

RADIO-TV **MIRROR**

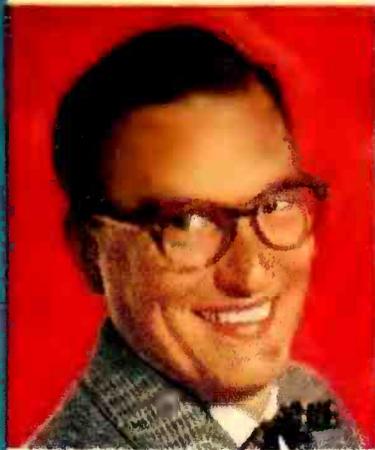
July

N. Y. radio, TV listings

**Joan Alexander
and daughter Jane**



SPECIAL FEATURES



**Dave Garroway
Today's Bachelor**



**Patricia Wheel
Doctor's Wife**



**Dennis James
Home for a Lifetime**

EVERYONE LOVES LUCY!

Exclusive story by Hedda Hopper

ARTHUR GODFREY'S FATEFUL HOURS

The story of one man's fighting courage

New Beauty Miracle!



HE 8690
R 16



Created by Procter & Gamble

Prell leaves hair Radiantly Alive!

... soft, smooth, younger looking!

Prell Shampoo actually leaves hair more radiant than any leading cream or soap shampoo—*comparison tests prove it!* Your hair simply sparkles after Prell, it looks younger . . . lovelier . . . more "radiantly alive"! And so much softer and silkier—yet with plenty of "body." You'll be thrilled *using* Prell, too—its beautiful emerald-clear form is much more exciting than liquids or creams. Prell is so economical—no waste—no spill, and it's so handy at home or when traveling. Try Prell Shampoo today—you'll want to use it *always!*



Rather be forgotten ...
... or remembered?



Vol. 40, #2 — Rev. 41, 7, (1941)

The Clarkes had been married eight years. So had the Deanes. But, of late, Jim Clarke seemed to deliberately forget their anniversary. But not Joe Deane . . . he always remembered. Naturally, Ethel Clarke was hurt. She would have been shocked to learn what lay behind her husband's indifference. It's a matter* that no woman can afford to be careless about.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC stops *halitosis (bad breath) instantly and keeps it stopped usually for hours on end. This superior deodorant effect is due to Listerine's germ-killing action.

No chlorophyll kills odor bacteria like this . . . instantly

You see, Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of germs, including germs that cause the most common type of bad breath . . . the kind that begins when germs start the fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth. And, research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer depending upon the degree to which you reduce germs in the mouth. Brushing your teeth doesn't give you Listerine's antiseptic protection. Chlorophyll or chewing gums do not kill germs. Listerine does.

Clinically proved four times better than tooth paste

That is why independent research reported Listerine Antiseptic averaged at

LISTERINE STOPS BAD BREATH

4 times better than chlorophyll or tooth paste

least four times more effective in reducing breath odors than three leading chlorophyll products and two leading tooth pastes.

No matter what else you do, use Listerine Antiseptic when you want to be extra-careful that your breath does not offend. Rinse the mouth with it night and morning, and before any date where you want to be at your best. Lambert Pharmacal Company Division of The Lambert Company, St. Louis 6, Missouri.



Every week
2 different shows, radio & television—
"THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE & HARRIET"
See your paper for times and stations

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

R
M

1

All she seems to know is 'NO'!



ZOWIE! YOUR LIBERTY SURE IS FOGBOUND, EDDIE! BETTER CHECK IN AT YOUR DENTIST'S, MATE!

WOW! SO KATE'S HUNG A BAD-BREATH TAG ON ME, HAS SHE? HIT THE DECK, MR. DENTIST! HERE I COME!



JUST ONE BRUSHING WITH COLGATE DENTAL CREAM REMOVES UP TO 85% OF THE BACTERIA THAT CAUSE BAD BREATH! SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES THAT ORIGINATE IN THE MOUTH!



Just one brushing with Colgate's removes up to 85% of decay-causing bacteria! And if you really want to prevent decay, be sure to follow the best home method known—the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating!

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream

SINCE COLGATE'S AND I BECAME SO MATEY IT'S A LIFETIME HITCH FOR ME AND KATIE!



Now! ONE Brushing With COLGATE DENTAL CREAM Removes Up To 85% Of Decay and Odor-Causing Bacteria!

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



GIVES YOU A CLEANER, FRESHER MOUTH ALL DAY LONG!

Contents

Keystone Edition

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people on the air

What's New from Coast to Coast.....	by Jill Warren	4
The U. S. Marine Band.....		12
Who's Who in Radio—Just Plain Bill and Family (Arthur Hughes, Toni Darnay, James Meighan).....		16
Day-Time in Cincinnati (Doris Day).....		24
Everyone Loves Lucy! (Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz)....	by Hedda Hopper	31
Her Heart Holds a Song (Peggy Taylor).....	by Lilla Anderson	34
Robert Q. Lewis—Bespectacled Miracle Man.....	by Philip Chapman	36
Grand Ole Opry: Red Foley's a Family Man.....		38
Minnie Pearl's Happily Married.....	by Gladys Hall	40
Ken Murray—Home-time Is a Great-time.....	by Maxine Arnold	42
Life's Hard-won Victories Are Hers (Joan Lorrington)....	by Mary Temple	44
Vacations Are More Fun Than Anything (Joan Alexander)	by Marie Haller	50
The Doctor's Wife—The Shadow of Another Man's Past Threatens Julie and Dan.....		56
The Blessed Help of People (Truth Or Consequences)....	by Janet Salem	60
Today's Bachelor (Dave Garroway).....	by Chris Kane	62
The Woman in My House (Janet Scott, Forrest Lewis, Les Tremayne, Alice Reinheart, Shirley Mitchell, Billy Idelson, Jeffery Silver and others).....		64
Front Page Farrell's Wife (Florence Williams).....	by Frances Kish	68

features in full color

Arthur Godfrey's Fateful Hours.....	by Ira H. Knaster	46
Wendy Warren's Little Mrs. Innocent (Jean Gillespie) ..	by Jeanne Sakol	48
Home for a Lifetime (Dennis James).....	by Martin Cohen	52
Laughter's the Word for Link (Art Linkletter).....	by Dick Pettit	54

your local station

He Can Do It Better (KYW).....		8
Watch The Birdie (WWDC).....		11
A Sterling Citizen (WCBS).....		22
The Mystery of Morgan Baker (WEEL).....		26

inside radio, TV, records

Information Booth.....		10
What's Spinning?.....	by Chris Wilson	14
Daytime Diary.....		18
Inside Radio (program listings).....		77
TV Program Highlights.....		79

Cover portrait of Joan Alexander and daughter Jane by Maxwell Coplan

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Like this "Angelic" hairdo? Note the little angel wings that sweep back from her brow. With Bobbi, a natural wave is yours right from the start.



A real compliment collector—the "Sun Sprite" hairdo! Bobbi pin-curl permanent is just right for all casual styles. Gives waves where you want them.



"Holiday" hairdo for career girls. Imagine a wave as natural-looking as a temporary pin-curl, but without nightly settings. It's yours when you use Bobbi.

Swing to casual hair styles demands new kind of home permanent

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

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

diately your hair has the modish beauty, the body, the casually lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And with Bobbi, your hair stays that way—week after week after week! Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion—if you can make a simple pin-curl—you'll love Bobbi.



See how the ends curl gently under for this "Miss Coquette" style? With Bobbi you can easily get curls and waves like these—without help.



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



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

WHAT'S NEW



Ethel and Albert—alias Peg Lynch and Alan Bunce.



Met-mezzo Blanche Thebom guests for Warren Hull.



New harmony duo: Bing Crosby and Jimmy Stewart—quite a team.

• By JILL WARREN

NBC is presenting a big TV extravaganza called Saturday Night Revue as the summer replacement for Your Show Of Shows. It will run for thirteen weeks, starring Hoagy Carmichael as host and emcee. Hoagy will also sing, play piano and perform in dramatic sketches on the hour-and-a-half program. For the most part, the cast will include talent from the stage and night clubs, which is fairly new to television. Comedian Bob Sargent will be featured on the first few shows, also

FROM COAST TO COAST



The three Shriners—Herb, Indy (at piano) and his wife Pixie—form a musical trio at home.

songstress Helen Halpin, and a different name band will be spotlighted each week. In addition, there will be filmed segments of various novelty and variety acts which NBC cameramen have been shooting in Europe for the past year. All in all, they have about forty hours of this type of entertainment "in the can" and the producers will pick the best of it for Saturday Night Revue. The network has assigned two different creative crews, two sets of writers, two directors, etc., so that the program ideas

will be bright and fresh—they hope.

The summer talent list finds singers Bob Eberle and Helen O'Connell filling in for Perry Como on his CBS television show. Ray Anthony's orchestra will supply the music. This will be a real reunion for Bob and Helen, who both rose to vocal fame a few years ago when they were featured with Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra.

On June 11, Teresa Brewer will take over for Jane Froman on U.S.A. Canteen, Tuesday and Thursday nights

over CBS-TV. If the show stays on this fall, Jane will probably return to her regular spot.

Ethel And Albert, which has been off the air for many, many months, has returned to NBC-TV as a regular feature on Saturday nights. This is good news to longtime fans of this excellent domestic comedy series. Peg Lynch, who also writes the show, is Ethel, and Alan Bunce is Albert.

For the first time in radio history ^R the major (Continued on page 6) ^M



New Mum with M-3 kills odor bacteria ...stops odor all day long

PROOF!

New Mum with M-3 destroys bacteria that cause perspiration odor.



Photo (left), shows active odor bacteria. Photo (right), after adding new Mum, shows bacteria destroyed! Mum contains M-3, a scientific discovery that actually destroys odor bacteria . . . doesn't give underarm odor a chance to start.

Amazingly effective protection from underarm perspiration odor — just use new Mum daily. So sure, so safe for normal skin. Safe for clothes. Gentle Mum is certified by the American Institute of Laundering. Won't rot or discolor even your finest fabrics.

No waste, no drying out. The *only* leading deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Delicately fragrant new Mum is usable, *wonderful* right to the bottom of the jar. Get a jar today and stay nice to be near!

A Product of Bristol-Myers

European music festivals will be brought to America via CBS radio in a consecutive series of one-hour-and-a-half weekly broadcasts this summer. The program is heard on Sundays in the time formerly occupied by the New York Philharmonic Symphony. Now, through the magic of tape recordings, music lovers can hear the actual performances of world-renowned music festivals of the continent, as well as the famous Tanglewood Music Festival in Stockbridge, Massachusetts.

Nancy Kenyon is the new lyrical lady on American Music Hall, heard Sunday nights on radio over the ABC network. She has replaced Joan Wheatley. Nancy, a soprano, who has done mostly night club work heretofore, looks and sounds a great deal like Marguerite Piazza.

Though the 20th Century-Fox Film Corporation has announced its plans to release the best of its already-produced films to television, it looks as though you won't be seeing these big movies in your living rooms much before the fall of 1954. With all the major studios in Hollywood fairly hysterical over the new 3-dimensional processes, it's practically a sure thing that other companies will follow 20th Century in releasing their product to television. However, it is also a fairly safe probability that it will take almost a year to convert the nation's movie theatres to 3-dimension projection.

The major networks are still signing top talent for television. ABC has tabbed Ray Bolger and Danny Thomas to long-term exclusive TV contracts, both of which will take effect in the fall. Both Thomas and Bolger will star in their own weekly half-hour shows, to originate from Hollywood, and each of their contracts call for their services on ABC Radio as well.

NBC-TV has inked Celeste Holm for a forthcoming series spotlighting her talents as actress-singer-comedienne. They have also signed actor Tom Ewell to a long deal calling for appearances on both radio and television. Ewell is currently starring on Broadway in the big comedy hit, "The Seven Year Itch."

CBS-TV has formed something called a New Program Planning Group, which is a panel of creative talent to develop new program ideas, and, as the first two members, they have engaged Ronald Alexander and Sally Benson. Alexander is the author of the New York stage show, "Time Out for Ginger," and Miss Benson wrote the well-known *Junior Miss* and *Meet Me in St. Louis* stories, in addition to numerous movies.

This 'n' That:

Arthur Godfrey, who has been so enthusiastic about the future development of Miami Beach as a national television center, certainly doesn't have any opposition from Florida's public officials. Any time Arthur wants to go to work for the Miami Beach Chamber of Commerce, he'll undoubtedly be welcomed with open arms. Although he will be off the air through August, because of his orthopedic operation, Godfrey insists that he'll be doing much of his broadcasting from the Southern sun center come next winter.

When Eve Arden and her husband, Brooks West, return from Europe this fall, they hope to bring back an addition to their family. Eve has been planning on adopting another baby—she already has two adopted girls—and would like nothing better than finding a war orphan to take into their home.

Vaughn Monroe announced his retirement from the orchestra business when he played his final band date in May at Ford-
(Continued on page 21)

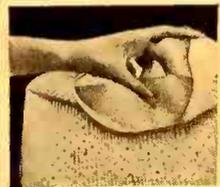
More than a Girdle... better than a Corset!



See how it firms and flattens your tummy. Hidden "finger" panels and non-roll top firmly assist your body muscles, control you in *Nature's* own way!



Look how magic "fingers" lift and mold your figure. They're invisible—like the waist-slimming non-roll top that stays up without a *stay*.



Feel the fabric lining inside, new textured latex surface outside. New Playtex Magic-Controller washes in seconds—and you can almost *watch* it dry!

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

Amazing *New* Playtex Magic-Controller!

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

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

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

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

Dramatic proof of its power to "fashion" your figure *naturally*, comes when you wear it under slender new styles. You'll think you've lost a *full* size... no matter what *your* size!

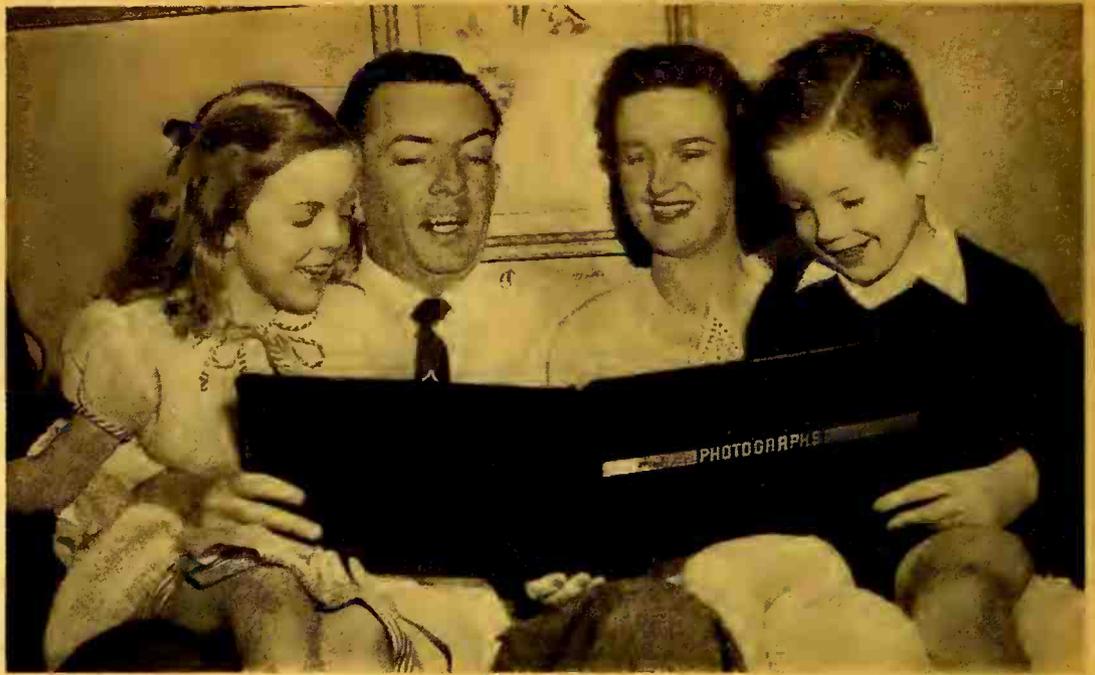


Playtex Magic-Controller with 4 sturdily reinforced adjustable garters.

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

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

Playtex... known everywhere as the girdle in the *SLIM* tube.



He can do it better



Jack tries a bunt for his speedball demon Toby in their living room.

WHEN Jack Pyle was in the Coast Guard, he walked into a radio station one day and said, "Those deejay shows we hear in the barracks are second rate—I could do better myself." That was the beginning of Jack's career as a disc jockey. He is heard daily from 6:30 to 9 in the morning over Station KYW.

Born in Cleveland thirty-three years ago, Jack moved East with his family and went to school in Washington and Baltimore. During his high-school days he became a great record hound—Louis Armstrong became his all-time favorite. After graduation he joined the Coast Guard, and it was while stationed in Elizabeth City, North Carolina, in 1940, that he complained to the brass at Station WCNC about their disc men. All during his time in service, Jack managed to squeeze some radio broadcasting into his crowded days as a Guardsman.

It was also during this time that Jack got married. He had met Emilie three years before. They now have two children—Carol, six, and Toby, four. Since Jack is an ardent baseball fan, he's justly proud of Toby's pitching prowess. Toby's probably the best four-year-old southpaw in the game! The Phillies are Jack's favorite team, and he even arranges his vacation so that he can watch them in spring training down Florida way.

He's not the kind of fan who yells, "Lemme pitch that ball," though. He only tried that routine once, and it really paid off. In that case he *could* do it better, and has been doing it ever since.



Beautiful Hair

B R E C K



THERE ARE THREE BRECK SHAMPOOS FOR THREE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS. It is important that you use a shampoo made for your individual hair condition. There are three Breck Shampoos. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. The next time you buy a shampoo, select the Breck Shampoo for your hair condition. A Breck Shampoo cleans thoroughly, leaving your hair soft, fragrant and lustrous.

The Three Breck Shampoos are available at Beauty Shops, Drug Stores, Department Stores, and wherever cosmetics are sold.

JOHN H. BRECK, INC. • MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS • SPRINGFIELD 3 MASSACHUSETTS
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • OTTAWA CANADA

Information Booth



Are you
in the
know?

When asked to dinner, should you be—

- Sure of the date "Fashionably" late

You were positive Mary's mom said *this* Tuesday. ("Dinner . . . a few friends.") Or did she mean *next* Tuesday? Double-checking would have spared confuddlement. Saved barging in, a week ahead, to find the family re-hashing Sunday's roast! Better not be "hazy" about certain other "dates", either. Or the kind of sanitary protection to choose. Remember, Kotex prevents revealing outlines. Those special flat pressed ends let you glide through any occasion—with a heart as light as helium!



Which can be a threat to poise?

- A callous heart A callused heel

We're talking about those beat-up loafers she's wearing. The soft shoe routine is fine—'til they get too loose; then, being slip-shod can cause a callus. Shoes should fit snugly. Protects your looks; poise. Of course, at *problem* time, poise and Kotex go together. That *safety center* gives extra protection. And Kotex *holds its shape*; is made to stay soft while you wear it.



More women choose KOTEX*
than all other sanitary napkins

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



Have you tried new Delsey* toilet tissue—the only one that's fine and firm and soft—like Kleenex* tissues? Each tissue tears off evenly—no shredding, no waste. And Delsey's double-ply for extra strength. Don't you think your family deserves this new, nicer tissue? Ask for Delsey at your favorite store. If Delsey is not on hand, have them order it for you.



If he's just an acquaintance—

- Try siren tactics Pay your own fare

Your friendship's casual. Comes along a bus—and suddenly your purse develops lock-jaw! A chance meeting doesn't mean he must pay your way. Best you pay your own. On "trying" days discover "your own" absorbency of Kotex. You'll see—(by trying *all 3*)—whether Regular, Junior or Super is the one for you.

The New Luigi

Dear Editor:

We're very fond of the man who took over as Luigi. Can you give us some information about him?

L. P., Wilmington, Del.

Vito Scotti, the new Luigi Basco, was christened Vito Scozzari thirty-five years ago in San Francisco. His father was a macaroni manufacturer in Tunis, Africa, who died when Vito was an infant, and his mother—known in the entertainment world as Gina Snatelia—brought him up. Vito grew up in the entertainment business, touring with his mother and brother all over the United States. By the time he was twenty-two, Vito had his own musical-comedy company, which toured with tuneful shows like "Blossom Time," "Vagabond King," and "Naughty Marietta." For a time, Vito's main source of income was small comedy roles in the movies, but then TV came his way—and better parts came with it. Three years ago Vito married Irene Lopez, a Spanish classical dancer, whom he met in New York. The couple live in a small Hollywood apartment.

J. Fred Muggs

Dear Editor:

Is it true that J. Fred Muggs, the monkey on the Dave Garroway show, Today, is in love?

F. S., Rochester, N. Y.

J. Fred, who was a year old not so long ago, met a female of his species at a birthday party held for him recently in Chicago. The girl who captured his heart is called Sheba, and J. Fred treated her as if she were the late Queen herself. But
(Continued on page 27)



Vito Scotti

Milton Q. Ford and Richard share breakfast.



watch the Birdie



The Milton Q. Ford family feeding breadwinner Richard (in cage)—Jeff, age two, Jeanne, Milt's wife, Milton Q. and Mike, age three.

RICHARD is the only full-time partner in radio who works for peanuts. But partner he is—to Milton Q. Ford, Washington, D.C., wit. Both are heard on WWDC and seen on TV daily. Yes, just like Abbott and Costello, Martin and Lewis, Bergen and McCarthy—Ford and Richard keep people laughing. Actually, it's a team beyond comparison—Richard, he's beyond comparison. Richard is a parrot.

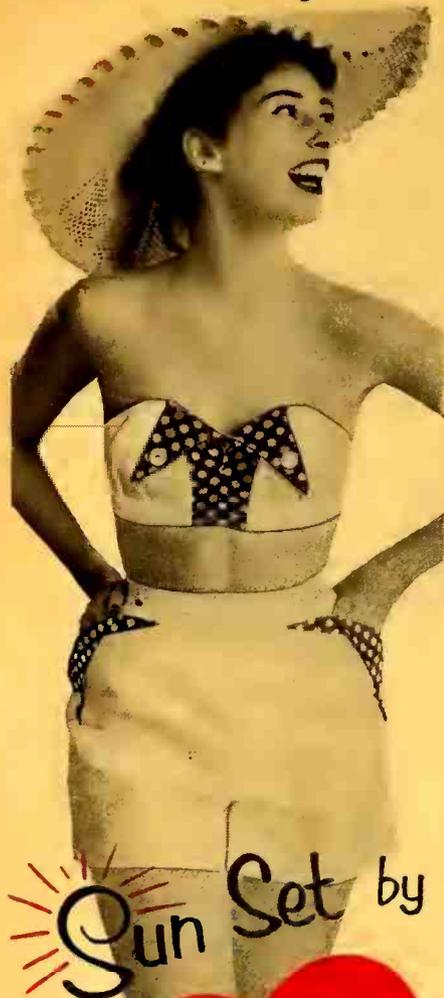
Together for five years now, Milton Q. and Richard are so popular they were recently made into a funny strip. They are now seen in 350 newspapers throughout the country. At this stage of the game, Richard is more than a mere bird to the Ford family. He's a breadwinner, and is treated with the respect due him by Milt's wife Jeanne and youngsters Jeff and Mike.

Both partners got a shot-in-the-arm two years ago when Milt got a new sister-in-law. It all happened when Ford's brother Bob Fallon married screen star Marie (My Friend Irma) Wilson. Milt was best man at their Hollywood wedding, and met so many screen stars there, that now everytime one of the Hollywood set comes to Washington—they appear on the Milton Q. Ford Show.

Milt came to Washington and WWDC from his home town of Memphis, Tennessee. He entered radio there, after he was graduated from the University of Tennessee Law School. He had already been admitted to the Bar when he decided to switch to radio.

As for the future—Milton Q. Ford is not an ambitious man. He feels that someday Richard will be ready to take over, and then Milt can sit home and watch the money roll in. Of course, he hasn't figured on Richard. The bird has let it get around that then he will pay Milt in peanuts.

LOOK...only \$2.98



Sun Set by



Styled by a famous bra-maker.
Smart-fitting Sun-Bra,
jaunty boxer shorts to match.
What a value at \$2.98! Bra alone \$1.

Sun-Bras

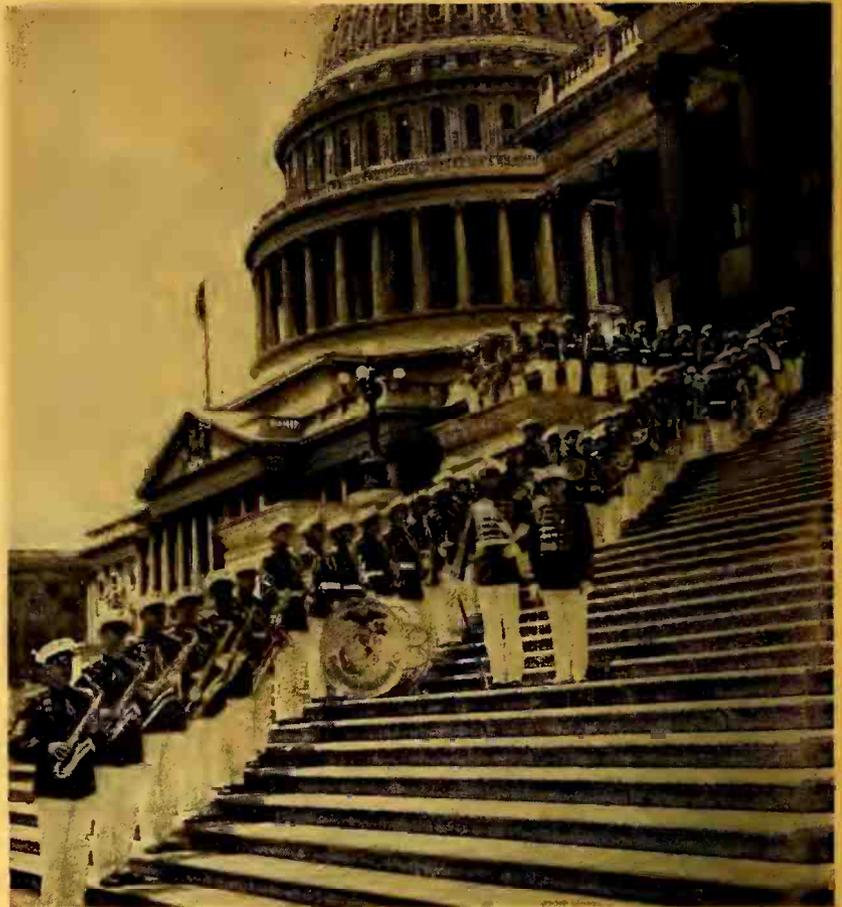
Strapless, halter and padded styles... in twill or denim... splashed with color... from \$1.

Padded style shown \$2



The Lovable Brassiere Co.
180 Madison Avenue
New York 16, N. Y.

the U.S. Marine Band



THIS month, the United States Marine Corps Band will celebrate the 155th anniversary of its founding—on July 11, to be exact. The eighty-one piece band has gained world-wide acclaim, and is one of the finest aggregations of its kind on earth. Organized by an Act of Congress, the band is often referred to as the "President's Own" since it has performed at White House functions starting in the year 1801—at President John Adams' New Year's Day reception.

The Marine Band has another anniversary coming up this year. 1953 marks its twenty-third year on radio, and that's quite a birthday, because it makes the Marine Band the oldest sustaining show on the air. Led by Lt. Col. William F. Santelmann (his father led the band for twenty-nine years before him), the U.S. Marine Band is a credit to the nation and to the fighting group from which it springs.

U.S. Marine Band is heard Sat. over NBC at 2 P.M. EDT, and at 9 P.M. EDT, Sun. over Mutual.

Now... for the First time, a Home Permanent brings you

"Instant
Neutralizing!"

Amazing
New Neutralizer
acts Instantly!
No waiting!
No clock watching!



Refill
\$1.50
(plus tax)



And New Lilt with exclusive Wave Conditioner gives you a wave far softer . . . far more natural than any other home permanent!

NOW... Better than ever! An entirely different

BRAND NEW

Lilt

Only Lilt's new "Instant Neutralizing" gives you all these important advantages:

A new formula makes the neutralizer act instantly!

A new method makes neutralizing much easier, faster.

A wonderful *wave conditioner* beautifies your hair... makes it softer, more glamorous!

Beauty experts say you can actually *feel the difference!*

Yes, you can feel the extra softness, in hair that's neutralized this wonderful new Lilt way!

No test curls needed, either! Yet new Lilt gives the loveliest, most natural, easiest-to-manage wave . . . even on the very first day. The best, long-lasting wave too!

Everything you've been wanting in ease and speed . . . plus extra glamour for your hair!

HERE'S PROCTER & GAMBLE'S GUARANTEE

©1953, The Procter & Gamble Co.

Your money back, if you do not agree that this brand new Lilt is the fastest and best Home Permanent you've ever used!

Beautiful Swimproof Lips WITHOUT LIPSTICK



MARY ELLEN KAY
featuring in "Harness Bull,"
an RKO production

And These Newly Luscious Colors Can't Smear Anything—or Anyone

Bid 'good-bye' to lipstick and see your lips more beautiful than ever before. See them decked in romance-hued *liquid* color that really can't smear. Obviously this miracle couldn't be performed by lipstick made of grease, and it isn't. *A Liquid does it . . .* Liquid Liptone contains no grease—no wax, no paste. Just pure, vibrant color.

Now you can make up your lips before you go out—and no matter what you do—or whether it be in sunlight or in moonlight—they will stay divinely red until long after you are home again.

**Makes the Sweetest Kiss
Because It Leaves No Mark on Him!**

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What's

By **CHRIS WILSON**

THIS month's column is going to be devoted to answering mail. If there isn't room enough this time around—keep watching and reading, and eventually your questions will become answers.

RED BUTTONS

To L. B.: Yes, Red Buttons has a recording out. The name's "Strange Things Are Happening," and you'd better hurry if you don't want to be put on the waiting list at your favorite record shop. He is, undoubtedly, the same man you saw when you were visiting the Catskills—and I hate to tell you, but you're one of several million who are now discovering that you enjoyed Red when. . . .

JULIUS LA ROSA & LU ANN SIMMS

To J. R. (and all you other enthusiasts): You can contact these two people for pictures and information through the Arthur Godfrey Office, Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. We'll keep you informed on their new recordings, of course.

THE MODERNAIRES

To A. H.: The Modernaires are four boys and a girl, and their names are Fran Scott, Allan Copeland, Paula Kelly, Johnny Drake and Hal Dickinson. In real life, Paula Kelly is Mrs. Dickinson. Coral label carries them, and their latest is "Wishing You Were Here Tonight" and "Lovely Is the Evening."

THE MCGUIRE SISTERS

To B. W.: Arthur Godfrey and you have something in common—you both think the McGuire Sisters are *good*. Christine, Phyllis and Dorothy got their original break on the Kate Smith show. They are from Middletown, Ohio, and were mighty popular when they joined the staff of WLW in Cincinnati. The musical composer Gordon Jenkins befriended them when they arrived in New York, and Ted Collins put them on for eight straight weeks with Kate Smith. Godfrey was so impressed with them when they appeared on his Talent Scouts that he asked them back for his Wednesday-evening show as well. They have "One, Two, Three, Four" and "Pickin' Sweethearts" out under the Coral label, right at the moment.

JONI JAMES

To R. E.: Yes—you may have gone to school with Joni James. She, too, attended Bowen High School in Chicago, and her name was Joan Babbo. She was an honor student, sang in the school choir, and

worked as a counter-girl in an attempt to help support herself. Bright girl, Joni!

HANK WILLIAMS

To B. K. (and about ten others who have written): Hank Williams was just thirty years old when he died last New Year's Day. Sorry, the list of memorial albums is just too long to include in this space. Hank was only fourteen when he started singing over Station WSFA in Montgomery, Alabama. He worked there until five years ago, when Grand Ole Opry—out of WSM in Nashville—asked Hank and his boys to join them. His first recording for MGM was in 1947 when he did "Move It Over." His last recording was "Kaw-liga," which he wrote as well as sang.



Red Buttons really made a solid bid for recording acclaim with "Strange Things Are Happening."

Spinning?



Civilian Eddie Fisher will be on the cover of RADIO-TV MIRROR for August—a complete story inside.

BILLY ECKSTINE

To R. L.: Oh me, oh my—I thought everyone knew about Billy Eckstine. But here goes, since you asked for it. Billy was born in Pittsburgh, attended Armstrong High School in Washington, D. C. He did not complete college—he entered Howard University and left it after he'd won an amateur contest. His greatest record hits are "Skylark," "Jelly, Jelly," and "Stormy Monday Blues"—the last two he wrote himself.

DICK TODD

To M. B.: The singer on "Daddy's Little Girl" is Dick Todd for Decca. Dick is a Canadian, having been brought up on a farm near Montreal. He's a sportsman at heart—once even trained for the Olympics. Yes, he has another recording cut—"Someone to Kiss Your Tears Away" and "You're More Like Your Mommy Ev'ry Day."

TONI ARDEN

To R. D. H.: Toni Arden comes from a family of singers, which might answer your question about her training. Before he passed away, her father, Phillip Ardizzone, gave Toni training for an operatic career. Yes, Toni was Morey Amsterdam's "straight girl" on his Gloom Dodgers radio show on Station WHN. Her big break came when she appeared on Ed Sullivan's Toast Of The Town TV show—Columbia Records called her the very next day. Toni's only twenty-two. You're probably already enjoying her latest recordings, "Heart of Stone—Heart of Wood" and "There's Always My Heart."

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



It's like washing your hair in softest rain water! This new gentle lotion shampoo leaves your hair soft as a cloud, bright as sunshine, fresh-smelling as a spring breeze.

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CAN'T DULL YOUR HAIR LIKE SOAPS OR CREAMS

WHITE RAIN

Fabulous New
Lotion Shampoo by Toni



JUST PLAIN BILL and FAMILY

Arthur Hughes



ARTHUR HUGHES may be his real name, but to millions of Americans—he's Just Plain Bill (Davidson), the lovable barber of Hartville. For nineteen years Arthur has been Bill, and it's difficult, even for him, to separate the real man from the NBC character. His part as a barber has led to one of Arthur's chief hobbies—collecting barbering equipment. His prize possessions are a jewel-encrusted razor which once shaved a Medici face, and a pair of ancient Greek scissors.

Chicago born, Arthur began his career on the stage when he was seven. A stage manager, who was a family friend, used to take him to the theatre to play child parts. Arthur's ambition was to become a lawyer, however. He acted in order to make extra money for his education. After spending three years in the Infantry during World War I, Arthur changed his mind, and decided to stay in the theatre. He has been in many fine Broadway plays, in addition to his radio work.

Like the character he portrays, Hughes is a man of simple tastes. He has millions of friends—all made during his years as Bill—who write him for advice. His advice—as Arthur Hughes—is to live according to principle and honor, and to find happiness in the many little things in life.

Just Plain Bill is heard on NBC, Monday through Friday at 5:15 P.M. EDT, for the Whitehall Pharmacal Co., makers of Anacin.



Toni Darnay

BILL's beloved daughter Nancy is played by Bill's beloved wife Toni Darnay. The first "Bill"—to unravel the above statement—is Just Plain Bill, and the second one is Bill Hoffman, Toni Darnay's writer-husband. The Hoffmans are one of the happiest couples in New York, where they live with their two little ones—Toni and Darnay. The names were Bill's idea, Tony is always quick to say. But Bill Hoffman doesn't mind taking the credit—he wanted his children to be named after his lovely wife.

