

RADIO-TV

MIRROR

December

N. Y. radio, TV listings

r. and Mrs. Warren Hull



**EXCLUSIVE: Audrey Totter's Marriage • Aunt Jenny
Christmas with Godfrey • Tom Moore as Santa Claus**



Joan
Alexander



Gene
Autry



Betty
Wragge

25¢

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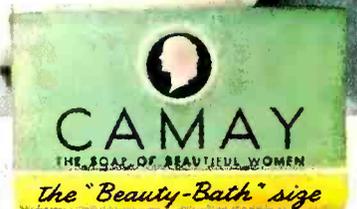
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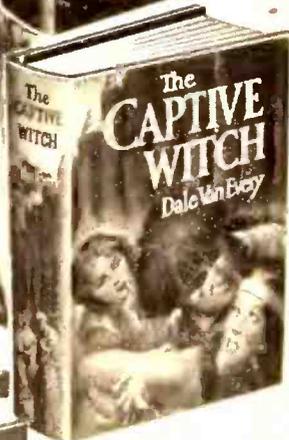
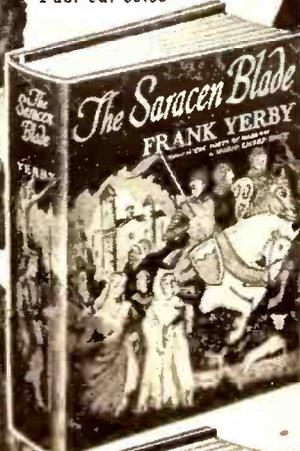
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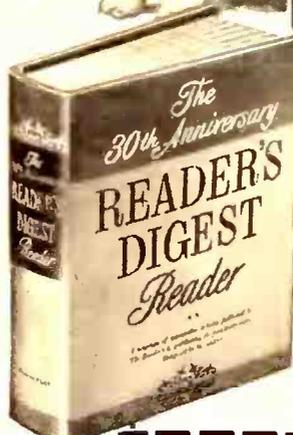
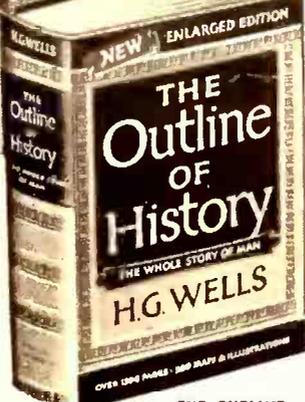
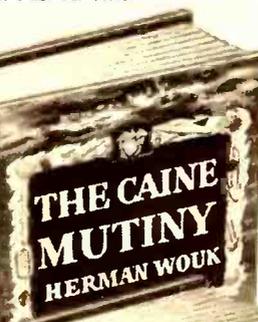
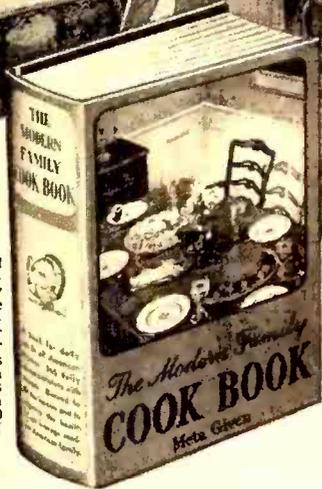
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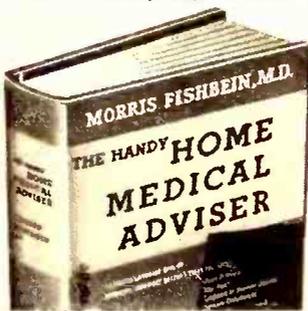
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Also send my first issue of *The Bulletin*, telling me about the new forthcoming one-dollar* selections and other bargains for members.

I may notify you in advance if I do not wish the following month's selections. The purchase of books is entirely voluntary on my part. I do not have to accept a book every month—only six a year. I pay nothing except \$1 for each selection I accept, plus a few cents shipping cost, (unless I choose an extra-value selection).

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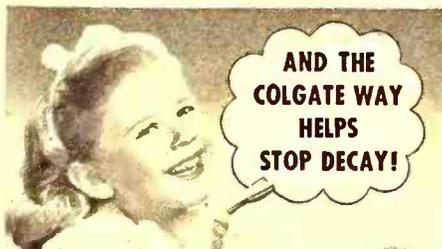
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COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
STOPS
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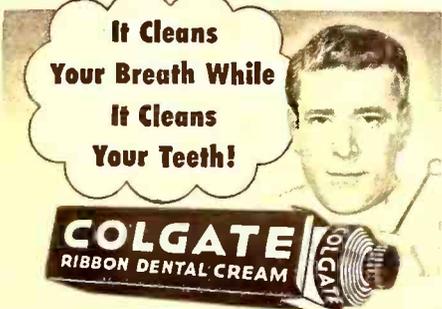
The Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating is the best home method known to help stop tooth decay! And Colgate's instantly stops bad breath in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth!



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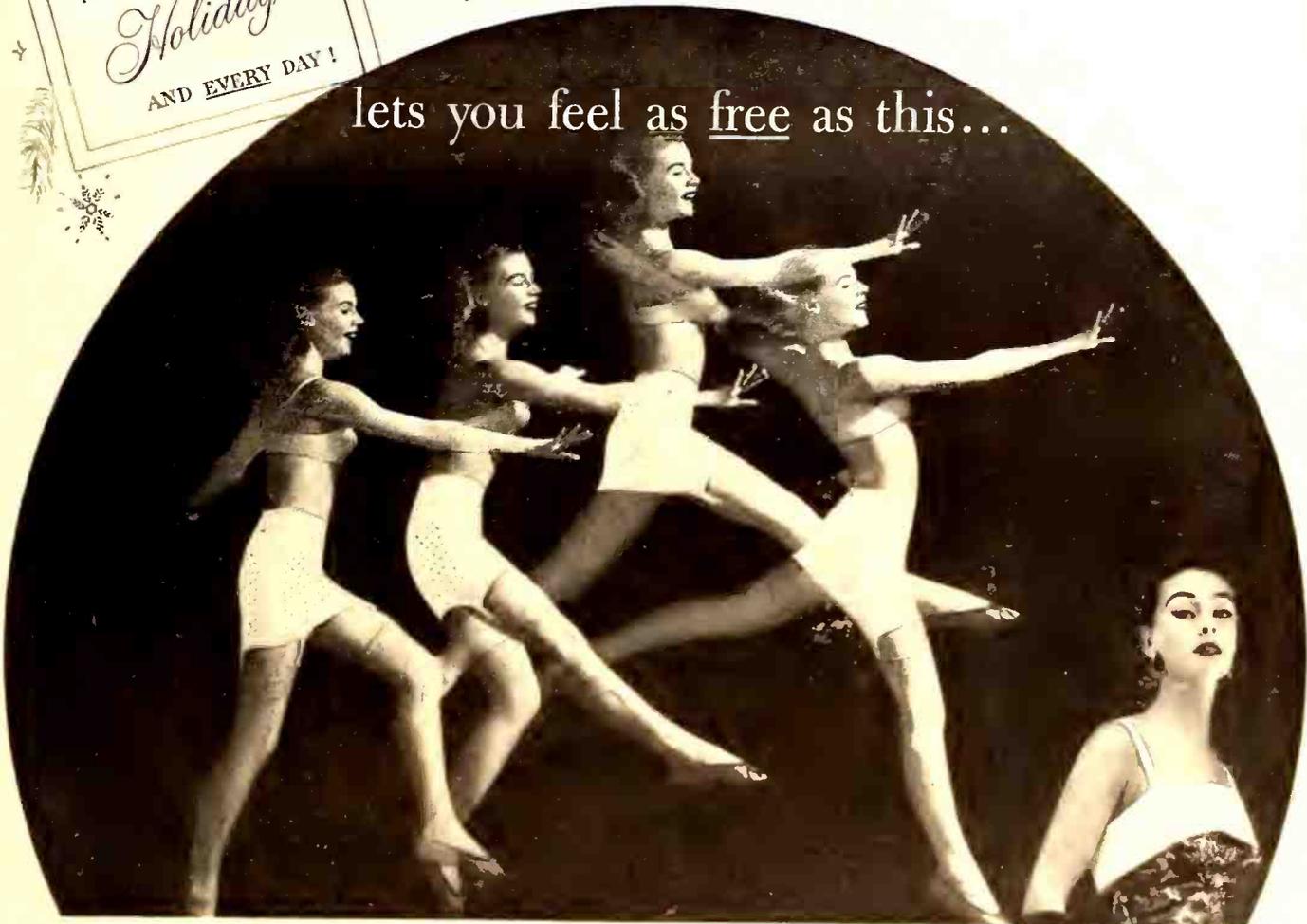
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R
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Holidays
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Only a **PLAYTEX®** Girdle

lets you feel as free as this...



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Victory at Sea



FOR THOSE who have sent up the hue and cry for some palatable educational fare on TV—NBC, in cooperation with the U.S. Navy, has come up with a series of programs which should keep some of TV's bitterest critics quiet for a spell.

On TV sets throughout the nation, viewers are seeing twenty-six half-hour episodes, dramatizing the sea battles which contributed to U. S. victory in World War II.

Titled *Victory at Sea*, the program is the first network-produced motion picture to present contemporary history in a dramatic manner with an especially created musical score. Producer of the series is Henry Salomon, historian, author and collaborator in the writing of fourteen-volume, *History of the United States Naval Operations in World War II*. Mr. Salomon wrote this work for the Navy, and received the Bancroft Prize for it. In addition, he was decorated by the Secretary of the Navy for his contribution to this important historical work. Salomon served six years in the Navy. He enlisted as a seaman in 1942 and was relieved from active duty as a lieutenant commander in 1948.

During his service, he was assigned to the office of the Secretary of the Navy and served three years in the Pacific, making six landings in major combat operations. After the surrender

of the Japanese, he was sent to Tokyo as personal representative of Secretary Forrestal and the Chief of Naval Intelligence to question Japanese leaders and make a study of their side of naval activity during the war.

The original music for *Victory at Sea* was written by Richard Rodgers, Pulitzer Prize-winning composer of more than thirty important Broadway musical shows, including the recent smash hits—"South Pacific," and "The King and I." This is his first original score written especially for TV, and in his own words, "It is a chance to serve the Navy and the nation." The music was arranged by Robert Russell Bennett for the NBC Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Bennett has been known for the last thirty years as the leading arranger of music for Broadway shows. He has arranged the scores of such distinguished composers as George Gershwin, Cole Porter, Jerome Kern, and Irving Berlin.

All of the talent which has been gathered for this production is top-notch. But more than that is the great enthusiasm everyone connected with the project has shown. For a long time, TV has needed an educational shot in the arm—and this NBC effort should be the beginning of the boom in such features.

Victory at Sea: seen Sundays at 3 P.M. EST, NBC-TV, sponsored by NBC and U. S. Navy.

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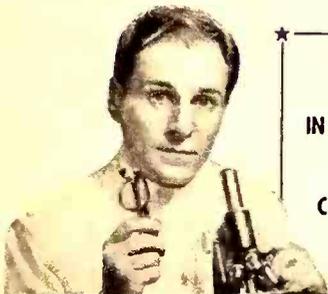


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Massage Palmolive Soap's extra-mild, pure lather onto your skin for 60 seconds. Rinse with warm water, splash with cold, and pat dry. Do this 3 times a day. It feels just right . . . is just right for your skin.

Palmolive... The "Chlorophyll Green" Soap With The Pure White Lather!

what's new from Coast



Rosemary ("Come On-A My House") Clooney looks a bit confused by Frank Fontaine's brand of daffiness.



Sgt. Tim Maloney (James Burke) and Inspector Mork Saber (Tom Conway) keep sharp eyes on doorway during the TV Mystery Theatre.

By JILL WARREN

JANE FROMAN is the star of a brand-new television show, U.S.A. Canteen, which is seen on CBS Tuesday nights. It's a variety format, with Alfredo Antonini's orchestra and top "name" guests, mainly those who have entertained men in uniform. And, with the cooperation of the Department of Defense, talented service men and women will be picked from the various bases around the country to appear on the program.

The Red Buttons Show is another new CBS entry on Tuesday nights, following the Canteen. Buttons has been a successful night-club comedian and his television try is strictly for laughs, with the emphasis on monologues and sketches, with a little music in between. These two programs are on opposite Milton Berle in most cities, so you may have to switch channels a bit in order to catch part of each.

The John J. Anthony Hour has returned to the air on Sunday nights, over Mutual. Mr. Anthony, the man who makes trouble his career, once again will take up the problems and woes of his listeners.

For lighter entertainment Sunday evenings, Cafe Istanbul is back on ABC Radio, again starring Marlene Dietrich. By the way, have you heard La Dietrich's recording, with Rosemary Clooney, of "Too Old To Cut The Mustard"? The "glamour grandma" really swings out.

NBC has set up a most impressive program for its Television Opera Theatre in the 1952-1953 series. There will be eight presentations, including a repeat performance of Gian-Carlo Menotti's phenomenally successful "Amahl and the Night Visitors." This will be done in December, probably near Christmas

to Coast

time. Menotti is presently searching for another Amahl, since thirteen-year-old Chet Allen, who sang the role twice last season, is no longer a soprano. The opera telecasts will be offered monthly on Sunday afternoons, and all of them will be in English.

Speaking of better music, Mutual's Chicago Theatre of the Air has returned to the Saturday-night radio schedule. The program is now in its thirteenth consecutive opera-opera season, and about thirty operas and operettas will be presented in this series.

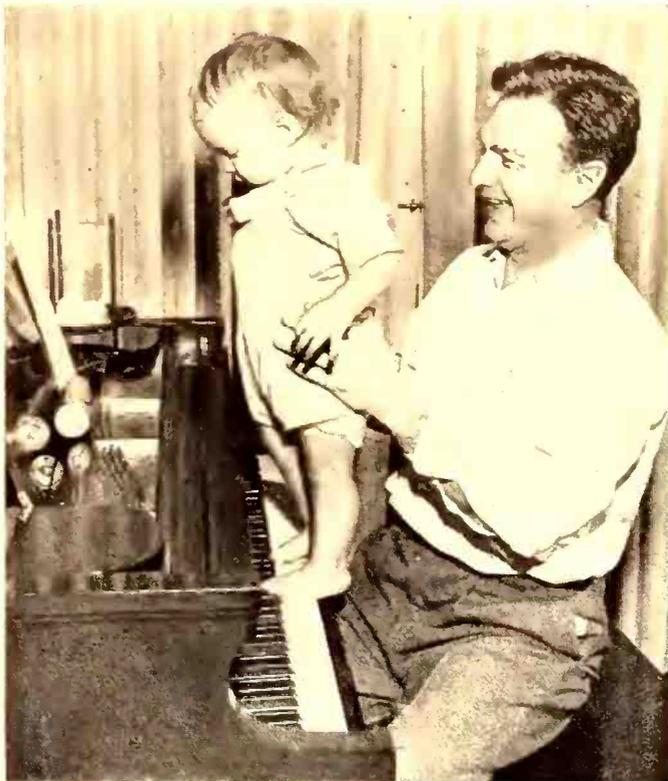
You can still attend the Metropolitan Opera every week, via your radio, when ABC resumes its popular Met programs November 29. "Carmen" has been pencilled in for the first broadcast.

If you like your newscasts television-style, there's a whopper of a show on the ABC network called All-Star News. It will be seen four-and-a-half-hours a week, on Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Sunday evenings, at different times each of those nights. The whole operation is master-minded by Louis Ruppel, former editor of *Collier's* Magazine, and his stable of commentators and analysts includes such well-known names as Elmer Davis, Martin Agronsky, Pauline Frederick, Paul Harvey, Taylor Grant, Austin Kiplinger, and many others. All-Star News is all-inclusive in its approach, with the cameras switching from city to city to cover—in addition to news—sports, entertainment, science and fashions. The guests are top news personalities of note, from all fields.

Eddie Albert has temporarily deserted the movies and the stage for a fling at television. He has just begun a new (Continued on page 13)



Show folk are proud of Roy Rogers and Dole Evans, keeping up a heavy schedule—and a brave front—despite their recent tragic loss.



Eddie Albert, during one of his rare hours of relaxation, shows little Ed how to play the piano with expert footwork.

HAY ISLAND HOLIDAY

with the Fitzgeralds



PEGEEN FITZGERALD comes from a family of seven children, and Christmas for Pegeen has always meant a house swarming with youngsters—a “cut-and-come-again cake” and some “glug.” The youngsters were Pegeen’s sisters and brothers—now all grownups with children of their own spread out all over the country—and neighbors’ children in whatever community Pegeen’s father happened to be building at the time. He used to bring folks over from all parts of Europe, sell them land and set up communities for them. It was from a Scandinavian group that Pegeen learned how to make “glug.”

“Glug” is a potent drink served with flames curling over the top of the mug. The “cut-and-come-again cake” is a fluffy item Pegeen’s mother used to make back in Ireland. Since those days in her youth when Christmas was a rousing child-

filled holiday, Pegeen became Mrs. Edward Fitzgerald, rose in the ranks of women’s broadcasters (Ed and Pegeen Fitzgerald can be viewed on WJZ-TV) and is now recognized as an outstanding style expert. Her days are busy—either in her cheerful office overlooking the East River, or attending authors’ parties, previews, fashion shows. But the one day Pegeen and Ed keep open is Christmas.

Each Christmas for several years now, the Fitzgeralds have played hosts to eight children from St. Elizabeth’s Orphanage on Staten Island. The children visit them at their beautiful Hay Island home, and Santa flies in by plane with gifts and goodies. Since the first group of eight shy youngsters got their fill of joy and victuals, there have been many others. The first visitors are now grown and on their way in marriage or careers.



Santa usually arrives by seaplane when he delivers the gifts to Hay Island folks.



For a more-fun way to wrap Christmas packages —

- Play post-office Plan a wrapping bee

When presents for the family start piling up in your clothes closet, chances are your study-buddies have the same problem! So ask the gang to come on-a your house, toting their packages and various types of paper. Supply the scissors, paste, ribbons; award prizes for the most original "jobs." Gift-wrapping a la gang is fun. Even at "calendar" time . . . if you're comfortable, with Kotex. This napkin's made to stay soft while you wear it; gives you chafe-free softness that holds its shape!

Are you in the know?



What gift bracelet should you choose?

- Wide Chunky Slim

Your best pal Pudge rates something special, you decide. Like that big, chunky bangle (so dashing!). But think . . . will it flatter her hands? If they're short, a broad, heavy bracelet will give her mitts a sawed-off look. Choose a style that's suited to Pudge. Same as on difficult days you choose your own special absorbency of Kotex: the one that's right for you. (Regular, Junior or Super.)



What togs to pack for a house party?

- Strictly sports Date duds only

You cram your suitcase with glamour stuff: only to find yourself freezing on a hayride! Learn what's planned beforehand, then pack appropriate duds. At certain times, however you're togged, you'll be confident—for those flat pressed ends of Kotex banish revealing outlines. Your new Kotex belt adds extra comfort, too. It's made with soft-stretch elastic; non-twisting, non-curling!



Know the jinx in this jalopy?

- Cosonovo Four's o crowd Tootin' twosome

Happy New Year? Huh-uh. Here are the makings of a crash landing! (See all answers above.) The car's crowded: bad for careful driving. Raucous blasts add more distraction. And how can a highway Casanova keep his mind on the road? Avoid such hazards! Also, why risk problem day "accidents"—when extra-absorbent Kotex gives extra protection with a special safety center?

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins



Have you tried new Delsey toilet tissue—now nicer than ever! Each tissue tears off evenly—no shredding. It's luxuriously soft and absorbent—like Kleenex tissues. And Delsey's double-ply for extra strength.





Nothing finer than Dinah Shore's lilting voice—on dial, disc or channel.

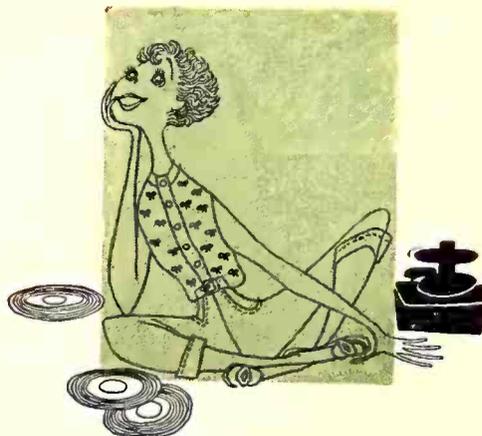
WHAT'S

By CHRIS WILSON

WHETHER we've just picked the bones off a Thanksgiving turkey or are finishing up the last wrapping on a Christmas package, there is no time like holiday time for music. Whether it's one of the old exciting pop recordings or an old sentimental "Deck the Halls with Boughs of Holly" type piece, a record is the ideal gift for telling your hostess how much you've enjoyed being invited to her party, and for telling your relatives you still remember their musical taste at Christmas time. This year the companies have a wonderful selection of albums for every age group—dear junior who dotes on gun-toting Hopalong Cassidy-type dramas, or his tinier sister who insists that the good fairy sit beside her as she munches her graham cracker, through the jive-happy or cry-happy sox set to the oldsters and their more melodic preferences for the fine classics.

Albums To Know About:

RCA's collection includes Eddie Fisher's "I'm In The Mood For Love"—eight songs, with "Hold Me" and "I've Got You Under My Skin" our top favorites in the group. Vaughn Monroe's "Caravan," with that perennial favorite, "Riders In The Sky," and "Cool Water." Spike Jones—mad as ever—with "Bottoms Up," which has six nationalities represented in whacky spiked-up melody. "Let's Dance Tonight," Freddy Martin's contribution to the polished-floor-scratching set who look for smooth melodies with which to sway. "Rio Rita" and "A Connecticut Yankee," Al Goodman with Earl Wrightson and Elaine Malbin rendering old favorite hits for musical-comedy collectors. The same company's "Hardback Storybook" series will be a must for harassed Christmas shoppers who can't think of a thing to give the little dears with which relatives keep adding to the census. "Peter Pan" and "Adventures in Music" are already released with more in preparation. You've probably already planned on using the six-in-one series from RCA Victor, which includes not only recordings but an illustrated storybook, outlined pictures to be colored, a special puppet theatre with hand puppets, and dummy admission tickets. If you haven't seen them, go be as intrigued as the gift recipient with Burr Tillstrom's two, "Kukla, Fran and Ollie and the Wishing Well" and his "Kukla, Fran and Ollie at the Fair." There are ten albums in all to choose from. . . . Out in time to fill a jive-addict's stocking with joy



SPINNING?



is MGM's two-volume release of Woody Herman's 1946 Carnegie Hall concert. MGM has effectively captured the Christmas heart, too, with their albums of Christmas Chimes which were recorded at the St. Mary Magdalene Church in London. The chimes ring out a joyous list including "Adestes Fideles," "The First Noel," "It Came upon a Midnight Clear" and six others. "While Shepherds Watched," with the Canterbury Choir, is beautifully done and includes songs little known in this country—along with the traditional "Away in a Manger," and "We Three Kings of Orient Are." Designed to fit the listening audience from lisping toddler to grandpa is an album called simply "Merry Christmas," recorded by seven top MGM artists. Jimmy Durante, Judy Garland, Tommy Tucker, Lauritz Melchior, and David Rose and his orchestra are just a few. Strictly for the lispers is Lionel Barrymore and "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves"—come to think of it, every child, regardless of age, will enjoy this one. . . . From Mercury comes the Olympian series, featuring the "living presence" of great orchestras, great musicians. Latest are two recordings by the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Antal Dorati; "Tchaikovsky Symphony No. 5" comprises one long-playing record, and "Mendelssohn's Symphony No. 4" and the "Mozart Symphony No. 40 in G Minor." Very exciting music.

Incidental Intelligence:

When the snobbish teenster makes a crack about the fact that "nobody, but nobody, listens to that old classical junk," remind the little know-it-all that Andre Kostelanetz' Columbia Masterworks recordings have sold over the twenty-million mark. Then, with courage in the fact of numbers, add Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" recordings which Kostelanetz has just had released to your collection. Speaking on the classical side, RCA Victor's "Gilbert and Sullivan Overtures," their great combinations, and Jascha Heifetz' "Bruch's Concerto No. 1 in G Minor, Op. 26," are must additions for classic addicts.

Record Check List:

All ten should be your platter meat—if you own all of them, you're serving up a neat dish of pops with your conversation. Eight—and your turntable is slipping. Six—and how can you resist the temptation to

(Continued on page 13)



Doris Day's another lovely triple-threater, winning her letter in radia, films, recards.



Off to entertain traaps in Korea—but Private Eddie Fisher left Xmas gifts far all—a full album, a "heavenly" platter (described in story).



little tricks

FOR BIG EVENINGS

A cute trick herself, Buff Cobb Wallace has a large bag of same, filled with holiday beauty hints



Mike and Buff, breezy husband-and-wife team, are equally at home as TV performers, narrators, interviewers, emcees.

A GAL with a special holiday kind of sparkle all year round, charming Buff Cobb lets herself go all-out for glamour during the festive Christmas season. "It's the time I love to experiment with the slightly off-beat kind of thing you couldn't get away with except in a gala mood," says Buff, who—with her husband Mike Wallace—headlines the Mike and Buff program five days a week on CBS-TV.

"Ever since I was a teenager," recalls Buff, who was born Patrizia Cobb Chapman, granddaughter of writer Irvin S. Cobb, "I always saved enough out of my clothes budget to have a brand-new dress around December 15. Something wonderful and gay like a green or red velvet, to give me a lift. Because usually, by that time, I've been dragging my fall wardrobe around for months and it doesn't feel very festive.

"It's the time, too, when I use my little black dress as a background for something sort of mad, like a crown of silver leaves or gold dust sprinkled in my hair. A couple of years ago I had a wonderful time with stockings with gold sequin heels and toes for open shoes!"

No slouch in the beauty department, Buff still has to

cope with that puffy, tired look a round of holiday parties bestows on all of us. "When I'm going out after a hard day's work and maybe some late nights, I lie down with a cotton pad soaked in witch hazel over each eye and a wash cloth filled with chunks of ice on top. After twenty minutes the tired look is all gone and, what's more, I *feel* human, too. I picked that one up out in Hollywood, getting up at 5:45 A.M. to get to the studio in the morning!"

Another favorite trick of Buff's—this one learned from Tallulah Bankhead—is guaranteed to give anyone a starry-eyed look. Instead of darkening eyelids with shadow, the idea is to *lighten* them, just above the lashes, with a faint streak of make-up foundation. Then comes the shadow, in a brown or lavender shade, just under the brows for a naturally shadowed effect. Makes them look enormous!

"My top favorite party trick," she says, "is one I learned from my mother. "You know how your feet sort of give out halfway through an evening of dancing? Try bringing along a change of shoes and stockings in a little bag you can check till you need them. It feels like changing to a fresh pair of feet!"

by Harriet Segman

What's Spinning?

(Continued from page 11)

give Mom a few rousing suggestions for her Christmas list—from her to you?

1. "Faith Can Move Mountains" and "Love Me," for Columbia, with Johnnie Ray. Johnnie has already demonstrated side number one, and his plea to "Love Me" has already been answered by every teenager.

2. Patti Page and Rusty Draper, together for Mercury, with "Wedding Bells Will Soon Be Ringing" and "Release Me."

3. "Outside of Heaven" and "Lady of Spain," recorded by Eddie Fisher for RCA Victor. You're really outside of heaven if you haven't heard it.

4. With "Fool, Fool, Fool" and "Kay's Lament" done in her enticing way, Kay Starr comes through for Capitol once again.

5. "Because You're Mine" and "I'm Never Satisfied," recorded for Capitol by the king of them all—who else but Nat "King" Cole?

6. Tony Bennett came out with "Have a Good Time" and "Please My Love" for Columbia. Have a good time and buy this.

7. "Who Kissed Me Last Night?" by Rosemary Clooney, recorded for Columbia. Its platter-mate that really rates is "Blues in the Night." You'll have the blues if your friends find out you don't have it.

8. "Meet Mr. Callahan" and "Take Me in Your Arms" rate a hand for Les Paul and Mary Ford. This recording by Capitol has it.

9. "Melancholy Trumpet" and "Goin' Home," by Harry James, are for you jazz-minded fans. This recording for Columbia is terrific.

10. Billy May, for Capitol, recorded "The Fat Man Mambo" and "Orchids in the Moonlight." That mambo does something to me.

What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 7)

half-hour show for CPS-TV Saturday nights, called Leave It To Lester. It's a situation comedy with Albert in the humorous role of a shoe salesman who is surrounded by his wife, five kids, and in-laws in his private life.

NBC has temporarily postponed Baby Snooks, which was to have started this fall on both radio and TV. The network acquired the rights to the title and character from the estate of the late Fanny Brice, who made Snooks famous. The main problem has been casting, and so far NBC hasn't found anyone of name value to play the comical Baby. When and if the show does get set, Hanley Stafford definitely will play his old role of Snooks' harassed father.

Well, sooner or later everybody, but everybody, seems to go into television. And now it's Vice-President Alben W. Barkley, no less, who has signed a deal for a program to begin after the new administration takes over. The show, which possibly may be heard on radio, too, will be non-political in format and will feature the Veeep as a commentator on current affairs and personalities behind them. Mrs. Barkley will appear with her husband from time to time, along with celebrated guests. It is also planned that part of the show will be on film, to be photographed at the Barkley farm near Paducah, Kentucky.

(Continued on page 25)

"UPSET STOMACH doesn't Slow Me Down..."



...I'm Wise - I Alkalize with Alka-Seltzer

BRAND

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Bright, tangy ALKA-SELTZER quickly soothes and settles upset stomach. Its gentle buffers reduce stomach acidity...enough but not too much. ALKA-SELTZER brings fast, pleasant relief from indigestion.

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**WITHOUT
BOUNCE-BACK
OF EXCESS ACIDITY**

for HEARTBURN

**ACID INDIGESTION • UPSET STOMACH
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Relief from **HEADACHE
COLD DISCOMFORTS
MUSCULAR ACES**

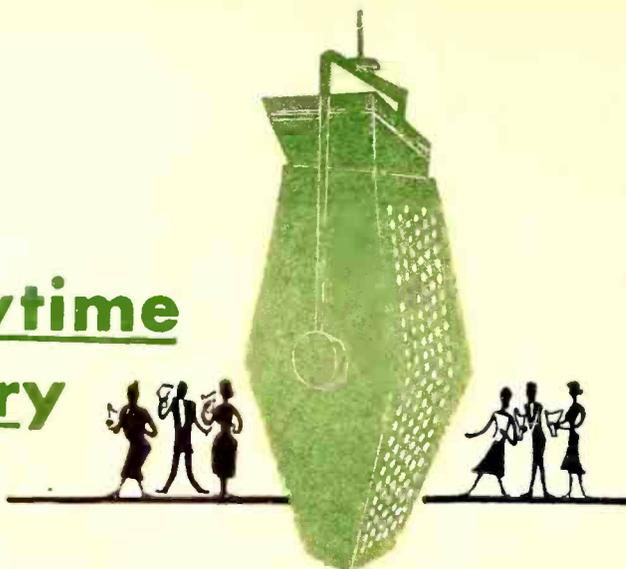


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Elkhart, Indiana



ALL DRUG STORES U.S. and CANADA

Daytime diary



AUNT JENNY Two girls in love with the same man create a situation that can not help but lead to trouble for someone. In a recent story, Aunt Jenny told of a triangle made even more complicated by the fact that the two girls were identical twins. The Stillman girls not only looked alike, but acted alike and had led identical lives—until Larry came along. What unexpected changes did love make for all three of them? M-F, 12:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Long ago Mary Noble faced the fact that the wife of a successful, handsome actor will always have rivals for her husband's affection. Secure in the knowledge of Larry's love, Mary has managed to create a normal, happy home life until recently. What will happen now as glamorous Judith Venable, Larry's leading lady, makes a very definite attempt to break up the Nobles' marriage? M-F, 4 P.M. EST, NBC.

BIG SISTER Though the shock of John's illness is a difficult one for Ruth Wayne to bear, she finds it made somewhat easier as she becomes more involved in her work at the Health Centre. From time to time, however, she wonders if she made the right decision when she agreed to work in John's place as Dr. Roger Marlowe's administrative assistant. Is Roger more interested in Ruth than he's revealed? M-F, 1 P.M. EST, CBS.

BRIGHTER DAY The famous surgeon, Dr. Robert Cunningham, plays a key part in two young lives as Althea Dennis becomes his patient and Dr. Tom Gordon, his junior resident at New York's Memorial Hospital. What will be the effect on Althea's life if Dr. Cunningham succeeds in restoring her ability to walk? And what will be the effect on Tom Gordon when he learns that Dr. Cunningham is his real father? M-F, 2:45 P.M. EST, CBS. M-F, 9:45 A.M. EST, NBC.

DOCTOR'S WIFE Has a doctor any business to concern himself with ethical problems not directly connected with the health of his patients? Dr. Dan Palmer's practice had been growing very satisfactorily until just such a problem arose, and his young wife Julie is entirely in accord with his stand. Will the career for which they have both worked so hard be ruined by Dan's refusal to compromise? M-F, 5:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL David Farrell is star reporter for a big metropolitan newspaper. That's his job, and he loves it. But somehow David can't keep his knack for crime detection under control, and the police have learned by now to welcome him and his wife Sally when they turn up on a story. In their current case, however, the Farrells come within a hairline of losing out to one of the cleverest criminals they've ever tracked down. M-F, 5:15 P. M. EST, NBC.

GUIDING LIGHT How difficult will it be for Cathy Roberts to stop blaming herself for the death of the boy to whom she was so briefly and hopelessly married? Has Dick Grant waited too long before declaring his independence from his mother's interference? As Cathy's stepmother, Meta longs to offer help, but fears that she will only stir up the girl's resentment. M-F, 1:45 P.M. EST, CBS.

HILLTOP HOUSE Dr. Ricky Browning's charm has captivated not only Julie Paterno, head matron of Hilltop House, but all the orphans under her care. Delighted at the way she and Ricky appear to be moving toward a life together, Julie does not immediately perceive the factors that may threaten the happiness she expects. Will spoiled, pretty Doreen Gordon be willing to give up the plans she had made for Ricky's future? M-F, 3 P.M. EST, CBS.

JUST PLAIN BILL By befriending Paul Norton, Bill Davidson runs into trouble not only with Paul's family but with his own, as his daughter Nancy insists that Paul's prison record is reason enough for Bill to turn against him. Was Paul really guilty of the manslaughter charge for which he served two years? Was he in love with the wife of the man who died? What does his sister Virginia know about it? M-F, 5 P.M. EST, NBC.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL Chichi, trying to help out financially during Papa David's illness, stumbles on a particularly conscienceless racket. When she learns some of its details from Marian Keller, Chichi and her editor friend Doug Norman embark on an indignant campaign to expose the truth about some so-called model agencies. What happens to the many pretty, ambitious girls who are not as quick as Chichi to recognize danger? M-F, 3 P.M. EST, NBC.

LORENZO JONES Like any married couple, Belle and Lorenzo Jones have had their differences, but never in Belle's most exasperated moments did she envision life without Lorenzo. The tragic lapse of memory suffered by Lorenzo after an attack by vengeful criminals has turned Belle's life into a suspenseful nightmare. Will she discover in time just where and how Lorenzo is building his new existence? Or will she have to make one for herself? M-F, 5:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

MA PERKINS Once again Ma has cause to observe that where human beings are concerned there is almost no such thing as a clean-cut beginning or ending. The Pendleton divorce trial is over, but its repercussions still influence the lives that were touched by it. Will Gladys Pendleton make the right decision about her own future, or will the course of her parents' marriage influence her too much? M-F, 1:15 P.M. EST, CBS.



Dial Soap keeps complexions clearer by keeping skin cleaner!



OUR GAL SUNDAY The last time Craig Norwood, Sunday's old suitor, re-appeared in her life, he caused a serious misunderstanding between Sunday and her husband, Lord Henry Brinthrope. Now that Craig has come again to Fairbrook, with his young wife June, Sunday cannot help feeling somewhat apprehensive. Craig has become a strange, mysterious personality. Has he some definite plan to destroy Sunday's happiness? M-F, 12:45 P.M. EST. CBS.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY Pepper and his wife Linda, who are themselves in the midst of a period of marital difficulty, realize with dismay how outsiders can influence the course of a marriage when Pepper's sister Peggy and her husband Carter are brought almost to the brink of disaster by the interference, both direct and indirect, of Carter's mother, Mrs. Ivy Trent. Has Ivy at last learned the lesson she needs? M-F, 3:30 P.M. EST. NBC.

