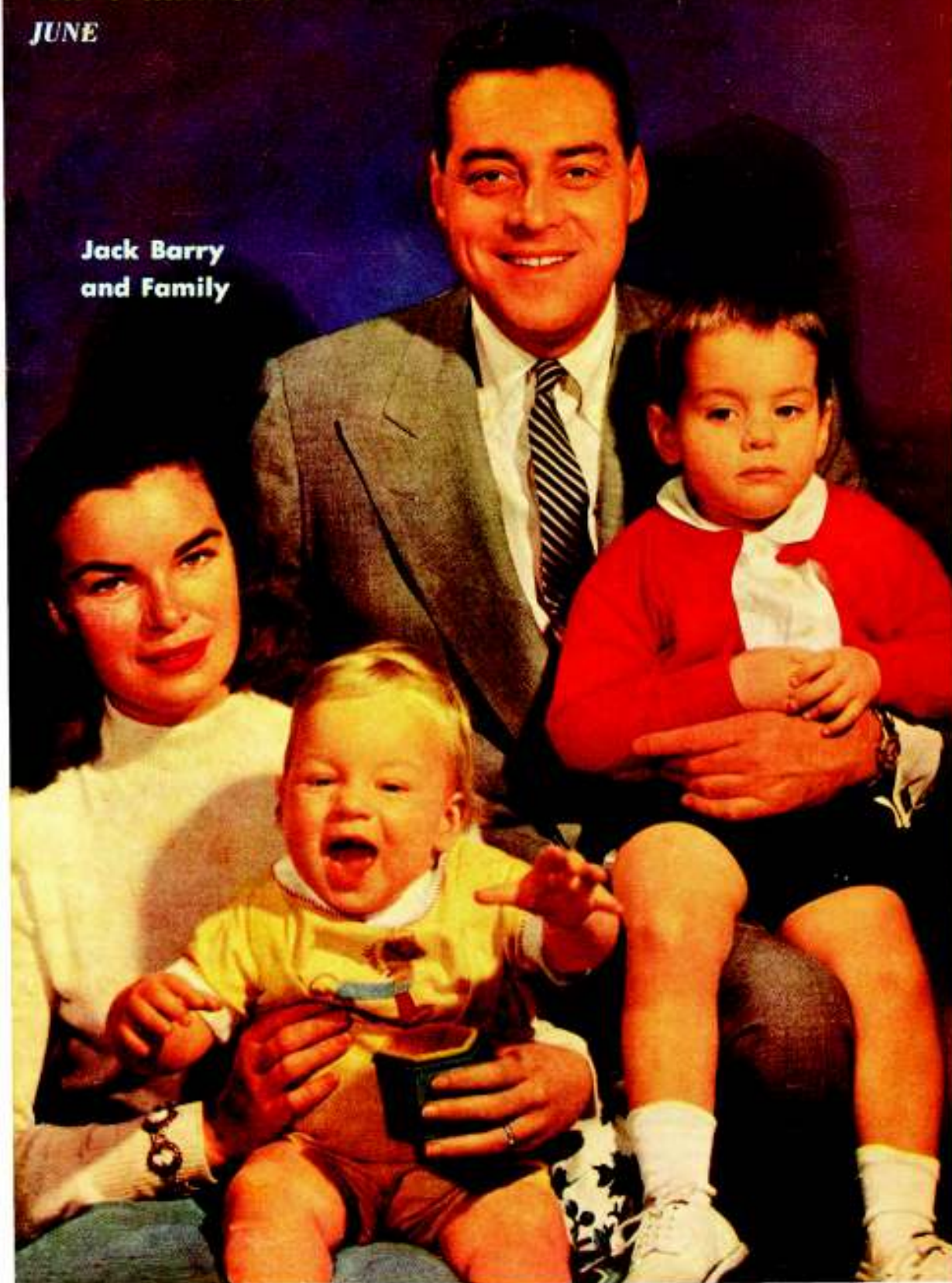


★ **TV RADIO MIRROR**

RADIO MIRROR'S

JUNE

**Jack Barry
and Family**



NEW!

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GEORGE GOBEL



**JAYNE HELLER
The Brighter Day**



BOB HOPE

25¢



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TV RADIO MIRROR

JUNE, 1956

SOUTHERN EDITION

VOL. 46, NO. 1

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Cover portrait of Jack Barry and family by Maxwell Caplan

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Germs are the major cause of bad breath . . . **no tooth paste kills germs like Listerine, instantly, by millions.** The most common cause of bad breath is the fermentation of proteins which are always present in your mouth. Germs in your mouth attack proteins, cause them to ferment, and bad breath may result. So, the more you reduce germs in the mouth, the longer your breath stays sweeter.

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Listerine Antiseptic acts on many surfaces. Listerine kills germs on the teeth, mouth and throat. No tooth paste offers proof like Listerine of killing germs that cause bad breath.



**LISTERINE
ANTISEPTIC**

The most widely used antiseptic in the world



By
JILL WARREN

Unusual gift finds Bill Bishop and his bride Shirley agreeing *It's A Great Life*.



Jeff Donnell, of Gobel's gang, and actor Aldo Ray enjoy an evening with Mrs. Irving Manheimer, wife of TV *RADIO MIRROR*'s publisher.

WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST



Commuters between New York and a Pacific Palisades home, Eddie Fisher and Debbie Reynolds take time out to out-mug "Charles."

THERE'S music on the air! *Ford Star Jubilee* will present another super-special on their June 2 show, over CBS-TV. They'll do a musical version of "A Bell for Adano," based on John Hersey's Pulitzer Prize-winning novel, with music and lyrics by Arthur Schwartz and Howard Dietz.

Maurice Chevalier will be the star on NBC's next big ninety-minute spectacular, Sunday night, May 20. The popular Frenchman was acclaimed on his TV debut a few months ago and at the movie Oscar rites.

CBS is convinced that rock 'n' roll is here to stay, at least long enough for a commercial radio series. They're starring Count Basie and his orchestra in a Saturday night show called *Rock 'n' Roll Dance Party*, on the full network. Basie's blues singer, Joe Williams, is featured and Alan Freed emcees. Freed, a former Cleveland disc jockey, is known in New York City as the "Rock 'n' Roll King," via his popular broadcasts over Station WINS. The weekly guest stars on the clambake will be top name recording artists.

G-E Theater has lined up some interesting shows for this month of Sundays. On May 6, Burl Ives is taking a night off from his Broadway show, "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" to do a live performance of "The Second Stranger." On May 13, "The Clown" will be re-run, by (Continued on page 20)

Richard Hudnut 3-month test proves

NEW **PIN-QUICK** OUTLASTS ANY OTHER PINCURL PERMANENT



3 MONTHS AGO

"My new Pin-Quick wave was perfect right from the start," says charming model June Ross. "Pin-Quick's simple as setting your hair," June declares. "And so fast! I dried it *in minutes* with a dryer." (See that lovely lanolin shine in June's soft, casual Pin-Quick curls.)



TODAY

"It's amazing!" June announces. "I've had my Pin-Quick wave for months, shampooed it time and again. And my curls are *still* beautifully soft and springy as new. It's the *truly* lasting pincurl permanent." The secret is Pin-Quick's Magic Curl Control that locks in curls for keeps.

Richard Hudnut guarantees
Pin-Quick to last longer
than any other pincurl permanent
...or your money back!

1⁵⁰
PLUS TAX



SINGING WEATHERMAN

Popular Harry Volkman of KOMA

and KWTW is versatile as

the weather—yet always sunny



COLD OR HOT, there'll always be weather—and, if Oklahomans like it or not, they do like the man who tells them about it. For three straight years, Harry Volkman, aptly dubbed "Mister Weather of Oklahoma," has been voted the state's most popular local radio-television personality. . . . This meteorologist moves about the Oklahoma City schedule like a meteorite. Weekdays on Station KOMA, he's heard at 7:25 A.M. and at 1:10, 5:40 and 10:10 P.M. He's also on the air Sundays at 10:10 P.M. He's KWTW's weatherman, weekdays at 10 P.M. and Sundays at 3:30 P.M. And he's the weatherman on the Vivian, Harry And Eddie show, weekdays at 11 P.M. on KWTW, when he also handles interviews and contests, then closes the variety program with a daily hymn. . . . The same excellent memory that allows Harry to do his weathercasts without scripts or notes stands him in good stead as he chooses hymns he knows by heart. The supply seems to be unlimited and the only repeats have been by special request. Harry and his wife Delores both sing in the church choir, and Harry, who also teaches Sunday school, sings with a quartet. But his resonant voice came as a surprise to co-stars Vivian Batten and Eddie Coontz,



Harry may warble while he works. After all, weather is more than a job to him. "It's my hobby," he grins.



Delores led an all-girl college band. Now she's the only femme in the quartet with Ronnie, Harry, Jerry,

who learned of it by accident when the program was being revamped. . . . When Harry talks about his weather job, you feel he'd really like to sing about it. "I guess that's why people like my weather shows," he says. "They can see I'm getting a kick out of it." . . . Harry debuted on the air in a Boston suburb, when he and his brother built their own radio station, with coverage extending to several feet beyond the house. "We used to really turn out some productions," Harry brags. "Of course, Mom was the only audience we had, but it was fun." . . . He studied radio while in the Army, then enrolled as a physics major at Tufts College. When he lost his heart to meteorology, Harry studied at Tulsa's Spartan School of Aeronautics and at the University of Tulsa. . . . In point of fact, Harry lost his heart twice in Tulsa, the more romantic occasion being to Delores. "We used to eat in the same place every day," he recalls. "Somehow, I managed an introduction and we've been going around together ever since." . . . Today, Harry, Delores and their sons Ronnie, three, and Jerry, almost one year old, are ensconced in a six-room, ranch-style home in the Village, a suburb of Oklahoma City. They're a sunny family—rain or shine.

The Great Gildersleeve



Gildy is a bachelor, a bumbling ban vivant and the baffled uncle of Leroy (eleven-year-old Ronald Keith) and Marjorie (cover-girl Stephanie Griffin).

The water commissioner
may be a bachelor, but
off-stage Willard Waterman
is very much a family man



WHEN Throckmorton P. Gildersleeve ends up a hero, it isn't his fault. Distributed on television by the NBC Film Division, and heard on NBC Radio, *The Great Gildersleeve*, as portrayed by Willard Waterman, is a cigar-smoking, mustachioed, goggle-eyed official City Water Commissioner and unofficial ladies' man. Gildy takes his job seriously and dispenses advice freely. Both characteristics inevitably land the sometimes-dignified, often-exasperated bachelor in trouble. . . . Among the people who surround Gildy and love him—but don't consider him a hero—are his diabolical nephew Leroy (played by Ronald Keith); his niece Marjorie (Stephanie Griffin); Birdie, his loyal but outspoken housekeeper (Lillian Randolph); Peavey, druggist and lugubrious confidant (Forrest Lewis); and Gildy's boss, Mayor Terwilliger (Willis Bouchey). . . . Off camera and mike, things are better for Bill Waterman. At home, he steps out of his bachelor shoes and into the comfortable slippers of a family man. And he is very much a hero to the three femmes who complete the Waterman foursome at the colonial-style home in Sherman Oaks, in the San Fernando Valley. . . . The first step toward becoming the center of attention of a wife and two daughters was for Wisconsin-born Bill to neglect his engineering studies, become enamored of acting and move to Chicago to do network radio programs. There, he met Wisconsin-born

Maryanna, who was visiting in the Windy City. In spite of the fact that the first four characters Bill portrayed on radio met with speedy demises, Maryanna decided Bill had a future. Romance bloomed and, as predicted, so did the Waterman career. . . . While Bill was playing the role of George Webster in *Those Websters*, the program moved to California. So did "those Watermans," who by that time included Lynne, born in 1938, and Susan, born in 1944. . . . Their home is furnished with authentic early American pieces. "We started with one piece, which was a dough tray, in 1948," Bill recalls, "and we finally completed furnishing about one year ago with a washstand-bedside table." Allowed free run in the midst of this Americana are Penny, "part springer, part fox terrier, part et cetera," and Blueboy, a parakeet whose pet expression is "I am too pooped to peep." . . . When his TV and radio schedule shows a free hour, Bill latches on to a camera, also likes to hunt and fish. He notes: "I used to have a handicap of six in golf but, since starting the film series, my handicap has risen to eleven." . . . Aside from serving as water commissioner on radio and TV, Willard Waterman is Honorary Water Commissioner of San Francisco and of Boise, Idaho; Honorary Subterranean Water Commissioner for the State of Idaho; and an admiral in the Confederate Navy. His golf handicap may have gone up—but so have his ratings.



Willard is the head of the hearth for wife Maryanna, daughters Lynne and Susan.



The water commissioner may not be a hero at home, but Bill Waterman is definitely "a big wheel" to Susan.



As daughters Lynne and Susan pamper him, Bill's glad he eschewed the bachelor life—even if Gildy hasn't!

Comic Jackie Gleason spots a new Western music star. As for Steve, he hopes the new Audrey and Jayne Meadows novelty does well. He wrote it!



Steve Allen's TURNTABLE

GREETINGS, and welcome once more to the monthly record rendezvous. It's the May time, gay time of the year and to go with it we've got music in the mood.

Starting off in the romance department, we have Frank Sinatra with an album called "Songs for Swingin' Lovers," with Nelson Riddle's orchestra. Frank features "You're Getting To Be a Habit With Me," "Too Marvelous for Words," "I've Got You Under My Skin," and others. (Capitol)

George Wright III, the fourteen-year-old lad who nabbed \$100,000 on *The Big Surprise* TV show, received a bonus extra in the form of a record contract with Victor. For his first two sides, he has cut "Me and My Shadow" and "Five-Foot-Two, Eyes of Blue," the songs he sang correctly to win the jackpot.

We've had all kinds of tunes about coffee and tea. Now here's "Hotta Chocolate," a swingin' novelty by The De John Sisters. The flip side is something called "The Man with the Blue Guitar." Ray Ellis' orchestra is heard on both. (Epic)

Victor is so excited about their new country and Western singer, twenty-one year-old Elvis Presley, that they've given him an album as his second release. His first record, "Mystery Train," made a lot of noise, and he should do okay with his album, which is titled, simply enough, "Elvis Presley." He does a variety of songs, including "Blue Suede Shoes," "I Love You Because," "Money, Honey," "I've Got a Woman," and "Tutti Frutti," with Max Steiner's orchestra. Incidentally, Elvis got his first big TV break when the Jackie Gleason office heard him on a radio show and signed him, sight unseen, to appear on *Stage Show*. Gleason thinks the Presley voice is a "combination of Frankie Laine, Johnnie Ray and Tony Martin."

Bing Crosby stars in a new album of "High Tor," singing the score from the video version of this play, which he did some time ago on CBS. Nancy Olson, Julie Andrews and Everett Sloane are also heard doing the tunes they did in the show. Joseph Lilley, his orchestra and chorus supply the musical background. (Decca)

Joseph Lilley gets star billing on another Decca album, "Alone Together," which features The Skylarks and a great vocal

chorus. Lilley uses a whispering choir, arranging the voices so that they practically sound like a huge string section. It's mood music at its best, with such songs as "April in Paris," "Autumn in New York," "These Foolish Things," "There's a Small Hotel," "Dancing in the Dark."

Rock 'n' roll is still with us, and Jaye P. Morgan has chosen a solid roller for her new one, "Get Up, Get Up (You Sleepy Head)," with Hugo Winterhalter's orchestra and chorus. Hugo also swings the stick on the backing, an upbeat ditty called "Sweet Lips." (Victor)

Billy Maxted and his Dixieland Band hold forth nightly at a place called Nick's, in Manhattan's Greenwich Village. Now Cadence Records have waxed two albums by the Maxted crew—so the rest of the country can hear what the New Yorkers like in the way of Dixieland music. The sets are titled "Jazz at Nick's" and "Dixieland—Manhattan Style," and the personnel includes Chuck Forsythe on trumpet, Lee Gifford on trombone, clarinetist Sal Pace, drummer Sonny Igoo, and Billy Maxted on piano.

For jazz in a more modern mood, the coolly-progressive Randy Weston Trio invites you to "Get Happy." Aside from the title song, the long-playing disc, on the Riverside label, includes such old favorites as "Summertime," "Dark Eyes," and "Twelfth Street Rag," and some new numbers written by Randy Weston—who won the 1955 Downbeat award as the most promising jazz pianist—and Sam Gill, his bass man who won ditto for his work on bass. Wilbert Hogan is on drums.

Eydie Gorme, the versatile songstress on my *Tonight* TV show, has a new record that certainly shows off her ability to sing just about any kind of song. Eydie belts out "Too Close for Comfort." On the coupling, she goes tender on "That's How." Don Costa's arrangements and orchestra. (ABC-Paramount)

On the same label you'll find a special album release for the small fry—"The Mickey Mouse Club," with Jimmy Dodd and The Mouseketeers. There are thirty-six tunes in this set, all from the very popular *Mickey Mouse Club* on TV.

Columbia Records is releasing the first

single pressing in this country by Michel Le Grand, whose albums of "I Love Paris" and "Holiday in Rome" were such big sellers. Le Grand has done two instrumentals, "Merry-Go-Round" and the theme music from the old Joan Crawford movie, "Johnny Guitar." Le Grand is only twenty-three years old and is an accomplished pianist, composer, arranger and conductor. And, girls, they tell me he is tres attractive.

Archie Bleyer and Don McNeill, the famous *Breakfast Club* host, have teamed talents to record "Make America Proud of You." Don narrates the record, backed up by a thousand-voiced choir consisting of high-school students from Chicago and Boy and Girl Scout choirs from the Midwest area. All profits from the recording go to the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts. (Cadence)

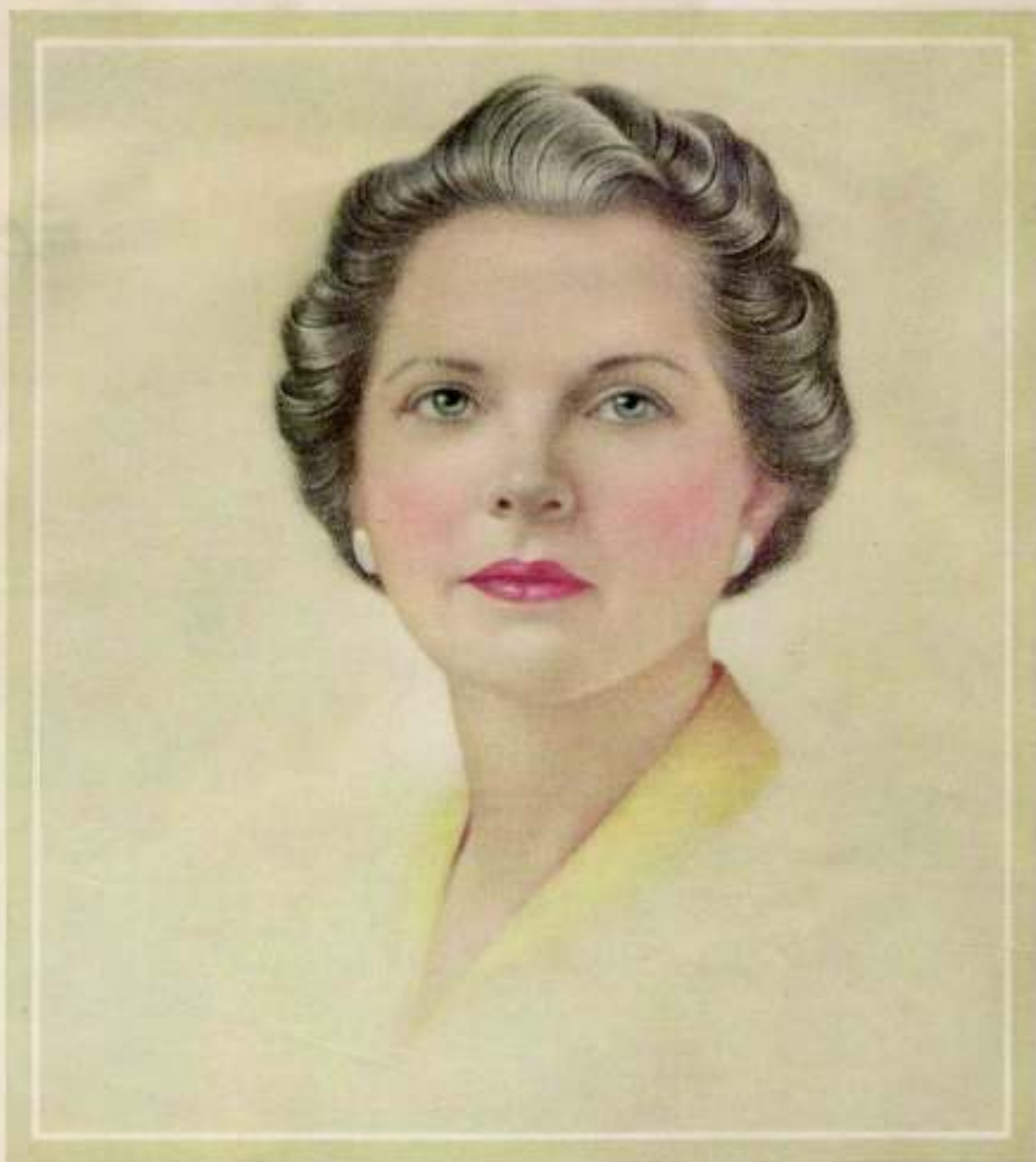
The singing sisters, Jayne and Audrey Meadows, better known to me as my wife and my sister-in-law, have recorded a novelty tune, "Dungaree Dan and China Sue," which I hope is a smash because I wrote the darned thing. (Down, boy!) On the flipover the Misses Meadows sing a cutie which I didn't write, called "Dear Ralph." The gals give the musical go-by to this guy who just ain't true. (Victor)

"Moritat," one of the themes from "The Three Penny Opera," was a big hit for the Dick Hyman Trio, and now the piano, bass and guitar combination has waxed a new album, "The Unforgettable Sound of the Dick Hyman Trio," which should up the Hyman stock considerably. "Moritat" is included, along with "Baubles, Bangles, and Beads," "East of the Sun," "Out of Nowhere," "The Very Thought of You," "Besame Mucho" and others. (M-G-M)

Perry Como fans can have a field day with three new albums—"I Believe," "Relaxing with Perry Como," and "A Sentimental Date With Perry Como." You can take your pick—and how can you go wrong with Como? (Victor)

And I had better go right—right off the page, that is, as my space is up. So long!

Steve's on *Tonight*, NBC-TV, M-F, 11:30 P.M. EDT (11 P.M. CDT). *Steve Allen Show* starts on Station WRCA-TV (N.Y.), 11:20 P.M., M-F.



*B*eautiful *H*air

B R E C K



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Ask your questions—

Fair Lady

*I would appreciate some information
about Constance Brigham, who appeared
recently on The Ed Sullivan Show.*

M. M., Great Neck, N. Y.

There was once a time when Hollywood scouts would vie to put a girl with a lovely face, golden blond hair and a cover-girl figure on the screen. And if she had lots of talent, the contracts would be expansive—and expensive. . . . So it's not too surprising that, a few years ago, Constance Brigham realized her ambition to be in the movies. She not only got the female lead in the technicolor production, but the male lead, as well! But she wasn't seen—only heard. . . . Connie became the voice behind the puppet stars of "Hansel and Gretel." She was spotted for the role while in Leonard Bernstein's, "Trouble in Tahiti." . . . Connie has graced fashion-magazine pages as one of New York's highest-paid fashion models. Her singing ability—inherited from her mother, who had a successful career on the European concert stage—won her several parts in Broadway musicals. She's also done summer-stock work and many TV drama stints. When she appeared recently with Hermione Gingold on *The Ed Sullivan Show*, viewers knew they wanted to hear—and see—more of her. . . . Constance Brigham, whose behind-the-scenes movie debut was a prelude to increased recognition, is once again "standing by"—for Julie Andrews in the smash Broadway musical, "My Fair Lady." To look at this talented fair lady herself is to gaze at a future star.



Constance Brigham

information booth

and we'll try to find the answers



Skitch Henderson

Nice And Successful

Please publish some information about Skitch Henderson, the musical director of NBC-TV's Tonight.

M. S., Chattanooga, Tenn.

The perfect answer to the cynics who insist that "nice guys finish last" is Skitch Henderson. A rare talent and personality brought him fame, fortune and a very accomplished wife, Faye Emerson. . . . Born in Birmingham, England, on January 27, 1918, Skitch spent the major part of his boyhood in the United States. When he was fifteen years old, his family moved to Chicago, where he began to study music. By the time he was eighteen, Skitch found that his interests lay in pop music and, in 1938, he went on a tour with Judy Garland, which ended in Hollywood. There, he worked for NBC for three years and studied arranging, piano and conducting for radio and movies, working on many Bing Crosby films. . . . Back to Los Angeles after the war, Skitch's first civilian job was on radio with his present boss, Steve Allen. Later, he worked with Frank Sinatra, did a stint as soloist for an NBC Radio series and also worked again with Bing Crosby. . . . In 1950, Skitch waved his baton on *Light Up Time*. He worked with Dave Garraway, founded the New York "Pops," and appeared as guest conductor with major symphony orchestras. Skitch has also composed ballet music. . . . Besides being musical director of Steve Allen's *Tonight* show, Skitch conducts on NBC's *Air Time*. And he remains unchallenged as one of the nicest people in show business. Even his new beard can't hide that.

American Beauty

Would you please give me some information about Lee Ann Meriwether, who appears on Today, on NBC-TV?

S. L., Hagerstown, Md.

The lovely winner in the nation's top beauty—and talent—contest has just reached the voting age. Miss America of 1955, Lee Ann Meriwether of San Francisco attended George Washington High and City College of San Francisco. At college, Lee Ann prepared for an acting career. It was the brilliantly performed monologue at the Atlantic City contest, "Riders to the Sea," which was a major factor in her triumph as Miss America. Millions have since enjoyed her talents.

. . . Lee made her debut as a dramatic actress on the *Philco Television Playhouse* a few months after she was crowned at Atlantic City. The play, "Run, Girl, Run," was written especially for her by Summer Locke Elliot. . . . The \$5,000 scholarship that Miss America won with her title has been profitably put to use taking drama lessons. As up-to-date as *Today*, Lee Ann stands five-feet, eight-and-a-half-inches tall, weighs 124 pounds, and has every intention of making acting her career. Her hobbies follow suit, with little-theater work, dancing and swimming.

Letter From A Winner

I wish to give you my most fervent thanks for choosing me as the winner of your recent "Win a Visit With a Star" contest. . . . (Editor's note: The "star" in this case being Lawrence Welk.) . . .

(Continued on page 23)



Lee Ann Meriwether

THE STORY OF TAMPAX



Tampax not only has a history—it has made history! Although only twenty years old, it has revised and revolutionized the whole idea of monthly sanitary protection. Millions of women have used billions of Tampax—wouldn't consider going back to the bulk and inconvenience of pads.

Tampax was made by a doctor . . . for the welfare of all women. Tampax is simply the purest surgical cotton, compressed in slender, easily disposable applicators.

More and more women began using Tampax. Tampax continues to gain new users each year, because women welcome the poise and freedom Tampax brings. It's both invisible and unfelt when in place . . . no bulges or ridges to "show."

Now Tampax is known all over the world. Women in over 75 countries use Tampax. It's particularly popular in hot, sticky climates, for Tampax cannot chafe or bind . . . positively prevents odor from forming at any time.

Drug and notion counters everywhere carry Tampax, in a choice of 3 absorbency sizes (Regular, Super, Junior) to suit individual needs. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.



Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women

Which is your hair problem?



Hair dull...no shine?

Even the dulllest hair really sparkles with new SUAVE! Try it. See your hair glitter with twinkling highlights. And oh how silky, how soft and lovely! SUAVE gives hair that "healthy-looking glow," not oily shine... because it's greaseless.



Hair too dry?

The instant you apply SUAVE Hair-dressing with its amazing *greaseless lanolin*, dryness is gone! SUAVE puts life back into your hair. Makes it silky soft; bursting with highlights, eager to wave... and so manageable, so exciting to feel!



Unruly after shampoo?

Never shampoo your hair without putting back the beauty-oils that shampooing takes out. Use SUAVE every time to restore beauty instantly! Makes hair silky... manageable, eager to wave. Keeps hair in place without oily film.

Hair abused...brittle?

After home permanents or too much sun, your hair will drink up SUAVE. Apply liberally every day—and see satin-softness, life and sparkle return. You'll be amazed how pretty, how caressable your hair can look!



Teen Tangles?

Your hair does so much for your popularity! Don't be a "tangle mop." A kiss of SUAVE daily makes your hair behave without a struggle. Keeps it perfect! Gives hair that sparkly sophisticated look. You'll love what it does for your hair.



HELENE CURTIS
Suave
HAIRDRESSING & CONDITIONER

Contains amazing greaseless lanolin

Choose
Liquid or
new Creme
59¢
and \$1
(plus tax)



*Trademark

THE WEST GOES SOUTH

*Sheriff John Radeck of WJBF
brings cowboy delights
to young Georgia buckaroos*



Weekdays, John holds forth at the "Dry Gulch Store." Saturdays are party days.



Stick-em-up, a young broncbuster tells Sheriff John Radeck. But the real shooting is done with "Happy Jack's" Polaroid.



Always dreaming of new ideas, John tries them out on Jackie, Janet and wife Patsy.

How do you hold the rapt attention of a six-year-old? Don't ask us—ask John Radeck. This is the mighty feat the Station WJBF star performs on *Sheriff John Radeck's Club*, weekdays at 5 P.M., and on his Saturday morning *Birthday Party*. Saturdays, he does it with singing and games for all—plus all the ice cream they can eat for fifty lucky young Georgians who attend the Party in person. Weekdays, the trick is brought off with a Western film, pony rides in the WJBF corral for the eager studio guests, lessons in cartooning, and encouraging tips on good manners and safety. Parents are grateful, and thousands of broncobusters and cowgirls, aged three to twelve, have willingly surrendered their hearts to Sheriff John Radeck. . . . It sounds simple and it works like magic. John started to evolve his entertainment formula in his home town of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, when he and a dozen other thirteen-year-olds organized a Junior Achievement company. "My parents were never in show business but I had an uncle in vaudeville and am related to Goethe, the German dramatist and poet," John recalls. "I have been interested in acting as long as I can remember and we used to devise our own plays and ad-lib them as we developed the plot." . . . The career plot thickened when the youngsters got themselves a weekly drama program on WTMJ. Then John Radeck and Jeff Hunter, now a Hollywood star, added a weekly fairy-tale show. . . . John's high-school days were spread over four states, Wisconsin, California, Iowa and Louisiana. He attended Richmond Academy in Augusta, served two years in the Navy, then staged and acted in forty-five plays at the famed Pasadena Playhouse College of Theater Arts. Eventually, John wended his way back to Augusta, where he took over the reins as TV Sheriff. . . . The cowboy has a lady, Patricia, who, he says, "has gone hand in hand with me all through college and afterward." And John's wondrous way with youngsters works as well with his own Jackie, two and a half, and Janet, aged one, as with his video buckaroos. . . . If it's complete relaxation John wants, he hauls out the paint, easel and brushes. But, deep down, John doesn't really relax. He's always thinking of new ways to enthrall the young 'uns. It's work he loves—just as Georgia parents and children love Sheriff John Radeck.

**LIGHT UP
A LUCKY**
it's light-up time



"IT'S TOASTED"
to taste better!

**LUCKY
STRIKE**
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES



LUCKY FANS. With Luckies along, you're 'way ahead of the game. You see, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco—good-tasting tobacco that's **TOASTED** to taste even better. Outdoors or indoors, Luckies are the best-tasting cigarette you ever smoked!

LUCKIES
TASTE BETTER
Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!

NEW DESIGNS FOR LIVING



833

833—It's easy to crochet this little cape in lace pineapple pattern. Sizes small, medium, large included in pattern. Use 3-ply fingering yarn or mercerized crochet and knitting cotton. 25¢

7057—Little fabric or sewing time needed to make this cool halter. It wraps and ties, has easy, pretty embroidery trim. Sizes Small (10, 12); Medium (14, 16); Large (18, 20). Tissue pattern, transfer. State size. 25¢

7057

SIZES

S—10—12

M—14—16

L—18—20



7009—Dainty filet crochet and regular crochet make this new chair-set for your home! Chair-back 12 x 17; arm-rest 6 x 12 inches in No. 30 mercerized cotton. 25¢



7009

697—Three little doilies, so easy to crochet! Three designs (7½ and 8 inches) to crochet in No. 50 mercerized cotton. To increase size, use No. 30 or bedspread cotton. 25¢

837—Make baby a jacket, bonnet and booties in a jiffy! Easy to crochet in pretty open and closed shell-stitches. Use white with pastel. Directions for crochet in 3-ply baby yarn. 25¢

7172—This magnificent tablecloth of pineapple crochet is inspired by the beauty of an heirloom design. Directions for a 70-inch tablecloth, using mercerized crochet and knitting cotton; smaller in No. 30 cotton. 25¢

7225—Brighten household chores with these cute motifs! Easy to embroider on kitchen towels! Set of seven different embroidery transfers included, each design about 5 x 6 inches. 25¢



697



837



7172

70 INCHES



7225

Send twenty-five cents (in coins) for each pattern to: TV RADIO MIRROR, Needlecraft Service, P. O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, N. Y. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send an additional 25¢ for Needlecraft Catalog.

Beauty Expert Discovers Why...

Older Women Look Younger!

By NANCY ANN STOKES

I WAS there last Tuesday night, when Hollywood's leading beauty authority, Mr. Ern Westmore, revealed the 3 things that make a woman look older. Then he showed how to remove 5, 10 even 15 years from your appearance with nothing more than a lipstick and eyebrow pencil. It was so ridiculously easy I was amazed.

You see, to create a youthful appearance you must first understand what makes a woman look older. If, while applying lipstick, you turn the corners of your mouth downward, you sag the expression of your face. Even more distressing, "bent-down" lips make your nose appear longer and your chin heavily drooped.

For a youthful appearance faster than the corners of your lips with a pleasant spread flourish. Your face will suddenly appear younger. Your nose more delicate. Your chin firm and proud. You'll give "life" to your features, freshness to your face.