Toni comes from a show-business family on her mother's side, and spent most of her early life trying to convince her father that she, too, must have a theatrical career. She did vaudeville, danced in clubs, played summer stock and repertory—each time to be yanked out of the cast by her father. But, after she was eighteen, Toni had her own way at last. She went to New York with great hopes, but the going was tough. The spaghetti got tiresome, and mended stockings were no fun, but then Toni got a chance to audition for a radio part. She won the part of Evelyn Winters in the now-extinct serial, *Romance Of Evelyn Winters*. From there on, it was easy sailing for other roles—her part as Nancy, for example.

KERRY, Nancy's husband on *Just Plain Bill*, is portrayed by James Meighan. Jim thanks radio fans for the fact that Kerry is still a part of the program's permanent cast. When he first appeared in the script, it was intended only as a slight complication, but the fans insisted that the writers let Nancy marry him—so Kerry's still around.

Jim's been preparing for show business all of his life. He studied acting at the Carnegie Institute of Technology, acted in stock, and had wonderful experience at the famous Provincetown Playhouse with such stars as Walter Abel and Wayne Morris. On Broadway, Jim played opposite such luminous ladies of the theatre as Ethel Barrymore, Helen Hayes and Jane Cowl.

But, in 1929, the crash really hit the theatrical business, and Jim considers himself one of the lucky actors who found radio. He has stayed with it ever since, but lately has been able to limit himself almost exclusively to his two major roles. He is Kerry, and also portrays Larry Noble in *Backstage Wife*. This gives him much more time to spend at home with his own wife—Aleece and their three children.

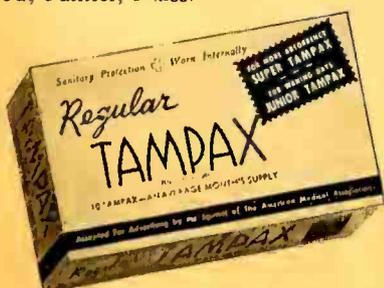


James Meighan

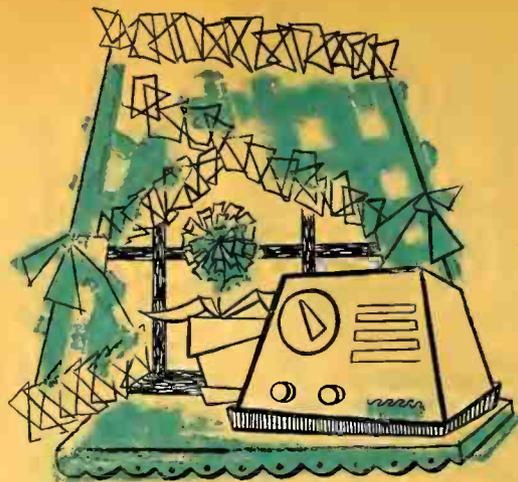
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DAYTIME DIARY

AUNT JENNY Wherever there are people, there are sure to be complications. A long-missing husband, a marriage about to fail, a tragic misunderstanding—these stories and many others have been told by Aunt Jenny recently as she continues to share her intimate knowledge of the dramas that make Littleton as interesting and absorbing as most places are when you know the truth about them. M-F, 12:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Pre-opening worries give way to relief as Larry Noble's new play achieves success. But the dramatic forces behind the scenes cause new troubles for Larry and his wife Mary, particularly when actress Dolores Martinez is removed from her leading role opposite Larry. Will Dolores accept this disappointment quietly, or will her resentment lead to serious consequences for the Nobles and their friends? M-F, 4 P.M. EDT, NBC.

BRIGHTER DAY The dam project stirs up life in Three Rivers to such an extent that forces long concealed far beneath the placid surface are at last exposed to daylight. It is almost unbelievable to the Dennis family that the quiet, dull little town they left months before can produce all the excitement they have come back to—excitement that doesn't stop short of murder. How will the Reverend Dennis be involved? M-F, 2:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

DOCTOR'S WIFE Julie and her husband, Dr. Dan Palmer, are almost stunned with happiness when they learn they will at last have the child they had almost given up hoping for. But there is no such thing as perfect happiness. What strange twist of fate lies ahead for the young Palmers as they lovingly prepare for the birth of their baby? What does the future hold for this marriage which has been almost too happy? M-F, 5:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL David Farrell, ace crime reporter for the New York *Daily Eagle*, regards it as his prime job to come back from an assignment with the story his paper wants. But over the years

David has trained his sharp eyes, ears and instincts to such a pitch that the police never have had to file as unsolved any case he has worked on. David and his wife Sally, working together, have brought many criminals to the justice they sought to avoid. M-F, 5:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

GUIDING LIGHT When young Joey Roberts enlists, it is from his stepmother Meta that he gets understanding rather than from his hurt and surprised father. But gradually Joe comes to see that Joey's turning to Meta is a good thing—that, at last, the family feeling he hoped for when he married Meta is coming to life. Will Meta also be able to help as young Dr. Dick Grant, husband of Joe's daughter Kathy, faces his own problem? M-F, 1:45 P.M. EDT, CBS. M-F, 12:45 P.M. EDT, CBS-TV.

HILLTOP HOUSE Julie Paterno, head matron of Hilltop House, is inclined by both experience and temperament to keep a level head in emotional matters. But the situation created after Reed Nixon's accident is particularly difficult for Julie. How far can she go in lifting Reed's depression and self-accusation without compromising her own future far more than she intends? Can she ever really love Reed? M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, CBS.

JUST PLAIN BILL Bill Davidson is disturbed when his son-in-law, Kerry Donovan, undertakes to represent Wesley Drake in a libel suit against Bill's young friend, Dennis Hill. Dennis is also involved with Teresa Knight, whom Bill distrusts despite her apparent forgiveness of Dennis after first holding him responsible for her husband's mental breakdown. Will Teresa cause a rift between Bill and his daughter Nancy? M-F, 5 P.M. EDT, NBC.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL Chichi's friends, Douglas and Alice Norman, make an important decision when Alice plans to stop working with Doug on his neighborhood newspaper and become a full-time homemaker. It looks at first as though young Grace Garcine is going to be just the helper Doug needs. But Chichi

senses some straws in the wind—straws that point in a strange direction. Just who is Gracie Garcine? M-F, 3 P.M., EDT, NBC.

LORENZO JONES When Belle Jones accompanies her employer, producer Verne Massey, to the Toronto tryout of his new play, she is at long last brought face to face with her husband Lorenzo, for whom she has been desperately searching ever since his loss of memory separated them. But, instead of happiness, tragedy looms as Lorenzo, unable to recognize Belle, proceeds with his plans for marriage to Gail Maddox. M-F, 5:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.

MA PERKINS When Tom Wells left Rushville Center many months ago, Fay only half believed he would come back to her. And when he did, and the feeling between them had apparently steadied into something Tom felt he could rely on for the rest of his life, she was almost more surprised than ecstatic. Was Fay's uneasiness premonitory? What will happen as a result of Tom's trip to New York to get his book published? M-F, 1:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

OUR GAL SUNDAY Despite all Sunday's efforts, she cannot turn the tide of evidence that threatens to convict her husband, Lord Henry Brinthrope, of murder. Does Henry's plight really arise from Sunday's involvement with Wilma Taylor and her husband Paul? Or is it Wilma's brother, the crippled Clifford Gates, who holds the key to Lord Henry's future in his threatening, embittered personality? Can Sunday save Henry? M-F, 12:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY Pepper and Linda thought they were making the most sensible decision of their marriage when they decided to adopt the baby whose mother had indicated so firmly that she did not want him. But when the child's father changes his mind, Pepper and Linda find their lives verging on heart-break. Even if Jim Dennis' desperate effort to reclaim the baby fails, what will the shock and strain do to Linda? M-F, 3:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.

PERRY MASON With the death of Mark Cesar's chief henchman, Emmet, lawyer Perry Mason is certain he is at last approaching the center of Cesar's operations. Police cooperation makes it easier for Perry to follow out his complicated, difficult plan to trap Cesar. But what will happen to Ruth Davis if Cesar manages to elude discovery long enough for his own desperate plan to work? Will Perry be quick enough? M-F, 2:15 P.M., EDT, CBS.

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS The alienation between Miles Nelson and his wife Carolyn continues despite Carolyn's heart-broken efforts to clear away misunderstanding. Will she ever succeed as long as Annette Thorpe remains in Miles's con-

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Daytime Diary

fidence? Will Miles make Carolyn's interest in the Lockwoods his excuse for a rift more serious and far-reaching than anything she has so far anticipated? And will Annette benefit from this? M-F, 3:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

ROAD OF LIFE At last Conrad Overton may have overreached himself in his effort to convict Dr. Jim Brent of the murder of Gordon Fuller, for the gun planted in Jim's car throws suspicion in an unanticipated direction. Or rather Conrad's daughter Sybil has overreached herself, for it was Sybil who made the desperate, almost suicidal attempt to involve Jim beyond extrication. How near is Sybil Overton to the mental breaking point? M-F, 3:15 P.M. EDT, NBC. M-F, 1 P.M. EDT, CBS.

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT As Hollywood gown designer Helen Trent continues work on Kelsey Spencer's new picture, mounting tension arising out of Spencer's curious personality continues to disturb her. She is relieved when Spencer turns his attentions to aspiring actress Gladys Larkin, not realizing that Spencer's purpose is to arouse her jealousy. What part will Kelsey's mysterious housekeeper, Mrs. Poindexter, play in Helen's life? M-F, 12:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

ROSEMARY Over the protests of his wife Audrey, Lefty Higgins continues his cooperation with Bill Roberts in their effort to expose the gambling ring operating in Springdale. It is Lefty's proud boast that he knows all the angles, but is Audrey right in fearing that there are a few he may not foresee? Will Bill's paper get the information it needs to clean up the town? Or will the evil truth remain out of reach? M-F, 11:45 A.M. EDT, CBS.

SECOND MRS. BURTON The Burton store had been the traditional family business for so long that neither Stan nor Terry anticipated a change. But Stan was happy when events led him to the realization of his long-cherished dream to run a newspaper. Terry knew this would make an important change in their lives, but if she could have foreseen the startling future, would she have encouraged Stan as she did? M-F, 2 P.M. EDT, CBS.

STELLA DALLAS When Arnold King's sister-in-law Alida is mysteriously killed, Arnold's plan to marry Stella is halted and both their lives are plunged into confusion as they attempt to discover the truth behind the tragedy. Knowing Arnold must be innocent, Stella persistently seeks proof of the vicious plot against him which she senses but cannot yet prove. How does her beloved daughter Laurel figure in the plot? M-F, 4:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE In a desperate effort to save her own life, young Grace Sargent tells Cass Todero that a friend of

hers holds a sealed list of his criminal history, with instructions to open it only if something happens to her. Todero immediately assumes it is Nora Drake who holds this weapon against him. Nora, frightened by his threats, is prevented from calling police only by Grace's hysteria. But how can Nora protect herself? M-F, 2:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

WENDY WARREN At last the truth about Mark is out in the open . . . at least for those who will admit it. Is psychiatrist Dr. Weber going too far when he diagnoses Mark as a manic-depressive? Or is Wendy being continually misled by Mark's periods of apparent mental health into believing him on the road to recovery? Will she be forced to face the truth when things have gone so far that there is no turning back? M-F, 12 noon EDT, CBS.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES It is sometimes difficult for Harry and Joan Davis to realize that the months of their dreadful separation, during which Joan was believed dead, are really over. But their reunion has not entirely eliminated the strange forces working to ruin their lives, and the complications that arose while they were apart are additional factors that cast a threatening shadow over the future which should be so bright. M-F, 10:45 A.M. EDT, ABC.

WOMAN IN MY HOUSE When Virginia Carter married artist Stanley Creighton, she knew she was taking on a temperamental life partner, and there have been times when she regretted persuading him to move to the farm, since it was so alien to his previous way of life. But with the coming of their child a curious change comes over Stan—a fundamental change in his whole attitude toward life. How will this affect the Carter family? M-F, 4:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

YOUNG DR. MALONE It's been up and down with the marriage of Mary Browne and Ernest Horton ever since Mary first decided to take a chance on it. Now it seems to Dr. Paul Browne, her father, that it has taken a turn for the worse from which it may never recover as Mary finds she is going to have a baby. Ernest's evident bitterness at the added responsibility which may force him to give up his writing is an ominous signpost to the future. M-F, 1:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN Ellen Brown and Dr. Anthony Loring, their relationship already broken by Anthony's inability to prove the long-ago annulment of his marriage to Ruth Loring, undergoes further strain as the result of the difficulties of their friends, Norine and Herbert Temple. Are Norine and Anthony as close as circumstances make them appear? Can Ellen maintain her faith in the man she has loved for so long? M-F, 4:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.

What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 6)

ham University in New York. Vaughn says that from now on any performances he does in night clubs, theatres or television, will be as a soloist. However, he will continue to broadcast his weekly radio program, and there are plans in the making for him to do a television show from New York this fall.

Songstress Mindy Carson and her husband, Eddie Joy, are expecting a new little joy the first part of August. They are hoping for a brother for Jody, their ten-month-old daughter. Incidentally, Mindy has taken up a hobby which is working out very well, in view of the stork's impending visit. She bought a sewing machine and with it came a course of lessons, so she's been stitching like mad. She plans to return to her television chores shortly after the new baby's arrival.

Frank Sinatra may star in a telepix series tentatively titled Blues In The Night. This is a dramatic human-interest story about a musician which is being done by Desilu Productions (Lucille Ball's and Desi Arnaz's company), and they are hoping to have it on TV screens this fall.

Anzie Strickland, who is heard as Claire on When A Girl Marries, is now also playing Grace on Life Can Be Beautiful. The producers chose her after auditioning many well-known radio actresses for the part. Although Anzie is thrilled with her new assignment, she says she hopes she won't get typed doing these unsympathetic girls on daytime serials.

Congratulations are in order for Don McNeill. On June 23, the Breakfast Club program celebrates its twentieth consecutive year on radio. On this past April 10, Don completed his twenty-fifth year before the microphone.

Jerome Thor and his actress wife, Sydna Scott, have returned to the United States and ended their association with the Foreign Intrigue program. The couple say that two years in Europe was enough and they want to concentrate their professional activities on home ground for a while.

Horace Heidt will be off for Europe in a few weeks for a four-month musical tour. He plans to play mainly for GIs.

Yvonne King, one of the famous King Sisters who sang with Alvin Roy's orchestra a few years ago, came out of retirement recently to make a guest appearance on the Jack Owen show, over ABC Radio. Yvonne, who is married to pianist Buddy Cole and lives in Hollywood, may resume her vocal career in the near future.

Barry Nelson was chosen to play the male lead opposite Joan Caulfield in CBS-TV's My Favorite Husband series, set to start early this fall. Nelson, until recently, was starred on Broadway in the stage click, "The Moon is Blue."

Whatever Happened To...?

Muriel Angelus, former singer who made many guest appearances on radio a few years ago and also appeared in Broadway shows and in several movies? Miss Angelus more or less retired when she married NBC musical conductor and composer Paul Lavalle. They live on a farm in Wilton, Connecticut, with their daughter Suzanne.

Ralph Byrd, well-known movie and radio actor, who at one time also played Dick Tracy on television? Ralph passed away

(Continued on page 23)

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*New invisible Spray Net
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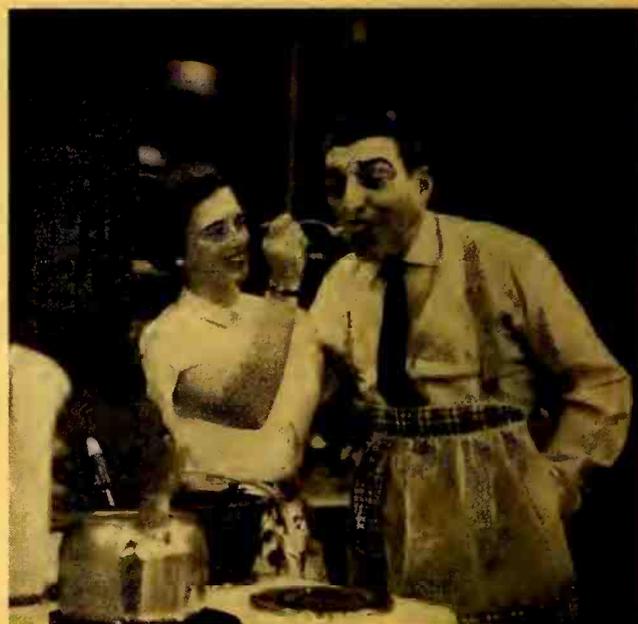
JACK STERLING took over one of the most difficult replacement spots in radio five years ago. He was working as program manager for Station WBBN in Chicago—a CBS affiliate—when the call went out for a man to replace Arthur Godfrey on his morning show over WCBS in New York. Although Jack had been in show business all his life, he hadn't the slightest intention of applying. Some other braver man could try to fill King Godfrey's shoes—not Jack Sterling. But his own station suggested he try out—so Jack agreed, providing they pay for the recording he would have to send to New York. They did—and, the next thing you know, Sterling began waking New Yorkers up, and making them like it.

Jack was born in Baltimore, Maryland, thirty-eight years ago. His father and mother were both vaudevillians—in fact, they were married on the stage of one of the theatres in the circuit. When two years old, Jack appeared as Little Willie in “East Lynne.” By the time he was seven, he had shaped up his own minstrel act, and played the same bill with his parents from coast to coast.

In addition to the Jack Sterling Show on radio, Jack is the Ringmaster on CBS-TV's Big Top. He admits that this assignment is a great deal of fun because it's so much like the old vaudeville days. Although Jack has been able to reach the top of the ladder in radio—he's still a sucker for the smell of greasepaint, and hopes that some day he will find a small stock company where he can put in some time acting. This may be quite soon, too, because Jack is planning to move to a

Jack has always been

a Sterling citizen



Barbara MacGregor, Jack's fiancée, feeds him.

suburban section when he is married (in June), and there he can join a little-theatre group. Once he marries his dream girl, and has his dream house—things will be just about perfect for this genial fellow. He'll probably spend most of his spare time in the kitchen—since he loves to cook, and is quite an expert. Or maybe he'll play a little golf—“little” is putting it mildly. But Jack's the sort of person you like to see succeed—he's such a sterling citizen—and that's no pun.

What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 21)

rather suddenly in August of last year, in Hollywood.

The Chordettes, the feminine vocal quartette who became so popular on Arthur Godfrey's radio programs and telecasts? Since parting company with the Godfrey organization, the Chordettes have been making personal appearances in and around New York. And, if the size of their fan mail is any indication, they may be set with a radio or television show of their own by the time this is in print.

Lesley Woods, who used to be heard on the Lone Journey program and others? Lesley took time off from radio work to go to Europe with her architect husband who went abroad to study. However, she has been back about a year now and has been working very actively on many air shows.

Danny O'Neill, the tenor who used to sing on many network programs from New York? Danny is now in Chicago, where he is heading a program called Breakfast With Danny O'Neill, over Station WBKB, Monday through Friday.

In answer to our query a few months ago regarding the whereabouts of songstress Nora Martin, who sang on Eddie Cantor's show a few years back, we received a letter from Nora herself, post-marked Portland, Oregon. She reports that she is starring in her own radio show called Happy Valley Ranch, over Station KGW, in Portland, and is happily married to her manager-producer, Stephen M. Janik, and the mother of two boys. Nora also says she hopes to be doing television before long.

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

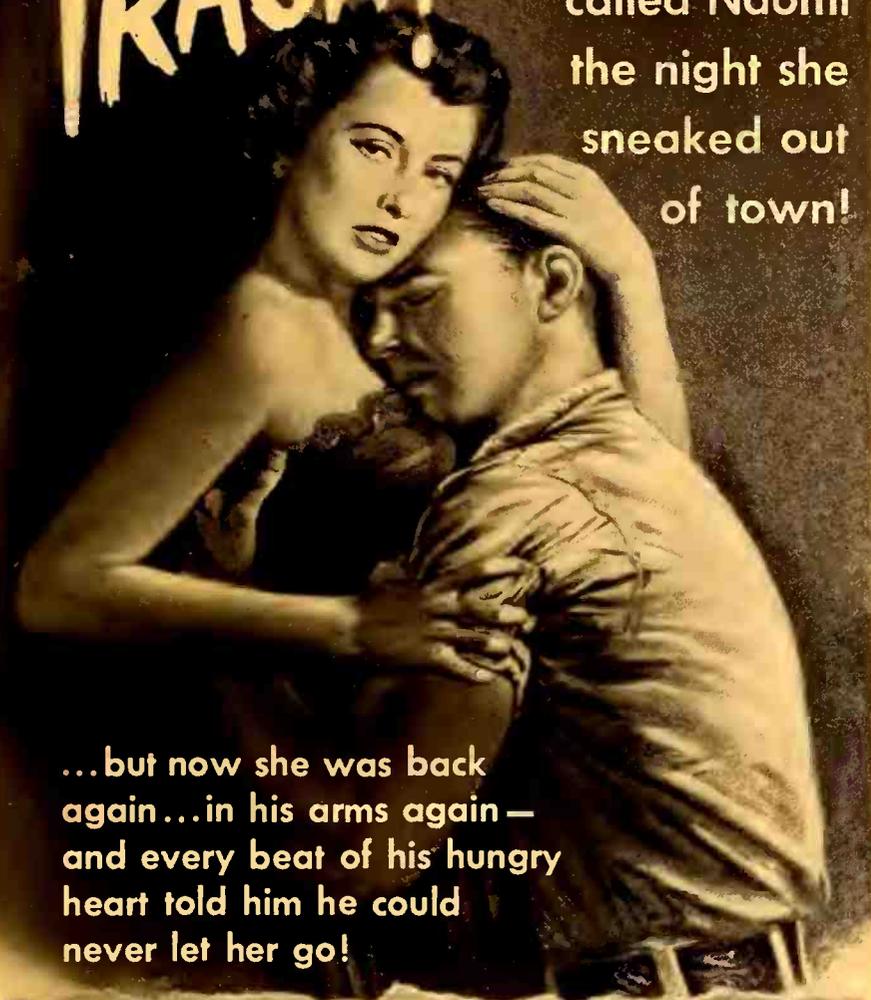
(NOTE: On all shows, both radio and television, be sure to check your local papers for time, station and channel.)



Mr. & Mrs. "Stardust" Carmichael. Hoag premiered his NBC-TV show June 6.

"TRASH!"

...that's what they called Naomi the night she sneaked out of town!



...but now she was back again...in his arms again—and every beat of his hungry heart told him he could never let her go!

UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PRESENTS

BARBARA STANWYCK

"ALL I DESIRE"

co-starring

RICHARD CARLSON · LYLE BETTGER
MARCIA HENDERSON · LORI NELSON
MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN · RICHARD LONG

Directed by DOUGLAS SIRK

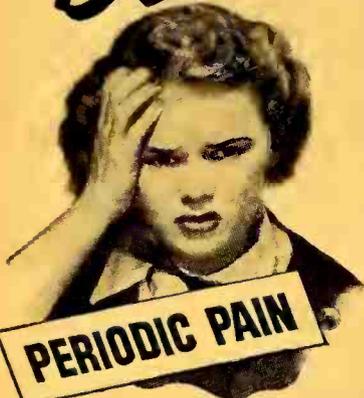
Screenplay by JAMES GUNN and ROBERT BLEES

Produced by ROSS HUNTER



R
M

Bonnie's BLUE

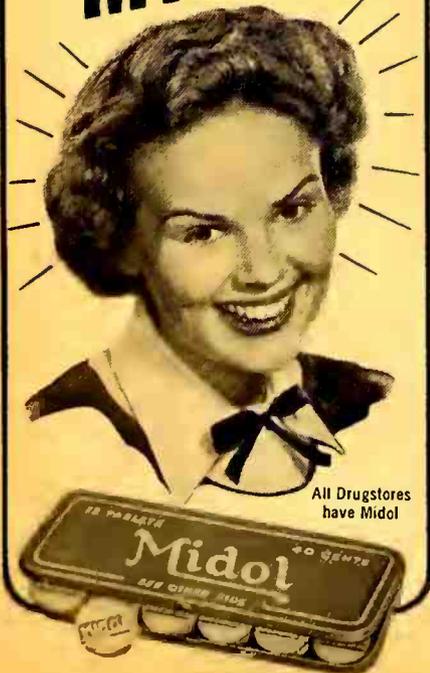


PERIODIC PAIN

Don't let the calendar make a slave of you, Bonnie! Just take a Midol tablet with a glass of water... that's all. Midol brings faster relief from menstrual pain—it relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues."

FREE 24-page book, "What Women Want to Know", explains menstruation. (Plain wrapper). Write Dep't. B-73, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y.

Bonnie's GAY WITH MIDOL



All Drugstores have Midol

DAY-TIME in



Lunching atop the Terrace Plaza Hotel, Doris Day tells her husband, Marty Melcher: "Look at my home town! Isn't it wonderful?" And, while they're in Ohio, she happily introduces him to some of the folks she'll never forget—like bandleader Barney Rapp (left), who gave Doris her first singing job in Cincinnati, and cousin Robert Welz (below), now a Captain of the Cincinnati Police.



CINCINNATI



Lifelong family friend Dr. Giles De Courcey is consulting physician to the city Fire Dept. So, under his watchful eye, Doris and her son Terry get an exciting close-up of the most modern fire-fighting gear!



Uncle William Welz is proud of his many years as a baker of Ohio's bread—and proud, too, of his pretty niece, now a star of Warner Bros. Pictures (next, "Calamity Jane") and her own Doris Day Show over CBS Radio (Tues., 10:05 P.M. EDT).

Young Wives Welcome

this vaginal suppository for

FEMININE HYGIENE



**Easier, Less Embarrassing
yet POWERFULLY EFFECTIVE!**

Young wives are quick to appreciate the *extra advantages* of Zonitors for feminine hygiene. Zonitors are greaseless, stainless vaginal suppositories — modern, convenient and effective. Zonitors eliminate all embarrassment. Positively non-irritating, non-poisonous!

When inserted, Zonitors release powerful *antiseptic* and *deodorizing* properties. They form a protective hygienic coating and *continue* to do so for hours. Zonitors are not the old-fashioned greasy type which quickly melt away. They never leave any greasy, sticky residue.

Ideal for Traveling

Zonitors can easily be slipped into your purse. They deodorize, help prevent infection and kill every germ they touch. It's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but you can be sure Zonitors *immediately* kill every reachable germ. Enjoy Zonitors extra convenience and protection. Inexpensive, too!

NEW! Zonitors Now Packaged Two Ways

- ✓ Individually foil-wrapped, or
- ✓ In separate glass vials

Zonitors
(Vaginal Suppositories)

FREE!

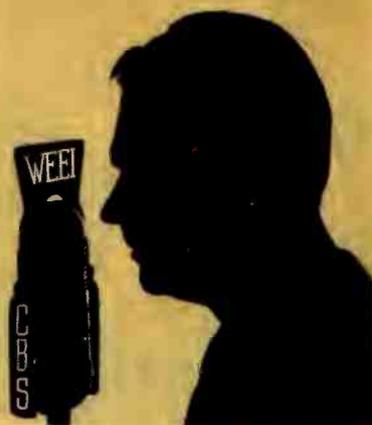
Send coupon for new book revealing all about these intimate physical facts. Zonitors, Dept. ZRM-73, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.*

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

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

R
M

the mystery of Morgan Baker



Back to camera as usual, Morgan Baker samples a sponsor's product.

sounds like a peculiar thing to refer to as a "matter," but Morgan has a peculiar attitude towards his face—he won't show it. At least he won't for publicity purposes.

Morgan is the director of the Housewives Protective League, heard daily over Station WEEI in Boston. He is also the emcee of Sunrise Salute. And all he does is talk. Not a singer—no comedian—just plain simple talk about all manner of subjects. But somehow his talk is one of the most popular things on Boston radio. Now, a man as well known as Morgan would certainly be expected to make public appearances where his face could be seen—but no—he has successfully managed to remain a faceless voice and a signature to his many listeners. The signature comes in at the bottom of his stationery in answering fan mail. And if the WEEI mail clerk is to be believed—Morgan gets more letters than he can handle.

At this point folks might start getting some pretty strange ideas about Morgan Baker. Why is his face a mystery? Is he hiding something? Well, he isn't at all strange. Morgan lives in Milton in an ultra-modern ranch house. What's more he's married—has two children (a boy and girl) goes in for amateur photography and furniture building, and drives to his job each day in a perfectly ordinary automobile. He's not in the least bit exotic—doesn't go in for collecting Ming china or delving into black magic. He just likes to remain a voice on radio. And he certainly has succeeded with this technique—and there's no mystery about why.

THERE are things about Morgan Baker which some people find mysterious. For example, quite a few people wondered why he should leave sunny California to go to the rugged climate of New England. Of course, no real rock-ribbed native would have any question in his mind about that one—state pride being what it is. But still, they must admit that it's usually done the other way around. Then, of course, there's the matter of Morgan's face. Now that

Information Booth

(Continued from page 10)

Dave Garroway, J. Fred's guardian, says that Muggs is just a little too young to take love seriously. By the way, J. Fred would be horrified at being called a monkey—he's a chimpanzee, quite a different kettle of anthropoid.

Our Mistake

Dear Editor:

Just to keep things accurate, I'd like to inform you that Johnny Desmond's wife's name is Ruth—and not Kay, as you printed in the May issue.

B. B., New York City

Sorry, you certainly are correct. Our face is red. Ruth Desmond is Johnny's wife—not Kay.

Max

Dear Editor:

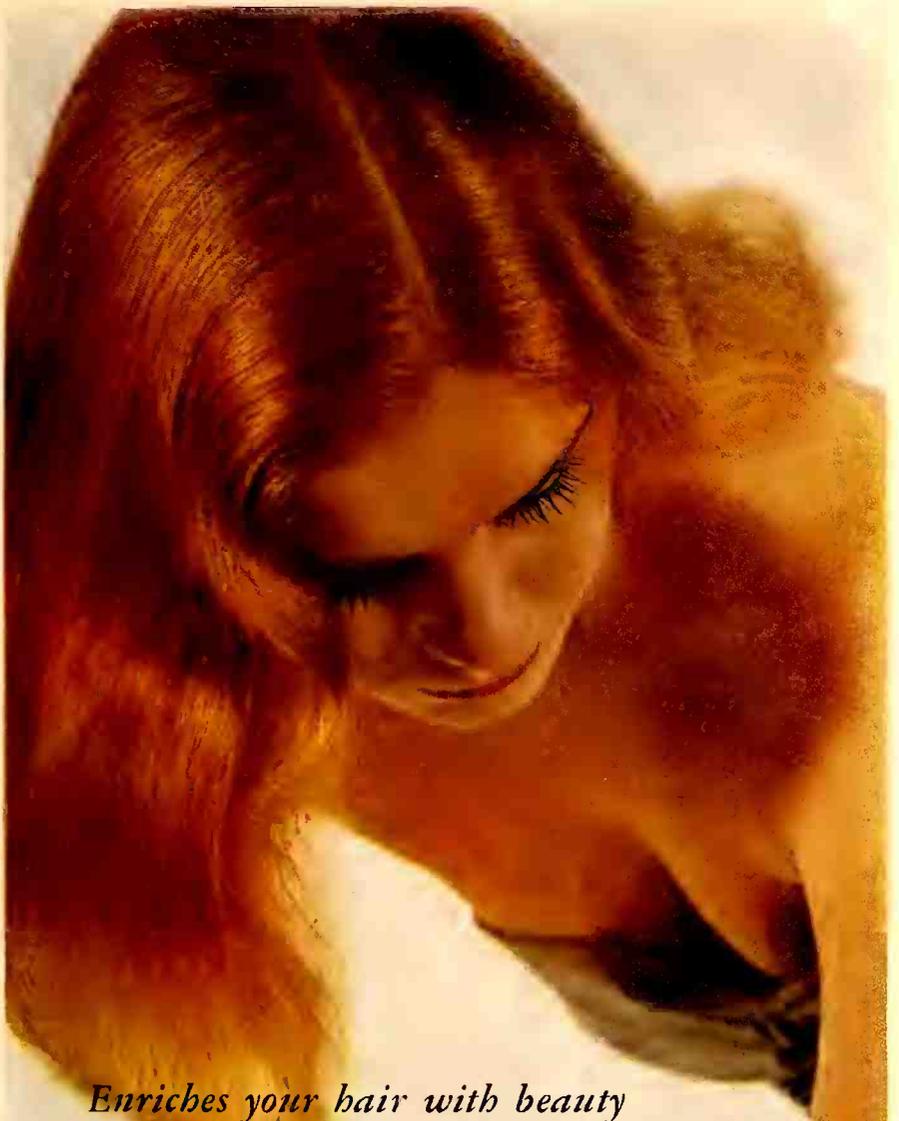
We think that the girl who plays Max on the Milton Berle show is adorable. Can you print her picture and tell us something about her?

M. A., Omaha, Neb.

Tiny Ruthie Gilbert (she's under five feet tall) is a native of Manhattan. Now in her early twenties, Ruthie entered the American Academy of Dramatic Art when only fourteen. She had not been there long when she heard that a very small, very young girl was needed for the cast of Eugene O'Neill's "Ah, Wilderness!" Ruthie auditioned and got the part. She then toured in several other plays. Her latest Broadway role was as a lady-shop-lifter in "Detective Story." Noted for her



Ruth Gilbert



Enriches your hair with beauty

... instead of drying it

TWICE AS MUCH LANOLIN *is the reason*

Gives hair twice the twinkle. Leaves it so manageable your comb is a magic wand! Even in hard water, gets hair so clean you can *feel* the difference—soft and sweet as love's first kiss. Come on, give your hair a fresh start in life... with the shampoo that gives you twice as much lanolin as any other leading brand. Try it today—from 49¢.



Helene Curtis creme shampoo

Feel Good All Over... stay
flower-fresh...dainty for hours!



Cashmere Bouquet
Talcum Powder

Now . . . feel silky-smooth from head to toe!
 Cashmere Bouquet Talcum Powder dusts
 you with daintiness . . . after the bath, when
 changing clothes, upon arising! You'll feel
 refreshed, relaxed, deliciously feminine! And
 you'll love the lingering fragrance!

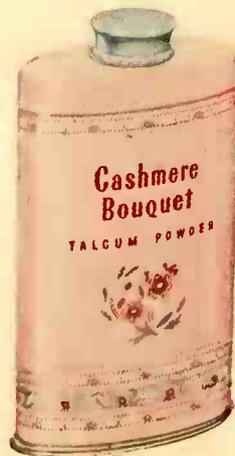


Look your loveliest with
 Cashmere Bouquet

Hand Lotion
 Face Powder
 All-Purpose
 Cream
 Lipstick

With the
 fragrance
 men love!

**Only
 29¢
 AND
 43¢**



Information

skill with an exaggerated Brooklyn accent, she is equally convincing when she uses her own soft voice. Her acting goal is to someday play Nora in Ibsen's "A Doll's House."

Dawn

Dear Editor:

Can you please tell me something of the background of lovely Dawn Addams, who used to play Alan Young's girl on Time To Smile over TV?

S. T., Limestone, Maine

Dawn Addams was born in Suffolk, England. Soon after her arrival, her father, who was a squadron leader of the Royal Air Force, took his wife and baby to India. Dawn was six when she returned to England. That year her mother died, so she was raised by her paternal grandmother. During the blitz, Dawn came to California, where she attended Beverly Hills High School. In 1945, she returned to England where she attended the Royal Academy of Drama. After completing an engagement on the London stage, Dawn went to Hollywood. She has appeared in several movies for M-G-M, including "The Plymouth Adventure." Time To Smile was her first television assignment, but she took the fast pace of TV with typical English calm. She combines intelligence with great beauty.

Note to Readers

Dear Reader:

We're pulling a switch on you this time, by telling you something without your asking.

