

TV RADIO MIRROR

NEW!
JOAN O'BRIEN'S
Show Business Baby

•
DENNIS JAMES'
Glad Tidings

RADIO MIRROR'S N. Y., N. J., Conn. Edition

JULY



FRANK PARKER
Bachelor Serenade



WILL ROGERS, JR.
Very Good Morning!



BLAIR DAVIES
Toward a Brighter Day



**PATTI
PAGE**

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R16



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PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD AVEDON

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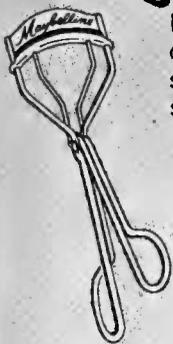


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SPECIALISTS IN EYE BEAUTY

TV RADIO MIRROR

JULY, 1956

N. Y., N. J., CONN., EDITION

VOL. 46, NO. 2

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Cover portrait of Patti Page by David Workman of U.S. Features

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TODAY

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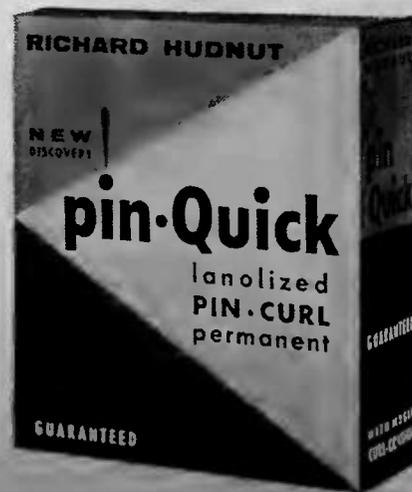
Richard Hudnut guarantees

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...or your money back!

150
PLUS TAX





Anniversary party for TV RADIO MIRROR found Jackie Cooper and Milton Berle reminiscing over back issues with publisher Irving S. Manheimer.



Baseball's Smiths: Mayo manages the Phillies; "Buffalo" Bob is a Babe Ruth League coach.

WHAT'S NEW FROM

SUMMER is upon us—and it's a season of change in the broadcasting world.

Sponsors, the network and the public would be just as happy if Perry Como kept right on singing, but popular Per will head for the golf course during the warm months. Patti Page, Tony Bennett and Julius La Rosa will take over his Saturday night spot on NBC-TV, rotating as stars on a summertime variety show. Patti starts off the new lineup the middle of this month.

CBS-TV presents Victor Borge in an hour-long one-man show on Thursday night, June 14. The pianist-spoofeer has been breaking records all over the country with his one-man show and will incorporate parts of his act in his first solo TV effort.

"Entrances and Exits," starring crooner Charlie Applewhite, is now definitely set as the June 10 show for *G-E Theater*. Charlie, who is about to be inducted into the Army, had to get special permission to delay his date with Uncle Sam—and keep this TV date. But he'll be switching from make-up to khaki in a few weeks. The June 17 *G-E Theater* will star Patty McCormack in "Alien Angel." Patty is the little girl who found fame on Broadway, playing the child murderess in "The Bad Seed." She repeats her role in the movie to be released later this year.

Sam Levenson will replace Herb

Shriner as host-emcee on *Two For The Money*, on June 23. Originally, Fred Allen was set to take over for Shriner, before Allen's untimely death. Dr. Mason Gross will continue as the show's one-man brain-trust.

Jack Paar and Robert Q. Lewis are no longer on the CBS-TV schedule and their casts have scattered this way and that. In spite of all the official announcements, the real reason was ratings that just were not high enough to keep network and sponsors happy. And Arthur Godfrey's Wednesday night TV show, starring his "friends," will be no more as of July 25. This show has had serious rating trouble ever since *Disneyland* began on ABC-TV.

You Are There, the popular Sunday night TV show on CBS, has scheduled some interesting programs for this month. The June 3 show will re-create "D" Day; on June 10, you can re-fight "The Hatfields and McCoys Feud"; "The Completion of the First Transcontinental Railroad" will be shown on June 17; and the June 24 program will highlight "The Death of Stonewall Jackson."

World Music Festival, heard Sunday afternoons on CBS Radio, will present portions of the Mozart Festival on June 3, 10 and 17. All the music was recorded at the Mozart Memorial at Salzburg a few months ago. James Fassett will be the music commentator for all three

programs, which will include performances by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, the famed Mozarteum orchestra, soprano Irmgard Seefried, and pianists Wilhelm Backhaus, Clara Haskill, and Edwin Fischer.

NBC-TV's ill-fated *Comedy Hour* has run out of its Sunday-night time. Steve Allen will be taking over that slot this summer, with the network hoping Steve can successfully buck the Ed Sullivan opposition. According to present plans, Steve will also head up a variety show. Steve will probably continue to do his *Tonight* show three nights a week, with comedian Ernie Kovacs possibly taking over the other two nights. Ernie has substituted for Steve from time to time in the past.

Pinky Lee has departed his weekday kiddie clambake, and NBC has slotted re-runs of the old Joan Davis filmed series, *I Married Joan*, into Pinky's spot. Several things contributed to the change, mainly the tremendous ratings achieved by Pinky's rival, *Mickey Mouse Club*, and the doctors' warnings to Pinky to reduce his health-wrecking schedule. He'll continue his Saturday morning show through this month and NBC is planning to give him a once-a-week hour program in the fall.

This 'n' That:

Dave Garroway, who has been one of the most popular bachelors-about-

• BY JILL WARREN



Garroway's no longer a bachelor-at-large. Dave's now officially engaged to Pamela Wilde.



Quiz Kids Peter Muller, 11, "Goody" Schaefer, 7, Richard Cutler, 9, and Robert Strom, 9, pose with their headmaster-host, Clifton Fadiman.

COAST TO COAST

television in New York, has been tagged at last. He is now officially engaged to Pamela Wilde, though there is no definite date as yet for the wedding. Dave's fiancee was formerly an actress and dancer and is now working as a production coordinator for a TV commercial film outfit. It will be a second marriage for both.

Allen Swift, who has been the "voice" of *Howdy Doody* for several years, is leaving Bob Smith and cast to package his own kiddie show. Swift has also done many other voices on the "Howdy" show, along with extensive vocal dubbing for many film cartoons.

Martha Raye's star writers, Ed Simmons and Norman Lear, have parted company with the funny lady in order to concentrate on a new joint writing effort. Meanwhile, the rumors persist that Martha will switch to a situation-comedy format in the fall, with a permanent cast.

Dick Van Patten, who plays "Nels" on the *Mama* TV show, and his wife Patricia Poole are expecting a visit from the stork in October. They have a baby son, named Nels, so they're hoping for a girl this time. Incidentally, *Mama* may not be back in the fall.

Songstress Joni James has only done guest appearances on television, but now she is busy filming her own show in London. Joni will do twelve programs and, if they turn out well, she

hopes they will be sold for American distribution in the fall.

"Bundle Of Joy," which is to co-star Eddie Fisher and Debbie Reynolds in their first movie together, will probably be postponed. It was originally set to start in July, but now that the Fishers are expecting their own personal bundle of joy, the movie version will have to wait. Incidentally, this picture will be a re-make of the old Ginger Rogers' comedy, "Bachelor Mother."

Walt Disney and ABC-TV will launch a nationwide search next year for new Mousekeeters on the *Mickey Mouse Club*. Auditions will be held in ten cities, with winners flown to the coast to guest on the daily program. The best will then be put under contract.

Congratulations to Ben Grauer, NBC commentator and special-events reporter, who was named a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor by decree of the French Government. Ben received the award from Count Jean de Lagarde, Consul General of France, in a special ceremony at the French Consulate in New York.

Sherry Jackson, Danny Thomas' TV daughter on his "Make Room for Daddy" series, has been signed for a most difficult screen role in the new Republic picture, "Come Next Spring." Sherry will play the mute daughter of Steve Cochran and Ann Sheridan.

For some time now, Ted Husing,

popular sportcasting veteran, has been battling illness. His many fans hope for news of a kayo by Ted shortly. Ted is one of sports' most loved figures.

Mulling The Mail:

Mrs. E. B., San Antonio, Texas: Orson Welles made a deal with Desilu Productions in Hollywood to film a television version of his Mercury Theater, the famed group he headed on radio several years ago. Welles hopes to organize a repertory group of actors to appear in serious dramatic stories, but it isn't likely this series will be ready until late this year. . . . Mr. J. M., Indianapolis, Indiana: Doris Drew, who sings on *The Tennessee Ernie Ford Show*, is married to comedian Larry Allen, and they have a three-year-old son. . . . Mrs. L. R., Madison, Wisconsin: Kate Smith recently celebrated her 25th anniversary in broadcasting. She is 47 years old. . . . To those of you who wrote asking why Jack Barry was replaced on *The Big Surprise* quiz: It was a decision of the sponsor and the advertising agency involved and—according to our readers' letters—certainly not the decision of the viewing public. . . . Mrs. C. B., Los Angeles, California: Bob Hawk has not been active in radio for several seasons, and has been living quietly in California's Beverly Hills section. Fran Allison is married to (Continued on page 6)

(Continued from page 5)



Get these
3 NYLONS

(a pair and a spare)
60 GAUGE, 15 DENIER

A \$2.47 VALUE

\$1.00
FOR



Yours... as a
HEAD TO TOE
Beauty Bonus

when you send in
the top of a

Gayla
HOLD-BOB
BOBBY PIN CARD



The
World's
Best
Bobby Pin

Gayla HOLD-BOB with Flexi-Grip, the world's best bobby pin, offers you a Beauty Bonus of sheer, luxurious, 60 gauge, 15 denier nylons at savings of over one-half. You can get a set of three of these leg-flattering nylons by sending only \$1.00 with the top of a Gayla HOLD-BOB bobby pin card or Gayla Hair Net envelope. Insist on Gayla HOLD-BOB, the bobby pin more women prefer over all others, and send for these beautifully fitting, long wearing nylons today!

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Please send, postpaid, _____ sets (a pair and a spare) of nylons as checked below. Enclosed is \$1.00 (no stamps) plus the top of a Gayla HOLD-BOB Bobby Pin Card, or a Gayla Hair Net Envelope, for each set. (The top of a 25c card entitles you to order 2 sets.)

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(Grayish Taupe) (Brownish Beige) (Rosy Hue)

Size: 8½ 9 9½ 10 10½ 11
 Short Medium Long Self Seam Dark Seam

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CITY _____ STATE _____

This offer good only in continental United States, Hawaii and Alaska. Offer subject to State and Local requirements and may be withdrawn without notice.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

Archie Levington, a music publisher in Chicago. . . Mrs. W. B., Cecil, Wisconsin: **Janette Davis** is not now married. She was married at one time to a Chicago man, but has been divorced for several years. In addition to her singing chores on the **Arthur Godfrey** shows, Jan has been doing lots of production work for her boss, and it wouldn't surprise me if she eventually gave up her vocal career to go into a full time producing job. . . Mrs. W. S., Lyndhurst, New Jersey: For complete information on **St. Jude Hospital**, the project in which **Danny Thomas** is so vitally interested, I suggest you write him c/o American Broadcasting Company, Hollywood, California. . . Miss R. T., Akron, Ohio: **Andy Williams**, who sings on the *Tonight* show, is not married. Yes, he is one of the original **Williams Brothers** who toured the night-club circuit and did guest TV shows with **Kay Thompson**. . . Mr. W. H., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania: Most regular viewers of the **Perry Como** show would probably agree with you that **Buddy Hackett** is a very funny young man. And there are rumors floating around that **NBC** will star him on his own half-hour situation-comedy show this coming fall. I even hear the tentative title will be *Stanley*. . . Mrs. C. B., Detroit, Michigan: **Edgar Bergen** recently celebrated his twentieth anniversary on radio, and there was an elaborate luncheon in New York to honor the occasion. Edgar is heard on **CBS Radio** and also emcees the **CBS-TV quiz, Do you Trust Your Wife?**

What Ever Happened To . . . ?

Kenny Delmar, the original "Senator Claghorn" on the late **Fred Allen's** radio show? Kenny's career has had many ups and downs in the past few broadcasting seasons, but lately he seems to have been concentrating on dramatic shows. Recently he appeared on *Kraft Television Theater*, doing the lead on "The Gentle Graftor." At the moment he is not signed for any regular TV series.

The Andrews Sisters, the popular singing trio of records, radio, night clubs and movies? Since the girls engaged in a private battle and dissolved their act, none of them has fared too well individually, at least career-wise. **Patty** has been work-



Khaki will be **Charlie Applewhite's** garb—after a *G-E Theater* play.



Going on two, **Deborah** duets with her mother, singer **Dorothy Collins**.

ing as a solo singer, **LaVerne** hasn't been doing much of anything, and **Maxine** recently made her first solo appearance at the **Blue Angel** supper club in New York. There has been talk that the girls would forget their differences, kiss and make up and resume their career as a group. Let's hope they do!

Art Lund, the baritone who at one time was **Benny Goodnan's** band vocalist, and also made many appearances on radio? Art recently got a good break, landing a featured part in the new Broadway musical, "The Most Happy Fella," so maybe this will be the turning point for him.

Lamont Johnson, popular radio and television actor, who played on such shows as *Just Plain Bill*, *Portia Faces Life*, *Stella Dallas*, *Philco Playhouse*, *Studio One*, and others? Recently Lamont has been devoting most of his time to directing, mainly some of the **NBC-TV Matinee Theater** programs in Hollywood, and from time to time he has also appeared as a performer on the same show. He makes his home in Hollywood now.

Lorraine Rogers, who used to open and close the **Jackie Gleason** show and was also seen regularly on such programs as *I've Got A Secret* and *The Big Payoff*? This pert blonde, once a top-flight model and TV commercialist, has a film contract at the age of nineteen and has decided to become either an actress or a pop singer. She's studying drama with **Lee Strasberg** (Susan's father) and voice with **Freddie Steele**.

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

What's New in Colgate Dental Cream that's **MISSING-MISSING-MISSING** in every other leading toothpaste?



It's GARDOL!
And no other toothpaste helps
protect so many people
so effectively and so safely
against both bad breath
and tooth decay!

HOW COLGATE'S WITH GARDOL FIGHTS TOOTH DECAY AND BAD BREATH ALL DAY!



Colgate's with Gardol is safe! Safe for children of all ages—even toddlers under six. Safe to use in all water areas! No other leading toothpaste* can give you long-lasting Gardol protection, with such complete safety for every member of your family! No other company can match Colgate's 79 years of dentifrice research!



Unlike other leading toothpastes, Colgate Dental Cream forms an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights tooth decay all day . . . with just one brushing! Your dentist will tell you how often you should brush your teeth. But remember! One Colgate brushing fights decay-causing bacteria 12 hours—or more!

*THE TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S.



Colgate's with Gardol helps stop bad breath all day for most people with just one brushing! *Instantly* sweeps away bacteria that cause bad breath originating in the mouth . . . gives you a cleaner, fresher breath all day! And Colgate's famous flavor is preferred by men, women and children the world over!

Cleans Your Breath
While It
Guards Your Teeth



SAFE for Children of All Ages!
SAFE to Use in All Water Areas!
Cannot stain or discolor teeth!



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Jean's WRETCHED



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INFORMATION BOOTH

A Pretty Dollar

Would you please tell me about Lynn Dollar, who appears on The \$64,000 Question on CBS-TV?

J. R., Miami Beach, Fla.

The blond, slender, blue-eyed page girl who escorts contestants to Hal March, fame and fortune, is a farmer's daughter from Selfridge, North Dakota. After high school in near-by Bismarck, Lynn slithered through narrow spaces in plane hulls to install wires for Douglas airplanes in Los Angeles. Toward the end of the war, Lynn graced the fashion salons of Chicago and New York, then completed the circle to Los Angeles—where she was signed by Howard Hawks to do movies, but never appeared in a one. . . . Pretty-as-a-picture, Lynn worked behind the cameras as an assistant TV producer on the Coast. Finally, audiences heard her pleasant voice describing fashions on a show emceed by Ernie Kovaks in Philadelphia. Weathercasts and deejaying got the Dollar treatment for a while, then she co-hosted the *Lynn Dollar—Jerry Warren Show*, featuring chatter and interviews in Trenton, New Jersey. . . . The multi-thousand dollar program called upon its lovely namesake when she appeared on a local show, in Philadelphia, called *Marco*. . . . The blond beauty's only hobby is making the furniture for her Manhattan apartment. Lynn's one regret is that she can't be at home to watch *The \$64,000 Question* on her home screen. But a job is a job is a career.

Same Name, Different Boy

In your May issue, you answered a request for information on Tim Considine and included a picture. He surely doesn't look the same as he does in "The Adventures of Spin and Marty" on the Mickey Mouse Club on ABC-TV.

R. P., Verona, N. J.

Oops, you're right—as are the many other readers who noticed that Tim looked "different." We've traced the reason to a slip-up in somebody's photo department. The boy we pictured in May is Tim Rooney, a "Mouseketeer." We understand that there are five young "Tims" altogether over at ABC-TV, but we think we've got them properly sorted out now.



Which Tim is "Spin"? Readers knew Considine (right) from Rooney (left).



No biz like show biz, says Don Morrow, once a businessman-to-be.

He Knows His Business

Would you please publish some information about Don Morrow, the popular announcer on TV?

E. S., Woodside, N. Y.

Don Morrow, who does commercials on *Dragnet*, *Warner Bros. Presents*, *Gunsmoke*, *Rin-Tin-Tin* and *Ozzie and Harriet*, to name only a few, is one of the most articulate announcers in the business—because he knows his business. After studying at Danbury State Teachers College, Don earned his B.S. degree at Syracuse University and received another college diploma in business administration at Southern Methodist University, where he majored in advertising and marketing. . . . Don was born January 29, 1927, in Stamford, Connecticut, where his parents owned the Lindenhurst Inn. His father was a Wall Street business man for more than thirty years. . . . Yet, despite his training and background, Don aimed for a career in show business and, in 1948, he started as a newsman in Syracuse on its first TV station, WHEN. He opened another first TV outlet in Dallas, Texas—KBTB, now WFAA-TV. . . . In 1951, Don accepted Dizzy Dean's offer to host his national radio show in New York. Don has since headed the New York office of the Liberty Broadcasting System, where he announced for such ace-newsmen as William L. Shirer and John W. Vandercook. He also aired his own newscasts, *Don Morrow and the News*, on 436 stations. . . . Don got his start in New York TV as co-host with Robert Alda on *Personality Puzzle* and has since appeared on every major network. His motion picture credits include "Captain Blackjack," "The Joe Louis Story," and "Canyon Crossroads." He's also filled countless engagements at clubs, banquets and theaters. Obviously, this man, Don Morrow, knows his business—show business, that is.

(Continued on page 25)

**The naked truth about
the girl in the locker room!**

She's the belle of the beach . . . even waves seem to snuggle closer. She's the girl with the eye-stopping figure, slim waist, smooth hips, flat tummy. She's the girl *you* think it's impossible to be . . . (but you're wrong!) She's the girl who never slips into bathing suit, dress, slacks or shorts, without first slipping into a Playtex® Living® Panty Brief of figure-slimming Fabricon!



The bra in the picture is the Playtex Living Bra!

From morn to dawn, revealing summer fashions need a Playtex Panty Brief!



Shorts are long on flattery with a Playtex Panty Brief of Fabricon! Amazing "hold-in" power...without a seam, stitch or bone to show thru!



Any view of you is super-slim, thanks to your Playtex of super-slimming Fabricon...a miracle blend of downy-soft cotton and latex!



Wise night owls (any size) slip into a Living® Panty Brief—and take on a glamorous figure *in seconds* . . . thanks to Fabricon's "hold-in" power!



There's a Playtex® Panty Brief for Every Figure! Playtex Lightweight for wonderful control \$4.50 Playtex Magic-Controller* "finger" panels for most control.....\$6.95 Playtex, known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube

Swinging on a Tree

Irish McCalla loved being a tomboy—so she grew up to be Sheena, Queen Of The Jungle



Husband Pat first saw Irish in a restaurant, but, as son Sean agrees, she can cook, too!



This "Queen" made her own costume. But Irish still reads Sheena comics—in Spanish!



Queen of the jungle, Irish brings part of her realm, an ocelot, home to Kim and Sean.

IRISH McCALLA kicked off her shoes. This brought her height down to a barefoot five-foot-nine-and-a-half, but Irish had just emerged from several months in the jungle and she was finding it difficult to get back in the habit of high-heeled trotting through the big-city canyons. . . . Irish romps about in the jungle, swinging from trees, manipulating a spear and championing the local animals and humans, as star of *Sheena, Queen Of The Jungle*, the ABC Film Syndication series. More than two hundred girls had auditioned for the role of Sheena. "They needed someone who could act and swim and ride and run—and also look like a girl," Irish explains. "Well, I'm a girl and I look like a girl. And I'd played enough cowboys and Indians to know how to run." . . . Before Sheena was a TV heroine, she was a comic-strip. And before Irish was a TV star, she was an avid Sheena reader, as were her seven brothers and sisters in Pawnee City, Nebraska. "I used to play among the trees and make believe I was Sheena," she recalls, "and that my brother was Tarzan." . . . Later, when she'd grown up to pin-up proportions, Irish came to California. She was walking along the beach, "just minding my own business," when a group of naval officers asked her to accept the title of "Miss Navy Day." The result was a modeling career and some TV guest appearances. . . . But Irish recalls an even more important occasion when she was "spotted"—by one Patrick McIntyre, a six-foot-tall insurance man. Pat saw her in a restaurant, poked his friend and said: "You know, if I met a girl that looked like that, I'd marry her in a minute." A year later, they were introduced by a mutual friend and Pat reminded Irish of the green knitted dress she'd been wearing. He remembered his vow, but it took him three weeks to fulfill it. . . . Five years later, Pat and Irish live in a ranch-style, San Fernando home with two sons, Kim, 3, and Sean, 2. The jungle "Queen" is domesticated enough to love cooking, but not enough so she doesn't hate housework. Irish made the original Sheena costume, but she insists that the effect was *supposed* to be primitive. She admits that when she's handed a piece of velvet, she doesn't sew it, she paints on it. . . . She also confesses she's been reading Sheena comics again, this time in the Spanish-language edition, to learn Spanish for use on location in the Mexican jungle. Seems the citizens are friendly.

HOLLYWOOD DISCOVERY! A non-drying spray-set with

no Lacquer at all!

Sets hair to stay—the softest way!

New SUPER-SOFT

Lustre-Net

the spray-set

with lanolin esters!



Ginger Rogers

starring in

"THE FIRST TRAVELING SALESLADY"

An RKO Radio Picture.

Print by Technicolor.



THERE ARE 2 LUSTRE-NETS

SUPER-SOFT—gentle control for loose, casual hair-do's. Contains no lacquer of all. Spray it on regularly when you comb your hair.

REGULAR—extra control for hard-to-manage hair, or curly hair-do's. No lacquered look, no lacquer odor. Sets pin-curls in hair when dry.

Keeps hair in place the Hollywood way—without stiffness or stickiness! New Super-Soft LUSTRE-NET is the softest way imaginable to keep waves and curls in place—for it contains not one single drop of lacquer!

Helps prevent dryness! Super-Soft LUSTRE-NET contains lanolin esters to discourage dryness, preserve softness.

Quick-sets hair-do's . . . ends sleeping on pins!
Set pin-curls in damp or dry hair. Then spray with Super-Soft LUSTRE-NET. Curls and waves dry in a jiffy, brush out soft and shining.



Makes any pin-curl style set faster, manage easier, last longer!

get new LUSTRE-Net

recommended by Top Hollywood Movie Stars

5½ oz.—a full ounce more . . . Only \$1.25 plus tax
By the makers of LUSTRE-Creme Shampoo

T
V
R

Don't
be
home-bound
when
you
should
be
beach bound!

The lame excuses, the *you-run-along's* and *count-me-out's* are as dated as the flapper dress. Today's smart girls never let time-of-the-month interfere with a beach party. They rely on Tampax internal sanitary protection.

You know, of course, that you *can* go swimming with Tampax. But you don't have to, if you don't feel like it! The main advantage of Tampax is that it's completely invisible under either a wet or a dry bathing suit. You can simply sit on the beach, and no one will guess your secret.

Tampax has many other advantages that keep you feeling secure. It prevents odor from forming. Never chafes or irritates. Is easy to dispose of. In fact, in every way, it's nicer, daintier, more fastidious. Get your choice of 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior) at any drug or notion counter. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Feel
confident
in a
bathing
suit



New Patterns for You



9047
SIZES
12-20
40

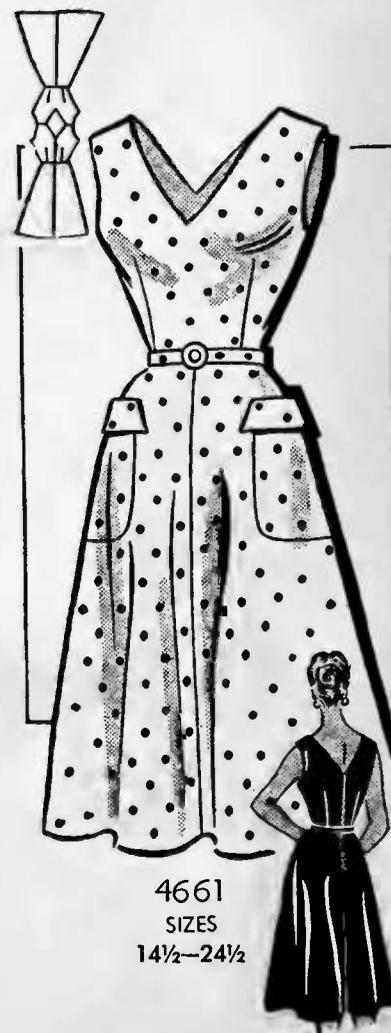
9047—Wonderful wardrobe from one easy-sew pattern! Misses' Sizes 12-20; 40. Size 16 dress takes $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards 39-inch; jacket 2 yards; dickey $\frac{3}{4}$ yard. *State size.* 35c.

9364—This newest dress has siren-slim lines—famous for their figure-flattery! Make it with tiny mandarin collar or scooped-neck version. Misses' Sizes 10-18. Size 16 takes $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards 35-inch fabric. *State size.* 35c.

4661—Beautiful basic—a smart sun-style that's so flattering to the shorter, fuller figure! Half Sizes $14\frac{1}{2}$ - $24\frac{1}{2}$. Size $16\frac{1}{2}$ takes $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards 35-inch fabric. *State size.* 35c.



9364
SIZES
10-18



4661
SIZES
 $14\frac{1}{2}$ - $24\frac{1}{2}$

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

**READ
WHY
AMERICA'S
MOST
GLAMOROUS
MODELS
CHOOSE
COLORFUL**

**U.S.
SWIM
CAPS**



Patented Incurving
V-Ribs Keep Out
Water.

Watertight Suction
Band in U.S. Howland
Cap Seals Hair In!

Says Jean Patchett: "You know, U. S. Howland Caps are endorsed by Florence Chadwick, the famous channel swimmer — and the gorgeous sparkle on this new cap makes ME sparkle."

3-D SPARKLE U. S. HOWLAND, 1.98



Says Lillian Marcuson: "The sun visor shades my eyes, makes me look mysterious."

**SEA SPRITE NYLON TRICOT
U. S. AQUAMODE, 4.95**



Says Betsy Pickering: "My gypsy turban with jeweled earrings makes me feel lucky."

**SHEER MAGIC NYLON TRICOT
U. S. AQUAMODE, 4.95**



Says Alice Bruno: "Turns every head on the beach my way just as a cap should."

**TROPIC FLOWER 3-D
U. S. HOWLAND, 1.75**



Says Carmen: "Saves my wave, keeps my hair looking soft and pretty for my work."

**VIOLET HAIR-DRY
U. S. HOWLAND, 1.25**



United States Rubber

ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK 20, N. Y.

NEWS CHAMPION

*Like his boxing namesake,
John Sullivan kayos the deadlines
to bring up-to-the-minute news
to WCAX listeners and viewers*



On the go, John battles the clock with a newsman's trusty weapons—telephone, typewriter and teletype.



NOT MANY PEOPLE have ever heard of the *Manistee County Times*—not even in Manistee, Michigan, where the paper was published. And so John A. Sullivan can lay claim to having edited what he still hopes was not the world's smallest newspaper. To balance this claim, John's byline has also been carried by the *London Daily Mirror*, which boasts the world's largest newspaper circulation. . . . Currently, as news director of Burlington's Station WCAX Radio and WCAX-TV, John is still a newsman whose own story rates a headline or two. According to a recent Pulse survey, his weekday program, *Newstime*, seen on WCAX-TV at 6:30 P.M., has the Number One rating for multi-weekly shows in the Vermont, New York and New Hampshire area covered by the station. Important in the program's success are John's brisk, sincere delivery, his on-the-air personality, and the nineteen years of news experience which back up his judgments. . . . These same factors add up to the popularity of *J. A. Sullivan With The News*, his 12:30 P.M. broadcast, Monday through Saturday, on WCAX Radio. John supervises all the station's other radio and TV news broadcasts and, when the occasion warrants it, he presents editorials, carefully labelled as such, on issues on which WCAX feels it should take a stand. John also produces and moderates *You Can Quote Me*, Mondays at 8:30 P.M., when headline figures are quizzed by a guest trio of newsmen. . . . John, a Harvard alumnus, began his career while in college, as a reporter on the *Boston Globe*. From there, he joined *Time* magazine and then moved on to the editorial staff of the Office of War Information. He served in the Army and with the U. S. Military Government in Germany. Next came public relations and freelancing in Paris and London. Once he was back Stateside, he bought the *Manistee County Times* and edited the weekly from 1949 to 1951, when he stopped the presses to take on the news editorship of the town's radio station, WMTE. He joined WCAX in 1953. . . . A year later, when WCAX-TV went on the air, John provided a symbol for Vermont's only television station by announcing the birth of his son Donal on the same day, September 26, 1954. John and his wife Nina have another son, John the 3rd, who is nearing his third birthday. The newsman has a Number One rating at home as well as on the air.



John starts the day with coffee and the news, ends it relaxing with John the 3rd, Nina and Donal.

Doctors Prove a One-Minute Massage with

PALMOLIVE SOAP CAN GIVE YOU A

Cleaner, fresher complexion today!

GETS HIDDEN DIRT THAT ORDINARY CLEANSING METHODS MISS!



1. **Dirt left on face after ordinary cleansing!** Rub your face hard with a cotton pad after ordinary casual cleansing with any soap or cold cream. You'll see that you didn't remove deep-down dirt and make-up. "Ordinary-clean" is just superficially clean!

2. **Beautifully clean after 60-second Palmolive facial!** Rub your face the same way after 60-second massage with Palmolive. Pad is still snowy-white! "Palmolive-clean" is deep-down clean. Your skin is free of clinging dirt that casual cleansing misses.

Only a Soap This Mild can work so thoroughly yet so gently!

Palmolive beauty care cleans cleaner, cleans deeper, without irritation!

Doctors have proved that Palmolive beauty care can give you a cleaner, fresher complexion the very first time you use it! That's because Palmolive care gets your skin deep-down clean by removing the hidden, clinging dirt that casual methods miss.

Here's the easy method: Just massage your face with Palmolive's rich, gentle lather for 60 seconds, morning and night. Rinse and pat dry. It's that simple! But remember . . . only a soap that is truly mild can cleanse thoroughly without leaving your face feeling drawn and uncomfortable. That's why Palmolive's mildness is so important to you. Try mild Palmolive Soap today for new complexion beauty!



DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!



Mild and Gentle



ON THE



1. Renzo and Nancy—o guy from Rome, Italy, ond o gol from Kenosha, Wisconsin—pouse of NBC's studio to survey Monhotton isle, offer hours.



2. First stop is The Horwyn Club, where Nancy confesses her acting ambitions ond Renzo regoles her with footlight toles of two continents.



3. Where to now? It's o bolmy night ond Nancy ond Renzo decide to walk to dinner.



4. Nancy hos modeled Paris collections, so Renzo listens corefully os she window-shops.



5. At the Little Club, owner Billy Reed takes their order for dinner. Chompogne? Of course.

DON'T be afraid, darling," a man murmured. Then he lit milady's cigarette, proffered champagne and a red rose. Female viewers breathed a sigh that reverberated from coast to coast. Males watched attentively—and took notes. It was Renzo Cesana, *The Continental*, to whose bachelor apartment the TV camera transports viewers for an intimate visit with the romantic, mature lover—with the accent on accent The same TV camera is the vehicle whereby viewers are carried to a boudoir setting. A girl, clad in sleepwear, does bits of pantomime and dialogue, then turns out the light, bids her dog Phaedeaux (pronounced Fido) and the audience good night—and goes to sleep. The girl is Nancy Berg and she is writing a book on insomnia. On TV, the method she expounds is *Count Sheep* Renzo Cesana is a descendant of one of Rome's oldest and most prominent families. "I chose to be a potential ancestor here," he explains. He has trod the boards on two continents, was seen on celluloid in "Stromboli." . . . Nancy Berg started modeling when she was three, decided she'd reached the peak when she modeled *Vogue's* "Paris Collection." Now she's reaching out for new worlds to conquer in acting and singing. . . . TV RADIO MIRROR felt the Continental charmer and the American beauty ought to meet—chaperoned by a photographer, of course. Here are the results.

The Continental is seen on WRCA (N.Y.), Sun., 11 P.M.; WRCV (Phila.), Sat., 11:30 P.M.; KRCA (L.A.), Sat., 11:15. *Count Sheep* is on WRCA-TV, M-F, 1 A.M.

TOWN

*The accent is on glamour
as Renzo Cesana escorts Nancy Berg
on a night around Manhattan*



6. Asked if he enjoyed the dinner, Renzo murmured, "I enjoyed the lady." Now, at El Morocco, there are roses—and laughter.



7. Wherever they went, heads turned to follow Nancy and musicians struck up "Arrivederci, Roma" in Renzo's honor. They danced to it at El Morocco.



8. Nancy's a Cinderella, with a program to do at one A.M. They taxi to WRCA, where Renzo watched Nancy on TV.



9. Work over, it was playtime again—and back to dancing at El Morocco. Tables emptied, waiters waited, and Nancy and Renzo stayed . . . and stayed.

MUSIC TILL DAWN

Bob Hall of WCBS spins music in the wee hours, is happily at home in the daylight hours



Bob's been heard 'round the world. A seaman in Ceylon wrote: "Still coming in loud and clear."