Beauty Secret Number Two

What could be a more cherished possession than the flaring eyes of youth? And the secret to eyes that shimmer and shine with a magical sparkle is the way you shape your brows.

Flat brows flatten your face with a sad, heavy look. Thick brows close your eyes with the dowdy stare of middle age. Arch your brows too high and you're left with a pouting, vacant expression. Then what is the perfect shaped eyebrow? Oddly enough there are 5 perfect eyebrows... but only one is meant for you.

You see, there are 5 basic shapes of faces. Either you have an oval shape face, a round shape face, a square, oblong or triangle shape face. And there's a special way to arch your eyebrows for your shape face. In a moment you'll discover just which shape brows can rejuvenate blossoming youth in your face. But first, let's discuss your big stride to youthful loveliness.

Your Face Never Grows Old

Did you know that your face never grows old? Yes, once you've reached the age of 21 all your facial features are set for life. From 21 years on you'll always have the same eyes, the same nose, the same chin. Your features never change... but your skin does! Your face doesn't age... it *shows* skin that grows old. And nothing telegraphs age faster than dark under-eye circles... smudged

marks and blemishes... or lines and wrinkles that weave a sticky "cobweb" in your complexion. That's why you must wipe away those signs and lines of age once and for all! You must stop your complexion from showing your age to the world!

Right now you are probably saying, "Well, you've told me the three things that'll make me look younger. The right shape lips, proper eyebrows and a perfect, flawless complexion. But just how can I accomplish these things?" So let's start at the beginning.

Lips Meant for You

In Hollywood there's an old saying... "Nature and gave you lips... but Ern Westmore gives Beauty to your lips." What's his secret—his plastic Hollywood lip outline. And I've made special arrangements for you to get a complete set of these easy-to-use lip-outlines as a **FREE GIFT**.

Here's all you do. First, determine your basic shape face with a quick glance at page 33 of the **FREE HOLLYWOOD GLAMOUR GRAPH**, included with your free Hollywood lip outline. Then select the proper lip outline for your shape face—place it over your lips... and fill in with lipstick. Your newly shaped lips will rejuvenate years from your face and add vivid warmth to your face.

Now Let's Give You Beautiful Eyes

Here again, you see another Ern Westmore beauty-aid that's yours as a free gift... his Hollywood eyebrow outlines. Simply select the right eyebrow outline for your shape face... place it over your brow... then fill in with your eyebrow pencil. Your eyes will sparkle and gleam even at the end of a long, long evening.

But wait!... You're not finished yet. To complete your new and thrilling appearance you must take one more beauty-step. You must rid yourself of every line, mark, wrinkle and blemish. You must make your skin supple and smooth... give yourself an appealing "peaches-and-cream" complexion.

Ern Westmore, Dean of Hollywood Makeup Artists, Tells Truth About Movie Stars



"Often people ask me, how is it so many actresses who are 'older' can still play glamorous parts? It's simple. It's not how old you are... but how old you look! These actresses just don't happen-looking... they've got certain secrets."

That's why I invite every woman over 25 years old to read this page. Here are the same beauty-tricks we use on the stars. Try them yourself. See if the *Star Face* tricks alone don't make you look 10 years younger in just a few minutes.

Here's How...

Can you imagine a make-up so incredible, it covers up marks, blemishes and wrinkles completely out of sight? Can you imagine a make-up so unusual it makes dark circles and cross feet disappear instantly? Can you imagine a make-up so different from any you've ever tried, it removes the shiny gleam from oily skin, restores a dewy-freshness to dry skin, gives a timeless smoothness onto "crisp-pipe" skin... actually conceals all your flaws without making your face in a harsh, "made-up" look. And can you imagine a make-up so revolutionary it restores dull-skin with a bright, luminous glow—makes sallow, complexioned blossoms forth in subtle tones of pink... imparts every skin with a leathery-light texture... and gives you the glorious effect of constantly being seen in a delightful candlelight glow. Yes, a magical make-up that blends so naturally with your complexion you can't even tell where the make-up ends and skin begins.

Lasts 24 Hours... and You Don't Even Need Powder

And just imagine! It lasts 24 hours! You apply a few drops in the morning... your complexion remains so fresh and bright you need no more make-up. **NOT EVEN A TOUCH-UP** for the entire day! Because here for the first time is a complete make-up—a foundation, powder and cover-up all in one.

Yes, now your skin will be so soft and smooth it'll make fine silk look rough. And since you use no powder there's no need to fret about that worrisome shiny-nose look. The name of this heavenly discovery is **Charles Antell's Super Lanolin Liquid Makeup**... and here is how you can try it without making a single penny... and receive a valuable set of **FREE GIFTS** at the same time.

Act Now For Free Gift

To try **SUPER LANOLIN LIQUID MAKEUP** at our risk, send no money... **JUST** the Free-Gift coupon. When your makeup and Beauty Kit arrive, take these 3 simple steps to beauty:

1. Apply make-up for a bright, fresh, younger-looking complexion.
2. Then use the Free Lip and Eyebrow Outlines to create beautiful lines and expressive eyes.
3. Finish your "new look" with your Free Super Lanolin Lipstick and Super Lanolin Liquid Rouge.

If you can't look into your mirror and honestly say that you look 5, 10 or 15 years younger... if even a single line, mark or blemish is still visible... if your friends and loved ones don't shower you with compliments galore on your new youthful appearance... simply return the make-up for your full money back. But keep the Ern Westmore Hollywood Beauty Kit as a **FREE GIFT**! The sooner you order... the sooner you will possess a new, fascinating, youthful appearance. So **ACT NOW!**

AVAILABLE AT MOST COSMETIC COUNTERS



HOW MANY YEARS YOUNGER WOULD YOU LIKE TO LOOK?

You are now looking at Mrs. Helen Douglas... 42-year-old housewife from Los Angeles, Calif. By simply using the wonderful beauty-tricks described on this page... she recaptured her youthful loveliness in just a few minutes!

Believe it or not, this is the same Mrs. Douglas just a few minutes before using the 3 magic beauty steps.



How To Look 5, 10, Even 15 Years Younger In Minutes!



32-year-old mother recaptures "Young Bride-Loveliness" in just a few minutes with simple changes. Mrs. W. Coon, Toledo, Ohio.



How old is this woman?—33 or 41? Well she's 41 in years, 33 in appearance. Read her secret on this page. Mrs. B. Orlow, Keweenaw, Wis.



Life begins at 30 for Mrs. E. Markisha of Philadelphia, Pa. She looks like 40. And like 20 after discovering 3 Hollywood make-up secrets!



First wipe away all lines, wrinkles, dark under-eye circles, marks and blemishes that age up to the world. Also wipe away under-eye-puffiness, crinkly skin about neck and throat. Do this with make-up trick described in **FREE** booklet!



Next, create the perfect shape eyebrows for your shape face. There are 5 basic shapes of faces you know. And there is a properly shaped eyebrow for each shape face. To discover your basic shape face see special "Glamour Graph" section you get **FREE!**



Now give inviting appeal to your face... a firmer appearance to your chin. Finish your change-to-youth by properly shaping your lips. To eliminate the 2 big mistakes most women make when applying lipstick... see **FREE GIFT** after below.

If Not Available At Your Favorite Store Mail No Risk Coupon Today!

CHARLES ANTELL COSMETIC DIVISION, DEPT. M-2 BALTIMORE 3, MD.

Yes, I would like to try your newly-discovered **SUPER LANOLIN LIQUID MAKEUP** entirely at your risk! I would also like to receive **FREE** your Hollywood Beauty Kit. When my Beauty Kit and 6-month supply or makeup arrive I will pay pattern \$5.00, plus C.O.D. postage. I understand that if your makeup doesn't do all you promise I may return it for my full money back... **BUT I can keep your FREE HOLLYWOOD KIT** just for trying your new liquid makeup.

Check Shade Desired. ☐ Fair ☐ Neutral ☐ Medium ☐ Light Brunette ☐ Brunette ☐ Slaten—Far deeply lined skin. Vase lipstick, liquid rouge, eyebrow and lip pencils in your **FREE** Hollywood Beauty Kit will be carefully selected under the expert supervision of Ern Westmore to match the shade of your makeup.

NAME _____ (Please Print)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

☐ **SAVE MORE!** Enclose \$5.00 with order and we pay all postal charges. You save as much as \$7.50. Same money-back guarantee of course.

CHARLES ANTELL 1966
In Canada send to: 2 Charles Street, West Toronto 5, Canada, No tax.

FREE! MAKE-UP KIT!

7 Essential Beauty Aids Worth \$5.00



Your Free Hollywood Beauty Kit

1. Hollywood Eyebrow Outlines (one for each shape face).
2. Hollywood Lip Outlines (one for each shape face).
3. Charles Antell's "Moon-Glit-Nite" Lipstick in the Beautifully styled "Futura-Gelcoat" Case.
4. Month's size of Charles Antell's "Pink Blossom" Liquid Rouge.
5. "Silk Tone" Lip Pencil.
6. "Fine-Point" Eyebrow Pencil.

Never before has this complete Hollywood Beauty Kit been available. This is the first time Ern Westmore has permitted the release of his exclusive Hollywood lip and eyebrow

outlines. And if you take advantage of this last chance offer... just look at what you get **ABSOLUTELY FREE!**

The Ern Westmore Hollywood Glamour Graph... a 32-page illustrated beauty guide that shows at a glance each of the 5 basic shape faces, how to style your hair and apply your make-up for your particular shape face.

Remember, this complete Hollywood Beauty Kit is yours as a **FREE GIFT** just for trying Charles Antell's new Super Lanolin Liquid Makeup. You may keep your Hollywood Beauty Kit and get your full money back if you are not fully satisfied with this great new makeup discovery. Mail Coupon TODAY!



Every woman should have a "glory hole," says Anne, a den where jobs—like preparing her show—are done.



Interviewing Jeanette Mackie on the Pilot Club's annual antique show, Anne chats with a fellow collector.



At home, Anne toys with poodle Fifi in the parlor she's filled with family pieces.



Peach blossoms from her garden are arranged by Anne on the dining table.



Preparing a tasty dish in her kitchen, Anne's as blithe as the souffle-to-be.

On or off Station WPDQ,

Jacksonville folks always feel

AT HOME WITH ANNE DALY

RECENTLY, a young Jacksonville, Florida mother phoned Anne Daly at Station WPDQ, just after her 11:30 A.M. show, *At Home With Anne Daly*, signed off. "I listen to you every day," she said, "and I feel I have a friend in you. I'm having my first guests for dinner and I have a four-pound roast of beef. How do I cook it?" Anne proceeded to help plan the meal from soup to demi-tasse, and verbally set the table from forks to flower arrangements. . . . When the young woman fretted about removing stains from her baby's dresses, Anne consulted listeners. The answers came in bushels of mail, a testimony to the popularity of her informative chats covering news, interviews, charities and, of course, homemaking hints. . . . At home with Anne, daily, nothing's changed, for we find her happily engaged in cooking, washing, ironing, sewing, gardening, and feverishly battling her pet peeve—Fibber McGee closets. After a day's work, Anne and her husband like nothing better than to holst their feet and enjoy the view they have of the St. Johns River. A cozy division of labor has her spouse doing the painting, fixing faucets and other "male jobs," while Anne "helps the madam's midriff" by gardening or running Fifi, her French poodle, to the river for a swim. . . . Indoors, Anne retreats to her "glory hole"—the den. Every woman should have a place where things can be left until completed, she asserts. "The usual bragging grandparents" of eleven-month-old John David, Anne and her husband like to visit him and his folks in Fort Lauderdale. . . . Born in Oswego, New York, the daughter of a lawyer, Anne was her high school's class poet, debating team member and lead in class plays. Later she sang with the New York Mozart Society and studied at Columbia University and at Theodor Irwin's School for the Theater, where she acquired her credo, "Always to thine own self be true." It's interesting to note that, as early as her Campfire Girl days in Oswego, Anne's Indian name was "Tumaga" or "Busy Bee." Like her active eighty-year-old mother—"I have to keep up with her, do I not?"—Anne Daly practices her credo creditably.

Introducing! New Playtex *living* Girdles

less weight...
more "hold-in" power than
you ever dreamed possible!

Playtex
★ Lightweight \$4⁹⁵
and
★ de luxe Lightweight

Non-Roll Top with Wonder Waist Control \$5⁹⁵
Adjustable Garters reinforced for long life

Less weight, more "hold-in" power... in both these exciting new Playtex *Living* Girdles. They're made of split-resistant *Fabrics*—to give you more freedom because *Fabrics* has more s-t-r-e-t-c-h! And "open-pore" *Fabrics* lets your body breathe. Clothes fit and look better—no matter what your size! At department stores and specialty shops everywhere. Playtex... known everywhere as the girdle in the SUM tube. The model above is free, lithe and comfortable in her Playtex *Living* Bra®, custom-contoured of elastic and nylon, \$3.95

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the new
miracle material of
downy-soft cotton
and latex!

"AIR-
CONDITIONED"...
with hundreds of
tiny air dots for
extra comfort!

There's a Playtex® Girdle for your figure!



Playtex® *Living*® Lightweight, for wonderful control . . . \$4.95
Playtex *Living* de luxe Lightweight, for control with plus features, \$5.95
Playtex Magic-Controller with Magic Fingers, for more control, \$7.95

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WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST

(Continued from page 4)



Jimmy represents the Dorseys and Gary does likewise for the Crosbys to make a threesome with night-club singer Libby Dean at The Harwyn.



Rock 'n' roll, with Alan Freed as emcee, rocks the CBS Radio network.

popular demand. This is the film Henry Fonda did, a year or so ago, which was based on the biography of the real-life "sad" clown, Emmett Kelly. Charlie Applewhite, the singing lad, is set to star on "Exits and Entrances," on May 20, if Uncle Sam doesn't ask for his army entrance before that date. Charlie is due for induction any minute. The May 27 program will be "The Shunning," a dramatic play about an Amish family. Polly Bergen will co-star.

The Arthur Murray Show is back on television, Thursday nights, over CBS. Kathryn Murray heads up the proceedings, with more or less the same format the show had during its former run. Johnny Carson, who departed the Thursday night half-hour, is slated to do a daytime TV program for CBS, if time and sponsor can be found.

Jack Benny's May 20th show will be a repeat showing of his "Four A.M. in the Morning," which he did on film some time ago. Benny is about to take off for England where he will whip up several programs for his coming fall series.

This 'n' That:

Barry Kroeger, narrator of CBS Radio's Tremendous Trifles, nabbed the part of the High Lama in the new Broadway musical, "Shangri-La." Barry will be able to continue his radio show by transcribing the programs which will be heard during the out-of-town run of the musical, an adaptation of "Lost Horizon."

Harold J. Peary, the original "Great Gildersleeve," was sued for divorce by his wife, in Los Angeles. Mrs. Peary, who acts under the name of Gloria Holiday, charged mental cruelty, and asked for custody of the couple's son, Page, who is eight years old. The Pearys were married in 1946.

Kate Smith is celebrating her twenty-fifth anniversary in show business this year, and also celebrating her return to television on The Ed Sullivan Show. Kate, who was signed for six appearances with Ed Sullivan, postponed all her performances until her manager, Ted Collins, was out of the hospital and well on his way

to recovery from a serious heart attack.

Nanette Fabray is still beaming over her two Emmy awards, which she won as best comedienne in television and best supporting actress in a regular series. Her fans are sad that she is leaving Caesar's Hour at the expiration of her contract in June. However, there are many big things in the planning stage for the talented Nanette, and she's sure to be on the TV scene this fall. Incidentally, Nan tells me she is dating music publisher Marty Mills, but she is not engaged to be married.

Carmel Quinn, Arthur Godfrey's Irish thrush, and her husband, Bill Fuller, are on the stork delivery list for August. And they're hoping for a boy. Carmel will leave her Godfrey chores in time to fly home to Ireland for a vacation with her family, then return to New York in time for the birth of her baby.

Speaking of Godfrey, his daytime show

will probably travel to different cities during the next few months. For the past several weeks, his production staff has been setting up various origination points.

Jack Carson's "Radio Friends of America" club now has over twenty thousand members and his secretarial staff is way behind in sending out membership cards. The idea for his club came from his mother. When he first mentioned it on his CBS Radio Program, he never dreamed it would have such a reaction.

Today's man, Dave Garroway, found himself willingly bidding adieu to bachelorhood, for the likes of lovely Pamela Wilde, a TV film aide.

TV maestro Ted Steele has quietly remarried, after a quiet divorce from his wife, Doris Brooks. Ted's new bride is Ceil Loman. The ex-Mrs. Steele is doing her own midnight radio show in New York over Station WABC, under the name of Betty Brooks.

Milton Berle has resolved to "take it easy" next season and will do only four shows for NBC. It's no secret that "Uncle Miltie" has been very dejected over his ratings this year. However, he doesn't have to worry about his income, since he has a long-term contract with NBC as a producer and TV consultant.

Pat Kirby, the pretty young singing lass on Steve Allen's Tonight show, is engaged and plans to be married in June. Her bridegroom-to-be is John Burgoin, a non-professional, and Pat will take her vows in her home town of Philadelphia.

May 9th is a high spot on the calendar for Edgar Bergen, who begins his twentieth year on network radio on that date. The occasion will be celebrated with special doings on his Edgar Bergen Hour on CBS Radio. And on the 17th of May, Young Dr. Malone begins its seventeenth year on the same network.

When Tom Durran, the stormy but popular Chicago commentator, left his broadcasting chores at Station WKBX, he swears he was going to California to rest and retire. But he didn't dally in the sun very long. Now he's a stellar personality on Station KCOP in Hollywood.



Comic Jack Benny will make merry in England preparing fall shows.



Cool Ceas, new Sid Caesar take-off, wears ice-cube specs, blows hot sax.

The entire nation was saddened by the untimely passing of Fred Allen, at the age of sixty-one. Fred was known as "a comedian's comedian," and one of the few humorists who wrote his own material. He was most beloved and respected in the broadcasting world.

And show business also mourns Harry Clark, the well-known stage and television actor, who died of a heart attack. Clark had appeared often on such shows as Studio One and Kraft Theater, and at the time of his death was playing one of the leads in the Broadway hit, "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?"

Mulling The Mail:

Mrs. F.T., Washington, D.C.: Cole Porter sold rights to "It's De-Lovely" for use as a commercial jingle by an automobile manufacturer, so you'll hear it for some time to come. However, the song, as originally written, is one of the big production numbers in the new Bing Crosby-Donald O'Connor movie, "Anything Goes."

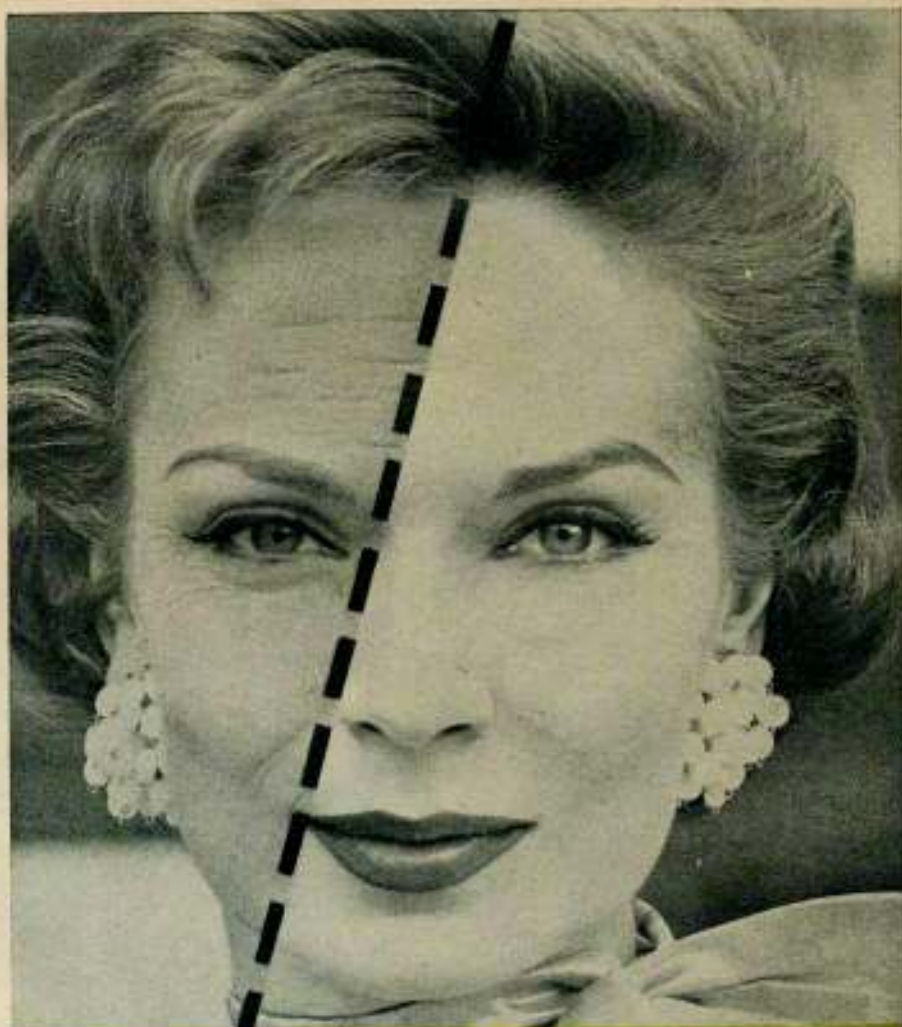
Mrs. E.L., Nelsonville, Ohio: Alice Faye has steadfastly refused to do any television and it doesn't seem likely that she'll change her mind. She spends most of her time at her home in Palm Springs, Calif.

Mrs. L.P., Cisco, Texas, and others who have asked about Lorenzo Jones: This show has been off the air for some time, and there are no plans for its return.

Mr. B.J., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania: Judy Johnson's departure from the Robert Q. Lewis Show is due to a forthcoming visit from the stork. Yes, you are right, both Lois Hunt and Betty Clooney were dated by the long-legged bird while working on the show.

Mrs. F.D., Ashland, Kentucky: Tennessee Ernie Ford and Mary Ford are no relation whatsoever. Dick Haymes and the Bob Haymes you heard on radio are brothers. Miss R.McN., Rockland, Maine: Renee Miles was off Masquerade Party because she was in Mexico getting a divorce from her husband, Herb Wolf, owner-producer of the show. Nancy Walters is the new time-keeper on the show and Renee hopes to

(Continued on page 24)



SEE THIS MIRACLE HAPPEN TO YOU IN 20 SECONDS

suddenly
you seem to have grown
an entirely new and flawless skin!

So subtly does LANOLIN PLUS Liquid Make-Up banish those "things" in your face you don't want seen... no one even suspects make-up. Little blemishes, dark

patches, skin imperfections are covered beautifully without masking.

And because only this remarkable make-up offers skin-softening, exclusive-formula LANOLIN PLUS Liquid... it goes on more evenly, makes skin softer and smoother, helps correct dryness too. You'll look a million times better... when you choose one of the 6 exquisite shades of LANOLIN PLUS Liquid Make-Up that makes you a happier woman in seconds. At cosmetic counters everywhere. \$1 plus tax.



LANOLIN PLUS "POWDER PLUS"

Pressed Powder in a Beautiful Compact

Use it over LANOLIN PLUS Liquid Make-Up for a charming mat finish or touch-up. Or as a complete make-up in itself. Shades harmonize perfectly with LANOLIN PLUS Liquid Make-Up and other types of make-up. \$1.25 plus tax.

IT'S THE PLUS IN *Lanolin Plus* THAT MAKES THE DIFFERENCE

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4506
SIZES
12-20

4820
SIZES
12-20

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SIZES
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Write for nearest store:
STARDUST, INC., Dept. B, Empire State Bldg., N. Y. 1

Send thirty-five cents (in coins) for each pattern to: TV RADIO MIRROR, Pattern Department, P.O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, New York. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Be sure to specify pattern number and size.

information booth

(Continued from page 11)

It was a simply wonderful trip which my husband and I will never forget. We are so grateful to you for making it possible. . . . We especially enjoyed Laurence Well's show and the "tender care" received from the Grant Advertising Agency. . . . The weather was grand—a wonderful contrast to mid-winter Wisconsin—and so was the flight. We also had a reunion with several dear friends now living in the Los Angeles area. . . . Thank you again.
Phyllis and James Wyss,
Chippewa Falls, Wis.

Strutter Supreme

I would like to have some information about Eddie Jackson, who appears with Jimmy Durante on Texaco Star Theater, NBC-TV. L. S., Bronx, N. Y.

The perennially youthful Eddie Jackson, seen on television and in showplaces with Jimmy Durante, has been entertaining since he was ten years old. Brought up in Brooklyn, New York, Eddie used to attend every vaudeville show around town. Often, he'd perform on an amateur night. "Sometimes I'd win," he recalls, "but not often." . . . One night he went to see George Walker and Bert Williams. Walker did the strutting. "He'd tilt his top hat to one side, throw out his chest and would be all over the stage," Eddie remembers. "I made up my mind that I was going to strut just like that." Eddie's been strutting "just like that" for fifty years now. . . . Jimmy Durante and Eddie met in 1916 at a place called "Alamo" in Coney Island. Jimmy played the piano, but the first time he "sang" was in 1924, when he and Eddie Jackson opened the "Club Durant" and sang for their supper till after daybreak. . . . Lou Clayton joined Jimmy and Eddie at the "Club Durant" as part of their act. They soon became the toast of show business. . . . The death of Lou Clayton was an unforgettable blow to Jackson and Durante. "We like to keep up the same pace," Eddie says, "and find we feel better when we're on stage, doing something."

Calling All Fans

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

Janis Paige Fan Club, c/o Sharon Varner, 1417 Myrtle, Columbus 11, Ohio.

Gisele MacKenzie Fan Club, c/o Lona Pierce, Route 2, Euclid, Minn.

Joyce Randolph Fan Club, c/o Miss Joyce Alt, Alta Vista, Iowa.

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

HOLLYWOOD DISCOVERY!

A non-drying spray-set with

no Lacquer at all!

*Sets hair to stay
—the softest way!*

New SUPER-SOFT

Lustre-Net

**the spray-set with
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ARLENE DAHL starring in "SLIGHTLY SCARLET".

A Benedict Bogeaus RKO Production. Print by Technicolor in Superscope.

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THERE ARE 2 LUSTRE-NETS

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Any pin-curl style sets faster, manages easier, lasts longer!

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New April Showers Stick Deodorant...magical springtime fragrance plus hexachlorophene to banish perspiration odor instantly. Try it today and receive—free—fragrant April Showers Talc...leaves skin silky-smooth.

NOW...keep April-fresh
and Shower-sure...



59¢ plus tax
only the price of the stick alone
(Limited Time Only)

CHERAMY PERFUMER

WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST

(Continued from page 21)



Poet Percy Dovetonsils is one of Ernie Kovacs' cast of TV zanies.



Liberace and brother George in a rare picture with their dad, Sam.

continue in television, on dramatic programs. . . Miss S.R., Fort Wayne, Indiana: Andy Williams, one of the singers on *Tonight*, did do the crooning for Lauren Bacall in the old movie, "To Have or Have Not." The song was "How Little We Know," and Andy was fifteen years old at the time. After auditioning many girls and boys for the job, the Warner Bros. musical department chose Andy's voice because he sounded most like what they thought Lauren would, if she could sing. . . Miss B.S., Omaha, Nebraska: Vaughn Monroe

has no regular TV show. However he is seen and heard often all over the country via his commercials, live and recorded, for RCA Victor. . . Mrs. G.M.W., Ft. Worth, Texas: Ann Sothern will have shot a total of one hundred and eight *Private Secretary* films when the current season ends, and there will be enough shows to carry through next year. After that, Ann hopes to relinquish her role, since she feels five years is long enough for any one personality to be in a particular series. She owns twenty-five percent of the show, and



United Cerebral Palsy's campaign, which starts this month, is supported by such stars as Constance Bennett of ABC Radio.



Mom knew best. Jack's Radio Friends of America was Elsa Carson's idea.

has an interest in the producing company.

What Ever Happened To . . . ?

Lum and Abner, in radio for so many years? Chester Lauck (Lum) and Morris Goff (Abner) planned a TV series to be filmed abroad. However, after shooting three pilot films in Hollywood, the whole project was abandoned, and at the moment there is nothing set in videoland for the humorists. The three films were recently put together into a short feature called "Lum and Abner Abroad," and are currently being released around the country.

Bette Ellen, the former "Away-we-go" girl of the Jackie Gleason show? Bette, who was a top-flight New York model before she went into television, has returned to posing. Also, she is studying acting intently and is hoping for a dramatic career on the Broadway stage this coming fall.

Buff Cobb, who was a regular on *Masquerade Party* at one time and also teamed with her ex-husband, Mike Wallace, on several shows? Buff has not appeared regularly on any TV show since she left *Masquerade Party*. At the moment, she is in New York, lining up a proposed TV film series on the literary works of her late famous uncle, Irvin S. Cobb.

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

JANE RUSSELL—

Is Hollywood's

"Terrible Tempered Mistress"

really a softie?

read the answer in the June issue of

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DAYTIME DIARY

All programs heard Monday through Friday;
consult local papers for time and station.

AS THE WORLD TURNS Lawyer Chris Hughes is a fair-minded man, by nature and profession equipped to understand that there is always something to be said on both sides of an argument. He can see why his bitter, restless sister Edith and his old friend and associate Jim Lowell have turned to each other for companionship. But can he convince Edith that, with Jim's estranged wife still in the picture, there is sure to be trouble ahead? CBS-TV.

AUNT JENNY Littleton is a small American town that seems like hundreds of others. But seen through Aunt Jenny's eyes, we know that the placid housefronts hide every kind of happiness, heartbreak and suspense. From the lives around her she draws real-life stories about people who might be neighbors. CBS Radio.

BACKSTAGE WIFE From the beginning, Broadway actor Larry Noble has felt that the terrible threat of Hope St. Clair's plot against him is only one aspect of the danger he senses. What if his wife Mary finally tires of maintaining her faith in him and in their marriage and surrenders to what seems proof that he no longer loves her? Can they build separate lives? CBS-Radio.

THE BRIGHTER DAY Reverend Richard Dennis is delighted when Max Canfield and Lydia Harriek finally find new hope for the future in each other. How will he react if it is his own restless daughter, Althea, who upsets the situation? If Althea really settles down in New Hope with little Spring, will anyone—including Althea—be happy about it? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

DATE WITH LIFE Nobody is in a better position than a newspaperman when it comes to finding how people live. Tom Bradley, editor and publisher of the Bay City News, knows all the inside facts behind the stories that make the front pages, but he also tells many stories that, while they have no news value, are significant in terms of human emotions. NBC-TV.

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE Sulking under the invasion of new doctors, Dr. Jessup manages to spread enough rumors to make Crooked Horn suspicious about the clinic, of which Dr. Dan Palmer is such an enthusiastic part. And Julie, unaccustomed to the lack of activity after her useful life back East, embarks on a project of her own that at first seems promising but leads to a complication for the Palmers. NBC Radio.

THE EDGE OF NIGHT Lieutenant Detective Mike Karr is a man who really knows what makes a big city go—knows so well, in fact, that he hates to ask a girl

like Sara Lane to share the kind of life he lives. But Sara's resourcefulness surprises Mike when his duties lead him into peculiar contact with her uncle, the powerful Harry Lane. What happens when Lieutenant Victor Rocco gets a chance to show his disapproval of Mike's approach to big crime? CBS-TV.

THE GUIDING LIGHT Dr. Dick Grant has tried to convince his friend, Dr. Jim Kelly, that although Lila has accepted Jim's ring, she has no intention of marrying him. Is it faith that keeps Jim deaf to Dick's arguments—or stubbornness? What happens when Lila's serious illness forces her to re-examine her motives? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

HOTEL FOR PETS During his long career as a mailman, Mr. Jolly dreamed wistfully of the day when he would retire to open a shelter for animals. And he achieved his dream, plus a wife to help him make it even better. But his simple plans did not include all the complications of community life in which he and his pets have become involved. NBC Radio.

LOVE OF LIFE Paul and Vanessa Raven fear Hal Craig's threats against little Carol are motivated not only by his hatred of them but also by the mysterious locket Carol saw. What is the secret Carol isn't even aware she knows? Can Hal force Van's sister Meg to endanger her own family, or will Meg surprise him by choosing sides at last? CBS-TV.

MA PERKINS Rushville Center tries hard, but it cannot help being turned upside down by the Hollywood invasion spearheaded by Gideon Harris, who arrives to make a movie out of Tom Wells' book. Fay finds her role as the writer's wife a trying one, and Ma discovers that although it's true famous people are still people, they have to be handled differently. CBS-Radio.

OUR GAL SUNDAY Sunday's childhood friend, Bill Hunter, completely upsets the tenor of life at Black Swan Hall when he almost convinces her that a simple American girl from Colorado is misplaced as the wife of an English nobleman. Despite Sunday's deep love for Lord Henry, she feels the truth of some of Bill's arguments—as Lord Henry's interest grows in a scheming English girl. CBS Radio.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY Linda's agitation, which has so mystified her husband Pepper and the rest of the family, intensifies as she learns that her first husband, Jeff Taylor, believed dead by everyone else, is on the verge of re-entering her

life. Linda knows well enough that no good ever came of her keeping a secret from Pepper. But how can she bring herself to share this with him? NBC Radio.

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS The large sum of money which Carolyn holds in trust has attracted many new acquaintances. But in spite of her watchfulness, Carolyn is confronted by one who understands that the way into her confidence is through her son, Skip. What will happen to Skip if Carolyn continues to misplace her confidence? NBC Radio.

THE ROAD OF LIFE As the Jim Brents look forward to even greater family happiness with the new baby, they cannot help feeling sorry for Sibyl, to whom happiness seems lost. Still, as she duels Randy Ogden in a cynical battle for the upper hand, even Sibyl realizes that she once again invites disaster. How will Audrey Walsh figure in Randy's plans? CBS Radio.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT Gil Whitney's neglect of Helen drives her into a dangerous situation as she becomes increasingly friendly with Morgan Clark, her fascinating, mysterious neighbor. Is Morgan's sister Julia protecting her own security or Helen's life when she tries to stop the friendship? Can Gil ever forgive himself if real harm comes to Helen because of his indecisiveness? CBS Radio.

