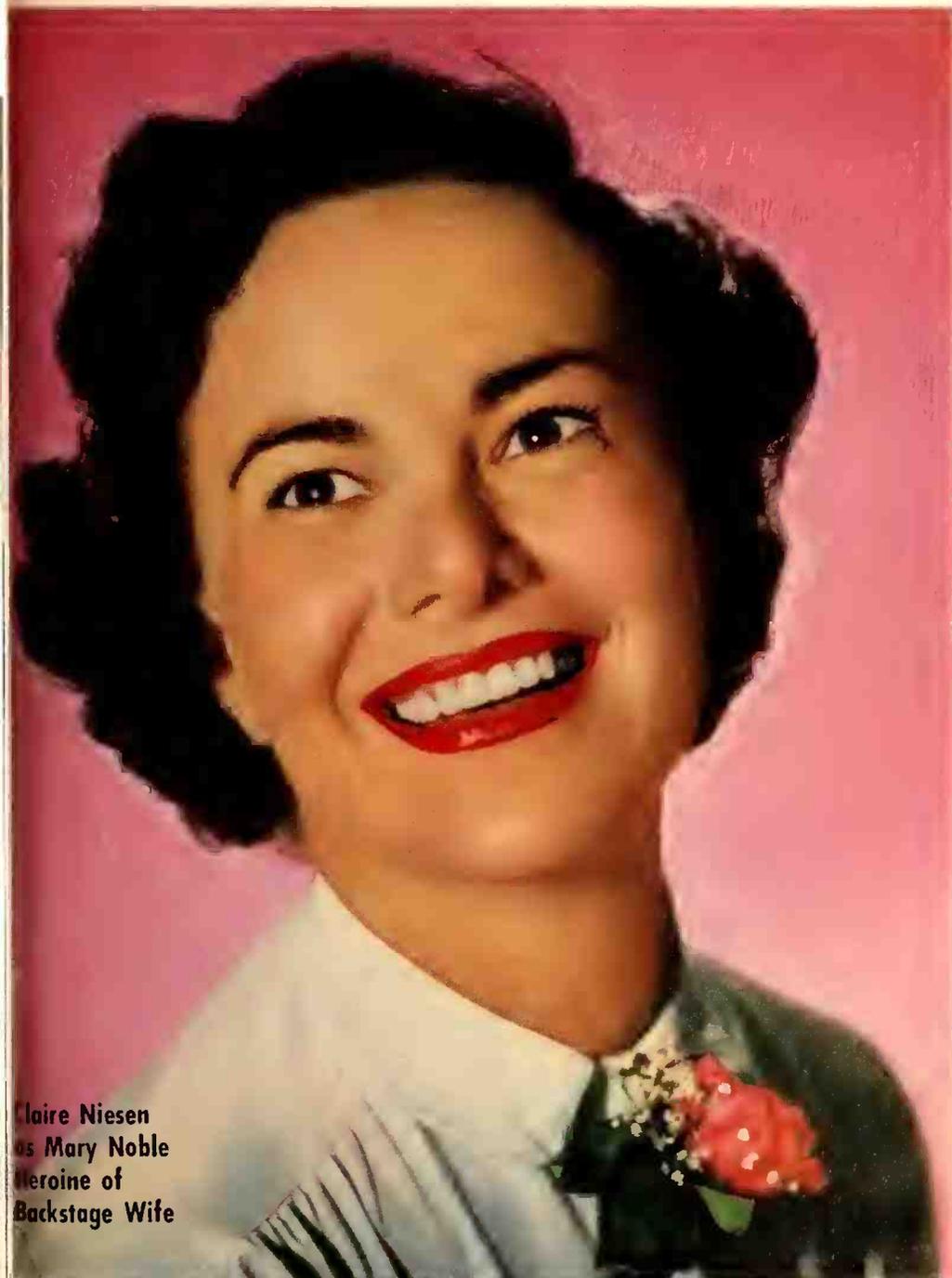


# **RADIO-TV MIRROR**

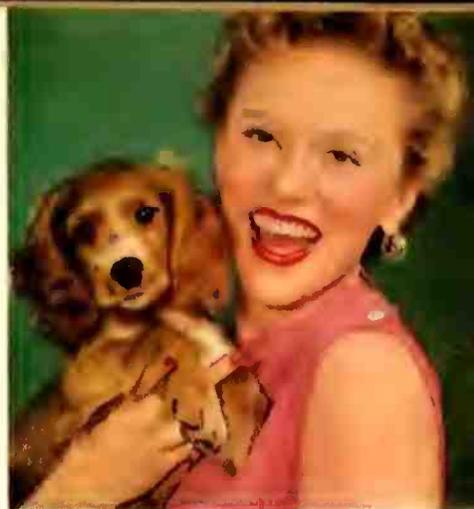
*June*

**N. Y. radio, TV listings**



**Claire Niesen**  
as Mary Noble  
Heroine of  
Backstage Wife

**y Rogers' family plan • Dennis James won her heart  
an Martin and Jerry Lewis • Big Sister • Jack Carson**



**Jan Miner**  
The girl in Hilltop House



**Brighter Day**  
A startling love triangle

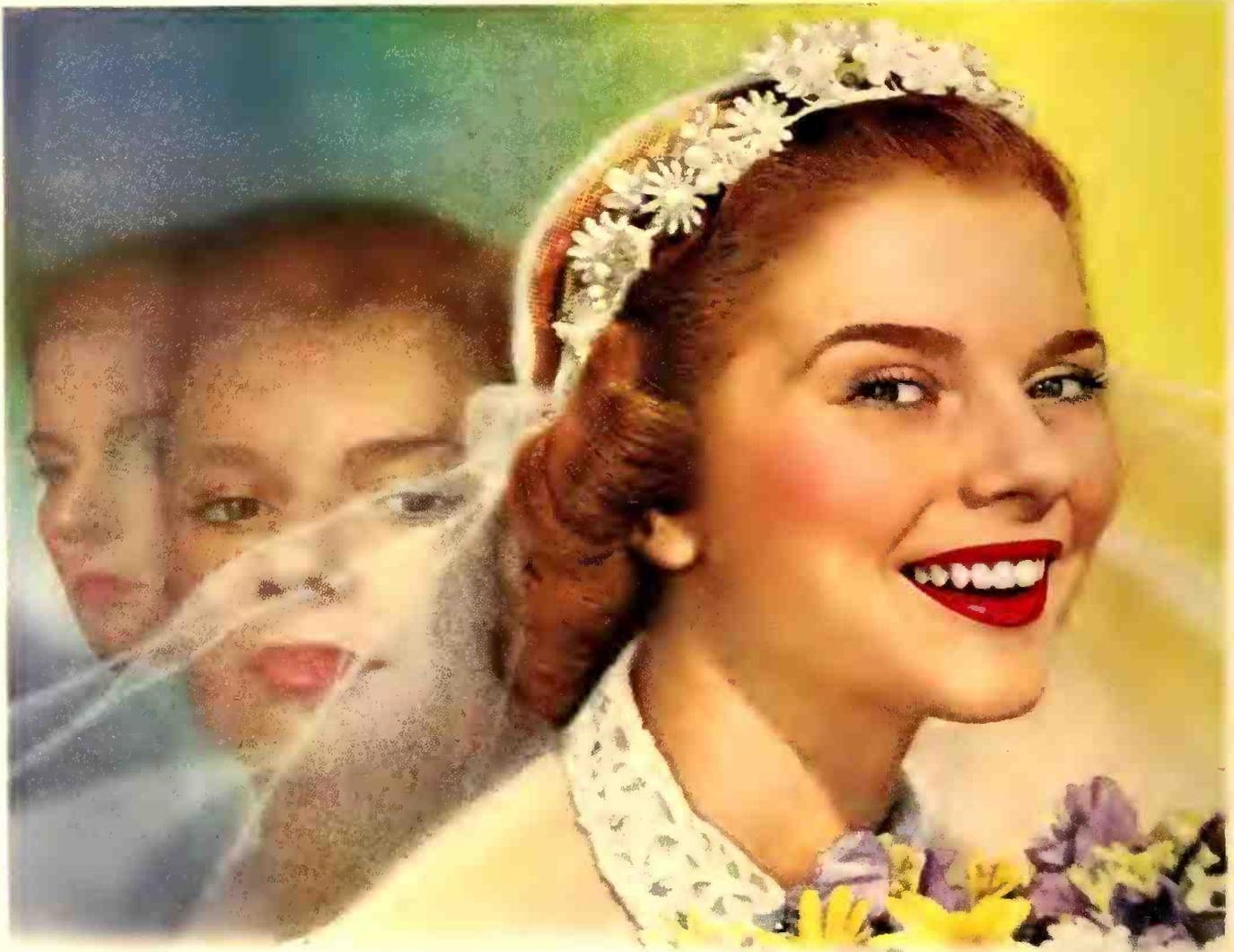


**Marie Wilson's story**  
Angel Over My Shoulder

25¢

Like magic! Camay takes your skin  
**"out of the shadows"**

and brings to light exciting New Loveliness!



This lovely bride, MRS. JOHN-MICHAEL KING, says: "A change to regular care and Camay makes a world of difference. My complexion grew fresher and clearer so quickly I thought I was dreaming."

Like this lovely Camay bride, you'll rejoice at the clearer, brighter complexion your First Cake of Camay brings!



**Camay**

*the soap of beautiful women*

**H**OW CAN A GIRL be attractive and admired—how can she hope to be wooed and wed—when her skin has a dull and overcast look about it?

Never permit your beauty to be veiled in shadows! With Camay, The Soap of Beautiful Women, you can take your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of new loveliness. Change to regular care—use Camay and Camay alone—and your mirror will show you a fresher, clearer complexion—with your very *first cake* of Camay, The Soap of Beautiful Women.

For complexion or bath, there's no finer beauty soap than Camay. Camay is praised for its gentleness—prized for its rich, luxurious, creamy lather. Take your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of new loveliness with Camay, The Soap of Beautiful Women.



**New beauty begins—  
head to toe!**

The daily Camay Beauty Bath gives you that "beautifully cared-for" look all-over. It brings you lovelier arms, lovelier legs, lovelier shoulders. It touches you with Camay's flattering fragrance. Always use the big Beauty-Bath Size for more lather, more luxury, more economy.

Rather dream about romance . . .



. . . OR LIVE IT?



## So much depends on you . . .

Sometimes one little improvement in personality, looks or grooming can alter a girl's entire life . . . make it a thing of joy and beauty. Take Mary, for example. Mary was a successful business woman . . . attractive and well dressed. But, somehow, she simply didn't click with men. More than all else, she wanted marriage. But, here she was, without a single prospect.

Then, quite by chance, she over-heard a conversation that revealed the truth about her. She lost no time in doing something about it! Today her good-looking husband thinks she's the sweetest girl in the world . . . and she is . . . *now!*

### Stops Bad Breath for Hours

Don't take chances with halitosis (bad breath). Don't offend needlessly. Your best friend in breath-control is Listerine Antiseptic, the *extra-careful* precaution that millions of popular people rely on.

You simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic and bad breath is stopped. Instantly! Delightfully! And for hours on end usually! Never, never omit it before any date. You see, Listerine Antiseptic instantly kills millions of the very mouth germs that cause the most common type of bad breath . . . the kind that begins when tiny food particles ferment in the mouth.

### No Tooth Paste, No Chlorophyll Kills Odor Germs Like Listerine Antiseptic.

Although tooth paste is a good method of oral hygiene, no tooth paste . . . no chlorophyll . . . kills odor-producing germs with anything like Listerine's germicidal efficiency.

So, when you want that *extra assurance* about your breath, trust to Listerine Antiseptic, the proven, germ-killing method that so many popular, fastidious people rely on. Make it a part of your passport to popularity.

### LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

## stops bad breath for hours

KILLS BAD-BREATH GERMS  
BETTER THAN TOOTH PASTE  
BETTER THAN CHLOROPHYLL

# Only COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

HAS PROVED SO COMPLETELY IT

## STOPS BAD BREATH\*

\*SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN

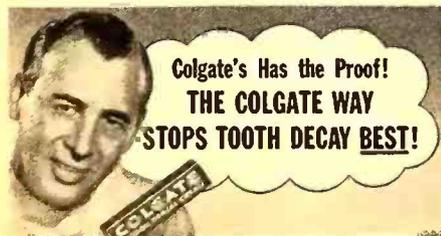
7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!



For "all day" protection, brush your teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream. Some toothpastes and powders claim to sweeten breath. But only Colgate's has such complete *proof* it stops bad breath.\*



Colgate's wonderful wake-up flavor is the favorite of men, women and children from coast to coast. Nationwide tests of leading toothpastes *prove* that Colgate's is preferred for flavor over all other brands tested!



Yes, science has proved that brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream stops tooth decay *best!* The Colgate way is the most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!



No Other Toothpaste or Powder OF ANY KIND WHATSOEVER Offers Such Conclusive Proof!

Get PURE, WHITE, SAFE COLGATE'S Today!

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Keystone Edition

Ann Daggett, *Editor*

Jack Zasorin, *Art Director*

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Cover portrait of Claire Niesen by Geoffrey Morris

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Member of The TRUE STORY Women's Group

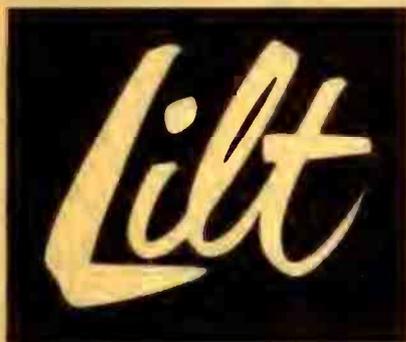
Far Superior...Far More Foolproof...for Every type of Hair!

Procter & Gamble guarantees that

*No Other Home Permanent Today*

makes hair look..feel..behave so much like the loveliest

*Naturally Curly Hair!*



Dress from H. B. Wragge



Here's why, for your hair, or for children's hair, *Lilt* is far superior!

1. Lilt's one Waving Lotion is far superior . . . safer, surer for every type of hair . . . even for children's hair! No other Home Permanent today has such a foolproof Waving Lotion!

2. Only Lilt has such a superior Neutralizer! It gives as long-lasting a home wave as is possible today. And Lilt leaves your hair softer, lovelier!

The only foolproof way to neutralize is the sure but easy method Lilt uses!

3. Only Lilt gives such assurance of no kinky, frizzy look . . . and the Lilt method is so quick, so easy, so sure!

4. Only a Lilt wave is so easy-to-manage. A Lilt requires less frequent setting than any other home permanent wave!



Refill,  
only \$1.25\*

(Use any plastic curlers)

Complete Kit, \$2.25\*  
\*plus tax



*Lilt* Home Permanent  
Procter & Gamble's Cream-Oil Cold Wave

**Money-back Guarantee:** Both the Lilt Refill and Complete Kit are guaranteed by Procter & Gamble to give you the loveliest, softest, easiest-to-manage Home Permanent wave you've ever had - or your money back!

Makes hair look...feel...behave far more like *Naturally Curly Hair!*

# Information



## New finer MUM stops odor longer!

NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW  
INGREDIENT M-3 TO PROTECT UNDERARMS  
AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

- **Protects better, longer.** New Mum now contains amazing ingredient M-3 for more effective protection. Doesn't give underarm odor a chance to start!
- **Creamier new Mum** is safe for normal skin, contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.
- **The only leading deodorant** that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. No waste. No shrinkage.
- **Delicately fragrant new Mum** is useable, wonderful right to the bottom of the jar. Get new Mum today.



**New MUM**  
CREAM DEODORANT

A Product of Bristol-Myers



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

### Good Night Tweeney

Dear Editor:

To whom does Judy Canova say "Good Night, Queenie," at the end of her radio program?

B. C., Baton Rouge, La.  
When Judy bids good night to "Tweeney" (not "Queenie") she is referring to her six-year-old daughter, Julietta, using the child's nickname.

### It's Mrs. Laurie

Dear Editor:

Is Laurie Anders, who appears on the Ken Murray Show, married? If so does she have any children? I think she is adorable.

S. M., Binghamton, N. Y.  
Laurie ("I love the wide open spaces") Anders is married. She's the wife (since last year) of the French adagio dancer, Robert Gross, whose leopard dance has created a sensation in night clubs and on television.

### What's The Theme

Dear Editor:

Can you tell me the names of the theme songs used on Studio One?

M. R., Pittsburgh, Pa.  
Telev viewers know it's time for Studio One when they hear the strains of "Prelude to the Stars" by Oliver and "Coq D'Or" by Rimsky-Korsakov.

### Video Ranger's Brother

Dear Editor:

Are Bob and Don Hastings related? Don is the star of Captain Video and Bob plays the title role in The Adventures of Archie Andrews.

F. M., Winter Park, Fla.  
You're right! The boys are brothers in real life. Born in Brooklyn, they now reside on Long Island. Archie (Bob Hastings) is the older of the two.

### Picture of Crime Photographer

Dear Editor:

My friends and I enjoy Crime Photographer immensely. We should like you to publish a picture of Darren McGavin, also something of his personal background. Is this his only TV program?

M. L., Dayton, Ohio  
The crew-cut Casey of Crime Photographer got into TV from behind the scenes—he designed sets for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. Born in Spokane, Washington, in 1922, Darren studied drama at the College of the Pacific and his first movie role was in "A Song to Remember." Between pictures, McGavin supported himself by designing furniture and ladies' handbags. In 1949, the young actor was booked as one of the sons in the road company of "Death of a Salesman." His television appearances include Big Town and Studio One. Darren's married to former



Laurie Anders



Darren McGavin

# Booth

actress Melanie York and they have a seven-month-old son, York.

## Celebrity Time Jane

Dear Editor:

Could you please give me some information on Jane Wilson of *Celebrity Time*?

P. G., Closter, N. J.

The lyric soprano was born in Mansfield, Ohio, where at the age of six she sang her first solo in the children's choir at church. Miss Wilson sang her way through Northwestern University, taking part in all the school operettas. After graduation, she spent a short time as a reporter on her home-town newspaper, but soon gave it up for her first love, singing. In Cleveland she auditioned for Fred Waring and spent the next decade with his group. There she met and married John Richardson, violinist and concert master of the Waring troupe. She is five-feet-one-inch tall and weighs 108 pounds. Not quite a size ten, Jane designs many of her own clothes.

## Vic Is Ross

Dear Editor:

Can you please tell me who plays the part of Ross Farnsworth on *One Man's Family*?

L. G., Los Angeles, Cal.

The character Ross Farnsworth is portrayed by Vic Perrin. (Cont'd on page 15)



Jane Wilson



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



It's like washing your hair in softest rain water! This new gentle lotion shampoo pampers your hair... leaves it soft as a cloud, bright as sunshine, and so easy to care for!

CAN'T DRY YOUR HAIR LIKE HARSH LIQUIDS

CAN'T DULL IT LIKE "SOAPY" CREAMS



Fabulous New Lotion Shampoo by Toni

# Marriage is forever

By CHICHI CONRAD

IN ANY other store, if you stood around feeling and sampling the merchandise, and then left without buying any, you'd take with you at least a dirty look from the proprietor. But anybody has the right to hang around a book store. In a book shop you're welcome. Take our book shop, down here on the lower East Side. The way Papa David runs it, the neighborhood women stop in just to rest their packages for a minute and say hello. Kids make dates here. Retired schoolteachers who are writing great books, but can't afford to buy the dictionaries and reference works they need, are welcome to use our stock as if it were a library. Mr. Kincaid, the little fellow with sliding spectacles and an apologetic manner, wasn't the only book-hungry writer we'd had hanging around our encyclopedias. There had been dozens, in the years since I'd become Papa David's family.

For this kind of business, you've got to have the right point of view. Normally I've got it—Papa David would never in the world have a girl around, especially an adopted daughter, who wasn't tolerant and kindly and live-and-let-live toward others. But this particular day, besides everything else I had on my mind, it was rainy outside; after Mr. Kincaid paid his usual morning visit and left, I had muddy footprints to clean off the store aisle. Then some birds of passage shuffled in, the aimless kind who just want to get in out of the rain, and right after that a real Grade A tough type came in as if he expected to take over the joint if he liked its looks. Down in this neighborhood you see them fairly often, and they

always give me the feeling that they've mistaken the book shop for a saloon—or that they expected to find a different kind of book from the ones we deal in. This chap was no exception. He'd been in before, lately—a hard-faced, bold-eyed character. I'd have bet anything there was a gun holster under one arm. I was more than a little stunned when, after looking over the stock, he bought—with actual cash money—a travel book, and took himself off. Could anyone who was interested in reading a book look like that, I asked myself? Then, bitterly, I went back and got the mop and started all over again on the new collection of footmarks.

So, when Mr. Kincaid arrived yet again, he got the benefit of the bad temper I'd been holding back all morning.

"You don't seem your usual light-hearted self, Miss Conrad," he said, peering over his spectacles. "I hope I'm not a disturbance. I forgot to look up just one word—the operative word for my morning's labors unfortunately. I shall be gone in just one moment. . . ."

I felt sheepish, taking out my annoyance on the little man.

"Don't mind the way I look, Mr. Kincaid," I said as graciously as I could. "It's got nothing to do with you."

"If I can help in any way—"

"Ah, it's not even my problem that's getting me down," I said. "You know how it is—it's always your friends who are making fools of themselves and getting into hot water. Never yourself. Ha." With a false-sounding laugh I dusted my way to the back of the store and closed the apartment door behind me. Let Papa David go out and soothe Mr. Kincaid. I had my own troubles.

Or rather—and I'd told him the truth—not my own, but the Norman family's. I was worried to death over what was happening in the apartment upstairs. For weeks I'd been brooding (*Continued on page 91*)

*Life Can Be Beautiful* is heard Mondays through Fridays at 3 P.M. EDT, over NBC; sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Tide. Papa David is played by Ralph Locke; Chichi Conrad, Teri Keane; Doug Norman, George Petrie; Alice, Elsie Hitz.

Radio  
Television  
Mirror

**B**onus  
novel

THAT LOVE BUILT ON FAITH IS AN ENDURING, BEAUTIFUL THING



"Of course, Doug's in danger," Alice said. "But—he can't stop now, Chichi. I wouldn't even want him to."



Dining at Romanoff's while in Hollywood, Peter Lind Hayes lends wife Mary Healy a helping—and cigar-filled—hand.

# What's New

from

# Coast to Coast

by Jill Warren



Dinah Shore's proud of the musical Bell sisters—right, 16-year-old Cynthia, who wrote "Bermuda"; left, Kay, 12, who helps sing it.

**T**WO MORE famous names from the movies have made the switch to television. Thomas Mitchell, who won an Academy Award for his performance in "Stage Coach" and who is one of the most versatile personalities of the screen, has signed an exclusive, long-term contract with ABC. Mitchell will appear in top dramatic roles, as well as serve as a producer-director.

The well-known news commentator, Drew Pearson, is also on television now, with a brand-new show on Sunday nights, over ABC. This is in addition to his popular radio news program, which will continue at its regular time.

Phil Harris has signed a long-term deal with NBC for both radio and television, which also calls for the Phil Harris-Alice Faye air show to remain on that network. Phil will definitely appear on some of the NBC's major TV productions in the near future, but his wife, Alice, has not agreed as yet to any camera appearances.

Although the political conventions don't start until July, the networks have been working on preparations way ahead. A tremendous crew of engineers and technical people went to Chicago to start building studios and setting up equipment necessary for the many broadcasts and telecasts which will be done direct from the convention. The political party heads



George Burns, Frank Sinatra, Jack Benny, Groucho Marx, Danny Kaye—\$5,000,000 worth of fun, if not harmony.

believe that as far as radio and television communications are concerned, this will be the most important convention ever held. For instance, in 1948 there were only 403,000 television sets in the United States, and only nine cities were getting reception. This year there are 17,300,000 sets in the country, and with the coaxial cable connections, fifty-six cities will be able to view the proceedings. Most of the programs, both radio and TV, will be pooled—that is, each network will contribute and combine their personalities, crews and equipment. Right now, in the Amphitheatre in Chicago, there is furious activity going on. They are building studios, newsrooms, a big master control room, offices, production facilities, kinescope rooms, dressing rooms, and even a complete practical kitchen which they'll need for commercials, the sponsor being a famous electrical appliance company. Political committees are asking for, and listening to, advice from network people in planning convention shows. For example, they want to make sure that musical parades around the floor don't last too long, so as not to bore the listening audience. Also little details are being checked thoroughly—like the size and color of banners being made, so they won't block faces or be the wrong color to photograph clearly.

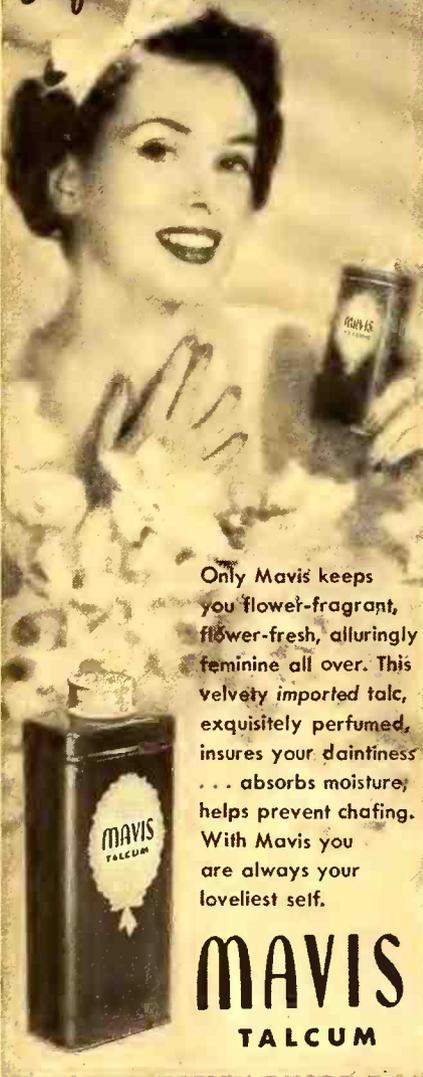
The radio show, (Continued on page 10)



Never mind the pup—or Jerry Lewis, Barry Gray, Dean Martin—the man in gray is Jerry's beloved dad, Danny (see story on page 53)!

R  
M

*Stay as Sweet as you are*



Only Mavis keeps you flower-fragrant, flower-fresh, alluringly feminine all over. This velvety imported talc, exquisitely perfumed, insures your daintiness... absorbs moisture, helps prevent chafing. With Mavis you are always your loveliest self.

**MAVIS**  
TALCUM

**IT'S SMEARPROOF!**



**Irresistible**  
FRENCH FORMULA  
**LIPSTICK**

For more exciting, more inviting lips. Irresistible Lipstick stays on you. 8 radiant fashion-perfect shades.

29¢

Also available: Regular formula in travel case 29¢

Complete the magic spell with bewitching...

**Irresistible**  
PERFUME

Meet Corliss Archer, has moved to ABC, and for a few weeks Lugene Sanders will be playing Corliss. She is pinch-hitting for Janet Waldo. Lugene, who is also the TV Corliss on CBS, is only seventeen years old. She was a Hollywood High School girl when she auditioned for this show and won the part.

One of the most famous names in sports is now a video star. Joe DiMaggio, the Yankee baseball favorite who retired from the game last year, is heading his own show called Joe DiMaggio's Dugout, over NBC on Sundays. The program is aimed primarily at American youth, and in addition to teaching his young audience the fundamentals of baseball and the tricks of the game, DiMaggio will also stress the ideals of good sportsmanship.

The new Siri on the daytime drama, Against The Storm, is Joy Geffen. Joy is a well-known television actress who has also appeared on Broadway and in summer stock in the East. She replaced Joan Tompkins, who has given up the show because of conflicts in rehearsal time with her other programs.

Movie comedian Joe E. Brown, who substituted for Arthur Godfrey on the Talent Scouts show, has signed for his own program, which will be done on film in Hollywood. Shooting has already started on the series, which will be situation comedy. Joe plays a widower with two children, beset by all the problems of raising his offspring.

Louella Parsons has returned to radio, with a new show over CBS. The famous movietown columnist is now giving out with her news and gossip on Tuesday nights. Her proposed television show, which was to be done on film, with top star names, still hasn't been bought by a sponsor.

Ricky Nelson, the eleven-year-old son of Ozzie and Harriet Nelson, has landed an important supporting role in the M-G-M picture, "Mademoiselle," starring Ethel Barrymore. Ricky, who plays himself on the popular radio comedy, The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet, decided he was interested in a screen career after his first movie appearance in "Here Come The Nelsons."

Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, just about the most popular team in show business today, are still receiving congratulations over the great job they did on their recent telethon over WNBT in New York. During the show, which ran continuously for sixteen and one-half hours, the boys raised \$1,148,419 in pledges to help build the New York Cardiac Hospital. Incidentally, the laugh lads' radio show is definitely set for next fall, to run thirty-nine weeks on NBC. It has been bought by a cigarette sponsor.

The cancellation axe fell on the Frances Langford-Don Ameche ABC television show because of prohibitive costs. Even though the program was sponsored, it was just too expensive to keep it on.

Expense, plus lack of sponsor, can also be blamed for Frank Sinatra's show going off CBS. Frank's long-term contract with the network was also cancelled, though he is still committed for some guest shots. As of the moment his future radio and television plans are very much up in the air, though rumor has it he may sign a deal with NBC. Meanwhile, Sinatra will make supper club appearances and he wants to go to Korea to entertain the troops. His wife, Ava Gardner, will go along if her studio gives the okay.

Betty Lynn has been signed for the lead role of Betty in the CBS-TV adaptation of The Egg and I. She replaces Pat Kirkland, the actress-daughter of silent screen star, Nancy Carroll. Pat and her playwright husband, Donald Bevan, are expecting the third addition to their family. Betty Lynn is a young movie actress who played in such pictures as "Sitting Pretty," "Cheaper By The Dozen," and "Take Care Of My Little Girl."

And another replacement finds another movie girl, Jane Nigh, as the new Lorelei on the Big Town television drama. Julie Stevens, who was very popular as Lorelei, had to give up the part because the show moved to Hollywood. Julie didn't want to leave New York where she plays Helen Trent, nor her husband, Charles Underhill, ABC executive.

**This 'n' That**

I Love Lucy, which is now rated the Number One television show in popularity, will remain on all summer, though Lucille Ball and her husband, Desi Arnaz, will take time off for vacation. By the end of this month they will have shot enough films ahead to carry the series through till fall. Desi is all set for a deep sea fishing trip, while Lucille will spend most of her time at home in Hollywood with her baby daughter, Desiree.

Gene Hamilton, popular ABC radio announcer, whose Dr. Gino show is heard on Sunday nights, has received the Award of Merit for Contribution to American Music from the Veterans of Foreign Wars. Gene is beaming these days because of the recent arrival of his fifth child, a girl. He and his wife already have four boys, so they were particularly thrilled with the feminine addition.

The stork also delivered an eight-pound, ten-ounce boy to actor Bill Lipton and his wife. Bill is currently in the cast of Young Dr. Malone.

And Maggi McNellis, the Leave It To The Girls fennec, and her husband, Clyde Newhouse, received a bundle in pink, at six pounds, nine ounces, whom they have named Meg. Maggi should receive some sort of award for the way she timed Meg's appearance. She finished a television show at the ABC studios in New York at seven o'clock at night, went home and had dinner, packed a suitcase, dashed to the hospital, and had her baby early in the morning. Incidentally, Maggi has an excellent tip for girls on the expectant list, especially any of you who don't want the boss to know because you want to hold on to your job for a while. Maggi says, "Don't buy maternity clothes—they're a dead giveaway. Instead, get junior-styled things, because they're always cut about two inches higher in the waist, and usually much fuller in the skirts. And of course full skirts are right in style this year anyway. For extra 'concealing,' just add a stiff, crinoline petticoat or two, and you're all set." Maggi kept her own secret so well that even her closest friends had no idea she was expecting a baby until they were invited to a shower which columnist Dorothy Kilgallen gave for her. By the way, Leave It To The Girls returns with Maggi, of course, back in her old spot.

And still more babies are on the way. Rosemary DeCamp, who is featured on radio's Dr. Christian is expecting a wee one any minute now. But you'll continue to hear her on the program because they

have transcribed several shows in advance to cover the time Rosemary will be away from the microphone.

Fred Shields, Mr. Archer on the air version of Corliss Archer, says he's going to be a double grandfather. His real-life daughter and his script daughter, Janet Waldo, are blessed-evening at the same time.

Hugh Reilly, who plays David on NBC's Claudia—The Story Of A Marriage, is always being ribbed by his actor friends because he suffers such severe attacks of jitters just before he goes on. But Hugh says, "I guess I'd worry if I *didn't* get nervous. Like a racehorse, you have to build up a certain amount of tension to give a good performance." Incidentally, when auditions were being held for Claudia, Hugh's real wife, actress Jennifer Bunker, almost won the role of his television wife. But she lost out to Joan McCracken, who happens to be one of her closest friends.

Mary Jane Higby swears she hasn't got a superstitious bone in her body. Mary Jane, who is Joan Davis on When A Girl Marries, recently celebrated her thirteenth year with the program. Some of her close pals who are very superstitious, as are many radio folk, begged her to just ignore the date because it was bad luck. But Mary Jane smilingly ignored them and happily toasted her thirteen years in the role, which she originated, and says she hopes she'll be on the show for thirteen years more.

Double Or Nothing, Walter O'Keefe's NBC air show, was so popular with European G.I.'s when it toured the continent last summer that the U.S.O. has asked them to make another trip this year.

Jan Merlin, who plays Roger on Tom Corbett, Space Cadet, is convinced that plenty of amazing things can happen in this century, as well as in the twenty-fifth century world of his radio and television shows. When Jan and his wife, Patricia Drake, were celebrating their first wedding anniversary a few weeks ago, Jan found a large pearl in one of the oysters he was eating at dinner. And when they arrived home that night, their cat, Clarissa, surprised them with six meowing kittens which she had deposited smack in the middle of the living-room floor.

Howdy Doody has been doing a wonderful job by appealing directly to his child audience for money for Kid's Care. Youngsters across the United States have really been coming through with their quarters which will help to buy food, clothing, books and toys for poor children overseas.

**Hearts in the Air:**

Robert Merrill, the Metropolitan Opera baritone, and Roberta Peters, the twenty-one-year-old Cinderella girl of the Met, were married recently in New York. But they had to postpone their honeymoon until after the current Metropolitan tour, in which they're both singing leading operatic roles. Then Bob returns East for television and radio guest appearances while his bride makes her first movie for Twentieth Century-Fox. In July they will take a belated honeymoon trip to Venice, Italy.

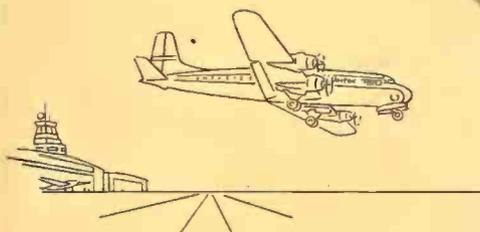
A few months ago Mike Freedman, veteran ABC television cameraman, spotted a pretty dancer through his lens during a Paul Whiteman revue rehearsal. He finally managed an introduction to the  
(Continued on page 13)

# Now you can be sure of your shampoo

*"An Airline Stewardess Must Be Sure!"*

says Sylvia Montgomery  
of United Air Lines

"That's why so many of us use Helene Curtis Creme Shampoo. It's wonderful anywhere, in any climate, with any type of water. Always makes my hair easier to manage, more lustrous, than any other shampoo I've ever used!"



*Twice as much lanolin as any other leading shampoo!*

Twice as nourishing to give your hair vital new freshness, alluring radiance! No wonder more and more women now assure their feminine charm with the shampoo beauty experts have long preferred—Helene Curtis Creme Shampoo.



Large Tube 49c

Doubly-rich in LANOLIN. Available at beauty salons, cosmetic and drug counters. Full dollar-quality 1/4 lb. jar 69c.

**BE SURE OF YOUR SHAMPOO • DO AS BEAUTY EXPERTS DO!**

More leading hair stylists—experts in hair care—use and recommend Helene Curtis Shampoo than any other brand.

*Helene Curtis*

**THE FOREMOST NAME IN HAIR BEAUTY**

*Between Shampoos—Dress your hair with SUAVE, the cosmetic for hair*



Charles F. McCarthy, WNBC's weatherman, double checks for an accurate report. The clan relaxes at home with pet Topsy. (L. to r.) Charles Jr., Pop, Elza Catherine, and Mrs. Mac.

His unique forecasts prove that

# Weather can be fun



**C**REDIT Charles F. McCarthy with raising a mundane topic of conversation—the weather—to a fine art. The WNBC weatherman and newscaster, heard twice daily at 7:30 A.M. and at noon, is famous for his “Unofficial McCarthy Reactions,” whimsical descriptions of the elements.

When Charles described a windy day in Manhattan as a “trolley wire” day, hundreds of inquiries poured in from listeners who couldn’t understand the comparison between a streetcar line and a breezy afternoon.

In self-defense McCarthy explained that “trolley wire” referred to the tiny piece of string with button attachments, which held a man’s straw hat to his lapel or ear, an invention popular in the days of open streetcars at the turn of the century.

McCarthy’s vivid picturization caught the fancy of his audience . . . so much so that, today, there is a Charles F. McCarthy “trolley wire wearers’ club.”

Over the years, Charles’ amusing weather notes have piled up to result in a list of more than 100 descriptive phrases. Devoted McCarthy fans know them all. To them, a “2-W day” means wet and windy weather ahead; “3-W day” prophesies a wet, windy and wearying day.

Some of the forecaster’s clues are easier to figure out, such as “top drawer day” or a day “right out of the weather doctor’s prescription book” when it’s sunny and clear. Winter’s cold blasts inspire some of McCarthy’s most famous phrases. With snow softly falling, he advises, “It’s an MMB day,” an abbreviation of “Mittens mit boots.”

Charles started his novel reports in 1943 after joining WEAf (now WNBC) to announce the news and weather. Listeners, delighted with the way he managed to make this often dull subject bright and peppy, wrote and told him so, which encouraged McCarthy to an even greater variety of terminology.

The man who helps the New York gals decide what to wear, bases his descriptions on the U. S. Weather Bureau official reports. And he’s firm in his admiration of the man who’s blamed when sunbathers are caught in a sudden downpour. “Take a look at the percentages,” McCarthy insists. “In the fifteen years that I’ve been reporting the weather, the bureau has been about 85% accurate.

Quick to criticize himself and most people who read weather bulletins, Charles remarks, “They see one forecast and assume that’s going to be correct for the rest of the day, or

week. Forecasts change just as the weather does, and anyone can dial the bureau for information.”

The proud owner of an inside-outside barometer and anemometer (wind-measuring gadget to the layman), Charles doesn’t have to depend solely on official bulletins. With his own equipment, McCarthy can predict hurricanes, gales and approaching tornadoes too.