THE Bob Hall way is to speak softly and carry a big stack—of records. For New York night owls, this is the best-neighbor policy, and Bob practices it on *Music Till Dawn*, a program of classics, semi-classics and standards. Yet the man at Manhattan's WCBS turntable—Tuesday through Sunday from midnight to the crack of dawn—has, in the past, been known to raise his voice. . . . Born in Rochester, Bob was planning to be a music teacher until a friend suggested he try radio announcing. The Hall voice rose to the proper pitch of excitement when he debuted on a sports show. When his career took him to Detroit and Station WXYZ, Bob put plenty of sting into his role as *The Green Hornet*—and, as understudy on *The Lone Ranger*, Bob's "Hi, ho, Silver, awaaaay" was stentorian. By 1949 he was speaking the language of New Yorkers on WCBS and, three years ago, he quietly outspoke eighty-five competitors for the *Music Till Dawn* spot, where, one day, he may unveil a very fine baritone voice. . . . Like many other men, Bob arrives home slightly after six. But, with Bob, it's A.M. He breakfasts in the P.M., about two, has the afternoon to spend with his wife Angela and daughter Karen, four. His favorite relaxation is gardening and Westchester neighbors are always dropping by to see what new piece of equipment Bob Hall has got now. . . . Bob is available for shopping and afternoons at the country club in Larchmont, where he golfs in the upper 80's while his womenfolk swim. "Bob is such an easy guy to live with," says Angie. "I can count the times on one hand I've seen him blow his top or get angry." Says Bob, "I have low blood pressure, anyway." . . . But these two almost didn't get together. In Detroit, Angie's parents ran a drug store which Bob patronized. They liked him and told Angie, a successful home economist, about him. Her reaction: "A radio announcer? Ugh!" Finally, Bob swapped a radio audition for one of her other beaux for a date with Angie. "I kept looking at him," she remembers, "and he looked better to me all the time." So began a six-year courtship. . . . Now, Angie stays up till three in the morning listening to Bob. She has plenty of company. Though he's "local" on WCBS, Bob's had mail from 47 states. Come in, Oregon!



He retires with the sunrise, rises when Angie serves breakfast in bed.

Karen, now studying ballet, and Bob "assemble" in the afternoons.



Both are good hands at cribbage Bob got his first date by a "deal."

this is how you feel...

*All over... all day
— wrapped in the flower
freshness of
Cashmere Bouquet*

**Cashmere
Bouquet**

TALCUM POWDER



**Conover Girls Pick
Cashmere Bouquet**

"Borrow this good-groom-
ing cue from our Conover
Career School students!
A quick dusting with
Cashmere Bouquet Talc
smooths hot, chafed skin
... helps girdles, stockings
and shoes ease on smoothly."

Says

Candy Jones

—(Mrs. Harry Conover)
Director Conover School



DAYTIME DIARY

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

AS THE WORLD TURNS Teen-age problems agitate the Hughes household as Chris's sister Edie, unmarried and bitter, takes advantage of young Penny's resentment to buy her affection with special privileges Chris has decided are not necessary for his daughter's happiness. And Penny's best friend also struggles with a problem—that of her parents' separation—one she can't fathom or affect. CBS-TV.

AUNT JENNY Aunt Jenny rarely leaves her home town, and yet she knows—and tells—more stories about more different kinds of people than most residents of big cities discover in a lifetime. Littleton thus proves a point Aunt Jenny often makes . . . that drama is not the exclusive property of life in crowded, bustling places. Wherever people live, they are bound to create the kind of stories Aunt Jenny tells. CBS Radio.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Broadway star Larry Noble's new play runs into trouble from its opening night, and one of the chief disturbances is Larry's leading lady, Erica. What happens when Larry and his wife Mary find themselves caught squarely in the middle, as Erica's emotional breakdown intensifies the trouble between herself and her husband, Brad? CBS Radio.

THE BRIGHTER DAY Rev. Richard Dennis has cause to be proud of his family, but if he were to admit to secret worries about one of them it would be Althea. Beautiful, spoiled and restless, Althea's strongest attachment has always been to her little girl, Spring. What will happen to Althea if the terrible possibility facing Spring should materialize? What part will Elliot Frasier play in her life? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

DATE WITH LIFE As a newspaper man and publisher, Tom Bradley sometimes has as much opportunity to help make the news as to report it in his paper—and often it is a welcome opportunity. Such a case was one the paper recently covered, where a romance between two attractive young people was suspended in order to help a frightened girl. It took Tom's research to prove just who was the victim in this case, and who the villain. NBC-TV.

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE A new venture always carries the promise of new achievement, but sometimes Julie wonders if she and her husband, Dr. Dan Palmer, are going to fulfill that promise with their move out west. Apart from the vast change in Dan's medical practice, Julie's life has also been channeled into strange new directions. Will her mail-order business be a rewarding move or a mistake? NBC Radio.

THE EDGE OF NIGHT Lieutenant Detective Mike Karr faces an age-old problem when duty runs counter to inclination. Sara Lane's mother has never looked kindly on his interest in Sara, and when Sara's younger brother Jackie gets into trouble, Mrs. Lane makes everything far worse by refusing to cooperate with Mike. She turns instead to her powerful brother-in-law, Harry Lane. What if Mike finds the source of Harry's wealth? CBS-TV.

THE GUIDING LIGHT The responsibilities of friendship force both Marie Wallace and Dr. Dick Grant into unexpected action, as Lila Taylor's serious illness alters her whole attitude toward Dr. Jim Kelly. How would they all be affected if Kathy returned to California? And how will Meta react if her sister-in-law, Bertha Bauer, continues to promote meetings between the recently widowed Meta and eligible men? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

LOVE OF LIFE Paul and Vanessa Raven refuse to give up little Carol, even though Paul knows that Hal Craig is fully capable of carrying out his threats. But Paul does insist that Vanessa and Carol take refuge out of town while he tries to learn the secret of the locket Carol saw by accident. Will Paul find the answer before Craig uncovers Vanessa's hiding place? CBS-TV.

MA PERKINS Fay Perkins has well met the experience of marriage to famed writer, Tom Wells. But when Hollywood descends on them, Fay and Ma Perkins wonder if some experiences are not unnecessarily broadening—for Gideon Harris, the exciting star who plans to make a movie of Tom's book, brings his own way of life with him, and young Elaine Reynolds may never get over it. CBS Radio.

OUR GAL SUNDAY Sunday's marriage to Lord Henry Brinthrope has withstood many tests, but never before has Sunday felt that its very foundation was being threatened. Will her old friend from the mining town where she grew up really bring Sunday to believe that she has no place as the wife of an English nobleman? What of the English girl who is anxious to convince Henry of that? CBS Radio.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY When Pepper's wife Linda first began to show signs of disturbance, Pepper and his mother thought of every possible explanation for her uneasiness except the true one, for Linda's brief, tragic first marriage was over so long ago that it seems never to have happened at all. But they know now that the past can cast a surprisingly long shadow. NBC Radio.

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS Despite her caution and experience, Carolyn Nelson gradually succumbs to the clever attack made on her as a human being and a woman by Jack Townsend. Will the money she holds in trust really find its way into the eager hands of those who plan to victimize her and her young son, Skip? NBC Radio.

THE ROAD OF LIFE Dr. Jim Brent's efforts to fight a charlatan are seriously hampered by the unthinking action of his foster-son, Dr. John Brent, and Jim fears the end result may be the ruin of both John's reputation and his own. Could Merrimac, to which Jim has devoted so much talent and so many years, really be turned against him—and will Randy Ogden be the one to swing it? CBS Radio.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT Helen's tempestuous association with Morgan Clark and his sister is not something she can easily forget, but she looks forward eagerly to the renewal of her romance with lawyer Gil Whitney, and to the future they still hope to have together. What will Gil's ex-wife Cynthia work out in her wily efforts to keep Gil and Helen apart? Can she use the Clarks in some way to gain her ends? CBS Radio.

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW Neither his friends nor his wife wanted Arthur Tate to borrow \$125,000 under the ominous terms on which it was made possible, but Arthur's driving hope to make the future secure for his family canceled all their advice. Meanwhile, the sinister V. L. Swanson perfects the plan that will crush everyone in Henderson who helped jail him . . . the plan that may even kill Arthur. CBS-TV.

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON The half-crazed business associate who attempted to murder Lew Archer set off a series of minor explosions in the Burton family. Will Terry's snobbish mother-in-law ever forget how the family name was dragged through the press? Will Marcia, Lew's wife, defy her mother again? CBS Radio.

THE SECRET STORM Pauline Harris' scheme for keeping Peter and Jane apart succeeds more brilliantly than she dared hope. For the sudden dramatic reappearance of the husband she believed dead puts more than a legal obstacle in the way of Jane's marriage to Peter. Can Bruce really win Jane back to the love they once shared? What happens when Pauline gains a new enemy in Julie, the girl Bruce might have married? CBS-TV.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE Nora feels that, with Anna Wheeler's help, she and David Brown are getting closer to the heart of the mystery surrounding the death of Jerome Joss. Is Anna's husband Hudson the real murderer—or will it turn out to be David's boss, Alan Miller? And why does David's sister Lorraine refuse to believe that her own father was unjustly accused? CBS Radio.

VALIANT LADY Reporter Elliott Norris faces a heartbreaking dilemma as he tries to weigh a binding responsibility against his new-found but very deep feeling for Helen Emerson. Can he stand by and see her turn to another man because he cannot hurt his ward, Peggy? Is it love or selfishness that motivates Peggy's effort to convince Elliott that he could be happy with her? CBS-TV.

WENDY WARREN AND THE NEWS Wendy would not admit to anyone that there have been times when she wondered if she had allowed Paul Benson to come into her life because he reminded her a little of her dead husband, Mark. Paul also is talented, selfish, and neurotic. Is he perhaps more than neurotic—and is that the reason his sister keeps such a vigilant eye on all his activities? Can Wendy and Barbara ever trust each other? CBS Radio.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES There are many ways of being helpful to others, and during their many happy years in Birchwood Joan and Harry Davis have made use of most of them. Each week Joan tells the story of some crisis in which she and Harry managed to be of use to their friends—or, just as often, found themselves involved with strangers who were quick to realize what good friends the Davises could be. ABC Radio.

WHISPERING STREETS Walls do not have ears, nor do streets actually whisper, but a trained observer like Hope Winslow knows there are stories to be learned almost anywhere by those who know how to look for them and how to listen. Some of the stories Hope tells she has learned by looking and listening, but some of them are stories in which she has played an active, generally vital, part. ABC Radio.

THE WOMAN IN MY HOUSE James and Jessie Carter have been involved in romance, one way or another, ever since their children started growing up. Only Jeff, the eldest son, has not bothered them with this kind of problem up to the present. Now Jessie wonders if Jeff might not have been better off remaining unattached, for Carolyn's past creates so many difficulties that a happy future seems somewhat uncertain. NBC Radio.

YOUNG DR. MALONE Nobody in the Malone family, not even Tracey, knows how Dr. Jerry Malone really feels about the project of moving to New York. Perhaps Jerry himself cannot tell if the excitement of breaking new ground is more important to him than the unavoidable sadness at leaving Three Oaks. Would the move really benefit young David Malone so much? And is it possible it could do Jill more harm than good? CBS Radio.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN Whatever promise of happiness the future might have held for Ellen Brown seems to have vanished from the moment Dr. Anthony Loring met Millicent Randall. Even though Millicent's death freed Anthony from the marriage that kept him from Ellen, the revenge planned by her father, Jason Randall, threatens now to ruin even Ellen's means of livelihood. NBC Radio.



UTOL

new miracle antibiotic
pimple medication

... PUTS YOUR BEST FACE FORWARD!

The world takes you at face value—especially in business and social situations. More often than not, you feel the way you look. So that's why it is so important for you to discover and use UTOL, the miracle antibiotic skin cream that is the fastest known remedy for pimples, acne, or other externally caused skin blemishes. UTOL—an investment in your appearance and peace of mind!

Hides as it heals major skin blemishes!

Flesh-toned UTOL provides an immediate cover-up for embarrassing skin eruptions. Gives you new confidence and comfort at first touch while

the antiseptic healing activity goes on underneath. UTOL *hides* while it heals... really works for you!

* * *

Here's How Utol Works—Faster!

Here's the ONLY antibiotic skin cream! UTOL, with the magic of antibiotic Tyrothricin, kills the skin bacteria that usually cause skin blemishes. It contains a powerful soothing anesthetic that stops irritating itch—and the need to scratch. Laboratory and field tests prove—UTOL dries up pimples and the common skin eruptions and clears the skin in as little as 10 days!

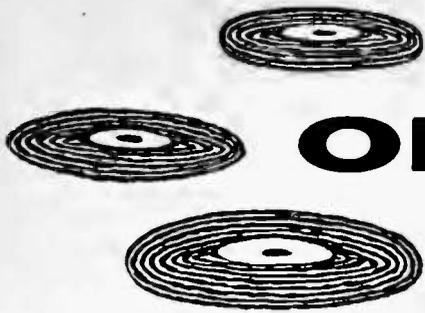


*Many doctors, nurses, and beauty specialists have endorsed UTOL as the quickest, most effective skin medication in standard treatment for Contact Dermatitis.



MONEY BACK GUARANTEE Your money back in full if UTOL, available in leading drugstores everywhere, does not in every way live up to every claim made for it.

A Product of
McKESSON & ROBBINS



ON THE RECORD

By JOAN WALLACE

WELCOME aboard our musical caravan! I'll be going 'round and 'round with the latest record releases each month, reporting to you on what's new and listenable in the world of wax.

Let's lead off with Frank Sinatra, who always seems to be singing something new. For example, "How Little We Know" and "Five Hundred Guys," with Nelson Riddle's orchestra. The first side is a pretty ballad, the second a rhythm tune all about "a thousand eyes for my gal who only has eyes for me." This was the last record Frankie made before taking off for European movie-making—and maybe a reunion with Ava Gardner? (Capitol)

"The Bob Crosby Show" is the name of a new album, twelve sides in all, by Bob and the troupe from his popular CBS-TV program. Bob, Carol Richards, Joanie O'Brien, Charlie Teagarden, The Modernaires and The Bobcats are all represented, doing comic, sentimental and bouncy numbers they have done on their program, ending with the hymn, "Whispering Hope." (Columbia)

If you're interested in some good music-to-dance-to, you'll be interested in M-G-M's new "Designed for Dancing Series," a group of individual albums, with

twelve selections in each. For more or less straight ballroom stuff, try "Cole Porter Medleys From Hit Shows," by Jerry Jerome and his orchestra; "Latin American Tempos," by Rene Touzet and his orchestra, will fill the bill for the mambo and cha-cha-cha addicts; "The Merengue," by Frank Damiron's orchestra, spotlights the tempo of the same name for those who go for this new Latin rhythm; "Teen Age Dance Party," with George Russell and his orchestra, has everything from jitterbug to polka; and if dosey-do is your specialty, Carson Robison has a set of "Square Dances."

The Four Top Hatters are hoping for top billing with their new waxing of an old ballad, "I'll Never Stand in Your Way," and the novelty, "One Arabian Night," which the group has done with a Latin beat, with Archie Bleyer's orchestra. These are the boys, incidentally, who made the original recording of the hit, "Dim Dim the Lights," before Bill Haley's Comets waxed the tune. (Cadence)

"The Champagne Magic of Lawrence Welk" is the newest album entry by the popular accordionist-maestro and his crew. In this set, Welk revives such well-known oldies as "Bubbles in the Wine,"

"Ain't She Sweet," "Beer Barrel Polka," "My Donna Lee," and "Linger Awhile." Vocal credits go to Walter Bloom, Jayne Walton, Parnell Grina, Bob Pace. (Coral)

Joni James has a way with a torch song and a sad ballad, and in her latest album, "Little Girl Blue," she sings twelve standards, all with the poignant touch. Included are such songs as "In Love in Vain," "These Foolish Things Remind Me of You," "I'm Through With Love," and the title song, "Little Girl Blue." David Perry conducts the orchestra. (M-G-M)

Harry Belafonte's newest effort is an album titled simply "Calypso." With the assistance of Millard Thomas' guitar and Tony Scott's orchestra and chorus, Belafonte does such calypso ditties as "I Do Adore Her," "Man Smart," "Jamaica Farewell," "Brown Skin Girl," and "The Jack-Ass Song." (Victor)

Rosemary Clooney and Duke Ellington have teamed talents for a most interesting album, "Blue Rose." Rosemary sings all Ellington compositions, including the always popular "Sophisticated Lady," "I've Got It Bad and That Ain't Good," "I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart," and "Mood Indigo," accompanied, of course, by the Ellington band and aided by fine arrangements by the Duke and Billy Strayhorn. The title tune, "Blue Rose," is a brand new Ellington instrumental, named for Rosie, and she croons an interesting word-less vocal to it. (Columbia)

Chris Dane, the Swedish baritone, has recorded two waltzes in his continuing bid for American favor. He sings the standard, "My Isle of Golden Dreams," and a new European song, "Serenade of the Mandolins," with orchestral accompaniment. Chris, who waxed both of these sides in Stockholm, where he is well-known, has a slight Swedish accent and a vocal style reminiscent of the early Dick Haymes. (Cadence)

"That Sentimental Gentleman" is the appropriate title for an album by Tommy Dorsey and his famous band of several years ago. Each tune in this set was a hit as a single when originally released. You'll certainly remember such great old T.D. favorites as "Song of India," with Tommy's beautiful trombone solo, "Heat Wave," "And the Angels Sing," with vocal by Johnny Mercer and trumpet solo by Ziggy Elman, and "How Am I To Know," sung by Frank Sinatra when he was the Dorsey band singer. (Victor)

Sarah Vaughan surely shows off her versatility on her new recording of "Hot and Cold Running Tears" and "That's Not the Kind of Love I Want." The "Divine Sarah," as she is affectionately known in



The Three Girls—Beryl Davis, Connie Haines, Jane Russell—used to sing mainly inspirational songs. Now, on Capitol, they're invading the pop field.



Sinatra kept a record date, then left for Europe, films—and Ava?

the music trade, swings out the lyrics on the "Tears" side in true jazz style. And on the coupling, which is a torchy ballad, she's at her most soulful. (Mercury)

Jackie Gleason got the big ha-ha from his show-business pals a couple of years ago when he decided to play it serious with a baton. But the Gleason albums have been tasteful musical presentations and, incidentally, consistent good sellers for Capitol. His newest is "Night Winds," a set of standards, played by the big orchestra Jackie always uses.

Frankie Laine has a new coupling which should add to the Laine laurels. With Paul Weston's orchestra and The Mellomen, Frankie sings "Don't Cry," a ballad from the new Broadway musical comedy, "The Most Happy Fella." On the flip-over, Frankie tears through a new novelty ditty, "Ticky, Ticky Tick," with Jimmy Carroll's orchestra. (Columbia)

The McGuire Sisters have another bell ringer in "Delilah Jones" and "Picnic," with orchestra and chorus credit going to Dick Jacobs. "Delilah," from the movie, "The Man With the Golden Arm," has a cute lyric, and the girls sing it with a strong beat. The lyric to the beautiful theme music from the film, "Picnic," was written by Steve Allen, and the McGuire lasses harmonize in their usual smooth style. Steve Allen also has his own recording of "Picnic," done by his big orchestra and chorus. (Coral)

M-G-M Records is excited about their latest vocal discovery, Ocie Smith, a twenty-one-year-old newcomer who possesses a lusty, baritone voice. For his first commercial release, Ocie sings "Lost Horizon," one of the big songs from the Broadway musical, "Shangri-La," and an up-beat rhythm tune, "Going, Going, Gone." Joe Lipman's orchestra on both. Ocie got his record start via many demonstration discs he did for publishers, so they could listen to new popular songs. When M-G-M executives heard him, they were so impressed that they signed him to a contract.

Capitol has a new vocal trio, to be known henceforth as "The Three Girls." The ladies answer individually to the names of Jane Russell, Connie Haines and Beryl Davis, and for their first recording as a threesome they've chosen "He's Got Time" and "The Magic of Believing," with Lyn Murray at the baton. The girls used to be a quartet, with Rhonda Fleming as the fourth voice, but conflicting movie schedules have forced Rhonda to drop out. The group previously sang mainly religious and inspirational songs, but now, as "The Three Girls," they are venturing into the pop field, as well.

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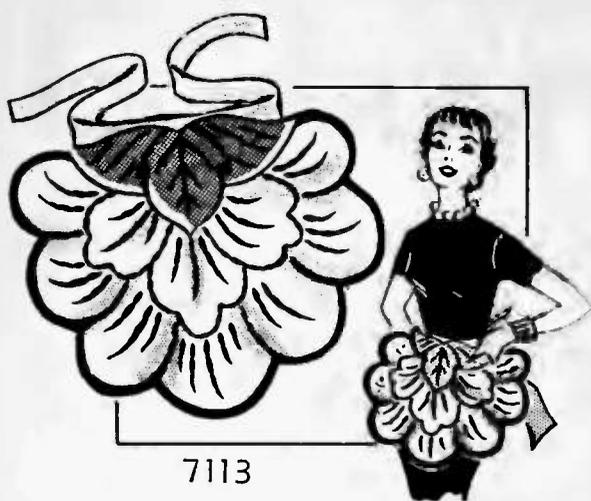
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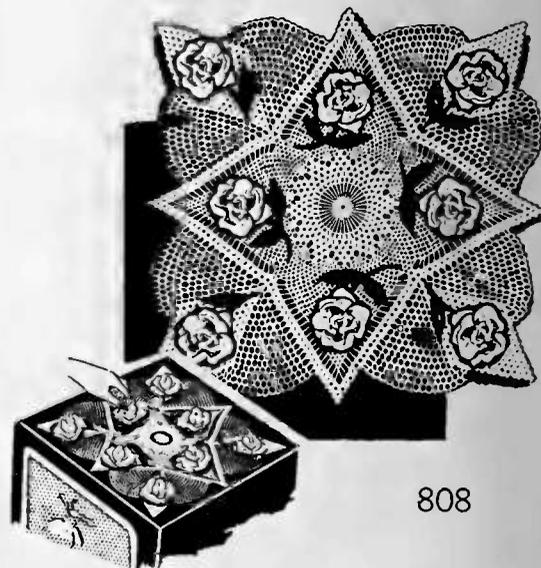
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756
SIZES
12-20



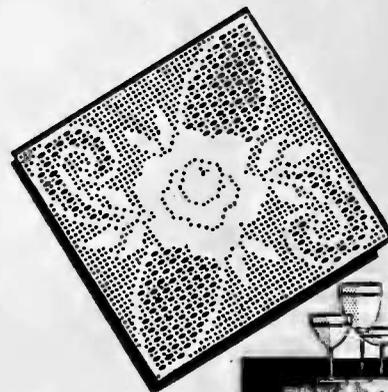
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808



7076



769



7113—Stunning new apron, fashioned of remnants in the form of a big beautiful flower! Embroidery transfer, directions for flower-apron 16 inches long. 25c.

672—Flower medallions and leaves of graceful crochet make the prettiest new set to protect a chair or buffet! Crochet directions for chair-back 12 x 15 inches; armrest 12 x 6½ inches, using No. 30 mercerized cotton. 25c

756—Just two main pattern parts to make this gay, cool maternity top! Sew two smart versions—trim with colorful scroll embroidery. Maternity Misses' Sizes 12-20. Tissue pattern, transfers. *State size.* 25c

869—Just a few hours to crochet a pretty doily for table or chair! Three different styles included. Use No. 50 mercerized cotton (7 and 7½ inch round; and 9 x 12 inch oval). To increase size, No. 30 or bedspread cotton. 25c

808—Roses in color sparkle on this TV cover! They're solid crochet—standing out in life-like form against a lovely background. Larger, 26 inches in No. 30 mercerized cotton; smaller, using No. 50. 25c

7076—Colorful birds of every state are embroidered on this most unusual quilt! Diagrams, transfers of all 48 state birds included. Quilt measures 72x102 inches. 25c

769—Prize winning filet crochet! Great big rose squares, 12 inches in string. You'll make a magnificent bedspread or tablecloth and scarf in no time at all. One square makes a place mat. Crochet chart directions included. 25c

INFORMATION BOOTH

(Continued from page 8)



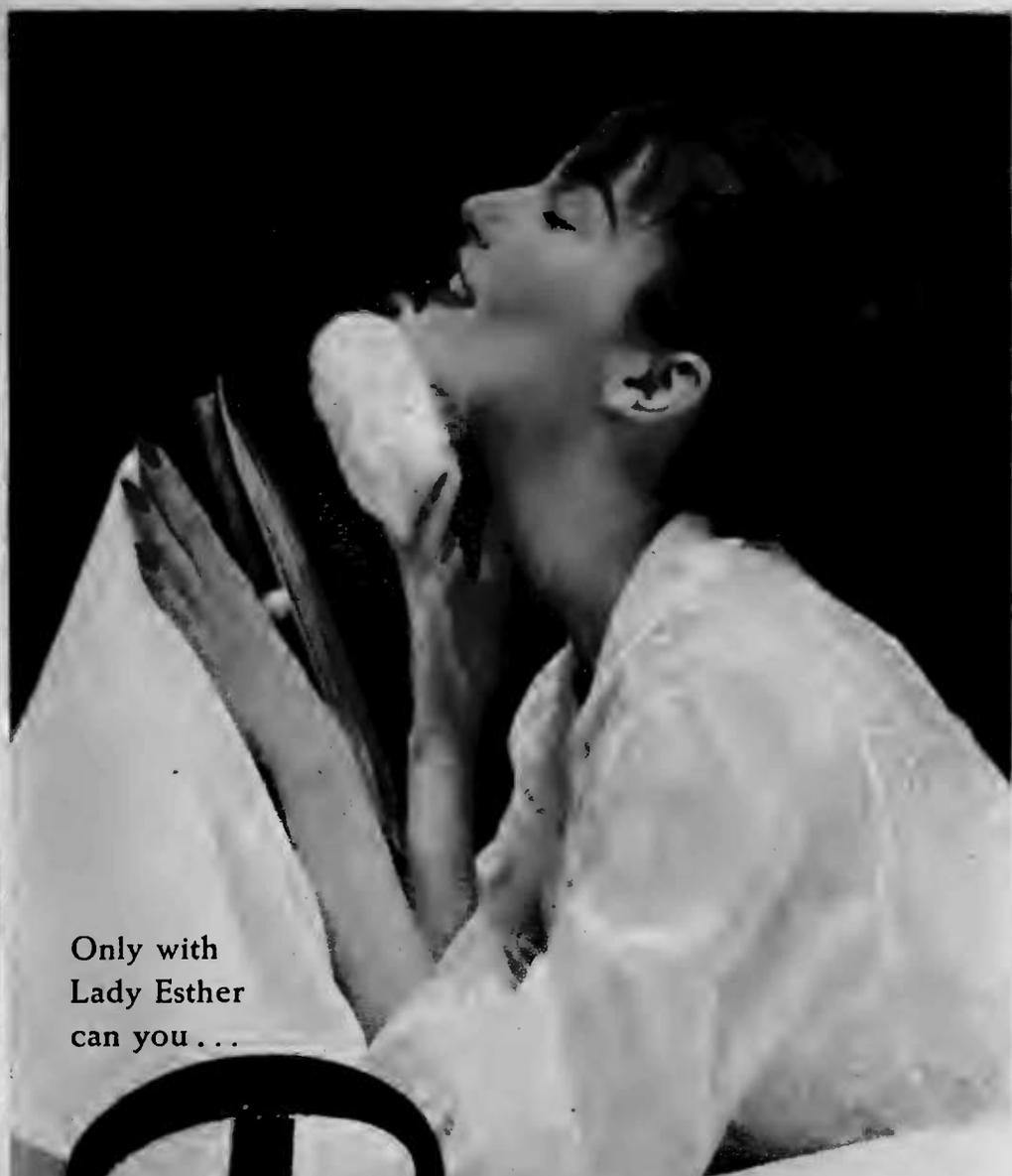
Dad's day is year-round for Paul McGrath, Bobby Alford and Joan Lazer.

Every Day Is Father's Day

I would appreciate some information about the cast of My Son Jeep, CBS Radio. M. H., Long Beach, N Y.

Paul McGrath, who stars as the widower, Dr. Robert Allison, and copes with his irrepressible script children, Jeep and teen-aged Peggy, has CBS Radio audiences celebrating Father's Day every night. Paul decided to concentrate on broadcasting and stage work, in order to establish a permanent New York home with his lovely actress wife, Lulu Mae Hubbard. Millions trembled to his voice when he hosted *Inner Sanctum*. Thousands have applauded his stage appearances in several Theater Guild productions. And countless numbers have enjoyed his Hollywood films. The Chicago-born actor tossed aside his engineering slide-rule at Carnegie Tech when he was eighteen, so that he could build a career of his hobby—acting. Now, three decades later, his name in radio, stage and films is followed by formidable lists of roles. On daytime's *This Is Nora Drake*, he is heard as Detective Claudhill. Nightly, he pays tribute to father. . . . Bobby Alford was chosen from nearly one hundred aspirants for the role of Jeep. The red-haired, freckle-faced eleven-year-old won recognition when he was voted the "Fledgling Pilot" of 1950. Born at Mitchel Field Air Base—where his father, Captain W. E. Alford, is a pilot—Bobby began training in dramatics when he won a contest doing a monologue written by his mother. After microphone seasoning on a local radio show near his home in East Meadow, Long Island, Bobby acted in several radio series. He's "pretty good friends" with his little brother, Rickey, and is a baseball fan, a Cub Scout, and is good at airplane modeling. He thinks he'd like to be a pilot like his dad, but, meantime, he's concentrating on being a script veteran, like his radio dad. . . . Joan Lazar, the petite, teen-aged sister Peggy of *My Son Jeep*, has been a thespian since the age of six. Her kindergarten dream came

(Continued on page 27)



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And, oh, how much prettier you will be when you powder your face with Lady Esther Face Powder. No other powder has ever been able to duplicate its smooth, natural-looking finish, its long, long clinging quality, the radiant glow it gives your complexion!

Try it—today! A pretty girl, a pretty woman makes hearts skip and sing, so powder yourself prettier with Lady Esther Face Powder.

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In both loose face
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The one and only after-shaving (underarm) deodorant, and anti-perspirant.

...And then Fresh Stick ! Imagine !

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FRESH scientists discovered it—the new patented ingredient combination that made all this possible. It's obtainable only in New Fresh Stick.

New Fresh Stick gets underarms dry, really dry, in seconds . . . ends all danger of perspiration and odor. And still it's safe for normal skin. In addition, it's the only one that goes on dry, invisibly, without any greasy or runny messiness.

In New Fresh Stick you use this highly effective formula full strength. It's so gentle, you can shave your underarms first and use it immediately. Something every other anti-perspirant cautions you against. In fact, New Fresh Stick helps guard against after-shave infection. It's actually antiseptic.

Ever hear of anything like it? It's the newest—and greatest for daylong protection.

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INFORMATION BOOTH

(Continued from page 25)

true when she became one of the enchanting characters on CBS Radio's *Let's Pretend*. She was an honor student at Professional Children's School and starred as half of one of the youngest ad-lib teams in radio history, on a juvenile discussion program. Critics cited her as the year's "most promising actress" when she played the part of Rosalie in the stage version of "The Goldbergs." Joan is currently enrolled at New York and Columbia Universities and at the Actors' Studio.

Calling All Fans

The following clubs invite new members. If you are interested in joining, write to address given, *not* to TV RADIO MIRROR.

Pat Brady Fan Club, c/o Julia Tiedemann, 345 W. 28 St., New York, N. Y.

Janette Davis Fan Club, c/o Ann Melillo, 82-60 Austin St., Kew Gardens, N. Y.

Jay Silverheels Fan Club, c/o Wilma Arnold, R.R.S., Box 95, Franklin, Ind.

Pupils' Pet

We would like to know more about our favorite teacher, Mr. Wizard, on NBC-TV.

J. R. and M. H., Brooklyn, N. Y.

When millions of youngsters take time out from the playground on Saturdays for a science lesson, it all goes to prove an old adage: There is no such thing as a poor pupil—if he's got a good teacher. That's why *Mr. Wizard* can count over three million star pupils. . . . His de-mystification of science is no mystery—it can be done in the kitchen, avers *Mr. Wizard*. His credo is, "Never use an Erlenmeyer flask when a milk bottle will do." . . . *Mr. Wizard's* real name is Don Herbert and his entertaining-teaching prowess is no accident, for he has degrees in both general science and dramatics. While still at La Crosse (Wisconsin) Teachers College, Don earned extra money with a magic act, a guitar and, during vacations, at summer-theater work. . . . The handsome pedant is not the least bit pedantic. He has an easy grin and a wide-open sense of humor. A devoted family man, Don Herbert relaxes at his Mediterranean-style home in Bronxville, New York, with his lovely wife, the former Maraleita Dutton, and their two sons, Jeffrey Dutton, aged three, and Jay Bigelow, two. Don's an inveterate pipe smoker, golfer and badminton player. His household is rounded out by his pets: Marc, a brown French poodle, Malesh, a Siamese cat, and Neutron, a green parrot. . . . But the teacher's favorite pet is that of his Saturday pupils—it's *Mr. Wizard!*

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

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No other make-up—cream, liquid, or cake—can give you such wonderful close-up confidence in your complexion as Lady Esther's new Sheer Flattery! Just look at the paper test! It shows the difference!