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW With bookkeeper Harold Small's arrival in Henderson, the Bates found a new friend—but new trouble as well. For Harold is there because of his resemblance to V. L. Swanson, whose desire for revenge against Joanne has survived his prison term. And Arthur's need for money to finance the Motor Haven extension gives V. L.'s friends the chance they awaited. But has Harold been underestimated? CBS-TV.

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON When Lew Archer is shot by Joe Hansen, the whole Burton family is disrupted. Stan's grief over his brother-in-law's catastrophe is further complicated by his newspaper's financial dependence on Lew. If the necessary funds can no longer come from Lew, will they have to come from Mother Burton—thus once again giving her a chance to run things and defeating Stan's fight for independence? CBS Radio.

THE SECRET STORM Pauline Harris deceives neither Peter nor his children when she hypocritically sympathizes with them over the dramatic re-appearance of Bruce, Jane Edwards' first husband, on the very verge of Jane's marriage to Peter. But

not knowing Pauline's full involvement, they do not quite know how to forestall the further tragedy she plans in order to prevent Peter from marrying anyone but herself. CBS-TV.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE Nora and David Brown have come a long way since the shock of David's mental seizures first led them to an investigation of his past and the uncovering of the thirty-year-old murder of which he believed his father unjustly accused. Will the trail end with a tragic confession? Or will the confused widow of the murdered man surrender the key she holds to the secret of the tragedy, to prevent another? CBS Radio.

VALIANT LADY Reporter Elliot Norris brings new joy into Helen Emerson's life, together with new and perhaps tragic complications. Helen realizes to her horror the desperate deception set up by Elliot's ward, Peggy, that aims to prevent him from marrying. Has Peggy's lie driven a final wedge between Helen and her daughter Diane? And what will happen if Roy Withers tries for revenge? CBS-TV.

WENDY WARREN AND THE NEWS Wendy's friends are disturbed when, at the very outset of her return to the city as a newspaper columnist, she becomes involved with writer Paul Benson and his sister Barbara, both very neurotic. Will flamboyant Katie Macauley, finally turn out to be a good friend in need? CBS Radio.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES Joan and Harry Davis are so much a part of their town that they have come to feel a certain responsibility for the welfare of their neighbors. Frequently, Harry, a successful lawyer, is called on to deal with their troubles from a legal point of view, but it is as a woman and a friend that Joan is important. ABC Radio.

WHISPERING STREETS There is at least one dramatic episode in almost everyone's life. Standing apart from these people, yet close enough to hold their confidence, Hope Winslow is able to see these episodes as they begin, develop, and end, and these are the stories she tells each weekday. NBC Radio.

THE WOMAN IN MY HOUSE Ever since the Carter children were old enough, they have fallen in and out of love, gotten married, and founded families of their own—except for Jeff, who happens to be the eldest. Mother Carter urged him to find himself a wife. She is more than a little surprised at the way Jeff finally takes her advice—and at her own resulting emotions. NBC Radio.

YOUNG DR. MALONE Both Dr. Jerry Malone and his wife Tracey understand that part of young Jill's rebellion is a natural result of her age, just turned eighteen. But surely Jill's resentment of her stepmother and criticism of her father seem to go beyond what one might reasonably expect. Is Jill too demanding and unrealistic? If the New York project materializes, will it be the worst or the best thing for Jill? CBS Radio.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN Although Dr. Anthony Loring's wife is dead, she still stands between Anthony and Ellen. Her father, famous criminologist Jason Randall, holds Ellen responsible for Millicent's death and revenges himself by ruining Ellen's life in Simpsonville. If Ellen can no longer operate her tea-room, will she have to seek a livelihood elsewhere? Does this mean the end of everything for her and Anthony? NBC Radio.



For a smooth,
lanolin-lovely
complexion...

Powder

your face with Lanolin!

• Tried everything—and still your complexion is not perfection? Then try Lady Esther's new face powder. It's whirled-in-lanolin—and it's wonderful. Goes on smoother, stays on longer, gives your skin the magic of lanolin every time you powder your face—for a smooth, lovely complexion!



Glorious new summer shade
BRONZE

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In both loose face
powder and Puff Magic
pressed powder

Hollywood's favorite
Lustre-Creme
Shampoo...



Cream or Lotion

Yes, Grace Kelly uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo. It's the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

It never dries your hair! Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin . . . foams into rich lather, even in hardest water . . . leaves hair so easy to manage.

It beautifies! For soft, bright, fragrantly clean hair—without special after-rinses—choose the shampoo of America's most glamorous women. Use the favorite of Hollywood movie stars—Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

Never Dries—
it Beautifies!

Grace Kelly

As she appears
in her co-starring role in M-G-M's

THE SWAN

In CinemaScope and Color



IF YOU WERE A MILLIONAIRE

*We all dream! Marvin Miller
(alias Michael Anthony)
rang doorbells to find out
just what we dream . . .*

By GORDON BUDGE

How would you like to suddenly fall heir to \$1,000,000? That's the premise on which CBS-TV's successful show, *The Millionaire*, is based. Each week, Marvin Miller—as Michael Anthony, employed by fictional billionaire John Beresford Tipton—delivers a check for \$1,000,000 to some worthy individual. How they react and what they do with their \$1,000,000 is the subject of each exciting story.

By implication, TV RADIO MIRROR posed the same question to ten television viewers one recent Wednesday night. We sent Marvin Miller—or Michael Anthony—and a writer to visit ten homes at random in the Los Angeles area, ringing doorbells and waiting for surprised reactions. Though Miller did not have any \$1,000,000 checks to give away, each of the families who gave him their time was rewarded with a \$25.00 U.S. Savings Bond.

Would you recognize *The Millionaire's* agent if he came ringing your bell? Would you invite him in—or shoo him away as a possible salesman? . . . If you did recognize him as *The Millionaire's* agent—felt you were within arms reach of \$1,000,000—then how would you react? This is the way the ten families visited by Marvin Miller and TV RADIO MIRROR did react:

Agnes and Jerry Comer, a mechanic at North American Aviation, live with their three teen-age children in a



See Next Page →

Happy in his own home with wife Elizabeth, Tony and little Melissa, Marvin Miller wondered what others were thinking about, in their households. Unlike Michael Anthony of *The Millionaire*, he couldn't offer any "seven-figure" checks—but he did have savings bonds for lucky families.



Little Miss Melissa Miller doesn't care whether Daddy's a millionaire or not, so long as he reads her bedtime stories.



Marvin talks "grown-up" with his teen-age son Tony, whose dreams and plans for the future count more than money.

modest white farm house at 1306 S. Barrington in West Los Angeles. It was almost nine o'clock, Pacific Time, when Marvin Miller (and TV Radio Mirror's writer and photographer, standing out of view in the dark) knocked at their door. The Comers' fifteen-year-old daughter Barbara answered the knock.

"Good evening," said Marvin in his well-known radio and television voice, "I'm Michael Anthony—does my name mean anything to you?"

"No . . ." said Barbara, though she looked a bit puzzled and continued hospitably, "but come on in."

Marvin stepped directly into the front room. Mrs. Agnes Comer was seated on the couch, one eye on Disneyland,

the other on her darning. Barbara's father, Jerry Comer, relaxing in his work clothes, was reading the sports page of his evening paper.

Barbara's parents rose to greet their unexpected guest. Marvin continued: "Well, then, does the name *The Millionaire* mean anything to you?" Marvin could see that Mr. Comer did not know what to think, at first. But recognition dawned in Barbara's eyes at the word "millionaire." Her mouth opened as if to speak, but no sound came out. Her hand came up to cover her open mouth. And then a surprised "Oh!" escaped. It was now exactly 9:00 P.M., and Barbara dove for the television set, flipping the switch to CBS-TV. Credits for (Continued on page 70)

Surprise: Medical student Ronald J. O'Reilly and working wife Barbara find "Michael Anthony" knocking at their door. They couldn't begin to plan for a million dollars, but they had a very practical use for the \$25 bond Miller gave them.

\$1,000,000? Mrs. Evelyn Brown, secretary for the Veterans Administration, said the first thing she'd do—if she ever got that much money—would be to "collapse"! But she had a definite plan for Marvin's gift: her TV set needed repairs.



IF YOU WERE A MILLIONAIRE

(Continued)



Nancy knew all about *The Millionaire*, but her mother, Mrs. Clarys Margadant, was skeptical about Marvin Miller's visit. They gladly accepted his gift—but the very last words they shouted through the door were: "We still can't believe it."



The Jungs—Francis J., a tooling-control administrator for Douglas Aircraft, his wife Dorothy and their children—were easier to convince. In fact, when Mrs. Jung came to the door and saw Marvin, she cried: "Why, it's Michael Anthony!"



With four sons (including Mark and David, above), Mrs. Mary Louise Baiz knew exactly what she'd do with a lot of money—set up a trust fund for them. She is a supervisor at Pacific Jewelry Manufacturers, and her husband is a "tree remover."



Welcome: *The Millionaire* was on TV at the very time Marvin made this call. Agnes Comer and her husband—a mechanic at North American—weren't sure what they'd do with a million. Said daughter Barbara, "I'd buy a record player."

Marvin Miller is Michael Anthony in *The Millionaire*, CBS-TV, Wednesdays, at 9 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by the Colgate-Palmolive Company.

Princess Martha gets the royal treatment from her boss on The Jack Paar Show.



Lucky to be WRIGHT

Martha feels like a fairy princess on The Jack Paar Show—but is even happier just being Mrs. Mike Manuche!

By FRANCES KISH

THE WONDERFUL THINGS that have happened to Martha Wright seem to be at least one part luck, one part hard work (a heaping measure of this), and one part that thing called "timing"—the combination of being in the right place, at the right moment, with the right amount of talent.

There have been so many things! Her current success, as the effervescent, charming TV vocalist-actress of *The Jack Paar Show*. . . Her morning *Martha Wright Show* and late-afternoon *Modern Lullaby* on WCBS Radio, in which she combines songs and platter-spinning, and talk and interviews. . . The way she almost became Mary Martin's understudy in "South Pacific," and—missing out on that—later, with perfect timing, got the chance to take over Mary's role for a long Broadway run, with her name in lights. . . The way she got into show business in the first place—and into the first play, the one that took her from Seattle, Washington, to New York City and big-time entertainment.

Even her marriage (Continued on page 84)

The Jack Paar Show is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, from 1 to 1:30 P.M. EDT. *The Martha Wright Show*, 9:30 A.M., and *Modern Lullaby*, 6:30 P.M., are heard M-F on WCBS Radio (N. Y.).



Housewife Martha is anything but regal, as she romps with husband Mike at home—plays with her poodles, Susie and Poppy—and looks forward to another reunion with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wiederrecht (pictured below on a long visit, last year, at her home in Connecticut).



THE HOME THAT JACK BUILT



Mr. and Mrs. Barry are living on Cloud Nine—with two little boys who aren't expected to act like angels

By MARTIN COHEN



When not too busy pursuing her lively young sons, Marcia Van Dyke Barry likes to paint; she did the snow scene over the mantel (left). Baby Jonathan's own favorite "purr-suit" is Marcia's Siamese cat.



Jonathan and older brother Jeffrey know that Dad is all theirs, any time they want to play. "I can't think of anything," says Jack, "as important to me as my family."

JACK BARRY'S home is tacked on to a low cloud in mid-Manhattan. Step out on the terrace and it seems you can strike a match on the underbelly of a passing airliner. On a clear day, facing northwest, you can see the ten-mile-distant George Washington Bridge—or, by facing toward Norway, you can see as far as Brooklyn. If you're in a reflective mood, you can just lean on the parapet and watch the lights wrinkle in the East River. It's like magic, like something out of the Arabian Nights—and when you get inside the penthouse, it's like some-

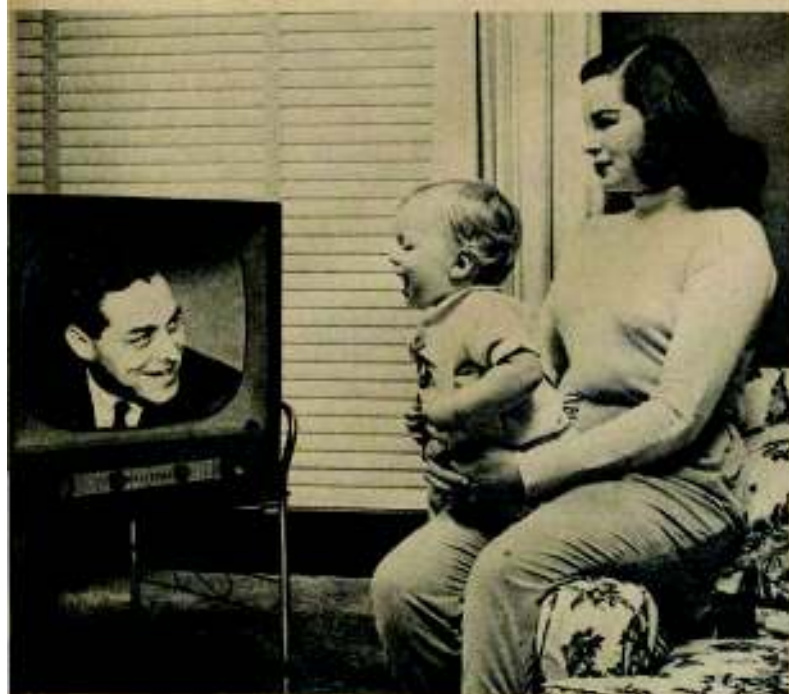
thing out of this world—Cloud Nine built for four.

Jack Barry furnished his life with a gal named Marcia Van Dyke, and Marcia furnished his home with decorative, dramatic furniture—including two male, mobile units by the names of Jeffrey and Jonathan. And, although the home is impressively outfitted in English Sheraton, Marcia remains the most decorative unit of all. She has reddish brown hair and reddish brown eyes, and a figure that is not Sheraton at all, but rather "contemporary Hollywood." Marcia makes a major contribution to the

Continued ➔

THE HOME THAT JACK BUILT

(Continued)



You can't fool Jonathan—he knows who that is, inside the TV set! As for the older boy, Jeffrey, Marcia says: "He'll walk right up to the glass and kiss Jack's image."



And that's Mommy! Jack commissioned the artist who was teaching Marcia's class to do this portrait head as a surprise Christmas gift for the woman he loves.



Jack introduces songbird Martha Wright to partner Dan Enright, whose life "contract" with Barry was sealed with nothing but a handshake of mutual trust and respect.

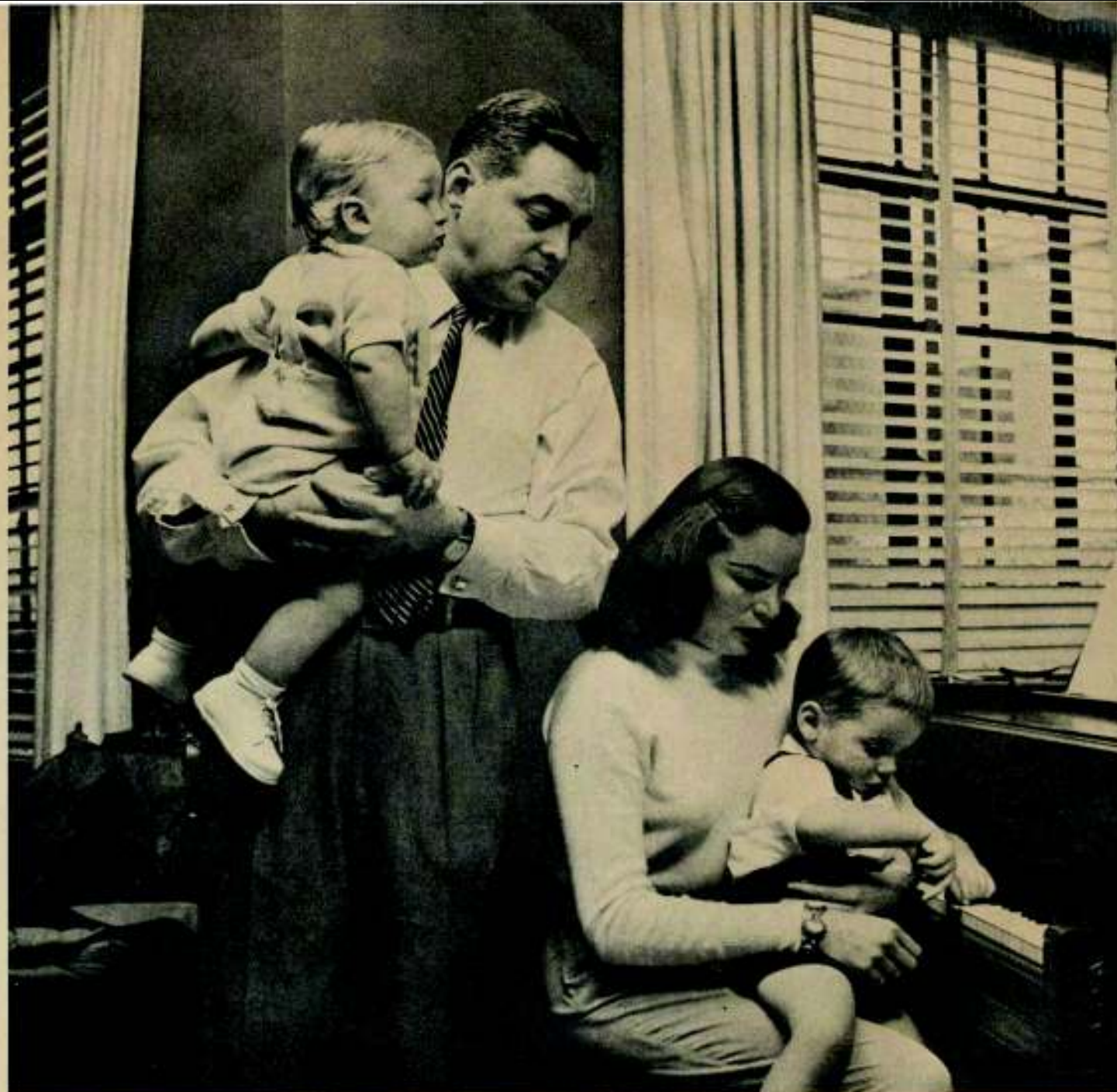
glamour and beauty of the penthouse, but this is just the picture—just surface—for the real mood of the home is ease and warmth. This is a real family, the kind Grandma and Grandpa used to make.

"With us, the family isn't something you turn on or off," Jack says. "I can't think of any ambition, any other thing in my life, that is as important to me as my family."

This is an unexpected switch, for Jack Barry—who, as a very young man, rocked the radio industry with his creative genius—was never expected to rock a cradle. Jack had once built a firm reputation as one of the hardest, marriage-resistant bachelors east of Rockefeller Center. Today, he is leading contender for the title of "most domesticated personality."

Marcia tells you, "Jack is very warm, the kind of a guy who writes poems on birthdays and anniversaries. He's really a very spiritual person with strong faith in God. And, you know, he takes responsibilities seriously. He'll knock himself out for a relative or friend."

This warmth of Jack's has been apparent to many people for the past ten years of his network service. He is now in his mid-thirties. He stands close to six feet tall, and his eyes and hair are brown. He leads a double-life, as both producer and entertainer. He is a natural showman—although there was nothing in his early life to indicate this.



Jonathan looks a bit more like Dad, Jeffrey seems to be taking after Mommy, who sings and plays both violin and piano. Jack says proudly, "Marcia is one of the most accomplished persons I've ever known."

Jack was raised in Long Island, the oldest of three children, whose father was an immigrant and whose mother was a self-educated woman. His respect and love for his parents and their origins has made him particularly sensitive to intolerance.

"I won't put up with snobbery or prejudice," he says. "There is too much of it in this business—but we don't have it around our office. I don't care whether the man is a movie star or a messenger, he gets equal respect and courtesy."

As a youngster, Jack studied piano. He formed his own dance band in high school, which gave him

his first taste of something akin to the entertainment industry. But he went on to Wharton Business School, at the University of Pennsylvania, and graduated into his father's handkerchief factory. After a few years of blowing his nose, he blew his top and decided he was going to be a radio announcer. He took a summer course in radio at Northwestern University. The head of the school, a well-known announcer, called Jack into his office and said, "You better forget about radio. You'll never amount to anything. You just don't have what it takes."

(Continued on page 93)

LADY OF LETTERS



Those who seek personal help from Lee Graham find apt analysis and straightforward approach.



Trained by experience as well as in theory, Mrs. Graham also teaches a Family Relations class at New York's City College.



She says simply, "The center of my own life is my husband." After years of marriage, Lee and Lawrence still "date" like college sweethearts.

Lee Graham helps people find the answers for themselves—in life and love, rather than books

By HELEN BOLSTAD

A FRIGHTENED, unwed teenager wrote: "I'm pregnant. What should I do?" . . . A man worried: "I can't hold a job." . . . A wife complained: "My husband gambles. He's destroying our life." . . . A pretty secretary confessed her secret sorrow: "No man will ever care for me. I'm six feet, two inches tall."

In three thousand such letters, each week . . . the conflicts, the hopes, the fears, the aspirations which make up the drama of human lives . . . reach the desk of Lee Graham, the human relations counselor whose radio program, *Letter To Lee Graham*, is broadcast weekdays over Station WOR and the Mutual Broadcasting System, and whose local New York television program, *Conflict*, is seen Sundays on Station WABD.

She has won their confidence through the aptness of her analysis and the straightforwardness of her approach. In person, Lee contradicts most accepted notions of a female pundit, for she is neither aged, motherly, nor authoritarian. She is, instead, a clear-eyed, very attractive, blond and youthful woman who is (Continued on page 86)

A Letter To Lee Graham is heard over WOR-Mutual, Monday through Friday, from 2:05 to 2:30 P.M. EDT. *Conflict* is seen over Station WABD (N.Y.), Sunday, 10:30 to 11 P.M., sponsored by Red Bow Food Products.



Story at left tells only a few of the intimate problems which come in Lee's mail.

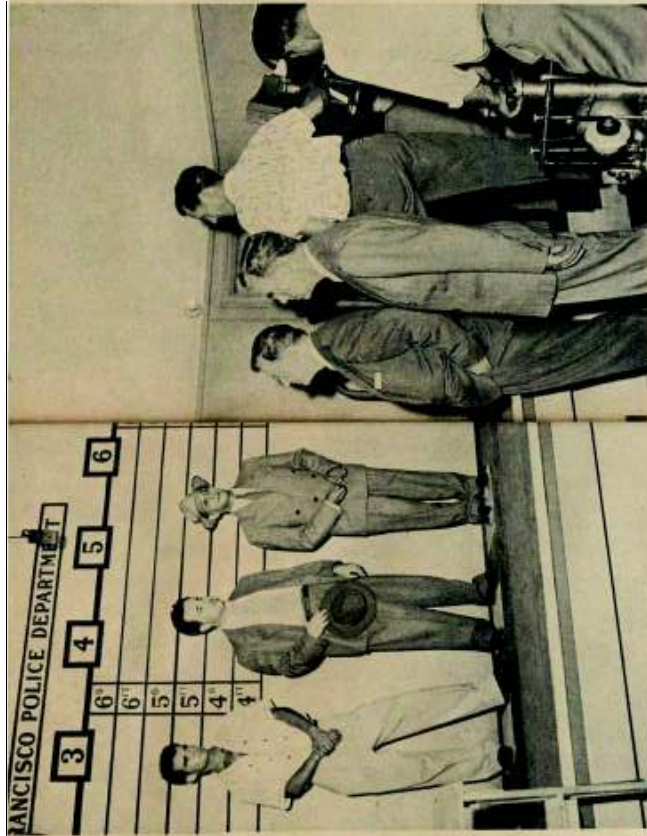
It takes hours of pondering . . . with "time out" for coffee . . . to help each correspondent toward a wise solution.



who's who on THE LINEUP



The *Lineup*, starring Warner Anderson and Tom Tully (left to right, above), is seen on CBS-TV, Fri., 10 P.M. EDT, sponsored alternately by Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp. for Victory Cigarettes and the Procter & Gamble Co. for Cheer.



Suspects line up for scrutiny by Tom Tully, as

When the camera isn't focused on their true-to-life police adventures, Warner Anderson and Tom Tully spotlight their better-than-fiction families



San Francisco is the colorful location—and Warner and Tom spent weeks "on location," studying policemen at work, to prove producer Jaime del Valle's thesis that truth is more popular than fiction.



he's one guy who's always been on the right side of the law. . . . Warner Anderson spoke more softly than his colleague at the beginning of his career. After a movie debut as Mabel Tallaferro's son in "Sunbeam," Warner made his first Broadway appearance in "Maytime," with Peggy Wood. On radio, he was "the voice of The Bell Telephone System" and also narrated *Court Of Missing Heirs*. Warner's camera credits include most of television's top dramatic programs and more than fifty class-"A" motion pictures. . . . But the acting jackpot can never compare with the bonanza Warner enjoyed as a youngster. His father was a buyer for a toy department, and manufacturers' salesmen from all over the country came calling with their wares. Naturally, Warner fell heir to the samples of the latest and best in toyland. . . . Brooklyn-born, Warner spent only the first three years of his life in that borough. After that, the family led a roving existence. Years later, when Warner had married the brunette Letta, a former dancer with the Shubert theaters—and even after Michael had been born—the Andersons were still prepared to pack up at a moment's notice. Warner used to laugh: "We're a room-service family. We like doing our housework by telephone." . . . By 1951 the Andersons decided to build a permanent home. But, three

See Next Page ▶



Warner led a roving youth. As an adult, he commuted between New York and Hollywood. Then he built a home for Michael, Leeta and "Badness"—and has never stopped remodeling!



Michael is as mechanically-minded as his father, and together they build model cars and motors. Leeta shares the passion for remodeling, likes plans for a pool and a workroom for Warner.



who's who on THE LINEUP

(Continued)

weeks after the dust had cleared, the question arose: "You know what we ought to have, dear?" The Andersons have been remodeling ever since. . . . Warner is a handy man to have around when building changes are contemplated, for, in rare periods when he was "at liberty" as an actor, he worked as a consulting engineer. He and his son Michael, now fifteen, usually keep four or five motors in various stages of construction. Warner likes to make things he needs, such as faucets. He turns them out on his lathe as simply as he turns a line of dialogue on *Lineup*. . . . The Andersons' furnishings are a tasteful mixture of styles, with a couple of pieces each of Empire, Regency and Sheraton. Seated in any of these periods, Warner Anderson reads non-fiction avidly. Currently, he is going rapidly through the bibliography on Africa. . . . As to Tom Tully, this six-footer's favorite reading is an inscription on a photograph reading "Our Matt Greb." He came by this literary treasure when he had been nominated for an Oscar as the best supporting movie actor in 1954—for his portrayal of Captain De Vries in "The Caine Mutiny." . . . There was much jubilation among the San Francisco police when Tom was

nominated. "It's like one of our boys is up for that award," is the way one top official put it. . . . A group of Bay area police inspectors escorted Tom to a surprise party. "Happy Oscar!" the guests greeted Tom. With that, he was presented with the picture of himself. But, instead of his own face, Tom found the features of the internationally famous chef, Oscar of the Waldorf. . . . Few can match the wide acting experience that Tom Tully has amassed since the days in 1936 when he earned seven-and-a-half dollars a performance as the barking voice of a police canine side on *Renfrew*. Soon, his roles contained more bite than bark on such police thrillers as *Mr. District Attorney*, *Gang Busters* and *Famous Jury Trials*. Never veering from the right side of the law, Tom has been a "good guy"—and a good actor—in more than 3,000 network radio broadcasts. . . . Born forty-six years ago in Durango, Colorado, Tom served briefly in the Navy and in civilian jobs before enlisting in show business. By 1941, he'd established himself as a Broadway favorite. Then, he set out to win the movie critics' plaudits that eventually led to his Oscar nomination. . . . The Colorado native and his wife, the former Ida Johnson of Salt Lake City, Utah, live in a California-style home and, though both inlanders, they love the Pacific life. Together with their daughter Nina, Tom and Ida enjoy jam sessions around the piano and work as a team to fill picnic baskets. Unlike his colleague Anderson, who handily constructs motors, Tom Tully drives a store-bought sports car. . . . Case closed!



The Tullys—Tom, Ida and daughter Nina—prefer the music of a piano to that of saws. But Tom launched his career by doing vocal effects for a canine.



Family picnics are a favorite form of fun. Tom and Ida love the Pacific with that special fondness of born inlanders.



Jaunts in their sports car can lead the Tullys anywhere as all California's highways beckon to Ida, Tom and Nina.



Actor Stephen Pluta kisses his actress bride—and Agnes beams because Nancy married into show business, too! "They went to the Neighborhood Playhouse School together," Aunt Jenny begins the story . . .



AUNT JENNY'S

Favorite Bride



Double-ring ceremony—inscribed: "Lord bless these rings that they who shall wear them may keep true faith to each other . . . and ever live in love . . ."

It's Agnes Young's own daughter,
Nancy Wells, whose real-life
wedding was "romance come true"

By ALICE FRANCIS

FOR MANY YEARS Agnes Young, as "Aunt Jenny," has started her CBS Radio program with the words: *Listen now to Aunt Jenny's real-life stories.* Listeners have long recognized these words as their passport to an interesting and exciting daily interlude, letting them share—through the magic of radio—in the drama that happens in everyday lives, in everyday homes all around them. Over the years, Aunt Jenny has introduced stories of love and marriage, of home and children—of goodness and kindness winning out against evil and strife . . . sometimes, of happiness gained only after tragic beginnings—tender stories of hope, and of fulfillment . . . sentimental stories, often, of young (Continued on page 94)

Aunt Jenny is heard on CBS Radio, M-F, 2:45 P.M. EDT, as sponsored daily by Lever Brothers Company (for Spry, Breeze, Silver Dust) and co-sponsored twice weekly by the Campbell Soup Co.



"It was a beautiful wedding," Agnes Young sighs contentedly, as she and her husband, J. Norman (Jimmy) Wells, watch their daughter and her brand-new bridegroom cut the cake.



Two pet hobbies: When not play-acting, Bonnie enjoys taking care of her canine pal, Topper—and adding to her cherished collection of dolls.



Two talented youngsters—but Malcolm Brodrick and Bonnie play like children everywhere, while their parents just sip and talk, as grownups do.



Two lovely mothers: Bonnie—Kim with Flora Campbell, as Helen Emerson, in *Valiant Lady* (above)—and Marguerite Sawyer (right).

IT'S ALWAYS PLAYTIME

Bonnie Sawyer can't get enough of being Kim in TV's Valiant Lady—it's all just too much fun!

By MARY TEMPLE

ONE VIEW of Bonnie Sawyer is a wide-eyed little Alice-in-Wonderland sort of girl, with lovely, long blond hair and a sparkling smile . . . a girl who loves to play with her dolls and her dog, Topper . . . who romps with the kids in the neighborhood . . . who skates and sleds in winter and swims in summer, and has the wonderful life an eleven-year-old should. . . . The other Bonnie—the part of her that is Kim Emerson of CBS-TV's dramatic serial, *Valiant Lady*—is a serious actress, a seasoned performer of nine years' experience . . . beginning with her debut, at fifteen months of age, in a church entertainment where she sang "Strolling Through the Park" and "Dearie," and brought down the house . . . and followed by her really professional debut when she was two years old—after a doting grandmother had sent a photograph to a baby contest, and Bonnie had won over all the other cute and pretty darlings. Modeling assignments followed, and then commercial films . . . and, after a while, Bonnie was on her way to becoming a full-fledged actress on television (and in one recent stage musical, a New York City Center Light Opera production of "Show Boat").

The wide-eyed-little-girl Bonnie is a (Continued on page 96)

Bonnie is Kim Emerson in *Valiant Lady*, CBS-TV, M-F, 12 noon EDT, as sponsored by General Mills, The Toni Company, Wesson Oil, Scott Paper Company.



the very heart of HOPE



Ladies in his TV life: Above, "script girl" Eleanor Sider works with Bob and director Jim Jordan, Jr., at rehearsal. Below, production assistant Onnie Whizen checks in maestro Les Brown (left), singer Margaret Whiting, comedian Jerry Colonna—arriving for a typical Hope armed-forces benefit.



Here's why Bob, like all good news, travels fast—and is even more welcome to those who know him best

By BUD GOODE

WITH Bob Hope at lunch, the NBC-TV Burbank Color Studio rehearsal stage was placid as a summer's day beside a blue lagoon. The dancers lolled across the crowded stage, and the piano player dreamed an easy tune. Script secretary Eleanor Sider, notes in one hand, stop-watch in the other, hummed to the music. Production assistant Onnie Whizen leaned across the piano, chatting with the set designer. And, finally, production secretary Jan King waited patiently for Bob to come through the door to make last-minute changes in the script.

When gum-chewing Hope entered, the stage erupted with action. He rolled through the door like a man going downhill on a brakeless bicycle, saying, "Everybody, hello, all right, let's get this show on the road." (For the five years that production assistant Onnie Whizen has been with Bob, she has always tried to return his hello. But, by the time she catches her breath, rehearsal is already under way.) The instant Bob arrived, the piano played, dancers danced, and writers wrote. After five minutes, production secretary Jan King had blue-penciled two one-hundred-dollar gags and replaced them with more timely afternoon headline news which Bob brought through the door with him.

As he rolled across the stage, sports coat flying, the stage's three phones jangled violently, demanding his attention—in some uncanny way, the outside world knew that Hope had returned to the rehearsal hall. Bob likes long phone extensions because they let him move about. Now, talking on one phone, he tap-danced his way to center stage. By the time he completed the first three calls, his sports coat and cashmere sweater were discarded, and Hope was down to his long-sleeved sports shirt. He likes casual clothes—their loose comfort make it easier for him to move around.

After the first ten minutes, script secretary Eleanor Sider had paid out (Continued on page 72)

The Bob Hope Show is seen frequently, over NBC-TV, in *The Chevy Show* time spot (every third Tues., from 8 to 9 P.M. EDT), as sponsored by the Chevrolet Dealers of America!



Behind every successful man, there is the one woman—in this case, Dolores, seen here with Bob and the four little Hopes (Tony and Kelly, left; Linda and Nora, right). But they're both deeply grateful to the great gals on his staff who do so much to make his busy schedule possible



Actress: Eva Marie Saint is co-star in Paramount's "That Certain Feeling."