A native of Brooklyn, McCarthy commutes thirty miles from his home in Baldwin, New York, seven days each week for his broadcasts. He began his career twenty years ago as a radio actor after graduating from Manhattan College.

Charles shares his enthusiasm for rose gardening with wife Elza Diana. On the rare occasions when the “man of predictions” finds time for his favorite sports—hunting and fishing—the family pet, Topsy, is sure to be on hand. The ten-year-old Irish terrier has been a member of the McCarthy clan for ten years, longer than either of the two youngsters, Charles Laurenz, seven, or Elza Catherine, five.

Although he’s often discussed, a cousin of the family seldom makes a personal appearance. However, when Pop says “Cousin Jupluvius is using his watering can,” the kiddies sing, “Rain, rain go away. . . .”

## What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 11)

girl, Alicia Krug, and now they have wedding plans in June. Meantime, Alicia is dancing nightly in the Broadway hit, "Guys and Dolls."

And another romance that got its start during a TV rehearsal is that of Pat Horn and Freddie Rheinstejn. Pat is the blonde member of the popular Hamilton Trio, dancers spotlighted regularly on Your Show Of Shows over NBC. She met Freddie when he was floor manager of the show. Now he is a corporal in the Army and they will be married in a couple of months, just as soon as he can get leave.

Jo Stafford combined business with fun when she sailed to Europe the end of March for a honeymoon with her conductor, Paul Weston. After a personal appearance at London's famous Palladium, Jo did several broadcasts for Radio Luxembourg and Voice of America, and then she and Paul started on their tour of the continent. She'll return in time to prepare for her first movie, "My Fine Feathered Friend," which is scheduled to start production at Warner Bros. about the end of June.

### What Ever Happened to . . . ?

Kay Parsons, whose show, *Girl of Yesterday*, was a popular feature on CBS a few years ago? Kay is now the star of her own program on Station KENO, in Las Vegas, Nevada, and she is still singing old-time songs. She also appears as singer-pianist in one of the Las Vegas night clubs.

Vic Damone, who appeared on many top radio and television shows? Vic is now Private Vic Damone, of the U.S. Army, and is currently stationed in Nuremberg, Germany. During leaves he commutes to Paris to help put on shows with Army talent, and of course gives out with a ballad himself now and then, just to keep in practice.

A. L. Alexander, whose Mediation Board program used to be heard over the Mutual network? Alexander still has the same show, but it is beamed locally only, over WOR in New York, Monday through Friday. He is also heard over the same station with his *Poems That Touch The Heart*.

Darla Hood, who used to sing on the Ken Murray television show? Darla left the program to return to the West Coast with her husband, vocalist Bob Decker. She appears occasionally on local Hollywood broadcasts.

Lum and Abner, who were once one of radio's most successful and popular teams? At the moment they are both living in Hollywood, and doing nothing professionally. But inasmuch as the release of their old movies on television has revived so much interest in them, it is possible they may come out of retirement and appear together once more.

These are personalities readers have inquired about. If you have wondered what happened to one of your favorites on radio or television, drop me a line—Jill Warren, RADIO-TV MIRROR Magazine, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York City 17, N.Y., and I'll do my best to find out for you.

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

# Dial Soap

keeps complexions  
clearer by keeping  
skin cleaner!



**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.**

DIAL DAVE GARROWAY—NBC, Weekdays

## When Bob and Curt talk baseball



Familiar to sports fans in New England are the "voices of the Red Sox," Bob Delaney and Curt Gowdy, who report the games. Curt gives Report on Sports, WHDH, Boston, too.

# Every day is Ladies' day

**I**F HUSBANDS in the New England area often complain that dinner is late and hurriedly thrown together during the baseball season, some of the blame can be placed on Curt Gowdy and Bob Delaney. Broadcasting the Red Sox baseball games over the team's network, these sportscasters have won many feminine fans with their friendly, informal manner. Listening to Bob and Curt talking back and forth about the game is like overhearing a couple of fellows in the rightfield bleachers, rather than two experts in a radio booth.

Chosen top sports announcer of 1950 by the *New York Times*, Curt Gowdy was once a famous athlete himself. From 1940 to 1942 while he was playing basketball for the University of Wyoming, Curt was named All-Rocky Mountain forward, and he also excelled in baseball and tennis. After receiving his B.S. degree, he enlisted in the Army Air Corps but a spinal injury incurred during flight training resulted in his discharge in 1943.

Back in his home town of Cheyenne, Wyoming, where he'd been born thirty-two years ago, Gowdy began a radio career by broadcasting sports for a local station. Two years later Oklahoma City

beckoned and he joined the staff of KOMA to announce the football and baseball games for the University of Oklahoma. In 1949, Curt walked off with top honors in the scramble to share broadcasting chores for the New York Yankees with Mel Allen. The amiable Gowdy became the official Red Sox announcer last year, a job he does along with a daily sports show on WHDH in Boston, and a weekly TV stint in Connecticut.

Curt's sidekick on the air is twenty-nine-year-old Bob Delaney; who tried his radio wings working for a Syracuse, New York, station while attending college there. The broadcasting business runs in Bob's family—his brother manages a radio station in Connecticut. After his days at the University of Syracuse ended, Delaney auditioned at WHDH and started staff duties there in 1947.

Curt is usually Maine-bound, when he has some free time, for his favorite leisure activity—fishing. Bob's a family man—daughter Cathy, aged two-and-a-half, and eighteen-month-old Robert Jr., keep the Delaneys on the go. Perhaps that's why his hobby is a sedentary one—collecting all sorts of records, jazz, swing and the classics.

# Information Booth

(Continued from page 5)

## Missing From Backstage

Dear Editor:

Why isn't Bartlett Robinson on Backstage Wife any more?

R. J., Peoria, Ill.

Bartlett Robinson, who was formerly heard as Rupert Barlowe in Backstage Wife and also played in Valiant Lady, left the casts of these daytime serials to take part in the Broadway hit play, "Point of No Return."

## Burr's Story

Dear Editor:

Please give me some information on Burr Tillstrom of Kukla, Fran and Ollie.

G. P., Stamford, Conn.

The originator of the TV show which delights kids and grownups alike was born in Chicago. As a child he was fascinated with marionettes and often entertained playmates with his homemade puppets. After studying dramatics in high school, Tillstrom won a scholarship to the University of Chicago but left for a job with the WPA Theatre. His first real creation, Kukla, was born in 1936 and together they gave shows in state fairs, night clubs and vaudeville. A pioneer in TV, Burr first presented the Kukla, Fran and Ollie show on television in Chicago. The six-foot bachelor keeps in touch with children's interests by collecting fairy tales. Burr's an expert swimmer and also enjoys taking long trips on bicycle. If he had time for a hobby, Tillstrom would like to study archaeology. Another unfulfilled desire is to build model ships, or planes.

**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 Street, New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer if we can either in Information Booth or by mail—but be sure to attach this box to your letter along with a stamped, self-addressed envelope, and specify whether your question concerns radio or TV.



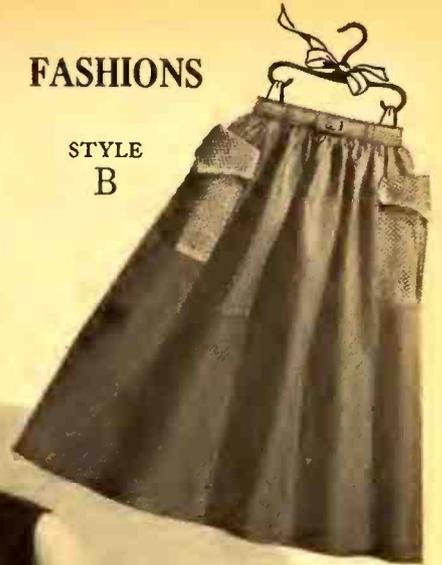
Bartlett Robinson

# GRETA GRAY FASHIONS

a wardrobe of  
**SKIRTS**

**LOOK  
YOUR  
FESTIVE  
BEST  
for  
Datetime—  
for  
Playtime!**

STYLE  
B



STYLE  
A



STYLE  
C



A. Full-circle skirt—excellent quality Terry cloth in gay leaf design in exotic multi-color—zipper closing. Waist: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30. **\$7.88**

B. Perky billowing fullness in crisp embossed cotton. Large pockets and belt of white fish net lace. Waist: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30. Aqua, Pink, Lilac, Blue, Cinnamon, Navy, Maize. **\$4.88**

C. Full sweep chambray. Jaunty double pockets. Deep bands contrasting embroidery on pockets and encircling skirt. Waist: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32. Tan, Grey, Blue, Red, Green. **\$4.88**

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**THIS OFFER EXPIRES AUGUST 1, 1952 — CHECK OR M.O. ONLY**  
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED WITHIN 10 DAYS

RM



Left, camera catches Paul Dixon, Cincinnati cut-up, in a rare moment of tranquillity as he relaxes at home with wife Marge and the junior Dixons, Pamela and Greg.



The star of the Dixon show is sent by a bop record. Dottie Mack and Wanda Lewis (far rt.) help act out songs on the WCPO-TV favorite.

## Scenario for a song

**T**HE CORN fields of Iowa have produced a new and exciting product in the person of TV comedian-disc jockey, Paul Dixon, star of his own show on WCPO-TV in Cincinnati. A combination gentleman, businessman and "ham," Paul really enjoys himself, which may explain his great success. The audience feels closer to him realizing that Paul is laughing with them and at himself.

The Paul Dixon Show, on the ABC network each Wednesday night at eight (EDT), is a disc jockey telecast which features excellent music, comedy and art. The beauty department is well taken care of by Dottie Mack, a Latin type, voted AMVET "girl of the year." An expert at pantomime, she shares honors on the show with attractive cartoonist-comedienne Wanda Lewis. Dottie and Wanda join with Paul to create some of the most hilarious moments of the show with their inspired pantomime to popular records.

Proving predictions wrong seems to be a hobby with the genial emcee. Paul's one ambition was to become a radio star, although no member of his family had ever been in show business. After graduating from Drake College in Des Moines, Paul set out to become an announcer. The first station to interview him told Dixon to forget radio and return to his father's drugstore in Erlin, Iowa.

Ignoring this advice, Paul went to Chicago where he landed a disc jockey spot with station WAAF. In 1945 WCPO's Mort Watters heard Paul and brought him to Cincinnati to spin records there.

When in 1950 all bets were against a disc jockey

program succeeding on TV, Paul proceeded to place the experts in an embarrassing dilemma—they can't put their fingers on just why he has become one of the most popular television personalities in two short years. He can't sing, dance or whistle. He is not rated as a great actor and yet he seems to attract more viewers with every show. TV stations from all over the United States have sent representatives to Cincinnati to see Paul at work and to ferret out why this disc jockey consistently tops his competition.

The truth is that Paul is a natural comedian whose wit and jocularly keep the program moving at a fast pace. Then too, song publishers regard him as a very important influence in popular music. Dixon is able to scoop all opposition in bringing potential song hits to his audience first.

The zany emcee met his attractive wife, Marge, on the way to school one day back in Iowa. Both were riding their ponies and Paul says, "There was that beautiful little girl with her black hair flying in the breeze—so I followed her—and I've been following her ever since." The Dixon family now includes two toddlers, Pamela and Greg.

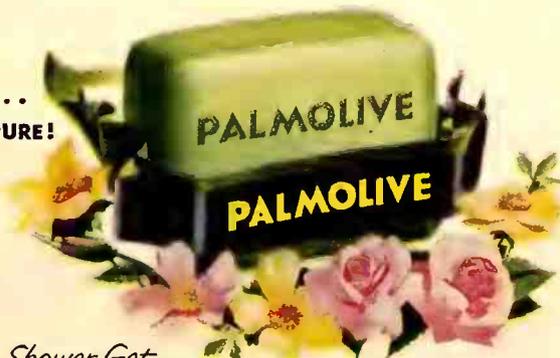
In addition to the Wednesday night spot, Paul and his gang delight TV audiences weekdays from 12:30 to 1 P.M. and 2:30-3:30 P.M. On and off camera, the Paul Dixon cast (all Cincinnati folk) is one happy family. From prop-boy to star, they agree it is just as much fun to work on the show as it is to watch.

Let Your Beauty be Seen...



## Palmolive Brings Out Beauty While It Cleans Your Skin!

SO MILD . . .  
SO PURE!



For Tub or Shower Get  
Big Bath Size Palmolive!

**36 LEADING SKIN SPECIALISTS IN 1285  
SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVED THAT PALMOLIVE'S  
BEAUTY PLAN BRINGS MOST WOMEN LOVELIER  
COMPLEXIONS IN 14 DAYS**

Start Palmolive's Beauty Plan today! Discover for yourself—as women everywhere have discovered—that Palmolive's Beauty Plan brings exciting complexion loveliness.

Here's all you do: Gently massage Palmolive's extra-mild, pure lather onto your skin for just a minute, three times a day. Then rinse and pat dry. You'll see Palmolive bring out *your* beauty while it cleans your skin.

Doctors Prove Palmolive's Beauty Results!



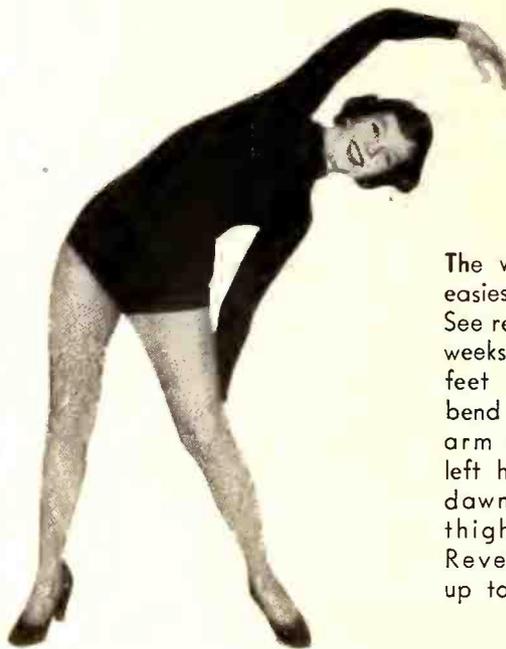
To reduce outside of thigh and firm inside, swing right leg to side as high as possible. Repeat 20 times and reverse. Work up to 50, each side

With bathing suit weather  
just around the corner  
shapely Betty Ann Grove  
helps you get in trim  
with a demonstration of

# SMART FIGURING

By HARRIET SEGMAN

**A** fine figger of a woman, in or out of a bathing suit, bouncy Betty Ann Grove is the featured vocalist and comedienne on the Bert Parks Show over CBS-TV Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 3:30 P.M. Winning raves for her fresh and sparkling style in putting over a song, Betty Ann has the kind of wholesome pep and charm that comes from plenty of good food, enough sleep, fresh air and exercise. Here she demonstrates exercises that will give you the trim thighs, slim waist and flat tummy that you need to look your best in a bathing suit.

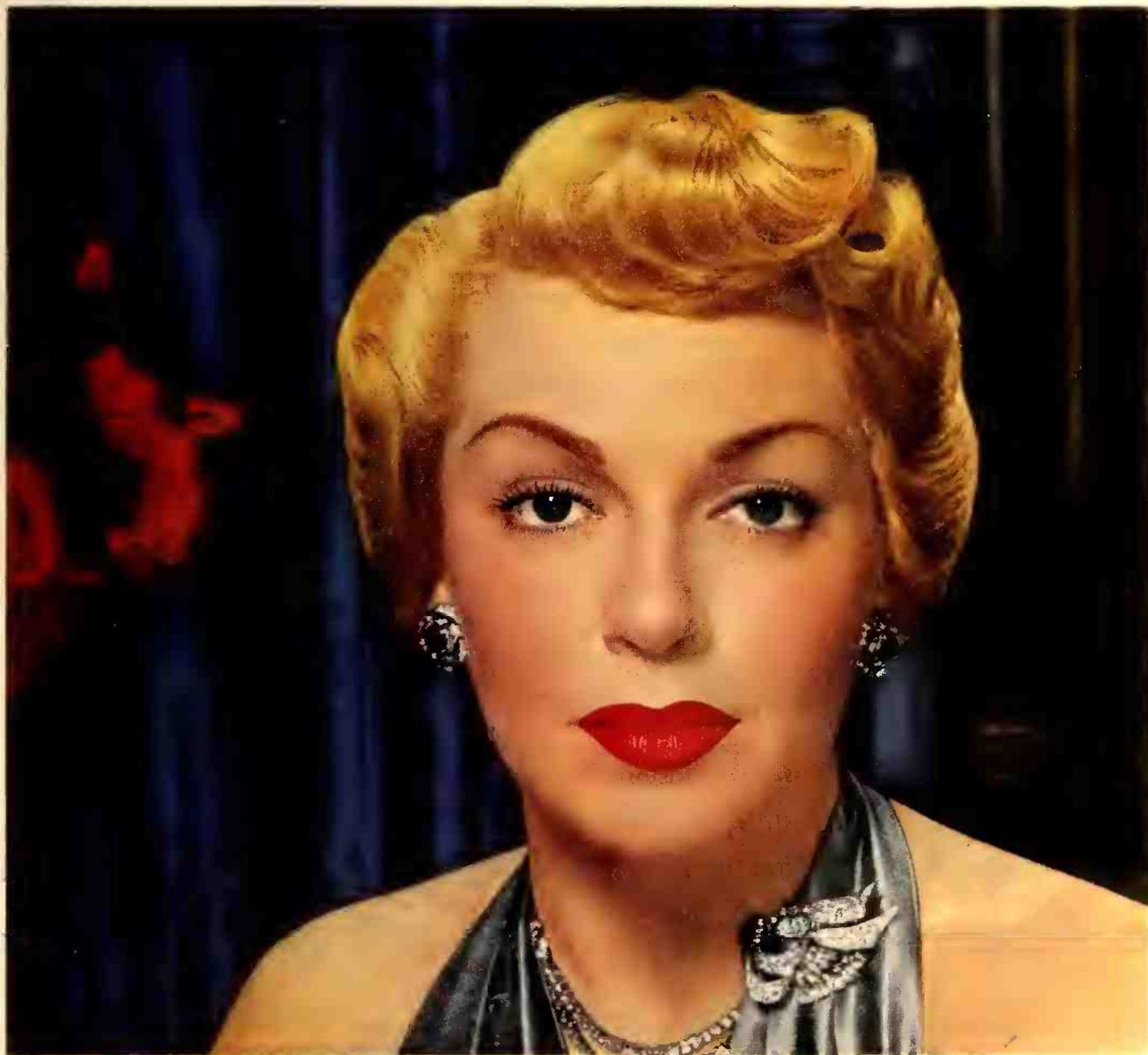


The waist is the easiest to trim. See results in two weeks: Stand with feet apart and bend left, right arm overhead, left hand sliding down back of thigh to knee. Reverse. Work up to 100 times

This one, to reduce tummy and front of waist, is done flat on your back on the floor. While right leg is going down bend left knee up to chest. Start with ten and gradually work up to 25 times



Exercises courtesy Helena Rubinstein Salon



LANA TURNER . . . Lustre-Creme presents one of 12 women voted by "Modern Screen" and a jury of famed hair stylists as having the world's loveliest hair. Lana Turner uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo to care for her glamorous hair.

## The Most Beautiful Hair in the World is kept at its loveliest . . . with Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Yes, Lana Turner uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo to keep her hair always alluring. The care of her beautiful hair is vital to her glamour-career.

You, too, like Lana Turner, will notice a glorious difference in your hair after a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Under the spell of its lanolin-blessed lather, your hair shines, behaves, is eager to curl. Hair dulled by

soap abuse . . . dusty with dandruff, now is fragrantly clean. Hair robbed of its natural sheen now glows with renewed highlights. Lathers lavishly in hardest water . . . needs no special after-rinse.

No other cream shampoo in all the world is as popular as Lustre-Creme. For hair that behaves like the angels and shines like the stars . . . ask for Lustre-Creme Shampoo.



The beauty-blend cream shampoo with LANOLIN. Jars or tubes, 27¢ to \$2.

Famous Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo for Glamorous Hair

So quick! So easy!  
and no other make-up looks and feels  
so naturally lovely!

It's Pan-Stik\*! Max Factor's exciting new creamy make-up,  
as easy to apply as lipstick. Shortens your make-up time  
to just seconds. No puff, no sponge, no streaking.

Your Pan-Stik Make-Up is so gossamer-light, so dewy-fresh, it looks and feels like your very own skin. Yet it conceals every imperfection, stays lovely hours longer—with never a trace of “made-up” look. Pan-Stik is another of the fabulous Max Factor products, created to enhance the off-stage beauty of Hollywood's loveliest stars—and now brought to you. Try Pan-Stik today. See how Max Factor's exclusive blend of ingredients gives you a new, more alluring, *natural* loveliness, with perfect results guaranteed\* the very first time you use it.



**Just stroke it on!** Pan-Stik's unique form makes it so simple and quick. Just apply a few light strokes to nose, forehead and chin, with Pan-Stik itself. No messy finger-nail deposits as with cream cake make-up; no dripping as with liquid. And Pan-Stik tucks away neatly in your purse for unexpected touch-ups. No spilling, no leaking.

**A little does so much!** Pan-Stik Make-Up spreads far more easily, just with the fingertips, blends more evenly than any other kind of make-up. Never becomes greasy or shiny. Covers more perfectly, clings far longer. No hourly touch-ups necessary. Your skin always feels and looks so fresh—*young—naturally lovely.*



## Pan-Stik by MAX Factor

New cream make-up  
in stick form

\$1.60 plus tax. In 7 enchanting shades—to harmonize with any complexion. At leading drug and department stores. Available in Canada at slightly different prices.

### PIPER LAURIE

as she appears off-stage.  
This refreshing, young screen personality is now starring in  
**“HAS ANYBODY SEEN MY GAL”**

A U-I Picture. Color by Technicolor  
Like so many other Hollywood beauties, she depends on Max Factor Pan-Stik Make-Up to keep her fresh, *natural* loveliness at its alluring best . . . wherever she goes . . . whatever she does.

To blend with her sparkling red hair and medium complexion, Piper chooses Max Factor “Medium” Pan-Stik.

Gown by Ben Gam

\*Guarantee: Buy Max Factor Pan-Stik Make-Up at any cosmetic counter and use according to directions. If you don't agree that it makes you look lovelier than ever before, the *very first time you use it*, simply return unused portion to Max Factor, Hollywood, for full refund.

\*Pan-Stik (trademark) means Max Factor Hollywood cream-type make-up.



Singer-emcee Bud Brees  
gets everyone into his act

## Bachelor's roundup



Guest Fran Warren duets with Bud on WPEN. The earphones cue him on the recorded musical background.

It's open house in Bud's apartment for visiting stars. This time, Eddie Fisher and Nat ("King") Cole help plan the show.



**B**UD BREES, Brooklyn's gift to the Quaker City, acts like a magnet in attracting celebrities to his unusual disc jockey shows on station WPEN. When singing stars like Fran Warren, Patti Page, Johnny Ray or Eileen Barton visit Philadelphia, they are likely to be heard opening Bud's program with a pitch for listeners to "Keep Breezing along with this Brees named Bud." Or perhaps the station identifications and transcription credits will be read by Stan Kenton, The Andrew Sisters or Buddy Greco.

The six-foot 230-pound emcee of the Bud Brees Show has been nicknamed "the mountain that walks like a man." However, his feminine fans prefer to talk about his voice and claim that he sings like an angel. Although he's only thirty, Bud has already reached the magic million record score with his vocal on the "Bluebird of Happiness" platter he made with Art Mooney.

Music is Bud's life. He proves it time and time again, around the clock, with the new tunes he debuts almost daily on his radio programs, personal appearances and night-club dates. For this reason, too, stars in the music world make sure to find time for Bud's show when they're visiting the Cradle of Independence. His apartment phone is often answered by equally top names in show business, because Brees is an "at home guy."

Stars playing the spots in and around Philadelphia congregate at Bud's "BHQ" (Bachelor Headquarters) to talk music and help him plan shows.

Brooklyn-born Bud rose to radio stardom in the tradition of show business—from boy soprano with Bob Emery's famous Rainbow House Children's Troupe through the gamut of small bands, night clubs, vaudeville and special entertainment services with the Army in the China-Burma-India Theatre. For three years, Brees was the featured singer with Art Mooney, his ex-Army sergeant. Bud has recorded for all the major companies, including Capri and RCA Victor.

Although a newcomer to Philadelphia, this singer-emcee is fast becoming one of its most popular radio stars. His special facility for selecting purely instrumental platters and providing his own vocals is the delight of Bud's many fans. A two-a-day schedule keeps Brees hopping—he's on the air from 12:15-1 P.M. and returns for more of the same at 8:05 until 9 P.M.

In addition to lots of fan mail, Bud receives daily tape recordings from leading singers who have found it a challenge to dream up new gags and patter for his Philadelphia listeners, who look forward to the Bud Brees Show knowing that anything can happen and usually does.



# too Pretty to Live

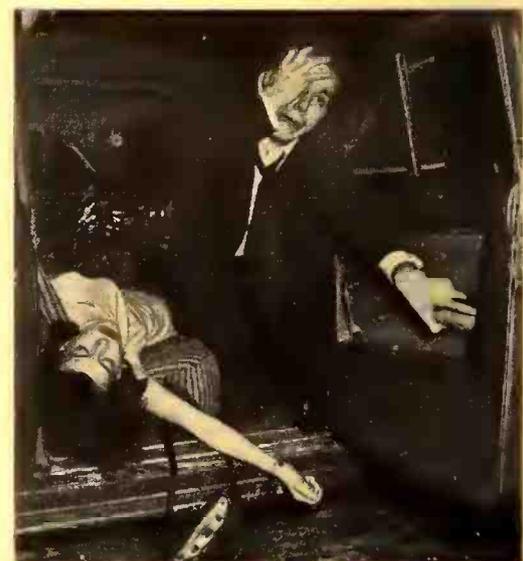


1. Deeply in love, attractive nurse Helen Green and her fiance, Roger Lawson, plan their forthcoming wedding. Helen tells Roger she must break the news to other suitor, Freddy Holt, explains it will be their last date.

**G**IRLS who attract men also attract—trouble. That's why the first thing detectives look for, in any crime of passion, is The Woman. She's the motive for murder, the primitive reason why men kill. But Helen Green wasn't thinking such dark thoughts when she won a beauty contest. Or when she got engaged to Roger Lawson. She didn't know that two people stood in the way of her happiness: Her own former sweetheart—and the devoted friend of her fiance. One of these was jealous enough to become her murderer!

Here, re-enacted from the files of the True Detective Mysteries program, is her tragic story—from the motives that brought about her death to the capture of the criminal. Detective Ellis had few clues to go on but they all led to Roger's elderly friend, who had brooded in his loneliness until his warped mind came up with the simple, evil solution. As long as Helen was alive, she would distract Roger, take all his time and attention. She was "too pretty to live!"

To learn how police solved this crime turn to page 82.



4. When the engaged couple park behind Roger's hotel to talk after a movie, a hail of gunfire blasts through the windshield, killing Helen, wounding Roger.

# HOW DID POLICE SOLVE MURDER OF BEAUTY CONTEST WINNER?



2. Visiting neighbor Willis Janes, who has been like a father to him, Rager promises his marriage will not spoil their friendship. He is annoyed when "Pop" suggests it was wrong for Helen to make an appointment with Freddy.



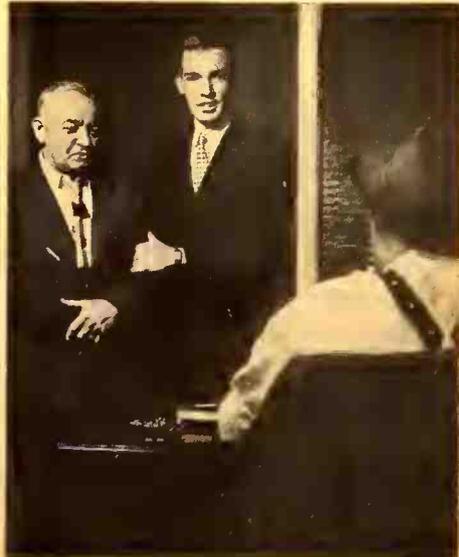
3. Incited when Helen refuses to kiss him goodbye, Freddy tries force, then stops when she strikes him, but threatens to kill her and Rager if they marry.



5. Carefully searching the death car, the police find few clues, and are baffled that the murderer escaped unnoticed in the busy city street.



6. Detective Ellis reviews clues uncovered after close examination of Willis's hotel room, pointing to him as guilty suspect in the case.



7. Confronted with the evidence the lonely and bitter Jones admits he killed Helen, fearful that she would rob him of Roger's company.

# Daytime diary



**AGAINST THE STORM** When Siri Allen married Hal Thomas she had no reason to think Hal was not the right man for her. Fortunately for Siri, she discovered quite soon that she had entirely mistaken Hal's character—and had not known enough about his past. The marriage ended, Siri tries to return to the happy security of her parents' home and the life of Deep Pool College. But the return is not as simple or as easy to effect as Siri hoped. M-F, 10:45 A.M. EDT, ABC.

**AUNT JENNY** A touch of faded Hollywood glamour creates a problem in the marriage of Ann Harris and Dean Devereux, whose story was recently told by Aunt Jenny. When Dean's father Roland, an old-time movie star, moved in with the young couple, Ann found that his carefree spending habits wrecked her already tight budget. Fighting to win a fair chance for her marriage, Ann made some surprising discoveries about herself. M-F, 12:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

**BACKSTAGE WIFE** Against her deepest instincts, Mary Noble is at last persuaded to set in motion the machinery that will divorce her from her handsome actor-husband, Larry Noble. Gossip columnists and Mary's unscrupulous admirer, wealthy Rupert Barlow, succeed in convincing her that Larry is involved with his leading lady, Judith Venable. Will Mary realize in time that all the evidence against Larry is faked? M-F, 4 P.M. EDT, NBC.

**BIG SISTER** Ever since Millard Parker came to Glen Falls, Ruth Wayne has been fighting his evil efforts to ruin everyone over whom he can gain power. Ruth's husband John among them. Ruth is profoundly shocked to discover that Selena Cummings, with whom she has established

such a close friendship, was once Parker's wife. When she learns what Parker did to Selena, Ruth wonders how he will ever be defeated. M-F, 1 P.M. EDT, CBS.

**THE BRIGHTER DAY** Beautiful Althea has always been the sore thumb of the Dennis family—the one whose ambition and drive made her different. Is Althea at last on the verge of the brilliant success as an actress for which she has worked and hoped so single-mindedly? Or is there something else in store for her—something connected with young Larry Race, who cannot forget his brother's widow Vickie? M-F, 2:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

**THE DOCTOR'S WIFE** Julie Palmer is not only deeply in love with her husband, Dr. Dan Palmer, but is lucky enough to be able to look to him as her model in tact and constructive sympathy when the troubles of others are involved. However, Dan cannot help his own young brother, Ned, for in a sense it is Dan himself who creates Ned's problem. What happens when Julie takes a hand? M-F, 5:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

**FRONT PAGE FARRELL** Star reporter David Farrell bucks the police of his city when he sets out to prove the innocence of the girl they believe to be guilty in "The Beauty Shop Murder Case." When a glamorous young model is murdered in the salon, the pretty operator is the only other person present—or so it appears. But David insists "She's completely innocent, or the best actress I've ever seen." Which is the truth? M-F, 5:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

**GUIDING LIGHT** Meta White Roberts makes a final surrender to her past when she decides to end her marriage to Joe

Roberts because his children fear and dislike her—the result of the terrible time when she went on trial for killing her previous husband, Ted White. Will Joe allow her to leave him? Or will young Kathy provide her own drastic solution and perhaps ruin her life as she takes a hasty, ill-advised step? M-F, 1:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

**HILLTOP HOUSE** When Reed Nixon adopted twelve-year-old Marcia, he thought he was paying a debt to Marcia's father, who had died, Reed believed, indirectly through association with himself. Julie Paterno, head of Glendale's orphanage, quickly perceives that Marcia is incredibly spoiled and willful—a real problem. Will Julie herself be dangerously involved by Marcia's precocious shrewdness? M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, CBS.

**JUST PLAIN BILL** Bill Davidson is torn between two strong emotions when he tries to clear young Barbara Moore of suspicion of attempting to murder her mother-in-law. On the one hand his devotion to justice urges him to help Barbara, but on the other his love for his daughter Nancy is a disturbing element, for Nancy and Barbara are avowed enemies. Will Nancy and Bill be alienated because of Barbara? M-F, 5 P.M. EDT, NBC.

**LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL** Papa David often counsels his adopted daughter, Chichi, against being too impulsive, but he has so much faith in the soundness of Chichi's instincts that he never really worries about her. Will Martin Walker be Chichi's Waterloo? Is it because she is attracted to him that she refuses to believe he is a fortune-hunter? Or is Martin telling the truth about his relationship to wealthy Victoria Vandebush? M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, NBC.

**LONE JOURNEY** Lansing MacKenzie, long missing, returns to civilization to find that his wife Sidney, convinced of his death, has just married Wolf Bennet. Sidney immediately terminates her marriage with Wolf and attempts to rebuild a life with Lansing. But how will Lansing react as the time approaches when Sidney will bear Wolf's child, the result of their brief honeymoon? M-F, 11 A.M. EDT, ABC.

**LORENZO JONES** Lorenzo Jones is a good garage mechanic, which is just what Jim Barker pays him to be and just what his wife Belle would be satisfied to see him remain. But Lorenzo's driving desire to achieve fame and fortune as an inventor has given Belle no peace. Sometimes he comes a cropper; but sometimes he comes so close to winning his goal that even Belle is dazzled. What happens to his latest brain-child? M-F, 5:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.

**MA PERKINS** Augustus Pendleton is Rushville Center's big man—prominent, powerful, wealthy. His wife Mathilda and his daughter Gladys are the recognized

social leaders. But Ma Perkins' private convictions that the Pendletons are not really a family in her sense of the word are borne out when suddenly Gladys reveals her father is involved with another woman. Can Ma help the Pendletons to avert a tragedy? M-F, 1:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

**MARY MARLIN** In spite of her deep love for her husband Joe, Mary Marlin cannot help being shaken by what appears absolute proof of his infidelity—particularly since Joe has always been attractive to other women. But Joe is a political power, and once Mary suspects that the evidence against him may have a political motivation, she knows what her path will be. M-F, 3:15 P.M. EDT, ABC.

**THIS IS NORA DRAKE** Nurse Nora Drake's life has been so long entwined with that of Peg Martinson that Peg's tragic death strikes deeply into the very foundations of Nora's security and peace of mind. It is fortunate for Nora that Fred Molina is so active and ingenious a friend, for Peg's death has repercussions that might spell grave danger for Nora—danger of which, in her grief, she is scarcely aware. M-F, 2:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

**OUR GAL SUNDAY** When Lord Henry's cousin, Myron Hunter, died mysteriously during a visit to the Brinthrope estate, his wife Christine showed her true viciousness when she told Sunday and Henry she would fight to get the money Myron left to his son, Robert. Christine's greed led only to her own death, however, and Robert is about to inherit the money, when the Brinthropes discover he is an impostor. Where is the real Robert? M-F, 12:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

**PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY** Despite the apparent openness with which industrialist Dwight Davenport speaks of his business plans, Pepper knows that Davenport has carefully revealed nothing about himself as a person. Is there an undreamed-of connection between the newcomer and Elmdale's wealthy recluse, Ellen Springer, who has been acting strangely since Davenport came to town? M-F, 3:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.

**PERRY MASON** Perry Mason's career has been largely made up of investigations into the sordidness and unscrupulousness of the underworld, but never has he encountered a more repulsive group than the one he exposes at the end of his long, dangerous fight to save May Grant. Even the experienced Perry is horrified at the revelations about Anna B. Hurley and the traffic in babies which she found so profitable. M-F, 2:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

**RIGHT TO HAPPINESS** As governor of the state, Miles Nelson is the natural target for political schemers of all kinds. But his wife Carolyn knows that at least one of their enemies has a personal axe to

You get a generous size 25¢ bottle of  
**Kreml® Shampoo**

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When you buy a 59¢ jar of

**5-day  
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the daintiest way to daintiness ever!



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No messy fingers! No trickle down your sides! Just pat a pad ... then throw it away!

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"We Powers Models use only Kreml Shampoo" says lovely Nancy Gaggin! The natural oils of this famous beauty shampoo help keep hair looking silky and smooth. Try it at no cost today ... in this special offer!

**5-day deodorant pads**

Save on cosmetic taxes! Instead of usual 20% on other deodorants, pay only 2¢ on 25¢ size ... 4¢ on 59¢ size ... 5¢ on \$1.00 size

R  
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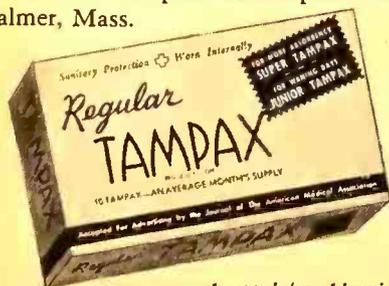
## Give the girl Credit



These daughters certainly bring new ideas into the house—break the ice of old habits, so to speak. For instance it's ten-to-one that your daughter discovered Tampax before you did—*Tampax*, that improved method of sanitary protection (worn internally).

Perfected by a doctor, Tampax needs no belts, pins or bulky outside pads. It really represents a highly modern idea in monthly protection—helps take the pressure off your mind at "those times." With Tampax there's no worry about odor or those revealing edges or ridges that you see showing through other women's skirts or dresses. Your social poise is sure to improve when you wear Tampax.

Daintiness is the key word for Tampax—from the slender white applicator (you needn't touch the Tampax!) all the way through to the final disposal. Pure surgical cotton provides unusual absorbency. . . . Sold in 3 sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Full month's supply may be carried in purse. . . . Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

grind, for Annette Thorpe has never forgiven Miles for marrying Carolyn. Is Neil Prescott involved in the plot against Miles to the extent Carolyn suspects? Will she incur personal danger as she tries to prove his guilt? M-F, 3:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

**ROAD OF LIFE** The plans of Conrad Overton and Gordon Fuller succeed when Dr. Jim Brent resigns as Wheelock Memorial Hospital's chief of staff rather than allow himself to be used as a rubber stamp for activities of which he does not approve. However, Jim has no intention of admitting defeat. Instead of leaving Merrimac, he begins an active fight to break Overton and Fuller. M-F, 3:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

**ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT** Believing that Hollywood gown designer Helen Trent is an unscrupulous adventuress, wealthy Ogden Bailey is waging a bitter battle to keep his son, Barclay, from becoming involved with Helen, though Barclay is deeply interested in her. Is it possible that lawyer Gil Whitney, the man Helen has loved for so long, is allied with Ogden? Is this the explanation of Gil's lavish new offices and sudden prosperity? M-F, 12:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

**ROSEMARY** When a man goes on trial for murder he does not suffer alone. Bill Roberts' long trial for the killing of Blanche Weatherby has affected many people. What will it mean to the loyal family of his wife, Rosemary, who live in a small town where gossip is active and sometimes ruthless? What will it mean to Blanche's distraught mother, and her father? Most of all, what will it mean to Rosemary herself? M-F, 11:45 A.M. EDT, CBS.