PERRY MASON Just what is the connection between the Blazing Heart and the Lonely Hearts? How can a fabulous ruby be involved with an organization that provides friendship for those who are too timid to find it for themselves? Even though Perry Mason may eventually find the key to this curious connection, will it bring him any closer to the mysterious, well-protected man? M-F, 2:15 P.M. EST. CBS.

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS Carolyn Nelson, returning from her dangerous assignment just in time to see her husband, Governor Miles Nelson, collapse from overstrain, is appalled when she at last realizes the forces attempting to divide them. What have her enemies managed to make Miles believe during her absence? Has Miles really lost sight of the boundless faith and love on which their marriage was originally built? M-F, 3:45 P.M. EST. NBC.

(Continued on page 24)

Dial's AT-7 (Hexachlorophene) removes blemish-spreading bacteria that other soaps leave on skin.

The cleaner your skin, the better your complexion.

And mild, fragrant Dial with AT-7 gets your skin cleaner and clearer than any other kind of soap.

It's as simple as that. Of course Dial's bland *beauty-cream* lather gently removes dirt and make-up, giving you scrupulous cleanliness to overcome clogged pores and blackheads. But Dial does far more!

Here's the important *difference*: when you use Dial every day, its AT-7 effectively clears skin of bacteria that often aggravate and spread surface pimples and blemishes. Skin doctors know this and recommend Dial for both adults and adolescents.

Protect your complexion with fine, fragrant Dial Soap.



Josephine McCarthy of WNBT preparing for her own Christmas feast.

a Family affair

JOSEPHINE MCCARTHY, WNBT's cooking expert and star of her own morning show, Monday through Friday, has a Christmas message which seems characteristic of her own personal mode of living and her relationships with other people. It is this: "Have a family Christmas."

Josephine realizes that many people are alone during the holiday season, because their families are in other parts of the country, or because they have no families. To these people, she says, "Make it a family affair anyway." The home

economist suggests to anyone whose budget and time are limited to go right ahead with plans for inviting friends for a Yuletide feast. According to Josephine, all a person needs is a pencil and paper to figure costs, and a shopping wagon in a well-stocked super market.

Here is her plan for a de luxe Christmas dinner within reach of most pocketbooks:

Hot spiced cider cocktail, crisp celery, and green and black olives. Now get to that can shelf, and buy some consomme or creamed chicken soup—add popcorn before serving for a festive touch. Now drop over to the neighborhood rotisserie or a restaurant with take-out service, and order a roasted turkey. At the frozen foods counter, you can get buttered mashed squash and some buttered brussels sprouts—ready to heat and serve. Candied sweets come in cans, too—add a bit of butter and a dash of brown sugar, and simmer over a low oven flame. Buttered pearl onions come canned, and taste good when heated in heavy cream or milk; canned cranberry sauce comes in jellied or "old fashioned" style. Get some lettuce and tomatoes for a salad; serve with prepared dressing. Pick up some rolls from the bakery. And for a really elegant touch, order some sherbet, which can be kept in your freezer. End the meal with a traditional Christmas plum pudding, canned, of course.

To assemble all these foods requires no actual cooking skill, which means that a working woman (or man—why not?) can plan to provide a Merry Christmas celebration for friends, and herself, without spending too much time, money or effort. And a "family Christmas is the merriest kind," concludes Josephine McCarthy.

Stays Bright!
Stays Moist!
Stays On!



New! **Cashmere Bouquet**
French Type

NON-SMEAR LIPSTICK

Now your lips can be more exciting, more inviting than ever... and *stay* that way all day long! Just smooth on the new Cashmere Bouquet French-Type Non-Smear Lipstick and see how the color flows on your lips so easily, so evenly, so luscious-bright! And here's the beauty-miracle: it won't smear, it won't dry, and it *won't come off!*

New Cashmere Bouquet is the French-Type Non-Smear Lipstick you can use with *confidence*... for lips that call for kisses... for lips that stay soft and creamy-smooth... for lips that *won't tell secrets!*



Contains
"Lip-caressing" Lanolin!

6 Fashion-Right Shades

Just 39¢

For Caressable Hands
Use *Cashmere Bouquet*
HAND LOTION



Absorbs like a lotion—
Softens like a cream,
Makes even
"Sandpaper Hands"
Feel Caressable
in 10 Seconds!

Paintings by your favorite stars now on Hallmark Christmas Cards

They're all in the Hallmark Hollywood Star Box

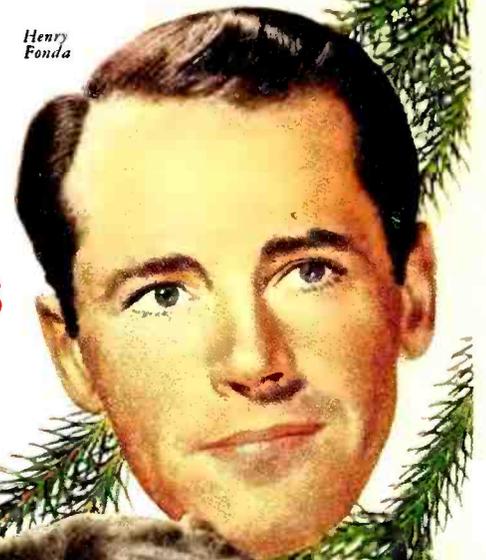
Painting is a hobby with these stars. Groucho Marx sketches between rehearsals at the studio. Fred MacMurray likes to get up early in the morning and paint before breakfast. Jane Wyman finds paint brushes, oils and canvas the perfect companions between pictures. And Henry Fonda went to art school long before he became an actor.

Hallmark Cards asked each one of these stars to design a Christmas card they would like to receive—and the Hollywood Star Box is the result.

There are twelve Christmas cards in the Hollywood Star Box, three reproductions of each of the paintings by the four stars. Groucho paints an amusing candy-cane house; Fred, a winter landscape; Jane and Henry... well, why don't you see for *yourself* how the stars paint?

You'll find the Hollywood Star Box for \$1.00 at all the fine stores that feature Hallmark Cards. It's only one of many, many exclusive Hallmark styles you can buy in boxes. And there are lots of Hallmark boxes priced as low as 59 cents. So, no matter what limits your budget may have, your Christmas cards can have Hallmark on the back... the famous Hallmark that tells your friends, "You cared enough to send the very best"!

Henry
Fonda



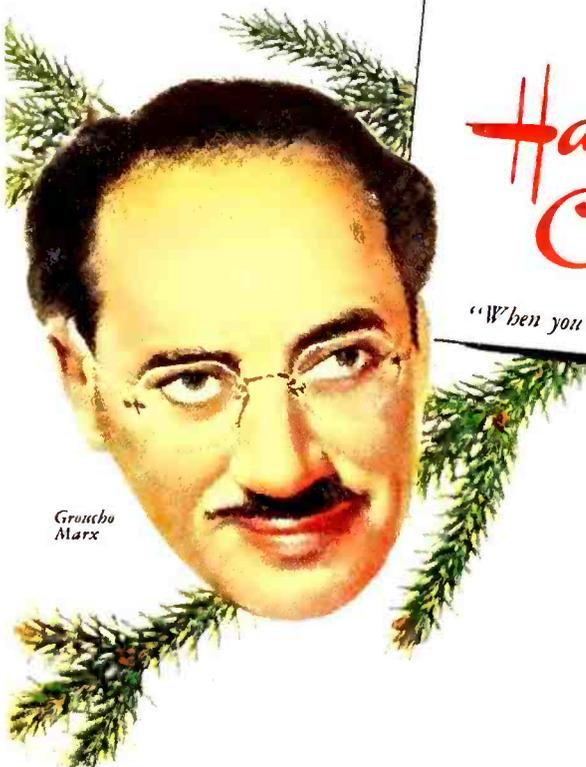
Jane
Wyman



Fred
MacMurray



Groucho
Marx



See these other Hallmark Christmas Cards in boxes:

DESIGNS BY:

Grandma Moses
Norman Rockwell
Currier & Ives

Herb Olsen
Earl Bailly
Andrew Szoce

Winston Churchill
Paul Gaertner
Steinberg

VERSES BY:

Edgar Guest

AND

The Kodachrome Box
The Shadow Box
The Poodle Box

Mr. and Mrs. Box
Religious Box
The Big Value Box

The Comic Box
The Thrifty Box
The Parchment Box

Deck the halls



Heloise Parker Broeg of WEEI decks the mantel of her charming Boston home.

HELOISE PARKER BROEG, Mother Parker of WEEI's Food Fair, is one of the many people who look forward to Christmas all year. And to her, Boston is one city which seems to capture the spirit of the holiday, from the carol-singing on Beacon Hill to the gaily-decorated old houses all over town.

To Heloise, Christmas is most of all the holiday of the heart. As she puts it, "The warm smile that speaks . . . the assurance of life promised by the evergreen trees . . . the security of affection through gift selection . . . and the feeling of *today* instead of *yesterday* or *tomorrow* with which we create so much anxiety in our daily struggles."

Because leaves have always symbolized to her the beauty and spirit of life, Heloise has stored up some facts about the plants associated with Christmas. Holly with berries on it, if brought into the house on Christmas day, is believed to bring good luck

the whole year 'round. The mistletoe brings mirth into the home—and in folklore the delicate green plant was flown to earth by the thrush, where it wrapped itself around a tree and has clung there ever since. For the symbol of the holiday in the home, the Christmas tree itself, legend relates that the balsam fir was selected when the Lord sent His three messengers . . . Faith, Hope and Love . . . to seek a tree as high as Faith, as eternal as Hope, and as widespread as Love, and which bore the Sign of the Cross on every bough.

The other field in which Heloise is more than somewhat of an authority is homemaking—and it is as the homemaker that she selected her gift to the readers of RADIO-TV MIRROR. It is a recipe for a delectable pie to be served on Christmas day. With the recipe comes Mrs. Broeg's wish for a very Merry Christmas for everyone, and the hope that peace on earth will really be achieved.

Whipping up some delightful pie.



MRS. BROEG'S EGG NOG CHIFFON PIE

- 1 pre-baked 9-inch pastry shell
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 4 eggs, separated
- 1/4 teaspoon nutmeg
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 1 tablespoon gelatin
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon rum flavoring
- 1/2 cup milk, scalded
- 1 cup heavy cream

Soak gelatin in cold water for five minutes; beat egg yolks and gradually add to them 1/2 cup of sugar and salt. Scald milk in top of double boiler and add egg to mixture. Return to double boiler and cook and stir until slightly thickened (until mixture coats a spoon). Add soaked gelatin, blend well and cool. When mixture starts to congeal, fold in stiffly beaten egg whites, which have been beaten to a meringue with remaining 1/2 cup sugar, nutmeg and rum flavoring. Fold in stiffly beaten cream. Pour mixture into baked pie shell and chill until firm. Sprinkle with nutmeg. Now eat it—it's good!

Photoplay Pinups



Hollywood Stars in Pin-Up Poses

[NEW EDITION]

It's new! . . . It's glamorous! . . . It's terrific! . . . It's the second big colorful album of Hollywood stars in captivating poses, prepared by the editors of Photoplay Magazine. Here in brilliant full-color pictures are your favorite Hollywood stars. Each picture is a gem—each picture can be cut out for framing or pinning up without interfering with any other picture in the book.

Only Photoplay Magazine could bring you this prize collection of colorful pictures—printed on heavy paper—at the low, low price of only 35¢. You'll be the envy of your friends with this glamorous Pinup Book. Get your copy at your newsstand now.

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- Marilyn Monroe
- Marie Wilson
- Esther Williams
- Vera-Ellen
- Rita Hayworth
- Jane Russell
- Betty Grable
- Samia Gamal

And a host of other beauties

Only 35c

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Information

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

Whiz Kids

Dear Editor:

When are the Quiz Kids returning to radio? I miss them and their emcee Joe Kelly.

R. B., Defiance, Ohio

The Quiz Kids are back and Joe Kelly is still doing the honors. The little wonder-children can be heard on CBS Radio, Sundays from 4 to 4:30 P.M. EST.

Button, Button

Dear Editor:

Can you please tell me something about the new comedian, Red Buttons? We've been enjoying his TV show tremendously.

M. C., Brightwaters, L. I.

Red Buttons, star of the Red Buttons Show on CBS-TV, derived his unusual name from a stint as a singing bellhop when he was a flame-haired teenager. Red started in burlesque, where he was the youngest comedian at the age of eighteen. World War II interrupted his show-biz career, but while he was in the Army, he was chosen for a leading role in Moss Hart's "Winged Victory." He starred later in the movie version of the wartime hit in Hollywood. Back in civvies, Buttons scored in Broadway musicals and night clubs. He had parts in "Barefoot Boy with Cheek" and "Hold It." Copacabana audiences in Miami and New York night-club crowds responded warmly to his talents. He also appeared

in stage shows at New York's Paramount and Loew's State Theatres. Red was on TV as a guest last year, but this is his first shot at a show of his own. He depends on his own experiences for most of his gags—and his talent for monologue makes him a favorite with TVviewers.

Rupert Barlow

Dear Editor:

I am interested in some facts about the wonderful actor who plays Rupert Barlow in Mary Noble, Backstage Wife. Would you please print a picture of him, too?

L. F., Two Rivers, Wisconsin

Raymond Edward Johnson is one of radio's most versatile actors. He is also a versatile guy off the air, if his occupational record is any indication. Ray has been a soda jerk, a busboy, an insurance salesman, a bank teller, and a tennis pro. For several years he was the host on that chiller-diller, The Inner Sanctum. Ray's first radio job was on the serial Today's Children, which ran for more than five years. His stage experience includes everything from Greek tragedy to modern high comedy. The actor hails from a little town which also boasts native sons, Don Ameche and Orson Welles—Kenosha, Wisconsin. He is married to Betty Caine, a radio actress, and they have one child. Ray met the present Mrs. Johnson when they were both acting in "Young Hickory" in Chicago.



Red Buttons



Raymond Johnson

Booth

About Denise

Dear Editor:

Could you please tell me something about Denise Lor?

M. S., Bessemer City, N. C.

Garry Moore had just about given up on finding a girl vocalist for his program, who—in addition to being beautiful—could really sing, until he saw and heard Denise Lor. Denise was born in California, but came to Long Island, New York, with her family when she was five. At six, she started getting interested in music. After she was graduated from Newtown High School, Denise went to Cooper Union to study art, but music finally won out. After a trek to Toledo, Ohio, where she did singing in light opera, Denise returned to New York as a featured singer with the Ice Show. From there she tried her hand at TV—and did very well!

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



Denise Lor



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DR. PAUL

DR. PAUL'S

SINCE Dr. Paul went on the air, listeners all over the country have written to RADIO-TV MIRROR and to the network, asking for information about the private lives of the central characters who are part of Dr. Paul's family in Elkhorn City. For Dr. Paul Bock; his scheming wife, Elizabeth; the girl he really loves, Virginia; and the other members of the Elkhorn City community have come alive in the minds and hearts of their public. Here they are in real life—the actors and actresses who give so much reality to Margaret Crosby's serial.

There is Bill Bouchey, who has endeared himself to his fellow citizens in Elkhorn City—and to his listeners—as Dr. Paul. Bill was born on a farm in Michigan. When he was two, his family moved to California, where he attended high school and the University of California. Bill entered radio as an announcer in Los An-



MARTHA BOCK



CHRIS MARTIN



VIRGINIA MARTIN

FOLKS



ELIZABETH BOCK



DR. GORDON FOSTER

geles in 1928, and gradually drifted into daytime drama in Chicago later on. During the war, Bill produced radio shows for the Armed Forces Radio Service in Brussels. After a year and four months overseas, he returned to California, but decided to quit radio. Bill purchased a farm in Michigan and was determined to spend the rest of his life there, but it just wasn't in the cards, because in 1946, while wintering in California, a director asked him to audition for a radio part in *The Websters*. Just for old times sake, Bill complied, and today he's back in radio for good.

Dr. Paul's kindly and understanding mother, Martha Bock, is one of the best-loved women in Elkhorn City, where she has lived all her life—and Gloria Gordon, who portrays Martha, is one of the best-loved troupers in radio. It's hard to believe, but Martha is played by the same actress who plays the domineering Mrs. O'Reilly on *My Friend Irma*. Gloria was born in England, educated in private schools in Europe. She starred in grand opera and musical comedy at the Gayety Theatre in London and toured Europe in vaudeville. In 1924, Gloria went to Hollywood—she entered radio five years later.

The lovable son of Virginia Martin—Chris—is in real life an eleven-year-old youngster, Martin Dean. Martin is quite a veteran in radio for his age. He has appeared on the Lux Radio Theatre, *Woman in My House* and over the Armed Forces Radio Service. The fair-haired favorite of the Dr. Paul cast hopes to become a great director some day. His hobbies are ice-skating, swimming and horseback riding.

Since he first met her, Dr. Paul felt a bond between himself and nurse Virginia Martin—a bond which gradually blossomed into love. In real life, Virginia Martin is Barbara Luddy, whose only love is her husband Ned LeFevre, NBC staff announcer. Barbara and Ned have two adopted children, Christopher, aged five,

and Barbara, aged twenty-eight months. The creator of more than a thousand radio roles since she began her theatrical career. Barbara was born in Helena, Montana. She broke into show business in Butte when only eight years old. In her teens, she did extra work in films—one of her early pictures was "Rosita," starring Mary Pickford. In 1936, Barbara started working with the *First Nighter* series and has been with the program ever since.

On the Dr. Paul drama, Elizabeth Bock is a very unpopular character—what with her constant scheming and mischief-making. But, off the air, Alice Reinheart, who plays Elizabeth, is the charming, intelligent wife of Les Tremayne. In addition to her role on Dr. Paul, Alice is Virginia on the *Woman in My House* series. She created the role of Chichi in *Life Can Be Beautiful*, and only left the program in 1948—after ten years—to go back to the Broadway stage. Alice's hobby is Meso-American archaeology. She and her husband have traveled extensively in Europe and have spent every vacation since 1944 in Mexico.

Elizabeth's partner in some of the evil plots she concocts is that jaded physician, Dr. Gordon Foster. In real life, Dr. Foster is Ted De Corsia, one of the ablest actors in radio. He has been in the field since 1923 and has, at one time or another, appeared on most major programs. He was with *The March of Time* for nine years. His movie credits include "Naked City," "Folsom Prison," "Place in the Sun," "The Outrider," and others.

That's the lineup of actors and actresses who bring Dr. Paul across the airwaves. Though each has his own life, when Dr. Paul goes on the air, their lives intertwine in the web which unites the people of Elkhorn City, U.S.A.

Consult your local paper for time and NBC station to hear the Wesson Oil-Snowdrift Company's Dr. Paul.

Daytime Diary

Stardust...

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STARDUST, INC., Empire State Bldg., New York 1

(Continued from page 15)

ROAD OF LIFE Twist and turn as they may, Conrad Overton and Gordon Fuller cannot escape the retribution that approaches as Dr. Jim Brent and Malcolm Overton, pooling their knowledge, begin to reconstruct the complete picture of the building of Conrad's fortune. Jim's anger is intensified when he at last penetrates the secret of Jocelyn McLeod's illness, and learns just how the Overtons were involved in that. M-F, 3:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT Hollywood gown designer Helen Trent tries resolutely to put lawyer Gil Whitney out of her mind after his reconciliation with his wife, Cynthia. Will Helen ever learn that Gil was blackmailed into the reconciliation by Cynthia's threat to name Helen correspondent in a divorce suit? Just how will producer Kelcey Spencer influence Helen's life as she starts work designing for his fabulous new production? M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

ROSEMARY Rosemary feels as though her happiness is balanced on a thread as she watches Bill make up his mind about the future. If he allows himself to be taunted by Edgar Duffy into some ill-advised action, he may never reinstate himself in the good opinion of Springdale. But if Bill can continue to keep his head and fight Duffy intelligently, the town may have cause to thank him for exposing one of its greatest profiteers. M-F, 11:45 A.M. EST, CBS.

SECOND MRS. BURTON Stan and Terry Burton have passed through the gravest crisis of their marriage, and emerged with redoubled faith in it. Will Stan's domineering mother give in gracefully to the knowledge that her son is completely happy with Terry? Will her urge for power over her children be satisfied as she tries to direct the affairs of her daughter Marcia, who really shows little ability to manage for herself? M-F, 2 P.M. EST, CBS.

STELLA DALLAS When Stella's daughter Laurel married wealthy Dick Grosvenor, Stella didn't foresee that her own life would become so inextricably entangled with that of Dick's autocratic mother. Several times in the past Stella has been able to rescue Mrs. Grosvenor from the consequences of her own folly. Will Mrs. Grosvenor's association with the Countess Sylvia Darnell be still another problem for Stella Dallas? M-F, 4:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE When the secret surrounding Peg Martinson's death is finally revealed, what effect will it have on the life of nurse Nora Drake? Fred Molina has risked his own life several times in his efforts to prove Nora innocent

of Peg's death. When she is no longer in danger, will Fred feel that his own usefulness is also at an end . . . that with his past record he and Nora can have nothing in common? M-F, 2:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

WENDY WARREN Wendy, a newspaper woman herself, knows enough about writers—Mark in particular—to remain unperturbed as his moods swing wildly from high to low and back again, reflecting the progress of his work. But some of the emotional tension in their lives is due certainly to actress Maggie Fallon. Is Maggie planning a comeback into Mark's life in spite of his marriage to Wendy? M-F, 12 Noon EST, CBS.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES From the secret hideaway where she is being virtually held prisoner by Donald Brady, Joan Davis can only send her thoughts and prayers over the miles that separate her from her husband Harry and their children, who believe her to have been killed in an automobile crash. Will Harry somehow sense that Joan is still in the world, or will he start to build a life without her—a life that might hold terrible tragedy for all of them? M-F, 10:45 A.M. EST, ABC.

WOMAN IN MY HOUSE The Carters' oldest son, Jeff, has a family reputation for detachment, for the ability to keep out of emotional entanglements. But Jeff is not as detached as he appears, particularly when he is forced to face the fact that he may have to give up the friendship of Carolyn Wilson, because he can no longer evade the knowledge that she is in love with him—and he does not love her. How will this affect both Jeff and Carolyn? M-F, 4:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

YOUNG DR. MALONE Slowly and painfully, those who loved Anne Malone are trying to adjust to her death. The future holds the secret of what her loss will mean to many: Sam Williams, who wanted to marry her; Crystal and Gene, her good friends; her mother-in-law, who perhaps best knew her worth; and chiefly, of course, her beloved small daughter and the husband from whom she was so long estranged. M-F, 1:30 P. M. EST, CBS.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN Still unable to prove his claim that his early marriage to Ruth was annulled many years ago, Dr. Anthony Loring is forced to relinquish his plans for marriage with Ellen Brown. Ellen, meanwhile, finds herself befriending the emotionally disturbed and unstable woman who has interfered with her happiness, and who unwittingly is being used by sinister associates to commit crimes of which she has no understanding. M-F 4:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 13)

Dale and Roy Rogers are still grief-stricken over the death of their little daughter, Robin, caused by complications following the mumps. But they've decided the best thing for them is hard work and lots of it, so they have mapped out a very heavy winter schedule for themselves. Ironically, a big back-on-the-air party for the Rogers' radio and TV shows had been planned for the day Robin became desperately ill. When the affair couldn't be called off, Roy put in a brief appearance, and then rushed home, arriving fifteen minutes before the baby died.

Frank Fontaine was really in a frenzy the day he was notified by his agent he had been signed to co-star with Patti Page on the NBC Music Hall television show. Frank had bought a new home in Hollywood just the day before—and, inasmuch as the program originates from New York, he had to turn right around and sell it and prepare to move his family East. Moving anywhere is somewhat of a production for Fontaine and his wife, with their "little" family of eight children.

What Ever Happened To?

John Sylvester, who played Keith Barron on Search For Tomorrow? John is still very active on television and radio, and is heard often in various roles on the Gangbusters and Counter-Spy programs.

Joan Lorry, the singer who worked with the Mello-Larks vocal quartet on the old Broadway Open House and other shows? Joan left the group and moved to Syracuse, New York, where she had her own radio show on a local station and also did a small TV show from Schenectady. Later she married and, when her husband was sent overseas, Joan went out to Hollywood, where she is now doing some television work.

Lum 'n' Abner, once one of radio's most successful and popular teams? I answered this one a few months back, but still the queries keep coming about this duo. At the moment they are both living in Hollywood, and doing nothing professionally. Many of the old Lum 'n' Abner movies have been re-released on television, so that probably explains the renewed interest in the team.

Lee Sullivan, the singer, who used to be heard regularly with his own network show? At the moment, Lee is a very busy boy with a two-and-a-half-hour daily morning show over Station WERE in Cleveland, Ohio, on which he combines disc jockey chores and his own singing. In addition, he also appears on television locally over Station WEWS.

Tom Conway, who played Inspector Mark Saber on ABC-TV's Mystery Theatre? Surprising to receive letters on Conway—who is playing exactly the same role on the same program this season.

These are some of the personalities readers have inquired about. If you have wondered what happened to one of your favorite people on radio or television, drop me a line—Miss Jill Warren, RADIO-TV MIRROR Magazine, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York City 17, New York, and I'll do my best to find out for you and put the information in the column. Sorry, no personal answers.

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

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RTM-1252



Mary and Howard Jones of Station WFIL wrap the packages for this year's Christmas day.

keeping up with the Jones

FOLKS'D really have to go some to keep up with the Joneses when it comes to celebrating Christmas in the grand manner, that is, Mary and Howard Jones of Station WFIL in Philadelphia. Of course, their advantage over city people is that they have a great big farm on which to really entertain. And this they do to the tune of at least thirty weekend guests from all over the country—friends and family alike. Howard, who has played Santa Claus on the station for almost ten years, meets all the visitors at the little country station near their home. If it snows he takes his sled, but if it's not a white Christmas the station wagon does very nicely. He wears his Santa suit for this chore. Later in the day, his suit comes into use again when he drives to town and hands out presents to all of the children who live there.

On Christmas morning, the entire assemblage of family and friends gets together in the living room for the gift opening. This adds up to quite a crowd, and it is a Jones rule that not one gift is touched until everyone is present. A whole room is set aside just for the presents

which are not expensive or lavish, since there are so many to buy. After the excitement has quieted to a "gentle roar" as Mary puts it, a breakfast of waffles and ham with milk gravy is served up. After that it's time for the day's round of visits to begin. Then the house rings with the well-wishing from neighbors who drop in to wish all a Merry Christmas.

Christmas dinner usually consists of fruit cup, turkey with chestnut filling, cranberry sauce, brussel sprouts, dried corn, mashed turnips, sweet potato pie, traditional side table of seven sweets and seven sour, apple and peach tarts, raisin and mince pies. If snow permits, homemade mousse frozen under the snow is served.

The Jones family make the most out of Christmas and don't neglect any of the details and traditions associated with the day. But Mary says that although they are particularly fortunate in having such a wonderful place to hold the Christmas celebration—any family who feels the spirit of the holiday can have a Merry Christmas—and she wishes all of her listeners and friends a very jolly day.

Spirit of Christmas



(Editor's note: This month the beloved Amos 'n' Andy program celebrates its 10,000th broadcast. More than numbers, this event signifies just how deeply the heart of America has been touched by these lovable characters. By way of congratulations, RADIO-TV MIRROR proudly publishes one of the most memorable scenes ever enacted on Amos 'n' Andy—their traditional explanation at Christmas time of the Lord's Prayer.)

Arbadella, Amos' daughter, puzzled as are most children by religious messages which we adults take for granted, asks her father:

"What does the Lord's Prayer mean, Daddy?"

As Amos tucks her in bed he replies, "It means an awful lot, and with the world like it is today it seems to have a bigger meaning than ever before. Darling, I'll explain it to you. The first line of the Lord's Prayer is this:

*"Our Father, which art in heaven, and that means Father of all that is good—where no wrong can dwell. Then it says, *Hallow'd be thy Name.* That means, darling, that we should love and respect all that is good. Then it says, *Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, on earth, as it is in heaven.* That means, darling, as we clean our hearts of all hate and selfishness and fill our hearts with love, the good, the true and the beautiful—then earth where we are now will be like heaven.*

*"Then it says, *Give us this day our daily bread.* That means to feel in our hearts and minds with kindness, love and courage, which will make us strong for our daily task. Then it says, *And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors.* You remember the Golden Rule?"*

"Yes, Daddy," Arbadella replies.

"Well," Amos goes on to explain, "that means we must keep the Golden Rule and do unto others as we would want them to do unto us. *And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.* That means, my darling, to ask God to help us do and see and think right so that we will neither be led nor tempted by anything that is bad.

"For thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory forever. Amen. That means, darling, that all the world and everything that's in it belongs to God's kingdom. Everything—Mommie, your daddy, your little brother and sister, your grandmother, you and everybody—as we know that, and act as if we know it, that is the real spirit of Christmas."

Amos 'n' Andy, heard on CBS Radio, Sun., 7:30 P.M. EST, for Rexall, with Freeman Gosden as Amos, Charles Correll as Andy.



The Hull home this year is big enough for all of Sue's and Warren's dreams of Christmas, with room for a family full of growing boys, girls—and love.

THERE is a big, comfortable old house in a village close to New York City where Christmas will be celebrated this year with presents, parties, and all the traditional trimmings of the season. Yet, more than that, it's a house where every personal happiness will be doubled because the good fortune of those who live in it has spread out through the year in an ever-widening circle of help to others. Many others, for whom Christmas 1952 might otherwise be barren indeed.

The people who live in this house are Mr. and Mrs. Hull—Warren and Sue—who were married a year ago last November 3. Their combined family consists of Warren's three boys: John, twenty-two, George, twenty, and Paul, nineteen; and Sue's son Bud, fourteen, her daughters Buffy (Susan Jr.), sixteen, and Sally, nine. The home into which they moved only last autumn, but which had already seen a half century of Christmases, will be filled with family and relatives and friends and fun and cheer, from the beginning of the holiday season to the end. Yuletide decorations will make it festive.

Warren Hull learned

Sharing is a way of life, not only
on Strike It Rich, but for the whole Hull
family—Sundays, holidays and always

By FRANCES KISH

Lights will be strung along the roadway side of the five acres on which the house stands, and the visitor who turns into the curving roadway, past the duckpond where the children go skating, will feel the brightness beckoning him in, and welcoming him.

Those friendly lights might well be a symbol of the ones which Warren Hull, and the Strike It Rich program on which he appears six times weekly on television, five times on radio, have made shine in homes that had known darkness and want, pain and hopelessness. Seeing those lights as he approaches his home after his day's work in the New York radio and TV studios, Warren can let his thoughts roam to the people who have come on the show and whose holidays now will be brighter and happier because he helped (*Continued on page 92*)

Warren Hull emcees Strike It Rich, as seen on CBS-TV, M-F, at 11:30 A.M.—also Wed. at 9 P.M.—and heard on NBC Radio, M-F, 11 A.M. All EST, sponsored by Colgate-Palmolive-Peet.

Operation holiday: When they all finish, there'll be two trees (for a special reason) and eight stockings (for obvious ones).



GIVING IS TWICE BLESSED



Christmas carol: Home from school (and the Navy), Paul, John, Buffy, George and Bud provide the standing chorus, Sally chimes in with Sue and Warren at the piano—while Copper King, the dog, starts looking for "the lost chord."

Cook's tour of duty: Leolia will roast two huge turkeys—barely enough!



Hospital ship: Audrey enjoys chow aboard the *Haven*, where she learned so dramatically that she could pass on her "good luck."

Audrey's "protector"
saw her through a typhoon
and a guerrilla attack
in Korea but, more
importantly, her wedding
to the man she loves
By MAXINE ARNOLD



Village Church of Westwood: Audrey sets out on the most important journey of all.

Audrey Totter's

GUARDIAN

"WHO GIVETH this woman to be married to this man?" the pastor of the little red-brick Village Church of Westwood intoned. Out of the candle-lit silence, Audrey Totter's brother, Folger, a Private in the Air Corps, said, "I do." And he spoke for thousands of G.I.'s in Korea today whose hearts Audrey so deservedly won, and who wish her all happiness, too.

But there are those who will always say, "A 'guardian angel' really gave the bride away."

Her favorite doctor had "prescribed" the handsome gold medallion for her journey, and



Gold medallion: That's the "guardian angel" around Audrey's neck, and the handsome man is Dr. Leo Fred, who gave her the meaningful charm which helped bring her safely back—to him.

ANGEL OF LOVE

he'd fastened it carefully around her throat, just before she winged her way "into the wide blue yonder," Korea-bound. Although until the time of departure he'd been about as casual as men are prone to be, as casual as though she were catching the Pacific Electric for Pomona instead. With the customary, "Take care of yourself." And, "Write—if you have time."

Then, before she boarded the plane, he'd handed her a small package, saying, "Here, Pansy-Face," and he'd anchored the golden "guardian angel" carefully for luck—to return her safely home to him. And neither her best

beau nor Audrey Totter could know, then, how very welcome a "guardian angel" would be.

But that, God willing, she would return to him—and would always be returning to him—Audrey had known in her heart for quite some time.

She'd sensed this intuitively soon after they met at a party ten months before, when a mutual friend introduced her to the handsome Dr. Leo Fred, who's (Continued on page 76)

Audrey Totter stars in *Meet Millie*, heard over CBS Radio, Thurs., 8 P.M. EST, for American Chicle Co.

Audrey's "protector" saw her through a typhoon and a guerrilla attack in Korea but, more importantly, her wedding to the man she loves
By MAXINE ARNOLD

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Village Church of Westwood: Audrey sets out on the most important journey of all.



it's all such FUN!

But I was the girl who
learned—the hard way—to
never say “never” again

I swore I'd never marry an actor—or any handsome man. Then I met Brooks West—and here he is, with me and daughters Connie and Liza.

By EVE ARDEN

WHEN I was sixteen (the world-is-one's-oyster stage) I knew pretty well what I was going to do with my life. My attitudes were positive, my approach self-assured. Moreover, I had a vividly logical reason, I thought, to provide backbone for each of my theories.

One of my pet statements was that I was going to marry when I fell head over heels in love at first sight, not otherwise, and once married I was going to stay that way until death us did part. On summer afternoons I sometimes planned our silver wedding anniversary and our golden jubilee, both featuring—among other glamorous things—a Viennese waltz which Pop and I were to dance with joints as lively as sponge rubber. I was never,

no never, going to be a divorcee. Never. Period.

Well, someone neglected to tell me that the vision of a Vienna waltz in twenty-five or fifty years was scarcely cement enough for marriage. Like the bride who discovered that her husband demanded frogs' legs once a week for dinner, despite the fact that watching them twitch in the skillet while frying made the girl deathly ill, there came a time in my married life when I decided that frogs could go jump in the lake. With a man wrapped around them. (Continued on page 94)

Eve Arden stars as Our Miss Brooks—heard on CBS Radio, Sun., 6:30 P.M., for Colgate-Palmolive-Peet—and seen on CBS-TV, Fri., 9:30 P.M., for General Foods. Both EST.

ROMANCE IS FOREVER



After twenty years
of marriage, Gene and
Ina Autry have the
look of honeymooners—
because they still are!

Always happy together—planning a trip somewhere on the globe—or just roaming around their ranch home.