Personal secretary: Marjorie Hughes bears witness to Bob's thoughtfulness.



Production secretary: Jan King tells tales of his open-handed generosity.



IT SHOULDN'T HARDLY HAPPEN TO

The Birds and the Bees

But I'm the luckiest star in movies—to have been with Gobel when he made like Gable

By MITZI GAYNOR

I CRIED the day our last scene was okayed and sent to the laboratory, and my tears were authentic (not a drop of glycerine to the gallon) because "The Birds and the Bees" was one of the fun pictures of my experience to date in Hollywood. When I was signed by Paramount for "TB & TB," and learned that a male cast consisting of George Gobel, David Niven, Reginald Gardiner and Fred Clark had been set to hijinx the works, I was so excited and grateful that I went around helping Boy Scouts to start fires by. (Continued on page 82)



This is the Paramount Picture: David Niven plays a sea-going card-sharp out to unload the well-loaded Mr. Gobel.



Guess I don't need to tell Gobel's TV audiences what a gay troubadour Lonesome George can be!

The George Gobel Show, on NBC-TV, 3 Sat. out of 4, at 10 P.M. EDT, is sponsored alternately by Armour and Co. (Dial Soap) and Pet Milk Co. (all products).



As for me, I play Niven's daughter, entrusted with the task of leading that little lamb to financial slaughter.



SMALL-TOWN GIRL

Unlike Althea in The Brighter Day, Jayne Heller would rather be a homebody than a "femme fatale"

By GREGORY MERWIN

THEY CALL HER "Punkie"—but that doesn't make sense, for Jayne Heller looks as much like a pumpkin as a football looks like the Venus de Milo. . . . "Punkie" is a high-cheek-boned beauty, tall and svelte—but even that is misleading, too, for Jayne knows how to put up strawberry preserves, bake an old-fashioned rhubarb pie, sew a dress, knit a sock and pickle beets.

"Punkie"—or Jayne Heller—plays a leading role in *The Brighter Day* on CBS-TV and Radio. For those who follow the serial with ears alone, it is to be recorded that she is an ash blonde with large, almond-shaped, blue eyes. She is five-feet-seven, and weighs a very nicely distributed 120 pounds. . . . The total effect is that of a sophisticated *femme fatale*, and, in the role of Althea, in *The Brighter Day*, she plays a girl who doesn't fit into small-town life. But Jayne has spent most of her life in the environment of a small town.

"That's the thing with casting," she says. "Take the first part I ever got in an adult-type drama. That was my freshman year in high school, and I was between thirteen and fourteen. I was given the part of a *femme fatale*. A senior kissed me, and I just about sank through the stage floor. It was my first boy-kiss. But I was always cast as a *femme fatale*. I was at least twenty before someone let me play a plain, simple girl—and it was such a relief." She further explains, "The face of an actress is so important. All the talent in the world won't get you a part if your face doesn't fit—and, of course, it doesn't have anything to do with your real personality. Some directors look at me and say, 'Ah, she's got that mysterious, exotic, worldly look.' Well, I'm about as mysterious and exotic as tapioca pudding."

Jayne is married and is a very domesticated housewife. Her husband, Lester Heller, goes off to his writing job in an advertising agency each morning, full of cooked cereal. He comes back to a home tidied by Jayne alone, to cookies



Husband Lester Heller is a native New Yorker, and very hep at helping Jayne learn her scripts. But he's forever being surprised by his Illinois bride's talent for "old-fashioned" home cooking!



Continued ➔

SMALL-TOWN GIRL

(Continued)

baked by Jayne, to socks darned by Jayne, to colorful drapes and chair covers sewed by Jayne. When he gets home, there is everything by Jayne—but no Jayne. She gets home an hour later.

"Still, we have most of our evenings together," she sighs, "and that's a real break in this business. Lester keeps regular office hours, so—when I'm in a show and working nights—we hardly see each other. If an actress is working and still has evenings with her husband, she considers herself pretty lucky."

Married seven years, Les and Jayne met at the University of Illinois. Lester is a native New Yorker. Jayne was born Jayne Alice Groves in Decatur, Illinois, and lived there until she was eight, when the family moved to Bloomington in the same state. She was one of two children, five years younger than her brother. (He is married, has two children and still lives in Bloomington, as do her parents.)

"Dad is quiet and witty, dry witty," says Jayne. "Incidentally, it was Daddy who started calling me 'Punkie' when I was toddling, and the name stuck. Physically, I guess I take after him. He's tall and thin. But Mother gets credit for getting me interested in dramatics. She started me doing readings at church when I was just two and a half."

They lived in a barn-red frame house with lots of ground. Her father loves to garden. He has fruit trees, and he grows vegetables through summer and fall. And, through summer and fall, Mrs. Groves and daughter were busy canning: "First, there were peas and beans and carrots, and then tomatoes and cucumbers and corn—and, of course, the fruits to can in the fall. At the very end of the season, we would just clean up the garden and can soup mixes."

Until she was fourteen, Jayne had never been sick a day. And then she fell seriously ill. She was in bed four months, barely stirring, and had to learn to walk all over again. She recovered with a burning desire to be a doctor. About acting, she recalls, "It was always great fun for me. Year around, from the time I could say my first words, I was in plays and recitals. I loved it. But I never thought about acting as a career. That was silly, impractical."

But she began to get hints from her stomach that she wasn't made of the necessary stuff to be a medic, especially when she watched her brother chopping up worms and turtles. Then there was a trip her science class made to the Chicago Museum of Science and Industry: "Well, you know they have models of human bodies made out of glass and plastic so that you can see how the heart and other organs work. That wasn't bad. But they also have a real body cut up, segmented and preserved. That bothered me. Especially when we left the museum and went right out to eat. I never again thought of being a doctor."

She was an excellent student in high school. She collected a state prize in French reading, and her grades were so high that she won a scholarship to the University of Illinois. She had decided, after reading about Madame Curie, that she would study chemistry and go into laboratory research: "It was

Jayne Heller is Althea in *The Brighter Day*, M-F—CBS-TV, 4 P.M., sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Cheer, Gleem, Crisco—CBS Radio, 2:15 P.M., under multiple sponsorship. (All EDT)



Long before *The Brighter Day*, Jayne modeled the latest in dress fashions—but still prefers to sew her own. Bridegroom Les has now learned the mysteries of measuring off hemlines.





Les and Jayne attended college together, went abroad for further study together, are now enjoying homemaking together. He makes hi-fi cabinets—she, curtains.

all cockeyed, you know. Here I'd loved French and dramatics and English, but I couldn't major in any of those things. It had to be something serious. So I signed up for a chem major, and they gave me an aptitude test—and where did I wind up but in a section with chemical engineers? There were forty boys and one other girl. Everyone of them was a chem bug. You could see that they had played with chemistry sets from nursery days."

But Jayne was determined to be "serious," and she was determined that she wouldn't waste time in dramatics: "I watched other girls go over to the University Theater to try out for the first play of the semester, and I was eating my heart out. Finally, I couldn't help myself. I went over to the theater at the last moment, read, and got a small part."

In the next show, she had the lead. She held onto her test tubes—but, by the middle of her sophomore year, was beginning to wonder whether she was really cut out to be a chemical engineer. She went over to the Admissions Office to check on her aptitude test again. She learned that, while she had scored high in science, she had done better in languages and English. She switched.

It was in this year of (Continued on page 91)



Wife in a Million



*Ted Brown's redheaded Rhoda speaks in strange accents,
has even stranger ideas about home decor—but oh, my!*



By MARIE HALLER

WEEKDAY, the title of NBC Radio's great daytime network service, is a fairly apt description of Ted and Rhoda Brown's busy schedule starting at the crack of dawn. But *The Ted Brown Show Featuring The Redhead*—the name of their local program over New York's Station WMGM—is even more descriptive of this unusual couple. Particularly the latter half, which is Ted's own way of describing his better half. Rhoda is attractive, petite, perky—and redheaded. Says Ted, succinctly, "Some people have talent . . . I married it."

Don't let the element of understatement confuse you. The affectionate grin and tone of voice are sufficient assurance that here's one husband who adores his wife. . . . And when Rhoda (Continued on page 77)

The Browns' home voices a warm welcome from rooftop to basement—where they have their own studio, so Rhoda can be near her children (and kitchen!) even while "working."



It's near town but has a "country" yard where Ricky can play with his parents and pets. Meanwhile—thanks to that studio—teen-age Tony can help Ted pick out discs to spin.

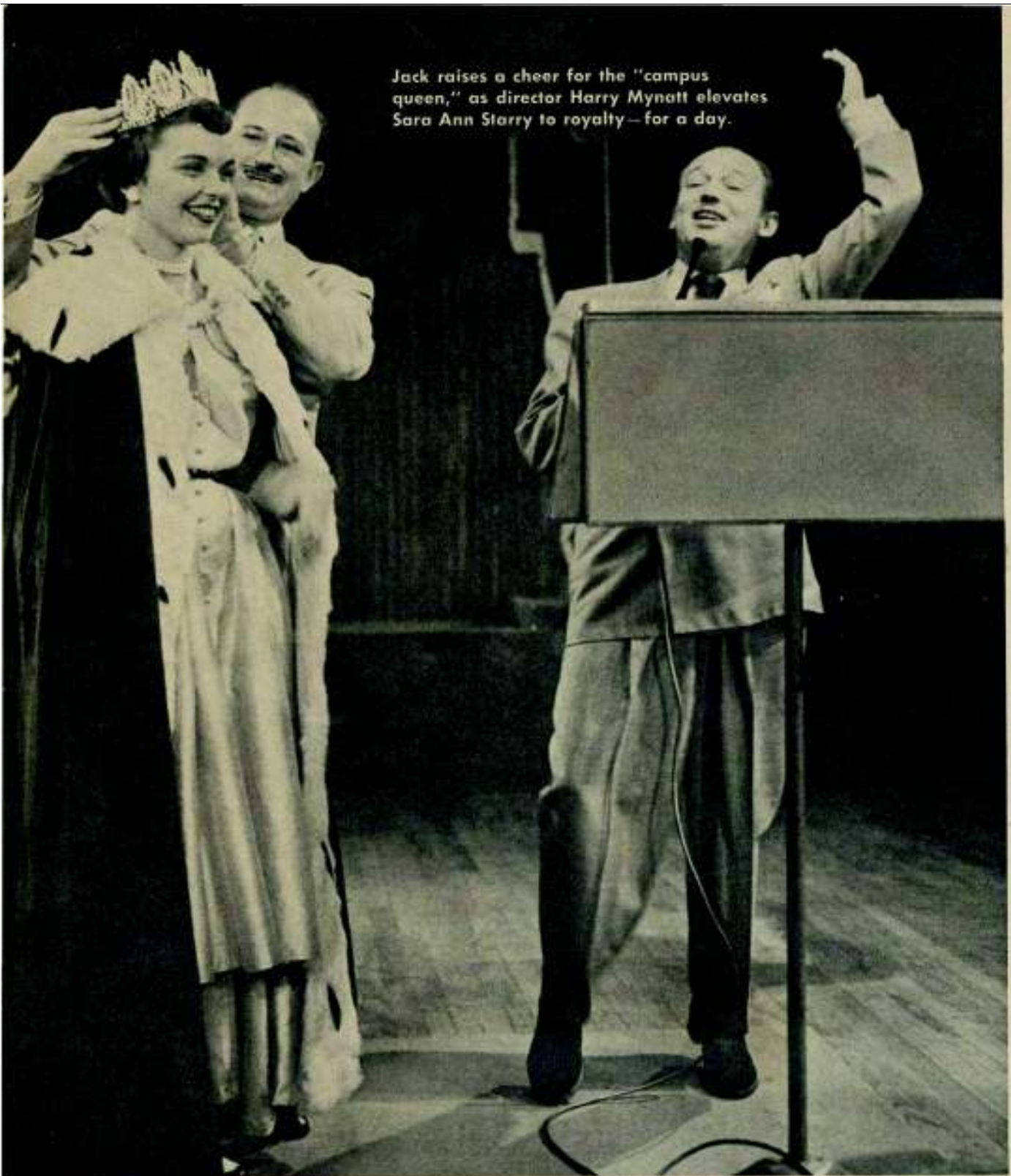


Howdy Doody knows Ted very well—but as "Bison Bill" (left), who picks up the reins when "Buffalo Bob" Smith himself takes a vacation away from his beloved Doodyville.

Ted and Rhoda are heard on *Weekday*, NBC Radio, M-F, at 10:45 A.M. *The Ted Brown Show Featuring The Redhead* is heard on Station WMGM (New York), Mon. thru Sat., from 7 to 10 A.M. *Howdy Doody* is seen over NBC-TV, M-F, 5:30 P.M. All EDT.



Jack raises a cheer for the "campus queen," as director Harry Mynatt elevates Sara Ann Starry to royalty—for a day.



He Loves the Ladies

Knowing so well what frustration can mean, Jack Bailey would like to crown every woman "Queen For A Day"

By ELSA MOLINA

WEEKDAYS in Hollywood, at lunchtime in Frank Sennes' Moulin Rouge Restaurant, one thousand women gather to laugh with Jack Bailey and possibly shed a tear with his current *Queen For A Day*. It can be said, in all honesty, that each of the thousand ladies there brought with her a heart full of wishes—and it is the purpose of "Queen" to bring these wishes to life. At 1:00 P.M., when Jack Bailey walks into this atmosphere of bright eyes and full hearts, the ladies first applaud, then they smile—and, before Jack has said a word, the house is full of laughter. Jack Bailey can't help being funny.

But every woman who has been on stage, in front of the cameras with Jack, would agree that he is more than just a television emcee or a comedian—he is a man with heart. Jeanne Cagney of *Queen For A Day* describes Jack as being "eight layers deep," and explains, "He has a compassionate understanding. Yet he doesn't avoid the Queen's problems. Together they may joke about them, and the jokes offer a release of tension. It is this facility of Jack's which makes an unbearable situation bearable. (Continued on page 90)

Queen For A Day is seen on NBC-TV at 4:30 P.M., and heard on Mutual at 11:30 A.M.—both Mon. through Fri., under multiple sponsorship. Jack Bailey emcees *Truth Or Consequences*, seen on NBC-TV, Fri., at 8 P.M., as sponsored by Old Gold-Cigarettes—and heard on NBC Radio, Wed., at 8 P.M. (All times given EDT)

Carol is Jack's own royal consort. They shared a piano bench the first time they met—at a party almost twenty years ago—and it's been a harmonious duet ever since.



Everyone knows a good laugh is a tonic, and contestants on *Truth Or Consequences* gladly join in any stunt to help Jack prove there's enough laughter to share with the whole world.



"Regal" is the word for the Baileys' dining room—though not for Jack's far less formal studio! Not too surprisingly, the ebullient emcee has a special gift for painting clowns.





MA PERKINS



1. Ma consoles the troubled Fay, who feels her husband is growing away from her—even as she expects a child. Though sympathetic, Evey and Willy delight in Tom's fame.

2. Fay fears her husband Tom is changing, as Hollywood comes to town in the nattily-attired person of actor Gideon Harris. But Ma must smile as Willy thrills to the glamour.

AMOTHER'S ROLE is that of confidante, friend and wise comforter. Yet she must always temper her mother's protective instinct with the recognition that her children's destinies are in their own hands. Ma Perkins knows well how to comfort and advise—and how, as each is needed in its turn, to restrain or encourage. . . . Yet, to an outsider, there seems little need these days of the wisdom Ma has gathered through the years. Ma Perkins and her family appear to be riding on the crest of happiness and success. But there is an undercurrent of deep trouble. . . . Ma watches with anxiety as history seems about to

repeat itself in the life of Fay, her beloved younger daughter. Fay's first marriage had ended in failure—and now, even as she expects a baby, Fay and her husband, Tom Wells, seem to be pulling away from each other. . . . Not even Fay's older sister Evey and her husband, Willy Fitz, can understand Fay's attitude. They, too, are caught up in the excitement of Tom's newly-found fame as a writer. They, too, bathe vicariously in the same limelight as Tom and his new Hollywood associates. Tom's sensitivity to people, his writer's delight in new situations, is fermenting inside him. He is fearful of the changes success

See Next Page →

MA PERKINS

(Continued)



3. Ma's anxiety grows as she overhears Fay's pleas against the Hollywood crowd that has come to Rushville Center. But Tom refuses to give up his new success.

4. Gideon seems, to Fay, a typical moviedom wastrel. Much married, he is tormented by constant arguments with his current wife, Claire. Drink is his answer.



5. Separated from his wife Claire, Gideon finds new hope in the obvious admiration of Elaine Reynolds, who sees only good in him.

may make in him—and afraid of losing Fay. But, to Fay, he seems consumed by ambition, intoxicated with glamour. . . . Fay's whole world is changing. She longs for the quiet, secure world she once knew in Rushville Center. Now that Tom's novel is being made into a movie—right in Rushville Center—the quiet town seems, to Fay, to be taking on the facade of Hollywood. Tom seems to be living a life apart from her, and to be growing more distant with each day. His life is one in which Fay refuses to participate. It is peopled by those she cannot abide, yet whom her own husband defends. . . . To Tom, Gideon Harris—

Pictured here, as heard on the air, are:

Ma Perkins.....	Virginia Payne
Fay Wells.....	Joan Tompkins
Tom Wells.....	John Larkin
Willy Fitz.....	Murray Forbes
Evey Fitz.....	Kay Campbell
Gideon Harris.....	Staats Cotsworth
Claire Hallett.....	Cathleen Cordell

Ma Perkins is heard over CBS Radio, Monday through Friday, at 1:15 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by the Procter & Gamble Company.



6. As Fay sees Tom's success taking him further away from her each day, she needs her mother's wisdom as never before. But, though Ma Perkins knows she must take a stand, she fears the solution will alienate someone dear to her.

the actor in his movie—is a fine artist. He is fascinated by Gideon's potentialities, even while repelled by his shortcomings. But, to Fay, Gideon is the typical Hollywood wastrel and weakling. Married innumerable times—and now separated from his current wife, the famous actress, Claire Hallett—Gideon at first charms the Perkins family. But it soon becomes obvious that he is so demoralized and tormented that his only escape is in drink and more drink. Gideon's only contact with his wife is in bitter arguments. . . . Is this a man with whom you should be associated? Fay pleads with Tom. She cannot bear to hear her husband defending this man and insisting that he will continue to work with him despite her wishes. Is this the price of fame? Fay is unwilling to pay so dearly. . . . Even lovely Elaine Reynolds, who comes

from a highly respected family, sees only the good in Gideon. Elaine's faith in what she feels is basically a wonderful person—combined with the strength her affection provides him—has resulted in a noticeable improvement in Gideon's spirit and in his work. . . . Can the worlds of Elaine and Gideon be bridged? To Ma Perkins, it seems that this is a love that can never succeed. Yet she is reluctant to interfere in the lives of Elaine and Gideon. . . . Meanwhile, Ma observes the lives of Fay and Tom, once so close, now being wrenched apart. As never before, Fay has need of her mother, of her comfort, her wisdom and her advice. The happiness of those dear to Ma is at stake, and their future may well rest with her. The best for all concerned—the human answer . . . though it may alienate someone close . . . lies with Ma Perkins.

Turning point on **THE ROAD OF LIFE**



"I'm getting tired of being a bachelor," says Douglass Parkhirst—in the midst of Leap Year!

By GREGG MARTIN

THERE aren't too many men, these days, like actor-playwright Douglass Parkhirst—the very same Douglass Parkhirst who plays Hugh Overton in *The Road Of Life*. Doug is a genuine, eligible, satisfaction-guaranteed-or-your-money-back bachelor. At this dark moment in the history of vital statistics, there is about five-eighths of a man available for every single woman—which means that whole males are being snapped up like mink in a bargain basement. But single women can take heart, for Doug Parkhirst is proof that quality has replaced quantity. (Continued on page 79)

Douglass Parkhirst is Hugh Overton in *The Road Of Life*, on CBS Radio, M-F, 1 P.M., under multiple sponsorship. He is heard as Paul Benson in *Wendy Warren And The News*, CBS Radio, M-F, 12 noon, and Joe Henderson in *The Second Mrs. Burton*, CBS Radio, M-F, 2 P.M.—both under multiple sponsorship. (All EDT)

Doug likes to read—he's getting tired of going out, too!



He's a great home guy, refinished his furniture himself.





No danger of Doug's being lonely, with such friends (left to right) as Harry Bosch, Leesa Troy, Ellen Berry, Anne Seymour, Page Johnson and Ralph Burgess. They play bingo for prizes which they donate themselves—"something you want to get rid of," but gaily done up in the fanciest wrappings.

Sherry gets annoyed when Doug works on a play of his own. But she's no "catty" critic, when he's studying a script.



Heaven on Earth



Curt and Edith Massey wanted their boys to grow up in full awareness of the earth and its creatures, so they bought a ranch. And then the adventures began, for 14-year-old Stephen and 9-year-old David.

By FREDDA BALLING

THIS INCIDENT happened several years ago, and, like many events that change lives, it seemed trivial at the time. Curt Massey stepped out onto the patio of his Beverly Hills home one morning and said to his elder son, Stephen, "I think we're going to have a mite of rain today. I really do." Stephen hooted. "In California? In June? Oh, Dad! You're kidding, of course." Curt smilingly shook his head. "Nope. Can't you smell it?" Stephen sniffed earnestly before rolling his eyes heaven-

ward in a pantomime intended to indicate: *This parent of mine is not only gone, he's nowhere.* "Okay. Wait and see," said Curt. "The air never smells the way it does this morning unless there's a storm brewing. It's one of the things you learn when you grow up in the country. Another clue: Look at the smoke coming from the neighbor's fireplace. It's tumbling earthward like a falls. If we were going to have good weather, that smoke would be floating off into the sky like feathers." It sounded good—

Curt Massey believes a family grows
as all things grow . . . rooted in
the soil . . . and reaching for the sky



No Indian scout felt a greater thrill than Davey with his first bow and arrow. He has his own pony, too—and his own room in which to store the treasures of Nature.



In Steve's room, the boys show Dad a bank with which they're "learning to earn." As a matter of fact, Davey is almost a captain of industry—in the snake trade!



The boys also learn that safety comes first, in outdoor life. Fire prevention is a must, and the Masseys have their own fire engine for ranch use.



For Steve, there's a new deer rifle—he and Curt are mighty hunters, in season. But, in any time of year, there's always music where the Masseys are.



See Next Page ►

Heaven on Earth

(Continued)



Curt brings music to the air, too, in such programs as his recent one over CBS Radio, with singer Marion Morgan and producer-director Steve Hafos (below).



but Stephen rested a patronizing hand on his parent's shoulder and said, grinning, "You just stick to singing, Dad. In that department, you've got it made."

For once, a member of the beleaguered generation experienced a triumph. Around noon, the leaden heavens opened and emptied a totally improbable deluge upon Beverly Hills and vicinity, and newspapers hastened to set up that well-worn line of type, "Very unusual."

Stephen was tremendously impressed, and the relationship between Steve and his father is so mutually comfortable that the boy felt no embarrassment in demanding, "How did you know, Dad? I mean, you really dig this weather deal—but how?"

"It isn't a savvy you get from books," Curt admitted. "Anticipating weather, even in this fairly weatherless climate, comes from having lived akin to nature for a long time. It's a knack resulting from the study of the sky, a sense of the temper of the wind, the smell of moisture in the air . . . things like that. It isn't easy to explain. . . ."

Somehow the entire incident, minor as it was, set Curt Massey to thinking about the intangibles he wanted for his two small sons.

The nature of his thoughts would have come as no surprise to his fans who follow the Massey program five days each week, year in and year out. Those fans know that Curt was born in Midland, Texas, and grew up in Roswell, New Mexico; that he learned to ride a horse as casually as a city child learns to cross a street on a signal light; that he was raising calves when pavement youngsters were forgetting to feed the puppy; and that—as ranch children do—he learned true values. Not only the value of money, but the value of effort ("elbow-grease," they call it in localities where, if one is to live, it must be heavily applied); the value of precaution; the value of owning the earth and being owned by it. And all these lessons were acquired and assimilated by the time Curt's contemporaries in urban districts had reached the argument-over-taking-the-family-car-that-night age.

Quite suddenly, Curt's memories of his own boyhood began to explain the vague restlessness by which he had sometimes been troubled. Although he and Edith often congratulated themselves upon the luck that was making it possible for them to give the boys the full advantages available in the times in which we live, Curt had sometimes suffered a fragile, filamented doubt. It was an uneasiness as impossible to catch hold of, but as definite, as one of the clinging, giant cobwebs through which he broke unseeing when prowling mountain trails.

Now he understood his trouble: He wanted his boys to grow up, as much as possible, in full awareness of the earth and its creatures. He wanted them to see a calf born, and perhaps to help a sick and aging beast to die, so as to learn tenderness and respect for animal life. They must come to be wary when dealing with the elements, and to understand alike the calm of a magnificent sunset and the fury of a torrential rain. They should acquire a strong regard for the rights and the property of others, so that they might never be "city hunters," leaving country gates open and thus setting livestock free to injure (Continued on page 88)

You can't see
what's happening
underneath your
make-up!

But you can be sure
invisible skin bacteria
won't spoil your complexion—
if you wash with Dial Soap!

Ordinary good soaps wash away dirt and make-up. But they leave thousands of skin bacteria. You can't see or feel them. But when you put on fresh make-up, these bacteria are free to spread surface blemishes underneath.

However, daily washing with Dial Soap not only removes dirt and make-up—but clears away up to 95% of blemish-spreading bacteria! And Dial *keeps on working*—underneath make-up! So your complexion is protected all day long!

What's Dial's secret? It's AT-7—the most effective bacteria remover known! No other leading soap has it. So before you make-up—wash up with mild, gentle Dial Soap. You'll love it!



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



P. S. Dial Shampoo gives you that diamond sparkle look!

If You Were a Millionaire

(Continued from page 30)

The Millionaire were just rolling on the screen. When Marvin Miller appeared, portraying Michael Anthony, the Comers looked first at Marvin, then to the screen—and back again, to make sure their eyes weren't deceiving them.

Said Mrs. Comer, in disbelief, "You didn't bring us a million dollars—did you?" "What would you do if I did?"

Mrs. Comer replied, "I'd collapse in a pile, that's what."

"And you, Mr. Comer?" asked Marvin.

"I didn't place you at first," he said. "But, if you gave us a check for a million dollars, I'd just pass out . . . and I'm not sure I'm not going to, anyway."

"How about you, Barbara?"

Without a second's hesitation, teen-age Barbara replied, "I'd buy a pile of records and a record player!"

"Though I didn't bring you a check for \$1,000,000, Mr. Comer," said Marvin, "I do have a certificate in your name for a twenty-five-dollar United States Savings Bond which you can exchange at the Hollywood branch of the California Bank. Thanks for your time and trouble."

"It's been no trouble," said Mr. Comer. "It's been a real thrill having you in our home!"

Ten days later, TV RADIO MIRROR called Mr. Comer to ask him if he had turned in the certificate, and to follow up on his reaction to Marvin Miller's visit. Mr. Comer said then, "I have not yet turned in the certificate, but have no reason to doubt its validity. Our two boys were broken-hearted that they missed seeing Mr. Anthony—I mean Mr. Miller."

"What am I going to do with the bond?" Well, naturally, there are a lot of good uses for it, but I think we'll just put it in with the others we have."

After leaving the Comers, Miller got into his car and drove a half-mile across town to 10520 Blythe Ave, the home of Southern Pacific passenger agent Gene Beatty and his wife, Hazel. When Miller rang the bell, Mr. Beatty opened the small window in the door to examine his 9:30 P.M. visitors. Following Marvin's introduction, Mr. Beatty was still skeptical. "Yes, you look like Michael Anthony, all right . . . and we do watch your counterpart on TV . . . but I just don't know."

He opened the door a trifle, and Marvin could see Mrs. Beatty, feet on a hassock, peering at him over her newspaper. It took Marvin five minutes of solid salesmanship to get Mr. Beatty to let him in. Mr. Beatty was never fully convinced; Mrs. Beatty was so sure it was a gag that she never got out of her chair. Only when Marvin offered the \$25 certificate to Mrs. Beatty did she get up to read the fine print closely and sign her name. She explained their skepticism by saying, "You know, we've lived in this house since 1928, and no one has ever given us anything. It just so happens that, last week, I won a free turkey at the market—so you can understand that a \$25 Savings Bond on top of that is almost too much good fortune to expect!"

Ten days later, when TV RADIO MIRROR followed up the visit, Mrs. Beatty said, "We'll have to admit our first reaction was disbelief. The one thing that made me think it might be true was Mr. Miller's voice. I recognized it, having listened to him so many years on radio. Because I hadn't gotten out of my chair, I remember Mr. Miller's saying to Gene, 'Well, your wife is certainly taking this calmly.' He didn't know that I had had twelve women in for lunch that day, and at that moment, I would have taken anything calmly!"

Mrs. Beatty continued, "Gene went into the California Bank a week later and picked up the bond. Going to do with it? We'll keep it with our others—I hope the rest of the people had as much fun as we did."

The third house, at 10537 Cushman, belonged to Mr. Francis J. Jung and his wife, Dorothy. The name Michael Anthony didn't mean anything to Mr. Jung, but he admitted that Marvin's face was familiar. When asked if *The Millionaire* meant anything to him, recognition dawned and Mr. Jung said, "Oh, that's where I've seen you." By this time, the entire family had gathered at the front door, and Mrs. Jung recognized Marvin at once.

Ten days later, Mrs. Jung said, "The children carried the news all over school the next day. Most of our neighbors' reaction was, 'Oh, gee, if something like that would just happen to us.' Yes, we're buying Savings Bonds, too, and we will add this to our account."

The fourth house, 10585 Esther, belonged to Ray Orcutt, a jewelry manufacturer. Mr. Orcutt recognized Miller, as soon as Marvin asked him if he were familiar with the show, *The Millionaire*. "Yes, I know your show. It's good entertainment. It's a funny thing—about the only other thing I've ever won in all my life is a half-dozen aluminum snow shafts back in Ohio."

A black cat ran across Marvin's path as he approached the fifth house, that of Mrs. Clarys Margadant, at 2809 Manning. Marvin said, "I hope this doesn't mean these people don't have a TV set." Mrs. Margadant's daughter, Nancy, answered the door and Marvin asked, "Do you recognize me?"

"I think so," said Nancy and called her mother, saying, "He says he's the one who gives away the million dollars, but I think he's kidding."

Mrs. Margadant came to the door and invited Marvin in, saying, "Well, give me the million—or, better still, you could bring a new TV set. Ours is broken."

The Margadants were somewhat skeptical that the visit was for real—as Marvin drove off, they shouted out the door, "We still can't believe it."

On TV RADIO MIRROR's follow-up call, Mrs. Margadant said, "Whenever the show comes on, Nancy calls me and we wait for Michael Anthony to appear. Now, of course, we recognize him immediately! I'll admit I was a little dubious at first but, after thinking about it, I feel we were very fortunate. The bond? We'll put it in one of the children's names."

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Hart, of 1945 Sawtelle Boulevard, and Mrs. Evelyn E. Brown, of 1314 S. Barrington, had similar reactions when asked what they would do if they were actually given a million dollars. Said Mrs. Brown, pointing to the ground, "I would fall down right here in a little collapsed heap." And Mr. Hart replied, "I'd faint and, even if the Savings Bond is for real, I'll faint."

Tom Soga, of 1950 Sawtelle Boulevard, thought the bond was a joke. "We have so many salesmen out this way, you know," he explained, "I thought this was a new sales approach. But if it isn't," he said, as he signed the certificate, "we'll use the money on the youngsters." The Sogas have five children.

Marvin Miller's ninth stop was at Mrs. Mary Louise Baiz's home, 11703 Ohio Street. Mrs. Baiz is a packing supervisor at the Pacific Jewelry Company in West Los Angeles. She said that if she did get a million dollars, she would set up a trust fund for her four children.

The tenth and final stop took Miller to 1318 South Barrington, the apartment of Ronald J. O'Reilly and his pretty young wife, Barbara. Ronald is a medical student at the University of California at Los Angeles and Barbara works as a secretary in one of the Hollywood studios. Of all the families visited, the O'Reillys were the only ones without a TV set. As Barbara said, "Medical students don't have time for TV!"

In the follow-up call, Barbara explained Ronald's original doubt when Marvin rang their bell. "We thought you were a TV salesman, and we don't have time for TV, and we don't have any money for salesmen. Besides that, it had been such an unlucky day—our car had stalled in the middle of Wilshire Boulevard. Ron got out to putter around and almost got hit by another car. I yelled at him to be careful and people were honking at us—so, by the time we got home, we were hardly speaking to one another, let alone to un-

I yielded to Temptation!

Countless people have learned to profit from the mistakes of others by listening to radio's "My True Story." This radio program presents stories right from the files of *True Story Magazine*. Because these stories deal frankly with the mistakes of real-life people, they help you to see ways to avoid such heart-breaking errors.

TUNE IN EVERY MORNING TO
MY TRUE STORY
American Broadcasting Stations

How much cruelty is a wife compelled to take? Don't miss
"TEMPTED WIFE" in June TRUE STORY magazine, at newsstands now.



expected strangers at our front door!

"The next day at the office, I told everyone about the Savings Bond and the program. I went to the bank at noon to pick up the bond. The girl recognized the certificate right away and said, 'How did you get this and can I get one?' Though we still don't have a TV set (the money will go to help pay for Ron's microscope), I'm sure *The Millionaire* has thousands more viewers by now, because we've told everybody about our good fortune. Everyone I know is watching it now, and they all say they hope you will come to their house soon!"

This half-believing, half-hoping attitude that Marvin Miller and TV RADIO MIRROR found in nearly all of the ten visits, that Wednesday night, is typical of the cross-country audience reaction to *The Millionaire*. As producer Don Feddersen says, "It is this daydream, this belief that it could be true, that is responsible for the success of *The Millionaire*."

"Even the men in the crew," Marvin adds, "who are fully aware that the show is fictional, can't resist asking: 'How about putting me on the list for that \$1,000,000?' And, of course, I'm forever being stopped on the street by strangers with a rather wild look in their eyes, who say, 'Have you got my \$1,000,000?' Then there's the mail we get which reads: 'I know this is just a story but the reactions are so real!'"