The Editors

In our May issue, we included an item in Information Booth telling a fan of se-



Dawn Addams

Booth

rial actress Jan Miner where to apply for information on starting a club for her. The name we gave was Miss Lil Stewart. But we did not mean that Miss Stewart would give general information on any fan club. Please, do not write to Miss Stewart unless you're interested in Jan Miner. That's the only person Miss Stewart can answer questions about.

Gloria's For Real

Dear Editor:

Is the young actress who portrays Harriet Conklin on Our Miss Brooks really a teenager, or is she an older girl?

R. F., Miami, Fla.

Gloria McMillan, who is Osgood Conklin's teen-age daughter on the Our Miss Brooks comedy, is certainly a real teenager. At least this year she is, for next year she will be twenty. But not only does Gloria play the part on the show, she also acts as high-school adviser to the producers. She keeps them informed on latest events in the high-school set, since she is much closer to that world than either of the producers—although, of course, they did attend high school once upon a time.

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



Gloria McMillan



ON THE LAWN: Especially delightful when the weather's balmy are STANLEY "outdoor" shopping Parties. At one of these increasingly-popular Lawn Parties, Mrs. H. S. Covington, Westridge Road, Greensboro, N. C., was the gracious hostess. Here an artist illustrates her attractive home.

Outdoors or Indoors

IT'S ALWAYS FUN TO SHOP AT STANLEY HOSTESS PARTIES



IN THE KITCHEN: Informal as "house-work" clothes, STANLEY "come-as-you-are" morning kitchen Parties provide a quick and pleasant way to shop for STANLEY Products.



IN THE LIVING ROOM: Your living room becomes especially hospitable when you invite friends to enjoy its comfort while they shop at your STANLEY Hostess Party.

Outdoors or indoors—morning, afternoon, or evening—you'll find STANLEY Parties are always lots of fun. You just invite in your STANLEY Dealer and this friendly Dealer demonstrates, under actual use conditions, STANLEY's many value-leading, QUALITY PLUS Products. Products both to save you time and work in most every housekeeping task and to improve the family's personal grooming. Small wonder that 12,000 of these famous STANLEY Parties now take place every single day.

▪ To arrange for your own STANLEY Party, or for any information about STANLEY, just phone or write your STANLEY Dealer, your nearest STANLEY HOME PRODUCTS Branch Office, or communicate direct with STANLEY's Main Office in Westfield, Mass.



STANLEY LEADS with more than 150 QUALITY PLUS Products demonstrated exclusively at STANLEY Hostess Parties: Housekeeping aids such as Mops, Brushes, Brooms, Dusters, Waxes, Polishes, Cleaning Chemicals. Personal Grooming Aids such as Toilette Articles, Bath Accessories and a wide assortment of Personal and Clothing Brushes.



Originators of the Famous
Stanley Hostess Party Plan

Stanley Home Products, Inc., Westfield, Mass.
Stanley Home Products of Canada, Ltd., London, Ont.
(Copr. Stanley Home Products, Inc., 1953)

Thrilling Beauty News for users of Liquid Shampoos!



LUSTRE-CREME is the favorite beauty shampoo of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood stars ... and you'll love it in its new Lotion Form, too!

Betty Grable
starring in
"THE FARMER TAKES A WIFE"
A 20th Century-Fox Production
Color by Technicolor

BETTY GRABLE says, "Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo." When America's most glamorous women use Lustre-Creme Shampoo, shouldn't it be *your* choice above all others, too?

Now! Lustre-Creme Shampoo
also in New Lotion Form!



NEVER BEFORE—a liquid shampoo like this! Lustre-Creme Shampoo in new Lotion Form is much more than just another shampoo that pours. It's a *new* creamy lotion, a fragrant, satiny, easier-to-use lotion, that brings *Lustre-Creme* glamour to your hair with every heavenly shampoo!

VOTED "BEST" IN DRAMATIC USE-TESTS! Lustre-Creme Shampoo in new Lotion Form was tested against 4 leading liquid and lotion shampoos . . . all unlabeled. And 3 out of every 5 women preferred *Lustre-Creme* in new Lotion Form over each competing shampoo tested—for these important reasons:

- * Lather foams more quickly!
- * Easier to rinse away!
- * Cleans hair and scalp better!
- * Leaves hair more shining!
- * Does not dry or dull the hair!
- * Leaves hair easier to manage!
- * Hair has better fragrance!
- * More economical to use!

Prove it to Yourself...

Lustre-Creme in new Lotion Form is the best liquid shampoo yet!



Famous Cream Form in jars or tubes, 27¢ to \$1. (Big economy size, \$2.)

New Lotion Form in handy bottles, 30¢ to \$1.

POUR IT ON — OR CREAM IT ON! In Cream Form, *Lustre-Creme* is America's favorite cream shampoo. And all its beauty-bringing qualities are in the new Lotion Form. Whichever form you prefer, lanolin-blessed *Lustre-Creme* leaves your hair shining-clean, eager to wave, never dull or dry.



The intimate, inspiring story of the Desi Arnaz family is one which only Hollywood's top columnist can tell.

EVERYONE LOVES LUCY!

By
**HEDDA
HOPPER**

IT HAPPENED years ago, when Sam Goldwyn was about to make "Roman Scandals" and had brought twelve models from New York to appear in the picture. I went to the studio to look them over, and was immediately attracted by a platinum blonde with baby-blue eyes. "Why did you come out here?" I asked.

"Because it was so hot in New York, and I was dead-beat standing on my feet modeling for Hattie Carnegie. So now I'm standing on my feet

See Next Page →

"My life has been one long obstacle race; and I'm still running," says Lucille Ball



Lucy took Hollywood in her stride, right from the start (top, left, as an RKO starlet with Kay Sutton and Jane Hamilton). "Lucy," says a friend from that era, "knew what she wanted when she came here."



Hedda Hopper (above, right) watched with interest as Lucy's movie career gathered momentum—and she had a most practical word of encouragement for Lucy and Desi as they hesitated over plunging into TV!

EVERYONE LOVES LUCY!



They've had many battles, Desi admits—but always made up. Above, dating at the Trocadero when he was in service. Below, a kiss for a loyal wife who gave a party for his opening at the Mocambo.





Christening: At Our Lady of the Valley Church, Reverend Michael Hurley beams on America's most famous baby, now officially named Desiderio Alberto Arnaz IV. Proud mama Lucy holds her "little man"—sister Lucie Desiree and papa Desi don't have eyes for anyone else in the world.

modeling for Sam Goldwyn."

Her name was Lucille Ball; and, of the twelve models, Lucille became a star. She made the grade by sheer intestinal fortitude. Lucille once said, "My life has been one long obstacle race; and I'm still running." How true!

In her teens, Lucille was invalidated by an auto accident. Rheumatic fever set in; and for three years she used either a wheel chair, crutches, or cane to get around. For most people that would have ended a career dream. But not for Lucy. Through sheer grit she learned to walk again. Then, defying all conventional attitudes, she struggled through incredible handicaps and became a professional dancer. For that alone I've always loved Lucy.

She never got back to New York and her old job. "Roman Scandals," for which she was paid \$150 a week, stretched into six months of shooting time. Goldwyn kept the girls on salary for a year and a half, using them in other pictures.

One of that original troupe, now married and retired, told me: "Lucy knew what she wanted when she came here. She also knew she'd have to work hard. She didn't mind that, because work is part of Lucy's nature. I've always been irritated because Hollywood overlooked her talent so long. She doesn't act. Lucy's a born comedienne. Just being around her keeps you in stitches.

"And she hasn't changed one bit since the first day I met her. En route to Hollywood, we were 'nobodies.' So, for publicity, Goldwyn arranged for us to stop in Chicago and dine with some celebrities. We got off the train all right, but ducked the lunch, and ate in a hot-dog stand. She'd still be at home in a hot-dog joint."

Yes, swing high or swing low, (Continued on page 71)

Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz are seen in *I Love Lucy*, on CBS-TV, Mondays at 9 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by Philip Morris Cigarettes.



Time was when Lucy clipped baby pictures out of advertisements to fill her hungry heart. Now her arms are filled with her own little bits of heaven.



Breakfast Club has lost more girl singers to marriage! Now what about Peggy Taylor? Peggy willingly confesses:

Her heart holds a song

By LILLA ANDERSON

IN THE life of nearly every young woman there comes a golden year. Her friends, happy to see her lovely, beaming, accomplishing her ambitions, and looking forward to a promising future, sometimes realize, a bit more sharply than she does, the complete and charming picture. But the girl herself is never so sure. She can always see another rainbow in the distance—another thing to yearn for, to dream about. And she wouldn't be young, feminine and lovely if she didn't have these dreams and yearnings.

That, approximately, sums up the present status of the Breakfast Club's dark-eyed beauty, Peggy Taylor.

Says Peggy, "It's so wonderful to have one of the best jobs a vocalist can find in the country—just think of the number (*Continued on page 85*)

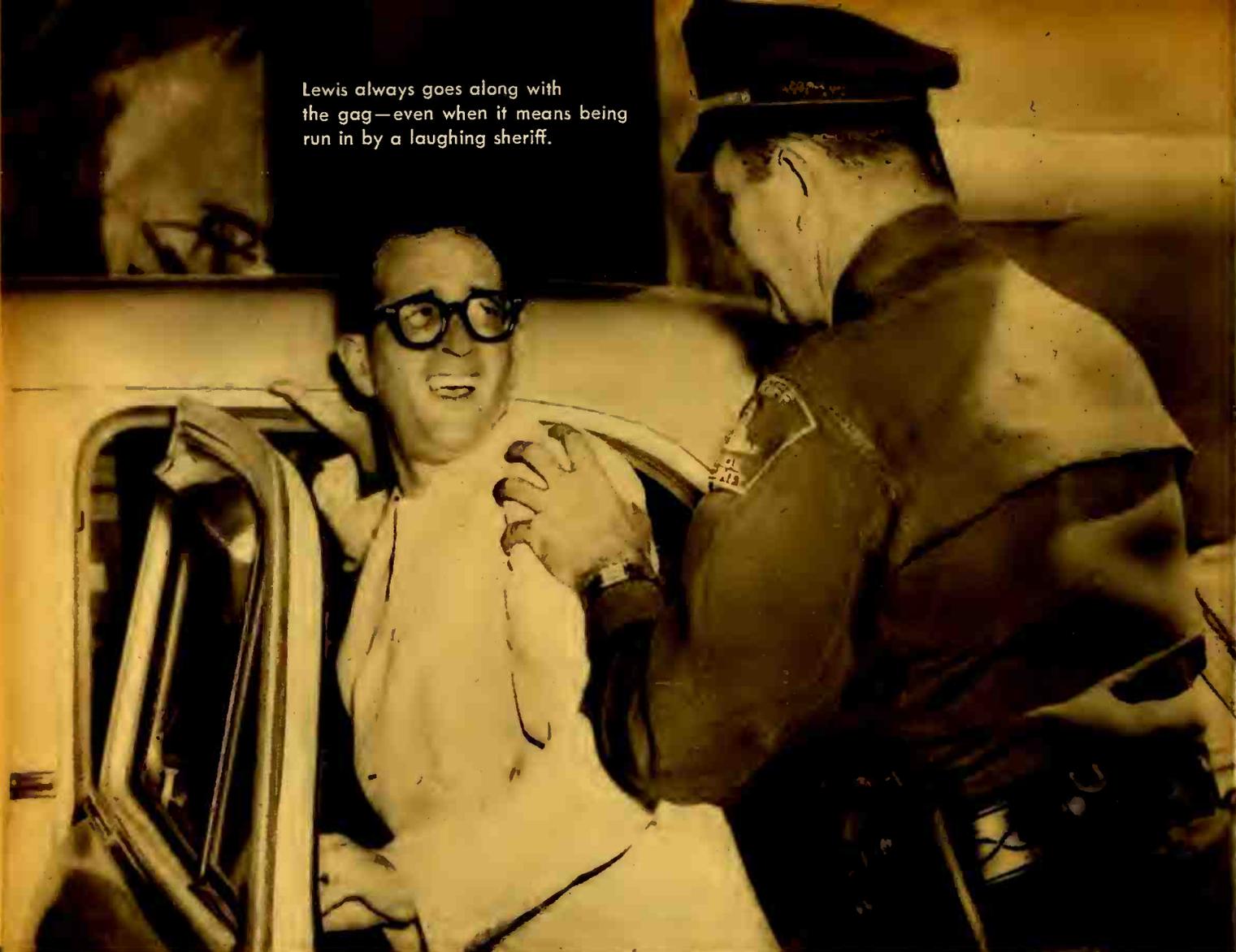
Peggy Taylor sings on Don McNeill's Breakfast Club, on ABC Radio, M-F, 9 A.M. EDT, as sponsored by Swift & Co., Philco Corp., O-Cedar Corp., and The Toni Co.



Lots of helping hands for Peggy: From left to right, producer Cliff Petersen, maestro Eddie Ballantine, announcers Bob Murphy and Don Dowd, singer Johnny Desmond, comedian Sam Cowling—and Don McNeill himself.



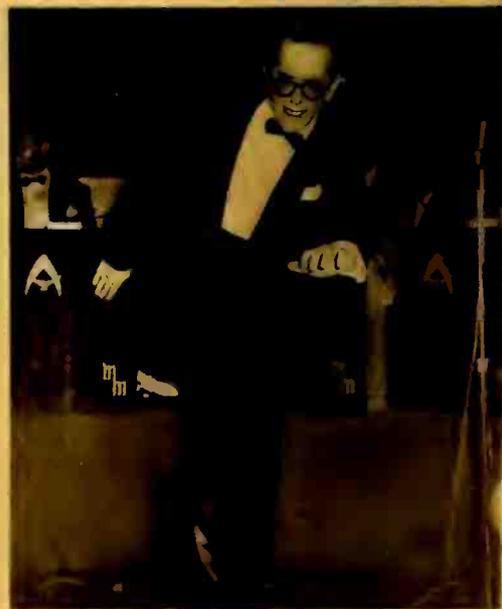
Lewis always goes along with the gag—even when it means being run in by a laughing sheriff.



He can't dance very well.

ROBERT Q. LEWIS

Bespectacled Miracle Man



By PHILIP CHAPMAN

LAST DECEMBER, when young, personable, bespectacled Robert Q. Lewis first took over as Arthur Godfrey's replacement, he decided that what he needed was a little vacation in the sun. Of course, the vacation couldn't be allowed to interfere with his work, which had to go on just the same.

But Robert, who for some time now has not given up doing a thing simply because it was impossible, started looking at plane schedules. On a map of the United States he described a circle, with the center planted in New York and the circle itself set at four hours' flying time from Gotham.

I guess I've been a good boy, Robert thought, because look where that crazy circle goes—smack through the middle of Miami Beach!

He had already engaged a terrace suite at the Lord Tarleton in Miami Beach before he realized that by the time he finished his evening show it would be too late to make the midnight flight from La Guardia to Miami's International Airport.

Or was it. . . ?

He called the Carey limousine outfit and asked them if they had a fast chauffeur. "I mean real fast."

They did indeed. He was waiting in a Carey limousine outside the studio at the precise minute that Robert came galloping across the sidewalk after his show, and they made the midnight plane. They made it every time, what's more, all through that mad commuting vacation. As a result, Mr. Lewis did not miss a single day of sun.

Now that he is once again replacing Godfrey while Mr. Tops of radio and television recuperates, it would be well to recall Robert's remark about his status as the Godfrey substitute. A reporter from the *Miami Herald* said to him, "You're a celebrity in your own right, Mr. Lewis, and now all of a sudden everyone is referring to you as 'Arthur Godfrey's substitute.' Doesn't that get you down?"

"Certainly not," Robert said. "It's fine." Then he added thoughtfully, "Financially, it's delightful!"

To this, he now (Continued on page 73)

Robert Q. Lewis's Little Show, CBS Radio, M-F, 4 P.M., for General Foods; Robert Q.'s Waxworks, CBS Radio, Sun., 10 P.M., for Webster Recording. Lewis is seen regularly on *The Name's The Same*, ABC-TV, Tues., 10:30 P.M., for Johnson's Wax and Swanson's Foods, and currently seen and heard on *Arthur Godfrey Time* (see page 46, this issue). All EDT.

He can't sing very well, but—



He's sensational!



RED FOLEY'S



Grand Ole Opry

A Family Man



Daughters Shirley Lee, Julie Ann, Jennie Lou accompany Red in the pool (above)—wife Sally accompanies him at the piano (opposite page).

“Real security comes from living with folks who really love you”—that’s Red’s idea of heaven on earth

By **GLADYS HALL**

RED FOLEY and Sally live in a beautiful, red-brick and white-columned Georgian Colonial house which Red built in Woodmont Estate, an exclusive section on the outskirts of Nashville, home town of Grand Ole Opry.

It wasn’t a likely day to be visiting the Red Foleys. Red wasn’t feeling right pert, he’d said. Looked sort of homesick in the pine-paneled den of his own home. The French doors were thrown wide open, giving a view of the garden alive with jonquils and iris and tulips. Red bud and dogwood trees were in full bloom. The swimming pool shone with sparkling clean water. The deck furniture, which Red had lugged up from the basement, was piled up every whichway, waiting to be set in place. And Sally, Red’s pretty, blonde wife, was standing by with tall glasses of orange juice and helping the (Continued on page 88)





MINNIE PEARL'S

"Hi, Miss Minnie Pearl!" they say in Nashville. On every side, on every city street and on every country road you hear it: "Hi, Miss Minnie Pearl!" From everyone—smart women and their menfolk in the lobbies of the Andrew Jackson and Hermitage hotels, little children in the fields—all and everywhere they hail her, "Hi, Miss Minnie Pearl!" And "Hi!" shouts back Miss Minnie Pearl, "Howdy, Matt or Joe or Tom or Miss Luciebell, *howdy!*"

They all love Grand Ole Opry's Miss Minnie Pearl—and Minnie Pearl loves them.

In private life Miss Minnie is the wife (and has been since 1946) of Mr. Henry Cannon, described by Miss Minnie as "a flyin' man." Before she became either Mrs. Henry Cannon or Miss Minnie Pearl, the name was Colley—Sarah Ophelia Colley—but she was known as

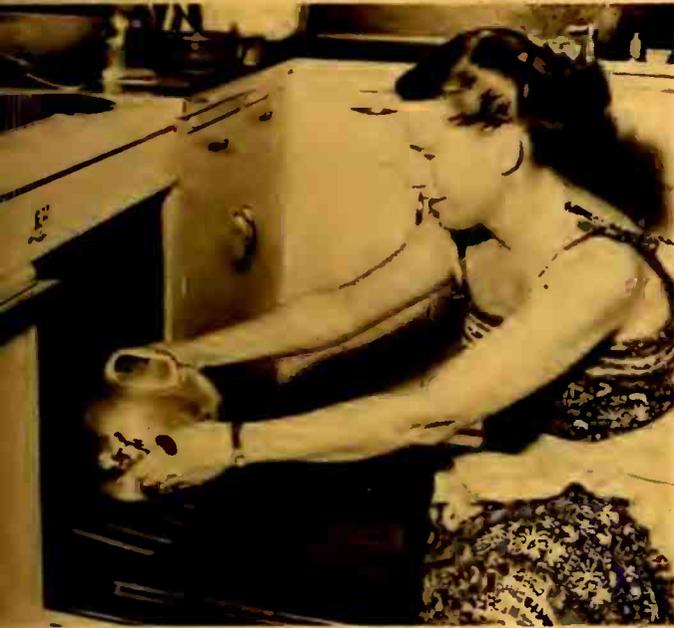
"Ophie" to every chick and child and elder in her home town of Centerville (just fifty miles southwest, as the crow flies, from Grand Ole Opry's home town, Nashville).

"There's been an Ophelia in my family," says Miss Minnie, "for generations. I made up the name Minnie Pearl. I just took the two country names I'd heard a lot—although I always heard them separately—and put them together."

Today Miss Minnie Pearl is a household name. The hillbilly songs and piano playing and comedy "spooned up" by Miss Minnie Pearl are part of American folklore—even in faraway Korea.

"Isn't Miss Minnie with you?" the boys asked when, a matter of weeks ago, a unit of Grand Ole Opry entertained the boys in Korea. "When will Miss Minnie Pearl come over?" (Soon, boys, very soon—she's working on it.)

Radio's man-crazy Gossip of
Grinder's Switch has a man she really
is crazy about—her husband!



They live near the city so "Miss Minnie" can combine her broadcasting and house-and-garden chores—but "Mr. and Mrs. Cannan" love the country, go fishing when they can.

Happily Married

And when you meet her, what then? Will she be like, or unlike, the Minnie Pearl of your imagining? Well, some of both—as friends can testify.

During the time Miss Minnie and her Henry were courting—were, indeed, engaged to be married—a war-time buddy Henry had known in Japan came through Nashville.

According to Miss Minnie, the buddy called Henry, who said at once: "Come on, go out with us tonight."

"Where'll I meet you?"

"Well, I tell you—my girl works at Grand Ole Opry, so how about your meeting me at the Ryman Auditorium along around seven o'clock? Reserved seats for the Opry are sold out more than two months in advance. And the line for unreserved seats starts forming at three o'clock. But likely I can get you standing room."

"Henry's buddy got in. And I," says Miss Minnie Pearl, "came on. Now, before I go on, I take off all my make-up. I get into the white cotton stockings, the old country cotton dress, same like the original eighty-nine-cent dress I wore my first night in the Opry. On my head I clap the old sailor hat with the bunch of flowers in the front and the price tag a-dangling. My mother's hat, which I've worn from first to now—and keep repairing and repairing. I pick up my old red pocketbook with nothing in it—bone empty, as country women's bags always are. Ladies, country women don't carry things you and I do. No lipstick, because they don't (Continued on page 81)

Grand Ole Opry—with Red Foley and Minnie Pearl—NBC Radio, Sat., 9:30 P.M. EDT; Prince Albert Tobacco, Cavalier Cigarettes.

KEN MURRAY—

By MAXINE ARNOLD



Ken was so anxious when little Pamela was born that he was the one who had to take a rest! Today, he's never too tired or worried to play with his fair-haired child.



Betty Lou is "secretary," as well as wife and mother, jotting down notes for Ken at any hour of day or night.



EVERY day they spend together, Ken Murray and his lovely Betty Lou, convinces Ken that, as the song goes, the angels must have sent her, and they meant her just for him. They must have. There is, he's reasonably sure, no other explanation. . . .

And although, personally, he was always convinced of this—standing there in the mellowed peace and beauty of the Mission Inn in Riverside, California, that fateful December day they married, his whole hope and prayer was that he was meant for her.

Ken was not particularly a praying man nor a crying man, but at that time—he was doing both. When asked whether one Kenneth Abner Doncourt would take Betty Lou Walters for his lawfully wedded wife . . . looking into the serious blue eyes of the fresh, lovely girl from Wenatchee, Washington, standing so trustfully beside him—he was almost too moved to agree.

"I started crying—and somehow I couldn't stop. I had the feeling they were sending a boy on a man's job, in measuring up to her. She looked so—so sweet, so full of faith, so young."

Their four harmonious and often hilarious years together are proof that the fates—that-be meant them for each other. For it was fate that cast them together when Betty Lou, then a neophyte radio actress, auditioned for a part opposite Ken. The audition was for "The Valiant," a serious dramatic sketch he had decided to put right in the middle of all the laughs in "The Blackouts." This was a dramatic challenge, and frequently a brave one.

"But 'The Blackouts' had been going a long time then," Ken says, "and I thought it was time to try something serious, and the Barrymores were busy, so—"

They were (Continued on page 75)

The Ken Murray Show alternates with the Alan Young Show in Time To Smile, on CBS-TV, Sun., 9:30 P.M. EDT, for the Bristol-Myers Company.

Home-time is a Great-time



She was so young, so sweet, he wanted her to be very sure of her heart. But Betty Lou knew from the first that their theme song was "You were meant for me"



Bursche's grown since Joan first found him in Europe, but he's lost none of his puppy appeal!

Life's hard-won

Joan Lorring plays Grace Sargent
in *This Is Nora Drake*—a person she
can know and completely understand

By MARY TEMPLE

WHEN pert, blonde Joan Lorring is Grace Sargent, a confused and frightened teenager in the daytime radio drama *This Is Nora Drake*, a strangely sympathetic feeling steals over Joan. Her tears are real tears, her voice mounts in hysteria as Grace struggles to express her youthful emotions. For, remembering her own recent teen years, Joan Lorring is completely able to understand how bitter Grace's struggle to find herself can be, how hard-won the victories. Her own life allows for this understanding.

Joan's life began in far-off China, born there to a Spanish-Arabian father, a British subject, who was in business in Hong Kong, and to a German-Russian mother who had met Joan's father while she was attending the university there. Those early years in China left their mark upon the child who knew little of any other life until her mother brought her to the United (Continued on page 94)

This Is Nora Drake is heard on CBS Radio, M-F, 2:30 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by The Toni Company and Seeman Brothers.

Born in China, Joan shows a childhood treasure to Ruth Newton and Joan Tompkins—then cooks for a chopstick party.



victories are hers



Gay and well-adjusted now, young Joan loves being with people—particularly such nice ones as Ruth Newton (Vivián in *This Is Nora Drake*), Joan Tompkins (*Nora* herself), and the Dick Yorks (he plays Russ McClure).

ARTHUR GODFREY'S FATEFUL HOURS

By IRA H. KNASTER



Destiny granted Godfrey great success—and made him win it the hardest way. But neither pain nor anxiety can dim the spirit which won the heart of all America!

VIEWED hastily, one milestone looks pretty much like another. It's when you take pains to study the reading matter on a milestone that you learn how much progress has been made on the long, long road.

Sometimes, newspaper stories are like milestones. Take, for example, one which appeared on the front page of the *Baltimore Sun* on the morning of September 26, 1931.

**RADIO ANNOUNCER HURT
ARTHUR GODFREY INJURED IN COLLISION
AT HYATTSVILLE**

News of local interest, you see, about a strictly local character. Grand Junction, Colorado, read nothing of the incident. Muncie, Indiana, wasn't informed. Local. An item which stirred sympathy only within a fifty-mile radius of the nation's capital.

Now consider a more recent headline, this one appearing over a United Press dispatch datelined Boston, April 10, 1953—and wired to virtually every newspaper in the country:

**SURGEON FOR GODFREY
IS TOP BONE EXPERT**

Two significant headlines concerning Arthur Godfrey. Two "milestones," twenty-two years apart. Between those two markers lies a long road spiraling onward and (*Continued on page 86*)

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

A nation hangs on headlines which tell of a man's fighting courage





Bill and Jean Thunhurst have two treasured possessions—aside from their love for each other—their sailboat, the *Bonnie J* (Bonnie Jean), and their eager beagle pup, Baskerville.



Pictures are their hobby—old ones (mostly Scottish) to frame and hang, new ones to snap and show. "We've got enough films now," Jean laughs, "to bore people eight hours straight!"



Sound the bagpipes for Jean Gillespie and her husband Bill—both Scotch, both top actors, and both blissfully happy!

By JEANNE SAKOL

PRACTICALLY every day Wendy Warren, over CBS, advises little Jean Gillespie on some major problem in living. And the lessons are well learned. For Jean, off radio, discards the role of the innocent and becomes the very efficient—but gay, fun-loving wife of Bill Thunhurst. In a charming, four-room flat high above the busy East Side streets of Manhattan, Bill and Jean face life as it should be lived—ideally lived, that is—by a young married couple.

"We love everything Scotch," enthuses Jean, "except the stuff that comes in bottles! Bill's the one who started it all. When we (*Continued on page 89*)

Jean is heard M-F in Wendy Warren And The News, CBS Radio, 12 noon, for General Foods; frequently on Armstrong's Theatre Of Today, CBS, Sat., 12 noon—Whispering Streets, ABC Radio, M-F, 10:25 A.M., for General Mills—Mr. And Mrs. North, CBS, Tues., 8:30 P.M., for Colgate-Palmolive-Peet—Gangbusters, CBS, Sat., 9 P.M. Both Jean and her husband, Bill, are often heard also on Grand Central Station, CBS, Sat., 11:05 A.M., for Cream of Wheat, and Aunt Jenny, CBS, M-F, 12:15 P.M., for Spry. All EDT.



Wendy Warren's



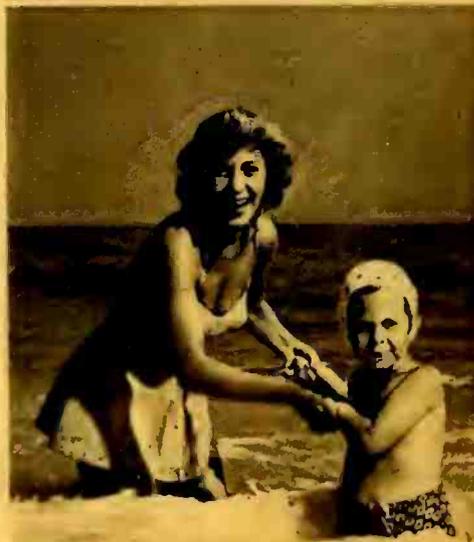
Little Mrs. Innocent



Who's afraid of the breakers?

Joan and Jané are set for 'em.

*Joan Alexander
and her daughter
Jane know how
to enjoy each
shining moment*



Vacations are more fun than anything



Jane shows her love for "Mommy."

By MARIE HALLER

"I SUPPOSE it could be said I'm prejudiced . . . in fact, I am. I think my little six-year-old daughter, Jane, is adorable, wonderful, beautiful, bright, and—to just the right degree—good! But then I'm her mother, and I love her very much. . . ."

Yes, Joan Alexander, one of Armstrong Theatre's glamorous stars, and a regular panelist on *The Name's The Same*, is just like any other mother . . . a little prejudiced about her child. But with ample justification, for little Jane is just about everything her mother says—even the (Continued on page 91)



Friends on a holiday: Little neighbor Ann Lynch (at left), "Nana," Joan, Jane, and actress Lucille Wall.

Joan's often heard Sat. on Armstrong's Theatre Of Today, 12 noon; M-F, she's Maggie Fallon in Wendy Warren And The News, 12 noon, for General Foods—Della Street in Perry Mason, 2:15 P.M., for Tide—Althea Dennis in The Brighter Day, 2:45 P.M., for Cheer; all on CBS Radio. Joan is seen Tues., 10:30 P.M., in *The Name's The Same*, ABC-TV, for Swanson's Foods. Johnson's Wax. All EDT.

They wait for an incoming wave.

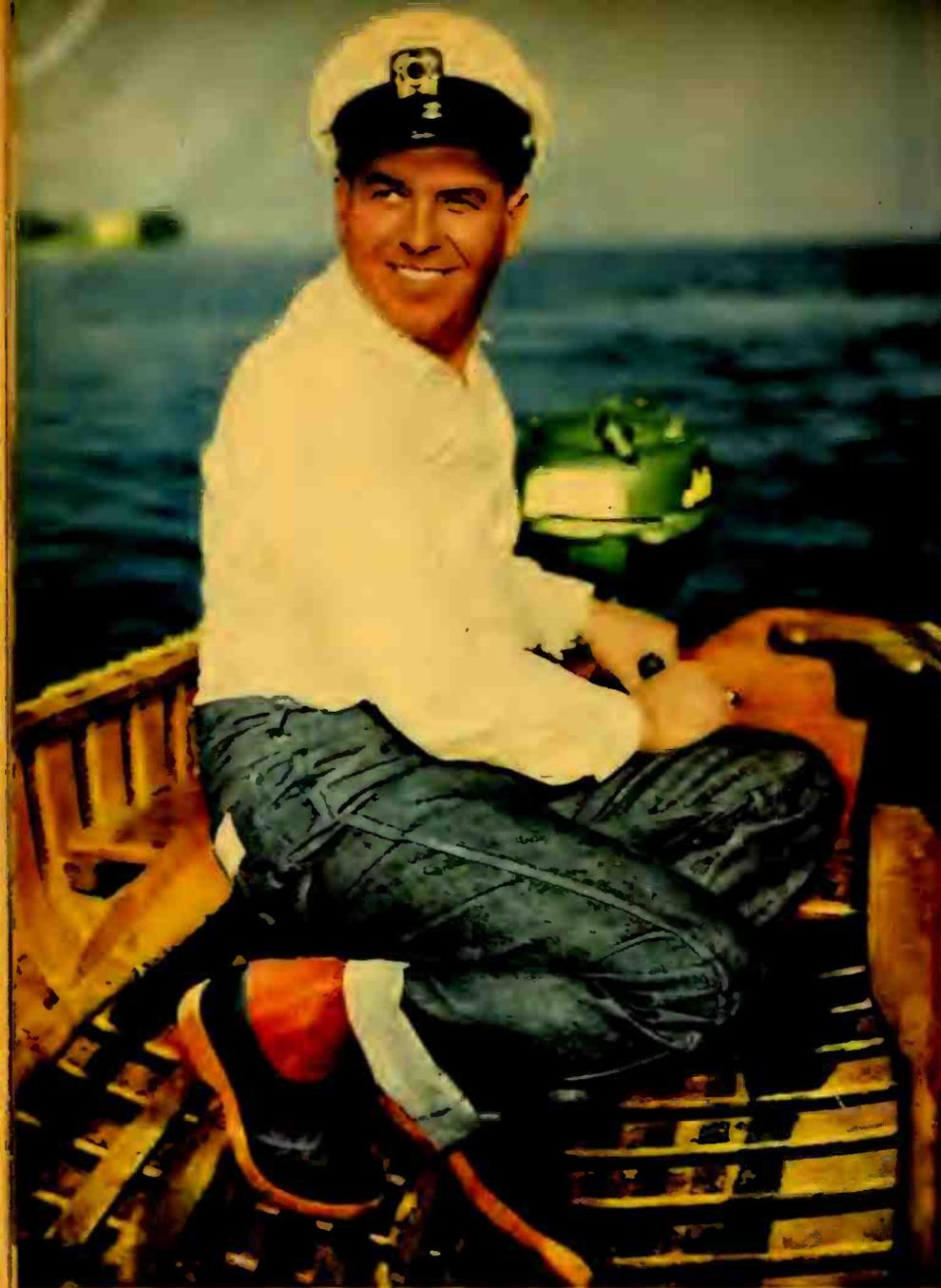


There's a leap—then a splash.



Two gals having a wonderful time!





Dennis James fell in love



Dennis James and his "Mickie" are monarchs of all they survey, looking out over Echo Bay's sunlit waters.

Boats have always been his passion, and it was from a boat that Dennis first caught sight of the wide-winged house on the hill—and imagined himself relaxing there with the ideal wife.



HOME FOR A LIFETIME

with a dream house, then found the dream girl to share it with



By MARTIN COHEN

WHAT happens when a human dynamo, namely Dennis James, star of *Friend In Need* on ABC Radio and *Chance Of A Lifetime* on ABC-TV, falls in love with a house?

It was a romance that began innocently enough several years ago when Dennis, in his forty-two-foot boat, covered the waterfront from Manhattan to New England. Dennis was leading a bachelor's life then. From his Manhattan apartment he engaged in the myriad affairs that couple themselves with TV work. Dennis had little time for Dennis, and so his apartment served well enough as a headquarters (Continued on page 90)

Dennis James stars as emcee of *Chance Of A Lifetime*, on ABC-TV, Thurs., 8:30 P.M., for Old Gold Cigarettes, and *Friend In Need*, ABC Radio, M-F, 11:30 A.M., for Toni Co. and others. (All EDT.)



Dennis and Mickie at the vast picture window —Dennis and Louise at the cosy pantry door.



LAUGHTER'S THE WORD



Lois Linkletter would be first to insist her husband is as much fun at home as he is on the job.