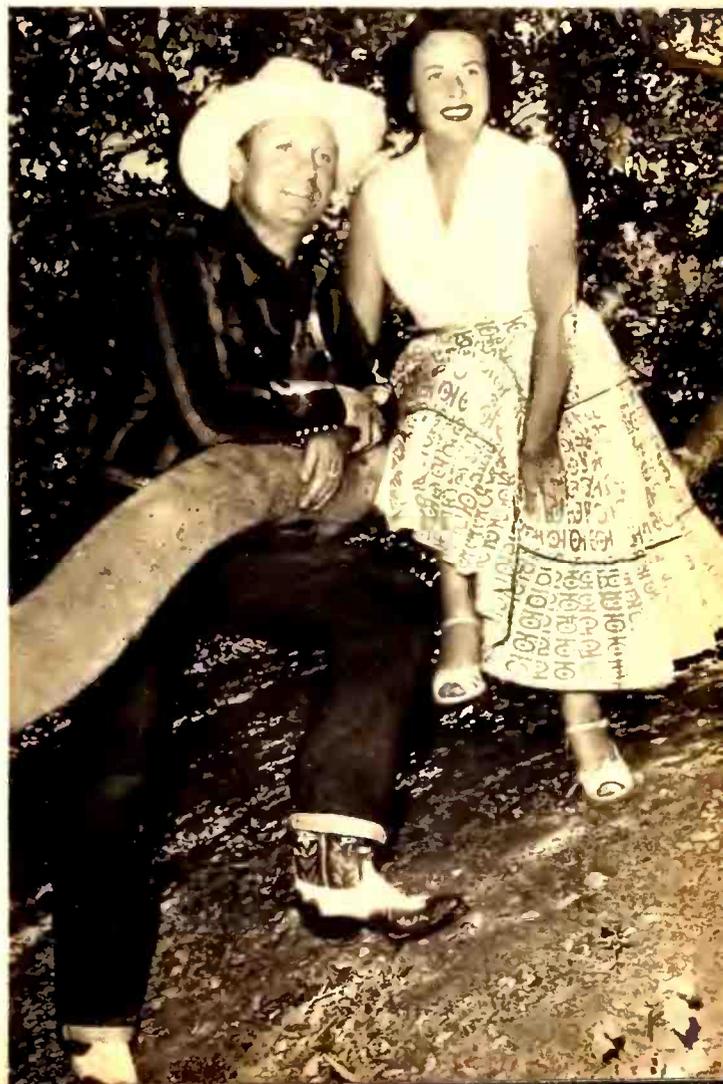
By BETTY MILLS

MARRIED for twenty-one years! How many kisses ago is that? How many smiles and how many tears? Is it possible that romance lasts for such a long time? To Gene and Ina Autry those years are just one extra-long springtime . . . wherever they go together, the air fairly crackles with their gay, warm spirit. To be sure, with the Autrys there is always laughter, and tears will be few and far between.

Everyone expects to see Gene and Ina on horseback; and, on their San Fernando Valley ranch, that's where to find them. But, in Hollywood, they are likely to be seen hurrying through the buzzing airport lobby, or out on the runway, busily pitching their luggage into the belly of their own fat little plane. Even the plane, nestled among the giant commercial airliners, senses the contagious exuberance of the Autrys and, like a tiny eager pup, tugs at the leash to be on its way to personal appearance tours or location spots where Gene makes movies.

What's the secret that (Continued on page 94)

Gene Autry stars in the Gene Autry Show—heard over CBS Radio, Sat., 8 P.M.—and seen over CBS-TV, Sun., 7 P.M. Both programs EST, sponsored by Wrigley's Chewing Gums.



the LIGHT that shines again



Santa's helpers—like Tom, his mother Fay and wife Lou—begin at home. Happy result: Gifts for all youngsters who need them, including a lovely doll house for an orphanage in Detroit.



LIKE MOST Christmas stories, this one has its simple beginning in the trusting heart of a child.

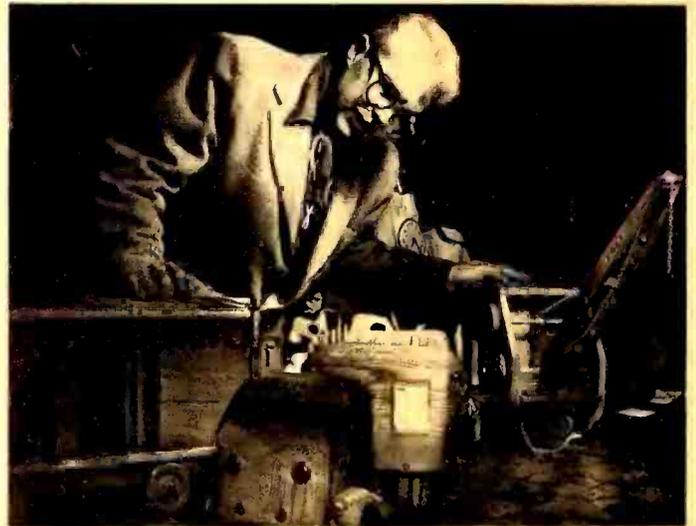
It has become radio's most thrilling Christmas story because people who participate in the Ladies Fair homemade toy contest have made it so. By giving time, talents, love, Tom Moore's listeners have changed the Christmas program of the nation.

The simple beginning dates back to the day when Tom Moore, then a tearful three-year-old, waited in the wings of a little theatre in a little town for his parents (Continued on page 90)

Tom Moore's

simple faith in giving creates
a Christmas story to thrill a nation

By HELEN BOLSTAD



Presents pouring into Ladies Fair range from mechanical toys—like the prize-winner above—to cuddly dolls, such as those held by Tom and Captain Gladys Lindstrom of The Salvation Army.





THE DOCTOR'S WIFE

The orphaned boy in their home had an ache in his soul Dan was powerless to cure—only Julie could find the heaven-sent answer

JULIE PALMER stood at the living-room window, half-watching the snow swirling downward, half-watching for Jigger, who was due to come up the front walk any moment now. A worried frown wrinkled her forehead as she spied him, first recognizing his red stocking cap and then seeing his sturdy figure move slowly up the street. As he trudged along he stopped every once in a while to idly trace an outline with his foot on the sidewalk—as if he were drawing out something which was worrying him. Jigger looked so tiny, so sort of helpless. It seemed almost as if Jigger's body were telegraphing an agony which his voice could never sound, which his little-boy's mind would not, could not find words to express. . . . However, as Jigger's foot hit the front steps he came up with bounding energy and, as Julie swung the door open, he smiled up at her—he looked so happy that, for a moment, the Jigger she'd just seen through the window was wiped from her mind. "Hi," Jigger said. "Boy, am I hungry." Laughing, Julie bent down to help him off with his coat, "Can that stomach of yours wait long enough for us to remove the overshoes? Your milk and graham crackers are ready." Jigger's face clouded a bit. "Couldn't I eat my regular dinner now and not wait?" Once before Julie had let Jigger—rather, insisted that he—eat immediately after coming in from school, because of a cold. She had wanted to put him to bed so that he could get plenty of rest but tonight, tonight there was no reason for Jigger's request. . . . Trying to keep her tone light and casual, Julie laughed down at Jigger, "Not tonight, my healthy young fellow—that's only for times when you're not up to snuff. Why, what would Dan say if he came home and heard you'd eaten and gone to bed with no chance for

him to talk to you? He'd probably have a doctors' convention at your bedside," she went on, embroidering the imagery, "probably have his pals inventing some nasty-smelling, but interesting-tasting concoction just for Jigger." Suddenly Julie stopped. Jigger's lower lip was trembling and he was manfully holding back the tears which had sprung to his eyes. "That's it, that's just it," Jigger said, his voice breaking. "I don't want to eat with Dr. Dan, I don't want to have to talk to him. I don't like Dr. Dan and I'm never going to eat with him again!" His voice rose hysterically, and he ran as fast as his legs could carry him, lickety-split up the stairs. Julie heard the bedroom door slam shut. . . . Julie sighed and made her way back to the kitchen. As she moved aside the crackers and milk and started to prepare their regular meal, her mind went back over the days since Jigger had come with them, trying to search for a way to reach Jigger's heart. Jigger was Mr. Miller's son and Mr. Miller had been a long-time patient of Dan's. Dan had tried desperately hard to save Mr. Miller's life. In reassuring Jigger, his father had told him that Dan would not let him die. In the suddenness, the sorrow which followed Mr. Miller's death, Jigger resented Dan, almost hated him for letting his father die. . . . Day in, day out, Julie had been living with this feeling and, now that Jigger had once more expressed his resentment, Julie didn't know how she could comfort him, how she could get at his troubled, unhappy soul. During the unhappy evening that followed, with Jigger pre-occupied, making almost curt replies to all Dan's advances, Julie tried to puzzle things through. Instinctively, Julie felt that Jigger responded to her as he would have to the mother he had never known—but, with Dan, (Continued on page 75)

The Doctor's Wife is heard on NBC Radio, M-F, at 5:45 P.M. EST, for Ex-Lax, Inc. Patricia Wheel and Donald Curtis are starred as Julie and Dr. Dan Palmer, with young Peter Avramo as Jigger. All three are pictured here in their roles.



Big Dan and little Jigger—"her two men," thought Julie fondly.

WHEN GOOD FELLOWS GET TOGETHER



Arthur Godfrey's

gang knows sharing and laughter make
Christmas more fun than anything

By GLADYS HALL

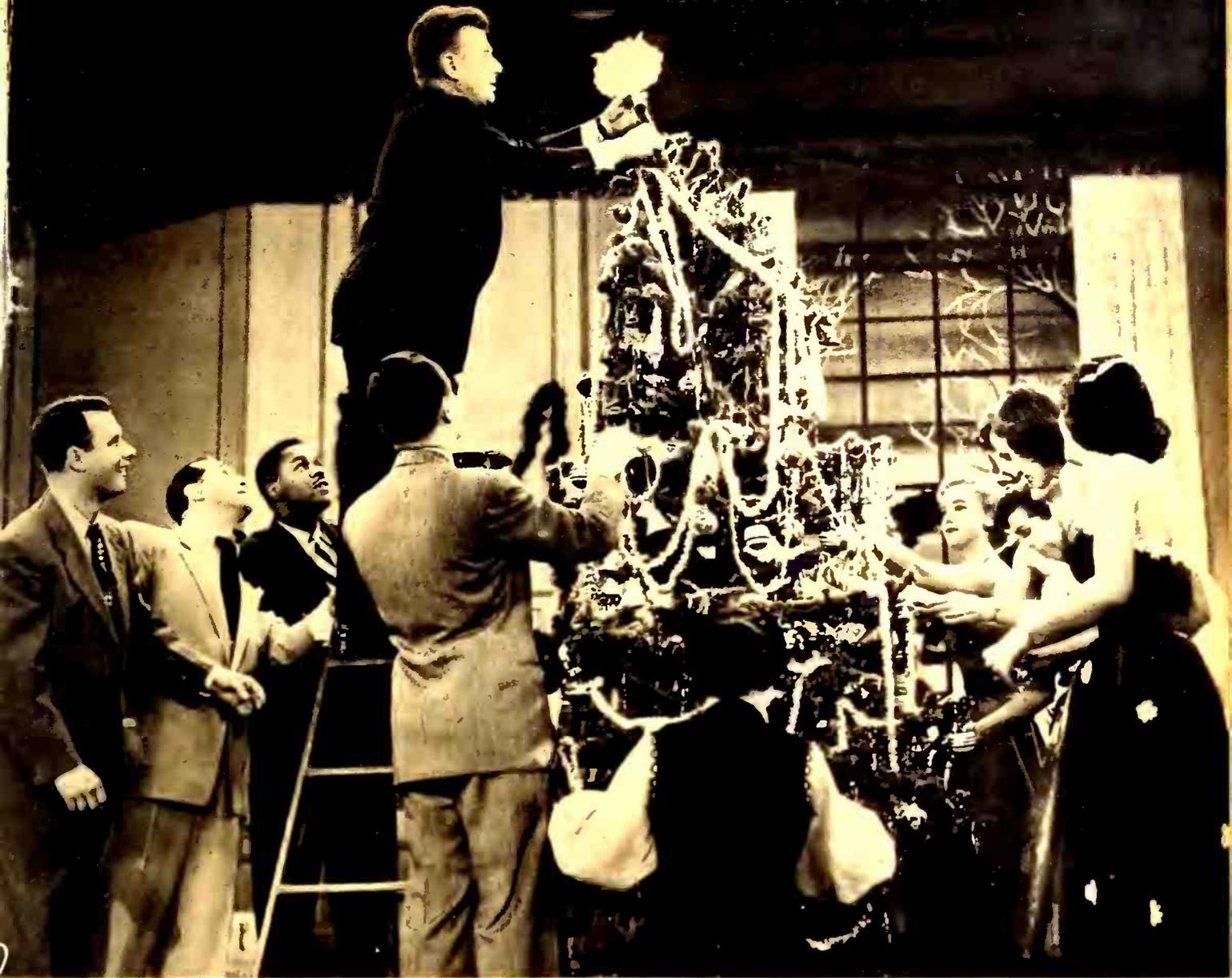
THIS IS the story of a Christmas spirit. This is the story of a redhead with an impish grin, and of some seventy-five people whose good cheer and happiness fill the airplanes day in, day out, 365 days a year.

This is a story of Christmas as it was meant to be. A Christmas that embraces Santa Claus and stockings hung by the chimney with care, carols sung in the frosty air, the smell of holly and the Mystic Tree, and prayer and family. A story of Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men. This is the story of Christmas as celebrated by Arthur Godfrey and all the Little Godfreys.

Around the hearths of America, from sunny California to snow-blanketed Maine, the Wednesday evening before Christmas, families gather to share Arthur Godfrey's Christmas party via their television sets. For days before the Wednesday-night show, there is excitement in the homes of all the Little Godfreys and among the family members. For Arthur, Christmas is sharing, and this means sharing begins in the homes of his cast members. Some weeks before Christmas, each one of the Little Godfreys is asked what his or her youngster wants most for Christmas. Each child is given something different, something he or she really wants, from someone who really cares what the child wants.

Last year Remo Palmier, the guitarist—who has been nicknamed by Godfrey, "the Quiet One"—was asked to bring his identical twins, Janis and Stephan, to the Christmas Party TV show. It was their first appearance in public and—had it been any show but Arthur's—it might well have been, their father insists, their last public appearance. (Continued on page 40)

All the Godfreys sing best wishes of the season—from "Little Godfrey" Janette Davis on up to Arthur himself!



Trimming the tree is a beloved ritual which, sooner or later, calls for the services of everyone on the Godfrey shows, whether featured "soloist" or velvet-voiced "chorister"—though Arthur gets the honor of putting on the topmost decoration.

Clowning between chores, Tony Morvin holds the mistletoe for those two newcomers, Julius LaRosa and Lu Ann Simms.

Refreshments are also the order of the day, and Marion Marlowe sees that Frank Parker's well-supplied with same.



WHEN GOOD FELLOWS GET TOGETHER



Taking up the traditional collection (left to right): Girls—Haleloke, "Chordette" Ginny Osborn, Marion Marlowe; boys—orchestra leader Archie Bleyer, "Mariners" Dickerson, Karl, Lewis, Lockard.

"During the show, someone took Janis' ukulele by mistake," Remo said, "whereupon she ran out on stage, shouting, 'Someone stole my guitar'—and she really yelled it!—and would not leave the stage until Arthur found a spare ukulele on top of the piano and gave it to her.

"Arthur talked about that, off and on the air," Remo smiled, "for about a month. He really got a bang out of it. The reason he likes children on the show is just because he knows they're likely to behave as Janis

did—knows, I mean, that they'll be completely uninhibited and natural, completely themselves. As he is.

"A man who loves children, likes to have them around, is truly Santa Claus, I think, in his heart. The spirit of Christmas is within him. This being so, everyone in such a man's orbit has a very Merry Christmas . . . as we the Little Godfreys do."

Of course, the children of cast members come first in consideration. "Uncle Arthur," as Remo's twins call him, gave them each a big, shiny red sled and a "twemendous"

Christmas at home for Remo Palmier, his wife Margery and their identical twins, Janis (on floor, left) and Stephan.





Musical fascination for the Palmier twins: Seated, left to right—Tony, Lu Ann, Ginny, guitarist Remo, Marion, Frank; standing—Archie, the four Mariners, Carol Hagedorn, Dottie Schwartz, Julius, Janet Ertel, Haleloke and Mrs. Palmier.

great, big toy Panda which they promptly named after another TV favorite of theirs, Howdy Doody. Little Linda Ann, Tony Marvin's eleven-year-old daughter, is very much interested in all the sciences, so for her present Godfrey picked out a microscope set. Ginny Osborn's six-and-a-half-year-old son received a Lionel electric train, complete with tracks, switches and a station. "But best of all," said Ginny, "each child is given a kine-scope of the Christmas show which is a wonderful record of their Christmas party to keep through the years."

UP UNTIL last Christmas the cast members would pool their money to try in some way to give Arthur Godfrey a present, and then someone hit upon a brilliant idea. Just who originated it has been lost in the shuffle

of the good will which the first gift generated among the entire Godfrey organization.

"We decided that to give a good, sizable donation to a good, deserving charity (such as the Children's Aid Society, to which we sent our check last year) would be a far, far better thing than we had ever done," Tony Marvin says, a twinkle in his eye. "For in the gifts we gave each other we were not—now it can be told—conspicuously successful!"

"One Christmas, I recall, Remo was given a case of Scotch, a set of bottle openers, a dozen martini glasses—and poor Remo doesn't drink! Remo, on the other hand, admits to presenting the Mariners with ties they wouldn't be caught dead wearing! I, too, was given ties I can now admit I went around wearing (*Continued on page 86*)

Arthur Godfrey Time, CBS Radio, M-F, 10-11:30 A. M. (part simulcast, M-Th, CBS-TV), for Toni, Star-Kist Tuna, Fiberglas, Frigidaire, Rinso, Pepsodent, Pillsbury Mills, Nabisco, Chesterfield cigarettes. King Arthur Godfrey and His Round Table, CBS Radio, Sun., 5 P.M., for Kingan & Co. Arthur Godfrey and His Friends, CBS-TV, Wed., 8 P.M., for Chesterfield, Toni, Pillsbury. Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts, CBS and CBS-TV (simulcast), Mon., 8:30 P.M., Thomas J. Lipton, Inc. All EST.

What every woman wants

Eva Marie Saint, Mary Horton on *Young Dr. Malone*, has a past that's a dream come true,

a future that couldn't be more wonderful



Jeff and Eva treasure their pictures of "the most wonderful honeymoon a couple ever had!"



So many interests in common for these two, from studying scripts—Jeff's a TV producer—to making music with harmonica and songbook.



The Hoydens love sports and take to the water like ducks in summer—like skaters in winter.

By **MARIE HALLER**

EVA MARIE SAINT is the bouncy, beautiful, personable CBS radio heroine who plays the ill-fated Mary Horton on *Young Dr. Malone* and when you call her an actress, you'd better smile. For this is one girl who is all the things that "actresses" are not. She's a both-feet-planted-on-the-ground girl, she's practical and there isn't one ounce of temperament from the tips of her well-manicured fingers to her trimly encased toes.

Eva is definitely not a girl who wrapped herself in dreams of bright lights on Broadway from the age of two. In fact, she was completing her Sophomore year at Bowling Green State University in Ohio before she even thought of the theatre.

"At the University," laughs Eva, "I was preparing to become an (Continued on page 70)

Young Dr. Malone is heard on CBS Radio, 1:30 P.M. EST, M-F; sponsored by Procter & Gamble, for Crisco and Joy.





the kind of HUSBAND to have



Jim's and Aleece's house is comfortable, big—and a home.

By DEE DAY



ALTHOUGH it would be inaccurate to say that James Meighan is an actor who specializes in husband roles—he is far too versatile a thespian for so limited a specialty—it can be truthfully said that he is best known, both behind-the-mike and in-the-flesh, as a husband. You hear him every day as Larry, husband of Mary Noble in *Backstage Wife*, and as Kerry, husband of Nancy in *Just Plain Bill*. When he isn't Larry or Kerry, he's Jim, real-life husband of Aleece Meighan of Huntington, Long Island.

"It's no secret that my favorite role is Jim, husband of Aleece," says this good-looking (*Continued on page 83*)

James Meighan is heard M-F over NBC—*Backstage Wife*, 4 P.M. EST, sponsored by Cheer—*Just Plain Bill*, 5 P.M., sponsored by Anacin.

Young Martin's pleased with the baseball set Jim gave him—and Ingrid, Aleece and Myles at least refrain from wisecracks while the two "entertain" on the voodoo drums a fan sent Jim!

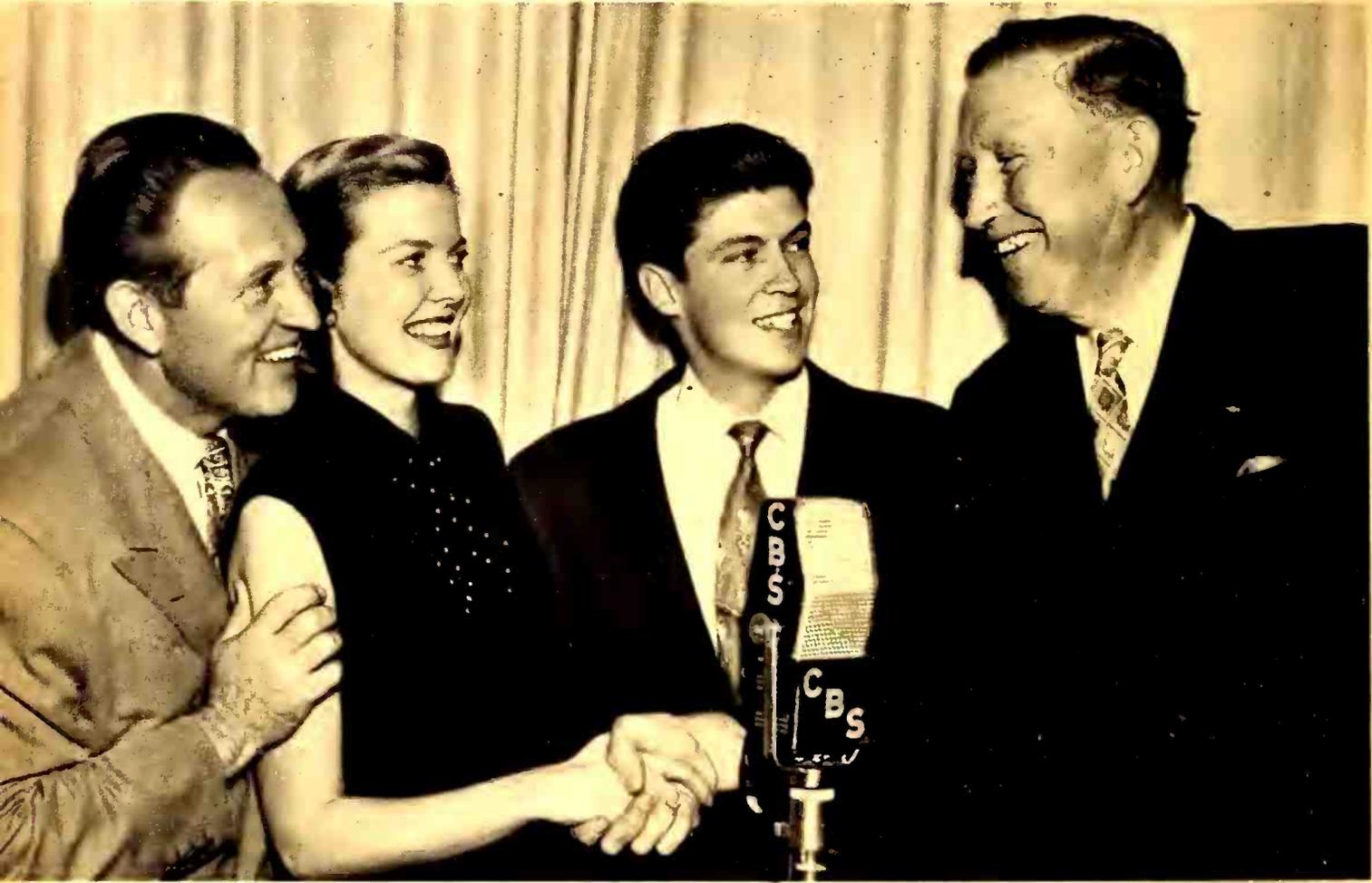


ust Plain Bill. But his best role is being just Jim Meighan, husband-of-Aleece, in real life



he Meighans are great on gifts. But Aleece, Jim and Ingrid agree that the finest gift of all is their happy family life.

LADY LUCK had her



Art and my fiancée, Charlotte, were surprised when I really brought back a "modest Texan"—Smoot Schmid, six-feet-five!

Soon as I finished those jobs for Linkletter, Charlotte and I began reading guidebooks for our French honeymoon.



We practically ate our way around Paris—that's the two of us at Chez Denis—and I easily gained eleven pounds.



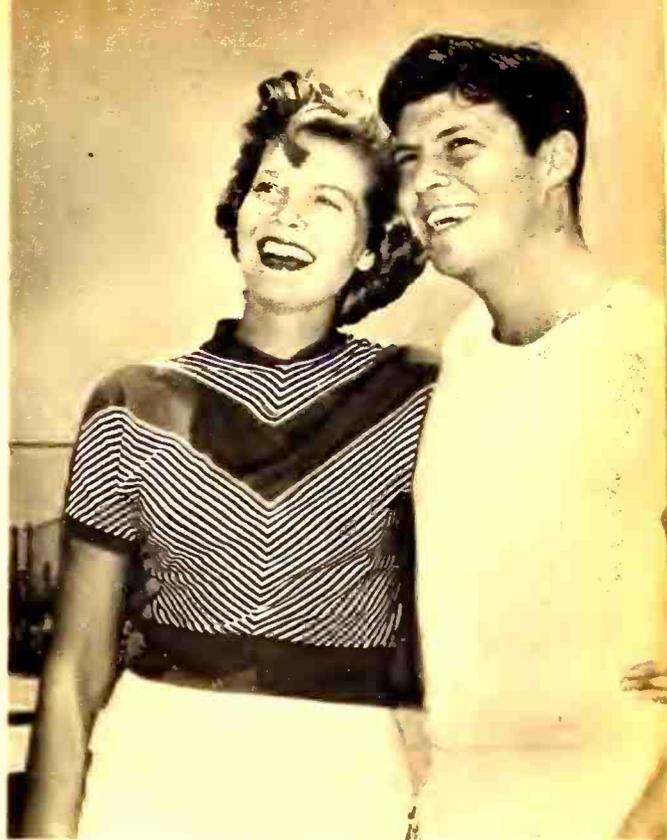
eye on me

A guy will do
most anything to get married—
that's why Art Linkletter
is so right when he says:
"People are funny!"

By GARTH HINTZ



But oh, those tasks I had to do before I won her! Charlotte laughed as I got ready to "climb the highest mountain"—but I laughed last.



Charlotte and I today—hearts full of lovely memories—heads full of plans for the future.

CHANCE can smile on you as it smiled on me. (Of course, "grin" is a better word.) If you're smart, you won't say no or bet against that because—take it from me—the *unexpected* always happens!

Garth Hintz is my name, and it's the most *unordinary* thing about me, 'cause I'm really just an average guy. That is, until the *unexpected* picked me to *live* the song lyrics, "I'd climb the highest mountain and swim the deepest river," for the girl I love.

In the old days there was a saying, "Faint heart never won fair lady," and I suppose, in the days of the pioneers and covered wagons, it was true. But who'd think that in this day and age winning your gal in marriage involved anything more strenuous than walking down the aisle? Believe me, "Faint heart never won fair lady" has become a personal thing to me, for I've learned there's an *easy* way, *hard* way, and *unexpected* way to get married. This is where I come in. Thanks to People Are Funny, the song lyrics, "I'd climb the highest mountain and swim the deepest river," became my wedding march! That's right. I had to climb Mount Whitney and swim the Mississippi River in order to win my gal!

Just like a lot (Continued on page 84)

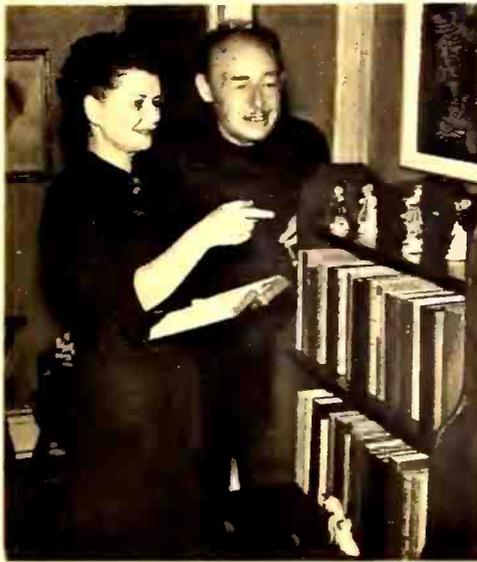
Art Linkletter's People Are Funny is heard over CBS, Tues., 8 P.M. EST, for the Mars Candy Co.



Baking is a family specialty: Agnes makes caakies—husband Jim, bread!



Dickens figurines recall Agnes' own childhood, holidays of yesteryear.



Agnes and Jimmy treasure their Yule cards as records of friendship.



AUNT JENNY— understanding heart

Like the role she plays, Agnes Young keeps the Christmas spirit all year 'round—at work or at home

By MARTIN COHEN

AGNES YOUNG is a lovely, blue-eyed woman, so pretty that people learning she is also CBS Radio's Aunt Jenny are, at first, startled by her youthfulness. But immediately the resemblance is clear. Agnes is warm-hearted, intuitive and has that inner magnetism which draws people to her just as everyone is attracted to Aunt Jenny.

And Agnes Young is a typical housewife, perhaps in some ways a little more old-fashioned than most. She knits, crochets, and sews. There are quilts and afghans in her home to prove it. She is a true neighbor in a city where most apartment dwellers remain strangers. She shops with an economic eye in the grocery store but winces at the idea of store-bought cakes. Once a month (Continued on page 89)



Daughter Nancy sometimes acts with her mother in Aunt Jenny: That's Nancy at left, Agnes, and the show's director, Bob Steel.

Agnes Young is heard as Aunt Jenny over CBS, Monday through Friday, 12:15 P.M. EST; sponsored for Spry.



Wherever Danny is — it's Christmas

Danny Thomas is a citizen of a limitless world in which all men are brothers

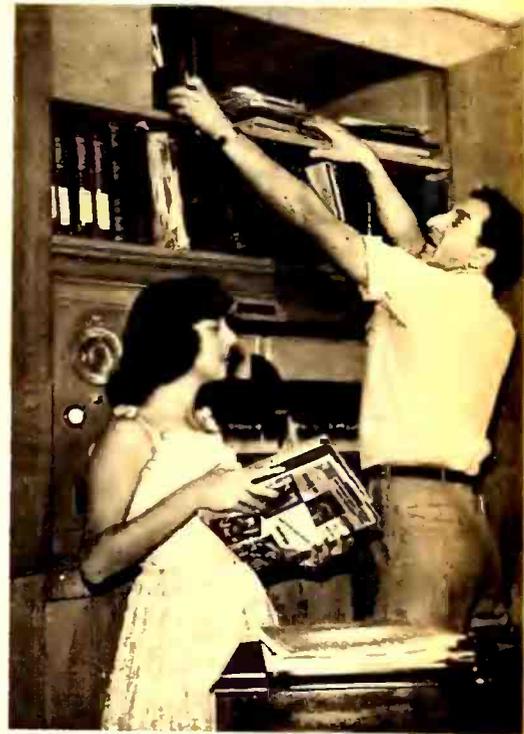
By FREDDA DUDLEY

A COMMITTEE of outstanding Los Angeles citizens were planning a benefit but found themselves working against almost insurmountable odds. There would be no benefit without well-known performers—and show-business people, always the first to be called upon for contributions of cash or talent, were scarce. Many were on vacation, many more deep in film, radio and TV schedules, some were abroad.

"But there's one bright spot," announced the committee chairman. "Danny Thomas has promised to make an appearance."

The assistant chairman shook a wondering head. "Have you noticed," he asked of the group, "that Danny Thomas can always be counted on to help out when there's a charitable drive? All show-business people are generous, but Danny seems to carry Christmas around in his heart." (Continued on page 87)

Danny's family (left) includes: Top, Danny himself; center, wife Rosemary and son Tony, 4; and daughters Margaret, 15, and Teresa, 8.



Above, Margaret helps Dad sort their large record collection. Left, Rosemary gets in a bit of "quiet" reading while Danny helps Margaret with her home work, Teresa studies, too—and Tony plays.





Facing the husband she loves, the mother-in-law she fears, Peggy Young Trent feels she must go away.

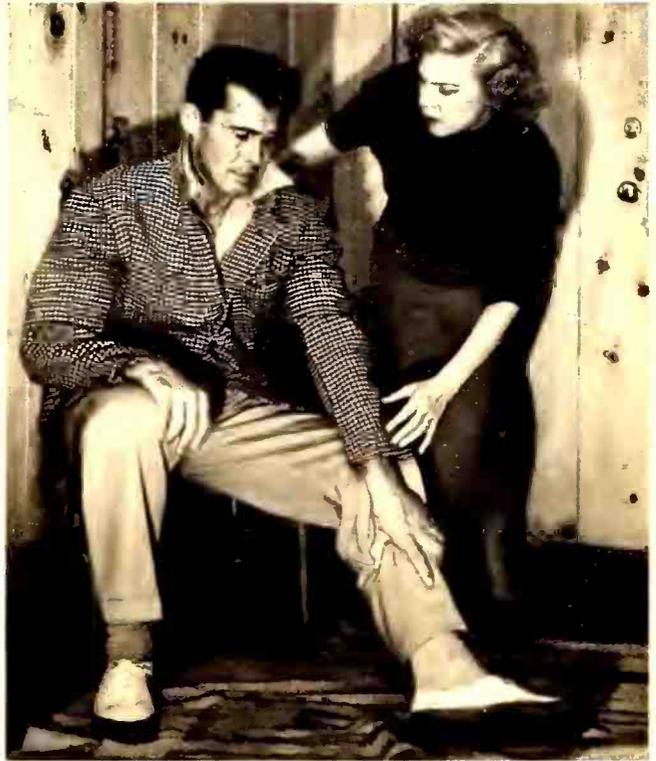
PEPPER YOUNG'S

DURING the weeks just past, Peggy Young Trent has been driven nearly out of her mind by the increasing demands of her husband Carter's mother. Mrs. Trent is determined to be the center of attention in the household, no matter how disagreeably this may be accomplished. Carter—trying to be referee, father and husband—finally can stand the tension no longer and, in league with Peggy's parents, urges her to get away for a two weeks' rest at the Youngs' mountain cabin. Finally, Peggy accepts. . . . Weary and tired of bickering and arguments, Peggy wants only to be left alone. As she is driven by Hank to the isolated mountain cabin, she rejects the old family friend's offer to return that evening and check up to see that everything is all right. As she unpacks her things, however, the wind rises and a tremendous mountain storm unleashes its fury. The storm, her mental state, all her troubles, suddenly well up inside her and she decides she must get in touch with her parents in Elmwood. She lifts the telephone receiver

to her ear and waits for the operator to answer but nothing happens—apparently the storm has caused the telephone to go out of order. Before she has time to think much about it, there is a knocking on the door and a young man's voice cries out to her for help. . . . She opens the door and there, drenched to the skin, his face haggard, is a boy who introduces himself as Doug Manson. Doug tells her that he has injured his ankle and asks for shelter. Peggy lets him in, gets food and some old warm clothes that have been left in the cabin by her brother and they settle in front of the fireplace to wait out the storm. As Peggy, glad of company, is reassuring Doug that Hank will return soon and will be able to drive him into town for medical aid, a spark from the wood fire flies out into the room toward Doug and he jumps up to avoid it. To Peggy's horror, there isn't the trace of a limp as he extinguishes the spark and walks calmly back to his chair. . . . Seeing the expression on her face, Doug boasts that not only is he not injured



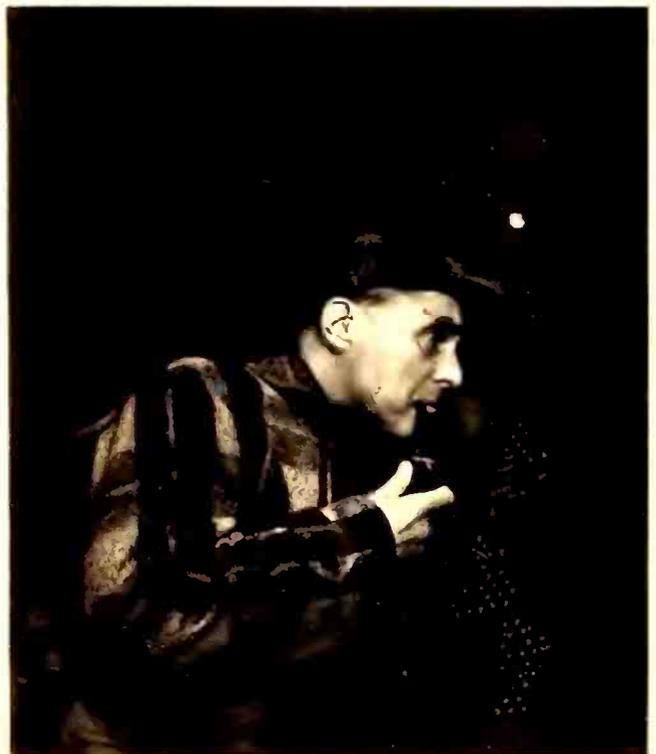
Hank, an old family friend, drives Peggy to the Youngs' mountain cabin. Thinking only of the problems she has to work out, she assures him she'll be safe there all alone.