**SECOND MRS. BURTON** After several years of happy marriage, Terry Burton is forced to admit that a wedge is being driven between herself and Stan—driven by Stan's possessive mother and his selfish, sometimes positively cruel, sister Marcia. So skillfully do Mother Burton and Marcia create the picture of their need for Stan that he does not realize what Terry is suffering. Will he come to his senses in time? M-F, 2 P.M. EDT, CBS.

**STELLA DALLAS** However complicated her own life may be, Stella Dallas can never be untouched by the troubles of others. Lately she has become interested in her neighbor, a rich eccentric young widower named Jared Sloane, whose wealth has made him the prey of a group of unscrupulous fortune-hunters. What part will Stella play in saving Jared when it turns out that not only his property is in jeopardy, but his life? M-F, 4:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

**STRANGE ROMANCE OF EVELYN WINTERS** Evelyn Winters, secretly in love with her playwright guardian, Gary

Bennett, hopes that by taking a minor role in a new play she will somehow come closer to Gary. But the plan has unexpected results when Evelyn becomes a star overnight. Will her success have any effect on Gary, who—though Evelyn doesn't know it—has only refrained from declaring his love because of the twenty-year difference in their ages? M-F, 3:45 P.M. EDT, ABC.

**WENDY WARREN** When she learns that her fiance, Mark Douglas, was hurt in an automobile accident, all the vague fears and suspicions that have disturbed Wendy since Mark went to Hollywood give way to her immediate concern. But perhaps there has been more damage done by their separation than Wendy realizes, for actress Maggie Fallon has fallen in love with Mark. And Mark's feelings are none too clear. M-F, 12 Noon EDT, CBS.

**WHEN A GIRL MARRIES** When a determined, unscrupulous woman sets out to break up another woman's marriage, is there any way to keep her from causing perhaps fatal damage? Claire O'Brien, refusing to credit Harry Davis's protests that he is devoted to his wife Joan and his family, is convinced that she can make him love her. Claire may not succeed exactly as she planned, but the effect on Joan may be just as irreparable. M-F, 11:15 A.M. EDT, ABC.

**THE WOMAN IN MY HOUSE** As far as family life is concerned, it is sometimes impossible to draw a line between helping and interfering. The Carters have never managed to get it straight, for what appears to father James to be merely a word of warning is often received by his children as an attempt at control. Jeff, the oldest, can usually interpret their father for Virginia, Sandy and Clay. But Jeff has troubles of his own. M-F, 4:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

**YOUNG DR. MALONE** Can two people who have failed at their marriage once make a success of a second chance together? Crystal and Gene Williams have decided to try again. But this time Crystal's hopes are high, for she knows that while they were apart Gene began, for the first time, to love her. Meanwhile, in New York, Mary Browne agrees to marry Ernest Horton, intensifying the loneliness of Jerry Malone. M-F, 11:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

**YOUNG WIDDER BROWN** Ellen Brown is shocked and heartbroken when a woman claiming to be Mrs. Anthony Loring takes up residence in Simpsonville—for Dr. Anthony Loring is Ellen's fiance. Anthony, though admitting the woman was once his wife, claims the marriage was annulled long ago. And Ellen soon becomes so suspicious of the alleged Mrs. Loring that she begins wholeheartedly fighting to help Anthony prove his claim. M-F, 4:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.

BETTY MOORE

SHOWS HOW TO MAKE

# Your home beautiful



Vicki Vola has used many ingenious touches in her comfortable living room.



**I**T'S BETTY MOORE to the rescue when radio listeners have home decorating problems. The popular program, *Your Home Beautiful*, (Sat. 11 A.M. EDT, Mutual Broadcasting System) features Vicki Vola as consultant, Betty Moore.

Miss Vola's own home reflects the type of decorating hints she supplies her listeners. The petite actress and her husband chose a spacious two-and-a-half room brownstone apartment. Here's what they did with it.

The living room is large and bright so Vicki selected a rich, dark green for the walls and fireplace, carrying the color into the foyer which opens into this room. She painted the mantelpiece an off-white, using the same shade for the unique mantel decoration, a regular flower box,

filled with live plants. Instead of the usual mirror or picture above the fireplace, Vicki used an accent of wallpaper in a large floral design.

Coffee tables are costly, especially the mirror-topped ones. Here again Vicki's ingenuity came to the fore. At an auction she purchased a fine round French mirror for five dollars, removed the gilt on the frame which was peeling, and antiqued it with a flat white paint. For twenty-five dollars, she had a table support built and stained it mahogany for contrast. The result, pictured above, is a luxurious coffee table.

Careful planning created a warm, comfortable and attractive home.

For free decorating tips, write to: Betty Moore, 511 Canal Street, New York 13, N. Y.

## YOU'LL BE THRILLED over 'extra advantages' of this higher type INTIMATE FEMININE HYGIENE



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Zonitors are greaseless, stainless vaginal suppositories which possess the same powerful germ-killing and deodorizing properties as world-famous ZONITE liquid. When inserted, Zonitors instantly release this powerful medication and *keep right on doing so for hours*. What a wonderful advantage!



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Zonitors are positively *non-poisonous, non-irritating*. Safe to the most delicate membranes.

Zonitors *completely* deodorize and help guard against infection. They're so *powerfully effective*, they *instantly* kill every germ they touch. It's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but you can *rely* on Zonitors to kill every reachable germ. Enjoy Zonitors many 'extra' advantages!



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Send coupon for new book revealing all about these intimate physical facts. Zonitors, Dept. ZRM-62, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.\*

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If you spy a sliver in the fricassee —

- Sound off     Starve in silence     Inform your squire

A delectable dish — till you eagle-eye a sliver (or whatever). So . . . you tag the head waiter and sound off. Or do you? If you'd avoid disapproving glances, you'll quietly mention the snag to your date; let him arrange for a new order. If you're glance-conscious at *trying* times, scoff off anxiety with Kotex; those *flat pressed ends* defy revealing outlines. And your new Kotex belt gives added *comfort*. Made with soft-stretch elastic; non-twisting, non-curling. Dries fast!

## Are you in the know?



Which hotel plan should you choose ?

- American     European

Maybe the American plan (meals included) appeals to you. But mornings, would you rather sleep than yawn into the bacon n' eggs? Or prefer exploring new dining spots to dashing back for hotel chow? Consider the European plan. When vacationing, being carefree's vital; so on problem days let Kotex help — with the *extra* protection that exclusive safety center assures you.



When a gal's "allears," what's the cure ?

- Clam up     A farward look     Drop earbabs

'Tisn't the snooper type we mean — (just wanted to keep you guessing.) It's a gal with really outsize ears. The remedy? Ixnay on skinned-rabbit hairdo's. Cover ears with curls that turn softly forward. And for the softness you want and need in sanitary protection — count on Kotex. It *holds its shape*. You see, this is the napkin made to *stay* soft while you wear it!



How to spark your ailing allowance ?

- Set up a service     Mape and hope

Dad's deaf to your summer job plea? Well, you can earn extra "cabbage" at home. Start a service: knit baby sox; pastel Argyles instead of booties. Or offer to shop for busy Moms. Just put your special talent to work. Come calendar time, there's a "service" Kotex offers . . . 3 *absorbencies* to choose from . . . (Regular, Junior, Super). Try 'em! Find the "special" one for you.

## More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

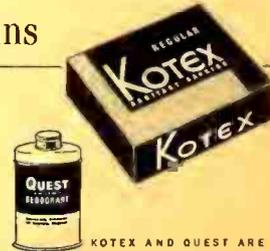
What assures daintiness on problem days ?

- Bath softs     Powder     Occasional showers



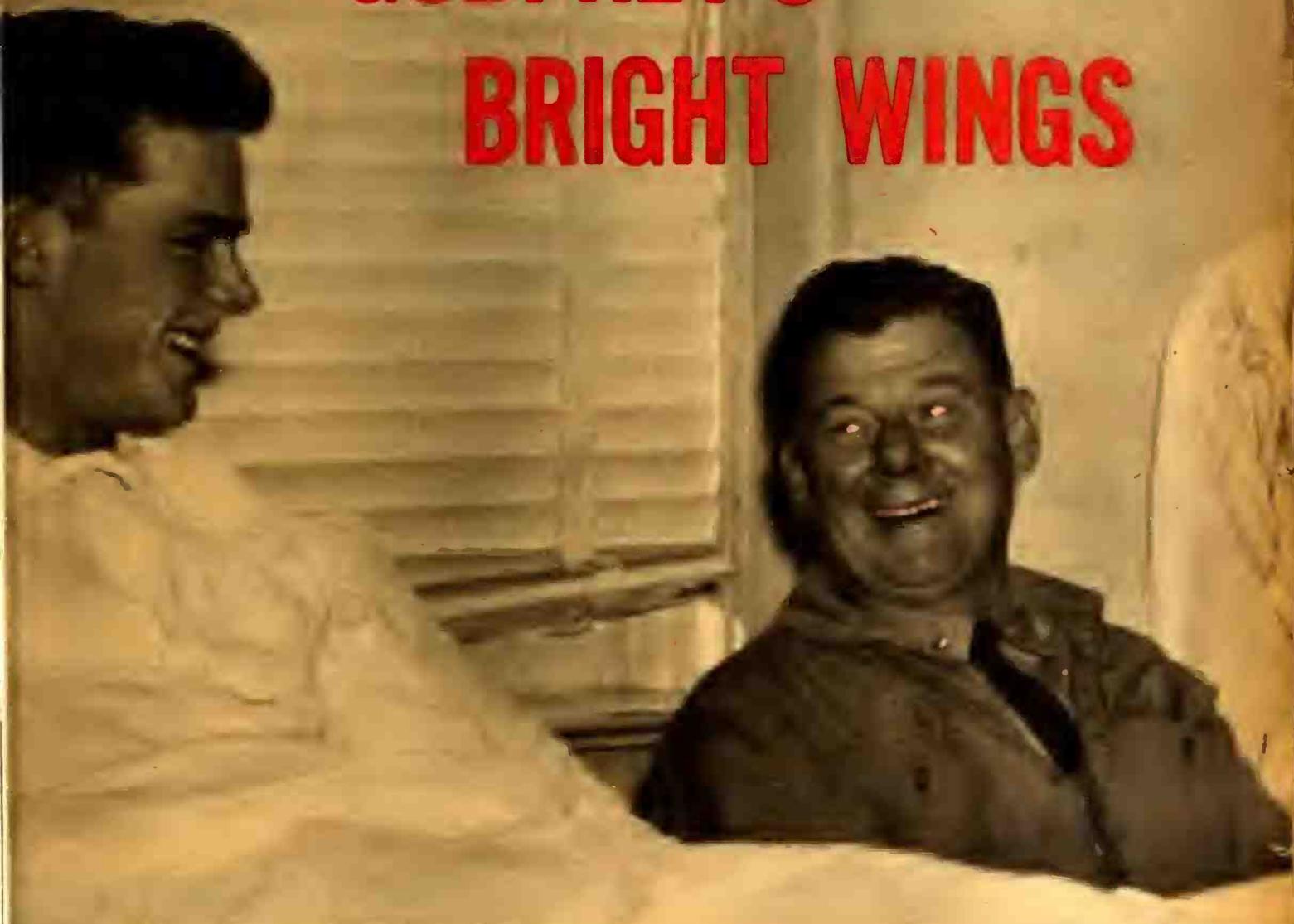
Takes more than daily tubbings to stay dainty at "that" time. So, smart gals sprinkle a *powder* deodorant on their sanitary napkins. Choose Quest Powder! You'll find Quest best for napkin

use, because unlike most creams or liquids, this deodorant powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't slow up absorption. It's safe. Soothing. Unscented. *Positively destroys* odors.



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# GODFREY'S BRIGHT WINGS



Visiting servicemen in "sick bay" was an unofficial but important part of Arthur Godfrey's tour of duty.

## Godfrey

has won many honors, but  
none he prizes more—  
or worked harder for—than  
a little Navy Air card

By ROBERT S. TRACY

**A**CROSS the air waves recently, Arthur Godfrey bid farewell for a while to his immense audiences. For one month he absented himself while others carried on for him. The Great Godfrey left for a highly concentrated flight-training program that would have exhausted a lesser man. During that month, Birdman Godfrey was to become indoctrinated in both an intricate type of flying and what were, for him, two new types of aircraft.

First stop during his month absence from the air waves was the Naval Air Station at Pensacola, Florida. Here the affable Irishman doffed his lackadaisical air. Put aside were the quips and humorous barbs familiar to millions. In their stead he donned the uniform of a full commander which he wears as a member of the Naval Air Reserve. On the uniform are the bright wings he earned, wings he never wants to see tarnished. At Pensacola he became familiar with the technique of flying helicopters: the tricky

See Next Page →



Blimp flying was Arthur's goal, arriving at Lakehurst (N. J.) Naval Air Station for added flight training.



Commander D. N. McNaull (left), in charge of reserve at Lakehurst, helped give him the lowdown on lighter-than-air craft.

## GODFREY'S BRIGHT WINGS

windmills that can go straight up, straight down, frontwards or backwards.

His next stop was Corpus Christi, Texas, and the Navy's All-Weather Flight School. This school, as the name implies, teaches qualified pilots to navigate in every type of foul weather including pea-soup fog. It teaches the technique of taking off and landing with the aid of instruments only. In the weeks that followed, Commander Godfrey followed the rigid program set down by the school in his try for the coveted green card qualifying him as a full-fledged all-weather pilot. Out of the sack at six-thirty every morning, Godfrey jumped under a brisk shower, then to the mess hall for some good Navy chow. After breakfast he took his turn with the other pilots on the day's flight schedule.

Flights began at eight o'clock and continued most of the day. Like the others, Godfrey climbed into one of the Navy's twin-engined Beechcrafts, the powerful monoplanes used in the course. During the first part of the training, an instructor goes along while the pilot makes practice landings on instruments. As the course progresses, things get more interesting and at the same time more dangerous. But to Godfrey, who has fully qualified in Navy jets, taking off into the wide blue yonder is safer than

crossing Forty-second Street and Broadway. He smiled genially as the colored Plexiglas hood was fitted over the plane's cockpit in the last stages of the program. He smiled even though the hood prevented him from seeing anything outside the cockpit.

He was strictly on his own now with nothing but the little dials on the instrument panel. This was the final test. No instructor, and visibility zero. Over his radio came a signal from the tower and Godfrey gunned the engines; a moment later he roared off the field. It was a perfect take-off and, once airborne, half the danger was past.

The other half, of course, was bringing her down again. After a brief flight under the dark-Plexiglas hood, Godfrey nosed his plane around and headed

---

Arthur Godfrey Time is heard M-F, 10-11:30 A.M. for Toni, Ovaltine, Rinso, Pepsodent, Pillsbury, Nabisco, Chesterfield on CBS; simulcast 10:15-10:30, CBS-TV. King Arthur Godfrey's Round Table, Sun., 5 P.M. on CBS for Kingan. Arthur Godfrey and His Friends, Wed., 8 P.M. on CBS-TV for Chesterfield, Pillsbury, Toni; and Godfrey's Talent Scouts, simulcast Mon., 8:30 P.M. for Lipton. All EDT.





Doctor's checkup proved Godfrey was in the pink, despite a flying course even more rugged than his radio-TV schedule.



And his appetite was just as husky as any serviceman's, lining up for chow in the general mess hall!

for the air field. At least, where he hoped the airfield would be when he came down.

He switched on his equipment for a ground control approach and signalled the tower that he was coming in. The tower radioed the wind direction and Commander Godfrey swung the plane that way, cutting altitude in a slow glide. So far, he was literally on the beam and mentally, his fingers were crossed. In a few moments the landing gear touched the ground and Godfrey promptly cut the power and slowly applied brake pressure which brought the plane to a halt. He had done it!

Godfrey was promptly awarded the prized green card signifying that he was an all-weather fly boy. It meant that he could now *(Continued on page 81)*



The shows must—and did—go on, during Arthur's leave of absence, thanks to "all the little Godfreys." Frank Parker went on singing duets with Marion Marlowe, also took over as emcee for Godfrey and His Friends.





Blimp flying was Arthur's goal, arriving at Lakehurst (N. J.) Naval Air Station for added flight training.



Commander D. N. McNaul (left), in charge of reserve of Lakehurst, helped give him the lowdown on lighter-than-air craft.



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The other half, of course, was bringing her down again. After a brief flight under the dark-Plexiglas hood, Godfrey nosed his plane around and headed

for the air field. At least, where he hoped the airfield would be when he came down.

He switched on his equipment for a ground control approach and signalled the tower that he was coming in. The tower radioed the wind direction and Commander Godfrey swung the plane that way, cutting altitude in a slow glide. So far, he was literally on the beam and mentally, his fingers were crossed. In a few moments the landing gear touched the ground and Godfrey promptly cut the power and slowly applied brake pressure which brought the plane to a halt. He had done it!

Godfrey was promptly awarded the prized green card signifying that he was an all-weather fly boy. It meant that he could now (Continued on page 81)



The shows must—and did—go on, during Arthur's loaves of absence, thanks to "oll the little Godfreys." Frank Porter went on singing duets with Morion Morlowe, also took over as emcee for Godfrey and His Friends.

Arthur Godfrey Time is heard M-F, 10-11:30 A.M. for Toni, Ovaltine, Rinsol, Pepsodent, Pillsbury, Nabisco, Chesterfield on CBS; simulcast 10-15-10:30, CBS-TV. King Arthur Godfrey's Round Table, Sun., 5 P.M. on CBS for Kingan. Arthur Godfrey and His Friends, Wed., 8 P.M. on CBS-TV for Chesterfield, Pillsbury, Toni; and Godfrey's Talent Scouts, simulcast Mon., 8:30 P.M. for Lipton. All EDT.



Angel over

Ill, lonely and despairing, Marie Wilson sobbed out her heart. Had she found a man to love her—only to lose him now?

by Pauline Swanson

WHEN YOU'VE been terribly, terribly sick and really about to die . . .

"And then you begin to worry—will you ever get out of this hard hospital bed and out of doors and see trees and grass again and people—your sweet mama—and that nice new beau? Will he ever look at you again? You're so red and ugly and your hair all matted down from that monster of an oxygen tent! And was the cardiogram really all right? And, if you're really all right, why do all the nurses keep shaking their heads and saying, 'Don't worry, you're going to be all right'? And you're so lonesome you could die, and so scared . . .

"Then," says Marie Wilson, sighing with remembered relief, "you can stop worrying, because if you can worry you really are all right and you're going to get well."

This fairly confused but deeply felt conviction of everybody's friend Irma was born of triumphant personal experience, and should cheer the bedside watchers over grumbling convalescents everywhere. For, in April a year ago, Marie saw the angel over her shoulder. Marie nearly did die of blood poisoning and it was only after a terrifying three-day crisis . . . during which she ran a usually fatal 106° temperature and her strong heart showed signs of threatening to give up the fight . . . only when she began to worry about how she felt, and care about how she looked, and grouse at her attendants who had "locked her away from the world" that her doctors could assure Marie's frantic family and friends she was finally out of danger.

When she was sickest—ridiculously but typically—she was perfectly confident that (Continued on page 82)

Marie Wilson is heard as My Friend Irma, Sun., 6 P.M. EDT, over CBS, for Ennds and Eye-Gene (Pearson Pharmacal Co.). She is seen as Irma, Fri., 8:30 P.M. EDT, on CBS-TV, sponsored by Cavalier cigarettes.

my shoulder



Today, it's a healthy Marie who romps with "Mr. Hobbs," her Yorkshire terrier—a happy Marie who goes premiering with Bob Fallon.



There was a time when Marie thought she'd missed her chance for happiness and couldn't possibly foresee that wedding day with Bob.



# He's the **N**icest guy



It's a rare man who's a hero to his own family, but Bud's happy brood is convinced that he is Superman! Here he is, surrounded by daughters Cynthia and Patricia, son Michael, proud wife Marian.

**Y**OU MAY BEAT THE CLOCK

# in the world

by Martin Cohen

**H**ERE'S a bit of advice: Anyone planning a testimonial for Bud Collyer had better figure on renting Madison Square Garden (seating capacity: 14,200). Furthermore, it is respectfully suggested that the Garden be engaged not for a night but a minimum of ten days. Everyone who comes in contact with Bud, radio contestants and business associates, will tell you in ten thousand, well-chosen words that he's magnificent, wonderful, terrific and every other superlative in the dictionary that means the same thing.

This is merely an abridged sampling.

Win Elliot, host on Break the Bank: "Bud's the greatest, sweetest, nicest guy in the world."

Roxanne, pretty assistant on Beat the Clock: "The luckiest thing that ever happened to me was meeting Bud."

Jan Miner, star of Hilltop House who also works

The emcee's idolized, too, by everyone on Beat the Clock—from stagehands to co-workers like Roxanne.



Bud and Win Elliot make the most bashful visitors feel at home before Break the Bank goes on the air.

on Break the Bank: "Bud's the best and brings out the best in everyone. He feels as much responsibility to his radio audience as to his own family."

Bud, they will tell you, is a phenomenon as a human being for he lives all of the virtues that some people just talk about. He is honest, kind, generous, understanding but no prude. He's a "brain," extremely talented and versatile. He studied law, music and dramatics. He could have been successful in any one of those fields.

Bud is probably the busiest man in radio and TV. He does, besides recordings, twenty shows a week. But he never gives the impression of being busy. He has time for everyone, for problems and plain talk. So far as Bud is concerned there is no such thing as rank in the business. He will arrange a coffee session with a jobless stagehand and ask after the health of a stenographer's mother. No second party tells Bud about these problems. People go to Bud directly or he goes to them when he sees a sign of worry.

(Continued on page 87)

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Break the Bank is heard M-F, 11:30 A.M., on ABC, sponsored alternately by Bristol-Myers and Philip Morris; it is seen Sun., 9:30 P.M. on CBS-TV, for Bristol-Myers. Beat the Clock is seen Sat., 7:30 P.M., on CBS-TV, sponsored by Sylvania. All EDT.

**BUT YOU CAN'T BEAT BUD COLLYER AS A TERRIFIC HUMAN BEING**

# Claire Niesen— Backstage Wife

by  
Gene Gayle



Mel and Claire were married a month after their first date!

THERE ARE a few married couples in show business as happy as the Melville Ruicks, but none who are any happier. None who work more earnestly, deliberately, and intelligently at keeping their marriage alive and glowing than Claire Niesen, your Mary Noble on NBC's *Backstage Wife*, and her Mel, who is Dr. Crane, resident medical director of CBS-TV's *City Hospital*.

"Marriage," says Mel, "is a business. Just like any other business, if you don't work at it and foster it, it doesn't progress, doesn't stay alive. You keep it alive by keeping it at the point where it began, the point where two people in love want to be together. *Together* is the key word in marriage. If you are together—in your interests, your tastes and sympathies, your home and work, as well as in your love—every year brings you closer, as it does for Claire and me. . . ."

But let's start from the beginning, when Claire Niesen and Melville Ruick first met—collided might be a better word, so instantaneous was the combustion called love!

"He proposed to me," says Claire, stars in her moonstone-gray eyes, "five hours after we met for our first date! 'Will you marry me?' (Continued on page 89)

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Claire Niesen is heard in *Backstage Wife*, M-F, 4 P.M. EDT, NBC, for Procter & Gamble. Melville Ruick appears on *City Hospital*, alternate Tuesdays, 9 P.M. EDT, on CBS-TV, for Carter Products.

**"TOGETHER" IS A MAGIC WORD—EVEN FOR**

They danced at their wedding, but don't go out much now—except Sunday driving.



Home is where their heart is, and Mel even makes the films which they show there for their friends.





## TWO TALENTED, AMBITIOUS PEOPLE WHO HAD SOUGHT SUCCESS ALONE

As in most households, the wife dreams up ideas, hubby does the heavy work.



Two loves they share—their marriage and show business. Claire has always acted, Mel began as a musician (hence the violin).



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Garry loves being a "clock watcher" with a train to catch, a home of his own at the end of the ride—and all evening free for his beloved family! His daytime job is fun, too, with such congenial co-workers as Ken Carson (below right).



Nell's secret is one which every wife should know. It's the heartwarming reason why Garry Moore's a perfect

# Portrait of

By MARIE HALLER

**W**HO SAID: 'A dog is a man's best friend?' What possible foundation is there for such a statement? I have my own ideas on the subject, and I'd like to show up this saying for what it's really worth. It's propaganda! Pure and simple propaganda for a minority group—bachelors!

"As a married man of thirteen years' standing, and at the risk of being called an animal hater, which I certainly am not, I'd like to revise this too-frequently-quoted saying to read: 'A wife is a man's best friend.' And I'd like to recommend that the bachelors who refer to dogs as justification for their mode of living, come out of hiding and look around for a girl like my Nell."

Which is the serious and wholehearted philosophy of one of television's most popular stars, Garry Moore. It is the philosophy which has had a direct bearing on the heights to which this young comedian has soared . . . starring in and running his own CBS-TV show, *The Garry Moore Show*, a program which currently brings in the second highest revenue to the Columbia Broadcasting System and has a long waiting list of would-be sponsors who daily hope that for some unforeseeable reason a sponsor will drop out and give them a chance to corner the market.

Yes, Eleanor Moore (or Morfit, as the wedding license reads) is Garry's wife—and *best friend*. As such she has in many ways been responsible for his enviable success.

Take, for just one example, the time when Garry left the Jimmy Durante show. If Nell had not been willing to throw aside security for herself and their two boys and join her husband in his biggest gamble, there might never have been the *Garry Moore Show*, and Garry might easily have ended up as an occasional conversation piece of the "I wonder what ever became of So-and-So?" variety. But that's not the way it happened, thanks to Nell.

One evening, back in the fall of 1947, Garry came home and announced that he wanted to leave the Durante show. He had been the "straight man" to Jimmy for several years, and

# a Happy Husband

had loved every minute of it, but had come to realize that he was using his good friend as a crutch. If he didn't stop, he'd soon not be able to. Soon not be able to carry on as Garry Moore, the comedian. Soon be merely "the man who straights for Jimmy." To top it off, he wanted to get back into daytime radio so he could spend his evenings at home with the family.

Even though this was all pure speculation on his part, and there was nothing in view—no program offers had been made or even hinted at—Nell agreed that if that was what he wanted to do, he should go ahead and try it. She never once reminded him that as long as he was with Jimmy, his job and income would be secure. She never once intimated that he should be thinking of his wife, his children, and the home he had to maintain. And above all, she never once reminded him that he was no longer a single man free to do and go as he pleased. No, Nell never said any of these things—even though at the moment they might actually have been true. Instead, she quite matter-of-factly assumed that her husband, as well as a single man, should be allowed to work at what he enjoyed. The dollar value of the job should not be the absolute criterion. Both Nell and Garry have always agreed that money means nothing if you aren't happy with it.

So, Garry left the Durante Show, and after a short time became emcee and quizmaster of Take It Or Leave It. When it became evident that he had a natural talent for this type of entertaining, CBS offered him the opportunity of working out his own daytime radio program.

"Actually," says Garry, "this was one of the greatest gambles I ever took. But, if it worried Nell, she never let me know. You see, by this time television had (Continued on page 97)

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The Garry Moore Show is seen Mondays through Fridays, 1:30 P. M. EDT, CBS-TV; sponsored by Best Foods, Corn Products Refining, General Electric, O'Cedar, Owens-Corning Fiberglass, Procter & Gamble, Quaker Oats, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco, Standard Brands and Stokley-Van Camp.



Like any commuter, Garry carries a brief case, goes over his work en route. He's a big success now—but it was an almost heartbreaking gamble he took, saying goodbye to partner-pal Jimmy Durante and their memorable team appearances.





# the GIRL who'd try anything— Once

Jan Miner

HILLTOP HOUSE heroine,

specializes in real-life crises,

too—and is often amazed at results!

By CHRIS KANE

Jan usually finds life peaceful only at her farm, called Hilltop House, and can't even count on it there. Take that hectic winter night . . .

**I**N THE BEGINNING, it was a straight business proposition to her. She was already a daytime serial heroine on a network show, and one daytime serial heroine is very like another, and here was CBS screaming for her to come over and play a lady named Julie Paterno in a drama called Hilltop House. When they weren't screaming, they were waving money wrapped around a two-year contract. Why not? she said to herself. J. Pierpont Miner, I'll be.

A straight business proposition. Except that now, almost two years later, you can practically see Julie Paterno under Jan Miner's skin. Julie runs an orphanage, and all of a sudden, Jan's adopting a war orphan. (Not the actual physical child, because she'd never be around to care for him, but she's subscribing to one of those services where you promise to be financially responsible for the support and welfare of a European baby.) Julie's different from most serial heroines because she's got a sense of humor, and because she makes mistakes. Jan's Julie's counterpart in both these categories. Especially, she insists, the mistakes' part.

Take a recent pip of an example. "Fiasco at the Palace," we could call it. Lauritz Melchior was following Judy Garland into the theatre where Judy'd revived the old two-a-day, and RKO was worried. Following Judy is like following quicksilver, or the West Wind, or the fireworks on the last night of a World's Fair. Melchior is a great artist, and a brave man, but the powers in charge figured the bill could stand a little variety. Like a good old-fashioned dramatic skit, maybe.

So, to get to the point, at one-thirty on a particular afternoon, Jan Miner's phone rang. The man at the other end started talking to her about a skit called "Long Distance," which she'd done in the dim past for a radio show. (It's a melodramatic business concerning a wife whose *(Continued on page 86)*)

Hilltop House is heard Mondays through Fridays, 3 P.M. EDT. over CBS; sponsored by Miles Laboratories for Alka-Seltzer.



# Corliss Archer—

Corliss in real life is  
bubbling, effervescent Janet Waldo,  
carefree wife and happy mother-to-be

by Elizabeth Downs

THE TELEPHONE rang with its long, impatient-sounding buzz and Janet Waldo, with her usual bounding energy, rushed to answer it before it could ring again.

A man's voice sounded over the telephone. He identified himself as the representative of a Hollywood motion picture film company. "May I speak to your mother, please," he said, soothingly.

"My mother!" exclaimed Janet. "Why, my mother doesn't live with me."

"What," came the surprised voice, the horrified voice. "You're only sixteen years old and you live alone?"

Janet mumbled something that sounded like "I'm



# Wonderful Whack

really old enough to take care of myself," and hung up the telephone.

The pretty, pert star of ABC's "Corliss Archer" tilted her head to one side and said softly, "It was ever thus. For eight years I've been playing a sixteen-year-old girl and people just won't believe I'll ever grow up—that I *am* grown up—that, as a matter of fact, I'm grown up enough to be married and about to be a mother. But most people are like the film executive. They just won't believe me and I haven't the heart to tell (Continued on page 74)

Meet Corliss Archer is heard Sun., 9:15 P.M. EDT, on ABC; sponsored by America's Electric Light and Power Companies.



Expecting their first baby soon, Janet giggles as husband Bob Lee practices on old poternal chore. The present family—from far left—consists of Bob, Pepe, Lody Ophelia, Jonet, Perky.



True to type, Jonet has teen-age telephonitis—but Bob does most of the suffering from it.

Author-husband Bob looks almost ot home, even with bobby books—Janet's learning fast!



# Corliss Archer—Wonderful Whack

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True to type, Jonet has teen-egg telephinitis—but Bob does most of the suffering from it.

Author-husband Bob looks almost at home, even with baby books—Jonet's learning post!



For Selena, there would soon be no more tomorrows. Should they keep the tragic secret—and let her hope and dream today?

---

# I'm glad I know the truth

RUTH AND her husband, Dr. John Wayne, stared at Dr. Roger Marlowe in disbelief. It hardly seemed possible that Selena, so recently found as a wonderful friend, would soon be snatched from them in the finality of death. At that very moment Selena was upstairs in her room, curious, a bit disturbed over the fact that, since her complete physical at Dr. Marlowe's Health Center, she had had no word of the results. As Dr. Marlowe and John talked about the technical aspects of Selena's health Ruth sat silent, unhappy, lost in deep thought. "Well, the big question now is who's going to tell her . . . and when," Dr. Marlowe was saying as Ruth became conscious of the words she was hearing. Quickly Ruth said, "I think there is something else that should be decided first—should she be told at all?" Her words posed a question which has been in many hearts through the ages. How should the fact of death be faced? Is it right or wrong to tell a woman that her life is coming to an end? After Dr. Marlowe left the house that afternoon, Ruth and John tried to argue out their feelings, their emotions. Then Selena came downstairs and there could be no more talk about the problem they were facing. However, to John and Ruth's sensitive ears, everything Selena said was fraught with significance. Momentarily, however, John forgot Selena's problem as he railed against Parker, a man who had retained John to take care of him—Parker, a selfish, arrogant old man, filled with self-absorption, calling on John needlessly, taking John away from his research, his job of healing people. "But at my back I always hear, 'Time's winged chariot hurrying near,'" Selena said in her gentle, tired voice. "Is that what you feel about Parker? We talk about the whip-lash of conscience but that's nothing compared to the goad of time. So much to be done . . . really important things; things to be righted, debts to be paid, people to be taken care of. And so little time to do it. That's where the tragedy lies, of course. That no matter how much time we have . . . even if we knew how much . . . it would still not be enough." Ruth and John reached for each other's hands, knowing in that moment that Selena must be told. It fell to John, the doctor who must forget his sense of personal loss, to perform his duty. He fumbled for words until Selena said, "John, what are you trying to tell me—that I have something serious? Something fatal?" John faltered. "I'd like to know the truth," Selena said softly. And so John told

Ruth and John reached blindly for each other's hands, knowing in that moment that Selena must be told.

her. Later that night when Selena had had a chance to adjust to the truth she'd sought, she said to John and Ruth: "You were wondering whether or not you did the right thing in telling me . . . probably condemning yourself for it. Well, that's a question men have been debating for centuries. Would it be a good thing to be able to look into the future, know the exact number of our days? Speaking for myself, I'm glad you told me. I've had a good life and a full life. Which is not to say that I'll be glad to leave it. On the contrary. But with so much criminal waste in the world . . . so much bitterness and fear . . . can you think of any better way to spend your time than by making sure that every day, every hour, every minute counts? So, my dears," Selena continued with a gentle smile, "let's not waste any precious time in grieving, any of us—either now or later."

---

Big Sister is heard, M-F, at 1 P.M. EDT, over CBS, sponsored by Procter & Gamble. The cast includes Grace Matthews as Ruth Wayne (Big Sister), Paul McGrath as John (her husband), Bryna Raeburn as Selena (the former Mrs. Millard Parker).



Home is "the abiding place of the affections" for the Roy Rogers clan. That's why there is

# that old Family feeling

by Duane Valentry



The kids learn about ranching early. Roy believes caring for pets and farm animals helps build a child's character.

It was a sunshiny day in Los Angeles Saturday, August 26, 1950 for Robin Elizabeth. Her newly-opened eyes saw nothing but smiling faces all around her as she lay there snug and beautiful in her blankets. And, although she couldn't know it as yet, snug, too, in the heart of as loving and happy a family brood as any in America . . . the Roy Rogers clan.

King of the Cowboys Roy Rogers and Dale Evans had been married since 1947 and Robin was their first child, although there were three youngsters when widower Roy married Dale. Ever since these three had the news that the newcomer would be along, they had been teetering with delight and suspense. Cheryl, age ten, demanded first chance to hold Robin—Dale had promised them they might learn how to help take care of the infant, and they could hardly wait to begin. "You always get to do everything first, just 'cause you're old!" Linda Lou, who's seven, rebelled. "We'll wait and see, girls," countered Dale, who has to be wise as Solomon in these matters. "And don't forget, she's Dusty's sister, too!"

Dusty, four-year-old namesake of Roy, hitched up his cowboy pants and looked at his older sisters in a superior manner. It wasn't often that he got the chance. Not that his big sisters bossed him, exactly. But when Roy had asked Dusty one day if he had a (Continued on page 69)



Above, Roy and Dusty. Right, Dale Evans Rogers, Linda, Dusty, Cheryl and Roy—everybody except baby Robin, who's still a bit young for square-dancing!

Roy Rogers is heard Fri., 8 P.M. EDT, NBC; Roy Rogers Show seen Sun., 6 P.M. EDT, NBC-TV; both sponsored by General Foods Corp.





Marjorie has learned a lot since her marriage to Dennis, but so has he—watching her paint gave him a new hobby.

Small-town girl gets  
big-town hero—  
but only in the movies.  
At least, that's  
what I thought until

# I LOST MY HEART to DENNIS JAMES

Now that they've found each other, they are spending their Sundays driving around in a new kind of search.





Marjorie didn't smile—at first—when Dennis kissed all the ladies present. There was so much she didn't know about him.

### By MARJORIE JAMES

**L**IKE any other small-town girl, I've done my share of wishful thinking, but my dreams were not Hollywood concoctions. I've sat through movies and watched the girl from Pumpkin Corners lead a sophisticated celebrity to the altar. It never crossed my mind that such things actually happen and when it was about to happen to me—when Dennis James, a television star, began to date me seriously—I was ready to believe it couldn't be true.

Maybe I sound a little crazy but, to understand me, you should know a little of my background. I was born and raised in New Castle, Pennsylvania. My life was in every way small-town. It was normal, ordinary, and I liked it that way.

Twice, I was away from New Castle for extended periods. The first time, I went fifty miles southeast to study at the Art Institute in Pittsburgh. The second trip came about shortly after (Continued on page 95)



Shopping leaves Dennis fresh as a daisy, Marjorie like a wilted violet . . . but she loves the packages!

Dennis James is seen on *Stop the Music*, Thurs., 8 P.M., ABC-TV; *Ted Mack's Original Amateur Hour*, Tues., 10 P.M., NBC-TV; *Down You Go*, Fri., 9 P.M., Du Mont; all sponsored by Old Gold. Also *Wrestling with Dennis James*, Mon., 9:30 P.M., Du Mont. All EDT.



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Virginia Kaye's the center of a happy family now—below, husband Kermit Bloomgarden; above, sons David and John.



# They backed

Fate wrote its own  
script for the  
real-life "Rosemary"  
and gave romance  
a left-handed shove

By GLADYS HALL

**T**HE richest girl in the world! Not in terms of money in the bank nor in worldly goods, spacious and charming as is the nine-room apartment on upper Madison Avenue, New York, which Virginia Kaye calls home—but in terms of husband and children and love and career and interests and friends and satisfactions and fun. For Virginia, the girl in *Rosemary*, Mondays through Fridays on CBS, is in real life the wife of theatrical producer Kermit Bloomgarden, the mother of David, aged five and one-half and John, four; and, within this mystic circle of the family, she holds a lapful and a heartful of the riches that neither rust nor corrupt.