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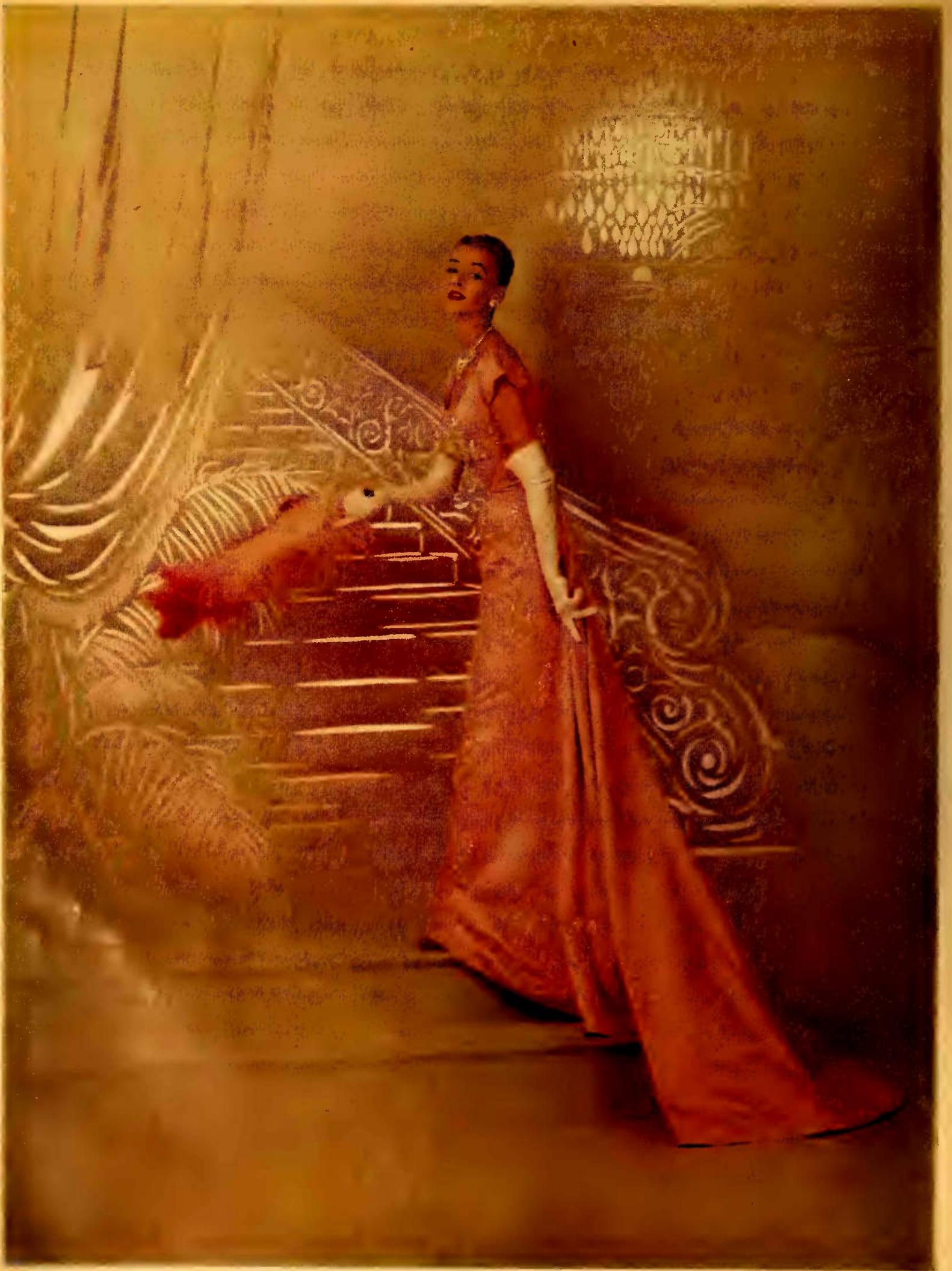
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How to be a Cinderella



Patti Page points the surest way
to stardom (but you'll have to
find Prince Charming for yourself)

By ED MEYERSON

PATTI PAGE sat on the terrace of her Manhattan apartment, surrounded by stacks of mail. It would take hours just to read all the letters, let alone answer them. But Patti, grateful for the loyalty and affection of her fans, insists upon doing both. . . . "Without them, I'd be nothing," she says—and, without a secretary, she would obviously get nowhere . . . for Patti has a tendency to daydream over each letter. It's as though she can actually see the person who wrote it. Or is it that

See Next Page 

How to be a Cinderella

(Continued)

she can see herself in each letter—herself as she used to be?

But to work! First, there are the requests for her picture. These merely require an autograph. Then there are the letters which tell her how wonderful she is. . . . "Who—me?" Patti cries, scarcely recognizing herself among all the adjectives. And her secretary must remind her: "You don't have to argue with your fans. Just thank them."

Then come the letters which ask her "frank and honest" opinion. *Do you think it's all right if a girl smokes? Which records should I buy for my collection? If you were me, what clothes would you wear to this party?*

The answers to these questions are easy, compared with what Patti calls the "problem" letters. "And who am I to give advice?" she laments to the heavens. "I don't know enough." . . . But she (Continued on page 88)

The Patti Page Show is sponsored across the nation by Oldsmobile Dealers of America (see local papers). Patti also stars this June in *The Perry Como Show* time spot, on NBC-TV, Sat., from 8 to 9 P.M. EDT.

Next, Patti sings and acts the rhythms before



For all the hard work and hopeful dreams, Patti Page still can't quite believe she's now "in the same class as Perry Como" and can count him as a personal friend.



Two kinds of rhythm: Left, Patti "gets into the swing," as pianist Rocky Cole takes over on the drums. Below, she learns new gestures to put over a song, as taught by her fiancé, Charles O'Curran, the noted dance director.





Study, study, study: But Patti has "Windy," Charles's gift, beside her—and maybe his letters in that script?



Dates, dates, dates: Calls for interviews, rehearsals, fittings—plus those private conversations with California.



Every Cinderella must have glamour. But it was love that transformed Patti—more than all her dreams of success.

mirror—and Jack Rael, "the man who discovered Cinderella."

Bravo from Charles: Teacher's mighty proud of his girl!





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(Continued)

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Bravo from Charles: Teacher's mighty proud of his girl!



Daddy Can Do Anything!



Prized wood carving of "The Last Supper" is background for home portrait of Meg, Danny, Tony, Theresa and Rosemarie.

**With faith—and a nudge from his admiring offspring—
Danny Thomas always finds time to help a worthy cause**



Between TV shows and benefit performances, Danny shares a real "loving cup" with wife Rosemarie.

By FREDDA BALLING

PROBABLY you remember the incident in *The Danny Thomas Show*, "Make Room for Daddy," which concerned Rusty Hamer, Danny's nine-year-old "son" in the TV drama. Bitten by some mischievous bug from outer space, Rusty had decided to manufacture his own flying saucers. He stuffed a series of foreign objects into the garbage-disposal on the model home set where "Make Room for Daddy" is photographed, flipped the switch . . . and ostensibly wrecked the machinery. Of course, the cataclysm involved Danny, therefore much laughter, so everything came out all right—script-wise.

However, Danny Thomas' real-life scion, Tony, aged seven, always watches the program with an analytical eye. He is Rusty Hamer's greatest fan, regarding himself as a sort of soundwave brother of the young actor, and he (Continued on page 82)



No one gives more freely of his time and talents than Danny, for all worthy causes. And no project is dearer to his heart than the St. Jude Hospital plans which he revealed on Ed Murrow's *Person To Person*.



Room for Daddy? Above, Danny finds the Thomas playroom filled with college friends of his daughter Meg (center right). Left, son Tony shows who'd really be boss, if he had his way. But Danny loves every minute!

The Danny Thomas Show, "Make Room for Daddy," is seen over ABC-TV, Tuesdays, at 9 P. M. EDT, as sponsored by Pall Mall Cigarettes and the Dodge Dealers of America.



Chris "helps" on the guitar as Jan serenades baby Jonathan, safe but wide-eyed in mama Susan's arms.

LOVE'S

Guiding Light

Susan Douglas and Jan Rubes
had an American dream, which only
babies could make come true!

By MARY TEMPLE

ON A NIGHT last February, a concert audience in the town of San Leandro, California, got an extra bonus in the way of an unexpected encore. Jan Rubes, young basso profundo, was on stage finishing his songs when he was summoned to answer a long-distance call. He excused himself to the audience, leaving his accompanist on stage, and came back in a short time wearing the expression of a man who has been made very, very happy. As indeed he had been.

At the other end of the wire, his wife—Susan Douglas, who is Kathy Grant in TV-radio's *The Guiding Light*—had told him from her hospital bed that they had a new son, Jonathan, born at 2:40 that morning of February 16, in New York (it had still lacked a few minutes before midnight of February 15 in the time belt where he was performing, but was the next day by Eastern time). Now, announcing the arrival of their

The Guiding Light is sponsored Monday through Friday by



Guess who? "It's Daddy!" chortles Chris, who—like Susan—has learned to listen for those treasured calls.



So that's where the calls come from! Pins on map mark Jan's concert stops—and he broadcasts regularly from Canada, too.



Formulas don't seem so strange, for their second son, but it's still all part of a miracle for Jan and Susan.



Playtime—then off to work. Leaving for the studio, Susan knows her boys will be in good hands with nurse "Clem" Bond.

second son to the cheering, clapping audience, Jan sang them a final encore, a lovely lullaby, that brought down the house.

Ever since Susan Douglas and Jan Rubes (pronounced Yon Roo-besh) were married, on September 22, 1950 (they had met in Montreal, Canada, when she was making the movie, "Forbidden Journey," and Jan played the romantic lead opposite her), Susan had said that she wanted at least two one-right-after-the-other children. To herself, she often said that she would be perfectly happy with two sons, like Jan and his brother, but that she didn't want an only child, as she had been. When their first-born, Christopher Jan, came on May 25, 1954, her dream began to come true.

Jan was home with Susan when Chris was born, his fall and winter concert tour over for the season. Even the day (Continued on page 86)



Memories Are Made of This



Son Jay, his brightest jewel, wakes Dad up to rise and shine. Later, George can stretch out again, among the rare furnishings and souvenirs he's collected around the world.



George de Witt could name that tune . . . and all the treasures which remind him of the best in life

By ALICE FRANCIS

IF YOU ask George de Witt, emcee of the popular musical quiz, *Name That Tune*, what qualities make a good contestant, he has the answer ready: "Warmth—and charm. Two words that really mean the same thing. If contestants have those, they can be a little nervous or shy, but the warmth and charm will come through. And these are qualities which can't be faked."

He might have added that these are qualities important to any television performer—including emcees, of course—the same qualities which George brings to TV screens all over the country (*Continued on page 91*)

George de Witt is the singing quizmaster of *Name That Tune*, CBS-TV, Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. EDT, sponsored alternately by Whitehall Pharmacal Co. and Lanolin Plus, Inc.



George's mother is a cherished link with a happy childhood redolent of gay music—and good food.



Warmth and charm are what George treasures in a contestant. Dorothy Olsen and Philip Bock had 'em—and won \$25,000 on CBS-TV's *Name That Tune!* Schoolteacher Dorothy also sang "The Little White Duck," was signed by RCA Victor, and waxed a best-selling record of the ditty.



Like father, like son: Jay's already a mimic, does impersonations at his candelabra-bedecked toy piano.



Claude, a dummy found in an antique shop, now co-stars with George in ventriloquist acts staged specially for Jay.



Dennis and Micki had a grand time fixing up the nursery—complete with murals.

More fun—opening the many



Micki's mother, Mildred Crawford, got into the act, too—designing and sewing a "dream" maternity wardrobe.



Candy, the canine, learned a new role—how not to be jealous—rehearsing with a life-size baby doll.

Dennis James emcees *Chance Of A Lifetime*, over ABC-TV, Sat., 10 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by Lentheric, Inc., and Bromo-Seltzer.



Glad Tidings



delightful gifts sent in by James fans.

Dennis and Micki James meant to keep the stork's secret. But how could they, when they had dreamed so long?

By MARTIN COHEN

DENNIS JAMES, a boating enthusiast of the first magnitude, lives on the edge of Long Island Sound. From almost any room in his home, he can look out on the sea . . . but these days he's turning his eyes to the June sky. There's an aircraft on its way to the James home . . . a wing-propelled, single-passenger stork. "Well, it figures to be single-passenger," his wife Micki said recently. "There are no twins on either side. We don't expect them. But, on the other hand, we can't predict. We have a pretty good idea of what the baby will look like, though."

The baby will probably have dark brown hair, brown eyes and a fair complexion. This isn't really guessing, because both parents have the same coloring . . .

"Dennis and I are often taken for brother and (Continued on page 95)



Dennis and Micki had a grand time fixing up the nursery—complete with murals.

More fun—opening the many

delightful gifts sent in by James fans.



Micki's mother, Mildred Crawford, got into the act, too—designing and sewing a "dream" maternity wardrobe.

Candy, the canine, learned a new role—how not to be jealous—rehearsing with a life-size baby doll.

Glad Tidings



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Dennis James emcees *Chance Of A Lifetime*, over ABC-TV, Sat., 10 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by Lenthier, Inc., and Bromo-Seltzer.

LOVE OF LIFE



1. Paul and Vanessa Raven refuse—as Meg had expected—when she brings them Hal Craig's warning to give up little Carol . . . "or else." As the girls' mother, Sarah Dale, listens, Meg explains Craig's frenzy over the locket Carol had seen by chance.



*With love as Vanessa's
ideal—excitement as Meg's—
their purposes cross
in a dangerous mischance*

2. Ellie Crown remembers the frightened child Carol had been before she'd found love and security with her friend Vanessa. Ellie wonders what the secret is Carol now knows—and which Craig will stop at nothing to preserve.

AS ALIKE as sisters. Remembering that recent scene, Paul Raven can't help smiling wryly at the familiar phrase. There was his wife Vanessa, warm and womanly . . . quick with sympathy . . . eager to give and to receive love. And there was her sister Meg Harper, high-strung . . . rebellious . . . a magnet for trouble. It is from that moment Paul dates the cycle of events which now send him speeding to New York on a desperate mission. Yet, actually, the differences between Vanessa and Meg had started, long before that, to move toward the present danger. . . . With an overflow of love that cried out for a child, Vanessa had persuaded Paul to adopt one, after she lost her own baby. She'd loved eight-year-old Carol on sight, and this is the child whom—despite her background—Paul and Vanessa took into their home. . . . Deserted by her mother, cruelly mistreated by foster parents, Carol was soul-scarred and insecure to the point where she'd lost the ability to speak. Yet, with tenderness and patience, Vanessa restored to Carol her trust in others, her sense of being wanted—and, with these, her speech. Carol might have lived with the Ravens as any other normal, healthy child . . . except for the complications which, as always, Meg has inadvertently brought about. Meg has always felt herself an "outsider" in Barrowsville. When Hal Craig arrived in town, his also being an outsider would have been enough to bring them together. But Hal had still other attractions for Meg . . . the mystery of his background, the sense of danger and menace that surrounds him. Hal is deeply involved in the seamy side of Barrowsville. He has been implicated in its political scandals and has been convicted of running a gambling house on its outskirts. . . . And Meg suspects that, in his past, he has been even more

closely connected with still grimmer underworld doings. On more than one occasion, she has seen evidence of Hal's ruthlessness when his will is questioned. Yet Meg has only admiration for what she calls his strength and courage in defying the very people who have always considered her unacceptable, too. . . . The two sisters have different purposes in life. And once again, these different viewpoints clashed when little Carol, visiting Meg in her apartment, happened upon a locket belonging to Hal. When Hal learned that Carol had looked into the locket, the seemingly harmless incident sent him into a frenzy of hate—and fear. His behavior was close to that of a madman's. . . . At first, Meg was just curious about the secret Hal is

Pictured here, as seen on TV, are:

Vanessa Raven.....	Bonnie Bartlett
Meg Harper.....	Jean McBride
Paul Raven.....	Richard Coogan
Hal Craig.....	Steve Gethers
Sarah Dale.....	Jane Rose
Collie Jordan.....	Carl Betz
Carol.....	Tirrell Barbery
Ellie Crown.....	Mary K. Wells
John Stephens.....	Harrison Dowd

Love Of Life, CBS-TV, M-F, 12:15 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by Whitehall Pharmacal, Boyle-Midway, and Chef BoyArDee.

See Next Page ▶

LOVE OF LIFE

(Continued)



3. Paul determines to lift the threat to his family by solving the mystery of Hal Craig. But first, to keep them safe, he brings Vanessa and Carol, with Ellie Crown's help, to a hideaway cottage rented from John Stephens.

so anxious to hide. But, when she began to investigate, she found something dangerous—and frightening, even for her. . . . Hal ordered Meg to inform Vanessa and Paul that the child must be returned to the orphanage—"or else." There was no question in her mind about the threat of violence Hal implied—or about his willingness to carry out that threat. Yet, from the start, Meg had little confidence in the success of her mission. Knowing that Vanessa now loves Carol too deeply to give her up, Meg could only fear that both the Ravens would underestimate Hal's readiness

to carry out his threats. . . . Vanessa did, at first, refuse to be intimidated. But Paul was quick to see that Craig had been pushed to the brink of insanity by the thought that Carol might have learned some secret from out of his past. And Paul realized that the danger of violence hanging over his family could be dispelled only by discovering the cause of Hal Craig's terror. . . . From Carol, he could learn nothing—except that what she'd seen was a "family picture." And, when Hal still refused to believe this was all Carol had seen, Paul decided to do some detective



4. Collie Jordan, Paul's friend and law partner, willingly joins in the detective work. Paul tries to enlist Meg's help, as well, hoping that she may have some clue to Hal Craig's sinister past.



5. Meanwhile, Hal Craig goes into hiding and, through an accomplice, works to find Vanessa and Carol—and insure their silence.

work on his own, to uncover the truth about Hal. . . . Meanwhile, Paul urged Vanessa to take Carol and leave town for a safe and secret hiding place. Reluctantly, she agreed to depart, accompanied by her friend Ellie Crown. They set out early one morning, when they wouldn't be observed, and drove to a small vacation resort which was deserted in the "off" season. Here they rented a cabin from its owner, John Stephens. . . . With Vanessa and Carol hiding out at the isolated resort, Paul returned to town and enlisted the aid of his friend and law partner, Collie Jordan. They learn that Hal Craig has disappeared from Barrowsville—and also discover that Craig had mysterious connections in New York. Hal's lawyer in Barrowsville has, on occasion, telephoned Craig in New York, but the only clue he can offer is the number of an answering service used by Craig. With this small bit of information to go on, Paul and Collie are pursuing the Craig mystery to New York City. . . . Hal Craig, from his own hiding place, is desperately trying to discover where Vanessa and Carol have taken refuge. Having failed to influence the Ravens to return Carol to the orphanage—where any information she might have gained concerning him would be least liable to harm him—Hal decides that he must assure her silence in any way that will be effective. He hires a former accomplice, Mitch Larkin, and this man has already uncovered some information which may shortly lead him to the cabin where Vanessa and Carol are hiding. . . . As Paul Raven and Hal Craig track down each other's secret, each knows how vital it is to get there first. But Paul has only a slim clue which may lead anywhere—even to a blind alley. . . . What lies ahead for Meg, now that the mystery of the locket has seemingly ended her romance with Hal Craig? Above all, what lies ahead for Vanessa, as she waits with Carol in that little cabin, fighting fear and loneliness with a strong and abiding love of life?



6. All Carol can tell Vanessa and Paul is that what she saw was a "family picture." But Paul has one other slim clue to pursue. Craig also has a clue—to Vanessa's hideaway!

SHOW BUSINESS BABY



Bill and Joan started making music on the air in their teens.



Today—still making music—Joan's also making formulas for wee Rusty.



Show folk called them "our newly-weds"—now call Rusty "our baby."



Bob Crosby (whose own teen-age daughter also sings on his big daily variety program) knows just how Joan feels about eight-month-old Rusty's budding "musical talents"!

Joan O'Brien sings on *The Bob Crosby Show*, as seen on CBS-TV, Mon. through Fri., 3:30 P.M. EDT, under multiple sponsorship.

Joan O'Brien, of Bob Crosby's show, and husband Bill Strange are bringing up a second generation in TV-radio

By BELLA DUDLEY

SO YOU HAVE a pair of teensters in your home, and it seems to you that they run up toll charges to an amount equaling the cost of the Air Force guided-missile program? Ha! You should have picked up the tab for the first telephone conversation inspired by a young lad named Russell ("Rusty") Glenn Strange. You see, it was this way: Tennessee Ernie Ford. . . . Wait a moment. You say you don't know Russell ("Rusty") Glenn Strange from a busy-line buzz? All right. We'll start at the beginning . . . which was one day, back in 1950, when Joan O'Brien—the porcelain doll who sings on *The Bob Crosby Show* five days each week—was just getting started in professional vocalistics. Aged fourteen, she was the singer on Clifflie Stone's *Hometown Jamboree*, and she ate, breathed, lived and dreamed music . . . and admired those who were adept at manufacturing lovely sounds, whether personally (Continued on page 84)



Bachelor Serenade

Music is the heart of Frank Parker's life at home, as well as on the Godfrey shows

By FRANCES KISH

FRANK PARKER will always remember the day his father came home, carrying the first record player to make its appearance in their neighborhood. Under one arm was the sound box. Under the other was the big horn, like a huge trumpet flower, from which music soon flowed magically, now loud and strong, now low and sweet. Neighbors came from blocks around to hear the miracle.

It was the same when Papa bought the pianola, also the first ever owned by anyone in their street. The family was hard-pressed to find room for everyone who came to listen a while—then stayed to watch the pierced cylinders revolve, staring at the foot pedals that pumped out the music and rippled the keys in old and loved melodies and new ones, too. For a boy like Frank, already steeped in music from earliest childhood, these were unforgettable experiences to be cherished forever.

All his life since, Frank Parker has wanted a special little corner—or, better still, a separate room—where he could put in the newest and finest musical equipment for his own enjoyment, to entertain friends, and to help him study and improve techniques and try out some of his ideas for more exciting musical adventures. So, when he recently found an apartment near the CBS studios in New York which had other things he wanted and which also had that prize, an extra room for music, it was like turning back the pages of his life story and living over the same great thrills. "You could call this chapter, 'I Remember Papa,'" he said, as he showed me his new treasures.

Seldom do interviewers and

Continued ➔



On show and off, Frank and his "boss," Arthur Godfrey, find they have many things in common—including a love of music. Frank's latest outside venture is a record company.



Madonna on living-room mantel is an echo of Frank Parker's childhood. And so—in its ultra-modern way—is the Kimball-designed "music wall" pictured in three views at the right.



Central feature of the music wall, of course, is the Consolette at which he goes over songs.



Fun to install and fun to use, hardboard unit also houses Frank's hi-fi and film projector.



Bachelor Serenade

(Continued)



Among Frank Parker's many souvenirs are these Dutch shoes, which an artist decorated for him during a Wednesday-night TV performance.

Frank Parker sings on *Arthur Godfrey And His Friends*, CBS-TV, Wed., 8 P.M., as sponsored by The Toni Company, CBS-Columbia, Pillsbury Mills, and Kellogg Company—and *Arthur Godfrey Time*, as heard on CBS Radio, M-F, at 10 A.M., and seen on CBS-TV, M-Th, at 10:30 A.M., under multiple sponsorship. (All EDT)



Home is a place apart from his career, a cozy place

photographers see Frank in his home. Although he's a friendly fellow, he believes that home and private life should be kept in the background of a professional career, so it's much more usual to get to him at rehearsals, or in the Godfrey offices at CBS, or across a restaurant table. It was extra exciting to be invited to the new apartment—and particularly to that musical inner sanctum, the pride of the Parker heart.

While Papa was first to acquire a record player and pianola, Frank can also lay claim to a "first." His is the first "music wall" of its kind—a complete do-it-yourself installation of all the things for which a music-lover longs. For Frank, of course, the central piece is his Kimball Consolette, a lovely small piano finished in limed oak, fitting into its own niche formed by the "hardboard" cabinets which make up the rest of the wall and house the rest of the equipment.

Frank chose mixed instead of matched colors in the cabinets, ranging from pale chartreuse through beige and light terra cotta, to soft green and robin's-egg blue, with white wood stripping. Set off by a pale rug and with chartreuse drapes at the windows, the effect is one of subdued and restful color. The (Continued on page 70)



where he can entertain his friends. He used to go overboard on clothes, has learned to travel light for night-club tours.

Marriage? "If I could find real companionship with someone who understands this rather crazy business I'm in!"



Bachelor Serenade

(Continued)



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Karl Weber—Family Man

Arthur Tate's own "search for tomorrow" is rooted deep in the solid virtues of a memorable yesterday

By GLADYS HALL

ONCE upon a time . . . well, close to twenty-five years ago, anyway . . . a dark-eyed stripling of fifteen and a gnarled oak of a man turned eighty-seven were at work on an autumn day, clearing a forty-acre stand of timber in the Mississippi Valley. As the boy—winded—sat down for a spell, he watched the old man drive a stake into the ground, notch a tree in just the right place, smell the wind, heft his ax blade . . . and as the forest giant crashed to earth upon the stake—a mighty missile to its target—the boy gulped, realizing that what he had seen was true craftsmanship at work.

"I was that winded boy," says six-foot-one-inch-tall, dark and handsome Karl Weber—today best known to TV audiences as Arthur Tate in *Search For Tomorrow*. "The wily woodsman of eighty-seven was my German grandfather, Christian Weber. And since I am a bit of a determinist—meaning that I believe we are all pretty much what our experiences (Continued on page 71)

Karl Weber is Arthur Tate in *Search For Tomorrow*, as seen on CBS-TV, M-F, at 12:30 P.M. EDT, sponsored by the Procter & Gamble Company for Joy, Spic and Span, and Gleem. Karl is also heard as Dr. Dan Palmer in *The Doctor's Wife*, over NBC Radio, M-F, at 4:15 P.M. EDT.



Karl is home-builder, as well as actor; Margie, the "homemaker," sewed all the draperies. Lovely Lynne has just progressed from baby-sitting to a model's career.



Margie was Karl's college sweetheart. They were married on the campus, now live in New Jersey—where their family includes daughter Lynne, 16; sons Chris and Mark, 12 and 6; the family collie, "Misty"; and "Foggy," the pussycat.





Mr. Average American

Gordon MacRae's wife insists that he's "perfectly typical"—but she can't help accenting the "perfect"

By BUD GOODE

LESS THAN FIVE years ago, many of Gordon MacRae's listening audience knew him only as a beautiful baritone voice on NBC Radio's *The Railroad Hour*. Today's TV audience actually sees the man with the voice on the NBC-TV *Gordon MacRae Show*—which inspires the following reaction in letters from many of his old listeners: "With your big, booming baritone voice, we had always thought you were 6'4", about 45 years old, and well over 200 lbs. Now that we see you on TV, we find that you're less like a basso profundo and more like the boy next door."

Except for his big voice—and the rather substantial income he earns with it each year—Gordon MacRae is a perfect picture of Mr. Average American. His pretty wife, Sheila, who writes the Gordon MacRae TV show, describes him as follows: "According to insurance charts, Gordon goes right



Wife Sheila admits that Gordon's voice is exceptional—and so is his fame. But they're both trying to keep their children's lives as "average" as his own early days. Left to right, below, with Mom and Dad: Heather, 9; Robert Bruce, 2; William Gordon ("Gar"), 7; Meredith Lynn, 11.

See Next Page ▶



Mr. Average American

(Continued)



The MacRae children know show business is Gordon's "work"—just like Sheila's writing the show and the directing of Irv Lambrecht (above). But birthdays are something special! So Heather and Gar (at left, below) came right onto the set, with all the rest of the family, to help Dad cut his cake.



down the middle—average suit, shirt and shoe size. He comes from a typically American town—Syracuse, New York. And, like most Americans, he has about four different blood strains running through his veins. In Gordon's case, it's Scotch, Irish, Italian and German. He even has brown eyes and brown hair."

Sheila continues, "Gordon has average looks (of course, I think he's handsome). But the fact is, when we're on the road, people always say, 'Gee, you don't look like Gordon MacRae,' or 'Gordon MacRae? We wouldn't have been sure if we hadn't recognized Sheila!'"

Gordon was born in Orange, New Jersey, March 12, 1921. He spent part of his childhood in Buffalo, New York, and later in Syracuse. "Most average families have two children," says Sheila. "Gordon has a sister who lives in Westbury, Long Island—and she still treats him just the way all sisters treat their brothers everywhere. There is absolutely no glamour attached to his career. When we visit her, he has to get up in the morning and get his own coffee. And they argue like brother and sister. If she doesn't like a song, she says, 'I think you sang it terribly,' and he replies, 'I did not.' Then she says, 'You did, too,' then they'll laugh about old times. And she will say kiddingly, 'Gordie, you're getting too fat' (which is not true and Gordon knows it). Of course, when she likes the songs he sings, she tells him she thinks he's marvelous and gives him a big kiss. In short, to his sister, Gordon is just brother Gordie, and nothing special."

Gordon's childhood was typically American. As Sheila says, "I truly think that he is the only current popular singer who has enjoyed a really average American childhood. He came from a completely average home. His father was a manufacturer and his mother a housewife who liked to play the piano. His father made a good living, and the power company never threatened to cut off the lights. There simply were no problems in his childhood.

"You frequently read in personality stories the sad lines, 'When I was a child something happened that changed my life.' Nothing happened to Gordon."

Gordon's father, like most men, had a hobby. His was singing. Therefore, it isn't strange that, at an early age, Gordon enjoyed singing, too. When he was twelve years old, he sang on Syracuse radio station WFBL's kiddie show, emceed by teenager Bill Lundigan. Gordon was known as "Wee Willie MacRae." When Gordon was in high school, he was already singing with dance bands in and around Syracuse. His father didn't necessarily want him to make entertainment a career, and, to take his mind off singing, sent him away to Amherst Prep School—where Gordon starred in the school glee club. On a visit, Gordon's father realized the early environment had been too much. He told his son, "If you want to sing, sing. I see you'll never be a manufacturer of farm tools."

"His father realized," says Sheila, "that Gordon was cut out for show business. 'If entertaining is what you want,' his father said, 'your mother and I encourage you to go after it . . .' So again there was no problem.

"Gordon's mother wanted (Continued on page 93)

The Gordon MacRae Show is seen on NBC-TV, Mon., 7:30 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Lever Brothers for Lifebuoy, Pepsodent and Lux Liquid.



Gordon hopes to be as understanding with Robert Bruce and Gar as his own dad was with him—especially about a career.



Sheila thinks one of the best things about "average man" MacRae is—he always finds time to play with his children.

Today, happy all together—thanks to Gordon's courage and Sheila's imagination, one day 'way back when . . .



WHO'S WHO ON CBS Radio Workshop



Workshop visits another kind of "workshop," the Helen Hayes Concert Drama Group. L. to r.: Brook Byron, Robert McQueeney, Helen, Group director Jack Manning, Dick Via.

THE PLAY's the thing, said William Shakespeare, author. The production's the thing, amended Howard Barnes, CBS Radio's vice president. Bill Froug on the West Coast, Paul Roberts on the East Coast, nodded in agreement, then pitched in to help Barnes dust off the famed experimental *Columbia Workshop* and revamp it as today's *CBS Radio Workshop*.

Said Barnes, "We'll never get a sponsor, anyway, so we might as well try anything. We hope to be the fourth dimension in radio programming, up on Cloud Nine in an intellectual and entertaining way." Said co-producers Paul Roberts and Bill Froug: "We're interested in whatever is interesting. This is an experiment in form, content and ideas." Said the critics—those at the typewriters and those in the arm-chairs: "Bravo."

Workshop is an adventure into sound, an attempt to see by ear, to use sound waves to get the mind's eye wide open. Thus, on the opening program, four men labored five hours to create a

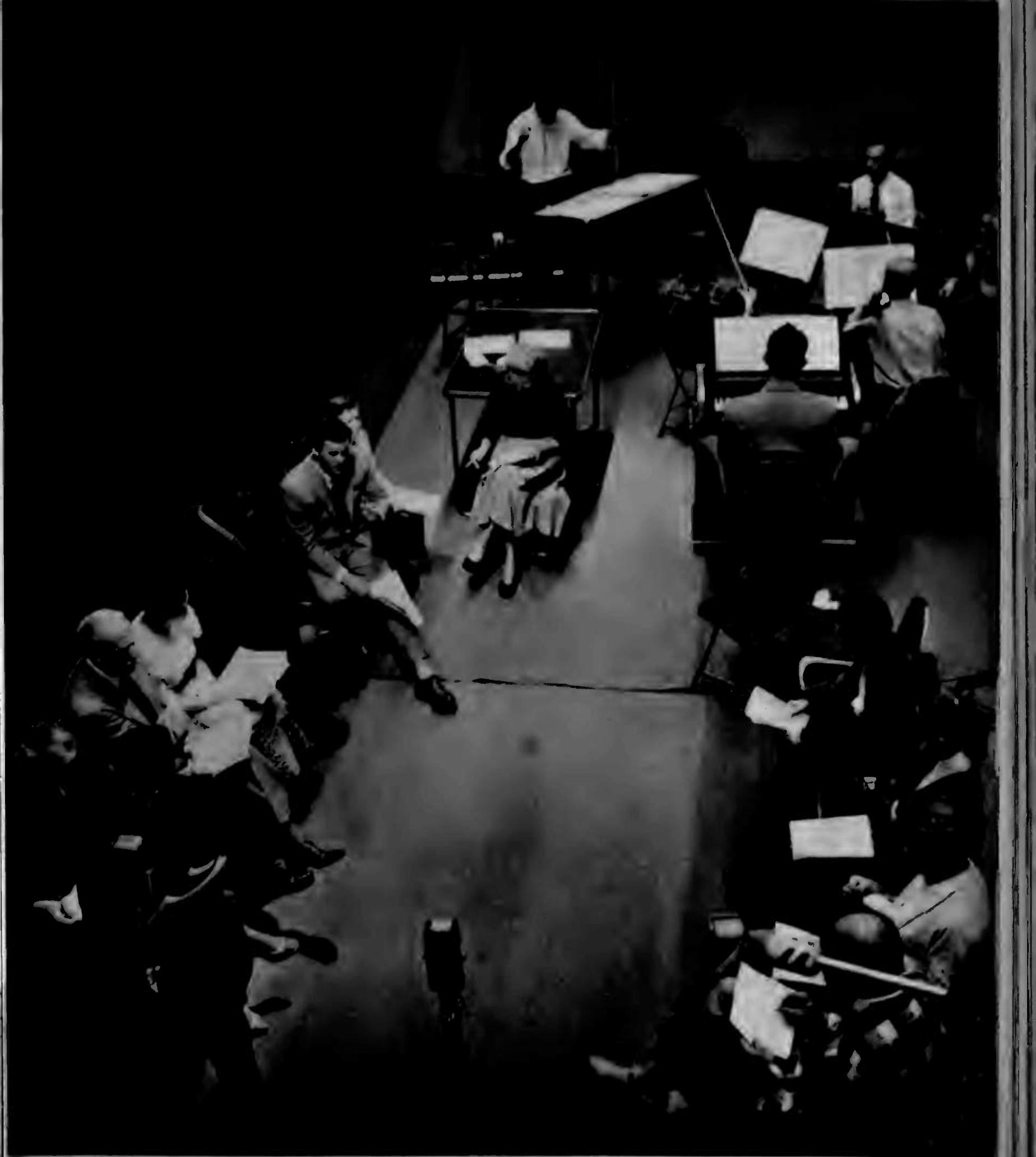
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West Coast programs are produced by Bill Froug. He cast Lurene Tuttle in "Brave New World," was told: "It's like being back in heaven to receive a call from *Workshop*."

East Coast programs, which have included Eric Sevareid in "The Exurbanites," are produced by Paul Roberts, who has plans aplenty for the future.