A stranger who says his name is Doug Manson tells such a plausible story that Peggy readily lets him enter the lonely cabin and offers to help tend his injured ankle.

FAMILY

but he is the one who cut the telephone wire. Thoroughly frightened, Peggy waits for Hank, not at all sure her earlier reassurance he would be there is true. Suddenly, she hears his car and, panicky, she tries to call to him. Alarmed, Doug extinguishes the light leaving the room in darkness except for the fireplace which burns brightly. Hank, seeing all the lights out, assumes Peggy's asleep and goes away. . . . As Hank is driving down the mountain road he meets the Sheriff, who tells him about his search for a mental patient, believed to be dangerous, who has escaped from the sanitarium across the lake. He asks Hank's aid in the search and learns Peggy is occupying the Young cabin all by herself. Hank assures the Sheriff that she is safe, but the Sheriff urges Hank to return and put out the fire in the living room, since this could be dangerous. Abashed at his not having thought of it, Hank agrees. The Sheriff urges Hank to leave his car on the road and the two of them will go to the cabin together to make certain everything is in



Peggy soon learns Doug is a liar—and violent. He turns out the lights so that, when Hank checks up, just to be sure, he sees only firelight and thinks Peggy's asleep.

See Next Page →



Later, however, Hank learns from the Sheriff that a dangerous maniac has escaped in the neighborhood, and they decide to check up once more. Peggy tries to keep Doug from turning out the lights again, but he snatches the lamp. Unknown to them both—as Doug forces Peggy out the back door—the overturned lamp soon starts a blaze.

The original cast, as pictured here, includes:

Peggy Young Trent.....Betty Wragge
 Carter Trent.....Grant Richards
 Mrs. Ivy Trent.....Irene Hubbard
 Mother Young.....Marion Barney
 Father Young.....Thomas Chalmers
 Doug Manson.....James Monks
 Hank.....Parker Fennelly
 Sheriff.....Joseph Boland

Pepper Young's Family, NBC Radio, M-F, at 3:30 P.M. EST; sponsored by Procter & Gamble (Camay and Duz).

order. . . . Meanwhile, Doug forces Peggy to the kitchen to prepare some food for him. While they are there, they once more hear the sound of a car, and this time Doug knocks over a kerosene lamp in his anxiety to put the light out. Threatening her, he demands that she lead him through the woods to the main road, and, fearful of her life, she goes with him. Meanwhile, Hank and the Sheriff, seeing the darkened cabin, the fireplace, fire out, believe Peggy safe asleep. Returning to the highway, however, they discover Hank's car is gone, Doug having found it and forced Peggy to drive him to the main road. . . . Suspecting this turn of events, but still reassured that Peggy is safe, the two men return to town to report the car stolen. Upon arrival at the Sheriff's office to teletype the news of the stolen car, a call in-



Stealing Hank's car, while Hank and the Sheriff are searching the grounds, Doug forces Peggy to drive him around until she is utterly exhausted.



During the wild ride, a tire blows out—but this doesn't stop Doug. He drags Peggy into the woods and finds an empty shack, where he ties her up.

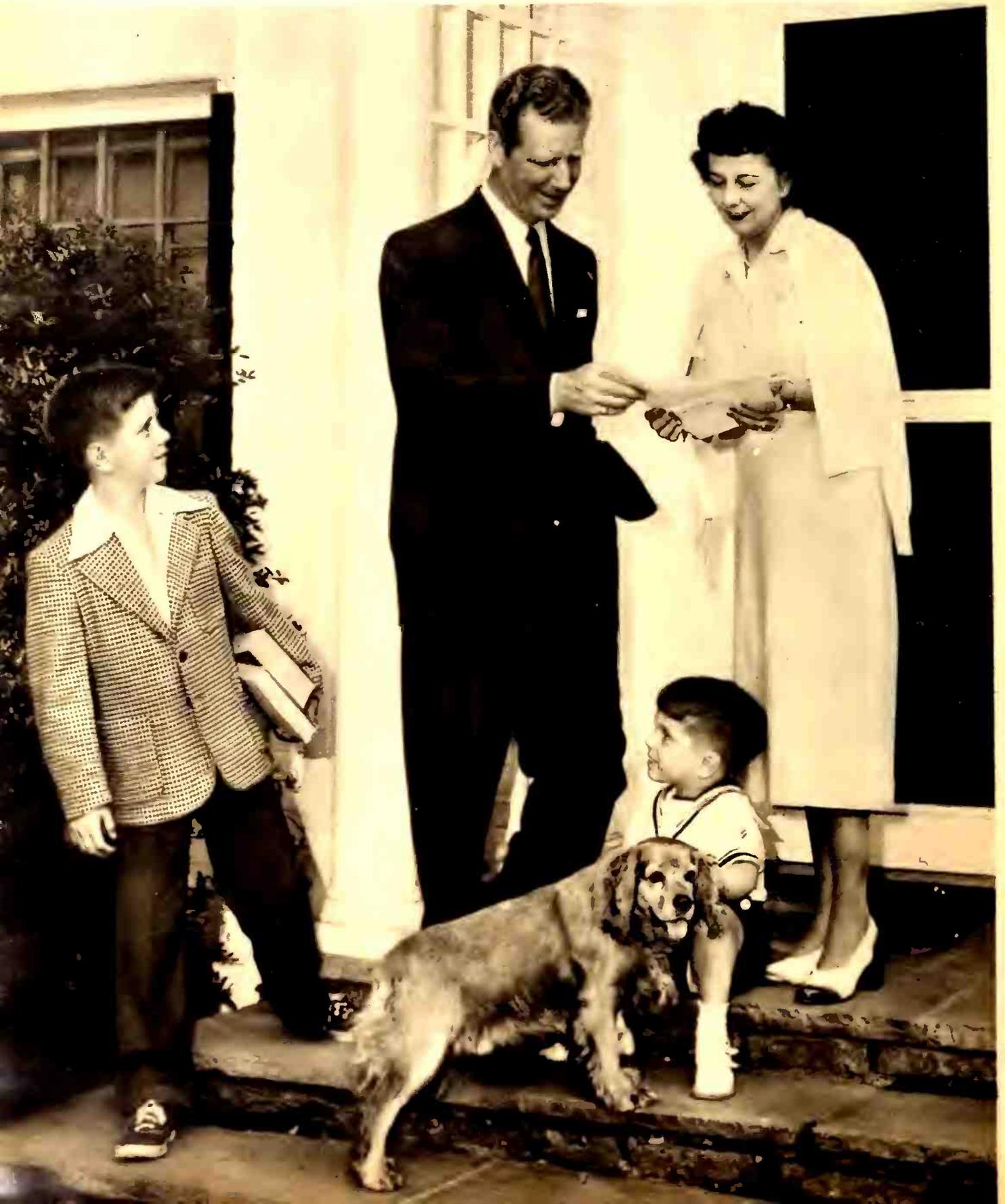


Learning of Peggy's disappearance, the older Mrs. Trent claims her son is out of town—while Peggy's parents speed to the scene and anxiously await news. And, when Peggy is rescued, she finds undreamed-of happiness: Her husband Carter now realizes how his mother has lied to him. The night of terror has turned into a brighter dawn for their marriage.

forms the Sheriff that the Youngs' cabin is ablaze. The Fire Department, the Sheriff and Hank rush out to the cabin, break in and there find undeniable evidence that Doug has been there and they know Peggy has been forced away with him. . . . Alone in the car with Doug, Peggy drives blindly through the fury of the storm. Exhausted almost beyond human endurance, she doesn't much care at this point what is going to become of her. Suddenly, a tire blows out, forcing her for a moment back to reality—all she can think of is shelter, some rest and then perhaps the possibility of escape. Abandoning the car, Doug once again forces her to walk with him, this time to an unoccupied shack. There in Doug's "hide-away," Peggy, who is near the breaking point, falls unconscious on the floor of the shack. . . . Back in town, a

posse is formed and Hank phones the Youngs in Elmwood and reluctantly reports what has happened. The desperate parents try to reach Carter and get Mrs. Trent on the telephone. Carter's mother says that he is out of town and the Youngs, unable to get word to Carter, fly to the Lake. Carter, not knowing what has happened, drops by the Youngs' residence to see his young daughter, for whom they are caring—here he hears the news of the horrifying events and learns of his mother's deception. He immediately joins the search at the Lake, where he is present at his wife's rescue. As Peggy and Carter are re-united, the love they have for each other takes on new meaning and both feel that nothing will ever drive them apart again. A dangerous experience has led them into new security.

Never a dull moment





Outside, the Kirbys' Georgian Colonial home is serene and stately. Inside, it's a beehive of activity.

Durward Kirby's wife has come to expect the unusual—and her husband never disappoints her

By MARY TEMPLE

THE DURWARD KIRBY you know for his comedy characterizations on the CBS-TV Garry Moore Show each afternoon—the Kirby who is also known as a top announcer for radio and television—is a fellow who can carry a joke all the way through. From the studio right into his own home, if necessary, and with the same deadpan expression and the same nonchalance. Luckily for him, his wife has an equally keen sense of the *(Continued on page 68)*

The Garry Moore Show is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 1:30 P.M. EST, for Stokley-Van Camp Products, Rit Dyes, and other sponsors.



Meet the family—far left, Durward and his wife, Pax, sons Randy (standing) and Dennis (with Cappy, the spaniel). With all their hobbies and games, Kirby's most proud of the way he answers his mail—Pax, of her beautiful hand-hooked rugs.

radio-TV mirror



MAKE your voice heard. Use your vote. The annual RADIO-TV MIRROR Awards poll offers you your only opportunity, in a recognized, nation-wide voting, to express your preferences for your favorite radio stars, for your favorite television stars, for the programs that please you most on radio and on your TV screen. Cast your vote. Make your voice heard. And do it now. Fill out the ballots and mail them in, postmarked not later than December 5, 1952. You need not sign your name. Mail your ballot today.

Vote for Your Favorite STARS on Radio and Television

(Write in the name of one favorite star opposite each classification)

RADIO STAR

RADIO

TV STAR

TELEVISION

Show on which Star appears

Show on which Star appears

Singer (man)
Singer (woman)
Comedian
Comedienne
Daytime Serial Actor
Daytime Serial Actress
Dramatic Actor
Dramatic Actress
Quizmaster
Master of Ceremonies
News Commentator
Sports Announcer
Husband-Wife Team

(Cut out this ballot and mail to RADIO-TV MIRROR AWARDS, Box 1746, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. If you do not have TV, it is not necessary to fill in television section of ballot.)

Awards for 1952-53

Vote for your Favorite PROGRAMS on Radio and Television

(Write in the name of one favorite program opposite each classification)

RADIO

TELEVISION

	RADIO	TELEVISION
Dramatic.....
Comedy.....
Musical.....
Daytime Serial.....
Daytime (non-serial)
Audience Participation
Quiz.....
Mystery.....
Variety.....
Amateur.....
Women's.....
Children's.....
Best Program on Air

(Cut out this ballot and mail to RADIO-TV MIRROR AWARDS, Box 1746, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. If you do not have TV, it is not necessary to fill in television section of ballot.)

VOTING in this, the sixth annual RADIO-TV MIRROR poll, will end December 5, 1952. At that time a staff of independent tabulators will go to work to add up the votes you cast for your favorites. Then the May issue of RADIO-TV MIRROR will carry the announcement of the winners along with colorful pictures of the shows, exciting pictures of the winners, their families, and new stories on the people you've voted most popular. The only way your favorites can win is for you to use your ballot—vote now. Vote today. Mail your vote to us immediately.





Gildy

RADIO looked pretty grim to Willard Waterman back in 1934. At that time the now jovial Gildersleeve died three times within the space of a few months. Nothing odd about Will—it's just that his first three radio roles were characters who were killed shortly after the first act. It began to look to Waterman as if he were being type-cast as a corpse. . . . But, eventually, leading-living roles came his way—on programs like *First Nighter*, *Ma Perkins*, *Mary Marlin*. In 1936, Will came to California to play the part of George Webster in *Those Websters*. Other program credits since then include *Halls of Ivy*, *Lux Radio Theatre*, *Screen Guild Players* and the *Cass Daley Show*. . . . The actor who rants and raves as the Great Gildersleeve once wanted to be an engineer. He went to the University of Wisconsin to become one—but success in stock companies in his native Madison made him change his mind. From Madison, he journeyed to Chicago and his early tries at radio. The three “dead” men followed, and then the gradual rise to prominence as a radio actor. . . . Although—fortunately for his friends and family—Will's personality is nothing like Throckmorton's, he looks very much like Gildy should look. He's six-feet, four-inches tall and weighs 225 pounds. He has dark brown hair, brown eyes and, of course, the handlebar Gildersleevesque mustache. The Watermans—Will, his wife Mary Anne, and their two daughters—live in San Fernando Valley.

The Great Gildersleeve program: heard every Wednesday on NBC at 8:30 P.M. EST. It is sponsored by Kraft Foods Company.

who's who on

CELEBRATING her eleventh year as cook and general housekeeper for the great Water Commissioner is Lillian Randolph, affectionately called Lil by members of the Gildersleeve cast. Lil has had a varied career in every branch of show-biz. Before turning professional, she sang in the choir of the Methodist church where her father was minister. . . . At seventeen, she left school for the stage and joined Lucky Sambo's Show in New York. Her sister Amanda had one of the leads in the show and, one night when Amanda was ill, Lil stood-in for her with great success. In 1930, Lil went to Detroit, where she worked for the great showman, George Trandle (originator of the Lone Ranger). It was there that she was taught the dialect which characterizes her lovable role as Gildersleeve's Birdie. . . . In 1932, Lil came to Hollywood for her first picture, “*Singing Kid*,” starring Al Jolson. Other films since: “*Little Men*,” “*It's a Wonderful Life*,” “*Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer*,” and “*Dear Brat*.” In addition to her radio and screen work, Lil makes night-club appearances—singing blues, ballads, and classical selections. . . . A woman with a social conscience, Lil does philanthropic work for delinquent children.



Birdie

THE GREAT GILDERSLEEVE

THE EVENTS leading up to Marylee Robb's part as Marjorie on the Great Gildersleeve are pretty routine. That is, routine for any child who wants to go into show business. It all began in the eighth grade, when Mary and some other youngsters got a cut-down course in elocution from a charming old lady in her eighties. After that, Mary was determined to become an actress. . . . What followed in the next few years was what usually follows in these cases: School plays, backyard theatre (admission—two pins), a scholarship to a school of theatre arts, summer stock, and—well, from here on in, the story gets a little more specific. . . . Marylee's father, the late Alex Robb, was an NBC program official for many years in most of the major NBC production cities. Naturally, it was radio which presented itself as a likely place for Mary to air her talents. A series of successful parts in daytime serials led to a small role on the Gildersleeve show last year. . . . One evening, Louise Erickson, who had played Marjorie for several years, was ill, and Mary begged for a chance to read the part. The director agreed, and she did such a top-notch job of standing-in that, when Louise left the cast at the end of the 1948 season, Mary was given the job permanently.



Marjorie

ONE of the most mischievous and thoroughly aggravating brats in radio is a voice which belongs to an actor whose personal life is devoted to helping children. The voice is that of Walter Tetley—Leroy on the Gildersleeve show, Julius on the Phil Harris-Alice Faye program. Walt was recently cited by the Hollywood Coordinating Council for his outstanding personal service to handicapped and underprivileged children. . . . The award was mainly for his work in organizing Boy Scout Troop 1260—composed entirely of shut-ins who are unable to participate in a complete scouting program. Walt promoted the time and talent for a radio program aired on a local station, which brings the Boy Scout meeting right into the homes of the boys who could not be Scouts otherwise. . . . Walter's first brat roles originated in NBC studios in New York, but his home today is a ranch in the San Fernando Valley. There's a swimming pool, too, which is usually filled with Boy Scouts. In addition to his radio work, he runs a pet shop called the Happy Tail on Ventura Boulevard. This venture was inspired by Walt's great interest in dogs, especially his prize cocker spaniels. . . . As Leroy on the Gildersleeve program, Walt can really be quite a problem, but in private life he spends most of his time helping people solve problems.



Leroy

who's who in Radio-TV



There was only one thing Althea ever really wanted—and time was slipping by!

BRIGHTER DAY

Will Althea ever find the right turn in the road leading to happiness?

LYING here in a hospital bed, having been here for weeks," Althea was saying to her father, Reverend Dennis, "this has become almost my world. The visits of the various members of the family are pleasant interludes, to be sure. But people leave . . . and I remain in a world of—sterile bandages, hypodermic needles, medication. It's as though I were in the center of a circle and all the rest of you were on the outside."

"Yes," came Reverend Dennis' reply. "But then, haven't we always been, Althea? Even before your accident, haven't you always been in the center and everyone else on the outside? Unless, of course, you choose to bring one of us close to you."

After father Dennis left, Althea thought about their conversation. Her mind was weary of struggling—but struggle she must if she were ever to get out of her bed of pain. She must, if ever she wanted to see her name up in bright lights, ever wanted to hear the approval of applause at some line she'd delivered cleverly from a stage, if ever she were to *live* again.

Why must everything in life be such a problem? she thought wearily. Now Papa Dennis wanted her daughter, Spring, to come back from Liz's house and live with Papa—against the time when she could be home. "I don't want Spring to see me when I go home. I don't want Spring there when I have to return to the hospital for another operation. I want Liz to adopt Spring and get her out of this situation once and for all," Althea railed to herself.

"Patience," Althea cautioned herself. "I must have patience." As she said these words, Althea re-lived her visit from Elaine Chalmers, a fascinating woman in her mid-forties who ran the hospital library. Hadn't that been what Mrs. Chalmers was trying to tell her?

"My dear, you have a lifetime ahead of you to do all the things you want to do, get all the things you want most."

"The only thing I've ever wanted, really wanted, was a career," Althea had replied. "Now time is slipping by. The years are piling up. The stage wants young people. I'm twenty-seven and I've tried to think what I would do, where I would find the kind of satisfaction, gratification, the theatre gives one if—" Althea

had let her words trail off with her imagination. What were actually the things that had value for her in life?

Were they, as her father insisted, the care of Spring, her child? Could she ever again find comfort and solace in marriage? Or must this ambition to be ever in the limelight, ever the actress, be the only thing which would finally satisfy her and bring her happiness? Was there no path on which she could find her way to a complete and satisfying life? As with most of us, Althea must find this answer in her own soul—will her selfishness, her ambition ever let her discover life's true values?

The Brighter Day is heard on CBS Radio at 2:45 P.M.—on NBC, 9:45 A.M. Both M-F, EST, sponsored by Cheer.

Pictured in their original radio roles—Bill Smith as Rev. Dennis, Les Damon as Larry, and Joan Alexander as Althea.





I can smile now, but I was so lonely and afraid as I approached that first Christmas away from home!

my holiday heartache



My tears of loneliness became tears of joy the day a miracle touched my life

by Peggy Taylor

MY FIRST "white Christmas" would also be the most desolate one I had ever endured. The realization came over me chillingly. That happened two years ago when I was new to Chicago, but even now, in the midst of the close companionship of the Breakfast Club cast, I recall it as sharply as if it were occurring all over again.

Our orchestra leader, Eddie Ballantine, needs only to bring out the arrangements for "White Christmas" and the traditional carols, our boss, Don McNeill, has only to announce plans for our holiday broadcasts, to take me straight back to that day when I suddenly felt Christmas would bring joy to every other mortal in the world—except me.

It was on Thanksgiving that the horrible thought struck me. Actually I had much to be thankful for. For a girl my age, I was doing right well. I had had a taste of one career, having taught school for a term immediately after finishing at the University of California, and then had been able to make a successful switch and turn my hobby of singing into my true life work.

The breaks had come my way. One engagement led to another, and I hadn't even had to try very hard to find bookings with name bands. The biggest break of all had come while I was singing in San Fran-



One thing that helps today is seeing my mother—and another is my wonderful job with the Breakfast Club.

my holiday heartache

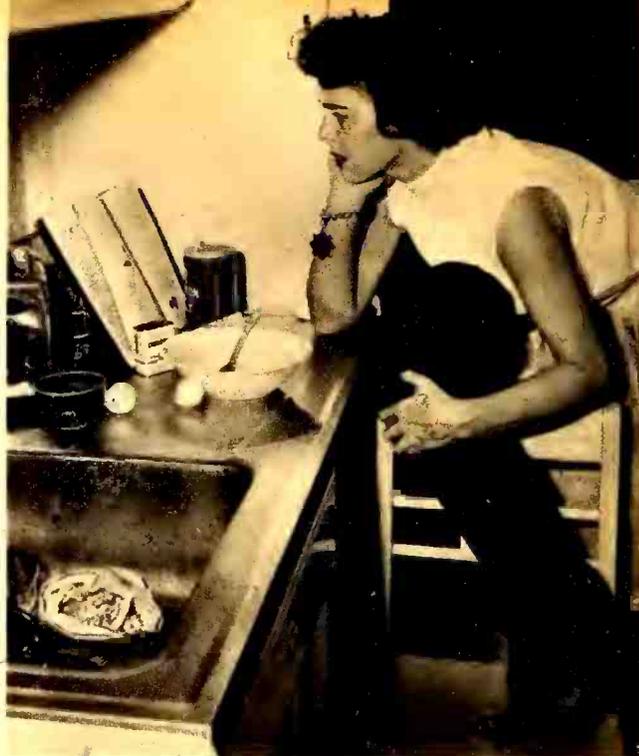
cisco's Mark Hopkins. There, generous, warmhearted Dorothy Shay had heard me and taken an interest in my work.

She had coached me a bit, and when she continued her tour, she still remembered. Playing Chicago, she heard of a new television program and decided I would fit the show and the show would fit me. Wiring to suggest I audition for it, she had helped me land the assignment.

The show was fine, I found a pleasant apartment to share with two other girls, and I loved Chicago. Loved it, that is, until just before Thanksgiving, when my roommates, whose homes were within easy traveling distance, began making holiday plans.

They worried about me long before I began being concerned about myself. Kathy, who lived up in Wisconsin, was the first to offer an invitation. "You'd better come home with me," she said. "Mother will enjoy having you, and there'll be the usual turkey and trimmings. All the aunts, uncles and cousins will be

Childhood yuletides live again, not only in memory, but in actual hobbies started then—like my painting.



Cooking in my new kitchen reminds me of feverish preparations for the youthful "family" I borrowed.

there. We'll have fun." She looked at me anxiously.

I pretended to myself that the show-business habit of putting work ahead of personal interests dictated my answer. "Thanks loads, but I'll have to check my rehearsal schedule."

That excuse had evaporated by the time my other girl friend, Mitt, urged that I go home with her. I knew by then that we were not rehearsing on Thanksgiving, so all I could do was say lamely, "Thank you, but I really believe I'd better stay in town."

Both protested, both urged me to reconsider, but at the same time there was such hectic rushing around in preparation for their trips neither really noticed that, for all my brave front, I was getting pretty blue.

When I pressed a blouse for Mitt, I'll admit a couple of tear drops sizzled down onto the iron; when I loaned Kathy my best new sweater, I folded it into her traveling bag with the air of one who might just as well dispose of her treasured possessions since she'll have no further use for them.

Despite the deepening indigo of my mood, it wasn't until they had both departed that I broke down and admitted the real truth to myself.

I was homesick. So bitterly, terribly, heartbreakingly homesick for my own mother, my own sisters, my own nieces and nephew that the sight of any other family, joyously reunited, would be just about all it would take to make me sit right down in the middle of my hostess' living-room floor and bawl my eyes out.

I tried to shake myself free from the feeling. I went to the kitchen to make a pot of coffee, and my heels struck the hardwood flooring (*Continued on page 85*)

Peggy Taylor is heard on Don McNeill's Breakfast Club over ABC, M-F, 9 A.M. EST, for Swift & Co., Philco Corp., O'Cedar Corp.



Do women have to put up with these?

A skin that looks coarse?

Its color muddied?

A skin that looks harsh and rough?

You hate to see it—your skin losing its fresh look

A fascinating, immediate change can come over your face...



You can do something to change your skin



You can feel your skin responding



You owe it to yourself to bring out your beauty

Free your skin. Dirt, old make-up *stick* in pore-openings. Fatigue, wind, dry air constantly *rob* skin of oil and moisture.

There is an exclusive formulation of skin-helping ingredients in Pond's Cold Cream. They work on your skin *as a team*—in inter-action. As you swirl on Pond's, you help *both* sides of your skin.

Outside, embedded dirt is cleansed from pore-openings immaculately. And, *at the same time*, your skin is given oil and moisture it *needs* to be soft and smooth.

Inside, the circulation is stimulated, helping the skin to repair itself and refine itself.

Feel a wonderful smoothness come to your skin. *Each night* give your face this special oil-and-moisture treatment—to replace the continual *thieving* of your skin's freshness and softness . . . to cleanse it *rightly, deeply*:

Soft-cleause—swirl Pond's Cold Cream all over your face and throat generously. Tissue off *well*.

Soft-riuse quickly with more skin-helping Pond's Cold Cream. Tissue off *lightly*.

Now see the difference. As you use this famous cleansing cream every night, *your* face takes on a lovely, *cared-for* look.

Look your loveliest and you send out a happy-hearted confidence to all who see you.

You will see the wonder of this skin-helping cream—*immediately*—after your very first Pond's Creaming.

Use Pond's Cold Cream *every* night—mornings, too. (Remember, the constant loss of your skin's natural oil and moisture goes on *every* day.) As you use Pond's, you will delight in your lovelier skin.

Get a large jar of Pond's Cold Cream at *your* favorite face cream counter—*today*. Start using it this very night.

The Marchioness of Milford Haven, who is the American wife of the great-great-grandson of Queen Victoria, says: "Pond's Cold Cream is my one essential cream. It leaves my skin glowing. I couldn't do without it."

Never a Dull Moment

(Continued from page 57)

ridiculous. Particularly lucky it was a few months ago, when a man and woman, selected from the studio audience, were each given a list of four things to do to win some prize money, and one of the things Garry concocted was to get Mrs. Durward Kirby's autograph. Mrs. Kirby was unknown to both contestants and not present at the show.

A request like this could have stumped the most eager contestant, home addresses being closely guarded secrets so that performers' families may have a little of the privacy in their home lives that other people take for granted. The man was resourceful and somehow managed, by devious methods, to get Durward's address in a small community near New York. Continuing on his enterprising way, he happened to take the same train which Durward catches after his afternoon announcing for the radio daytime drama, Hilltop House. As Durward hopped from the train to the local bus, the driver said, "Mr. Kirby, the man over there wants to get off where you do and find someone on your street. Would you mind showing him?" Durward hardly glanced at the man but said sure, he'd be glad to.

When they got off, the stranger told him the address he wanted—the Kirbys' own number—and, seeing that Durward still didn't remember him from the show earlier that day, he pulled out the paper on which Garry's instructions had been written. Together, they then went on up to the house, grinning about what Mrs. Kirby's reaction would be. (For the first time in weeks she had not watched the program that day and knew nothing about her part in it, because the sewing club was meeting at her house.)

If the two men expected to confuse her by their little scheme, they reckoned without Mary Paxton Kirby's resourcefulness. Pax was somewhat surprised to find her husband bringing home a stranger, without letting her know in advance. Not that she objected. In fact, she was already going over her dinner menu mentally and deciding on a fancier dessert and an extra-special salad. Then Durward introduced the visitor and got his name wrong, so the man had to correct it. Pax wondered who this fellow could be that her husband knew so casually. Refreshments were being served the club as the men came in, and they joined the general conversation for a few minutes, until the stranger suddenly whipped out a paper and asked for her autograph. When Pax heard what it was all about, she thought it was a wonderful joke, and signed. "He was a nice man," she comments, "and he could have stayed to dinner, because I had it all worked out in my mind during the first two minutes."

It's the out-of-the-ordinary incidents like this that give you the key to the Kirbys' home life. A normal, routine, suburban sort of life on the surface, but one where anything can happen at any time and everybody takes it in stride. A hospitable home where even the unexplained guest will get a welcome, right down the line from Pax to ten-year-old Randy (a perfect host) and three-and-a-half-year-old Dennis (who generously presses his precious candies into your hand) to Cappy, short for Captain, the blond cocker spaniel who snuggles his nose into your shoe.

Pax was Mary Paxton Young, of Indianapolis, Indiana, before her marriage on June 7, 1941. Some of her ability to deal with the unpredictable and unexpected, of which the autograph incident is only one sample, is probably due to the fact

that she has been a radio singer and personality in her own right, with a lively program of comment and contests of her own for ten years, and with experience as a radio executive. She thinks that her present job of housewife is an underrated but wonderful one, although instead of office conferences she now gets together with the other wives in the community and darns socks and sews on buttons while they discuss new ideas for getting the housework done faster and the kids and cooking taken care of with the minimum of effort. (No one has come up so far with any startling solutions.)

The house Durward and Pax have owned for the past five years is Georgian Colonial, of whitewashed brick with green shutters. It's on a quiet, dead-end street, next to an old farm which once included their property. The fence that separates the properties was built up with boulders from the fields 150 years ago. Their own house is about fifteen years old, a homelike medley, on the inside, of old and new things. The old ones are explained by the fact that each Kirby is a collector.

"We collect things we can use," Durward explains. "Our Queen Anne dining chairs, for instance, are 170 years old and they once stood in a great English castle, but we sit on them every day." Pax interrupts to say that Durward's initial interest in antiques was largely for the fun of tracking them down. "If anything is hard to find, he really goes after it. Just let anyone say there's a good antique shop miles down the road, and we're off. We follow the antiques on a trip more than we do the road maps now."

Durward is interested in old guns, as well as furniture. Pax got him two for Christmas that he had handled lovingly at the Antiques Fair but decided it would be extravagant to buy, and they hang on the wall of the small sitting room-library. Pax has several collections—blue and white Delft, onion pattern Meissen (with the crossed swords hallmark), and the kitchen Meissens, some of which she has had made into lovely lamp bases. It's Randy (Durward Randall Kirby, after his father) who is the demon collector of the family . . . except for Dennis, perhaps, who has lollipops he has been hoarding since last Easter! Randy searches for old-time toys, miniatures such as a small Civil War cannon he especially treasures, daisy and button pattern little glass hats (they must be perfect to qualify for his collection), and



It's Durward Kirby—as Winston L. Mittenjuice on Garry Moore's show.

his own group of Meissen.

"Randy discovers onion patterns that are better than I ever find," Pax says. "He will tell a dealer, 'That's a very lovely onion pattern you have, but not just what I want,' or 'That's nice, but I want the old hobnail.' The dealer will be so surprised to hear a small boy talk with such knowledge of things belonging to other generations that he will usually help Randy find the best buys."

Besides a growing interest in antiques, Durward has always loved to fix old things. "I think he likes to see something in the house get broken so he can repair it," Pax says, "and he loves to fuss with tools and paint. We had a huge old rolltop desk in the basement of our other house, and a junkman wanted ten dollars just to cart it away. The mahogany finish was splashed with paint, and it was a thoroughly disreputable-looking piece of furniture. Durward took off the top, refinished all the wood in a light pickled effect, put on a leather top with decorative metal nail-heads and made it into a stunning table desk."

"I might add that everyone helped scrape off the old finish, even our unsuspecting friends who came to visit and were handed a piece of steel wool practically as they came in the front door! Durward sits at the desk now when he does his 'home work'—which includes taking care of the mail he gets from listeners and viewers. He answers every scrap of it because he feels if people are interested enough to write they deserve a reply, and he likes to hear from people and know what they are thinking."

Garry Moore once publicized a home project of Durward's, and the response taxed all the facilities of the studio and the Kirbys' house, too. Durward had mentioned an old butter churn he had found on one of his antiquing forays and said he intended to turn it into a lamp base but would need some perfectly graduated spools for the shaft. "This boy has gone crazy," Garry kidded. "Who saves old spools? Who wants them, anyhow?" Durward insisted he did, and the spools began to arrive, until they totaled 10,000. The overflow was sent to hospitals to make toys for children—doll faces and bodies and, brightly painted, to string across cribs and cots.

The Kirbys' main outdoor sport is fishing—mostly minnows and mosquito bites being the haul. "Sometimes we think there aren't any other fish besides minnows," Pax laments. Another relaxation is a small Hammond chord organ, which Durward could play by the hour—if he had that many hours of free time. Monday to Friday, he is busy in New York all day with rehearsals and conferences and his two regular programs. Thursday nights, he has to stay in town for Treasury Men in Action. That's the maid's night off, so Pax makes it fun for the kids by having "picnic suppers"—outdoors in summer, indoors in winter. Friday nights, Durward stays in town for Footlights Theatre. Every other Sunday, he is gone from noon until late for the Goodyear Theatre.

Sometimes Pax takes the kids out to Sunday dinner, believing that it's good for them to learn how to sit at a restaurant table and mind their manners in public. She usually saves Durward some supper on the nights he has to be away, because he doesn't bother to eat much when he is busy. Or he will whip up some of his special spaghetti with his own secret sauce, and the garlic bread he loves with it. "Of course, I have to do the cleaning up after him," Pax says. But Durward is a neat

worker who seldom leaves anything around that has to be picked up after him.

The Kirbys first met when they both worked for Station WLW in Cincinnati, although they had grown up ten blocks from each other in Indianapolis. She was Mary Paxton Young, nicknamed Pax or Mary Pax to differentiate her from a number of other Marys in her family. Durward was born in Covington, Kentucky, but had been brought up in Mary's town. By the time they met, mutual friends had praised each to the other so glowingly that they were inclined not to take any stock in each other. "Too big a buildup," Pax sums it up now.

They occasionally dated, but it wasn't until a flood hit Cincinnati in 1937 that they really got to know each other well. The broadcasts were done from an upper floor that had to be lit by kerosene lamps. There was constant danger of fire from the oil-covered waters, and both had to do around-the-clock stints of broadcasting appeals for the Red Cross, as well as their usual chores. After the shared problems and dangers of that period, they began to go together quite steadily, but after a while Durward left Cincinnati for Chicago, where he worked with Garry Moore on Club Matinee. Later, Pax landed in Chicago, too, and began her ten-year *Wishing Well* radio program (listeners made wishes that she tried to make come true).

Four years after their first meeting they became engaged, on Valentine's Day, 1941, and were married the following June 7, in Indianapolis. Randy was born December 5, 1942, and when Randy was fourteen months old Durward went into the Navy. He got out in 1946, took a job as emcee on the *Honeymoon* in New York program, and Pax quit her radio program and followed him to New York with Randy. Later she took a job in New York as radio di-

rector of an advertising agency, but when Dennis Paxton arrived on June 11, 1949, she reverted to being a housewife once more.

Right now, Pax is working on her second hooked rug, this one for Randy's room. The one she did for their bedroom is pink and rose, with light blue accents. It follows the room's general color scheme, the wallpaper being pink and white and the rest of the rugs being blue. The boys' rooms are each gaily decorated. Randy's desk was painted by Pax, with six panels on the top and the legend, "The First Six Years of My Life," in script. One panel gives his birth date and shows his parents at a microphone, and there is the first apartment home in Chicago (a penthouse on top of a tall building), the train that brought him to New York, the first house in New York, his first two close friends, his first school, and his sixth birthday. Dennis will soon have a lovely new chair for his room, painted by Pax in Peter Hunt style with designs dear to a three-year-old's heart.

Their front door used to have nine little panes of glass, but now it's a Dutch door with the panes filled in. The glass doors that led from the hall into the dining room are now louvered and painted white, so all the doors now form a part of one well-planned decorative scheme. The fine old Queen Anne chairs in the dining room find their complement in a contemporary mahogany dining table. The rug is deep blue, and the blue and white wallpaper is the same design as the paper used in the Raleigh Tavern in the famous Williamsburg Restoration.

On the opposite side of the hall, the living room is carpeted in gray, with some deeply-cushioned gray chairs and one red one for bright accent. A handsome contemporary sofa in dark green follows along one wall, opposite the fireplace. Walls are

green, and ceiling and woodwork are white. On either side of the mantel shelf hang portraits of the two boys, and Pax's loom stands in the window at the back of the living room, overlooking the peach tree and part of the flagstoned terrace where so much summer living is done. Next to the living room is the combination study and TV room, dominated by the desk that is Durward's pride and joy.

A small sitting room-library beyond the entrance hall is pine-paneled, and here the decorative scheme is in russet and browns and blue. Between the twin book-cases hangs the H. P. Davis Award, a plaque Durward won for the best network radio announcing in 1941—a prized award that can be won only once by any announcer. There are easy chairs and a comfortable sofa to curl up on any blustery day when indoors is more inviting than outdoors. In fact, a fine Hibbard snow scene over the sofa makes such indoor comfort seem even cozier.

