countless miles by ship and train before air travel became so easy. It's no wonder that, at the drop of a hat, he'll be off for anywhere to make a speech or tell a joke. His whole life has been one of movement, here today and there tomorrow, meeting people, collecting new experiences.

"It's been wonderful," Peter says, "and I've been lucky. I like to think that I have been able to make a few people forget their troubles and have a good laugh. For, if you can laugh, you're all right."

There's not much chance of Peter Donald ever forgetting how to laugh—and his sense of humor has given him a balance and understanding he will never lose.

## How to Strike It Rich in 1955

(Continued from page 25)

Warren's thoughts ranged ahead to the changes these things would make in the lives of the contestants. He said, "None of them has yet had time to realize it, but they're going to find that the money they've won is less important than the fresh outlook 'striking it rich' has given them. For each, it means a new start."

"I think it is possible for people to 'strike it rich' even though they never set foot in the studio nor answer a call from the Heart Line To America. Drawing on what we've learned here on the program, I believe we've discovered some things which can help anyone—who wants to—lead a fuller, richer life."

There was conviction in his tone as he warmed to his subject. "I say this because I truly believe that the greatest need in America today is to strike it rich spiritually. So many people close themselves in, concerned only with their own immediate, material needs and dull themselves to what is happening around them. In losing a sense of responsibility to others, we've also dimmed our concept of the dignity of man. We forget that such indifference, such refusal to stand up for the right, on the part of people in Germany, let Hitler rise to power. The same thing can happen here."

He returned to the *Strike It Rich* program to illustrate his point. "You'd be surprised how many times our contestants are completely overcome by the Heart Line calls. They'll say, 'This is the first time we knew anyone cared what happened to us.'"

"I think that the best way to strike it rich spiritually is to try to strike it rich for someone else. Fully twenty-five per cent

of the people who come to our program seek to help someone else—and, do you know, it makes a difference in the way they answer the questions? Time after time, I've seen such people overcome their nervousness and come up with the answers."

He recalled with appreciation a few of the persons who had done this. "There was the man who wanted to 'strike it rich' for a church where he had found a lasting religious experience. A nurse in Los Angeles turned up asking for a TV set for the patients in the ward she served. A baseball scout wanted money to help a promising youngster who, if he had some corrective surgery, had a good chance to achieve the big leagues."

What happens after such contestants do "strike it rich"? Warren had a story for that, too.

"You'd be surprised at some of the things which result. At the time of our seventh anniversary last summer, we heard again from Mrs. Kathleen Scanlon of Paterson, New Jersey. Originally in 1952, she had come to us asking for a chance to win the money to buy a bathtub. Her five-year-old daughter, Candy, had had polio and needed whirlpool treatments. She won three hundred and twenty-five dollars and there were numerous Heart Line calls."

What happened next was enough to thrill any giver who had a part in it. Warren said, "Last summer, Mrs. Scanlon told us that new doors seemed to open everywhere. In thanking the people who contributed Heart Line gifts, the family made many new friends. Today they have a new home with a big back yard for Candy to play in. The child has grown tall and

lovely in her new surroundings. She plays with other children and attends school. Mrs. Scanlon said she set out merely to get a bathtub for Candy and, to her surprise, found a new lease on life."

Aside from *Strike It Rich*—which can take only a thousand contestants a year—where can people find a means to help others and find those who need such help?

Warren had an answer for that, too. "The first place to look is right in your own back yard," he advised. "You know, we human beings are wonderfully versatile and woefully incomplete, all at the same time. We need to cooperate, and we need cooperation. Your friends may not be in the desperate straits of some of the people you see on our program, but there's always something you can do to make their lives more pleasant. Maybe you can bake, and a friend would appreciate a plate of home-made cookies. Maybe you can show an interest in a youngster who's on the brink of delinquency. You get the reward of having your talents appreciated. None of us was meant to exist alone. It's fun to give each other a helping hand."

That should be the beginning but not the end of one's reaching out, he indicated. "There isn't a church or a synagogue in the country which couldn't use a few extra members who are willing to put their religion to work," he said. "That's the easiest way to strike it rich spiritually. Your own worship and the church's organizations can lead into a whole realm of new, enriching experiences. Church organizations, because they can operate informally, on the basis of need rather than red tape, have always been a community's first line of defense against the kind of sudden dis-

aster which can strike any family. There's many a person who got a fresh start because of some Ladies' Aid."

Another phase occurred to him. "If you want to look at the financial aspect for a minute, have you ever handed your minister a few dollars and told him to use it wherever he thought it would do the most good? Ministers of all faiths are always being called on to give some personal help which wasn't foreseen when the church budget was made up. Ministers often make such appeals to us, on behalf of someone they can't take care of—and, believe me, they get careful consideration."

The satisfaction of being able to give personal service is one of the fullest rewards which work for a church can offer, Warren pointed out. "Have you ever realized that a church can use almost any talent you have? If you can sew, there are church fairs and charities which need your help. If you can keep books, there are treasurers' jobs which need filling. If you know about football or baseball, there are youth groups which need counselors."

He recalled a personal incident where a church had made him feel that he himself had "struck it rich." "Last year, the Roxborough Methodist Church in Philadelphia put on a series of meetings which they called Television Evenings, and invited me to speak. As it turned out, my sons Paul, who is in the Air Force, and George, who is in college, were able to go with me. I talked and played the trumpet, and we all sang. The audience loved it, but I can tell you I got an even bigger thrill from being able to stand up and sing with two of my boys."

Since striking it rich in any fashion implies suddenly enjoying a bounty which you did not previously have, it obviously requires a "something extra" to achieve it. Here, too, Warren had some practical suggestions.

"Every human being possesses the same asset which is always dramatically shown by our contestants—the ability to change and grow, to strive for a new horizon."

He had a practical suggestion to stimulate such growth. "To get things started, you might try asking yourself the same questions we ask our contestants. First, you determine *how* you want to strike it rich. Set a goal you can achieve. Make it definite and not too difficult. Once you've reached it, it will open up new goals and you'll find you will have gained the strength to tackle something tougher.

"Next, ask yourself what talents you possess which will help you attain your goal. Don't be afraid to utilize those abilities which normally you keep half-hidden. They may be the very things which turn the balance for you or give you the greatest pleasure.

"Finally, look around to discover how you can best employ your ability to help someone else. Your minister can tell you what jobs need doing in your church. Hospitals need a great variety of volunteers. And don't forget that your own friends often can use a little assistance. You can fill a need. You can make someone else happier. You can enrich another's life."

Will such a personal *Strike It Rich* project be worth the effort?

Warren Hull thinks so. "The most frustrating thing which can happen to any human being is to feel that no one wants or values his talents. Your own life expands as you find more ways to use your abilities, more people to enjoy them. Instead of repeating that old saying, 'Give till it hurts,' recognize what you're going to gain. Revise it to: 'Give until you feel good.' When you've done that, you'll know that spiritually you've struck it rich."

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## Millie's Mama

(Continued from page 34)

new baby sister or brother in her tummy." With that report, they begin to feel that their discovery is somehow responsible for the new baby—and it immediately becomes as much *theirs* as yours.

But, one day after our explanations, two dozen new diapers came in from the department store. I showed them to Georgie, proudly thinking that our preparing her this way was a good idea. Then I asked her, "Georgie, what would you rather have—a baby sister or a baby brother?"

She thought a moment—paying no attention to the diapers—then said: "I'd like a baby crocodile!"

I'll admit I was thrown; I didn't know how we were going to get past *this*!

Of course, we carefully prepared Georgie for the first day that little Benita Lee (Beany) and I came home from the hospital. We didn't want Georgie to think that Beany was displacing her in our affections. At the same time, we wanted Georgie to feel that Beany, though she was unable to show much affection, loved her older sister very much. We made sure Georgie understood that Beany was glad to see her: When we brought in Beany, we also brought in a shiny new bike—from Beany to Georgie.

Was there rivalry between the two children? Of course. Every new baby takes up time. The attention Beany now receives had in the past gone to Georgie—she had been the queen bee for some time. We tried to get around this by not breaking into Georgie's schedule. Today we still do the same things together that we had done before Beany was born, and at the same time of day.

In trying to make it as easy on Georgie as possible, we followed her old routine. Every morning she comes up to my room and says, "Hi," before going down to breakfast. Then, after breakfast, I make up her "pony-tail," and drive her to school. In the afternoon, when I come home from the studio, we usually have a little project going, such as watching TV, or playing house or "Rockaby." The latter is a watered-down version of "London Bridge." Georgie stands up on the bed and we hold hands and sway back and forth. When we get to the part, "Down we go, Georgie," I give her a shove. She never knows when it's coming, so she bounces up and down on the bed three or four times—which she just loves. All this, of course, takes time. But you have to make this time, in order to receive the love of two children instead of only one.

But, of course, Georgie wants extra recognition and attention when she finds me devoting time to Beany. I'll never forget the time she caught me feeding the baby. "What are you doing?" she said.

"I'm feeding Beany."  
"Well, where's Krupp?" (Krupp is the baby's nurse.)

"Krupp is off today," I said. "Everybody has a day off. Mary, our housekeeper, has a day off; Krupp has a day off; and today is Krupp's day off."

She thought about this for a minute, then right out of the blue exclaimed, "Did I ever show you how I rock on my rocking chair!" And, with much commotion, she proceeded to drag the chair in and started to rock back and forth. She wanted to attract attention. Needless to say, this is one way to get it.

In every way possible, we try to reassure Georgie that she's not left out. One way we've found to include her in the family is to give her some responsibility with Beany. When Beany cries and Georgie hears it, we are to get a full report from her. This makes Beany the "baby" and

Georgie, going on five, the "big girl" now.

It's become a big thing whenever Beany cries. "Ugh!" says Georgie. "Beany's crying, I never cried when I was a baby!"

"Oh, yes, you did," I reply. "Daddy cried, I cried, we all cried when we were babies."

"Oh, no," she insists. "I never cried. . . ."

By having Georgie report Beany's cries, we've made it into a first step in teaching her responsibility. However, since Beany cries every time she's hungry, Georgie's attitude has almost become: "If it weren't for me, that baby would never eat!"

My husband George and I have found that children take younger brothers and sisters one of two ways: They either revert back to their childhood, getting down on all fours and demanding a bottle, or they take it as Georgie does—so grown-up.

In fact, Georgie's such a big girl now that she said to me, a few days ago, "May I have your furs and your jewels when I go out on my dates?"

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"Oh," she said, "I'm going with Jimmy (our neighbor's son) to Romanoff's and then to a movie. You don't have to come along to chaperon, you know, because Jimmy's mother will drive us."

You know, as parents, we sometimes forget how we felt at that age. I remember that my older brother Billy was always kind to his younger sister (me). In fact, he was responsible for getting me my first job. Billy had a wonderful singing voice, so friends suggested that our mother take him to a radio station in New York. She did and, before long, Billy had a spot on Nila Mack's show, *Let's Pretend*. Since nobody was left to "mind" me, Mom used to drag me along, too.

By practicing on my dad's law books, I learned to read at a very early age. One day at Billy's show, a young girl failed to show up. Billy said, "My sister is here—she can read. . . ." And that's how I got started.

When Billy came to Hollywood to do the movie version of "Dead End," I came along, working first in radio and then in the "Nancy Drew" series with Bonita Granville. Later I made some pictures at Universal-International. Then I quit show business and started studying law.

Ever since I was a little girl, I'd wanted to be either an actress or a judge. My

mother kept reminding me of that fact, so I finally quit acting to give the law a crack. I stayed in law school two and a half years. But, when Billy went into service, I wanted to do my share. I started entertaining at camp shows, with Kate Smith, Kay Kyser, and others—and soon found myself back in show business.

Then I met George, who was an executive with the William Morris Agency. He asked me for a date over the phone, during a rehearsal with a director who hated interruptions.

George said, "Uh . . . uh . . . uh . . ." for so long it sounded like a busy signal. But he finally got it out: "Miss Halop, would you care to go to the beach?" A year later, I married the man. (Do you think husbands are sentimental? I later received a gold locket inscribed with what I consider ten cherished words: "Miss Halop, would you care to go to the beach?")