Like *Rosemary*, Virginia has a heart as big as all outdoors—which is actually what led her to love and marriage. During World War II, she and Vivian Smollens were heads of the Junior Hostess Committee of the Stage Door Canteen in New York. A massive job for both the heart and head, with 2,000 girls—before the war ended, 4,000 girls—working under the two young “heads,” and a nightly turnover of from 2,800 to 5,000 servicemen being welcomed, fed and entertained at the Canteen.

Then one day the late Jane Cowl, who was active in the work of the Canteen, brought Kermit Bloomgarden in as business manager, the Executive Director of the Canteen.

“And that was the turning point, really,” says Virginia, “of my whole life.” A turning point to which she did not, however, take too kindly—at the time.

“When Miss Cowl told me that Kermit was coming in, that he had a good business head and here were all these women who needed just that,” Virginia said, laughing, “I thought, Oh, gee, what does she want *him* for! (Continued on page 71)

*Rosemary* is heard daily, M-F, 11:45 A.M. EDT, on CBS. It is sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Ivory Snow and Prell.



Florence helps keep a motherly eye on the boys, playing with their pampered canary, Sandy.

# headlong into love

Dad may be a famous theatrical producer, but the boys are more impressed with him as a supper-hour playmate.



## MARTIN AND LEWIS

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Offstage, Dean looks more like a dark, handsome Romeo than a top radio comedian—and his wife, Jeanne, is a lovely Juliet.



Away from microphone and camera, even the zany Jerry makes a perfect picture of a family man with his wife, Patti, and their young son, Gary.

# Dean Martin— vagabond singer

By MAXINE ARNOLD

**I**T WAS all so casual, that meeting on a New York sidewalk some seven years ago. Just Dino Crocetti, singing son of a barber from Steubenville, Ohio, being introduced by chance to Jerry Levitch, clowning son of a vaudevillian from Newark, New Jersey. Taxis honked impatiently past, home-bound pedestrians brushed by without a glance, although the crooner was definitely dark and handsome and the comedian was tall, with arresting features as elastic as India rubber. No one recognized them, even overhearing their stage names, the ones they were trying so hard to make famous—the very ones which would, indeed, one day spell mirth and laughter for millions of people.

A mutual acquaintance made the introduction: "Dean Martin, meet Jerry Lewis."

"I wonder," Jerry muses today, "what I was



Dean and Jeanne share many interests—and, like Jerry and Patti, are keen shutter-bugs.



But the heart of their home is baby Dino, sheltered from flash-bulbs under that hood!



It's probably a bedtime story, but it would be in keeping if Dean were baritoneing a new ballad to sing his beloved Jeanne to sleep.



# Jerry Lewis— sentimental clown



Chipper, the spaniel, is more than a pet. Jerry insists he gets some of his funniest faces by imitating the dog.

doing 'way over there."

"You were working at the Glass Hat then," Dean reminds him.

"But that's another part of town," says Jerry. Obviously moved, he adds: "Those things don't just happen. God sent you there, Dean. And He sent me there."

Dean nods in agreement. "Yes, we can thank God that He was looking down at that time. On both of us."

No one could ever convince Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis that the One who has His eye on the sparrow didn't have an eye, too, on that memorable meeting which was destined to lead to such a fabulous future for them both. For theirs is a story of faith and friendship which is as heartwarming as it has been, at times, hilarious.

Today, their teaming means that they average about \$2,000,000 a year. That they are paid \$25,000 per Colgate Comedy Hour on television, \$7,500 a week for the Martin-Lewis show on radio, \$10,000 minimum each week of night-club appearances. That they get an unprecedented percentage of the profits from every motion picture they make for Hal Wallis and fifty cents on every dollar taken in at theatres during their personal appearances.

It means a thousand young TV fans thronging an alley in back of San Francisco's Fox Theatre, singing the Colgate commercial. It means an Indian in Arizona, unable to speak English, making sign language for their autographs. A pretty young teenager touching Dean as he passes through the mob outside the broadcasting studio and sighing ecstatically, "I won't wash that hand for a year!" And a small redhaired boy waiting in freezing cold weather near a stage door, for "just one more look at Jerry."

Of all the attempts to explain the success of Martin and Lewis and their uninhibited zany humor, perhaps columnist Nick Kenny came closest to the truth when he wrote: "They appeal only to children—and, thank God, they make children of us all."

But such fame and fortune came long after that first historic meeting. And, to go back even further, it's intriguing that Jerry had actually seen and heard Dean before, when he was singing in New York's Riobamba night club, billed as Dino Martini. Jerry—who now refers to Dean as "the guy who's half my life"—says bluntly of that evening, "I didn't know the bill had changed; I went to hear Frank Sinatra." Dean himself was so scared he swears his knees were shaking "like maracas and people sitting ringside thought I was singing a rhumba." Those people, incidentally, included Sinatra himself, Perry Como, Dick Haymes, Burns and Allen—"wherever I looked, famous faces." To make matters worse,



It's been an exciting past and present for ex-vocalist Patti and her Jerry—and their future looks even more fascinating!

when it came time for him to go on, nobody introduced him. Dean waited and waited to hear his name called. Finally, he just walked out and told the audience he was going to sing. Jerry, the lanky youth at the bar, didn't ask the management for his money back.

"I thought he was great. There was no strain in his voice. He sang so *smooth*. I even remember what you wore," he recalls to his partner. "A light blue dinner jacket, white pants and a maroon tie." Dean grins: "That was a maroon year."

After their red-letter "formal" meeting on the sidewalks of New York, Dean and Jerry followed one another around the country playing the same clubs—but never together. They used to leave notes for each other, written on the walls of the various dressing rooms. For instance, when Martin checked in at the Del Rio in Washington, he'd be welcomed by Jerry's scribbled "Hi, Dean. Hope you do as well as I did. . . ." Lewis was also out in front the first time Dean played Loew's State Theatre on Broadway. "He was holding onto something all the time he was singing," says Jerry. "I couldn't imagine what he had in his hand." Later, he learned that what Dean had been gripping so tightly was a little white cross.

Eventually, it had to happen. They were booked at the same time into the same entertainment emporium, the "500" Club in Atlantic City. That's when Martin (Continued on page 83)

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Martin and Lewis are heard Fri., 8:30 P.M. EDT, NBC, for American Chicle, Chesterfield, Whitehall, and often seen on Colgate Comedy Hour, Sun., 8 P.M. EDT, NBC-TV.



Jerry makes amateur movies with professional expertness. Always busy, if he isn't somewhere doing something, he's on the phone making plans to go somewhere and—etc., etc.





Mother and Dad may be strict—I've thought so, at times. But, now I'm seventeen, I find it helps to be friends with them and get their cooperation on important things—like handling men!



Family interference, especially on dates, is a problem to any teenster—even a TV star—until you learn

# PARENTS

**D**EAR MARY: I got the letter you wrote when you were away for Easter vacation but I have been so busy with school and dating and our TV Teen Club that I am just now getting a chance to answer you. It was wonderful that you had such a glorious time and met some new boys and got to see some shows and go dancing, and I hope it's just the beginning of good times for you.

Now, as to your questions about how I handled the "dating problem," as you call it, at your age. There really isn't so much difference between us, Mary. You are fifteen, and a sophomore, and I am seventeen, finishing my senior year at Philadelphia's Frankfort High School, but we are still both in school and are therefore governed by the demands of keeping up our grades and the wishes of our parents. In addition, I co-emcee the Whiteman TV Teen Club every Saturday night, so I have that added responsibility and also that wonderful added opportunity for fun and excitement, but like any other girl I like to have an extra-special date of my own on Saturday, after the show. I know you do, too.

From what you have always told me, your parents, like mine, are quite understanding. If only teenagers (*Continued on page 88*)

Nancy Lewis is co-emcee on the Paul Whiteman TV Teen Club, Sat., 8 P.M. EDT, ABC-TV, for Nash-Kelvinator.



Age isn't everything. Bobby Gregg, on our show, is younger than I am but we still have fun on a date.

# are People too! *by Nancy Lewit*



# BRIGHTER DAY—



Althea has always used men to serve her own selfish purposes, to aid in her relentless ambition to become a star. But then, Larry sought Althea's friendship after the death of his brother and Althea found him attractive. Knowing he cares for Vicki, Althea draws him closer, seeking aid and advice.

# a startling love triangle

Althea made Larry believe, as only a woman can, that she loved him. But what of Vicki, the woman who really holds Larry's heart?

Vicki returns to Plymouth to find that Larry, the man she loves, has turned to her best friend, Althea, in her absence.



Althea takes a curtain call. At last she is on her way to becoming a star. As the audience applauds her performance, Althea returns again and again to the stage.

**W**HEN Vicki returned to Plymouth that cool morning in spring, she was the first to hear the gossip about the close association that had been formed between her best friend, Althea, and Larry Race, the man she loves. It was an odd situation with attractive, desirable Althea, whose ambitions had always driven her to use men who could serve to further her career, suddenly appearing to be genuinely in love with Larry. It was understandable that Larry, in Vicki's

**See Next Page** →



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See Next Page →

**BRIGHTER DAY—**  
a startling  
love triangle



Tragedy lies in success. After prolonging the applause Althea returns for her final bows, a rope weakens, a sand-bag falls, injuring Althea—perhaps fatally.

The Reverend Dennis bends over Althea as she calls for Larry. The doctor has told Papa Dennis possibilities of her recovery are slim. She may not live!



absence, had turned to Althea for friendship during the disturbing period right after his brother's death. Vicki could not know that, with her return, Larry was slowly realizing the extent to which he had become involved with Althea. She could not know that Larry was becoming aware of Althea's selfishness, her possessiveness, yes, even the destructive quality of Althea's love for him. For even if Vicki had sensed these things, she would not have admitted them—for wasn't Althea

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Pictured here, as on the air, are:

Liz Dennis.....	Margaret Draper
Rev. Richard Dennis.....	Bill Smith
Grayling Dennis.....	Bob Pollock
Althea.....	Joan Alexander
Larry Race.....	Les Damon
Dr. Ted Holden.....	Bud Collyer
Vicki.....	Elaine Rost

BRIGHTER DAY—M-F, 2:45 P.M. EDT, CBS  
Sponsored by Procter & Gamble

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A specialist is called in from Chicago. Larry hears from the specialist that Altheo must be given an incentive to fight back, to live. She may never walk.



Althea wants only Larry's assurance of love—a love Larry knows is false because it is Vicki who has his heart. But, Larry keeps up the pretense with Altheo.



Dr. Ted Holden, nerve specialist, argues with Larry and Rev. Dennis. Altheo must be told the true state of her health. She must be forced to face reality.



Rev. Dennis and his son, Groyling, are desperately concerned about the emotional crisis between Altheo and Larry. Altheo has found out she's paralyzed!

her best friend? That's the way things stood the night that Althea took her prolonged curtain call in her first big theatrical break. The curtain call during which a sandbag fell and Althea was injured—perhaps permanently. The whole Dennis household, the Reverend Dennis, Liz now in New York and Grayling were deeply concerned when the doctor's first opinion was that Althea did not have a chance for recovery. A specialist from Chicago was called in and he confirms the local doctor's suspicions that even if Althea recovers she will be paralyzed from her waist down. Regaining consciousness Althea calls for Larry and Larry is told by the doctors that above all nothing must be done which will upset Althea—her morale

must be kept at a high point to give her the strength she will need to struggle for her life. Then begins Larry's desperate masquerade. Althea demands love from Larry, a love which rightfully belongs to Vicki. Vicki in turn tells her mother that she cannot restrain her heart—she truly loves Larry but she feels it is his duty to give Althea the assurance, the help she must have in her struggle against death. Papa Dennis is a calm but torn man as he watches the conflict—the life of his daughter hanging by a slim thread, the thread of love which Larry pretends he has, while Papa Dennis knows Larry can love only one woman—Vicki. Should Althea be told the truth, even if it threatens her very life?

# Jack Carson's Happiness Homestead



JACK BOUGHT SOME COWBOY BOOTS FOR HIS SON—NEVER GUESSING



They all have ponies now—Jack, John and little Cathy—plus their own wonderful C Bar S ranch to ride around. John has a lasso, too, and uses it almost too well for his fond papa's comfort!

### By BETTY MILLS

**O**UT AROUND Calabasas, a rich pastoral community some twenty-five miles up the San Fernando Valley from Hollywood, there is a small white house sitting atop a hill. The official name of this house is C Bar S and it commands a view of forty-eight acres of lush green pastures, sturdy white board fences and tall, proud trees. It is the kind of ranch most persons would dream of owning and, but for a pair of cowboy boots, might still just be a vague desire in the heart of Jack Carson, its present owner. Today, when Jack Carson rushes from the hectic rehearsals of NBC-TV's Colgate Comedy hour or their All Star Revue to jump in his car, he often smiles to himself, happily humming over that fatal day the cowboy boots entered his life.

"It all began several years ago when my friend, Dennis Morgan, was making a movie called 'Cheyenne,'" Jack said, with his contented smile. "I returned from Wyoming, where I'd been visiting Dennis, with this pair of boots for John. John was crazy about them and nearly drove me wild asking for a cowboy suit to go with the boots.

"So, I got him a cowboy suit. Then, he looked all dressed up like a miniature Hopalong Cassidy, riding a broomstick around the backyard. So I got him a pony. A sort of surprise birthday gift. It looked like such fun—John riding that pony—I thought I'd better get a horse for myself. Just to keep John company, you know.

"Well, you can't keep a horse and a pony in your flower garden when you live in the city—so, the ranch was inevitable. Pretty smart boy, eh?"

Even if Jack kids about his son (Continued on page 79)

Jack Carson is a frequent headliner on Both All Star Revue—Sat., 8 P.M., for Kellogg, Snow Crop, Pet Milk—and the Comedy Hour sponsored by Colgate-Palmolive-Peet, Sun., 8 P.M. All EDT, on NBC-TV.



John ropes a "steer," as Jack and Cathy cheer. They have grand times together out on the range—then find the ranch house a cosy haven for reading comics.



HAT A CHASE THEY WOULD LEAD HIM



*Millicent McKean*

**E**QUALLY at home in comedy or drama, Millicent McKean, the "inspired adolescent" has been playing Homer's girl friend on the Aldrich Family since its inception on TV over three years ago.

Millie, who started her acting career at the age of five, is already a veteran at eighteen. Her list of theatre, movie and radio appearances is staggering. As the irrepressible Fluffy in "Junior Miss," she toured the strawhat circuit for two seasons and has also played the kid sister in the Broadway play, "Dear Ruth." Movie fans will remember her in "Fourteen Hours" and "Carnegie Hall."

There are few important radio or TV shows that have not called upon this gifted gal whose video performance in "Ah Wilderness" drew rave notices from the critics. She's been on Studio One, Cameo Theatre, Schlitz Playhouse, just to mention a few. In the radio department "Mac" has been heard on Theatre Guild of the Air, the Bob Hope Show and countless others.

This ingenue, who sings and dances too, (she was the youngest contestant ever to win the New Jersey State dancing championship) comes by her talent naturally, being the granddaughter of the late Andrew Mack, famous for his part in "Abie's Irish Rose."

Millicent commutes from her home in Passaic, New Jersey, for classes at Marymount College. An outdoor girl she excels at baseball and has won trophies for swimming, which leaves just one burning ambition—her own television variety show.

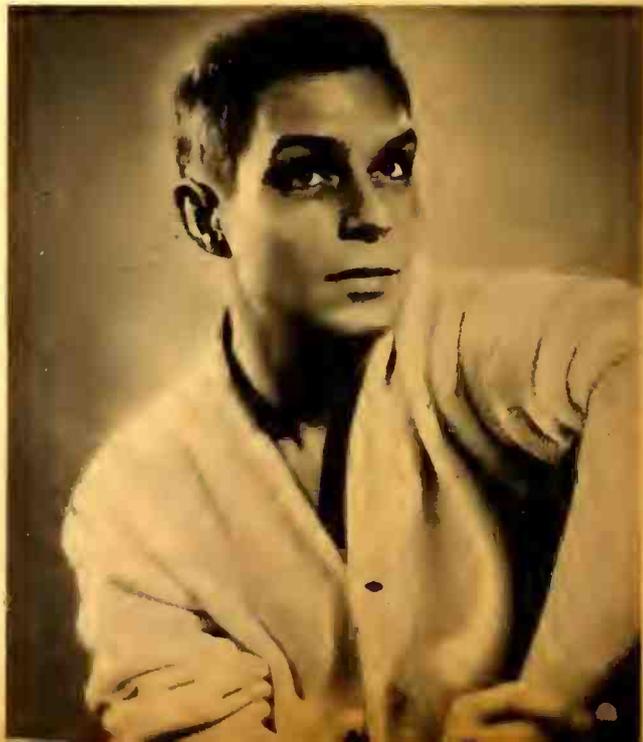
# who's who in

**O**NLY a hair's breadth (or length) away from TV success, Woody Parker never knew it until one producer tipped him off with "Woody, you're just too good-looking for the parts," and suggested that he get a crew cut. That did the trick and he's been busy ever since with appearances on Studio One and Suspense.

Before breaking into video, Woody had no small success in radio and listeners have heard him as Brad in Rosemary, and in other daytime programs, Pepper Young's Family and When a Girl Marries. He got his secure foothold in this medium with super-salesman techniques such as touring the casting offices of various stations with a basket of apples bearing his professional card tied to the stem. He had paved the way for himself a week earlier with postcards asking "Would it help if I brought you an apple?" This non-subtle approach netted some parts and soon Woody's credits included Cavalcade of America and Dr. Christian.

The photogenic six-footer was born twenty-nine years ago in Glendale, California, where his first work behind the footlights was as puppeteer with a marionette show. After a few seasons of acting in summer stock, he got his first big break playing second lead with Ethel Barrymore in "Miss Hattie." On a recent trip to Europe, Woody took time out from sight-seeing for a role in an Italian movie.

Parker's hobby is interior decorating.



*Woody Parker*

# RADIO-TV

IT WAS a phenomenal day in the Junior World when Princess Summerfall Winterspring came to life on NBC-TV's Howdy Doody Show.

The live princess, who sometimes goes among the palefaces incognito as Judy Tyler, is probably the only person who has ever replaced a puppet on television and then become a radio personality. The young fry now hear her on the radio Howdy Doody program, too.

She was born nineteen summers ago in an Indian village known as Milwaukee. Her father, Chief Julian Hess, played a "hot sweet trumpet" for such ceremonial dance band leaders as Ben Bernie, Paul Whiteman and Benny Goodman. Her mother, a squaw of unmatched beauty, had been a Ziegfeld girl, named Lorelei Kendler.

After studying at the Ballet Arts School and the Academy of Dramatic Arts, Judy sang and danced on the radio and made her TV debut as a teen-age Conover model. Since then, viewers have had the pleasure of watching this attractive girl on Milton Berle's Texaco Star Theatre, the Colgate Comedy Hour and the All Star Revue.

The Princess, who stands five feet, four and a half inches in her moccasins, is a real beauty with dimples, fair skin and dark eyes. She loves painting and seems to prefer doing pictures of Indians. Judy's goal is musical comedy and the movies—in her case it seems a realistic one.



Judy  
Tyler



Milton DeLugg

MILT DELUGG blandly admits that he didn't start out to be a comedian; his humor comes naturally, stemming from his apparent naivete before the cameras. Although he used to worry about whether the audience was laughing with him or at him, now Milt doesn't care so long as they laugh.

The talented accordionist, featured on such video shows as Breakfast with Music and Dagmar's Canteen, has several Hit Parade ditties to his credit, among them "Orange Colored Sky" and "Hoop de Doo." These he penned while serving time on the TV Broadway Open House. Incongruously enough, Milt has composed in the serious vein, too, impressionistic pieces like "Pinwheel."

It was Milt's father who unknowingly started the entertainer on his musical career, at the age of seven, when he bought the young boy a miniature accordion. Hailed as a child prodigy he later joined the staff of a radio station in his home town, Los Angeles.

The bespectacled musician has been in every branch of show business—night clubs, Broadway musicals, and the movies. While serving with the Army Air Force, Milt helped to organize the Santa Ana Orchestra.

The TV performer claims he knotted the nuptial tie in a shotgun marriage. Reporting to his draft board, he found Ann Renfer sitting behind the chairman's desk, and Milt insists she snared him first. The couple make their home in New York City with three-year-old son Michael.

# Whispering Streets

YOUR STREET, MY STREET HAS A STORY TO

By HOPE WINSLOW

I AM A writer, a collector of stories. The stories that come from the whispering streets of the world are the gems of my collection. Probably one of the most exciting streets in the world is not really a street at all. It's a thoroughfare, the Queensboro bridge, spanning the wide, deep East River. On this bridge Jack Mansfield walked one morning in May. The sun was just breaking through the haze which enveloped the skyline of Manhattan, from which majestic towers loomed in breathless splendor. But Jack was walking hunched over, unaware of the perfume of the early morning, unaware of man's handiwork creating beauty to match nature's efforts. For Jack had one thing on his mind—death, self-destruction. Weary, lonely, discouraged, Jack was seeking a way out. Jack paused and stared down into the slow flow of the current, oblivious to the girl next to him until she spoke. "It's a beautiful morning, isn't it?" she said almost breathlessly. "I can feel the warmth of the breeze off the river and the sun. It seems to warm me all the way to my heart. It's so good to be alive." "Cut the preaching," came Jack's angry words. "Preaching?" she said puzzled. "I just thought you were happy like me—I beg your pardon. I didn't mean to intrude." Something about the girl made Jack speak. He'd recently returned from Korea and, on the evening of his return, he had happily

packed his entire family into the car—his mother, his father, his kid sister, his kid brother. Returning home from a wonderful celebration, the steering gear of the car locked and there had been a terrible sickening crash. He'd escaped without a scratch, but the rest . . . his body shook with soundless sobs. "I'm sorry," the girl said softly. "If you could only find some release—if only a man could cry as a woman would, cry to wash away the wounds of the soul," she continued. Jack looked at her and his face hardened. She was making fun of him, belittling him. "Look sister," his voice was cruel and harsh. "Just take a look. What have you got eyes for, if you can't see what's going on in front of you?" "I'm sorry," she said, her voice still even. "You see, I'm blind." Instinctively, Jack reached out his hand for hers, as if this gesture would cover the hurt he'd inflicted. Suddenly the blackness lifted from his face and his voice matched hers, "No, it is I who should be sorry. Come, let's walk across the bridge and I will be your eyes, if you will in turn give me some of the beauty of your soul." Yes, the streets, the thoroughfares of the world, do indeed have stories to tell if we but listen to their whispering.

Whispering Streets is heard M-F, 10:25 A.M. EDT, over ABC, sponsored by General Mills. Pictured at right are actor James Monks as Jack, actress Jean Gillespie as the girl, with writer Hope Winslow.

TELL IF WE BUT LISTEN TO ITS WHISPERING



# Whispering Streets

YOUR STREET, MY STREET HAS A STORY TO TELL IF WE BUT LISTEN TO ITS WHISPERING

By HOPE WINSLOW

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When Kathi Norris and Wilbur Stark met each agreed that marriage was not for them . . .



And now they are three: Wilbur, Kathi and young Pamela, five-going-on-six.

She thought she had

# NO TIME FOR ROMANCE

By FRANCES KISH

**T**HIS IS the story of a girl who thought she had no time for romance, and of a boy who wanted to get ahead before he settled down to what he thought was the humdrum of matrimony. They met, they dated, and they told each other frankly that marriage was not for them.

How nice, she thought. He'll never get the idea that just because I like to have dinner with him I am leading him on. He'll realize that I can like him and want his opinions about things without being in love with him.

How good, he thought, to know a (Continued on page 98)

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Kathi Norris is heard on *Escape With Me*, Tues., 8:30 P.M. EDT, ABC; the Kathi Norris Show is seen M-F, 11 A.M. EDT, over WABD (DuMont).



Home and "business" make a happy blending now for the Starks. It's a toss-up which they enjoy more—scripts or bedtime stories!



# That Old Family Feeling

(Continued from page 46)

preference for either a brother or a sister, he'd said quickly, "No, Daddy, just a baby!" It was evident he figured a brother or sister would necessarily be older, whereas a baby sounded like someone he could handle a little better.

The Rogers have their home on an acre and a half of wooded ground in the Hollywood hills. Commuting distance from the radio studio for broadcasting, the motion picture studio where TV films are made, yet not so citified that a cowboy or his kids can't look up to see a broad expanse of open blue sky above the tall pines. With a pond well-stocked with fish, and enough rustic space to give them all—including the four Weimaraner dogs—plenty of room to coast around in. The badminton court serves as a playground and runway for bikes and Dusty, in cowboy togs, is usually busily pumping his tricycle back and forth.

WHEN Roy and Dale were married, they had a few good talks about bringing up a family. They agreed on the importance of making a real home for the children . . . home, not a house and grounds, but according to Webster's definition: "the abiding place of the affections." In order to make such a home for Roy and his three, Dale decided to forego her bright career on the screen for the full-time job of being Mrs. Rogers. She wanted with her whole heart to be a true mother and to help the children know the happiness of a complete family life.

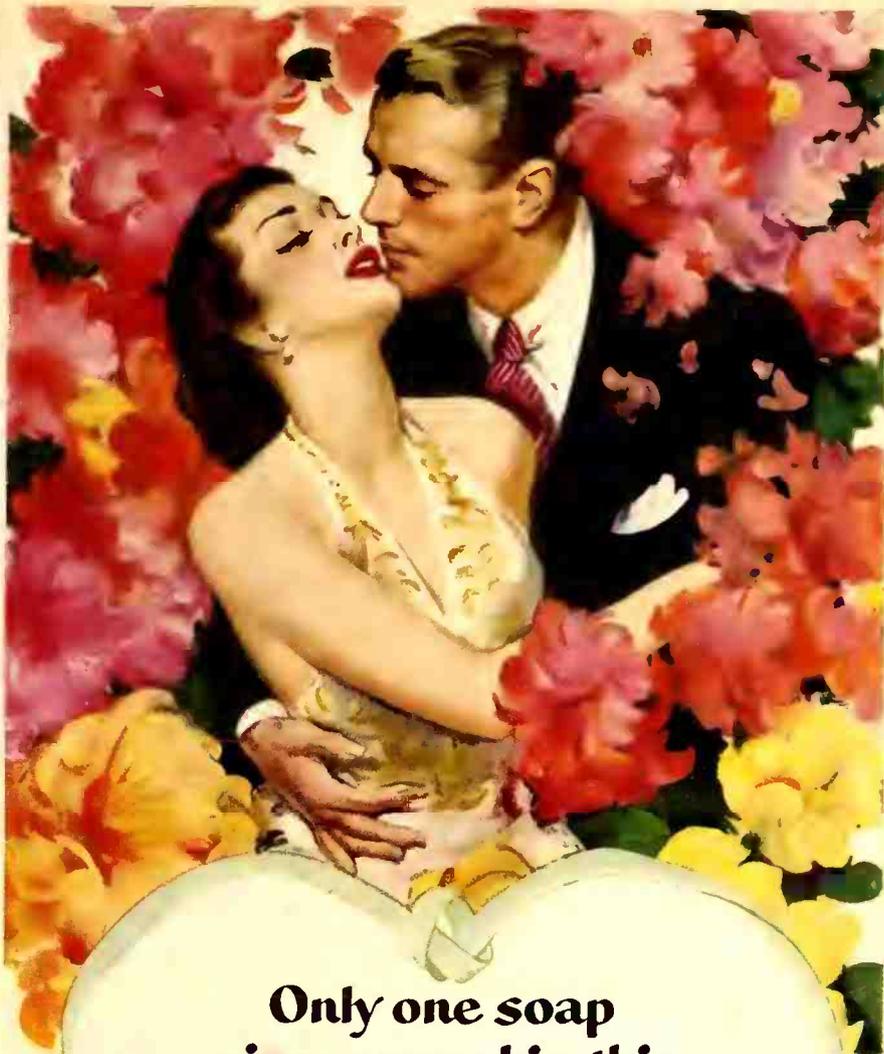
Home, then, was Number One in the Rogers plan. But, not long after the two were married, letters began to pour in by the thousands demanding that Dale continue to co-star in Roy's films. The Rogers' mail is nothing to take lightly, coming as it does from all over the globe in staggering quantities, so Dale began to make plans for returning to work.

"This posed a problem, at first, and seemed likely to upset our well-laid plans," says Dale. "Then we decided we ought to be able to work it out if I appeared only in Roy's films or with him on radio or TV. This would give us the same hours and the same vacations. So far it has worked out beautifully, with careful organizing."

They agreed that one or both must be home every night to eat dinner with the youngsters. This resolve enables them to keep pace with all the little doings of the day. At the table, each takes a turn saying grace, including Dusty, because that was the custom in Dale's family and she thinks it's a good one.

Whenever possible, the kids go along on out-of-town tours unless it breaks into school time. On one such occasion, Roy came home to tell Dale they were set for a personal appearance trip to Kansas City. "Shall we take the children?" asked Dale. "Why not?" Roy answered, and shortly after broke the good news to them. Later that day Dale missed the usual afternoon hullabaloo around the yard and went looking for the reason for all the quiet.

She found the two girls energetically packing suitcases, with practically all their belongings littered about the room in wild confusion. "But, girls, we don't go for two weeks yet!" she reminded them. "We know," said Cheryl, hardly looking up from her packing, "but we want to be sure we're ready!" So, for two weeks the suitcases stood at attention, with new additions tucked in almost daily. Actually, when the big day came at last, both girls

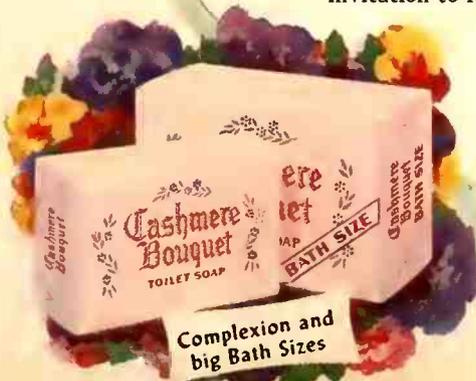


Only one soap  
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*Exciting Bouquet*

And Cashmere Bouquet is proved extra mild . . . leaves  
your skin softer, fresher, younger looking!

Now Cashmere Bouquet Soap—with the lingering, irresistible "fragrance men love"—is proved by test to be extra mild too! Yes, so amazingly mild that its gentle lather is ideal for *all types* of skin—dry, oily, or normal! And daily cleansing with Cashmere Bouquet helps bring out the flower-fresh softness, the delicate smoothness, the exciting loveliness you long for! Use Cashmere Bouquet Soap regularly . . . for the finest complexion care . . . for a fragrant invitation to romance!



Now at lowest price!

**Cashmere  
Bouquet  
Soap**

—Adorns your skin with the  
fragrance men love!

"**DRY SKIN** is my problem," says Virginia Kavanagh of New York City. "Noxzema helps my skin look smoother and it is so refreshing. It's a pleasure to use it!"

# look lovelier in 10 days

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See for yourself if Noxzema's Home Beauty Routine doesn't help your skin look smoother, lovelier!

This easy routine was developed by a skin doctor. In actual clinical tests, it helped 4 out of 5 women with problem skin to have lovelier-looking complexions.

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See if it doesn't help you. No matter how many other creams you have used, try Noxzema. Remember, it is a *medicated* formula. That's **ONE** secret of its amazing effectiveness.

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**Blemishes\***: "I always use Noxzema under my make-up and I'm delighted with the way it helps heal blemishes\*," says Paulette Hendrix of Savannah, Ga.

**"Creamwash"**: "My skin looks smoother since I 'creamwash' regularly with Noxzema," says Phyllis Riggs of Brooklyn. "I recommend it to my friends."



**Want to look lovelier? Try this simple Beauty Routine!**



**Morning: 1.** Apply Noxzema liberally to face and neck. Then with a cloth wrung out in warm water wash your face with Noxzema instead of using soap. See how fresh your skin looks when you "creamwash" with Noxzema! **2.** Apply Noxzema as a powder base.

**Evening: 3.** "Creamwash" again. See how make-up and dirt disappear! **4.** Now apply Noxzema as night cream to help skin look softer, smoother. Pat a bit extra over any blemishes\* to help heal them.

\*externally-caused



**NOXZEMA** skin cream

remembered items they just couldn't go without, and there was a mad scurrying at the last minute."

Roy owns a grain and fruit ranch at Lake Hughes, sixty miles out of Hollywood in Antelope Valley, and here the family enjoys short or long vacations together whenever they can slip away from town. This is home for Trigger and Trigger, Jr., and a base for the hunting and fishing trips Roy enjoys.

You only find the Rogers' name in the Hollywood columns for good news items, such as the birth of Robin, or the huge Sheriff's Charity Rodeo Roy led recently in Los Angeles, or the nationwide Accident-Prevention Awards he sponsors yearly for schools. They don't visit night clubs, having neither the time nor the inclination. They enjoy too much the perpetual three-ring circus which enlivens their own Hollywood rancho. Since Robin Elizabeth turned out to be a girl . . . the family may settle for a boy, too. "We can't have Dusty growing up in a family of women," Roy says, so they now contemplate adopting a little brother.

Item Number Two on the Rogers plan is to make certain their children are educated for the down-to-earth realities of life. Although there are two household helpers—Emily and the nurse, Virginia—the girls make their own beds and tidy their own rooms, wash out socks and do other small chores, as well as managing their allowances. Dale, who does the supermarketing for the household, takes all three along with her.

"They're learning to buy their own things and to keep track of money. If they lose anything—Cheryl lost her watch not long ago—they're not handed a new one, but have to help earn a replacement for themselves. Also, they're learning that if they spend their money on something foolish they'll wish they hadn't when they want to get something more important!"

**T**HE GIRLS take piano and dancing lessons. Dale supervises the lessons and sees to it that the girls practice. Being a musical person, she manages to convey to them some idea of the pleasure this ability will give them all through life.

Music is a mighty friendly thing, around the Rogers house, and there isn't really much coaxing needed to make the children like it. They know scores of Western songs and many evenings are spent harmonizing around the piano. Dale and Roy both learned the fun of family music, when they were growing up in homes that had no television or radio but depended instead on homemade jollity for tune-happy evenings.

Cheryl and Linda go to a public school in Hollywood. Formerly, they attended a private school near their home, but one day Cheryl walked into the house with an extra tip-tilt to her snub nose. Dale did some psychological snooping and soon learned the reason for Cheryl's slightly majestic attitude. Some of the girls at school had been kowtowing to her because her father was Roy Rogers. Not long after that, they were transferred to a public school and, in addition, had a little heart-to-heart talk with Roy and Dale:

"People are only interested in you if you are good kids, not because we're in the movies or any foolishness like that. As long as you keep the rules, you can be photographed for the magazines along with the rest of the family, and people will want to see you. But, as soon as you get any silly ideas that you're anyone special, or don't behave, nobody will want to see your pictures, anyway."

The candid chat worked like a charm. The youngsters like to pose with their

parents, and Roy feels it is the right of an interested public to know the members of the family. The children are unspoiled and unassuming, and very likely will grow up to be "plain folks" like their sensible parents.

Everywhere you look at the Rogers' you see a member of the animal kingdom. Dogs, of course—there's a new litter of seven pups (up at the ranch the family stops counting dogs at sixteen!)—and cats, hamsters, Roy's prized racing pigeons and a pet coon he's teaching to do tricks. That's the roll call of furred and feathered creatures in town. But the two girls each have ponies, also, which are kept at the ranch, and Dad is looking around for a suitable mount for Dusty.

The love of animals goes way back with Roy. When he was a farm kid in Duck Run, Ohio, he got his first horse to ride and had the thrill of his life trotting her to school. Interspersed with the farm chores and fun of family life—Roy has three sisters—the companionship of pets meant a lot to the future cowboy. Responsibility for the care of an animal or two, Roy feels, is something every child ought to learn.

Farm chores in Duck Run seemed to lead naturally to a ranch job in Arizona, then peach-picking and California. Sometime later came the historic day when young Rogers, who liked to sing and twang a guitar, answered an ad and joined Bob Nolan's singing group, which later became the Sons of the Pioneers. The group sang at Lions Club dances and other such affairs, then branched out on KFVB as the Texas Outlaws. Fame and Fortune were right around the corner.

Just about the same time Dale, daughter of a Texas cotton-planter, was settling down to be an efficient secretary. She had run away at sixteen to be married—unhappily, as it turned out—and now had a son to support. Today Tommy, a recent USC graduate, has grown up to be a handsome young man, married to the girl whose books he'd been carrying. Dale's proud of him, although she looks far too pertly young to have any children older than the current crop at home.

As a secretary, Dale did some singing one day for the other members of the staff and the boss put her on his radio show. Soon, like Roy, she was on her way, with a screen test and Republic Studio contract looming just ahead.

Although the phenomenally popular Roy Rogers-Dale Evans radio, screen and TV combination has achieved the affluence you'd expect, the family is kept within strict budget limits by a stern business manager. They get only so much for household expenses and they have to make it suffice. Money isn't the only thing budgeted, either. There is just so much time allotted for television and radio programs. Hopalong is approved looking for the kids. But Roy and Dale, like a few million other American parents, have given thoughtful consideration to the question of television, and have decided they want their children self-sufficient enough to know how to make their own fun without leaning solely on what's dished up mechanically for them.

They therefore encourage song sessions and other fun of their own making, and either or both parents are at home most evenings. Natural rough-housing and high spirits (to a point) seldom get a "no," and likely enough Dale will prep Cheryl on the latest tap dance step she's dying to show company. Meanwhile, Roy may essay a game of parcheesi with Linda and Dusty or, some nights, putter around awhile in his wood shop, band his pigeons or tutor the pet coon. A frequent visitor at the house is Dr. Jack MacArthur, the dynamic young pastor of the Fountain Avenue Baptist Church in Hollywood, of which Dale and Roy are active members.

Which brings us to a major point in the Rogers Family Plan . . . their spiritual upbringing of the children. Both feel it to be vital—the stabilizing background a child needs to draw upon in later life and even during schooldays, to combat deleterious influences. Both went to Sunday School as children, sang in the choir, and regularly attended church.

The children's wonder and delight over Robin is boundless. Each has stared fixedly at her until they know every small feature by heart. One day, shortly after her birth, Dusty peered into her face with intense interest. Then, looking up at Dale with a rather worried expression, he asked, "Gee, how will she be able to eat with such a little, *tiny* mouth?"

On school mornings the kids are picked up by a kind neighbor, Mrs. Kelly, who lives at the foot of the hill and has a brood of her own. Afternoons, Dale returns the favor by bringing the children home.