In addition, Marvin Miller's long acting career and experience in radio, stage and motion pictures helps to make his weekly appearance as Michael Anthony believable.

Miller's acting career began in St. Louis, where he was born and raised. His father was a painter, his mother a housewife with an interest in music. As a child, Marvin wanted to be a writer, spent most of his early school life reading and, in his spare time, acting. Once he played ten different

roles behind a sheet. "Though the voices didn't come out as I expected," he says, "no one knew that only one person was playing all the parts."

When he was twelve years old, he worked as an office boy for the general manager of a St. Louis newspaper. He didn't mind the low pay, \$10.00 a week, because the job was mostly more reading—which he enjoyed. He slowly moved up in the writing world, first to morgue clerk—\$12.50 a week; then to front desk clerk, at \$15.00; and, finally, to head man in the supply room—\$20.00 a week!

Marvin began his radio career while a freshman at Washington University. Annoyed by the way radio announcers mispronounced foreign words, he applied for a job at one of the local stations. "I was just eighteen," he recalls, "and the manager told me I had a lot to learn before I could become an announcer. In fact, he suggested I ought to stay with writing. But, the next week, I went back with a show idea in which I played all seven characters. This presented such a great savings to the station that I was hired at five dollars per show. By the end of the season, I had played forty-two separate characters—doing my own sound effects—and started announcing."

Marvin continued his college training while working at KMOX, CBS Radio's St. Louis station, and received his Bachelor of Arts degree in 1934. In 1939, he married Elizabeth Dawson, a pretty brunette who has since gained national recognition as a painter and writer.

They left St. Louis and moved to Chicago in 1940, where Marvin became a top actor and announcer. He was featured on dozens of network shows, including *Ma Perkins*, *The First Nighter*, and *Chicago Theatre Of The Air*. Their son Tony was born in July, 1941. Before leav-

ing Chicago, Marvin was appearing on as many as forty-five broadcasts a week—on his departure, the "trade" publication, *Variety*, dubbed him "Chicago's one-man radio industry."

When the Millers came to Hollywood in 1944, he was immediately signed as Red Skelton's announcer, and for Hollywood Star Playhouse. He kept up acting activities in radio, too, playing regular roles on the Burns and Allen shows, *Fibber McGee And Molly*, and *Lux Radio Theater*. Today, Marvin still plays two characters on *One Man's Family*, in addition to his many other radio and TV jobs.

When Marvin is not working on *The Millionaire*, or on one of his many other TV, radio, and motion-picture acting chores, he spends his time at home reading children's stories to his three-year-old daughter, Melissa, and perhaps helping fifteen-year-old Tony with his homework. Other spare moments he devotes to travel with his wife Elizabeth. They love San Francisco for its good food, fund of culture—and the story material Marvin uses on his own radio show, *Behind The Story*, which he and his wife write. In other free moments, Marvin and Elizabeth enjoy their classical records collection—one wall of the den from floor to ceiling is filled with records. His newest hobby is collecting Chinese antique furniture. He says, "We have only a few really priceless originals . . . you have to be a millionaire to furnish your home with real Chinese antiques."

When asked if there is any one priceless treasure he would never part with, Marvin says thoughtfully, "Yes, I've learned from my work on *The Millionaire* that money is not important . . . it can't buy happiness . . . and my most priceless treasure is something you can never buy—my family."

Wonderful new kind of shampoo... flatters your hair like diamonds and mink!



You'll say Cuticura Shampoo is a girl's best friend when you see how gloriously your hair twinkles . . . how enchantingly smooth it is . . . how easy to manage.

Better than soap shampoo—better than soapless shampoo—combines the best features of both!

Cuticura Shampoo is that "cosmetic ideal" research chemists have long been striving for—a perfectly balanced combination formula that cleanses, glamorizes and conditions better than either a soap or a soapless shampoo alone can possibly do.

It protects the natural oils—needs no special rinse—lathers richly in hard or soft, hot or cold water.

Unbreakable squeeze bottle
s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s your shampoo!

You get up to 50% more shampoos!
At leading drug counters. 6 oz. 79¢.



Cuticura SHAMPOO

The Very Heart of Hope

(Continued from page 48)

two packs of chewing gum (she's responsible for keeping Bob supplied)—and unconsciously had started chewing herself.

Thirty minutes after his return from lunch, Hope had sent out to Wil Wright's Ice Cream Parlor for a quart of ice cream (rich and high-caloried, his favorite form of energy). . . . Rehearsal is immediately followed by the frantic activity of the show. Only after the show is over does Onnie Whizen at last find a spare moment to tell Bob, "I'm sorry I haven't had a chance to say hello."

Bob is indefatigable. With the show and most of the crew lying limply about like bundles of damp laundry, Hope still looks as though he's just stepped out of the shower at Lakeside Golf Club. Physically he is a powerhouse, and work is the coal that keeps the six-foot, 180-pound dynamo spinning. If his face has any lines at all, they only come from squinting into the sun at Lakeside as he watches his golf ball sail down a 400-foot fairway. He's justifiably proud of his looks—at 53, he can still play a credible leading man.

Bob's schedule is full enough to keep three men busy: In TV, he does an hour show virtually every three weeks—approximately equal to ten Broadway shows each year. In the past twelve months, he has completed three motion pictures, "The Seven Little Foys," "That Certain Feeling," and "Not for Money." Between movies, he does countless personal appearances and benefits. He's often said, "It's a shame we don't have a forty-hour day." And when the question is asked—"What are your retirement plans?"—Bob's reply is inevitably, "Retirement? What's that?"

But last year . . . after his long time sidekick and gag man, Barney Dean, died suddenly and his agent, Charlie Yates, suffered a heart attack during a golf game . . . Bob ran off to his doctor. Following a complete examination (as he tells it), "The doctor kicked me out of his office because I was healthier than he was"—and Bob was back on the run. In February and March, his shows originated from Naples, Casablanca, London, Paris, and Tel Aviv.

But more important than his love for his work is Bob's love for people: He would

like to see 5,000 new laughing faces in his audience every night—and he's willing to go to Australia, Greenland, London, Paris and Moscow to find them.

Perhaps this is over-simplifying the personality of a complex man. It is generally said that, in back of every successful man, there is a woman: In Bob's case—in addition to his loving and devoted wife, Delores—there are six women who help make Bob run: Production assistant Onnie Whizen, script secretary Eleanor Sider, production secretary Jan King, and personal secretaries Marjorie Hughes, Bernadette Kenney and Lois Dickson. Besides being able to describe the manifold activities Hope is constantly engaged in, these half-dozen "helpmates" are in a position to give an inside peek into Hope's backstage personality—a profile of the real Bob Hope.

Onnie Whizen has been with the Hope TV organization for five years. She works closely with producer Jack Hope (Bob's brother) and associate producer Gino Conti, as well as with the set designer, writers and casting director. Onnie has flown all over the country with Bob, anticipates every emergency and is in the position of knowing almost everything Bob thinks.

"It is Bob's habit," says Onnie, "to sit in the very first seat of the airplanes we travel in. I often wondered why. One week we went to San Diego to do a benefit for the Navy and Bob decided to drive down, sending the crew ahead of him by plane. I sat in Bob's usual front seat, and I think I discovered why he plants himself there—he can see the propellers and will know instantly if anything goes wrong with the plane. An engine stopped once, you know, and Bob kept everyone from getting hysterical by cracking jokes.

"It's not that he worries over us, but Bob has a protective attitude toward his crew. Some people might think that, when he slumps down in that front seat, he's sleeping. Maybe he is—but it's the kind of sleep that keeps him tuned, aware and alert to everything going on in the plane. Once our piano player, sitting at the back of the plane, suddenly was taken ill. Bob was the first at his side."

"Of course, Bob's attitude toward us

is returned," says Bernadette Kenney. "Everyone in the crew would give up an arm for him. They look out for him in all sorts of little ways. For example, we did a show in New York, about two-and-a-half years ago, and the unit manager, Walter Bermeister, was especially nice to us. Bob never forgets. One day recently, on the West Coast, Walter popped in on us unexpectedly and was taken up to Bob by one of the girls. Knowing Bob would be embarrassed if he had forgotten the unit manager's name, she tipped him off by saying, 'Bob, you remember Mr. Bermeister . . . But Bob beat her to the line, clapped the manager on the back, and said, 'Walter, how are you?'"

Bob has a fantastic memory. Eleanor Sider, who has been with him for three years, says, "Bob is an amazing study. He may be doing a picture, a benefit and a TV show at the same time—but he never gets his lines confused and is always 'up' on them. But, if he didn't forget once in a while, he wouldn't be human," Eleanor continues. "During one afternoon rehearsal, I happened to hear that he was to guest on the Durante show that night. The crew went back to his Valley home to continue work—when suddenly, at 6:30 P.M., I remembered that casual conversation. 'My gosh,' Bob said, 'I forgot! He raced to near-by NBC, and arrived just in time. The funny thing is that the Durante company had forgotten, too! It just shows we all make mistakes—we're only human.'"

"Being human is one of Bob's outstanding characteristics," says Lois Dickson, his "state-side" secretary for nine years. "One incident which illustrates his feeling for others—and, at the same time, points up his memory—is the story of Reverend Butterworth, an English minister visiting the States after the war. He was introduced to Bob during a two-minute break in the show. Reverend Butterworth told Bob he was here to raise funds for Clubland, which had been blitzed during the war and was a community project like our Boy's Town. He asked Bob if he would do a benefit for them the next time he came to England. Bob said yes, and walked back into the scene. In England, two years later—without a reminder—Bob told his secretary to call Reverend Butterworth. He did the benefit for Clubland, and has done one every trip to England since."

Bob's generosity has earned him the title of "Benefit King of America." Probably no other performer has played so many benefits or for a greater number of causes. His work has won him titles and national recognition: He's on the board of directors for the Cancer fund and is the permanent national chairman for United Cerebral Palsy. Name the charity—he's played benefits for it.

Bob's generosity is not confined to charities. He's generous to a fault with his crew. Jan King, who's been with Bob for three years, says, "When Bob came back from Greenland, he bought the girls solid gold medallions shaped like the map of Greenland, with a ruby set at Thule Airbase. Mine was inscribed 'To Jan King, Happy 1955, Bob Hope.' I don't know what the gold is worth, or what the medallions cost, but I do know you cannot put a price on the thoughtfulness."

It is Bob's thoughtfulness which has always been his most important feature in the mind of Marjorie Hughes, his personal secretary for the past fifteen years. "Whenever Mr. Hope goes," she says, "he remembers the personal likes of the girls in his office. He's brought us sweaters from Australia, purses from Madrid, and



Bob Hope loves cookies baked by Jan King's mother, Mrs. Ruth Kruidenier, who says simply: "People like him instinctively—because he likes people."

perfume from Paris. We never get over the fact that he even keeps our favorite colors in mind."

Bob's crew is forever trying to think up new ways to show their appreciation for his kindness. At the end of the season, two years ago, Eleanor Sider remembers a combination season's-end and birthday gift they presented to Bob—a large ceramic plate with his caricature and a TV camera, signed by them all. She says it is difficult to find anything for Bob, because he has everything. The night before the regular show (called the preview), in the spot to be taken up by guest-star Jack Benny, Eleanor presented the plate. Bob was both surprised and pleased, but he said sincerely, "I don't deserve it—you people make the show."

This humble attitude is also part of the invisible Hope personality—he blames his success on his writers. His writers say he makes it easy for them to work by creating an informal, easygoing atmosphere. Hope never criticizes; he doesn't find fault. "His enthusiasm," says Eleanor Sider, "is contagious. His ad libs are funnier than the show."

"He's informal, easygoing. We work in a regular democracy. On my first show, I couldn't bring myself to address him as 'Mr. Hope.' He's not that way. It was so frustrating—until I realized that everybody was using the familiar, 'Hey, Bob...'"

People have always been on a first-name basis with Hope. When they come up for autographs, it's always, "Sign mine, Bob." When he and President Eisenhower play golf together at the Burning Hills course, he addresses Eisenhower as "Prez." This does not mean that Hope ignores social amenities—on the contrary, this top comedian is definitely a gentleman, too. Jan King tells the story of how her mother, Mrs. Ruth Kruidenier, recovering from a broken hip, was visiting the set. After introducing her, Jan put her in the background. Later, when the crew moved to another room, Bob saw that Jan's mother wasn't following. He went back, said, "Come on, Ruthie, you're part of us now," and helped her walk slowly down the hall.

Jan's mother was so grateful for the attention, she baked a weekly batch of nut cookies for Jan to take to the set. The cookies became accepted routine until the day Mrs. Kruidenier returned to her home in the Midwest. That week, when Jan walked in without the cookies, Bob fell apart. "Where are the nut things?" he demanded. "I'll have to write your mother about this!" And he did.

Wherever the peripatetic Mr. Hope goes, he carries a pack of postcards next to his heart. More than any other one thing, these postcards are a paper symbol of the Bob Hope heart which—usually unrevealed—lies hidden under his humor. Sent to his many friends, they show his thoughtfulness and his humor. They are a smile and a handclasp from three thousand miles away.

To Eleanor Sider, from Australia, he postcards: "They have kangaroos here timing the show—help!" To Marjorie Hughes, from Paris, he quips: "This is where the birds and bees follow the people and take notes." To Onnie Whizen, from London after the last three shows, he writes: "Make my reservations at the Mayo Clinic!" And, from Casablanca, he remembers Jan King's mother with: "Ruthie, I miss your cookies. I'm getting thin!"

Whether he's on the Burbank NBC-TV rehearsal stage... or twelve thousand miles away in Tel Aviv... or in a plane a mile over Thule Airbase in Greenland... to the many that he loves and cares for, Bob Hope always is as close as the postcards he carries next to his heart.

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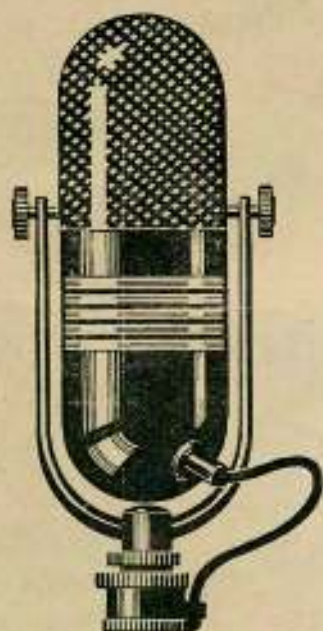
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Inside Radio

All Times Listed Are Eastern Daylight Time.

Monday through Friday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45	World News Roundup	Local Program		
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Alex Dreier, News	Robert Hurligh Easy Does It Mutual Magazine	Breakfast Club	News Of America
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Weekday	Cecil Brown Footnotes to Medical History News 10:35 Johnny Olson	My True Story When A Girl Marries Whispering Streets	Arthur Godfrey Time
11:00 11:15 11:30	Weekday	11:05 Story Time Green For A Day	Walt Disney's Magic Kingdom News, Les Griffith 11:25 Franchot Tone Presenting Constance Bennett	Arthur Godfrey (con.) Make Up Your Mind Howard Miller Show
11:45				

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Weekday	Noon News 12:05 Here's Hollywood 12:10 Ladd's Music Box	Valentine Frank Farrell 12:25 Sunshine Boys	Wendy Warren & The News Backstage Wife Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Weekday	Cedric Foster, News Music Luncheon With Lopez	Paul Harvey, News Ted Malone	Road Of Life Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Weekday	Game Of The Day* News, Sam Hayes 2:05 Letter To Lee Graham Bandstand, U.S.A.	Martin Block	Second Mrs. Burton Brighter Day This Is Nora Drake Aunt Jenny
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Weekday Doctor's Wife	News 3:05 Matinee with Don McCullough Dick & Diane Show	Martin Block (con.)	Art Linkletter's House Party 3:25 Frank Goss, News
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Right To Happiness Young Widdie Brown Pepper Young's Family Woman In My House	News 4:05 Matinee with Dick Willard	Broadway Matinee Treasury Bandstand	News

*Baseball broadcast over 300 MBS stations in non-major league areas

Monday Evening Programs

5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	World Of Norline Norman Vincent Peale The Lane Ranger	Bob And Ray Cecil Brown 5:50 Wisner, Sports 5:55 Production Five	Musical Express Ebony & Ivory Maria Parker Vincent Lopez 3:55 Wall Street Final	News
6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Three Star Extra	Local Program	Bill Stern, Sports	Jackson & The News Lowell Thomas
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. America's Business 7:20 Game Date 7:25 Men Of Action Gabriel Weather Special Edition	Ed Morgan, News Quincy Howe Events Of The Day 7:55 News	News Analysis, LeSueur Bing Crosby Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Henry Taylor Boston Symphony Orch.	True Detective Mysteries John Steele, Adventurer	The World And You 8:25 News Voice Of Firestone	My Son, Jeep Yours, True Johnny Dollar 8:25 Doug Edwards Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Telephone hour Contrasts In Music	News, Lyle Van 9:05 World Of Sports Behind The Iron Curtain Reporters' Roundup	News 9:05 Sound Mirror 9:25 News Offbeat 9:55 News Personality	News, Collingwood 9:05 Jack Carson Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News, Trout
10:00 10:15 10:30	Pauline Frederick 10:05 Chet Huntley Dorsey Brothers Parade Of Bands	Virgil Pinkley Soundstage Music	Vandercook, News 10:05 George H. Cambs 10:20 Franchot Tone Martha Lee Harp	The World Tonight 10:05 Orchestra

Tuesday

Evening Programs

NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
5:00 World Of Nardine 5:15 Norman Vincent Peale 5:30 Lane Ranger 5:45 5:55 Dan'l Boone	Bob And Ray 3:30 Wismer, Sports 5:55 Cecil Brown	Musical Express Ebony & Ivory Gloria Parker Vincent Lopez 5:55 Wall Street Final	
6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45 Three Star Extra	Local Program	Bill Stern, Sports	Jackson & The News Lowell Thomas
7:00 Alex Dreier, Man On The Go 7:15	Fulton Lewis, Jr. America's Business 7:20 Dinner Date 7:25 Men In Action Gabriel Heatter Eddie Fisher	Ed Morgan, News Quincy Howe Events Of The Day 7:55 Les Griffith, News	News Analysis, LeSeuer Bing Crosby Edward R. Murrow
7:30 News Of The World One Man's Family 7:45			
8:00 Dragnet 8:15 8:30 X Minus One 8:45	Treasury Agent Squad Room	The World And You 8:25 News Your Better Tomorrow 8:55 News Les Griffith	My Son, Jeep Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar Suspense
9:00 News 9:05 Biographies In Sound 9:15 9:30 9:45	News, Lyle Van 9:05 World Of Sports Dante's Defense Army Hour	Sound Mirror 9:25 News OMbeat 9:55 News Personality	News, Herman 9:05 Jack Carson Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News, Trout
10:00 Pauline Frederick 10:05 Chet Huntley Dersey Brothers 10:15 10:30 Night Life With Ken Nardine *May 15 & 29, Politics And Primaries	Virgil Pinkley Soundstage Dance Music	Vandercook, News 10:05 George H. Combs 10:20 Franchot Tone Take Thirty	The World Tonight 10:05 Campaign '58

Wednesday

Evening Programs

NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
5:00 World Of Nardine 5:15 Norman Vincent Peale 5:30 Lane Ranger 5:45 5:55 Dan'l Boone	Bob And Ray 3:30 Wismer, Sports 5:55 Cecil Brown	Musical Express Ebony & Ivory Gloria Parker Vincent Lopez 5:55 Wall Street Final	
6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45 Three Star Extra	Local Program	Bill Stern, Sports	Jackson & The News Lowell Thomas
7:00 Alex Dreier, Man On The Go 7:15	Fulton Lewis, Jr. America's Business 7:20 Dinner Date 7:25 Men In Action Gabriel Heatter Special Edition 7:55 Hara's Hayas	Ed Morgan, News Quincy Howe Events Of The Day 7:55 Les Griffith, News	News Analysis, LeSeuer Bing Crosby Edward R. Murrow
7:30 News Of The World One Man's Family 7:45			
8:00 Truth Or Consequences 8:15 8:30 Air Time 8:45 8:55 News	Gangbusters Public Prosecutor	The World And You 8:25 News High Moment 8:55 News, Les Griffith	My Son, Jeep Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar FBI In Poace & War
9:00 You Set Your Life —Grosche Marx 9:15 9:30 9:45	News, Lyle Van 9:05 World Of Sports Success Story, U.S.A. Family Theater	Sound Mirror 9:25 News OMbeat 9:55 News Personality	News, Collingwood 9:05 Jack Carson Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News, Trout
10:00 Pauline Frederick 10:05 Chet Huntley News, Wilson 10:20 This Is Moscow 10:30 Today & Tomorrow	Virgil Pinkley Soundstage Saundling Board	Vandercook, News 10:05 Blue Ribbon Boats Relaxin' Time	The World Tonight 10:05 Newsmakers Presidential Report

Thursday

Evening Programs

NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
5:00 World Of Nardine 5:15 Norman Vincent Peale 5:30 Lane Ranger 5:45 5:55 Dan'l Boone	Bob And Ray 5:50 Wismer, Sports 5:55 Cecil Brown	Musical Express Ebony & Ivory Gloria Parker Vincent Lopez 5:55 Wall Street Final	
6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45 Three Star Extra	Local Program	Bill Stern, Sports	Jackson & The News Lowell Thomas
7:00 Alex Dreier, Man On The Go 7:15	Fulton Lewis, Jr. America's Business 7:20 Dinner Date 7:25 Men In Action Gabriel Heatter Eddie Fisher	Ed Morgan, News Quincy Howe Events Of The Day 7:55 Les Griffith, News	News Analysis, LeSeuer Bing Crosby Edward R. Murrow
7:30 News Of The World One Man's Family 7:45			
8:00 People Are Funny 8:15 8:30 The Goss Show 8:45	Official Detective Crime Fighters	The World And You 8:25 News Dean James A Pike 8:55 News, Les Griffith	My Son, Jeep Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar 21st Precinct
9:00 News 9:05 American Adventure Conversation 9:15 9:30 9:45	News, Lyle Van 9:05 World Of Sports Book Hunter State Of The Nation	Sound Mirror 9:25 News OMbeat 9:55 News Personality	News, Herman 9:05 Jack Carson Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News, Trout
10:00 Pauline Frederick 10:05 Chet Huntley Dersey Brothers 10:15 10:30 Jane Pickens Show	Virgil Pinkley Soundstage Music For You	Vandercook, News 10:05 George H. Combs 10:20 Franchot Tone Platterbrains	The World Tonight 10:05 Dance Music

Friday

Evening Programs

NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
5:00 World Of Nardine 5:15 Norman Vincent Peale 5:30 Lane Ranger 5:45 5:55 Dan'l Boone	Bob And Ray 3:30 Wismer, Sports 5:55 Cecil Brown	Musical Express Ebony & Ivory Gloria Parker Vincent Lopez 5:55 Wall Street Final	
6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45 Three Star Extra	Local Program	Bill Stern, Sports	Jackson & The News Lowell Thomas
7:00 Alex Dreier, Man On The Go 7:15	Fulton Lewis, Jr. America's Business 7:20 Dinner Date 7:25 Men In Action Gabriel Heatter Special Edition 7:55 Hara's Hayas	Ed Morgan, News Quincy Howe Events Of The Day 7:55 Les Griffith, News	News Analysis, LeSeuer Bing Crosby Edward R. Murrow
7:30 News Of The World One Man's Family 7:45			
8:00 National Radio Fan Club 8:15 8:30 8:45	Counter-Spy City Editor	The World And You 8:25 News Your Better Tomorrow 8:55 News, Les Griffith	My Son, Jeep Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar CBS Radio Workshop
9:00 NBC Job Clinic 9:05 Radio Fan Club (con.) 9:15 9:30 9:45	News, Lyle Van 9:05 World Of Sports American Travel Guide Double Date 9:55 News	Sound Mirror 9:25 News OMbeat 9:55 News Personality	News, Collingwood 9:05 Jack Carson Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News, Trout
10:00 Cavalcade Of Sports 10:15 10:30	Virgil Pinkley Forbes Report Music	Vandercook, News 10:05 George H. Combs 10:20 Franchot Tone Vincent Lopez	The World Tonight 10:05 Capital Clockroom White House Report

See Next Page →

Inside Radio

Saturday

NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs			
8:30 World News Roundup 8:45	Local Programs	8:55 News	News
9:00 Monitor 9:15 9:30 9:45		No School Today	News Of America Farm News Garden Gate
10:00 Monitor 10:15 10:30 10:45	Good News	No School Today (con.) News 10:35 Moppets & Melody	News, Jackson 10:05 Galen Drake Show
11:00 Monitor 11:15 11:30 11:45	News 11:05 Magic Of Music Musical Wheel Of Chance 11:55 Les Paul & Mary Ford	News 11:05 Franchot Tane Presenting Constance Bennett News 11:35 All League Club House	News, Calmer 11:05 Robert G. Lewis Show

Afternoon Programs

12:00 National Farm & Home Hour 12:15 12:30 Monitor 12:45	Here's Hollywood 12:05 Teenagers, USA	News 12:05 World Tourist 101 Ranch Boys News 12:35 American Farmer	News, Jackson 12:05 Romance Gunsmoke 12:35 Tremendous Trifles
1:00 Monitor 1:15 1:30 1:45	Fifth Army Band 1:25 Men's Corner	News 1:05 Navy Hour News Shake The Maracas	News, Jackson 1:05 City Hospital Kathy Godfrey
2:00 Monitor 2:15 2:30 2:45	Game Of The Day* Lucky Pierre	Festival	News, Townsend 2:05 Adventures In Science
3:00 Monitor 3:15 3:30 3:45	Country Jamboree Sport Parade	Festival (con.)	News, Bancroft 3:05 Richard Hayes Show Treasury Show
4:00 Monitor 4:15 4:30 4:45	Standby Sports, with Harry Wismer	Festival (con.)	News, Church 4:05 Treasury Show (con.) Make Way For Youth
5:00 Monitor 5:15 5:30 5:45	Standby Sports, with Harry Wismer (con.) 5:55 Les Paul & Mary Ford	News 5:05 Pop Concert News 5:35 Dinner At The Green Room	News, Cochran 5:05 New Orleans Jazz Band Ball Saturday At The Chase

Evening Programs

6:00 Monitor 6:15 6:30 6:45	John T. Flynn Report From Washington	News 6:05 Pan-American Union 6:25 Features Sports Kaleidoscope Bob Edge, Sports Affair	News, Ciampi 6:05 Music By Antonini Young Ideas
7:00 Monitor 7:15 7:30 7:45	Pop The Question The Big Surprise	News 7:00 At Ease 7:25 Features Word Of Life	News, LeSueur 7:05 Juke Box Jury
8:00 Monitor 8:15 8:30 8:45	True Or False Quaker City Capers	News 8:05 Dance Party News 8:35 Dance Party (con.)	News, Jackson 8:05 Country Style 8:55 Sports
9:00 Monitor 9:15 9:30 9:45	I Ask You Lombardland, U.S.A.	News 9:05 Dance Party (con.) News 9:35 National Jukebox	Rock 'n' Roll Dance Party Basin Street Jazz
10:00 Monitor 10:15 10:30	Oklahoma City Symphony	News 10:05 Edison Hotel Orch. News 10:35 Lawrence Welk	News Orchestra

Sunday

NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs			
8:30 Monitor 8:45		Light & Life Hour	Renfro Valley 8:55 Galen Drake
9:00 World News Roundup 9:15 9:30 9:45	Wings Of Healing Back to God	News 9:05 Great Composers Voice Of Prophecy	World News Roundup The Music Room Church Of The Air
10:00 National Radio Pulpit 10:15 10:30 10:45	Radio Bible Class Voice Of Prophecy	News 10:05 Message Of Israel News 10:35 College Choirs	News, Trout 10:05 E. Powers Biggs The Leading Question
11:00 Monitor 11:15 11:30 11:45	Frank And Ernest Christian Science Monitor Northwestern Reviewing Stand 11:35 New World	Marines On Review News 11:35 Christian In Action	News 11:05 Invitation To Learning Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir

Afternoon Programs

12:00 Monitor 12:15 12:30 12:45	As I See It News, Bill Cunningham Christian Science	It's Your Business As We See It Herald Of Truth	News, Robert Trout 12:05 Washington Week World Affairs Guy Lombardo Time
1:00 Monitor 1:15 1:30 1:45	Les Paul & Mary Ford 1:05 Front Page Exclusive Men's Corner Lutheran Hour	Dr. Wm. Ward Ayer News 1:35 Pilgrimage	Woolworth Hour—Percy Faith, Donald Woods
2:00 Monitor 2:15 2:30 2:45	Game Of The Day* Music From Britain Catholic Hour	Dr. Orval Roberts Wings Of Healing	News Symphonette Kirsten Flagstad—Opera From Oslo
3:00 Monitor 3:15 3:30 3:45		Dr. James McGinlay Billy Graham	Kirsten Flagstad (con.)
4:00 Monitor 4:15 4:30 4:45	Wisner, World Of Sports 4:55 Here's Hollywood	Old-Fashioned Revival Hour	News 4:05 Music On A Sunday Afternoon
5:00 Monitor 5:15 5:30 5:45	Wisner, World Of Sports (con.) Hosman's Bandstand 5:55 Tomorrow's World	Freedom Sings Concert 5:25 Van Voorhis, News Greatest Story Ever Told	News 5:05 Indictment Fort Laramie

Evening Programs

6:00 Meet The Press 6:15 6:30 6:45	Walter Winchell Tomorrow's Headlines On The Line, Bob Considine Les Paul & Mary Ford 6:50 Sports	Monday Morning Headlines Paul Harvey, News Evening Comes	News 6:05 Gene Autry Gunsmoke
7:00 Monitor 7:15 7:30 7:45	By The People Pan-American Panorama	News 7:05 Showtime Revue George E. Sokolsky News Travel Talk	News Analysis 7:05 Bergen-McCarthy Show
8:00 Monitor 8:15 8:30 8:45	Hawaii Calls Benoit Paris	America's Town Meeting	News 8:05 Our Miss Brown Two For The Money
9:00 Monitor 9:15 9:30 9:45	Wm. Hillman, News Dick Joseph, World Traveler Marilyn Forum Keep Healthy	Overseas Assignment Lifetime Living News, Van Voorhis 9:35 Sammy Kaye 9:55 News	News 9:05 Music Hall, Mitch Miller 9:55 Jim McKay, Sports
10:00 Billy Graham 10:15 10:30		News, E. D. Canham Richard Hayes Siegs Revival Time	News 10:05 Face The Nation Church Of The Air

*Baseball broadcast over 300 MBS stations in non-major league areas.

Wife In a Million

(Continued from page 57)

And when Rhoda, with a little bounce in her chair and a flip of her red curls, quips: "Don't be silly . . . without you, I'd probably be slinging hash in a bargain basement!" you know that here's a woman who returns her husband's devotion . . . a woman who really does wonder what life without Ted could hold for her.

But neither Ted nor Rhoda wastes valuable time brooding over such a morose existence. Instead, they throw themselves into an unbelievably active minute-by-minute, hour-by-hour, day-by-day mode of living. Certainly they have hopes and plans for the future, but they do not waste today in heavily concentrated contemplation of what at best can only be an uncertain tomorrow. Living for them must have freedom—freedom for change. What they do in any hour of any day will help, in one way or another, to cement the future—and, if an unexpected change during the course of one day alters the course of their future, that's all right with them . . . just so long as the change brings one or the other personal satisfaction. As Ted puts it, "Whenever I feel hemmed-in or bogged down by some particular piece of work, Rhoda always says, 'Leave it. Take a chance on either doing it the way you feel is right, or doing something completely different. What we have or haven't doesn't make any difference to me. I just want you to like what you're doing and feel you're getting somewhere in it. That's all that really matters.' And, believe me, this attitude of 'I'm with you, boy, take a chance' has been just the wifely backing I've needed."

It's not that Ted and Rhoda ignore the benefits and joys that money can bring into life. Far from it. In fact, if it hadn't been for a sudden windfall of three hundred dollars, their marriage might have been postponed for some time. You see, when they first met, Ted was just starting out in the big city with a small announcing job at Station WOR. Rhoda, who has an insatiable curiosity, visited the studio to see what it was all about. During her tour, an emcee introduced her to Ted—who, after a few words, handed her a stick of chewing gum, an obvious effort not to let this human dynamo get away. "That's how she got stuck with me," he grins. Actually, it didn't happen quite that fast with Rhoda. She was more cautious, and it took two years of dating before she was really thinking in terms of their future together. But, even when they did get to this point, there still wasn't enough money.

Then came the windfall. Though three hundred dollars isn't a great deal of money, by quiz-show standards, they decided it was a lucky omen and rushed down to the marriage bureau for the wedding license. After a civil ceremony, there was a small luncheon at Ruby Foo's (all they could afford). A short time later, in deference to Ted's parents' wishes, they had a church wedding—this time followed by a luncheon at the Hotel New Yorker. ("Nothing the matter with our appetites!" quips the redhead.)

Their first home was a small apartment on the edge of New York's Greenwich Village. As Rhoda describes it, it was a far cry from their present home—"two-and-a-half rooms and three rat holes," is the way she remembers it. With a laugh, she continued, "It really wasn't that bad, but you'd certainly never call it 'ehle.' From there we jumped in and out of a couple of other apartments, until finally we decided the children, Tony and Ricky, should have a house with a yard."

As they looked for houses around New York, Ted was partial to a section of the city called Riverdale . . . a section along the Hudson River that has happily retained its "country look." Used to the hubbub of the city proper, Rhoda first thought that moving to Riverdale would be like moving into a vacuum. But it didn't take her long to discover her mistake. And now, after two years, she'll mentally tear you limb from limb if you so much as dare even to entertain the thoughts she once had.