Georgie—Georgianna Duffy Gruskin—was born February 6, 1950. Ed "Archie" Gardner is her godfather and Joan Davis is her godmother, so she's got to be a comedienne. Seriously, we don't have any plans for her. I don't believe in that. If she wants a show-business career, it's up to her. But I do want Georgie—and Beany, too—to grow up normally and have fun as children. So often, youngsters are forced into theatrical careers and they don't really like it—it makes old folks of them before their time, and there's nothing sadder than a child who's missed his childhood. Billy and I were never forced into acting. We were never forced into anything. But we wanted to perform—we were both hams from the word go!

In fact, I loved acting so much that I worked right up to the day before Georgie was born. At that time I was doing "Miss Duffy" on *Duffy's Tavern* and also playing a character called "Hot Breath Hallihan"—a real wild gal—on the Jimmy Durante show. No one knew I was pregnant. I borrowed all my girl friends' mink jackets, which covered me like a blanket.

I had a wonderful time carrying Georgie. Never had a minute's ache or pain, and she was born very fast. I was supposed to be at an eleven o'clock rehearsal of the Durante show, but I had Georgie at nine-forty-eight, instead. It was all very wonderful—and surprising.

With Beany, I worked up until the week before. But I didn't have any problems on *Millie*—because, as "Mama," I wear padding. As the final months went by, all I did was take away some of the stuffing.

To get back to the children, my husband George is a great help—especially in regard to Georgie and keeping up our B.B. (Before Beany) schedule. We have "Daddy-and-Georgie day"—that's Sunday, when I study my lines and they trot off to the park or zoo. And Saturdays, after two o'clock, we have a "family day," when we all go off to the beach together. Mondays, I take Georgie to school in the morning; after I come home from the studio, we watch TV together and then she's off to bed. Tuesday, I just have time to come in to say good night. Wednesdays, I have my hair done in the morning, but I have that afternoon with her. Thursday is my housekeeper's day off, and Friday is my nurse's day off, so those two days we're together at home.

I really don't feel I take too much time away from the girls. I don't go to bridge clubs or out to luncheons. I spend every spare minute with Georgie and Beany. I admit, I have to work at it. But it's worth it, for I've found that you can't measure the love of two children by the hours on the clock—or any other mathematical system in this world.

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## Every Girl a Fashion Queen

(Continued from page 48)

ask me: "Miss Cagney, you're the fashion expert—tell me, how can I make myself beautiful? How do I know what fashions are for me?"

My answer always sounds like three-part harmony: First know yourself; second, know what you'd like to be; and third, take steps toward that goal.

But the first step is the most important: *Know yourself.* Who are you? What are you? What are you capable of? What is your personality like—cooperative, agreeable, understanding, introspective, active, feminine? What are your beautiful points?

For to be in fashion is to be yourself! I didn't always know this. I didn't always know what was best for me. The reason was because I hadn't looked deeply enough into fashion, I didn't know the significance of line, of color, or the meanings attached to ribbons, frills, and bows.

My difficulty was not confusion, it was over-purposefulness. I was, by gosh, going to be an actress! As an actress, I was interested in costumes, but for on-stage purposes only. When I was in Hunter College High School and Hunter College, I did plays all the time; I was busy and I thought I didn't have time to worry about fashion!

Costumes, on the other hand, were another matter completely! When I was on Broadway doing plays, there were always wonderful designers creating the costumes (Robert Edmond Jones, incidentally, did the ones for "The Ice Man Cometh"). And, when I was an ingenue in pictures at Paramount, Edith Head was supervisor of costumes.

My goal was to be a dramatic actress, and I was busy pursuing this goal: I played leads on Broadway; did stock every summer; played leads in pictures like "Time of Your Life" and "Quicksand." No time for clothes—or so I thought. My brothers, Jim and Bill, tried to straighten me out on this. It was my brother Bill, a producer, who tried to give me the proper slant on clothes—he tried to drive home the fact that they were a reflection of the inner person.

So, in trying to apply what Bill told me, I began taking a course under Edith Head. Then, as I studied in the class, I realized my errors—though I loved fancy clothes, they were not right for me.

I learned from Edith what "dressing the personality" means: when she does a costume, it is for character. Rather than over-laying it on the top, she works from the heart.

Before meeting Edith, I hadn't looked deeply enough into fashion. I'd get lost in a bow or a pretty ribbon, instead of looking at the over-all line of the dress and what it meant: A short high line, for example, suggests an ingenue, whereas a tailored line suggests more definition in a character.

In designing for motion pictures, it was Edith's job to bring out the individuality of her characters with clothes. The fact that she does it consistently is proof that you can do it, too—with practice. I can remember one picture in which Edith achieved seven different personality effects with the one leading character. It was "Affairs of Susan," with Joan Fontaine, in which Susan dressed for the mental picture of herself which she thought each of her seven different beaux held. It was a four-de-force in design. She was a prim school-teacherish gal, a siren, an ingenue, a chic woman of the big city, etc. And she did it all with clothes and accessories—the prim character, for example, seldom wore jewelry, but the siren literally jangled!

In dressing our own characters, Edith

taught us to plan. One exercise we used illustrated how we could make five costumes from one basic dress (this is especially good practice for the career girl). The basic dress then took the girl to the office in the morning to work, to lunch at the Ambassador, to tea in the afternoon with her boss, to dinner at the Moulin Rouge and, finally, to the theater.

There's no magic to it—all the changes can be carried in a hat box: Collar and cuffs for the morning at work—a sweater at lunch—take off the sweater, add a jacket, carry a muff!

It's a challenge to make the entire ensemble portable—an essential challenge, for a career girl. But a housewife can benefit from the planning, too. Try making your grocery shopping, downtown department-store trip, luncheon, bridge party and tea, all in one basic dress—with hat-box changes.

You'll also be surprised how much money you can save by planning your annual wardrobe. Edith Head made the following suggestion: Make a little "match stick" sketch of every dress in your wardrobe and make every possible costume change with it. Then plan your purchases around some basic color and combination of outfits that will give you a maximum number of changes.

You may not wish to go to the trouble of making the stick drawings (believe me, it's not hard, I've had no artistic training either). But, if you have a basic gray outfit, for instance, here's another idea that may save you time and money: Do some window shopping. Pick out the "hot" colors for the season, then get a scarf in this outstanding fashion color, a bolero, a nosegay of flowers, or a pair of bright shoes. This year, the colors are orange and purple. I don't generally suggest using three colors at once—though some designers do—but gray and orange are nice together, and so are gray and purple.

Don't let the shopping for accessories be "random." This is where people waste money. They go into a store, see a pretty striped sweater, a gay string of beads, and just buy. Don't buy on impulse! Make your plan and stick to it. Otherwise, when you get home, you may find there's absolutely nothing in your wardrobe to wear with your pretty new sweater!

In your planning, think of color. It has a lot to do with your personality. The darker shades speak for a more introspective individual. Or there may be a special reason for a dress—a wedding, for example: Of course, the bride will be in white, but her mother will look best in a soft, subdued shade, perhaps dusty rose.

The lines of a dress can also help you with your apparent size: Vertical lines tend to make you look taller; horizontal lines help you look wider. Colors, too, change your apparent size: Light, bright colors make you appear larger; dark colors make you appear smaller.

One last note about dressing for your own individual personality: Have patience. Every season, there's a new line of clothes. Some manufacturers carry a wide range of lines, others specialize. You may not find the particular item for you at first look, but patience—somewhere along the way you will find a manufacturer whose dress or suit is best adapted to you.

You know, recognizing the individuality in the personality of others, is an important part of living, too. In fact, I think it is one of the most important attributes of personality—accepting other people for what they are, not being critical, but being understanding of them as individuals. I think it was this one thing that began to develop

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respect and affection between my step children, Patience and Charlie, and me.

I treated them as individuals. They responded, in turn, with their love and understanding.

But let me go back to the beginning: Toward the end of 1951, I was working every day at the Assistance League with a group of pre-school children. In order to understand them better, I was taking some child development courses in the Education Department at UCLA. I was, by gosh, going to concentrate on the children—the woman in charge of the League thought I should have a kindergarten credential—and I therefore purposefully avoided the Arts Department.

Then, one night, I just happened to drop in, with a friend, at a meeting of the ANTA (American National Theater Academy). I had no idea I was about to meet my future husband there. We were introduced:

"Jeanne Cagney, this is Jack Morrison—Jack teaches in the Theater Arts Department . . ."

He invited me to a production of "Midsummer Night's Dream"—and that was the start.

Jack had two children who spent weekends and summers with him. His daughter

Patience was ten when Jack and I met, and his son Charlie was five.

Patience was then going to the University Elementary School at UCLA, where she was surrounded with student training teachers from the University, and she very definitely knew the meaning of a fraternity pin. After eight months, Patience—losing patience—got awfully tired of the fact that we took so long making up our minds to get married. About a month before we set the date, Patience took Jack's fraternity pin, one night, and "pinned" me! Then she said: "All right, Daddy, the rest is up to you!"

Of course, we were pleased to see that the children were in favor of our marriage.

But being a stepmother presents some unique problems—the greatest being the developing of the love and affection of the children, of keeping harmony and happiness in a weekend, summer-holiday family. I feel that a key to this harmony is treating youngsters as individuals.

I almost started off on the wrong foot: I went shopping for some clothes for Charlie. But, when I brought them home, he turned up his nose. I was crushed. I didn't know if he didn't like me—or my selection. The next day, I asked Jack:

"What's the matter with Charlie, Jack? Do you know?"

Jack said, "Maybe he'd like to pick out his own clothes."

So he did! Charlie marched up to the pants rack, pulling out a brown cord two shades darker than the ones I'd picked out for him—I have to admit, the darker shade was more practical. Then he galloped over to the shirt counter, put his finger on a plaid flannel—which he later outgrew, but never wore out—and it matched the brown cords!

I've never tried to impose my choice on Charlie since. Needless to say, Patience also does all of her own shopping—and is a very well-dressed teenager!

In conclusion, let me repeat that, if you want to be in fashion, be yourself. This means, of course, that you must know yourself—you must know what you want to be—then, by planning, you must take steps in that direction. Finally, recognizing the individuality in the personalities of others, is an important part of living (and, if I may say so, an important part of fashion, too). For understanding others, accepting them, not being critical, will, I'm sure you'll find, fill your days with smiles. And a smile is always in fashion.

## When a Star Marries

(Continued from page 22)

New York is her adopted city, and she loves it, too—but for quite a while there had been this feeling of being tied to one place, and to a routine which was certainly pleasant but which she longed to change just a little.

Then, quite suddenly, she found herself a regular commuter by air across the 3,000 miles between the two cities—just as if that were the most usual and ordinary thing to do. Spending one week out of every three on the West Coast; the other two in the East. Traveling constantly between the seasonable cold and snows and storms of the Eastern seaboard to the contrasting summer temperatures and sunshine which prevail in Southern California. Also having a bit of a heartache each time at leaving her husband, Guy Sorel, and exchanging their cozy home for a lonely hotel room. And sacrificing several other good running parts on radio because of the new commuting schedule.

"It was a difficult decision," she says now, looking back on it. "It seemed unthinkable to me that I should give up playing Joan, being Joan, after all these years. And yet, there is this philosophy we share as women—the conviction that when you have a happy marriage you should cherish it, putting it first always, above everything else. Joan Davis has always done this. So have I. So has my husband, for that matter. Several times in our married life, Guy has turned down wonderful opportunities in his work as an actor on the stage, in films and on radio and television, because they might have separated us for too long a time.

"Now I was the one who was being tempted to disrupt our lives together. I began to wish I did some other kind of work—like being a writer, for instance, so it wouldn't matter whether I was in New York or Hollywood or any other place, as long as I carried my typewriter along. I began to think, wistfully, how an author had more freedom than actors." (Author's note: How little you know about us, Mary Jane. We have to stay on the job, too. We get tied to one place and just work, work, work. And we often get to envying you!)

Mary Jane and Guy had talked the whole situation over when the first news of the change came up. But they have a rule that

neither should ever interfere with the other's professional life, and that each should make independent decisions. "Talking to Guy helped me to see the pros and cons, however," she points out.

"We discussed the opportunity the commuting would give me to stop off occasionally at Flagstaff, Arizona, to visit my mother and sister who live there, and how much that would mean to me—how I could also continue to have visits with his mother during the six months she spends in New York each year. He reminded me of all the hours he and I would always have together. The frequent short separations seemed less and less formidable as Guy reassured me that the house would be well taken care of, and so would he."