There's an easy, pleasant charm about the Rogers' house and its people, and a warm atmosphere of affection you can't miss. The happiest moment for Roy and Dale—up to the time Robin came on the scene—occurred when the girls sort of naturally called Dale "Mom" one day. Dale felt a wonderful glow when it happened. "Guess I'm the luckiest woman in the world," she said fervently.

The whole family is partial to Western duds, and the King of the Cowboys himself has seldom been seen in "civvies." Even on his wedding day his attire was not disappointing . . . a dark blue cowboy outfit with soft kidskin boots. Dale wore a plain blue suit, although she, too, has a lot of fancy Western clothes and likes to don blue jeans for most of their casual, outdoor living.

Extravagances, as such, are limited to Trigger's \$5,000 jeweled "show" saddle which makes young eyes open wide. For plain, everyday wear Trigger and Pal, Dale's horse, both have \$1,500 silver saddles, and Trigger, the world-renowned, travels in a super-de luxe trailer. This equipment accompanies Roy and Dale each year on their fabulous Championship Rodeo tours which regularly break all records. Kids in big cities and small towns cram, jam, and pack to watch Roy put Trigger through his dance steps and bows—the big horse almost seems to smile at his youthful audience—and Dale and Pal are almost as popular.

On each of these trips, Roy makes many side visits to children's hospitals to give youngsters who can't get to the rodeo a chance to touch Trigger's muzzle, see him do some tricks, and hear a few Western songs. Thousands of bedridden boys and girls have had the thrill of their young lives when the gentle and beautiful horse pushed their wheelchairs or softly nuzzled their pillows.

Roy loves kids just about as much as the kids love him. He tries to answer a large amount of the fan mail he gets from them. Big and tough a cowhand as he is, he often finds a lump in his throat when he reads scrawls that end up: "I say my prayers for you every night. . . ."

Such letters and the trusting adoration the kids have for him have made Roy Rogers more than ready to try to be all that those kids expect him to be. And he's found the right partner, in Dale Evans, to help him handle his own corral.

## They Backed Headlong Into Love

(Continued from page 51)

I thought of him as an intrusion. You see, I'd met him before. . . ."

In order to explain this reaction on the part of the young lady, Virginia goes back a stretch to the days when the very young Miss Kaye was struggling to get started on a career. In the theatre, which was Virginia's first ambition, the teen-aged girl had managed to get her first job, a part in a Theatre Guild play which never came into New York.

"I was marking time," Virginia said, "after the out-of-town opening, still hoping my career in the theatre would continue, when Elspeth Eric, who was in the Guild show with me, asked me one day: 'What are you doing with yourself?' 'I'm waiting,' I told her, 'hoping the play may come in.' 'By the time that happens, you'll be a character actress,' laughed the more seasoned Elspeth, 'meantime, have you ever thought of radio?' I never had. I asked: 'How do you get into radio?' Elspeth answered by sending me to someone she knew for my first radio audition. I'd

never seen a mike before, let alone stood up in front of one and at the audition, I stood on the dead side of the mike. Meaning that to the director in the control room, I was mutely making faces! I nevertheless managed to get the job, in a daytime drama which ran for about a year and fascinated me largely because Van Heflin, Arlene Francis, Selena Royal and other celebrities were on the show and I was a fan then, as I am now.

"By the time that show came to an end, I was still so ignorant and dopey about how to get other jobs that when Elspeth, again to the rescue, asked me: 'Have you been to other agencies?' the answer was a nitwit 'No.' Said Elspeth, patiently, 'You have to pursue jobs, you know.' Whereupon she gave me a list of agencies to which, in alphabetical order, I dutifully applied. Soon I started working regularly. I did a running part on Joyce Jordan, with Betty Winkler playing the lead. I also did a few plays on Broadway—the revival of 'Ah, Wilderness,' 'In Bed We Cry,' with Ilka Chase, a small part in 'Kiss Them For

Me' with Richard Widmark and Judy Holliday, and went on tour with Jane Cowl in 'Old Acquaintance.'

"Which brings me to Kermit and why I got the 'Oh, gee,' creeps when I heard he was coming into the Canteen. Now a theatrical producer with, among others, 'Death Of A Salesman,' 'Command Decision' and 'Another Part of the Forest' to his credit, Kerm was a business manager in those days and every now and again I'd meet him in one or another of the offices where I was job-hunting. He used to scare me. I'm the outgoing type; Kerm's retiring, so retiring that I, not recognizing shyness when I saw it, thought he was rude. I'm very full of bounce and bingo!" laughed tall, reddish-haired, gray-eyed Virginia. "Kermit has this quiet way of handling things. It's Kermit's kind of stability that gets things done, as nine profoundly satisfying years of marriage have taught me, but I didn't realize that then. I was afraid of him. I used to nod to him; he used to half-smile back at me.

"I must say I was impressed with him

... first day he came into the Canteen; impressed with his quiet, direct manner, the way he cut through problems, cleaner and better than anyone I had ever known. In short, I saw Jane Cow's point in bringing him in, but that was all.

"As time went by, I was still without any interest in Kermit, except I did have a growing respect for him. He'd be present at the Canteen only two or three times a week, usually at night, but he attended all Board meetings and was always available at his office to which we could go to ask him to get things done for us. Because I had so many ideas in connection with the Canteen, ideas I had to clear with Kermit, I went often to his office—and never asked for help of any sort, I may add, that I didn't get in full measure and running over. Which should have given me the clue to the kind of a husband Kermit would be. And in my subconscious, who knows, perhaps, it did. . . ."

AND then, looking dreamy, slender, tall, Virginia, somehow Viking-looking Virginia in her blue-and-white pleated wool skirt, navy blue pullover sweater, red shoes, semi-poodle-cut hair, said, her voice softening, "I remember the first date . . . one day I had to go to his office for the purpose, as usual, of asking his advice. We talked a little while, also as usual . . . he had begun, by this time, to call me 'The Monster,'" Virginia laughed, "because I was always and forever bringing up problems of the Canteen, ten to the minute. But, other than this touch of humor, our talk was confined, as it had always been, to cut-and-dried Canteen matters. Then, suddenly, 'What are you doing for dinner tonight?' he asked me. Feeling the victim of a bolt from the blue, I think I said something about going home, Mother would be waiting. . . . I think he said something about couldn't I call her? I know he said: 'Could you have dinner with me?'"

"I could. I did. And what intrigued me was that we started dinner (at Long-champs) at six o'clock—and suddenly, it was quarter to twelve! I don't remember what we had to eat. I don't even remember the conversation. I only remember that we had coffee, then more coffee and that when the clock said quarter to twelve, I would have said it was nine-thirty!"

"I went home that night thinking, *Gee, I had a nice time!*"

"I never had liked to have dates just to have dates. Time and again I'd say, of this or that boy, 'Don't think I'll go out with him again!'—and didn't."

"But when I started going out with Kermit (and we went steady, after our first date) there was a warmth, a mutual respect and mutual interests, so many interests. . . . The theatre, of course, the theatre being Kerm's big love. But not all theatre interests, or Canteen. Kerm loves baseball; I adore baseball. At the time, I was a violent Dodger fan and Kermit, a Giant fan. Now I'm a Giant fan, too, but Kermit didn't convert me. When Leo Durocher got kicked around by the Dodgers, I got so indignant that when he went to the Giants, I went with him! Kermit loves track meets, too, so we went to track meets. And to basketball games. And football games. (And still do, although mostly in front of TV!) Oh, and Kerm loves what he calls 'boom-booms,' meaning the wildest and wooliest of the Western movies. 'Don't take me to a big picture,' he used to say, 'take me to a Western.' So, armed with popcorn and bags of candy, we'd go to some of those old theatres on 42nd Street and ride herd with the boys in the ten-gallon hats!"

"We read books and discussed them, talked endlessly and often seriously, but

gay, too, lots of laughs. . . . On my twenty-first birthday, for instance, I was in Detroit, on tour with 'Old Acquaintance,' and there arrived for me a small box and in the small box, a small glass frog leading a band. The card enclosed read: "To The Monster Leading the Band, with all my love on your twenty-first birthday, Kerm.' He used to send me wires beginning 'Dear Monster,' and, since the wires were usually quite affectionate, I could just imagine Western Union scratching its incorporated head!"

"Nowadays Kermit calls me 'Ginny' or, when he's a little bit mad at me, 'Virginia'; I call him 'Kerm' or 'Darling' or, when I get a little bit mad at him, 'Ker-mit.'"

"The woman, they say, is usually the first to know it's love . . . but I had such a full life in terms of work, was still thinking in terms of Doing Something in the theatre, that I wasn't the first to know. Or let's put it that I didn't know that I knew. Until, one night, about four or five months after we'd started to go together, he just told me his feelings. Then I knew, and a couple of weeks later we were planning our wedding."

"We had kind of a simple wedding at Kermit's brother's apartment. I wore a soft, pale blue wool dress, brown suede shoes and—as a concession to hats, which I never wear—a small brown velvet calot. And I carried Kerm's gardenias. And all was well and wonderful, except that the producers of the show I was doing, who were supposed to write me out of the show that week, wrote me out the wrong week . . . which meant that we had only a two-day honeymoon in Great Barrington, Massachusetts, where we went on a hike and got lost on a mountain top. But to get lost on a mountain top, when you're honeymooning, is a lovely thing. And it's been a lovely thing ever since, rich and warm, and gay, and good. . . ."

"I'll never forget Kermit, for instance, when our first son, David, was born. How jealous I was that I had to be in the hospital and not around town to see how Kermit was behaving. For, judging from all the stories I heard, all the stories you hear about all 'new' fathers—that was Kermit in composite! I was told that he went about, in his office, at Sardi's restaurant, everywhere, creating the unmistakable impression that nobody but Kermit Bloomgarden had ever had a son!"

"STILL, I did share a most touching moment. In the hospital, Kermit told me what it meant to him to see David for the first time. 'I just looked at him through the glass,' Kerm said, 'when he was ten minutes old. And the minute I looked at him, I thought: *I love him.*' That was the clue to the kind of a father Kermit was going to be. Because it had nothing to do with the head; it was the heart. . . ."

"That was the clue to the kind of a father he is, for I can't tell you the love, the mutual love, that exists between Kerm and the boys! He has such an affection for these children, such a pal-relationship with them."

"I'll sit here and watch them wrestling on the floor. Or Kermit will be showing them, to the music of Alec Templeton's Christopher Robin records, how they change the guard at Buckingham Palace, the three of them marching up and down, stiff-legged, kicking up one foot as, in our dining room, they solemnly change the guard at Buckingham Palace!"

"If Kermit has a break of an hour or so between rehearsals, he'll get in a taxi and come home, so dearly does he love to be with the children. If we're going out to dinner, I don't meet him downtown, he comes home and picks me up—just to see those boys."

"I get such a rich, warm feeling about his attachment to the children," Virginia said, "such a sense of *sharing*. And we do share, all five of us—for our Florence, the boys' 'Flo-Flo,' must come into any story of the Bloomgardens. She's cook, friend, nurse, extremely intelligent in handling the children . . . they love her, have fun with her. Let any family plan be made, such as a trip to the Museum of Natural History or the photographers from RADIO-TV MIRROR coming here to take our pictures for this story, and Johnny will say: 'Flo-Flo, too.' 'You're a good cooker,' David tells her."

"Kermit and I share our problems with them, too—such as where we will take a house for the summer or any plan that may mean a change. We share our friends with them—on school nights (they go to nursery school), they eat early. But on Saturdays and Sundays they eat with us and with our close friends, so that they have a feeling of friendship with adults as well as with children."

"LIKE Kermit, I try to regulate myself and my work," Virginia said, "so that I can be with the children as much as possible. That is why—one 'why'—I love doing the Rosemary show. I have the fun of working, yet not at an all-day job, so that I can be, and pretty much am, a full-time wife and mother. Another joy of the Rosemary show is that Juliet Forbes, who plays Rosemary's best friend, Blondie, is my best friend in real life. Julie—Mrs. Carl Hess—also has two children, a boy and a girl. They live only a few blocks from us and our children are best friends, too. All eight of us are best friends!"

"Speaking of myself in the mother role reminds me of a story with which," Virginia laughed, "I'll sign off. One day, not long ago, Flo-Flo was sick, I was working, the children, in nursery school, were coming home at noon. Since the Rosemary show ends at twelve, I had a mad rush to get into a taxi and home in time to prepare their lunch. When I got home, phones were ringing, the boys were difficult and I was exasperated. They sat together at the kitchen table, kicking each other, with resultant howls and when I said—sharply, 'I'm afraid—'David, you're old enough to know better!' the reply was: 'I'm going to froke ('Froke,' translated, means shoot) you dead—after lunch.' I ignored him. Between soup and sandwiches, however, he went into his room, got his little cap gun, loaded it, put it on top of the washing machine, resumed his meal."

"Are you really going to froke her?" small John inquired.

"Yes, I am."

"But David, she's the only one who can drive the car!"

"I was indispensable," Virginia said, making a funny face. "I thought Johnny was going to plead for my life, was going to say he loved me, but—" she laughed aloud, "the rewards of a mother's love!"

"Actually, the rewards are just what I knew they would be," Virginia added, "when Kermit and I first started going out together. A life that is deeply happy, satisfying, gay, and good, and fun. Yes, truly I'm the richest girl in the world."

## LET'S VISIT VAUGHN!

The Monroe home's a happy haven for the wandering minstrel between musical flittings. See it, read all about it in  
JULY RADIO-TV MIRROR  
on sale June 11

# She's Engaged!

For Elinor Warren, 1952 is a year of dreams come true. In February—her debut as a singer. In June—her wedding to John Troy Small of Washington, D. C. They will be married in the lovely Congregational Church in New Canaan, Connecticut. There will be four bridesmaids, a maid of honor—and Elinor, a happy and entrancing bride.

# She's Lovely!

Elinor Warren has light golden hair and sparkling hazel eyes. Her skin is exquisite, so very soft and smooth. It would be any girl's dream complexion. Elinor's face speaks out to you the minute you see her—shows you the gay, unaffected charming girl that is her Inner Self.

# She uses Pond's!



Elinor's ring

Elinor Warren—Her complexion is a delightful rose-and-white. "I couldn't do without Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing," she says, "and it makes my skin feel so soft."



"The prettier you look—  
the happier you are" — *ELINOR* says

ISN'T IT WONDERFUL—the way you have the *nicest feeling* of confidence when you know you look your very loveliest.

Elinor feels a fresh, soft complexion is one of every girl's beauty "musts." For her delicately lovely skin, she uses Pond's Cold Cream. "I can't imagine a *nicer* cream than Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "It leaves my skin feeling just wonderful, so fresh and smooth."

Your skin can give you an extra touch of loveliness when you help it with this special Pond's cream care.

Every night, and for day cleansings, too, *cream* your face with Pond's Cold Cream, as Elinor does. *This is the way:*

**Hot Stimulation**—a good hot water splashing.

**Cream Cleanse**—swirl light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream over face, throat to soften dirt and make-up, sweep them from pore openings. Tissue off.

**Cream Rinse**—more Pond's Cold Cream now, to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue off—*lightly*.

**Cold Stimulation**—a tonic cold water splash.

Now—can't you *see* how fresh and lovely your skin looks? And doesn't it feel soft, wonderfully clean?



Get a big jar of Pond's today!

IT'S NOT VANITY to want to show your prettiest face. When you know you look your very nicest, you gain a bright new confidence that attracts friends to you *on sight*.

# Corliss Archer—Wonderful Whack

(Continued from page 43)

them, very often.

"I had a terrible time on the radio show because I didn't want to disappoint the many fans of my Corliss Archer counterpart. Corliss is a part of me, somebody I love and understand, and I want people to still think of me as Corliss despite the fact that in real life I wanted to be my husband's wife and now a mother! I couldn't let the fans know until the last minute that I was going to have a baby. I just couldn't."

Odds are that Janet will still be acceptable as Corliss long after she becomes a mother because she still looks like Corliss, talks like Corliss, is Corliss in real-life. Her petite figure is just perfect for skirts and sweaters. Her long bob looks adorable in a teenager's dream of sophistication—the horse's tail coiffure. She has a peaches and cream complexion, twinkling brown eyes and a pert face that looks as naive as a high school sophomore's. If her looks are deceiving, the bubbling Waldo personality clinches the illusion. Janet is as effervescent, fresh and unspoiled as the teenagers she portrays so well. And it was this very freshness and charm which attracted Robert E. Lee, brilliant young writer of the Railroad Hour, four years ago when he asked Janet to be his wife.

"Oh, and he is," sighs Janet, "so wonderful! He's so beautifully patiently impatient with me."

**T**RANSLATED, that means Bob takes cute Janet and her many "household incidents" in his stride. Reserved, quiet, easy-going, Bob is a good balance for his bouncy, carefree wife.

Bob, as most husbands would, likes their attractive Sherman Oaks, California, house to appear shiny and spotless. He encourages Janet to see that it is in good order at all times. But Janet, who is as personally immaculate as they come, admits she'd rather visit her many friends than stay home and straighten out a room.

Janet's attempts at cooking are always good for a laugh to her friends. "I have people I've been trying to coax to dinner for years and they won't come. The cowards! They've been frightened by the propaganda they've heard." It's propaganda, however, which has been jointly spread by Mr. and Mrs. Lee over the four years of trial and error Janet has had in the kitchen.

Cooking, it seems, is not an art Janet has mastered, although she claims she's improved since that first terrible evening when Bob had invited some very important persons to dinner. Janet had insisted, as any good conscientious bride should, on cooking it herself. "It will flatter them," she explained to her dubious husband.

Came the eventful day, and for once Janet was detained until 5:30 P.M. at the studio rehearsing. The guests were expected at 6:30. Undaunted, Janet popped her roast into the oven, along with the potatoes. "I learned later that the roast wasn't too good a cut of meat." Then, hurriedly, Janet began to put a tomato aspic together.

"You know," Janet says with just a trace of the mystified expression she wore that evening, "the aspic didn't freeze and in desperation I tried to serve it covered with hard-boiled eggs and chopped walnuts. It looked all right in the mold but when people started dishing it up, it looked like tomato soup. But that wasn't all. I had only purchased six rolls since there were just four of us and they caught on fire in the oven. Periodically,

as I worked desperately over the hot stove, Bob would stomp into the kitchen. 'Isn't it done yet,' he'd whisper. 'I smell something that smells done!'

"At last, at 9:30, I served dinner. The guests were terribly polite—and so hungry that I guess they couldn't speak. The roast was positively rare—and tough. And the potatoes—well, you'd put your fork into them and they'd just scoot off the plate. It was a miserable dinner and, to this day, Bob doesn't speak of it but turns slightly pale whenever I bring up the subject."

So Janet and Bob don't take chances on important people any more. "We have my mother help or Bob has the dinner catered. We had important guests right after Bob hit upon this catering even though I *told* Bob I'd do much better. But he wouldn't listen to me. He just had the dinner brought in, before the guests arrived, and everything seemed perfect.

"Excepting," giggled Janet, "it was composed of the most wonderfully delicious little sauces over equally exotic solid food. We hadn't the vaguest idea what any of it was. Our guests were completely amazed at my having cooked this gourmet's delight. Bob had promised to kill me if I told them our dinner was catered so I graciously accepted their compliments. When the women began asking for the recipes, I was more embarrassed than I'd been when dinner didn't turn out at all. Then I had an idea.

"Oh, you must ask Bob," I said in my most casual manner, not looking at him. 'They're his favorite recipes!' Poor Bob. He knows less about cooking than I do. He hemmed and hawed over each dish. Any resemblance to the ingredients he finally concocted and the beautiful dishes on the table was more than accidental—it was amazing!"

Janet and Bob used to eat many meals out. But this was before Bob gave Janet a deep freeze for a birthday present, thinking that perhaps this would help her learn to cook. The freezer came stocked with food—steaks, hamburger, ice cream. Janet learned how to defrost and broil steaks in no time and they lived like royalty on steaks and ice cream. But now Janet is worried—"The only thing that's left is hamburger, and how do you fix forty pounds of hamburger so that's it's edible for forty meals?"

**T**HEIR favorite meal is Sunday dinner—which Janet's mother always cooks. "We never miss that. Although Bob loves to fly his own plane on Sunday, his only free time, he always makes it back to Mom's house for dinner. Once we'd had a quarrel and the only way I could think to punish Bob was by depriving him of my mother's dinner for a month. He was really heart-broken and made up immediately."

Bob and Janet have such fun together that there's little time left for quarreling. "Just like any newlyweds, we used to squabble, but we've mellowed. Bob has such a wonderful sense of humor he has me laughing—at myself—in no time. But, then, we never got really mad. For example, I never thought of going home to Mother. Now, I wouldn't dare because Bob would be there, waiting for dinner."

Life today has never seemed fuller or richer to the Lees, who are eagerly awaiting their baby's arrival, due early in June, Janet thinks. They don't really care what their first-born is, boy or girl—"just so it's a little baby," sighs Janet. Janet is busy turning her spare bedroom into a nursery with a dream of a baby bed and oodles of baby clothes which she loves to show off.

The Lees' friends used to kid them about the baby by insisting "it" would play second fiddle to their dog, Lady Ophelia. As a lady, "Ophie," a pedigreed Welsh terrier, gets the run of the house.

"We love Ophie as much as people," defended Janet, "and when she had two little puppies we named the first one People. The second we call Perkimore, after its vitamins. You bet Ophie, Pepe and Perky have a very special place in our hearts. But really nothing will compare to the love we'll have for our baby. We think we'll try for a family of two or three, just like Ophie."

Having been in the entertainment business for many years, Janet is wisely aware of the pitfalls it offers a woman combining career with marriage. "And I don't intend it's happening to me," she said.

"I've turned down many opportunities, and even the chance of playing Corliss on TV, just to keep my life uncluttered and my time free for my husband. He's tried to keep free time for me by beginning his writing hours at 5 A.M. This doesn't affect me, as I usually don't arise until 9. He doesn't even take time from his work to come in and wake me, instead he calls on his phone from the next room."

That isn't as confusing as it sounds. The Lees have their own telephones, and for good reason, too. Janet has telephonitis.

"Bob used to die because I tied up the line for hours just chattering—a habit I love and wouldn't break. As he worked at home he couldn't get important calls, so he made a bargain with me. If I'd answer the phone, 'Lawrence and Lee Productions'—which is his and business partner Jerry Lawrence's title—like a secretary in his office, then he said I could have a line of my own. We tried it and it works just beautifully. Now he doesn't dare use my phone without asking."

While this solved one problem, it didn't solve another. Even though Janet can't tie up his line, Bob finds she is still oblivious to everything while chattering on her own phone. Therefore, he has to write her notes concerning pertinent business, such as the eggs she's left cooking on the stove, or the fact they've guests coming in twenty minutes.

"And he can be so stuffy," she wailed, "when he says in his most authorish tone, 'We'll be finished in five minutes, won't we?' We, meaning me. That's the way he talks to me when he's annoyed about something. 'My, we're burning a lot of things, aren't we?' But I love him, he's so wonderful!"

Janet's idea of sheer heaven would be to work with her husband on a radio or TV show. "Then we'd be together every minute!"

As it is, the Lees share more hours together than the average couple. They bought their attractive redwood bungalow, on a charming street in Sherman Oaks, fifteen minutes after they'd first seen it! They noticed the compact valley house and fell in love with it. The real estate agent was right there and in no time at all they were home owners. Janet claims the house still isn't furnished properly.

But the only real complaint she has, if she has any, is her lack of offers to portray dramatic roles. Roles as adult and sophisticated as she'd actually like to be—and sometimes imagines that she is.

"Oh, well," smiled Janet with her most grown-up look, "I'll have you know a talent scout asked me recently if I thought I could play a *young lady*. Isn't that peachy? I've really never been so flattered!"

# Inside Radio

All Times Listed Are Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

## Monday through Friday

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
<b>Morning Programs</b>				
8:30	Do You Remember?	Local Program	Local Program	Renfro Valley
8:45		8:55 Ken Carson Show	Pauline Frederick	Country Store
			8:55 Hollywood News	
9:00	Alex Dreier, News	Robert Hurleigh	Breakfast Club	Views of America
9:15		Tell Your Neighbor		Barnyard Follies
9:30	Clevelandaires	Harmony Rangers		Joan Edwards Show
9:45				
10:00	Welcome Travelers	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Arthur Godfrey
10:15		Faith in Our Time		
10:25		News, Frank Singiser	Whispering Streets	
10:30	Double or Nothing	Take A Number	Against the Storm	
10:45		10:55 Talk Back		
11:00	Strike It Rich	Ladies Fair	Lone Journey	
11:15		11:25 News, Les Nichols	When A Girl Marries	
11:30	Bob and Ray	Queen For A Day	Break the Bank	Grand Slam
11:45	Dave Garraway			Rosemary
<b>Afternoon Programs</b>				
12:00	News	Curt Massey Time	Jack Berch	Wendy Warren
12:15	Kate Smith Show	Capital Commentary	Victor Lindlahr	Aunt Jenny
		with Baukhage		
12:30		12:25 News, Frank Singiser		Helen Trent
12:45	Luncheon with Lopez	Bob Poole	Local Program	Our Gal Sunday
1:00	The Hometowners	Harvey Harding	Paul Harvey, News	Big Sister
1:15	Pickens Party	Cedric Foster	Ted Malone	Ma Perkins
1:30	George Hicks	Luncheon with Lopez		Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Songs, Eve Young	1:55 Les Higbie		The Guiding Light
2:00	Ralph Edwards Show	Dixieland Matinee	Mary Margaret	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15			McBride	Perry Mason
2:25		News, Sam Hayes	Daily Double	This Is Nora Drake
2:30	Live Like A Millionaire	Say It With Music	2:35 Family Circle	The Brighter Day
2:45	2:55 News		with Walter Kiernan	
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Poole's Paradise	Joe Emerson's	Hilltop House
			Hymn Time	
3:15	Road of Life	3:25 News	Mary Marlin	House Party
3:30	Pepper Young	Poole's Paradise		3:40 Cedric Adams
3:45	Right to Happiness		Evelyn Winters	Carl Smith Sings
				3:50 Radie Harris
4:00	Backstage Wife	Local Program	Betty Crocker	Johnson Family
4:15	Stella Dallas	4:25 News, Frank Singiser		The Chicagoans
4:30	Young Widder Brown	Mert's Record Ad-ventures	Dean Cameron	Treasury Bandstand
4:45	Woman In My House		Manhattan Maharajah	4:55 News
5:00	Just Plain Bill	The Green Hornet	1. Big Jon and Sparky	Barnyard Follies
5:15	Front Page Farrell		Mark Trail	
5:30	Lorenzo Jones	Wild Bill Hickok 2.	Fun Factory 3.	Hits and Misses
5:45	The Doctor's Wife	5:55 News, Cecil Brown	World Flight Reporter	This I Believe

1. Sgt. Preston of the Yukon (T, Th)
2. Sky King (T, Th)
3. Tom Corbett Space Cadet (T, Th)

## Monday Evening Programs

6:00	Bob Warren	Local Programs	ABC Reporter	Jackson & the News
6:15	6:05 Petite Concert			You and the World
6:30	Bill Stern			Curt Massey
6:45	Three Star Extra			Lowell Thomas
7:00	Richard Harkness	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Taylor Grant, News	Beulah
7:15	Echoes from the Tropics	Dinner Date	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith Show
7:30	News of the World	Gabriel Heatter	The Lone Ranger	Club 15
7:45	One Man's Family	Mutual Newsreel		Edward R. Murrow
8:00	The Railroad Hour	Woman of the Year	Henry J. Taylor	Suspense
8:15		—Bette Davis	World Wide Flashes	Talent Scouts
8:30	Voice of Firestone	Crime Does Not Pay	The Big Hand	
8:45			8:55 John Conte	
9:00	Telephone Hour	News, Bill Henry	Paul Whiteman Teen	Lux Radio Theatre
9:05		Crime Fighters	Club	
9:30	Band of America	War Front—Home Front		
9:45				
10:00	Al Goodman's	Frank Edwards	News of Tomorrow	Bob Hawk Show
10:15	Musical Album	I Love A Mystery	Dream Harbor	Rex Allen Show
10:30	Robert Montgomery	Bands for Bonds	Time For Defense	
10:35	Dangerous Assignment			

## Tuesday

### Evening Programs

6:00	Bob Warren	Local Programs	ABC Reporter	Jackson & the News
6:15	6:05 Petite Concert			You and the World
6:30	Bill Stern			Curt Massey
6:45	Three Star Extra			Lowell Thomas
7:00	Richard Harkness	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Taylor Grant, News	Beulah
7:15	Echoes from the Tropics	Dinner Date	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith Show
7:30	News of the World	Gabriel Heatter	Silver Eagle	Peggy Lee Show
7:45	One Man's Family	Mutual Newsreel		Edward R. Murrow
8:00	Cavalcade of America	Black Museum—Orson Welles	Newsstand Theatre	People Are Funny
8:15		Dr. Kildare—Lew Ayres & Lionel Barrymore		Mr. & Mrs. North
8:30	Barrie Craig, Investigator		Escape With Me	
8:45			8:55 John Conte	
9:00	Bob Hope Show	News, Bill Henry	America's Town	Life With Luigi
9:05		Official Detective	Meeting of the Air	Louella Parsons
9:30	Fibber McGee and Molly	Mysterious Traveler	E. D. Canham, News	9:35 Pursuit
9:45				9:55 The Line Up
10:00	Eddie Cantor Show	Frank Edwards	News of Tomorrow	Candidates & Issues
10:15		I Love A Mystery		Robert Q's Wax-works
10:30	Robert Montgomery	Dance Bands	United or Not	
10:35	Man called X—			

## Wednesday

### Evening Programs

6:00	Bob Warren	Local Programs	ABC Reporter	Jackson & the News
6:15	6:05 Petite Concert			You and the World
6:30	Bill Stern			Curt Massey
6:45	Three Star Extra			Lowell Thomas
7:00	Richard Harkness	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Taylor Grant, News	Beulah
7:15	The Playboys	Dinner Date	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith Show
7:30	News of the World	Gabriel Heatter	Lone Ranger	Club 15
7:45	One Man's Family	Mutual Newsreel		Edward R. Murrow
8:00	Halls of Ivy	M-G-M Musical	Mystery Theatre	Big Town with
8:15		Comedy Theatre		Walter Greaza
8:30	The Great Gildersleeve	International Airport	Top Guy	Dr. Christian
8:45			8:55 John Conte	
9:00	Groucho Marx, You Bet Your Life	News, Bill Henry	Mr. President	Red Skelton
9:05	Big Story	Out of the Thunder	Crossfire	Bing Crosby
9:30		Family Theatre		
9:45				
10:00	Silent Men, Doug Fairbanks, Jr.	Frank Edwards	News of Tomorrow	Boxing Bouts
10:15	Robert Montgomery	I Love A Mystery	Dream Harbor	News, Charles Col-lingwood
10:30	Music Room	Dance Bands	Latin Quarter, Orchestra	
10:35				

## Thursday

### Evening Programs

6:00	Lionel Ricau	Local Programs	ABC Reporter	Jackson & the News
6:15	6:05 Petite Concert			You and the World
6:30	Bill Stern			Curt Massey
6:45	Three Star Extra			Lowell Thomas
7:00	Richard Harkness	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Taylor Grant, News	Beulah
7:15	The Playboys	Rukeyser Reports	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith Show
7:30	News of the World	Gabriel Heatter	Silver Eagle	Peggy Lee Show
7:45	One Man's Family	Mutual Newsreel		Edward R. Murrow
8:00	Father Knows Best	Modern Casanova—Errol Flynn	Cafe Istanbul,	F.B.I. in Peace and
8:15		Hardy Family with	Marlene Dietrich	War
8:30	Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons	Mickey Rooney	Defense Attorney	Hallmark Playhouse
8:45		Lewis Stone	with Mercedes McCambridge	
			8:55 John Conte	
9:00	Dragnet	News, Bill Henry	Ted Mack's Original	Mr. Chameleon
9:05		Rod & Gun Club	Amateur Hour	9:25 News
9:30	Counter Spy	Reporters' Roundup	Foreign Reporter	Stars in the Air
9:45				
10:00	Your Hit Parade	Frank Edwards	News of Tomorrow	Hollywood Sound-
10:15		I Love A Mystery	Club Can-Do	Stage
10:30	Robert Montgomery	Dance Bands		Presidential Profiles
10:35	Music Box			

## Friday

### Evening Programs

6:00	Lionel Ricau	Local Programs	ABC Reporter	Jackson & the News
6:15	6:05 Petite Concert			Dwight Cooke
6:30	Bill Stern			Curt Massey
6:45	Three Star Extra			Lowell Thomas
7:00	Richard Harkness	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Taylor Grant, News	Beulah
7:15	The Playboys	Mr. Mystery	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith
7:30	News of the World	Gabriel Heatter	Lone Ranger	Club 15
7:45	One Man's Family	Mutual Newsreel		Edward R. Murrow
8:00	Roy Rogers	Maisie with Ann	Richard Diamond	Musicland, U.S.A. —
8:15		Sothern	with Dick Powell	Earl Wrightson
8:30	Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis	Gracie Fields Show	This Is Your F.B.I.	Big Time with
8:45			8:55 John Conte	Georgie Price
9:00	Mario Lanza Show	News, Bill Henry	Ozzie & Harriet	Doris Day Show
9:05		Magazine Theatre		
9:30	NBC Presents Short Story	Armed Forces Review	Mr. District Attorney	Robert Q's Wax-works
9:45			9:55 News, Win Elliot	
10:00	Nightbeat	Frank Edwards	Boxing Bouts	Robert Trout, News
10:15		I Love A Mystery		10:05 Capital Cloak-
10:30	Robert Montgomery	Dance Bands	Sports Page	room
10:35	Portraits in Sports			

# Inside Radio

## Saturday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

### Morning Programs

8:30	Howdy Doody	Local Program	No School Today	Renfro Valley
9:00				News of America
9:15				
9:30	Smilin' Ed McConnell			Garden Gate
9:45				
10:00	Archie Andrews	Local Program		St. Louis Melodies
10:15				Galen Drake
10:30	Mary Lee Taylor Show	Leslie Nichols, News Helen Hall	Space Patrol	Quiz Kids
10:45				
11:00	My Secret Story	Your Home Beautiful	New Junior Junction	News, Bill Shadel
11:15	News, Earl Godwin	Georgia Crackers		11:05 Let's Pretend
11:30	Hollywood Love	Army Field Band	Journeys Into Jazz	Give and Take
11:45	Story			

### Afternoon Programs

12:00	News	Man on the Farm	101 Ranch Boys	Theatre of Today
12:15	Public affairs			
12:30	U. S. Marine Band		American Farmer	Stars Over Hollywood
12:45				12:55 Cedric Adams
1:00	National Farm and Home Hour	Soldier's Serenade	Navy Hour	Grand Central
1:15		Jerry and Skye		1:25 It Happens
1:30	U. S. Coast Guard Cadets on Parade	Symphonies For Youth—Alfred Wallenstein	Vincent Lopez Show	Every Day
1:45				City Hospital
2:00	Coffee in Washington	2:25 News, Sam Hayes	Dance Music	Music With the Girls
2:15		Macalester Singers		Make Way For Youth
2:30				
2:45				
3:00	Music Rendezvous	Caribbean Crossroad		Report From Overseas
3:15				Adventures in Science
3:30	U. S. Army Band	3:25 News Cecil Brown		Farm News
3:45		Bands For Bonds		Correspondents' Scratch Pad
4:00	Musical Portraits	Sport Parade	Racing	Stan Dougherty Presents
4:15				Cross Section, U.S.A.
4:30	Mind Your Manners	Bandstand, U.S.A.		
4:45				
5:00	Big City Serenade	Matinee at Meadowbrook	Tea and Crumpets	P.F.C. Eddie Fischer
5:15			Sigmund Spaeth	Treasury Bandstand
5:30				
5:45	Bob Considine, News	5:55 News, Baukhage	Club Time	

### Evening Programs

6:00	Bob Warren	Harmony Rangers	Roger Renner Trio	News, Ed Morgan
6:15	News, H. V. Kaltenborn		6:05 Una Mae Carlisle	U.N. On Record
6:30	NBC Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting	Preston Sellers	Harry Wismer	Sports Roundup
6:45			Talking It Over	Larry LeSueur, News
7:00				
7:15		At Helper, Sports Twin Views of the News	As We See It	This I Believe
7:30		Down You Go	Bert Andrews	7:05 At the Chase
7:45		7:55 Cecil Brown	The Great Adventure	Operation Underground
8:00	Jane Ace, Disc Jockey	The Great Day Show	Saturday Night	Gene Autry Show
8:15			Dancing Party	
8:30	Inside Bob and Ray	MGM Theatre of the Air		Tarzan
8:45				
9:00	Judy Canova Show			Gangbusters
9:15				9:25 Win Elliot
9:30	Grand Ole Opry	Lombardo Land		Broadway's My Beat
9:45				
10:00	Vaughn Monroe Show	Chicago Theatre of the Air	At the Shamrock	Robert Trout, News
10:15				10:05 Robert Q's
10:30	Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street		Music From Claremont Hotel	Waxworks

## Sunday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

### Morning Programs

8:30	String Quartet	Moments On the Mountain	Lyrical Speaking	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	Organ Concert
9:45	Faith in Action			
10:00	National Radio	Radio Bible Class	Message of Israel	Church of the Air
10:15	Pulpit			
10:30	Art of Living	Voice of Prophecy	College Choir	
10:45	News, Peter Roberts			
11:00	Faultless Starch Time	William Hillman	Fine Arts Quartet	Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir
11:15	Morning Serenade			Bill Shadel, News
11:30	UN is My Beat	Dixie Quartet	Christian in Action	11:35 Invitation to Learning
11:45	Song Festival			

### Afternoon Programs

12:00	Viewpoint, U. S. A.	College Choirs	Concert of Europe	People's Platform
12:15	Jubilee Singers			
12:30	The Eternal Light	News, Hazel Markel	Piano Playhouse	Howard K. Smith
12:45		Frank and Ernest		Bill Costello, News
1:00	Critic at Large	Fred Van Deventer	Herald of Truth	Syncopation, Please!
1:15	"Mike 95"	Organ Moods		
1:30	Univ. of Chicago Roundtable	Lutheran Hour	National Vespers	
1:45				
2:00	The Catholic Hour	Top Tunes with Trendler	Back to the Bible	The Symphonette
2:15		Bill Cunningham		
2:30	American Forum of the Air	Report from Pentagon	Christian Science	N. Y. Philharmonic Symphony, Dmitri Mitropoulos
2:45				
3:00	Elmo Roper	Bandstand, U. S. A.	This Week Around the World	
3:15	America's Music		Billy Graham	
3:30	Bob Considine	Air Force Hour		
3:45	John Cameron Swayze, News			
4:00	The Falcon with Les Damon	Bobby Benson	Old Fashioned Revival Hour	Music For You
4:15				
4:30	Martin Kane with Lloyd Nolan	Matthew Bell with Joseph Cotton		This Black Book
4:45				Hearthstone of the Death Squad
5:00	Hollywood Star Playhouse	The Shadow	Sammy Kaye Serenade	King Arthur Godfrey's Round Table
5:15			Greatest Story Ever Told	World News, Robert Trout
5:30	Whitehall 1212	True Detective Mysteries		5:55 News, Larry LeSueur
5:45				

### Evening Programs

6:00	Tales of Texas	Gabby Hayes	Drew Pearson	My Friend Irma
6:15	Rangers		Don Gardner	With Marie Wilson
6:30	Tattulah Bankhead	Nick Carter	Here Comes The Band	Our Miss Brooks
6:45	In The Big Show	6:55 Cedric Foster		with Eve Arden
7:00				
7:15		Under Arrest	Concert From Canada	Jack Benny Show
7:30		Affairs of Peter Salem	Ted Mack Family Hour	Amos 'n' Andy
7:45				
8:00	Phil Harris-Alice Faye Show	Singing Marshall	Stop the Music	Edgar Bergen Show
8:15				
8:30	Theatre Guild of the Air	Enchanted Hour		Playhouse on Broadway
8:45				
9:00		This is Europe	Walter Winchell Meet Corliss Archer	Screen Guild Theatre
9:15				
9:30	\$64 Question	John J. Anthony	Three Suns Trio	Meet Millie
9:45				
10:00	Stars in Khaki & Blue	Oklahoma City Symphony	Paul Harvey	Robert Trout, News
10:15			Gloria Parker	10:05 The People Act
10:30	Eileen Christy & Co.		George E. Sokolsky	The Choraliers

# TV program highlights

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

## Monday through Friday

**7:00 A.M. Today • 4 & 6**  
Early bird Garroway with two continuous hours of news.

**9:00 A.M. Breakfast with Music • 4**  
Morey Amsterdam delivers the laughs; Milton De Lugg, music.

**10:00 A.M. Breakfast Party • 4 & 6**  
Second call for coffee with Mel and Illean Martin.

**10:15 A.M. Arthur Godfrey Time • 2**  
Relax with the redhead and his big family of "little Godfreys."

**10:30 A.M. Winner Take All • 4**  
The famous audience quiz emceed by sharp-witted Bill Cullen.

**10:30 A.M. Bride and Groom • 2**  
The honeymoon begins as John Nelson emcees, Phil Hanna sings.

**10:45 A.M. Al Pearce Show • 2**  
Variety-audience participation show headlining Al, Arlene Harris, Will Wright, Jo Ann Greer and the Walter Gross Trio.