CBS plays it by ear—without formula or format—
in an exciting experiment in the drama of sound

WHO'S WHO ON CBS Radio Workshop

(Continued)



Experiments in sound images included "Two Studies in Age," directed by Antony Ellis and starring Richard Beals and Virginia Gregg. Bill Conrad (below) narrated "Storm."



sound that was heard for less than thirty seconds, the sound depicting the manufacturing of babies in the mechanized, demoralized "Brave New World" of Aldous Huxley. Thus, a tape-recorder eavesdropped on Manhattan, picking up the squeaking of clothesline pulleys . . . the street songs of children . . . the roar of traffic . . . and a plumber pausing at a kitchen sink to say, "You know, when I hear good music, I forget everything. Without music there is no world"—to paint a picture of a metropolis simply through "The Voice of a City." Thus, another tape recorder accompanied William Zeckendorf, real estate tycoon, as he negotiated million-dollar deals, rode to work in a telephone-equipped limousine or relaxed at home—to etch, in ways no other medium could, an intimate "Living Portrait." Thus, Dr. Frank Baxter interviewed William Shakespeare, and thus listeners met an atmospheric disturbance named Maria, in a dramatization of George Stewart's "Storm."

Who are the people who are continuing this tradition of experimentation and innovation that CBS began back in the mid-thirties? In a contest between fact and fiction entitled "Cops and Robbers," a crime was enacted by such seasoned actors as Larry Haines, Elspeth Eric, John Sylvester and Kenneth Lynch—and solved by four actual New York detectives. The Helen Hayes Concert Drama Group showed actors improving their craft in a Shakespeare study-by-rehearsal group which Jack Manning directs. Vincent Price was heard in "Speaking of Cinderella—or If The Shoe Fits." Eric Sevareid narrated "The Exurbanites," and Clifton Fadiman was heard on the sound-profile of New York. Lurene Tuttle, who recalls a *Columbia Workshop* program in which she was called on for six different German accents, appeared in the current *Workshop's* production of "Brave New World," which also featured the laconic narration of its author, Aldous Huxley.

Hans Conreid, who was heard as Christopher Marlowe in "Dr. Frank Baxter Interviews William Shakespeare," said, "It's a privilege to be called for a part in a *Workshop* production—and all of us jump at the opportunity." Bill Conrad, who narrated "Storm" and "Jimmy Blue-Eyes," and was Richard Burbage in the Shakespeare interview, laid his *Gunsmoke* pistols down to say: "The subtitle of *Workshop* sums it up . . . truly the 'theater of the mind.'"

These are the people delighted for a chance to step off the beaten path. The traffic changes for each program and its permanent pace-setters are Paul Roberts in New York and William Froug in Los Angeles. They alternate as producers, as the *Workshop* alternates each week between the East and the West Coasts. These are the men in charge of furnishing and peopling Barnes' "Cloud Nine."

Director of *Indictment* and associate producer of *The Woolworth Hour*, Paul Roberts is a quiet-spoken, hard-working, intense Chicagoan who began his career as a stage manager. He switched from footlights to microphones in 1944, when he became an NBC producer-director. Five years later he joined Benton & Bowles to supervise the production of such shows as *The Railroad Hour*, *Perry Mason*, *Wendy Warren And The News* and *Rosemary*. He is married, has two daughters aged five and two, and lives on Riverside Drive in New York City—when he isn't roaming imagination's outer-spaces.

Bill Froug names Little Rock, Arkansas, as his home, the University of Missouri's School of Journalism as his alma



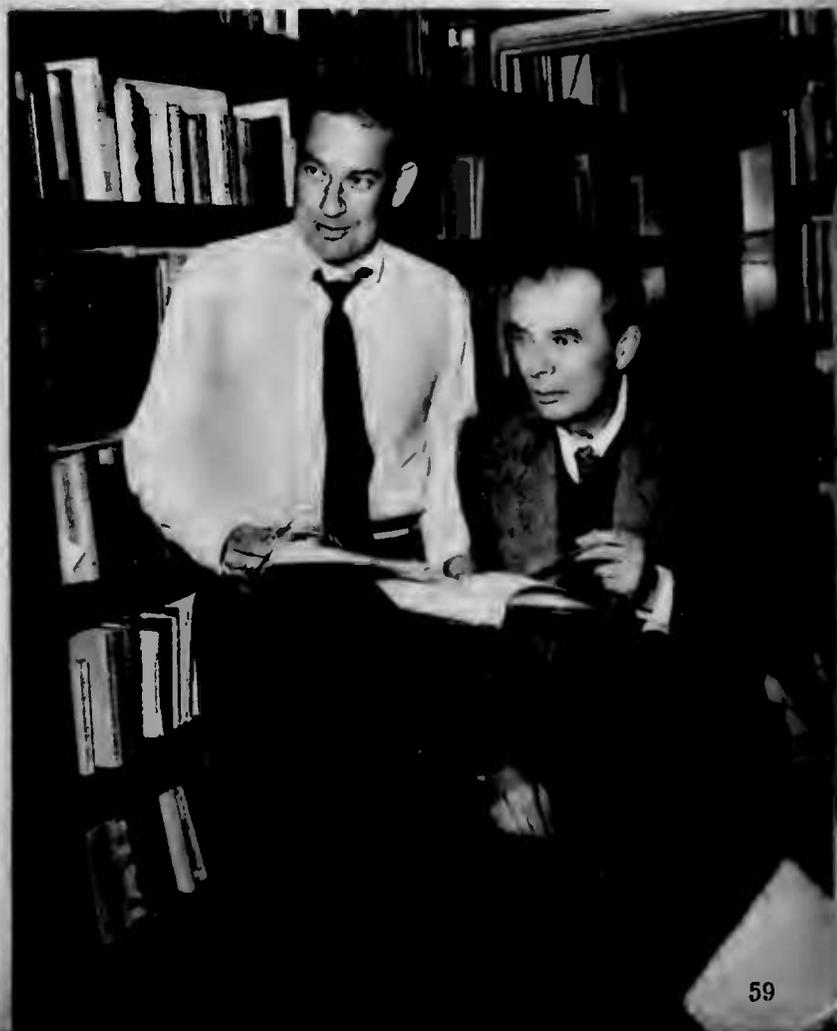
Roundtable of talents presented "Frank Baxter Interviews William Shakespeare": Ben Wright (back to camera), Hans Conreid, Bill Froug, Dr. Baxter, Ramsey Hill, Jay Novello, Bill Conrad. Below, Bill Froug and Aldous Huxley teamed on two Huxley works: "Brave New World" and "Jacob's Hand."

mater. He graduated into the Navy and began a writing career when, as commanding officer of a sub chaser, he completed a novelette in his off-duty hours. Joining CBS in 1948, he wrote the *Jeff Regan* series and, during the years he has been writing for radio, he has sold some two hundred scripts to such programs as *Escape*, *The Whistler*, *Memo From Molly*, and *The Steve Allen Show*. He's married to Betty Oppenheim of Oklahoma City, and they have three children. The former sub-chaser is still moving—and thinking—fast.

An adaptation of A. A. Milne's "Winnie-the-Pooh" will be Froug's June 22nd program. He's planning to delve into James Thurber and to do profiles-in-sound of London and Paris. Also in the works is "When He Shall Appear," by Harold Kampf, a story of what might happen when a Christ-like man appears in the modern world—and is put on trial for his life.

From New York and Paul Roberts, the ideas flow equally fast. Having presented a "parlor piece for music," David Broekman's "Toledo War," Roberts plans more of the same. Dylan Thomas and the Stock Market will each provide the theme for a coming program, and election time will definitely be a taking-off point for a program on politics.

The *CBS Radio Workshop* is an offbeat venture. It is an experiment "full of sound and fury"—and significance.



CBS Radio Workshop is heard on CBS Radio, Friday at 8:30 P.M. EDT.

Portrait of a happy husband and father: Mel with his film-starlet daughter, Barbara Ruick (left), and Mrs. Ruick—better known to radio audiences as Claire Niesen, the lovely star of *Backstage Wife*.



What More Can Any Man Ask?



Most famous today as *City Hospital's* Dr. Crane, Mel has loved and followed three professions—acting, music, flying.



It was a proud moment indeed when he escorted his talented daughter to the premiere of "Carousel," the movie in which Barbara earned such fine reviews as both actress and singer.

*Devoted to his wife and children,
Melville Ruick of City Hospital
has become a "doctor of human values"*

By GREGORY MERWIN

MELVILLE RUICK, who stars as Dr. Barton Crane on CBS Radio's *City Hospital*, is a strong man. He has deep convictions—but equally deep is his affection for those near him. He is charming and civil, and, when he philosophizes, he doesn't shove—he shares his ideas: "Men become obsessed with success—with the idea of being someone. That means money, of course, for we measure success in dollars. Well, that is not my yardstick. I would measure my success in my children. They are more precious to me than diamonds."

Mel, who has two children—Major Robert H. Ruick, a senior pilot and administrative officer in the U. S. Air Force, and Barbara Ruick, the actress and singer, currently featured in the film "Carousel"—continues: "We work to live, and living is our relationship to others. Not a man sitting in a shiny new car, but a man talking to his son or a man with his arm around his wife. Love, warmth, affection—you can't buy these with dollars."

Mel is far from being a lonely or dependent man. He is married to (Continued on 'page 79)



Son Robert—above, with his wife Alice—makes aviation his career. Once a flyer himself (below, left), Mel was doubly proud when Bob won his wings at Luke Field, Arizona (right)



Melville Ruick stars as Dr. Barton Crane in *City Hospital*, CBS Radio, Sat., 1:05 P.M. EDT. Claire Niesen stars as Mary Noble in *Backstage Wife*, CBS Radio, M-F, 12:15 P.M. EDT.



The Brighter Day children of Rev. Dennis prove their love for Blair Davies himself an Father's Day! Reading clackwise: Jayne Heller as Althea, Lais Nettletan as Patsy, Hal Holbrook as Grayling, Mary Linn Beller as Babby, and Grace Matthews as Liz.

TOWARD A *Brighter Day*

As Rev. Dennis or Blair Davies,
this actor-philosopher knows
how much a helping hand can mean

By MARIE HALLER

THERE'S rare quality in the character of the Rev. Richard Dennis, that wise and understanding man of God in *The Brighter Day*. There's rare quality, too, in Blair Davies, the thoughtful and experienced actor who portrays Rev. Dennis on both CBS-TV and Radio. Unlike the beloved pastor of New Hope, Blair came by his study of philosophy and the human soul after reaching full maturity in his own profession. But, like Rev. Dennis, he had learned by heart, from childhood on, the virtues of helping—and being helped—by one's fellowman.

There are friends-in-need whom Blair Davies will never forget, even those (Continued on page 94)

Blair Davies is the Reverend Richard Dennis in *The Brighter Day*, Monday through Friday—as seen on CBS-TV, 4 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Cheer, Gleem and Crisco—heard over CBS Radio, 2:15 P.M. EDT, under multiple sponsorship.

His home in Manhattan is a "bachelor" apartment he's brightening with his own handiwork, such as this tiled fireplace.

Busy all day on TV and radio, Blair has a quiet dinner with his friends at night—or shops for makings of a home-cooked meal.

When not studying scripts for the morrow, he reads up on his favorite subject—philosophy.



Blair fell in love with India during the war (when he helped build the first Armed Forces radio station in the East), still prizes shining mementoes of that fabled land.



IDEAS, INCORPORATED

You bet your life people are funny
and it's a perpetual "house party"
for producer-creator John Guedel!



Groucho makes Marxian quips about the way Guedel dreams up such money-makers as *You Bet Your Life*. Art Linkletter and secretary Lea Ray (below) suspect John's more fantastic than *People Are Funny*.



Art Linkletter hosts *House Party*, M-F, CBS-TV, 2:30 P.M., sponsored by Pillsbury Mills, Lever Brothers, Kellogg Co., Dole Pineapple—on CBS Radio, at 3 P.M., for Lever, Dole, Sunsweet Prunes, Kasco Dog Ration. Also *People Are Funny*, NBC-TV, Sat., 9 P.M., for Prom Home Permanent and Paper-Mate Pens—NBC Radio, Thurs., 8 P.M. The Groucho Marx show, *You Bet Your Life*, is seen on NBC-TV, Thurs., 8 P.M., and heard on NBC Radio, Wed., 9 P.M., as sponsored by the De Soto-Plymouth Dealers of America. (All times EDT)



Full of ideas, even as a child, John had an imaginary playmate named "Pern." Today, his St. Bernard pup bears that name—and accompanies Guedel and his children Heidi and John, Jr., on equally imaginative trips by motor-bike "looking for bandits" in Beverly Hills.

By ELSA MOLINA

IDEAS ARE MONEY! So says forty-three-year-old young John Guedel, partner and producer with both Art Linkletter and Groucho Marx. The basic ideas for their *People Are Funny*, *House Party* and *You Bet Your Life* programs, on radio and TV, originally sprang from John Guedel's IBM-like brain. Each week, these three men turn out fourteen half-hours of top-ten entertainment. John Guedel's share of the purse: \$250,000 a year.

Ideas are John Guedel's stock in trade. He turns out new twists on old ideas, assembly-line style, much as Groucho's sponsor rolls new De Sotos out of the plant. Groucho quips, "The way John gives birth to ideas, he ought to have a doctor in attendance at all times." Art Linkletter continues, "John's fantastic—his ideas have ideas!" Says Red Skelton, whose show Guedel once produced, "John is a walking idea-fountain. I said to him once, 'Hey, good morning,' and he replied, 'Say, that gives me a great idea for a show.'"

But John is the first to admit that he doesn't have a patent on (Continued on page 74)



Skelton swears that John once got a "great idea for a show" just from Red's most casual greeting one day.

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TV host Will Rogers, Jr., never expected to follow his father into "show business." The late, beloved cowboy humorist (right) had no such plans for his boy, either. But the similarity between them was too great—and their mutual love of humanity too strong.

a Very

Will Rogers, Jr., carries on a great old-fashioned tradition in the ultra-modern medium of TV



By

PETER CHARADE

GOOD MORNING—and welcome to the show of the same name: It was seven A.M., but the host of CBS-TV's early morning show grinned into the cameras with such infectious good cheer that you actually had hope. It might be a good morning, at that!

"We've been getting some very nice mail from many of you," he continued, "and I want to thank you all. I particularly want to thank Tony Lorinzio of 42 Draper Street, Dorchester, Massachusetts, aged eight-and-a-half, who has written to say, 'Dear Will Rogers, Jr.: Are you any relation to Roy Rogers? If you are, I'll give you my address.'"

Will paused to consider the question. "Well, I'm not any relation to Roy Rogers," he drawled, "but young Tony seems to have given me his address, anyway. I'm not related to Buck Rogers, either, Tony, but I hope you won't mind."

And then, without further ado, he turned the microphone over to Ned Calmer for the news.



It was a normal, carefree childhood Will, Jr., spent with his parents and baby sister Mary—though they lived in more states than most non-theatrical families. Will, Jr., went to school in Arkansas, Oklahoma, California, New York, Indiana, and Arizona!

GOOD MORNING!



Above, the Charles Ugaldea family of Nevada had never even seen TV until they visited *Good Morning!* But Will knows and loves their West, is proud of his part-Indian ancestry. His own adopted children (on ranch, at right) include Clem, a full-blooded Navajo, and Randy, son of a Government teacher on the same reservation.

Tony Lorinzio—and a whole generation not yet in its teens—probably still doesn't know that Will Rogers, Jr., is the son of one of the most famous, most beloved men of his time.

The original Will Rogers was a cowboy from Oklahoma who broke into show business doing rope tricks. But his running commentary, as he played with his lasso, soon established him as a humorist. He became a headliner in "The Ziegfeld Follies," a star in motion pictures, and the author of a daily syndicated column which millions read avidly. As shrewd as Mark Twain, and as natively American, he could tell the world the truth about itself and get away with it, for his grin removed the sting. Without malice, without guile, he was the happy victim of a love affair with all humanity.

In 1935, he met his death in a tragic air crash at Point Barrow, Alaska. It was seventeen years later that Warner Bros. made its film biography, "The Will Rogers Story," with



See Next Page —>

a Very GOOD MORNING!

(Continued)

Will, Jr., portraying his father. The casting was inevitable, for—as the camera revealed—the resemblance between the two is uncanny: They look alike, with the same husky build and weatherbeaten complexion. They move with the same casual, outdoor ease. They grin with the same touching innocence, as though their hearts were wide open for the whole world to see. And, while the drawl is not so marked in the son, they even talk alike—in the same humility, the same earnest simplicity.

But there is a difference between the men, and it's a tremendous one—as wide as the gap between two generations. For the father was born in a simple world of sound values and basic beliefs. It was his unique achievement that he never lost those beliefs, nor his native simplicity—in spite of fame and fortune, in spite of a world that was fast losing its innocence. The son, however, grew up in the Depression, born of a generation that had no beliefs. It is his unique achievement that he has outgrown cynicism and found the simplicity—the sound values and basic beliefs—that “got lost somewhere between the two wars. . . .”

“You don't have to give your age,” Mary Rogers reminds her famous brother, every time she sees a story about him in print. Will, however—who comes right out with everything—readily admits to being born on October 20, 1911. He and Mary also have a brother, Jim, who now lives with his wife and three children on a cattle ranch near Bakersfield, California.

“He's the real cowboy of the family,” Will says, with genuine admiration. “He used to be a roper in amateur rodeos.” (Will himself is a better “trick roper,” but can't “straight-rope” as well.)

Pretty Mary is at present in Mexico, but she used to be on the stage. “At least,” she insists, “you might say I'm the youngest.”

Will was born in New York City, for Rogers, Sr., was playing two-a-day vaudeville on Broadway at the time. Like so many children with a parent in show business, he was raised and educated all over the country. Will attended grammar schools at Rogers, Arkansas, and Chelsea, Oklahoma. In 1919, the Rogers family moved to Los Angeles, where Will enrolled at the Urban Military School. Next year, the family moved to Beverly Hills, and Will transferred to a school there. He finally (Continued on page 90)

Good Morning With Will Rogers, Jr. is seen over CBS-TV, Monday through Friday, from 7 to 8 A.M. EDT. (Also re-broadcast from 7 to 8 A.M. C.D.T.)



Albums hold rich memories for Will Rogers, Jr. (above, left), of ranch life with his famous dad. Sister Mary's on the couch with their parents, brother Jim ("the real cowboy of the family") on the floor with the pet calf. Closeup below: Jim, Will, Jr., Mary, and Mr. and Mrs. Will Rogers.

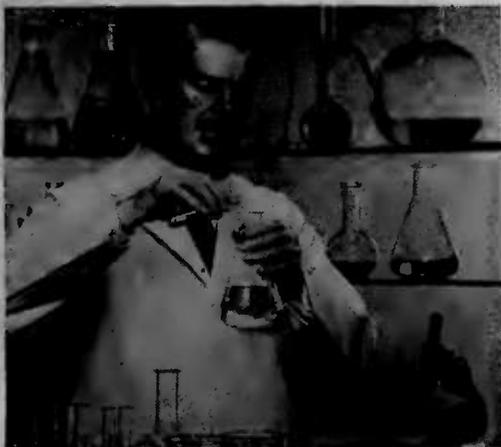
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Bachelor Serenade

(Continued from page 48)

installation includes his hi-fi radio-phonograph equipment, with record changer and record storage compartments; a tape recorder, with storage room below for plenty of tapes; cabinets built over the piano, with room for quantities of sheet music; his television set, and a motion-picture projector and necessary equipment.

"Really somethin', isn't it?" Frank smiled. "Especially when you realize that I put in all this stuff myself, thanks to the Kimball design for the music wall—and the help of a couple of strong arms just to lift in the heavier pieces. Imagine me, following the blueprint and putting in the uprights, and then setting in the cabinets and turning the screws and standing back to admire my handiwork! You should pardon my pride—but, after all I'm a performer and all this was new to me."

It's obvious that it was fun for him to put in, and it's fun to use. But, for Frank, it has a very practical side. It's here, in this room, that he does his practice work, recording his songs and playing them back, listening critically. Looking at some movies of the night-club act he has been doing all over the country during this past year, including a month recently at the Desert Inn, in Las Vegas. Correcting his own faults, figuring out ways to make the act stronger and better. Listening to the playbacks of his words and his songs, constantly working for improvement in everything he does. It's an interesting insight into the work a top performer must do to remain a top performer—and Frank is wise enough in the ways of show business to need no reminder of that.

For relaxation, he leans back in an easy chair and listens to symphonies and orchestral suites, especially some of the modern ones—but, oddly enough, few vocals: "I hear so much vocal music as part of my work that it seems more restful to turn to instrumentals at home. Actually, I love all kinds of music and have started a good collection. Sometimes, as I listen, I wonder what my father would have thought of all this marvelous electronic equipment, with everything so compact and streamlined, and beautiful besides."

Tied in with his childhood memories too, is undoubtedly the little collection of Madonnas, a few in the music room, the rest in the living room. There's a lovely carved one over the fireplace and, near it, an antique polychrome Madonna and Child. On shelves in the music room are some fine porcelains, and a tiny, crudely sculptured mother and child which is said to date back to about 1500 B.C. Besides these, there are little French figurines, some souvenirs of trips Frank has taken, and a pair of Dutch wooden sabots which were carved out especially for him, one Wednesday night on the Godfrey television program, by an artist who worked at the side of the stage as the performance went on. It had taken him only five or ten minutes to chisel out the shoes and burn Frank's name into the sides and decorate them with a bit of color, and Frank thinks very highly of them and of the skill that produced them.

Furnishing the place, bachelor style, seems to have been fun for Frank. A huge antique barometer was found in a shop in Florida when the Godfrey gang broadcast from Miami Beach last winter. Frank brought his new treasure back with him in the plane, and a stewardess suggested he might want to put his strange-looking package in the baggage compartment. "It's fragile," Frank said. "I'd better keep it at my seat. It's a thermometer, you know." She looked puzzled, and he wondered why.

Later, when he realized he had said "thermometer" when he meant "barometer," he called her over. "You must have thought a thing that big," he grinned, "was designed to take the temperature of a giraffe with a very high fever!"

The whole apartment is stunningly masculine. Even the rows of plants on the window sills are the big, sturdy varieties which would be a man's choice. The entrance foyer and living-room walls are gray-green, and the carpeting is gray. Two big gray sofas are complemented by red brocade chairs. There is a handsome Chinese cabinet in black and gold lacquer, a large marble-top coffee table, a gleaming silver tea and coffee service. Bookshelves give a bright note with their paper covers and light bindings. Drapes are a soft gray, the lamps black and gold and red. Even the pictures are characteristically masculine—some Dufys, matted in dark green and framed in white, scenes of the races at Ascot and Epsom Downs. "All I have left of my 'racing days' are these pictures, my memories of owning race horses and of playing polo, and a bagful of losing tickets from the tracks," he said, and you gather he doesn't sigh for the old days.

His bedroom is furnished in light woods for the wide, high chest, the dresser, the bed and bed tables. The walls are a light cocoa color, drapes and bedspreads chartreuse, the rug a deeper green, and the lamps green and chartreuse. One lamp base, next to his bed, is a radio-clock combination, specially made, which wakes him up to music in the morning, turns off his favorite program automatically at night, and includes that boon to a bachelor, a place to plug in his morning coffee for a quick, steaming pick-up before he gets out of bed.

He used to go overboard on clothes, when he was a young fellow making a big success on radio with Jack Benny. "You learn, as you get older," he smiled. "Now I keep up my wardrobe by replacing the things that wear out, but I know it's foolish to have too many clothes at a time. Every time we take the Godfrey shows to Miami or I do a night-club appearance in a resort town, I'm a sucker for all the sports things I see in the shops. Then I come home, pack them away, take them out once in a while to brush them off and chase the moths out, and pack them back again.

"In New York," he added, "I wear conservative business clothes, mostly blue

or gray, with white or blue shirts—more blue ones since I'm on television, because they photograph better. Striped ties with solid color shirts, solid ties with patterned shirts. I'm a pushover for yellow, anything with yellow in it—but, unfortunately, I can't wear yellow suits! Just sports shirts. I like slacks and loose shirts around the house, own a couple of sports jackets and a few sweaters. That's about it."

He would love to go out more at night and dance and sit around the clubs, but doesn't dare stay up too late. "After midnight, I'd be liable to turn into a pumpkin, at my age," he says. (His age, midway between fifty and fifty-five, hardly shows and he's still a trim five-feet-eight.)

When Frank entertains at home, it's for close friends: "They know where things are kept, they can find the kitchen and the refrigerator, and they usually help themselves—if I don't get around to doing it." When properly persuaded, on special occasions, he's been known to cook a tasty lasagna and serve it to guests in the little dining room off the foyer. But, mostly, his entertaining is limited to special occasions and old friends.

"My hobbies are now enclosed by the four walls of the music room," he says. "I used to play golf a lot, but that takes all day, getting to wherever you are going to play and getting back again, along the crowded highways surrounding a city like New York. Even weekends, I'm apt to have a club date."

His night-club act includes a cute girl named Sally Singer. Sally pretends to be a swooning bobby-soxer who interrupts Frank's songs by asking for an autograph. So well do they carry this off that girls often come up from the audience to follow suit, or to save him from Sally! "They're wonderful," he says.

And how come, if they're so wonderful, he's still a bachelor? How come the apartment is strictly a masculine background?

"My sisters try to give the place a feminine touch sometimes," he smiles. "I have two sisters who sometimes come in when I'm away and re-arrange all the furniture, with nice little touches here and there. It's just fine, except that I put everything back the way it was, handy for me, and comfortable. They don't mind, they just keep trying. I don't mind, I just keep putting things back the way they were. I really appreciate their interest—and now it's become a kind of little game we play.

"Marriage would be fine," he adds, more seriously, "if I could find real companionship with someone who knows what it means to be in this rather crazy business I'm in. Someone who would understand about the traveling, the time that has to be given to constant practice and rehearsals. Someone mature enough to know these things without constant explanation.

"I'm always on the go, these days. There are the night-club engagements, the personal appearances, the dozens of demands on a performer's time. There is all the preparation for the Godfrey shows. Arthur has been great to me, and I want to keep on giving my best. Now there's a new business I'm getting into, besides—a record company, in association with a music publishing company. You'll be hearing more about that soon. This means even less leisure time than before. . . . Anyhow, who would want to marry a busy guy like me who's already in love with a piano, a hi-fi, a tape recorder and movie projector, and a record collection?"

So says Frank Parker. He'd be surprised how many feminine hearts would find that a perfect outline of a lifetime serenade!

Features in Full Color

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JEAN McBRIDE

of "Love Of Life"

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THE MERRY MODERNAIRES

of Bob Crosby's Show

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JEANNE CAGNEY

of "Queen For A Day"

•

all in the **AUGUST** issue of
TV RADIO MIRROR

at your newsstand July 5

Family Man

(Continued from page 51)

make us—I can thank working with Grandfather Weber for such craftsmanship as I may possess today. Not only as an actor," Karl laughs, "but also as a stone mason, mechanic, carpenter, gardener, house painter and paper hanger—in short, a journeyman.

"In the old country," he explains, "Grandfather Weber had been an apprentice blacksmith. In America, he worked for the railroad, clearing rights of way across the Mississippi Valley. But, whatever the trade to which he turned his hand, he learned well the tools of that trade, and he valued his tools and respected them . . . as I learned to do, profiting by his experience. It was a lesson I needed, because—prior to that day in the forest when the falling oak gave me my first awareness and respect for true craftsmanship—I used to prepare for a day in the timber by giving my ax a few slipshod swipes with the file and then, hacking away with a blunt blade, I'd soon conk out. . . while Grandfather, who had patiently filed and polished his blade to razor-edged perfection, would be as fresh when the sun set as he'd been when it rose. 'I let the tool work for me,' said Grandfather.

"Grandfather talked a lot about the value of a long apprenticeship to the true artisan. He had a lot of maxims about the laborer being worthy of his hire and the job worth doing is worth doing well. He spoke often, and with respect, of 'clear-eyed, clear-headed, competent men.' He liked the word *competent*. And he said you could always count on the honesty and dependability of 'the family man.'

"Everything Grandfather said and did—above all, everything he *was*—has been invaluable to me. In everything I do with my hands. In everything I do professionally—stage, radio, television. But especially television, because TV is breeding a new species of performer . . . a closely related species with similar work habits, interests, home lives, values and ultimate aims . . . a group of actors unlike those in any other medium or in any other age. A 'new-fashioned' species which, curiously enough, functions pretty much according to the precepts which Grandfather Weber both practiced and preached."

Karl points out that most of the people he works with, on TV, have put in many years of hard apprenticeship. As he himself has done: School dramatics at Cornell College in Iowa and also at the University of Iowa, to which he later transferred. His first professional job, playing Shakespearean repertory at the Old Globe Theater in Cleveland, Ohio, during the Great Lakes Exposition. (In that company—all college boys—were such later-famous actors as David Wayne, Arthur Kennedy and Sam Wanamaker.)

Then, from the University of Iowa to radio in Chicago. Several years of radio, during which one of Grandfather Weber's maxims served as both prop and spur. "We all do our best when playing Shakespeare," Karl observes. "But when the material is indifferent or downright bad . . . when, for instance, I was doing what I felt were inferior radio scripts . . . it struck me that I was *doing* them, nevertheless, and 'any job worth doing is worth doing *well*.' Suddenly, to do them well became more of a challenge—and a victory—than winning applause for a Shakespearean role."

After radio in Chicago came New York . . . and more radio, and a couple of flop plays on Broadway, and one successful play—"The Respectful Prostitute," which starred Meg Mundy. . . More recently,



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comes home...
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CHERAMY PERFUMER

Karl was "alternate" to Leif Erickson during the entire run of the Broadway hit, "Tea and Sympathy." ("An 'alternate,'" Karl explains, "is a sort of glorified understudy, the difference being that the alternate—unlike the understudy—is not required to remain in the theater during performances of the play. Much of the time I sat at home and collected my pay. But—since a star's misfortune is an alternate's break, and Erickson was twice invalidated out of the cast—I did get to play opposite Deborah Kerr for two weeks, and later opposite Joan Fontaine, who stepped into the part when Deborah stepped out.")

And now, for Karl, the doctor's role in NBC Radio's *The Doctor's Wife* . . . the exciting assignment as Arthur Tate in CBS-TV's *Search For Tomorrow* . . . and guest spots in other TV dramas, such as the judge he recently played on Robert Montgomery's presentation of "Ephraim Tutt."

"Currently," says Karl, "I'm also doing a rather interesting job for Jackie Gleason Enterprises—that of recording Dickens' 'Tale of Two Cities,' in which I play the romantic lead of Charles Darnay. I also do a great deal of recording for the American Foundation for the Blind. I talk the 'talking books,'" he explains. "The one I just finished was the first volume of the Truman memoirs, 'Year of Decision,' for which Truman himself recorded the introduction. Very rewarding work it is, too . . . the kind of 'reward' that stays with you."

It's been a hard apprenticeship to a craft, nonetheless, and a long one. None of this arriving at a tremendous financial and career success too soon—as movie stars often do, for instance . . . which may account for the fact that so few of this "new species" of performers are exhibitionists or spendthrifts, and so many are substantial citizens, family men with their heads on their shoulders and their feet on the ground. . . . "The Family Man Playing on Television," said Karl, "is, I think, as apt a title or description as can be found for the modern actor bred by television."

"The honesty and dependability which Grandfather Weber ascribed to 'the family man,'" he laughs, "are qualities to be hoped for in every man—whether perennial bachelor or proud father, mimic or missionary. But, on TV, they are assets without which you could not survive for long. *Machinery is terribly honest*. In other words, the camera doesn't lie. Especially about those of us who, like myself, play a running part on a TV serial—which means that we are in the homes of our viewers almost every day."

"In a sense, we live out a story, instead of acting it, and are thought of more as friends and neighbors sharing our problems, than as actors performing a script. Because this is so, we must be what we seem to be. For instance, Arthur Tate on *Search For Tomorrow* is a sometimes misguided but essentially honest, good, kind and well-meaning fellow. If I were not much the same," Karl grins, "sometimes misguided—but, I hope, reasonably honest and kind and well-meaning—I would soon be read out of the script . . . and out of the home."

"As for dependability: When you're playing a running part on TV, you have a script to learn every night, five nights a week, and a clock to watch—because a split second, one way or the other, can play havoc with a show. On TV, the medium which can least tolerate personal irresponsibility, being dependable is more necessary than having the genius of a Brando or the glamour of a Lollobrigida."

"To be one of the 'clear-eyed, clear-headed, competent men' so respected by Grandfather Weber," Karl adds, "is also a *must* for anyone in broadcasting. Especially so on television, which is more taxing, more demanding than any other medium . . . for on TV, remember, there are no retakes—all your mistakes are right out in view, with no chance of undoing them. However, if you are 'clear-eyed and clear-headed'—well-rested and alert, that is—the margin for error is narrowed appreciably. And being 'competent,' professionally competent, is your one hope of covering—if not erasing—a mistake."

Much of the kinship among his colleagues, Karl believes, may be attributed to the fact that, by and large, they come from similar backgrounds . . . from the Midwest (as Karl himself did) . . . from small towns (as he did) . . . many of them from farms . . . "or, as I did," he says, "from a *kind* of farm—forty acres, lots of milk cows, assorted poultry, truck gardens—at the far edge of town." (The town was Columbus Junction, Iowa.)

Many of TV's regulars, like Karl himself, are also members of large and typically average-American families: "We were six," says Karl, "at home. One of my brothers is an electronics engineer, one is an etymologist, the third is an architect. One of my two sisters (both now married) is a C.P.A. My dad, George William Weber, who started life as a schoolteacher, was to become—successively—superintendent of schools, president of the local bank, owner and operator of a farm-produce and grain-elevator business, and is now a state senator in Iowa. My mother's 'profession'—like my wife's—is that of housewife and mother . . . the one profession that is never expendable."

From such a background and such a family, what would you expect of a young man who married the girl with whom he went to college but that he would be living with her happily ever after? Which is what "family man" Weber is doing.

"We started going steady, Marge and I," says Karl, "at Cornell, back in Iowa. Then we were separated for two years, while Marge was in England working as research assistant to a professor of history. It has been said that separation extinguishes a small flame but fans a large one. To explain the way it was with us, I need only say that, as immediately as possible after Marge's return, we were married—by her father—on the Cornell campus where we first met."

Now . . . seventeen years, three children and one dog later . . . the Webers are living in the house they built three years ago, on a bluff overlooking Woodcliff Lake, in northern New Jersey. The children are Lynn, sixteen, chic, dark and charming to the eye, who has recently given up a career in baby-sitting for the more lucrative one of modeling ("locally," her father says, "not in New York—not yet, anyway"); Christopher, a sturdy, enterprising twelve-year-old; and Mark, the youngest, who is six. The dog, a collie registered with the American Kennel Club as "Star Mist of Woodcliff," is just plain "Misty" to the folks at home. The nine-room, three-bathroom house, on four acres of land, is of cypress construction faced with stone . . . and—as might be expected of a man with Christian Weber as a forbear—Karl, the journeyman, has been on the job from the first spadeful of the excavation to the laying on of the roof.