FOR LINK

He's the guy I work for, the man we're paid to like . . . and we couldn't admire him more if he paid us a million dollars

By DICK PETTIT

EVERYBODY thinks my boss, Art Linkletter, must be a great practical joker! "Working for Art must be a million laughs," they say. Or, "I'll bet he's always kidding, huh?"

Yes and no. As one of Link's staff, I've gotten to know the man pretty well, and he's no practical joker. In fact, the joke's usually on him—but he takes it like the good sport he is.

It was only after some time that I realized this. It took one bathtub full of Jell-O, two black (Continued on page 95)

That's Ginger Jones at left, Link, Irv Atkins—and your modest author with back to the camera.



Link not only takes it, when the laugh's on him, but he listens to advice, too—Lois helped decorate his office.



Travel with our troupe never wearies him. He even makes still other journeys with Lois, to "show her the world."

Art Linkletter's House Party is seen M-F on CBS-TV, at 2:30 P.M.—heard on CBS Radio at 3:15 P.M.—as sponsored by Pillsbury Mills, Lever Brothers, Kellogg Co., Green Giant Co. He also emcees People Are Funny, CBS Radio, Tues., 8 P.M., for Mars Candy. (All EDT.)



1. As in a blissful dream, Julie hears Dr. Edwards say that she and Dan are going to have a baby.

The shadow of another man's past threatens Julie and Dan—and all

the DOCTOR'S WIFE



3. Dr. Sanders and Dan find a hospital job to fit Richard's qualifications—but outside pressure won't let them hire an "ex-convict."



2. Meanwhile at the hospital, Dan listens as Frank Johnson tells about his son Richard, a "model prisoner" who is eligible for parole—if he can only get a job.

As JULIE settled back in an easy chair and perched her feet on the coffee table before her, her brows knit in a puzzled frown. Her husband Dan would be home soon, and she had never kept secrets from him. Yet—should she tell Dan about the missing necklace? Should she, perhaps, at least hint that all was not going well since Richard had come to work for them? Oh, not that Richard wasn't wonderful at helping, in and out of the house, at doing the job Dan had outlined for him—but. . . . Julie thought of the unborn child she and Dan were about to have. Perhaps this time, God willing, the baby would come into the world healthy and strong, and start the family she and Dan hoped—with all their heart and soul—to build. Perhaps it was the thought of her child-to-be which, in spite of everything, helped to preserve her tenderness for Richard and his great problem. . . . Funny how fate twisted things around, she mused to herself. It was a curious coincidence that she had found out she was going to have a child—at almost exactly the same time that Frank Johnson, the elevator man at the hospital, had told Dan about his son Richard. Richard had served five years of a term for armed robbery. He had been a model prisoner, and he could now get out on parole—if there were a job

See Next Page ▶

their brightest hopes for the future



4. Betty, their housekeeper, is outspoken in her opposition to Dan's and Julie's plan to hire Richard themselves. But Julie needs extra help now—and they both believe they should practice what they preach.

waiting for him. . . . When Julie had explained to Dan about her doctor's edict that she could no longer drive a car, no longer do any heavy work—no longer even be active in the garden she loved so much—Dan had finally admitted he was considering the possibility of having Richard come to work for them. "Why not?" Julie had asked. And Dan, in spite of his firm belief in the need for helping to rehabilitate ex-prisoners, had explained his doubts: Was it safe, was it right, to actually admit such a person into his own home, particularly at this time? Betty—Julie's housekeeper and virtually a member of the family—had argued against it with no uncertainty at all. But, between them, Julie and Dan had agreed that, if two people believed as they did and still didn't have the courage to put their own convictions into actual practice, how could they expect others to believe? . . . Julie's thoughts went back once more to the missing necklace.

Could she be sure she hadn't misplaced it? Also—even if it were stolen—what evidence was there to involve Richard in the crime? As Dan's footsteps sounded on their front porch, Julie made a hurried decision: She would not tell Dan. And so the next few days passed uneventfully for Dan and Julie. Both were absorbed in their own personal spheres—Julie with her home, her charity work and her coming baby, Dan with his practice and hospital work. . . . Then, suddenly, everything started closing in on them. Robberies were reported in the neighborhood, and the finger of suspicion pointed straight at Richard. He was accused by the neighbors and questioned by the police. Finally, the day came when Julie and Dan could stand it no longer and they, too, had a talk with Richard. Julie, almost beside herself with fear for Richard, sat quietly as Dan questioned him. To her, Richard's direct, honest eyes reflected only truth, only trust in the two of



5. After Richard starts working for them, Julie misses a valuable necklace. A series of robberies arouses the neighbors. Everyone suspects Richard!

them, although his mouth held a sneer—a sneer for the neighbors, for those untrusting persons who had had him questioned by the police. . . . No matter what happened, thought Julie, her trust would never waver. The world might seem complicated and bewildering to a restless boy who had taken the wrong path, but that boy could turn back, could find the real world which was simple, true—and just. This she must believe, for the sake of her baby, the child who was to be . . . a child whose feet would be set firmly on the right path from the start, because of the love and guidance she and Dan were so ready to give.

Pictured here, in their original roles, are:

Julie Palmer.....	Patricia Wheel
Dr. Dan Palmer.....	Donald Curtis
Betty.....	Margaret Hamilton
Dr. Sanders.....	Mercer McLeod
Frank Johnson.....	Ed Latimer

The Doctor's Wife is heard over NBC Radio, Monday through Friday, at 5:45 P.M. EDT. It is sponsored by Ex-Lax.

6. Dan and Julie give Richard a chance to vow his innocence—and Julie, at least, believes him. Will her faith prove to be her undoing?





All her life, Miss Graffort has given. Through Ralph Edwards she receives—

THE BLESSED HELP

At 74, Atha Graffort has reared almost a hundred foster children, still had seven to provide for when Truth Or Consequences came to her aid. Result: A deluge of mail which delighted Postmistress Mellie Duval (right).



By JANET SALEM

WHAT a wonderful feeling to set the table, call the children, and know deep down that for what you are about to receive you can give heartfelt thanks to the Good Lord—and add a postscript for His modern miracle, radio!

By what other means could a little old lady—seventy-four years old, stooped and slightly hard of hearing, living obscurely in Olney, Missouri (population 77)—have captured the attention and affection of thousands of people all over America?

As Atha Graffort selects the roast from her new deep freeze, prepares the evening meal at the shiny Tappan gas range and takes last night's leftovers from the gleaming Westinghouse refrigerator, she thinks back to the dark, dreary day just (Continued on page 92)

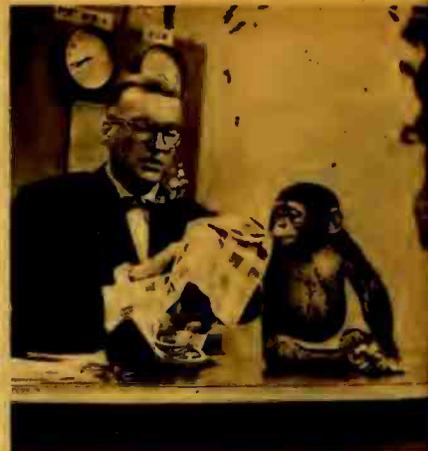
Truth Or Consequences, NBC Radio, Thurs., 9 P.M., sponsored by Pet Milk. Ralph Edwards also emcees This Is Your Life, NBC-TV, Wed., 10 P.M., for Hazel Bishop No-Smear Lipstick. (All EDT.)



Everyone in Olney was happy to help with the thousands of packages and money-gifts.

OF PEOPLE

Dave insists the only true heartbreaker on Today is Mr. J. Fred Muggs—the champ chimp with the ape shape.



The eligible Dave Garroway has

just two real loves—so far!

A racing car . . . and a TV show

His sweetheart is just sixteen years old—a Jaguar speedster.



TODAY'S BACHELOR

By CHRIS KANE

SOMETIMES you'll turn on the set, and there's Garroway lying flat on his back; Faye Emerson's on an adjoining table. They're both giving blood. NBC viewers are cordially invited to go forth and do likewise.

Sometimes you'll turn on the set, and there's Garroway chuckling at a dark-haired man who turns out to be Al Capp. Capp's summing up the different types of American wives: "Like the one who's so busy reading articles on how to beautify her home and charm her husband that her husband's moved out three days ago, and she never put down the magazine long enough to discover it." NBC viewers are cordially invited to send in for an autographed American-wife cartoon by Capp. (Husband viewers, naturally. No wife would give Capp the satisfaction.) (Continued on page 83)

Today, starring Dave Garroway, is seen on NBC-TV, M-F, 7 A.M. EDT, under multiple sponsorship. Dial Dave Garroway is heard on NBC Radio, M-F, 2:30 P.M. EDT, for Dial Soap.



THE WOMAN IN



Jessie Carter (played by Janet Scott) gives heart and meaning to her home—in Wilmette, Illinois . . . her husband—James (Forrest Lewis), head of the Carter Real Estate Company . . . and their five children—as pictured on the following pages.

MY HOUSE

Every man has his castle, but it takes a loving wife to make it "home"



Oldest son Jeff (Les Tremayne) is a writer and a bachelor—and often a puzzle to his admiring family.

IF A MAN is not complete in himself, he will know the meaning of *The Woman In My House*. If he demands a home, and love, and children to carry on his name and ambitions and to live in his tradition—if he needs someone to share his success and his failures, to be his companion when he has troubles, to laugh when he is amusing—if he needs someone to sympathize and to recognize his confusion in his search for the meaning of life—if he needs all these things, then he will know the meaning of *The Woman In My House*.

Jessie Carter is the woman. James Carter is the man. For more than thirty years, they have met

The Woman In My House, on NBC Radio, M-F, 4:45 P.M. EDT, is a Carlton E. Morse production, sponsored by Sweetheart Soap.



Daughter Virginia (Alice Reinheart) and husband Stanley Creighton (George Neise) are happy with thoughts of their first-born.

Younger daughter Sandy (Shirley Mitchell) has known both joy and sorrow, but always has fun with brother Clay (Billy Idelson).



See Next Page ▶

THE WOMAN IN MY HOUSE



Youngest of the Carter children is Peter (Jeffery Silver), 16, snapped here while chinning with the girl next door, Clarice Morris (Colette McMohon).



Jeff worries the family with fears that he'll never marry—or else marry the wrong girl—but they would all welcome Caroline Wilson (Jeanne Bates) as an "in-law."



Peter's curious, eager to learn from everyone—and kind, generous, pleasure-loving Clay is happy to tell him all he knows about such things as cars.

and—to the best of their abilities—solved life's problems. Together, they have built a home and have brought five children into the world. . . . Jeff, the oldest son, has had his first book published and is working on a second. He is the thinker in the family—the son who may bring the most renown to the family name, but who may never find life's richest rewards. He is too unmindful of himself, and success for the sake of success means very little to him. He helped to fight a war and perhaps learned that the individual counts for nothing, if mankind can find no solution to its problems. Sometimes he is a complete enigma to both James and Jessie—however proud of him they may be! . . . Virginia, the older daughter, wants little more in life than to love and be loved. She is married now, with a home in the country and a husband who is a commercial artist. Her mind has always



As part of the affectionate conspiracy to woo Jeff away from the wrong kind of woman—and steer him toward the right one!—Virginia and Stanley make a point of entertaining Jeff and Caroline in their comfortable home.

been filled with the wonder of life and now, with a child of her own, she is finding full realization of this wonder. . . . Clay is the second son. For him, happiness means pleasure, and success is just the means of acquiring it. Everyone loves him for his kindness and generosity, but his father would dominate him and his mother would protect him—for each recognizes that he needs their help. . . . Younger daughter Sandy is a widow at twenty. Confused by the tragedy of death, she has been seeking an answer for a happy world gone wrong, looking with despair for the confidence she knew so short a while ago. Honesty is her beacon, and she falters when that light

flickers uncertainly. Will she be afraid to take the new happiness life offers, when she knows how quickly it can be snatched from her? . . . Peter, the youngest son, explores each new turn of life with the insatiable curiosity of the sixteen-year-old, drawing conclusions which often come close to truth—for he still stands outside life's forest. . . . James and Jessie now live for the most part in the lives of their children, and find little of importance that does not relate to them in some way. Thus, *The Woman In My House* is a drama of purpose and cross-purpose—weakness and strength, fear and hope—and the kind of faith America has always known.



By FRANCES KISH

IF IN YOUR mind's eye you have pictured Florence Williams, who plays Sally Farrell in *Front Page Farrell*, as the friendly, down-to-earth, comfortable sort of person you would like to have for a neighbor, you couldn't be more right. Her neighbors adore her, including all the children (and all the dogs) for miles around. Florence is about five-feet-two, with a compact little figure and wavy brownish

hair framing a pretty face dominated by gray-green eyes. She's basically serious-minded and sensitive, yet quick to smile and full of fun. That's Florence Williams, the one her family, her friends, her neighbors and her husband, Andy, know and love.

When Florence steps out of her five-days-a-week role as the understanding, helpful wife of crime-solving newspaper man David Farrell, she boards a

Sally Farrell and Florence Williams are

Front Page Farrell's Wife



Their country home is a labor of love for Florence and her real-life husband, Andy Marshall. They've been busily remodeling the centuries-old farmhouse, with petite Florence (five-feet-two) working right alongside towering Andy (six-feet-three)—and their dog Zannie overseeing every move.



look-alikes, act alike . . . and Florence couldn't be happier

Front Page Farrell's Wife

train to a country village about fifty miles from New York, where she is known as Mrs. Andrew Marshall. Andy—in show business, too, as a stage manager and technical director—is a six-feet-three blond who towers over his little wife. He has a skillful way with tools of all sorts, the know-how of tractors and gardening, and a sixth sense for cooking and seasoning. He's apt to have the dinner started any night he's the first one home.

Their house—for the Marshalls—is a dream come true, a shared hope turned into reality. Home is a white clapboard farmhouse, with green trim, set in four rolling acres near a magnificent lake. The view in front is across a deep valley with high hills stretching out beyond. Wild blackberries grow in profusion. Trees are fine and old. Gardens are being laid out. Florence and Andy plan a greenhouse after a while. Already they have a patio and a barbecue for outdoor meals, and a rock garden for picturesque beauty.

A home was one of the things that brought Florence and Andy together. When they met, about four years ago, Florence was a young widow. Her husband, a talented young artist and scenic designer, had been lost in the Battle of the Bulge. Andy had come back from a long stretch as an Air Force Lieutenant and convalescence after a wartime plane crash. "We can thank a parachute for our happiness today," Florence says. "Andy was one of two survivors of that crash, is now a member of the famous Caterpillar Club, consisting of those who have bailed out similarly and lived to join it."

Their first date was when Andy asked Florence to watch a theatrical performance on which he was working. They found after a while that there were many things they both liked—country living, puttering with carpentry and making things for a house, gardening, going fishing, looking forward to having children to share in these joys.

"What Andy and I planned," Florence explains, "was an old house that we could gradually turn into the kind of home we both love. When we were married and began to look for such a house, we saw this one and it was a case of love at first sight. Neglected and sorry-looking as it was that first day, it felt exactly like home to both of us. We knew it had wonderful possibilities—but oh, the work we have had to do! Now we think how worthwhile it has all been, and still is. We want it to be a weekend haven for some of our busy city friends. We're hoping perhaps to bring some foster-children (*Continued on page 96*)



Proud land-owners: The Marshalls and their "thoroughbred mutts," Snoozy and Zannie, survey the farm's right-of-way.



Concert for little neighbors Judy and Allan—plus an art exhibit (on wall) by Staats "David Farrell" Cotsworth, who painted the small picture of their house on a recent visit.

Hear Front Page Farrell on NBC Radio, M-F, 5:15 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Chef Boyardee, Aerowax, and others.

Everyone Loves Lucy!

(Continued from page 33)

Lucy doesn't change. Over the years, I've watched her fight for career and marriage. I feel certain that, except for Lucy's dogged determinedness, that marriage would have gone bust. During the first two years, it was touch and go. Desi Arnaz is a hot-headed Latin. Lucille has a flaming temper, too.

To add further to the marital difficulties, Desi—whom Hollywood couldn't see for sour dough—worked nights in clubs with his band. He was surrounded by beautiful girls. Lucy labored by day at the studio. But often she sat in a smoky, noisy night club until her man got through work. Desi, she decided, wasn't going to be tempted to stray from the straight and narrow.

"In those days," Desi tells, "we had plenty of battles. And every time we quarreled, I'd throw my clothes in a suitcase and move into a hotel room. The first thing I'd do was to send my clothes out to be pressed; but by the time they were returned Lucy and I would be made up again. That was an expensive proposition. What with the hotel and pressing bills! So I decided to build a guest house in our back yard. Lucy's mother, who has a great sense of humor, wanted to know why. I said, 'When that daughter of yours and I fight, I'll move out here. I can't afford to move to town every time we get mad.' From the day that guest house was finished, Lucy and I never had a serious fight.

"Of course, we still have difficulties. But we make it a rule never to go to bed without speaking to each other. I may say, 'All right, what are you sore about?' That either starts us laughing or quarreling. But, either way, we get what's bothering us off our chests. You know, we get lots

of letters from young married couples thanking us for helping them get along, from watching our television show."

From the day Lucy married, she wanted children; but the stork stayed away from her door. She was so infatuated with babies that she'd cut pictures from advertisements and paste them in a scrapbook. Ten years passed before she had her first child; then came her second baby, who created as great a stir as President Eisenhower's Inauguration. I was in Washington for the Inauguration, and on the day of Desiderio's birth, I was having cocktails with publisher Robert McCormick and his wife. The Marshall Fields joined us—and the first thing they said was: "Turn on the television. Lucy's having her baby."

Three weeks later, I called on Lucy at her Northridge home. It's a trim, small farmhouse. The Arnazes, despite the fact that it represents a long drive into town, have lived there twelve years.

When Lucy opened the door, she was wearing a flaring smock and, in her bright hair, a cluster of artificial white flowers. "You know, you don't give a hang how you look," I said, chiding her a little about the smock.

"No. Thank goodness. I don't have to be glamorous any more," sighed Lucy. "Trying to be beautiful bores me, stymies me, holds me down."

That I believe. I recall a hot lunch hour when the two of us were walking along Sunset Boulevard. Lucy, who was doing a picture, was wearing her full make-up. Soon her mascara began to run; and her false eyelashes came loose. That disturbed Lucy not at all. She didn't mind the people staring at her. She just reached up and yanked off the other eyelash.

We ate in a crowded restaurant. I'm sure the other diners thought Lucy had gone plumb daft. They couldn't hear her words, but they could see her facial expressions. She was telling me about her cow, The Duchess of Devonshire, and mimicking the animal, even to cud-chewing, as she talked.

That bovine, incidentally, was something strictly out of I Love Lucy. Desi and Lucy acquired The Duchess when she was a day old, and raised her like a pup. She'd follow them around lovingly, which was cute—until the cow weighed 2700 pounds. They tried to keep her in a corral. But one night The Duchess got lonely, escaped the corral, and jumped right through their bedroom window.

Desi and Lucy thought it was another earthquake. So The Duchess had to go. She was sent to board at a dairy farm, and ran up a \$1500 feed bill, which represented a tidy sum. They figured it would be cheaper to sell the cow and keep her memory green. So sentimental Lucy got a sanding machine and attempted to turn The Duchess's old feeding trough into a flower box.

But she neglected to ask anybody how to operate the contraption. Once she got the machine turned on, she couldn't turn it off. It broke loose and began chopping up the Arnaz estate, with Lucy holding on and yelling like mad until Harriet, her maid, ran to the rescue.

For years, Harriet has helped Lucy get out of such jams. She was a business-college graduate whom Lucy discovered on the Help Thy Neighbor radio program. The two traveled all over the country, playing an endless gin rummy game as they trailed Desi and his band or went to

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keep a show date for Lucy. "And what service she got us!" Lucille recalls. "Why, every railway porter from Hollywood to New York knew Harriet personally."

Though Desi plays a hep husband on television, he, too, can be a sucker for the impractical. When they first moved into their ranch home, Lucy was sitting on a box waiting for Desi to arrive with some chairs and a table. Instead of the furniture, he showed up with a crate of baby chicks. The weather was stormy, so the chicks were given the guest room. Lucy and Desi wrapped themselves in blankets and slept on the floor. All through the night, one or the other would be getting up to check on the health of those chicks.

Put such incidents on TV, and few people would believe you—unless they knew Lucy. Once she was being coached by Jack Donahue for dance numbers in a Metro picture. Jack really put her through the paces the first day. And on the second day Buster Keaton wheeled her to the rehearsal hall in a hospital chair. Lucy had one arm in a sling, blacked-out teeth, tousled hair, and a bruised cheek—all done by courtesy of the studio make-up expert. In her one "good" hand she carried a sign: "I am now working for Donahue." She had fun parading her fake injuries all over the lot before she suffered a sudden misgiving that the gag might have embarrassed Donahue. So she went to him and asked, "You don't think anybody took me seriously, do you, Jack?"

Such clowning is part of her nature: but she's also deadly serious. Many still believe that she and Desi reached overnight success with *I Love Lucy*. Nothing could be further from the truth. The idea for the show was a long time coming. Both Lucy and Desi first had to work a year-and-a-half to clear previous individual commitments before they could play together. Then they went on the road to test audience reaction by doing a satire on the life of the Arnazes. They had to prove to themselves that people would accept them as a husband-wife team. Many said that people wouldn't.

"Remember, Hedda, when I told you of my qualms about the show?" said Lucy. "With Desi being Cuban with an accent—and me being me—I didn't quite believe that audiences would take us as an average married couple. But you just yelled, 'For Pete's sake! You are married, aren't you?'"

Lucy, who has more grit than her sanding machine, was determined to increase her fans before tackling television. And one thing she did still has Tom Rogers, of M-G-M, roaring with laughter. During her yearly layoff period at Metro, Lucy went back to New York and told him to get her on all the radio shows that couldn't afford to pay her any salary. If she didn't collect money for the appearances, the studio could do nothing about it.

"When word got out that I was available for free, Tom got calls from people and radio stations of which he'd never heard," said Lucy. "He'd tell me, 'I know you won't do this show, but I want to let you know about it.' I'd answer, 'Sure. That's exactly the type of show I want to appear on. Then I won't have to spend the next four years saying no when I'm asked to go on them.' Tom was confused. But I knew what I was doing. I wanted to reach all the people I possibly could in a short space of time."

Except for some amateur theatricals she did with Lela Rogers, Lucy had never been on the stage. Desi was on the road with his band, so she figured she'd grab herself another hunk of audience by

going East for summer stock. So what would Lucy do but pick one of the most difficult of modern plays, "Dream Girl." When she saw the size of her part and was told she had a week and a half to memorize it, she got the flu, took to bed, and learned her lines with the help of a high fever. "I really do think that temperature helped me get those lines in my cranium," she dead-panned.

Smart Lucy. She had a long-range ambition to get the play into the Biltmore Theatre in Los Angeles to show Hollywood producers she could handle a real dramatic part. Naturally, the other players were anxious, too, to appear at the Biltmore, as it would offer them a showcase for movie talent scouts. But, after twelve weeks in the East, and a series of one-night stands on the road, disaster struck the company.

"Our producer ran out of money," said Lucy. "Some of the players got sick. I had to pay some salaries and hospital bills from my own pocket. It looked like curtains. But I promised the cast I'd get them into the Biltmore, come hail or high water, if they'd cooperate. I threatened to conk anybody on the head who failed to get the proper rest."

But leave it to Lucy. She *did* get the show into the Biltmore—then collapsed herself. "I was delirious during one whole matinee," she said, "and, by the time I got out of the hospital, the play had had it. We folded shortly afterwards." Lucy went back to making pictures—and started having babies, after ten years of marriage. I remember how thrilled she was when she told me of her first pregnancy. But she lost that baby with a premature birth; and a saddened Lucy resigned herself to not having children—which she wanted so desperately.

But the Creator was kind. For three years she was almost in a constant state of pregnancy. Her first child prevented her playing the elephant girl in "The Greatest Show on Earth." The part went to Gloria Grahame, who won a newspaper poll for one of the best performances of the year in it. But Lucy didn't mind. To her the greatest show on earth was the sight of her first-born.

Both babies were napping when I first arrived at the Northridge home, just after Desiderio's birth. Lucy rummaged around the room and found a newspaper that had headlined the story of her little son's entry into the world with an eight-column front page streamer. But the story insinuated that Lucy had the baby by Caesarean to please her TV sponsors. That made Lucy see red. The operation was necessary, because Lucy couldn't have babies in the normal fashion. Her first baby had been born by Caesarean, too. The show's writers had decided to work the stork's expected visit into the show as a routine that happens to most married couples. But it was a delicate matter. Nothing like it had been done on television before; and *I Love Lucy* has a multitude of very young fans. In order to avoid offending anyone, the Arnazes had a priest, a rabbi, and a Protestant minister check all the scripts for anything that might be in poor taste.

The phone rang. Lucy picked up the receiver, said "hello" six times, changing her voice on each occasion. But nothing happened. Lucy shrugged, hung up the receiver, muttering: "Gremlins."

"Look at what Desi gave me for producing a son," she said, "a string of real pearls . . . a pendant with a jeweled Tree of Life . . . and a Hammond organ. Want to see me play?"

I certainly did. Lucy fumbled around with the organ until I thought she would pull some of the parts loose. Finally get-

ting the instrument ready for operation, she sat down and dashed off "Sweet Georgia Brown" in swingtime, with one hand and two feet. "I've always had a hankering for an organ," she said. I wondered why. With two children around the house, it would seem she'd have enough noise.

The babies had been asleep all the while, but Lucy cut in on an intercom system to the nursery and I heard a series of gurgles and grunts. "They're waking up," said Lucy with a grin. "They'll be ready to say 'hello' any minute now."

"Does your little girl show any acting talent?" I asked.

"Not this week," she said. "Little Lucie sings and dances. She's—what's the word? All I can think of is 'susceptible.' Aw, the heck with it—she likes music."

Lucy disappeared into the nursery, and over the intercom came the sounds of squeals. When she returned I asked about an old-fashioned clock on the mantel and oyster plates on the wall: "We used to have a clock like that when I was a child in Altoona, Pennsylvania."

"My clock doesn't keep the right time," said Lucy. "It and the oyster plates belonged to my grandmother. We used to live in Jamestown, New York." Suddenly she stopped, looked at me, and sniffed, "Altoona!" After all, we were just a couple of small-town girls together.

A nurse brought the baby into the room and handed him to Lucy. She fondled him lovingly for a few minutes, then handed the most famous baby in America to me. The little shaver was amazingly strong. And his first reaction to a film columnist was to yawn, frown—and kick me in the stomach. He was a beautiful child, with blue eyes, sparse dark hair, a well-shaped head, and flat ears of which Lucy was particularly proud.

Little Lucie peeped into the door to size up the situation before entering, then sidled up to her mother, and indicated displeasure and alarm to find her brother in a stranger's arms. She insisted that Lucy take him back. "It's Mama's baby," she said.

"That's amazing," said Lucy. "Up to now, she's always claimed it was *her* baby." Little Lucie, with black wavy hair, dark brown eyes, and olive skin, is almost a dead-ringer for her father. She looks twice her age—"We keep forgetting that she's just twenty-three months, and expect her to know all the answers."

"I'm glad you're going back to Metro to make a picture ('The Long, Long Trailer')," I said.

"It's a beautiful script," she replied. "You know, Desi tried to buy the film rights to the book, but he couldn't compete with Metro. So here we end up doing the picture—and get \$250,000 for it, too."

I wondered out loud if she knew anything about life in a trailer.

"Sure," she said. "My family and I lived in one a while one summer."

As I left Lucille's happy home, dusk was steering over the orange groves, and in the background loomed a range of misty mountains. The air was sweet with the perfume of thousands of flowers. "Now I can understand why you'll never give up this place for a Bel Air mansion," I said.

"Someday we hope to have a helicopter and commute to work," she said. "It's a long drive out here. It was nice of you to come." Then she turned back to what she holds most dear: Her home, her husband, and her babies. A small-town girl who battled every step of the way up, and, having reached the top, remained completely unimpressed with herself.

No wonder everybody loves Lucy.

Robert Q. Lewis—Besppectacled Miracle Man

(Continued from page 37)

adds: "After all, that's what started everything for me. Godfrey is quite a guy. It's an honor to be a substitute for him." The breezy candor that is the key to Lewis' personality, in real life as well as on stage, radio or television, is all there in that first crack. Young Robert Q. is in there pitching for success, and he's ready to do just about anything and everything to get it honorably.

In consequence, he's in the position of a man who has been offered four or five different pieces of pie, can't make up his mind which one he really wants, and quietly sets out to eat them all.

The absolutely crazy thing about Robert Q. Lewis is that he manages to eat all that pie without getting a stomach-ache—or a nervous breakdown. Right now he is doing radio, television, and night-club work besides replacing Godfrey.

Recently Robert Q. worked and played during his night-club stint at the Algiers in Miami Beach. Of course, he had only the two evening shows, plus the usual appearances and publicity work and a benefit or two, so the whole engagement was like a holiday for him.

The Algiers is the newest hotel in Miami Beach, or at least it still was when Robert played its fabulous Aladdin Room. Hotelmen put up three or four glittering, ultra-modern and luxurious hostelrys a year in the town (out of the hundred major hotels of a hundred rooms or more built in the entire world last year, over sixty were in the Greater Miami area); but there is always one that tops the crop.

So, for the prize act of the season, the Aladdin Room booked Robert Q. Lewis, who can't dance very well, who can't sing

very well, and whose only props consist of a tableful of spectacles.

He not only filled the enormous room night after night, which none of the other acts preceding or following him did, but he had scores of society's favorite people driving sixty miles from Palm Beach to watch and applaud.

The day before his opening show, Robert lay smeared with sun-tan oil on a sun lounge in front of his cabana at the Algiers pool, and talked to Bill Glick, public relations man for the hotel. He was wearing a pair of shorts that were a little too tight, the sun oil goo made his pale New York face look somewhat less than handsome, and his hair was mussed.

Nonetheless, other residents of the hotel (and their children) kept coming up to ask for an autograph and could they please get a snapshot taken standing or sitting beside him? He complied with good humor each time, with the sure knowledge that a lot of folks-at-home, shown those snapshots, were going to clutch the brow and holler, "What! That's Robert Q. Lewis? For Pete's sake, how does he get along with a face like that?"

Meanwhile, between photographs and autographs, Glick tried to find out what he would have on his hands, publicity-wise, for the next few days.

"About your show," he said. "What is it you do, exactly? What's the kickoff, how do you lead in for the laughs, what kind of audience do you need?"

"Why," said Robert Q. "I do a lyric song about glasses, first. These hornrims are my trademark, so I have a table covered with all sorts of specs, some of them special crazy jobs—like the wolf glasses—and I operate from there."

"Uh," said Glick, trying to visualize this slim young man slaying a room full of sophisticated night-clubbers with a song about eyeglasses.

"Of course it's clean," Robert added. "The whole routine's clean, all the way through."

"Mmm," said Glick, remembering the successful acts of the season at other clubs around town, most of them with a distinctly blue haze around them.

"Well," Robert Q. went on mugging for a camera fan and signing autographs, "I throw in some gags about my replacing Godfrey, and then I do a soft-shoe and Charleston to 'Bye-Bye Blackbird'—naturally I can't dance any better than I can sing, but nobody seems to care—and then I do a satire on things and people named Lewis. And I finish with a little fractured-French ditty that I think is right clever. Okay?"

That night, Mr. Lewis, blushing with a slight sunburn but otherwise impeccable in his dinner clothes, walked out before a packed, not very sympathetic house, and fractured more than French. He did exactly what he had told Glick he was going to do, but he did it with a kind of offbeat, easygoing manner which refreshed everyone in the Aladdin Room.

All the members of the orchestra, all the waitresses, everyone who could be pulled into the act (including the members of Robert's fraternity chapter in Miami) wore hornrim specs exactly like his.

They loved the glasses number. His soft-shoe and Charleston had more goodwill and energy than technique, but blisters and then calluses rose on the palms of the audience as they roared their applause. And, by the time he had run off

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his fractured-French ditty and grinned his way from the floor, there was no doubt that he was a smash hit.

"What Bob had," Glick says, with wonder in his voice, "was the ability to make all those paying people believe they were at a houseparty, where everybody gets into the act sooner or later. Lewis was just the topper, the best." Bill, who spent more time than anyone else with Robert during his stay, ended up a Lewis fan himself.

"I started liking the man as soon as I discovered he was really human," Glick says. "He'd come off that floor after a show wringing wet, even with the air-conditioning on, and the applause would be going on and on, and he could see that captains and waiters were having to make tables in the aisles to accommodate the crowd. And yet Lewis would get discouraged with himself.

"Here the hotel was paying him something like \$2500 a week for gaggling around and having some fun. And what he'll get for the Godfrey stint and all the other stuff would choke the mint. And all he could do was worry if he was good enough in his shows."

In one way, the March stay in Miami was a disappointment for Robert, because he loves to fish and never got to go fishing once. Each day he'd say to Glick, "Hey, let's get a boat and do it today." And each time Bill would have to say, "I'm sorry, Bob, but there are some record shops that want you to make an appearance and autograph records," or, "Well, there's this benefit we promised you'd do—"

But Lewis loves kids, so he had the fun of being the star performer at the Miami Youth Roundup. (There, as usual, he was asked what the "Q" in his name stood for. "I'm just curious to know," one of the kids said to him, and he replied, "That's what it stands for. Curious to know. I'm curious, too, because I just stuck it in there to make the name look and sound more interesting. Anything to attract a little attention to myself.")

Glick, thinking back, recalls that Robert is not easy to get acquainted with, right at first. "He wants to be friendly," he said, "but he's still kind of shy. It's a nice quality, once you know him, but sometimes people get the wrong impression at the beginning. The funny thing is, he's the most cooperative gent in the world when you want something different. For instance, when the Dade County Road Patrol came to pick him up to take him to the Youth Roundup, he let the sheriff handcuff him even though we didn't need that."

Glick thinks it's funny that Lewis enjoys being billed as an "international star" just because he once played the Elmwood Casino in Canada. And he thinks Robert played Santa Claus in a very decent fashion when a twenty-one-year-old pianist named Freddie—who at the time was just a page at NBC—asked for an opportunity to try out as Lewis' accompanist.

"Why not?" asked Robert Q. when the request came in. (Most big stars do not entertain such requests from pages or office boys). "Godfrey gave me my big chance. Maybe the kid's got something."

He certainly had. He's been Lewis' accompanist ever since.

"Aside from everything else," Glick will tell you admiringly, "Bob's a master of the ad lib. At the Youth Roundup the kids asked him what a day in a recording studio was like. Bob told them it was dull, for the most part. 'They have a strange breed of humans in recording studios,' Bob said, 'called musicians. Other people have different names for them, but I'll just call them musicians. . . .'"

And it seems that, when the youngsters asked him how he got started, he replied, "There I was at the bottom of the ladder—and I've been there ever since. When I told my folks I was going into radio they started to laugh, and they're still laughing!"

Robert did manage to have some real fun during his Algiers stay, however. He disappeared for a few evenings, and in his quiet way managed to see the town, and make most of the night spots, with beautiful Cam Stevens, whom he had met previously in Palm Beach. She is a society girl and one of the most stunning objects that ever graced a dance floor.

It was nothing very serious, if you're thinking of an important love affair. But in Miami, with that famous moon hanging low over the tropical water and the much-publicized breeze rustling through all those ubiquitous palm trees, you can make like a shipboard romance, part friends, and paste the experience in your mental memory book.

A native New Yorker, Robert got started early because he was fascinated by children's radio programs and kept hanging around them until eventually he got a chance to participate. He went to the University of Michigan, and got so bored there that he left to take a job as an announcer in an independent Troy (upstate New York) station.