The Browns' home is a lovely, large, nine-room Welsh house, named by its flippant owners, "Belliacres." It was built some years ago by a Welshman whose hobby was building organs . . . which he did in the huge basement of the house. Having such a large basement proved perfect for Ted and Rhoda, since it meant they could install their own broadcasting studio there and eliminate the daily pre-dawn trips to WMGM's midtown studios. Now they happily roll out of bed at 6:30 (Monday through Saturday) and into their studio to be on the air at 7 (after first receiving a "one minute to go" warning phone call from their New York engineer). From then on, until 10 A.M., they merrily spin records, indulge in ad-lib verbal battles with each other, pass along useless (occasionally even useful) information, and just generally throw life and gaiety into the morning hours that most folks find dull and dreary. The "twist" that has made *The Ted Brown Show* so popular with New Yorkers is their obviously good-natured squabbling. Most husband-wife teams work hard to prove to their public that, even over the breakfast table, they bill and coo. Not so the Browns. One minute they bill and coo . . . but, the next minute, they're arguing and insulting each other over such hysterically silly things that many a listener has missed his train just to hear the outcome.

Finally, NBC Radio decided these Browns were too good to be confined to a local station, and incorporated them into the big Monday-through-Friday *Weekday* series. Rhoda is still awed by the fact that people all across the United States can hear her voice . . . which is not quite accurate, since—despite Ted's pleading to "let the people hear what a nice voice you really have"—Rhoda has never once used her natural voice on the air. Instead, she resorts to all kinds of accents and nasal or guttural inflections.

Another reason Rhoda stands in awe of what has happened to her is the fact that she never intended to be a professional. This was her husband's job. Hers was the family and home. And, strangely enough, it was through her home that she landed on the air. Being a closely-knit family, one of the Browns' hobbies is to record family hijinks on film and sound tracks. One day, just for the fun of it, Ted ran off a section of one of these family recordings (with Rhoda doing one of her accent ad libs) on his morning show. The mail flew in asking for more. Ted obliged, and finally coaxed Rhoda into tape-recording some spots for him to use on the show. Bit by bit she lost her shyness, and bit by bit she became more important on the program, until eventually she was a "steady."

There is, however, one point on which she is adamant. Her career (she's apt to put a question mark after the word) must never interfere with her family and its need for her. This is, in reality, the main reason for their having a broadcasting studio in their home. Even though she's

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Pond's
"Lips"

glide on... stay on
...and **ON!**

technically "at work," she's really at home. Of necessity, she does have a governess to take care of four-year-old Ricky. But, during the morning broadcasts, she's away from the mike at least a dozen times... purportedly to leave Ted to get himself out of a verbal mish-mash, but actually to tend to the needs of Ricky and teen-age Tony... to be with them during breakfast, get them off to school (Ricky to nursery school and Tony to high school) and do all the things a non-working mother does.

And, since the studio is in their home, the door is always open to the family, including the four delightfully rambunctious dogs who combine to make up this uninhibited household. "Uninhibited" it really is, right on down to some of the furnishings which were designed by Rhoda. Take the coffee table and two small easy chairs which form a grouping in front of the fireplace, as an example. Both the chairs and the table (which Rhoda had cut down from a somewhat baroque Italian piece) swivel. How many people do you know who can swivel their coffee table in one direction while they themselves spin in the other?

However, Rhoda's designing ideas are by no means limited to the "just for fun" things. Along the wall, facing the fireplace in their outsized living room, is a large cabinet of light wood designed by Rhoda to house the hi-fi set they some day plan to build. Right now, though, it holds two Spanish water-jug lamps (the result of Rhoda's active imagination), while its sliding shelves house the knick-knacks they don't know what else to do with.

The other two facing walls of the living room have large picture windows. Rhoda has draped these windows with rose-beige, pinch-pleated silk traverse curtains that also swing around the third wall, stopping at the fireplace. When the curtains are drawn, the unbroken line gives warmth, flow and spaciousness to the room. The thirteen-foot, modified S-shaped, chocolate brown sofa adds to the flow, as does the fact that the living room, center hall and dining room are all in tones of rose-beige and brown, with turquoise as color relief. It's Rhoda's belief that a house should show hospitality immediately, to all who enter, and she does it with harmonious design and color.

Her dining-room walls are covered with a brown antiqued silk on which (at one end of the room) a Gothic scene has been handpainted in turquoise, "sea foam" according to decorators," she laughs. Her two-walled traverse silk drapes harmonize with the "sea foam" of the wall-covering painting, as do her table and chairs.

When she comes to her kitchen, Rhoda positively bursts with pride... and rightfully so. With her own imagination and knowledge of what a good working kitchen should be like, she has completely redesigned the old room. A gray and pink kitchen, it is now complete with a six-burner stove, wall oven and grill which eliminate "deep-knee bending or belly-whopping," an electric washer, miles of working space... and a small counter with an electric plate—so that when she's cooking a full meal for a pack of hungry adults, the baby's food can be warmed up without interfering with the main cooking.

"And believe me," beams Ted, "my red-head knows all about cooking. She's probably the greatest! The pizza pies that girl whips together... the cherry pies..." His voice trails off, and one look at his face shows that Ted Brown is off on a gourmet's reverie.

From the kitchen, you descend to the

green and white studio, which is the only finished room in the basement. Replete with three turntables and quantities of mysterious equipment, it is one of the most complete private studios one can imagine. Ted is sure lots of people thought he was crazy to put so much money into the studio. "Thought we'd be better off taking the daily half-hour drive to WMGM's studio," he grins. "Maybe so. But, aside from Rhoda's and the family's needs, what they don't know is the amount of parking-ticket money I'm saving. Before we built the studio, I used to have the questionable honor of being the only citizen with what I called a traffic-court charge account. You see, I'd drive down so early in the morning that I'd arrive at a time when parking would be permitted. But it was almost impossible for me to get out of the studio in time to get the 'death trap' (so named by Rhoda) rolling before the no-parking time went into effect. So... once a month, like clockwork, I'd present myself, tickets and check to the traffic court. Besides being an expense I felt we could do without, it was a constant source of worry... and I couldn't be happier to be rid of both."

After they get off the air with the morning show, Ted and Rhoda tape-record their spots for NBC's *Weekday*. When this is finished, Rhoda is usually free to be a housewife, while Ted prepares for the next day's shows or pops in at one of his "town" studios. In addition to his two regular shows, every couple of months, when "Buffalo Bob" Smith takes a vacation from *The Houdy Doodly Show*, Ted must go to town regularly to rehearse for his role of "Bison Bill." But, when they're both home for the day, Rhoda is careful not to infringe upon Ted's time any more than she would were she married to a man who regularly went to an office. They each have their own cars, so there is no problem there... if Rhoda wants to go marketing when Ted is home, she can depart without worrying about his being stuck.

Whether or not it was Rhoda's marketing spree that gave Ted the inspiration for his red-head's last birthday present is a moot question. However that may be, he decided what she needed was a station wagon... and he located a fire-engine red one in Boston. Just the thing, he thought. What a surprise! The evening before her birthday, they happened to watch a TV show and, during the commercial, there on the screen appeared the self-same model Ted would be giving Rhoda the next day. Unable to contain himself, he praised the car. To his horror, his unpredictable red-head tore into the subject with vengeance—drivers of station wagons in New York looked as though they were delivering for drug stores... they were ridiculous, ludicrous, et cetera, et cetera. Ted gulped. Did she really feel that way? (In the Brown household, it's often hard to tell.) Of course, she felt that way... et cetera, et cetera. Then suddenly she stopped. There was something about her husband that brought to mind a drowning man. After quite some prodding she got him to confess... to her great chagrin. What had she done? But when Ted put on his final pitch: "And it's fire-engine red!" she burst out laughing (Ted claims she absolutely roared... he remembers trembling for the safety of their ceiling). "With my hair?" she demanded. The upshot? Rhoda has a powder-blue convertible, and they both think the other one was too funny for words. And, quite contrary to the anti-bill-and-coo "twist" which made them a network sensation, they still love each other very much.

Turning Point On the Road Of Life

(Continued from page 64)

He is neither flippant nor facetious. He is serious, kindly, charming, and a touch on the romantic side. For gals, he is a special kind of guy: "With Doug," says a pretty friend, "you always have a good time. Doug takes wonderful care of you. Makes you feel as if you were on a velvet carpet. And he's a wonderful talker. And, best of all, when he's talking, he looks directly at you."

He looks at you with blue eyes. Doug is blond and stands a slim five-ten. Although he does a lot of work in television and the theater, you may know him best for the three running parts he carries on radio serials: In *The Road Of Life*, he has been featured as Hugh Overton for six years. In *The Second Mrs. Burton*, he plays Joe Henderson. In *Wendy Warren And The News*, he is Paul Benson.

As an actor, Doug's life centers about New York, but he loves small towns. He has compromised by living in Greenwich Village in Manhattan. In the Village, some streets are so crooked and narrow that heavy traffic keeps out. Shops are small and the store-fronts old. In warm weather, people sit out on doorsteps to talk. Doug's quarters are on such a street. He lives in a small apartment building with a sand-blasted, yellow facade. His apartment is three floors up, and he shares it with Sherry, a Siamese cat.

"I got Sherry about six years ago," says Doug. "About the same time, I got this apartment. I got her as a kitten and named her Schoherazade because I thought she was the inscrutable, exotic Oriental type—but I was wrong. She seems to be an ordinary intellectual with a practical turn. For example, if we're watching television and I go to bed after Steve Allen's show, everything is all right. But, if I decide to stay up and watch a late movie, she gets annoyed. Once she turned off the light."

She also gets annoyed when Doug is working on a play. The click of the typewriter bothers her, so she climbs up on the table and bats at the paper. After thirty minutes or so of being annoyed, she retreats to the bedroom for a nap. But she isn't really being put out, since every one of Doug's rooms is furnished for the comfort of man or cat.

The apartment, as a whole, is masculine and heavy. Doug has done practically all the work himself. One of his great pleasures is working with wood, so he bought most of the furniture at auctions and refinished it. The living room is set up in Italian Renaissance. Doug pickled the desk and chest and cabinet to match. The cabinet, a massive piece, houses his television set and phonograph and records. Then he took a very heavy, oval console table and cut the legs down to coffee table height. He has painted the walls chocolate brown and the ceilings pale yellow. On one wall is a painting of an Italian fishing scene which Doug bought in Rome, and on another wall there is a portrait of Sherry which Doug painted. The drapes are yellow with brown stripes (sewing was contributed by an actress friend). There is a woodburning fireplace made of white-washed bricks, and at the fireside is a large flower pot where Doug grows grass the year around.

"Grass is the only greens that Sherry eats," he explains. "I can grow a full pot in two or three days." A sack of grass seed shares cabinet space along with groceries in the kitchen. It is a good-sized kitchen, and Doug knows how to use it. About twice a week he may make a meal for himself and friends.

Doug's bedroom is small and, to counter the box-like effect, he put moulding around the walls, painted the ceiling gold and hung matching drapes. A long hall connects the bed and living rooms. Halfway down the hall, Doug has framed and nailed up thirty pictures of his friends in one huge block.

He gives his apartment a great deal of use. He entertains often and, when he is not at work as an actor in the studio, he is at work as a playwright in his own home. He has had eight stage plays published by Samuel French and many teleplays produced on such shows as *American Inventory* and *Lights Out*. But it is doubtful that any of the characters Doug has created as a writer or as an actor has had more romantic and intriguing background than Doug himself.

"Douglass," is a family name, and Doug's great-grandparents were members of the Black Douglass clan. Doug got the name at birth in Philadelphia. He was an only child and his father was a business man. When Doug was three, his father died. Doug went to Clarksboro, New Jersey, to live with his maternal grandparents. His mother commuted as often as possible between Clarksboro and Philadelphia, where she held a clerical job.

"My grandfather was probably the greatest single influence in my life," Doug says. "He was a wise man with a gentle, childlike trust. He was an Episcopalian minister, and I lived with him in New Jersey for ten years. I had a wonderful time there. That's why I'm so fond of small towns."

There was a teacher, Miss Ann E. Miller, who taught him throughout grade school—and is credited with being his first dramatic coach. As early as kindergarten, Miss Miller had Doug and his friends improvising playlets. "She had so much warmth and understanding," Doug says gratefully. "She was one of the reasons why I enjoyed my childhood there."

It was all part of a memorable boyhood that came to an end when his grandmother died. For a time, Doug lived again in Philadelphia with his grandfather, mother and aunt. Then his grandfather went visiting in Florida, stayed on, and was married again. He invited Doug to rejoin him and Doug did. "He had a fine house in St. Petersburg," Doug recalls. "He lived to be ninety-two and until the day he died, he read a chapter from the Greek testament every morning and tended his garden and fruit trees."

Doug was graduated from St. Petersburg High School and, by that time, really had the acting bug. But his grandfather and mother objected strongly to acting as a career. They told Doug he could go on to college only if he studied law. "At that age," he says today, "becoming an actor was of life or death importance to me, and I think that explains what I was about to do—for it was certainly wrong. Instead of signing up for a pre-legal course at the University of Florida, I chose liberal arts so that I could study dramatics. Well, by Christmas the cat was out of the bag and my family was furious. They made it clear that I had to give up either acting or college—so, after my freshman year, I quit."

Doug, for the next few years, held a variety of jobs. He worked as an office boy, as a file clerk. He signed on a steamer as a "wiper"—that, he learned, meant working in the engine room at 110 degrees and wiping grease off the machinery, sleeping in a tight little room with nine other men, and eating food that tasted as if it had been prepared in the engine room. But, most of the time, he made Philadelphia his headquarters and, so long



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as he held a job there, he spent his evenings working with little-theater groups.

In his dramatic workshop group, he found a good friend in Dorothy Haworth. Dorothy and her husband Bud, who is chief of police of Rose Valley, Pennsylvania, have been Doug's closest friends for many years. The friendship began when they invited him to their home to recuperate from a heavy cold. Their home was near the nation's oldest repertory theater, the Hedgerow Theater, directed by Jasper Deeter. So Doug phoned Mr. Deeter and asked if he could watch a rehearsal.

"I sat out front during a dress rehearsal," he recalls. "I was just about the only person in front of the curtain, and I heard this argument going on backstage between Mr. Deeter and an actor. Then Mr. Deeter poked his head out and said to me, 'Go up to Costume for an immediate fitting.' And, within a few minutes, I was out on the stage with a script in my hand and doing the dress rehearsal."

Afterwards, Doug prevailed on Mr. Deeter for permission to stay on. For two years and three months, Doug lived at the Hedgerow Theater. He earned his room and board by ushering, painting, building scenery, cleaning up and acting. He did fifty parts in repertory and considers this experience the most valuable in his career.

"I wanted to go up to New York then," he says, "but my family was still opposed. It wasn't that they didn't believe in me. They thought I was throwing my life away trying to be an actor and hoped I'd grow out of it."

He was twenty-one, and cashed in his insurance policy for a hundred dollars. He came to New York—and the hundred went fast. At the end of a month, he was down to exactly ten cents and still didn't have a job. "I lived ten days on that dime," he recalls. "I had a hot plate and powdered coffee in my room, so I had coffee for breakfast and lunch. Luckily, I was invited out to dinner most nights, and that was the way I got my only nourishment."

The dime was broken and spent on two phone calls which didn't get him a job, anyway. But, on the tenth day, after five weeks in New York, he read for a part in the Broadway play, "Let Freedom Ring," and won the role. In the next five years, he was in ten Broadway shows, including a year-and-a-half run in "Brother Rat."

"At the end of five years," he adds, "I was ushering at the Strand Theater. I was in good company—another usher was Tennessee Williams. But it points up the insecurity of the legitimate theater. Five years with ten shows, and I had nothing. That's one of the reasons I went into radio and television after the war."

Doug drew a high draft number but, with patriotic impatience, enlisted long before his number came up. He was assigned to Artillery Observation and, after six months' training, was shipped to England. He took part in the invasion of Africa and the ensuing action in the Mediterranean theater. The job of his unit was to direct and report on the success of artillery fire. For this work, you need an orchestra seat, so Doug was usually ahead of the infantry. He was a buck sergeant, and in line for a field commission, when several USO actresses showed up. One of them knew Doug and asked his commanding officer if Doug could be borrowed. She put it this way: "He's had two and a half years of combat. Let him work with us for a while."

Doug and his major talked it over. The Major didn't want to lose Doug, and found that Doug didn't want to leave the outfit, either. While their unit was at rest, however they decided it could do no harm for Doug to work out with the actors until it was time for the unit to move out.

The first night of the new show, half of Doug's outfit was present, and all fifty came backstage to congratulate their buddy. On the second night, the other half was to come—but not one showed. After the performance, Doug learned that his unit had moved out for the invasion of southern France. He was up all night, chasing from one officer to another to get permission to rejoin his outfit. He was turned down, and he finished up his enlistment serving in a liaison capacity for USO units.

Back in the states, he auditioned for radio and got his first role in *This Is Your FBI*. In January of 1946, he played the part of a lawyer on *The Road Of Life*. It was in 1950 that he took on the long-life role of Hugh Overton. Besides radio roles, he has played in more than four hundred TV dramatic programs. He has even acted in teleplays that came from his own typewriter. There has been nothing dull, tedious or lonely about his life. "Popular opinion to the contrary, a bachelor's life is not

necessarily a lonely one. Mine isn't. There is nothing routine about it. One day is seldom like the next—outside of Sunday and Monday."

Monday nights, Doug works with the Veterans Hospital Radio Guild, of which he is the first vice-president. Doug and other members go into veterans hospitals to work with inviolated personnel. They help veterans write, act and produce radio shows. "I've been doing this four years," he says, and adds: "You know, I couldn't do this work right after the war. I figured I'd had enough of it. But then I heard of a guy in my outfit who had been hospitalized for life, and that's when I got started. It's a cliché, but you do get terrific satisfaction in knowing that you're doing something for someone else."

Sunday mornings, Doug always goes to church—sometimes his own church, sometimes to a church of his friends. Sunday evenings, he has been working in an "off-Broadway" production. The Broadway Congregational Church, in place of Sunday vespers, produces one-act plays with a moral or religious theme.

But, outside of Sundays and Mondays, Doug's days and evenings are varied. He is asked out to dinner frequently. He has friends in, maybe one or two nights a week. And he's a good cook. "With no modesty forethought," he says, "I don't think my roast or steak is second best to anything I've had in any restaurant. I have a theory that most men are good cooks because they get so much enjoyment out of food."

Doug and his friends, most of whom are actors, like cards, conversation, charades and bingo. The bingo games are rather mock affairs, for "prizes" are always something you want to get rid of. Friends bring in items beautifully wrapped. If you win a game of bingo, you choose a package. Among Doug's winnings have been a paperback thriller and a pincushion.

Doug has an especially fine and warm relationship with his friends and relatives. He still spends weekends in Rose Valley with the Haworths. The Haworth children, now in their teens, treat him like a real relative and introduce him as "our uncle." And Doug has always been close to his mother, who still lives in Philadelphia. They keep in frequent touch by telephone, and a couple times a year, she comes over to New York for a real visit. Doug always has a party for her then, and so do some of his friends.

"We have a ball," Doug says. "She loves New York and Chinese lobster and concerts and the theater. By the time she goes home I'm ready to collapse." He notes, "We have almost a brother-sister relationship. Mother was married at sixteen and I was born a year later, so there is only seventeen years' difference in our ages."

His activities aren't quite so strenuous when he is acquiring someone other than his mother. For one thing, he doesn't care for dancing or big, noisy night clubs. He prefers quiet places where the entertainment is good but not so continuous that he can't do some talking.

"Frankly, I'm getting tired of going out," he says, "and I'm getting tired of being a bachelor. I'm serious about this—but I'm not being driven into marriage by loneliness. There's a good side to a bachelor's life—the independence, the freedom, the unexpected—but the good side is wearing thin. I guess you come to a turn in your life and you know you're about ready to make a change. I might be married before the end of the year."

Well, considering those vital statistics at the start of the story, the humane thing for Douglas Parkhurst to do is to get married immediately.

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I MADE A VOW

By Danny Thomas

In a stove-heated, cold-water flat over a pool-room, my family lay sleeping. Father, mother, nine boys and a girl, all under God's anesthetic, dreaming of better days to come.



It was four A.M., February, 1926, in the neighborhood of Canton Avenue and State Street in Toledo, Ohio, and the night's eerie symphony was under way. A creaking cart clicked over a cobblestone street; an alley cat cursed its rival; a hungry dog nuzzled the cover off a garbage can. Then, suddenly—a pulse-stopping scream!

The scream came from inside our flat, from the front room where the infant of our family, a boy of six months, lay in his crib.

My dad was the first into the front room. He switched on the light. A rat, the poison-infested scourge of the slums, had bitten my baby brother's hand. In those days before the miracle drugs, this was almost a death sentence.

Quickly mother wrapped her baby in a blanket, and a neighbor drove them to the nearest hospital. In a few hours, infection had spread through my brother's little body and there was little hope for his life. Mother stayed with her baby, mopping his feverish brow—and with every gentle stroke she whispered a prayer. She had faith, my mom. She always prayed to God, through the Blessed Virgin Mary, and she was always heard. Her faith was her great strength.

By noon the next day, the doctors had given up all hope for my baby brother. There was nothing more medical science could do. Mother fell to her knees and prayed, "Spare my baby, dear God, and I vow I'll beg pennies for the poor, door to door, for a whole year." She was heard . . . God spared her child. For a year, like a beggar, she trudged from door to door, pleading for pennies for the needy. She, who was the poorest of the poor, was begging for others. In my memory I can see her lovely face and hear her gentle voice, as she begged, "Please help me to help the poor. I made a vow."

It took my mother a year to settle her account, after her fashion. I am her son and I, too, have an account to settle. I don't know how long it will take.

This is how it came about. In the early days of my married life, which were also the early days of my theatrical career, there came a time when things looked very dark for me. . . . But I was endowed with my mother's faith. And so I prayed to the patron of the hopeless, St. Jude Thaddeus, the apostle. I vowed that if I made good in show business, I would build a shrine in his honor.

I made good. Now it is my turn to follow in my mother's footsteps, to beg for others. Beg I must, and most proudly I shall, that I may build the shrine. The shrine is to be a hospital for underprivileged children . . . to be located in Memphis, Tenn. . . . serving a large area of the South . . . free . . . non-sectarian.

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"Please help me to help the poor. I made a vow."



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It Shouldn't Hardly Happen To "The Birds and the Bees"

(Continued from page 51)

rubbing two little old ladies together. Let's begin by saying that I expected George Gobel to be funny. After all, Jack (my husband, surnamed Bean) and I have watched George's TV show since its inception. And, like everyone from Bangor to Baghdad, we have quipped his quips, to wit: "So... there you are," and "I'll be a dirty bird," and "This is your old friend, Lonesome George."

What I didn't expect was... Well, I'll take you onto the set to show you what happened the day I met George Gobel. Nobody bothered to introduce us—nobody on a sound stage ever has the slightest suspicion that two people, both living in the Los Angeles basin, may not have met. Our job that particular day was wardrobe testing. I was photographed first, then George (who plays a scullionaire in "The Birds and the Bees") was picture-tested in his finery. And eventually, the authorities asked us to form a duo before the lens.

You know me: I love people and I'm full of enthusiasm, so I burst with conversation. When George and I took our places side by side, two strangers soon to undertake a series of love scenes, I inhaled and launched into a rapid-fire announcement that Jack and I were Gobel fans and that I was intensely happy to be working in a picture with him, and that I thought the script delightful, and I was convinced our director, the brilliant Norman Taurog, was tops, and... well, you know. I said it all. In italics.

When I ran out of breath, George pried his glance from the floor, looked at me fleetingly, and said in a deferential tone, "Thank you, ma'am."

If this doesn't overwhelm you, it is only because you don't understand the standard procedure of most comedians. You see, a comic must be a psychological tennis player. When a word, an idea, a quip, a pun, a weather report is batted in the direction of the professional humorist, he has to return the ball hotter than it was served.

George is one of the few exceptions I have met, probably because he is so extensively gifted that being funny is as natural as breathing and—as a bonus feature—he has so many talents he will never be able to make full use of them. He is so funny, without effort, that he can excuse himself from a luncheon table, walk to the cigarette-vending machine and back again, and his report of his adventures during that three-minute tour will keep his fellow lunchers in hysterics for thirty minutes. And every incident will have happened!

You want an example? Well, in "TB & TB," there is a scene in which George and I are walking along the deck of an ocean liner. He is declaring his honorable intentions toward me, and I am in an emotional jam because my father (David Niven) is a maritime card-sharp and I am the "shell" entrusted with leading well-loaded George to the unloading. As we are strolling along, we approach a companionway (a nautical stairway) and George, still holding my hand as I continue along deck, slowly mounts the stairs until he is a deck above me.

We rehearsed the scene repeatedly to perfect the timing, then Mr. Taurog decided not to shoot until the next morning. When the company broke, my husband Jack and George headed for the projection room to see the previous day's rushes. I followed with other members of the cast.

George was riding his bicycle, weaving along in Jack's general vicinity, and discussing the scene with Jack. George said he really didn't think the scene was too

hokey, did Jack? Jack said no, it was logical, in a wonderfully looney way, and he thought audiences would love it.

George went on to say, "I'm a lot like that, you know. When I'm concentrating on something important to me, I'm likely to do all kinds of absent-minded things. I mean, I do forget where I'm going... You know, a guy in love is likely to do all sorts of..."

At that point he dismounted the bicycle, still earnestly telling Jack how logical it was for a Gobel to be completely unaware of his surroundings in the midst of mental or emotional turmoil, and trundled his bicycle onto the sound stage and across a maze of electrical wires in conduit until he approached a congestion of arcs so thick that a man attached to a bicycle couldn't possibly negotiate them. That stopped him.

"Just a minute, Jack," he called. "I have to take my bicycle back to the rack beside the building." He hesitated solemnly before adding, "But... you see what I mean? So... there you are."

Not only does George happen to funny things, but funny things happen right back at George. Insurance companies know that there are some people who are "accident-prone." George is what you might call "incident-prone." He doesn't utter the most commonplace and innocent remark without inducing an unlikely result. To wit: He was lolling in his canvas chair on the set, one afternoon while the camera was being reloaded, and happened to murmur idly, "Humm—look at all those lights. Gosh, I wonder how many arcs it takes to illuminate a set this size."

Someone who knew exactly what's what happened to hear this query, and quickly turned George into a candidate for the juicers' union by explaining—for thirty minutes—the principles of electricity, starting with Ben Franklin's kite and key, and ending with the names, uses, and candlepower of every gleam in the loft.

The average person wouldn't have gotten much out of it, but George has a flypaper memory. At this time, I wouldn't advise you to wonder—in George's presence—how many lights there are on a sound stage. George knows... and he'll tell you, with the original inflections.

Practically everyone knows that George was born in Chicago and got his start on the National Barn Dance program, where he played mellow guitar and sang in an emotional baritone such ditties as "I Ain't A-Gonna Leave Yew Enny More, Little Darlin'." He still knows one million ninety-nine cowboy and/or hillbilly songs, word for word. And, once he gets acquainted, he will peel off into a folksy lyric just to entertain himself and lucky passersby.

This Gobel faculty for "total recall," plus his fabulous gift of mimicry, has worked well for him hundreds of times. But his favorite instance of ad-lib for cash took place in a Chicago night club. George and his guitar were one-third of a trio. The other two-thirds consisted of a bass and an accordion. They were filling in between dance sets, mostly honoring requests. One night, a tourist type—yearning for palms and papaya in the midst of a Chicago blizzard—flashed a twenty-dollar bill and allowed as how it was George's if the guitarist could render an Hawaiian serenade.

George's nearest approach to Hawaii had been a slice of breakfast pineapple, but he stepped forward and sang, as nearly as he remembers:

"Lua nuana manes, Hawaii!
Aloha tapa pua koa Hawaii,
Waikiki pali mahalo ulua,
Okolehau manoa kani Hawaii."

He reprised it about three times in hula tempo, while a satisfied customer sobbed into his coconut-milk highball.

So—you aren't surprised to learn that the Gobel guy is a very funny character? Yet don't go away... because there's much more to the story than a series of chuckles.

I learned early in our collaboration for "The Birds and the Bees" that George is a sensitive gentleman. One morning I was a little late (okay, go ahead and hiss—I'm usually on time, nearly) so, naturally, I was leaning on the air as I aimed myself toward my dressing room. "Goodmorning-george," I said as I passed him, having neither time nor breath for further conversation.

From that instant on, there was something happening on the set to keep us busy until late that afternoon, when George approached me as if I were a general he was about to salute, and said solemnly, "Mitzi, I'd like to talk to you for a moment, if I may."

I laughed. It was such a deadpan request that I was certain it was a gag. Instead of telegraphing a reaction that would let me know he was leading into a fun sequence, George asked softly and seriously, "Have I offended you in some way? I mean... when you came on the set this morning... well, you seemed so formal. You know... I wouldn't hurt your feelings for the world, Mitzi... I'm sorry if I've given the wrong impression..."

We untied that tangle in a hurry. Afterward, when I went scorching past (I'm not often late, as I've said), George was likely to confide in a stage whisper, "That's Mitzi—she's catching a train..."

Nowadays, I know that some such crack as "An honest day's work for an honest day's pay" is considered square—if not cubed—but George has the type of integrity regarded as charmingly old-fashioned. I mean this: I looked down the studio street one morning and spied George bearing down on me, walking with his arms held stiffly away from his body, and kicking out his feet as if he couldn't bear his weight on them. When I asked him if he had a mechanical man job in another picture, he grinned self-consciously. It seems that he was scare-crowding his arms so as to avoid sleeve creases in the studio-tailored suit, and he was keeping his shoes in perfect shine by walking without bending his toes.

The payoff was ironical. He was on his way to work in one of the funniest sequences in the picture. It goes like this: He is talking over his shoulder to other characters in the room, as he walks toward a window. He stumbles over a chaise longue and, in trying to catch his balance, he falls against a table loaded with a silver platter of hors d'oeuvres—the cream-cheese, spurdy kind. Inevitably, George, the furniture, and the appetizers get amalgamated.

A plane ruined the sound track during the first take. One of the arcs went bad during the second. To be brief, it took five gooey falls, five changes of wardrobe, five changes of makeup, to trap the incident in celluloid. George never whimpered. He didn't say—(as I think I would have said after the third take)—"Oh, come on, fellas, that take was okay. Why not use it?"

Perhaps Paramount should headline this picture with the exclamation, "Gobel Dances!"... because he does, and he looks great. Furthermore, he didn't merely fake through—he performed. Of course, his sense of rhythm is sensational, so he would

have looked good just standing on one foot and tapping the other, but that isn't the way George does things.

I missed him one afternoon and went snooping around the set to find him. I spotted him in a far corner of the sound stage, practicing his footwork. When I called to him, he thrust his hands deep into his trouser pockets, wrinkling the coat he had been preserving with held breath, and began to whistle nonchalantly while pretending to kick golf balls or gopher holes or some such.

"What are you doing, George?" I inquired sweetly.

"Who—me? Oh, nothing. Just—well, standing around . . . you know a fellow gets restless . . ." he said, elaborately casual.

Thirty or forty minutes later, I tiptoed around a series of wild walls and peeked at George again. He was still experimenting with his dance steps, and by that time had added a good deal of the Gobel personality to the choreography.

I've known professional perfectionists before, and I've found that sometimes they make themselves ill while watching the daily rushes because they judge themselves too coldly and for some reason can't approve of what they see on the screen.

George—in this, as in so many respects—is unique. He seems to turn his attention entirely to his fellow performers. He is the greatest audience in the world, therefore a fan. He got a terrific kick out of David Niven's performance in "The Birds and the Bees." He would sit beside me during the rushes, nudging me with a delighted elbow and shaking his head in awe. Afterward, he would walk across the lot in a semi-daze, saying, "The way that guy underlines a speech with a lifted eyebrow . . . I'm telling you . . ."

His appreciation extends beyond the professional field to take in his own family, too. His son, Greg, aged eleven, is a star pitcher for one of the Little League ball clubs, and George never misses a game.

One morning George came onto the set, all smiles. "A great thing happened this morning . . . the sort of thing that gives you a real lift . . ."

I imagined that Mr. Y. Frank Freeman (Paramount's head man) had paid George a compliment, or that Don Hartman (production chief) had praised the picture.

This is what had happened. Just as George was on his way to his home garage, he caught sight of four or five boys on bicycles slowly wheeling back and forth in front of the house. One of them said, "Are you sure that's the place?" Another one said, "I'm positive." Then a third spoke up in a muted tone: "Gosh—just to think that Greg Gobel lives there."

I don't want to end this brief report on Lonesome George without confiding another fact, which will come as no surprise to girls from eight to eighty: George has a tremendous romantic appeal.

One afternoon a number of out-of-state visitors were on our set, watching the shooting. As usual George had posed for pictures and had shown himself to be the hospitable, amiable gentleman he is. I wasn't in the sequence being filmed, so Jack and I were sitting in my portable dressing room.

One of the visitors, not realizing there were long ears in the vicinity, murmured to a second lady, "David Niven is very handsome, isn't he?" The answer was an enthusiastic, "Mmmm." Someone else said, "Mr. Gardiner is a smoothie; I get a tingle out of him. Again the 'Mmmm.' Yet, after a few seconds, the Mmmm-er announced, "I think George Gobel is as sexy in his way as Gable is in his. You know what I mean?" And a third breathed, "I know what you mean. Personally, I'd like to take him home with me."

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Lucky To Be Wright

(Continued from page 33)

on May 27, 1955, to restaurant owner Mike Manuche, is part of this luck-and-timing story. And because Martha is young and lovely . . . blonde, blue-eyed and a trim five-feet-five . . . let's start with romance first. After all, it's the most important, to a woman.

Martha and Mike met through mutual friends who felt they were destined for each other. "A deadly thing, usually," says Martha, knowing that, when two people are brought together deliberately, it seldom works out. "In our case, it was a little different. One couple told me someone wanted to meet me, someone very nice, and finally talked me into going along with them on a date. The other couple told Mike someone wanted to meet him, also someone very nice. He scoffed at the idea, but finally agreed. We met, neither knowing what had been said to the other.

"Mike called me for a few dates. A couple of weeks after our first meeting we both suspected the fraud our friends had perpetrated. Mike began to realize it first. 'You weren't acting at all like a girl who had been dying to meet me,' he told me later. 'In fact, I wasn't at all sure you cared if you ever saw me again.' I had begun to suspect he hadn't asked to meet me, either. We decided it was cute of our friends, although I might have been quite annoyed, except that everything was turning out well. At least, we did like each other."