From the windows, on a snowy twilight, the Kirbys can look out on the evergreens, the lilac bushes that will spring into bloom in a few months, the flowering crab-apple tree that brought beauty to the grounds in the fall, and the big old apple tree that provided them so generously with their winter's supply. They can look out towards the back and see the boys' sand box and the wading pool and slide, and the miniature log cabin that is large enough for the children to play in, complete with a sign Randy found and promptly planted in front of the cabin door. The sign says "21"—the number and name of a famous night club in New York where celebrities gather. "But this is the only '21 Club' a family like ours ever gets to," Pax tells you. She doesn't say it as if she minded very much, or thought life could ever get too dull in the Kirby household.

A SONG ON YOUR LIPS—NEW "RHAPSODY IN PINK" BY TANGEE—

THE ONLY LANOLIN-BASE, COLOR-TRUE, NON-SMEAR LIPSTICK!



A New Note in Color! So young, so flattering. "Rhapsody in Pink" is pink as pink should be—rosy-deep, radiant, fashion-right.

A New Note in "Non-Smear" Quality! Thanks to Permachrome, "Rhapsody in Pink" looks dewy-fresh, even when you eat, bite your lips, smoke, or—kiss!

A New Note in Youthful Sheen! "Rhapsody in Pink" applies smoothly, evenly—does not look caked or lifeless. The rich lanolin-base keeps lips soft!

A New Note in Safety! "Rhapsody in Pink" contains no harsh chemicals. Won't dry, burn or irritate lips.

YOU'LL LOVE "RHAPSODY IN PINK"

BY

LANOLIN-BASE COLOR-TRUE NON-SMEAR

Tangee

WITH PERMACHROME

LIPS LOOK BEAUTIFUL WEARING "RHAPSODY IN PINK," TANGEE'S NEW RADIANT PINK! AT ALL COSMETIC COUNTERS.

What Every Woman Wants

(Continued from page 42)

elementary-school teacher—following in my mother's footsteps. During my second year it hit me rather hard that, even though I was enjoying college and its extra-curricular activities, I was actually disappointed in my studies—with the exception of my speech courses. During this semester I took part in my first play—the role of a slinky Hollywood-type hellion. I had the time of my life. And I began to think about the possibilities for the future.

"That summer I talked with my parents about being an actress. Because there had never been an actor in our family, nobody could, from their own knowledge, help me. Mother, as I said, had been a teacher, and Dad was a practical businessman. Then Mother hit upon the idea that I should write to the head of the University Drama Department, Dr. Elden T. Smith, who had been my speech professor and the director of my one and only play. Poor Dr. Smith! What a burden I placed on his shoulders! I sat down and wrote reams concerning my problem and asking for his help. And, bless his heart, his reply matched my request page for page, with one or two extra sheets thrown in for good measure. It was probably the most honest appraisal of a situation a person has ever received.

"He covered my strong points and my weaknesses in a clear and forthright manner—no pussyfooting around, no patting me on the back, no glorifying and glamorizing of the theatre or my possible future in it. In reality, what he did was present a clear picture of myself and the theatre, what training I would need, and what I might expect to meet were I to pursue this activity. Then he left it completely up to me to make up my own mind. So—I spent the rest of that summer of 1944 communing with myself, with the result that, when I returned to school in the fall, I switched from teaching to dramatics. I still have Dr. Smith's letter. It was one of the two big turning points in my life."

Nor did Eva ever starve or survive on tea and toast for her art. "It just happens," she continues, "that I'm particularly fond of solid food—and I was lucky. You see, in 1946, when I was graduated from college, my family was living in Flushing, Long Island. This meant that I could live at home, and while I was making my first round of auditions I was assured of at least two good meals a day whether or not I picked up any jobs. I think, also, I was a good example of 'innocence being bliss.' I had never worked before, and I don't think it ever really occurred to me that people didn't or couldn't always get jobs if they really wanted to work—and eat. I just assumed that, if you couldn't get the kind of job you wanted right away, you took something else to tide you over.

"Therefore, I not only covered as many auditions as possible, but I also lugged around my album of photographs and registered at as many modeling agencies as would let me inside their doors. As a matter of fact, my first jobs were 'way off Broadway, so to speak—photographic modeling. But it was fun and exciting. I was bringing home a pay check now and then, and at the same time was learning the finer points of make-up, poise, and carriage.

"Then eventually came the great day . . . my first TV assignment! I sat in the audience near a mike and applauded the acts of a variety show. Strictly a sound-effects girl—no camera anywhere near me. A short time later I was promoted to a seat near the camera, and at last appeared on the TV

screen—well, at least the back of my head did. The time came when they let me face the camera."

From then on Eva took anything she could get on TV—nothing was too small or insignificant for her—and it wasn't long before she was seen briefly . . . even heard, briefly . . . all over the screen. This led to commercials, and finally to her first steady and sizable role on Campus Hoop-la.

Once established on Campus Hoop-la, Eva decided she had led a sheltered life long enough, and the time had come to try living on her own. She wanted to prove to herself that she was a responsible being, able to take care of herself. So she teamed up with a girl from the show, and for the next few years learned what every good housekeeper should know about short-cut housekeeping, budgets, cooking, and running a home.

It was also at about this time that Eva turned her sights on radio and Broadway. On Broadway she competed with hundreds of other girls and won the understudy part for the only female role in "Mr. Roberts." Radio seemed a little tougher. "Actually," Eva explains, "it took me almost one year of hounding directors to land my first radio role . . . a small part on the daytime serial Rosemary. Then little by little I picked up other radio parts. My latest major acquisition was the part of poor, confused, unhappy Mary Brown in Young Dr. Malone. I feel so sorry for her—she's married to probably the most un-understanding husband on the air.

"She should have a husband like mine—not that I plan to give her the chance. But what a whale of a difference it would make in her life!

"I met Jeffrey Hayden back in 1948, on the third floor at NBC. In those days, the center of NBC's third floor was the milling and meeting place for all radio folk. It was like a club house . . . with no dues. Everybody was friendly and talkative, and you could spend hours there resting your arches and getting all versions of the 'inside dope.' At this time Jeff was working in radio at NBC. He tells me that the reason he finally got somebody to introduce us was that he liked the way I walked and carried my album tucked under my arm, with my name—in large gold letters—clearly visible on the album cover. I don't know whether he thought I was doing it purposely or not—acting as my own press agent—but I want it made clear right here and now that I never knew my name was available to every passerby.

"After our first meeting, Jeff took to daily constitutional along the third floor. Several times he asked me to join him for a cup of coffee, which I never did. I don't quite know what made me do it—I'm not usually a gold-digger—but I held out for lunch. And after that luncheon date—which took longer in coming than I thought it should—it was only and always Jeff for me. Even at this time, we had a lot in common. We were both leaving jobs—I was resigning my understudy role in 'Mr. Roberts,' and Jeff was leaving NBC to go to ABC-TV. Eventually, he returned to NBC-TV, where he is now the director of The Big Pay-Off."

Eva and Jeff were no emotional scatterbrains. Even though they knew they were in love shortly after that first date, both were serious about the careers they had cut out for themselves. They felt that the only sensible approach, in order to give their marriage an even chance, was to take first things first. Jeff's career was of prime importance. Eva's career, of course, was also important. But they agreed that, until Jeff was more solidly established,

they should wait. Which they did—until October 28, 1951, when Jeff slipped a gold band on Eva's third finger, left hand, and whisked her off to Mexico on a honeymoon.

"Just like people in ordinary jobs," continues Eva, "our lives are not bounded by the work we do. Since our marriage we've picked up a number of hobbies and interests. The first one I developed during our honeymoon. I quite blindly bought a camera, and proceeded to take 360 color pictures of our Mexican trip. Believe it or not, every one of them came out perfectly! I have probably one of the largest and most complete collections of color pictures ever taken on a trip by a rank amateur. I regret to admit that my batting average since then has been considerably lower . . . it was probably just beginner's luck on the most wonderful honeymoon a couple ever had!

"Most of our other pastimes are considerably more active than shutter-bugging. In the summer we love tennis, swimming and water-skiing. Next summer, if at all possible, we want to get a boat that sleeps at least two so we can spend our weekends on the water. In the winter, we take the water frozen—on an average of three nights a week, you'll find us in Central Park cutting figures on the ice. Last winter we took up regular skiing for the first time, and loved it, too. When we're resting up, as it were, from these extra-curricular activities, we're generally making use of Jeff's really fine library and record collection."

Even though the Haydens could never be considered Bohemians, they do live in an attractive three-room apartment in the Greenwich Village section of New York City. They prefer this section because it reminds them of small towns all over the country . . . has a community atmosphere about it that can't be duplicated in any other part of the city. Also, the old buildings in "the Village" provide things that are quite foreign to the more modern midtown apartments—a large fireplace in the living room, which blazes away most of the winter, and a tremendous kitchen. To Eva, her kitchen is a dream come true. Even though she had never cooked while she was living with her family, she has found it to be one of her great joys.

"Of course," she laughs, "the fact that Jeff claims to love everything I cook undoubtedly has something to do with it. I concentrate on simple, digestible things, such as fowls, roasts and the like. Fortunately, I married a meat-and-potato man who prefers home-cooked meals to restaurant fare. Honestly, I can't remember when we last ate in a restaurant."

As to their futures, both are open-minded and practical about it. "In the first place," says Eva, "my career always has been and always will be secondary to Jeffrey's. Sooner or later—and I hope it will be much sooner than later—we hope to raise a family. If the time ever comes when my career interferes with the well-being of my husband and family, I will drop it. On the other hand, as long as career and family run smoothly together, I'm happy that way. I would dearly love to try my hand at a Broadway stage play—something besides an understudy role, that is. And we've talked about the possibility of eventually going out to Hollywood. Since Jeffrey is in television, and Hollywood is a large TV production center, we may some day make the move. If we do, I will probably try my luck at films. But, if that doesn't pan out, there will always be radio, TV, and—most important—family. What I want most is my husband, who, in a non-theatrical way, is the only person I call 'darling!'"

Inside Radio

All Times Listed Are Eastern Standard Time.

Monday through Friday

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs				
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember?	Local Program 8:55 Gabriel Heatter	8:40 Betty Crocker Pauline Frederick 8:55 John Conte	Renfro Valley Country Store
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Alex Dreier, News Bob Hope Brighter Day	Robert Hurlleigh Tell Your Neighbor Mac McGuire Show	Breakfast Club	News of America Barnyard Follies Joan Edwards Show In Town Today
10:00 10:15 10:25 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Double or Nothing	Cecil Brown Paula Stone Take A Number	My True Story Whispering Streets When A Girl Marries	Arthur Godfrey Show
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Strike It Rich Bob and Ray Dave Garroway	Ladies Fair 11:25 Holland Engle Queen For A Day	Lone Journey Top of the World Break the Bank	Grand Slam Rosemary

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15		Curt Massey Time Capital Commentary with Baukhage	Don Gardner, News 12:10 Jack Berch	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45	Luncheon with Lopez	Faith in Our Time	Bill Ring Show	Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Merrill Mueller Dr. Paul	Cedric Foster Luncheon with Lopez 1:55 News	Paul Harvey, News Ted Malone	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15	Pickens Party Ev'ry Day	Say It With Music 2:25 News, Frank Singiser	Mary Margaret McBride	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason
2:30 2:45	Meredith Wilson 2:55 Hollywood News	Paula Stone Music by Willard	Betty Crocker 2:35 Tennessee Ernie	This Is Nora Drake Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	John Gambling		Hilltop House Art Linkletter's Houseparty Carl Smith Sings 3:50 Home Folks
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Young Widdler Brown Woman In My House	Local Program Mert's Record Ad- ventures	Cal Tinney 4:25 Betty Crocker Ronnie Kemper Dean Cameron	It Happens Every Day Chicagoans Treasury Bandstand 4:55 News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell Lorenzo Jones The Doctor's Wife	Bobby Benson* Wild Bill Hickok † 5:55 News, Cecil Brown *T—Sgt. Preston, W—Green Hornel, Th—Sgt. Preston, Fri.—Green Hornel †Wild Bill M-W-F, Sky King T-Th	Fun Factory 5:45 World Flight Reporter 5:55 Bob Finnegan	News 5:05 John Falk Hits and Misses Curt Massey

Monday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter	Jackson & the News You and the World Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn Echoes From the Tropics News of the World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel 7:55 Titus Moody	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis The Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	The Railroad Hour Voice of Firestone	Woman of the Year —Bette Davis Crime Does Not Pay	Henry J. Taylor World Wide Flashes Chicago Signature	Suspense Talent Scouts
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Telephone Hour Band of America	News, Bill Henry Reporters' Roundup Off & On the Record	Frank & Jackson	Lux Theatre
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Meredith Willson's Music Room News, John Cameron Swayze Al Goodman Music	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Bands for Bonds	John Daly, News Dream Harbor Edwin C. Hill 10:35 Time for De- fense	Bob Hawk Show Robert Trout Rex Allen Show

Tuesday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter	Jackson & the News You and the World Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Richard Harkness Echoes from the Tropics News of the World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel 7:55 Titus Moody	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Silver Eagle	Beulah Jack Smith Show Peggy Lee Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Cavalcade of America Red Skelton Show	Black Museum— Orson Welles Dr. Kildare	Michael Shayne Paul Whiteman Teen Club	People Are Funny Mr. & Mrs. North
9:00 9:05	Martin & Lewis	News, Bill Henry The Search That Never Ends	America's Town Meeting of the Air	Luigi
9:30 9:45	Fibber McGee & Molly	Off & On the Record	E. D. Canham News	My Friend Irma
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Two for the Money News, John Cameron Swayze First Nighter	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Dance Bands	John Daly News Dream Harbor Edwin C. Hill 10:35 United or Not	Louella Parsons 10:05 Mr. Chameleon Music

Wednesday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter	Jackson & the News You and the World Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn The Playboys News of the World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel 7:55 Titus Moody	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Walk a Mile Great Gildersleeve	MGM Musical Comedy Theatre	Mystery Theatre Life Begins at 80	FBI In Peace and War Dr. Christian
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Bet Your Life— Groucho Marx Big Story	News, Bill Henry Family Theatre Off & On the Record	Mr. President Crossfire	The Lineup What's My Line?
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Barrie Craig News, John Cameron Swayze Dangerous Assignment	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Dance Bands	John Daly, News Dream Harbor Edwin C. Hill 10:35 Latin Quarter Orchestra	Boxing Bouts News, Charles Col- lingwood

Thursday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter	Jackson & the News You and the World Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Richard Harkness The Playboys News of the World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Ruker Reports Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel 7:55 Titus Moody	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Silver Eagle	Beulah Jack Smith Show Peggy Lee Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15	Roy Rogers 8:25 News	Modern Casanova— Errol Flynn	Defense Attorney with Mercedes McCambridge Newsstand Theatre	Meet Millie Junior Miss
8:30 8:45	Father Knows Best	Hardy Family— Mickey Rooney		
9:00 9:05 9:30	Silent Men	News, Bill Henry Rod & Gun Club Off & On the Record	Escape With Me News As It Happened	Hollywood Playhouse 9:25 News Jing Crosby
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Nightbeat News, John Cameron Swayze Stan Kenton	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Dance Bands	John Daly, News Heart Strings Edwin C. Hill	News 10:05 Doris Day Dance Band

Friday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABC Reporter	Jackson & the News Dwight Cooke Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn Mr. Mystery News of the World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel 7:55 Titus Moody	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Your Hit Parade Bob & Ray Show	Maisie—Ann Sothern Gracie Fields	Top Guy This Is Your FBI	Mr. Keen Broadway is My Beat
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Best Plays Music by Mantovani	News, Bill Henry Great Day Off & On the Record	Ozzie and Harriet Corliss Archer	Horatio Hornblower Escape
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Hy Gardner Calling Words in the Night News, John Cameron Swayze Bob MacKenzie	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Dance Bands	Fights 10:40 John Daly, News 10:55 Edwin C. Hill	Robert Trout, News 10:05 Capitol Cloak- room Dance Band

Inside Radio

Saturday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

Morning Programs

8:30	Howdy Doody	Local Program	No School Today	Renfro Valley
9:00	Farming Business			News of America
9:15	Anybody Home with Kathi Norris			Garden Gate
9:30				
9:45				
10:00	Archie Andrews	Local Program		St. Louis Matinee
10:15				Galen Drake
10:30	Mary Lee Taylor Show	Bruce MacFarlane News Helen Hall	Space Patrol	Smilin' Ed McConnell
10:45				
11:00	My Secret Story	Coast Guard	New Junior Junction	News, Bill Shadel
11:15		11:25 Holland Engle, News		11:05 Let's Pretend
11:30	Hollywood Love Story	Farm News Conference	At Ease, with P.F.C. Eddie Fisher	Give and Take
11:45				

Afternoon Programs

12:00	News Public Affairs	Man on the Farm	101 Ranch Boys	Theatre of Today
12:15	U. S. Marine Band	Fifth Army Band	American Farmer	Stars Over Hollywood
12:30				12:55 Cedric Adams
12:45				
1:00	National Farm and Home Hour	Music	Navy Hour	Fun For All
1:15				1:25 It Happens Every Day
1:30		Sport Parade	Shake the Maracas	City Hospital
1:45				
2:00	Football	Football	Game of the Week	Music with the Girls
2:15				Football Roundup
2:30				
2:45				
3:00	Football	Football	Football	Football
3:15				
3:30				
3:45				
4:00	Football	Football	Football	Football
4:15				
4:30				
4:45				
5:00		Dancing	Roseland	P.F.C. Eddie Fisher
5:15	Author Speaks		At Home With Work Club Time	At the Chase
5:30		5:55 Cecil Brown		
5:45				

Evening Programs

6:00	News, George Hicks	Smiley Whitley	Una Mae Carlisle	News, Ed Morgan
6:15	Earl Godwin News		Faith of Future	UN on Record
6:30	NBC Symphony		Bob Finnegan, Sports Labor	Sports Roundup
6:45	Arturo Toscanini, Conducting			Larry LeSueur, News
7:00		At Helper, Sports Pentagon Report	Management Women in Uniform	This I Believe
7:15	Who Goes there?	Down You Go	Dinner at the Green Room	Gunsmoke
7:30		7:55 Cecil Brown		Vaughn Monroe
7:45				
8:00	Bob & Ray	20 Questions	Saturday Night Dancing Party	Gene Autry
8:15	Dude Ranch Jamboree	MGM Theatre of the Air		Tarzan
8:30				
8:45				
9:00	Pee Wee King Show			Gangbusters
9:15	Grand Ole Opry	Lombardo Land		9:25 Win Elliot
9:30				Steve Allen Show
9:45				
10:00	Reuben, Reuben	Chicago Theatre of the Air	At the Shamrock	Robert Trout, News
10:15	Duke of Paducah		Politics on Trial	10:05 Steve Allen Show (cont.)
10:30				

Sunday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

Morning Programs

8:30	Jack Arthur		Light & Life Hour	Renfro Valley Sunday Gathering
9:00	World News Roundup	Elder Michaux	Milton Cross Album	Trinity Choir
9:15	We Hold These Truths			World News Roundup
9:30	Carnival of Books	Back to God	Voice of Prophecy	E. Power Biggs
9:45	Hudson Coal Miners			Organ Concert
10:00	National Radio	Radio Bible Class	Message of Israel	Church of the Air
10:15	Pulpit			
10:30	Art of Living		College Choir	
10:45	News, Peter Roberts			
11:00	Faultless Starch Time	Music of Worship	Fine Arts Quartet	Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir
11:15	Hampton Crusaders			Bill Shadel, News
11:30	UN Is My Beat	Reviewing Stand	Christian in Action	11:35 Invitation to Learning
11:45				

Afternoon Programs

12:00	Viewpoint, U. S. A.	U. S. Military Band	News Brunch Time	People's Platform
12:15	Chan's Fiesta		Piano Playhouse	Howard K. Smith, News
12:30	The Eternal Light	News, Bill Cunningham		Bill Costello, News
12:45		Frank and Ernest		
1:00	Youth Wants to Know	Fred Van Deventer	Herald of Truth	String Serenade
1:15		William Hillman		
1:30	Univ. of Chicago Roundtable	Lutheran Hour	National Vespers	P.F.C. Eddie Fisher
1:45				
2:00	The Catholic Hour	Bandstand, U.S.A.	Pan American Union	The Symphonette
2:15			Lone Pine and His Mountaineers	Invitation to Music
2:30	American Forum	Dixie Quartet		
2:45				
3:00	Elmo Roper	Top Tunes with Trendler	Marines in Review	
3:15	Intermezzo	Crime Fighters	Billy Graham	
3:30	Bob Considine			
3:45	Critic at Large			
4:00	The Chase	Under Arrest	Old Fashioned Revival Hour	Quiz Kids
4:15				
4:30	Martin Kane with Lee Tracy	Private Files of Matthew Bell		Main Street Music Hall
4:45		Ed Pettit, News		
5:00	Hollywood Star Playhouse	The Shadow	This Week Around the World	King Arthur Godfrey's Round Table
5:15	Counterspy	True Detective	Greatest Story Ever Told	World News, Robert Trout
5:30		Mysteries		5:55 News, Larry LeSueur
5:45				

Evening Programs

6:00	Scarlet Pimpernel	Nick Carter	Draw Pearson	December Bride
6:15	Juvenile Jury	6:25 Cecil Brown	Don Gardner	Our Miss Brooks
6:30		Official Detective	George Sokolsky	
6:45		6:55 Cedric Foster	Field & Stream	
7:00	Meet Your Match	Affairs of Peter Salem	Songs by P.F.C. Eddie Fisher	Jack Benny
7:15			Three Suns Trio	Amos 'n' Andy
7:30	Henry Aldrich	Concert Bands	Time Capsule	
7:45				
8:00	Phil Harris-Alice Faye	Hawaii Calls	American Music Hall	Bergen & McCarthy
8:15	Theatre Guild of the Air	Enchanted Hour	Cafe Istanbul—Marlene Dietrich	Philip Morris Playhouse
8:30				
8:45				
9:00		Sylvan Levin's Opera Concert	Walter Winchell	Hallmark Playhouse
9:15		John J. Anthony	Melody Highway	Inner Sanctum
9:30	Dragnet		Alistair Cook	
9:45				
10:00	Meet the Press	This Is Free Europe	Paul Harvey	Robert Trout, News
10:15	Sammy Kaye	Little Symphony	Gloria Parker	10:05 Choraliers
10:30			Bill Tusher in Hollywood	

TV program highlights

NEW YORK CITY AND SUBURBS AND NEW HAVEN CHANNEL 6 NOVEMBER 11—DECEMBER 10

Monday through Friday

7:00 A.M. Today • 2 & 6

Goliath-sized Dave Garroway starts the day off with his giant-sized production of news, book and magazine reviews, etc.

10:15 A.M. Arthur Godfrey Time • 2

Monday through Thursday, you can get a peek behind the Godfrey curtain to see his radio gang at work. 10:00 A.M.-T & Th.

11:00 A.M. There's One in Every Family • 2

John Reed King emcees a novel audience participation quiz featuring contestants with special talents.

11:30 A.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 6

The all-absorbing quiz show. Warren Hull interviews contestants in need of cash, offering them chance to earn same.

12:00 Noon Bride and Groom • 2

Wedding bells ring out daily for happy young couples with John Nelson as your host and Phil Hanna with vocal toast.

12:15 P.M. Love of Life • 2 & 6

Daytime serial, starring Peggy McCay and Paul Potter.

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

Real-life problems, dramatized by Mary Stuart and Lynn Loring.

12:45 P.M. Kovacs Unlimited • 2

Batten down everything. Here's Ernie with his mad gags.

1:30 P.M. Garry Moore Show • 2 & 6

Garrulous Garry entertains, aided by Durward, Denise and Ken.

2:00 P.M. Double or Nothing • 2 & 6 (M-W-F)

Bert Parks, the ball of fire, himself extracts laughs from contestants and sometimes right answers for cash awards.

2:30 P.M. Guiding Light • 2 (& 6 at 11:00 A.M.)

Dramatized life of Meta and Joe Roberts, starring Jone Allison.

2:45 P.M. Houseparty • 2

Latch on to Linkletter for 30 minutes of interviews. Muzzy's Musical Album, the Mystery Singer and many surprises.

3:00 P.M. The Big Pay-Off • 4 & 6

Randy Merriman quizzes husbands who may win for their wives lush wardrobes, a real mink coat and a trip abroad.

3:30 P.M. Welcome Travelers • 4

Genial Tommy Bartlett chats with travelers, coming and going.

4:00 P.M. Kate Smith Show • 4

The moon makes a matinee appearance as Kate comes on with her popular hour of songs, variety and interviews.

5:00 P.M. Hackles Falls, Pop. 6200 • 4

Daytime serial centered in small town that lacks neither drama nor humor in its busy-as-a-bee social life.

6:15 P.M. The Early Show • 2

Excellent feature-length films for early-evening enjoyment.

7:15 P.M. Short, Short Dramas • 4 (T-Th)

Brief but complete dramatic series with surprise endings.

7:30 P.M. Dinah Shore • 4 (T-Th)

Buoyant Dinah takes solo flights into the realm of song.

7:30 P.M. Broadway Theatre • 9

Legitimate hit plays presented in their original forms.

7:45 P.M. Perry Como Show • (M-W-F)

Perry joins with Fontaine Sisters to sing top tunes.

7:45 P.M. Heaven for Betsy • 2 (T-Th)

Domestic comedy, starring Jack Lemmon and Cynthia Stone.

7:45 P.M. News Caravan • 4 & 6

Swayze brings you up to the minute on the day's news events.

8:30 P.M. Godfrey's Talent Scouts • 2

Camera-worthy entertainers exhibit their talent.

8:30 P.M. Concert Hour • 4 & 6

Artists of the concert hall in 30-minute recitals.

9:00 P.M. I Love Lucy • 2 & 6

Lucy-time is laugh-time, for she gets everything Balled-up while Desi gets dizzy. Filmed in Hollywood.

9:00 P.M. Lights Out • 4

Sit with bated breath as Gallop narrates tales supernatural.

9:30 P.M. Life with Luigi • 2 & 6

Starring J. Carrol Naish as the lovable Italian immigrant, with Alan Reed featured as Luigi's friend, Pasquale.

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

Illustrious full-hour dramatic series with host Montgomery.

10:00 P.M. Studio One • 2 & 6

Award-winning, dramatic hour, produced by husband-wife team Donald Davis and Dorothy Mathews.

Tuesday

8:00 P.M. U.S.A. Canteen • 2

Superlative music, starring Jane Froman and the orchestra of Alfredo Antonini with variety by top name guests.

8:00 P.M. Texaco Star Theatre • 4 & 6

Berle busts out all over with comedy and headline guest stars. Every fourth week (Dec. 2) a gala musical program, written by Anita Loos and starring Joe E. Brown, Dolores Gray and John Raitt.

8:30 P.M. Red Buttons • 2

Strictly for laughs and you won't be disappointed.

9:00 P.M. Crime Syndicate • 2

Crime drama based on files of famed Kefauver Committee.

9:00 P.M. Fireside Theatre • 4

30-minute teleplays evolved from real-life situations.

9:00 P.M. Where Was I? • 5

New "snap" quiz, moderated by Ken Roberts.

9:30 P.M. Suspense • 2 & 6

Compelling melodrama that may stand your hair on end.

9:30 P.M. Circle Theatre • 4

Family fare—wholesome plays based on American life.

10:00 P.M. Danger • 2

A guaranteed emotional treat in this superb dramatic series.

10:00 P.M. Two for the Money • 4 & 6

Humorist Herb Shriner in his droll quiz of studio contestants.

10:00 P.M. This is the Life • 5

Religious drama of the everyday life of a Christian family.

Wednesday

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

Here's that man again, Arthur and his video family, Janette Davis, Frank Parker and many others, in a big variety hour.

8:00 P.M. I Married Joan • 4

The new comedy-situation series, starring Joan Davis.

8:30 P.M. Cavalcade of America • 4

Heroic stories of great Americans. Nov. 12 & 26 & Dec. 10. Alternating weekly with a musical show, starring Patti Page.

9:00 P.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 6

The show with a heart. Contestants relate pressing incentives for earning big cash awards in the quiz.

9:00 P.M. Kraft Theatre • 4

High point in midweek video drama. Adult themes, superbly produced and acted by professional Broadway actors.

9:00 P.M. Adventures of Ellery Queen • 7

Lee Bowman as the popular criminologist in gripping whodunits.

Monday P.M.

7:30 P.M. Hollywood Screen Test • 7

Neil Hamilton encourages young thespians in video drama.

8:00 P.M. Lux Video Theatre • 2 & 6

Hollywood actors star in this fine drama series.

8:00 P.M. Winchell-Mahoney Show • 4

A package of comedy, variety and quiz, starring ventriloquist Paul Winchell and his irrepressible friend Jerry.

TV program highlights

9:30 P.M. *Man Against Crime* • 2

The rough 'em up, rack 'em up sleuth. Mike Barnett, played by screen and stage star Ralph Bellamy in fourth season.

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

Clash of top-flight boxers from major U. S. arenas.

10:00 P.M. *This Is Your Life* • 4

Ralph Edwards on hand with absorbing, human interest drama—detailed stories of the lives of actual persons.

Thursday

8:00 P.M. *You Bet Your Life* • 4 & 6

Contestants may win big cash prizes in the quiz after a hectic interview with razor-witted Groucho Marx.

8:30 P.M. *Four Star Playhouse* • 2

Dramatic series filmed in Hollywood, starring, alternate weeks, Charles Boyer, Dick Powell and Joel McCrea. Biweekly: Nov. 20 & Dec. 4. Alternating with—

Amos 'n' Andy

The Mystic Knights of the Sea in unconcealed comedy.

8:30 P.M. *T-Men in Action* • 4

Semi-documentary melodrama drawn from U.S. Treasury Files.

8:30 P.M. *Chance of a Lifetime* • 7 & 6

Dennis James's talent quest for fresh entertainment.

9:00 P.M. *Biff Baker* • 2

High-spirited stories of an international adventurer.

9:00 P.M. *Dragnet* • 4

Semi-documentary stories of your police in action. Alternates with *Gangbusters*.

9:30 P.M. *Big Town* • 2

Reporter Steve Wilson (Pat McVey) puts the finger on crime.

9:30 P.M. *Ford Theatre* • 4

A new and newly filmed 30-minute dramatic series.

10:00 P.M. *Racket Squad* • 2

A night full of video adventure continues with Reed Hadley leading his bunco squad against petty racketeers.

10:00 P.M. *Martin Kane* • 4 & 6

In conclusion, the pipe-smoking private eye writes finis to the evening's last unsolved murder.

10:30 P.M. *Fre Got a Secret* • 2

Matinee star Garry Moore moderates intriguing panel show.

10:30 P.M. *Author Meets the Critics* • 5

Verbal mayhem is the order in discussion of new books.

Friday

7:30 P.M. *Stu Erwin Show* • 7

Laugh episodes in home and life of a high-school principal.

8:00 P.M. *Mama* • 2 & 6

The hilarious but tender account of a Norwegian-American family, starring Peggy Woods, with Judson Laire as Papa.

8:00 P.M. *Ozzie and Harriet* • 7

The well-known radio series continues, in video, to star the real Nelson family in comedy situations.

8:30 P.M. *My Friend Irma* • 2

Marie Wilson frustrates friends as well-meaning dumbelle.

8:30 P.M. *Twenty Questions* • 5

Pit your wits against the Van Deventer gang.

9:00 P.M. *Big Story* • 1 & 6

Documented drama of real reporters covering headline stories.

9:00 P.M. *Down You Go* • 5

From Chi. Dr. Bergen Evans with brain-teasers for his panel.

9:30 P.M. *Our Miss Brooks* • 2

Eve Arden as patient, long suffering schoolma'am and her major problem, bashful biology prof Philip Boynton.

9:30 P.M. *Aldrich Family* • 4 & 6

The madcap, merry escapades of Henry and his friend Homer.

10:00 P.M. *Mr. & Mrs. North* • 2

Barbara Britton and Richard Denning as delightful detective duo. Pam and Jerry, in comedy-mystery series. On film.

10:00 P.M. *Caracade of Sports* • 4 & 6

Weekly slugfest, matched by IBC, from Madison Square Garden.

10:00 P.M. *Caracade of Stars* • 5

Popular June Taylor dancers, variety and comic host Storch.

10:45 P.M. *Greatest Fights of the Century* • 4 & 6

The immortals of the boxing world as recorded on film.

Saturday

College Football • 4

Exciting gridiron action: Nov. 15, 2:15 P.M., Alabama vs. Georgia Tech; Nov. 22, 4:45 P.M., U.S.C. vs. U.C.L.A.; Nov. 29, 1:00 P.M., Army vs. Navy.

Armed Forces Football • 2

Pigskin stars, of college and pro ranks, now in service, make up these teams. Nov. 15, 2:00 P.M., Randolph vs. Bolling; Nov. 22, 2:00 P.M., Belvoir vs. Quantico; Nov. 29, 3:00 P.M., San Diego Navy vs. San Diego Marines.

5:00 P.M. *Italian Feature Film* • 9

The superior films from Rome, with English titles: Nov. 15, "Farewell, My Beautiful Naples," starring Fosco Giacchetti; Nov. 22, "Lost Happiness," Leonardo Cortese; Nov. 29, "Reburlone," Louisa Ferida; Dec. 6, "Scarred," Anna Magnani.

7:30 P.M. *Beat the Clock* • 2

Clock-watcher Bud Collyer referees contestants who attempt to perform tricky stunts within time limit to win prizes.

7:30 P.M. *My Hero* • 4

Screen star Robert Cummings in a new situation-comedy series.

8:00 P.M. *Jackie Gleason* • 2

The contagious comedy of versatile Mr. Gleason with his grand sketches and variety, headlining big-time stars.

8:00 P.M. *All Star Revue* • 5 & 6

Durante, Berle, Tallulah and others take over this hour to make it one of the big entertainment feasts on video.

9:00 P.M. *Your Show of Shows* • 4 & 6

A gigantic 90 minutes starring Imogene and Sid, featuring Marguerite Piazza, Bill Hayes, Jack Russell and others.

10:00 P.M. *Balance Your Budget* • 2

A combination of comedy, pathos and human interest as contestants explain need for money. Bert Parks is quizmaster.

10:30 P.M. *Hit Parade* • 4 & 6

Visual and vocal interpretation of the nation's favored songs by Snooky Lanson, June Valli, Dorothy Collins.

Sunday

4:00 P.M. *Quiz Kids* • 2

Pint-sized pundits awe and amuse chief quizzier, Joe Kelly.

4:30 P.M. *Omnibus* • 2

Weekly, experimental video project devoting 90 minutes to projection of the best in dance, theatre and music.

4:30 P.M. *Hall of Fame* • 4

Stories focused to inspirational events in American life.

6:30 P.M. *See It Now—Edward R. Marrow* • 2

The dean of CBS commentators with his video news magazine.

6:45 P.M. *Walter Winchell* • 7 & 6

The Broadway columnist with glamour gossip and sensational news.

7:00 P.M. *Red Skelton* • 4 & 6

The exhilarated Mr. Skelton with his exhilarating humor.

7:30 P.M. *This is Show Business* • 2 & 6

Excellent 30-minute variety with Clifton Fadiman as host.

8:00 P.M. *Toast of the Town* • 2 & 6

Outstanding names of the entertainment and sport world highlight Ed Sullivan's show along with the "Toastettes."

8:00 P.M. *Comedy Hour* • 4

Great comics alternate weekly: Martin and Lewis, Bob Hope, Donald O'Connor, Abbott & Costello and others.

9:00 P.M. *Fred Waring Show* • 2 (& 6 at 6:00 P.M.)

The huge musical aggregation featuring Joanne Wheatley, Daisy Bernier and about 70 others with music and dance.

9:00 P.M. *Television Playhouse* • 4 & 6

Sunday night's full-hour drama for theatre at home.

9:30 P.M. *Break the Bank* • 2

Quiz time with Bert Parks giving the third degree.

10:00 P.M. *The Web* • 2

Compelling mystery drama centered about the life of plain people.

10:00 P.M. *The Doctor* • 4

Human interest drama narrated by Warner Anderson, in title role.

10:30 P.M. *What's My Line?* • 2

Panelists try to guess occupation of studio contestants.