After a short, happy career in the Army Air Force he came back to one radio job after another, until they hired him as a disc jockey on WHN. This was his forte, and he and everyone else soon recognized

it. Not much later he was hired by WCBS.

When he was twenty-four, Robert Q. Lewis was able to describe himself as "the youngest has-been in radio." This was because, one crack-brained evening while he was emceeing a regular fifteen-minute sustaining show on WNBC, he decided to go all-over cute and kid the pants off the vice-presidents of his radio network.

A year or two later Fred Allen pulled the same gag and got away with it. But then, Fred Allen was big enough to get away with it, while Robert Q. was just another employee running a sustainer.

Robert described, on his show, the horrendous business a lowly radio employee had to go through in order to navigate the channels from studio to the desks of vice-presidents. With sound effects, yet, he swam rivers of boiling oil and ran a gauntlet of pitchforks.

It was a terribly funny program.

The next day he was advised to clean out his desk and start packing, inasmuch as he had been automatically fired the night before.

Two years later he was filling in for the Jack Smith Show and for Mystery Of The Week. And on Saturday nights, between eight and eight-thirty—a formidable half-hour to all who knew radio in that bygone year—he ran his own Robert Q. Lewis Little Show.

It's difficult to say just what this guy had (and still has) that kept him in the radio-TV picture, pushed him to the front, and made him the overwhelmingly successful personality he is today. Certainly, part of the answer is that his appeal, comedy or otherwise, derives from the same source as Arthur Godfrey's.

The stately New York Times made a sincere attempt to figure Lewis' appeal, and Robert did his best to help. He said to Edwin E. Gordon, the reporter assigned to the job of interpreting Lewis to his audience, "I try to be an individual. I try to be myself, the kid next door. He has something to say, too, if people will only listen."

In other words, Lewis concentrated on comedy derived from realistic situations that could happen to anyone, anywhere, any time. Well, isn't that what Godfrey does? Is it any wonder that Godfrey listened to Robert Q. Lewis a few times and then said, "That's my boy"?

When Robert Q. Lewis is on the air and the screens, who can say why he charms—this guy who, replacing Godfrey, whistled off-key because Godfrey always whistled on key. . . ? Thousands have written in and said they liked the way Robert sang. "They like my singing," Lewis says, with a bemused look in the eyes behind those big specs. "Can you beat it? My singing's pleasantly atrocious."

Young Robert Q. will not have to measure his success this year—since it is already written in the books—but rather to sift it. His task is to begin making a choice, and it's hard to think of a more difficult job for a man of Lewis' temperament, in his predicament.

But his friends and his critics tell you this: "The guy has bitten off more than he can chew. He is the victim of too much success. Nobody can do everything. Nobody can do radio, television, a night club act, and sub for Godfrey—all at the same time. He's got to make a choice, sooner or later."

That's what his friends say. Maybe it ain't necessarily so.

R. Q. Lewis has the answer up his sleeve, somewhere. When he has time to get around to it, he'll pop up with the answer. Only by that time—what'll you bet?—he'll have done it all, anyway, and banked the dough.

With Robert Q. there's always a way. . .

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Home-time Is a Great-time

(Continued from page 42)

two against the world—and at first the audience was sometimes inclined to say so—braving it there together amid all the hilarity. To make Betty's advent more impressive, Ken would announce authoritatively that appearing in the skit with him was "the very well-known actress from the East—Miss Elizabeth Walters" . . . pausing to infer that hers was a name with which they were undoubtedly familiar. With the result that, often when he introduced her to Hollywood celebrities backstage, they would smile knowingly with, "Oh, yes, I met Elizabeth in New York a long time ago." Which was very amusing, since she'd never been farther east than North Hollywood at that time. Other patrons leaving the theatre could be overheard saying, "Good play. You can tell those New York actresses every time."

So sensitive was Ken about their dramatic spot, and so conscious of any sounds which interrupted it, that he decided to break the laughter by making a confidential little speech out front before they went on. "I know this month we've all been suffering with that old debbil flu. So if you want, we'll all cough and clear our throats right now." This produced an inspired quiet for the ensuing little drama.

Love and mutual admiration blossomed for them on the stage of the El Capitan Theatre, the two of them building a dramatic success sandwiched in between Ken and Marie Wilson's Broadway comedy, a bulldog act, parading glamourlovelies, some amazing trained lovebirds, and an English quick-change artist.

"I've always admired leadership, and Ken was such a leader," Betty Lou says now. "I admired him so much. He was so

definite. He always knew what he was doing. He had strength and a wonderful sense of humor, and he was always so sweet and thoughtful of me."

"That's what I admired about her," Ken says. "Her honesty. She was the most honest girl I'd ever known and I loved her for it—and still do."

It was Ken who insisted they wait three years before they got married. "We'll wait until you're a little older," he would say, "at least until you're twenty-one. You're too young to know your own mind now. I want you to be very sure." As sure as he had been for some time then. Neither of them ever remember him proposing. "I didn't actually. I just told her, 'Every time you do a good show, I'll give you a kiss.' And she did a great job so many times, we came to like it," he grins.

When they announced their engagement, Bing Crosby—who has been a friend of Ken's since Bing toured with Ken's unit in 1929—asked, "What's the bride's favorite tune?"

Ken told him, "You Were Meant For Me," adding— "That's mine too. Why?"

Ken found out when Dixie Crosby brought a recording to Betty Lou's shower. Bing had recorded the song especially for her, with parodied lyrics of "The Girl That I Marry," merging into one beginning:

"She was meant for him.

Lovely, sweet and slim.

People told her she was bound to go far—

So she hitched her wagon—to a cigar. . . ."

As Ken says, "Betty Lou's perfect for me." Insisting, "I'm a nervous, irritable individual, although I try never to bring any irritations home with me. But she

never says a word. She never objects to my cigars. She never minds if I dress like this," he says, indicating his breezy sports ensemble and the blue denim sneakers with the sponge rubber soles he calls comfies. "And if she has to hear the same stories, over and over, she never looks bored. Never gives me that 'Oh, you're-not-going-to-tell-that-one-again look.'"

"Ken."

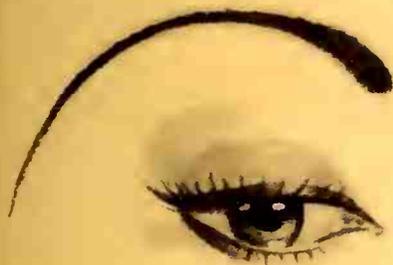
"She the closest thing to an angel I've ever known," he says slowly. "She's the only person I can imagine living in a trailer with. . . ."

"Ken. The phone's ringing," Betty Lou breaks into the conversation to remind him.

"Oh—oh—yes—pardon me," he says, reaching out and retrieving it with an experienced hand.

Reminding her husband the phone's ringing is for Betty Lou almost a full-time job. "It was Ken's idea to muffle the phone," she laughs. "He kept saying, 'Something has to be done about this phone.'" The phone, with its extensions in every room of their Hollywood home, sounded like a five-alarm fire. As a result of the muffling, now Ken gets so wrapped up in all the various Ken Murray Enterprises he seldom ever hears the phone—until Betty Lou reminds him. . . .

Although Betty Lou occasionally appears with him on TV, her career now is looking after Ken and his home and happiness. Which she finds warmly rewarding—as is signified, too, by the thousands of souvenirs she saves of their lives together. When Ken says, "My wife saves things," this is the most underplayed line of his entire career in show business. His wife saves *everything*, and she gets misty-eyed just looking



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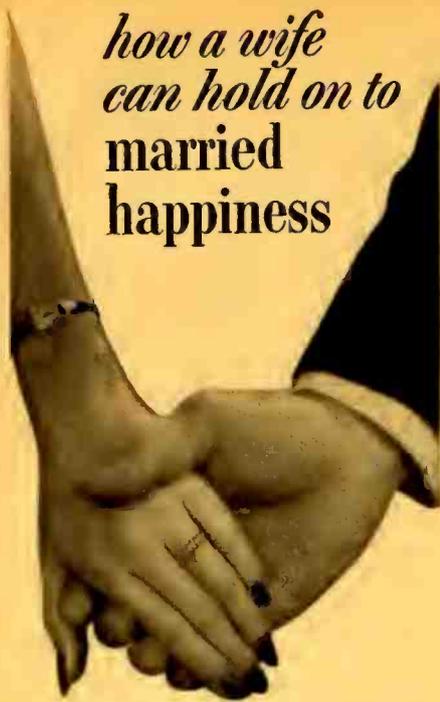
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how a wife can hold on to married happiness



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How much happier and healthier is the wife who knows that intimate feminine cleanliness is vital to married happiness. And wise is the wife who uses ZONITE for a *cleansing, antiseptic, deodorizing* douche!

Scientists tested every known antiseptic-germicide they could find on sale for the douche. No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested proved so powerful yet absolutely safe to body tissues as ZONITE. Now you can understand why ZONITE is so enthusiastically recommended.

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Gives Both Internal and External Hygienic Protection

ZONITE eliminates *all* odor. It flushes away waste substances and deposits. It helps guard against infection and kills every germ it touches. It's not always possible to contact every germ in the tract, but you can BE SURE ZONITE instantly kills *all* reachable germs. A ZONITE douche is so important after monthly periods. It leaves the vaginal tract *so clean and refreshed*. Worth a fortune to feminine charm and health. *Always use as directed*.

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through the scrapbooks at the pressed flower Ken wore in his buttonhole when they were married, at the receipt for two dollars for their wedding license, and at all the nostalgic reminders in the scrapbooks which are crowding them out of house and home. "Ken kids me about them, but he likes for me to save things, really," she says. "He's always coming in with a 'Here, honey, here's a program,' or something—and saving me things to save."

But even her ever-loving husband did a double-take watching Betty Lou posting a new entry in their daughter Pamela's scrapbook, soon after she was born. "What is that?" he asked curiously of some dark green string she was carefully entering. "String from the flower-box wrappings," she said matter-of-factly, going right on. "Oh, honey—come on now," he said. "After all, how far can you go with this thing?"

Daily, he knows, she can go all the way. Along with such nostalgic frothy bits as the nut cups and the angel on the cake from her baby shower are such realistic reminders as the identification card from Pamela's hospital crib, reading, "Murray—Girl—2/4/52—5:52 P.M."—and another upon which are chronicled "Results Of Hemoglobin Test."

There, too, are the many telegrams she's received from Ken—including one addressed to their first-born and datelined Washington, D. C.: "Dear Pamela: Sure got a kick out of holding you in my arms this morning. Tell your mommy I love her like crazy. Dad." This he sent en route for a much-needed rest. For, as Betty Lou laughs, "Ken was so worn out, he had to take a trip. He went to Florida for ten days after the baby was born to recuperate."

"I was a wreck," Pam's father recalls.

Like Dad, like daughter—true trouper that she is, Pam made her entrance on a Monday, in time for Ken to share his pride with the whole country, in the form of a hilarious sketch about her on that Saturday's television show.

Where once he rose at high noon, Ken always awakes by seven A.M. now. "Honey, I hear the baby downstairs. I think I'll go down and keep her company." And soon they're both in business, building blocks in the breakfast room like mad.

When Pamela says "Da, da," he's as proud as though she invented it. And he attaches dramatic and half-humorous significance to every move of a finger. If she pokes a toy with a finger: "Look, honey, our daughter's going to be an atomic scientist," Ken laughs. If she bangs her fist on the piano: "A concert artist no less."

Already Pamela's an actress, having portrayed Laurie Anders as a baby in Ken's production of "The Marshal's Daughter." All wardrobe in a little polka-dot dress and bonnet and riding a horse with Ken between scenes, Pamela fairly gurgled, which inspired her father to observe: "Look, honey, she likes the wide open spaces, too. She's going to be a Western movie star."

Despite Ken's gallant "Betty Lou's the only person I can imagine living in a trailer with," this would be stretching imagination too far. How then could he practice his clarinet at three A.M.? "Ken took six clarinet lessons by correspondence when he was a kid, and—for a kid who took six clarinet lessons—he plays amazingly well. Yet, conscientious performer that he is, whenever Ken plans playing his clarinet on his television show, he rehearses—at three in the morning," Betty Lou confides. He has his regular warm-up medley too, beginning with "St. Louis Blues," waxing into "Three O'Clock In The Morning," a little of "Lies," and winding up with "Home, Sweet Home"—and about time.

Also, Ken keeps pads and pencils by the

side of their king-sized bed in the blue and gold bedroom. A groggy Betty Lou frequently awakens and starts taking dictation from him, saying sleepily, "Wait a minute—wait a minute—" when he forgets she's trying to keep up in longhand.

He keeps her busy in the wardrobe department, too. And for a fellow who's amazingly sensitive to beauty and to color, as indicated by the lovelies and their costumes on his television show—he has somewhat individualistic ideas concerning his own attire.

Ken gets so attached to some garment he likes—such as a favorite plaid cashmere robe which he wore "until it hiked up in the back and had holes in the seat"—that he wouldn't give it up until it could be replaced with another exactly like it. The weight and texture of material is all-important to him. The gabardine must be exactly one weight. The cashmere—kitten-soft. Finally Betty Lou got a bolt of the softest cashmere she could find, and had a New York dressmaker come over to their apartment and cut a pattern from the old robe. "I couldn't even let her take it home for the night. I knew he'd call for it," she laughs.

As for the sponge rubber-soled denim numbers he wears, she admits now, "Buying those for him was really a mistake. I got them last summer because I thought they would be comfortable for him to lounge around in, and now he wears them all the time." Once he became so attached to a pair of white buckskin shoes with rubber soles, which she bought him one summer, that when he had to make a business trip to St. Louis, the following winter he insisted on wearing them. "But you can't wear those, honey. They'll lock you up, thinking you're completely crazy—wearing white buckskin shoes in mid-winter in Missouri," she said.

He insisted he didn't have any others to wear. No others he liked, he meant. Shopping all day long, Betty Lou finally found two pairs of nine-dollar suede shoes, one brown pair and one blue pair she dyed black, in time for his train. "That was three years ago—and he's still wearing them," she says. "I've had them re-soled and re-capped for the last time. I can't have them half-soled again, but I've found a place in Los Angeles where they'll make a mold for forty dollars that can exactly duplicate his nine-dollar shoes."

Ken's unfulfilled ambition, he admits today—and about the only thing he hasn't tried in all his years in show business—is "to be guest conductor and lead a one-hundred-and-fifty-piece symphony in 'The Hungarian Rhapsody' in the Hollywood Bowl. This is the greatest ambition of my life," he grins. "Not that I'm a symphony lover at heart, but I would love to walk out there in my cutaway, turn to the audience and say, 'Surprised?'—and then give the downbeat with, 'Hit the violins, boys.'"

With all his enterprises, how he would find time to direct a one-hundred-and-fifty-piece symphony in the Hollywood Bowl, only Ken Murray would know. But he undoubtedly would. As he says, with the wisdom of one who's watched so many climb and fall on the ladder of fame, "I've never wanted to depend on any one vocation."

And, while other wives might be inclined to sympathize with Betty Lou Murray for having a husband whose vocations surround him with the most glamorous girls in Hollywood or on Broadway, she would be the first to point out that Ken's been engulfed by glamourlovelies ever since they met. "Happiness calls for complete faith," she says.

As for Ken—why audition . . . when you've got the queen of them all at home?

Inside Radio

All Times Listed Are Eastern Daylight Time.

Monday through Friday

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs				
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember?	Local Program 8:55 Gabriel Heatter	John MacVane 8:55 Betty Crocker	Jack Hunt
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Alex Dreier, News Thy Neighbor's Voice Ev'ry Day	Robert Hurlleigh Tell Your Neighbor Cliff's Family	Breakfast Club	News Of America Barnyard Follies Joan Edwards Show In Town Today
10:00 10:15 10:25 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Double Or Nothing	Cecil Brown Music Box News 10:35 Jack Kirk- wood Show	My True Story Whispering Streets When A Girl Marries	Arthur Godfrey Show with Robert Q. Lewis
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Strike It Rich Phrase That Pays Bob Hoee Show	Ladies Fair 11:25 Holland Engle Queen For A Day	Live Like A Millionaire Turn To A Friend— Dennis James	Grand Slam Rosemary

Afternoon Programs

12:00		Cur. Massey Time	Don Gardiner, News 12:10 Jack Berch Valentino	Wendy Warren
12:15		Capita. Commentary with Baukhage		Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45		12:55 Music Box	Bill Ring Show	Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	News, Home Edition Dr. Paul	Cedric Foster Luncheon With Lopez 1:55 News	Paul Harvey, News Ted Malone	Road Of Life Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15		Say It With Music 2:25 News, Sam Hayes	Mary Margaret McBride	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason
2:30 2:45 2:55	Dave Garroway Jane Pickens News, Banghart	Mac McGuire Show* Music By Willard	Betty Crocker 2:35 Tennessee Ernie	This Is Nora Drake Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road Of Life Pepper Young Right To Happiness	Cameo Talks 3:05 John Gambling	Tennessee Ernie (Cont.) 3:55 Edward Arnold, Storyteller	Hilltop House Art Linkletter's House Party Home Folks 3:55 It Happens Every Day
4:00	Backstage Wife	Music By Bob And Dan	Cai Tinney Show	Robert Q. Lewis
4:15 4:30 4:45	Stella Dallas Young Widdier Brown Woman In My House	Lucky U Ranch	4:25 Betty Crocker Jack Owens Show	4:05 Chicagoans Treasury Bandstand 4:55 News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell Lorenzo Jones The Doctor's Wife	5:55 News, Cecil Brown	Big Jon And Sparkie Fun Factory Ronnie Kemper Lum 'n' Abner	News 5:05 John Falk

*T, Th—Paula Stone

Monday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Programs	Jackson & The News Dwight Cooke Curt Massey Time Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	News Parade News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Mr. Mystery Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel 7:55 Titus Moody	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis The Lone Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith, News
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	The Railroad Hour Voice Of Firestone	The Falcon Hal. Of Fantasy	Henry J. Taylor Field & Stream Concert Studio Crime Classics Talent Scouts with Garry Moore
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Telephone Hour Band Of America	News, Bill Henry Reporters' Roundup Off & On The Record	Lux Theatre Jan Peerce Show
10:00 10:15	Dinah Shore Show Robert Ambruster, Music	Frank Edwards Elton Britt Show	News Of Tomorrow Virgil Pinkley, News
10:30 10:35	News, Clifton Utley Al Goodman's Musical Album	Eddie Fisher 10:55 News, Singiser	Edwin C. Hill 10:35 Freedom Sings News, Robert Trout Cedric Adams

Tuesday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter Jackson & The News You And The World Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	News Parade News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Hazel Markel Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel 7:55 Titus Moody	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Silver Eagle 7:55 Les Griffith, News
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Eddie Fisher Rosemary Clooney First Nighter	That Hammer Guy High Adventure	S. R. O. Paul Whiteman Teen Club People Are Funny Mr. & Mrs. North
9:00 9:05	Summer Show	News, Bill Henry The Search That Never Ends Off & On The Record	America's Town Meeting Of The Air Johnny Dollar
9:30 9:45	Fibber McGee & Molly		E. D. Canham, News My Friend Irma
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Two For The Money News, Clifton Utley	Frank Edwards The Valley Boys Bands For Bonds 10:55 News, Singiser	News Of Tomorrow Virgil Pinkley Edwin C. Hill 10:35 United Or Not Louella Parsons Doris Day Robert Trout, News Cedric Adams

Wednesday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter Jackson & The News You And The World Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	News Parade News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Men's Corner Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel 7:55 Titus Moody	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Lone Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith, News
8:00 8:15 8:30	Walk A Mile—Bill Cullen Great Gildersleeve	Crime Files Of Flamond Crime Fighters	Mystery Theatre Summer Show FBI In Peace And War Dr. Christian
9:00 9:05	You Bet Your Life— Groucho Marx	News, Bill Henry Family Theatre	Mr. President Playhouse On Broad- way 9:25 News What's My Line?
9:30	Scarlet Pimpernel	Off & On The Record	Crossfire
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Bob Hope Show News, Clifton Utley Dangerous Assignment	Frank Edwards Elton Britt Show 10:55 News, Singiser	News Of Tomorrow Virgil Pinkley Edwin C. Hill 10:35 Latin Quarter Orchestra December Bride Robert Trout, News Cedric Adams

Thursday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter Jackson & The News You And The World Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	News Parade News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Rukeysor Reports Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel 7:55 Titus Moody	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Silver Eagle 7:55 Les Griffith, News
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Roy Rogers 8:25 News Father Knows Best	Official Detective John Steele, Adven- turer	Top Guy Heritage Meet Millie On Stage
9:00 9:05	Truth Or Conse- quences	News, Bill Henry Bishop Fulton J. Sheen Off & On The Record	ABC Playhouse Time Capsule Summer Show Bing Crosby
9:30	Eddie Cantor Show		
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Judy Canova News, Clifton Utley Jane Pickens Show	Frank Edwards The Valley Boys Eddie Fisher 10:55 News, Singiser	News Of Tomorrow Virgil Pinkley Edwin C. Hill Orchestra The American Way with Horace Heidt Robert Trout, News Cedric Adams

Friday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABC Reporter Jackson & The News Dwight Cooke Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	News Parade News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Mr. Mystery Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel 7:55 Titus Moody	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Lone Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith, News
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Eddie Fisher Rosemary Clooney Summer Show	Movie Quiz True Or False	Adventures Of Michael Shayne Fun For All Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons Mr. Chameleon
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Bob & Ray	News, Bill Henry Rod And Gun Club Off & On The Record	Ozzie And Harriet Corliss Archer 9:55 News Music In The Air— Donald Richards, Alfredo Antonini
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Dinah Shore Show Words In The Night News, Clifton Utley Bob MacKenzie	Frank Edwards The Valley Boys Dance Orchestra 10:55 News, Singiser	News Of Tomorrow Virgil Pinkley, News Edwin C. Hill Capitol Cloakroom Robert Trout, News Cedric Adams

Inside Radio

Saturday

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Howdy Doody	Local Program	News Summary	Renfro Valley
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Farming Business Mind Your Manners		No School Today	News Of America Robert Q. Lewis
10:00 10:15	Archie Andrews	Local Program		Galen Drake
10:30 10:45	Mary Lee Taylor Show	Frank Singiser, News Helen Hall	Space Patrol	Let's Pretend
11:00 11:15	My Secret Story	Coast Guard 11:25 Holland Engle, News	Platter Brains	News, Bill Shadel 11:05 Grand Central Station
11:30 11:45	Modern Romance	Farm News Conference	Music	Give And Take

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30	News Coffee In Washington	Man On The Farm Fifth Army Band	101 Ranch Boys American Farmer	Theatre Of Today Stars Over Hollywood
12:45				
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	National Farm And Home Hour U.S. Army Band	Music Game Of The Day** Ruby Mercer	Navy Hour Shake The Maracas	Fun For All City Hospital 1:55 Galen Drake
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Design For Listening	2:25 Headline News Georgia Crackers	Late News Playland, U.S.A.	Music With The Girls Make Way For Youth
3:00 3:15		Bandstand, U.S.A. 3:25 Headline News	Late News	Report From Overseas Adventures In Science Farm News Correspondents' Scratchpad
3:30 3:45		Sports Parade	Martha Lou Harp Show	
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Stars In Action Ambruster, Music	U.S. Army Band College Choirs	Horse Racing Treasury Show	Treasury Bandstand
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Big City Serenade Author Speaks Key To Health	Preston's Show Shop 5:55 H. R. Baukhage	Tea & Crumpets Paulena Carter, Pianist Club Time	Washington, U.S.A. At The Chase

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15	George Hicks News, H. V. Kaltenborn	Dance Orch.	Una Mae Carlisle Bible Messages	News, Ed Morgan UN On Record
6:30 6:45	NBC Summer Symphony, Milton Katims Conducting	Country Editor Preston Sellers	Harry Wismer As We See It	Sports Roundup News, Larry LeSueur
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Talent, U.S.A.	Al Helfer, Sports Pentagon Report Down You Go 7:55 Cecil Brown	Speaking Of Business Women In Uniform Dinner At The Green Room	Broadway's My Beat Vaughn Monroe
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Talent, U.S.A. (Cont.)	20 Questions Virginia Barn Dance	Margaret Whiting's Dancing Party	Gene Autry Gunsmoke
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Pee Wee King Show Grand Ole Opry	New England Barn- yard Jamboree Lombardo Land	ABC Dancing Party (Cont.)	Gangbusters 9:25 Win Elliot
10:00 10:15 10:30	Eddy Arnold Show Meredith Willson's Music Room	Chicago Theatre Of The Air	At The Shamrock Orchestra	Country Style News, Ed Morgan

Sunday

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Jack Arthur		Light And Life Hour	Renfro Valley Sun- day Gathering
9:00 9:15	World News Roundup We Hold These Truths	Elder Michaux	Milton Cross Album	Trinity Choir World News Roundup
9:30 9:45	Carnival Of Books Faith In Action	Back To God	Voice Of Prophecy	E. Power Biggs Organ Concert
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	National Radio Pulpit Art Of Living News, Peter Roberts	Radio Bible Class Faith In Our Time	Message Of Israel College Choir	Church Of The Air
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Faultless Starch Time Viewpoint, U.S.A. UN Is My Beat The Living Word	Frank And Ernest Bromfield Reporting Reviewing Stand	Fine Arts Quartet Christian In Action	Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir News, Peter Hackes 11:25 Invitation To Learning

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30	Sammy Kay The Eternal Light	College Choirs News, Bill Cunningham Merry Mailman	News The Great Fraud Piano Playhouse	News Story, Bill Costello Howard K. Smith News, Costello
12:45				
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Youth Wants To Know Univ. Of Chicago Round Table	Fred Van Deventer Lanny Ross Show Lutheran Hour Game Of The Day**	Herald Of Truth National Vespers	Galen Drake Syncopation Piece
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	The Catholic Hour American Forum	Bandstand, U.S.A. Wings Of Healing Dixie Quartet	Pan American Union	The Symphonette European Music Festivals
3:00 3:15	Critic At Large Youth Brings You Music	Top Tunes With Trendler	Marines In Review	
3:30 3:45	Songs Of The Wild Elmo Roper	Musical Program	Hour Of Decision	
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	G.I. Joe Jason And The Golden Fleece	Under Arrest Dear Margy, It's Murder 4:55 Ed Pettit, News	Old-Fashioned Revival Hour	America Calling Godfrey's Sunday Hour
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	The Chase Counter-Spy	The Shadow True Detective Mysteries	This Week Around The World Greatest Story Ever Told	King Arthur God- frey's Round Table Choral Symphony 5:45 News, Bill Downs 5:55 Cedric Adams

**Heard only in southeast, southwest and central states

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Considine Meet The Veep Listen To Wash- ington	Nick Carter 6:25 Cecil Brown Squad Room	Monday Morning Headlines Don Cornell George Sokolsky	Music Show Our Miss Brooks
7:00 7:15	Juvenile Jury	Treasury Varieties	American Music Hall, Burgess Meredith, Emcee	Guy Lombardo
7:30 7:45	My Son Jeep	Little Symphonies		Summer Show
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Phil Harris And Alice Faye Summer Show	Hawaii Calls Enchanted Hour	American Music Hall (Cont.)	Summer Show My Little Margie
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Dragnet	Jazz Nocturne Answers For Americans	Walter Winchell News, Taylor Gran; The Adventurer, Burgess Meredith	Hallmark Playhouse Escape
10:00 10:15 10:30	Barrie Craig Meet The Press	Great Day Show Music Of The People	Paul Harvey Alistair Cooke Science Editor	Robert Q.'s Wax- works News, Ed Morgan 10:35 Listen To Korea

TV program highlights

NEW YORK CITY AND SUBURBS AND NEW HAVEN CHANNEL 6 JUNE 11—JULY 10

Baseball on TV

Pre-game Programs:

Happy Felton's Knothole Gang—30 minutes Ch. 9
before Dodger games
Joe E. Brown—15 minutes before Yankee games Ch. 11

DATE	TIME	GAME	CHANNEL
Thur., June 11	1:30 P.M.	Cinc. vs. Dodgers	9
	1:30 P.M.	Milwaukee vs. Giants	11
Fri., June 12	8:00 P.M.	Chi. vs. Dodgers	9
	8:30 P.M.	St. Louis vs. Giants	11
Sat., June 13	1:30 P.M.	Chi. vs. Dodgers	9 & 6
	1:30 P.M.	St. Louis vs. Giants	11
Sun., June 14	2:00 P.M.	St. Louis vs. Giants	11
	2:05 P.M.	Chi. vs. Dodgers	9 & 6
Tues., June 16	8:00 P.M.	Giants at Cinc.	11
Wed., June 17	8:00 P.M.	Giants at Cinc.	11
Fri., June 19	2:00 P.M.	Detroit vs. Yanks	11
	8:30 P.M.	Milwaukee vs. Giants	11
Sat., June 20	2:00 P.M.	Detroit vs. Yanks	11 & 6
Sun., June 21	2:00 P.M.	Detroit vs. Yanks	11 & 6
Tues., June 23	8:30 P.M.	Chicago vs. Yanks	11
Wed., June 24	2:00 P.M.	Chicago vs. Yanks	11
Thurs., June 25	2:00 P.M.	Chicago vs. Yanks	11
Fri., June 26	8:30 P.M.	Cleveland vs. Yanks	11
Sat., June 27	2:00 P.M.	Cleveland vs. Yanks	11 & 6
Sun., June 28	2:00 P.M.	Cleveland vs. Yanks	11 & 6
Tues., June 30	8:00 P.M.	Phila. vs. Dodgers	9
	8:30 P.M.	Boston vs. Giants	11
Wed., July 1	1:30 P.M.	Pitts. vs. Giants	11
	8:00 P.M.	Phila. vs. Dodgers	9
Thurs., July 2	1:30 P.M.	Phila. vs. Dodgers	9
Fri., July 3	2:00 P.M.	Phila. vs. Yanks	11
Sat., July 4	1:30 P.M.	Pitts. vs. Dodgers (D)	9
	1:30 P.M.	Phila. vs. Yanks (D)	11 & 6
Sun., July 5	2:00 P.M.	Dodgers vs. Giants	11
Mon., July 6	1:30 P.M.	Phila. vs. Giants	11
	8:00 P.M.	Yankees at Phila.	11
Tues., July 7	8:30 P.M.	Phila. vs. Giants	11
Wed., July 8	8:30 P.M.	Boston vs. Yanks	11
Thurs., July 9	2:00 P.M.	Boston vs. Yanks	11
Fri., July 10	2:00 P.M.	Wash. vs. Yanks	11
	8:00 P.M.	Giants vs. Dodgers	9

(D) Means Double-header

Post-game Programs:

Happy Felton's Talk With The Stars Ch. 9
Frankie Frisch's Clubhouse Interviews Ch. 11
Joe E. Brown With The Yankees Ch. 11

Monday through Friday

7:00 A.M. Today • 4 & 6

Garroway rises with the sun, bringing news and feature stories.

10:00 A.M. Arthur Godfrey Time • (M-Th)

Robert Q. Lewis emcees this favored show while Arthur recovers.

11:00 A.M. One In Every Family • 2 & 6 (M-Sat)

From Hollywood, bright audience-participation with Dean Miller.

11:30 A.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 6

The show with a heart tugs at your hearts. Warren Hull emcees.

12:00 Noon Bride And Groom • 2

June brides at their loveliest. Grooms nervous as usual.

12:15 P.M. Love Of Life • 2 & 6

Peggy McCay stars in this serial as compassionate careerist.

12:30 P.M. Search For Tomorrow • 2 & 6

Day-by-day story of real-life conflicts starring Mary Stuart.

12:45 P.M. Guiding Light • 2 (& 6 at 2:30 P.M.)

Herb Nelson and Ellen Demming in this intriguing drama.

1:30 P.M. Garry Moore Show • 2 & 6

Garrulous Garry's funfest with Durward. Denise Lor. Ken Carson.

2:00 P.M. Double Or Nothing • 2 & 6 (M,W,F)

Bert Parks whoops it up with interviews and quiz game.

2:30 P.M. Art Linkletter's House Party • 2

Guaranteed gaiety as Art engages in hilarious hijinks.

3:00 P.M. The Big Pay-Off • 2 & 6

Daytime quiz with de luxe prizes for women. Randy Merriman, emcee.

3:00 P.M. Break The Bank • 4

The show that has paid out more than \$2,000,000 in hard cash goes on giving away the green stuff with Win Elliot host.

3:00 P.M. Paul Dixon Show • 5

Variety show with Paul, Wanda Lewis, Sis Camp and lots of music.

3:30 P.M. Welcome Travelers • 4 & 6

Tommy Bartlett catches travelers en route for engaging gabfests.

4:30 P.M. Ted Steele Show • 11

Steele with two golden hours of great vocals and instrumentals.

5:00 P.M. Hackles Falls, Pop. 6,200 • 4

Serial drama of life in a typical, small U.S. community.

7:30 P.M. Eddie Fisher • 4 (W,F)

The young lyric baritone sings out. Don Ameche is host.

7:30 P.M. Dinah Shore Show • 4 (T,Th)

Last few weeks to catch Dinah before her summer vacation.

7:30 P.M. Broadway TV Theatre • 9

Hit plays in original versions to be superseded only by Dodger ball games. Matinees, also Sat.-Sun., 3:00 P.M.

7:45 P.M. Perry Como Show • 2 (M,W,F)

The great voice of personable Perry with the Fontane Sisters.

7:45 P.M. U.S.A. Canteen • 2 (T,Th)

Vivacious Jane Froman with a bubbling mixture of song and dance.

7:45 P.M. News Cavan • 4 & 6

John Cameron Swayze's video newsreel of day's headline events.

Monday P.M.

7:30 P.M. Bob And Ray • 4

Mayhem reigns as B&R perform in pin-pricking satire.

8:00 P.M. Burns And Allen Show • 2

Daffy doings by Gracie and George that make for great laughs.

8:00 P.M. I'm The Law • 5

George Raft, tough as they come, in slam-bang adventure.

8:00 P.M. Homicide Squad • 7

It's murder and Tom Conway detects the way to the culprit.

8:30 P.M. Godfrey's Talent Scouts • 2

Lively talent showcase with Garry Moore subbing for Arthur.

8:30 P.M. Concert Hour • 4 & 6

The great virtuosos of the day in thirty-minute recitals.

9:00 P.M. I Love Lucy • 2 & 6

Delirious, delightful escapades of Lucille Ball with Desi.

9:30 P.M. Red Buttons • 2 & 6

The redhot young comic with his side-splitting skits.

9:30 P.M. Robert Montgomery Presents • 4

Fascinating, full-hour storytelling with Robert M., narrator.

10:00 P.M. Summer Theatre • 2 & 6

Studio One with a different name but the same sponsor and indefatigable Betty Furness serves up light dramas and comedy.

Tuesday

7:30 P.M. Beulah • 7

Things go from bad to worse to laughter as Beulah (Louise Beavers) plays the Hendersons' rollicking housekeeper.

8:30 P.M. Break The Bank • 4

Beginning June 23rd, Bert Parks plays summer Santa. Circus Hour, with Joe E. Brown, from 8:00 P.M., last show June 16th.

8:30 P.M. Wisdom Of The Ages • 5

Lots of chuckles, too, with five generations represented in the panel discussion. Jack Barry in the moderator's chair.

9:00 P.M. Crime Syndicated • 2

Dramatic crime exposes. Alternating weekly: City Hospital.

9:00 P.M. Fireside Theatre • 4

Expertly woven tales, star cast and filmed in Hollywood.

TV program highlights

9:30 P.M. *Suspense* • 2 & 6

Dramatically tense and spellbinding stories of mystery.

9:30 P.M. *Circle Theatre* • 4

Real-life conflicts in drama fitting for the entire family.