**11:30 A.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 6**  
Contestants, with personal dilemmas, try for cash awards.

**12:00 Noon The Egg and I • 2**  
Serial comedy of marital problems on a chicken farm.

**12:00 Noon Ruth Lyons' 50 Club • 4 & 6**  
Luncheon with Ruth and her intimate program of fun and music.

**12:15 P.M. Love of Life • 2 & 6**  
Daytime drama starring Peggy McCay with Paul Potter.

**12:30 P.M. Search for Tomorrow • 2 & 6**  
The dramatic story of conflict within one family.

**1:30 P.M. Garry Moore Show • 2 & 6**  
A free-for-all variety emceed by Garry and spotlighting Durward Kirby, Denise Lor and Ken Carson.

**2:30 P.M. The First Hundred Years • 2 & 6**  
The life and headaches of a young married couple.

**3:00 P.M. The Big Payoff • 4 & 6**  
Randy Merriman and Bess Myerson are gracious hosts who pay off winners with beautiful, fashionable, women's clothes.

**3:30 P.M. The Bert Parks Show • 2 & 6 (M,W,F)**  
Bert and his pals bust out all over with merry variety.

**3:30 P.M. Ralph Edwards Show • 4**  
Ralph rollicks through 30 minutes of fun and frolic.

**4:00 P.M. Kate Smith Show • 4 & 6**  
The big hourful of great entertainment with special features by Ted Collins and Miss Kate, of course, pushing the moon.

**5:00 P.M. Hawkins Falls, Pop. 6,200 • 4**  
Continuous story of life in typical, small American town.

**7:15 P.M. The Goldbergs • 4 & 6 (M,W,F)**  
Episodes of the famous Bronx family, starring Gertrude Berg.

**7:30 P.M. Those Two • 4 & 6 (M,W,F)**  
Capsule-size musical comedy with Vivian Blaine and Pinky Lee.

**7:30 P.M. Dinah Shore Show • 4 (T, Th)**  
Guest singing stars join Dinah in songs from Hollywood.

**7:30 P.M. Broadway TV Theatre • 9**  
Ninety-minute dramatic fare as Broadway plays are presented in their original version, each for five consecutive nights.

**7:45 P.M. Perry Como Show • 2 (M,W,F)**  
Personable Perry vocalizing with the Fontane Sisters.

## Monday P.M.

**7:30 P.M. Hollywood Screen Test • 7**  
Guest stars appear with Hollywood candidates in original dramatic productions. Neil Hamilton is "test director."

**8:00 P.M. Video Theatre • 2 & 6**  
Stage and screen stars in excellently-paced video plays.

**8:00 P.M. Winchell-Mahoney Show • 4**  
Mystery quiz, "What's My Name?" plus comedy-variety.

**8:30 P.M. Godfrey's Talent Scouts • 2**  
Talented newcomers to show business compete for honors.

**8:30 P.M. Concert Hour • 4 & 6**  
Noted singing artists in thirty-minute recitals.

**8:30 P.M. Life Begins at 80 • 7**  
Young-in-heart oldsters quip their way through discussions of heavy and light questions tendered by Jack Barry.

**9:00 P.M. I Love Lucy • 2 & 6**  
Lucille Ball in domestic comedy with husband Desi Arnaz.

**9:30 P.M. Claudia • 2 & 6**  
Humorous domestic problems precipitated by Claudia (Joan McCracken) involving handsome husband, David (Hugh Reilly).

**9:30 P.M. Robert Montgomery Presents • 4**  
Your producer-host with superior, full-hour teleplays.

**10:00 P.M. Studio One • 2 & 6**  
Dramatic program constantly living up to its high reputation.

## Tuesday

**7:30 P.M. Beulah • 7**  
Louise Beavers, of movie fame, in title role of housekeeper and companion to the cheerfully bewildered Henderson family.

**8:00 P.M. Texaco Star Theatre • 4 & 6**  
Uncle Miltie speeds through a full hour of comedy and music.

**9:00 P.M. Crime Syndicated • 2 & 6**  
Behind the crime curtain with narrator Rudolph Halley. Bi-weekly: May 13 & 27, June 10. Alternating with City Hospital.

**9:00 P.M. Fireside Theatre • 4**  
Melville Ruick stars as Dr. Crane in pulsating drama.

**9:00 P.M. Fireside Theatre • 4**  
Filmed in Hollywood, original thirty-minute dramatic pieces.

**9:30 P.M. Suspense • 2 & 6**  
Swiftly-paced stories concocted to hold you on edge.

**9:30 P.M. Circle Theatre • 4**  
Romance and melodrama on this weekly dramatic series.

**10:00 P.M. Danger • 2**  
One of video's very best mystery-dramatic shows.

**10:00 P.M. Original Amateur Hour • 4 & 6**  
Congenial host Ted Mack introduces young and old amateurs who exuberantly vie for your votes to success.

**10:00 Hauds of Destiny • 5**  
Fear, love and hatred make for exciting melodramas.

**11:15 P.M. The Continental • 2**  
Romantic Renzo Cesana is your suave, intimate host.

## Wednesday

**7:30 P.M. The Name's the Same • 7**  
Robert Q-for-quizzmaster Lewis harries a panel with contestants who bear similar names to those of well-known persons.

**8:00 P.M. Godfrey and His Friends • 2 & 6**  
Arthur's big TVariety featuring Frank Parker, Janette Davis, Haleloke, Marion Marlowe, Tony Marvin and all the others.

**8:00 P.M. Kate Smith Evening Hour • 4**  
Kate comes into your parlor with sixty minutes of song, dance and drama, featuring guest stars of show business.

**9:00 P.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 6**  
Warren Hull's sympathetic quizzmaster to worthy contestants.

**9:00 P.M. Kraft TV Theatre • 4**  
Full-hour adult teleplays, superbly cast and produced.

**9:00 P.M. Ellery Queen • 7**  
Lee Bowman stars as the adventurous super-criminologist.

**9:30 P.M. The Web • 2**  
Eerie killer-thrillers are the fare in this weekly series.

**9:30 P.M. Rendezvous • 7**  
Stories of intrigue revolving around beautiful Illona Massey.

**10:00 P.M. International Boxing Club • 2 & 6**  
Blue ribbon boxing bouts with Russ Hodges behind the mike.

**10:00 P.M. Pantomime Quiz • 4**  
Glamorous Hollywood people in charades. Regular team of Jackie Cooper, Vincent Price, Adele Jergens and Hans Conreid compete with guest team. Mike Stokey is your host and emcee.

**10:00 P.M. Celanese Theatre • 7**  
Unexcelled TV drama adapted from the finest American plays of recent years. Biweekly: May 14, "Distaff Side," by John Van Druten; May 28, "Yellowjack" by Sidney Howard.

## Thursday

**8:00 P.M. Star of the Family • 2**  
Comedian Peter Lind Hayes and lovely wife Mary Healy present and interview stars of show business. Biweekly: May 15 & 29. Alternating with Burns and Allen, the great husband-wife comedy team. May 22 & June 5.

**8:00 P.M. You Bet Your Life • 4**  
The irrepressible, unconventional Groucho Marx with his wild interviews and cash for contestants with right answers.

# TV program highlights

## **8:00 P.M. Stop the Music • 7 & 6**

Dixie dynamo Bert Parks with the nation's most baffling melody. Vocal hints contributed by Betty Ann Grove, Jimmy Blaine and guest stars with Harry Salter's Orchestra.

## **8:30 P.M. Amos 'n' Andy • 2 (& 6 at 9:30 P.M.)**

The Kingfish plunges into hot water, dragging along Andy and Amos in great comedy co-starring Tim Moore, Alvin Childress and Spencer Williams.

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

Manhunting stories taken from files of the Treasury Department.

## **9:00 P.M. Mau Against Crime • 2**

Ralph Bellamy stars as fearless, crusading private eye.

## **9:00 P.M. Gangbusters • 4**

Dramatic crime-expose series, TV version of famous radio show. Biweekly: May 15 & 29. Alternating with Dragnet, Jack Webb's great real-to-life drama of police at work.

## **9:30 P.M. Big Town • 2**

Pat McVey as reporter Steve Wilson, scoops the big city on crime. Screen actress Jane Nigh as Lorelei.

## **9:30 P.M. Festival Time • 4**

Smiling James Melton in music and comedy with Wally Brown, Billy Barty, the Jinglebells and Frank Black's Orchestra.

## **9:30 P.M. Meet the Champ • 7**

Wally Butterworth is at ringside as the TV camera journeys to different Armed Forces Centers each week for boxing.

## **10:00 P.M. Racket Squad • 2**

Reed Bradley as Police Captain Braddock, racket breaker.

## **10:00 P.M. Martin Kane • 4 & 6**

Screen star Lloyd Nolan in mysteries as crime cracker.

## **Friday**

## **8:00 P.M. Manna • 2 & 6**

Ingratiating incidents in the life of Norwegian immigrants to San Francisco with lovely Peggy Wood in title role.

## **8:00 P.M. RCA Victor Show • 4**

Dennis Day (May 16 & 30) stars in situation comedy alternating with singer Ezio Pinza in variety (May 23 & June 6).

## **8:00 P.M. Twenty Questions • 5**

Bill Slater moderates the well-known parlor game.

## **8:30 P.M. My Friend Irma • 2**

Marie Wilson as the beautiful but very dumb blonde steno.

## **8:30 P.M. We, the People • 4 & 6**

Dan Seymour interviews and introduces fascinating personalities who have made the week's news.

## **8:30 P.M. Stu Erwin Show • 7**

Stu Erwin fights a valiant but losing battle in the attempt to make his home run smoothly. June Collyer, his wife.

## **9:00 P.M. Playhouse of Stars • 2**

Half-hour stories cast with leading actors of screen and stage.

## **9:00 P.M. Big Story • 4 & 6**

Documentary drama of the true experiences of newspapermen.

## **9:00 P.M. Down You Go • 5**

Dr. Bergen Evans presides over this popular, Chicago panel show based on the game, "Hang the Butcher."

## **9:30 P.M. It's News to Me • 2**

John Daly politely puzzles a panel with current events quiz.

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

The humorous problems of an awkward, sweet but maddening adolescent and his long-suffering parents.

## **9:30 P.M. Tales of Tomorrow • 7**

High-voltage suspense stories about the world of the future.

## **10:00 P.M. Police Story • 2**

Authentic crime cases culled from the nation's police files.

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

Boxing events that make headlines. Jimmy Powers, commentator.

## **10:00 P.M. Cavalcade of Stars • 5**

Pixyish Jackie Gleason in a great hour of big-time variety.

## **Saturday**

## **12:00 Noon Big Top • 2 & 6**

Jack Sterling with breathtaking circus variety acts.

## **6:30 P.M. Meet Corliss Archer • 2**

Lugene Sanders as the winsome but involved teenager.

## **7:00 P.M. Sammy Kaye Show • 2**

Sammy swings out with games and music, novelty and dance.

## **7:30 P.M. Beat the Clock • 2**

Bud Collyer confronts contestants with tricky, imaginative stunts to be performed within seconds for a prize.

## **7:30 P.M. One Man's Family • 4 & 6**

Visit with the engaging and endearing Barbour family.

## **8:00 P.M. Ken Murray Show • 2 & 6**

If you've a yen for Ken, beautiful girls, gags and skits, in a big variety show, this is for you.

## **8:00 P.M. All Star Revue • 4**

A four-star show with many of the country's greatest comedians: May 17, Jimmy Durante; May 24, Martha Raye; May 31, Olsen and Johnson; June 7, Danny Thomas.

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

Ninety minutes of continuous entertainment that runs from operatic excerpts to straight parody. Caesar and Coca star, aided by Marguerite Piazza, Bill Hayes, many others.

## **9:30 P.M. Songs for Sale • 2**

Steve Allen and a panel analyze creative efforts of amateur song-smiths, sung by foremost pop artists.

## **10:30 P.M. Your Hit Parade • 4 & 6**

Three of the nation's favorite singers, Snooky Lanson, Dorothy Collins, Eileen Wilson, sing top ten songs.

## **Sunday**

## **3:00 P.M. Fairmeadows, USA • 4**

Serialized drama of life with the Olcott family.

## **3:30 P.M. See It Now • 2**

Widely acclaimed half-hour of news with Edward R. Murrow.

## **4:00 P.M. Meet the Press • 4**

Reporters barrage politicians with pertinent questions.

## **4:30 P.M. Hall of Fame Theatre • 4**

Sarah Churchill, daughter of Britain's Prime Minister, is hostess and star in a 30-minute drama based on great lives.

## **5:00 P.M. Super Circus • 7 (& 6 at 5:30 P.M.)**

Celebrated animal and acrobatic acts with Ringmaster Claude Kirchner, bandleader Mary Hartline and many others.

## **7:00 P.M. Royal Showcase • 4**

Guest stars in bright and gay variety. Emcee, George Abbott.

## **7:30 P.M. Young Mr. Bobbin • 4**

Jackie Kelk, ex-Homer of Aldrich Family, plays Alexander Bobbin, a confused novice in the business world.

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

Left to right, Sam Levenson, a guest and George S. Kaufman make up a panel to discuss problems, mostly imaginary with guest stars after they perform. Clifton Fadiman, host.

## **8:00 P.M. Toast of the Town • 2 & 6**

The big Sunday show as host Ed Sullivan presents regularly the very best in music, dance, comedy and novelty.

## **8:00 P.M. Comedy Hour • 4**

Strap on your safety belt and get set for belly laughs as top comics take turn in a weekly music-comedy variety.

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

Songs and dance to please, in the inimitable Waring manner.

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

Sunday's only evening, hour-long dramatic feature.

## **9:00 P.M. Arthur Murray Party • 7**

Headline talent line up with gracious Mrs. Kathryn Murray.

## **9:30 P.M. Break the Bank • 2**

Bud Collyer and Bert Parks play Messrs. Moneybags to contestants who bring along the correct answers.

## **10:00 P.M. Celebrity Time • 2 & 6**

Handsome Conrad Nagel moderates an unusual quiz for opposing teams captained by Herman Hickman and Jane Wilson.

## **10:00 P.M. Red Skelton Show • 4**

Red rolls them in the aisles every Sunday at this time.

## **10:30 P.M. What's My Line? • 2**

Fascinating guess-your-occupation show. Kilgallen, Cerf, Francis and Block toe the line for John Daly.

## **10:30 P.M. Cameo Theatre • 4**

Drama with impact, cast with stars of screen and stage.

## **11:00 P.M. Drew Pearson • 7**

The man who makes headlines with analyses of news plus his special feature, "Prediction of Things to Come."

## Jack Carson's Happiness Homestead

(Continued from page 63)

being the cause of his purchasing the ranch, a happier comedian you never saw. He's sold on ranching, and spends every spare moment with his two youngsters, ten-year-old John and seven-year-old sister Cathy, at the C Bar S. He thinks now it's the only way to live.

This doesn't mean Jack is considering giving up the entertainment field for a rancher's life. Not when he is so successful on television and has been called back to the stage to co-star in "Of Thee I Sing." But ranching is now as much a Carson topic of conversation as show business. "We have six white-faced Hereford steers," he'll tell you, "seven hundred chickens, fifty head of beef, a milk cow, seven horses, pigeons, guinea hens, and assorted cats and dogs."

The nice thing about the Carson animals is that they sport such picturesque names. The cow, born on Christmas Eve, answers to the melodious title of "Christmas Carol." The dogs are called Butch, Chris, and Cutie, and the cats bear the unusual monickers of Tizzy Lish and Joe Sullivan.

Everybody had a nice name but the pig, Stinky. Stinky, a female sow, didn't mind. She was named by the kids when she was a tiny, cuddly piglet. She was smart enough to answer when called, and she loved attention and affection. This was fine until she grew to gigantic proportions and was no longer the pink and white perfection she had been as a baby.

The end for Stinky came the day she thought she was still lap-size and tried to waddle onto Jack's lap in spite of the fact she was dripping mud.

"Yes," smiled Jack fondly, "we loved Stinky."

Perhaps all three of the Carsons enjoy their ranch so much because they usually can spend only weekends there. Jack maintains an apartment in the city and the two children live with their mother, former singer Kay St. Germaine. But comes Thursday and Jack bundles the youngsters into the car and away they head for heaven!

"It's like being in another world," Carson explains, "because you leave your worries behind. How can you bring troubles to this beautiful country? Nobody can inflict theirs on us, because we don't even have a telephone in the main house."

"I think I like it best for what it does for the kids. Teaches them self-sufficiency—they get a good workout at helping around here—and helps to show them what all there is to be gotten from life. Sometimes when we live in the city, we fall into that vicious pattern of rush and hurry. Forget to take time to live. Not here! There's time for everything. Time to work—time to play—time to ride the hundreds of miles of trails and just admire nature."

Jack's devotion to his children is easy to detect in his manner with them. John, a handsome boy who promises to be as tall as his father, and Cathy, a blonde little fireball of energy, tag after their dad during every step of his ranch duties. There's always a running patter of conversation in which Jack deals man-to-man with them.

"John was afraid to ride one of the big horses," Jack said, "so I didn't force him.

Let him take his time, I suggested. It was ten weeks after we had the ranch that he got up enough courage to mount. Then he discovered that by flicking the reins he could make the horse move. That was the beginning. Now he rides like a veteran.

"Cathy learned to ride by herself. First on John's pony. Then she took our breath away the first day she mounted the big horse and flew around the track like a demon."

Biggest thrill John had was on his last birthday when Jack let him invite his whole boys' club up for a ride. "First time I ever saw ice cream and cake play second fiddle to anything!"

The Carsons have visions of building a new ranch house some day. The small square white house now on the property looks as if it's almost bursting at the seams when they all crowd in. But it looks as you imagine a ranch house should look.

The living room boasts a real fireplace, a colorful rag rug, and large comfortable pieces of furniture. There is a big wooden yoke of a wagon serving as a chandelier, and copper fixtures with a Western look.

"A mile and a half below is the Motion Picture Country Home for retired actors," laughs Jack. "If things get rough, I can just roll down the hill."

It's a delightful setup, no matter which way you look at it. And to think it all came into being from a pair of cowboy boots. For Jack, nothing more could be desired in life. Perhaps John, however, has other ideas. Recently Jack was struck dumb when John, with a peculiar gleam in his eye, asked: "Say, Dad, when are you going to buy me a sailor suit?"

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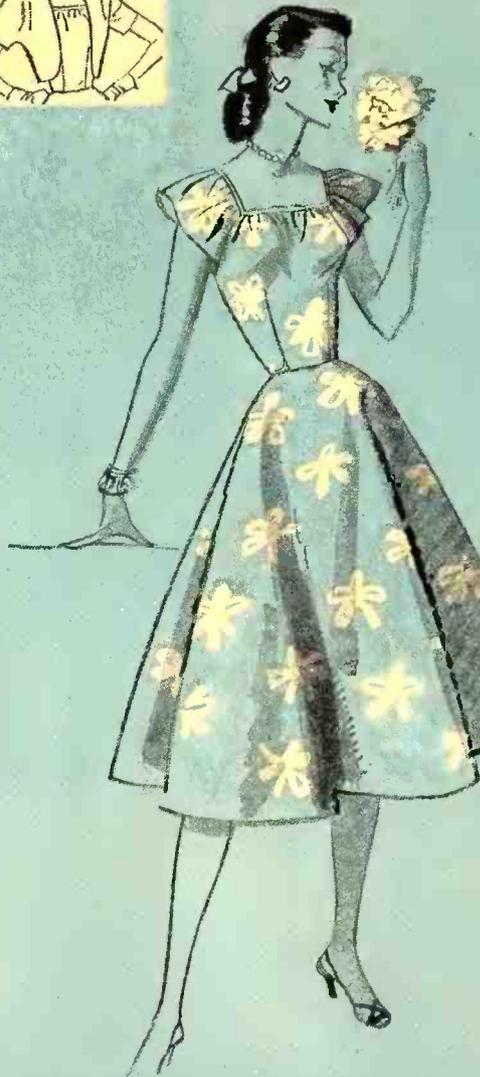
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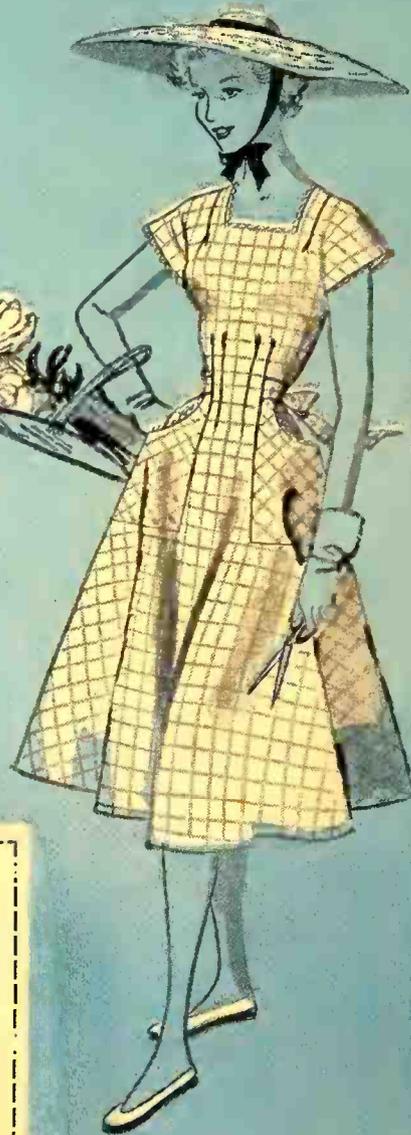
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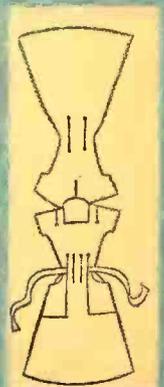


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# Godfrey's Bright Wings

(Continued from page 31)

be permitted to fly aircraft when ordinary pilots are not allowed off the ground. But this was not to be the end of Commander Godfrey's achievements. Up till then he had flown every type of craft the Navy has in the air, except one. The one type he hadn't flown was the lighter-than-air blimps, leaving one more field to conquer in the few remaining days of his "vacation."

The Lakehurst Naval Air Station, home of the blimps, was located on Godfrey's route back to New York. At three o'clock on a sunlit afternoon a small dot appeared in the Jersey sky. Moments later the dot took the shape of a low-wing Ryan Navion as it swooped toward the landing field with all the effortless grace of a sea gull. The landing gear reached down to touch the ground in a perfect three-point landing and the freckled-faced redhead climbed out of his private plane.

Godfrey was met by a number of other officers who had arranged a tight instruction schedule for the commander. Out on its landing mat was one of the Navy's ponderous-looking patrol blimps. Its motors droned expectantly. Twenty minutes after his arrival, Godfrey climbed into the gondola of the gas bag and was taken up for preliminary training. For three hours he and the airship's crew stayed aloft maneuvering the tricky craft. The blimp, perhaps the most ornery type of aircraft, rolled and pitched in the wind before a landing was made at dusk.

During his ensuing stay at Lakehurst, Commander Godfrey was given a physical checkup to make certain the arduous schedule was not affecting his health. The rugged Godfrey constitution was standing up perfectly. After his examinations, the affable Irishman took time out from his duties to visit the lads in the sick bay. The ailing and injured brightened immediately when he arrived and turned on some of that famous personality. His genial attitude and jokes were reflected on everyone in the hospital regardless of their rank.

As a further example of Commander Godfrey's winning friends among those of either high or low station, he chose to take his chow in the general mess hall with the ordinary personnel, acting as much like "one of the boys" as if he were still a gob. And wherever he went on the station he would as soon stop and chat with an ordinary sailor as he would with the high brass. It all added up to the fact that his popularity was well warranted.

Completing his stay at Lakehurst, Godfrey hopped back into his monoplane and turned its nose toward the jagged New York skyline, where he must change over from a coldly efficient Navy flier to the smiling, storytelling entertainer of millions.

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Occupation \_\_\_\_\_

# Angel Over My Shoulder

(Continued from page 33)

everything would come out all right.

"You'll make it," I told myself, "you always have." (Only six weeks before she had made it, after a severe siege in the hospital with phlebitis.)

"I think when you're really sick you're like a little child, innocent and trusting that someone, somehow, will take care of you and see you through. Like a little child, you expect good things—only good things. Maybe it's God's way of preserving all your strength for the fight just to live."

Just being alive has a new and rather awesome significance for Marie these days—as it does for anyone who has come through what might have been a final illness.

"You feel second-chancey, somehow. As though every day is a present and you must make use of it. Be happy . . . and good."

She was tired, that last spring.

She was doing "Irma" every week and in addition had managed to squeeze in a couple of motion pictures and a long, triumphant but exhausting run in a play at the Circle Theatre.

And she had been through uncommon emotional strain. After many years of trying to patch up her shaky marriage to Allan Nixon, she finally obtained her freedom in divorce court.

She was tired and she was sick—but of the latter she was unaware.

She "just happened" to drop by a doctor's office with her friend, Marie Lund, and when Marie's consultation was over she "just happened" to show the doctor an ominous swelling just above her left knee.

The doctor, startled and alarmed at her casualness, told her to go right home and go to bed. She was suffering from phlebitis—a travelling blood clot in an important vein—and it could be serious.

The swelling grew worse in the night, and before morning "the little men in white coats" were carrying her into an ambulance on a litter, warming up their sirens for a fast trip to the hospital over Marie's frantic pleas to her doctor that "you have to get me well by Tuesday because I have to do a show" and to her worried mother "to come right down and don't forget my cold cream."

The clot had separated and a part of it had reached her lung. If it had struck her heart, she would have died. Yet Marie was hospitalized this time for less than two weeks, missing, miraculously, only one "Irma" program, although she was delivered to her first rehearsal in an ambulance and did her show from a wheelchair.

The doctors were concerned about her rapid return to work and hammered her with instructions to take it easy and stay off her feet.

Marie, being Marie and "expecting only good," probably would have paid no attention, but her friends had been scared, even if she hadn't, and watch-dogged her every step—especially that "nice, new beau," Bob Fallon, whom Marie had met when they played together in "Three Out of Four" at the Circle Theatre some months before. At the time of Marie's illness, Bob was just a friendly fellow who intrigued her by insisting upon taking care of her.

"Nobody had ever done that . . . as long as I could remember."

Bob followed Marie around worriedly for weeks after that first hospital siege, carrying her from the studio to her car, from the car up the steps to her home, standing by for interviews and announcing after a proper period "I think you've

got a story," appalling the photographers who had adored Marie for years as a never-say-quit girl by sending them on their way after the second flash with a firm "that will be all for today."

Marie was being pampered as she had never been pampered in her life and she loved it. She probably loved Bob, too, but she didn't know that, yet.

One night, "to get up enough energy to do a broadcast," she stopped by a doctor's office for a vitamin shot. By tragic accident, the particular batch of serum was imperfect. Marie did her show with a raging headache and a fever-flushed face. By midnight, she was in the hospital again fighting for her life, this time in an oxygen tent.

This time her doctor really put his foot down. He had to. The electro-cardiogram showed that her heart, dangerously weakened by her earlier illness, was showing the strain. Temperatures over 104°, in an adult, are not to be fooled with.

There would be no visitors. None. Marie's mother could come once a day and wave to her sick girl from the door of her room, but nobody else could see her. Or phone. To make sure, the telephone was removed from the room.

Marie didn't mind, for the first few days. She was too sick to mind. As she has said, she—and God—had all they could do just to keep her alive.

But then the terrifying temperature broke and the oxygen tent was rolled out of the room and Marie looked for the first time in days at her face in the mirror, shrieked with horror and cried.

"I looked awful . . . nobody could love me."

She was scared. And she was lonely.

Those quick glimpses of her mother—her frightened, trying-to-be-encouraging, tear-streaked face—only made her feel more isolated and alone.

She wanted to talk to her mother. Even more, she realized suddenly she wanted to talk to Bob Fallon, that "nice, nice boy" who had taken such care of her when she was sick before. Maybe, when she was thinking "nobody will love me," it was Bob Fallon she was worrying about. There was no maybe about it. It was Bob she was worrying about. Where was he now, she found herself wondering with a convalescent's self-pity, when she needed him most?

Marie didn't know it, but Bob Fallon—six feet, two inches of Air Force hero, tough guy who could take anything—had haunted corridors of the hospital for days,

like a stricken man, desperate for news.

Absolutely forbidden to see Marie, he had sent messages—dozens of messages. But the messages had been intercepted at the desk. Miss Wilson was too dangerously ill to be disturbed. He, along with scores of her friends, had sent flowers, masses of flowers. But they had been intercepted, too. Flowers absorb oxygen and Marie needed all the oxygen she could get.

Bob had worried about Marie and paced the floor outside her closed door for all the days and nights she had been hovering between life and death. But she didn't know that. Couldn't know that.

Maybe he didn't love her. Nobody, she kept telling herself, could love her now, the way she looked, so red and ugly.

Nobody, that is, except possibly Bob, who never cared to see how she looked, so long as she was Marie. She wanted suddenly, desperately, to call him up, find out.

She begged for a telephone, but was told: "Be patient. Not yet."

So she cried, and cried, and cried. "You mustn't cry," the nurses said, "it isn't good for you to be upset." And Marie only cried harder.

Then, far in the middle of the night, a nurse came in whom Marie didn't remember having seen before. Her eyes were kind under the stiff white cap and she looked genuinely sympathetic when she spoke. "No, honey, you really have to relax and get some sleep. Everybody's pulling for you. We've had hundreds of messages. Everybody wants you to get well quick."

"Would you," sobbed Marie, "be a livin' doll and get me a telephone?"

The nurse was silent for a moment. It was against the rule—said so right there on the patient's chart—but she had been a nurse for a long, long time and she had seen lots of things that didn't come out of bottles set a patient on the way to recovery.

She went out, silently, and came back with the plug-in phone.

It was four o'clock in the morning, but Marie didn't care. She dialed the number at Bob Fallon's apartment.

"Baby, you're all right!" he said. He didn't even complain about being awakened in the middle of the night.

It's hard to talk when you're teary and tired, but Marie managed to answer after a moment. "Yes," she said. "Yes, dear, dear Bobbie, I'm all right."

The concern in Bob Fallon's voice that night was all the reassurance she needed. Somebody cared. (Sweet, silly Marie—thousands of people cared, many of whom Marie had never met, would never meet—all over the country.)

Reassured, Marie went promptly and soundly to sleep and, when she awoke the next day, the temperature was down. She felt like a new woman. She looked like a new woman. Her face reflected by the mirror didn't scare her any more and something could be done about her hair.

She was out of the hospital in a few days, looking well, and beautiful, and radiantly happy. People who saw her with Bob Fallon smiled, knowing that "something new had been added."

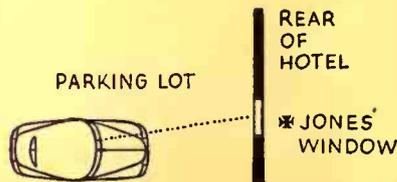
"Are you two engaged?" Marie's friend, Cathy Lewis, asked her straight out one night at rehearsal of My Friend Irma.

"We'll-ll, not exactly," said Marie (after all her divorce from Allan wasn't even final yet).

"We," put in Mr. Fallon, who is like that, "are but definitely engaged."

And, so, as it turned out, they were. Marie and Bob were married last December 14th in Santa Barbara, California.

## DETECTIVE ELLIS' SOLUTION



Jones denied owning a weapon but police found a dismantled shotgun, wadding and pellets for homemade cartridge in his closet, also a recoil pod for a gun, a recent gift from Roger. The murderer's window offered a direct line of fire at some angle the shot hit Roger's car.

## Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis

(Continued from page 55)

and Lewis became a team—in July, 1946—and not just by accident, either. Dean and Jerry heckled the boss until he reluctantly agreed to let them try out a comedy act together. They rushed to their hotel room, locked the door, stayed up all night—and day—working up “special material.”

“We had such colossal ideas . . . but none of them jelled on paper,” says Dean. “We didn’t use a line.” Somewhere in between ideas, they went down to the beach and, using sand for a floor and the breakers for rhythm, Dean taught Jerry a time-step: “The same step we still do today. People think we do so many routines, but it’s the same old one.”

The next night, with no sleep and still no routine, Dean and Jerry went on cold. They hit an unsuspecting audience with every off-the-cuff gag they could mutually think of. There was complete comedy bedlam. While Dean sang, Jerry ran through the room, kidding customers and upsetting trays of dishes. Dean would interrupt himself, swap gags with Jerry, then resume a couple of croons. The audience kept clamoring for more—and got it. At intervals, Jerry would announce authoritatively, “There will be another show, just following the intermission.” Then he’d turn his back on the audience, pause a moment and yell: “Next Show!” It went on for three hours and they were paid \$700 for their merging.

No one realized their full potentials, until Martin and Lewis opened at the swank New York night club, the Copacabana. This was really big-time, sophisticated big-time. Would New Yorkers accept them? Dean and Jerry were both scared, to put it mildly. Dean recalls, “I wore a new white make-up opening night—until I heard the applause—then the blood came back again.” As for Jerry, he quaked in a corner of the dressing room, just before opening, nervously going over and over his material.

They’d paid a guy \$1,000 to write special material for Jerry’s three-minute opener. A few minutes before time to go on, Dean, who’d been watching Jerry sweat it out, walked over to him, took the paper from him—and threw it out the window. Jerry watched with horror as a thousand dollars’ worth of paper fluttered down to the street. Turning numbly, he heard Dean say, “Now go out there and do whatever you feel like doing.” Without feeling like doing much of anything, Jerry weakly made his way to the dance floor and looked carefully around the audience.

“My father always said, ‘When you play the Copa, you’ll be playing to the cream of society and show business,’” he began. He took another look around the crowd, then cracked in a high voice, “This is *krim*?” Jerry and Dean had the audience from that moment on, and all Broadway bowed to them.

Success now tied their lives together professionally, but other things were equally important to them personally. Says Dean: “I admired Jerry’s wit and the fact that he was always in there pushing . . . besides, I thought he was a great guy.” Says Jerry: “When you’ve been in show business from the age of four, you peg them pretty good. I pegged Dean from the first time I saw him. I wasn’t even thinking about him talent-wise, or from the career angle. I just thought . . . what a wonderful guy.”

Otherwise, their comic irreverence for



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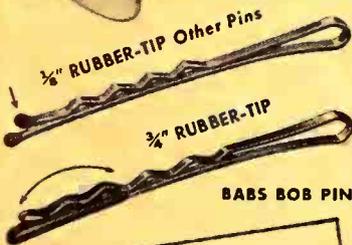
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anything animal, vegetable or mineral is mutual and complete. "They're the most perfect 'wedding' in show business," Ernie Glucksman, their television producer, observes today. He's referring to much more than their zany comedy—although, when he first met them, he thought he was the one being kidded.

With twenty-five years' experience in burlesque, vaudeville and the theatre, Glucksman welcomed the responsibility of producing Dean and Jerry's first television show. He wound up his Eastern assignments in a blaze of glory and, after three sleepless nights, planned to Hollywood to meet Martin and Lewis and go into a serious huddle about ideas for their show. Met at the airport, he was rushed directly to the Music Corporation of America offices in Beverly Hills, little knowing what awaited him there—the ensuing interview was sheer Martin-Lewis pandemonium, engraved forever in his memory.

SOME thirty people, all important in various capacities, were assembled in the MCA's palatial offices when Glucksman's new stars arrived on the scene. He watched with amazement as Jerry walked up to a top executive and screeched, "I told you to wash the car." Then Jerry removed one shoe, held it to his ear and crooned, "I've been callin' you and callin' you." Equally—if more quietly—busy, Dean had opened a file cabinet and, looking down into it mournfully, murmured, "Too bad . . . she died so young." As Jerry deftly removed another executive's necktie with an "I'll take twenty of these," Glucksman asked if he could possibly see him later that evening. "Better make it early," said Jerry. "Dean's going hunting tomorrow, and I'm going to Hawaii."