Actually, that part of the problem had not loomed so large in Mary Jane's mind, because of Camille Martin. Camille came to this country from Paris with Guy's family when Guy was only four months old, and she has taken care of him and cooked for him all his life. "There is no one quite like her for either of us now," Mary Jane says. "She is part of our family, a superb cook, a devoted worker. Besides, my husband is efficient around a house, more so than I am, and a much better cook himself than I have ever been. But not much of a dishwasher—manlike, he leaves that part to me!"

Mary Jane got some wise advice, too, from Ethel Wilson, who plays her mother in *When A Girl Marries*. Ethel was one of the first in whom Mary Jane confided back in 1945, when she and Guy were planning to be married. Ethel had said to her then, "There is one thing you will have to remember. In our business, you will be called upon to make decisions which many other women never have to make, women who are not actresses married to men in their same profession. Decisions that King (her husband, King Calder) and I have had to make many times."

Ethel had told Mary Jane about their rule never to be separated for too long a time, no matter how good the professional opportunity was that presented itself. How each at times had taken minor roles, in order to be near the other. How she had left some excellent radio programs in order to go on tour with her husband, rather than hold him back or stay alone in

New York while he traveled the country.

"Because Ethel and King are one of the happiest couples I have ever known," Mary Jane recalls, "I decided then that this was the way it would be with Guy and me."

"There are some things about my decision that all women will understand, whether or not they have careers of their own which might sometimes conflict with a husband's job, or even if they have no interests at all outside the home. Many home women who read this may have had to make similar decisions which involved change and sacrifice—decisions to move to another city because of better schooling or better opportunities for the children, or because the husband was transferred to different work, or some such thing. These women will agree that any personal sacrifice we make in order to go on doing something that is close to our hearts—whether it's playing a beloved role, as in my case, or making a change for the family good—can never upset us too much, if only it does not bring hardship to anyone we love."

"Once I had settled that in my own mind, there were only such practical considerations as the kind of wardrobe I would need for my shuttling back and forth all season from winter to summer climates and back again." She smiles and adds, "I did worry a little about who would shush Lettie, my Cairn terrier, when she got to barking noisily while Guy was trying to concentrate on a script. But he assured me he would quiet her down and take her for the daily walks which are usually my special job."

"I settled the clothes problem by deciding to get some thin suits, warm enough to combine with a sweater and sturdy topcoat for boarding a plane in the coldest New York weather, and comfortable enough to arrive in Hollywood on a warm, sunlit day. And some comfortable lightweight dresses for the days when even a thin suit is too much. As it is, I carry only one bag back and forth and it's still a struggle to decide what to take and what to leave of my two-season wardrobe!"

"Who am I, however, to make a fuss about such small inconveniences? I am really having my cake and eating it, too. I have had wonderful visits with old friends. My family had moved to Holly-

wood from St. Louis when I was five, because my father had new opportunities there as a leading man—my mother was a singer, and managed a theater, and Hollywood then was a mecca for theatrical families such as ours. I had been in motion pictures as a youngster and had left them to concentrate on being a schoolgirl—then, after graduation from Hollywood high school, had started in radio. It was because of radio that I had gone to New York in the first place, with my family's blessing, ambitious to do just what I finally achieved—to play the star role in a daily dramatic serial.

"I remind myself frequently of the blessings this commuting has brought me—the joy of renewing these cherished friendships, of seeing the Western mountains and desert I love, while still enjoying the thrill of the changing seasons of the East, the new green and pastel flowering trees and shrubs in the springtime, the glorious foliage of the fall. I remind myself that I still have my boat, always waiting in Long Island Sound, a 32-foot cruiser which sleeps four people and is really our 'summer home.' Guy and I first met, you know, when a mutual friend brought him to visit on the boat, and I sometimes marvel that, not caring too much for being on the water, he was willing to marry me—boat and all—and try to work up some of my enthusiasm for a sea-faring life!

"There have already been times when, alone in Hollywood, I have been homesick for my husband, and I have come away from talking to him on the phone and wanted to catch the first plane back. There will be other times like that, I know. Then I remind myself how lucky I really am. There will always be our special holidays together. New Year's Eve—and January 13, which is our wedding anniversary day. Our birthdays, or a day very close to them which we can celebrate.

"I remind myself also how lucky I am to go on doing a role I love, that of Joan Davis—remembering how close I came to miffing my first chance to play her. I had been in New York about two years, doing well in radio, but still waiting for a starring role in a dramatic serial. The great day came, and I felt completely ready for it—although, of course, a little scared now that the moment had arrived. I came into the studio and sat quietly in one of those metal folding chairs, unbuttoning my jacket because the room was warm. Outwardly calm, I was alert for my cue, and I got ready to stand up at the microphone to speak my first line—when I realized that the buckle of my jacket was caught firmly in the metal frame of the chair!

"Everyone in the control room stood up and looked apprehensive as I sat there, rooted to the spot. Fortunately, someone on the set saw my dilemma and was quick-thinking enough to pull me out of my coat—instead of waiting to pry the buckle loose—and to help me to my feet. In the excitement I dropped my script, and retrieved it just as I had to speak my first word. Did I say it was luck? I am sure it was more than that—it was my guardian angel watching out for me!"

Perhaps. You get the impression, however, that Mary Jane Higby is a girl who can meet any situation with courage and resourcefulness and that, somehow or other, she would have pulled herself loose from the unfortunate buckle and faced that microphone at the right moment, no matter what. You get the impression that, like Joan Davis, the girl she portrays, she is warmhearted and understanding enough to meet any unexpected change in her life—such as this newest one, which includes the fun and adventure of being a "commuting actress" and—at the same time—the abiding peace and joy of being a loved and loving wife.

## Kit Carson Finds His Mate

(Continued from page 58)

"I've heard that song before," said Bill. "I'll bet you a dinner you're back together in three weeks!"

Barbara started into the coach's office, saying over her shoulder, "I'll take that bet, but I think I should forewarn you, I'm a big eater!"

Three weeks later, Bill, a happy loser, took Barbara to dinner. For a period of seven months, the dinners became a weekly thing. However, they both pleaded disinterest in one another.

Barbara's letters home illustrated her "disinterest." She had been in the habit of writing her mother glowing descriptions of the boys she went out with. Many times her letters began: "This is it! I've met the man for me!"

But, in Bill's case, she wrote: "Don't worry, Mother, this isn't it! He's just a nice guy."

And Bill told all of his friends, "Oh, no—we're not interested in each other that way. She's just a nice kid."

Then Barbara made a brief trip home to Rockford, Illinois, to visit her parents. Wednesday, their usual dinner date, was Barbara's first evening on the train. As she sat staring at the passing telephone poles, they seemed like a giant picket fence racing to separate her from Bill. The longer she watched, the longer her face grew. A passing porter asked, "Anything wrong, ma'am?"

"Oh, no-o-o," said Barbara, sad-eyed, gulping back the tears. It was the first time she realized she was in love, how much in love with Bill.

Bill missed Barbara, too. When she re-

turned home from Rockford, he was waiting for her on the station platform.

"Oh, Bill!" she cried, falling happily into his arms. With this, the first chapter of their life, "Courtship," was under way.

The second chapter began a year later with their decision to marry. One day after work, they were sitting in Bill's car in front of the Hollywood Studio Club, where Barbara lived, discussing wedding plans.

"I'd like to go home to Rockford," said Barbara, "and be married in the little stone church where all of my friends have been married."

"A small wedding sounds good to me, too," said Bill.

"Yes, it would be sweet—our families, the little church, and a few friends."

But Barbara and Bill had to pay the price of fame. The day of the wedding, fourteen photographers arrived to take pictures of the bride and groom and the two hundred people who filled the church.

Barbara and Bill now laugh about their honeymoon. It was one of the fastest-moving chapters in their life together. When they left Hollywood, RKO gave them two months off. Bill, with the help of the AAA, mapped out a 6500-mile car tour. The trip was planned to hit all scenic spots from New York to Miami and back to Hollywood.

The day they were to start their trip, Barbara and Bill received a wire from the studio. "Picture upcoming. Please report back to Hollywood within next eight days!"

Barbara looked at Bill. "Eight days," she said. "There goes our honeymoon."

Bill looked at Barbara. "Oh, no it doesn't," he said. "We're going to make

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every inch of that trip just as we planned." And they did: 6500 miles in eight days!

Barbara wanted to highlight her honeymoon with pictures. She took a camera and twenty-five rolls of film. During their jack-rabbit hop across the country, they made a hundred additional stops for snapshots of the places they had planned to see and things they had hoped to do. At each picturesque spot, Barbara and Bill, camera in hand, each popped in and out of their car much like a jack-in-the-box.

At the end of the eighth day, they arrived home, beat and bedraggled, but proudly trailing their camera behind them.

"Well," said Barbara, "at least we have pictures to remind us of the honeymoon we missed."

"Yes," said Bill, "three hundred of them."

But the best-laid plans of Barbara and Bill Williams sometimes went wrong. The camera had a leak in the shutter—not one of the pictures came out. Says Barbara, "It was one of the biggest disappointments of my life."

The third chapter in the Williams' life should be entitled "Houses." When they returned from their hasty honeymoon, they moved into a small two-bedroom house in the San Fernando Valley. Like all newlywed couples, Barbara and Bill dreamed of a home they wanted to build themselves.

But it takes money to build, and at that time (1946) Bill's future was uncertain. As young-marrieds, he and Barbara didn't want to start their life together in debt. Then Barbara learned she was pregnant. With the expense of a baby facing them, their dreams of a home had to wait.

Jody was born in July, 1947. The three of them lived in comparative comfort in their two-bedroom home for the next three years. During this time, Barbara and Bill both free-lanced, working and saving as much money as possible toward their dreamed-of new home. When Barbara learned that she was expecting again, she and Bill knew they would have to have more room.

They took their courage in their hands and bought a lot, a half-acre on a corner near a public school. By the time young Bill arrived, the house was completed—but their funds were depleted. When the four of them moved in, there was no front lawn, no back yard, and very little furniture.

But the ingenuity of the Williamses almost surpasses even their good looks. Barbara took charge of the interior, while Bill tackled the exterior. From their first home they brought with them an eight-dollar chair and a ten-dollar couch which Barbara re-covered. She also made gray and yellow curtains, beige drapes and

chartreuse bedspreads. Bill, in turn, put in lawns front and back, leaving room for a future pool and the wing they hoped to add when their bank book was better padded.

Barbara and Bill's house and Bill's career as *Kit Carson* developed about the same time. "It was one of the longest chapters in our life," says Barbara, "the kind you think you'll never get through. We knew what we wanted in our house, but at first the living room looked so bare! In my mind's eye, I imagined what it would be like when filled with furniture. But I had to learn that you can't sit on a mirage."

For a few brief months when Bill first started *The Adventures Of Kit Carson* for Coca-Cola, he and Barbara felt as bare at heart as their living room was bare of furniture. One of Bill's friends says, "*Kit Carson* was a gamble for Bill. He'd rarely played cowboy parts. TV was new to him. And he had to compete with such already established stars as Roy Rogers and Gene Autry."

But the Williamses were not apprehensive for long. *Kit Carson* was an immediate success. Because of a minimum of violence and a devotion to historical fact, the program has been recommended by church groups and the PTA.

Bill is pleased with this support. Ever since he was a kid living in the hard heart of Brooklyn, he's wanted to combat delinquency and juvenile problems. As plain "Bill Williams," he's just another voice. But, as TV's clean-living *Kit Carson*, he's the voice of an army of 10,000,000. On television, he can reach more kids in a week than he could in a year—and they are influenced by what he has to say.

As an example of Bill's influence with youngsters, take a recent junior high school contest. The local board of education wanted to name a new school. The winner—the name the children mentioned most frequently—*Kit Carson*.

Bill loves children, and an entire book could be written about his and Barbara's. As Barbara has said, "When children arrive, the plot grows. You could devote a chapter just to the selection of their names."

With Jody, their first-born, they had agreed to name her Johanna (after Bill's mother) and Willa (after Barb's mother). Then, at the hospital, just before signing the certificate, Bill insisted they add "Barbara."

"She's got two names already!" said Barbara. "What's she need a third one for?"

"For you!" said Bill, and signed, "Barbara Johanna Willa Katt" (Katt is the

Williamses' legal surname).