"I did all the stone masonry myself," he says, with proper pride, "me, and my cement-mixer! I even quarried the red-stone for the landscaping of the bluff. I've done all the terracing and planting,

some of the cabinet work inside, all the painting and papering, helped put in the macadam road and driveways . . . and, after three years in residence, there's still more to be done!"

An extraordinary house, as fabulous to look at as it is functional to live in, its "big deal" is the curved, 35-by-25-foot living room, the front wall of which is glass—a 35-foot wall of Thermopane—and the back wall consisting of a 25-foot stone fireplace framed by a cherry overmantel, cherry bookshelves and matching cabinets which contain the TV set, hi-fi equipment and radio. "Mostly cherry paneling and glass," Karl says of the living room. "Marge made the draperies—bought hundreds of yards of ecru denim at thirty-five cents a yard, and put in countless thousands of stitches!"

"Usually, however, the curtains are not drawn," Karl adds, "and to sit by the fire on a winter's day, as we often do, and watch the snow drift by the wall of glass, the birch trees making patterns, a flock of red-breasted birds winging by, is to be—warm and spellbound—in a winter wonderland. Foxes come to call, too, and deer. Forty-five minutes from Broadway . . . and deer tracks in the snow!"

In the spring, there are the dogwoods—we have literally thousands of them. And, in the summer, our beautiful, plentiful vegetable garden, quite a large rose garden, and a separate cutting garden. Gardening," Karl says "is a hobby Marge shares with me. It is my great hobby, in fact . . . and also derives from Grandfather Weber—of whom people used to say: 'Christian Weber can stick a hickory ax-handle in the ground and it will sprout leaves.'"

"But," Karl continues soberly, "although a man can build a house of stone and wood, pay the bill and all that, it is a woman who creates the atmosphere in which the life of the house is lived. And Marge is the creator of the clear, bright, warming atmosphere in which the life of our house is lived. . . . I would say this of Majorie: She makes a Fine Art of living. The children bear witness to this. They are attractive, they are tractable, because they are appreciated as well as loved. We have no domestic help at all, so they feel *needed*, too. It's a cooperative, all-for-one and one-for-all family life we live—and not only in the bedmaking and dishwashing departments, either! Every night, I sit down with my children and we do our 'homework' together—they with their schoolbooks, and I with my script. Chris 'cues' me . . . as I cue them, whenever they ask."

"The fact that Marge and I are completely non-competitive," he says seriously, "contributes to the completely normal, average-American life we live. There are many happy marriages among people in the same profession, but—I like it this way. Sort of the way it was at home, in Iowa. Marge is interested in my work, understands it and is very helpful. But she is not at all a 'studio wife,' and is the least theatrical person I've ever known. She doesn't tend to dramatize things—or to dramatize herself, least of all."

Karl tells about the accident: Shortly after the Webers were in the house, and were putting in the macadam driveways, a truck pulled up to the door one morning, heavily laden with boiling hot asphalt. As Marge—wearing shorts, for it was summertime—stood near by, talking with the driver, something in the truck suddenly gave way and a stream of the molten stuff poured over her bare legs.

It was pain not to be borne . . . but Marjorie, says Marjorie's husband, bore

it. There were weeks in the hospital that ran into months. There were skin grafts. And more pain. Then came the day when the legs were unveiled. "The doctors were there," Karl recalls that moment, "I was present. As the bandages were removed, there was a moment of silence—no more than that. Then: 'Not exactly cheesecake,' said the blue-eyed blonde who is my wife. 'Strudel!' she said.

"Once, during our courting days in college," Karl recalls, "I was doing the Lord Byron bit—sensitive and all that—and Marge said, 'This is reality. Facts. This is the way things are.' That's the way she was, in her hospital room that morning, three years ago. And I realized anew that that's the way Marge is. Everyone in the hospital realized it, too. The surgeon absolutely adored her. The nurses, too. And even the insurance adjuster, who went about saying, 'Anything you say, Mrs. Weber, anything you want!'

"As for our neighbors, they would do almost anything for Marge—just as we would for them. As a matter of fact," says Karl, "there's kind of an odd thing going on, out there in Woodcliff Lake. A social life that's rather exceptional. Ten or fifteen couples of us, all congenial. We've organized a Great Books Club. I'm a director of the Community Theater Group. We put on plays, skits, do some calypso singing and so on. Last spring, I was in charge of the annual PTA Fathers' Night at the school. All the local fathers took part. We put on a Kaufman sketch. I sang, and played guitar and the mambo drums. Others did solo turns, too.

"But what we have," Karl continues, "is something that goes deeper than the activities we share. People in a suburban community don't usually communicate with each other too well—they tend to conceal, rather than reveal. But, by some happy accident, we have sort of abolished the barrier to communication. Because we have, there are no petty rivalries. We all support each other. We made a kind of resolve: Let's appreciate each other, help each other, love each other. And we do.

"I take what is, I suppose," Karl admits, "an essentially tragic view of life. We're all born to die, and we can't beat it. So . . . don't waste a moment. 'Gee, honey, you were great!' Say it. Don't hold back. . . . You are born. You die. This—as Marge would say—is the way things are. But if, in the meantime, you have done a good job . . ."

This brings Karl back to the new breed of actors and the many attributes they have in common. Of these, the most interesting to Karl is that "We are now living on many levels. So many are moving to the country, for example, buying or building their own homes, working with their hands, putting down roots—the kind that reach out and grow. Becoming less egocentric," Karl laughs, "and more 'the family man,' the good neighbor—a working member of a community, instead of a solitary Hamlet on stage, looking across the footlights at his fellowman. . . ."

"The performer, 1956 model," says Karl, "is also less of an exhibitionist than his predecessors tended to be. He isn't always 'on.' He applies the brakes to his temperament. Being somewhat more homebody than ham, he doesn't make the gossip columns very often. He is as devoted to his craft as any of his theatrical forebears . . . but he simply doesn't sacrifice the fireside—and all that it means—to the limelight and the neons."

Watching Karl, listening to him, what could anyone think but: How right he is, how wise and fine . . . and how very lucky that once, in the big timber of the Mississippi Valley, he watched and listened to—and learned from—Grandfather Weber.



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Ideas, Inc.

(Continued from page 65)
imagination. "After all," he says, "there are only so many basic concepts. Take the atom bomb, for example: Dr. Einstein's equation made it possible. And there's only one basic idea behind the electric light and one behind the telephone. After these basics, everything new is simply a twist, a gimmick, or a new combination of old ideas. That's where *People Are Funny*, *House Party* and *You Bet Your Life* came from. They were all twists on old ideas." Guedel continues, "Anybody who thinks can have ideas. Ultimately, if they watch their opportunities, luck and fate will see that their ideas pay off."

Where do John's ideas come from? Everywhere. For instance, *People Are Funny* popped up one day about fourteen years ago, when John and Art Linkletter were lunching at the world famous Hollywood Brown Derby. For most radio and TV executives and talent, the Derby is a Hollywood habit, and the habitués all seem to suffer from the same unconscious reflex—scribbling rating statistics on the tablecloths.

This daily gathering of the TV-and-Radio Row denizens had been viewed by everyone in the industry, day after day, without exciting any reaction more serious than a wish for a mid-afternoon bicarbonate of soda. But Art Linkletter, viewing the melange over his avocado salad, happened to say, "People are funny . . ."

John Guedel promptly exclaimed: "What a great title for a radio show!"

A thousand people could watch the Derbyites lunch for a thousand days and never visualize that particular human circus as a potential radio-television show. But, when the wheels in John Guedel's head go round, every idea rotates with a built-in "twist."

Again, to illustrate this quirk in John's mental make-up, consider the strange circumstances which inspired Groucho's radio and television show, *You Bet Your Life*. John Guedel and Art Linkletter were doing a *People Are Funny* skit on a variety show. Groucho was on the same show in a skit with Bob Hope. Guedel, standing in the wings, saw Hope accidentally drop his script. Rather than break the continuity by stooping to pick it up, Hope started to ad-lib. With a brave flair, Groucho threw his own script on top of Hope's, and together they ad-libbed for ten minutes. Says John: "Groucho was funnier without his script than he was with it." What seemed to be a disadvantage at that moment, Guedel saw he could turn to his own advantage. Turning disadvantages into advantages is one way idea-men produce new combinations: "I decided to use Groucho at his best—ad-libbing."

John had to sell Groucho on the ad-lib idea. And, once sold, John had to find a suitable format. *You Bet Your Life*, which John describes as a twist on the old game-of-chance "pyramiding" principle, was finally decided on. Added to that were "average" contestants to contrast with Groucho's brittle wit. Then Groucho, in a new package, was complete and ready for sale. The Groucho-Guedel partnership made an audition record, using Linkletter's *House Party* audience. Five weeks later, the show was sold—one of the quickest sales of a new property in the history of network radio.

Guedel's ideas are double-barreled, in the sense that he has quantity as well as quality. Psychologists tell us not to be afraid of turning out one hundred poor ideas if, in the process, one really great idea is born. "I'm the first to admit," says

John, "that not all my ideas pay off. We had a show once, called *Daydream*, into which we put months of work. Finally sold it—but before it went on the air, I decided it wasn't really as good as we thought. It was never produced. We've had other shows on the air for just a few weeks, then they died. That is one of the problems in this business—you've got to look at an idea and ask yourself, 'What will this be like on the two-hundredth broadcast?' You have failures—the important thing is to keep having ideas—and not let the bad ones scare you."

A peek into any *People Are Funny* idea meeting gives a fair picture of Guedel and staff in action: Emcee Art Linkletter sits at one end of the long table, flanked by secretary and script-girl Gene Allen; "Pop" Guedel, as John's father is lovingly called, sits in the middle; and John, flanked by associate producer Irv Atkins, scratch pad, and his box of pipes and tobacco, sits at the other. Nine other members of the *People Are Funny* staff round out the assembly, all of whom are spouting ideas for the show at machine-gun speed. John's favorite word is, "Why?" If the suggestion can be supported with valid reasons, it has a chance of greeting fifteen million viewers. Art's favorite word at these sessions is "Because . . ." He generally has at least three good reasons to support every suggestion he makes.

At these meetings, John's powers of concentration are prodigious. Set down in the environment of the foyer of Linkletter's Vine Street theater, with electricians hanging lights and carpenters hammering sets together in the background, he can somehow digest and evaluate the ideas bouncing around the table. These are humorous meetings, too, for both John and Art are fast with a quip, frequently reciting a "punch line" in unison.

The idea for John and Art's NBC-TV spectacular, "Inside Beverly Hills," was first inspired by a series of successful magazine articles on famous cities. Thinking by analogy—a sure idea-producer—John asked himself, "Why not on TV?" One television executive to whom Guedel suggested it was unimpressed. "An area show?" he said querulously. "Too expensive and no one would be interested." John, a man with the public's taste, liked his own idea. He disagreed, and "Inside Beverly Hills" was shortly produced. The result of this idea? The highest rated non-book Sunday spec, with a 54,000,000 audience.

With all of his achievements, Guedel believes in luck. "Fate," he says, "laid strong hands on our success." He considers himself average: "I'm average height and weight, wear an average-size hat and shoes. I've average taste . . ." And he likes to point out that, since a \$250,000 yearly income has afflicted "average" John Guedel, others can catch the bug, too.

John was born in the small town of Portland, Indiana. His father manufactured dashboards, a business John was destined to take over. John remembers the first time Fate stepped in, when he was still only six years old: "Henry Ford decided to make his own dashboards," he says, "and my father was out of business."

John's father wanted to move to either California or Florida. His first choice was Florida. "It was raining when Pop stepped off the train," John recalls. "He returned the same day, saying, 'Pack up, we're going to California.' . . . Here," John points out, "Fate took a second hand, for, if I had been raised in Florida, I never would have had access to big-time radio and television."

When John was a youngster, there were times when his dreams took on more reality than the solid world around him. This may have been the result of an unfortunate accident which took the life of his closest boyhood pal. John missed him so much, he substituted an imaginary playmate named "Pern" who ate and slept with him. John held doors open longer than necessary, so Pern could go through. Extra plates were set at the table for Pern ("It was a great way," says John, "to get rid of half my spinach"). And, finally, Pern went on the train to California.

"Pern and I were playing on the back porch of the Santa Fe Limited," says John. "Climbing on the rail, he suddenly fell off—in the middle of Kansas. I went into the car, screaming, 'Pern fell off the train!' The conductor stopped, backed up, and, when Pern wasn't to be found, my parents had the embarrassing duty of explaining that Pern was imaginary. Pern never came back."

Later, when settled in Beverly Hills, John's imagination turned to business—he was all of nine years old when he opened a string of soft drink stands, the first called Better Half, the second, Morning After, and the third, Morning After #34! John says, "#34 made it look like a chain."

More ingenuity was shown when John gave his eight-year-old assistants celluloid buttons with "Manager" printed in bold letters. "The kids worked for nothing," he continues, "because they were proud of the title. Oh, not really for nothing. I let them drink all the pop they wanted between 9:30 and 10:00 every morning—when it was foggy and the pop didn't taste too good."

In describing the teen-age Guedel, his high-school annual says, "Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm"—a completely adequate description of John's personality: He was manager of the varsity football and golf teams; on the staff of the school magazine (*The Watchtower*); played "B" basketball (1930 champs); acted in all the school plays; was School Commissioner of Publicity, Chief Justice of the Boy's Court, president of the scholarship society (The Ephebian, California's "A" student society, whose ring he prizes and still wears), president of the Knights; president of the 1930 Boys League; president of the debate squad, and president of the 1931 student body. (Currently, there is no President of Guedel Productions—for John still believes in distributing titles. He now has sixty employees—and calls them all "vice-president.")

After high school, John spent one year at UCLA studying economics. When the market crash wiped out his father's real-estate holdings, he left school to earn money. He worked as an "assistant landscape gardener" ("I pushed a wheelbarrow"), demonstrated department-store toy games, and worked as a day laborer for the WPA. He also sold advertising "stickum" paper in Ohio and Indiana.

Fate stepped in for the fourth time, in the summer of 1933, when John spent a weekend at the beach. For want of companionship, he circled the "No Trespassing" signs posted on the sands of the Bel Air Bay Club to hunt up some of his old cronies. ("When the family was in the chips, we belonged to the club.") Playing volley ball was his old friend, Hal Roach, Jr. After greetings were exchanged and John's financial position was made known, Roach said, "You were always fast with a quip. My dad is trying out junior writers—"

why don't you take a try at the job?" "I was always going to be a business man," says John. "Never seriously considered writing—then Fate plopped a \$25-a-week job right in my lap. Four weeks at Roach's, and I was fired. Fate hadn't intended me to be *that* lucky. But the job had whetted my appetite for writing. I started turning out short stories—and I have one hundred and sixteen rejection slips to prove it."

In the course of the next few months, John sold one five-dollar joke to *Esquire* and one fifteen-dollar story to a confession magazine. Then, one day, he met an old high school chum who was working as a cartoonist. They decided to pool their talents—his friend was to draw the cartoons, John was to write the captions. They sent a sample of their work to all the newspaper syndicates in alphabetical order. NEA, the Scripps-Howard Syndicate in Cleveland, was the first to respond. "They wanted the continuity without the cartoons," says John. "So I borrowed seventy dollars on my old Ford, and went to Cleveland to write a humorous column called 'Barbs.'"

Whenever he had a chance, John took a crack at the motion-picture industry in his column, making sure to send a copy to the producer or studio he happened to be insulting at the moment. Roach took the bait a second time ("He figured it was better having me working for him"), and John was back on the payroll. John was glad to be back in California. "Cleveland winters are cold," he says, with a shiver, "and I had no overcoat. Don't know which is worse—no coat or no calories. In the next two years at Roach's, I was fired six times. After the last and final firing, I thought maybe a copywriter's job at an advertising agency might be for me. As luck would have it, the first place I applied hired me to write jokes for a radio show. Fate, it seems, had stepped in again."

Once in radio, Lady Luck didn't give up on Guedel. After twenty-two weeks of joke writing, he was assigned the "Reunion of the States" series for Forest Lawn. At the end of four years, he was still writing the dramas when, at the library one day, researching "Garfield," by accident—or luck—he pulled down a book of *games*. John thought: *Old parlor games in the new radio medium*—and Eureka! the stunt audience-participation show was born.

Guedel's first show, *Pull Over, Neighbor*, was turned over to him—by chance, again—by its producer Clyde Scott, who gave up production to take a sales manager's job at KFI. Originally a traffic quiz, John introduced his first silly game on "Neighbor": A contestant tried to sing "Smiles" while filling his mouth with ice cubes at the end of each line. The stunt made Los Angeles laugh for weeks. *Neighbor* changed titles in 1941, becoming *All Aboard*, and again in 1942, when Linkletter and Guedel met, exchanged ideas, and *People Are Funny* was born.

People Are Funny soon went coast-to-coast, bringing John to the big-time. Production chores on the Red Skelton show followed, then the Ozzie and Harriet Nelson radio show, all topped off by *House Party* and *You Bet Your Life*.

On weekends, John is forced to create new ideas to entertain his children, John, Jr., ten, and Heidi, seven. "After we've seen all the Western movies in town," he says, "we ride our motor bike up into the Beverly Hills to find 'bad men.' It seems to me we've shot all the badmen on this continent, and I'm trying to think of some new area—within a motor-bike ride—where the 'bandits' will be more plentiful." Whether creating for his children or for the American radio-television audience, for idea-man Guedel, there are always new worlds to conquer.

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Inside Radio

Monday through Friday

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs				
8:30 8:45		Local Program		
9:00 9:15 9:30		Robert Hurleigh Easy Does It Mutual Magazine	Breakfast Club	News Of America
10:00 10:15	Weekday	Cecil Brown Footnotes To Medical History	My True Story	Arthur Godfrey Time
10:30 10:45		Five-Star News 10:35 Johnny Olsen	When A Girl Marries Whispering Streets	
11:00	Weekday	News 11:05 Story Time	Your Happy Holiday	Arthur Godfrey (con.)
11:15 11:30 11:45		Queen For A Day	Presenting Constance Bennett	Make Up Your Mind Howard Miller Show

Afternoon Programs

12:00		Noon News	Valentino	Wendy Warren & The News
12:15 12:30 12:45		12:10 Ed Ladd's Music Box	Frank Farrell 12:25 Sunshine Boys	Backstage Wife Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45		News, Cedric Foster Music Luncheon With Lopez	Paul Harvey, News Ted Malone	Road Of Life Ma Perkins Young Or. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00	Weekday	News, Sam Hayes 2:05 Letter To Lee Graham		Second Mrs. Burton
2:15 2:30 2:45		Bandstand, U.S.A.	Martin Block	Brighter Day This Is Nora Drake Aunt Jenny
3:00	Weekday	News 3:05 Matinee With Oan McCullough	Martin Block (con.)	Linkletter's House Party
3:15 3:30 3:45		Oick & Oiane Show		
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45		News 4:05 Matinee With Oick Willard	Broadway Matinee	
		Pepper Young's Family	Treasury Band- stand	
5:00 5:15		World Of Nordine Norman Vincent Peale	Musical Express	
5:30 5:45		Lone Ranger	Gloria Parker Vincent Lopez	
		5:50 Wismer, Sports 5:55 Cecil Brown	5:55 Wall Street Final	

Monday Evening Programs

6:00 6:30 6:45		Local Program	Bill Stern, Sports	Jackson & The News Lowell Thomas
7:00	Alex Oreier, Man On The Go	Fulton Lewis, Jr. America's Business 7:20 Dinner Oate 7:25 Men Of Action	Ed Morgan, News Quincy Howe	News Analysis, LeSeuer 7:05 Amos 'n' Andy
7:30 7:45	News Of The World One Man's Family	Gabriel Heatter Special Edition 7:50 Here's Hollywood	Mike Malloy, Private Eye 7:55 News	Bing Crosby Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15	Henry Taylor Boston Pops	True Detective Mysteries	Variety Time	Jack Carson Show
8:30 8:45		John Steele, Adventurer	8:25 News Voice Of Firestone	Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts
9:00	Telephone Hour	News. Lyle Van 9:05 Bob And Ray Behind The Iron Curtain	News 9:05 Variety Time	News. Collingwood 9:05 My Son Jeop Johnny Oollar
9:15		Reporters' Roundup	9:25 News Best Bands In The Land 9:55 News Personality	Capitol Cloakroom 9:55 News, Trout
9:30 9:45	Contrasts In Music			
10:00	Pauline Frederick 10:05 Chet Huntley Oance Band	Virgil Pinkley Soundstage	Music To Midnight	The World Tonight 10:05 Orchestra
10:15				
10:30	Parade Of Bands	Music		

Tuesday Evening Programs

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
6:00 6:30 6:45		Local Program	Bill Stern, Sports	Jackson & The News Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15	Three Star Extra	Fulton Lewis, Jr. America's Business 7:20 Dinner Oate 7:25 Men Of Action	Ed Morgan, News Quincy Howe	News Analysis, LeSeuer 7:05 Amos 'n' Andy
7:30 7:45	Alex Oreier, Man On The Go	Gabriel Heatter Eddie Fisher 7:50 Here's Hollywood	Sherlock Holmes 7:55 News	Bing Crosby Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30	News Of The World One Man's Family	Treasury Agent Squad Room	Variety Time 8:25 News Variety Time	Jack Carson Show Suspense
9:00 9:15 9:30	Oragnet X Minus One	News. Lyle Van 9:05 Bob And Ray Oateline Oefense Army Hour	Variety Time 9:25 News Best Bands Of The Land	News. Herman 9:05 My Son, Jeop Johnny Oollar Campaign '56
10:00 10:15	Pauline Frederick 10:05 Chet Huntley Oance Band	Virgil Pinkley Soundstage 10:05 Oance Music Oance Music	Music To Midnight	The World Tonight 10:05 Oance Music
10:30	Ken Nordine * June 12 & 26, Political Campaign			

Wednesday Evening Programs

6:00 6:30 6:45		Local Program	Bill Stern, Sports	Jackson & The News Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15	Three Star Extra	Fulton Lewis, Jr. America's Business 7:20 Dinner Oate 7:25 Men Of Action	Ed Morgan News Quincy Howe	News. LeSeuer 7:05 Amos 'n' Andy
7:30 7:45	Alex Oreier, Man On The Go	Gabriel Heatter Special Edition Here's Hollywood	Masters Of Mystery 7:55 News	Bing Crosby Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30	News Of The World One Man's Family	Gang Busters Crime Files of Flamond	Variety Time 8:25 News Variety Time	Jack Carson Show FBI In Peace And War
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Truth Or Consequences Air Time with Gisele MacKenzie	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Bob and Ray Success Story, U.S.A. Family Theater	Variety Time 9:25 News Best Bands Of The Land	News. Collingwood 9:05 My Son, Jeop Johnny Oollar Washington & The World
10:00 10:15 10:30	You Bet Your Life -Groucho Marx Ouet In Rhythm	Pauline Frederick 10:05 Chet Huntley This Is Moscow Today & Tomorrow	Music To Midnight Sounding Board	The World Tonight 10:05 Music

Thursday Evening Programs

6:00 6:30 6:45		Local Program	Bill Stern, Sports	Jackson & The News Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15	Three Star Extra	Fulton Lewis, Jr. America's Business 7:20 Dinner Oate 7:25 Men Of Action	Ed Morgan, News Quincy Howe	News Analysis, LeSeuer 7:05 Amos 'n' Andy Edward R. Murrow
7:30 7:45	Alex Oreier, Man On The Go	Gabriel Heatter Eddie Fisher Here's Hollywood	Mystery Classic 7:55 News	
8:00 8:15 8:30	News Of The World One Man's Family	Official Detective Crime Fighter	Variety Time 8:25 News Variety Time	Jack Carson Show 21st Precinct
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	People Are Funny The Goon Show	News. Lyle Van 9:05 Bob And Ray Book Hunter State Of The Nation	Variety Time 9:25 News Best Bands Of The Land	News. Herman 9:05 My Son, Jeop Johnny Oollar The Leading Question
10:00 10:15 10:30	News 9:05 American Adventure Conversation	Pauline Frederick 10:05 Chet Huntley Carling Conserva- tion Club Jane Pickens Show	Music To Midnight Soundstage Music For You	The World Tonight 10:05 Oance Music

Friday Evening Programs

6:00 6:30 6:45		Local Program	Bill Stern, Sports	Jackson & The News Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15	Three Star Extra	Fulton Lewis, Jr. America's Business 7:20 Dinner Oate 7:25 Men Of Action	Ed Morgan, News Quincy Howe	News Analysis, LeSeuer 7:05 Amos 'n' Andy
7:30 7:45	Alex Oreier, Man On The Go	Gabriel Heatter Special Edition Here's Hollywood	Police Blotter 7:55 News	Bing Crosby Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30	News Of The World One Man's Family	Counter-Spy City Editor	Variety Time 8:25 News Variety Time	Jack Carson Show CBS Radio Workshop
9:00 9:15 9:30	National Radio Fan Club	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Bob and Ray American Travel Guide Oouble Oate	Variety Time 9:25 News Best Bands Of The Land	News. Collingwood 9:05 My Son, Jeop Johnny Oollar So They Say
10:00 10:15 10:30	NBC Job Clinic 9:05 Radio Fan Club (con.)	Cavalcade Of Sports 10:25 Sports Oigest	Music To Midnight Soundstage Music	The World Tonight 10:05 Oance Music

Inside Radio

Saturday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45		Local Program		News
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Monitor		8:55 News	
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Monitor	For Parents Only Good News	No School Today It's Time 10:35 Moppets & Melody 10:55 News	News Of America Farm News Garden Gate News, Jackson 10:05 Galen Drake Show
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Monitor	News 11:05 Magic of Music Musical Wheel Of Chance 11:55 Les Paul & Mary Ford	News Presenting Constance Bennett It's Time 11:35 All League Clubhouse	News, Calmer 11:05 Robert Q. Lewis Show

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	National Farm & Home Hour Monitor	Here's Hollywood 12:05 Teenagers, USA	News 12:05 World Tourist 101 Ranch Boys American Farmer	News, Jackson 12:05 Romance Gunsmoke 12:55 Tremendous Trifles
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Monitor	Fifth Army Band 1:25 Men's Corner	News 1:05 Navy Hour It's Time 1:35 Shake The Maracas	News, Jackson 1:05 City Hospital Kathy Godfrey
2:00 2:15 2:30	Monitor	Lucky Pierre	News 2:05 Festival—Grand Opera It's Time 2:35 Opera (con.)	News, Townsend 2:05 Adventures in Science
3:00 3:15 3:30	Monitor	Country Jamboree Sport Parade	News 3:05 Festival—Light Opera It's Time 3:35 Opera (con.)	News, Bancroft 3:05 Richard Hayes Show Treasury Show
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Monitor	Standby Sports, with Harry Wismer	News 4:05 Festival Symphonic	News, Cochran 4:05 Treasury Show (con.) Larry Faith Orch. Turf Events*
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Monitor	Standby Sports with Harry Wismer (con.) 5:55 Les Paul & Mary Ford	News 5:05 Pop Concert News 5:35 Dinner At The Green Room	News, Cochran 5:05 New Orleans Jazz Band Ball Make Way for Youth *6/16 Belmont Stakes; 6/30 Carter Handicap.

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Monitor	John T. Flynn The Mariners' Album Report From Washington Sports, Neal	News 6:05 Pan-American Union 6:25 It's Time Sports Kaleidoscope Bob Edge, Sports Afield	News, Cioffi 6:05 Music At The Chase Young Ideas
7:00 7:15 7:30	Monitor	Pop The Question	News 7:05 At Ease 7:25 It's Time Inspiration, Please	News, LeSeuer 7:05 Juke Box Jury
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Monitor	True or False Quaker City Capers	News 8:05 Vincent Lopez News 8:35 Nat Brandwynne	News, Jackson 8:05 Country Style 8:55 Sports
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Monitor	I Ask You	News 9:05 Rhythm On Parade National Juke Box	Rock 'n' Roll Dance Party Basin Street Jazz
10:00 10:15 10:30	Monitor	Renfro Valley Barn Dance	News 10:05 Hotel Edison Orch. News 10:35 Lawrence Welk	News Orchestra

Sunday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45	Monitor		Light & Life Hour	Renfro Valley 8:55 Galen Drake
9:00 9:15	World News Roundup Monitor	Wings Of Healing	News 9:05 Great Composers It's Time Voice of Prophecy	World News Roundup The Music Room Church Of The Air
9:30 9:45	Art Of Living	Back To God		
10:00 10:15	National Radio Pulpit	Radio Bible Class	News 10:05 Message Of Israel News 10:35 College Choir	News, Trout 10:05 E. Power Biggs Invitation To Learning
10:30 10:45	Monitor	Voice Of Prophecy		
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Monitor	Frank And Ernest Christian Science Monitor Northwestern Reviewing Stand	It's Time 11:05 Marines On Review News 11:35 Christian In Action	News 11:05 Washington Week Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30	Monitor	As I See It	Management Show	News, Robert Trout 12:05 The Fabulous Oorseys World Affairs Guy Lombardo Time
12:45	The Eternal Light	News, Bill Cunningham Christian Science	As We See It It's Time 12:35 Herald Of Truth	
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Monitor	Les Paul & Mary Ford 1:05 Front Page Exclusive Men's Corner Lutheran Hour	Or. Wm. Ward Ayer News 1:35 Pilgrimage	Woolworth Hour—Percy Faith, Donald Woods
2:00 2:15 2:30	Monitor	The Catholic Hour	Or. Oral Roberts Wings Of Healing	News 2:05 World Music Festivals*
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Monitor	Music From Britain	Or. James McGinlay 3:25 It's Time Billy Graham	Music Festival (con.) Music On A Sunday Afternoon
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Monitor	Wisner, World Of Sports 4:55 Here's Hollywood	Old-Fashioned Revival Hour	News 4:05 Music On A Sunday Afternoon (con.)
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Monitor	Wisner, World of Sports (con.) Bosman's Bandstand 5:55 Tomorrow's World	Freedom Sings Concert 5:25 Van Voorhis, News High Moment	News 5:05 Indictment Fort Laramie

* Salzburg "Mozart Festival," June 3, 10, 17

Evening Programs

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

See Next Page →

TV program highlights

NEW YORK CITY AND SUBURBS AND NEW HAVEN, CHANNEL 8, JUNE 4—JULY 4

Baseball on TV

DATE	TIME	CH.	GAME
JUNE			
4, Mon.	9:55	9	Dodgers vs. Mil.—R
5, Tue.	8:15	11	K.C. vs. Yanks
6, Wed.	2:00	11	K.C. vs. Yanks
	9:55	9	Dodgers vs. Mil.—R
7, Thu.	2:00	11	K.C. vs. Yanks
8, Fri.	8:15	11	Cleve. vs. Yanks
9, Sat.	2:00	8, 11	Cleve. vs. Yanks
	2:25	2	Dodgers vs. Cinc.
10, Sun.	2:00	8, 11	Cleve. vs. Yanks
11, Mon.	8:55	9	Dodgers vs. St. L.
12, Tue.	8:15	11	Chi. vs. Yanks
13, Wed.	2:00	11	Chi. vs. Yanks
14, Thu.	2:00	11	Chi. vs. Yanks
15, Fri.	7:55	9	Mil. vs. Dodgers
	8:00	11	Cinc. vs. Giants
16, Sat.	1:55	2, 8, 9	Mil. vs. Dodgers
	2:00	11	Cinc. vs. Giants
	8:00	11	Yanks vs. Cleve.—R
17, Sun.	1:55	8, 9	Mil. vs. Dodgers
	2:00	11	Cinc. vs. Giants
19, Tue.	7:55	9	St. L. vs. Dodgers
	8:00	11	Chi. vs. Giants
20, Wed.	1:25	9	St. L. vs. Dodgers
	1:30	11	Chi. vs. Giants

D—Doubleheader

DATE	TIME	CH.	GAME
21, Thu.	9:15	11	Yanks vs. Det.—R
	1:30	11	Chi. vs. Giants
	7:55	9	St. L. vs. Dodgers
22, Fri.	7:55	9	Cinc. vs. Dodgers
	8:00	11	Mil. vs. Giants
23, Sat.	1:55	8, 9	Cinc. vs. Dodgers
	2:00	11	Mil. vs. Giants
	2:25	2	Yanks vs. Chi.—R
24, Sun.	1:55	8, 9	Cinc. vs. Dodgers—D
	8:00	11	Mil. vs. Giants
25, Mon.	7:55	9	Chi. vs. Dodgers
26, Tue.	7:55	9	Chi. vs. Dodgers
	8:00	11	St. L. vs. Giants
27, Wed.	1:25	9	Chi. vs. Dodgers
	1:30	11	St. L. vs. Giants
29, Fri.	7:55	9	Phila. vs. Dodgers
	8:15	11	Wash. vs. Yanks
30, Sat.	1:55	2, 9	Phila. vs. Dodgers
	2:00	8, 11	Wash. vs. Yanks
JULY			
1, Sun.	1:55	9	Phila. vs. Dodgers—D
	2:00	8, 11	Wash. vs. Yanks
2, Mon.	7:55	9	Giants vs. Dodgers
3, Tue.	2:00	11	Balt. vs. Yanks
4, Wed.	1:30	11	Dodgers vs. Giants—D

R—Road game

Monday through Friday

- 7:00 ② **Good Morning!**—Will Rogers, Jr.
 ④ **Today**—Yawn away with Garroway
 8:00 ② **Captain Kangaroo**—Fun for kids
 9:00 ② (⑧ at 11) **My Little Margie**—Comedy
 ④ **Herb Sheldon Shaw**—& Jo McCarthy
 10:00 ② **Garry Maere Shaw**—Fun for all
 ④ **Ding Dang Schaal**—For kids 3 to 5
 ⑤ **Tune In Any Time Theater**—Feature film repeated at noon and 2 p.m.
 10:30 ② **Gadfrey Time**—Mon.-Thurs.
 ④ **Ernie Kovacs**—Featuring Edie Adams
 ⑦ **Claire Mann Shaw**—Boudoir chat
 11:00 ④ **Hame**—Arlene Francis fencees
 12:00 ② **Valiant Lady**—Flora Campbell stars
 12:15 ② (⑧) **Lave Of Life**—Stars Jean McBride
 12:30 ② (⑧) **Search For Tomorrow**—Serial
 ④ **Feather Your Nest**—Bud Collyer
 12:45 ② (⑧) **Guiding Light**—Daily story
 1:00 ② **Stand Up And Be Counted**—Bob Russell
 ④ **One For Sheldon**—Twinkle-eyed Herb
 1:30 ② **As The World Turns**—Drama
 ④ **Sky's The Limit**—Jet-propelled quiz
 2:00 ② **Johnny Carson Shaw**—Variety
 ④ **Richard Willis**—Make-up advice
 2:30 ② (⑧) **Art Linkletter's House Party**
 ④ **Tennessee Ernie**—Delivers laughs
 3:00 ② **Big Payoff**—Randy Merriman quiz
 ④ **Matinee Theater**—Fine teleplays
 ⑦ (⑧) **Film Festival**—Excellent movies
 ⑦ **Ted Steele**—Mr. Sunshine
 3:30 ② **Bab Crasby Shaw**—Lively & liltin'
 4:00 ② **Brighter Day**—Daily serial
 ④ **Date With Life**—Dramatic stories
 4:15 ② **Secret Storm**—Peter Hobbs stars
 4:30 ② **Edge Of Night**—Detective dramas
 ④ **Queen For A Day**—Jack Bailey
 5:00 ④ **I Married Joan**—Joan Davis comedy
 ⑤ **Virginia Graham**—For women only
 7:15 ⑦ **Jahn Daly**—News
 7:30 ④ (⑧) **Sangs**—Gordan MacRae, M.; Dinah Shore, Tu., Th.; Eddie Fisher, W., F.
 ⑨ **Millian Dallar Movie**—June 4-10, "Woman in the Window," Edward G. Robinson, Joan Bennett; June 11-17, "Return of the Badmen," Randolph Scott, Anne Jeffreys; June 18-24, "Conflict of Wings," Kieron Moore; June 25-July 1, "They Live by Night," Farley Granger; July 2-7, "Lady Luck"

- 7:45 ④ **Jahn Cameron Swayze**—News
 10:00 ⑨ **Million Dallar Movie**—See 7:30 p.m.
 11:15 ② **The Late Show**—Feature films
 11:30 ④ **Tonight**—Usually stars Steve Allen

Monday P.M.