It was an exhausted Glucksman who revived himself with some sleep that afternoon and a tremendously impressed one who met with quite another Lewis that night. An entirely different guy. Exactly the opposite. In Jerry's home were volumes and volumes of scripts and movie stills, methodically leather-bound and filed. And Jerry was just as methodical and organized—all business, concentrating feverishly on format and story lines for the new TV spot. Later, Glucksman observed Dean and realized that their teamwork was definitely a fifty-fifty effort. What makes Martin and Lewis so great? Glucksman reverently declares, "I can sum it up in one word—*talent!*"

Jerry is a twenty-six-year-old genius. But when the chips are down, when TV or radio rehearsals are tense and things have reached an apparent impasse creatively and Jerry may be wailing: "I don't know *what* we're trying to do . . . I'm so confused . . . I'm confused about *everything*" . . . then it's Martin who steps in. Martin, who seemingly is preoccupied only with the easiest approach to the eleventh hole at Lakeside Golf Club, puts down his pipe and calmly strolls forth with the solution. "Look, why don't we just do so-and-so?" he says. The whole crew relaxes and Jerry, with his tremendous respect for every word Dean utters, feels like being funny again. No wonder their producer says, "Dean Martin is fifty per cent of that team—and don't ever forget it." Nor would Jerry allow you to. "There is no Martin and no Lewis," he says. "We're a team. There's just Martin and Lewis."

Dean and Jerry have no written contract. Only a handshake and their mutual admiration and affection holds them together. The greatest foundation for their teamwork is the heart that's beneath the humor—their complete lack of jealousy or selfishness, the way one is always shoving the other into the spotlight, forever

bending over backward to make the other look even better. They are today's Damon and Pythias, with as strong and warm a friendship as is possible between two men.

They're a study in contradictions. The good-looking, thirty-five-year-old baritone is unbothered, unworried and unhurried. Dean dislikes being pressured and is totally disinterested in business details. Jerry is emotional, sometimes moody and usually the worrier and perfectionist. Always busying himself, he even straightens out the furniture in his home when there's nothing better to do. He thrives on pressure and on crowds around him—it's Jerry who takes care of the business and any verbal fighting for the team. Since Jerry is Jewish and Dean is Catholic, their team stands as a shining example of how those of different faiths can work together in complete harmony.

Martin-Lewis have had plenty of opportunity to discover just how much each half of the team means personally to the other. One night at the Copa, when Jerry walked out on the floor to open the act, he collapsed from sheer exhaustion. Dean rushed out to take over, and there were those sitting ringside who'll tell you he was singing and crying at the same time. Another night, when they were appearing at the Havana-Madrid in New York, it was Dean who folded—with appendicitis. During his ten days of operation and recuperation, it was Jerry who carried on the act: "I found out just how much Dean meant to me. I kept running back and forth to the hospital taking him jars of chicken soup from Lindy's. I almost killed him with chicken soup."

When Capitol Records first offered Martin a contract, he refused unless they'd sign Jerry to make discs, too. "What do we do with a comic?" somebody protested. "It's crazy!" Dean shrugged: "Well, if you don't sign him, you don't sign me." He won, and some of Jerry's subsequent records have proved how much could be done with a comedian. By now, show business is convinced that the team is as indivisible as it is indestructible.

Yet, before Martin and Lewis met, there was only one thing they had in common. Each was determined to soar individually to stardom. Solo stardom. In all other respects—birth, background and training—they couldn't have differed more.

JERRY was born with applause in his ear, and in his heart. "I learned everything from my dad," he says proudly. Dad was billed in vaudeville as "Danny Lewis, Songs Nostalgic." Jerry's mother, Rae, played the accompaniments. Jerry made his first appearance on stage with them when he was four. From the moment he saw the happy faces out front, heard the magic sound of laughter, "my biggest pleasure has been in making people laugh." But when he says, "I was a yoosher once," it's more than a joke. He did that, too, ushering for a while at Loew's State in Times Square. He also enjoyed a period as cheer leader at the Irvington, New Jersey, high school, where he made so many funny faces his pals referred to him as "Id"—short for "Idiot!"

When the Lewises played the resort hotels, young Jerry usually doubled as a bus boy on the side. Then one night he ad libbed a joke which, his dad says today, "started him to fame and fortune. The kid brought down the house. I knew then he'd not only follow in my footsteps but crowd them plenty," he grins with pride. About that time Jerry also got the idea of donning tramp costumes and fright wigs and mouthing to recordings of Bing Crosby, Betty Hutton, and Igor Gorin's "Figaro." He recalls, "When I was fourteen I gave my first professional perform-

ance, in Toronto. The years between fourteen and twenty were tough—but really."

It was during these youthful struggles that Jerry made a solemn vow—to himself and to a girl who didn't hear him. A girl named Patti Palmer who was young and pretty and had bright brown eyes. They had met at the Downtown Theatre in Detroit, where Jerry was doing his comedy act to records and Patti was singing as vocalist with Ted Fiorito's band. They met again in New Haven, New York, Boston, and soon wherever and whenever they could manage to get away from their respective bookings long enough to be together. "In a few months," says Jerry, "we were married, and at the time we had nothing but our love. At least I didn't have anything else."

HE'D had hard luck getting work, and it was fortunate that his young bride was playing the Capitol Theatre in New York. Opening day, Jerry sat in the last row with his fingers crossed and in his heart he thought, That should be me up there, making her proud of me. He wanted to do colossal things, so Patti would have reason to be proud. Someday, he vowed, he would be playing the Capitol "and every other important place—for her. I promised myself that day and, with Patti's guidance and faith, I've been able to keep that promise."

Back in Steubenville, Ohio, Dino Crocetti had packed his bag, ready to try his luck on the road as a single. He didn't then know Jeanne Biegger, the former Florida model, now his wife, with whom he's so completely happy today. His vow was to himself—and to his home town—never to come back there until he could return as a star. In which event, certain citizens wouldn't have given any odds on his return. Dino was a quiet boy, but restless in a way which made it hard for him to conform to typical home-town contentment. Some conservatives in town thought he was "racy," a bit too eager for life's more exciting experiences. He would come to no good, they prophesied—though, ten years later, they had to eat their words and turn out with the rest of the town to give him the golden key to the city, when he returned for "Dean Martin Day."

Probably nobody expected much of Dino, except his own family and the occupants of the "club" back of the cigar store where he worked—the occupants who listened misty-eyed when he sang. Young Dino's home was over his father's barber shop. There he lived with his parents, Guy and Angela Crocetti, and his brother, Bill—"he's the educated one," says Dean, "he takes care of all my business now." Dino's idols were Cary Grant, Clark Gable, Bing Crosby. When he went to see their movies, he would tell the other kids, "You wait and see. I'll be up there some day, too, doing just what they are doing." He knew every Crosby record by heart and, when asked where he got his vocal instruction, Dean grins, "Bing taught me." But, in those days, the closest he came to the actual excitement of show business was during the periodic visits of his uncle, an eccentric dancer in vaudeville—Leonard Barr, whom you see on Dean's TV shows today.

Dean quit school when he was in the ninth grade. "I'm not the studying kind," he says, "and I was always playing hookey anyway." He took a job in a gas station for seven dollars a week, then worked in the local cigar store selling punches on the punchboard, eventually "graduating" to the back of the club. At quitting time, Dean and the boys in the back room would all drop by Walker's Cafe, where the boys would moon over their beer while their

crooning croupier favored them with something like "Out In the Cold Again."

Then, one night, an orchestra leader heard Dean sing and offered him a job on the road with his band. The "back room boys" from the store were highly enthusiastic. This was Dean's opportunity. He tried it for a month and came back. But he got the complete freeze from the boys. They wouldn't even talk to him, until finally he explained, "I can't live on the money. I can't afford to work for fifty dollars a week in a band—not when I can make a hundred and twenty-five dollars here." However, as he smilingly recalls now, "The boys were very determined. They said, 'We'll send you the difference.'" Dean went back out singing with Sammy Watkins' band. Every week, the boys all kicked in for his seventy-five dollars' allowance and sent it to him. They got a report card, too. They were always asking Sammy, "How's the kid doin'?" And they were very proud.

And so, one day, in a chance meeting on the sidewalks of New York, Dean and Jerry connected—with a lucrative impact—and two vows of success became as one.

Away from their work, Jerry and Dean long ago decided that it might be wise for their families not to socialize too much. Today, they have an unspoken understanding to lead their own private lives, enjoy their individual friends and hobbies, and take separate vacations.

Dean's life centers around his pretty, blonde wife, Jeanne (cute enough to rate having been an Orange Bowl Queen), their five-month-old boy, Dino, Jr., and the new fourteen-room French Colonial home in West Los Angeles which Jeanne decorated and moved into while he was away on tour.

Over the green rubber doormat which says, "The Lewises," scores of friends—among them Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh—pour into and share the warmth and informality of Patti's and Jerry's red brick French Provincial home in the Pacific Palisades. Usually, they all wind up out back in the "Gar-ron Playhouse," which houses all of Jerry's \$25,000 camera equipment, a private projection room, and drums and musical instruments sufficient to insure a lively jam session.

Patti and Jerry have two boys, Gary, 7, and Ronnie, aged 2—a happy little warrior who insists his name is "Hop-a-long Lewis" and rides the back patio aboard a wooden horse, with his cap turned rakishly backwards and a big bulge in his pink corduroys (that's a six-shooter, but naturally). Ronnie gives great imitations of his famous father. Ask "how does Daddy look" and without hesitation he shows you, drawing his mouth in, dropping his face and twisting it as far as he can. "Funny man—Daddy," he says, and often, "Daddy gone 'way." Jerry himself gets so lonely when he goes out of town that Patti usually joins him. "Mom, I just can't stay away from her any more," he tells Patti's mother, Mrs. Farina. "God bless you for that," she smiles, "that's the way it should be."

Any suggestion that the team of Martin and Lewis may ever be separated gets only shocked silence for reply. The minds of any who work with them reject the slightest hint of such an idea. Dean says nothing. Jerry's face drops an additional six inches, and finally he says, "I don't even want to think about it."

Dean and Jerry, partners and friends. Two talented people, each of whom might have become a star alone. But together, as a team, Martin and Lewis have made history. Just suppose . . . suppose they hadn't met that day? Millions of fans will echo Jerry, "We don't even want to think about it!"

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# The Girl Who'd Try Anything—Once

(Continued from page 41)

husband is about to be electrocuted, and the wife's frantic efforts to reach the governor with new information in time to save him—the husband, not the governor). "How would you like to open with Long Distance at the Palace?" the man was saying now.

Jan almost fainted. "Everybody wants to open at the Palace."

"Okay," he said. "You're on tonight."

She thought some more about fainting, and she thought about saying no, and she thought about how nobody opens cold without a rehearsal, even in vaudeville. Then she sat down and re-learned the script.

At 8:30, she went on. "It takes a fool to do these things," she told herself all the way to the theatre, but she didn't listen to a word she said.

When *Variety's* review of the show came out, she thought she'd curl up and die. *Variety* told her to stay behind a microphone. They said she was N.S.G. (not so good) in the flesh. And to cap the climax, they announced that she'd been kicked out of the Palace.

The Miner sense of humor came in hand. Jan knew what *Variety* didn't know—that you can't play a matinee at the Palace and be on the air on Hilltop House at the same time—or give up a regular show in eight hours or even tape it ahead in that time—and that your first loyalty is to the sponsor and boss who's employed you for a good many years. Anyway, the Palace was after her to come back and this trip they'd see to it she'd get decent rehearsal time and time to tape Hilltop House ahead. She also knew about the two movie offers which had come up as a result of her personal appearance.

"They told Schumann-Heink to scrub floors," she said to her secretary, Lillian Stewart. "They told Bernhardt to take in washing," Lillian said back. And they both started to laugh, and laughed until they cried.

A few days later, Jan met her friend Fran Carlon, the heroine of Joyce Jordan, M.D., in a restaurant. "I envy you," Fran cried fervently, rushing up, eyes aglow. "You opened in the Palace, and Robert Q. Lewis was there and raved about you this morning on the air—and Hawkins of the *Telegram* said you were wonderful."

Jan choked, recovered, then acted casual. "Yes, indeed," she said. "Everybody wants to open in the Palace." And she thought to herself, God Bless Hawkins and Lewis.

Looking back over the Palace experience, Jan thinks she was probably unwise to put herself on the spot, but she has no real regrets. "Half of life is courage," she says, "and you have to gamble."

Whenever she can, she gets away to her farm at Meredith, New Hampshire, but even quiet weekends there are apt to be not so quiet.

Like the weekend a while back that was scheduled to be spent in celebrating Jan's father's seventy-seventh birthday. Dr. and Mrs. Miner live in Boston, have a farm in the vicinity of Jan's farm. Jan's two older brothers have places close by, too. There was going to be a big family party in Meredith.

Jan flew up from New York Friday night, got into Meredith at 7:45. It was snowing heavily. To a New Englander, snow's prettier than diamonds. "Grand," said all the Miners, viewing the picture-postcard scene.

Jan was toasting her feet and gossiping with her mother in the cottage she's named Hilltop House (another example of how a daytime drama can influence a

girl) when down the drive came a Miner big brother. "Put on your galoshes," he said to Jan excitedly. "You've got to come down to my phone and talk to Mr. Englebach."

Jan put on her galoshes in what you could call a tearing hurry. (There's no phone in Hilltop House, and the Mr. Englebach who was waiting was the director of Tallulah Bankhead's Big Show.)

The Big Show is an actress' dream. One hour and a half of showcasing, everybody in the world listening. "We want you to play in a Thurber sketch opposite Claude Rains," said Mr. Englebach when Jan reached him, as calmly as though he weren't handing out Christmas presents in February. "Goody," said our girl. "Goody." A minute later she asked "When?"

"Why, this Sunday," said Mr. Englebach. "You're due for rehearsal tomorrow morning."

A panic began to rise in Jan's stomach. "It's snowing so bad there won't be any planes out of here tonight," she said, and her mind raced ahead facing other facts. Such as that Meredith was a little town, and there was a train that left from it every night, but the train left at the dinner hour; in a nice logical way. And this wasn't the dinner hour now; this was 9 o'clock.

Mr. Englebach's voice went on, unconcerned. "You can have the part if you can get here," he said. "Call me back in an hour."

"Never mind the calling back," Jan said. "I'll be there."

She didn't know how she was going to manage, but she'd have rolled all the way down from Meredith in a barrel if that had been one of the conditions, she was so eager to be on the Big Show.

Once back in Hilltop House, she called a family conference, came to a decision. She'd take a taxi to Boston, fly to New York from there.

She again trudged to brother's farm, phoned the town taxi-man, a fellow named

Bob Sprague. "Bob," she said, "can you possibly drive me to Boston?"

"I," said Bob Sprague, "am in bed. With the flu."

Dead silence. "Oh, I'm sorry for you," Jan said.

"Well, I'm sorry for you," Sprague said manfully. "I'll get out and drive you to Laconia, and I've got a friend there who'll take you on to Boston."

Torn between gratitude and anxiety (she was half delighted that Bob was going to drive her, and half scared that he'd kill himself doing it), she accepted his offer.

He got her to Laconia, but it was hard to tell which wheezed harder en route, Bob or the cab.

Al, from "Al's Taxi Station," in Laconia, took over. He and Jan made the trip to Boston in five hours (it's ordinarily a two-hour run) through a raging blizzard, and Jan caught a plane out of Boston.

There were only two other passengers in the plane, a cop and a lawyer going to Albany to get some man who hadn't paid his alimony. The trip was something horrible, and neither of the legal gentlemen had ever flown before. They both turned green, and the policeman kept saying, "Don't tell anyone I was in the Navy."

When Jan finally got to The Big Show rehearsal, she was so excited at playing with Claude Rains and being on the same program with Bankhead and working for Dee Englebach that she gave what she refers to as an "awful" reading.

On top of everything else, this seemed almost too much to her. "I am going back to Boston to sell neckties," she said firmly.

"No, you're not," said Mr. Englebach, a wise type of man.

Naturally, on the Sunday show, everything went off fine. Jan has since had two more movie offers and from the point of view of her career, that ninety-minute Big Show was simply wonderful. From the point of view of making any money, she probably just about broke even, when you consider the cost of taxi and plane.

Furthermore, she never even got to see the candles on her father's birthday cake.

As we said before, even the Miner weekends aren't guaranteed to be models of peace and quiet.

Which, when you come right down to it, is all right with Jan. Because she had an enforced eight weeks' period of peace and quiet this past fall, and take it from her work's a lot more fun. The eight weeks came on the heels of a major operation which Jan underwent at the hands of she says the world's greatest surgeon—Lester Spier.

CBS had to get another girl to play Julie on Hilltop House, and Mary Jane Higby, the star of *When A Girl Marries*, stepped in. "I'd love to do it for you," she told Jan, "and whatever they pay me I'll give you the money."

Mary Jane was thinking of the hospital bills and, while Jan naturally wouldn't accept a nickel, it gave her a pretty good feeling. Where's all this nastiness and jealousy between professional actresses? she asked herself with satisfaction.

And as though Mary Jane's kindness weren't enough, Jan was tendered further proof that the world was peopled with some rather good eggs. Because, while she was convalescing, first at the hospital and later at the farm, she received nearly three thousand letters of encouragement and affection from fans who loved her, loved Hilltop House, and wished for the combination of the two to go on now and forever.

As Julie, Jan finds life very good. And as Jan, the girl who'll try anything once, she's not doing badly either.

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# He's the Nicest Guy in the World

(Continued from page 35)

The stand-ins who work Beat the Clock—the men and women who try out the stunts before they go on the show—idolize Bud. They are young actors who need extra money while battling for recognition in dramatic work. It's Bud who will suddenly call time out during rehearsal. It's not that Bud wants a rest. It's for the sake of the stand-in who may have a custard pie spread over his face.

"Go out and wash it off," Bud will say. "You'll feel more comfortable. We can wait."

Bud remembers the stand-ins' names when they come back a week or a month later. He takes as much interest in their acting careers as if he were a brother. And Roxanne can tell you about Bud going out of his way to be helpful. The beautiful blonde, who carries on a dual career as a television personality and one of the country's most famous models, lights up at the mention of Bud's name. Through pure luck, Bud was one of the first persons she met when arriving in New York from Minnesota. Bud has advised and helped her with many problems. He introduced her to a dramatic coach and still helps her with readings. He has advised her on clothes. He builds up her part on the show continually.

"He's the greatest but, honestly, I envy him," she says. "He's such a happy and contented man with his work and his wife and family."

Bud has a successful family life in spite of the fact that he works day and night throughout the week. He never gets home in time for dinner and seldom turns the key in the front door before ten or eleven at night.

Bud has a splendid home in Greenwich, Connecticut, and the occupants are splendid people. Besides parents Bud and Marian, there are children Cynthia, Michael and Patricia, respectively, fourteen, twelve and ten. Everyone who listens to Bud's shows can tell you about his kids. A million people knew a few months ago that Michael wasn't going to watch his evening show for Bud told the story over the air.

It started at breakfast when Michael began teasing his sister Pat. Pat couldn't handle the situation and was almost in tears. Then Bud stepped in and decided to give his son a little taste of his own medicine. So he and Pat razzed Michael.

"All right for you, Bud," Michael said—the children call him Bud, too, "I won't watch your show tonight."

Of course, Michael did watch the show for he and his sisters are proud of their father. Bud demands only that they be good citizens. They eat when and as much as they wish. They play hard and study hard. And when do they see Bud? Well, Bud makes it his business to get up every morning an hour and a half earlier than necessary just to romp with them, share their breakfast and drive them to school.

"This isn't just being a dutiful father," Bud notes. "It's selfishness. I don't want to wake up some day to find they're full grown and that I've missed all the fun."

While Bud seemingly allows the kids a free rein, he encourages them to develop their talents in school and in the fine arts. He's quite proud of Pat's participation in a Debussy concert.

"But it's not in hopes she'll be a concert pianist," he hastens to explain. "I only want her to be able to enjoy good music,

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whether she's listening or playing."

The children are Bud's greatest interest in life. He watches their advancement, their habits. One day Win Elliot mentioned he was concerned about his own four-year-old son Ricky who was demonstrating a kind of bravado by recklessly jumping off a twelve-foot high porch.

"That's just a temporary stage," Bud said. "The next thing to expect is a show of temper." Bud went on to explain when Cynthia was about Ricky's age, one day in anger she ran up to the bedroom to shout and kick the bedroom door.

"I'll put a stop to this," Bud finally said. He went to her room and slipped off her shoes. The next time she kicked the door, she screamed bloody murder but stopped crying.

"You hurt me," she said.

"Oh, no," Bud told her. "You hurt yourself by losing your temper."

Cynthia, quite the young lady now, takes as much interest in Bud's activities as he does in hers. She was responsible for an important change in Bud's conduct on Break the Bank.

The program pays off in cash and as the prizes get bigger, the contestant's tension rises accordingly. If the contestant answers the \$300 question correctly, he has a chance at the bank which may

be worth a minimum of \$500 or a maximum of many thousands. Six people won over five thousand in the past year and two won more than eleven thousand.

"I don't think you're fair, Bud," Cynthia said. "You make those people too nervous."

She discussed the way he handled contestants at the \$300 question. "You say, 'There's a big bank at stake—you have only five seconds—think hard—decide on only one answer—if you get this one right you've a chance at thousands of dollars.'"

"Well, after all," Bud said, "it is a dramatic point and we're on the radio so we can't have dead air."

"A person can't think with you talking on like that," Cynthia said. "Besides five seconds of silence won't hurt any listener."

Bud thought, and agreed, she was right. So now when a contestant is in the home stretch, Bud is respectfully quiet, all due to his daughter's observation.

Bud's interest in children is hardly confined to his own. Sometimes the Break the Bank studio looks like a playground or kindergarten. It's not unusual to see a couple of kids crowding around the microphone while Mom and Pop answer questions—and Bud himself may be toting the youngest in one arm while holding the script with his free hand. Bud makes it his business to see that the children are

happy. He has a way with kids. One little boy remarked, on leaving a broadcast, "When we buy a television set, Mom, get one with Bud Collyer on it."

A statistician figured 75 million pairs of eyes and ears see and hear Bud each week. And perhaps the reason so many people are interested is contained in Bud's feeling:

"I don't believe in exploiting the people."

They all love him. Actors and announcers, listeners from Seattle, Washington, and from Washington, D.C. They take Bud Collyer as seriously as the little girl who walked up to him after a broadcast, announcing, "Bud, I want to marry you."

"I already have a wife," Bud said.

The toddler said, "I don't care if you are married. I'll wait."

Of course, Marian, Bud's wife, cares very much about Bud's marriage. Marian believes she's the luckiest woman in the world for she doesn't think Bud has an equal as a father, husband or human being.

"Well, he's not perfect?" a friend asked.

"The question is rather embarrassing because I'm afraid he is," she said. "It's this way and don't laugh. I never felt there was anything fictitious about Bud playing Superman years ago. He's a real, living, walking and breathing Superman. Ask anyone who knows him."

## Parents Are People, Too

(Continued from page 56)

would realize parents are people too! Most of them want to see their high school age daughters start to go out with boys and have a good time, as long as they follow the rules.

I remember when I was fourteen or fifteen and I first began to date boys, I was a little undecided about how to act and what to wear and how to make a boy know I was enjoying his company without making a great big fuss over him and maybe giving him the wrong impression about me. There are a few things I can tell you that will help a little.

How do we keep from staying out too late and yet not make the boy think we're still a baby? I used to feel shy about saying I had to be home at a certain time, until I found out that the boy really wants to know. Then he doesn't have to worry that he is getting in wrong with your parents. So I tell a boy when I go out with him the first time what hour I have to be home. If it's a special occasion of some kind, like a prom or a big party, naturally it will be later, but for other dates I stick to one time and that way my parents know when to expect me whether we have mentioned it or not. If for some reason it gets later, I try to call up a little ahead of the time I am expected and explain. Then, my parents don't have to sit and worry about me. You'll find this is a very good way of staying out a little longer without stirring up a lot of family resentment.

Another rule I have is that a boy should call for me at home if it's at all possible, and always the first time he takes me out. My parents like to meet any boy I go out with and I think that's only right. Sometimes a boy comes for me a little early and we sit around and talk before we go out. Most of the boys, of course, are not new friends and my folks have known them quite a while.

When a boy stays too late, if you haven't gone out anywhere or he has brought you home early from a show, it sometimes becomes a problem to get him to go home, particularly if he doesn't have to get up early the next day. I don't think it's very good if your father makes a big

point of it and calls out to you that it's time to lock up the house and get to bed, although I must admit there have been a few times when I almost wished my father would. He's too considerate of my feelings ever to do that, and there are more tactful ways for the girl herself to show she thinks it's getting late.

My parents don't think it's good for a girl of my age to date one boy all the time. While we're still young, we should be making a lot of friends and meeting different boys. We'll have plenty of time later to think seriously about one. Some of the girls at my school get terribly serious about a boy. They begin to pair off as early as fourteen, and a lot of them get engaged, even if not formally, in their senior year. It's nice to go with one boy to a show or to a dance, but if you like beach parties and swimming and barbecues and picnics and things like that it's always a lot more fun if the gang gets together.

Sometimes a boy wants to see some sports event, and while I might not happen to be too interested I try to work up an interest because it's something different to do and it pleases him. Try, Mary, to do some of the things a boy likes, even if you aren't too crazy about them yourself. And don't neglect your girl friends!

There has never been any conflict with my mother about clothes, although they were more of a problem to me at your age than they are now, because I guess most freshman and sophomores want to look older than they are so they can go with the senior boys. I never cared too much whether a boy was a little younger or older, in fact I like to go out with Bobby Gregg, the drummer on our show, even though he's younger than I am, because he is so gay and full of fun and we have such a good time. But a lot of kids in their freshman year used to come to school wearing clothes that were much too old for them and far too much make-up. Some of them used to wear long earrings and put their hair up high, anything to look older. In your senior year you get out of all that, if you haven't before, and you dress your age.

Of course it can really be a problem if

your mother still thinks you're a little girl and wants you to dress too babyish. A girl in our school had to ask her friends to try to explain to her mother that nobody would be wearing the kind of dress her mother wanted her to have for a prom. The girls finally persuaded the mother to let them cut the neck out just a little and change a few touches.

A boy can help you decide what to wear for a date by letting you know what you will do. Ask him where you're going if he doesn't volunteer the information. I got all dressed up one night only to find we were going bowling with the gang. A girl doesn't like surprises like that.

I have tried to tell you, Mary, some of the things that would answer your questions. You didn't ask about petting and necking and I guess it's because you know that no one my age can advise anyone else about these things. We were both brought up right and we have seen so many kids get into serious trouble that we knew how silly it is to spoil our whole youth, and maybe our whole lives, by acting foolish before we are old enough to understand what we are doing. It's up to a girl to make a boy understand what she expects of him in the way of behavior, and most boys like you better for it.

I had a particular problem at first because at fifteen I became the co-emcee of Paul Whiteman's TV Teen Club, after I had been a winner on one of the Teen Club shows, and the boys knew I had been singing and dancing since I was three, and they thought I must be a little more sophisticated than other girls. Some thought, too, that I might be just a little bit stuck-up. Some of them shied away from me at first, until they got to know me better and then they said they were surprised I was so "regular" and just like all the other girls. I stopped talking about the show, even though I was so proud to be on it, so people wouldn't get the wrong impression. To sum it all up, getting along with your parents and your dates is like doing anything else in life. Use good common sense and understanding and everything will turn out right.

Your friend,

Nancy Lewis

## Claire Niesen— Backstage Wife

(Continued from page 36)

he asked, just like that. 'So soon?' I asked—those were my very words. We were married," Claire laughed her bright young laugh, "one month later."

"A few evenings before our first date," Mel explained, "we'd met at the home of mutual friends. We'd each known of the other's existence for quite some time. Backstage Wife was the first show I did when I came to New York and after that I'd seen Claire around occasionally, at a dance, a theatre, a restaurant. But I'd gotten the impression, I don't know how, that she was married."

"A FEW days after that evening with our friends," Claire took up the tale, "he called me to ask if I would have dinner with him Wednesday night. As I left the phone after accepting, I heard myself telling my maid: 'Wednesday is to be the most important day of my life.' I say I 'heard myself' because it didn't sound like my voice speaking. And, anyway, why would I say a thing like that? I asked myself. Where did it come from? Why? Was it premonition? A woman's instinct? I don't know. I still can't explain it . . . unless it was that, in my subconscious, I knew. Perhaps because, when I was a little girl, I always listened to the Lux Radio Theatre and when I'd hear the sign-off, 'Your announcer has been Melville Ruick,' the voice always gave me a thrill. When he called me on the phone, it was—the voice! Which I had never expected to hear," Claire smiled, "asking me for a date!

"So, on the evening of that most important day of my life, we had dinner at some little place uptown—Stouffers, I think—then went back to my apartment—"

"And sat on the sofa in front of the open fire," said Mel. "I proposed right then and there, five hours to the minute after I'd knocked at her front door. And she said 'So soon?' And then 'Yes.' And after that we went out and ate hamburgers at Hamburger Heaven and talked and talked . . . And suddenly it was five in the morning, which didn't matter a jot because, for us, time—unless it was spent together—had ceased to exist.

"And to think, but a few hours before, neither of us had marriage on our minds."

Mel had been married before, is the father of two grown children and had not been contemplating matrimony again. Claire, who has played Backstage Wife for seven years, was happy doing it. She had her own apartment, her car, more than enough money for all her needs, her friends, her beaux.

So, for neither Claire nor Mel was marriage a heart's desire.

And then the impact, the unexpected collision.

"There was, as there always is, when two people fall instantly in love," Mel said, "a compelling force. For me the compelling force was Claire's youth and beauty, her freshness and, in addition, our compatibility. For she has a maturity of thought that does not usually go with her age, which makes the difference in our ages something of no consequence whatsoever. I don't think we have any thought about it at all . . ."

"I have," Claire spoke quietly, "I think it adds, the difference in age. I like older people in general," she explained, "and I always have. They have so much more to offer, it seems, than people my own age. The knowledge, the richness of experience which the years have given them, the ad-

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vice they can give and you, if you're wise, will take. . . ."

"I am flattered," Mel laughed, "when Claire asks for my advice and particularly pleased when she takes it! And just because the blend is so smooth, we never think in terms of one being young and the other not so young, but just that it's a darned good idea to be together. And we are together, not only in the proximity, the close proximity," Mel laughed again, "of our three-room-and-garden apartment, but in all departments of activity and aspiration and thought and desire that make up human life. We even share pet hates, such as dripping water and those little slivers of soap people leave in soap-dishes!"

"From the beginning," Claire said, "we seemed to think alike. Our wedding, for instance: 'Let's not make too big a thing of it,' we said in unison, meaning we didn't want a huge affair with press photographers and TV cameras clicking, but a quiet wedding, in a beautiful place, with a few of our friends as our only guests. And that is how we were married, on March 11, three years ago, in the Lady Mendl suite of the Hotel Plaza, overlooking Central Park. The decor was so lovely, with great mirrors reflecting back to us the flowers, the guests, the minister, ourselves, our happiness. . . ."

"I wore a navy blue coat-dress, a hat all lilies of the valley and carried a bouquet of green orchids surrounded by lilies of the valley. My sister was my matron of honor. Mel's best man was J. Donald Wilson, then vice-president of ABC, and among our guests were our friends—Claudia Morgan, King Calder and his wife, the Ron Rossens, Don MacLaughlin, who plays David Harding on *Counterspy*. . . ."

"We didn't have a proper honeymoon (radio and TV people never do!) but we went to California that summer and when we got back, started house-hunting for our first home."

In the matter of their home, where and what it would be, they also thought alike. "We both love the country," Claire said, "love it—and we'd like a house, but we live in a small apartment in Forest Hills, which is just a few minutes out of New York, because we were agreed that, with our hours on radio and on TV, commuting was impractical."

"As a human, you always have problems to solve," Mel added, "there's no such thing as the idyllic setup. It's what you make it. Claire and I work out the problem of our frustrated love of the country by spending our leisure time driving all over Long Island—Greenpoint, Northport—driving for hours. We like having picnic lunches under the shade of a big tree or on a small, secluded beach. . . ."

"Most of the problems of marriage come, I think," Claire observed, "from self. Your pride is hurt, or you don't get your way and, instead of forgetting yourself for the other person, you take that adamant 'You know what you can do!' attitude. There has to be a certain submerging of self," Claire said, "in any good relationship."

"When two individualists, who have led two different lives, first learn to live one life, it could be quite explosive. Mel and I have very few differences—of opinion, you know—but we are different in certain, not-very-important ways. Mel talks more than I do, for instance, much more—I'm talking more today than I have since I was three!"

"Another difference is that Mel uses everything to the last end! He's Scotch-Irish, with emphasis on the Scotch. He is, in a word, more thrifty than I am, and how! I'm very careless with money. Or I was. . . ."

"I try," Mel explained, looking amused, "to point up economy in the mind of a

young girl who, from the beginning, made more money than she could or should spend."

"I used to go out and buy people presents," Claire said, "I used to buy myself presents. I always liked a lot of everything. I don't mean I was ever one for a show-off of affluence—I like simple tailored clothes, no fripperies, and I haven't a mink coat, just a mink cape bought at a sale—but I did used to spend. Now, before I buy anything, anything, I ask myself, Do you need it? You'd be surprised how often the honest answer is no."

"But these are trivial differences. Basically we have, as Mel always says, the same values. We're both home-lovers in contrast to those who like to gad about. We love people, love to have people come to us for dinner, after which we sit around and talk (I mostly listen) and Mel shows his home movies. When we're at home alone, we read and watch TV. Generally speaking, ours is quite a normal home-life. Might almost seem to be prosaic but to us, to me," Claire's jewelled eyes shone, "it's poetry."

"We do our showing off, our pretending," Mel smiled, "when we're 'on.' And much as we love our home-life, we also—make no mistake about it—love to be 'on,' love our work."

Nodding agreement, Claire said: "Mel has done everything. He broke into the business as a handleader. He's done movies in Hollywood, was just getting the breaks when the war began. During the war he directed radio for the Army Air Force. He recently played the part of the Army chaplain in the movie short, 'Deep As The Heart,' which was up for an Academy Award. He's directed radio at ABC—while he was there, he once directed me and I wish he would again, we'd love to work together! He's done theatre, lots of radio, lots of television. When you love being 'on,' in all the media—stage, movies, radio, TV, and in any capacity, either actor or director—you really love it."

"I, too. Ever since I was four years old, I wanted to be an actress. By the time I was twelve I'd read every Duse and Bernhardt biography ever printed. Originally, I wanted to be a dancer. But one day in school I read a poem before the class, 'The Blind Girl of Belgium,' and they cried. It was corny, but they cried. And I felt something inside. Something stirred, and spoke to me. It said that, given the opportunity, I could make people cry, and laugh, perhaps dream a little; that I might make the world of make-believe believable to them. . . ."

"And so she has," Mel took over. "When she was fifteen, she started on a small radio station. She'd just about got out of high school when they put her in Ibsen and Shakespeare. At sixteen, she played Nora in 'A Doll's House' and Portia in 'Merchant of Venice.' Little more than an infant herself, she started with TV, which was also in its infancy. On one of the early programs, 'Double Door,' Jan Broder, the Broadway agent, saw her and it wasn't long before she was appearing on the stage. And she has been Mary Noble, on *Backstage Wife*, for going on seven years."

"It's fun," Claire said. "I love the part, I love the people I work with, there is a lot of camaraderie among us. . . ."

"Yet so together are we that, as much as she loves her work, when I said one day: 'If I should be transplanted, what of your career?' her answer was: 'I would go right along with you, wherever it might be. And not begrudgingly, happily. . . .'"

"You see," Claire told me, then, "the most important thing to us is—each other."

There was a slight pause, then she added: "Together we can go where we want to go."

# Marriage Is Forever

(Continued from page 7)

over it, and I guess I was about ready to crack wide open. Something had to be done. Somebody had to punch Douglas Norman right in the nose for what he was doing to Alice.

Sure, it wasn't my business—but how would you feel if a couple of your dearest friends, who had been so much in love, suddenly started coming apart? Wouldn't you instinctively want to reach out and help? Wouldn't you at least want to find out what it was that could take a man like Douglas—a guy with a brilliant mind and a sense of humor and plenty of experience of life, the kind you'd get as a writer and a reporter and the editor of your own little newspaper, which is what he was right now—take this decent, fine man, and turn him overnight into that silliest of all living creatures, a middle-aged man chasing after a schoolgirl?

Well, that's how I felt. Only a few weeks before I'd been wishing out loud that something like Doug would happen to me, and Papa David had been reminding me that Alice had waited a long time before it had happened to her. Sure, Alice was no kid. Neither was Doug. But she was lovely and intelligent and a lady. Gosh, those two were so fond of each other they even managed to work together, running the *East Side News*, and still stay friends! Alice hadn't done anything. She hadn't changed. What did a little squirt like Lucy Green have that could break up a marriage like Alice and Doug's?

It had happened so suddenly, too. Lucy was just a kid—eighteen or nineteen—and she'd been around the neighborhood for years. To my mind she was a brash and brassy kid, fresh to her mother and father and given to running with the wrong crowd in the high school. Which made it all the stranger that she should suddenly catch Doug's eye. It wasn't imagination; everyone in the neighborhood had seen them together. Doug didn't seem to care. Wasn't Alice going to do anything, I kept asking Papa David? "Have you seen the way she looks?" I'd pressed him only that morning. "She's going to be sick, Papa David. For her own peace of mind she ought to have it out with him. It would be easier to break away all at once than to die a little bit every day, the way she's doing. Last night he came in at two o'clock, I heard him myself!"

Papa David made soothing sounds. "Nu, Chichi, leben, so maybe it's Douglas who is sick, couldn't that be? Sick in a certain

way, I mean, emotionally. And maybe Alice knows it, and is trying to help him by silence. Sometimes, with a little well-placed silence, you can do the most good."

I snorted. The one time I'd tried to talk to Alice she had sounded the same way. She had talked about love being able to withstand all kinds of strain and pain; about faith, about trust. The way I was feeling about Doug these days, I wasn't sure that he was worth all this faith and trust.

Sometimes I wished Alice was just a housewife. If she'd had no claims on her own time, she'd have found Doug's carrying on much less bearable. But, as it was, she was always off to a fire or an interview or a meeting, covering it for the paper. Today, for instance, she'd gone off to the big Women's Club symposium. Important clubwomen had come from all over the country to talk about what was the trouble with teenagers these days and, before she left, Alice had paused in the doorway and chattered nervously about how they were going to get right down to facts and talk about drink and drugs and what the women could do about getting to the root of the trouble. She wouldn't let me get a word in edgewise. She must have known I'd heard Doug stumbling in at two. Of course, it was important about the kids in the high school going wrong. This terrible business they'd found out recently, about how some of the students were not only taking drugs themselves, but were selling it to the others—somebody had to find out where and how they were getting it, put a stop to it. I couldn't agree with Alice more. But what about her husband and his particular teen-age problem? Never mind the big social deal—what about the Normans?