As it happened, they had really met once before, when Martha was starring in "South Pacific." A newspaper columnist had invited her to Camillo's, to be interviewed over lunch. The restaurant was Mike's, and he had come to their table for a moment and been introduced briefly. He later told the newspaper woman how attractive he thought Martha was, but nothing more came of it. The timing wasn't right. Not until months later.

Mike is a former collegiate football star from Holy Cross, and an Air Force veteran of eight years. He goes for golf now instead of football, is a big music fan, especially of opera, and a connoisseur of food. "He went into the restaurant business with a newspaper friend, Lawton Carver, then of I.N.S., when Mike got out of service in 1950," Martha says. "Everybody told them they wouldn't make it. But they did. Recently, Mike bought out his partner and renamed the restaurant 'Mike Manuche's.' The business is doing just fine. Now everybody is proud of his success."

Martha came to New York originally from Seattle, where she was born on March 23, 1926. Her early years were spent on a farm in Duval, Washington, thirty miles from Seattle. Music was always a background for living, at her house. Her father had a good voice and he sometimes sang on radio, but not as a profession. Her grandmother, who had reared five children of her own, was interested in making musicians of her grandchildren, if they showed any talent. She had taught voice all her life, and was an excellent pianist. Martha, an only child, was the first grandchild, and Grandmother began early to teach her the rudiments of piano.

"I didn't practice as I should have," Martha admits, "but I did learn to read music well, and that has been invaluable to me in singing. I play well enough to accompany myself and to study the operas and the other things that interest me, but I wish I had learned more when I was growing up. Kids don't realize how much it will mean to them later, and families don't always know the best way to make educa-

tion attractive. My great regret, even now, is that my grandmother passed on just before I opened in 'South Pacific.' That would have helped repay her in pride for what she helped accomplish."

At high school, Martha got interested in the usual school dramatics, especially in musical plays, and she began to sing on local radio—the pop tunes of the year, the semi-classical things, the show tunes and the ballads. Loving opera, she joined a small company that put on some of the Mozart operas. She began to be in demand as vocalist for club dates, lunches, banquets, all sorts of community affairs. "I sang whenever and wherever I could, and I kept on learning. Learning how to handle myself before an audience, learning what they wanted to hear."

When a touring company of the musical play, "Up in Central Park," came to Seattle, she was lucky enough to know someone playing in it. She decided to ask for an audition, was told there were no openings at all but that they would hear her, anyway. "While I was doing one of my numbers," she recalls, "I saw someone run up behind me and talk to the company manager. Later, I learned that a singer in the cast had been preparing to leave but it was still supposed to be a secret. The secret was out then, and I was hired on the spot, to replace her. I couldn't have chosen a more auspicious moment."

After about a five-month tour, "Up in Central Park" came back to New York, in May, 1947. Martha had the thrill of a Broadway run for about a week, until it closed. Now she was in the city that is the center of show business—but she was also three thousand miles from home and family and security, and she was out of a job. However, as Martha says, "It was New York, a thrilling place for a girl from the West. I didn't know anyone, but I did have a lot of courage, the kind you have when you are very young and the world seems made just for you. For a few weeks, I made the rounds, looking for a job. I got so tired sometimes that I felt I couldn't take one more step or sing one more note, but I bounced back fast every time. One day I auditioned for a job with radio station WOR, and I got it. The fact that I was prepared with pop tunes, show tunes, opera—practically everything—was a big factor. It was on a nationwide network, so it meant that, after about three weeks in New York, my folks were able to hear my voice on radio in Seattle."

Her salary barely covered the rent of the cold-water flat she took in a shabby, run-down neighborhood on the fringe of the theatrical section. It left her only a little to spend on food and clothes and fare and other essentials. But, to a girl with dreams of conquering New York, all this seemed unimportant. She was having a lovely time, and she felt a little like all the princesses in all the fairy tales she had read as a child.

A chance came along for an understudy's role in a play, "Music in My Heart." It was the autumn of 1947, and again the timing was right, and her luck was riding high. The show's leading lady left them in Philadelphia, and Martha wound up filling the part when they brought the play into New York. Unfortunately, it closed in a couple of months, but Martha herself had received very good notices.

"I had wanted to study more before doing a lead role on Broadway," she says, "but you have to take your chances when you get them, and fortunately I had been preparing a long time. After we closed, I did many things—an engagement with the

St. Louis Municipal Opera Company, for one. I was getting interested in television and, when Barry Wood put on a very good, late-afternoon musical program, I was happy to be included. How much it was going to mean in my life was something I didn't dream about at the time. I was just enjoying every minute of it."

It was on this show that Richard Rodgers, of the fabulous team of Rodgers and Hart, first saw and heard her. The song was "Waitin' for My Dearie," from the musical, "Brigadoon." Mr. Rodgers' daughter was watching television, and called her father to watch with her when Martha began.

"It happened that I auditioned for Dick Rodgers right after that," Martha says, "and, when I came in, he said to me, 'I saw you on TV.' I was one of many girls, of course, and about twenty of us were asked to come back for another audition, wearing bathing suits. I had no idea of the part I would be understudying for, and I couldn't understand that bathing-suit bit. I decided this wasn't for me, and didn't go back. So I passed up any chance I might have had to be Mary Martin's understudy in 'South Pacific'—because that was what the audition was for, as I later learned."

Luck again. And timing. Mary never missed a performance and was simply superb all the way. No understudy ever went on for her. Martha would have been lost in the shuffle. Meantime, she was playing supper clubs and establishing herself as a chic songstress. Her first club had been a small one in Montreal, the Club Samovar, but now she was booked into the swank New York spots—No. One Fifth Avenue, the Blue Angel, and the St. Regis Maisonette. There was a short interlude when she was in another musical, called "It's Great To Be Alive" (and it was, until the show folded about six weeks later). She went back to the clubs for a while, to the Mark Hopkins in San Francisco, to London to play the Bagatelle, back to Chicago to the Palmer House. And there something else wonderful happened.

The road company of "South Pacific" was in Chicago then and all the big brass were there for the opening, including Richard Rodgers. When Martha was asked to do an audition she thought a spot must be opening in that company. For half an hour she sang, on the empty stage of the old Schubert Theater. And, when she had finished, Mr. Rodgers asked if anything steady was coming up for her right away. There were a couple of club engagements, but no shows to which she was committed, and he asked her to hold off on anything permanent for a while. She still didn't know what it was all about, had no idea she was being considered for the role of Nellie Forbush, in the New York company of "South Pacific."

"Three months went by," she recalls, "and I was now back in New York, thinking about the starring role in another musical, 'A Tree Grows in Brooklyn,' which was then being cast. A firm offer came from Mr. Rodgers—and, instead of being thrilled by it, I was a little uncertain. I didn't know whether I wouldn't rather create a role that no one else had played, in a new show, than try to follow someone as great as Mary Martin had been. Mary was a big favorite of mine, and to be her successor was a decision not to be made lightly. It still takes my breath away when I think of it—but follow her I did, on Broadway, for two years and seven months, and had a perfectly gorgeous time doing it. I even played it in Seattle (at my request), when Janet Blair—who starred

in the touring company—took time off for a honeymoon."

After "South Pacific" finally closed, Martha went into the clubs again, to the Coconut Grove in Los Angeles, the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, and back into radio and some television. Suddenly, one day last year, she was asked if she would like to be on *The Jack Paar Show* for a few weeks. She thought that would be just dandy. She sang alone, and in duet with Jack Haskell, and she ad-libbed with Jack Paar and loved the easy pace and the breezy style of the program. The temporary arrangement quickly became a permanent one, by mutual consent. They liked her, too. So did the TV viewers.

"I haven't words to express the fun it is, working with Jack and the others on this show," she says. "They are some of the nicest people I have met in this business. Jack has a real interest in everyone who works with him. You give your best, and he gives his, and the atmosphere is a happy one. Jack loves show tunes, the ones I like to sing. It's real great."

One of the biggest kicks came last winter, when *The Jack Paar Show* originated briefly from Miami Beach, Florida. Martha had a club date already set up back North one evening, and a two-o'clock afternoon plane to be made in order to keep it. The Paar show is on the air from one to one-thirty Eastern Time, and she wondered how she could finish her last number and get to the airfield in time.

The whole problem was solved by helicopter. Viewers all over the country watched her finish her number, grab a fur coat and throw it over her light summer dress, and hop into a helicopter which had descended on the beach near the hotel from which they broadcast. "I understand they got a view of my husband, too," she said. "Mike was also down in Miami Beach, and he ran to help me get into the plane quickly. They said the cameraman got a quick 'rear-end view' of him, pushing me in. Too bad—because I wanted everyone to see my handsome husband's face!"

In New York, they have a little apartment for convenience, and a house near Westport, Connecticut, where they can go in summer and commute to and from the city. Last summer, Martha's parents visited them, so they tried to get out to the country every night. As New England homes go, this one is not very old—only about forty years—but the decor is early American. There are two bedrooms, a large den, a living room and kitchen, and there are plans afoot to turn the last-named into a big country "kitchen-living-room" by taking in some of the bedroom area. They want a picture-book room, with brick and wood walls and lots of copper and brass for shining accents. All this may involve slicing some space from a guest house that stands at the rear of the main house.

There's a flood-prevention project afoot, too, a matter of raising the whole structure several feet to avoid the disastrous effects of last year's flooding, when their little branch of the Saugatuck River became a roaring torrent and Martha's precious small piano, among other things, was a casualty. So it looks like a busy year for the Manuches of New York and Westport.

The week Martha and Mike were married, Martha was doing a dramatic television play called "Mr. Dorothy Allen," about a talented and clever girl who married her manager but couldn't resist trying to run the whole show—in other words wearing the pants in the family. "We knew that wasn't the way our marriage was going to be," she says. "Not a bit. Mike isn't 'Mr. Martha Wright,' and I'm only Miss Martha Wright professionally. At home, I'm Mrs. Mike Manuche. That's a big part of my luck!"

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Lady of Letters

(Continued from page 38)

thirty-seven years old. She readily confesses her age: "If I didn't, people would never believe I had the experience to help them find the answers to their questions."

Her aim to "help people find the answers" is the key to her own personality, for she offers neither panaceas nor sweetness-and-light solutions. She does believe that people can make their own necessary changes when an outsider aids them in analyzing their problems. She approaches the task with knowledge, confidence and serenity, for she herself is both a well-trained and a well-loved woman.

She deeply believes her correspondents and listeners can achieve a fuller, richer life. Take the case of the tall though pretty secretary. We'll call her Rena. . . . When the girl's mother first wrote to Mrs. Graham about her daughter's disconsolate loneliness, Lee invited Rena to come in for a face-to-face conference. During it, she bolstered the girl's ego by pointing out that many of the world's distinguished women had found their above-average height an asset.

Lee's cardinal rule is: "If you fail to value yourself as a woman, no one else will, either." She helped Rena identify her good qualities, then made practical suggestions for ways to enhance them. . . . Some months later, she received a joyful letter. Rena wrote: "I have really tried, since that day, to develop my personality to a greater degree. . . . I find that my change of attitude has made a difference, and right now I am dating more regularly than I have ever done before. I do thank you. Truly, you have helped me change my whole outlook."

The wife who complained of her husband's gambling was a student in the Family Relations class which Mrs. Graham teaches at the College of the City of New York. Weary of hearing the woman's carping, Lee at last said, "Surely your husband can't be as black as you have painted him." . . . It resulted in all three meeting to analyze the situation. The man, it turned out, took his responsibilities as a husband seriously. He excelled at his job, he neither drank, smoked nor philandered, but freely admitted he was interested in racing. He knew pedigrees and records and enjoyed comparing his predictions with a favorite's actual performance.

Lee inquired how much cash he put back of these predictions. The man counted up. "About a hundred dollars a year," he replied. . . . Further questioning of the wife revealed that her real objection was not the money—they could afford it—but her feeling of being excluded.

Lee helped them throw the conflict into proper perspective. To the wife, she said, "You're getting far too excited about too small a problem. This is a hobby—a means your husband takes to express his own judgment. It is not, in these proportions, a dangerous vice." . . . Comparing it with the cost of other possible diversions, she showed the woman that even smoking cigarettes could have a higher annual cost. She then asked the man if he had ever made any attempt to interest his wife in racing. He shook his head.

The outcome now delights Lee. She says, "The husband acquired a good listener to whom he could boast or moan, depending on his luck. The wife, again feeling important and desirable, has quit nagging. They now go to the track together, a few times each year, making the event a big family outing."

The man who complained he couldn't hold a job contended he was always fired

because superiors were jealous of his ability as a salesman. . . . Lee posed the question from a different angle: "Could it be because you are overambitious? Because you want to be made vice-president overnight and ride roughshod over those around you? Do you always realize that others have the same rights and are entitled to the same consideration you demand for yourself?"

For the tragic teenager's problem, there was, of course, no ready solution. Lee could only urge her to seek the help of a social agency and send her the list of those available. . . .

She went further into the problem of illegitimate pregnancy during her opening program of the Conflict series on television. With a frankness rarely permissible on the air, she discussed the frightening consequences of the worst possible solution—illegal abortion.

Strong fare for TV? It was useful in at least one household. A mother wrote Mrs. Graham: "My daughter has been running wild. Nothing I can say or do reaches her. She listened to your program. She didn't say anything, but I could see she was thinking. Now at last I am hopeful I can find a way to help her."

Topics normally banned for broadcasting are not new to Lee Graham. She says, "When I first went on the air, five years ago, at WOR-TV, I daily gave the continuity-acceptance department the jitters. But the program manager stood by me and we have proved, first to them and now to WOR-Mutual and WABD, that—if a topic is discussed with good taste and knowledge—no one is offended, and it often gives people information they seek. We have talked about interfaith marriages, dope addiction, homosexuality, sex education and good relations between a husband and wife, almost as frankly as we do in my college classes. The public is ready for adult programs."

Her special interest in the problems of teenagers stems from her own teen-age romantic problem, which set the course of both her personal and professional life. . . . Born in New York, Lee was ill a great deal during childhood and grew up a shy, withdrawn little girl. Health and an urge to assert herself came when she was fifteen. Her family, that summer, spent their vacation at their customary seaside resort hotel at Asbury Park, New Jersey.

Lee attempted to be super-sophisticated. While she was sitting in the lobby one afternoon, a handsome young man smiled at her and Lee smiled right back. When he remarked it was a nice day, Lee thought so, too.

In due course, his mother and her mother met, the families became friends and, with the approval of their elders, fragile, lovely Lee and handsome Lawrence Graham spent an enchanted vacation boating, taking long walks, dancing and gazing into each other's eyes.

Their first meeting in New York took on the aspects of a great occasion. Lee recalls: "The Grahams invited my folks and me to dinner. When Lawrence showed me his room, I thought he must be a great playboy, for it was lined with girls' pictures. Although I now suspect he arranged it deliberately, I asked him if he really knew all those girls and he solemnly asserted he did."

The difference in their ages was another touchy point. Lee says, "I knew Lawrence was twenty-four, but I had let him think I was 'about' seventeen. But I had always been taught girls should be honest with the men they want to marry,

so I again betrayed my lack of sophistication and confessed, "I have a terrible secret. I'm a year younger than you think."

Actually, she was fifteen and a half. That half year was still important to her when, next season, they again arranged the Asbury Park vacation. Before their families left for the resort, man-of-the-world Lawrence announced he would like to see Lee four nights a week. Recollection brings a smile to Lee. "I wondered, why not every night? But I replied I'd try to make it." Soon after arrival, Lawrence asked for five. Again Lee said, "I'll do my best."

The climax to their little tug-of-war came after a happy day spent swimming, dining and dancing. Still reluctant to part, they sat on a terrace, looking at the moon and the ocean. Lee hoped that, in this romantic setting, Lawrence would ask for seven nights a week. He asked for seven—plus—saying, "I'd like to spend just such a day as this with you all the rest of my life. Will you marry me?"

Lee's plea for her parents' consent to the engagement was fortified by the fact that, at sixteen and a half, she had already had a year of study at Hunter College. She was married after she had completed her second year, and immediately, with Lawrence's encouragement, enrolled at Columbia University. "I wanted to write," she says, "but, before I could do it, I felt I should know more about people, so I majored in psychology."

As a case worker for the American Red Cross during World War II, she investigated requests for emergency leaves. Continuing in the social service field after the war, she collaborated, in 1950, with James Bender, director of the National Institute of Human Relations, and wrote, "Your Way to Popularity and Personal Power." Her own book followed in 1954. It's called "If You Are a Woman," and, in it, she gives attention to the problems of each age, from the teens to the sunset years. Many of the analysis charts which she offers to listeners and viewers are condensations from this book.

The one most frequently requested is titled: "Ten Qualities That Attract Men." She prefaces it with the statement, "The more obvious charms like a pretty face and a streamlined figure will attract a man easily. But they are not the qualities which will make him fall in love . . . nor hold him indefinitely. . . . Cultivate those which attract and hold."

Here's her list: 1) A genuine sense of humor. 2) A sincere interest in his job and its problems. 3) A voice which manages to be pleasant under all circumstances. 4) A preference for the kind of clothes men like. 5) A deep sense of loyalty. 6) A knowledge of homemaking skills. 7) A definite tolerance of his friends. 8) A sense of proportion—the ability to take things as they are, instead of handling every little problem as if it were a major crisis. 9) A realization that not all men are alike. 10) An unmistakable satisfaction in being a woman, so that your personality and appearance reflect it.

Lee Graham practices what she preaches. Today, that juvenile man-of-the-world from Asbury Park, Lawrence Graham, is a successful business man in the import-export field, but Lee is still his sweetheart. They love to dance, go to the theater, entertain friends at their Central Park apartment, and travel. Lee credits her husband with her own professional attainments: "He always encourages me in everything I want to do. I could never have written a book, nor put a program on the air, nor understood anyone's problems, if Lawrence hadn't helped me. The center of my own life is my husband."

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Heaven on Earth

(Continued from page 68)

themselves or perhaps be killed.

But, most important of all, to a father, was the prospect of explaining himself and his early years to his sons by permitting them to duplicate, within the limits of a new generation's boundaries, his own experience.

"Everything I read about kids in trouble," Curt remembers, "seemed to point to one moral, no matter what the details: It wouldn't have happened if there had been a sense of real family closeness. The catch is that family unity isn't one of those things that comes complete, like a television set, and can be turned on as desired. The clan feeling grows as a tree grows, and it takes some supervision to keep it headed in the right direction and flourishing."

So Curt and Edith Massey bought a ranch in the rolling, upland country east of San Diego, and stocked the acreage with a hundred head of "whitefaces" (Hereford cattle, if you're an agricultural "square"). The second purchase was for Stephen exclusively—an American saddle horse, a deliberate, elderly gentleman with a philosophic nostril flared against the orders of over-ambitious lads. The third purchase equipped David with a Shetland pony having the disposition, and only slightly more than the stature, of a Manx tomat.

The lessons held in escrow by a watchful Nature were delivered to the boys, piecemeal. During the first week of ranchership, Steve spotted the creek that runs through the Massey acreage, and announced jubilantly that he was going to hike down and back. Before dinner.

Curt explained the terrain. Like many California arroyos, it had been eroded by uncounted centuries of occasional flash floods. Its sharply sloping sides were a devil's golf-course of boulders, brush, debris, dead timber . . . and sunning patios for rattlesnakes. "I wouldn't try that hike just yet," Curt cautioned his son. "When you're a little more accustomed to this country and when you've put on some muscle, then you can try it."

"It isn't much of a hike," Steve insisted. "I'll bet even a baby could do it."

Curt knows when to give a colt its head, but he also takes what precautions are wise. He asked one of the veteran ranch hands to show Steve how to move over unfamiliar territory in which one knows there might be rattlesnakes. Picking up a four-foot length of stick, the man extended the wand just beyond a large boulder and danced it along, listening. There was no warning sound, so he stepped forward and repeated the process. "When you are walking, keep your eyes down. Be watchful. When you want to look at a view, first study the ground around in all directions, then stand still, and look upward and outward and enjoy yourself. Then, before taking another step, look down again and use your stick."

It was beginning to get dark before Steve returned, breathing hard from haste, his face white with fatigue.

One of the reasons Curt's camaraderie with his boys is so comfortably give-and-take is that Curt never denies his own slips or alibis them. A week or so after Steve's arduous canyon trip, Curt was pointing out some of the strange rock formations in the area. Leaning down, gloveless, he swept the top of a boulder clear of debris with his hand . . . and recoiled as a snake, which had been lying on the top of the heap of twigs and dried grass, flashed across the sand.

Steve grabbed a rock, ready to clout

the snake, then noticed that it was one of a harmless species. "But it could have been a rattler," he said quietly. Meeting his father's eyes, he continued in an admonitory tone, "Where's your stick? You should have cleaned off the rock with your stick."

"Here it is—in my other hand," Curt admitted ruefully. "That was real bright of me. Real bright."

Davey's snake story also has a happy ending. He made friends—and influenced mothers toward hysteria—in his neighborhood by his enterprise. Seems that all the youngsters who listened bug-eyed to his stories of reptiles on the ranch, decided that not to have owned a snake, at least one teeny-tinny one whose sting was not poisonous, was not to have lived.

Davey was given a series of orders. In exchange for all sorts of junior currency, he was commissioned to bring back snakes in glass. His commerce was discovered when his mother began to wonder why suddenly he preferred peanut butter sandwiches to all others, and wanted the emptied and washed jars, and why he was eating salad dressing on almost everything, apparently to build up an inventory of those jars, too.

He still doesn't understand the attitude of womankind toward a hissing, slithering beauty, safely contained in a ventilated jar. He is grateful that there was nothing in his family contract about snakes. Oddly enough, neither Massey parent had considered a clause on herpetology necessary, or Davey's demerits might have wiped out his allowance for months.

The contract arrangement in the Massey family is unique. At the beginning of each school year, a new contract is drawn up and signed by each boy as party of the first part, and by his parents as party of the second part. The document specifies what advantages each boy is to enjoy. The amount of his rent, if he had to pay it himself, is estimated, along with the cost of his food, clothing, transportation, medical and dental care, and recreation. In exchange for these benefits, each boy agrees to perform certain tasks having to do with keeping himself, his room, and his school work in proper condition.

Coordinated with the contract is a weekly report and rate chart. If Steve is asked to wash and polish his father's car, his performance is rated. If he has done the job cheerfully, has kept the radio turned at moderate pitch while performing the task, and has added some plus items such as a vacuum job on carpeting and upholstery, the standard rate is stepped up in proportion. For sins of omission, reluctance, or haste, the rate may be pared.

The surprises produced by this system are many, but Curt still thinks the greatest ever provided was that which resulted from Steve's getting the job of selling newspapers at the Brown Derby corner in Beverly Hills. This was a plush position, paying very cool cash money. Curt assumed that Steve's new source of revenue might make him contemptuous of the old, and that his employed hours might, understandably, subtract from the time applied to his home jobs.

It didn't work out that way. Steve managed both his outside and his home-side tasks, doing a better job with his domestic chores than ever before, while coining cash at Wilshire and Rodeo Drive. He became so fascinated by the idea of speedy wealth that, when the family moved to the ranch for the summer and he had to give up his news-vendorship, he conned his father into buying a scin-

tillator. Together they tramped high and low, always hoping to catch sight of the needle flying into a frenzy over vast deposits of uranium.

So far the score stands something like: Blisters, uncounted; sprains, ignored; snakes killed, tally lost; miles hiked, equal at least to the circumference of the earth at the equator; uranium located—hahaha. "Oh, well, it's all part of it," Steve told his father with a grin. "After all, we've built leg muscles that will come in handy during deer season, and we've grown familiar with terrain over which we'll be hunting, so we've come out ahead."

That Curt's back-to-the-land policy had paid even more permanent and valuable dividends than could be summed up in muscles and mapping, was indicated during the deer season Steve had so eagerly anticipated. He had learned to handle his rifle expertly, and he had taken target practice—in the upper wastelands of the ranch—seriously.

One frosty morning Steve confided in his dad that he felt a bone prophecy of good hunting that day. "I'm going to get a three-point buck in my sights, and I'm going to..." steadily he squeezed an imaginary trigger... "and then I'm going to have the head mounted for my room."

Filled with hope, and vivid in red caps, red jackets and sturdy hunting duds, father and son separated and spread out along a pre-arranged perimeter. But, as it turned out, Curt was the lucky hunter who spotted a fine three-pointer, down wind but wary. Curt hesitated, studying the area in which he knew Steve would be. A thick growth of brush would, he reasoned, cut off Steve's view of the buck.

There was a delicate point to be considered: Steve wanted at least a shot at a buck, and he wanted it with all the intensity of a fourteen-year-old's desperate dream. Certainly there would be other hunting seasons, and other deer, but this would be Steve's first, and firsts are important to the young. On the other hand, if Curt were hunting with a contemporary, there would be no question of dear-Alphonse, dear-Gaston.

Curt decided upon the adult approach, steadied his sights, waited with held breath, squeezed the trigger, and saw the buck rear slightly, bound upward and fall dead. A few seconds later Steve appeared in a clearing and shouted, "Did you get a hit, Dad?"

"On the button. Did you see him?" "Nope. Meet you," yelled Steve, heading for his dad. When they joined forces, Steve's face was glowing. He hadn't seen the buck, had been attracted to an opening only when he heard the shot. No look, no word, no expression indicated that he had expected his father to save the deer, hoping that Steve might spot the buck a little later and get a shot.

"I'm sorry you didn't see him," Curt said.

Steve shrugged. "Well, I'd have been tickled to get a shot, but, golly Dad, I can't expect all the luck. I'm glad you knocked him over. Boy, that's shooting."

Curt rested his big hand on the boy's shoulder, and father and son exchanged a mutually admiring grin.

A fan wrote to Curt recently, "I have made a study of voices ever since my sight began to fail many years ago. It's amazing how much we tell about ourselves in our intonations. I think one of the reasons I enjoy your program so much is that, from your singing and speaking inflections, I have put together a picture of a sincere man, kindly, wise and warm, a good husband, a good father, and a good citizen. Your voice tells me that you are all of those things."

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He Loves the Ladies

(Continued from page 59)

He offers hope. He is strong for them. He
loves the Queens, and they know it."

The ladies instinctively sense Jack's
strength and feel safe with him. They
know he will not take advantage of their
plight or makes jokes at their expense. In
front of the cameras, Jack plays host to
the ladies: He treats them as if they were
visiting him in his own home. Harry
Mynatt—for ten years the Queen's escort,
and now the director of the NBC-TV and
MBS radio show—says: "One of Jack's
greatest qualities, the one I think his
success is based on, is that he never talks
down to anyone. He talks up to them.
Jack is truly humble."

Harry also points out that Jack has a
generous heart, as well as a humble one.
"The second month I was with the show,"
says Harry, "we finished a six-week tour
in Kansas City—where I broke my leg.
The show flew me home and, on his first
day back, Jack came to visit me in the
hospital. This was during World War II
and electrical appliances were impossible
to get. The second day, Jack brought me
his own little bedside radio, insisting that
I keep it until I went home. That was my
first impression of Jack—of his kindness
and thoughtfulness. In eleven years, he
hasn't changed."

Having been with Jack for eleven years,
Harry says he has reached the point
where he can anticipate Jack's needs and
almost read his mind: "It is a pleasure to
work with Jack—he's the greatest ad-lib
artist in the business. If he gets a one-
word cue, he picks it up immediately. Or,
if a Queen is on the verge of tears, he can
get her out of it with a single line.
He's quick-witted and always aware. For
example: We now do two shows on
Monday and skip Friday, so that Jack can
rehearse his Truth Or Consequences show.
Recently, on our second Monday show,
one of our Queens wanted a set of glasses
and serving trays for her young daugh-
ter's Friday-night party. 'Oh,' said Jack,
'you're going to have a houseful of teen-
agers tonight.' Remember, this was Mon-
day afternoon—yet, without rehearsal,
Jack thought in terms of Friday's show."

In spite of the fact that Jack is quick
with an ad lib, there have been many
moments on the show when he has been
at a loss for words. Once one of his guests,
whose husband had recently died, asked
only for a bicycle for her young son, say-
ing simply, "I've promised him Daddy
would send one from Heaven..." Jack
was so touched, tears filled his eyes and
he had to wave away the cameras.

Where did Jack's sensitivity, his sym-
pathy, his feeling for others, begin? Jack
was raised in Hampton, Iowa, a town with
a population of about 4,000. His mother
was a schoolteacher, his father had a
harness shop. Mr. Bailey suffered a stroke
when Jack was still a youngster, and died
when Jack was ten.

Their home was in back of the town's
movie house and Jack remembers falling
asleep at night to the tune of a tinkling
piano and violin. Jack was forever in-
terested in music and the theater. After
his father died, Charles Peterson, the
theater manager, kept Jack off the streets
and busy with odd jobs; after school and
Saturdays, he dusted the theater seats and
carried out the trash.

"With my 'experience' in the theater,"
says Jack with a smile, "I once produced
my own show in our barn's haymow. For
a curtain, I used my mother's sheets. With
great modesty, I say I wrote, directed,
and played the lead. The show had a

short run. In fact, it only lasted one day
—the sheets had to go back on the beds."

In addition to his interest in the theater,
Jack was also interested in music. Mr.
Clauson, the school janitor, taught him
first how to play the drums, and later how
to make music with a trombone. By the
time Jack went to college, he could per-
form on almost every band instrument.

At nineteen, Jack went to Drake Uni-
versity at Des Moines to study drama. He
paid his way by playing in a dance or-
chestra, and it is possible that it was
here that Jack first tasted disappointment.
Rather than the straight music which he
loved, Jack was called on to do the "nut"
numbers—he wore silly hats, played a
trombone that wiggled (after being
doctored by a plumber), and danced to
music he made on a washboard. When
Jack played, the audience didn't dance.
They laughed.

The same situation existed in school.
Though Jack studied diligently, students
laughed hardest when he was trying to
be serious. "I would get up in French
class, for example," he says, "and try to
give a straight reading. Before I spoke
two sentences, everybody was howling. I
wasn't trying to be funny. I was trying to
get a good grade. It bothered me—in
fact, it hurt me at first. I couldn't help it
if I had a rubber face."

While Jack was still in school, the band
he "fronted" was visited frequently by
Ralph Bellamy, even then a well-known
legitimate actor with a touring company
of his own called The Ralph Bellamy
Players. "I made it my business to meet
Mr. Bellamy," says Jack. "After all, as a
drama student, I considered myself in the
theater—and he was the first real actor
I'd ever seen. So one night I bravely said
to him, 'Look, Mr. Bellamy, I'm studying
drama and eventually I want to go on the
legitimate stage. How about a job?'"

"You can be assistant stage manager,"
he said. "If you'll work a little in the
office and play in the pit, I'll give you
twenty dollars a week." I was making
seventy-five a week with the band," says
Jack, "but I wanted to be an actor, so I
took it. Bellamy, of course, only knew
me from my 'nut' number. Though I
wanted to be a dramatic actor, he had me
pegged as a comic."

"We played good New York shows,
spending a twenty-two-week season each
in Des Moines, Nashville, and Evanston,
Illinois. Bellamy," says Jack with a wry
smile, "started me off in minor roles—the
corpse, or the messenger boy, or the actor
who gets killed off in the first act. The
group was made up of thorough actors,
and when they found out I was a drama
student, that was all they needed—they
hooked up the phone and talked back to
me on stage so I couldn't keep a straight
face, and they nailed the door shut for my
big exit! The audience caught on fast
and began looking for the gags. Rexford
Bellamy, Ralph's father, felt sorry for
me and finally put a stop to my initiation."

When the banks closed during the De-
pression, Jack was in Chicago with two
dollars in his pocket. An actor's agent
told him that a tent show in Mason City,
Iowa was looking for a drummer and
leading man. Jack says, "I told him that
was fine for me, I was the finest drummer
that ever snared a snare. But I had al-
ready told him that I had been with Bel-
lamy's legitimate theater and he said,
'You don't understand. You are to be
drummer and leading man.'"

"In those days, if an actor was wanted,
the show had to send transportation

money. I figured that, if I didn't last long in Mason City, I could always walk home. When I arrived in Iowa, I learned my lines from the exciting leading man and, the first night of the tent show, I drew more laughs than the comedian. I didn't mean to. I was really trying to be the great lover. The next show the director made me the villain, and I was funnier than I had been as the leading man. The owners finally said, 'Here, you put on the red wig and be the comic. We'll let the comic try the leading-man role.'

First Jack dreamed of becoming an accepted "straight" musician—and he ended up doing "nut" numbers. Then he dreamed of becoming a dramatic actor—and was forever ending up as the comedian. As he says, "It's not my fault that I'm funny. I just can't help it." At first, Jack admits, it bothered him a great deal—as any frustration would. Today, completely happy in what he's doing, Jack says: "It turned out to be a blessing." These early disappointments, however, have made Jack sensitive to the feelings of his Queens.

It was this empathetic feeling that producer Howard Blake first noticed when Jack was emceeing *Meet The Missus* at CBS Radio twelve years ago. Howard had been hired by the network to produce the show—and, says Blake, "My first instruction was to get rid of Jack Bailey, an emcee nobody had ever heard of. One of the vice-presidents said he just didn't have what it takes. I worked with Jack for two weeks and I sensed that Jack had more of what it takes than anyone else on the staff. I went back to the executive and told him, 'I've got news for you. If Bailey stays, we'll have the biggest show in the western region.' Bailey stayed, and we did."

It was from *Meet The Missus* that Jack

Bailey came to the attention of Raymond R. Morgan, owner of the "Queen" show. "It was only after we got Jack Bailey," says Mr. Morgan, "that the show took form. Today, thanks to Jack, it is one of the highest rated shows on daytime TV."

It is interesting to note that Jack didn't have a forgetting heart. Ten years after he and Howard Blake separated, the producer's job opened up on "Queen"—and Jack insisted that Blake get the spot.

Today, Jack spends four days a week, from 11 A.M. to 3 P.M., on the "Queen" show. Friday, he does *Truth Or Consequences*. He and his wife, Carol, spend weekends in their Malibu retreat, where Jack paints. His interest in painting developed after he read the *Reader's Digest* article about Eisenhower's and Churchill's oil-painting hobby. Now that he's an avid amateur, all his friends proudly boast of Bailey originals.