- 7:30 ① **Susie**—Private Secretary re-runs
 8:00 ② **Burns & Allen**—Re-runs for summer
 ④ **Caesar's Hour**—Except June 25, "Happy Birthday," on **Producers' Showcase**
 ① **Public Defender**—Reed Hadley stars
 8:30 ② **Gadfrey's Talent Scouts**—Variety
 ⑦ (⑧) **Voice Of Firestone**—Concerts
 9:00 ② (⑧) **I Love Lucy**—Desi has a Ball
 ④ **Medic**—Engrossing drama
 ⑤ **Baxing**—2 hrs. from St. Nick's arena
 ⑦ **Film Fair**—June 4, "Rocking Horse Winner," Valerie Hobson; June 11, "Curtain Up," Robert Morley; June 18, "Spider & the Fly," Eric Portman; June 25, "Beware of Pity," Lilli Palmer, Sir Cedric Hardwicke; July 2, "Marry Me," Susan Shaw
 9:30 ④ **Robert Montgomery Presents**
 10:00 ② (⑧) **Westinghouse Summer Theater**
 10:30 ④ **Douglas Fairbanks Presents**

Tuesday

- 7:00 ④ **Gildersleeve**—Willard Waterman
 7:30 ② **Name That Tune**—Musical quiz
 ⑤ **Waterfront**—Preston Foster as Mike
 8:00 ② **Phil Silvers Show**—Year's funniest
 ④ **Chevy Summer Show**—Variety
 9:00 ⑦ (⑧) **Danny Thomas Shaw**—Dandy
 9:30 ② **Red Skelton Show**—Comic capers
 ⑦ (⑧) **Cavalcade Theater**—Dramas
 10:00 ② (⑧) **\$64,000 Question**—Marches on
 10:30 ② **Do You Trust Your Wife?**—Bergen
 ④ **Big Tawn**—Mark Stevens, reporter

Wednesday

- 7:30 ⑦ (⑧) **Disneyland**—Fun & fantasy
 8:00 ② **Godfrey & Friends**—Wonderful hour
 ① **Man Behind The Badge**—Police tales
 8:30 ⑦ (⑧) **Dunninger Shaw**—Mind-reading
 9:00 ④ **Kraft Theater**—Fine, hour plays
 ⑦ (⑧) **Masquerade Party**—Surprises
 ① **The Man Called X**—Barry Sullivan
 9:30 ② **I've Got A Secret**—Garry Moore

- ⑦ (⑧) **Break The Bank**—Cash quiz
 10:00 ② **U. S. Steel Hour**—June 6, James Joyce's "Boarding House"
 ④ **This Is Your Life**—Live bios
 ⑦ (⑧) **Baxing**—Headline events
 10:30 ④ **Midwest Hayride**—Swingyer partner

Thursday

- 7:30 ⑤ **The Goldbergs**—Warmhearted fun
 8:00 ② **Bab Cummings Show**—Farceful
 ④ **You Bet Your Life**—Groucho's great
 ⑤ **Liberace**—He tickles the ivory
 ⑦ **Eddy Arnold Show**—Western vocals
 8:30 ② **Climax**—Suspense dramas except June 7, **Shower Of Stars**, music & comedy
 ④ **Dragnet**—Jack Webb's police stories
 ⑦ (⑧) **Stop The Music**—Bert Parks
 9:00 ④ **People's Choice**—Cooper comedy
 ⑤ **Professional Wrestling**—Melodrama
 9:30 ② **Four Star Playhouse**—Drama
 ④ (⑧ at 10) **Fard Theater**
 10:00 ② **Arthur Murray Party**—Except June 14, 10-11, **The Victor Borge Show**
 ④ **Lux Video Theater**—Hour dramas
 10:30 ⑦ **Racket Squad**—Reed Hadley stars

Friday

- 7:30 ② **My Friend Flicka**—Friendly filly
 ⑤ **I Spy**—Raymond Massey thriller
 8:00 ② **Mama**—Peggy Wood in title role
 ⑤ **Sherlock Holmes**—Master detective
 ⑦ (⑧) **Ozzie & Harriet**—Always a joy
 8:30 ② **Our Miss Braaks**—Eve Ardenly
 ④ **Life Of Riley**—Bunglin' Bill Bendix
 9:00 ④ **Big Story**—Real stories of reporters
 ⑦ **Dollar A Second**—Quiz for cash
 10:00 ② **The Line-Up**—Warner Anderson stars
 ④ **Boxing**—With Jimmy, the Powerhouse
 10:30 ② **Persan Ta Person**—Visit the famed

Saturday

- 4:30 ② **Turf Events**—June 16, The Belmont Stakes; June 30, The Carter Handicap
 6:00 ② **Telephane Time**—John Nesbitt
 7:30 ④ **The Big Surprise**—Mike Wallace
 8:00 ② (⑧) **Haneymaoners**—Jackie Gleason
 ④ **Perry Cama Shaw**—Hour-long revue
 8:30 ② (⑧) **Stage Show**—Dorseys & guests
 9:00 ② **Twa Far The Maney**—Sam Levenson
 ④ **People Are Funny**—Except June 9, Max Liebman Presents "Sweethearts"
 ⑦ (⑧) **Lawrence Welk**—Bubbling
 10:00 ② **Gunsmoke**—Adult Westerns
 ④ **George Gabel**—Gabs af fun
 ⑦ (⑧) **Chance Of A Lifetime**—Variety
 10:30 ② **Daman Runyon Theater**—Stories
 ⑤ **Passport ta Danger**—Cesar Romero

Sunday

- 7:00 ② **Lassie**—Co-starring Tommy Rettig
 7:30 ② (⑧) **Private Secretary**—Ann Sothern
 ④ **Frontier**—Except June 17, **Sunday Spectacular**, "Two Weeks With Pay"
 ⑦ **Film Festival**—June 10, "Island Rescue," David Niven, Glynis Johns; June 17, "Lavender Hill Mob," Alec Guinness, Stanley Holloway; June 24, "Woman in Question," Jean Kent; July 1, "Importance of Being Earnest," Michael Redgrave
 8:00 ② (⑧) **Ed Sullivan Shaw**—Extravaganza
 ④ **Steve Allen Shaw**—Variety
 9:00 ② **G-E Theater**—Fine dramas
 ④ **TV Playhouse**—Hour teleplays
 ⑦ (⑧) **Original Amateur Hour**
 10:00 ② **\$64,000 Challenge**—Sanny Fox
 ④ **Laretta Young Shaw**—Dramas
 10:30 ② (⑧) **What's My Line?**—Job game

What More Can Any Man Ask?

(Continued from page 61)

one of radio's loveliest and best-known actresses, Claire Niesen, who plays Mary Noble in *Backstage Wife*. He has been successful in the music and movie business, as well as radio and TV. He has worked in almost every great city in the country and has lived the glitter and glamour of both New York and Hollywood. But Mel still thinks that children are the greatest thing that can happen to anyone.

"Barbara's in the public eye," he observes, "and I'm proud of her success in 'Carousel.' I visited her when the company was on location at Boothbay, Maine, and learned how affectionately she was regarded by everyone. Now that's something that makes a father especially proud. Or take my son Bob, with his special talent for evaluating things and his keen moral sense. These characteristics mean more to a parent than war medals."

Good looks run in the Ruick family. Bob and Barbie are both blond. Barbie is slender, tall, pretty and vivacious. Mel himself stands an inch under six feet tall, Bob stands an inch over. Mel has brown hair and brown eyes. All three have a family resemblance, particularly around the eyes.

"My children," says Mel, "are involved in the same things that have always fascinated me—flying, music and acting. Maybe it's less than a coincidence, but, when Bob was born, I was flying forest patrol out of Medford, Oregon. And when Barbie was born I was parcelling my time between being an actor and a bandleader. Today, Barbie records for Columbia Records. She has acted in many TV shows—*Climax*, *The Lineup*, *The Loretta Young Show*. She has even played as a comedy foil for Red Skelton."

She has, of course, scored a double hit as singer and actress in the musical film, "Carousel." As Mel says, "I think the movie is her first important rung up the ladder, and I wouldn't have missed the Hollywood premiere for anything. The people at CBS knocked themselves out to pre-record *City Hospital* so that I could make the trip to the Coast. It was a thrill taking that limousine ride with Barbie to Grauman's Chinese. I wouldn't have missed that if it had meant traveling to Kyoto, Japan. I felt the same way when Bob won his wings at Luke Field in Arizona. That was another of the memorable moments in my life."

There are three cities which Mel has called home. Since World War II, he has lived in New York. Prior to the war, his home was in Hollywood. And he was born and raised in Boise, Idaho.

Mel had two brothers and a sister. His mother died when he was seven, and a governess took over until his father married again—and then Mel was one of seven children.

"Dad was a prominent attorney," he recalls, "but his first love was music. I remember our home concerts on Sunday evenings—about the only night I got out of helping with dishes, because I played violin. Well, practically the whole family played some instrument."

Mel was seventeen when his father died. A year later, after graduating from high school, Mel got a job in a mine. He worked there for more than a year—until the day he picked up a magazine with a cover picture of a young aviator: "I knew that I wanted to fly. But I also knew I should have more education, so I quit my job and enrolled at the University of California. But then war broke out, and



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DANDRUFF MUST GO OR MONEY BACK!

they began to train flying personnel on the campus. That was too much for me, and I joined up as an aviation cadet."

He didn't go back to school after the Armistice. Instead he flew forest patrol for a little over a year. But, as he says, "Flying was considered rather risky in those days, and it seemed to me that, for the sake of my first-born, I'd better settle down."

He tried a number of jobs without any specific aim. His brother, who is a composer and pianist, suggested that Mel take up the violin again. Mel did—and it was the violin which led him indirectly into a radio career. For two years, he fiddled in a pit orchestra, and then he was lifted out of his seat and handed a baton. He became a traveling bandleader and, with a large troupe, played the biggest theaters in major cities of the country. When his contract expired, a friend talked him into joining a stock company.

For quite a few years, he alternated between music and stock. In 1932, when Barbara was born, the musical comedy "Sally" was on a twenty-seven-week tour, and Mel was the musical director. Barbie was born on December 23rd, in Pasadena.

"I was in Minnesota a couple of weeks before Christmas," he remembers, "and sent my gifts home from there. Along with the presents, I concocted a birth announcement. It was kind of a prediction—for I said it would be a girl baby with brown eyes, and its name would be Barbara Joan. The Joan is for Joan Crawford, a good friend of Barbie's mother, Lurene Tuttle, the well-known radio and screen actress."

During the Depression, Mel formed a dance band. He was playing at the Rendezvous Room in the Biltmore Hotel, at Los Angeles, when he was offered an announcing job. It happened because his band broadcast over Station KMTR—and Mel announced his own numbers. The station manager heard him, and offered him the job. After six months, Mel gave up the band business forever. That was in 1935. He continued acting, however, and a year later, while performing with Charlotte Greenwood, Mel was signed as announcer for the famous *Lux Radio Theater*.

"Barbie practically grew up on the *Lux* show," he recalls. "From the time she was four until she was ten, Barbie came down to the studio almost every Sunday afternoon. Cecil DeMille was producing, and many of our leading actors were on

the show. Barbie's legs dangled from the seat, she was that young, but she soaked it all in. She was ambitious for the theater, even as a tot. In grade school, she was always begging the teacher to let her put on shows. Taking Barbie to the studio wasn't unusual," he notes, "considering our relationship. She was like my shadow, and I loved her and wanted her with me. She was always a lady and behaved like one."

Son Bob had practically no interest in acting. He loved airplanes. He drew pictures of them. He built model planes, and Mel shared his enthusiasm with him.

When at home, Mel took Bob fishing in fresh-water. But, when he took Bob deep-sea fishing, it was a sad experience: "The boy got so sick, and there we were twenty miles from shore. He was begging, 'Daddy, please, let's go back,' and I couldn't do a thing. There were a dozen others, strangers, who wanted to fish and, anyway, the boat didn't belong to me. But, you know—a few weeks later, I told Bob that I was going deep-sea fishing and he said that he wanted to go again! I said, 'Are you sure?' And he insisted. So he went a second time. And he got sick again."

Mel grins. "You know, I think my kids can 'take it.' They make their own decisions and take the consequences. When Barbie was in a private school she was caught by a 'no smoking' rule. Well, Barbie didn't smoke, anyway. But she was talking with girls who were smoking when they heard the teacher coming. They got rid of the cigarettes but not the smoke, and so were caught. Barbie refused to tell on the girls or separate herself from the group. She took the punishment with the others. That's not the part that interested me the most—you know, she was never vindictive toward the teacher, either."

Mel, of course, can take it, too. He proved that in the early years of his career but, from the time he signed on with *Lux*, his success in radio was fairly constant. Among many other shows, he played the male lead opposite Irene Rich in the *Dear John* series and was featured in Edward G. Robinson's *Big Town*. With his dollars, he built Barbie what amounted to her own private country club.

"We called it 'the house that radio 'jack' built,'" he says. "We put in a pool for Barbie's sake and there was a playhouse. No pony, but Barbie and I did a lot of riding together in those days.

Those are the things a father remembers, too: A child's first pony ride, the first dunking, the first spanking."

When World War II broke out, Barbie was only nine, but Bob was in San Mateo Junior College. "It didn't seem that he had any strong ambitions," says Mel. "I remember the two of us out on the lawn, rooting up dandelions, and he was picking about one to my twenty. He was daydreaming, off on Cloud Nine, and I was thinking just as much about his future. He had natural skills. He was a good athlete and a marksman. As a child, he'd pick up a bow and arrow and hit the balloon. We'd go into an amusement park and he'd win me cigarettes with his shooting. Anyway, when the state of emergency came up, I thought of flying and it reminded me that this was what Bob really wanted too. I encouraged him to enlist in the Air Force as a cadet."

Bob went in March of 1941. Mel was still on *Lux* and he had made two movies, "Reap the Wild Wind," and "Buccaneers." But, in 1942, he gave up what was the start of a movie career and broke his *Lux* contract to go into the service. Because of his World War I experience, Mel went in as a captain with the Air Force Radio Production Unit. Bob flew a B-25 with the Tenth Air Force in India. He won the Air Medal and the Distinguished Flying Cross.

"When Bob came back to the States," says Mel, "he wasn't engaged or close to any girl, so we made dates for his first week home. Dates on five consecutive nights with five of the most beautiful ingenues in Hollywood. And he kept the dates, but he was completely unimpressed," Mell recalls. "Then a couple of years later, on a Sunday morning in Orlando, Florida, he was coming out of church and a girl on the church steps waved at him. He stopped, and she immediately apologized. Alice Johnston—that was her maiden name—said, 'I thought you were someone else.' For Bob, it was love at first sight, so he said, 'Won't I do?' And that was it. Today, he and Alice have three little girls."

Bob has made the Air Force his career. Today, he is stationed at Wright-Patterson Field in Dayton, Ohio. It isn't quite next door to New York, but he sees his father frequently. Barbie works out of Hollywood, but gets to Manhattan often on business and recording trips. And, when she is in town, she stays with Mel and Claire. The New York Ruicks live in Forest Hills, about forty-five minutes out of Manhattan.

"Claire and I chose to move out of Manhattan when we were married," Mel says. "We like grass and trees. If it didn't mean a lot of commuting, we would like to be in the country."

Mel and Claire Niesen were married on March 11, 1949. They had met at the home of a mutual friend. Five hours from the moment they were introduced, Mel proposed. A month later, they were married.

They now have a three-and-a-half-room apartment, but the living room is large, and includes a sofa bed where Barbie sleeps when she visits. The apartment is furnished for comfort, since the Ruicks spend about six nights out of seven there. Mel is a man who enjoys a home and does his share to keep it up. Claire can count on him to wash and hang curtains, polish furniture, and even take on the vile job of cleaning grease out of the stove. ("That's much too dirty a job for a woman," he says.) He is very neat.

Mel still plays the violin for his own amusement. His chief hobby for many years has been photography, and he has taken movies that thrill their friends. When Mel takes a vacation, alternating



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between New England and California, he comes back with a professional travelogue.

"Our friends plead to see them," Claire says. "We love to entertain, but never do as much as we would like."

"Claire loves to do for people," Mel smiles. "She's a wonderful cook and enjoys domestic things. I believe that's because she enjoys the complete change from her workaday world. After all, she's been working since she was fifteen."

At fifteen, Claire had her first job on a small radio station. At sixteen, out of high school, she was performing in works of Shakespeare and Ibsen. She went into TV and from that into two Broadway shows. And she had barely reached voting age. She has played Mary Noble in *Backstage Wife* for ten years.

Mel has done a lot of television recently. He has been on the *Kraft, U. S. Steel* and *Philco* tele-theaters. Frequently he is cast as a suave, dignified character. But, on *The Web*, he was a gangster. He particularly likes his role as Dr. Barton Crane of *City Hospital*, and remarks: "Some of my neighbors greet me, 'Hiya, Doc.' Thank goodness, no one has brought a case to me. But I'm really fond of the part, for it is neither clinical nor Pollyannaish. The stress is on human values."

Friends of Mel tell you that in some ways he is like Dr. Barton Crane. Mel is deep-thinking, witty and intelligent. He is good for a talk when you're trying to think something out. John Moore, an actor friend, says, "Mel is good company for an eighty-eight-year-old grandmother or a fourteen-year-old boy—and those in between. He has tea with my mother and tells her that in two years, when she reaches ninety, he will take her for a ride in a new Jaguar. And my son Peter looks forward to Mel's visits so that he can talk about his future." At parties, Mel is the spark. It was his son Bob who said, after spending an evening with him, "It's hard for me to believe that he's my father."

But Mel is very much a father to his children and, in some ways, to many of his friends—for Mel is loyal, dependable and generous. He is the kind who gives without thought of the return. Barbara may be separated by a continent's distance but continues to say, "Daddy's my tower of strength, my Rock of Gibraltar."

When she and Mel are together, they have their fun and laughs, but they spend long hours in serious talk, too. Sometimes she takes his advice, other times she says, "Daddy, I think there are some things we just have to learn from experience, no matter how much it hurts."

Barbie and Claire are very good friends. Claire has expressed this affection by embroidering a skirt for Barbara—it was the first embroidery she had ever done. And she looks forward to the conversations with Bob, too, when he visits.

"Let me tell you something about Claire," Mel says. "She is more than a beautiful woman to look upon. She is a woman who finds beauty in others and in nature. She has a great capacity for affection." As he says, "If a man has the respect and affection of his wife and children, what more can he ask of life?"

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Daddy Can Do Anything!

(Continued from page 33)

imitates Rusty as extensively as possible. When Rusty is going through a cowboy phase, Tony sleeps with his own six-guns.

And so . . . Master Tony, not to be outdone in the comedy department, deposited his father's favorite house slippers in the Thomas family garbage-disposal, turned the "on" bar and ran like a rabbit when blades began to fly and the sink threatened to crash through the walls.

When Danny, exhausted from simulated emergencies on the TV set, came home to be confronted by news of his own son's authentic escapades, he fixed the young man with a dark glance and inquired—as fathers have, since time began—"But why?"

"Well . . . Rusty did it."

"Tony! You *know* he didn't—not really. You know it's all in the script. You've been on the set with me. You've watched the special effects man. You're no dope about television. Then *why*?"

"I thought it was *funny* when Rusty did it," insisted Tony, in his smallest voice.

"Wait until your mother hears this," moaned Danny. "It isn't enough that she has one comedian in the family. Just when she's reconciled to me—you'll be coming along."

Tony brightened considerably. "She doesn't need to worry about that," he asserted staunchly. "I know what I'm going to be: A cowboy, a fireman, a policeman and a priest."

"Just be sure you live in a house with plenty of closets," cautioned Danny with a perfectly straight face. "Your uniforms are going to take up a lot of space."

The next day, Danny had a talk with his writers. "From now on—at least for a while—could Rusty go through a placid phase? One in which he makes his bed, shines his shoes, and works on his stamp collection? On second thought, kill that stamp suggestion—Tony's sisters are now getting private mail and there's no sense in contributing to the junior war between the sexes."

For Danny Thomas—dynamic Danny whose idea of an ordinary day consists of chaos, now and then relieved by pandemonium—to ask for a placid phase, in any situation, is roughly equivalent to a channel swimmer's asking for water wings.

On Monday, the "Daddy" stock company, plus all visiting talent, gets together to personalize the script prepared by the show's writers.

In operation, the session closely parallels football scrimmage. The action planned for the ensuing Thursday is tried for size, speed, and impact, with the result that a player who specializes in long end-runs is not stuck with the water boy's job. Naturally, this skull practice takes all day.

On Tuesday, the players finish memorizing their lines, and run through the show in total. At noon that day, Danny usually has luncheon with a newspaper representative or a writer in order to supply copy for a Danny Thomas yarn. He has the reputation of being one of the best interviews in the business because he is cordial, aware of the responsibilities of people in contiguous fields, and naturally gregarious—Danny Thomas loves people and, in preference to being alone, he would chat with a Zulu in sign language and come up with (1) an idea for the next "Daddy" show, and (2) a well-organized drive for improving the lot of Zulus everywhere.

On Wednesday, the cast works with the technicians who man the three cameras

used to photograph the show. Positions are blocked out and problems of movement and timing are anticipated and resolved. The cast completes the job of memorizing its lines and bits of business.

Thursday is D. T. Day, which means "Danny Thomas Day," no matter what this recital might have suggested to your reeling mind. From noon until one o'clock, the cast reviews the film of the previous week's show in order to saturate themselves in the atmosphere of the story. At one o'clock, the male members of the cast have haircuts, and the distaff department has its collective shampoo-wave.

In the afternoon, as tension mounts, a rehearsal is held to make certain that the last of the bugs forever lurking in all show-business undertakings have been exterminated. Reactions grow speedier, eyes begin to sparkle, the excitement of kick-off takes possession of the players.

At five P.M., the cast has dinner and, immediately afterward, Danny rehearses the musical numbers with the orchestra. Next he shaves and is made-up, and, at 7:30, he is presented to the studio audience of three hundred eager clients. These lucky people sit in on a TV filming, in addition to being treated to a thirty-minute night-club act which would cost them about fifteen dollars each (with a modest dinner thrown in) at any big-time spot in Las Vegas—where Danny usually appears for an engagement each August.

Just before eight, Danny introduces the cast. And, at eight, the new chapter of "Make Room for Daddy" is recorded on celluloid.

Afterward, Danny and most of the cast, plus producer Lou Edelman and director Sheldon Leonard, go somewhere for dinner—during which a rousing re-hash is combined with the steak.

He is not a happy man, at such times. He dreams up a better way in which he might have delivered that last line. He worries about some of the camera moves. He is convinced that the tempo of the opening was vaguely wrong. . . . Eventually, preoccupied and grumpy, Danny goes home to Rosemarie.

Rosemarie is a wise woman, and she has been Mrs. Danny Thomas long enough to know that she couldn't dig Danny out of his post-program depression with a bulldozer, so she doesn't try. She listens sympathetically and she brews a pot of coffee. Sometimes she points out the comforting fact that the show filmed on Thursday night will not be seen on TV until Tuesday night a week or so later, and that another show can be filmed if a showup on "the monster" justifies Danny's conviction of doom.

Friday morning, Danny awakens with nothing but lark blood in his veins. He has recovered from the stupendous outpouring of energy given the Thursday show, and he has begun to feel that he may not have profaned the inventive genius of Thomas A. Edison, after all. He hurries to the Motion Picture Center, and—along with key personnel of the "Daddy" show—watches the film on what is aptly named "the monster."

Enormously cheered, Danny usually leaves this session with a light heart and a hearty appetite. He is in fine condition to accept the new script tendered each Friday by his writers—and to start the cavalcade over again.

Immediately after Friday, it is customary for the calendar to slip into each week a pair of days to be used by the average human being for the purpose of recharging his over-taxed batteries.

Danny Thomas can't be regarded as the average human being. His only predictable weekend activity is attendance at Mass on Sunday morning, wherever he may be . . . and, for a precise description of "wherever he may be," consult an atlas. To Danny Thomas the word "benefit" is like the crack of a starting gun in the ears of a sprinter: He leaps into action.

Danny's neighbors (all good friends, as everyone knowing Danny would expect) have become conditioned to his unpredictable travels and his active driveway when he is at home. But even they became concerned over the uproar caused during Christmas Week, 1955, when the Thomas family were visited by CBS-TV's peering reporter for *Person To Person*.

To backtrack a bit, by way of explanation: Late in the fall of 1955, seven-year-old Tony had been desperately ill. Tony's trouble had started as a simple cold but had multiplied itself into a virus infection which settled in his bronchial passages. At three-thirty one frantic morning, Tony's parents realized that something drastic would have to be done or Tony might strangle. A doctor was summoned on an emergency basis, and he in turn dispatched oxygen equipment. A tracheotomy had to be performed, but Tony responded with all the power of an excellent constitution and was soon up and around, and doing his best to avoid problems with garbage-disposals.

Naturally, the neighbors heard about the emergency and said, "Anytime anything happens—call us. We'll come in robes and slippers and do what we can to help."

So there came the day when CBS moved in with cameras, lights, overhead mikes, underfoot mikes, body mikes (both Danny and Tony were wired for sound so that they could move around the house without regard to the stationary equipment), an army of carpenters, canvas placers (to save the carpeting), electricians, cameramen, sound experts, advertising representatives, press representatives, and nine policemen to maintain traffic control (both pedestrian and vehicular).

The telephone began to ring. The first caller was a kindly neighbor who inquired somewhat breathlessly, "Is everything all right over there?" During the ensuing two or three hours, a member of Danny's staff had to be posted at the telephone to reassure helpful friends.

A further enlivening moment took place when Danny, having forgotten that he and his son were plugged into the speaker system, took Tony upstairs for a last-minute briefing session. Tony had shed one of his upper front teeth, and had been taking delight in folding his tongue in the aperture while parting his lips in a Halloween-pumpkin grin. It was a stunt to be envied by a small boy's peers, but Danny didn't care to have the talent demonstrated on TV. Also, Tony was not to run his hands through his hair; he was not to stare into the cameras; he was not to speak out of turn; he was not to sink his hands into his pockets, nor to cast himself into a chair as if he were hurling a javelin.

"Well, gosh, what good is it for a guy to be on television, anyhow?" he asked.

This sage crack, duly broadcast over the speaker system, brightened the day for technicians sore beset by the problems of transmitting a picture plus appropriate sound to a waiting nation.

When Danny isn't working on his own show or appearing for the benefit of some worthy organization, he keeps busy ana-

lyzing such cryptic queries as that voiced by Theresa, over breakfast one morning. "Guess what I did for you yesterday, Daddy!"

"So I'm to guess what you did for me yesterday?" reiterated Danny. "I'm sure it's something nice, but how much is it going to cost me?"

"Now, Daddy! I made arrangements for you to appear at Assembly in school. They needed somebody to give a little show, and I knew you'd want to do it."

Danny rolled his chocolate eyes to the sky in a martyr's patient pantomime before he dropped the act and grinned at his thirteen-year-old daughter. No matter how overwhelmed Danny may be by his professional responsibilities, he accords a Number One priority to his family's needs. "I'm always glad to lend a hand to worthy causes by working a benefit, so what kind of a parent would I be if my own kids couldn't call on me when there's a need?" he wants to know rhetorically.

Of course there are times when . . . well, to illustrate: Danny answered the telephone one morning to be informed by an efficient young female voice that Mr. Thomas should report at the Los Angeles Coliseum (which seats somewhat more than one hundred thousand people) at such-and-such an hour on such-and-such a day. Mr. Thomas would be seated, he was told, on the dais along with Dr. Fred Fagg, President of the University of Southern California, Dr. Frank Baxter, one of the University's most distinguished faculty members, and Governor and Mrs. Goodwin J. Knight. Danny Thomas, he discovered, was to introduce Governor Knight to the assembled multitude.

Swallowing hard, Danny asked if the caller was certain she had dialed the right Mr. Thomas.

"Oh, yes. Your daughter, Margaret, volunteered you for this job and gave us your telephone number," was the swift response.

Margaret, now eighteen, is a student at the University of Southern California and a member of Kappa Alpha Theta.

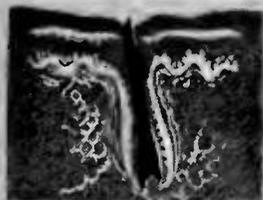
Some shifting of schedules and rearranging of commitments was necessary so that Danny could clear the time, a fact that he mentioned to his eldest upon their meeting that night at dinner.

She looked at him with shining eyes, in which mischief and affection were blended, and observed, "I was sure you could manage it, Daddy. Now . . . what suit are you going to wear?"

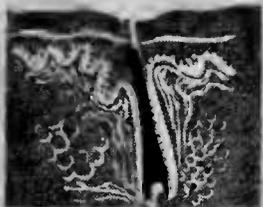
Another project dear to Danny's heart—as practically everyone knows—is the St. Jude Hospital to be built in Memphis. At present the building fund is still around \$250,000 short of its one-and-a-quarter million-dollar goal. Because Danny wants the hospital to be "of the people, by the people, and for the people," he hopes to collect the final funds in one-dollar bills from kindly folk scattered here and there throughout the U.S. He says with fierce pride, "I'm a beggar for St. Jude, and I'm proud of it. Naturally, the reason I would rather receive one-dollar gifts from two hundred and fifty thousand individuals, in preference to accepting that sum from one donor, is that the more people there are who learn about St. Jude, the happier I'll be. And the happier they'll be, too."

This plan is going to take time, but when—what's time to Danny? His friends believe that he owns an "hour stretcher" and that, even though someone should invent a twenty-eight-hour (if you'll excuse the expression) day, Danny would still be able to pack about thirty hours' worth of activity into the time. In addition to everything else, Danny will always be able to "Make Room for Daddy" . . . but sometimes it will be on Panic Street.

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T
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Show Business Baby

(Continued from page 44)

or with the aid of some type of machinery, such as a guitar.

One of the "musical factories" Joan noticed with intense approval was a young California native (born in Long Beach, where people are seldom born—they just growed there after having been transplanted from elsewhere). The name of this native was William Strange, and he played beautiful earloads of guitar. As a matter of fact, Bill Strange was so obsessed by music that he had played many accompaniments for Joan's vocals before he began to notice that this nice little kid sort of loitered in his general vicinity when he was strumming a solo passage.

Some of the other members of the band kidded Bill about his junior fan. "Go on, Pop," they told him, disregarding Bill's own under-voting-age status, "buy the child a Coke during rehearsal break. Give her a chance to live a little." Bill had often heard that many a wise word is spoken in jest, so he asked Joan if she'd like a soda at the corner eatery and she said she would. And maybe a hamburger. Mr. Strange, seated on the counter stool next to the infant with the eyes as blue as marbles and the doll-skin complexion, felt properly patriarchal and protective.

Then the doll began to talk. She was, she said, carrying a full load of high school subjects; she was auditioning at every opportunity because she wanted to win a spot on a national show; she lived with her parents in Pasadena and was responsible for her share of the housekeeping; she read one daily newspaper ("and not just the comics and the amusement section") and one trade paper every day; she read a work of fiction every two weeks; and she made some of her own clothes.

Bill Strange collected his lower jaw and concluded with great originality that looks could be deceptive. The porcelain doll was a power plant. She didn't giggle or squirm; she neither fussed nor flirted; her chief characteristic was a contemplative poise masking a keen intellect and an irresistible ambition.

She was also an attentive listener. She gave her full attention to what Bill had to say about the dangers lurking to catch the unwary teenager in the jungle of the amusement business, and the wisdom of rejecting Coke invitations tendered by miscellaneous musicians. There were exceptions, of course, and Bill tried to describe the type to be trusted—mostly

guitar players. Joan said she would be careful, and yes, she would have a Coke with Bill during the next rehearsal break.

They were married on July 18, 1954, in Pasadena's Chapel of Roses, and set about keeping house in an apartment in Hollywood. Joan didn't know how to drive (still doesn't), so Bill felt they had to live at a convenient location in case he had to make several trips a day to fulfill both his commitments and Joan's.

Bill and Joan were given the usual amount of early-married advice by well-wishers. By that time, Bill was a regular on the Tennessee Ernie Ford and Curt Massey shows, and Joan was a member of the Bob Crosby troupe. Together, they represented the nucleus of a show-business family, so it was natural for everyone in broadcasting to regard the Stranges as "our newlyweds."

One morning, Bill and Joan were smiling into one another's eyes and saying, "We won't tell anyone for a long time" . . . and the next morning, Bill was being slapped on an astounded shoulder by a fellow musician, and hearing him say, "That's great news—about young Bill's being scheduled for fall production, I mean."

"We aren't going to call him Bill even if he is a boy, which he might not be," said the newly-expectant father, "and anyhow—what makes you think we're going to be needing names?"