Before the children were born, Barbara swore she would never resort to baby talk. She and Bill were happy when their second child was born a boy. "Of course, we named him William Junior after his father. William is a nice adult-sounding name and I was pleased. Resolutions, I suppose, were made to be broken. Today, I find myself calling him *Billy Boy*—and *Daddy Bill*!"

When Barbara was in the hospital with their third child, she determined they were not going to name *this* baby after anyone. The night before she signed the birth certificate, she lay awake thinking of a name. When Bill came to visit, she had one ready.

"By the way," she said, "is it okay if I fill in the certificate with 'Lauralee'?"

There was a brief silence during which Bill blinked his eyes in surprise. Then he said, "Well . . . yes."

"Is something wrong?" asked Barbara, ready to bulldoze through her nomination.

"No . . . no, it's okay, I guess," said Bill, not too enthusiastically.

"Well," said Barbara, wanting to be fair, "what do you want to call her?"

"Juanita—after your sister," said Bill with a hopeful look.

That's what Barbara had vowed she wouldn't do. Following a few seconds of awkward silence, Bill went home.

That night Barbara called home to wish Jody and Billy good night. "By the way," she said, "your new sister's name is Lauralee." Barbara swears Jody's reply was, "Ugh."

Upset with this reaction, Barbara spent another night writing names. The next morning she still wanted Lauralee and she knew Bill wasn't about to change his vote for Juanita; so she signed the certificate, "Juanita Lauralee."

"My first week home I told all of our friends that the baby's name was Lauralee. I heard Bill on the phone telling others it was Juanita. When the two names first got around, our friends must have thought we'd had twins!"

Barbara thought a nickname would solve the problem. She listened to the children, hoping she could pick one up. But they referred to the baby as "Boo," "Kitten," and "It," never repeating themselves.

Barbara, in turn, called the infant her "doll baby." Her visiting nephew couldn't say "doll baby." He could only say, "Da'by." "Da'by" is the name that's stayed.

"Da'by" was born December 22, 1953. Bill visited Barbara in the hospital on Christmas Eve. After he'd left, Barbara was feeling lonely and sorry for herself. She clutched the little baby to her breast, saying, "Well, there's no tree and no presents. But I've got you and you've got me, and we can celebrate Christmas together."

When Barbara went home a few days later, she found the tree and gifts waiting for her. She felt happy that the children had wanted to share Christmas with her. "So we had a second Christmas," she says. Then, looking at "Da'by," she continues, "I only hope the children don't expect this every year!"

Today Barbara and Bill's life still reads like a happy novel. Before "Da'by" arrived, Bill added the wing he'd left room for. Now Barbara says about the house, "As far as I'm concerned, this is home for the rest of our lives!" That closes the chapter on houses.

The chapter on children, though, has just begun. "Bill is a wonderful father," says Barbara. "He's so gentle. Of course, we won't know how successful we've been as parents until the youngsters are grown. It's a long way till that chapter's closed."

Until then there's only one thing missing to complete Barbara and Bill's "book of marriage." "That's the chapter on honeymoons," says Barbara. "Someday soon, we'll go back and do that one up right!"

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## We're Really Living!

(Continued from page 28)

And every night I was bathed in the glow of the footlights, had my ego buoyed up as it rode the crowd's warm wave of applause.

But what was there to look forward to when the theater lights went off? What did I do then? For months at a time I was three thousand miles away from my wife, children, and home; after the show, I had nothing except bare hotel room walls, a lonely dinner in a restaurant—and, the next night, another taxi to the theater.

That was the routine for years. There was Reno, New Orleans, Washington, New York; each a lonely carbon copy of the other city. True, every so many months, I might be lucky enough to find myself playing in Hollywood, my own home town—or I might just find two weeks between shows to race to the West Coast, laugh and play with my family for ten short days, and race back to the show again.

But was this living? No, it wasn't. It wasn't even existing. I might as well have been dead; and in the eyes of my family I was dead—for, in the days and months I was away from home, they had learned to live *without me*! That flashing neon sign may have announced to the world in general that here was a real, live and kicking Kenny Baker. But the time came when I realized it was simply a blinking, animated, neon headstone. Following me from city to city, that sign had become my ambulating epitaph.

So that night, about six years ago, I decided to make it read: "Kenny Baker, Appearing Nightly Where He Belongs—in his own living room with his wife and three growing kids."

And, if someone were to ask me today what living really is, I think I could tell them: It's a trailer vacation in the great North Woods; it's being a father to your sons—yes, and even being a boy again with them; it's evenings with a living room full of family; afternoons encouraging both sons and daughter with their problems; and it's a morning hymn around the breakfast table. That's *really living*.

But all wasn't sweetness and light when I gave up the roadshow footlights for my family. When I came home to play the role of father to my children, I received a shock: Since they were my children, I thought I could give them all kinds of advice and direction and, just by putting in the time, everything would turn out okay.

Unfortunately, I was wrong. When my son, Kenny, Jr., was in high school, I tried to point him in a certain direction. He was taking language courses, for example, such as Latin and French, and I thought he was capable of getting better grades than he showed.

Poor Kenny, Jr. was as unhappy as we were. He wasn't interested in Latin or French, and hence didn't put any time in on them. But, when it came to automobile mechanics, working on his car, or playing on the football field or in the swimming pool, that was something else again.

So what did we do with Kenny, Jr.'s problem? We did the only thing we knew how: We waited and we prayed—no pressure, nothing. We simply recognized that Kenny was a capable boy, that we weren't anything superior in the way of parents and that, if we gave our problem over to the Power from which all intelligence stems, the answer would be forthcoming.

And the answer did come: Somehow, someone suggested that Kenny take a series of aptitude and interest tests. I'd never heard of them but, in our experience, they have proven themselves both

scientific and worthwhile. The tests give a series of scores in different learning areas—for example, in language, mechanical, mathematical and reasoning abilities. We learned that Kenny was a capable boy (as we had confidently expected all along), but his best area was the mechanical-engineering field, *not in languages!*

What we had been doing was to force our young man into an area that didn't fit him. As a result, this force was destructive to his happiness—it made him feel inferior, a little rebellious.

But, as a result of the abilities tests, today he is doing well as an engineering student at the University of Southern California. He has been selecting his own courses, he has been happier doing it, and has been getting good grades. He's even in the Naval ROTC—a decision he made.

Fortunately for our younger children—Susie, 16, and Johnny, 12—we learned about our mistakes through our older boy, Kenny, Jr. We have discovered, for instance, that, while both youngsters enjoy music, they don't have the inclinations toward it that I had at their age. So there has been no urging on our part for one of them to "carry on the family name" in music.

They like music, yes. But they like other things better. Johnny, for example, has already shown the same aptitude and abilities toward structural engineering in which Kenney, Jr. had won his success. Sure, he plays the accordion and he studies it, too. But this is more of a joyful escape for him, something he likes to do once in a while. It's not the thing he wants for a vocation, and we are not foolish enough to push him in that direction.

We learn from experience, and both Geraldine and I learned from Kenny, Jr. that children can't be pushed. This has helped us with Susie and Johnny. As a result, Johnny is a happy twelve-year-old—actually, a happy young man. It's a pleasure to watch him grow, to develop. He has his studies, and they are at such a level that I can help him with them. We sing duets together; we go to ball games; we fish and travel in the trailer. In short, we have a close father-son relationship—again, this is *really living*!

And Susie, at sixteen, is quite a young lady now. She enjoys music, too, plays the piano well, but she has no wish to become an entertainer. Her main ambition is to be a successful mother and housewife. She's learning to cook and keep house. She and Geraldine are like two sisters with the chores around this place, and Susie is doing a good job learning the household skills.

So this is the family I came home to, six years ago. In that time I've watched the boys grow into young manhood, and my daughter become a young woman. Every summer of those six years we spent traveling together in our trailer to the national parks on our West Coast. Believe me, the time we've spent in Sequoia or the Big Sur, surrounded by the giant redwood trees, listening to the peaceful songs of the forest, have been moments when we knew we were near our God. And when a family shares this experience, I call that *really living*.

But some may ask the question: Did I retire from the entertainment world when I came back to Hollywood and my family? Of course not. I had worked in and around Hollywood for years before taking to the road—in fact, the first several years of my professional career were spent making auditions in the Los Angeles area.

I was born in California; so was my wife, Geraldine. We went to Long Beach Junior

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College together; she sat across the aisle from me in class. I went on a blind date one night with a pal of mine, and Geraldine, the pretty girl I'd been watching for weeks, showed up as my date!

I remember that first date: My pal and I were in a school minstrel show, and our girls were to come along to help us put on make-up. Geraldine spent the early part of the evening putting black cork on my face, so I could go out and sing, "Look down, look down, that lonesome road . . ." which, I might add, we've gone down together now for twenty-one years—not all of them "lonesome"!

Those audition years were finally topped with my first big break around 1932. I won a contest sponsored by Texaco which gave me a guest spot with Eddie Duchin at the Cocoanut Grove. This led to the Jack Benny Jello show (I still have a box with the signatures of all the cast on it), then the *Texaco Star Theater* and more radio shows, then motion pictures—"The Mikado," "Hit Parade," "The Harvey Girls"—and, finally, the Broadway production of "One Touch of Venus," with Mary Martin and John Boles.

For some time, while doing the road shows, I had been harboring the desire to

record an album of sacred music—hymns that people loved. So, when I came back to Hollywood, this was the first thing I turned to.

The results of these recordings were beyond all expectations: I heard from people all over the world—Saudi Arabia, New Guinea, Africa and Iceland. One woman sent some of the records to a deaf friend of hers in Indonesia. Later, that woman came to this country and visited us here at home. She hadn't heard a sound in years; but she went into the den, put her hands on the record machine, and nodding her head she said, "Beautiful—most beautiful music I've ever heard."

That was one of the most satisfying experiences I've ever had.

(Editor's note: It is only fair to mention that eight albums of sacred songs have been made under Kenny Baker's Ken-Art label. Most of the material has been turned over to the Christian Science Publishing Society for distribution. It was most rewarding to Kenny to hear that Army generals, chaplains throughout the Armed Services, and hospitals all over, have requested records of his sacred songs. And it is gratifying, too, for him to hear—as he does daily—from these organizations

expressing their appreciation for having Kenny Baker as their church soloist, in cases where groups could not afford to have a soloist as part of their church services.)

My experience with the sacred records had a sobering influence on my thinking—especially in regard to the field of entertainment. You know, with as much practice as I've had, it was easy to go out on a stage, to put on a show that would make people laugh. And this is definitely one important aspect of entertainment. But the records have helped show me that there is *something more* than mere entertainment. It's from this idea that our Mutual radio program, *The Kenny Baker Show*, arose. Besides the songs, the wit, wisdom, and helpful hints, we've hoped that there would also be something to *encourage and inspire* you, our listeners. That's the "little more" we'd like to leave with you.

Having left the roadshow footlights, I'd like to think now I've been a successful father in those six years. I know I've been a much happier man. I'd also like to think I've been successful in this final stage of my career. So, if you find you enjoy our program whenever you hear it, we hope you'll let us know. Your reply will certainly assure us that we are *really living!*

## Laughter across the Seas

(Continued from page 54)

Ask him that question today, and the answer is a story in itself.

They say that, behind every achievement, there lies a dream. And, no matter how great the achievement, the dream is even greater—deeper and more meaningful—for, behind the dream, is the *man*. . .

Robert Q. Lewis paused outside CBS-TV's Studio Sixty in uptown Manhattan, signed autographs and kidded with the waiting crowd. A car drew up, manned by his valet-chauffeur, Jack. Bob's briefcase and extra clothes were tossed in, helter-skelter. Jack hopped in beside them, Bob slid behind the wheel, and the crowd surged forward, calling their goodbyes.

One moment, everything was chaos. Sixty seconds later, Bob was gliding through the comparative calm of New York traffic. He smiled, remembering the smiling faces he had just left behind. Entering or leaving the studios was always something of a marathon. But, as Bob remarked, half to himself, "If they ever stop doing that, it'll scare me sick!"

The smile and the thought were still with him, as he entered the combination office and rumpus room on the second floor of his apartment. Years of hard work had gone into this moment . . . years in which he substituted for Arthur Godfrey, filled in wherever there was a likely spot on broadcasting schedules, hoped and dreamed about a show of his own. Then, when the big chance came . . . the months of planning, the long hours of auditioning a supporting cast, the excitement of rehearsals, actual showtime and the eagerly awaited audience reactions. They had all paid off. He was *in*.