9:30 P.M. *The Big Issue* • 5

Martha Rountree leads a verbal free-for-all on major problems.

10:00 P.M. *Danger* • 2

Among the very best of suspense shows. Richard Stark, host.

10:00 P.M. *Two For The Money* • 4 & 6

Hoosier Herb Shriner gives contestants a chance to win thousands.

Wednesday

7:30 P.M. *Date With Judy* • 7

The topsy-turvy teen-age world starring pert Mary Linn Beller.

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

Guest stars take turns emceeing the big Godfrey variety hour.

8:00 P.M. *I Married Joan* • 4

In this comedy Jim Backus plays the first person and the amusing, fast-stepping Joan Davis plays her namesake.

8:30 P.M. *Music Hall* • 4

A happy, tuneful show starring that lady of song, Patti Page. Alternate weeks, *Cavalcade of America*, dramas from history.

8:30 P.M. *China Smith* • 7

Exotic adventure series starring Dan Duryea in title role.

9:00 P.M. *Strike It Rich* • 2 & 6

Warren Hull gives needy contestants a chance at \$500 in cash.

9:00 P.M. *Kraft Theatre* • 4

Excellent, satisfying video drama from New York studios.

9:30 P.M. *Man Against Crime* • 2

Rugged adventures of Mike Barnett (Ralph Bellamy).

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

Ring gladiators trade punches in blue ribbon events.

10:00 P.M. *This Is Your Life* • 4

Ralph Edwards' unique, emotional drama of a person's life.

Thursday

8:00 P.M. *Life With Luigi* • 2

Human, humorous story of an Italian immigrant in America.

8:00 P.M. *You Bet Your Life* • 4 & 6

Groucho grapples with contestants and quizzes for cash.

8:30 P.M. *Four Star Playhouse* • 2

Renowned actors of stage and screen in 30-minute teleplays.

8:30 P.M. *Treasury Men In Action* • 4

Walter Greaza starring, T-Men track down lawbreakers.

8:30 P.M. *Chance Of A Lifetime* • 7 & 6

Talent-tested candidates vie. Dennis James, emcee.

9:00 P.M. *Lux Video Theatre* • 2 & 6

Exciting 30-minute dramas featuring big-name stage stars.

9:00 P.M. *Draquet* • 4

Prize-winning police drama with Jack Webb as Sgt. Joe Friday.

9:30 P.M. *Big Town* • 2

Pat McVey, as Steve Wilson, plays adventure-seeking newsman.

9:30 P.M. *Ford Theatre* • 4 & 6

Enthralling video drama listing stars in original stories.

10:00 P.M. *My Little Margie* • 2

Comedy series with Gale Storm making things stormy in title role.

10:00 P.M. *Martin Kane, Private Eye* • 4 & 6

Mystery series with Lee Tracy as genial but deadly "eye."

10:30 P.M. *Foreign Intrigue* • 4 (& 6 at 11:00 P.M.)

Well-spun espionage series filmed abroad by Jerome Thor.

Friday

7:30 P.M. *Stu Erwin Show* • 7

Rib-tickling situations starring Stu and wife June Collyer.

8:00 P.M. *Mama* • 2 & 6

Charming, delightful series of Norwegian immigrants in Frisco.

8:00 P.M. *Dennis Day Show* • 4

The singing comic plays a good-natured, bumbling bachelor.

8:30 P.M. *My Friend Irma* • 2

Marie Wilson as the dazzling, daffy, blonde dumbelle.

8:30 P.M. *Life Of Riley* • 4 & 6

Shenanigans in the Riley family starring actor William Bendix.

9:00 P.M. *Schlitz Playhouse Of Stars* • 2

Outstanding drama adapted from the works of top story writers.

9:00 P.M. *Big Story* • 4 & 6

Stories of real reporters and how they come up with scoops.

9:30 P.M. *Our Miss Brooks* • 2

Eve Arden as lovable schoolmarm in humorous adventures.

9:30 P.M. *The Aldrich Family* • 4 & 6

Bobby Ellis, as Henry, runs his usual, hilarious, hectic course.

10:00 P.M. *Mr. And Mrs. North* • 2

Stars Barbara Britton-Richard Denning in comedy adventure.

10:00 P.M. *Cavalcade Of Sports* • 4 & 6

Fisticuffs scheduled by the IBC from nation's top arenas.

10:00 P.M. *Twenty Questions* • 5

Jay Jackson moderates this famous radio-TV game starring Fred Van Deventer, Florence Rinard, Herb Polesie, John McPhee.

10:30 P.M. *Down You Go!* • 5

Panel-quiz from Chi. Dr. Bergen Evans, moderator. Panelists:

Toni Gilman, Carmelita Pope, Robert Breen, Francis Coughlin.

Saturday

7:00 P.M. *Stork Club* • 2

Host Billingsley takes you into his Cub Room to see glamour.

7:30 P.M. *Beat The Clock* • 2

Couples compete against clock to perform tricky parlor stunts.

7:30 P.M. *Ethel And Albert* • 4

The popular, ingratiating domestic comedy that started on radio

ten years ago with Richard Widmark as Albert. Now Alan Bunce in Albert role. Peg Lynch, creator and writer, plays Ethel.

8:00 P.M. *Jackie Gleason Show* • 2

Mr. Saturday Night, himself, switches from clowning to touching

pantomime for chuckles. Also, guests, June Taylor dancers.

8:00 P.M. *My Hero* • 4 & 6

Robert Cummings as naive but funny realtor in odd situations.

8:30 P.M. *Original Amateur Hour* • 4 & 6

The original talent show that found Frank Sinatra, Vera-Ellen,

Mimi Benzell, others, continues traditionally with Ted Mack.

9:00 P.M. *This Is Show Business* • 2

Superb panel-variety show illustriously headed by Fadiman.

9:00 P.M. *Saturday Night Revue* • 4 & 6

Hoagy Carmichael, songwriter and film star, is host and star

of 90-minute variety featuring comic antics of Bobby Sargent.

9:00 P.M. *Boxing With Bill Stern* • 7

Bill, at the mike, roves the country for Ray Arcell promotions.

9:30 P.M. *Meet Millie* • 2

Whacky saga of a steno in Manhattan with Elena Verdugo starring.

9:30 P.M. *Wrestling From Chicago* • 5

From the Marigold Gardens, Jack Brickhouse interprets grunts.

Sunday

5:00 P.M. *Super Circus* • 7

For youth of all ages, dazzling, exciting circus variety.

6:30 P.M. *See It Now* • 2

The highly praised video news magazine with Edward R. Murrow.

6:30 P.M. *Walter Winchell* • 7 & 6

Exciting, dramatic news reports by the world-famous columnist.

7:00 P.M. *Red Skelton Show* • 4 & 6

Comedy-variety with the carrot-topped clown. On film.

7:30 P.M. *Mister Peepers* • 4

Chuckles guaranteed with Wally Cox as shy, modest school-teacher.

8:00 P.M. *Toast Of The Town* • 2 & 6

The far-famed, spectacular variety headed by Ed Sullivan.

9:00 P.M. *Fred Waring Show* • 2

The Pennsylvanians inimitable productions of great pop music.

9:00 P.M. *TV Playhouse* • 4

One of the top-flight TV theatres. Live from NYC studios.

9:00 P.M. *Rocky King, Detective* • 5

For whodunit fans, followed at 9:30 by The Plainclothes Man.

9:30 P.M. *Keu Murray and Alan Young* • 2

Two laugh-getters alternate until June 25 when Kathryn Murray moves in for the summer with variety, The Arthur Murray Party.

10:00 P.M. *The Web* • 2

Spine-tingling suspense with Jonathan Blake as narrator.

10:30 P.M. *What's My Line?* • 2

Guess-your-occupation show, witty and fun, with John Daly.

Minnie Pearl

(Continued from page 41)

use it; no money, because they don't have it. Then I go on.

"As I made my first appearance this night I speak of, 'That,' said my Henry, nudging his pal, 'is the girl I'm going to marry.'

"There was a frozen silence. A gulping sound. Then my Henry's buddy rallied beyond the call of duty.

"I bet," he said, "I bet she's a good old girl!"

But it's Henry who gives the tagline: "After the show we went backstage, and that boy," Henry laughs, "nearly fainted!"

Nearly fainted at, y'understand, the sight of a lipstick Miss Minnie Pearl, a streamlined, soft-spoken, smart-appearing Miss Minnie Pearl.

Not that Miss Minnie is what you could rightly call a glamour girl. And if you did she wouldn't take it as a compliment. "I'm country—and proud as a stand of pine of it," says Miss Minnie Pearl.

Miss Minnie is handsome but it's an outdoor, healthy-looking handsome. She stands five foot, seven and one-half in her sheer nylons, weighs 135 pounds, has reddish brown hair worn in a modest horse's tail, hazel eyes that laugh most of the time. Miss Minnie is "built," and no mistake, and wears clothes beautifully.

Home to Miss Minnie and her Henry is a medium-small, white, one-story house they bought, not long ago, on Castleman Drive in one of Nashville's loveliest suburbs.

"We're real proud of the place," said Miss Minnie, "and of some of the things in it. The mirrored what-not, 150 years old, that came from my family and the cannon-ball mahogany fourposter bed, 200 years old, that came straight from Henry's parents' bedroom to ours. We're real proud too of our garden. We have a beautiful spreading carpet of tulips and daffodils and jonquils and iris and hyacinths that Henry grows, by hand, every one of them!

"We live rather conservatively, Henry and I. We have one girl to do for us. A girl from my home town of Centerville. Indispensable is the word for Mary, who is combination cleaning woman, personal maid, secretary and cook—although I cook, too. Like to cook. It's my hobby. Fried chicken is one of my specialties—wouldn't you know?—and salads, and buttermilk biscuits which melt, Henry says, before he gets them in his mouth!

"A lot of the Grand Ole Opry boys live a ranch-style life, go in for horses and cattle and such. We don't. We live a typically suburban life. We have a piano and when the neighbors come by I play and sing. I play by ear. In one key, C. I'm using the same technique I used in 1923! We go fishing occasionally, Henry and I, for bass, on the lakes. We take drives in the country to get Miss Minnie Pearl the white cotton stockings she wears. Like to keep up my stock of five pair and have to drive 'way into the country, these days, to get them. Henry had a flying business—flying chartered planes—he sold a year ago. Flew Grand Ole Opry people around places they wanted to be—Texas, Thousand Islands. . . . Now he has a Beechcraft which seats three, still flies some of the Grand Ole Opry boys around. Flies me, too, let there be anywhere I want to go.

"Real simple is the way we live. The way we like to live. I think my extravagance now, and my only one, is for clothes. I don't like jewelry or perfume or furs or flowers—unless they're growing. We don't have, and don't want, a herd of

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SOFT LIGHTS AND SWEET MUSIC |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 1032 HAVE YOU HEARD
WISHING RING | <input type="checkbox"/> 1041 SUMMERTIME
EMBRACEABLE YOU |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 1031 OH, HAPPY DAY
HOLD ME, THRILL ME, KISS ME | <input type="checkbox"/> 1042 SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES
MAKE BELIEVE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 1030 TILL I WALTZ AGAIN WITH YOU
YOU'LL NEVER KNOW | <input type="checkbox"/> 1043 NIGHT AND DAY
BEGIN THE BEGUINE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 1029 WHY DON'T YOU BELIEVE ME
DON'T LET THE STARS GET IN YOUR EYES | <input type="checkbox"/> 1044 WALTER WINCHELL RHUMBA
RHUMBA RHAPSODY |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 1028 KEEP IT A SECRET | <input type="checkbox"/> 1045 TELL ME A STORY
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Cadillacs. But when it comes to clothes—the way I put it, I'm a *clothesoholic* instead of an alcoholic!"

Such is Miss Minnie's love of clothes that one of her more rhapsodic utterances concerns a gray wool suit she bought, not long ago, at Neiman-Marcus in Dallas, where the wives and daughters of billionaire Texans spend big, fat green rolls of their men-folks' "oil" money.

The price of the little gray wool must have been astronomical, for Miss Minnie, shuddering and rolling her bright eyes, cannot bring herself to mention it.

"It's a throw-back, that suit," she says, looking conscience-stricken, "to the days at Ward Belmont College during which I had no clothes. Or, rather, I had the wrong clothes. For, by the time I came to college in 1930, we'd lost what little money we had and there I was, thrown in with a lot of wealthy girls and swank sub-debs from all over the country, who lived in mansions—one of them got a black marble bathroom for Christmas!—and had trunks of real beautiful 'originals' and all, and there I sat in clothes from the Centerville Emporium . . . and we didn't even have a bathroom! My roommate, the first year, was a real rich girl from Texas with oil connections and charge accounts in shops I just couldn't go in!

"I just didn't have any way to compete with these girls. What did it do to me? Killed me at first," Miss Minnie says, and shudders, "then I decided you go so far down, you can't get further than down. No way to go from the bottom, is what I mean, but up!

"Of course, I know now that's why I started playing comedy. Started kidding everywhere, and everything—my clothes, not having any money or any know-how. Had to, in order to live. Kided my appearance, too, for I wasn't pretty, either. Never have been pretty. That's why I went in for comedy, too. Talked fast, laughed loud, clowning around to divert a man from looking at my face!

"Another thing I know, however, is that I didn't need to knock myself out the way I did. At a college reunion soon after graduation, the girls said: 'Ophie, we were never conscious of the fact that you didn't have as many clothes as we did!'

"Like having a fever blister—you're the one conscious of it and suffering embarrassment. No one else notices. Should be a lesson, what I'm saying, to other girls who, like me, haven't got the clothes or the looks. But it won't be. *Nothing is a lesson,*" says Miss Minnie Pearl, "until it is too late.

"Ward Belmont had a lot to do," she adds, "with people expecting me not to be so 'country.' But I *am* country and, as I've said, proud as a stand of pine of it.

"I come from the country, from Centerville, a farming community, a rural community right here in Tennessee—and more rural when I lived there than it is now. Centerville's in Hickman County, a rough country and virgin timberland, which was why my dad, a lumberman, went there. Settled there. Reared his family there.

"I had the happiest childhood anyone ever had! My mother and father saw to it that we never felt any insecurity. They loved each other, too. And loved us kids, my sisters Frances, Virginia, Mary, Dixie and me.

"We never felt any sense of inferiority when we were kids, because we had anything anyone in Centerville had. They didn't have much, but we had everything they had . . . and there was fun and laughter all the time in our big, old rambling-all-over-the-hill house overlooking Duck River. It looked right straight across at Grinder's Switch, too—same old Grin-

der's Switch I allude to, time and again, on Grand Ole Opry. One of the biggest events of the day back in Centerville was when Daddy would load up the wagons with logs. The teamsters, Jake and Tom and Matt, would lend a hand and he'd drive up to Grinder's Switch, taking us kids along with him. We'd leave home riding high on top of the lumber. 'Now don't you move,' Mother'd say, 'until you get to the Switch!' But we had it fixed with the teamsters to let us ride, soon as we're out of sight, on the tongue of the wagon. No danger in riding the tongue. What Mother feared was, we'd scrape our shoe leather in the dust

"Time I was old enough to talk, 'I want to be in show business,' I'd say, and keep saying, 'I'm going to be in show business.' And I started playing piano as a little girl. Pick out war songs, I would, like 'Over There' and 'If He Can Fight Like He Can Love.'

"Where I got the idea of going into show business, I'll never know, no one in our family having heard tell of show business hardly, let alone being in it. Likely I got it from the movies—for, when I was about seven or eight, we had an old silent-movie house in our town and it was my mecca. I'd get Mama to give me a dime; then I'd go up the road and make a deal with the manager: If he'd let me in free, I'd play the piano. I played the piano. I played 'Pony Boy', 'Hearts and Flowers' and such. It's why I haven't any eyes today. Piano way down front, in the dark, and had to watch the movie as well as the keys so I could tell Mama what I'd seen. Hard on my neck, which had a permanent crick in it for years, as well as on my eyes.

"Maybe it was the movies influenced my wanting to be in show business. But I think I just wanted to play-act and, particularly," Miss Minnie laughs her ringing laugh, "I wanted to show off!

"Because I was the youngest of the five girls—seven years younger than Dixie, the next to youngest—they all spoiled me. All except my father who only spoiled me for anything that isn't honest and real and good and fine.

"He was the greatest thing in my life, my father. He had the sense of humor that went with the hills. And the love of the things that matter. He loved wood. Loved the feel of wood, good wood. He taught me to know every kind of wood and to respect it. Now, when I see people paint good wood, it hurts me. Our house, now, is modern and functional and we love it. But our dream is to have a house all paneled walls and naked, lovely floors with hooked rugs on them, a house that rambles all over the hills the way our tumbledown old house did down home in

Centerville. That would be just perfect.

"Today, John Wayne and Gary Cooper remind me of my father, as a young man. When he died, he seemed to me a combination of Will Rogers and Abraham Lincoln. After he died, a friend wrote: 'Somehow I can't be too grieved at Mr. Colley's going. Can't think of his death but only that he reminds me of the tall trees on the other side of the hill.'

"That's what he reminds me of, too; that's the way I think of him—as of the tall trees on the other side of the hill."

During college, Ophie, a natural-born "play actress," play-acted in school dramatics. After college, she had two years' teaching experience in Centerville. "Mama made me stay at home," says Miss Minnie, "until I was twenty-one. Expression is what I taught in Centerville, all the time frothing at the mouth, wanting to get away, get away, see the world. . . .

"In the fall after I was twenty-one, I joined the Wayne P. Sewell Producing Company of Atlanta, which traveled all over the South giving dramatic readings and coaching home talent in their own local productions. I was directing, working mostly in the schools. This was six years of my life. At the time, I thought it was the hardest six years. But there was pay-dirt in 'em, for it was during them that I conceived and finally crystallized Miss Minnie Pearl.

"In Alabama in 1936, I ran upon a lovely lady, lived in her home with her. She was the greatest. A woman of the hills. The soul of hospitality. She had sixteen children spaced so as to be born in February or March so that, come spring, she would be up and about working in the fields. Her proudest and only boast was that she never failed to 'make the crop.' One of my proudest boasts is that when I said goodbye to Alabama, she said, 'Lord, I hate you to leave. You're just like one of us!' She didn't suggest Minnie Pearl to me, this woman whose heart was bigger than the hills she loved, she *was* Minnie Pearl.

"From 1936 to 1940, I developed this character, this act. Transcriptions of my first programs sound all gentle and sweet—like *her*. Since then, I've been forced into the raucous. For the reason that when you're on a coast-to-coast show, you must get laughs instead of chuckles."

It was while playing an engagement in Aiken, South Carolina, in 1938, that the character of Minnie Pearl was first put on the stage. At a banquet at the Highland Park Hotel, Miss Minnie Pearl made her debut and from that time, she just "grewed" until, in 1940, "I got on Grand Ole Opry," says Miss Minnie, "and my familiar opening line, 'Howdy! I'm just so proud to be here,' is true, every syllable of it!"

It was in 1946 that Miss Minnie Pearl met Mr. Henry Cannon. "Right here in Nashville," say Miss Minnie, "at the home of a mutual friend. But, with him in the flying business and me in show business, there was no way, you'd think, of our getting together. What was worse, our friends had told him about me and me about him, with the result that we were determined not to like each other. We didn't, either, so's you could notice it. From June, when we met, until December, we saw each other just casually. He was dating other people and so was I."

Then one night, in a parked car, Mr. Henry Cannon kissed Miss Minnie Pearl.

Two months after that first kiss, Miss Minnie and her Mr. Henry Cannon were married. A church wedding, with Miss Minnie Pearl in white linen and flowers that Henry had grown as her bridal bouquet. And they've lived—they are living—"right happily" ever after. . . .

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ON SALE JULY 8

Today's Bachelor

(Continued from page 62)

Sometimes you'll turn on the set, and there's Garroway discussing life with a year-old chimpanzee named J. Fred Muggs. Muggs wears suits that cost forty dollars, is owned by two guys in Jersey who daily deliver him to NBC in a car with his picture on it. Tell Garroway you think Muggs is cute, and he nods knowingly. "Till he bites through your skin." Then he reflects a minute. "Of course, he's just teething. When he grows up so he can break your arm, he won't bite any more." NBC viewers are cordially invited to join Muggs's fan club.

If you've witnessed any of the aforementioned, then obviously you're one of several million people ambitious enough to get up at seven o'clock in the morning, stagger over to the television set, and welcome the dawn with a program called Today, master-of-ceremonied by D. Garroway, him of the heavy glasses, the easy smile, and the friendly manner which caused a lady to send him seven dollars recently (For what? For nothing. She liked him, that's all.)

Today can be enjoyed on various levels. It presents straightforward news broadcasts, shows newsreel films from all over the world, gives weather reports, teaches judo, displays 30-carat diamonds on the admirable bosom of Denise Darcel, and emanates from a set in which there are so many clocks that you can tell what time it is at any moment in any place, if that's your idea of fun. Over all presides Garroway, a boy from Schenectady who made very, very good.

Dave was born in Schenectady, in 1913, with what's referred to as "a scientific turn of mind." (It's referred to that way by fond parents. Neighbors simply cry, "That brat's making smells in the cellar again.")

When the small Garroway wasn't inventing smelly bombs in the basement, he was taking things apart for the pure delight it gave him to put them together again. He once took the grand piano apart, depressing his mother considerably. She had hoped he'd play on it, not in it.

At sixteen, his mechanical frenzy was still fresh and unspent. He owned a Model T Ford with another boy. The other boy, poor fellow, just wanted to drive the thing, and when he'd come to pick it up from his partner Dave—pick it up was just about the story. It'd be lying around on the garage floor in pieces.

In his spare time, Dave built three telescopes, went to college in St. Louis, got a degree, and ended up selling piston rings in Boston, where his family was living at the time. There appeared to be virtually no demand for piston rings in Boston. In fact, there appeared to be virtually no demand for Dave in Boston. New York, he figured, was the place.

They hired him in New York, okay. At NBC, as a page boy. He planned to work himself up to being an announcer. The page boys were all given a chance to go to a class for announcer-training. Dave stayed up nights recording his voice and practicing diction. Then came audition time. He placed twenty-third in the class of twenty-four. It would have soured a lesser man. It merely spurred Dave on. If you can use the word "spurred" in connection with an art so apparently easy-going as Garroway's.

He became an announcer in Pittsburgh, got some invaluable experience, and in 1940 came to Chicago, where he went to work for NBC.

In 1942, he joined the Navy. Four months he was at sea, and every day of every month, he was seasick. They wouldn't

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have had to camouflage him to fool the enemy; he was green as the water around him.

They finally took him (with a ruptured stomach) off the boat at Pearl Harbor, and he lay in a hospital, inhaling deeply, and looking at the doctor out of great, wise eyes. The doctors wrote on his medical record, "Don't send this one to sea. He's not much good." And, after his stomach had healed, Dave found himself in charge of a school for yeomen, in Hawaii.

After the war, he drifted back to Chicago and got himself a disc jockey show. It was a job none of the other announcers wanted, because it was in the middle of the night.

It was perfect for Garroway. He figured he didn't have to please all of the people all of the time, because most of the people were fast asleep. The few people he did reach he was going to treat as intelligent human beings. He wouldn't patronize 'em, he wouldn't play music he himself had no respect for.

A Guy Lombardo fan once registered an indignant protest over Garroway's sneering at Guy Lombardo. Next night, Garroway gleefully employed sound effects to convey to the fan that he—Garroway—was breaking up Lombardo records.

A real jazz maniac himself, Dave admits that, when on the topic of one of his own favorites, he gets lost in his enthusiasm. He once described Ella Fitzgerald's style like this: "Her voice sounds as though she were singing through a lace handkerchief"—and then proceeded to embroider on the idea.

Besides music, and musical talk, Dave used to ramble on about various topics which popped into his head. "Love, death, art, books, poetry, cats, and taxicabs—" to quote from an NBC biography.

1949 was the big year, though. In 1949, Dave became the most talked-about man in Chicago television. Because of the Garroway At Large show. It was half an hour, once a week. It became famous, and took Dave with it. For the first time, television was being used as television. Instead of the kind of show where the technician was bawled out if so much as a cable got into the picture, Dave wandered at random through all the trappings of the studio, and let the home viewers see what he saw. Instead of aiming at howls of laughter from a studio audience, Dave aimed at giving a couple of people in a living room a grin,

a story to tell the next day, a few minutes of good music. . . .

He'd come on by saying, "Hi there, old tiger," or "old fluorescent," or old anything-he-could-think-of, and then maybe you'd see him walking along talking about New York, for instance, and what a funny town it was. How it could be cold and hard sometimes, and sometimes very beautiful. Now take fall in New York . . . and his voice would go on, and you'd find out later that he'd been quoting from some writer, Wolfe, perhaps, or Dos Passos . . . and then you'd see a girl singer sitting on a bench under a replica of New York's Washington Square, and she wouldn't be staring straight into the camera, she'd be half-turned away, with a few leaves falling gently down around her, and after a minute she'd start to sing "Autumn in New York."

That was the kind of show it was. In a medium used to Milton Berle, it took people back their breath, and the time to breathe with it. It didn't sock you with anything; once there were actually two full minutes of silence! The cameras followed members of the cast around for two minutes without a word from anybody, and it was the first time that had ever happened on television.

Colleen Hoefer, who used to do publicity for Dave, thinks the fact that his show didn't have money to burn was partly responsible for how good it was. Which sounds like a direct contradiction, but isn't. New York always had the big money and backers; in Chicago, television depended more on ingenuity and imagination. (Kukla, Fran And Ollie also comes from there.)

"Look at it this way," Colleen says. "If you've got a forty-thousand-dollar budget for a show, and you've got five minutes with nothing happening, you're scared to death. What'll you do with the five minutes? You end up by rushing out and buying twenty dancing girls! We didn't have that kind of money, so Dave substituted taste and sensitivity. Maybe if we'd had money, the show wouldn't have been so simple, and so good—"

So many fans still mourn the show's passing that even now, with Dave up to his ears in morning television, to say nothing of afternoon radio, rumors about a resurrection of Garroway At Large persist

around the NBC studios and offices.

Chicago's loss being New York's gain, Dave currently lives in a Park Avenue penthouse apartment which he says is "real good." It's got four terraces facing four directions, and was originally four and a half rooms, but Dave had the walls torn out. It's one huge room now—"modern, I guess"—and it's got the only fireplace in the building. The apartment was originally built for Merlin Aylesworth, the first president of NBC. Aylesworth wanted a fireplace, and had one put in.

"When he lived here," Dave says, "I was a page boy at NBC at sixty-five a month." He throws the next line away. "This place costs over sixty-five a month."

Jazz-happy as ever, Dave's wakened at four every morning by the radio—turned on automatically via one of those clock-timer-gadgets—and he lies in bed until four-thirty absorbing the music played by a disc jockey named Bob Garrity. "For some reason, I hear real good that half-hour. I'm only part-awake, but the music breaks through the barriers. All day long, those first few phrases I hear run through my head—"

Dave can, and does, occasionally sit in on drums, if he hears a record he feels like accompanying.

Ask him if he's got a set of drums at home, and he looks impish. "Doesn't everybody?"

Recently he took a brief vacation, and went to Florida. But—"I got bored sick, and came back." The one kick he did get out of the Florida trip was fooling around with something called an aqualung. It's an underwater diving outfit which doesn't have any cable or hose, so you're a free agent. You can go down to 150 feet, and stay there for an hour and a half.

"Out in the Gulf Stream," Dave says, "the current's so swift you have to swim all the time just to keep from being swept up to Canada, but I walked around on the bottom and speared a couple of surprised-looking fish."

Better than fishing or drumming, Dave loves racing cars. He's got an S.S. 100 Jaguar—whatever that is—which is sixteen years old, and has won innumerable beauty contests. (Races, it hasn't won.)

Dave's interested in microscopy—shades of his scientific boyhood—and is also mad about those three-dimensional stereorealist cameras and pictures.

"I went to the eye doctor a while ago," he told a friend the other day, "and he—the doctor—held up a stereoscope. For two years I'd been staring into a stereoscope day and night. So he—the doctor—said, 'I wish you'd get interested in one of these things. It would strengthen the muscles in your eye.'"

Occasionally a Garroway aide will attempt to tell a probing writer that Dave has odd eating habits. "Yes," Dave will say. "I eat through my mouth." But the fact is, he has got odd eating habits. Unless you figure carrot juice, celery juice, and three molasses cookies (containing exactly thirteen calories each) is the normal business man's lunch.

Probing writers attempting to find out about Dave's dating habits fare even more sketchily. He often takes a pretty girl to dinner, but he can't ever stay out late because of his early rising hour. "If I'm feeling really reckless, I can tear around till ten o'clock," he once announced.

He owns twenty-eight pairs of hand-knitted socks, but they all came from Betty Furness, who just likes to knit socks for people.

Fortunately, he's got a maid (who also came from Betty Furness) who likes to wash socks for people.

Garroway is a contented man.

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Her Heart Holds a Song

(Continued from page 34)

of people I can sing to every morning, Monday through Friday. And I'm learning so much. And there's so much I want to learn. I'm taking dancing and singing and dramatic lessons each week. And then there's the apartment to finish. . . ."

The apartment, essentially, symbolizes the flux of the conflict, for Peggy, talented though she may be, also feels that deep womanly yearning for a home.

Because she also has a clear mind and a wisdom beyond her years, she recognizes it and discusses it frankly.

She'll tell you, "Just when I quit teaching school and began singing with a band, Dorothy Shay warned me I'd sometime have to make a choice. . . ."

The choice was a simple one—remain a schoolteacher, marry and raise a family quietly, calmly—or become a career girl in show business, with its constant demands on time, energy and interest and its crazy hours. A few women achieve both. But, for every success, there are a score of casualties.

It was this choice which Dorothy Shay, whose name already was in lights, summed up for eager and aspiring Peggy a few years ago. Dorothy had chosen one course, she said, but what's advisable for one woman doesn't always apply to the next. Each girl must make her own decision.

But, in this golden year for Peggy, the decision, although it lies inevitably ahead, can be postponed—deliciously.

That's exactly what Peggy Taylor is doing at present, and her associates at Breakfast Club have recognized and respected her state of mind—even to the point of discarding a venerated Breakfast Club gag.

It happened officially, the morning Farley Granger was a guest. Apparently, he had not heard that most of the girl vocalists on the Breakfast Club have, through the years, fallen in love and left the show when they married. Apparently, too, he had never heard the cast's stock joke that their girl singer always is hunting for a man.

Peggy, torn between laughter and embarrassment when she tells of it, says, "Honestly, when I started that man-crazy routine, you'd have thought, from the look on Farley's face, that he had walked right into the middle of Sadie Hawkins' Day."

Funny though it was at first, Mr. Granger's discomfort shortly affected the entire cast. Says Peggy, "You never saw anyone run for the exit so fast. It took a minute for me to realize he thought it was real. And when I did, I wanted to die."

Maestro Don McNeill sensed their mutual discomfort and ruled at the next program-planning meeting: "From now on, that man-hunting gag is out. It doesn't fit for Peggy."

For the most part, however, Peggy adheres to those intrinsic disciplines of show business and keeps her moods to herself. She says, "That's when I go to the easel and just paint them out."

Peggy originally never expected her painting would go beyond a self-expression hobby. Two empty picture hooks are evidence that it was.

She points to them proudly. "I can't bear to take them down," she confesses. "I'm so proud. I used to have two paintings hanging there, which I worked on during the holidays. The paintings didn't turn out at all the way I had planned them. But they suited me, so I hung them up. Then in came a friend of mine, and she fell in love with them. She bought them right off the wall." (Continued on page 86)

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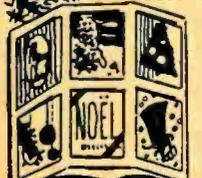
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Already Peggy is planning replacements, for the wall is part of the setting which she designed for herself.

Camellia-skinned, dark-eyed Peggy loves to wear bright colors when she's at home. "Combine Irish ancestry with Spanish, and the result is a taste for the brilliant," she explains.

Brilliance, her artistic taste dictates, must be concentrated, rather than splashed. Her new apartment, a block off one of Chicago's busiest and most fashionable streets, has a wide picture window to bring in a view of Lake Michigan. Drapes with a modern pattern frame it. Walls are light gray and charcoal gray. Cabinets are gray to blend with the wall, chairs are white and gold, the sofa is covered with a tapestry of red and gold, and wrought iron and glass tables and lamps have both sparkle and contrast. Her dishes are white pottery.

The living room is planned for comfort and leisure, but the room adjoining—Peggy's office—is austere. On one side, desk, bookcases and record player are lined up; on the other are her piano and files.

"I've learned more about singing since I've been on Breakfast Club than I've ever known before," says Peggy. "Johnny and Ruth Desmond have helped me so much. From them I've learned how to study a song, how to get the most out of it in emotion and in meaning. Now, I have recordings made of my songs almost every day and I sit in the evening, play them over and over, and try to think of ways I could have done them better."

Among all the lovely things with which she has surrounded herself, perhaps the most important feature is that prosaic, standard bit of equipment, the telephone.

"It rings," says Peggy with a happy

smile. "There isn't any particular boy friend at the moment—at least not in Chicago—but, thank goodness, several nice young men like to take me out to dinner and a play or a movie. And when they don't—well, I spend the evening at home with Freddie."

Freddie is a small, sausage-shaped, brown-marked black Dachshund with a wag which starts at the tip of his nose and undulates to the tip of his tail.

Freddie is also a mischief. The entire air audience found that out when, at the top popularity of the song, "Doggie in the Window," some one conceived the bright idea that Peggy should bring Freddie down to the show the morning she was to sing the song.

Freddie, at the outset, behaved like a perfect little gentleman. Trusting Peggy unspurred the leash. Making the rounds of the cast, Freddie turned worshipful liquid eyes upward, begging for those pats on the head a good dog may expect.

When Sam Cowling, in his customary manner, sat down on the edge of the stage, Freddie was happy. While Don McNeill had to bend down six feet to pat Freddie, Sam, seated, could reach out, tug Freddie's ears and frequently say, "Good dog."

Freddie, somehow, did not comprehend Sam also had a job to do—the serious job of making people laugh. It may have been that Freddie considered that Sam had taken him into partnership in this project. Or he may have wanted to provoke some laughs of his own.

With deceptive docility, Freddie made no commotion. Then Sam went into his own customary routine, pulled a shoe off, pantomiming that his feet hurt.

That was supposed to be the end of the joke, period.

Freddie decided it was the beginning. Snatching the shoe, he took off down the aisle.

Sam yelled, "Hey, give it back."

It looked so simple to catch up with a little dog running away with a shoe almost as big as he was. When Freddie tripped, Sam dived. Freddie, still holding the shoe, frisked away. Sam, minus shoe, fell flat on his face.

In all the years that sharp-witted Sam Cowling has been on Breakfast Club, this probably was the first time he has ever been upstaged. At the sight of his for-real chagrin, McNeill, who has played straight man for a million laughs credited to Sam, doubled up, helpless with laughter. So did everyone else, including the blushing Peggy.

But Sam, after the show, had a comment. A shrewd observer of the foibles of the human race, Sam has always taken a big-brother attitude toward the Breakfast Club's pretty girl singers. Like a big brother, he also combines a bit of advice with his teasing.

"No kidding," he told Peggy, "You've got to watch out for such stuff. How do you ever expect a guy to propose to you if, when he gets into a romantic mood, that clown of a dog upstages him?"

Peggy's dark eyes twinkled. "Perhaps," she said, "that's the way I want it to be, for the present."

Her qualifying "for the present" is the key. She doesn't have to make up her mind just yet. Peggy, who by the dictates of her church and her own personal preference regards marriage as a lifetime partnership, will take her time to make up her mind. For this is Peggy's golden year, and she's living it with her heart holding only a song.