Last summer, he spent his six-week vacation studying art at the Santa Fe, New Mexico Art School. Each Thursday, he attends class at the Los Angeles Business Man's Art Institute and Tuesday he describes as: "The day I get well. I go into my studio, shut the door and close off all pressure. If you hear me whistle and sing, it means I've been lucky in painting something I like. I may work six or eight hours on a painting, but it's just like having a day off."

Even in his paintings, the two sides of Jack's personality are revealed. On the one hand, he is especially adept at painting gay and colorful clowns. On the other hand, he is proud of the pieces he painted for the Annual Los Angeles Madonna Festival.

His favorite? The painting in soft rose-red and blues, over his mantle—his "Child Madonna"—which so well expresses Jack Bailey, emcee-comic with a heart.

Small-Town Girl

(Continued from page 55)

decision that she met Les Heller. She was directing a play at the Laboratory Theater and Les disputed her direction. After a couple of good verbal tussles, they became good friends and—sometimes—they were going steady. It was an off-and-on romance. Les, just out of the service, wanted to be a playwright, so his interest in the theater matched Jayne's. His chief problem was an allergy to orange blossoms. Behind Jayne's sorority house was an orange blossom-type bush, and it was in this vicinity that couples stopped to talk about saying good-night. Lester mostly sneezed. Jayne's sorority sisters figured this was a bad omen, an omen that Les wasn't the marrying kind. But, on Jayne's graduation, he proved they were wrong—and the wedding ring was a gold band figured with orange blossoms.

It should be noted that Jayne, in honor of her grades, was a member of Phi Beta Kappa. She received the University's highest honor, that of having her name inscribed on the Bronze Tablet for having graduated in the upper two-percent of her class. She also won a Rockefeller Fellowship for Advanced Study in Dramatics. After the wedding, she and Les stayed on until the spring of 1949, while Les earned his master's degree. Together, they got a British Arts Council Award for study in England. That took them to the Shakespeare Memorial Theater at Stratford-On-Avon as resident students. They spent June and July in England, August in France, and got back to New York in September of 1949—to face reality.

"Les had a teaching job offered him in

Fargo, South Dakota," Jayne recalls, "and it was so tempting. They even wrote that they had a little-theater group in the community. But we agreed to stay in New York, where there were more opportunities for both a writer and an actress."

Jayne decided to take a practical job until they got settled, and applied at the office of a national magazine. She was hired as a file clerk: "It was supposed to be temporary, but I was at it almost three years. And I was miserable. I wanted to act so badly that it was all I could do to sit quietly in a theater and watch other actors at work. I finally began some volunteer work for the American Theater Wing. About twice a week, we would go to hospitals to do a skit for veterans or participate in plays with them. The Red Cross supplied the transportation, and so I explained to friends that I was doing work for the Red Cross. I couldn't tell them that I was acting—for I thought, once they knew that, they would see how badly I wanted to work as an actress, and it embarrassed me. Finally, Les clubbed me into quitting at the magazine and I began to make the rounds of casting offices."

In the fall of 1952 and winter of 1953, she got some "walk-ons" and began to do some fashion modeling. In the summer of 1953, she got her first professional break as resident actress with the Strand Players at Wilmington, Delaware. Since then, her luck has been good. In television, she has worked on *Robert Montgomery Presents*, *The Best Of Broadway*, *Suspense*, *The Web*, *Rocky King* and *Kraft Theater*. She has had parts in *Hawkins Falls*, *Golden Windows* and *Concerning Miss Marlowe*. She played in two off-Broadway produc-

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tions, "The Skin Of Our Teeth," at the Equity Library Theater Director Workshop, and then played Ann Boleyn in "Praise of Folly," at the Blackfriars, a little-theater sponsored by the Dominican Brotherhood. It was there that an agent saw Jayne and sent her to read for "Sabrina Fair."

"You know, that's the way it's supposed to happen," she says. "An actor works in one of the off-Broadway productions and gets discovered. But it seldom happens. I was an exception." She got the part of Gretchen in "Sabrina Fair."

Jayne has been on *The Brighter Day* since January fourth of this year. At the time, she also had a part in Rodgers and Hammerstein's newest musical, "Pipe Dream." For a few weeks, she tried to do both shows but it was hectic. Her day started at eight-thirty. She was at the studio at ten A.M. to rehearse and tape the radio sequence of *The Brighter Day*. After a lunch break, she went on to the TV studios to rehearse for the four P.M. telecast of *The Brighter Day*. From four-thirty until six, she rehearsed the next day's show. She then met Les for dinner. Afterwards, she went to the theater for the performance of "Pipe Dream." Finally, at home again, she had to begin studying her lines for the next day's program. That was her schedule Monday through Friday. On Saturday, there were two performances of the musical.

"I used to think with envy of women who had dinner out every night. Sounded wonderful—but it got to be tiring," says Jayne. "And then the apartment started to get run down, and I've never been able to shed my responsibilities as a housewife. Worst of all, I didn't even have time to make a birthday cake for Les. That wasn't terribly serious, but I was so touched when Les complained that he never got to see me. So I quit 'Pipe Dream.'"

Now she spends Saturdays catching up in her housework and doing her shopping. Sundays she saves for baking and preparation of the week's big meal. And, of course, Lester and Jayne have evenings together—and that means talking, reading, rehearsing lines with Les and listening to records. Their apartment is restful and easy to take. It is in Manhattan's East Seventies and is modern in decor.

The apartment is predominantly gray. The ceiling is cream, but the walls are all gray—the sofa, deep gray, and the rugs, light gray. A couple of "captain" chairs are appropriately painted battleship gray. There is a high-fidelity set-up—not gray—that Les put together himself. "It's really 'middle-fidelity,' according to our expert friends," Jayne says, "but Les did a wonderful job on the cabinet. He just brought in the lumber, spread out newspapers and then went around to the neighbors to borrow tools. Soon he was a carpenter."

The phonograph, with the shelves above for records and books, makes a handsome corner unit. Another item Les put together is a divider-bookcase. In the living room and next to the kitchen door is a broad window. The dining table has been placed next to the window but, to separate this section from the main living room area, Jayne and Les made a bookcase, perpendicular to the wall, out of planks and bricks. There is no cement. The weight of the bricks and books keeps the case together.

Jayne fixed the kitchen to suit herself. She painted the cupboards cream, and then trimmed the room with a red-checked pattern. She started out lining the cupboards with red-checked plastic lining and put a small square of the stuff on the outside of the doors. She then made and put up red-checked gingham

curtains and a skirt of the same around her work table. She has an enormous peg board over the work table for all of her cooking gadgets. She is particularly happy about a portable electric mixer from her father. "Daddy sent me a coffee percolator, too," she says. "That was because, the last time he and Mother were in New York, I made them coffee Italian-style with an espresso and it wasn't to their taste."

The bedroom is stocked with blond furniture. Jayne has made curtains, not drapes, using a material with a mobile motif in salmon, aqua and brown. The bedspread has brown sides and a beige top with brown stripes. "Les and I are usually in disagreement over color," Jayne says, then explains: "He has a theory that nature disregards color rules and mixes up colors any way at all. I like blends and particular colors."

An unexpected object in the bedroom is a filing cabinet, but this is an important piece containing manuscripts and records and pictures. Next to the window is a sewing-machine console. "The bed was the first thing we bought, and the sewing machine was the second," Jayne says. "I never do as much sewing as I'd like, but that's due only to a lack of time. Of course, I've had very good instructions in sewing from Mother. Until I got out of school, I wore nothing but home-made dresses. I was so tall and lanky that I had trouble getting anything that was right for me in stores. So Mother and I would design and make the dresses."

She does all of her own alterations now, when she buys a dress, but making one takes her three full consecutive days and it is not too often that she has that much time to herself.

"Punkie likes homely things," says her husband. "Many days, when she should be out furthering her career, she'll prefer to bake a pie or do some sewing. She's very much of a homebody and very warm. She's thoughtful and selfless when it comes to friends and cats. She's always picking up stray cats, and she's always going to bat for a friend—or even a stranger."

Les tells a story about Jayne: "Our apartment is at the rear of our building and our bedroom window faces the rear of buildings on the street below us. Well, one Sunday morning—a kind of gray morning—we were trying to drag ourselves up to get started, when Punkie jumped up and said, 'I hear someone calling for help!' She ran to the window and then, without a word, ran out of the bedroom. She picked up a coat as she passed the closet and ran out of the building. She had to run down four flights of stairs, down the block to the corner, down another block, turn the corner and come up the street and find the building. She did, and woke up the superintendent of the building."

"As it turned out, a woman had locked herself in a bathroom and was getting frantic. But Punkie could have called the police. She could have asked me to do something. The woman was a stranger. Punkie didn't know what kind of situation she was going to get into, but there was someone in distress—and not for a second did she hesitate. She just went into action."

Jayne Heller may not be sophisticated in the superficial sense. She does not feel and act haughty, and she is not removed from the world's realities. But, in the true sense of the word, Jane is sophisticated... for she is intelligent, enlightened, sensitive, and broad in her understanding. She can't help looking the *femme fatale*—but not-so-plain Jayne is "plain folks," in the very nicest sense.

The Home That Jack Built

(Continued from page 37)

"It wasn't just what he said, Jack recalls, 'but the way he said it. He made me angry. I made up my mind that I was going to make good.'"

He got his first radio job at Station WTMJ in Trenton, New Jersey. Two years later, he moved over to Mutual's flagship station, WOR—and, his fourth year in the business, he was a network star. Dan Enright, who hired Jack at WOR, became his partner in the program packaging business. That was over nine years ago.

"I'll tell you what I think of Jack," Dan says. "We don't even have a written agreement. If I were to die tomorrow, the whole settlement would be in Jack's hands. And, since I have a wife and two children, you can understand that I trust him all the way."

Barry and Enright have entire penthouse offices atop a Madison Avenue building. They employ twenty-two people who work on such frequently seen (or heard) shows of Jack's as *Winky Dink And You*, *Juvenile Jury* and *Life Begins At 80*, as well as projected programs.

"I like being a performer, but I'm a little suspicious of it," Jack says. "As a performer, you can't expect to last a lifetime. After some years, the best of them disappear. But that's not where my real security is, anyway. What I live for is to get in the cab after work and get home."

He's home in about ten minutes and, from six to seven, every evening Jack just romps with his two boys, Jonathan, the baby, resembles Jack in physical appearance. He is a year-plus, outgoing and very happy. Jeffrey, who is half-past-two, is blondish and sweet, with a passion for tracking down Marcia's Siamese.

Jack is devoted to Marcia and the kids. They are literally tortured by any separation. Last summer, they barely survived a five-day vacation from the children. "We tried it the summer before," Jack says. "We left Jeffrey at home and intended to stay away for a week. It was brutal. We went to the shore, unpacked our bags and went out on the beach. Then we went back to the room, packed our bags and got back home that same evening."

Jack has definite ideas about raising children. He and Marcia do not spank. They do not raise their voices to the kids. "I don't mean you shouldn't reprimand a child, but we're against spanking and screaming."

They are careful not to argue in front of the children. "When we feel a minor engagement coming on, we call for a truce—and, more often than not, we forget the whole thing and that's the last of it."

As a substitute for spanking, Jack tries to distract the youngsters when they are headed for trouble. This can be a wet business—for Jeffrey's favorite distractions are ice cubes.

The master bedroom is big and handsome. Actually, this room sets the furnishing theme for the apartment. The huge bed is Sheraton, and so is the heavy mahogany chest, which has been antiqued gray and decorated with a floral pattern. The drapes and bedspread are of French silk, again with a floral pattern. At the foot of the bed is a television receiver. There is a woodburning fireplace in this room.

The room most enjoyed by the Barrys is the den off the foyer. You walk on gold carpeting, and the walls are brown, with floral drapes in green and red. The furniture is all highly-polished leather in red or green—big, comfortable chairs and sofas with side-tables and pewter lamps for reading. One wall is lined with book-

shelves, and the shelves are filled with records and books—and, modestly on a shelf near the ceiling, is a large trophy which Marcia won in a beauty contest. There are several oil paintings by Marcia which reveal her interests. There is a canvas with a pair of horses—Marcia is a good horsewoman. There is a desert scene—that reflects her fondness for her parents' desert ranch.

"Marcia is one of the most accomplished persons I've ever known," Jack says. "There's much more to be said about her than there is about me." She was born and raised at the other side of the continent. Her childhood was spent in the town of Grants Pass, Oregon. While Jack was the oldest of three children, she was the youngest. Her father was a fine musician and taught piano, he was an attorney who practiced law and served as county district attorney, and he taught history and civics in the public school. Her mother has a good singing voice.

Marcia was the only one of the children to follow through with music. At fifteen, she went down to San Francisco to play her violin for the concertmaster of the city symphony. She was auditioned over a period of six weeks to determine whether she had the talent to make the sacrifice worthwhile—for it would mean that she wouldn't have time for college, and it meant that her parents would have to move. She had the talent.

"My brother and sister were already in college," Marcia explains, "and my parents moved to San Francisco so that I could study violin." She made remarkable progress. At sixteen, she began to play with the symphony and, in three years, moved up to the third stand—quite a record for a woman. But she had one problem: it was impossible to ignore her charm and beauty. *Life Magazine* chose to do a story about her, naming her the "glamour girl" of the symphony world. The publicity earned her a screen test at M-G-M and a three-year contract.

"By the time the contract was concluded," she says, "I was seriously interested in acting and had been hard at it with a dramatic workshop. But, at the studio, I was always cast as a girl musician. And that got tiresome. So I had a long talk with my agents, and it was decided that I would be better off going to New York."

She did, and picked up parts in television shows. On one of these she was seen by the producers of the Broadway musical, *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*. She was invited to try out for the show, and earned the part of Katie Nolan. It was Shirley Booth, one of the stars, who gave Marcia her "pastel pink" Siamese.

"Patty Milligan, a youngster who was in *'Tree'*, and also on *Juvenile Jury*, came up to me one day and said, 'The most handsome TV producer wants to take you out.' Well, I didn't know Jack. I didn't have a television receiver, so I'd never even seen him." Their first date was a long time in making.

"Mother was staying with me," Marcia continues, "and, more often than not, we had plans. But Jack would leave bright little messages like, 'Patty Milligan's grandfather is getting gray waiting to meet you.' And he would send me picture postcards when he was away."

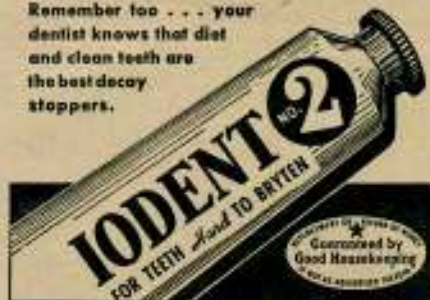
They had their first date in September of 1951. They were married in July of '52. "We chose July instead of June," Marcia explains, "because of the political conventions. It was election year, and Jack's shows were cancelled out during



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the conventions—so he had a two-week vacation."

The vacation was turned into a Havana honeymoon. And, after that, Marcia went from career to kitchen—and onward to the nursery, without pausing to look back. "I think a woman can have a career and a family," she says, "but I don't believe in turning the kids over to a nurse."

It was discovered, while she was doing "Tree," that Marcia had a fine singing voice. She is now studying with one of the outstanding operatic workshops.

The piano is in the living room on the second floor. You take a spiral stairway, off the foyer, to the living room. The chairs are red, the drapes white, and the walls royal blue. There is a great husky Sheraton sofa in gray velvet, with Limoges lamps on the end tables. There is a wood-burning fireplace and over the mantel is a New England snow scene which Marcia painted.

"Marcia contributed the piano," says Jack. The grand is in the east corner of the living room, and above it is a small oil portrait of Marcia as "Katie." On the piano is a bust of Marcia as herself.

"That was a surprise Christmas gift," Marcia says. "When I was studying art, Jack commissioned the artist who was teaching the class to do this head of me." For Jack's Christmas gift, Marcia made an oil painting of Jeffrey which hangs at the head of the stairs between the living and dining rooms.

The dining room has been papered in silver and gold, and the drapes are gold-colored. A beautiful Empire crystal chandelier, not brilliant but sparkling, lights up a Sheraton table and its red velvet chairs. There is a huge Sheraton sideboard and, framed behind it, a long rectangular mirror. In one corner is an old English hutch.

"Marcia is an excellent cook," Jack says. "It turned out that Jack's favorite dish is macaroni," she smiles, "and Mother gave me a wonderful recipe with a rich cream sauce and lots of cheese. Jack will come home and say, 'I'll take you out to dinner tonight,' and I'll tell him, 'I was going to make macaroni'—so he says, 'We'll go out some other night.'"

They take turns getting up with the kids at night. And this is one time when Jack's experience and psychology desert him. "The other night," he recalls, "Jeffrey woke at two-thirty. He insisted on getting out of the crib and we had to play with his trucks and planes. Couldn't coax him back to the crib. At three-thirty, we were in the den playing records. Finally, I stumbled across an old box of his baby toys and put him in the crib with them, and that's when he fell asleep."

Because he works weekends, Jack takes Tuesday off to be with the family and, that same evening, he and Marcia usually take in a movie. And Marcia has made a habit of meeting Jack on Saturday evenings, at the end of his longest day. Saturdays, Jack is up quietly at six-thirty, gets his own breakfast, and is at CBS-TV studios for *Winky Dink* at seven-thirty. The show goes on at ten-thirty. One of his constant fans on *Winky Dink* is Jeffrey.

"But Jeffrey still hasn't figured out television," Marcia says. "I've seen him look at the back of the set to see if his father was hiding there. Or he'll walk right up to the glass and kiss Jack's image."

But, rain or shine, broadcast or no broadcast, Jack Barry would rather be home to get his kisses in person. Television is wonderful for reaching the hearts of people, but the biggest part of Jack Barry's own heart is forever with his family.

Aunt Jenny's Favorite Bride

(Continued from page 44)

love—and the joy parents can feel in watching it flower into the kind of lifetime love they themselves have known together. . . . Such is the story Aunt Jenny, in the person of Agnes Young, tells about the real-life romance and marriage of Nancy Wells. . . . For, in real life, Agnes herself is Mrs. J. Norman (Jimmy) Wells, and twenty-four-year old Nancy is their beloved only child. The Wellses have always been an acting family: Nancy has appeared in a number of leading roles in Aunt Jenny's radio stories, and on other network programs, as well as on television and in five seasons of stock. Jimmy Wells is an actor who, at times, has turned to other pursuits—such as writing and painting—but whose heart still belongs to show business. Agnes has been crazy about show business all her life. So it seemed completely right to them, when Nancy fell in love with a good-looking young actor named Stephen Charles Pluta, four years her senior . . . a boy she had first met at dramatic school—although neither could have guessed then that theirs would be anything more than the most casual acquaintance.

Certainly neither Nancy nor Stephen suspected, in those days, that—at 11 o'clock on the morning of last February 11, at the Church of St. Joan of Arc, in Jackson Heights, New York—they would pledge their vows to each other in the presence of a hundred or more of their relatives and close friends.

"It was a beautiful wedding," Agnes said, in typical Aunt Jenny fashion, sighing happily at the memory of all the excitement and joy connected with it. "My

brother flew from Shamokin, Pennsylvania, especially to perform the ceremony, something Nancy wanted very much. She had always wanted a plain gold wedding band, too, like the one her grandmother wore, and that was the kind used for the double-ring ceremony. Everyone spoke of the wedding announcements—part of the inscription on the inside read: *Lord bless these rings that they who shall wear them may keep true faith to each other, so to abide in the peace of Your will and ever live in love with each other. Isn't that lovely?*"

Nancy—a size ten, weighing 112 pounds, and blonde, with her mother's fine gray-blue eyes—was the traditional beautiful bride, in an ankle-length bouffant white lace and net gown. Her "something borrowed" was a fingertip veil, Dutch cap style, ornamented with tiny seed pearls. The "something blue" were the forget-me-nots in her bouquet of white gladioli. Matron of honor—Nancy's only attendant—was Mrs. James Neylin, wife of a well-known actor, herself an actress known as Joyce Ash. Joyce wore a sweet shade of blue, in a shimmering material called crystalette.

The petite, brown-haired, sparkling mother-of-the-bride, Agnes "Aunt Jenny" Young Wells (quite a long name for someone who stands only three-quarters of an inch over five feet!) was dressed in a rich plum taffeta, set off by a tiny pale pink hat with gloves to match. The wedding reception and breakfast was at Budd's Restaurant, in Jackson Heights, one of their favorites. After that, the young couple went off for a honeymoon week at a winter resort in the Pocono Mountains.

"Steve and Nancy went to the Neighborhood Playhouse School of the Theater, in New York," Agnes relates. "Steve was in another section of the school, and they knew each other only by name and had a sort of nodding acquaintance. They were both very young then, although Steve is four years Nancy's senior. It wasn't until 1933, about five years after they first met—when they both played in the same summer stock company at Holyoke, Massachusetts—that they got to know each other well. Working together, they began to go together."

"You might say our courtship was mainly in Horn and Hardart's, after we got back to New York," Nancy picks up the story. (This is the company that has the nickel-in-the-slot "Automat" restaurants.) "Steve and I would make our separate rounds of job-hunting, and then we would meet for coffee. At first, we met once a week. Then it was twice, then three times, then every day. We would compare notes and talk about our ambitions and the prospects of being 'discovered' for some thrilling role. Steve was doing a number of things and so was I, but nothing compared to what we dreamed of doing."

"Instead of his taking me home, I would walk him down to Pennsylvania Station, because he had a long ride to his home in Trenton, New Jersey. I almost came to hate that station, because he left me there and went off. After a while, we both knew we were in love, but I think I knew it first—although I had to keep silent about it. I remember the day when, sitting opposite him in the restaurant, I suddenly thought, 'This is the man with whom I would like to spend my life.'"

They found their apartment, in a quiet old neighborhood on East Twelfth Street, four months before their wedding, but they rented it without delay. "We stumbled on it and knew there wouldn't be another like it. Besides, there was a lot of work and fixing to be done, and that gave us time to get it ready."

Agnes and Jimmy are proud of the way the young people have fixed up the apartment. Nancy had helped so many of her friends paint and wallpaper their homes, she had a strange feeling that this was just another one, not intended for her. Steve had no doubts, and pitched into the decorating job with gusto.

The living room is furnished in Colonial, in maple and pine. Walls are green, the rug a soft brown, upholstery fabrics and drapes in browns and tans and reds. Steve built the hi-fi cabinet. Nancy's lamps, from her own room at home, light up the new living room. On the wall are two of Jimmy's pastel landscapes, one a view of shore and sea, and one of the dunes. Jimmy is a self-taught artist whose work is enormously admired by family and friends, and Nancy considered herself lucky indeed when her father had the two pictures framed for her at Christmas time for her new home. Steve is a shutterbug, whose big interest is color slides, and some of these will later be translated into framed prints and added to their "gallery."

The bedroom is a soft yellow. Nancy's parents gave her the furniture from her room, the big mahogany double dresser and dressing table. She made the gay curtains at the windows and the cafe-type curtains that form the unusual headboard for the big "Hollywood" bed. A week before the wedding, she hadn't even bought the material—but, somehow or other, the job finally got done. A prized possession is the handsome afghan which Agnes crocheted for her.

The kitchen is small and, instead of what Nancy called "ignoring it," they

decided to turn it into something rather special, with a wall covering picturing "Old MacDonald's Farm" in shades of yellow and orange and brown. The linoleum is basically brown, but with a multi-color effect. However, it's the bathroom which is the "showpiece" of the house—in fact, Steve has to be restrained from showing guests the bathroom first. It's the result of a "bathroom shower" given for Nancy by Patsy Campbell, whom all radio listeners know because of her many wonderful roles, particularly as The Second Mrs. Burton until last fall (the wonderful role in which Jan Miner, another fine actress, is now starring).

Patsy organized the whole thing, but of course Agnes was in on the surprise. Instead of each of Nancy's friends shopping separately, they contributed what they would have spent and Patsy and Agnes did the shopping, knowing the color scheme and knowing what things Nancy wanted most... the big, soft, monogrammed towels, and all the pink and white and gray accessories to go with the pink-tiled room.

There were three other showers for Nancy, two miscellaneous ones and a kitchen shower given by Steve's family and friends in his home of Trenton. For that one, Agnes tried to find an old-fashioned bread-mixer because she knew Nancy wanted it.

Bread-baking is an old Wells custom, ever since Jimmy tried it—more as a gag than anything else—a good many years ago. They use special flours and ingredients which are healthful and which make a wonderfully tasty loaf, and no Wells would be without this bread very long. "We were able to find a bread-mixer about fourteen years ago," Agnes said. "We bought it at Macy's."

"Jimmy went back to Macy's, but of course no one had even heard of a thing like that for—well, for at least fourteen years, when we probably bought the last one anyone ever had in stock! It was the same at Gimbel's, and at other stores. Who bakes bread any more—and with a contraption like that? Only the Wellses, I'm sure. One of the top CBS publicists told our sponsor, Lever Brothers, about the mixer. They put a notice in their company magazine. We offered to swap our recipe for it, and we finally found one."

Besides cooking and baking, Jimmy likes to knit. She never has been a real devotee of the great out-of-doors, except in the mild way most city girls are. But all this may be changed, now that she has married a fellow who is crazy about hunting and fishing and sports of all kinds.

"Steve took Nancy crabbing last summer, while she was visiting his family on the Jersey shore," Agnes recalls. "When he asked if she would like to try crabbing, she said she would love it—little knowing what she was getting into. She had always drawn away from anything that crawls, like insects, or snakes, or live fish that flop about. She has no fear of animals in general, just these few. In fact, she loves most of them. They went out in a row boat and Nancy was having a grand time pulling in the net, when suddenly a crab plopped right out of the net into the bottom of the boat, next to her. Did she shriek or make a fuss? Indeed not. Quite calmly, she picked that crab up and put it back."

Agnes Young laughs her Aunt Jenny laugh, when she tells this little anecdote, then adds, "As Aunt Jenny always finishes her real-life stories on radio, I am going to finish this one about Nancy: 'And now I'll give you my Golden Thought for today—You never know what a girl will do for love of a man!'"



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It's Always Playtime

(Continued from page 48)

happy seventh-grader at Willard Mace professional school, a mathematical whiz who finds even eighth-grade arithmetic "sort of easy." Her mother used to work as a statistician. Her father is a businessman. But none of this seems to explain their offspring's talent for drama. It was just always there. One of her uncles still calls her "Sarah Heartburn," a nickname he gave her when she recited nursery rhymes with the fervor of a Bernhardt.

Marguerite Sawyer sensed from the beginning she had an actress on her hands: "Some children fight against the opportunities, even after they come, but Bonnie always loved to act. It was 'play' to her."

"I think it must be my real profession," Bonnie confirms solemnly. However—just as though it weren't her "real profession"—this little girl loves to play in make-believe theater and TV. She gathers together the neighborhood children in Flatbush, Brooklyn, where the Sawyers live in a big, old-fashioned house. There are Bethie Epstein, her best friend, and Arthur Levy, one of her best boy friends—who live across the street—and a lot of others. Their company is The F and J Productions (named for no particular reason except that they sort of liked the sound of that title—although it has been rumored that the "J" stands for a certain little boy named Jackie, who is another of Bonnie's boy friends, and the "F" stands for fame!).

Weather permitting, their stage is a huge fallen-tree trunk in the back yard, and the garage makes a TV control room. Bonnie serves as both producer and director of all shows, as well as acting in them, giving her signals through the garage window and by means of a walkie-talkie set she got for a present. "That's so they know what I am saying," she explains. "I like to play the man in our shows, so I can wear my pedal-pushers and a shirt and put up my hair in a scarf and carry a gun—a play gun, of course. All the kids come over to watch our shows. The children in them aren't real actors at all, but some of them act just as good as real actors."

Sometimes they use one of Bonnie's old *Valiant Lady* scripts, but most often they do "originals" from the pencil of ten-year-old Bethie. "Bethie has done some very good shows," Bonnie says proudly. "Real dramatic. Of course, some of the older kids help her along and take things out that aren't so good." (Editor's note: Alas, Bethie. This is the writer's fate always, to have his work tinkered with by others!)

Bonnie has other special friends, apart from those in her neighborhood. Young actors and actresses who are her classmates: Pidge Jamison ("she sings and acts and is one of my best friends") . . . Ricky and Johnny Klein ("they are both in the Broadway stage play, *The Ponder Heart*, and they do parts on TV and are very nice boys") . . . Glenn, Ronnie and Ken Walken ("they're three very nice brothers who are all good actors"). And Malcolm Broderick, who doesn't go to her school or live in her neighborhood but is a special friend of long standing ("he was in *The Desperate Hours*, on Broadway").

There seems to be room in Bonnie's heart for many friends and many loves. For her parents ("I couldn't have any other parents I could love so much or who could be so good to me") . . . for her grandmother ("She has something extra for me and I have something extra for her") . . . for her uncles, Jimmy and George and Herbie and Dick, and her aunts, Caroline

and Betsy, and all her cousins . . . for her teacher, Mrs. Mace. And for her TV favorites, as well.

"When I can stay up late enough—which isn't too often, because my mother makes me go to bed on time—but maybe once in a blue moon, I listen to *The \$64,000 Question*. I wish I could watch it every time. I like *Lacy* and *Meet Millie* and *Father Knows Best* and *The Millionaire*. And all the Walt Disney programs. And Roy Rogers and Hopalong Cassidy—I once had a darling dog I named Hoppy, but he died."

When she was quite a bit younger than she is now, Bonnie played a role on a TV drama with Ernest Truex. The show didn't go on the air until 10:30 at night. Just before air time, she sat on her little stool at the side of the set, and glancing her way, Mrs. Sawyer saw that her daughter had fallen fast asleep, waiting for her cue, in spite of a nap early in the evening. "I motioned to the announcer and he woke Bonnie up," says Mrs. Sawyer, "but I was worried that she would have forgotten her lines. Not Bonnie! She rubbed her eyes awake, went right on, and did just beautifully."

Valiant Lady—broadcast at exactly noon, Eastern time—presents few problems that interfere with Bonnie's rest or her schooling. Or her playtime. Her school, with courses designed for children in the professions, is open until five in the afternoon. She reads her script on the subways, traveling back and forth from her home to the studio in Manhattan. At home, once Bonnie has gone over the script by herself, her mother takes over and cues her until she is letter-perfect.

She has homework, like all schoolgirls, but she is quick at it and there is always time to play with Topper, who is a frolicsome black cocker spaniel with a pedigree. ("His great-grandfather was My Own Bruce, a show dog who took the top honors at Madison Square Garden dog shows," says Bonnie, "and someday, when we have time, we want to show Topper and we think he will win, too.") Right now, the young canine in question seems more interested in gnawing her shoes and hiding them in outlandish places.

Bonnie loves all animals, rides so well that she won a first prize in a local horse show. A pet kitten, Itty-Poo, was stolen last year and, when the *Valiant Lady* scripts call for tears on Bonnie's part, she has only to remember how she felt when Itty-Poo was first snatched out of her life. She isn't quite resigned to it yet. Not even Mopsy, the cat who appears at times on *Valiant Lady*, can make her forget. But she looks forward to the time when Topper may be written into the script—if he promises not to gnaw shoes.

"The little girl" Bonnie is very fond of dolls and keeps adding to her already fantastically large collection of all the dolls that were ever given to her. Among the

recent ones is "A lady doll, from my father, on my eleventh birthday last December 13. She's dressed in taffeta with a lace stole, a big hat, high heels and diamond bracelet. She has a clear plastic handbag with a tiny pair of glasses inside it and other little things, and she's pulling a little toy poodle. She walks, too, and bends her knees. That's so she can say her prayers." (Bonnie always says hers, and goes to Sunday School regularly.) There's a new bride doll, too: "My Uncle Jimmy gave it to me. She's dressed in white satin and wears a veil, and she has a little blue garter for 'that something blue' all brides should wear. I just love her."

The "actress" Bonnie has been on many big shows—*Suspense*, *Kraft Theater*, *Robert Montgomery Presents*, *Lamp Unto My Feet*, *Space Cadet*, among others—and she thinks that "the people in show business must be the best people in the world, they are so nice." For almost three years now, she has been Kim Emerson, daughter of *Valiant Lady* Helen Emerson, who is played by Flora Campbell. She loves Flora, who has an understanding of how a small girl feels and is always patient in explaining their scenes together. Bonnie also loves Flora's own little girl, Creel. "She's six now, and she's my friend, too. I may even name my own child Creel some day, because I like her so much and it's a beautiful name."

Bonnie wishes Jimmy Kirkwood, her brother on the show, were her brother "for real." And that Herb Kenwith, the director, were her brother, too. You detect a little wistful note here, as if the one thing lacking in her joyful, busy little life is a brother like Jimmy or Herb. And she's beginning to feel the same way about Terry O'Sullivan, who plays a sympathetic reporter on the show, as she gets to know him better.

The little-girl Bonnie almost scared the actress Bonnie last December on her birthday. "I guess it was pretty silly," she admits now, "but—because I didn't want one thing to spoil my birthday—I got afraid I might fluff a line. The minute I said one word, I wasn't scared any more. I just thought I would be. So it was all for nothing. Anyway, if you should happen to miss a line, you just pick yourself up, and nothing happens at all." This, of course, was the "veteran" actress speaking.

There's a possibility that, instead of going to Maine, or Cape Cod, this coming summer for a vacation, the Sawyers might just happen to take a trip to Europe. Just maybe, Bonnie can hardly wait to see Switzerland. And to visit some old castles: "I have never seen a real castle and I would like to go through one that princes and princesses lived in and see the knights' halls and all those things I read about. It would be just too wonderful."

Her long-range plans include college, preferably one with theater and dance classes (she has studied dancing, wants to study voice and piano). "My mother tells me you can have a lot of fun at college, besides learning a great deal, and meet nice boys and girls and have a good time going to dances when you're not studying," she says, quite seriously, but with her eyes dancing at the prospect of all the wonderful things that lie ahead for an eleven-year-old.

Right now, however, Bonnie Suzanne Sawyer is quite content to be the age she is. As she sums it up: "If anything, I would like to be very young again, and just starting, and doing it all over. That's how much fun I have had!"

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