It was time to relax, to enjoy the rewards of the long, steady struggle. Instead, a great restlessness came upon Robert Q. Lewis. He paced from rumpus room to bedroom, went downstairs, paced from living room to terrace, and back again. As he paced, the puzzle grew, became wearying.

Robert Q. Lewis was sitting on top of the world. But what had he really been seeing of that world recently, with his own working world bounded by Madison Avenue, the studios and offices? Where was the full, deeper meaning of the dream which had started it all? Who, indeed, was Robert Q. Lewis, the man behind that dream? . . .

It was an unheard-of action for Bob, of all people. But, for the first time in his career, he arranged for someone—Jack Paar—to replace him for a month. He called a steamship agency. Next day, he sailed for France.

The crossing was uneventful, though restless. Bob sat for hours in his deck chair and contemplated the vast reaches of the Atlantic. But he found no answer there. Or in his own mind, either. And Paris was as gay as he'd remembered it—but too light-hearted to promise any solution of his personal puzzle. He went to Rome.

Here he suddenly discovered—once he had registered at the Excelsior and investigated a cafe or two—that, apparently, half the people he'd ever met or known were in the city. They were making pictures, or they were negotiating contracts, or they were awaiting an audience at the Vatican, or they were merely there because Rome was now the Place-to-Be.

And here, in the old yet ever-new Eternal City, Bob Lewis began to find the answer that he sought. It all happened so naturally that he hardly had time to realize his discovery. There he was, surrounded by people—first, the colorful crowds of complete strangers, then old friends unexpectedly met and new friends made on the spur of the moment. He began to relax and, at the same time, find new energy for greater activity.

In the beginning, of course, there were the phone calls from people he hoped to know—and people who hoped to know him. There were notes and invitations—specifically, one asking him to appear on a TV show which was what might be called the Italian equivalent of our *Welcome Travelers* program. Bob made the most of it, truly "having a wonderful time."

"If you think there is confusion on the American TV screen," he says, "you should see what happens on an Italian one! The Latin temperament doesn't lend itself to relaxed, routine procedures. And the young guy in charge of this show, named Mike Bongiorno, does as many shows in Italy as Godfrey does here."

Bob entered the melee with all his newfound confidence and spirit. When Bongiorno asked him what he thought of Italian women, Bob said: "Italian women make Jane Russell look like a boy" . . .

and that comment, in a flash, did it!

The newspapers had a field-day with that one. By the next morning, all Rome knew who Robert Q. Lewis was. To his astonishment, not only people he already knew—such as Groucho Marx and Dorothy Kilgallen and her husband, Dick Kollmar—looked him up, but such people as Ingrid Bergman, Anthony Quinn and Sir Cedric Hardwicke—whom he'd never met before—greeted him as "Bob."

"It always startled me," he admits. "I was shy with them because they were famous names and I figured they wouldn't know me from Adam. And then they explained that they felt they knew me from TV. Boy, what *that* did for my morale!"

But the topper came a few days later, when he decided to make a little jaunt to Cannes. He was just registering at the Carlton Hotel when he felt a hand on his shoulder and turned to discover the matchless grin of Cary Grant, another of the stars he'd never had an opportunity to meet.

That was the beginning of a wonderful week. Grant was in Cannes for the filming of Alfred Hitchcock's "To Catch a Thief," with Grace Kelly as his co-star. When Cary Grant likes a person, he's one of the easiest people in the world to know. And, before Bob realized what had happened, he was dining with Cary and Miss Kelly and Mr. Hitchcock.

By coffee-time they were all good friends, and Hitchcock had a suggestion. "Since you've never been in pictures, how about a new experience? Come along with us tomorrow and do a walk-on. You won't have to learn any lines, or anything."

It seemed like a breezy idea to Bob and, even though he had to get up at six A.M. after only two hours' sleep, he was still rarin' to go. The entire company proceeded to the flower market in Nice, set up their equipment, and spent five hours shooting a sequence which will not run more than a few minutes on the screen—and which, Bob is convinced, will be cut out.

"Hitchcock gave me a real job to do," Bob remembers. "As Grace Kelly is leaving a flower stall, I am walking down the street, and I sort of give her the eye when she walks past me. That's the extent of my work in the picture, and I never got such a kick out of doing anything in my life. . . ."

He was back in Rome a few days later,

living it up and having a terrific time, when he ran into a TV acquaintance just over from New York. "I caught your show," the man said, "or, rather, Paar's show. Is that boy good? You really got yourself a replacement, kid."

"That's great," Bob beamed. "Couldn't happen to a nicer guy!" But an imoish gleam sparked through the famous glasses, as he recalled how often he'd outdone himself on the Godfrey show to prove his fitness for a program of his own. "You say he's good?" he asked. "How good?"

"That good," said his New York friend. "Hm," murmured Bob. "Yes. Glad to have seen you—see you around—"

"Here?"

"On Madison Avenue, you dope," Bob grinned, and sprinted for the nearest phone to call his manager. . . .

He was astonished, when he came home, to find that he'd lost eighteen pounds. He stretched out on the upstairs terrace, in the filtered sun of East End Avenue, and reflected on the far more important knowledge he had gained. He was rested and relaxed, truly content. Looking back, he couldn't honestly point to any one moment when the answer had first come to him. But somehow, in his latest travels, he'd gone back to the dream.

He knew now what made Robert Q. Lewis tick, why he had struggled so long to achieve the shows which would offer the kind of entertainment he himself believed in most strongly. It was people. The love of people. The joy of seeing eyes light up, of hearing an answering laugh, of sharing cheer and good will with millions.

Tomorrow he'd call his agent and tell him to get everything started again. There were sponsors to meet and deal with, talent to listen to and choose from, interviews with the press and all the activities that surround a man when he goes out to entertain

the people with everything he's got. . . .

Robert Q. Lewis not only plunged back into the excitement of show business with added zest and enthusiasm. He'd always wished he had the time for greater participation in worthy causes—time which had been hard to find, while he had been working his way up. Now he discovered that he could make the time, particularly for those causes nearest to his heart.

As a boy, Bob had suffered severely from asthma, but long, patient treatment with the best of doctors had virtually cleared up the trouble. Later, while serving in the Air Force, he had contracted double pneumonia—which brought on the asthmatic condition again. Now he was eager to help other youngsters in their own fight for normal, painless breathing, to get them to the specialists who could make them strong for happy, active lives. He found the perfect answer in the non-sectarian Jewish National Home for Asthmatic Children, located in Denver, Colorado.

Today, as the East Coast region's honorary chairman of this fine organization, Bob has made and carried out many plans for aiding in its development, and never misses an opportunity to appeal for contributions to carry on the work whose importance he knows so well. At the same time, he has served as Greater New York chairman of the National Foundation for Muscular Dystrophy, and brought all his tremendous energy and talents to bear on this and other great, helpful projects.

Always, it was the people who had inspired his dream. The people who work and love . . . who sometimes know loneliness and pain and fear . . . and quite often laugh at a witty, bespectacled man called Robert Q. Lewis. For Bob is one of the people, too. And, because of his dream and its achievement, he can share both their sorrows and their smiles.

## Little Girl Lonely

(Continued from page 27)

grade-school teacher and her father was a businessman who traveled most of the time. Jean remembers her early years as quiet: She liked to swim, she emoted in back porch theatricals. Then she was eleven and had quite an exciting year. She began to study piano and developed a deep love for music. She played in a school production of "The Owl and the Pussycat," and she starred as the bird. And she baked her first brownies.

"I insisted on doing everything myself, so my mother had to sit there and watch me mess up the kitchen for a couple of hours and only offer advice to avoid catastrophes," Jean says. Then she adds, "It seems to me that this has always been my mother's chore—to put up the patience for my big ambitions."

Baking brownies may not appear to be a significant experience in a life, but it was for Jean. She discovered that she enjoys cooking and baking. It was her way of relaxing or of working herself out of a mood. And, happily, everything she made was quite delicious.

It was in high school plays that Jean learned of her desire to be an actress. Her teachers were encouraging and so, without leaving home, she enrolled in the University of Wisconsin—in the Speech Department, which was the same thing as studying dramatics.

"I lived and breathed theater," she says. "Even in the summer, when I was supposed to be on vacation, I'd go over to the University and hang around the theater so much that they had to use me."

She was so good that the national dramatic society, Zeta Phi Eta, gave her an

award for outstanding speech and the Speech Department gave her an award for outstanding acting. Jean had been the first to be considered worthy of the award in several years. But she was studious, too, and was graduated with honors. And she never neglected the piano. In addition, she managed to earn part of her tuition.

"I worked in the laboratory," she recalls, "where we had to inoculate rats and frogs. It wasn't so bad until it was my turn to hold the rats—then I got a transfer to the registrar's office."

The University maintained its own dairy and chicken farm, so Jean earned part of her keep cleaning up coops and making and selling butter. By the time she was graduated, she had saved \$500 out of her own earnings.

"I was dying to go to New York and become a great actress, but I was afraid of New York—so in August I compromised and went to Chicago."

During one summer, Willard Waterman, who now plays *The Great Gildersleeve*, had come up to the University as a visiting professional. Jean had worked in a play with Willard and had impressed him. He suggested that she come to Chicago and audition for radio, but when she arrived he had gone to the Coast.

"I was all enthusiasm," Jean says. "You get an exaggerated idea of yourself in school and think you're just about the hottest thing to come along since Cleopatra."

Jean discovered it took a long time—three weeks—to get her first job. That was on a CBS network show and she played the part of a Polish girl. It was a one-shot, but right on its heels came other roles in serials then originating in Chicago:

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She was Mary Elizabeth Jordan in *The Guiding Light* and played Peter Pan on *Sky King*. She was a regular, too, in *Judy and Jane*, *Hawkins Falls*, and *Young Dr. Malone*. She won roles in stage productions, including "Apple of his Eye," with Edward Arnold, and in Tennessee Williams' "Summer and Smoke," and these brought her praise from Chicago critics.

"Chicago, I loved," she says. "The people were wonderful."

Jean's mother had seen that she was properly installed in proper quarters befitting a proper young lady. But, before Jean had a chance to make her first million, she was invited to come down to New York and audition for the part of Susan Ames, oldest daughter of Peter Ames, widower and pivotal figure in *The Secret Storm*. New York is the ultimate goal of most actors, so Jean—even though she had made many dear friends in Chicago—eagerly accepted the new opportunity. It was almost a year ago, February of 1954, that she found herself with a new role in Manhattan—and she was happy about the role, but not so pleased with Manhattan.

She had left a comfortable apartment in Chicago and hopefully looked for a similar one at a similar rental in New York.

She followed rent ads, knocked on doors of building superintendents and generally frustrated herself into misery—for, in Manhattan, housing is as acute as it was during World War II.

"Finally, I went back to this one superintendent and literally cried my head off."

The "super" was a sucker for tears. He came up with a little room—a maid's room, he called it—for \$35 a month. Jean took it. It has one window that looks over a courtyard and in summer the courtyard boasts grass and a tree. While the size is in itself discomfiting, it is the lack of a kitchen that most disturbs Jean. True, she has a two-burner hotplate and the "super" allows her the use of his refrigerator, but that isn't living for a gal who bakes a few cakes with as little effort as most women scramble eggs. So Jean has taken to cooking out.

For example, the cast of *The Secret Storm* was planning a little party and, as usual, expected to get food from a delicatessen.

"We should have a turkey and a ham," someone suggested.

"I'll take care of that," Jean said.

"No, we'll buy everything at the same place."

"I meant I'll cook them myself."

And, from that day, Jean has taken a small chunk of business away from New York caterers. Of course, she has problems. You can't cook a turkey and a ham on two electric burners. So, for the *Secret Storm* party, she got the use of the kitchen of Kay Campbell, a sister actress who plays Effie on *Ma Perkins*, and the kitchen of Dick Dunn, who is producer of *The Secret Storm*. Fortunately, Kay and Dick lived in the same building, although they were seven floors apart. The turkey went into Dick's oven and the ham in Kay's, and Jean rode the elevator up and down to do her checking.

"Then something went wrong with Kay's oven," Jean recalls, "and Kay wasn't home, so I had to ask the neighbor what to do about it."

The neighbor kindly suggested that Jean use her kitchen. Everything, turkey and ham, turned out fine, but that wasn't the end of it. The neighbor was so impressed that she asked if Jean wouldn't help plan a menu for a party she was giving. Jean agreed, came back, planned the menu and, in the end, decided she might as well cook it, too—which she did.