Arthur Godfrey's Fateful Hours

(Continued from page 46)

upward from groping obscurity to national fame replete with prestige and princely riches . . . to success and rewards never dreamed of in even the wildest imaginings of Horatio Alger.

But this present-day glory of Godfrey's is all the more amazing when you analyze the background of both headlines. Both strongly suggest the antiseptic smell of hospital . . . the soft, efficient swish of swift-moving nurses' footsteps on linoleum floors . . . the presence of pain. The presence of hope, too—hope growing or dwindling, depending on which part of Arthur's life-road is under scrutiny.

Spin back the wheel of time. Return to a fine September day in the year 1931. The scene: countryside not far from Washington, D. C. The peaceful Potomac mirrors the blue of Indian summer sky, glints the gold of afternoon sun. The uncrowded highway is a slate-gray ribbon curving, dipping, rising. Twenty-eight-year-old Arthur Godfrey is at the wheel of a snappy new roadster. On Arthur's lips, a serene smile. In his mind, serene thoughts.

Somewhere, not far distant from him in that calm countryside, another vehicle is on the highway—a heavy, freight-hauling vehicle being driven by another young man. Neither driver is aware of the other's existence . . . but Fate has worked out a timetable for that.

Not gifted with the power of foretelling future events, Arthur believes that the horn of plenty has indeed been bestowed upon him. Motoring along the road that sunny afternoon, his mood is one of utmost contentment.

The Godfrey life pattern had undergone a drastic change some eighteen months

prior to that sunny afternoon. Eighteen months back, it was Radioman First Class Godfrey, U. S. Coast Guard. Even that status was the culmination of a haphazard, rag-tag-and-bobtail existence.

Arthur signed up with the Coast Guard after trying well-nigh everything else: as an architect's office boy, migratory worker, dishwasher, assembly line auto paint sprayer, short-order cook, salesman of cemetery lots, vaudevillian, and Navy gob.

One night, in 1930, a couple of Coast Guard buddies persuaded Arthur to take part in an amateur "talent" contest broadcast by Radio Station WFBR in nearby Baltimore. The station's program manager was pleased with Arthur's vocal and instrumental effort but, more important, he was impressed with the special quality of Arthur's speaking voice.

Result: The Coast Guard's loss was radio's gain.

"Red" Godfrey, The Warbling Banjoist, became an overnight WFBR drawing card. Baltimoreans evinced a hearty appetite for him and Arthur was served up in other ear-pleasing forms—"Red" Godfrey's Melodians, Morning Air Mail, announcing chores and what-not.

At the end of a year with WFBR, a grand total of twelve thousand fan letters! This was seductive music to the ears of officials in certain Washington radio stations. One station, WRC, came forward to woo the Baltimore oriole. Arthur was woo-able.

Such were the ego-flattering events which passed in pleasant review before Arthur's mind's-eye as he drove through the countryside that sunny afternoon in September of the year 1931.

How could he know that, even at that instant, Fate was consulting her time-

table? How could he know that, not far off now, on some converging highway, another driver was careening along, perhaps equally wrapped in self-absorbing thoughts?

Blithely, Arthur cocked a blue eye heavenward. Clear sky . . . a lively breeze aloft. Perfect weather for the afternoon's planned activity: lessons in the art of gliding. Yes, now that he had the where-withal, flying was his new love. Free flight, high aloft. It was the very essence of freedom . . . a long-desired realization.

Yes, today was a promising holiday from the microphones at Radio Station WRC. Onward to the airport. Onward to—

The on-rushing truck veered crazily. No escape. A grinding, exploding crash—searing pain—and then . . . nothingness.

Hospital charts: cryptic, coldly technical things. But, to the layman, the chart over Arthur's bed at Takoma Park Sanitarium could be translated into the following grim information: Laceration of the left arm, left hand, left leg and left side of the head. Fractured pelvis. Fracture of both kneecaps. Dislocation of the right hip.

How much smashing can the human body take? How much shock can it stand?

Days of coma and unconsciousness. Besign, blessed unconsciousness of the frantic—coldly, measuredly frantic—hands racing against time . . . working skilled wonders with anaesthetic, scalpel, suture, needle.

Days of coma and unconsciousness. Besome reluctant befogged dawn, the slow emergence into a sense of lessening pain . . . of healing.

But it had been and was a shattering experience. In the midst of such physical devastation, how could the spirit survive?

On what could the spirit be nourished? It could be nourished by human warmth. By the hundreds and by the thousands, the people avalanched Arthur with written words of compassion, with spoken words of courage and comfort and hope left at the hospital switchboard. From all the region round, the words of encouragement seemed to merge into an almost tangible mandate which said, "Get well—we want you back with us."

And as the days and weeks and months saw Arthur's pain subside, like receding waters after an angry flood, so, gradually, did time witness his growing awareness of—and response to—the people's desire to hear his voice again in their homes.

Arthur "came back"—on crutches, at first, these eventually to be replaced by a stout cane. Finally, he limped about without such props. The limp could not be hidden but he did make Spartan efforts to conceal the frequent singeing flashes of persistent pain.

Arthur came back to WRC, his audience larger and more loyal than ever. The multitude of listeners heard his earthy chuckle radiate from WMAL, also—another Washington affiliate of NBC. Yes, Arthur was back, more solidly entrenched than ever as a local personality.

Then, one work-weary day, he clashed with a station official. Result: Something exploded back in his face—his job.

Again Washington and environs were deprived of the redhead's baritone bufoonery. Public and press took up the cry: "Where is Godfrey? We want Godfrey!"

Destiny . . . Lady Luck . . . whatever her name, this time it was as if she were determined to be contrite, to make amends. Details aside, the aftermath of that split with WRC brassdom was Arthur's ascendancy from a local radio personality to a nationwide, network name. And the network was CBS. where he has remained ever since.

The road, since that first important "milestone," has stretched out long and interestingly. In his steady progress forward, Arthur has assumed the proportions of a national institution. He has acquired enormous rewards in the material sense. He has been a prize plum on the CBS tree for, lo, these nineteen years. Fame. Wealth. Professional prestige. Motor cars. Private planes. Town penthouses. A country estate.

But these do not properly inventory Arthur's real wealth. The things that do count—the things that are real—are the affection and esteem he has garnered from his family and from the vast multitude of Americans who, by way of radio or television, have hung up a permanent welcome sign for Arthur on their thresholds.

And now, coming into view, is the second closely related "milestone." The span between this one and the first is not visible. You can't see pain. You just feel it, or remember it. Or are haunted by it.

**SURGEON FOR GODFREY
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The one-time "local radio character" is now national front-page news. Why? Because all America is avidly interested in this especially personal problem of Arthur's—Americans up and down the land know—by way of daily bulletins—exactly how Arthur fares at the hands of the expert bone surgeon and his colleagues at Massachusetts General Hospital.

Once again Arthur Godfrey is being nourished by the warmth of the expressed love of those who may never have seen him closer than their television screen, or heard his voice, except over a microphone. Arthur Godfrey's fateful hours are passing and the headlines of yesterday and today mirror one man's fighting courage.



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Red Foley's a Family Man

(Continued from page 39)

interview with the nice things, the admiring and loving things, she said about "Daddy" or—her other pet name for Red—"Sweet Boy." So what, I wondered, not without half a dozen good reasons, did Red have to look so "moany" about?

With the next sentence he spoke, the answer was given. "The kids are away," he said, in the voice of doom. "Two of them, the two older ones, are in boarding school. The David Lipscom College right here in Nashville. The littlest one is with my parents in my home town of Berea, Kentucky. Real fortunate," Red said gratefully, "that my parents are still living. But I sure do miss the kids. That's why the radio's going. Goes all the time. That's the extent of the liveliness around here without the kids. *Lonesomest feeling in the world.*"

Red Foley is the dean of the 150 entertainers who make up the giant Grand Ole Opry production every Saturday night, from 7:30 P. M. until midnight, in Nashville Ryman Auditorium. He's the star among stars of the portion of Grand Ole Opry heard at 9:30, every Saturday night, over NBC Radio. You know his records. His record-breaking records. Among them, "Chattanooga Shoe Shine Boy," "Tennessee Hillbilly Ghost," "Oceans of Tears" and (Red's favorite of all his waxings) "Peace in the Valley." You may have seen him, in the flesh, when he's made personal appearances throughout the country. Or in the shadow on the screen in, for instance, "The Pioneers." He's definitely a well-known man about America. Let the telephone ring at the Foleys and, could be, it's Governor Frank Clement calling Red, wanting to ask this or that question.

"Everyone admires him," Sally told me, "famous folk like the Governor and Bing Crosby and Dizzy Dean and Red Skelton, with whom he's worked—and he just sits and gapes at them! Time he got the message the Governor called, he said 'Wonder who's kidding me?' Didn't believe it was the Governor, until he dialed the number left for him to call, and got—the Governor's mansion! Not a showoff bone in the whole six-foot-two of him!

"Should you meet his mother and father, you'd see," Sally said, "what Red represents. His father walks in like a saint walking in. White hair. Straight. His mom! Just a *Mama*. And proud as peacocks of Red. His dad cries every time Red sings an emotional or a religious song. 'Papa's real proud of what I do,' I've heard Red say, pretty proud himself. 'Come into the store, whoever you are, he'll sit there and talk Clyde to you' (Clyde is Red's given name) 'until Doomsday.'

"I just think Red's perfect," Sally went on, as Red was called to the telephone. "He's a wonderful husband and a wonderful father. He is just everybody's friend, I guess. Everyone, anyone, tells him their troubles. A person as important as Daddy is, generally doesn't have any time. Daddy has time. He always has time. Only fault he's got, he does have too big a heart. . . ."

Red Foley has many titles and wears many crowns. He is known throughout the U.S.A.—and sizable portions of the world beyond—as the acc of American folk music. But to home-folks in Nashville, to his close friends (one of them being Miss Minnie Pearl), he's best known as the ever-lovin' "Pappy" of Shirley Lee, just turned eighteen. . . . Julie Ann, fourteen. . . . and Jennie Lou, eleven "and a little better." You can't get more sentimental than Red is over these three young

daughters of his, these three very pretty young daughters who are—there is no other word for it—Red's heart.

"It is a beautiful thing," Sally added, "when they're all home. It is darn lonesome without them. Even the radio going has a lonesome sound—just one little old radio—for, when they're home, there's TV going in this room, the record player in that room, four or five radios in four or five other rooms!

"Parties going on, too. All kinds of parties. . . . And most of the time, Slumber parties—they're a big favorite—when all their girl friends come over, bring their own blankets and pillows, sleep on the floor all over the house, play records, make candy, chatter like a great big old nest of magpies!

"When they date—Shirley and Julie, that is, Jennie Lou's too young—they more often than not bring their dates home. Dance. And Daddy's right in there with them. Teaches them how to dance and they teach him. . . ."

"Julie's teaching me the Dip," Red laughed, making a face—but loving it—"Daddy, with his old back, doing the Dip!" "Daddy really lives with his children," Sally said. "Kind of sweet. He plays golf with his children. Bowls with his children. Swims with his children. . . ."

"We're great ones for telling each other things that have happened to us, or describing things we've seen, when we've been apart. Like TV shows, for instance. A few nights ago, I fell asleep while Daddy was watching a play, a Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., production called *The Accused*. Soon's I woke up, he had to tell me the whole story, start to finish. The next time Shirley and Julie were home, he told them the whole story, start to finish. . . ."

"We always have done things together, the kids and I," Red said. "When they were just so-high, I used to get out and play with them in the back yard, baseball, softball and the like. There's a picture of them up there on the wall behind you." (There were pictures of them on every wall, on the desk, atop the bookshelves, on the incidental tables.) "See how gay they look, not a care in the world; not knowing about care. *You can't.*" Red said, his brown eyes darkening, "recall that to them."

Red worries about the children. Was deeply worried about them, and for them, when their mother died and they came face to face—and nothing Daddy could do about it—with grief and loss. He worried about them during his widowhood when he was obliged to leave them at home—such times as he was away from home—with a housekeeper. And he worried when, faced with the prospect of a step-mother, they, normally enough—being so young—were resentful and rebelled. Were going to leave home, the two older girls were, "if Daddy married again." During this period of adjustment and readjustment, of storms and tears, their dad, sensitive to their every frown and smile, suffered what came near to being nervous collapse.

Now that painful period is over.

He is, of course, proud of his children, Red is. Proud that Shirley, his first-born, was chosen Campus Beauty and Most Popular Girl on the Campus at David Lipscom.

"The votes that elected her were for members of the whole student body," her proud pappy said, "and my girl just a little old Freshman, too!

"I'm proud because they all have talent; all have dramatic ability, dancing ability, and beautiful singing voices. Prouder because they all want to be good

little housewives—and that's what their pappy wants for them. Because that's what I want for them, I'm not giving them any training in the dance or in dramatics or such. Only thing they've ever had is piano lessons. Only theatrical experience they've ever had is when, for several years past, they've appeared with me on my Christmas-week Grand Ole Opry show. I've let them appear on Grand Ole Opry because I don't think of Grand Ole Opry as being show business in the true sense. But just as something that appeals because it's of the people, by the people.

"I want happy marriages," Red Foley said, and said it strong, "for my little girls. This above all. I would like for my little girls to have the kind of married life I dreamed about when I was a little boy. Dreamed over and over again, year in year out. And always it was the same: There'd be the little white house with the little green shutters. The little old path flowers bordering it, reaching down to the little white gate. And I, in the dream, coming home at evening time, unlatching the gate, the kids running out to meet me. At the door, there'd be the wife to greet me. I never saw her face. It didn't matter. The feeling mattered. Inside, there'd be a table set and ready, a big table. The smell of homemade bread, store-bought bread being something country folk would think shame. We'd sit down, say grace. . . . and the dream would end. The happy dream. But only to begin again. . . ."

"It won't matter," Red said, "if my little girls marry husbands who don't make a lot. I'm not going to use the old cliché, 'Money doesn't matter.' Only it doesn't. . . ."

"Not to happiness, that is. We were poor people. Real poor. Make-ends-meet poor. Little country store that was—and is—Papa's business. E. H. Foley's General Merchandise Store. The store has a potbellied stove in the center of it. Has every one in the county, with their problems and their pains, gathered 'round that stove' feet up. And you can buy anything at E. H. Foley's, from nutmeg to hay-baling wire. But he doesn't make any money. Papa doesn't. Just makes a living. Gives everyone in the county credit, Papa does Papa's only fault—trusts everybody. 'Mama's the balance wheel,' my brother and I used to say, laughing, 'that keeps starvation away.' But we were happy's the day is long. Had fun.

"I sometimes think—I often think, when I reminisce about the old days and the old ways, that I'd like to go back home to live. Buy or build us a place in Berea. Real secure feeling in living with folks who really love you. . . ."

On the ceiling of Red's den, on the exact center of the ceiling, were pasted exactly nine records. Nine of Red's records.

"Had a notion," Red explains, "of papering the ceiling, the whole of it, with my waxings. But, when I found out it took forty-five minutes to fasten just one of 'em up there with linoleum paste, gave up the notion. Purely an experiment, I say of it now. . . . The center record, around which the others, you might say, revolve, is 'Peace in the Valley.' My favorite, as I told you. . . it's a sacred number. It has a real deep meaning to it. Every time you sing it, it gives you a little more hope and faith that there's something better than what we have to face right now.

"Something better, like the home I come from," Red said fervently, "like the home I hope this home is now going to be. . . for the kids! . . . for Sally. . . and for me."

Wendy Warren's Little Mrs. Innocent

(Continued from page 48)

came engaged, Bill gave me a hand-carved MacLeod figure, the first item in my Scotch collection. Then, my aunt, Mrs. Annie Gillespie of Florida, gave me a picture that resembles the late Sir Harry Houdini. We both knew we had Scottish ancestry—Bill's mother was a Macintosh.

"And then Jean discovered that she was MacPherson," interrupts Bill, a very rosy-looking Bill, with red hair, well-defined features and a fine, athletic build. Jean, who can't bear to sit still a minute, asks in, "Oh, let me finish dear. It was thrilling. It seems that Angus, chief of the Clan MacIntosh, married Eva MacPherson, heiress to the MacPherson clan. It was a love match and the two clans decided to become united. They adopted the same coat of arms, the one you see in the guest room—incidentally, Bill painted—and have been united ever since. So you see, Bill and I were destined for each other back in the Middle Ages."

While it wasn't bagpipes which brought us two together in the first place, it was another Scotsman—Jim Davidson, Bill's best friend—who inadvertently made the match. It was a broiling, sizzling July night, three years ago. Jean had just finished at the studio when Jim asked her to join a big crowd going to Jones Beach for a swimming party. She accepted, and Bill and I were married the following winter. "We just love Jones Beach," Jean reflects dreamily. "We met there. Bill proposed there. And they sure have the best hot dogs!"

Inscribed inside Bill's wedding ring is, "To Mac from Bonnie Jean."

Since Jim was so helpful in finding Bill's wife, Bill stood up as Jim's best man when Jim married Mary Denny, daughter of George V. Denny, former moderator of our own Meeting Of The Air.

Before the fireplace is Jean's prize possession, a marble-topped coffee table her mother picked up at an antique shop in Wrentham, Massachusetts, for only twenty dollars. A few months later her mother likewise discovered the almost matching marble-topped commode now in the foyer, for an incredible eight dollars.

"My mother is absolutely fabulous," says Jean, fluffing her hair with her hand. She was the one who started me off on ballet when I was three. By the time I was five I was dancing professionally in Boston and probably would have been a ballet dancer, since I'm the right size and build and just loved it."

She pauses and suddenly lets out a yell. In the corner of the room is Baskerville, the beagle puppy, chewing on a small black object. "My ballet slippers!" She rescues the tiny toe shoes, her only souvenir of childhood lessons. They are less than five inches long, half-worn and very precious.

"Mother brought me to New York when I was eleven and entered me at the Professional Children's School. Most of the other children were acting so I began to act, too, and it was wonderful.

"Soon I was back in Boston, though, playing summer theatre in Plymouth. A few years later I came back to New York and very luckily got the ingenue part in a Broadway play, 'Chicken Every Sunday,' which became a big hit. With a weekly paycheck coming in, I could scout around for jobs in radio.

"On radio I became the girl-friend type, first Henry Aldrich's and then a long run as Alan Young's girl. When the Alan Young show moved to Hollywood, the whole cast went along, but I got homesick for New York and rushed back the minute

my contract ran out."

Since then, Jean has had choice parts on Ford Theatre, Kraft Theatre, Studio One, and Suspense, on television. Her recent radio roles have included playing Patricia Sullivan on Wendy Warren And The News as well as parts on The Guiding Light and Aunt Jenny, the latter being the first time she and Bill have worked together.

Bill is an actor, too. He and Jean first met when he was in the Broadway company of "South Pacific." On the Aunt Jenny program, Bill played the "other man" and didn't even get Jean at the end. "Well, at least we have each other in real life," says Bill, smilingly tenderly at his tiny wife, curled up in an armchair.

The apartment is tastefully furnished and cozy. The great delight to both of them is the two and a half bathrooms. "No traffic problems when we're both rushing off somewhere," says Jean. "We're so spoiled, but we're enjoying our luck so much. I use the bathroom off our bedroom. It's large and roomy and I can hang my stockings up without worrying about annoying Bill.

"He uses the one next to the guest room. It has a stall shower which he loves."

Usually, Jean and Bill entertain smallish groups of friends so they can all get comfortable and sprawled out for a good gab-fest. Most of their friends are not of the theatre or entertainment world, and when there's company the television stays off.

Most precious of their possessions are, first, their eleven-month-old beagle, named Baskerville. His real name is Prince Mac of Baskerville and his pedigree is longer than his name. Second is the eighteen-foot pennant class sailboat, named the *Bonnie J*, they bought last summer and keep at Five Mile River, near Darien, Connecticut, some sixty miles from New York. "We thought we would rather have a boat than a summer home," Jean explains. "So what happened? The week after we bought it, I began appearing regularly on The Guiding Light and we only managed to sail about once a week. This year, it'll be different. Can't wait to breathe that wonderful air."

Jean's fragile, delicate appearance is deceptive. She is made of iron and more than holds her own as an expert sailor and horsewoman. Her early ballet training formed good exercise habits she has never forgotten. She still takes regular ballet and vocal lessons to keep in trim—and also against the day she and Bill may work together in a Broadway musical.

The only thing Jean collects, besides phonograph records and books, is Toby jugs, the amusing pottery jugs from England which can be recognized by the funny faces on them.

A fairly recent addition to their household is a 35mm color camera. "We went all out with the camera, take it with us everywhere, up to Canada for skiing, for drives in the country. We've got so much footage we can bore people for eight hours straight!"

To hear each talk about the other, there never were two such talented, charming, lovable, generous, exciting people in the world. Two people who are terribly right for each other.

They find happiness in living together, working together, building a home and intertwined careers which will give them security and contentment. They guide themselves by a set of standards surprisingly modest for young, exciting show folk.

Jean sums it up: "We like our home, our dog, our work—and each other!"

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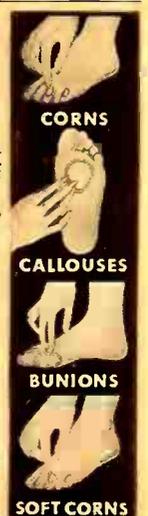
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R
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Home for a Lifetime

(Continued from page 53)

for work and sleep.

But he was a boatsman who took to the water on his days off. Many times he anchored in Long Island Sound's Echo Bay. One house there appealed to him, although there were many others more majestic in appearance—for example, Tommy Manville's thirty-two-room mansion. But this one house, in its acre and a quarter, held a real fascination for Dennis. It was built on the side of a hill that sloped down into the water. It was a family house. Dennis would look up at a huge circular window and he could see right into a very livable living room. It was love at sight, but a frustrated love affair for Dennis—a house just doesn't fit into a bachelor's life.

Life took a new turn for Dennis in December of 1951 when he married Marjorie "Mickie" Crawford. Mickie had discovered that Dennis is just as serious as he is amiable, just as persistent as he is charming. He didn't exactly bowl her over, for Mickie—though as pretty as a glamorous model—didn't like glamour. She was a small-town girl and liked small-town people. She was skeptical of a big city star. In a year's courtship, she learned that Dennis was a real guy and that his famous showmanship was the result of honest, hard work.

"When you marry a girl like Mickie," Dennis says, "you just naturally think of a real home and the things that go with it.

"The house on the Sound had always stuck in my mind," Dennis recalls, "but you just don't go around envying someone else's property."

Finally, getting up nerve enough to inquire about the home on Echo Bay, Dennis found out it was on the market. The Jameses went out to see it. Mickie was thrilled. Dennis was beside himself with delight. They took the house and, July of last summer, moved in.

Some few miles from Manhattan, Echo Haven can be reached by land or water. Its front yard, in New Rochelle, New York, is a green lawn with apple and pine trees. Its backyard is the Long Island Sound. It is a ten-room house, impressive and exciting, for each of the rooms has a beauty and individuality of its own.

Through the front door (land side), the Jameses step into a large foyer. Directly ahead is a sunken living room, twenty-five feet wide, which stretches into eternity—for the far wall is all glass, a series of ceiling-to-floor windows which curve the width of the room.

"This is our Cinerama," Mickie says.

In this huge bay, you are literally sitting in space. There are two leather chairs facing the window, a thirty-power telescope, binoculars and reading lamps. (But, Mickie says, it's difficult to concentrate on reading.) There is the sweep of the sea or a hundred ducks flocking on the water or boats moving across the horizon.

When night falls and the lights go on, the windows are black mirrors, reflecting a magnificent paneled fireplace. On the mantel is a gift from Paul Winchell, a clock wound by barometric pressure, and there are a couple of mahogany figures Dennis picked up in Haiti. The carpeting is tan and the chairs and fabrics follow through in various shades of the same color.

"Decorating a house is a job that never quits," Dennis says.

He points to a newly acquired nest of tables that he designed himself. The tables are curved to fit the end of a long sofa against a wall and facing the fireplace. A few feet forward of the sofa is a large

calfskin-covered ottoman. Their coffee table is home-designed. A huge piece of driftwood is the base for a clear panel of free form glass shaped something like the left sole of a shoe. Flanking the fireplace are two tall table lamps with square black bases, white columns and square shades which Dennis and Mickie had made from wallpaper. One panel on the side of the fireplace encloses a TV set which Dennis mounted himself.

But, according to Mickie, "Most of our friends usually head for the game room." This is downstairs. On the knotty-pine paneled walls are plaques and awards honoring Dennis, pictures of friends, a dart game and an antique musket. There are two leather chairs fronting a fieldstone fireplace, another television set and a handsome hickory table built on a barrel, together with some barrel chairs. Because the house is built on a slope, these windows, too, face out on Long Island Sound.

Next to the game room, Dennis has built himself a tool chest and workbench. And there is also a laundry room with a deep freeze that boasts, among other things, several gallons of spaghetti sauce made by Dennis' mother to be served when she is away.

All has not been living in heaven for the Jameses, however. They've had two major catastrophes. The first week at Echo Haven, Mickie found Dennis on the garage floor in a pool of blood. In pulling down the overhead door, he was smashed on the head, had eighteen stitches taken, and was in the hospital for two weeks. Dennis, who was a middleweight boxing champ in college, can't recall ever being hit so hard.

"Now we play it safe," he says. "We have an electronic device that opens and closes the door from the car."

The Jameses' dining room is beige, with a blond oak table and dull black chairs, but Dennis and Mickie eat many of their meals on their "dining terrace," glassed in against the weather. Outside this terrace is a circular flagstone pavilion, then a sharp drop down to the water where a pier is under construction. Dennis gave up his big boat and now owns a Chris-Craft speedboat, a sailboat and a dinghy. The pier, scene of their second painful memory, has been under construction too long.

"We started work on it last year and, of course, wanted it finished last summer so we could get some use out of it," Dennis recalls. "Not until the day before Labor Day was it completed."

Labor Day there was a storm and Dennis sat in his "Cinerama" watching the elements pound and rip and tear until his pier was washed away. The new pier, started this past spring, should be ready by July. (The Jameses have their fingers crossed.)

In the meantime, Dennis docks his boats across the bay and, on good afternoons, takes his friends for rides along the Sound. Among others, he has had Herb Shriner and Jack Carson out. They may stop at the Westchester Country Club for lunch and a swim, although the Jameses can swim right off their own float which bobs some fifty feet off their property. There are lights at the rear of the house to illuminate the water for after-dinner swims.

The master bedroom also faces the Sound. It's large and handsome, with another fireplace and another television set. French windows open on a terrace large enough to hold a small table and a few chairs. This is where Dennis has his fruit juice and coffee each morning, reads the paper and his mail.

Dennis loves the beauty of the morning

hours. There are misty days when fishing boats lie just off shore. There are sunny mornings when gulls swoop in from the horizon. Not usually an early riser, he makes it a point occasionally to get up and watch a sunrise.

The headboard and the spread on the huge bed are of charcoal gray tweed. The carpeting is rose, with flecks of gold.

On the fourth level of the house there are two more rooms. The first is a temporary sewing room. Temporary, because one day the Jameses hope it will be their nursery. In the meantime, the sewing machine has been whirring. Mickie and her mother have whizzed through a number of drapes and chair covers.

Adjoining the future nursery is the studio where Mickie and Dennis paint, mount and edit their film. Mickie is an artist and Dennis has been painting ever since he met her. There are many paintings and prints throughout the house. Dennis' first is in the dining room, a landscape. His last, a portrait of his father, hangs in the foyer opposite a water color. Ted Mack gave him.

"Using the word hobby loosely," Dennis says, "you might say the house is now my chief hobby."

As a former apartment-dweller, Dennis has learned quickly. He knows about top soil and fertilizing and other gardening problems. He has learned from experience about plumbing, insulating, constructing and the dozens of other things that have to be done around a house. When he hung his first painting he wound up with a nine-inch hole in the wall. Now he knows about plaster and is a master handyman.

"The projects on the outside are mine," he explains, "and Mickie runs the house."

Louise, their permanent staff of one, is invaluable to both. Dennis counts her as not only cook but secretary and critic. Louise has been around TV and radio "shop talk" so much that when she watches Dennis' shows she feels the same tensions as the producer.

Louise, like Mickie, seldom misses one of Dennis' programs and when he gets home she is right on hand to answer his inevitable question, "How did it sound?"

Dennis is justifiably proud of his starring roles on *Chance Of A Lifetime* and *Turn To A Friend*. But he privately admits that the real satisfaction isn't found merely in their success. Both are the kind of shows he has always wanted to emcee, for both give concrete help to deserving people.

Sometimes both Mickie and Dennis are so busy that their paths don't cross for hours. Dennis has solved this problem with an inter-com system connecting all floors. It saves time running up and down stairs trying to find something.

"Not that I can count on Mickie's memory," Dennis says.

The story that Mickie tells on herself happened the day Dennis called in from Manhattan. He had forgotten to pack a fresh suit for that night's *Chance Of A Lifetime*. Mickie said she would bring a suit right in. An hour or so later she drove up to the theatre and delivered a suitcase. The suitcase was empty.

They both laughed easily at this, for they are sure of each other. Dennis frankly traces his happiness from the day he met Mickie.

"As wonderful as the house is," he says, "it would be nothing without Mickie. I wouldn't want it without her."

You really couldn't find another married couple—or house—which speak more eloquently of their own happiness.

Joan Alexander

(Continued from page 51)

rt about being "to just the right degree, od." Not too good to be human, but then no means bad. Which, in good part, is e result of the very close relationship of s mother-daughter team . . . the very alistic and understanding attitude of this ther toward her daughter.

"Just like any other working mother," plains Joan, "when I come home I, too, i sometimes just plain tired. At these es I must be particularly careful not let Jane develop a feeling of being in e way . . . of not being wanted at that oment. She must never feel that after a ll day at the studios I am too tired to ay with her or be interested in her day's tivities. Actually, this sounds much rder than it really is. In the first place, I i, naturally, vitally interested in Jane's ily activities. In the second place, she's e enthusiastic that it's hard not to be ught up in her gay whirl. In fact, when o come home seemingly exhausted, she's ctly the medicine I need. Before I know she's set my world back to rights again. hich is one of the many reasons I would ver dream of vacationing without Jane." Every summer in Jane's young life, she s vacationed with her mother—or is it e other way around? They are such a rfect pair, that it's hard to say which is ing for the other. Acquaintances who do t understand this unusual rapport be- een mother and daughter are inclined to onder why Joan doesn't want to "get ay from it all" during her hard-earned ee-week vacations. They wonder how it possible to have a really restful and re- ing vacation with a six-year-old . . . n't a child sometimes be more of a strain an a pleasure for a mother, especially on acations?

"Unfortunately," replies Joan, "I'm sure is is often true. Healthy children are nat- rally active. But the fact that they are ctive doesn't mean they need be irritating. ine times out of ten, the child who is al- ways getting into mischief is the child who r trying to get attention. More than that, is riving for affection—rather than the olding he or she is bound to get. And, if child must go to extremes in order to get tention, isn't that really the parents' ult? As for Jane, she's not only loved, but e knows she's loved. She doesn't have o get into Mother's perfume, or tear pages ut of books in order to get attention. In ct, it's quite the other way around. Right om the very beginning, and I don't think s ever too soon to start teaching, Jane

learned—'sensed' might be a better word— that, when she was good and sweet, she received the like in return. Right from the very beginning she sensed she was loved and wanted. She knows that under no cir- cumstances is she ever in the way. She is old enough now to know that her parents enjoy her . . . enjoy being with her. Enjoy her being with them. She feels secure . . . and, being secure, is happy and loving."

This love that represents such security to little Jane becomes immediately obvious to any stranger at first meeting with the two J's. Obviously, the parents' friends are always also the daughter's friends. In fact, it might be said that Jane is the demi- hostess. When, for example, dinner guests arrive, Jane, who has by now been fed and bathed, is right at her mother's side greet- ing and hostessing. Then, when her bed- time arrives, without any fuss she warmly says good-night and trundles off with her mother, who tucks her in for the night. Why no fuss? Just because Jane has never felt her parents were trying to get rid of her . . . get her out of the way. It's just that it's bedtime and, naturally, when it's bed- time one goes to bed. And, furthermore, her mother's going with her to tuck her in and spend those last wonderful moments before the Sandman claims her for the night. It's as simple as all that. It's as natural as all that. It's a result of love and security.

"Vacations with my daughter are fun . . . not a strain," Joan says. "Of course, it's true that, when you're vacationing with a small child, you, the adult, must make up your mind to one thing—plans must be made in deference to the child. That is, the parent must adjust to the child, not vice versa. That doesn't, however, mean that you must prepare to spend the entire time cutting out paper dolls and blowing bubbles . . . which would, admittedly, be quite a strain on an adult. No, quite to the contrary, children like to feel grown-up . . . like to do things they see adults doing . . . and, with a little thought, you can arrange to include your child in your activities, as well as including yourself in hers.

"For instance, I am very fond of antiques and love to browse through antique shops— particularly those in the country. For the last several years, we have rented summer cottages in Easthampton, Long Island. I manage to get out on weekends and, of course, always spend my three-week vaca- tions there. For the past two summers I have taken Jane with me on brief excur- sions to antique shops.

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Having spent all the summers of her young life near Long Island's beaches, Jane is as much at home on a beach as she is in her own room. Whereas she loved the sand at first sight, it did take her a little time to get on equally friendly terms with the water. However, Joan never tried to coax her . . . just bided her time until Jane of her own accord would display an interest in getting her feet wet. "The only thing I did," explains Joan, "was, whenever I returned from a swim, I would briefly wax enthusiastic about the water. Eventually, one day I found Jane trudging to the water's edge with me, and very casually—just as though we had done this every day of our lives—Jane and 'Mommy' took their first dip together. She has no fear of the water because she never had a fear to overcome . . . a fear that is so often merely the result of parents trying to force the issue."

The beach in nice weather takes up a big part of Joan's and Jane's vacation time. They pack picnic lunches and spend the day swimming, digging tunnels, building sand forts, and playing a somewhat less adult version of Joan's TV game, *The Name's The Same*. During the afternoon Jane curls up under the beach umbrella

and takes a nap—which gives Joan an opportunity to read that good book she brought along. Once in a while a friend will come out to spend the day. "Actually," says Joan, "I do very little entertaining while I'm vacationing with Jane, and any friends who do come out know ahead of time that they will have to fit in with *our* plans. To put it bluntly, I have very little opportunity to spend *entire* days with my daughter, so, when the opportunity does come along, I refuse to let anything interfere."

"And, speaking of guests, one day early last summer, one of my dearest friends, Lucille Wall, the radio actress, came out to spend the day. She had remembered Jane's being curious about people's flower gardens—more or less hinting that she would like a garden of her own—and had come armed with several packages of seeds. So the three of us went to work helping Jane plant her garden. It was really a stroke of genius on the part of Lucille. Jane loved her garden, and toiled over it daily with full pride of ownership. No matter what we did for the rest of the summer, it had to be done after the garden was taken care of. If the flowers didn't quite come up to some of those growing in other people's gardens, it wasn't because of lack of loving care on the part of its little owner. And, from my point of view, the garden was doubly wonderful—while Jane was busy being a gardener, I was given an opportunity to take care of small chores around the house."

Gardening was only the first of several new experiences to enter Jane's life that summer. The second was fishing . . . an experience which was also new to Joan. During past summers they had often watched men fishing from the beaches, or stood by as the fishing boats came into the harbor. But this summer Jane evinced great interest in trying out this adult sport herself. After making inquiries and satisfying her-

self that such a venture would be quite safe for a five-year-old, Joan and Jane boarded a fishing boat and spent several hours in the harbor happily pulling in blowfish. The skipper cooperated in honor of the occasion by cleaning a number of their catch "for Mommy to cook for dinner." "One thing's for sure," laughs Joan, "we didn't go fishing too often . . . I'm not that fond of blowfish!"