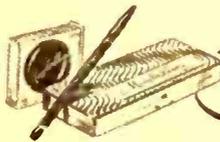
The Doctor's Wife

(Continued from page 36)

Jigger could not look upon him as a father because he didn't want anyone to replace his true father in his little heart. Then, on Thanksgiving morning, as Julie turned from the stove to wipe her hands, Dan caught her in his arms. "Darling, you're the best wife I ever married—here you are slaving away in the kitchen. There I am in the living room, enjoying the luxury of having an apparently healthy clientele. Anything I can do to help?" Julie looked across at Jigger who was perched on her high kitchen stool, carefully sorting and polishing nuts for the dining-room table centerpiece. "Nope," she replied gayly. "I've already got a man to help—Jigger's doing a real good job." Dan wrinkled up his nose at her and muttered something to the effect that three was a crowd, as he left the room. . . . Jigger looked at Julie steadily. "You like him, don't you?" He questioned her, his serious brown eyes dark with tension. "Yes," Julie said solemnly, letting her mood match Jigger's. "I like him and I—I love him." Suddenly, Jigger was off the stool and had flung his arms around her and then, just as rapidly, he was running from the room. Julie sighed deeply. Had she hurt him? . . . Jigger stayed in his room until dinner was called and when he came down it was clear that he had been spending a considerable portion of the afternoon grooming himself. His hair was slicked down and his tie was tied correctly in honor of the occasion. Gravely, he stood by Julie's chair and helped her into her seat. "Julie, would you say grace today?" Jigger asked solemnly. "Dad always said it on Thanksgiving and I want a special one." Julie's breath caught slightly as she accepted Jigger's invitation. "Lord, bless this food we see before us," she began slowly, "and guide us to share with others the plenty that You have given us. Let us share, not only the material things, but the love that is in our hearts. Show us how we can best express this love. And especially, Lord, we thank You and ask Your blessing on us as a family—may we always be together as we are today." "Especially," added Jigger in his solemn tone, "bless Julie and—and—and Dan. Amen." Silently, but from the bottom of her heart, Julie sent a "Thank You, Lord" winging its way toward heaven. For in this moment, Julie knew that Jigger was offering a love to Dan which his heart had withheld before. Truly, this was a day of Thanksgiving.



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Audrey Totter's Guardian Angel of Love

(Continued from page 31)

associated with the staff of Veterans' Administration Hospital at Wadsworth, and on the medical staff at U.C.L.A. Audrey thought him the most handsome man she'd ever met—with that black curly hair graying at the temples—and, in fact, a thoroughly dreamy individual all the way around. Handsome, intelligent, with great charm, "a rare understanding not always found in men," and ever so thoughtful and kind. Audrey's a girl who knows her own mind. And, immediately, she decided that first evening if he asked for a date she would go out with him. And he did. And she did.

"We double-dated with another couple," she remembers now. "We ate spaghetti, and later we all went back to my place and listened to records. Nothing spectacular," she admits (but the way she says it—appropriately bride-y), "the spaghetti was as food for the gods, and the music was as solid violins."

For a girl adjudged one of Hollywood's brightest, quick with a quip, and a whizz at self-expression, she's as stumped as any schoolgirl explaining her feeling today. "But I don't think you can explain love, do you? Not the old-fashioned kind of love," she says.

And Audrey's is definitely the old-fashioned kind. She's an All-American girl with an Early American heart, this bride. An intriguing combination of the past and the new. Brainy and beautiful, quick of wit and words, a sultry-looking blonde as streamlined as tomorrow—but whose heart, is as Early American as her apartment in a comfortable building with a brown-shingled peaked roof, red brick walks and a sleepy magnolia tree. Her dreams are as old-fashioned as the china closet with the beveled glass door that belonged to her mother—and to her mother before her—and as romantic as the old maple hope-chest in her bedroom that bulges with linens she'd embroidered so painstakingly towards this happy day.

Although her career is fairly zooming along—what with her long-term contract at Columbia Pictures and being starred in such films as "Assignment—Paris," and with her own Meet Millie at CBS—for Audrey Totter, life's most important ingredient, romance, was missing until she met her Dr. Leo Fred, and realized that here was the man who rightfully belonged with the hope-chest.

Else why would she cry—as she did—flying high over the Golden Gate, flying away from him. "Every time I thought of him, I would start crying. ME! I've said goodbye all my life, to my own family and friends, but never before had I cried. Although," she adds, "I knew I was in love with him long before I went to Korea."

For Audrey Totter, a young veteran of hospital tours, this was a second trip alone to Korea in less than a year. As she says, "I can't sing or dance or entertain, I just talk to them." But nobody knows more than she, just how much "just talking" to them means. And her own picture of how a boy's whole being lights up, just talking to a familiar face about his home town, his girl, his Mom, keeps her talking, and flying thousands of miles over oceans to "just talk" more with them.

That this time she was lucky to have a "guardian angel" along, she first had cause to suspect, when five and one-half hours out of Wake Island—too far to turn back, and with nothing to do but go on—a motor conked out on the plane. The word came back that they'd feathered an engine. Nobody was to worry. Repairs would be made when they reached Wake. And everybody kept reassuring everybody else that there

was no danger. They could, if that unhappy emergency should prove necessary, even make it on two. But for five and one-half hours, with only the blue Pacific below, with ears acutely attuned for any deviation of sound from the remaining three motors—and until they landed into the black night and felt the wheels bounce on Wake Island—her good-luck medallion felt very comforting and warm.

And it helped immeasurably when she was grounded at Taegu with WAC Escort Officer, pretty brunette Captain Betty Parker, from La Canada, California.

The message was brief, but very convincing—and the darkening sky told her why. "You can't fly today," Headquarters said, "A typhoon is on its way." Typhoons, she'd heard about, but never experienced. Oldtimers told her to expect a mountain of sea crossing the land, smashing everything in its wake, pounding buildings apart and spinning them about like leaves. Expecting a typhoon meant nailing beds to the walls, barring doors, and sandbagging everything in. And just when every sandbag was in place, the typhoon hit with frightening velocity at four p.m. Winds shrieked and rain tormented down, but it was just the tail of a typhoon and no one was injured. The sandbags held, and Audrey held onto her lucky gold medallion—and her own faith that her "guardian angel" was on active duty again.

To Audrey Totter, it was beginning to seem that her "protective destiny" would get no rest this trip. And she had more cause to believe, when Communist guerrillas fired on the Army train between Pusan and Seoul, and she slept peacefully on, unharmed.

"I didn't even know we were being attacked," she says now. "I thought it was awfully noisy, but the wind was still howling, and I was used to a lot of noise anyway."

Meanwhile, back state-side "guardian angel" or no "guardian angel," a gentleman-doctor who loved Audrey very much was thinking no amount of luck should be tried too far. And a telegram soon awaited her in Tokyo saying, "Come home before you get clipped."

The telegram waited there, as the pretty blonde star in the fresh pink cotton dress, with a ribbon gaily holding back her hair,

and her gold medallion gleaming at her throat, was making more headlines. She was effecting what Navy Chaplain, Lt. Comdr. Edward R. Howard, of Kansas City, Kansas, and doctors aboard the hospital ship *Haven*, termed—to her own wonderment—a miraculous recovery. Newspapers called her a "ministering angel," and headlined, "Actress in Biggest Role," as they quoted those who credited her with "saving the life" of a young Marine who'd been gravely wounded in battle on Bunker Hill.

As usual, Audrey was going through the wards smiling and talking to the eyes of the wounded men. "I always talk to their eyes," she says. Talking about their girls, their wives, their Moms, and blessing—as she always did—the road tours and troupings that had taken her through forty of the forty-eight states and which occasioned the way the G.I.'s eyes would light up when she described Main Street in their own home town.

Questions. So many state-side questions. What was the latest hit song? What was Debbie Reynolds really like—and Janet Leigh—and how about Marilyn Monroe? One wanted a picture of Gene Autry when she got back home. A brown-eyed young Hoosier pinned her with his paratroopers' insignia. "Now, go jump," he grinned. "You mean now?" she said, of the blue expanse of water outside. And a blind English soldier touched her to tears when he said, "I can't see you, but I can see exactly how you look. I've never missed you in a picture. I know just how you look, and I can see you now."

And, of course, she looked like all their girl friends and their wives. Any of them who were blonde. Out came the snapshots from under pillows. "My wife looks a lot like you, Miss Totter. Don't you think so?" And she would study the snapshot carefully. "Well, yes, poor girl."

And what about her boy friend? Did she have a fellow? "Yes," she smiled. "I have a fella. That is I hope I still have one." And they'd laughed, remembering their own fears. "I write an awful lot of letters," she said. "When I get home, I'll know for sure."

She wrote notes on their letters: "Hello, I'm here with Joe. He looks great. And he misses you." She marveled at the medical miracles today's doctors were accomplishing with 90% less loss of life in the Korean conflict than in the last war.

Even as the doctors marveled at Audrey's own role as a "ministering angel," when she talked to the eyes of a young wounded Marine, and accomplished what medicine had failed to do. She'd been through the ward once, but the doctors in grave hushed consultation beside his bed thought him far too serious to be disturbed. But Audrey couldn't get the boy out of her mind. Despite the fact that he was in a semi-coma, there was something about him that messaged, "Am I not going to get a chance to talk to you?" They were preparing to leave the ship, when she turned to the Chaplain and said, "Can I go back?" And together they'd gone back to the young Marine's bed. Audrey began talking to his eyes, and to the wonderment of the doctors, he began talking back to her.

"They thought he was too ill. But he was happy to see me. He kept smiling at me," she says. Adding, "He'd been up front and he hadn't seen anybody in some time. He was in a state of melancholy, and I helped his feeling at the moment."

But across the nation's front pages, the Navy Chaplain was putting it another and stronger way. "In the half-hour Audrey Totter stayed with him she did what I hadn't been able to do, what our operations hadn't been able to do. She got him to

MOVING?

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start remembering and thinking about the good things in his life. I suppose one could say a half-hour on her part was a small thing. But to us on the *Haven* each individual life is the biggest thing there is. And as far as we're concerned, that's what the half-hour with him amounted to."

To her own doctor, Audrey Totter kept explaining, "That nice Navy Chaplain. He wanted to do something nice. I wasn't really—I didn't really—" Only to be stopped by Dr. Leo Fred, who, of course, has knowledge of such things. "It happens," he said quietly.

He'd met her at the plane, put her luggage in the car, turned to her and said, "When are you going to marry me?" And Audrey had answered, "Right away." Which wasn't quite the acceptance speech her romantic old-fashioned heart had always planned. But life today (as she knew so well now), every day of it, every hour of it, every moment of it, is too magic to be missed.

And wedding plans began to hum. Theirs would be an "old-fashioned wedding in miniature," they decided. A single ring ceremony, and her wedding ring would be a "wide, gold band, like Grandmother wore." They would be married in the little ivied red-brick Village Church of Westwood. A simple service, with the word "obey" definitely left in. "I want it included," Audrey said. "It's an old-fashioned wedding, and I think that's part of it."

Audrey's maple hope-chest soon began to bulge even more with gifts from the linen shower her good friend, Nancy Reagan, hurriedly arranged for her. Since the den was the only completely furnished room in the Ronald Reagans' new home at the time, Audrey's friends, which included Artis Holden, Jane Withers (Mrs. William Moss), Sally Forrest, and so many more, all assembled in front of the fireplace there. The bride-to-be was delightedly opening cellophane packages in all directions, when two matter-of-fact delivery men arrived with a very large one and set it down right in the middle of the floor. "This is not a gift for you," Nancy, a mother-to-be, informed her. The Reagans' baby crib had just arrived.

Audrey decided on a Howard Shoup-designed white lace wedding gown, ballerina length, with a tight Empire waist and scads of petticoats. She would wear a short shoulder-length wedding veil, and she would carry an old-fashioned little bouquet made of pink rosebuds and white orchids. Her "going-away" costume would be of sheer violet wool with a violet coat and mauve accessories. Her pretty sister, Collette, as maid of honor, would wear blue lace. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Totter, would come out from Joliet, Illinois, for the wedding. But since her father wasn't too well, her brother, Folger, stationed with the Air Force in the Mojave Desert, would give her away.

Audrey's wedding day was as perfect as any old-fashioned bride could ever wish. A golden mellow September afternoon. And the altar was bathed in candlelight, as the rich voice of the pastor performed the wedding service. . . .

Hands joined, they looked at one another, the bride and groom, in the dramatic silence broken only by the strains of the organ playing "The Lord's Prayer." They heard the pastor's benediction: "The Lord bless you and keep you The Lord make His face shine upon you And be gracious unto you. . . . The Lord lift up His countenance upon you, and give you peace. . . ."

And as her doctor lifted Audrey's wedding veil, the late afternoon sun shining through the round stained-glass window behind the altar on the bride's blonde hair was an iridescent halo as soft and happy as a "guardian angel's" kiss.



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My dropping the cup was no accident. It interrupted John's tirade, gave me a chance to adjust to his changing moods.

Big Sister—TOWARD

I knew John's condition. But it
wasn't until I could be honest with
myself that I could really help him

by Ruth Wayne

HABIT dies hard. I'd been ordering weekend roasts from Mr. Klinger for such a long time that I automatically put one down on my list, without thinking. It wasn't until I was actually talking to him on the phone, my pencil lining out the items as I read them, that I took in the full sense of *Beef Roast, about five pounds*. I stammered, and Mr. Klinger said helpfully, "Did you say beef, Mrs. Wayne? I have a nice—"

"No, no, I don't think so this week, Mr. Klinger. My son Dick is away for a few days, and with Dr. Wayne not back on a full diet as yet I think—" I heard my nervous tongue running on and forced it to stop. Really, I didn't have to tell Mr. Klinger the whole story of my life. In another moment I'd be chattily telling him that in view of John's illness, and his diminished practice, and the strange qualms I felt that perhaps it hadn't been just pneumonia that kept him in bed, I had decided lately that I must take tucks in my budget. I drew a deep breath and said firmly, "I think a fairly small roasting chicken would be fine, Mr. Klinger. And a pound of lean bacon, and I think that's all."

"Chicken and bacon. Thank you, Mrs. Wayne. I'll have it there before twelve. Oh, and Mrs. Wayne, may I ask how is the doctor today?"

"Much better, thank you. We hope he'll be really well by next week."

Mr. Klinger chuckled. "My wife will be glad. She is waiting for Dr. Wayne to be well so she can be sick, she tells me. She won't go to anyone else, you know. It's a funny thing with doctors. That Dr. Marlowe at the Health Centre, he's a nice young chap, but my wife—she

says she won't allow herself to have a headache yet until she knows Dr. Wayne is back at the Health Centre. Well, I won't keep you, Mrs. Wayne. Give the doctor my best."

Smiling a little, I hung up and sat absently scribbling over my list. Everyone knew Mrs. Klinger's headaches. She had them the way other women have Tuesday bridge or Thursday luncheons. She knew it herself; she'd been through every test, every examination, every analysis the Health Centre could offer, and even she herself was half-convinced there was no physical or very serious mental reason for those recurrent aches. But, somehow, every time she felt one coming on she just had to go see John about it. John was the only doctor who could manage to soothe her, make her feel right again. Oh, there were so many others in town who had that faith in John! If only he could get it back in himself! If only that poor, unfortunate Gorski child hadn't died, so accidentally, so tragically, while she was John's patient! If . . . if . . . if. Things like that happened all the time in a doctor's life—the sad and bitter accidents that no human being on earth could foresee or forestall. That wasn't what had broken John. He'd been ready for breaking, waiting, subconsciously perhaps even hoping for a good excuse to let go his hold on self-confidence, energy, hope. To stop trying. . . .

My pencil-point snapped against the pad. This was nonsense. All that had happened was that John had been nervous, (*Continued on page 80*)

Big Sister is heard on CBS Radio, M-F, 1 P.M. EST, for Procter & Gamble. Grace Matthews and Paul McGrath are pictured at left in their roles as Ruth and John Wayne.

MY DAYS AHEAD

under the weather, and the mild infection that might otherwise have passed off lightly had turned the other way, into pneumonia. Besides, Roger Marlowe had said he was practically over it now. Roger had said only yesterday—

"Ruth?" John spoke softly behind me, and I jumped. His bedroom slippers had made no noise on his way down the stairs. "Darling! You shouldn't be down here in the draft."

"I feel fine." He smiled at me challengingly. "Don't I look better? I can practically feel red blood rushing through my veins."

He did look better. Thin, and still with that taut, watchful expression, but his eyes were clear and his color good. My heart lifted a little. Once he had his strength back, my own would come back, too. I was sure of it. These brooding, fearful thoughts—it was always hard to see things normally and happily in a house where someone who is never ill suddenly takes to his bed. I knew I was pushing luck a little, but when John insisted on having breakfast downstairs I didn't argue. It was so good, so close to normalcy to be sitting there opposite him, chatting over coffee. And it was wonderful to see that he really wanted his breakfast. Only last night he'd picked at his light supper, obviously eating only to please me. Now, delightedly watching him dispose of cereal, boiled eggs, toast, coffee—the works, as he called it—I made a mental note to phone Roger immediately after breakfast to report. This must be the upswing we'd waited for, the upswing that should have come almost a week before, Roger had said, because John really hadn't been so very ill.

"Marvelous," John said with a sigh. "Now if only I could have a cigarette—no, don't be silly, Ruth, I'm not going to. I'll just think about it." His smile was quicker than I'd seen it in months. It even seemed to reach his eyes, this morning. Impulsively I bent, as I was passing, and touched my lips to his forehead. He caught my hand.

"It's been hard for you, Ruth. These last weeks—"

"Nothing's hard when I know you're well again. Anyway, the minute you're on your feet I'm going to get off mine. I will lie luxuriously abed and let the doctor take my pulse." I laughed suddenly, remembering Mrs. Klinger. "I'm supposed to give you a message. Mrs. Klinger is waiting for you too, fighting off one of her headaches until you're available. There's a treat for you."

I was appalled at the sudden, passionate whitening of John's face. He dropped my hand, almost flung it from him. "What kind of a crack is that?" he said harshly. "What are you doing, rubbing it in?"

I couldn't even speak.

"At least have the tact not to remind me what this town thinks of me as a doctor." His voice was rapid, savage; the change from the smiling man of a moment before was terrifying. "It's enough that I know I'm only fit to treat Mrs. Klinger's imaginary headaches. Does my own wife have to report to me that the rest of the town thinks I'm incompetent, a joke, even a danger? Marlowe coming here and gloating every time he feeds me a pill, my own son avoiding me as if I were the family idiot, and now you—"

"John! For heaven's sake!"

"And while I'm on the subject, do you have to make it so plain to the butcher that your husband's such a failure you can't afford to eat beef once a week?" His lips twisted. He looked like a dreadful stranger. "Oh, yes, I was there. Longer than you realized. I even saw your face when you crossed off the roast, the expensive, successful-man's beef roast. And I'll tell you something more. I know you did it only

to humiliate me. Don't you think I know you could have managed it if you wanted to? Ruth Wayne, the marvelous manager, the uncomplaining, tireless, noble wife of a failure, of course you could have squeezed a beef roast out of your budget. You can do anything, can't you? Don't you have to be extra strong to make up for your husband's weakness?"

Panicky, I saw that his forehead and upper lip were damp with perspiration. His hands, clenched whitely on the table top, seemed to be holding on for strength. Was this hysteria? Should I get to the phone, call Marlowe, or would that be worse?

You were a nurse once, I rallied myself frantically. Act like a nurse. Just keep your head. I realized I was carrying my cup half-full of coffee. I'd been on my way to refill it. Deliberately, I opened my fingers and let the cup crash to splinters on the linoleum floor. Then I got a cloth, knelt, and slowly cleaned up the mess.

Somehow, it worked. By the time I raised myself, John's hands were lying passively in his bathrobed lap. He looked at me almost with bewilderment, but at least with John's eyes, not those glassy, unfamiliar accuser's.

"I think I'd better go back to bed," he said shakily. "Ruth, can you ever—"

"Don't talk now, darling." I was heartsick at the way he leaned on me, let me help him up the stairs and back to bed. "Don't talk now; I should have known you weren't strong enough to come downstairs; it's all my fault, John; none of it matters, I don't remember a word; don't think about it..." My voice went quietly, gently on, putting a soft and fuzzy screen between the two of us and that sickening scene. Gratefully, John went back to bed, and closed his eyes, and was asleep almost before I closed his door behind me. But, standing alone in the hall, my meaningless reassurances drifted into the air where they belonged. The reality was unavoidable, sharp and clear as a blueprint. John was sick, with a sickness that had nothing to do with pneumonia. And Roger Marlowe was sitting down there at the Health Centre waiting for me to stop fighting against the knowledge that something would have to be done about it.

Well, I'd been refusing to face it longer than was sensible. When John's temperature had shot up, I hadn't hesitated to call Marlowe. As a doctor's wife, I knew perfectly well that during the last weeks, and the past few days particularly, the things John was doing and saying indicated that—well, you might say his mental temperature was going up, registering something amiss, some disturbance that needed attention. Going down the stairs, I made up my mind that this morning, when I phoned Roger for my daily report about John, I'd be completely honest.

Describing the scene made it sound even worse. He said finally, "That doesn't sound too good, Ruth, does it."

"That's why I'm telling you about it. I'd like your advice about—well, just what to do."

"There'll be an upswing," Roger cautioned. "This afternoon he may be as happy as a bird. You may change your mind, decide you've been looking for trouble."

"No. Not this time. There was an upswing yesterday. And the day before. Up and down for weeks—"

Yes, I knew there would be an upswing. When John woke from his nap he would probably be his own quiet, reasonable-seeming self, a little wry-humored as he'd been of late, a little anxious and thoughtful, but otherwise no different from anyone else. Or perhaps he'd be in the elated mood that sometimes transformed him, sparkling with ideas for his work, terribly eager to get back and get started. Talking about it in an excited, friendly rush of words that was so different from the coolness there

had been between us lately, so close to the way we'd been when we were first married years ago, that it made my heart ache with sorrow and loss. Because it was close . . . but not the same.

The pendulum of John's moods would swing again, back and forth. But I mustn't go with it any more. For John's own sake, I must stick with the instinct that told me he needed help that I couldn't give.

Still, it was a little startling to have Roger take the initiative right out of my hands, just as though he'd been making plans all along, waiting for my signal. He wouldn't discuss it any longer on the phone, but when he came out that afternoon for his regular visit to John, he joined me in the kitchen afterward for a cup of tea and told me he had talked to Dr. Seabrook, a psychiatrist whom he knew John thought highly of. I felt my neck going a bit stiff at what I considered Roger's brashness, and he saw it. He said impatiently, "Don't look at me like that, Ruth, that dowager-duchess look. Be reasonable. I had a good chance to talk casually to Seabrook about John, and I set my own mind at ease by doing it."

I forgot my annoyance, grasping at a straw. "How do you mean, set it at ease? Then Dr. Seabrook didn't think it sounded—important? The way John's been acting?"

"On the contrary. He thought it was even more significant than I did. He was most interested."

"I see." I poured myself another cup, to give my hands something to do. "What exactly did you tell him, Roger? As John's wife, I think I—"

"There you go again. As John's friend, as his doctor, as *your* friend, do you think I'd tell him anything you wouldn't?" Roger flushed almost angrily. "Forget yourself for a minute, will you, and remember I want to help John as much as you do." Our eyes held and it was I who glanced away. Roger was right. I was getting touchy myself. Roger was only doing his best in a hard situation—especially hard for him because John was still jealous and antagonistic toward him.

Roger drank his tea, and there was silence for a while. "I just told him the facts," he said finally. "That John expected to become the Health Centre's director last year, and how he reacted when the Board brought me in—resigned, and came back, and apparently adjusted to working with me. And actually didn't. And that ever since he's been edgy, hard to deal with, insecure—the business with Parker, John letting himself be bought hand and foot even though he knew the guy got a big kick out of making slaves out of people with his money."

"Being rich didn't mean Parker wasn't sick, sick enough to need a doctor," I said defensively.

"Sure, but he didn't need one any hour of the day or night he happened to feel like summoning one. You know John would have told him to go chase himself if he hadn't hoped Parker would make a big donation to the Health Centre. And what a triumph that would have been for John! That was what John needed—the reflected glory of Parker's money."

I bit my lip. I'd promised myself honesty, and this was it. Even though it hurt to have it out like this, in the pitiless clarity of Roger's direct language . . . "And I told him," Roger continued, "that John was out making one of his unnecessary calls on Parker when the Gorski child suddenly died. Seabrook seemed to think that would create such a weight of guilt in John's mind that—well, you live in the same house with John, Ruth. You've got the most intimate knowledge of how he's ticking. And if you think the time has come to do something about the mental state he's in,

"I'm here to help." His eyes met mine. Oddly, I wasn't annoyed any longer. The thought that there was help available—Roger's help, Dr. Seabrook's help—lifted my heart. It wouldn't be so bad. The bad part would be mine, getting John to agree to see Dr. Seabrook, talk to him. But after that, with John's own intelligence, the awareness and understanding he'd always shown about himself—why, it shouldn't be more than a few weeks before things were all right again.

Still, how did you put a suggestion like this to someone you loved? When there had been no violence—no crisis to make it so obvious that it couldn't possibly be argued against—it was a nerve-racking undertaking. I told Roger, when he left, that I'd need a couple of days at least to work out some kind of approach so that John wouldn't be shocked or hurt, and it was certainly the farthest possibility from my mind, as I went up later to John's room, that he himself would make it so easy for me that I'd come right out with it that very afternoon.

I still don't remember exactly how it came about. John had gotten out of bed and was resting in his big chair, with his feet up, and such a pale, worn face that I wanted to cry.

"Have a good nap?" I asked, automatically starting to move about the room, tidying up.

"Not very. I couldn't seem to sleep. I heard Roger come in. I guess it was Roger, before, because you went into the kitchen and stayed there talking for a long time."

"I do talk to other people besides Roger, John."

John smiled wryly. "You talk to other people in the living room, not in the kitchen with the door closed so I can't hear. No, I don't want to argue, Ruth. I don't mean to. I'm too tired to bother. I'm glad he didn't come up. It's not necessary any more. I'm getting perfectly well."

"Yes, that's what Roger said. He doesn't feel you really need the physical checkup any more. The infection's pretty well gone." I hesitated. "He's a little concerned because you're not—well, because you're still so tired."

John sighed, his head against the back of the tall chair. His voice was so low I had to strain my ears to hear it. "I'd like to go off somewhere, and just rest and rest. Soak it up. Nothing but tranquil, peaceful rest. That's all I need. This past year has been such a devil of a time."

That was when I heard myself saying it. "John—would you consider going to see Dr. Seabrook at Green Acres? We were out there once, remember? It's a beautiful place."

The whole room seemed frightened at what I had said. I stood waiting, hands clasped almost prayerfully around an ash tray. John's head had jerked forward, and his eyes were all at once sharper and more aware. He smiled a little.

"I see you have been talking to Roger."

"It's not Roger's idea, John. Not entirely. I'd been thinking along those lines myself."

"And so had I." Startled, I searched his face. He raised an eyebrow almost in the old, mischievous way. "Yes, that's what I said, Ruth. Is it so surprising? As a doctor, don't you think I fully realize I haven't been behaving in what is called a normal way recently? You underrate me, Ruth. I've been doing quite a lot of thinking."

"We could have talked about it together, if you'd told me. I only want so much to help, John."

"I wasn't ready to talk about it. But I think now—yes, I remember Green Acres." His voice grew dreamy again. "Completely apart from the world, a little green refuge. I'd like a couple of weeks there, I'm sure I would. And Seabrook, I've got all the respect in the world for him. Talking to

him would be a sure way of getting things back in the right perspective. I'd always agreed with most of his theories." His voice trailed off, and he sat thinking. I was afraid to break in, perhaps break his thoughtful, reasonable mood. "Sure," he said suddenly. "Go ahead, Ruth. Tell Roger to make all the little arrangements. I'll go out to Green Acres for a rest. Why not? I'm lucky to have the chance."

Could it possibly be as easy as that? A few days later, when I actually drove John out to Green Acres and left him there, I still couldn't believe it. It didn't seem real. Too confused and shaken—and yes, too lonely, in a way—to go back to the house alone, I dropped in at the Health Centre and was grateful to find Roger free for a while.

"But why are you confused?" he demanded after I'd told him about how well it had gone off that morning. "I should think you'd be unhappy, certainly, but you can't be confused when John himself decided it was the right thing for him to do."

"But that's just it! Roger, it was exactly like leaving someone at a glamorous resort hotel. John and Dr. Seabrook chatted a bit, perfectly at ease, and then I kissed John and left, and it was all so—so—well, I'm just confused. I can't help thinking that if John is so willing and reasonable about putting himself under psychiatric care, maybe he really doesn't need it. Maybe we've all made a mistake."

Roger gave me a long, level look. "Not on your life, Ruth. That's just wishful thinking, and you know it. You're trying to force things back into the ordinary, routine picture, just because you're afraid to look them in the eye."

I felt my temper rising. "More amateur analysis, Roger? You told me yourself how dangerous that is."

"It doesn't need analysis to see that you're not really tackling the thing. For instance, what about money, Ruth? How are you going to get along?"

"Roger, honestly—" I kept my anger down with an effort. Probably he was just trying to annoy me to take my mind off John. "I'll manage, really. We haven't exactly been starving, you know."

"I mean while John is gone, out of commission." There was a kind of relentlessness in the way he pursued it.

"The two or three weeks John will be—out of commission, as you call it—aren't going to affect us too heavily. I don't see what you're getting at, Roger. Unless you're just trying to—"

Roger sighed. "Ruth, I'm not trying to do anything except help. I know I'm a boor about it, but—well, look. I've been thinking. Why don't you come here and take over John's desk while he's gone? We need you like anything, and you'll need the money."

Take over John's desk! This time I stood up, stiff with anger I didn't try to conceal. "You're speaking in a most belittling manner of another doctor, Roger. How could I or any other unqualified person take over John's duties? I'm a nurse, not a physician. Are you implying that John's medical contribution here was so unimportant that even I could fill his place?"

Roger stood up too. His brown, strong-boned face was almost grim. "I didn't say John's duties. I said his desk—all the little administrative things we've had to saddle ourselves with because we can't get the right kind of help. You know how I feel about John as a doctor—that I think he's more brilliant in his way than I'll ever be. You're deliberately not listening to me, Ruth. Why should you get so angry at a perfectly sensible proposition?"

I went out without answering, and it was a long time before I cooled off enough to echo his question. It was three days, in fact.

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The day Dr. Seabrook had told me I might come out to Green Acres for a short visit with John.

Only three days. Not long enough for the unreality to wear off. I wasn't even really lonely, until I realized that I kept expecting John's key in the front door, his step and his "Hi, there," coming through the hall toward the kitchen. Now that he was out of the house the brief weeks of his being ill, upstairs, almost faded from my mind. Any minute now, I'd catch myself thinking, glancing up at the clock, he'll be coming in. And then I'd remember, and think, That's right. Not quite any minute. But very soon. . . .

I went out to Green Acres in a hopeful frame of mind, and the way John greeted me did nothing to discourage it. He drew me around to the back of the formally beautiful white building, and across the terraced lawn into a little enclosure, like a private park. "I come here every day," he said happily. "Look at it. Doesn't it take you back to the days when you'd throw your books in the house and grab an apple and run out to lie under a tree somewhere, just stare up at the sky, and dream?"

I laughed. "It could, except I honestly can't remember doing just that."

"It takes me back," John said. "Ruth, this was the brightest thing we could have done. Separating myself from the routine for a while, having time and space to think things out—I feel like a new man already! And when I look around and see what a sad state human beings can get themselves into if they don't somehow or other take the time to see themselves and the world in the right relationship to one another. Take that boy I spoke to on the terrace when we came through." He went eagerly on, telling me all about the problems of this young Wallace, whose mother had made a very special mess of his life—or so it seemed.

"Oh, I forgot!" John stopped suddenly and snapped his fingers. "Dr. Seabrook asked if you'd drop in for a minute before you left. If you're in a hurry, though, I'll tell him—"

"Not a bit! I would have suggested it myself, only I didn't want to trespass on his time. Can you come with me, John?"

He laughed shortly. "What do you think this is, a prison? Naturally I'll take you to his office. I won't go in, since obviously he wants to talk to you about me." We came back over the lawn in silence, and now I was a bit perturbed. That last-second recollection—was it because John didn't want me to see Dr. Seabrook?

He wouldn't wait. He kissed me and said, "I'll say goodbye here, Ruth. No sense my hanging around. I promised Wallace I'd join him for a while before dinner, and it's almost time now. See you soon, dear." He went off down the hall, and for a vexed moment I felt like a mother who has come to see her son at college and found that he has other, more pressing things to do than squire her around.

But when I came out of Dr. Seabrook's office some time later I was passionately grateful that John wasn't waiting. I didn't want him to see my face. I knew what it must reveal—the fear, the new awareness. John mustn't see that until I'd had time to absorb the worst of it.

Dr. Seabrook hadn't really given me such bad news. It was just that John had seemed so unusually well, and that I'd been thinking in terms of days, weeks at most. He even began by remarking on how physically fit John had been almost from the moment I'd left him there.

"He does look well," I agreed. "And he seems so cheerful, Dr. Seabrook—so stimulated mentally. Almost as though he were here for a course of study."

Dr. Seabrook's heavy gray eyebrows

almost met over the dark rims of his glasses. "Precisely, Mrs. Wayne. That was what I wanted to talk to you about."

I felt a sudden, warning tremor. The doctor went on, "He's entirely too stimulated, you know. I—I don't want to alarm you, but I've been talking to our mutual friend, Dr. Marlowe, on the phone about Dr. Wayne, and from what Dr. Marlowe tells me I felt I should put to you one or two facts about your husband's condition."

"He seems so well. . . ." I faltered, foolishly.

"He is very far from well. I have no diagnosis, no answers to give you, but this much I have seen already. Dr. Wayne is prepared to resist treatment. He didn't come here for real help with his mental problems. He came to escape them."

"That's why he was so willing to come, then? I was surprised by that, I should have realized—but still, Dr. Seabrook, couldn't that mean he really has the right attitude?"

The doctor shook his head. "In my observation, Dr. Wayne has convinced himself he is here as a—well, say a sort of visiting colleague. You noticed he was dressed in his business suit, not in the more casual clothes most of our patients like to adopt. He has been conducting our interviews, analyzing himself, giving me his answers, doing everything in his very considerable powers to keep me from really getting to him, to the root of his trouble." Dr. Seabrook smiled slightly. "He has even taken unto himself a patient. A young man whose case he feels he can do a quick, thorough job on. . . ."

The Wallace boy. And I'd thought John's interest in him was a good sign. "He has plunged into young Wallace's problems with the energy of a man who will do anything to escape coming to grips with his own." The doctor's quiet voice was like a cruel pen-stroke underlining the thoughts as they came to my mind. I put my hands suddenly over my face. Oh, John, I thought, John! What's happened to you?

"You understand, Mrs. Wayne, I tell you this much not to alarm you unnecessarily. But it may help you in the adjustment you must make, with your own life, if you realize that your husband is probably a very sick man—much sicker than he himself dreams. The roots of his insecurity, his antagonism toward the world, go very far back indeed, it will take a long and patient time, and all his honest cooperation, before we find them." The doctor stood up. "He is far from cooperating. It is very convincing, very disarming, his attitude of interest in what is going on here at Green Acres. I am afraid it will be a long time before we can convince Dr. Wayne that he is really not a doctor on a busman's holiday, but—a patient in a mental home."

A patient in a mental home. I said goodbye calmly enough, I think, and found my way back to my car, and got away from Green Acres without making any sign of what was going on inside me. But somewhere along the highway I turned off into a small dirt road and parked beneath a tree, and just sat. A patient in a mental home. Those words had been spoken deliberately, I was sure. Dr. Seabrook had meant the cruelty as a shock to me, and it had worked. That bewildering confusion of real and unreal had left me. Green Acres no longer seemed a luxurious resort. It was a hospital, and John was there for good and sufficient reason, because he'd shown such significant evidence of needing its care that even he knew it was the best place for him at the moment. Roger must have asked Dr. Seabrook to make it clear to me that I must stop thinking of John's illness as a very fleeting interruption of our home life. John wouldn't be back in a matter of

days or even of weeks. It might be months—months of loneliness and fear and discouragement, none of which I must ever, ever show.

In my own way, I had been running away from my problem just as John was doing. I was luckier than he; my running away didn't take as serious a form. And I'd have to stop, here and now.

Starting the car again, I went slowly along until I found a diner where a cup of scalding hot coffee did its usual pulling-together job. It felt queer, sitting there alone at the counter, with the tables holding people by twos or fours. I might be doing many things alone, from now on. For quite a while to come. It would be a strange feeling, when one had been part of a two-some for so many years. You got so used to all the silly small things—to having your coat held for you, to having someone else do the driving, especially at night, to leaving a sack of groceries in the car because it was too heavy, and John could bring it in later when he came home.