"I've never collected a penny for any of the cooking or baking I've done," she says.

But she "cooks out" six to eight times a month. Mike and Buff Wallace are old friends from Chicago and she goes up to their apartment frequently. She has other non-professional friends from Chicago. She has cooked for Haila Stoddard, who also plays one of the leads on *The Secret Storm*.

"People just say, 'Jean, I've invited some friends for dinner. Wouldn't you like to come over and cook?' and I say, 'Yes.'"

Back in Chicago, the cast of *Hawkins Falls* had a party at the farm of Clarence Hartzell, a radio and TV actor. It was a party for the whole cast and cameramen and stagehands and all the wives. Jean's contribution was to be ten cakes. She got up at six in the morning and baked all ten by noon, when she left the farm. And there weren't two cakes alike. There was an upside-down pineapple and a right-side-up apple cake. There was a black-and-white and vice versa, an angel food and vice versa, etc. A short time later, she baked ten cakes again for an actors' benefit.

"But that was easy," she says. "I had the whole day for that."

One of the bright features of living in Chicago was having her own kitchen. She

misses that very much now, in New York.

"Now I just chew my nails when I'm restless," she says.

New Yorkers are friendly enough. The problem is that most of her friends are married.

"Married and tired," she says. "I've never known a more exhausting city than this, either. It doesn't surprise me that most New Yorkers just go home and crawl into bed."

Jean keeps herself active. *The Secret Storm* is on a five-day-a-week schedule, but Jean still studies drama, and she studies dance with Martha Graham, and she continues to practice the piano.

CBS has video studios in the Liederkrantz Hall, which is a large, old building slightly converted to modern use. In the basement storage room is a grand piano. Many evenings each week, about six, Jean goes down to the basement and digs the piano out from under some props and plays for an hour.

Her audience may be someone from the engineering department, or perhaps eleven-year-old Jada Rowland, who plays Amy on the serial. Jean and Jada are good friends. They frequently take walks together. The studio isn't far from Central Park and the zoo and boats. Jean gets along easily with most children.

"Of course, it's wrong to call Jada a child. Conversationally, she holds her own with almost anyone."

There isn't anyone connected with *The Secret Storm*, whether technician, actor or advertiser, who doesn't consider Jean Mowry a friend. She is quite thoughtful—she's the gal who remembers birthdays and collects the cast's signatures on a card. She is very considerate and always on time for rehearsals.

"Being nice to nice people is easy," Jean says, "but I do make a special effort in my work. I work very hard and try very hard. I want to be a successful actress. It's that simple."

This winter, Jean is making her New York stage debut at the Cherry Lane Theater with an off-Broadway, professional production. It should keep her even busier than she is now, but may keep her from being as lonely as she is.

"That isn't the answer, and I know it," she says. "My first ambition, over and above career, is to have a big kitchen of my own, with a cake in the oven, a chicken in the skillet, and a husband at the table." She smiles and adds, "And, after a while, maybe a baby in a high chair."

## Season's Greetings from Godfrey

(Continued from page 21)

so they'd think Santa Claus brought it."

He reminisces in his office, which, although handsomely furnished, is toned down for quiet comfort. There are many pictures and mementos on the walls and on the tables and the desk. The pictures represent many periods in his life: There is an aerial shot of the destroyer he shipped out in his teens, a transcription of his last early-morning broadcast after a fifteen-year stint. There are photographs of many important men of our age, Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson, Bernard Baruch, Eddie Rickenbacker, Gen. Curtis LeMay—men who count Arthur as a personal friend—and there are many pictures of his family, his wife and children and his mother.

Remembering, Arthur smiles and the smile grows into a grin. "You know, I don't think anyone should spoil a kid's fun and tell him there's no Santa Claus—and that reminds me of my mother and her telling me."

Arthur figures he learned from playmates

when he was five or so that there was no Santa Claus. But there was this December when he was past ten—maybe eleven or twelve—and his mother took him aside.

"Arthur, I want to talk to you privately," she said.

The way she said it made him squirm. He thought she was going to tell him about the birds and bees. Arthur knew about that, too.

"I was looking every which way, and getting redder and redder," he recalls, "and then she says, 'Son, I want you to know that there really isn't a Santa Claus.'"

He was so relieved that he just gasped and walked away.

In a grim, literal sense, there wasn't any Santa Claus around in those years. At the age of fourteen, Arthur left home—or he would have, if the home wasn't already busted up—and went through an assortment of odd jobs that took him from the streets of New York, through a Pennsylvania coal mine, and finally to Akron, where he worked in a rubber plant, slung

hash and racked pool balls. His father had gone completely broke when Arthur was just ten. They had struggled to keep the family together. Arthur, too young to be a Boy Scout, anyway, was out delivering groceries and getting up before dawn to work for a milkman. But there wasn't enough money for rent. Different neighbors took in the kids. So Christmas had no special meaning in those years. Arthur was fully occupied with the problem of survival.

"I remember Christmas my first year in the Navy. I was seventeen then. I was one of the Honor Guard chosen to attend Solemn High Mass. I was down on one knee so long and I wasn't used to it. I remember how worried I was that I'd faint."

He was in radio school and went ahead so rapidly in class that he finished up the course as an instructor. Afterwards, he shipped out on a destroyer and it was while on sea duty, in 1922, that he had his most memorable Christmas. He was nineteen years old.

"We were in the Mediterranean and we'd

been out of the States about a year. You know how it is. Most of my shipmates were kids like me, young and trying to act tough so they'd look grown-up. It was a typical American crew with an assortment of religious beliefs—various kinds of Protestants and some Catholics and Jews and even a few of Greek Orthodox faith. And here was Christmas Eve and we were eastbound for Jaffa, one of the world's ancient seaports in Palestine. You know the Crusaders debarked there—and that's where Peter lived."

Arthur, normally a sound sleeper, found himself stirring in the early hours of Christmas morning. Because of seniority, he didn't have to pull the early watch—four to eight a.m.—so it didn't have anything to do with the habit. But he found himself wide awake in the dark. It was his heavy consciousness of being so close to the Holy Land. He got out of his bunk and found his way to the forecabin.

"It was as calm as a mill pond and quiet except for the swish of the ship. No wind, but cold—early-morning cold, the way the Mediterranean is that time of the year. I was facing East, in the direction of our course, and there was this very bright star, low on the sky. I guess it must have been Venus, but it was so beautiful. I felt awe like the Wise Men talked about when they first saw the Star of Bethlehem. And I sat there watching, watching the star rise and gently fade with the dawn. I was feeling this tremendous experience and thinking how wonderful it would have been to share it and then, with the light of dawn, I looked around and there was over three-quarters of the ship's company on deck with me. They had all been sitting there, too, none of them saying a word."

Arthur got a pass to go ashore in Jaffa. He and some of his shipmates hired an Arabian cab, an old touring car, to take them thirty miles inland to Jerusalem.

"Our first stop was at the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. You might say we did the Stations of the Cross in reverse. And then our Arabian cowboy bucked us into Bethlehem, where we visited the Church of the Holy Nativity. I had a friend with me—one of my radio men, named Mannie Schubert—and I remember he turned to me at the end of the day and said, 'It's just beautiful. Just beautiful.'"

This all happened thirty-two years ago, but the details are still clear. Arthur was especially impressed by the Franciscan friars—men who had given up every material thing to devote themselves to charity.

"These people are so devout and so devoted. When I was in the St. Clair Hospital, there was a priest from the Franciscan order. He was up at five every morning, and he spent some time with every patient each day—and there were hundreds of patients. He worked right up until lights out, and he was on call through the night, too. He never complained, never tired. He was handsome enough to be a movie star and he had the personality, too, but he devoted his life to others. And he wore the same clothes—the cowl and habit—I had seen in Jerusalem. He carried cigars, and cigarettes, and candy, and everything except a case of Coke, in his hood. You could ask for anything, and it was just like magic the way he put his hand behind his head and pulled it out of his cowl." Arthur suddenly pulls himself up. "Father Andrew Smith was his name, and he has nothing to do with my Christmas story, except he kind of tags along with that other memory."

If Arthur hasn't a flood of Christmas memories, there is good reason for it.

"You wouldn't need the fingers of one hand to count the number of Christmases I've had off," he says. "If Christmas falls on Monday or Tuesday, I fly down to the farm right after the morning show and

spend the afternoon with the family, then fly back at night to be in New York for the next morning's show. If Christmas falls on Wednesday, then they hold off celebrating until Thursday, when I go home for the weekend. This is one of the greatest compliments the kids pay their dad. They're bursting to get at their packages, but they say, 'Christmas wouldn't be right without Daddy.'"

This Christmas will be a rare one for the Godfreys, for the twenty-fifth falls on a Saturday—which means Arthur will be home all day. Matter of fact, he'll be there Friday to help trim the tree—which makes kind of a double holiday. To make it extra special, in addition to his kids Pat and Mike and his wife Mary, his grown son Dick will come in from California with his wife and Arthur's pretty granddaughter. And, as they say on theater marquees, as "an extra added attraction," it's Arthur's turn to have his mother for the holidays.

"We exchange gifts, of course, but that part of it is mostly for the kids. The gifts that touch me are the 'made' ones—the handmade ones that represent some part of the giver."

During his long reign, Arthur has received many royal-type gifts. What does he value? What does he remember?

"One of the neighbors gave me a waste-basket. You could see that she made it. Beautiful details. Hand painted. It was a lot of work and a lot of thought." Arthur takes a painting off his desk. It's in a leather case which opens so that it props into a sitting position on a table. It's not tiny, but on the other hand, not so large. Folded in its case, it might fit into the side pocket of a man's jacket. It is a full-length oil painting of Mrs. Godfrey. "Think of what this entailed. She had to pick out a dress and accessories. She had to go into the artist's studio and put on these clothes and maybe stop at a hairdresser every time. How many times? I guess maybe every sitting cost her at least a half-day. This is what makes a real Christmas present."

Arthur, who has a remarkable memory, has never forgotten what it's like to be broke, especially at Christmas time. Once he took part in totting Christmas baskets when he was living in Washington, D. C. He found that unsatisfactory and has developed what might be called a "perpetual" basket for the needy. It operates right out of his office, under the direction of one of his secretaries, Doreen Partin. A file is kept up to date on organizations, individuals, young and old, and charities who are in need of help or just good cheer. A candy-maker may send in a ten-pound box of chocolates for the cast. The box, calories intact, usually winds up in a hospital or institution. Toy manufacturers will send in new products, hoping to intrigue Arthur to the point of mentioning them on the air. Maybe he does, but then the toy goes back in its box, gets a new mailing label and goes off to a youngster. No letter that comes in is ignored. Each is investigated. During a holiday season, when gifts are coming in by the sack, they are going out by the sack, too—seventy-five to a hundred a day.

"But it's not the gifts. The tinsel and gadgets and ribbons are for kids. For adults, Christmas is a curious mixture of memories and brotherhood and prayer."

"You know, there's nothing more beautiful than people in church. They stand shoulder to shoulder, singing and in prayer, their minds 'way up in the highest level. There's Mr. Hardhead and Mr. Tough Guy. Suddenly, they're like everyone else. They're together in brotherhood, in trust. They're all very beautiful because of what they're thinking and doing. That's the way people are on Christmas, too, and that's why maybe Christmas is the most beautiful day of all."



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## The Youngest Pioneer

(Continued from page 33)

pay, just to get before a camera.

"I got plenty of advice about it, too," he remembered wryly. "All the big-name guys used to say, 'TV? Who sees it? You're wasting your time. You're nuts, messing around with that stuff.'"

Their comment was echoed by the athletes he sought to interview on his sports show and by the entertainers he invited to appear on his variety program, *Television Roof*. Dennis had two arguments to overcome their objections—food and plugs.

"I'd offer to take the athletes to dinner," he said. "And could those guys eat? They would also bring their friends. Once I got stuck feeding nine wrestlers, including Man Mountain Dean. The bill was one hundred and forty-five dollars."

Bait for the entertainers was a mention on Station WNEW, where Dennis had several shows. "When someone would say no, he didn't want to be seen on television, I'd answer, 'Who's going to see you? And besides, if you help me out here, I'll plug your record on radio.'"