"I guess the part of vacationing with children that most parents lack upon with jaundiced eye," continues Joan, "is the rainy day. What to do with the small fry when it rains. We had a number of activities held aside for those rainy days. Visiting antique shops was one. Going to a children's movie was another . . . I must admit I think I enjoyed this activity as much as Jane. Then, of course, you can usually count on children making friends with their contemporaries and, since Jane is an extremely outgoing little personality, she has always had many friends . . . summers included. We would have tea parties with the children next door, or the children down the road. Jane has a little electric toy stove on which she can make tea and tiny little cupcakes . . . you know, the ready-mix kind. So, there would be great excitement on rainy days when Jane prepared for a tea party. As for me . . . I'd be not too far away getting through the next dozen or so pages of my vacation reading."

"As for what I do with my evenings, that's simple, too. I go to bed almost as early as Jane. Then, when the sunrise rolls around, I'm as willing and eager to meet the new day as my young daughter. In fact, I'm more eager than Jane, because to me the new day means that many more hours with my adorable, wonderful, beautiful, bright and—to just the right degree—good daughter . . . if you'll pardon a prejudiced mother!"

The Blessed Help of People

(Continued from page 61)

before Christmas when the telephone rang and the "miracle of Olney"—as she calls it—began!

It was a dreary day for more than seasonal reasons. Here she was, seventy-four years old, with seven foster-children to care for on just about \$150 a month. She had successfully reared almost one hundred children, including the current seven, but this year's drought had totally destroyed her garden and its annual yield of 1500 quarts of fruits and vegetables. These vegetables and other products would have normally helped "her children" through the winter.

This year the old frame house seemed to be cold and drafty. As she cooked what little there was to eat, on an ancient three-legged wood stove, Miss Graffort looked longingly at an empty space where an ice-box had once stood. Even that was now gone.

For herself, she didn't worry, but winter lay ahead—with absolutely no hope of comfort for the youngsters under her roof. After nearly thirty years of caring for almost a hundred children—three of them legally adopted by Miss Graffort—and giving each the individual attention and love of a real mother, the prospect of failing her charges was a grim, depressing one.

Atha Graffort didn't discover until later that, on that cold winter night, she had been carefully maneuvered into position near a certain telephone by her sister, Mrs. Frank Griffith of nearby Corso, Missouri. Shortly after eight o'clock, the telephone rang and, suddenly, Atha Graffort was

speaking to Ralph Edwards and being heard over the airwaves by the millions of listeners to his popular Truth Or Consequences program.

Ralph explained to the incredulous old lady that the story of her lifetime devotion to children had been brought to his attention by one of her former foster-children. Because of her self-sacrifice and utter selflessness, he and his sponsors wished to make her life easier in the future with a deep freeze, a gas range, a refrigerator and a year's supply of Pet Milk. Ralph and Miss Graffort chatted for a minute and Miss Graffort's genuine emotion was enough to touch the hearts of people all over this nation.

After he wished her good luck, Ralph Edwards hung up the phone. Turning to his audience, he asked each Truth Or Consequences listener to help Atha Graffort and her foster-children by sending one can of food to her home in Missouri.

That's when the avalanche began. From everywhere in the country packages arrived literally by the truckload, until there were some thirty truckloads in all. Postmistress Mellie Duval, who has never had to handle more than three or four packages in any one day, was completely overwhelmed by the onslaught. Extra help was called into the main post office at Silex, Missouri. Extra trucks and a huge semi-trailer were commandeered to carry the letters, boxes, bags and crates—all of which totalled 12,846 packages and 3,949 letters containing \$4,465.07 in money gifts.

They included a side of beef from a rancher in Colorado, a hind quarter of

venison from California, an order of dresses from Denver for Miss Graffort and three foster-daughters, and a crate from a bank in Birmingham filled with boxes, cans and bags.

Radio Station KJFJ, Webster City, Iowa, made Atha Graffort's needs their special project. Station General Manager Wayne J. Hatchett sent 600 pounds of food, compliments of KJFJ listeners.

Within days, the post office and Miss Graffort's old three-story frame house were in a state of orderly chaos. Neighbors pitched in to help the slightly dazed little woman arrange and catalogue the over 50,000 separate food containers scattered through the four bedrooms, the roomy kitchen and overflowing onto the big front porch.

"I could almost go into the grocery business with all this food," gasped Miss Graffort, bright blue eyes agog behind her glasses at the four-foot-high wall of supplies stacked in every room.

Even more inspiring was the fact that every gift bore a message of courage and hope straight from the hearts of folks all over the country who appreciate the value of mother love.

Of the scores of children Atha Graffort has raised in the past twenty-eight years, eighty were wards of the St. Louis Board of Children's Guardians, homeless and at least temporarily motherless. Sixteen were with Miss Graffort from infancy until adulthood. It was one of these sixteen, now Mrs. J. P. Campbell of El Paso, Texas, who wrote to Ralph Edwards.

Miss Graffort describes how the child

came into her care. "Her mother was a sickly widow and came to the hospital here in St. Louis. One day she told the doctor she felt she was going to die and didn't know what would happen to her child.

"The doctor said, 'Send her to me,' thinking the mother would be well soon. The woman went home. Later, she died and the twelve-year-old girl came to the doctor.

"He didn't know what to do, so when I heard the story I took her home with me. She stayed until she was eighteen, married a minister's son—a very nice boy.

"Never a Mother's Day or Christmas goes by that I don't hear from her. And now, her writing to Ralph Edwards has given me help when I needed it most. One of the joys of having children is knowing they appreciate you and love and think of you even when they have their own families to worry about."

Reminiscence put a faraway look in Miss Graffort's eyes. "It seems like I've had children all my life. My mother was an invalid and I kept boarders so I could be home with her and still earn some money. Somehow people began asking me to care for their children.

"I raised my brother's child. He sent her to me by mail when she was less than two years old. She arrived on the train with a tag attached to her."

Miss Graffort can tell lots of love stories about her offspring, but her favorite is about Helen. Like teenagers in any family, Helen objected to babies, and specifically to her foster-mother's plan for taking some into the house.

"I've got a nice boy friend," Helen had protested, "and I know what will happen. He'll be here some night and you'll call, 'Helen, come help me put a diaper on the baby.'"

Miss Graffort promised to be real careful and keep the babies out of sight. But, sure enough, one afternoon when Helen's boy friend stopped in unexpectedly, Atha called down, "Helen, come help me diaper the baby."

Helen came up the stairs, bellowing like a calf from embarrassment. Right behind her was the young man, laughing at Helen's discomfort and delighted with the baby. A tender look came over him as he said, "Helen, why don't we stay home tonight with the babies and let Mama go to the movies instead?"

Of course, they are now happily married. And who do you suppose watches their babies?

In her own way, Miss Graffort can teach child psychologists a thing or two. Take

the case of Mary Catherine. Mary Catherine held her mouth firmly shut, refused to say a word.

"She could talk, but she just wouldn't. The board sent her to me thinking maybe I could get her to loosen up.

"On the way home we passed a store with some beautiful apples in the window. I said, 'If I had one of the children with me who could talk and who'd ask me to buy one of those apples I'd go in and get one.'

"Mary Catherine replied, 'You go to the dickens.'

"I bought that apple anyhow and thereafter Mary Catherine was fine."

Bustling around her new, modern kitchen, confident of a good supply of food and money for her brood, she remarked, "It is the most wonderful feeling that for the first time in my life I have security for my children. If my 'miracle of Olney' hadn't happened, two of my boys would be forced to leave high school in the first year—and what kind of future could they have without education?"

"I would probably have had to give up most of the children. Four of them, including the twins, are from one family. They might be separated. I couldn't bear to think of brothers and sisters being apart from one another. Now the youngsters can stop worrying and with spring here I can plant the garden again."

It's all peaceful and quiet-like these days in Olney, Missouri. The excitement of hearing Miss Graffort on Ralph Edwards' Truth Or Consequences has simmered down to a wonderful memory. The neighbors have stopped marveling. The reporters are back to chasing fires. The heroine of all the fuss has picked up the threads—now strengthened—of her profession as mother and homemaker.

Things may seem about the same as they did last year just before the now-famous telephone call, but there is a difference every mother can recognize and appreciate. It's security. Not only the security Miss Graffort feels at knowing she will be able to carry on her work, but there is the added reassurance of a family united, of a town dropping everything to help out, of a stranger who runs a radio program and thousands of his listeners responding with warmth and vigor to another lady's needs.

Miss Atha Graffort moves toward the twilight of a rich, satisfying life. She has her children who keep her in touch with their travels, their marriages and, now, their children, too.

"I may be an old maid," she admits, smiling roguishly. "But I'm several times a grandmother!"



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SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

Life's Hard-won Victories Are Hers

(Continued from page 44)

States at eleven, when she entered school in Los Angeles. For one thing, they left Joan—who was Dellie Ellis then, until a motion picture studio changed her name to Joan Lorrington—with a mind alert to every new experience and an ear so attuned to foreign tongues and dialects that both qualities were to serve her well later. They helped greatly when she became an actress, first on radio, then in Hollywood movies, on the Broadway stage, and finally in New York radio and television.

Her first acting chance, however, had nothing to do with being able to imitate dialects, or really with anything specific at all. "I was just sort of led into it," she says. "My mother and I thought I might come out well in an audition for a children's radio program, so we went." She was barely thirteen at the time, a tiny bronze-haired child with hazel-gray eyes.

However, Ann Nichols, the writer of that children's show, liked her so much that she wrote a part for Joan into her dramatic radio serial, *Dear John*, which starred Irene Rich. Joan played the part for almost a year, and it was the beginning of a whole series of opportunities for her. By the time she was seventeen she was still playing children's roles but had added grown-up parts on many dramatic shows, such as *Lux Radio Theatre* and *Suspense*. Producers quickly discovered her gift for dialects, and she played everything from cockneys to little girls from the Deep South—or from Paris or Vienna.

"I had heard almost every language spoken by people who came to China from all over the world," Joan recalls. "I heard English that was marked with every kind of accent. When I visited Europe and heard languages that should have been foreign to me, I realized that they didn't sound foreign at all, and all my childhood memories came flooding back. It was very strange."

Joan's performance as the little Welsh girl, in the film version of "The Corn Is Green," won her a nomination for the Academy Award as best supporting actress of 1945. But, after making several movies, Joan left Hollywood in 1948 to do a season of summer stock, always working toward her goal of more and more training for her job as an actress. In the fall she began to knock at the doors of the New York advertising agencies and the producers who had radio roles to offer: "My first dramatic part on a daytime program was in *This Is Nora Drake*, on which I played Suzanne for the next two years. Then I came back to the program last year to play Grace, a role I hope to continue for a long time."

Being back on the *Nora Drake* program was a real thrill to Joan. Arthur Hanna is directing it, and she thinks he's tops. Les Damon, who plays Dr. Sargent, was there to greet her. And Charles Paul, who plays the organ on so many shows.

"I've known Joan Tompkins the longest of anyone in New York radio," Joan Lorrington says, "and though our friendship has been mostly confined to our working hours, there has always been a warm, good feeling between us. She is one of the best people I have ever met. We have such a good cast—Ruth Newton plays Vivian, Elizabeth Lawrence is Marguerite, Joe Mantell is Cass Todero, Bill Quinn is Fred Molina, Dick York is Russ McClure—Dick's characterization of Russ McClure is really wonderful. Actually, the whole cast is more than just a group of people who gather to work together. There is a real and warm interest shared among us. Milt Lewis, the writer, and Frank Hig-

gins, of the agency, are also part of the clan—which is unusual and very nice."

There was a time when Joan hardly realized how difficult it sometimes is to get radio work, until she heard other talented young actresses and actors discuss their lack of breaks. When she began to analyze her own situation, she wondered how much of it really was due to luck, as she had thought, and how much to her being good at her job. And she began to evaluate herself more realistically. Maybe it wasn't all luck. Maybe she had been underestimating herself.

This feeling was strengthened later when, in her very first part on the Broadway stage, she won the important Donaldson award "for the best debut performance on Broadway" during the 1949-50 season. The role was that of Marie, the young roomer in the play "Come Back, Little Sheba," and the star was Shirley Booth, who later starred in the movie version. Joan played an important role in another Broadway success, "Autumn Garden," with Fredric March and Florence Eldridge—for which she got the Drama Critics' Award—and all these experiences contributed to her new philosophy about herself and her life.

"I stopped depreciating myself, as I had done in my teens. I knew my own limitations, of course. I was and am aware of most of them, I think. But I didn't invent a lot of new limitations which I then had to overcome. I went into things knowing I could do well because I had the experience and the other requirements. It was a whole new life opening up for me, and I believe that anyone, no matter what his job, can do well if he thinks he can. This way, you can give the best of yourself to everything you do."

As Joan talks about this new philosophy of hers, her words are full of eagerness, but there is an underlying dignity and calm, too. "I have taken off for Europe three times recently," she says. "I began to understand that it is foolish to get your mind so consumed with the idea that you must be an extraordinary success, that you must accomplish certain things in a certain time—and, because of them, neglect the wonderful people and places there are to know. I like acting. I think it is a fine way to earn a better-than-average living—and I couldn't do anything else, even if it were not—but it is a job, and you can stay too close to it, just as you can to any other job you may do."

"Not everyone can drop everything and go far away, but almost everyone can get some short breaks during the year. Even a weekend that's completely different, right in your own community."

Joan laughs at this point and breaks into her own train of thought. "I know all these things and I know they are true, and if I could follow them all the time I would be in great shape! But there are times when I can't. I often get nervous and upset—just before doing a television broadcast, for instance. And then it occurs to me that if the show is on from, say, seven to eight, then by one minute past eight everybody will be watching another show. If I'm not as good as I wanted to be, at least I have tried."

"What I mean is that if you are nervous about something you have to do, the quicker you can get relaxed about it, the better. Getting intense only makes it worse."

Apparently her own advice does work for her, because she has been so busy on radio and TV, since moving into a new apartment last November, that she is only now beginning to furnish the living room. It's a big white room, with wonderful pos-

sibilities. Little reminders of an Oriental childhood are here, in a blue and white Chinese tea jar covered with sprays of blossoms, in a plant trained in a fanciful shape like the kind you see in old prints from the East, in an ash tray shaped like a fish. There are more of these things, soon to emerge from big packing cases stored away.

The kitchen is Joan's great love, because she has a passion for cooking, especially exotic dishes for which she buys the ingredients in New York's Chinatown. Maybe this is why she now has to watch her figure and occasionally go on a diet to keep her weight down near a hundred pounds or a little more. "It's unpleasant for me to diet," she says. "It takes all the fun out of cooking. Some of the time I can lose weight quickly because I am busy—I find I don't think about food when I'm working hard."

Sharing the little two-floor apartment—and sole master of the little yard—is her brown French poodle, Bursche (which means "Rascal" in German). Bursche came from Venice, although Joan had no idea of carting a dog around Europe and bringing him home with her, the night she went into one of her favorite little restaurants with a friend. "We were having dinner, and I noticed a little brown fur ball rolling around the floor. I couldn't even see a face and paws. The proprietor saw me watching the puppy—which is what the brown ball turned out to be—and asked me if I liked it. 'It's my daughter's dog, and she can't keep it,' he told me. 'Do you want it?' I thought, what will I do with a puppy while I'm traveling? And what—when I get home? I sometimes leave early in the morning and don't get back until after a late show. I couldn't take him. It would be impossible!

"Then I said I would come back, after thinking about it, and give him my decision. My friend and I left and I thought and thought during our walk, but I still couldn't make up my mind. I wanted the puppy very much, but I didn't think it would be fair to a dog to be shut up in an apartment. Who would feed him during the day and see that he got outdoors regularly? (I didn't have this garden apartment then.) But all the time we were walking, I thought of that funny little brown ball and how much I wanted him.

"As we came back into the restaurant, I heard the proprietor talking to someone else about Bursche. 'If you want him, you had better take him,' he was saying just as I came in. 'Just a minute,' I heard myself say. 'That's my dog.'"

So now the Lorrington household consists of one intensely alive young actress, trying hard to be a philosopher—and most of the time succeeding—and one intensely alive French poodle whose only philosophy is to romp riotously indoors and out and to expect every package to contain, if not actual food, at least a new rubber bone.

As for romance, well, she was heard to say not long ago she wanted to marry, have a lot of children, and live 'way out in the country, away from all that makes her life so exciting. You don't quite believe she means this, except for the part about marriage and children. You don't believe she would be content away from her job for too long a time. But, if she does mean it, then you can count on her doing it. If she should decide that true happiness lies that way, then—unlike Grace Sargent, whose decisions are impulsive ones—Joan Lorrington would make hers quietly. And be happy with the path she had chosen.

Laughter's the Word for Link

(Continued from page 55)

French poodles, and one talkative taxi driver to make me realize that Art Linkletter was a wonderful guy and a down-to-earth good sport.

The Jell-O incident, for example, was one of the first jokes on Art I remember that showed me what a good sport he was. Art is an early riser. Gets up at the crack of dawn, starts singing before he gets to the shower, and continues to sing like a bird in the shower.

You can count on Link's singing to wake the town—and all of us. The rest of us don't get up the way Art does. We don't think it's healthy. One day when we were on tour with the People Are Funny show, we thought we'd teach Art to stay in bed a bit longer.

We were staying at a hotel in Denver (won't mention the name, as they may still be looking for us), when one of the writers, who likes to sleep late, came up with an idea we thought was very funny—and educational, for Art.

We went to the nearest super-market and bought a case of Jello-O. We stored this in the next room until Link came in that night (after a big dinner with the sponsor); then we waited patiently at the adjoining door until we heard good solid snores playing out a heavy tune in the bedroom. With Art fast asleep, we tipped in, and package by package dumped the contents of the whole case into the bathtub. Then we turned on the hot water, slowly stirring the brew. Finally, our evil deed done, we stealthily crept out, and let the gelatine and the cool Denver night air do the rest.

We didn't sleep much that night with the anticipation of what was to come. In the morning we were all up bright and early (for a change), waiting for the reaction we knew would follow. It did.

Art got up on schedule. Started singing before he got to his bath, and suddenly his voice went up to a high C with a sort of "Yip." Then everything got quiet. This worried us. When we broke in we found him sitting on the edge of the tub, pointing at the shimmering ocean of strawberry Jell-O and doubled over with silent laughter. He was nearly hysterical! He couldn't say anything, let alone sing! It took us all morning to quiet him down and, during the show that afternoon, he continued to break out with short grunts of laughter for no particular reason.

In the end the joke was on us. For weeks after that Art got up fifteen minutes earlier to make sure he didn't have to stand up to his knees in Jell-O when he took his morning shower!

I've rarely seen Link really mad. It's not that he's just easygoing, but that he has an amazing knack for understanding people. Especially his staff. In the six years I've worked with him, he's bawled me out twice. Each time, I deserved it. After I'd made a mistake, Link called me into his office, let me have it fair and square, then—as if he were almost sorry he'd done it—asked me in that friendly manner, "Say, did I tell you the funny thing that happened to me last week—"

Link's honesty with another person is only equaled by his curiosity. About everything. People especially. When he meets a stranger, the newcomer often thinks he's being interviewed for People Are Funny, because Art asks a million questions.

"Oh, so you work for a milk company? Do you drive a truck? What are your hours? So early? Do you have nice people on your route?"

Link's curiosity can hand him a laugh, too. Like the time we were in Kansas City

on a tour. "Wanna take a ride?" he asked me, "I'd like to see some of the city."

So we hopped in a cab and told the driver to just "ride us around." Before we could open our mouths, the driver started talking. He talked for two solid hours, driving us through the city. He was a one-man Gallup poll.

Seems he'd seen our show and was telling us all about it. Since it was dark when we'd hailed the cab, the driver had no chance of seeing Link's face and had no idea who he was.

"And that Linkletter," said the cabbie. "Yea," from Art in the back seat, "what did you think of him?"

He told us. Fortunately (for our pride's sake) he was a fan. He also had a lot of good ideas and suggestions about the show. Link was pumping him for all he was worth and listening to every criticism he offered. That's Link for you, he listens to what you have to say—me, a cab driver, or anybody.

"Thanks," he said seriously to the driver, when we arrived back at our hotel. "I learned a lot—about the town, that is."

It was then I learned something about Art. "You took it good-naturedly," I kidded, "how come you didn't tell him who you were?"

"Oh, no," Art replied quickly, "that would have embarrassed him. Besides, he did me a big favor. Only goes to prove what I've always said—I never met a person I didn't find interesting. Will Rogers used to say he never met a person he didn't like. Well, I say I like them all—also, I find them interesting, and oftentimes very informative."

I think that's why Art's able to get so much out of every association, no matter how casual. Though once I saw his philosophy take a funny twist. But even here he made the best of it.

We were in Louisville, having played to a tremendous audience. After the show, Art left the stage and headed for the main floor. I remember looking down and seeing about 2,000 howling, hysterical women waiting to receive him with open arms. I remember thinking at the time that this was a downright dangerous thing to do.

It was. Art had no sooner gotten into their midst than the women started pulling buttons off his coat, handkerchief out of his pocket, the tie from around his neck—all for souvenirs! Art tried to escape, but too late. I saw him turning up a blind alley beside the theatre at a dead run, the women not far behind, I ran for help. I came back with the police and there was Art pinned against the wall by his mob of devoted fans. They had all the buttons, plus one sleeve, and were beginning on his shirt when we finally rescued him.

"I couldn't believe it was happening," he said. "And of all people—to me!" He looked down at his ruined suit. "People," he said, "they're really interesting, aren't they. You never know what they're going to do. I love 'em all. Aren't they wonderful!"

It's true, I thought. You never know what people are going to do. They are wonderful. But if they had ruined my suit I would have made 'em buy me a new one, or I would have gone to the Chamber of Commerce. But not Art.

Link is the kind of man who usually keeps his emotions under control. He feels things deeply, like the rest of us, but he's learned to control himself. Once in Boston, however, his feelings got the better of him.

Our performance that night was to be a charity affair with the proceeds going to a famed children's hospital there. For one stunt, a cute little girl and bright young boy were vying for a French poodle. (We

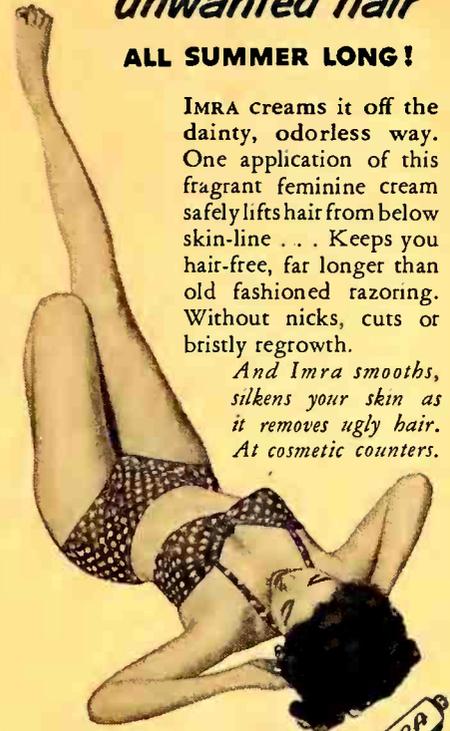
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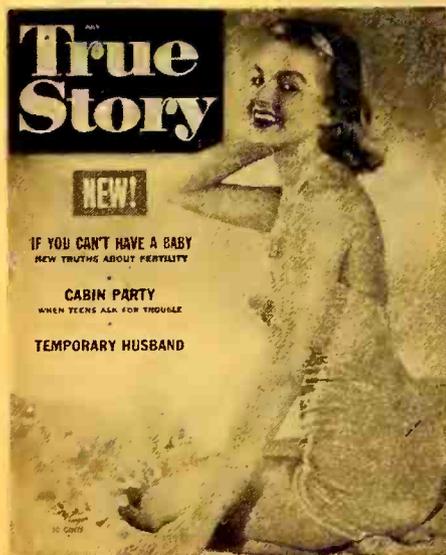
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really had two pups, one for each, but the children didn't know it). Link told them that he'd flown the poodle specially from Hollywood and one of the kiddies could have it, depending on which child the poodle went to.

Link brought the dog onto the stage and both children were open-mouthed with delight. "Oh," cried the little girl. "Ah," sighed the little boy. The poodle turned toward the little girl.

The crushed look of disappointment upon the little boy's face was heartbreaking. With each bouncy step of the puppy, the boy's face grew longer and longer. Finally his eyes filled with tears. Art hadn't expected this, and when he saw the little boy his eyes filled with tears, too. It wasn't until Art had gone out into the wings to get the other little poodle, given it to the little boy, and seen the wonderful light of surprise and happiness on his face, that Art was able to control his own emotions.

Art is proud of our organization, but the job of getting those two poodles to Boston from Hollywood was a joke on all of us.

Art and I had arranged to meet the plane at eight p.m. the night before the show. Link and I and a photographer and a newspaper reporter piled into a car about 7:30 and drove out to the airport.

When we got there, we learned that the pups had been bumped off the plane and were now scheduled to arrive at midnight. We went back to town to wait. At twelve midnight we went back to the airport, our eyes searching in vain the ranks of descending passengers. No dogs! They'd been bumped at Buffalo this time. For sure, the airline informed us, they'd be in at six a.m. the next morning.

A bunch of weary reporters, photographers, one Art Linkletter, and one Dick Pettit drove back to Boston to wait until

six a.m. At the appointed hour we were back on the spot, waiting for the plane and dogs. None of us could believe it when we were informed the dogs had been bumped at Syracuse!

It was a small miracle in my opinion that we all did show up for the supposed eight-thirty a.m. arrival. But we did. We were rather sleepy-eyed and slowed down when the dogs *did* arrive. Of course, they'd had a good night's sleep and were full of pep. I'm afraid we were no match for them. When the reporters asked Link what he had to say, he came up with, "I think our organization is going to the dogs."

Link's humor is never more keen than when the joke is on him. One day he said to the staff, "How come the rest of these radio meeces command such respect from their crew? I don't hear any of you ever calling me 'sir.'"

That did it! We called him "sir" every other breath, all week long. "Mr. Linkletter, sir, would you step a little closer to that microphone, sir?"

"Thank you, Mr. Linkletter, sir, for your kind attention to my wishes, sir."

We even carried the "sir" business onto the Art Linkletter's House Party and People Are Funny shows. "Okay, gang," Link grinned, "I've had enough. I give up."

Today, if one of us dared to "sir" him, I think he'd hit us with the nearest piece of furniture.

So working with Art Linkletter is a lot of laughs. But not the kind of laughs you get from a comedian, continually "on stage." The kind of laughs we share are born in the camaraderie, the good times, the understanding we all have for one another. Linkletter's curiosity, good sportsmanship, and his interest in other people all add up to—one swell boss!

Front Page Farrell's Wife

(Continued from page 70)

into it, children from overseas who need a home like ours. We're hoping to have some of our own. We're hoping to make it, and keep it, a real home."

No one can be sure of the exact age of the original three-room house that forms the nucleus of what is now called six rooms but is actually more than that, because the rooms are on several levels and there are interesting little hallways upstairs and downstairs. When Andy tore out some old walls he found beams marked with Roman numerals, a custom of the community "house-raising" in that part of the country before 1650. Some rooms were added from time to time, presumably as families of later residents grew larger and more space was needed.

The things that have gone into the house are the treasures that Florence and Andy cherish, some of them happy mementoes of the past, now being woven into the pattern of the present and the future. The Steinway grand piano which Florence's father gave her when she was sixteen and preparing for a career as a concert pianist. Her mother's collection of antique china and glass from their old home in St. Louis. The eggshell demitasse cups her mother bought at the St. Louis Exposition, when she was a bride.

Until this year, the main furnishings of the house had been crates, tools, lumber, and a few essential pieces of furniture, all heavily coated with plaster dust. "My next-door neighbors, Min and Smokey—they are really Wilhemina and Niles, but no one calls them by those names—have been so cute," Florence says. "About once a week they would pick their way through the dust and the mess and confusion to

visit us. Daytimes their children, Allan and Judy, would come over to see if they could do anything to help. All our neighbors have been simply wonderful, and we are happy to be part of the community."

Only three rooms had been in use for a long time before the Marshalls took over the house, and even those were in a rather sorry state. Paint was peeling, plaster was stained and cracked, floors a mess. Andy understood enough about such things to pitch right in and start the work of rehabilitation. He could help the plumber, and could plan new electrical wiring. He put a window back in the kitchen which someone had removed years before. He raised every possible doorway to get his six-foot-three frame through it without having to duck every time. (He still has to duck a couple of doorways that couldn't be made higher.) Florence wielded the electric burner and sanded off every speck of old paint around doors and windows.

They decided to combine two rooms and make one big living room, and one Friday night she came home after the broadcast to find the wall broken down and the house showered with white dust, at which point she decided they never would get the place livable again. But they did—and now the big room is dusty pink and gray-green; the floors are waxed to rich mellowness, and the woodwork is smooth and white. The old oak boarding that forms the ceiling has been painted white also, but the rough-hewn uprights of solid oak have been left their natural color. They outline a sort of "picture window" effect—without glass—between the little dining room and the big double living room, an unusual and beautiful touch.

Andy believes in putting first things

first, such as growing enough vegetables to fill their deep-freeze all during the winter months. Florence, who couldn't bear to see blackberries going to waste, has rows of tempting jars which testify to what she did about it.

Right now Andy and Florence have only two dogs, described as "thoroughbred mutts"—and would like to have more animals. One dog is a fox-terrier named Zannie, short for Alexandria. The other is Zannie's part-German-shepherd daughter, named Cleopatra because as a puppy she was at once a minx and a Sphinx. She now answers just as fast to her nickname of Snoozy, though it's quite a comedown.

Zannie attached herself to them when Andy was staging a pageant in Alexandria, Virginia. Florence joined him for the weekend and was given the job of seeing that the puppy came on for just one scene and stayed out of all the others. "At first I was a bit disconcerted at being nursemaid to a frisky puppy, but by the third day I had fallen in love with her. We tried to give her to someone who would promise a good home, but we were sort of happy when no one came along, so we brought her back to New York. She's the smartest, sweetest dog I ever had and has now produced three litters of puppies that are just as sweet as she is. All but Cleopatra have been given to other people who love them."

How Florence, a girl who started life as a musician, became a successful radio actress was really due to—stage fright! Back in St. Louis, where she was born, she was known as a little girl who would get up and recite at the drop of a lollipop. When she was around eight, she spent the winter with her grandparents and an aunt in Shreveport, Louisiana, who taught music. "I stayed on and went to school in Shreveport and began an education that included music and dramatic art. Everything went along fine, until I was sixteen and ready to give my first solo concert. Technically, I was ready. But when the time came for me to walk out on the big stage I had the most awful case of stage fright. I was so scared I could hardly catch my breath. I got through it, but I decided then that this was something I couldn't face for the rest of my life.

"My father agreed to let me apprentice at a summer theatre in New England, and if I wanted to go on with acting after that (which he doubted—he hoped it would cure me of being stagestruck) he promised to pay my way for a year at a good dramatic school in New York. It was like play to me, all that summer. I disappointed my father by loving it, and by being encouraged by playwrights and producers to continue. That fall I enrolled in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, was happy to be invited back the next year, but took instead the offer of a job in the Goodman Theatre in Chicago, feeling that this fine repertory company would give me more of the experience I needed."

Up to this point it had been easy sailing, but young and eager actresses seemed to be a dime a dozen on Broadway when Florence returned to New York. "I did everything but act, for a while, just to keep going," she admits now. "My parents wanted me to come home and even held off sending my winter coat so I would have to come and get it. One morning a light snow fell in New York and I decided that, in order to stay on, I would have to spend the last thirty-five dollars in my old account in a St. Louis bank. I found a coat for just that amount in a department store, but when the floor manager saw an out-of-town check he refused to take it. Finally I landed in the president's office, insisting the money was right there in St. Louis. I must have looked very honest, or very

naive, because I walked out wearing the coat. After that, my parents were reconciled to my being an actress."

"Everything but acting" for Florence included such things as using her sewing ability to make things for the other girls, as well as holding her own wardrobe together. She demonstrated dolls at Macy's department store, and was just beginning a course in Christmas selling when she got a chance to read for her first Broadway role, as the young girl in "Maedchen in Uniform." The play lasted only a short time, but the notices had been good, and one opportunity led to another. She played in "The Joyous Season," "The Old Maid," and "Call It a Day." During the run of "The Old Maid" she was called for some radio parts on the Sigmund Romberg Hour, and later she got leads on Roses And Drums. "Just handed to me like that, and I didn't value them highly enough. Radio seemed like a by-product to me then, not a career in itself, although I liked it very much."

After she had played the daughter in "The Little Foxes," with Tallulah Bankhead—a notable Broadway success—the serious illness of Florence's father took her away from New York for several months. Out in Minnesota, at the Mayo Clinic where her father was being treated, she began to realize the importance radio had for many people who saw very little "live" theatre. She not only appreciated radio more from an audience standpoint, but she began to think of it for herself as a means of greater financial security than the stage had to offer. And she remembered that people had liked her on radio.

"I sat down and wrote sixty-six letters to various people who might be interested in knowing I wanted to make radio acting my profession, and I asked each one for an audition. Ten answered me, and three contained offers of immediate auditions. I almost spoiled my chances on my first NBC program, by being terribly nervous. The director had faith in me and proved it by using me over and over again. Finally, I had the good luck to audition with Dick Widmark for roles in Front Page Farrell, and we both got the jobs we auditioned for. I became Sally and Dick was David, until he went to Hollywood to make movies. I have stayed on, for eight years, loving every minute of it."

David Farrell is now played by Staats Cotsworth, who is almost as well known now as a painter as he is as an actor. In the dining room of the Marshall house is one of Staats' handsome water colors, done one afternoon when he was a weekend visitor. It shows the kitchen—ell view of the house and the old pump next to it.

The day Florence and Andy were married, she had to go right on to the studio after the ceremony to do the show. Staats, noticing she was more dressed up than usual and eyeing her corsage, asked: "Where have you been? To a wedding?" She smiled a little, and said "Uh-huh." "Anybody I know?" he continued. She nodded, murmured "Uh-huh" again. "Well, whose?" he asked. "Mine," she said, faintly.

Maybe she wasn't quite sure even then that it had really happened. Maybe she thought it was just too good to be true. To have Andy, and their dream of a house that would soon come true, and their first Christmas together in it. The memory of that first Christmas, by the way is still very green—in the form of the first little tree they ever trimmed together, now planted in their side yard "It pleases me to see it doing so well," Florence says.

The tree, the marriage, the house that is now a home. All of them doing very, very well!

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These things, and a long list of others—cosmetics, jewelry, leather goods, entertainment—that are part of your every-day life are burdened with a heavy excise tax that takes up to twenty per cent—in some cases even more—*over* the price you *really* pay for the object itself out of your pocket.

That extra percentage would pay the fare on the bus that gets you to the (taxed) movie, or buy you an ice cream soda afterward. It would leave you enough after you've bought a bottle of (taxed) cologne to pay for three pounds of potatoes—enough after you've bought

a (taxed) new purse to buy you a pair of gloves to match it.

Or, if you chose to put what you would save into the bank, you could build yourself a holiday-size nest egg, or have enough at the end of a year for a solid down payment on an electric dishwasher.

Last year, on an average, every man, woman and child in the United States spent \$58.49 in federal excise taxes. And if you bought more than the average, you paid out much more!

Congress would like to do something about this situation. And with your help it can.

Take two cents out of all the money you'll be saving, buy a postal card and send it to your Congressman. *Ask him to cast his vote for repeal or reduction of excise taxes.* Just write the words: *Vote Yes on Bill HR-5!*

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