The answer was a hearty, "Are you kidding? Everybody knows."

The only sensible thing to do was to decide upon a name, so as to avoid that last-minute panic over a telephone book. A girl's name was easy to select, simple to agree upon: She would be named Sheri Lynne. But a boy's name? Not Jack—as Sam Goldwyn once said, "Every Tom, Dick and Harry is named Jack."

Bill came home one night with a sheepish grin wrinkling his features and a small parcel wrinkling his coat pocket. The parcel contained a shoebox, and the shoebox contained a pair of felt cowboy boots, size zero. . . . "We might call him Tex," said Joan. . . . "Tennessee would be hurt," Bill protested. "No, we'll have to stay away from state names."

A few weeks later, Bill brought home another package, this time a pair of levis about the right size for a midget's younger brother, and stowed them in the drawer set aside for the infant's wardrobe.

"Cody is a nice name—in honor of

Buffalo Bill," ventured Joan. "Cody Strange. That doesn't sound bad."

"On report cards it would read Strange, Cody," objected the other half of the naming team. "First thing you know, he'd be in some secret agent mystery show."

Meanwhile, the individual who was causing all this brain-busting was busy making a monkey of the doctor's timetable. A complacent infant, he was in no hurry to be born. An extra week went by. Two weeks. Three weeks.

A condition of mild pandemonium took charge of the Strange household. Bill had to live beside a telephone. Joan's mother stood by as a transportation-line backer, just in case Bill was in the midst of a show when the stork decided to go into his act. Someone at the radio station warned Bill, "You'd better name that baby or he'll never make his bow."

Thus pressed, Bill and Joan agreed that Russell Glenn was satisfactorily virile, and that "Rusty" represented a useful nickname—he could star in Westerns, or he could take over the creaking door on a mystery show.

During all this furor, Tennessee Ernie said nothing at all. He merely wore the pained look of a man listening to the chatter of a taxicab meter while waiting for Marilyn Monroe to finish dressing for a formal dinner. (Ed. note: Local joke—MM is always late.)

You see, Tennessee Ernie had made arrangements with the telephone company to set up a three-way conference call during which it would be possible for Bill to talk to Joan in the hospital after the advent of the youngster. Tennessee Ernie radio fans were to be accorded the privilege of hearing one of the first unrehearsed conversations to take place between a pair of joyous young parents, very much in love. Ernie had been paying line charges ever since the prophesied date of birth.

As the bird with the long beak would have it, Joan went into the hospital shortly before dinnertime on October 3 (without rush, fuss or drama) and Master Russell ("Rusty") Glenn Strange came angrily into the world at 1:11 on the morning breeze of October 4, 1955. He weighed eight pounds, one and one-half ounces, he measured twenty-three inches tall, and he had to have a manicure at once to avoid scratching himself. He could have used a haircut, but that was postponed until his parents could decide upon a style.

Joan had exacted a promise from the doctor that he wouldn't inform Bill of the baby's sex; that he would let Joan tell the news.

Bill was standing in the corridor as Joan was wheeled toward the elevator bound for her room. She was drowsy, but clear-headed. Something about her husband's face, glazed as it was with love and happiness, gave Joan the impression that Bill must know about Rusty. "They promised they wouldn't tell," she wailed.

"I don't know," Bill insisted. "Really I don't. Honest! They just said you were fine and the baby was fine . . . well, what is he?"

Joan was satisfied . . . until she thought it over very carefully later. "We've got ourselves a son," she said, finding her eyelids too heavy to lift. "We have a wonderful, wonderful little boy. . . ."

Less than twelve hours later, she was on the telephone, national Tennessee Ernie hookup, saying to her husband, "He looks exactly like you. He has the same beautiful eyes . . ."

Bill, unmindful of the national hookup, had to correct such an obvious error. "No,

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honey. He looks exactly like you. His coloring, the shape of his nose . . ."

"But, Bill, how can you say such a thing! His nose is yours over and over again. Wait until your mother sees him. First thing she'll say . . ."

"Wait until your mother sees him. She'll soon tell you—"

Tennessee Ernie interrupted to suggest that he was a man entitled to a nervous breakdown, to wit: Line charges for three weeks, nervous tension for a month, and now a family disagreement over the shape of an infant's nose.

The first morning Joan and Bill found themselves alone with the baby (the grandmothers had gone home, tired and happy), Joan lifted the gurgling bundle out of his bassinet and cuddled him for a moment—before her expression soured. "He's wet," she told Bill in the carefully controlled voice of the panic-stricken.

"Normal," said Bill with a shrug. "He'll have to be changed."

Joan stood rooted, staring at her husband. In all her life, she had never altered an infant's seating arrangements. Until the moment of Rusty's birth, she had been too busy, professionally, to attend prenatal instruction classes, and she had no younger brothers or sisters.

Bill began to chuckle. "Never mind," he said. "I'm onto this routine. After all, I have had to valet a flock of nieces and nephews. Really, there's not much to it. You just remove the pins, fastening them on your shirt well out of the reach of flailing hands. . . ."

Let's face it. When housewives start to rhapsodize about the time-saving, comfort-providing devices now available for use around the home, they seldom mention the most important of all: a husband.

Another good job for a husband is that of official family photographer. Long before Rusty was born, Bill had become a dedicated shutterbug; nowadays, Joan says, he should own a sizeable chunk of Eastman.

One of the first pictures taken recorded the elegance of Russell Glenn Strange on his baptismal day, dressed to the pinnacle of fashion in a handmade robe given to him by Mr. and Mrs. Bob Crosby. Another snapshot caught his delight over the Japanese doll sent to him from the Orient by his granduncle, who is in the Navy. (Bill isn't certain he approves of the gift for his son. "About sixteen years early for dolls, if you ask me.")

Another shows Rusty listening to the hearty tick of the antique watch given him at Christmas, 1955, by his Grandfather Strange. Enclosed with the watch was a priceless letter "writ by hand" by Mr. Strange to explain to his grandson the incalculable value and mystery of time.

There is also a prize shot of Rusty and his king-sized piggy bank, into which Joan and Bill empty the day's accumulation of pennies, each night. As quickly as the bank fills up, the pennies are deposited in a savings account to be used for Rusty's college training. Perhaps at some such music school as Juilliard. . . . Because Rusty seems to have inherited his parents' musical gifts. When they sing to him, he sings right back—and on pitch, too. Since his first month of life, he has moved in time to music, first little more than a flapping of hands and a squirm, then a metronoming of the head, and now a spirited bounce. As far as Rusty is concerned, it's neat if it has that beat.

Joan and Bill are so impressed with him that they plan to provide him with a companion—but don't rush things, nor jump to conclusions. That news hasn't swept through the rehearsal halls and control booths, as yet . . . and the broadcasting grapevine would be sure to know!

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Love's Guiding Light

(Continued from page 35)

fell just right, so he did not have to be away in Toronto, from which city he has been doing a Friday-night broadcast over the CBC network—a program called *Songs Of My People*, which features folk songs of many countries. At the time, it had helped Susan a lot to know Jan was right there, during the twenty-two hours of labor preceding Chris's arrival.

This time, with Jonathan, it had to be quite different. Jan had come home for the Christmas holidays and gone right back to his tour, and both he and Susan knew he would be some three thousand miles away when she must make her second trip to the hospital. Everything, therefore, had to be planned without him. And, like many of those best-laid plans of mice and men, this one went p-f-f-tt! Young Jonathan, it seemed, had plans of his own about the right time to be born, and decided to make it two weeks early.

Susan has been vacationing from *The Guiding Light* for some six or seven weeks, although she had worked until the last two weeks before Chris was born. "It got to be a little awkward," Susan recalls, "being on television and trying to hide behind the backs of sofas and chairs—because, in the script, I was not expecting a baby and wasn't supposed to look pregnant. So, this time, I decided to stop sooner, and really had all the time in the world to prepare for the newcomer. Except that I wanted to keep a lot of things to do until the last week or so, to help me get through that last-minute waiting. I hadn't fixed the bassinet, or ordered enough little shirts and things like that, or the things I would need from the drug-store. I hadn't even packed my little bag, that one which every mother-to-be keeps in readiness for her trip to the hospital.

"The only definite plan I had made was that my closest friend, Phyllis Hirschfeld, would go with me to the hospital when the time came. She knew on just what dates she was to hold herself in readiness. In the meantime, I was feeling just wonderful and making all kinds of dates and plans. The night before Jonathan was born, I had gone with a friend to see 'The Cherry Orchard.' And, all unknowing, for the night after Jonathan came, I had made plans to have a guest at the apartment for dinner—a sensational young pianist, Glenn Gould, my husband's friend and mine."

Another of their friends, a director with the Canadian Broadcasting Company, had been visiting with Susan on that in-between night when she was puttering around the house. He was flying to Europe the next morning, and was going to stretch out on the living-room couch and get some sleep, so Susan left him to rest while she decided to finish a project she had been planning, the re-painting of a waste basket and clothes hamper in her bathroom. Triumphantly, around midnight, she stood back to admire her handiwork and began to tidy up the place. Fifteen minutes later, she began to think that perhaps she shouldn't have let the rain that day prevent her from keeping her appointment with her doctor. Those pains she was getting came uncomfortably close together. Maybe this was the "false labor" she had heard so much about?

Timidly, at half-past midnight, she decided to phone the doctor. "I hate to bother you," she began, "but could this possibly be . . . ?"

He said, "Get dressed and get yourself right to the hospital. I'll call and make the arrangements and you will be expected. I'll meet you there."

Susan said, "I can't go yet. I have to call my maid's house and see if she can come and stay with Chris. Please don't hurry, because I have to arrange things here."

The doctor laughed. "Get to the hospital," he cautioned her.

Unhurried, still believing she had all the time in the world, she called the maid, who promised to come as soon as she could make arrangements for someone to watch over her children, which might take a couple of hours. Susan called her friend Phyllis, and told her not to worry. "I'll get a cab and go to the hospital and you can come in the morning," she said. Phyllis told her not to stir until she got there.

"It was 1:15 A.M. when Phyllis came for me, and I had to admit I was happy she was there, that she had a cab waiting downstairs in the street, and I didn't have to go out into the dark and cold by myself. I wasn't feeling very comfortable by then. Before I left, I woke our friend John Reeves and asked him to keep an ear cocked for any sound from Chris, who might happen to wake up and wonder where his mommie was, explaining that the maid would be along soon.

"When Phyllis and I got to the hospital, we found the door locked and had to wait until someone answered our ring. We forgot that only the emergency entrance would be open at that hour of the night. It was almost two o'clock then. While I was giving the usual information to the woman who registered me, I kept thinking: Nuts-to-all-this-I-wish-I-were-upstairs-in-bed-and-could-shut-my-eyes. But it was soon over, and there were the nurse and the resident doctor, waiting for me. When the doctor told me the baby would be born within the hour, I laughed. I thought he was trying to make me think it would soon be over. Not that I had any fear—because Chris had been born in natural childbirth and so was Jonathan to be. Then I heard the doctor tell the nurse she had better get me into the delivery room quickly, and just about this time my own doctor appeared. Ten minutes later, about forty minutes after I arrived at the hospital, our second son was born, an eight-pound, beautiful little boy, who looks even more like Jan than his older brother does, although both little blond boys favor their daddy.

It was simply terrific! Everything went so smoothly. I telephoned Jan the very first moment I was able to do so, and it was wonderful to hear his voice. I felt elated, and very happy—and suddenly a little hungry. So the doctor let Phyllis stay with me a while and we had tea and cookies."

When Jan answered that telephone call in San Leandro, he had said to Susan, "Hi, how are you?" Susan laughs at that now. "It was just as if it were the middle of any day, and not across the country in the middle of the night. I told him about our boy and he said he guessed it the minute he was summoned to the phone. I know it was very much on his mind. And he seemed to have known all along that we would have a boy, although we had chosen a name for a girl—Lynn—just in case. . . .

"He had left a letter with Phyllis, to give to me with some flowers when the baby came, and in it he told me he hoped I wouldn't be disappointed at having another son, instead of a daughter. And he said he was delighted. I was simply floored by his assurance!"

Never for one moment did Susan feel a bit sorry for herself because she had

to face this second confinement without her husband being near. Knowing Jan has a career that takes him away from her for about five months out of every year, she had learned to face that fact, and to accept it. Actually, she had little chance to feel lonely. She had deliberately chosen to be put in a room with four other young mothers, all of whom had their babies a few days apart, rather than to be alone in a private room or even in a room with only one other mother.

"You're not really ill when you have a baby, and the fun is to be with some of the others who have just gone through the same experience. All of us were facing the same problems when we got home—how much help we would need with the new baby, how to handle the normal jealousy of an older child when this little newcomer entered the household. All the things that happen as a family grows. Two of the mothers had one other child, the other two had two other children, and it was really sensational what fun we had discussing everything. We admired one another's babies when they were brought in to be fed, bragged about how much each was gaining. I would talk to Chris over the phone every day. Funny little conversations: How are you, darling? Do you miss Mommie? Mommie is going to bring a baby brother home to you. Will you like that?"

"The girls would smile at me while I talked, and I would do the same when they talked to their children. When their husbands came to visit, I missed mine, of course. Jan had to wait until late in March to see our son, and I could hardly wait to show him off!"

Right now, Susan isn't sure she won't feel a little cheated if they don't have a daughter, too, some day. Then she would want a fourth child, feeling that with three there is apt to be pairing off and that one may be left out and a little lonely.

I hope we can do enough for four children," she says gravely. "Now I have a nurse and a maid, because I am on *The Guiding Light* and must be away at certain hours from the children. And we must look ahead—to kindergarten, good schools; college, maybe camp in summer, sports equipment and things like that which all boys need. They will be wanting to take girls out when they grow up, and we will want them to do the things the other boys do and to be part of everything that goes on. Although I hope we won't be foolish enough to think they have to have everything some other boy has!"

"On the other hand, I began to think how, if there are girls in a family, all the boys in the neighborhood flock to your house and the place is always filled with young people. Boys always go to the girls' houses, except when something special is planned at their own. I don't like to think that when the kids begin to grow up they will be somewhere else, and that the other mothers—the ones with daughters—will be having all the fun while Jan and I sit at home alone.

"A girl goes out on dates and comes home and tells her mother about it, but a boy is apt to keep his own counsel and think you're prying if you ask him where he has been and what he did. When he gets married, there's no trousseau to shop for, and he's out of your life more than a daughter is."

Susan laughed. "If this sounds as if I am partial to girls, I'm not. I adore little boys, and so does Jan. I just think I might like a daughter, too. And here I am, marrying off my two boys, before we have ever had time for all those wonderful days and weeks and months and years together—before they will even be think-

ing of leaving home and going off on their own. I certainly do not intend to be the kind of mother that holds her sons too closely."

In the meantime, there are many bright adventures ahead for all of them. Susan, back on *The Guiding Light* since early last April, being Kathy Grant, and wishing that Kathy's life could be as lovely as hers—but loving playing this other girl. Jonathan, growing bigger and cuter and smarter every day. Chris, fascinated by his small brother, wanting to admire him and play with him all the time, never quite understanding why he can't pick him up and carry him wherever his own little legs can travel (Chris is a tall, slender boy like his six foot two-inch daddy, and quite different from his tiny five foot three-fourth inch, 96-pound mommie). And Jan, watching for signs of his own talent in his sons, as Chris plays records. Chris seems fascinated by the music he hears on the radio, as he strums the keyboard of the big piano and marvels at the sounds from the tape recorder. With all this, Chris is also an athletic, active fellow like his dad—loving to run and jump and play games.

"A bit of a ham, too, who loves being noticed," his daddy says of Chris. "And a happy, friendly little boy," Susan says of him, "who always smiles back at people who smile at him in the street, and says 'Hi.' Already Jonathan shows signs of being the same kind of happy, friendly child, too."

They live in an apartment with two bedrooms and baths, not very far uptown in New York and also not far from Central Park's green shade, its carousel and the real, live ponies drawing little carts the kids can ride in. They visit the zoo and watch the seals jump up out of their big tank to catch the fish their keeper throws them for mid-day dinner.

The apartment is attractive, with light wood furniture and a combination of white and pinky-orange shades and black accents in the living room and their bedroom and the kitchen, and pale aqua and white and soft greens in the boys' room. They need more space now, would like a duplex apartment—two floors, with a walled garden of the kind that can sometimes be found in New York.

This summer, Susan and Jan will be playing some golf together, at least on weekends. They used to go skiing in winter, but now Susan has little chance and Jan must do his skiing far from home during his winter concert tours, whenever he finds himself in snow country with a little time to spare. "People are wonderful to Jan wherever he goes," his wife says proudly. "When he gives a concert in a city or town and they find out he likes these things, they always see that he has invitations."

At home, Jan has his practicing, of course, and Susan has lines to learn day after day. She used to do sculpture and loves it, but there seems to be no room for the masses of wet clay and all the paraphernalia required, even if there were hours enough in the day to find time for it, with two merry little boys demanding her attention, a daily television drama, and a husband whose time at home is limited and therefore correspondingly cherished.

Susan Douglas isn't complaining, however. Not for one moment. She and Jan—both Czechoslovakians, who left their native country, met for the first time on a movie set in Canada, married in New York, and are now naturalized citizens—are proud and happy parents of two little American boys. She only wishes that Kathy Grant, the girl she is on television, could be even one-half so happy!

TV-Radio ANNUAL



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How To Be A Cinderella

(Continued from page 30)

corners any members of her staff who happen to be about and, together, they thresh out the problems.

When it comes to one group of letters, however, Patti knows the answer better than anyone. These are the letters from would-be singers, who dip their pens in their own heart's blood and cry out: *How can I be discovered?* . . . And Patti, who once uttered the same cry herself, knows exactly what it is they want her to tell them. But how can she? If she truly wants to help, she can only tell the truth. And if it shatters a dream—well, one day maybe they, too, will learn that reality is more wonderful than any dream.

The dream, of course, is the age-old dream of being Cinderella. Not the original Cinderella who went to a ball and married a prince, but one of the new Cinderellas—as press agents call them—who go off to New York or Hollywood and become stars overnight.

Certainly, in her own life, Patti qualifies as one of the most authentic Cinderellas in television today. She was born Clara Ann Fowler in Claremore, Oklahoma—a town with a population of four thousand, not including any fairy godmothers who might be passing through. She didn't have any mean and selfish stepsisters, like the girl in the fairy tale, but she did have seven real sisters, not to mention three brothers. And they were poor enough for the children to have to sleep three in a bed.

Patti was working in a radio station in near-by Tulsa when she was discovered—not by a fairy godmother but it was the next best thing. Jack Rael, now her partner-manager, literally appeared out of nowhere and heard her sing. He didn't have any magic wands, but he did have know-how. And that's how it happened that Clara Ann Fowler of Oklahoma was transformed into Patti Page, "The Singing Rage."

Cinderella not only went to the ball, she had a ball. It is now over six years since Patti made "Confess," her first hit record for Mercury. Yet today she's riding higher than ever. The clock still hasn't struck twelve. *The Patti Page Show* for Oldsmobile, her fifteen-minute filmed variety series, is not only seen in 175 cities from coast to coast but throughout Europe and Canada, as well. She is now serving as Perry Como's summer replacement on his big Saturday-night show for NBC-TV. And, this fall, Patti will have her own live show on television.

But what about me? The letters almost cry out for attention. *How can I be Cinderella, too?* . . . "And how can I be you?" Patti feels like answering, for the letter-writers themselves are free—free to get the things in life that really matter most. It would be quite a shock to some of her fans if they realized how much Patti envies them, particularly the ones who have been content to remain at home and just be themselves. For these are the ones who can "just up and marry one day." These are the ones who already have babies—babies they name after Patti.

"But then, they name their dogs after me, too," she adds. And, speaking of dogs, Patti calls her own out onto the terrace. It's a toy Yorkshire terrier, and the way she strokes him with a far-off look in her eyes, you can tell that the dog is a very special gift from a very special young man. For Cinderella has met her prince . . . only Cinderella can't "just up and marry."

It was only two years ago that she had confessed in an interview with TV RADIO

MIRROR, "I want five babies." Now she added: "And I'm still young enough to have them."

But the only man she would have as their father was some three thousand miles away in Hollywood. And there she sat, on the terrace of her luxurious apartment in New York, surrounded by stacks of mail.

And how can I be a great singer, too? her fans want to know. *How can I be just like you?* . . . That's how it came about—these "Confessions of Cinderella."

"Or maybe," Patti suggests, since she's never lost the happy faculty of laughing at herself, "maybe we could call it, 'What Really Happened at the Ball.' . . ."

"To begin with," Patti advises, "ask yourself this question: Do you really want to sing or do you just want to go to the ball?"

Sure, it's wonderful to be a success—the favorite of millions, a star in television, theaters and records. It's gratifying to be given all kinds of public recognition. (Last year, Patti received the Interfaith Award. For the past two years, the Teen-Agers Survey Service has voted her its Number One Singer. And, last May, Patti received the TV RADIO MIRROR Special Award as your "Favorite TV Female Singer.") It's great to have your clothes specially designed for you, to drive about in a big car, to own a thirty-four-foot yacht. And it's a dream come true to have Perry Como for a friend.

"But the success," Patti insists, "is only a by-product. If you don't really want to sing—if you don't *have* to sing more than anything else in this world—you'll never make it."

Success, she explains, is usually a long time in coming. It takes years of training and hard work and "doing without." The dream alone can't sustain you. "The only thing that keeps you going is the enjoyment you get out of singing. If it weren't for that," Patti says frankly, "it would just be a lot of hard work."

Her second bit of advice is: Don't go to Hollywood or New York to be discovered. "You have to figure out some way to be seen in your own home town." In her own case, she sang in a church choir and took any singing job she could get around Tulsa. When Jack Rael, then a band manager, was passing through Tulsa on a tour of one-night stands, he happened to hear her singing on the local radio station.

Even after Patti and Jack Rael formed their partnership, they spent the first two years touring small towns, doing one-night stands, getting the necessary experience in night clubs and small theaters before Patti broke into network radio as vocalist for Don McNeill's *Breakfast Club*. And, when Patti started recording for Mercury, it wasn't until she made her thirteenth release that she came up with a hit.

Even today, it's not all a ball. "I am currently involved in an enterprise which takes up twenty-six hours of my day," she explains. "The alarm in my apartment rings at five-thirty in the morning. At five-forty-five, the telephone rings and wakes me. It's Jack Rael calling to make certain the alarm has awakened me. I assure him it has. At six-thirty, I stagger out of the house and wave half-heartedly at the first taxi to come by. It takes me to the studios where we do our filming."

For *The Patti Page Show*, her filmed television series, Patti spends two of these "twenty-six hour days" recording, two filming, and two on costumes. "By the time Sunday comes," she admits, "I just want to sit down."

When she does get "to sit down," however, Patti does it in a place that's well worth all the work. It's every career girl's dream of what an apartment in New York should be. It's bright and gay, spacious and airy—a combination of French provincial and modern—designed to give "the feeling of a country house lost in the city."

And last February, when Ed Murrow interviewed Patti on CBS-TV's *Person To Person*, her fans finally got a chance to see how Cinderella lives. Actually, Patti appeared on the show to give her family a chance to "visit" with her—for, although she visits home whenever she can, and her mother and father come East, they had not yet seen Patti's new apartment.

"Mother loved it," Patti recalls. "She was very pleased." But she also observed that Patti lived there alone. What was the good of that great big kitchen if there was no man to cook for? Who wants five-and-a-half rooms if there are no children to fill them up? For, although Mrs. Fowler already has eleven children, twenty-five grandchildren, and a crop of great-grandchildren on the way, it is the dream of her life that "Clara Ann" get married, too.

She can understand her daughter being Patti Page. She can even understand her being Cinderella. What she can't understand is her not being Mrs. Charles O'Curran. . . .

Patti and Charles met almost two years ago, when he was staging her act for a personal-appearance tour. He thought she was too heavy, too shy, too undemonstrative. He wanted her "to give out more," to use her hands, even to dance. Patti, of course, fought him every step of the way. "I'm a singer," she insisted, "not a dancer."

But then, inexplicably, she learned from the man what she had resisted in the teacher. "Charles made me realize how important appearance is in this business," she said. But, when Patti took off thirty-two pounds, it wasn't just a business matter. It was a labor of love. Overnight, she seemed to acquire poise, sophistication. It was a new glamour, but it came from within—for, suddenly, Patti had come alive.

"He's my ideal," Patti confides. "He's a happy person. He's in show business. He likes to stay home. He loves dogs. He loves good music. He loves the theater. And he loves children."

He also loves Patti, for, when he had to return to Hollywood and she had to remain in New York, he telephoned her every day. Whenever either of them gets a few days off, they pay flying visits to each other.

"We're planning to get married," Patti said last November, "but . . ."

It is a remark she still hasn't finished, for she is still in New York and Charles is still in Hollywood. They still phone every day, they still pay flying visits. But their story has not yet ended happily ever after, for it seems that Cinderella can have problems, too—just like the rest of us. The same problem every career girl has when it comes to love, only magnified for Patti.

The modern career girl can have her success. She can "have a ball." But what about the prince? If the ball goes on too long, he can be nothing more than a dancing partner. And how can the prince give Cinderella the world if she already has it?

In Patti's case, much as she regrets the delay in getting married, she's proud of Charles for insisting upon it. If Patti still doesn't know the wedding date, it's because the decision isn't up to her. She's just old-fashioned enough, just woman enough to leave that decision up to the man. When Patti marries, it's for keeps—for happily ever after. That's why she and Charles are trying to make the conditions

right before the wedding, not after. And the first condition for a happy marriage is that the man be the head of the house.

This doesn't mean that Charles wants Patti to give up her career. He knows how hard she has worked for her success, and he's proud of her. But a marriage can't work, with one half of the team in Hollywood and the other half in New York or on the road. Charles wants to make sure they can be together. He wants to have enough money so that, if Patti goes on singing, it's because she wants to—not because she has to. And he must provide a home for those five babies that he wants as much as Patti. For, once she becomes a mother, Patti will give up her career.

"When I'm settled with a definite assignment," Charles has assured her, "when I'm secure, then we'll get married."

It isn't easy, for there are no steady jobs in show business. But Charles is one of the top directors in his field. When Patti met him, he was staging the dance sequences in Martin and Lewis pictures. In addition to staging Patti's act, he has prepared such top stars as Howard Keel, Lilo and Vic Damone for their personal appearances. Currently, he is promoting his own musical show which he hopes to stage in New York.

He is obviously making headway, for as recently as last April, Ed Sullivan announced in his column: "Patti Page and Charles O'Curran nearing wedding date." And friends of the two were making private bets that Patti, an inveterate sentimentalist, would be a "June bride."

In the meantime, Patti isn't just sitting around waiting. She knows that life isn't a fairy tale. One doesn't just end up living happily ever after. One works for it.

"I'd like to spend six months of each year in New York," she has decided, "and the other six months in Hollywood."

That's why she's angling for a job in motion pictures. Recently, Patti appeared in her first dramatic role on CBS-TV's *Appointment With Adventure*. "I wanted to prove to myself and to my agent," she says, "that it's possible for me to be more than just a singer." The final proof will soon be coming up, for Patti is taking a screen test at 20th Century-Fox.

It's ironical, however—and every successful career woman can testify to the fact—nowadays, a girl not only has to work her head off to get to the top, but, once she gets there, she has to work twice as hard to achieve the same happiness that other girls got just by staying at home.

So you want to be Cinderella? Patti feels like writing to her fans. Then be like the original one. It was so easy for her. Someone else got her the clothes for the ball. And once the prince saw her, all she had to do was wait around the house until the prince found her again. But, unless you've just got to sing, unless you've a talent that just has to find expression, don't be one of the new Cinderellas who insist upon making their own way at the ball. . . .

But then, Patti never did get to finish her fan mail that day. She was interrupted by a long-distance call from Hollywood, and ran to her bedroom to take it in private. And, suddenly, all was well with Cinderella.

"It won't be long before I'm saying 'I do,'" she announced happily.

It was definite, but when would the big event take place?

Patti laughed with such pure devilment, this poor reporter just couldn't help but feel that Patti would beat him to the punch. She'd get to the altar before he could get his story to press. That's the way it is, when the new Cinderella finds her Prince Charming.

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A Very Good Morning!

(Continued from page 68)

was graduated from grammar school at the Kew Forest School in New York.

Will's first two years of high school were spent at the Culver Military Academy in Indiana, the last two at Beverly Hills High School. In 1931, he attended Leland Stanford University for a year, transferred to the University of Arizona for a year, then returned to Stanford. There, he captained the polo team, participated in varsity swimming and debating—and met his future bride. He was graduated from Stanford in 1935.

Curiously enough, although their childhood was conditioned by the fact that their father was in show business, the Rogers children don't think of him as an actor. They remember him as a writer, with a daily column to get out, who sometimes traveled all over the world to dig up material.

"Dad kept us away from the theatrical world," Will recalls. "And then, in later years, he was much more political than theatrical. The people who came to our house were governors and senators, not actors."

Not that this accounts for Will's becoming a newspaperman. "In my freshman year at high school," he explains, "I started out to be a printer. I guess it was while setting up type that I became interested in what type had to say. Ever since, my life has fallen into a journalistic direction."

Will edited his school paper, *The Beverly Hills Highlights*, and became high-school correspondent for *The Beverly Hills Citizen*, a weekly he was later to buy. At Stanford, he studied journalism and became an editor of *The Stanford Daily*. After graduation, he became editor and publisher of *The Beverly Hills Citizen*. "I knew the owner," he recalls. "It was predestined that I was to buy it."

In 1936, Will took a leave of absence from the paper and went to Spain for three months to cover the Spanish Civil War as a correspondent for the McNaught Newspaper Syndicate. In 1941, he married Collier Connell, whom he had met while working on *The Stanford Daily*. (She was editor of the woman's page.) In 1942, he enlisted in the Army as a private, attended officers training school, and was commissioned a second lieutenant. In November of that year, he was elected Democratic representative from California's Sixteenth Congressional District. Since he was still in the Army, the election campaign was conducted by friends. In January, 1943, Will got a leave from active duty and took his seat in the House of Representatives.

In the summer of 1944, he resigned from Congress to resume active duty. Assigned to the 814th Tank Destroyer Battalion, Will was part of the Seventh Armored Division which crossed Europe on the heels of the German Army. During the last days of World War II, he suffered a shrapnel wound while heading a platoon in the Ruhr Valley.

In 1947, he was separated from the service as a first lieutenant and returned to manage his newspaper. Five years later, he took a leave of absence to act in "The Will Rogers Story." It proved to be a turning point. "Before this," Will says, "I had made public speeches, but never done any acting. From then on, my career has been primarily theatrical."

In 1953, he sold *The Beverly Hills Citizen* and returned to Hollywood to film "The Boy From Oklahoma." Then, from July, 1953, until the following January,

he did a short series for CBS Radio called *Rogers Of The Gazette*. He also appeared in a few television shows—*Schlitz Playhouse Of Stars*, *Ford Theater*, and the Ed Sullivan show.

But mostly, during this period of his life, Will was living in what amounted to semi-retirement. Thanks to the Rogers Company, a real-estate company which also handles his father's estate, he had "the advantage of security." And he had time—time to read, to think, and to live with his family.

"We're quite close," Will says of his family, which includes three boys—Randy, 18; Clem, 17; and Carl, 4—whom he and Collier have adopted. They live a simple, outdoor kind of life, alternating "between Malibu and the desert." Their house at Malibu Beach is "right on the ocean" in Santa Monica, California. "It's not large," Will says, "but it's nice and pleasant."

And then the Rogers' have another home at 29 Palms, a little desert town near Palm Springs. Twice each week, Will used to drive to Beverly Hills to see how things were going at the Rogers Company. Otherwise, he was free to do what he liked—play volleyball with the boys, go swimming with his wife, or even accompany the Governor of Oklahoma to New York for the world premiere of "Oklahoma!"

And that's when it happened. . . .

Ever since 1952, when NBC proved with *Today* that the public is ready and eager for television—even at seven in the morning—CBS has been trying to compete with a show of its own. But NBC had not only gotten there first, it had gotten there with the most—for it had Dave Garroway.

Last fall, however, CBS decided to try again. A group of its top executives held a meeting to map strategy. "What we need," they decided, "is primarily a program built around a strong, warm, 'old-chew' personality." This didn't mean that he actually had to chew cut-plug, of course. It merely meant he had to be a real character—lovable and unspoiled—down-to-earth, full of homespun philosophy and folksy good humor—you know, exactly like Arthur Godfrey, only completely different.

CBS was asking for the impossible, but that's how television shows are made. They found their man that very night. Louis G. Cowan, who originated *The \$64,000 Question*, was sitting in front of his television set, watching an interview program conducted by Hy Gardner, the Manhattan columnist. One of his guests was Will Rogers, Jr., in town to attend that aforementioned premiere of "Oklahoma!"

And that's how it happened. . . .

When CBS told Will about their new early-morning show, he reminded them: "It's like opening another newspaper in a town that already has one." But then he grinned, for this was "the kind of challenge I gladly accept." Only he didn't sign up with CBS then and there. He wanted to talk it over with his family.

"No one at home wanted me to take this job," he recalls. "I like New York. I used to visit my dad when he was living at the Astor Hotel. But the rest of the family doesn't care for the East. My two older boys complained that they didn't have any girl friends in New York."

Will, however, wanted the job. "After living on the desert," he says, "I wanted to get back in the swim of things again." And so, on February 20, CBS-TV launched *Good Morning!*, "a program

built around the strong, warm personality" of Will Rogers, Jr. It may not be "old-chew," but it's just about the simplest, friendliest, most refreshing program on television today.

For one thing, there are no gadgets on it—none of the clocks and elaborate technical equipment that are the trademark of *Today*, NBC-TV's competing show. "I'm opposed to a mechanical civilization," Will says, "and glad when the machines don't work."

He is also opposed to what he calls "the big city attitude" in so many programs emanating from New York. He hopes to "travel the program more, mentally if not physically, striking out into the Midwest.

"I don't come from a homespun background," he admits, "and my training hasn't been traditional. But that's where I feel most at home—in the Midwest. I went to school in Claremore, Oklahoma, you know."

And that's why you never see anything fancy or arty on the show. For Will, as for his father: "A thing has to work. Dad was a very wise person, and not easily taken in. At a very early age, I acquired this same *show-me* attitude."

As for his own daily stint, Will doesn't think of it as acting. He's just being himself, talking the way he thinks. For example, Will is philosophically a religious person, concerned about ethics. And so, on the program, he finds himself reminding people to be good and to be kind.