Production methods were as undeveloped as the equipment. To cover an early outdoor fight, he had to rely on field glasses and his own knowledge as a former boxer. Because equipment was too cumbersome for the stadium, the cameras were set up on a rooftop a block and a half away. "And I was right there beside them," Dennis explained. "No one thought of running in an audio line and locating the microphone and me at ringside."

He needed fortitude of another sort the night his friend, Bibber McCoy, a chief petty officer in the Coast Guard, came to the show. Bibber, teaching a then-new thing called commando training, informed Dennis he had a new, super-effective hold. "I suggested he demonstrate, using me as the subject," Dennis recounted. "I'll say it was effective. I was out cold for fifteen minutes. To bring me around, he had to sock me in the jaw. There I was, as messed up as if I had been in a street brawl. I did the rest of the show in a fog."

It was after Dennis returned from his own Army service that he was assigned to the wrestling which brought him his first fame. This, for him, was a period of great personal change. Where, before the war, he had commuted from Jersey City, across the Hudson, he now took his first apartment in Manhattan. "Again, television was responsible. I sublet from a young couple

who went along as entertainers with the RCA jeep unit—the television demonstration outfit—which my brother, Lou Sposa, who is a director, took out on tour. The apartment was a fifth-floor walk-up, fifty dollars rent a month, at 35 West Fifty-second Street."

Fifty-second was then Swing Street, blazing with signs and blaring with the jazz, jive and bop of the hot combos. As Dennis recalled, "New York can be a kind of lonesome town, even when you think you know it. I was then chasing down every announcing job, commercial, or serial acting role I could find, trying to get re-established. Between times, I'd sit out on the stoop and look up and down that street. To the right were the swing joints. To the left was the fabulous and expensive Twenty-One Club. I'd wonder what New York held for me—which direction I'd be going."

He went neither direction, at the moment. Television lights, not neon, marked his path. For, with the sale of the first post-war television sets, people discovered the magic of seeing beyond their own horizon, of bringing the world into their own living rooms. The family owning a set found themselves playing host to the entire neighborhood, to strangers as well as friends. Raptly, crowds sat in the dark, staring at the small screens.

Advertisers, however, were slow to succumb to its fascination. TV stations, frantically building new studios and transmitters, had little money left over for programs. Every program director looked for the inexpensive, ready-made show.

Wrestling filled that requirement and, because it could not compete for gate receipts against the more popular and sports-commission-recognized boxing, wrestling welcomed the television remote unit, however small the fee it offered.

With a camera, a truck to carry the control equipment and a short-wave relay back to the station, you were in business. But televised wrestling, for all its graphic, contorted drama, also required someone to say a few words—just so people wouldn't think that the audio of their temperamental sets had gone on the blink again. Dennis, already television's Man Friday, was called upon.

"I'd never even seen a wrestling match," said Dennis. "I bought a book. It was written by Steve Gotch, the Jack Dempsey of wrestling and, thank heaven, it was well illustrated! I'd sit at ringside, thumbing through the pages. When I found a

hold on the mat which matched the picture in the book, I named it."

But his own skill in other athletics made him realize how amateurish such comment must sound to the real fan. He found a device to sugar-coat his ignorance. "I figured the only ones who knew less than I did about wrestling were the women viewers. So I talked to them. I'd say, 'How did you like that, Mother? Did you see that half nelson, Mother? Okay, Mother?'"

The women, delighted at being told what this inescapable and strange commotion was all about, took Dennis to their hearts. As he won himself an enthusiastic, letter-writing audience, he added personal innovations. One was a particularly grisly, crackling sound effect. In New York, "grunts, groans and cracking bones" became a catch phrase. Another was his interviews with the colorful, Damon Runyon-type habitués at ringside. A still-remembered principal in this cast of characters was Hatpin Mary, a short, vigorous woman with a shock of bushy gray hair. When wrestlers bounced close, or if anyone displeased her, she'd go for them with the weapon which gave her her name—a long hatpin.

There also were the fancy dressers whose admiration of James' natty attire produced the necktie gag. "When someone said he liked my tie, I'd whip it off and give it to him," Dennis recalled. "I can't even guess how many thousands I gave away. Manufacturers, regarding me as a walking showcase, sent me their best numbers. Finally, it got too much for me, so—to call a truce—I started wearing a bow tie."

His first daytime show was a wrestling derivative. James Hill, president of Sterling Drug Company, called him in and stated, "You've turned my wife into a wrestling fan. She's crazy about you—and, if she is, other women must feel the same way. Plan a show for me. Something to break up the monotony of house-keeping chores."

Appropriately, the show was called *Okay Mother*. On it, Dennis dispensed questions, gifts and kisses. When it left the air, he estimated he had kissed sixty thousand mothers in the studio audience.

His show, *Cash And Carry*, was one of the first daytimers to be piped out on the new coaxial cable—and it was devoted largely to practical jokes with Dennis always the victim. He recalled, "It started on a day when I pretended to be late and the camera discovered me in a bubble bath. Then that fiendishly ingenious crew started to ad-lib. Every time I went on set, I knew I was due for a horror. One day they equipped a cash register with a spring strong enough to raise a bridge. When I opened it, the whole drawer shot across the stage. Another time, when I was sure I was safe, they used their electronic skill to wire a barber chair. The electric shock they gave me made me jump almost into the camera. But, the day the sandbags dropped within two inches of me, I laid down the law. I said, 'Sure your aim was good. Sure you missed me. But how did you know I wasn't going to move?'"

High jinks and air hours added up to fifteen television firsts and, in 1948, brought seven national awards. Shortly thereafter, they also brought a quinsy throat, an operation, silence—and a bride.

That story has often been told. But, as Dennis and Mickey—the former Marjorie Crawford—went back over the early days, they recalled highlights of their courtship.

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Said Dennis, "I had the Old Gold shows and I had just been given the contract to do the Pabst Blue Ribbon fights when my voice went bad. To recover from the throat operation, I went to Florida and that grand business manager of mine, Vincent Andrews, went along as nurse, companion and watchdog. Very soon, Vince was also giving advice to the lovelorn. A radio station owner I'd once worked for invited us to his home. I did not know he had planned a party for me. If I had, I would sure as the dickens have objected, for I couldn't speak a word! I had to carry a pad and write everything out."

Said Mickey, "I was there because friends asked to bring Mother and me. We had moved to Miami after my father died and our home in New Castle, Pennsylvania seemed lonely. I met some people through my job as a commercial artist at an advertising agency, but most of those at the party were strangers. Many of them were from up north, and I just couldn't understand why they were all making such a fuss over this Dennis James. We didn't then have television in Miami, and I'd neither seen him nor heard of him. I heard people speak to him about Old Golds. Finally I whispered to Mother, I think he has something to do with cigarettes."

Speechless though Dennis was, he persuaded Mickey, through a scrawled message, to let him take her home. He was even happy to learn that home was twenty-five miles away.

"But," he recalled, "she sure gave me some anxious moments. Since Mickey and her mother also were driving, we arranged that Vince and I were to join up with them at a church in a certain area. There were two churches. I was a nervous wreck by the time they arrived. Believe me, I lost no more time shoving Vince into her mother's car so that I could drive through the moonlight with Mickey."

With the excuse of giving a birthday party for her, Dennis persuaded Mickey to visit New York. As she stepped off the plane, he greeted her, "Let's get married." They chose December 5, 1951, as the date—and, of course, selected Vince, that business manager turned matchmaker, as best man.

Mickey had already had her introduction to the demands made on a celebrity. She said, "It fussed me the first time people moved in on us when we were out to dinner, but I learned. By the time we were married, I was reconciled to having a million mothers-in-law. But I didn't quite expect the taxi driver."

Dennis took up the thread of the story. "Mickey and I had the darnedest things happen. The newspapers published pictures when we were married, but no one bothered us at the plush hotel to which we went. Then, next morning, as we got into cab, the driver turned around and leered, 'Did you have a good time?' Well, Mickey lushed and I all but socked him. My disposition was not improved by the fact that we hadn't slept a wink. Right beneath our windows, every restaurant and hotel in the block was loading its garbage. The latter of cans and the grinding of trucks went on all night long."

Equally inauspicious was their introduction to their New Rochelle home. Dennis, having spotted it while sailing, had been overjoyed when he learned it was for sale. During their inspection tour, as Mickey investigated the kitchen, he explored the garage. Being thorough, he tested the overhead door. It fell down, hit him on the head and knocked him cold. "I fixed that," he reported with satisfaction. "Now both door and gates operate electronically by remote control from the car."

Despite so painful a beginning, the house has brought them all they hoped for. Trees and shrubbery shield it from the winding road. The curve of the shoreline gives it further privacy, and from every room there is a view of the ever-changing waters of the bay.

In the gracious, white-carpeted, uncluttered living room, furnishings are modern. Mickey has combined light colors, dark colors and accenting bright colors with an artist's eye. It's a room which would function as well for a formal party as it does for everyday loafing around. On the lower level, a game room, also used for entertaining, holds Dennis' sports trophies and pictures. The bedrooms, also done in modern style, are restful and spacious. The large dining room also serves to display the most cherished of the paintings they have collected, and for just-family meals, there's a glassed dining terrace with a wrought-iron table and chairs.

Heart of the house, for Dennis and Mickey James—a couple with varied interests—is the upstairs workroom. In it are their desks, a film projector, a film cutting table, a phonograph, their record collection and a unique artist's easel built for two.

Said Dennis, "I designed the easel and had it made after Mickey taught me to paint. I learned on a dare. She was taking forever to complete a portrait. I got tired of seeing it around, so I said if she didn't finish it, I would. She replied, 'Start one yourself, smarty.' So I did."

Completing the tour of their house, Dennis spoke with a householder's pride. "You can see that here's where we work, play and live. When I'm through with a show, I come home and relax, or take the boat out across the Sound, or pick up a brush and start to paint. When I must go out of town, Mickey goes with me and we have a good time. Sure, television can get tough, but what other business would give me time and daylight hours to enjoy the things I like best?"

Yet, much as he enjoys television, inevitably it also holds some abominations. While he is the kind of entertainer who will gladly stop to sign autographs, realizing that the interest people take in him has been responsible for bringing him the good things of his life, he has also run the gauntlet of inconsiderate fans and hated it.

His pet candidate for obscurity is the wise boy who schemes to catch him smoking a cigarette other than his sponsor's Old Golds. "It was successful only once," he recalled, "and this guy must really have been plotting it. We were at a big party, there was a lot going on, it was getting late, and like everyone else, I ran out of cigarettes. This fellow offered me one, and automatically, I took it. You'd have thought I tripped the burglar alarm of the United States Mint. All of a sudden there were flash bulbs popping, people shouting, and this guy laughing like a hyena. He really figured he had put one over on me."

Another unfavorable is the man who says accusingly, "You don't remember me, do you?"

"I pinned one of those fellows down, once," said Dennis with satisfaction. "He claimed he had sat at the table next to mine during luncheon at the Waldorf, two years earlier. Well, I had him. I had never eaten lunch at the Waldorf."

But strictly within her rights, in Dennis' estimation, was the woman waiting in line to enter a studio. As Dennis passed, she said, "Good gracious, you've gotten fat."

"And she was right," Dennis conceded. "Since people have to look at an entertainer, they have a right to expect him not to get sloppy. I went home, started a diet and took off twenty-five pounds."

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# There's Only One Bing!

(Continued from page 36)  
with the chaperones?" I said. And then I mounted my bicycle and pedalled off toward the set.

I no more than got around the corner before I was awash with the sinking sensation that comes over me occasionally after speaking with Bing. That fast exchange of patter in front of our dressing rooms was typical of our friendship, yet I couldn't help feeling I was a pretty brash character to be even talking to him, much less kidding with him. Who was I, the upstart from Maysville, to stand face to face with Bing Crosby?

Maybe it would be a good idea if I tried to explain this worship that other singers have for Bing. He's idolized by millions of people who can't even carry a tune, I know—but to somebody who earns a living by singing in show business, he is the absolute end. Show people can talk all night about singers, Perry and Frank and the whole lot—and then there is Bing. The man is an institution all by himself, and he has a way of spinning out a melody that no other singer can touch. He stands alone, and I know I speak for all of us whose pipes earn our bread and butter, when I say that we, individually and as a group, bow low to Mr. Crosby. And are happy to do it.