And to worrying about money only because it didn't stretch far enough. It was John who worried about bringing it in in the first place. My thoughts flew back to Roger's pointed questions. "What about money? Why should you get so angry at a perfectly sensible proposition?"

It was clear enough now. I'd been worried about money all along, ever since John came down with pneumonia. And I'd been furious with Roger because he'd hit the mark with his questioning. Inwardly I'd known that John wasn't coming back in a couple of weeks to take over again. I hadn't wanted to be forced to face the knowledge. I'd known something would have to be done about money, in the meantime. But doing it, that would be like putting an official seal on the truth about John.

I'd been like a child playing with shadows. It was time to stop now, to see the shadows for what they were—the realities for what they were. I slipped off the stool, paid for my coffee, and walked out into the early evening. All at once I felt almost buoyant, as though a band that had been tied tightly around my heart for a long time had suddenly snapped. I wasn't happy; you couldn't call it happiness, to be facing the fact that your husband was ill the way John was, and that for as far ahead as you could see you'd be the head of the family whether or not you liked the role.

No, I wasn't happy. But I was strangely at peace. Things were no longer confused. John had his job to do—getting well, with Dr. Seabrook's help. And I had mine. I'd have to make some changes in the house, of course, working at the Health Centre. I'd have to do something about the housework end of things. And I'd have to take care our son wasn't too upset by the new situation. That was my really important job.

I sped a little, trying to get back to Glen Falls before Roger left the Health Centre. I'd have to tell him tonight, get things started. I'd have to apologize, too. . . . I thought of the small, sunlit office I'd be working in, of the crispness of files and records under my hands instead of the familiar feel of dishes and dusting cloths. And I wondered fleetingly just what it would be like, working again at a job. . . . working with Roger. . . .

I was smiling faintly as I pulled up in front of the Centre—smiling at the realization that already I was looking forward. Once you stopped fighting it and gave it a chance, life itself was so ready to carry you along. After all, wasn't that the only way life could really move. . . . toward the day ahead?

The Kind of Husband to Have

(Continued from page 44)

Irishman with the black hair and arresting brown eyes. "But what very few people do know is that I became Nancy's husband—and Just Plain Bill's son-in-law—because the radio fans insisted upon it."

The time was March, 1933, and Just Plain Bill had been on the air six months. Nancy was engaged to a young man named David Ellis, but before her marriage took place the writers decided to introduce a rival for Nancy's affections into the script. This rival was to be a young Irishman with a slight brogue, and James Meighan auditioned for and won the role. (He's always been exceptionally good with dialects.) It had been planned to build an episode lasting a few weeks around this triangular situation, and then Nancy was supposed to go ahead and marry David.

But the fans decreed otherwise. Mail started to pour into NBC from the listeners, who took violent sides for or against Kerry. The writers began to realize that the characters had taken over the script with a life of their own, and seriously analyzed the listeners' response. Eventually it became apparent that an overwhelming majority preferred Kerry, so he and Nancy were blissfully married while the rejected David faded from the scene forever.

The Kerry of today is a polished young lawyer and has lost his brogue, but he and Nancy are among the happiest of the married couples in daytime radio, and he enjoys a wonderful relationship with his father-in-law Bill—a state of affairs which pleases Jim Meighan, who believes firmly in strong, affectionate family ties. The fans who were responsible for the marriage are pleased, too, though many of them will just now be learning of the part they played in the affair.

It almost seems as though Jim Meighan had been practicing all his life for his radio roles. Born in Pittsburgh and reared in New York City, Jim attended Virginia's Staunton Military Academy and then returned to Pittsburgh to study at Carnegie Institute of Technology. He'd always been interested in acting, inspired by his uncle, the late, great screen star Thomas Meighan, so at Carnegie Tech he studied drama and acted in many of that famous school's productions. At this time, too, he seriously studied art, and was fortunate enough upon graduation to be able to study painting in Paris for a while.

Returning to New York, he acted for a season with the Yonkers Stock Company, making his professional debut as Billy Wiggs in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." This was an excellent role for a newcomer, and helped lead him into membership with the brilliant theatrical group known as the Provincetown Playhouse. For two years, in company with such stars as Walter Abel and Wayne Morris, Jim learned the art of the theatre, appearing in leading roles in all of Eugene O'Neill's plays and doubling in brass behind the scenes as an assistant to scenic designer Robert Edmond Jones.

Then came Broadway, and Jim played opposite many luminous ladies, including Ethel Barrymore, Helen Hayes, Jane Cowl and Alice Brady. One of his fondest memories is his role in "My Maryland," the lovely operetta by Sigmund Romberg.

One day early in 1932, Jim was invited to watch a broadcast at NBC. He was so excited by the young medium of radio that he determined to try it, and immediately won a number of roles. "Frankly, radio was a Godsend," he says today. "The crash of 1929 was rapidly killing Broadway, and those of us who were lucky

enough to make good at the mike were just about the only actors who could be sure of eating regularly."

Jim has stayed with radio ever since, playing everything from a sixteen-year-old boy on The Singing Lady to Helen Hayes's leading man on her Bambi series. When Backstage Wife moved from Chicago to New York in 1945, Jim became Larry Noble. "I get a kick out of that role because of the authentic backstage flavor," he says. "Some of our scenes are real Broadway."

Time was when Jim spent almost all his time either in rehearsal or on the air, but these days he prefers to limit himself to his two major roles, plus occasional appearances in Mr. Chameleon, Mr. Keen, and Hearstone, so that he can spend more time at home with Aleece and the children. And no wonder!

Home is a lovely, comfortable house surrounded by two acres of lawn and gardens just a mile from the beach in Huntington, Long Island. There's enough room here for every member of the family to pursue his or her own hobbies and to entertain friends without seeming crowded. The family includes Myles, who at fourteen is six feet, three and a half inches tall, loves camping trips and wants to go to M. I. T.; twelve-year-old Ingrid, who studies ballet, is crazy about the theatre, and will undoubtedly carry out the family acting tradition; and eleven-year-old Martin, who is becoming a fine cello player and wants to be a musician—if he doesn't become a forest ranger.

Though both Jim and Aleece paint very well, they don't have a special studio at home. They just set up their easels anywhere and work away with oils or water colors whenever they feel the urge. They never hang their paintings, either, just store them in the basement.

The Meighans are a closely-knit family, enjoying every minute in each other's company. For this reason, the children prefer to stay at home and go to the excellent public school a few blocks away, though they know they could go to any military academy or boarding school they wanted to if they asked. Jim spends every morning at home, leaving for the studio about one, and always hurries home as soon as Just Plain Bill is finished. Sometimes Ingrid accompanies him, and father and daughter both enjoy these afternoons.

In the evenings they usually stay home and read, listen to the radio, or work at their hobbies. On the infrequent occasions when Aleece joins Jim for a "night on the town"—usually dinner and the theatre—the children often accompany them. "There's no point in having a nice family if you don't enjoy being with them," Jim—who was an only child—believes.

When it comes to vacation time, though, Jim and Aleece go away for two weeks without the children. "That's our time to be alone together and enjoy our adult pursuits," they say firmly. "The kids have that time to go to camp or visit grandparents and do what they want to do. And then what fun we have when we're together again comparing notes." But never, never, never would Jim take a vacation without Aleece. That wouldn't be any fun at all. Last year they went to Haiti and fell madly in love with that lush tropical island, and this year they had a glorious cruise to Quebec, Halifax and Bermuda.

Plans for the future? Jim wants to see the children well launched in life, and then he'll retire—to be just plain Jim, husband of Aleece, in their dream-home in Haiti. That's a role he'll play to perfection.

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Lady Luck Had Her Eye on Me

(Continued from page 47)

of other fellows, I was in love. Charlotte Hanker was her name and she was wonderful! But, also like a lot of other fellows, I couldn't afford to get married. Even though my salary as a film projectionist for a local television station in Los Angeles afforded occasional dining and dancing out for Charlotte and me, it didn't quite provide for wedding bells. So saving for a church wedding and a real honeymoon was our dreamed-of goal. Then I heard about People Are Funny.

"Say, Garth," a friend said, "I hear they're looking for a young fellow who is about to be married to do a radio stunt for them. Think there might be a honeymoon for a reward!"

He didn't have to say any more because I was already investigating. Due to the nature of the stunt, Art Linkletter and producer John Guedel had to cast about before the actual broadcast to pick a contestant. I was among several interviewed. Yet it wasn't until the actual night of the broadcast that I was let in on what I had to do. All I knew then was that participating in this particular gag would involve time, and that I had. For, with my job, I accumulated several days off at a time. I was willing to try anything, for the prize was a Paris honeymoon! This would make the dream that Charlotte and I held come true.

However, when I learned during the broadcast I'd really have to climb the highest mountain and swim the deepest river, I immediately had visions of a year's trip to India with a sweltering safari camped at the foot of the great Himalayas. As I pictured it, the men in the safari were all encouraging me to go on to conquer the peaks alone. This mental vision made my marriage to Charlotte seem a long way off—even indistinct. Luckily, it didn't take that long. Only a matter of minutes, in fact, to climb the highest U.S. peak, Mount Whitney. Honest! Like I told Mr. Linkletter when I reported back the next week, he didn't say I had to climb to the top. So I didn't. The guide and I put in a few hundred yards' trek and threw a few snowballs—then retired on our laurels.

Back at the studio, Mr. Linkletter laughed when he heard the report. "I've been outsmarted!" he said. "But now you'll have to swim the deepest river!" And off I went to tackle the Mississippi.

What nobody told me was that at this time of the year (November) the weather was a nippy 28°. Since I'm only a normal California swimmer at best, I doubted that I could ever undertake the icy waters and raging currents. But there was an answer for this, too. A Coast Guard boat, bearing a huge tank of water on its deck, came to the rescue. As the boat shoved off to cross the Mississippi, I jumped into the tank and started swimming. I kept swimming, all the way across the Mississippi. For those who don't like to make like Johnny Weismuller even on a hot day, this is the answer. That is, if you're ever called upon to swim the Mississippi in 28° weather.

"You've outsmarted me again," laughed Linkletter, upon my return. "But we've both been fooled, for the deepest river is in Africa, not America. So, I'll give you one more chance to prove yourself. Find a modest Texan and bring him back to Hollywood!"

I think this was the most difficult task of all. I had two weeks to interview "modest Texans" in Dallas, and I was

amazed that as many applicants turned up as they did. I didn't know there were so many modest Texans. I was wined, dined, and even the object of attempted bribery. One gentleman promised me a nice sum of Texas dollars to let him win the title. But I knew you couldn't use Texas dollars in the United States, so honesty prevailed. The uncontested winner was a six-foot-five-inch ex-sheriff named Smoot Schmid, who was then a member of the Texas Parole Board. He was so modest, he even admitted other states had oil and other states had beautiful women, too!

"Tell that Linkletter," he drawled, "Ah'm paroling him for all the things he said about Texas!"

When Smoot and I returned to the show for the final week, I heard the news of my last stunt. I had to marry the girl! It goes without saying that my wedding to Charlotte in St. Brendan's Church in Los Angeles was the nicest of all the required tasks. (Believe me, this was no task. It's the greatest thing that has ever happened to me.) The second greatest, we both agree, was our honeymoon trip to Paris! A double payoff—I won the girl and together we won our dreamed-of honeymoon!

From the moment we boarded the luxurious ship, *Ile de France*, docked in New York, it was if we were entering a magic land. The ship itself was beautiful and the entire trip was six days of heaven. We had cocktails with the captain, enjoyed the luxury of breakfast in bed.

When we reached Paris, we were both so exhausted from the sheer fun of our trip over, we did nothing but rest at our hotel, France et Choiseul. We finally roused ourselves and started on a round of sight-seeing. Just like other tourists—complete with the inevitable camera—we saw Notre Dame, the Eiffel Tower and every famous spot in the city. Alas, it was so foggy during our whole trip, most of our pictures look like pea soup.

There were highlights, though, like our visit to the famous Folies Bergere on the night of my birthday. And Charlotte's purchase of an original Jacques Fath dress. Naturally, there were humorous things, like the chambermaid who looked after our suite.

I remember once I needed a suit pressed in a hurry for a special occasion, and I tried so hard to explain the situation to her. This is very difficult when you know no French except "oui" and the maid knows no English. I pointed, gestured, tried to draw pictures, but all she kept saying was "Tout de suite, s'il vous plait."

To me, it sounded like "silver plate," and I realized I was getting nowhere. As a linguist I was a flop!

Then Charlotte, who knows little more French than I, but who apparently is blessed with a gift for the right sign language, appeared upon the scene, and with a few gestures and strange words seemed to make her understand perfectly. The suit was back on time. I was pleased, of course, but the chambermaid was still saying "silver plate."

We made a brief four-day trip to nearby London. We loved it there, because the city of supposed fog was as bright and sunny as California on a clear day. Not a dewdrop in sight. There's something stimulating about London, whose citizens are so proud of their heritage. We couldn't help but feel admiration for them all.

Since we were eating our way through Paris we looked forward to a real English meal for a change. Someone had recom-

mended a spot and naturally we went out of our way to dine there. We were all set for an English pudding or some other specialty, and our appetites were whetted to a quick edge. Imagine our chagrin when we saw the menu was printed in French. It was true, though, it was the best French restaurant in London!

We got a chance to use our camera in London and considered ourselves extremely lucky to be passing Number 10 Downing Street one day just as Anthony Eden walked in. Since we learned it would be less than an hour before he'd come out again, we waited to snap a picture. Shortly thereafter, he came down the steps again and was most gracious to us, waving and smiling to Charlotte. Alas, when we got home and had the picture developed, one of us had double-exposed the film, and Mr. Eden emerged with two heads—one suspiciously like Charlotte's.

Our wonderful two-week honeymoon was over so rapidly. It seemed as if we had just arrived before it was time to sail home again. Due to the bad weather, we left from Liverpool on a ship named the *Parthia*. (Just to give you an idea of the intensity of the weather, at the same time we were struggling home, a certain Captain Kurt Carlson was bravely fighting near by aboard the famed *Flying Enterprise*. We were just fortunate our ship didn't suffer the same fate as his.)

It was New Year's Day when we arrived in New York, ten days after leaving, and with only ten cents to our name. Though I did have a few English shillings in my pocket (about \$1.40 in American money), I couldn't find anyone to exchange it. As a result I had to carry our baggage a mile-and-a-half because we didn't have a tip for the porter. After the rough days at sea I was fatigued to begin with, and at the end of the mile-and-a-half, the stairs up into the plane looked like the Himalayas for sure!

When you're back home in Los Angeles after such a glorious three weeks, it's kind of hard settling back into the routine of being Mr. and Mrs. Garth Hintz. But we did manage, with the help of the very few pictures we had taken, plus our beautiful memories. We do have a nice apartment, we think, so pretty soon we were busy furnishing it. There certainly hadn't been enough time after our wedding or before the trip to do this.

Charlotte, who has worked with the New Products Institute for several years, has picked up a fountain of knowledge concerning furniture and homes, preferably the modern kind. Until we have a real home to furnish and decorate, we're experimenting on our large, airy flat. Each piece of furniture we are able to buy, we intend to utilize in our future place. The going is slow, but more fun and surer that way.

We're getting along great today and Charlotte says the only thing we don't have in common is rhubarb. I think rhubarb is just the greatest! Poor Charlotte. She doesn't know what she's missing. But on this little point, we've compromised. I've given up rhubarb. But then, for a guy who's climbed the highest mountain and swam the deepest river to win the girl he loves, giving up rhubarb is no great sacrifice to keep her.

If there's a moral to this story, it's this. Be prepared! Yes, sir! Keep a French guidebook handy and keep a bag packed to take off on a moment's notice. Take it from me, I know. The unexpected always happens and Lady Luck could have her eye on you!

My Holiday Heartache

(Continued from page 66)

with an echo which would have done credit to a sound-effects man on a blood-curdling whodunit. I curled up on the sofa to drink my coffee, and the silence wrapped itself around me—thick, oppressive and smothering.

This solitary Thanksgiving, desolate as it was, wasn't even a preview of the way I would be sure to feel on Christmas. If I was lonely now, on Christmas I was absolutely certain to be utterly lost.

I didn't see how I could possibly endure it—remembering, as I did, the way my parents planned our Christmases back home in California. They had a talent for blending suspense, surprise and fun into our celebration, yet never forgetting the day's true purpose of reverent worship for the Christ Child.

From the moment the first of us awakened and led the wild dash for the living room, we could always feel this was indeed a day set apart from all others.

Its spectacular manifestation was the tree, shining with tinsel and sparkling with lights brighter by far than the pale rays of the early sun. Our gifts were piled beneath it, and we had time only to open them and get the first tantalizing glance at their wonders before going to church, where the mystic beauty and solemn pageantry of the High Mass always sent my soul soaring.

In my loneliness, I found myself wishing I could relive every single one of those glorious days.

It was that wish, I believe, which led me to a solution for my unhappiness—for with it came the realization that actually I continued to hold some part of each of those Christmases, not only in my memory, but also in my everyday life.

In my hobby of painting I still held a part of the Christmas when I was seven, for that was the year when Mother and Dad had given me a drawing board and a real easel.

And, for that matter, perhaps even my singing itself dated back to a Christmas, for the most terrific present of all was the piano. With its arrival began our family habit of singing together. Mother would sing lead, Dad take the baritone, I'd do the tenor, Mary and Nancy the alto and Carolynne, who couldn't carry a tune in the proverbial handbasket, would drone along.

But the quality of the singing hadn't mattered. The thing which counted was the way the folks had, through their love and affection, led us into a way of expressing what we felt about Christmas. It was a part of that bond which neither time nor distance nor even my father's death could break. Wherever I was, my mother and my sisters would be thinking of me on Christmas the same as I would be of them.

And that, as I remember, was the spot where I came out of my indigo mood with a knowledge that it was up to me, wherever I was, to create the kind of Christmas that was worthy of them.

If I couldn't be in the midst of my family, hearing the happy shouts of my nieces and nephews as they unwrapped their gifts, there must be needy children in Chicago who would enjoy our kind of Christmas. Father Brett, over at Holy Name Cathedral, would be able to help me find them.

It was lucky, I think, that I reached my decision as early as Thanksgiving, for—as I soon found out—creating the kind of Christmas our folks used to give us took more doing than starting a brand-new radio or television show.

I learned, for instance, how to bake

cookies, how to stuff a turkey, and how to set up a Christmas tree so it wouldn't wobble.

Father Brett made the arrangements and I met my small guests after the Children's Mass. There were four of them: Mary Elizabeth, who was six; Judy, nine; Patsy, eleven; and Joe, who was eight.

In the car I had rented for this day, we drove down to my apartment, all of us a little shy with each other.

But that shyness vanished the moment we got inside the door and Joe shouted, "Gee, a television set! Maybe there'll be a Western movie."

Patsy, however, had a different idea. "Who wants to watch some old cowboys, anyhow? I'd rather see dancers."

I sounded, I realize, just exactly like my own mother when I said, "Now, kids, take it easy. We'll take turns and see both." Already we were sounding just like a family.

With turkey and presents and the wonderful happy commotion which youngsters can produce, every minute of the day was filled. Joe got interested in my paint box and had to paint a picture of his own. The little girls found my wardrobe most exciting and shyly asked if they could see all my things. Happily, I pulled out bureau drawers and told them to choose anything they wanted. One chose a sachet, another a scarf, another a hanky. And their eyes shone as they did so. I knew how they felt. I remembered so well when having one of my older sisters give me some feminine trifle had made me feel thrillingly grown-up.

We climaxed the day by driving up the lake shore as far as Evanston. Just as we were about to start, the snow began drifting down in big, fluffy white flakes and in the dusk, with the lights coming on, all Chicago looked lovely as a Christmas card.

Then to me, too, the snowfall became a symbol. California born and reared, I had never quite understood why song writers and poets and everyday people make the fuss they do about a white Christmas. Now I saw that the snow, spreading its softening blanket over the harshly frozen earth, was a visible symbol of love.

The love of God for man, the love of parents for children, the love of children readily given to anyone who will accept their sincere emotion. Such love, like the gently falling snow, smoothed and softened the harshness of the world.

Small Joe confirmed my thought. We took the little girls home first, and—while they chattered, as all girls do, happy and excited, about their presents, their dinner and how much fun they had—Joe had maintained as quiet an aspect as any of his silent, strong-man movie heroes.

Yet, when we drew up in front of the tenement where he lived, Joe found expression. With the embarrassment of a lad at the age where he would rather die than be thought a sissy, Joe kissed my cheek and said gruffly, "Thanks. Merry Christmas."

I kissed him back and, with almost as much effort, found words for what was in my heart.

I knew at last how my parents had made our own Christmas a heritage to treasure. Then I had received—now I had tried to give back to other children a little of what they had offered.

I told young Joe, "It's the other way around. You children are the ones who have given me a Merry Christmas."



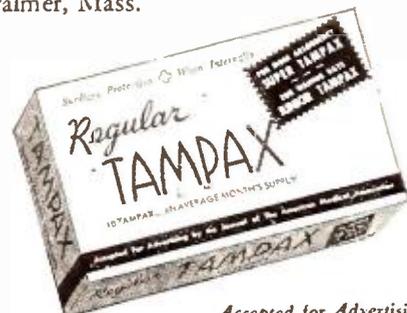
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When Good Fellows Get Together

(Continued from page 41)

for a couple of days, praying they'd get lost. They did! And one Christmas, Arthur sent me a dozen gold-plated golf tees which if I'd used them at my club, I would never have lived down!

"On the other hand, Arthur has sent Dorothea, my wife, some beautiful Christmas gifts—silver centerpieces for the table and, one year, a charming little wagon filled with flower plants.

"When it came to getting Arthur a Christmas gift, for which we all pooled together, we were desperate. For Arthur, who has everything, and wants very little of anything, would stop Santa Claus himself. A Stereo-Realist camera was, I believe, our last Christmas offering to Arthur. I think we also gave him, at Remo's suggestion, some recordings of classical gut-string music, in which he is interested.

"But now the gift-giving is a thing of the past. We've relaxed. We Little Godfreys give each other parties during the holiday season, mix it up, and let it go at that.

"We're all family people, more or less," Tony added. "Starting at the top with Arthur and his love of his family, and his Virginia farm, we share the love of home to a quite extraordinary degree. And as our warm, family feeling for one another goes beyond our work together as a troupe of radio and television performers, we like to share our homes with each other, too. Arthur usually spends Christmas alone with all the members of his family. Frank Parker, a bachelor, who lives alone in a New York apartment, usually spends his Christmas with one of us. Frank and I are very friendly, so I'm hoping he'll make it our home in Massapequa, Long Island, this Christmas, join us in spending the day the way we spend it—which is going from one friend's house to another's, progressive parties, and all of them over the cheer of the steaming was-sail bowl!

"We're all family people, more or less . . . we share the love of home to a quite extraordinary degree. . . ."

They do, indeed.

This Christmas, the Chordettes, all four of them, got on the subject of what they most wanted for Christmas.

Janet Ertel longs for a mink stole. "I say a stole merely because a coat," Janet laughs, "sounds too greedy!" "Oh, I think

a new Cad convertible would be real nice!" Carol Hagerdorn chimed in, and Dottie Schwartz hopes to find a helicopter in her stocking.

Each has a good reason for her dreams—and each hopes they all will come true. Carol, who always flies home to Wisconsin for Christmas, ran into snowstorms last year, landed on a field of ice at four in the morning, with the thermometer at four below, and feels that with a new Cad she may be able to make the trip more safely—also more often. Dottie and her husband live in an apartment in Forest Hills but want a real home, "a house far out in the country," and figure that a helicopter, which would make it possible for them to commute, would be the answer to their problem. Whereupon, "A house is my Christmas wish, too," Ginny Osborn said. "That's what I want, same as Dottie, more than anything." Said Janet, "Homing, you see, the homing instinct is the impulse motivating all of us. Sure, me too, for there's something about a mink stole that makes *any* home homier!"

Of The Mariners, Martin Karl says he has almost everything he wants and what he wants most for Christmas is to keep everything he has! "But if you press me, a paid-up mortgage on my house in Beechurst would help!" Martin adds, "For by the time I get through filling the stockings—and the stomachs—of my four kids (two boys and two girls) buying the tree, the bird, the toys, Santa Claus gets pretty tired. The spirit is willing, but the folding money," Martin grinned, "is weak."

Jim Lewis, who lives in Elmhurst, New York, with his wife and sixteen-month-old baby girl, had a dream which he wishes would come true this Christmas.

"My dream," Jim said, "is to have all the rest of our family members around us once more. Scattered about, as we are, if one day—best of all, Christmas day—we could once again be together, that would surely be Christmas, the meaning of it, the heart of it, and the spirit of it, to me."

Tom Lockhard, who is married, the father of two, and lives in New York, said, grinning, "I've written my letter to Santa Claus asking for a Chriscraft power boat which I would keep moored at Sayville, Long Island. If Santa comes across, the first thing you know, the wife, the kids and I would follow the boat to Sayville in order to live near it, if not on it!"

Nat Dickerson ended the Mariners' wishes quietly with, "I'd like to see peace and harmony in the world more than anything for myself."

"Make that blanket," the three other boys chorused, "for The Mariners, one and all!"

Marion Marlowe more, perhaps, than any of the others expresses the spirit which prevails among the Little Godfreys at Christmas time:

"I don't want anything for Christmas," Marion said. "I've had my Christmas present. I got it last night when Mama came home from the hospital, safe and well again. No other Christmas present could compare, or compete, with this. Beyond this, I want only to stay just as, and where, I am, singing my songs on Arthur's show, living at home in our New York apartment with my mother, my grandmother and my grandfather."

A house in the country is what Julius LaRosa—yes, Julius, too!—who lives in Brooklyn—most wants for Christmas. "I doubt that I will get it this year," Julius said, "but that is what I want. We're looking now, Mom and Dad and I, all over Long Island. If a small miracle happens and we should find it before Christmas, that's where the LaRosa clan will get together. If we don't find it, we'll be at the home of my aunt, who always has the tree and the big, seven o'clock Christmas dinner. On the Eve, which is a fast day, we eat the traditional squid for dinner," Julius explained, "and on the Day we have chicken, or turkey or lasagna and all the trimmings. On the Eve, we go to midnight Mass. Christmas to me, as to all the others, I guess, means being with my own people; especially, the kids in the family. I get a kick out of watching them open their presents, the way their eyes shine as they look up at the tree."

"To have my brother, John, nineteen, back from Korea" is Lu Ann Simms—the newest Little Godfrey—prayer. "It's the one thing I want most, not only for Christmas, but in the world. He is due to be rotated and, God willing, if he gets home for Christmas, it would be 'Peace on Earth,'" Lu Ann's eyes shone, "for Mom and Dad and my little brother, Donald, and me.

"I'll fly home," Lu Ann said then, "right after the Christmas morning radio show. Always, since we kids were born, we've had the same Christmas ritual. We have a great, big tree which we all decorate together on Christmas Eve. After we've finished with the tree, it's time to go to midnight Mass, and then we come home and bake those Christmas cookies, put my little brother to bed, hang up our stockings, after which—in the upstairs hall where, from our beds, we can all hear him—Dad reads *The Night Before Christmas* aloud to us.

"This year—my first year as a happy Little Godfrey—I can't be home on Christmas Eve. But Mom and Dad and both my brothers, I hope, will be waiting for me to help trim the tree, bake the cookies, hang the stockings and open the presents.

"As for what Christmas means to me, that's easy," said little Lu Ann. "I can put it into two true-blue words, *being home*."

That is the story of the Christmas spirit among Arthur Godfrey and his Little Godfreys. It is the Christmas spirit as, long ago, Christmas was meant to be: Home. Family. Children. Friends. "The Christmas Song." The "Ave Maria." "Peace and harmony in the world again."



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Wherever Danny Is—It's Christmas!

(Continued from page 51)

Everyone who knows Danny agrees that this is true. When a favor is asked of Danny Thomas, that word "no" never occurs to him. Deep are the roots that make Danny a citizen of a limitless world in which every man is brother—deep in a childhood where the simple fact of sharing was not talked about, but practiced.

Danny was born in Deerfield, Michigan, son Number Five in a series of eight brothers and one sister. He was christened Amos Jacobs in accordance with the ritual of one of the Eastern rites of the Catholic faith—the Maronite (whose mass is said in Aramaic, the language of Christ).

While he was still an infant, he was claimed by his Aunt Julie and his Uncle Tony, who had no children of their own. This was and is an accepted custom among Syrian families. If one group of relatives were blessed with many children, such obvious gifts from heaven were shared with less fortunate relatives.

This fact was of intense importance in Danny's development. When he started to school, aged six, he heard several of the youngsters explain that they would have to get permission from their mothers to do this or that. When one of the boys asked Danny if his mother would permit him to play baseball that afternoon, he said he'd have to ask his Aunt Julia.

"Don't you have a mother?" inquired the boy.

Danny raced home to place this logical question to an authority. "Are you my mother?"

Aunt Julia looked surprised. Because the families had always visited back and forth, and Danny knew his brothers and sisters in their correct relationship, it had never occurred to anyone that Danny might be confused.

Quietly she explained that Danny really had two pairs of parents: those to whom he was born, and those with whom he had grown up. She said something like, "They love you and we love you. A child belongs, first of all, to God, and after that to all those who love the child, related by blood or not. Remember that truth all your life and, wherever you go, you will find those to whom you belong and those who belong to you."

The blood brother whom Danny knew best, and who has remained one of his favorite human beings, is Ray. As youngsters, the two boys organized backyard shows and were so well liked at church and lodge affairs that they decided to go into show business as a team just as soon as they could persuade their relatives that they had absorbed enough education.

At approximately the time Ray and Danny had achieved a status (in their own opinion) somewhat funnier than Weber & Fields, tragedy broke up the act. Aunt Julie and Uncle Tony moved to Toledo, taking Danny with them and separating the team.

Danny suffered with all the abandon of a sensitive child. He couldn't sleep; he couldn't eat. He learned the full scale of that agony of agonies, separation from a loved one. Perhaps it was this experience which has given Danny his tenderness for those who grieve.

And probably it was his eventual reunion with his brother (they are inseparable nowadays) which supplied his healthy conviction that the woes of humankind are temporary and serve some useful purpose.

Danny earned his first money by selling candy, chewing gum and popcorn in the balcony of a burlesque theatre. He managed to work every afternoon after school,

and during the weekends he almost lived in the gallery.

Nowadays Danny is a well-tailored man, but he enjoys the memory of the first purchase he made with his junior earnings: a pair of bright blue long trousers "sharp enough to slice ice." He has never worn anything since which gave him the well-groomed feeling they provided.

Danny was twenty when he moved to Detroit and began to fly in two directions at once: During the day he worked at a broadcasting station, and he invested his evenings working as a night-club entertainer. On Sundays he usually did a benefit, one of which provided him with the thrill of his young life.

He was standing in the wings after having completed his stint when a tiny, exquisite brunette danced across the stage, acknowledged the applause with a twinkle, and burst into a heart-stopping song.

The singer was Lily Pons and all Danny could think of was that, if this represented his reward from a gracious universe for doing a benefit, he was going to become the Benefit Kid.

The next morning at the radio station, he told Rosemary all about it. Rosemary was a fourteen-year-old actress, very sweet and talented, who was the star of a mid-morning kiddie show. Danny served as announcer, elder brother, father confessor, and unrelenting tease on Rosemary's program. He once gave her a doll for Christmas and was nettled when she regarded the gift as another in a long line of good jokes.

The program grew in popularity; Danny grew in stature as a comedian; Rosemary just grew. Also, she began to glow. As she left the station one afternoon, Danny asked where she was going in such a hurry.

"Have to have my hair done," she told him. "I have a big date tonight."

"You mean your family is letting a child like you go out with boys?" he demanded incredulously. "You should be at home coloring animal books at night."

She told him that, somewhere, he had lost count. After all, she was seventeen, and quite grown up. Besides, she was only going to a movie with this boy, and she had been going to movies with him for almost a year.

Danny counted and re-counted, always getting the same answer: Rosemary should not be dating strange boys. They might be nice enough, but suppose they were reckless drivers. Suppose they didn't know their way around town and took her to the wrong places. Suppose she fell for a bad guy who would bring her misery.

Clearly there was only one sensible solution: He had to assume responsibility for her. He had to take care of her and set his own mind at rest. And so he proposed and Rosemary and Danny were married. They now have three children: Margaret, fifteen; Teresa, eight; and Tony, four.

As might be expected, Danny is a wise, resourceful, and humorous father. He believes that a parent can go only so far toward establishing a child in life, but beyond that point the individual must be responsible for himself. One can make a gift, but the use of the gift must be determined by the receiver.

Danny had this lesson from his own father in a reverse-English sort of way. As soon as Danny was able to do so, he bought the home in which his parents had lived throughout their married life, and presented the deed to them. He had tried to persuade them to move to a newer house in a less congested district, but they enjoyed their neighborhood con-

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veniences and they didn't want to be removed from old friends.

Having bought the house, Danny had it redecorated from roof to cellar, and had it refurnished. At the consequent family celebration dinner, Danny told his father, "Now that you have a nice home, I hope you're going to keep it that way. When your cronies come over for their card games, tell them not to drop their ashes on the carpets. Keep an eye on them to see that they don't forget their cigars and cigarettes and burn holes in the tables. Warn them to keep their shoes off the new chairs. The place for their feet is on the floor."

Mr. Jacobs removed his cigar from his mouth and leveled an interrogatory eye at his son. "Anything else?"

Danny thought. "Well. . . ." he said. He mentioned another item or two, but his steam seemed to have dwindled.

"Danny, you gave me this house?"

"Why, sure, Papa. You've got the deed."

"It's my house?"

"Absolutely. You know that."

"If this is my house, I am going to live in it my way. You finish your coffee and get out."

Danny howled his approval of the patriarch who was established in his own castle and intended to operate it according to his own tastes.

Several years later, when this rugged individualist was visiting Danny in Los Angeles, it was discovered that he was suffering from an incurable disease and had only a short time to live. Entering into a benevolent plot, the family decided to invent an emergency to take him back to Chicago, where he might be with those he loved in scenes familiar to him during his final days.

When Danny started to discuss the fancied emergency, Mr. Jacobs looked his son squarely in the eye and said, "I'm sick, huh? Whatever ails me is serious? Oh, well, I've known it for a long time. I am not afraid. Now go on about your own business while I finish pruning this tree." And, perched precariously in the Y of a sycamore, he continued his self-assigned task.

"He wasn't afraid," Danny told his wife afterward. "He had more courage than he needed to face what he knew was ahead. He was a man, and I hope that, all the rest of my life, I can live up to him."

Danny's mother, too, had fine qualities which were shaping the heart of her young son. During his childhood, Danny remembers that somehow, in spite of the demands of her big family, his mother managed to slip away from the house almost every day. She wouldn't be gone long, and when she returned she would nearly always be able to slip a handful of pennies into the purse in which the family church money was kept.

She was fulfilling a vow, and she has continued to fulfill it all her life. In the early days of the family, one of Danny's small brothers was bitten by a rodent. Because of infection, such bites were nearly always fatal. Mrs. Jacobs, however, refused to accept the doctor's diagnosis that the child had scant chance to survive. She took her problem to the Virgin Mary with a promise: If the baby's life could be spared, Mrs. Jacobs would spend a few moments each day for the rest of her life, begging for pennies for the poor box.

The baby lived and Mrs. Jacobs kept her promise. She went into every section of the city, knocking on doors, and asking in her broken English for a penny, just one penny for the glory of the Virgin Mary and the aid of the poor. She never came home empty-handed.

While Danny was singing in a night club in Detroit, he was buttonholed one evening by a man who launched into a story about how his wife had been saved from death by St. Jude. Feeling as any stranger would have felt, embarrassed for the man and impatient of personal revelation, Danny tried to get away, thinking, Oh sure. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Well, if you'll excuse me. . . .

Yet the man plucked at Danny's sleeve and explained, "You've got to listen. I promised St. Jude that, if he'd save my wife, I'd tell about it whenever I had a chance. I have to keep that promise."

This touched a responsive chord in Danny and he listened to help the man keep his vow.

It didn't occur to Danny, as he listened to the stranger lauding St. Jude, that this incident was in any way related to his own life. He was merely showing consideration to a fellow being who needed kindness at that particular moment.