"And how are people uplifted?" Will has done a lot of thinking about that, which explains how he happened to start

his readings from the Bible. "It's not a gimmick," he says. "It's just a good thing to do in the morning—makes people feel better." Apparently, a lot of other Americans also think it's a good thing to do, for the mail poured in from thirty-six states requesting more Bible readings.

But Will knows that inspirational readings alone are not enough. "People," he insists, "must have a spiritual retreat and look at something bigger than themselves. If they can't lose themselves in God, then at least they must contemplate some thought—some concept—that's bigger than themselves."

If Will has outgrown the cynicism of the Depression generation and found his own faith, it's because he's been luckier than most: "I've had the advantage of not being under daily pressure. Particularly during those years in the desert," he recalls, "I had time to take matters slowly. Above all, I had time to read."

Ironically enough, it has taken him a lifetime of searching to find the same eternal truths his father was born knowing. But because he has found them for himself, it may be that he has as much to say to his own generation as his father had to his. And it is significant that Will, Jr., has ended up with substantially the same job as Will Rogers, Sr. The mediums may be different, but now the son is "doing a daily column" on television—just as his father once did for newspapers.

And it's no accident that he's meeting with the same warmhearted response from the public.

Memories Are Made of This

(Continued from page 36)

every Tuesday night. Everything in George's background helped prepare him for this show. A love of music, and a home in which music was part of everyone's life. A love of people, and a curiosity about them. A love of children, which makes the children's segment of *Name That Tune* one of his favorites.

George's small son—called "J" (for Junior), a nickname that has somehow lengthened in spelling to "Jay"—is a sturdy, handsome youngster, two years old last May 24, and the love of his daddy's life. Jay is his grandmother's boy, too, because Lucy Florentine, George's mother, takes care of him. (George is divorced from Jay's mother, and the little boy spends a great deal of time with him and Lucy.) Like his daddy, he seems born to entertain and to make people laugh and be happy. He looks like George, although his hair is brown and his eyes hazel-gray, in contrast to the striking blackness of his father's hair and eyes.

George's memories of his own childhood home are bound up with music and laughter and sociability. He was born in Atlantic City, New Jersey, the seaside resort town, where his father served on the police force. He remembers that his mother went around the house singing, that his two sisters and his brother were always interested in music, and that there was hardly a time when someone wasn't playing the piano or strumming a ukulele or listening to records or the radio. And there were always people coming and going—the children's friends, their parents' friends. It was a hospitable home.

"I could see where George was heading, from the time he was a little boy," his mother says. "He loved music, he had a nice voice, he was a born mimic, and he was crazy about show business. I sent him to dancing school when he was eight, to learn tap. He didn't really want to go

—I guess he thought it was 'sissy'—but he knew if he wanted to be a performer, he had to learn a lot of things. He studied the clarinet (but hated to practice), learned the piano, the sax and the uke, and can play almost any instrument."

"We kids always did imitations at home," George explains his beginnings as a performer. "Impressions of the way the other members of the family walked and talked, and the way the people we all knew acted, and the things they said."

"Yes," Lucy adds, "and George would be able to imitate all the little mannerisms you didn't realize people had—until you saw him doing one of his 'impressions' of them. The whole family would sit around and laugh. When he took a job as a singing waiter in one of the restaurants in Atlantic City, before he worked his way up to singing with bands, he would come home and imitate everyone who came into the place. He had been in children's shows on the Atlantic City Steel Pier since he was a little fellow, so he was really in show business, you might say, most of his life. It wouldn't have been any use to try to discourage him. He just had that love for it."

Twice, his love for show business and for adventure made George leave home and try his fortunes elsewhere. Once, he hitch-hiked to Hollywood, sure that he was going to have a greater career in the movies. He was far too young, and too inexperienced, and nothing came of it. A second time, he hitch-hiked to Miami Beach, Florida, arriving with thirty-two cents in his pocket. That time, too, he was glad to get back home. Certainly he was happy at home, and carefree, and he loved his folks. But, by now, Atlantic City was becoming too small to encompass an ambitious boy's dreams.

Continuing restless and adventurous, he joined the Norwegian Merchant Marine at seventeen. And when Canada got into

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World War II, shortly after that, George entered the Royal Canadian Air Force, later transferring to our own Army Air Force when the United States got into the war. He had the rank of second lieutenant, flew USO troupes in both the European and Pacific theaters of war, doubled as an entertainer, and continued as a civilian USO entertainer when he got out of service. Later, he went into the night clubs and the big movie houses, and there is hardly any important club or casino or movie house, in any big city, where he has not appeared. He also began to do guest spots on big radio and TV shows.

George's father was ill during the last couple of years his boys were in service, and his one prayer had been to live until they came home. He did, for almost a year following. By this time, George had traveled a great deal of the world and had fallen in love with Italy, where he had gone first in the merchant marine and which he later re-visited, hoping one day to spend more time there. The opportunity came to play some of the famous night clubs in Rome, and to live in that city for a while, meeting many of the performers he had always admired—movie stars like Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall, Pierre Aumont, Orson Welles. Bergman was there. And Lollobrigida. Just as an opportunity came along for him to make a movie in Italy, he had decided to return to America.

Once more, he went down to Miami Beach, and this time he thought that was it, as far as he was concerned. It had everything. Climate. Night clubs, where he was a popular performer. A local TV daytime show of his own which was doing well. Opportunities to guest on other shows. The chance to swim and to sun, to play tennis. The beach and an outdoor life for little Jay, whenever he could be brought down to visit.

Then Steve Allen brought his *Tonight* television show to Miami Beach for a week or two, to originate from an ocean-front hotel. George got together with Steve, helped him get some of the local acts for the show, and appeared on it himself, doing his impressions and songs and comedy. One night, on camera, he backed too close to the pool at the hotel and fell in, making a splash from coast to coast. Before the week was over, offers began to come from New York—from producers who were reminded, perhaps rather forcibly, that here was a talent which shouldn't be confined to one local spot. His dream of living an easier, more casual life in Florida changed overnight.

George came up to New York to accept one offer, a guest spot on a CBS variety show, and the network signed him up for a summer show then in the planning stage. That particular program never did get off the drafting board, but George began to develop some ideas of his own, good ideas which always seemed to wind up being done by other performers. Finally, his own turn came. *Name That Tune* needed an emcee with George's own qualifications. On it, he has a chance to sing the "song clues" and to ad lib with contestants (the show has no script), to make everybody feel at home and to keep the fun rolling.

Some of his best performances, however, are done for an audience of one. For Jay, he puts on impromptu programs involving a dummy named Claude and a ventriloquism act. He picked Claude up in one of those antique stores he likes to haunt—this time, when he was playing Chicago—and, by now, has developed some very funny routines with the dummy, including imitations of great performers like Señor Wences. Jay, too, does imitations—a Ted Lewis soft-shoe bit, in

top hat, to the tune of "When My Baby Smiles at Me." For a Liberace bit, Jay's small hands beat the toy piano, adorned suitably with candelabra, and the toothy grin he bestows on his audience from time to time brings down the house.

The newly-rented, newly-decorated midtown apartment which George maintains in New York is a penthouse across from Central Park, and it also reflects the influences of his growing-up days in Atlantic City. Back in those days, he loved to haunt the Boardwalk auction shops and would often walk up in the middle of an auction and help sell. Everything he saw interested him, and he dreamed of owning things like them, someday when he had a home of his own.

The little apartment is rich in color and pattern now, and filled with graceful old pieces, many of them renovated and restored by George personally. What was once the cot of a Civil War general is now a stunning white and gold wrought-iron divan, upholstered in black and white striped ticking with bolsters and pillows to match, and piled with extra cushions in bright colors. An Empire settee and two matching chairs are antiquated in gold and white and cushioned in pale gold velvet. A large Empire cabinet will house the hi-fi and tape recorder, an amusing blending of old and new. A hand-hewn chest brought back from Italy on one of his trips—"like the one my mother had when she was married." A clock with the date of its make—1756—on the face, a wonderful piece with iron ornamentation on a wood base, a crowing cock on the top, and a chime that rings melodiously after two centuries of service.

The bedroom is Empire, too, with a fine old brass bed. Jay's nursery is light and bright, with lots of wardrobe and shelf room for a small boy's belongings. There are plants everywhere in the apartment, in window boxes, on sills—and a huge camellia blooming in a pot in one corner of the living room. There are interesting ornaments, such as a handsome silver peacock. Paintings. A cherub entwined with garlands of flowers—obviously a segment of an old mural—hangs over the living-room divan. An oil painting of a dark-haired Italian woman, lovely in color and mood, is inscribed with affection to some long-forgotten lady by its artist. There are framed drawings, a fragment from a Michelangelo frieze, European street scenes. All the things which George has picked up in his travels in this country and abroad and collected lovingly, trying to find out everything he could about their history.

"When I draw the curtains I shut out New York and the world," George says. "It's wonderful, how calm and quiet it can be, here above the noise and excitement."

Yet, down there is that other part of George de Witt's life—the life of show business and excitement for which he was destined on that day of December 20, 1922, when he was born in Atlantic City. The life he loves and feels at home in. And less than a mile away from the towering building where he lives is the symbol of that life, the studio from which *Name That Tune* is broadcast.

"I emceed many types of shows before *Name That Tune*," he says, "but never one with \$25,000 at stake. It's quite a thrill. I have learned a lot from Harry Salter, who plans and produces the program and directs the music. And I have learned a lot from the contestants, those wonderfully warm and charming people. Without them, there would be no show."

Memories are made of this. And George is busy building—and keeping—the memories that count most.

Mr. Average American

(Continued from page 54)

him to be a singer. But, more than that, she wanted him to be an announcer. 'They seem to be nicer people,' she said, 'and the work is steadier.' Gordon's mother had a dreadful fear of his becoming 'temperamental.' She used to say, 'Now let's not have any of this nonsense. I don't like actors who put on silly airs and act temperamental—it's 90% temper and 10% mental.'

Gordon's mother wanted to keep him as average as possible, and fought against what she felt was every actor's bohemian attitude. She used to say, 'Gordon, for goodness' sake, don't let your hair grow long in the back.' And she insisted that her show-business son wear conservative clothes, gloves, black topcoats and black homburg hats.

'Later, on the road with Horace Heidt,' Sheila says, 'when Gordon stepped off the stage, he looked more like an average business man than part of a popular young quartette. Mrs. MacRae always wanted Gordie to be an average person. She was afraid that entertainers lived a rather narrow life, and when we were traveling on the road she wrote long letters describing the cultural highlights of the cities we visited.'

'As a result of his exposure to a few museums (we didn't go to all of them),' Sheila continues, 'Gordon has an average smattering of culture, interests and tastes. For example, his reactions to the shows I write are unerring. He knows what the audience will like. In actual fact, Gordon has nothing to do with the preparation of the show. He hates to see the wheels working. He plays the part of the audience. We show him a completed script, and we can tell by his reaction whether or not we have a good show.'

Since considerably more than half the married women in this country work, having a "working wife" is just another of the identifying features which make Gordon MacRae an average American. 'Gordon and I have worked together ever since we were married,' says Sheila. 'For example, when Gordie was with Horace Heidt, I played a number of different parts on the radio show. Gordon sang in the quartet, and Ollie O'Toole and I did the voices and acted out all the songs they sang.'

'Then, when Gordon was stationed in Texas with the Air Corps, I went to work on a local radio station to augment our income. I worked first as a newscaster, then as a disc jockey. I even wrote some of the programs. I'm sure the station manager considered me the oddest writer he ever hired—because I carried our baby, Meredith, to work every day in a basket.'

Gordon came out of the Army and returned to CBS for a job. According to the law, every ex-GI was to be returned to the job he had left. Wendell Adams, the radio executive Gordon approached, said, 'We'll be happy to pay you, Gordon, but we haven't a spot open right now.' Gordon replied, 'I don't want the money, I want the work.' But Mr. Adams insisted, 'We have Perry Como, Jack Smith, two girl singers, only fifteen minutes of sustaining time, and no new show ideas. There's just no place.'

'Gordon wasn't discouraged,' says Sheila. 'We were living with my mother in New York and, when he came home and told me the problem, I said, 'Maybe we could use one of the programs I did in Texas. If we change it around a bit, we'll have a whole new show idea.'

'Good. We'll go in tomorrow,' Gordon said enthusiastically, 'and talk to Adams about it.'

'We came into the office,' continues Sheila, 'told Mr. Adams the idea and he said, 'Fine. Our President, Mr. Paley, is in his office. Let's do it for him now.' I was shocked. 'No,' I said. 'We can't do it now. I . . . I haven't even written it down.' But Gordon, forever courageous, said, 'Sure we can. We'll ad-lib it.'

'Wendell Adams backed him up, saying, 'Gordon's right, Sheila. This is the perfect opportunity. Let me call Mr. Paley and have him tune you in.' So, against my will, I finally agreed and we went down to the audition studio.'

'When you auditioned in radio, the powers-that-be sat twenty floors above you with their inter-coms on. If they liked you, they kept you on. If they didn't, off you went. When Gordon and I walked into that small studio with a microphone but no piano, I said, 'Gordon, how are you going to sing?' And he answered, 'Don't worry about the singing part, just keep talking.'

'Well, I was a wreck. I tried to remember some of my Texas material, but to this day I can't remember a word I said. But Gordon, even without accompaniment, sang just beautifully. We made a joke about it at the end and signed off after about twenty minutes. Wendell Adams came in and said, 'You kids go down to Colbee's for coffee. I will let you know—maybe they listened and maybe they didn't.' So we ordered coffee, but I was too nervous to drink it. I told Gordon I was worried because some executives didn't like to sign husband-and-wife writer-performer teams. Some people think that if you are related, you can't hold up your end of the business. He said, 'Don't worry, everything's going to come out all right.' Gordon just never worries. He needn't have, for Wendell came in a few minutes later, saying, 'Mr. Paley said, 'Sign the girl, sign the writer, and sign the singer!'

As Gordon's confidence paid off then, it paid off with our current TV show, too. But, as much courage as he has, I am equally high on imagination, the kind of imagination that frequently manufactures problems where none really exist. Gordon says that I imagine what people will think before they think it. So, when Gordon first brought up the subject, I didn't want to be the writer of the show. I told him I didn't know the TV form, that I would need at least a couple of months to get ready. He said, 'Don't worry about the form—we've got all of ten days.'

'Even so, I didn't want to be known as the writer. I said, 'I will only do this so long as I don't get any credit for it.' Gordon agreed. Now I'm billed as 'executive producer,' instead of as a writer.'

Like every average family man, Gordon is proud of his children: Meredith Lynn, 11, Heather, 9, William Gordon, 7, and Robert Bruce, 2. Unlike some show-business parents, both Gordon and Sheila agree that they want their children to know everything about Gordon's career.

'Ever since the children were old enough to carry, we have taken them on the sets and tried to explain the work their daddy does. We try to show them that entertainment is a business, that it's a difficult business and not all glamour.'

'When Gordon plays a club date and comes home late, the children never go and bang on the door in the morning—and that is more than I can say of some

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children. They understand his different hours and they accept them. When he sleeps late, they are like little mice and they tiptoe by his closed door on their way to the kitchen. Later, when they are dressed and Gordon is awake, they know it is all right to make all the noise they wish—and they do wish.

"Like every father," Sheila continues, "Gordon plays beautifully with the youngsters. He and I both know they are small for such a little while, so he makes time for their games. In the summer we all swim together, and last year their favorite game was 'Dragnet' (cops and robbers); this year, it's 'Roy Rogers' (cowboys and Indians). Meredith is the only one with any singing ability or musical interest. She is studying piano and even now has a lovely operatic voice. But I doubt if we'll ever be playing a game called 'The Gordon MacRae Show,' since their new favorite is not Daddy but 'Sheriff John!'"

There are certain sentimental occasions in every family's life. Birthdays are

one of these occasions for the MacRaes. Gordon, like every average family man, is pleased when his family sets the day aside for a family gathering. But, recently, his thirty-fifth birthday fell on a Monday—his show day. When young Gar (William Gordon) saw his daddy getting ready to leave the house for work, he said to Sheila, "Is Daddy going to sing today?" When she answered, "Yes," Gar exclaimed, "But this is his birthday!"

Gordon, not afraid of sentiment, was touched by his son's reaction. He looked at Sheila, saying, "Shall we?" And Sheila said, "Sure, why not?" And Gordon, Sheila, Meredith, Heather, William Gordon and Robert Bruce all gathered at the studio for Gordon's birthday show.

With his family of five around him cutting the cake, Gordon's pride glowed on 15,000,000 television screens. Proud of his family and equally proud to be "just an average American," brown-eyed, brown-haired Gordon MacRae is all heart—all "average" five-foot-nine, 170 pounds of him!

Toward a Brighter Day

(Continued from page 63)

whose paths had not crossed his since school days. There are moments of despair followed by heartwarming encouragement and practical assistance. Blair's rise in the theatrical field was not the rocket trip to overnight stardom so often glorified in "backstage" scenarios. Quite the contrary.

When he was fourteen, Blair left his home town of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, to join an aunt and uncle in Portland, Oregon. "The Davies family moved to Oregon more or less in shifts," he explains, "grandparents, aunts and uncles, myself, and finally my parents. There wasn't a great deal of loose change floating around, so I went to work as a dispatcher for the Portland Electric Power Company during the day, and finished my high-school education at night school.

"During the summers, I worked with my uncle on the power lines. Being a big boy for my years—by the time I was fourteen, I was already almost six feet tall—I especially enjoyed those summers with my uncle in Oregon's great outdoors. Today, the best I can manage, with my broadcasting schedule, is an occasional weekend visit with friends in the country to help them with their gardening. At transplanting trees I'm particularly great!"

After graduation from night school, Blair joined the Portland Civic Theater, and in the process of doing any menial jobs they might offer him, discovered the career he was to pursue. At this time, there was a well-known stock company in Portland called the Henry Duffy Players. After a time with the Portland Civic Theater, Blair managed to convince Henry Duffy that the thing he needed most in the chorus of his "No, No, Nanette" production was the questionable singing voice of one Blair Davies. Three weeks in the production convinced this teenager that here was the life for him.

"As I look back on it," Blair muses, "this was terrific background. I learned to do just about everything connected with a theater.

"Then, when I was twenty-one, I thought my lucky break had finally hit. As the result of a role in 'It's a Wise Child,' I got a Universal Pictures contract and went to Hollywood. I don't really know exactly what happened. Suffice it to say, it was not my lucky break. For six months, I sat on the lot. All I managed to wangle was a test with another unknown . . . Bette Davis. It was a scene

from 'Waterloo Bridge,' and was the first time either one of us had been before the camera. The result? Well, we were both fired two months later. If it hadn't been for Henry Duffy, I don't know what I'd have done.

"At the time I was released from my film contract, Mr. Duffy was in rehearsal with a revival of 'Irene.' Somehow or other I managed to talk him into believing I could dance . . . thereby getting a job in the chorus line. Actually, I couldn't dance a step, which soon became painfully obvious to the two boys on either side of me. At the first rehearsal break, they—John Jones and Karl Brigandi—took me aside and suggested that, if I'd stay out of their way for the rest of that rehearsal, they'd teach me to dance 'after hours.' During the next three weeks, no two people ever worked harder than John and Karl . . . and for no reason other than friendliness. Though we've lost contact, over the course of years, it pleases me to know that these two great guys have reached the tops in their respective professions—John as a record-breaking pilot, and Karl as a renowned orthopedic surgeon.

"Whatever success I've achieved I have always thought I owed in good measure to them. They could have let me fall flat on my face. After a disillusioning experience in Hollywood, and with hardly a copper in my pocket, if I had gone down, it might have been for the last time, as far as the theater was concerned."

The day came when "Irene" closed, and Blair, with renewed courage, returned to Hollywood and the Pasadena Community Playhouse. To eat at least somewhat regularly, he became an iceman.

Then it happened again. A friend held out a hand. Having heard of a radio audition which was in progress, this friend took up a post on a street corner which she knew was on Blair's delivery route. For well over an hour, she stood on the corner waiting. When he finally arrived, there was no longer time for him to change clothes, so—dripping wet in his ice-delivering clothes—Blair raced to the studio to win his first big radio role.

But, in 1936, the call of the legitimate theater became too great and, in November, he landed in New York, once again jobless. Being a fairly frugal person, Blair had salted away a fair portion of his \$200-a-week earnings while riding the crest in Hollywood. The next couple of years were lean. There were two short-

lived Broadway shows, an occasional radio spot, and a commercial movie or two. Eventually, his "see-me-through" reserve was gone and, like many another struggling young actor, he turned to the New York World's Fair for sustenance.

After a short period of ushering at the Westinghouse exhibit, Blair was given the opportunity to assist in the staging of the Westinghouse show. During the winter months, he was an associate producer for one of Westinghouse's advertising agencies, but spring found him back at the Fair.

The next two years were devoted to a wide variety of roles in stock and touring companies and, although Blair wasn't entirely unhappy on the road, he was grateful for the role as understudy for Fredric March, in "The Skin of Our Teeth."

"It certainly wasn't that I *wanted* anything to happen to Mr. March," Blair grins, "but I must admit I did have a premonition that something was going to happen. Exactly ten days after I was hired, it did—and I was in front of the footlights trying to take Mr. March's place. Believe me, that was a tough spot. Though I had memorized the lines and had watched all the performances, I had never had a third-act rehearsal. Until the curtain rose, the audience would not know that, instead of seeing the great Fredric March, they would be seeing a comparative unknown. They would have every right in the world to get up and demand a refund. Well, when my curtain call brought forth a couple of 'Bravos,' I was almost beside myself. I don't suppose anything will ever duplicate the thrill of that moment!"

"Perhaps that is as much as a person should expect of a show . . . or maybe even a lifetime. But 'Skin of Our Teeth' had still another great moment in it for me. After two weeks, Mr. March returned to the show. In front of everybody, he shook my hand and said: 'Florence tells

me you're getting some things out of the third act I completely overlooked. I'd like to discuss it with you, if I may.'

"I was so elated over these experiences that even Uncle Sam and his call to duty didn't depress me. In fact, as it turned out, I was probably one of the happiest men in the Army. I was assigned to help build the first Armed Forces radio station in the China-Burma-India Theater of Operations. I soon got to love India—the people, the culture, the lore. So much so, in fact, that after the war I almost left the theater to take a commercial job in India. However, I couldn't resist a lucky break—a lead in the road company of 'The Constant Wife.' By the time we returned to New York, the job was gone."

Which is, undoubtedly, just as well. By 1948, Blair had become one of New York's busiest actors. In that year alone, he did thirty-five TV shows, plus a number of industrial shows and commercial pictures.

Now, his heavy schedule with *The Brighter Day* curtails most of these activities. But, since he likes the Rev. Dennis role so much, Blair is quite content with the routine. "You see," he explains, "while in India, I read everything I could lay hands on regarding the various philosophies of the country. That led to heavy reading of other philosophies, and I now have an unusually well-rounded library on the subject. Needless to say, all this has helped immeasurably with my understanding of the role of Rev. Dennis, and I find this character a very satisfying experience—both as an actor and as a person."

"When the Reverend holds out a helping hand," says Blair Davies with devout sincerity, "I know it's not just 'theater' . . . after all, I, personally, have had hands held out to me, so I know *The Brighter Day's* philosophy is both good and sound . . . and makes for a better world to live in."

Glad Tidings

(Continued from page 39)
sister," Micki observes. "Even our noses are shaped alike." But, after the noses, there is no similarity in shape. Micki, crowned Queen of Hearts as an art student, is petite and very pretty. Dennis is a masculine-looking guy with the build of an ex-footballer and collegiate boxing champ.

"When we talk about the shape of things to come," Dennis added, "most of the speculation is about the sex of the baby."

"I'd like a little girl," said Micki.

"And I'd like to please Micki," Dennis noted. "At first, I thought I'd want a boy. But, after Micki put in her order, I began to look at girl babies—really see them—and there is something especially beautiful and delicate about them. Then, when you consider that a baby girl might be as pretty as Micki, it makes the idea even more desirable."

Dennis and Micki were being rather wistful, for the odds were against their having a girl. Doctors believe that the male parent determines the sex of a baby—and, if Dennis's side had its say, the females of the human race would practically be extinct. In three generations, there has been only one female born on his side of the family. Dennis is one of three sons. He has one child, a son, by a previous marriage. His brother, Frank Sposa, has two boys. His other brother, Lou Sposa, who is producer of *Chance Of A Lifetime*, has two boys—and the rare girl.

"So what?" Dennis smiled. "As you know, this is all just talk. Micki and I will love the baby just as much whether it's a boy or girl."

No one can doubt this, for Dennis has been talking babies ever since they were married on December 5, 1951. Micki, too. When she showed friends around their home in New Rochelle, she always added a footnote to her description of the sewing room, saying, "It's a temporary sewing room. We're saving it for a nursery."

Wanting a baby so much, they did a lot of planning. To avoid fuss, they decided that—when and if Micki became pregnant—they would keep it secret for four or five months. Then, last fall, they thought their hopes had come true. To make certain, Micki had a blood test. On October 18, she went to a laboratory and, on October 20, phoned the doctor for the results. The doctor confirmed it, and Micki immediately phoned Dennis at the studio.

"I picked up the phone and got the news," Dennis recalls, "and my face must have been a picture, because someone asked, 'What's happened, Dennis?' And I just answered, without thinking, 'We're going to have a baby.'" Dennis grinned. "Afterwards, I felt like a fool. Here I'd let it slip out, and Micki still had nearly eight months to go. And, of course, it leaked to the papers and we had to explain to relatives and friends why we hadn't told them first."

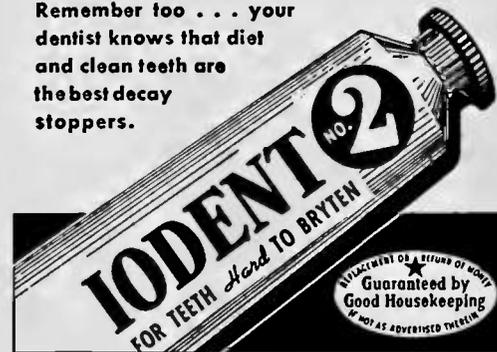
Dennis is very proud of Micki. Last year she was honored with an Adam's Rib Award, a trophy for the "most feminine woman behind the man." Since their wedding, she has never been more than forty-five minutes away from Dennis. And he has never made a trip on business or pleasure without her. Dennis has raised about four-and-a-half million dollars for



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charity on telethons in major cities. At every one of these all-night sessions, Micki has sat by in the theater or studio. Considering her devotion to Dennis it is hard to believe that she gave him a rough time when he courted her—but she did.

"Oh, Dennis overwhelmed me all right," she now admits. "But I thought: This man is too sophisticated for me; we live in different worlds."

Micki, the former Margery Crawford, grew up in New Castle, Pennsylvania. And she liked it. After high school, she went to Pittsburgh to study at the Art Institute. That was her first prolonged stay away from home. The second came when her father died. Then she and her mother went to Miami for a rest. That was in the summer of 1950. They liked Miami so much they decided to try it as a permanent home.

Thanksgiving of that same year, Dennis flew down to Miami Beach to convalesce after an operation. One evening he joined a friend at a party and Micki was there with her mother. Micki and Dennis were the only young people at the party and thus were thrown together. By the end of the evening, Dennis was in love. But it took a long time to convince Micki. This might be just "show business" suavity.

"Actually, I lost my first fear of Dennis early," she recalls. "I found that he was quite unaffected. He had good common sense, and he was sweet and considerate. When I was beginning to feel he was 'my kind of people,' I was startled to pick up a magazine one day and see a picture of Dennis describing him as one of the ten best-dressed men in the country. Oh, I was impressed by it. Maybe too impressed! Because I was indecisive again—and that, I think, was because I wasn't quite sure of myself."

Dennis commuted to Miami on weekends to court Micki. Finally, he convinced her it would be more practical if she moved to New York, where she'd have a better chance to decide whether she would like his kind of life. So, in April, five months after they met, Margery and Mrs. Crawford moved North again. Micki got a job as an artist. Mrs. Crawford, an artist with needle, began work as an interior decorator. And Dennis continued the courtship while showing Micki Manhattan.

"She went to New Castle for a visit in the fall," Dennis remembers. "I met her at the airport when she returned, and I said, 'Will you marry me?' And she said, 'Yes, I've been wondering when you were going to ask me.' Can you imagine that? I guess she hadn't heard me before!"

They were married in Fairfield, Connecticut, and moved into Dennis's bachelor apartment—which was decorated primarily with pictures of prizefighters. With the passing of winter, they began to house-hunt and eventually came upon a handsome home. It is on Echo Bay. The rear terrace sidles down to the water and a pier where Dennis ties up his boat. Between the pier and the house is a patio and a 20-by-45-foot swimming pool. The house itself is no less dramatic. The living room has a "cineramic" window that curves from wall to wall and extends from the floor to the ceiling, so that you have the illusion of sitting right over the bay. A half-level up from the living room is the master bedroom, with a balcony which also overlooks the bay. The Jameses breakfast here during good weather. Another half-level up is a modest room—but it is the most important of the day. It is the future nursery, formerly the sewing room.

The carpeting is a gray and yellow tweed. The walls are also yellow. Micki intends to let the carpet and wall stay as they are, but she will paint a nursery

mural on one wall. She is moving in, from other rooms in the house, a red upholstered sofa that can serve double-duty as a bed. Plus this, in the way of adult furniture, will be a big, comfortable chair for settling down with the baby—and a rocking chair for soothing the baby. The chests, bureaus and such will be small, nursery-size furniture.

Mrs. Crawford planned to cover the bassinet in tiers of white nylon marquise. Actually, this should be one of her last tasks in connection with Micki's pregnancy, for she has already made major contributions to Micki's wardrobe.

"Mother went shopping with me for maternity clothes," said Micki, "and we were disappointed with many of the things. Nearly all of the dressy clothes were in black, and Dennis hates black."

"Black has come to look like a uniform on pregnant women," Mrs. Crawford added, "and the color doesn't have anything to do with camouflage. A pregnant woman looks pregnant in any color, so we decided to buy some fabrics that were cheerful and make the clothes ourselves."

They chose French silk in fuchsia for one suit. Another was made of peau de soie, with a black skirt and ivory top figured in gold. A skirt was made of gray flannel to accommodate a variety of tops. Another two-piece outfit, which Mrs. Crawford designed as a cocktail dress, was made of pink polished cotton, a new satiny material. Mrs. Crawford trimmed the top in embroidered blue ribbon.

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Mrs. Crawford worked from regular patterns in size ten, rather than Micki's normal size eight.

"I haven't been making the usual 'kangaroo' skirts," she noted. "I've made the skirts so that they can be remodeled for ordinary wear after the baby comes. I do this by making a skirt with a two-panel front. I keep the bottom slim. But, from the bottom of the hips to the waist, I cut the center seams on a curve. Then I sew in two flat, two-inch seams on either side of the center seam, so that the pleats can be opened one at a time through the pregnancy. I leave a permanent opening on each side of the skirt with an adjustable waistband. After the baby comes, all I have to do is to cut out the curves, sew the front panels together, and we'll have a regular skirt."

Mrs. Crawford's first name is Mildred. Micki calls her "Mother" and Dennis calls her "Mim." She lives in a Manhattan apartment, but visits frequently with Micki and often weekends at their home. Both she and Dennis got a little revenge on Micki in the days of pregnancy.

"We're big eaters, all three of us," Dennis explained. "But Micki ate anything, including triple-malteds and never gained an ounce. Now she has to watch her weight. Her doctor wants her to keep her gain to twenty pounds."

In earlier days, Dennis was stopped from a second helping of potatoes by the relentless eye of Micki. Sometimes she would add, "It's not really worth it, Dennis." Or, "Mother, where's your will power?"

"She was merciless," Mrs. Crawford chuckles. "Now we give it right back to her. She's found out that you don't come by 'will power' that easily."

Dennis and Micki had few complaints about the way her pregnancy progressed. Micki had no morning sickness—not

even in the afternoon or evening. She suffered practically no discomfort. And they weren't restricted socially.

"Of course, no one believes the kind of life we lead," Dennis remarked. "Our whole existence centers around the house. Four nights a week, we're in bed by eight-thirty. Of course, we may stay up until one or two, reading and watching television in the bedroom. But you'll seldom find us in a night club."

The greatest adjustment to the new baby will have to be made by Candy, their fawn-colored boxer. "You know, you have to worry about a dog's jealousy," said Dennis, "just as you would have to be concerned with that of an older child."

Micki bought a life-sized doll and held it around Candy, rocking it or talking to it, hoping this would prepare Candy for the real infant. Candy seemed to understand and has been showing much less strain than Dennis. Dennis has been having a case of "first-baby nerves," even though this will be his second child. Dennis, Jr., is eleven years old. But when his child was born, on March 28, 1945, Dennis, Sr., was in the armed service and some three-thousand miles distant. So this is actually his first experience close at hand, and he hasn't been merely a cautious man but a most "precautious" one.

"In the beginning, he would hardly let me walk," Micki recalls. "He worried about my driving the car, climbing stairs, about how I sat and where I sat. Finally, the doctor told me to tell him I could do anything within reason, and he relented."

But Dennis's "first-baby nerves" have been aggravated no little by some of the participants on the recent afternoon show he did over CBS-TV. Participants were people who had unusual experiences, and this included women who had given birth in pick-up trucks, tree-houses and bargain basements. It wasn't funny to Dennis.

"Micki's doctor is in Manhattan," he pointed out, "her reservation is in the Doctor's Hospital in Manhattan. That's at least a forty-five minute drive from the house. Well, ordinarily, I'd never consider that as being far."

But there was one woman who told of her husband driving eighty miles an hour to get her to the maternity ward. She told him to slow down—and she gave birth to a baby in the car. He started up again, she ordered him to slow down once more—and gave birth to another baby.

"After hearing that story," said Dennis, "I decided we'd better move into the city a day or two before Micki was due."

But then another mother came on and told a similar story. Her husband was driving her to the hospital when she announced that she couldn't wait. Her husband not-so-calmly turned the car into a tree. She had the baby in the car, and everyone was fine afterwards—except the car and the husband. At that point, Dennis decided the Jameses would move into Manhattan in late May, since the baby was due about June 13 or a little after.

"Dennis will never be an indifferent father," Micki observed. "I know that if the baby so much as clucks during the night, Dennis will jump out of bed. He's naturally attentive around children. I've watched him play with kids at the pool. On Christmas, we always have twenty-five underprivileged children out for a party, and I've seen the way he waits on them and looks after them. Why, when we visit friends who have children, Dennis is right down on the floor playing with them."

"It's nice to know," she added, with a smile, "who'll walk the floor at four A.M."

Said Dennis, with deep sincerity, "God helped us to give the baby life. And, with God's help, he or she will make the most of it."

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