Now that you know why I can't help getting down on my knees and then stepping on myself whenever I see him, let's go back to the scene where I'm on my bike, chastising myself for being so sassy with the master. When I'm about halfway through with this routine, another wave of remorse dashes over me. This one's because I know that Bing likes me to be flip with him—that way, he knows I'm at ease. Which is the way it should be, because Bing is my friend, not Svengali.

It took me a while to learn this. When I first met him, I'd been with Paramount only a few short weeks and was still getting my bearings. I wasn't even prepared for having a dressing room with a rug on the floor (or a floor)—let alone meeting Bing Crosby—and then, suddenly, there he was in front of me and somebody was introducing us. I must have turned gray. I wouldn't know. But I do remember there was a strange sensation just in back of my eyes that felt as though my whole

face was sagging, as in a jet take-off. In short, I reacted like a knobhead. They told me afterward that Bing had made a stab at conversation (one of us had to). He said something about a radio show we were to do together, and asked if I knew when it would take place. And I, with all the savoir-faire of the Missing Link, had mumbled "Some time in the 20's."

When I thought, afterward, of how this must have embarrassed Bing, I wanted to put my head under a pile-driver. I had been so ridiculous, I was so ashamed of myself. I had been impressed, and nothing makes Bing so uncomfortable as people who are impressed. After getting off to such a stumbling start, I had plenty of chances to make it up to him, for after that we did a lot of shows together. I apologized to him, and to myself I said, "Watch yourself, mother. Don't let him know ever again that your knees have turned to water. Do this by the simple process of not letting your knees turn to water."

It was a great little sermon and, except for infrequent lapses, I've stuck to my guns. It's been easier since I've come to know Bing better, and I think I've had this opportunity mainly because of my old man, known formally as José Ferrer. Joe says it's the other way around. He says he married me because I had the distinction of knowing Bing first.

If you think I'm a Crosby fan, you should know Joe. That man's Crosby crazy. After he'd finished "Moulin Rouge" and boarded the *Ile de France* at Le Havre to come back to the States, he called me in Hollywood from the boat. "Guess what?" he said. "I hear Bing's going to get on the ship tonight when we stop off at Southampton."

"Wonderful," I said. "Tell him hello for me."

"You know him. I don't." I really think Joe was afraid to speak to him. It was as if the King of Sweden were going to board the ship—except that Joe wouldn't be half as uneasy with a king as he would with Bing Crosby. The following day, Joe called and reported he'd watched Bing come on the ship, and the next day he was as happy on the phone as a kid who's had Santa Claus over for dinner. It seems they'd finally found each other and had

spent half the night discussing jazz. Bing couldn't have been too surprised at Ferrer's fund of knowledge on the subject—I'd already told him how much Joe admired him and that he was a jazz fan, among three thousand other things. This kind of proxy introduction could have served to break the ice between them, but with Joe and Bing there wasn't any ice to be broken. Joe has Crosby records in his collection that Bing has long forgotten, and the talks they had on board ship have developed into a fast friendship. They correspond all the time and write each other about bands and singers I never heard of—bands and singers that maybe never got out of their home town—but, if they are good, Bing and Joe know about them.

I stumped Bing on one, though. Joe had given me an old recording of his own band at Princeton doing "Sweet Georgia Brown." It was a rare and restless rendition which came near to melting the wax off the record—and, to top it off, Joe had sung the lyrics in the style of Crosby, who was then only getting started. I played the record for Bing one day at the studio and dared him to guess the identity of the vocalist. He sat and listened quietly, and when Ferrer began to croon a slow grin spread over Bing's face. When it was finished, I turned off the phonograph and faced him. "Well?"

"Don't know," he said. "But I think I recognize the technique."

His sense of humor is so identical to Joe's that it's small wonder they get along so well. When Joe went to New York to do a series of plays at the City Center, Bing sent him a wire from Hollywood on opening night. "DO THE BEST YOU CAN. THE FAMILY'S ALL ON THE WEST COAST."

In the last two months, what with all this camaraderie between my husband and Bing, I've come to the point where I can hold a reasonable facsimile of a conversation with him. The fact that I can is somewhat of a milestone, because Bing as a rule talks easier with men than he does with women. For some reason, he thinks I'm funny and this helps, for once I've got an audience, I'm on.

Bing teases me without mercy about my appetite, a trait with which I was born and haven't shed to any noticeable degree. If there's a pretzel or a sandwich around, I eat it, and Bing calls me the Buffet Bandit of Bourbon County. I swear he has spies on the set. I can notice a "prop" lunch stuck in a dark corner for a future scene and I can sneak into that same dark corner to grab a bite—they might be props, but they're food—and Bing will find out about it. Every time.

That famous relaxation of his might be a fact, but it doesn't mean he's unaware of what goes on around him, or uninterested. He's much more sensitive than people give him credit for, particularly to other people's discomfort. When I first sang with him, I took his unworried, unhesitant attitude to mean "Clooney's doing all right." This was probably as far from the truth as Maine is from Manchuria, but the sum total of it was that I did feel more comfortable. And to get me in that state took some doing. The fact was that I had been close to being petrified with fright. Sing with Bing, that's no ordinary order. It's like telling a hack writer to collaborate with Somerset Maugham on a novel. The mere thought can harden your arteries. My own were well on the way by the time I stood next to Bing with the music in my hand, but it was his nonchalance which helped me get back to normal.

And, singing with him, I found a new experience. This is "shop talk" and per-

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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September, 1954.

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haps difficult to put over, but I'm going to try. I've recorded with almost every other singer in the business, but I never get the feeling I have when I sing with Bing. It's a strange sort of a communion. With other singers, you wonder how they're going to phrase the next line, have to watch their faces for some expression that will let you know. With Bing, I stand across from him, in front of the mike, and I don't even have to look at the music. I know how he'll handle the next bit of the lyrics and I sail right in with him. I don't know how I know. I just know.

"Rosie works the same way I do," he told somebody once. And, as if that wasn't enough to put me into a size-26 hat, he has told others that he likes the way I sing. He's never told me so to my face—Bing doesn't do things that way—but hearing the compliment via others has meant more to me. It's made working with him pure pleasure, and fun. Once we were to sing "It Takes Two to Tango" on a show, and he "threw" me during rehearsals with the lines, "You can laugh like a goon by yourself. You can be a Rosie Cloon by yourself."

Luckily, I married a clever fellow, so Joe supplied me with the lines to follow: "Be like Bing, learn to sing and to groan. There are lots of things that you can do alone."

When I came out with that, Bing hit me over the head with the script.

"White Christmas" was a wonderful picture to make, in company with people like Bing and Vera-Ellen and Danny Kaye—and director Mike Curtiz, who called Bing "Binki" and made the set merry with his Curtiz-isms. (Such as the day he walked 'round and 'round Crosby, inspecting him carefully. "Binki," he said, "before this scene you should have a haircut. It's struggling in the back.")

We had a lot of laughs on the set and off. My kid sister Betty visited me while we were making the picture, and Bing took us to a football game. The local Rams were playing the Detroit Lions and, inasmuch as Betty lives in Detroit, her sentiments were in direct opposition to ours. She screamed her head off and Bing teased her, and for a moment I had the crashing brainstorm that maybe I could marry her up and we'd have Bing in the family. But the nearest we ever got to that was Betty's heart-to-heart talk with Bing about the horses she's bought to raise in Kentucky. After their conversation left the stable, I nodded brightly at Bing.

"Nice girl, huh?" I said.

"Nice girl," he said, and grinned. "Too young."

"It was a thought," I said lamely.

Bing's fun is wonderful, but his serious side is even better. Take what he did for Vera-Ellen. Vera came to Paramount for "White Christmas" at a time when the lot was jammed with contract players as well as visiting stars. The only available dressing room was a tiny space hardly big enough to turn around in. Bing noticed this and phoned the producer. He wanted to know why Vera had been squeezed into the smallest dressing room on the lot.

"It's the only one we have," the producer said. "It's too bad, but we're awfully crowded right now."

"Okay," said Mr. Crosby. "The least we can do is re-decorate it for her."

Nobody said anything about the pitch from Bing, but within a few days Vera had a newly papered and painted room, brightened with new furniture. I'm not even sure Vera knew what caused it, and for all I know she may learn it for the first time when she reads it here.

Bing's like that. He seems unaware of what goes on around him, but in reality there isn't a happy or unhappy wave that

goes through a room without his being conscious of it. Shortly before Joe and I were married, I appeared as a guest on Bing's radio show and, although there had been no announcement of the forthcoming wedding, it was a foregone conclusion among friends that someday I would become Mrs. Ferrer. One of the writers on the show had made some reference to this in a gag—something about tin cans on the back of my car. I never saw the original script, but I learned later that Bing had deleted the whole bit, knowing instinctively that was the way Joe and I would have wanted it.

Bing is a thoughtful man, and a kind one. In "White Christmas" there must have been twenty or thirty children, kids who had dancing or singing parts. After they'd once been introduced to Bing, he never forgot their names, and you could see the kids' faces light up with pleasure when he addressed them by name.

He has a way with kids, which is evident when you meet his own. Lindsay's the only one I know so far, but if he is any example of the other three, Bing is the best father a boy could have. Linny was about fourteen, I guess, when I first met him on one of Bing's radio shows, and later, when the show was taped at Pebble Beach while Bing was there for the golf tournament, the whole gang stayed up there.

It was then I got to know L. Crosby, and the kid stole my heart. He's polite but not inhibited. He's fun to be with, like his dad, and has the same mannerisms, the same sharp wit, the same way of dropping the funniest remark out of the blue. You don't see Bing laddling out any discipline but you can tell it's there, for Linny adores his father.

I don't suppose it's easy to be Bing Crosby. Wherever he goes, he's the center of attention, and yet I've never seen him taut. I've never seen him moody, never seen him lose his temper, nor show any sign of strain. I've never heard him say an unkind thing about anybody. He seems to float along without effort despite the pressure.

I'd say that Bing Crosby is a happy man, simply because he is kind and good to other people. All he asks is privacy, and friends in whom he can place his confidence. I like to think I'm one of those friends, although I seem to insist on "goofing" in minor matters. I know, for instance, that Bing does a hilarious take-off on a soprano and—having been doubled into hysterics a few times by listening to this bit—I suggested one day that he do it for a writer who was talking to us. Bing begged off, and I was ashamed of myself because I'd let him down.

Another time, I showed him a letter which embarrassed him pink. But I couldn't help it. The letter was from my father, written not long after he had visited Hollywood. While he was here, Pop had met Bing and, because Mr. Crosby isn't one to talk about himself, the conversation centered around Pop and what he was doing. I didn't realize what an impression Bing had made until I got the letter. In it, Pop wrote: "I remember listening to Bing Crosby back during Depression days, and no matter how black things looked or how troubled I was, I always felt a little bit better when I heard Bing sing. And then when I met him, I felt wonderful again. He's quite a guy."

I don't have the sense I was born with, of course, so I took the letter to the studio and showed it to Bing. It might have embarrassed him, but at least that was one time I forgot he is my idol and remembered instead that he is my friend. Because when anybody likes my friend, I want my friend to know it.

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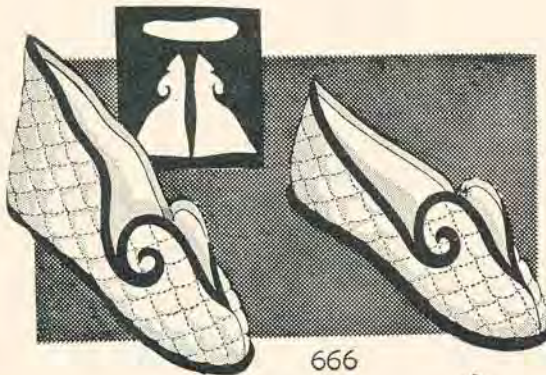
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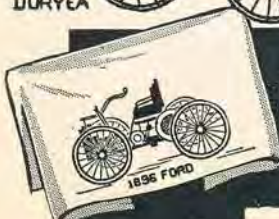
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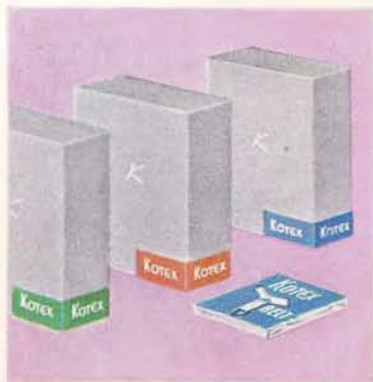
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