Yet Danny carried a dilemma in his own heart, and one morning he took the problem to church. It has been printed that, on this occasion, Danny was stony broke and responsible for a wife and a baby daughter. Such was not quite the case. Danny was working at a radio station during the day and filling club engagements at night, but he felt that he was facing a crisis in his life.

He had reached an age at which he must decide what his permanent profession was to be. He wanted to continue his assault upon fame in show business, but he had friends who scanned his hawk-like profile and his Bedouin coloring and said as kindly as possible, "Sure, you've got talent, Danny, but the world is full of talented guys who are also . . . well, handsome. It's a rough racket and let's face it: Appearance is terribly important. Why don't you go into the restaurant business or the candy business, or maybe lay bricks yet?"

So Danny sat in church and sent up thoughts on the flickering flames from the vigil lights. He thought, I have my dream, as all men do. I believe I have some of my father's courage, and I think I have some of my mother's faith. But I need a sign. Perhaps I'm wrong to go on fighting for a spot in show business. Perhaps I should get a steady job, settle down, and—as people like to say—be sensible. To guide me, I need a sign. Even a small one.

As he arose to leave, he noticed a holy card lying on the pew beside him. He picked it up and studied it: It showed a picture of St. Jude on one side, and there was a prayer printed on the other, together with the address of the National Foundation of St. Jude in Chicago.

Danny slid the card into one of the cellophane jackets in his wallet (he still carries it) and addressed a plea to St. Jude Thaddeus. Solemnly, he promised that, if St. Jude would give Danny success in show business, Danny would build a shrine to St. Jude.

Shortly afterward, Danny moved on to Chicago, secured a job at the 5100 Club for fifty dollars a week. Three years later, he was the biggest week-in, week-out headliner in Chicago, and he was picking up a pay check of five hundred dollars every seven days. The rest is history.

And St. Jude? Danny has amassed almost enough cash to begin construction on the St. Jude Memorial Hospital, a non-sectarian, interracial refuge to be situated on the outskirts of Memphis, Tennessee.

Being responsible for such a gift, it is not surprising that Danny Thomas has won the title of "the man with Christmas always in his heart."

Aunt Jenny—Understanding Heart

(Continued from page 49)

or so, she loves to get dressed up and go out with the family, but she is essentially a stay-at-home.

"If I were to describe Agnes—and who is better qualified?" says her husband, Jimmy Wells, "I would say she was understanding, cool and collected, except that she can't stand any kind of injustice, and she doesn't nag about my smoking cigars as the doctor does. She's a wonderful wife and mother and a wonderful actress, too."

Agnes and her husband, a playwright and producer who works mostly with children, live in a large, comfortable apartment in Jackson Heights, New York. They have two bedrooms, one for actress-daughter Nancy, who is absent only when she plays summer stock.

Agnes was born in Port Jervis, New York, a town about as small and friendly as Aunt Jenny's Littleton. Her father was a violin teacher. Her mother, a singer, died before Agnes was four years old. Her grandparents moved in to help raise Agnes and her two brothers.

"No one in the family had been even remotely connected with the theatre or show business," she reminisces. "Our evenings together were mostly musical, with family readings from Charles Dickens thrown in."

Now Agnes, Jimmy and Nancy spend many evenings at home. The companionship, the old-fashioned warmth is there and Dickens, too.

Nancy, twenty-one, a very pretty blue-eyed blonde, is almost a composite of her parents. In a physical sense, she tends to resemble her father's side of the family. On the other hand, her mannerisms are similar to her mother's and their voices so much alike that they are often mistaken for each other over a phone. Nancy is gay, full of fun and shares her mother's taste in clothes—tweeds and sport clothes, simple dresses with no doodads. They frequently shop for each other with no risk of returns. Nancy Wells is an excellent young actress and you may have heard her in Aunt Jenny stories.

Agnes, as a child and young lady in Port Jervis, never entertained the idea of going on the stage, not until her last year in high school. As a senior she won an oratory contest, then played a lead in the school play.

"Suddenly it came to me that I wanted to be an actress," she remembers. "Just like that."

Luckily, her father gave wholehearted encouragement and sent her off to Emerson College in Boston to study drama.

"Well, you know it was very much like that with our Nancy. Her senior year in school, she was collecting college catalogues with no particular ambition and then she was cast in the high school play. One night at dinner she suddenly looked up determinedly and said, 'I've decided to be an actress.'"

For two parents who love the theatre this was no shock. Nancy was enrolled in a dramatic school instead of a university and now carries on the family tradition. Of course, a young actress lives a different life these days. Nancy calls on radio and video, as well as theatrical, producers for auditions. When Agnes started out, radio was just an infant and she worked in numerous stock companies. When she went to Pawtucket, Rhode Island, as an ingenue, she first met Jim Wells, also an actor in the company.

"We had a typical long engagement, two years," Agnes relates. "We were married in Port Jervis twenty-five years ago this past June, and almost immediate-

ly my agent sent me into a company in London, Ontario."

She left Jim in New York but not for long. It wasn't much more than a week later that she came rushing home.

"I had to make a decision then and it was perhaps the most important of my life."

So long as both she and Jim were in stock they could expect to be separated for long periods. There was nothing either could do about it if they wanted to become stage stars. They knew of other couples in the theatre who saw each other only a few times a year. But Agnes had different ideas of building a marriage.

"I decided then we would never be parted again," she remembers. "My home would come before anything else."

Agnes didn't sacrifice her marriage to a career, but she never lost touch with her work during Nancy's childhood. She organized a dramatic school, produced and directed plays. She and Jim worked with professional and amateur groups. And then came radio.

"Just about seventeen years and some five thousand broadcasts ago, I got started," she recalls. "Radio was what I wanted, a blessing for me as an actress. I didn't have to be away from home."

Since 1935, Agnes Young has acted in more daytime dramas than even she can remember. She has played many times in such big evening shows as Cavalcade of America and Theatre Guild on the Air. Like daughter Nancy, Agnes has moved into TV. Agnes was in the video version of Date with Judy last year and appears frequently on TV's Big Story.

At home, neither the women nor Jim set up any distinction so far as duties go. Anyone may take over the shopping chores or the kitchen to prepare dinner. As a matter of fact, husband Jimmy, who professionally goes by the more dignified name of J. Norman Wells, is a clever man with mushrooms, onions and tomato sauce, and actually makes all the bread for the family. This he does in a city that boasts the greatest variety and quality of breads in the world.

"Only because mine is best," he says smiling.

Nancy shares her parents' enthusiasm for home cooking and loves to prepare dinner and bake. Before Christmas, she and Agnes put in long hours producing an assortment of cookies and cakes.

"Christmas is something very special to us," Agnes tells you.

Christmas Day is spent much as in any other family: Church in the morning, visits with friends, an inventory of gifts, and finally the big dinner with relatives.

"It's a family joke about Mother and Christmas cards," Nancy explains. "Cards are kept out in a bowl from one season until the next."

"I like everything about Christmas," Agnes says, "but sometimes get upset by some of the commercialization. We are a religious family and I insist that we observe the spiritual side of the day."

"The past comes back to you on Christmas more than at any other time," Agnes believes. "Maybe it's just one little glass bell that has gone through the years unbroken and you remember the year it was bought and suddenly the whole of the past comes back with all of its emotions. You look at your family, their well-being, their happiness and you know the sorrows and successes, the difficult decisions, were right . . . for here is your life, full and warm."



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The Light That Shines Again

(Continued from page 34)

to finish their minstrel act. As they ran off the stage, he held up a shattered toy locomotive, begging, "Mama, fix." In his appeal was faith his pretty mother could right any wrong in the whole wide world.

Fay Moore McNutt could do nothing to repair the brittle pieces of cast iron, but she did know how to mend her small son's heart. In their dressing room, she quickly cut cardboard, borrowed paints from a prop man and before anyone could say, "Mr. Interlocutor," she had fashioned a sword with a silver blade and gleaming golden handle. A fine brave sword a little boy could flourish to slay a thousand dragons between overture and finale.

Its next chapter came when Tom, then a homesick and rebellious teenager, ran away from a boarding school he hated.

Hungry, frightened, stranded in a strange town, he stumbled into a Salvation Army shelter. Bracing himself for questions, he invented a fancy fable. He never had a chance to tell it. Salvation Army officers fed him, gave him a place to sleep, inquired, the next morning, how they could help further. Good sense cut through his barricade of blind rebellion. He confided in them. They bought him a ticket, wired his worried parents and sped him home.

Both memories crowded to the front of his mind early one snowy winter afternoon as, pacing down Chicago's State Street, he tossed a dollar into a Salvation Army kettle, "just for luck."

He needed it. Although Tom, by then, had earned stellar status in radio, his star at the moment held little sparkle. Recently he had changed networks. He believed radio friends had followed and were tuning in Ladies Fair on Mutual stations. Potential sponsors doubted.

He was tired of trying to think up ways to sell his show. It was pleasanter to contemplate what The Salvation Army would do with his dollar. He wished he could follow it to its destination. Perhaps it would help send home for Christmas a boy as mixed up as he once had been. Perhaps it would buy a toy for some little fellow to cherish the same way Tom had his own beloved homemade sword. He wished he had a hundred thousand dollars to give The Salvation Army to help such kids.

And then the inspiration came. He lacked the dollars, but he owned a lot of air time. On it, he could reach people who had generous hearts and clever fingers. People who might enjoy making a toy. Good as the idea was, he needed an authority's confirmation. He phoned his mother.

Fay Moore McNutt, widowed now and long retired from vaudeville, still shares her son's burning enthusiasms. She understood when he shouted, "Hi, Mom, remember my sword? That didn't cost anything to make, did it?"

"Not a cent," the doting Fay assured him. "What's more, I had fun—truly as much fun as you did."

Encouraged, Tom outlined his inspiration. He would ask for toys and give prizes for the best submitted. She approved. "Too many drives demand money like a tax. Let me quote a famous poet: 'The gift without the giver is bare.'"

"I think so, too," said Tom. "Now I'm going to see The Salvation Army."

The Salvation Army as personified by Norman S. Marshall, Commissioner of the Central District, together with Captain Carl Lindstrom and Henry Distelhorst of the public relations department, had listened to many bright ideas, most of them aimed at private profit. They said as much. Tom Moore has always had more pride

than patience. Look his gift horse in the mouth and, normally, he'll turn and walk away. Now he found himself arguing fervently. The Salvation Army, which had once helped him, could not refuse his chance to return the favor.

"No one will attempt to profit on it," he insisted. "I have no sponsor. Besides, if you'd rather have it that way, I'll never mention the name of The Salvation Army. I only want to make sure my listeners' toys will go to kids who need them."

His appeal carried more weight than he knew. Like most of the rest of us outside the professional social work field, Tom failed to realize organized Christmas giving had changed. Under traditional Lady Bountiful basket-bestowing, the giver usually felt great, but the recipient cringed. To save self-respect, The Salvation Army now presents checks which families use to plan their own Christmas. Yet, desirable as it was to remove the bitter charity label from the Christmas dinner, The Salvation Army officers, realists all, knew that with this gain had come a certain inevitable loss. Festivity had vanished. Most checks were frugally spent for food, fuel, clothing. A child's tummy might be full but his stocking empty and his heart emptier still.

Another phase also grieved them. The Salvation Army believes in offering encouragement and a helping hand to self-supporting families who are budgeted down to the last penny. Now, these families were being almost entirely neglected. In the past, their youngsters had happily carried toys home from Christmas parties. Big parties in Chicago and most other cities had nearly ceased to exist. With so many needing necessities, officers did not feel justified in spending limited funds for fun or toys.

Knowledge of all this was in the glances The Salvation Army men exchanged. Yet conservative Commissioner Marshall—who well knows he must never, for the good of The Salvation Army and the people it serves, let his generous heart run away with his cautious mind—was still skeptical.

He asked a careful question. "How many toys do you think we'd get?"

Puzzled, Tom replied, "Gosh, Ladies Fair is a giveaway show. Here I'm reversing it and asking listeners both to make and to give. Maybe we'll get fifty; maybe five thousand."

The Commissioner leaned back in his chair. "You know, it would be nice if we could send a toy with each check. In families where there are many children, they could take turns playing with it."

Sensing his changing attitude, Tom asked eagerly, "You'll string along with me?"

Commissioner Marshall nodded. He turned to his own staffers, "Who will take care of this?"

Were Salvation Army men of a disposition to avoid work, they would never have joined up in the first place. Captain Carl Lindstrom, known among other radio people as "The Hallelujah disc jockey of WGES," grinned. "My wife and I ought to be able to handle it."

Tom's thanks were almost curt. "I'll let you know if anything comes in."

Already he had a new worry. Could he appeal in such a way that people, busy in comfortable homes, with their own Christmas for loved ones, would take time to make something for a desolate child?

He'd taken a long chance and he knew it. Fearing few would respond, he arranged for packages to be brought to the WGN studio until entries were judged and the toys ready to distribute.

Within two days, he telephoned an S.O.S. "Can you help me out, Carl? The stage-

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hands are stumbling over these boxes and they're getting annoyed."

Seeking storage space, Captain Carl called a friend, Captain William Knowles of the Kedzie Avenue Corps. "This won't bother you much, Lefty," he predicted. "Just stick the boxes off in the corner of your gym."

Today he adds, "Before we knew it, Lefty was the one stuck off in a corner, practically buried by mail bags."

For that is when listeners took over. Tom's appeal had touched people's hearts. With dramatic speed, the Ladies Fair homemade toy contest became radio's most thrilling Christmas story.

First report came from Captain Knowles. He notified Tom five mail bags had arrived. Excited as a kid, Tom rushed to the gym, opened packages, held up each stuffed animal, examined each doll, tried each game, exclaiming, "Isn't this beautiful? I want to show Carl. Where is he?"

Captain Carl had his hands full. Postal officials had demanded he pick up the mail overflowing Box 5109. Expecting a few packages, Captain Carl drove down in his car. He found twenty mail bags. By the time he wrestled them out to Kedzie Corps, twenty more had been delivered there by postal trucks.

The deluge was on, and never has any group been more delighted to be caught in one. The Ladies Fair staff, Mutual Broadcasting employees, Salvation Army officers—and all friends they could recruit—opened packages and sorted toys. Anyone with an hour to spare grabbed a cab and rushed to Kedzie.

They couldn't keep up with the gifts. Mail bags were stacked to the ceiling. Wastepaper salvage crews couldn't carry out wrappings fast enough. Workers would suddenly find themselves completely surrounded by mail bags and have to climb out. At least a dozen times an hour work would stop when some one shouted, "You have to look at this. Here's the toy sure to win first prize."

Captain Carl says, "You could feel the love people had put into their work. Each toy carried Christmas spirit right with it."

His first jubilant bulletin to Commissioner Marshall was: "Tell the officers to list families' needs. We'll be able to give each child a toy."

Soon he had an even happier one. "Notify outlying corps we can take care of them, too." Gary, Peoria and other cities sent trucks. Still there were toys, beautiful toys. Finally he gave the news everyone hoped to hear, "Now there are enough for parties."

Headquarters sent out the word, including—in addition to Salvation Army corps—the children's hospitals, orphanages, settlement houses, civic groups giving neighborhood parties in low-income sections. Need, rather than race, color or creed, was the criterion. They required only that each toy reach a child who needed this assurance his fellow-men loved him.

Then came the problem toys—toys so big, beautiful and costly workers worried about favoring one family over another. It was the man who sent in the super-deluxe doll house who helped decide what to do with them.

His name was Vincent Iwinski. He was a steel worker and the doll house he delivered took everyone's breath away. It had eight rooms, electric lights which worked, complete furnishings—including a grand piano.

When Tom saw it he threw up his hands and hunted a telephone. "Look," he told Mr. Iwinski, "this is terrific, but we can't accept it. It's too valuable. A toy expert just valued it at three thousand dollars. Furthermore, you must have worked

months on it while other people have had only a couple weeks. I have to rule it out."

Constructing the doll house had taken nine months with the whole family pitching in, Mr. Iwinski stated. "But," he said, "my daughter has outgrown it. We don't want to sell it. Rule it out of the contest, but keep it. Find a place where lots of little girls can play with it."

That set policy. Big, valuable gifts were sent to institutions. Mr. Iwinski's doll house went to a Salvation Army orphanage in Detroit. Recently, Tom stopped in there to see it and reports that, after three years, with several hundred little girls enjoying it, the house has been so well maintained that it is as beautiful as the day it arrived.

Tom, his staff and Salvation Army officers have a hundred little stories of the toys, all just as charming as that. Lacking space to tell all of them, here are a few figures to indicate the impact these gifts have had. In 1949, there were 500,000 toys. Last year 625,000 toys arrived.

Tom says, "I'm most deeply touched by the fact the prizes we offer have so little to do with this response. A woman who makes a set of hankies does so because she wants to, not because she expects to win. Yet whether the gift be a hankie or the radio-equipped, inlaid-wood dressing table which won first last year, every single thing is beautiful. You can see there's care in every stitch, love in every polished piece of wood. You can't buy things like these, and every one is needed."

No one concerned with the homemade toy contest can remain unaffected by it. Every family attached to Ladies Fair gives not only hours of volunteer work but also makes at least one toy. Tom's mother, Fay, makes a set of stuffed animals. Tom, who defines his own skills by saying, "It took four years for my father to get me out of seventh-grade manual training," constructs the only thing he knows how—a toy elephant.

Ask Commissioner Marshall what he thinks of the contest and he says earnestly, "It has filled a national need." In recognition, The Salvation Army has designated Tom "Santa's Number One Helper."

This year, the Ladies Fair homemade toy contest opens November 10 and closes December 5, allowing time to put the toys into children's hands by Christmas. Again there will be magnificent prizes for the winners. Tom announces them each day on his show. Yet, pleasant as those prizes are, they have little to do with success of the collection. That rests soundly on a far more important thing. That success is due solely to the generous hearts of radio listeners who find joy in using their time and talents to fashion a toy which will make some unknown child happy on Christmas morning.

Ask Tom his opinion and he says, with honest awe in his voice, "I never thought it would turn out like this."

Then he chokes up and hands over one of the most treasured and eloquent of the hundreds of thank-you letters.

It's from Florence Towne, the radiant and dedicated woman who for years has been inspiration and head resident of Erie Neighborhood House in one of Chicago's most desolate areas.

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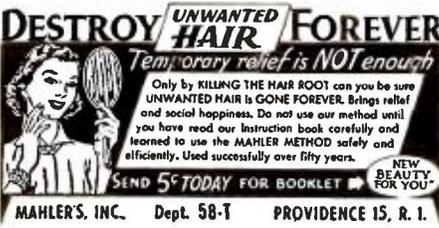
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Warren Hull

(Continued from page 28)

make it possible for them to strike it rich. He can remember the orphaned brood of five children in Massachusetts, the eldest of whom, a girl of seventeen, was trying to keep the children together as she had promised her mother to do. An almost losing battle, until they appeared on the program and won \$500 plus offers of clothing, food, furniture, household equipment and an additional \$900 to keep them going for a while longer.

Warren can remember the six-year-old New Jersey youngster who lost his foot in an accident and now has an artificial one, and can race and ride a bike like the other kids, thanks to the program and the open-hearted people who watch and listen to it. The woman from California whose asthmatic son needed ACTH, and who won \$500 in cash plus \$350 worth of the precious drug, an offer of a job for her husband—a musician who had to sell his violin and the family car and other possessions to meet the boy's medical expenses. He can remember people from every part of the country whose outlook on life is now happier because of help received during a time of great need.

Celebrating Christmas with the Hulls will be Warren's mother and sister who live in a nearby Connecticut town, and another sister and her family. Sue's parents will come from her childhood home in South Dakota. Leolia, who presides over the kitchen and concocts special holiday surprises, will be busy roasting the two turkeys required for a family with five men, all of whom like drumsticks (somebody is bound to be disappointed, even at that). Warren may just happen to be lurking around Leolia's kitchen watching for a momentarily free corner where he can whip up one of his culinary specialties.

Christmas at the Hulls, while strictly for the family, doesn't mean that the boys won't be bringing their girls in sometime during the day, and that Buffy and Sally won't be bringing home their friends. First and last, it's a get-together for the children. John will be home from the Navy, where he's a journalist seaman, now stationed on the East Coast after months in European waters. George and Paul will be home from college, and Buffy from boarding school. Bud and Sally go to high school and grade school, respectively, right in their home village. Sally will follow the big boys around, delighted to have these grown-up brothers who "father" her almost as much as Warren does. The boys will tease Buffy about her dates, and ask her advice about theirs. "From the first, Warren and I have treated the children as one batch," Sue says. "I talk to his boys exactly as I do to my own, and Warren pulls no punches with my kids. They're all 'ours.'"

The children hadn't known each other very well before their parents got married at the end of 1951. Bachelor Warren and widowed Sue were neighbors who met at the home of a mutual friend, but the kids had only a speaking acquaintance and the first time they all got together was at the wedding, planned specially for a Saturday so all could be present to kiss the bride. "The children get along beautifully," Sue explains. "Warren's boys really wanted a mother and my children missed a father terribly. Last Christmas was a wonderful one for all of them and this year will be even better. Even John. Warren's eldest, and I have reached a compromise on the subject of Christmas trees. By compromise I mean that we're planning to have two of them—his, and mine!"

It seems that the Hulls like trees that are straight and symmetrical. Last year Sue had got her particular kind of tree, a big, rugged beauty, only to find John trimming the branches with a scissors to make it conform to the Hull standards of symmetry. At the top he had achieved a fine tapered effect, the way Warren likes it. Sue, secretly amused at these alterations of Nature's handiwork, decided that this year there would be two trees. The whole family is united, however, on one point—they like the real, living tree, trimmed with the old-fashioned decorations. Sue has been looking for a tinsel-haloed angel, the kind she used to have on her childhood trees in South Dakota, and perhaps by Christmas Eve she will have found one in some forgotten corner of some old shop.

Everybody can join in the tree-trimming, sandwiched somewhere in between the big Christmas Sing down in the center of the village (two carloads of Hulls go now, half of them in Paul's old jalopy which he treats like a Cadillac), and some time before Warren and Sue go off to midnight service at the church. Eight stockings will be hung over the huge fireplace in the big front hall, to be filled by Warren and Sue later and then tied to each bedpost and opened the very first thing on Christmas morning. Little presents, especially gag gifts, go into the stockings.

Everyone gets up at the crack of dawn, or even pre-dawn, mostly on Sally's account, because she can hardly wait to see what Saint Nick has brought her and to start the enchanted day. "Warren's family likes to see all the presents stacked under the tree, and one child is chosen to call off the names and hand out the packages," Sue tells you, "but at our house we put each child's gifts in one big pile, making it look bigger and more exciting by adding some little inexpensive things, and each child went straight for the stack marked for him or her. So you know what happened last year? We had a Hull Christmas! The packages were heaped under the tree in one big, beautiful disarray and were handed out one by one to the accompaniment of delighted squeals and shrieks of merriment. We found we liked it that way, so we're doing it again this year. Score one for the Hulls!" Actually, the only thing Sue is fussy about is that tree, and she still wants the biggest one the house will hold. If the branches aren't all the same size and the top doesn't taper, that's all right with her.

"Christmas morning we all act the same age," Warren tells you. "I'm as young as Bud, and Sue's as excited as Sally." Everybody is fortified with a glass of milk or orange juice, and no one goes in to the tree or ventures near the presents until all are ready. Some of the fun would be spoiled if a child were to start ahead of the others.

"We have tried to get the children the things they asked for, or that we know will please them, but of course they're apt to ask for things that cost far too much—anything from a dollar to a hundred of them is about the range for this year! We get them what we can, or what we think they should have to make them happy, and they quickly forget the ones we couldn't afford to include. I remember how I wished for the impossible sometimes as a child and how glad I was with what I got on Christmas morning."

After the presents are all opened, some of the family will snatch a bite of breakfast and join with a community group who go out caroling. A few will decide to sneak back to bed for a cat nap before

the rest of the day's excitement begins in earnest.

Speaking of cat naps, the big tomcat who came with the house—"He's the custodian, and he's a tough one," Sue describes him—will probably find a new catnip ball under the tree. And the lively boxer puppy with the high-sounding name of Copper King von Ruffhauser, a gift to Warren from a grateful guest on the show who had friends who raised boxers, will certainly find something designed to delight a young dog's heart.

Christmas dinner will be around mid-afternoon when some of the excitement has died down enough to permit leisurely dining. And it's a safe bet that the doorbell and telephone will ring fairly continuously throughout the day, that guests will come and go fairly steadily, that the children's combined collections of records (from jive to symphonies) will keep spinning away in some corner for a few listeners. That George or Buffy will be back and forth to the piano, that Warren may have a go at a trumpet accompaniment, and that at some point during the day or evening they'll all stand around and sing together. (Paul has an especially fine voice which got him some solos last summer in the chorus of Shubert musicals, during his vacation.) If the children go out part of the day, they're sure to come home early, bringing their dates with them, so as not to miss too much of the home fun. "When I was a widow, I liked going out to holiday parties, but now I want to spend every minute of Christmas at home," Sue says. "The children pay the Christmas calls now."

The house itself is a light tan stucco, its general design being Colonial. The entrance hall is in the center, with rooms flanking it on both sides and a stairway going up to the second floor. They haven't counted the rooms because no one can quite decide how many of the little nooks should rightly be called rooms, but there is space enough for each child to have a bedroom and there's an air of spaciousness and brightness throughout the house. The house once had a great deal of dark woodwork but the Hulls like the transformation that white paint has accomplished.

Off one side of the entrance hall is a pleasant breakfast room, with the dining room beyond that and the kitchen and maid's quarters. Off the other side of the hall is the big living room and the sun-room. On the top floor of the house is a large room the Hulls use for pingpong and rainy day games.

Warren is pleased about the six fireplaces, the big one at the rear of the entrance hall and the ones in the living room, breakfast room and dining room, and the two upstairs, one in their room

and one in Buffy's room. The sofa and chair grouped around the hall fireplace belonged to Warren's great-grandmother, and are now covered in cherry-red velvet and set against a deep green wall. The clock on the mantel shelf over this fireplace belonged to Warren's great-great-grandmother. An old grandfather's clock on the stair landing is a treasure they found in an antique shop. In the sunroom an Italian tile fountain is set in the wall and, as the water spills over and over, it makes a lilting tinkle. The floor, too, is tiled, the furniture gay and comfortable. The view of the grounds here is lovely—a handsome copper beech and a number of Sue's favorite weeping willows; the garden where flowers bloom until almost Christmas; the tennis court off to one side where the children spend a lot of time in summer. Evergreen trees stand straight and tall, ready for a Christmas Eve snow to drape them in white and tinsel to rival any indoor Christmas tree. The signpost waits for its holly wreath, and there will be wreaths on all the doors.

Warren will be in charge of the mistletoe. "We want plenty of that," he tells you, "just to make it easy for everyone." "Yes, and scare Buffy to death," Sue comments.

So Christmas at the Hulls promises to be happy and heartwarming and gay. And if it's anything like last year, Warren will be thinking about sharing that happiness right up to the very day. Sue will tell you how they had been married only a few weeks when last Christmas rolled around.

"We weren't in the big house then, but Warren and the boys had moved into mine, because it was bigger than his. Everything was still in a state of confusion, the kids were all coming home from schools, and my parents and his family were coming too. Warren had only a few hours each day away from his programs, and the work and planning they require, but two days before Christmas he got on the subway and rode out to Brooklyn to bring gifts to the two little children of a woman who had needed to 'strike it rich' because of a tubercular condition, and who had been helped by the program. Warren had been especially interested in those children and in their courageous mother. He spent several hours at the children's home where the little girls were being cared for until their mother got well, and when he got home he was tired out physically and emotionally, but feeling he had done only a part of what he wanted to do and wishing he had more time to visit more people.

"I don't know what he is planning this year, but we all hope to share in his sharing, knowing that in this way our own Christmas season will be doubly blessed."

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It's All Such Fun

(Continued from page 32)

My first "never" lasted for a short while. During the ensuing years I made the following pronouncement, upon observing the various miseries of some of my friends: I would never marry a handsome man. His temptations were nearly always greater than his resistance.

I would never marry an actor. His temptations were nearly always, and so forth.

Finally, to simplify matters for myself, I vowed that I would never remarry. I had a comfortable house, a satisfactory way of life, sufficient social activity, two adorable daughters, and freedom. I would never exchange this state for any other arrangement.

To prove conclusively how ironclad my "never" is, I wish to announce that on August 24, 1951, I married again. He is handsome. He is an actor.

I have saved as much face as possible by telling my taunting friends that a woman is not consistent in emotional matters. These things are subject to change without notice, especially when an exceptional man like Brooks West comes along.

As is standard procedure with comedienness, there came a day in my motion-picture life when I said to my dressing-room mirror, "Enough. I am tired of playing Pagliacci with pie on my face. I've had my share of losing the guy while laughing with tears in my eyes. Never again, no never. From now on I am going to be the siren in drawing-room drama. I am going to get my man if I have to use a white shotgun."

Well, the studio gave me a romantic lead opposite Roger Pryor. The day the big kiss scene was photographed (you know

the type: me in a slinky gown, bent almost double by the ardor of Roger's kiss), I suggested to the cameraman that he photograph us full length. Chuckling, he did so, and that changed the type of scene with speed, as well as our approach to it. I was back in comedy, which I had sworn never to do again.

You see, the slinky cloth-of-gold gown was not a gown at all, but a long blouse which I was wearing over a suit skirt. Also, I was stocking-footed in order to be reduced to cuddlesome size and make Roger appear as massively amorous as a ten-foot Gable. Finally, I was not bent backward over Roger's knee, as the scene suggested, but over a padded leaning board often used for such scenes in pictures.

So much for my departure from comedy. I resigned from radio in approximately the same way. Several years ago, after I had managed to live through a full season on a famous program which shall remain nameless, I swore myself a solemn oath never, never, to sign up for another radio program.

So, the next week, I was offered the Our Miss Brooks show.

When television became the sole topic of conversation at every broadcasting station in the land, at every dinner party in Hollywood, at every theatrical business conference, I took one long look at what happened to certain great gobs of glamour when blasted by TV lights and camera, and figured out what could happen to me.

Television is out for Our Miss Brooks, I told cast, crew, and anyone else who cared to ask me. I said I was too young to die, especially while clad in one of those black and white zebra suits which were built into every TV screen.

Of course television improved, and so did Miss Brooks' attitude, making a monkey of Miss Arden. This fall, school will convene via TV.

Another of my "nevers" concerned my appearance in motion pictures. I believe my first shock came when a trailer was shown before a preview one night. The trailer introduced a locomotive roaring into the camera, the whistle going "Woo-Woo," and the announcer saying, "She's terrific!" The next shot caught the locomotive hurtling into a tunnel, the whistle still going "Woo-Woo," and the announcer shouting, "She's stupendous."

I said to my companion, "We're in the wrong theatre. This must be a Lana Turner or Betty Grable picture."

I was not to be spared. The next shot showed the credits which began, "Eve Arden, that delightful. . ."

Pulling down my bangs and hunching my shoulders to look as much like Gargantua as possible, I left the theatre. I was positive that the audience, whetted to expect some Size 9 firebomb, would tear down the theatre when they discovered whose picture they were about to preview.

At that point I passed Law No. 3,556,238: I was never going to see another movie in which I appeared.

Don't be astonished to hear that I had to audition the pilot TV film we made for Our Miss Brooks, and that I left my bangs up and my shoulders level. I even laughed in the right places. On the scratch pad, brought along to make notes during the screening, I traced one entry only: *I'll never say "never" again.*

I'm a living example of the truth that nobody knows what he will or will not do in the future. And isn't it fun!

Romance Is Forever

(Continued from page 33)

keeps this magic light burning between them? "It's Gene," Ina says positively. "Ever since we were married he has wanted to share everything . . . not give, but share. There's a difference, and Gene knows it. For him, there's no other way. I know at first I was overwhelmed . . . to me it was a new kind of feeling, a new kind of responsibility. Sharing is trusting . . . and, naturally, I wanted to be trustworthy. From Gene, I know, I've learned to share," she said. "This may sound bookish, sort of like a philosophy of life. But, believe me, it isn't. It really works for us."

"It's all Ina," says Gene, just as positively. "Or maybe it's just us. I know we'd only gone together a short time, and we really didn't know each other, yet we knew that marriage for us was right! You just have that feeling, somehow. I reckon it's worked okay for us." Gene's eyes twinkled like a bit of blue desert onyx. "But it's only been twenty years, now. . ."

But no marriage, even after twenty years, runs on round wheels all the time, without taking some bumps. There's bound to be differences of opinion, especially where the two people involved encourage one another to keep their own individuality and their own characters. "There's always the danger," said Ina, "that being married to a celebrity you'll become a 'me, too' personality. Gene has never let that happen. When we were first married we had very different personalities. Since then we've grown more like one another, but it hasn't been a complete surrender for either of us. What happened

was that we exchanged the good, and friction has worn off the bad.

"Of course, we've had differences of opinion," laughed Ina in her warm, friendly manner, "who hasn't? Maybe it's over the trivial matter of dress. Gene is a free spirit in every way, including his clothes. He never dresses like anyone else. I used to say 'Honey, you just don't wear those socks with that tie—'"

"I do," he replied, and he did! I loved him for it."

Naturally, differences of opinion arise in some big issues. There was the time recently when Gene—who has the business head of the family—wanted to develop a new enterprise. Ina didn't like it and said so. But, at that moment, Gene was called away and the details of the business were left to Ina for developing. "I did my job," she laughed, "reluctantly!"

When you're part of a team, you don't quit working in behalf of the team, just because you don't approve of the job at hand. So Ina put forth her full efforts and they paid off handsomely. "I was wrong, and glad to admit it," she smiled, "because Gene's foresight was right. The enterprise was good for us."

But right now the Autrys are deadlocked. On a big business venture? No. On the matter of pictures for the living-room wall! They can't compromise, as they usually do, concerning art for the picture-less room. Ina has combed art stores and galleries for many months, searching for just the right picture. "Look," she says, spreading the canvases on the floor, "which do you like?"

"Well. . ." says Gene, and she knows she'll be returning them all.

Ina has her ideas and Gene his. But they only laugh when they can't agree. They'd be really angry if they thought they couldn't agree to disagree.

On the subject of travel, there is never any question of disagreement. Travel is part of their life! Gene probably spends as much time away from his Laurel Canyon home as he does in it. But Ina understands. If she's unable to accompany him on rodeos or personal appearance tours, she's busy at home with her own interests.

This past summer the Autrys realized Gene would have two whole weeks off. "Where should we go?" pondered Ina, who knew finding a vacation spot would be a difficult task, because they have traveled so much on business.

"I just relaxed," she confided, "as I've learned to do, and let something nice happen. It always does—and it did."

The Autrys were invited to join a friend for fishing in Canada. This was perfect because it offered a chance to take in the convention in Chicago, plus a look at the colorful Colorado Springs. ("Here was I, born in Oklahoma," laughs Ina, "and I'd never been to Colorado Springs—Oklahoma's favorite vacation spot.")

The two weeks were wonderful. More than they'd dared hope for, and far more exciting than a planned trip. "It's all because of Ina," says Gene. "Some folks think it's fashionable to be happy. But Ina's naturally that way."

"It's all because of Gene," says Ina. "When you spread as much happiness as he does, you just can't help but get a little on yourself." No wonder the Autrys give the appearance of honeymooners. In their hearts, they still are!

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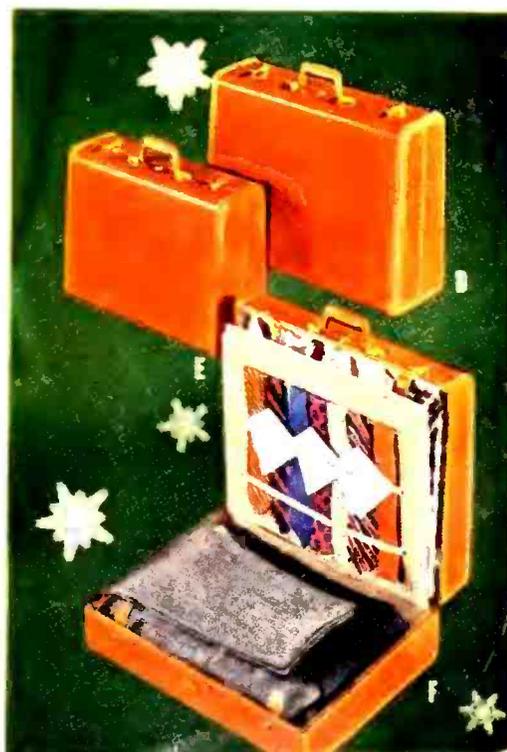
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