In the evening, Papa David went over to play checkers with his pal Ben Levy, and I closed up the shop. It had turned into a nice damp spring-feeling night, and I thought how wonderful it would be if Alice and Doug had maybe met for dinner, the way they used to do, and had by some lover's magic found each other again. Sitting in Papa David's rocker, in the apartment back of the book store, and building up the scene in my mind, I guess I must have dozed. A loud thud shocked me awake. Someone in the book shop? At this hour? Papa David and the Normans wouldn't be likely to bump into anything. Without thinking, I ran into the shop and reached for the light switch. I had to blink around in the sudden glare until my eyes finally focussed, and then I saw that a couple of books had fallen

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to the floor. Beside them, half turned toward the door and looking strangely furtive, was Lucy Green.

"Well! What can I do for you?" I asked. It was plain enough from my tone what I'd have liked to do, and Lucy didn't miss it.

"Nothing," she said sullenly. "So long." "Hey, wait a minute." I got to the door ahead of her and put my back against it. "Not so fast, friend. How'd you get in, and why, and what are the books doing on the floor?"

"Oh, I'll pick up your old books." Lucy bent and tossed them carelessly onto the table.

"Thanks, but that's not answering my questions." I just couldn't talk nicely to Lucy. I wanted so badly to give her a smack or two where her mother should have done it long ago—though, as a matter of fact, I was close enough to her own age to know that the way I was acting I would never get any cooperation out of her.

**S**HE pushed back her bangs angrily. "What are you, the FBI? I don't have to answer any questions. The door was open and I walked in and now I'm walking out again, if you'll get out of my way."

Had I forgotten to lock the door? It could happen, but it really made my temper slip to be put in the wrong by Lucy Green. I bit my lip and glared at her. "You're a brat, Lucy," I said. "What were you doing, trying to sneak upstairs to Doug's apartment? Why don't you lay off? Leave him alone and quit making a fool of yourself!"

Lucy looked murderous. "Let me out, you nosebody, or I'll—"

"Here, what's this?" The opening door shifted me gently aside. Papa David came in and closed it behind him, and stood looking from me to Lucy with understandable curiosity. "Well, well," he said. "And both so angry-looking?"

Lucy made that nervous gesture with her hair again. Suddenly she frightened me. She looked terribly old. In spite of the make-up her skin was dead-looking, and her eyes made me wonder if she could be sick. Or suffering? Could she possibly be really head-over-heels about Doug? Was it the real thing—a tragic three-cornered mixup?

"If you're finished looking me over, I'd like to leave," she said with sarcastic politeness.

I moved aside with a shrug. "I still don't know what you came for, but have it your way. I don't mind telling you that the further you stay away from here the better I'll like it. And from Doug Norman."

Lucy didn't wait for another invitation. She headed out in such a hurry that she tripped over the doorstep, and her handbag hit the floor and clattered open. It wasn't in me to let her pick up her own marbles—at least, not with Papa David already looking at me reprovingly. Bending to help her, I marveled at the collection of lipsticks she carried. Then I saw this other interesting stuff. A twist of cellophane with three capsules, attached by a rubber band to a short-handled spoon. Thinking about it afterwards, I realized the spoon hadn't been exactly short-handled, but the handle had been bent backwards. And the bottom of the spoon had been burnt. I was so busy staring that a slip of paper which should have gone back into the bag went absent-mindedly into my pocket instead. I glanced at it later, but it didn't seem important, no phone numbers or anything. Just a name. Caleb Damasky. I'd give it back to Lucy when I got a chance.

Women would carry anything in their handbags, I thought, but why capsules and a spoon, unless. . . . All at once it hit

home. Hadn't I read about it somewhere, in all the fuss there had been lately, how one way of taking drugs . . . heroin . . . was to heat it in a spoon over a flame? Was Lucy—little Lucy Green from down the street—one of the high-school addicts we'd been so shocked about? But—where did Doug fit in? Did he know? Did he perhaps know more than he should?

Fortunately for my self-control, I found out the next morning what Doug knew. He and Alice came down together into the kitchen where Papa David and I had just finished our coffee. My hands went on doing the dishes mechanically, but my eyes were searching Alice's face for news. It was there. She was still pale, but her eyes were bright and she was smiling with a kind of held-back happiness. "It's all right, Chichi," she said. "We had a long talk last night, and it's—well, Doug wants to tell you himself."

Following them into the back of the store, I wasn't at all sure I wanted to hear what Doug had to say. How did I know I'd believe it—after last night, after Lucy's handbag? But Papa David was being nice and normal, and I knew he'd be seriously upset if I acted cool.

But Doug was too keen to miss my reaction. He flushed so brilliantly that his gray eyes looked like glass. "I deserve the cold shoulder, Chichi, I know I've been acting like a heel. I—I meant to. I was trying to make it convincing."

"You did," I said. "Best job I've seen in years."

"You see," he persisted, "being convincing was my best chance of coming through in one piece. That's why I couldn't tell anyone. I see now—Alice made me see, and I'm broken up over it—how unfair it was to her. No matter what I—"

"Doug," I broke in heatedly, "will you for heaven's sake quit beating around and tell us what you're talking about!"

"Drugs," said Doug. "Dope. Junk. Heroin, to be specific."

I almost dropped the dish I was drying. "So," Papa David said. "You see, Chichi, how sometimes it is wrong to be positive? See how words change the whole picture?"

**A**LICE gave me a wry smile. "Isn't it queer how the truth can be staring you right in the face, only you can't see it? All that fuss at the Women's Club about the drug menace right in this neighborhood—all the stories we'd been putting in our own *East Side News* about it—and it never occurred to me that this might be the secret behind Doug's sudden insanity."

Papa David said sadly, "No matter how brave a person is, Alice, there are some things the human mind must try not to think about. Could you associate Douglas with this dreadful business? Could I even believe the evidence of mine own eyes when from a young girl's pocketbook comes all the proof necessary to show she is involved—"

"Papa David," I broke in, aghast. "I didn't know you even saw what I saw last night, let alone understood!"

"Nu, Chichi, am I not living in the world, just like Douglas and Alice and you, just because I am perhaps a few years older? So when I see white powders in capsules, and a spoon like we saw in Lucy's bag, am I not knowing already what is probably up?"

"Yes, we all know," Doug said. "The papers and the investigations have made us all very sophisticated. We are all aware that every day children are being caught and made slaves by human beings so evil you can't even class them as human beings! But do you know what will happen to Lucy, to the others, if they're not caught in time?" His face had become pale

from the intensity of his feelings. "You all know, in theory—but think of Lucy actually in such a situation! She's not really bad. She's just a confused kid. We've seen her grow up, and the others like her—unhappy, defiant, anxious to get more out of life than their parents have been able to give them—but can you imagine her a couple of years from now, what degradation she will have sunk to? I've seen them. There's nothing—nothing—they won't do to get their shots, or the money they need to buy them. That's why I decided to do something about it myself. I can do it more or less quietly, you see. Nobody—none of the kids—ought to have any idea what I'm after. With any luck at all, I ought to be able to hand over the name of the rotten skunk who's been pushing the stuff in this neighborhood to the Narcotics Bureau in just a couple of days."

"With any luck? Doug, are you in danger?" I glanced from him to Alice, who squeezed his hand reassuringly.

"Of course he is," she said. "But—he can't stop now, Chichi. I wouldn't even want him to. It's too important."

At Papa David's insistence, Doug gave us a rapid review of what he'd been up to the past few weeks. Lucy had sparked the situation off—probably while she'd been 'high' on the heroin, ready to take any kind of dare. She had more or less picked Doug up while he was having a soda at Schwartz's Drug Store one afternoon. It hadn't taken too many of her hints and allusions to make him realize that there was something about her manner which was more than just brash self-confidence.

He strung along with Lucy, played up to her overtures. She was so unguarded that, after one meeting, he knew the truth. Not only that she had begun taking the stuff, but that, through her boy friend Willie, she was getting ready to sell drugs herself in another part of town! Lucy readily shifted her affections from Willie to Doug, and the plan now was that as soon as Willie slipped her the name of the big man behind the racket, she and Doug would become a dope-selling combination on their own.

The danger to Doug, of course, was Willie. He'd been jealous from the first, goading Lucy about falling for an older man who was only killing time with her. Threatening her, finally, that he would tell his friends—the men who were supplying him with the drugs—that Doug was nothing but a police spy. He couldn't know it was true, but all he had to do was make good his threat and it wouldn't take the more experienced hoodlums very long to check up!

As Doug talked, I could see that Alice was getting nervous all over again. Doug, too, saw that her face had gone very pale, and her hands were tight. He said earnestly, "I've got a hunch today will end it, anyway. My friend at the Narcotics Bureau said he'd put a man on me—a sort of bodyguard—so that in case I ran into a rough time there'd be someone official around to get me out of it. I'm supposed to meet Lucy and get the name from her, and after that—well, her plans and mine will part company."

The store bell tinkled behind him, and then almost at once signalled another opening, but it was only Mr. Kincaid. Papa David went over to him and in a few minutes, Alice went along to the newspaper office. Both she and Doug had the most strongly developed senses of duty, I thought irritably.

I had taken off my apron and was smoothing my gray cotton skirt when something crackled in the pocket. I pulled out the slip of paper that had come from Lucy Green's handbag, and stood frowning down at it. Then abruptly my heart leaped, and I began to shake all over. *Caleb Damasky*—it was a name, wasn't it? Couldn't it be the name? From the way my blood was racing along I just *knew* it was. If Doug could see it he might know in a minute; maybe he'd recognize it, even know where the guy hung out! Doug had to see it. If I could get to him before he met Lucy, and if he thought there was a chance it could be the name, then he wouldn't have to get it from Lucy—wouldn't have to expose himself this last, important time!

Frantically, I tossed on a coat, put a scarf over my hair and flew out of the shop, ignoring the astonished stare Papa David turned on me. Time enough later to explain; I had to get to Doug in a hurry! Running now, I pounded down the street and around the corner, and came panting into Schwartz's Drug Store. Mr. Schwartz said excitedly, "Chichi—someone is sick? Papa David?"

I shook my head, gulping for breath. "No—nobody's sick. I'm just—have you seen Mr. Norman? Has he been in?"

Mr. Schwartz looked unhappy. Everyone in the neighborhood had been down on Doug the last few weeks—but when the truth came out there'd be a difference! "He was in, now he's out. Chichi, if somebody had come to me and told me such a fine young man would carry on like—" "He didn't happen to say where he was going?"

"To me he doesn't tell his affairs," Mr. Schwartz said coldly.

I mumbled my thanks and stepped out



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onto the street again. Where now? I began to walk, without direction, concentrating fiercely on my scrappy knowledge of how Doug was likely to spend a working day. But his days weren't like an office worker's or a storekeeper's. He could be around the corner or five miles away . . . he could be walking into deadly danger this very minute, if Lucy's old boy friend had made good his threat! Where . . . where? Schwartz's wasn't the only place they'd been seen and talked about. The Waterfront Cafe! Someone had made a point of telling Papa David and me that Doug had been going there with Lucy. It was the kind of place you gave a wide berth to, no matter how tough you thought you were. But it was broad daylight; nothing could happen to me. And if it did I'd scream the place down.

**I**T WAS down at the end of Water Street, and by the time I had twisted and edged my way through the dirty, narrow little streets that took me to it, I wasn't in a running mood any more. Where we lived, Papa David and I, it was bad enough. But down here—this was something else. This was poverty that scared you—it wasn't only that it was poor. It was *wrong*. It was sinister; the alleys and doorways seemed to have been made for dark, ugly figures to lurk in—maybe to lunge out from . . .

The Waterfront Cafe had swinging glass doors. I pushed through them, hoping I looked like the other customers—only there weren't any. My heart sank to my shoes as the shadowy, beery-smelling inside yielded only a view of a dirty black-and-white floor, a few forlorn tables, and a long bar with one solitary man leaning against it.

He took the words out of my mouth. "Looking for someone, lady?"

This fellow has some instinct, I thought. His eyes were unpleasantly probing. "I thought a friend of mine might have stopped in," I muttered. "I can see I was wrong, though, so I'll—"

"A real bright gal," said the bartender, poker-faced. "Not everyone sees what they're lookin' at, if you know what I mean."

All I wanted at this point was to be looking at something other than the Waterfront Cafe, and I started back out. But those probing, almost threatening eyes of his stayed with me long after I was on my way home. I couldn't get them out of my mind. Where had I seen them before? I thrust back into my memory. Why, in the Book Shop! He—that bartender—he was the man who'd been coming in and out lately, who'd bought that travel book, who'd seemed so noticeably out of place in a book store. . . .

Once again I was running, back home this time, driven by fear and a feeling of being right on the edge of something. The Book Shop—could it have anything to do with what was going on? It made a kind of chain, if you wanted to look at it that way: Lucy taking Doug to the Waterfront Cafe, the bartender turning up in the Book Shop. Maybe he was only checking up on Doug—but why would he want to check up on Doug unless it was something to do with the dope racket? Was the dope being distributed through the Cafe? If only I could reach Doug! If only he'd be back when I got there!

But he wasn't. Alice wasn't in the office next door, either, and Papa David said he hadn't heard from them. Restlessly I prowled up and down among the books. I didn't know what I was looking for, much less what to do about it. What had that character bought—a travel book? We didn't have many. They were stuck into half a shelf, right next to the reference books.

My hand wandered over the worn-out backs, as though somehow I'd feel the answer through my fingers. . . Mr. Kincaid must have been in a hurry, I thought absently. This was what I'd come to think of as his shelf, this particular set of encyclopedias; he'd put back the third book out of place. Automatically, I pulled it out, and started to work it into its proper place, and suddenly everything around me and inside me seemed to stop. "Papa David," I heard myself say hollowly. "Come here, quick. *Quick!*"

With shaking hands I gave him the volume and reached into my pocket for the slip of paper. "If I'm seeing things, say so," I panted. "Look—do you see what I see?"

The paper said the same thing it had said since I first laid eyes on it. Caleb Damasky. And on the back of the book, in faded gilt letters, were the words Coleb . . . Damasky. That meant the first word in the volume would be Coleb; the last would be Damasky. *What else did it mean?* Coleb, not Caleb. A book, not a man's name! "It can't be coincidence," I said. "Can it? Papa David, it can't."

"I think you're not jumping to conclusions this time, Chichi leben." Papa David's eyes were sparkling. "Chichi, you and me, we've got a horse by the tail—or is it a bull?"

"I think it's a tiger, Papa David. I mean I think it is in more ways than one." I opened my lips to tell him about the bartender at the Waterfront Cafe when the store-door bell warned me into silence. It was only Mr. Kincaid. That man had quite a talent for being around at the wrong time, perhaps from just being around so much. As though aware that we weren't too glad to see him, he came hesitantly down the aisle, head lowered so his pale blue eyes could blink over the tops of his glasses. Suddenly I realized his whole expression had changed. A cold chill started down at the bottom of my spine and worked upward as I met those eyes of his. Involuntarily, I took a backward step.

"I hope nothing is wrong, my friends? You both seem disturbed this morning." His gaze shifted to Papa David, to the book he was holding, to the shelf it had come from. No question about it; right in front of my eyes mild little Mr. Kincaid was doing a Jekyll-Hyde. Mild? Had I ever thought that small-featured face, with its puffy little mouth, was mild? It was mild the way a rat's face is, wicked little eyes, pointed teeth. . . .

"**I** CAME to say goodbye," he went on. "I find I can't work too well in my cramped quarters. Perhaps the country air will stimulate production." He laughed without meaning it. "Really, I hoped I might look around without disturbing you, and perhaps buy one or two of your volumes. There are one or two I don't think I could do without, since you've so kindly given me the use of them."

"As for instance this one?" I blurted, frightened as I was. I held the book so he could see it, and from the way he went sort of putty-colored I knew I was right. Incredible, jumbled, astounding as it was, Mr. Kincaid was something more than a little retired schoolteacher writing a book. Though my heart was pounding fear through my whole body, I added slowly, "And should we make the bill out to Mr. Caleb Damasky?"

I don't know what would have happened to Papa David and me if the blessed arm of coincidence hadn't brought Doug through the door just then. Not Doug alone, either; with him was a stranger who turned out to be the man from the Narcotics Bureau. Mr. Kincaid didn't see

them, for his back was to the door. He didn't notice the bell, either, for he seemed to have taken leave of most of his senses. I can still hear that hoarse, strange voice running out of him, appealing to Papa David as a man of intelligence, of tolerance—explaining that it was all right for us to let him go because he had already decided to have no more to do with the dope-selling ring. Yes, he'd been responsible for a lot of it. They'd been hiding the stuff behind the book—in our Book Store!—and the bartender I'd recognized had been picking it up and distributing it, through the Cafe, to depraved, ruined kids like Willie.

Doug told me later that the law had a narrow squeak in keeping Kincaid, even though they had him. The simple audacity of his plan had protected him so beautifully. Nobody knew his name, you see; only George, the Waterfront bartender, knew what Caleb Damasky stood for. It was George who came to our book shop at carefully spaced intervals and left with the packages of heroin that Kincaid hid behind the thick, dusty old encyclopedia which nobody ever read—except him. Travel books for George, indeed! Where he was going, he couldn't be needing anything less! The Waterfront Cafe turned out to be chock-full of the white powder, and George lost no time in squealing on Kincaid, but if they hadn't found plenty of the stuff in Kincaid's room when they searched it, they'd have had a time bringing him to trial. However, he's going right along with George—and for longer, too.

For a while, after that, both Papa David and I felt as if our homely little book shop had taken on a split personality. "It looks like books," I would say to him,

"but really it's a blind for—for what? Pirate gold? The King of Persia's rubies?"

Papa David usually sighed, smiled affectionately, and replied, "More likely are hidden behind those books some mice's nests, I'm afraid, my Chichi. But be romantic. Certainly be romantic. What else is there in life for the young?"

It bothered me when he said that, because to tell the truth I was getting a little worried about myself. Maybe I didn't have it in me to be romantic. It was Alice who started me wondering. Alice and her faith in Doug—her perfect confidence that no matter what it looked like, he couldn't be throwing their marriage away. I'd had the feeling, back when I was biting my nails because she wouldn't have it out with him, that she'd need a house to fall on her head before she'd believe that he had really changed that much. But maybe it was I who was silly, childish; and Alice had been right. What did I know about the kind of love she and Doug had? Oh sure, I've been in love once or twice . . . sort of . . . but was it ever the kind that could say with a whole heart, the way Alice's did, "I know you for what you are, and I love you for it, and unless you yourself cease to value my love nothing can ever shake it?"

The trouble is—*can* I love the way Alice does? I want to; seems to me it's the only way that's worth while. When I'm wondering out loud about it, Papa David always smiles and says, "Why worry? For a girl like you, Chichi, something good is surely coming. Something as good as even I could wish for you." So I'm not discouraged. Papa David has a way of calling the turns. I guess my job is just to wait. One of these days, it's bound to happen.

## I Lost My Heart to Dennis James

(Continued from page 49)

my father's death, because mother was run down and the two of us went to Miami for a rest.

We got there in late summer, the off-season. Only year-round residents were in the city. It was quiet and we liked the people we met, the climate and tempo. Mother and I decided to stay on and continue to live quietly.

The unexpected happened a few days after Thanksgiving in 1950.

Jimmy Shearer, a friend of Mother's, invited us to a party at his home in Fort Lauderdale, some ways out from Miami. The party was being given for an old friend of his, Dennis James. The name meant nothing to me.

Until Dennis arrived, I was the only young person there. Everyone else was married, of middle-age, or over. Cheery and brisk, he walked into the roomful of women, kissing each mother's cheek. When he got to me, he stopped and for a moment just stared.

"This is Marjorie Crawford," our hostess said, "everyone calls her 'Mickie.'"

He smiled and here was my first impression: A handsome, self-confident man a little on the cocky side. I didn't understand then that most of the women, who knew his Okay Mother show expected to be kissed.

Dennis and I were thrown together for the rest of the evening. We danced and talked and he was very attentive.

"Mickie, can I drive you home?" he asked when the party was over.

"I go all the way to Miami."

"That's all right," he said.

When we got to the car, I saw several suitcases in the back. I looked at him questioningly.

"I was going to stay here a few days," he explained. "But I'd just be driving into Miami constantly to see you, so I'll move back into my hotel."

He drove Mother and me home. I was overwhelmed. I'd never met anyone like Dennis. He was wonderful and yet a puzzle. I was sure that I liked him. Dennis told me much later that he had fallen in love with me that first evening.

During the next weeks, Dennis called for me every day. We went to the beach or pool to sun ourselves. These were quiet days, days of getting to know each other. He told me about the television shows he worked on. Mother and I had never owned a TV set and so I was a stranger to most of the talk.

Recently, Dennis had had an operation for quinsy and this accounted for his lounging in Florida. He showed me his doctor's prescription for getting well, two words on a regular prescription pad, "Shut up." The second instruction, unwritten, was "no kissing."

I soon lost my first fear of Dennis. Actually, I found him to be quite unaffected, with good common sense. Cocky? No, he turned out to be considerate and sweet. But I wasn't really sure about myself. After all, in the beginning, there isn't much surface distinction between infatuation and love.

I suppose we broke the doctor's unwritten prescription constantly, for we always had so much to talk about. When Dennis left, we broke the doctor's second rule and kissed at the airport. That felt right, too. I was convinced that this was no fly-by-night romance and Dennis left no doubt in my mind.

"Mickie, I'm flying down again next weekend," he said, "and only to see you."

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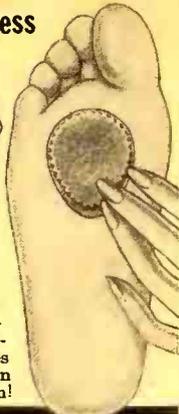
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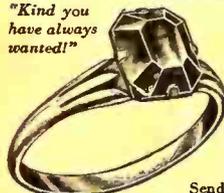


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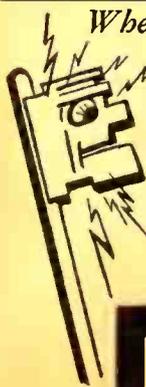
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I was thrilled and already so much in love with Dennis.

Then one day, after he had gone, I was thumbing through a magazine and I was shocked. There was a big picture of Dennis with Sammy Kaye. The caption said that Mr. James was chosen one of the country's best dressed men.

You can laugh at me just as I laugh at myself now, but my heart almost broke. I felt as though someone were playing a bad practical joke on me. I had thought Dennis was "working" in television just as any man goes to work at a job. But, if he were a celebrity, he was part of the glitter, the night clubs, the exotic, bizarre life that every small-town girl thinks is part and parcel of show business.

When Dennis came down the next weekend, he took one look at me and asked, "What's wrong, Mickie?"

I told him.

"I wasn't withholding information," he said. "But I've never thought of myself as a celebrity. I was raised small-town, just as you were. And life in New York can be very small-townish, too. Show people, most of them, are pretty good, regular guys. They have homes happily inhabited by a wife and children."

I believed Dennis, for I had already learned that the most important rule of living with him is honesty. But I still had doubts about fitting into his life in New York. I stayed on in Miami and poor, poor Dennis continued his weekend trips down to see me. He did more than that. On different weekends, he brought down his parents, his brothers and sisters-in-law for me to meet. What better proof was there that he believed in small-town conventions?

In April, five months after we met, Dennis came up with a suggestion that was more than practical. "Why don't you and your mother move to New York? You'll have no trouble finding a secretarial job. Up there you'll see things for yourself."

The following month we moved, and then I was initiated into the life of a TV star. Five daytime and four evening shows a week, benefit performances, interviews, pictures, business meetings, rehearsals, script meetings—they all added up to the most energy-consuming work I've ever seen. I realized that a man who crowded weekend trips into this schedule, just to see me, had climbed the highest mountain and swum the deepest ocean many times over. I learned, too, that Dennis and his friends were nothing more than down-to-earth homebodies. After a hectic day, their greatest pleasure was in heading for the quiet of home.

Then, a few months after Mother and I

settled in New York, I went back to Pittsburgh and New Castle for a visit. If anyone needs a test for their love, a short trip should do it. You're tickled to see old friends but all the time your heart is full of loneliness. The plane trip back was as tedious as a slow boat to China, for knew Dennis would be at the airport to meet me. He had a real surprise and amounted to four words:

"Will you marry me?"

"Yes," I said. "I've been wondering you were going to ask me."

We were married December 5, 1951, Connecticut. It was a small wedding with only members of the family present. Afterwards we had a reception in New York for all our friends and relatives.

There was no time for a honeymoon and we moved into Dennis' bachelor apartment. It's a real man's place, full of photographic equipment, nautical instruments, golf clubs, gadgets and cookbooks—twenty of them—gifts from his "mothers." The bedroom wall was covered with pictures of prize-fighters.

In the few months of being newlyweds we've learned a lot more about each other. I know that Dennis is a fireball, for sure. He'll do thirty things on one shopping trip and I get home limp and he's ready to start all over again. I know that he loves spaghetti every Sunday and takes his hobbies and sports seriously. I know that when we go visiting he is more likely to be on the floor playing with the children than talking to adults.

And as for the glitter and whirlwind life of celebrities? Well, we haven't been in a night club as many as three times since I've been in New York. Evenings are spent visiting or at home, where Dennis is learning a new hobby. After watching me paint, he decided it could be fun for him, too. He's done several scenic canvases and a pretty good portrait of me.

I know that Dennis has wonderful traits. He's not only scrupulously honest but a man who likes people. He never has a chip on his shoulder. When someone hurts him, his first thought is "why did it happen?"

It's not just close friends and business associates who think my husband is regular. There are thousands of his TV fans who fall in the same category—I know, for I see his mail. When they see him on the street, it's "Hi, Denny," with the most wonderful feeling of affection. It's not like being married to a celebrity at all but just like walking down the streets of your home town and greeting old pals.

Why did I marry Dennis James? I can answer that now. I learned that, like me, he's small-town. And I discovered I not only loved him but liked him.

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**American Broadcasting Stations**



# Portrait of a Happy Husband

(Continued from page 39)

become 'the thing' with the major advertisers, and the smaller potential sponsors were sitting on their money bags waiting to see how the new medium would make out. Advertisers were not looking to new shows and, as everyone knows, without a sponsor you've got no show . . . not long, at least. However, with Nell's blessings I went ahead with my new venture—and in seven months' time was caught in the middle of it. Still no sponsor. The broadcast time was sold to another program with a sponsor. I was out! I had, it appeared, taken a chance, and lost—but you'd never have known it from anything Nell said or intimated."

As it turned out, the gamble was not a loss. Even though the show had not picked up a sponsor, its listener-rating had been good and CBS suggested that, if Garry wanted to take another flier, he might come to New York and work out the Garry Moore Show for their television network. Once more Nell operated on the basis that, if Garry thought it worth a try, that was the thing they'd do. In short order their bags were packed, and with a youngster in each hand, she followed her husband to New York.

"In reality," adds Garry, "what Nell did for me in this instance, every wife could do for her husband, regardless of his business or profession. In the first place, no man ever got anywhere without taking a reasonable chance or two. In the second place, no man ever got anywhere when his path was continually dogged by fear . . . fear of what would happen to his wife and family if his venture didn't pan out. But Nell made sure I *knew* she was behind me every step of the way. Yes, as a result of Nell's attitude, I have usually found my battles to be half-won before they were even well underway."

But this was not the only way in which Nell helped her husband. Even though she was never an actress . . . indeed, never had any desire to be an actress, and married Garry in spite of his profession rather than because of it . . . she has often been responsible for the type of material Garry uses on his show. Her natural sense of humor, high standards, and good judgment have guided Garry right from his early days of entertaining.

Actually, Garry's not too surprised that Nell's sense of humor has proved such a boon to him—after all, it was her smile that first attracted him. It was at a Halloween masquerade barn dance twenty years ago in Baltimore, Maryland, that they first met—that sixteen-year-old Garry first saw a tall, fourteen-year-old girl with a big, wonderful smile. The smile intrigued him, and he found himself wondering whether her eyes could possibly match her smile—the little slits in her mask gave no clue as to what was behind them. So, he assumed the then-proper dance position, whirled her across the floor as often as the stag line would permit, and made sure he was around for the unmasking. And lo and behold, the eyes did match the smile—big, brown, wonderful eyes!

Even though they saw quite a bit of each other right from the start, the real romance didn't take effect until some six years later when Garry suddenly found himself in St. Louis, well on his way to becoming a radio comedian.

"For the first time in six years," Garry continues, "I was really away from Nell—miles and miles away. Nell had moved to Richmond, Virginia, and from the way

things looked, it was more than possible that my career would separate us even farther. As for asking her to marry me, I very righteously felt I couldn't until I was earning at least seventy dollars a week. No matter how I juggled the figures on my paycheck, they still proclaimed, 'Twenty dollars to go, son!' Then one evening a young married friend asked me to dinner. He and his wife had a pleasant but inexpensive one-room-and-kitchenette apartment. They were sublimely happy, and I knew his salary was the same as mine. By the time the inspiring dinner was over, I could stand it no longer—made some lame excuse, and departed for the nearest phone to ask Nell to marry me. It took quite a number of eloquent speeches and letters to convince Nell that she would be no millstone around my neck, but finally we were married on June 5, 1939, in Richmond. We've now been married thirteen years, have two sons—Mason, twelve, and Garry, Jr., nine—and have had the best lives together any two people could hope for."

As the wife of a young, rising comedian, Nell outdid herself. Not only was she no millstone around Garry's neck, but she performed miracles with the family budget, and turned out to be a completely nerveless homemaker. Things like sudden uprootings of the family—Chicago to Hollywood, or Hollywood to New York—distressed her not in the least. Being of a naturally warm and friendly nature, Nell made friends quickly and, no matter where or how often they moved, in a short time friends were flocking in for a pleasant evening with the Morfits—or Moores.

"These evenings at home," Garry explains, "didn't just happen. They were planned, right from the beginning, and are another of the many contributions Nell has made to my life. It goes 'way back to when we were engaged. Nell made it clear that she wanted what most people consider a normal married life—a home and children—not the topsy-turvy life of a roving actor's wife. Well, frankly, this fit in fine with my ideas about the importance of a home and family.

"So, right from the start we knew we wanted some semblance of a regulated and substantial life—a home, for instance, that was more than just a place to hang a hat. We wanted to be able to share our home with friends. I use the word 'we' advisedly—neither one of us wanted Nell to have to greet friends with, 'I hope you won't mind Garry's not being here—he's got a show this evening.' And, much more important, we believe that children need both parents. Which is why I'm so strongly in favor of my present daytime spot, rather than the more coveted nighttime hours. It's also one of the reasons Nell stood behind me when I left the Durante Show and risked our financial security . . . if I were to win the gamble, we'd have the life we wanted, and if lost—well, at least we'd tried.

"So, now we have our home, our children, our friends. I regularly catch the 8:18 A.M. commuter train from Rye, where we live, and in the evening board the 5:29 home. My weekends are devoted to the family and our mutual interests—Nell and I play quite a bit of golf together, but the family mania is boating. As for indoor sports, there's always a jigsaw puzzle in the process of completion.

"Yes, all these things are ours because Nell stood behind me—not only as a good wife, but also as my best friend. How I pity those poor bachelors and their dogs!"

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## No Time for Romance

(Continued from page 68)

girl who doesn't think you've fallen for her just because you enjoy her company and can talk to her about your job and your ambitions.

The girl who thought she had no time for romance is Kathi Norris, hostess-narrator of *Escape With Me* on ABC radio every Tuesday night at 8:30 and star of the Kathi Norris show on Du Mont station WABD, Monday through Friday at eleven in the morning. The boy is Wilbur Stark, producer of both these shows—plus Hollywood Love Story and The Big Hand.

Kathi, the attractive blue-eyed brunette, who is also petite, intelligent and completely charming, had been transferred from the Chicago office of an advertising agency to its New York headquarters. She was scarcely twenty then and off to a fine start in her career, and her parents back in Newark, Ohio, and her eight older brothers and sisters were proud of her. "I wanted to make good completely on my own," she explains. "And then I thought that when I was older there would be time enough to think about marriage. There was a boy I liked in Chicago who had persuaded me to become engaged to him, but he knew I wanted to wait a long time before settling down. When I got to New York, there were all these bright young men in advertising and radio that I was constantly being thrown with, but I still insisted on concentrating on the exciting new life and career I was making for myself. The boys would ask me out to dinner and I would turn them all down. "All except one.

"It didn't seem to matter if I dated him. He was so really nice, so sweet (he won't like this word, but it's true), that when he suggested dinner I only thought what a friendly sort of gesture it was and how it would help my food budget every week! Even the way he asked me made it sound different from other invitations. He was working for a radio station and had been trying to sell my agency a radio program for one of our accounts, but every time he came in I kept saying no for the client. This day he said, "If I can't sell you, maybe you'll let me take you out to dinner anyway." In my ignorance, I didn't realize he had a very good job for a fellow in his twenties, so when he began to suggest expensive places I made up all sorts of excuses. He was insistent and I had to give in.

"When we got to the fancy restaurant he had at last chosen, he wanted broiled lobster, and he ordered it for me too. Back in Ohio we didn't get lobster, and even in Chicago I had been living my own small-town sort of life, so when the waiter put the platter in front of me I had no idea how to start attacking the odd-looking armored creature. My sweetie (he's that now, but then he was just a nice boy paying for my dinner!) asked tactfully, "May I break the claws for you?" and then he showed me how to get out every bit of the good lobster meat. I not only liked the strange new food but I began to like this boy, because he hadn't made me feel like the inexperienced country girl I knew I was. It was that night that he told me it was strictly friendship with all the girls he knew and I told him about this boy back in Chicago who was willing to wait until I had made a success of my career. It seemed like the beginning of a beautiful friendship for both of us. Come to think of it, it was!"

The girl used to mention her dinners with the boy in her letters to the fiancee back in Chicago, and after she had been in New York eight or nine months and

went home to Ohio for a vacation, the Chicago boy decided to meet her there and ask her to set a definite wedding date. "Maybe it was because of the boy in New York that I still hesitated, although I wasn't aware at that time of being in love with him. I only knew I was missing our dinners together and the fun we had just talking about everything under the sun. I began to feel indefinite about making wedding plans and I went back to New York without settling anything."

Kathi and Wilbur met and had dinner together her first night back. "You know I'm going to get married soon," she told him. "That's wonderful," he said, and they went on to talk about other things. He isn't going to miss these dinners together and all our good conversations, she thought, and somehow this knowledge began to hurt her, but she kept on chatting lightly. Toward the end of the meal, he said quite casually, "Well, anyhow, we can go on having dinner together for a little while yet, can't we?" "As a matter of fact," she heard herself saying, "I think we can, because I am not at all sure now that I want to get married." "Why not?" he demanded. "Because I'm not really madly in love." "That's a fine thing to say now, after promising the fellow," he commented.

She knew he was right, because her conscience was hurting her, badly. So she called the Chicago boy long distance and told him she guessed it had been a mistake and she hadn't been in love at all. "I wouldn't do it so cruelly now," she explains, "but I was young and thoughtless then."

Everything went along as it always had, but one night when Kathi and Wilbur were having one of their conversations about what they wanted out of life, they got on the subject of the kind of mates they would choose, just in case they were thinking of marriage. He said he would like a girl who could cook a good meal and serve it beautifully, keep a clean, attractive house and knit him sweaters and socks and be an all-round fine little housewife.

Some weeks later they were together again. The boy suddenly said, "You're a courageous sort of girl, never afraid to try new things. How would you like to conduct a little experiment with me?" "What sort of experiment?" she asked, expecting talk of some joint business, since getting ahead in their careers was still their favorite topic. "Well," he answered, looking less confident than he usually did, "I thought we might experiment with marriage."

She stared at him. "Then I began to laugh a little," she says, "but when I realized he might be seriously thinking of settling down, some perverse impulse made me say, 'Well, if you're getting marriage-minded, this other girl I told you about a few weeks ago would be much better for you, because she can do all those things you like, and she has the time to do them.'"

"Actually, of course I had no intention by this time of introducing him to any other girl. I had been feeling very happy that he had escaped the ones he already knew, because it was around this time that I finally faced the fact that I was at last in love, head over heels in love. So I couldn't go on pretending much longer, when the man I wanted was saying that he wanted me. Trying to look my most matter-of-fact, I said yes."

And so Wilbur and Kathi decided to get married in Worthington Chapel in the little town of Elmsford, just outside of New York City. When they went on their

honeymoon, Kathi took her typewriter and Wilbur took his golf clubs, even though she didn't play. There was still that barrier between them that each must live an individual life, cherished for its own sake, no matter how happy they might be as a couple, which they were, from the first day. When it came to deciding which apartment to keep, the separateness loomed again. He found it hard to give up the quarters he had furnished for himself and fixed up his own way, but they finally chose her little apartment. When they outgrew its space—after the baby, beautiful Pamela, came—they kept it as an extra office for several years because they had both grown so sentimental about their first shared home. The marriage that had begun so unromantically was now radiant with memories and dreams of the future.

"Somewhere during that first year with my husband, learning a little more about him each day, I began to wonder how I had ever got along without him. I began to have that feeling of dependence on another person that I had always feared—and I began to love having it. I found it wasn't bondage, but a wonderful new kind of freedom. Freedom to share, to be together always. And he told me he felt the same way. I started to be a real housewife, too. I remembered all the things my mother had taught me to do back in Ohio. I cleaned and cooked and sewed, and I even learned to knit, and when Pamela came I was at last a completely contented housewife and mother. If anyone had told me then that I would have one of the first daytime television programs, viewed by thousands and thousands every week, and would be on radio, too, with more thousands listening to me, I would have shrugged the whole thing off. I had my husband, and my child, and it was enough."

Suddenly, Wilbur found himself producing a television show, one of the early ones that originated from Schenectady, New York. It was a program for children, called Teen Canteen, and when he got too busy to make the trips back and forth, Kathi had to step in and take over as his substitute. She didn't know it then, but she was in the entertainment business for keeps. That show led to her present ones, and she learned to combine homemaking, motherhood and career, but to value the first two the more highly.

"I'm still a small-town girl, living in the biggest city," she says of herself. "I had never been to the famous nightclubs and theatres until my husband took me. But there was one place he wouldn't take me, even when I asked him to. That was to Times Square, on New Year's Eve. Being a native New Yorker, he thought that was pretty corny stuff. So it wasn't until the Du Mont network asked me to do the commentary for televising the Times Square celebration on New Year's Eve, 1949, that I got the chance to join the seething, excited crowds who watched the great golden ball drop on the Times Building flagstaff as the Old Year ticked off its last second. I climbed out on the marquee of the Paramount Theatre, at Forty-third Street and Broadway, and to a little girl from Newark, Ohio, it was another wonderful dream come true. I only wished my mother had lived long enough to have seen me there. She had always wanted me to have all those things I thought were so important, and all those other things she knew were important—wifedom, motherhood, home. They were all mine now, and I began that New Year, as I do every year since I met Wilbur, saying a prayer of thanks for all my blessings."



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