

# **RADIO-TV MIRROR**

APRIL

Virginia Dwyer  
and daughter Susan

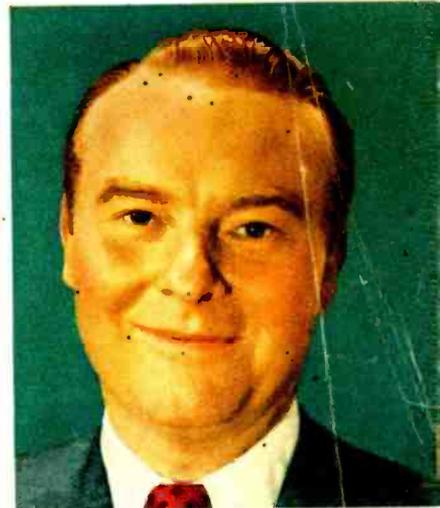


Special Stories:

**GARRY MOORE** • **DON McNEIL**  
**IRENE BEASLEY** • **JACK BAILEY**

25¢

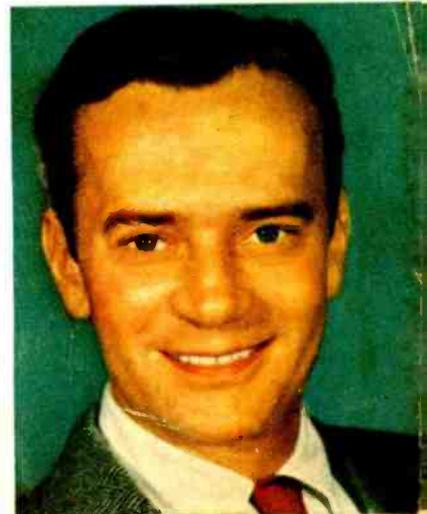
**SPECIAL  
FEATURES**



**Ralph Edwards**  
**This Is His Life**



**Joan Tompkins**  
**Nora Drake Heroine**



**John Raby**  
**When a Man Marries**

*Now* An Exciting New Camay Fragrance  
yours for added loveliness... only in Camay!



*Fresh, Fragrant  
as a Flower!*

The new Camay fragrance is enchanting! And it's yours *only* in this one wonderful beauty soap! Change to Camay today. Enjoy its exquisite fragrance! Then see how quickly Camay care can bring new loveliness to your complexion, to every inch of you!



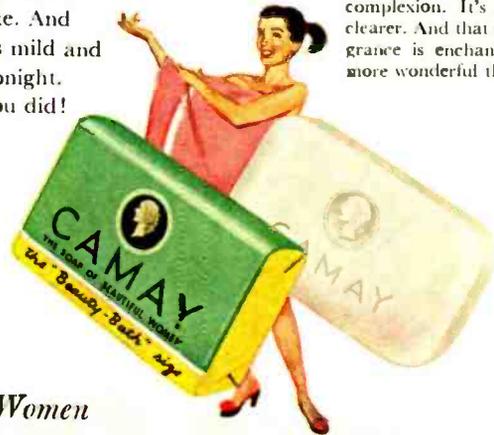
...and a clearer, fresher, more radiant complexion is yours with your first cake of Camay!

There's never been a beauty soap like Camay—the soap that helps you win a more radiantly lovely complexion—the Camay Complexion. Change to regular care—use Camay and Camay alone. You'll find your skin clearer, fresher—far more radiant with your very first cake. And you'll love that new Camay fragrance—just as you'll love Camay's mild and gentle ways, its rich, creamy lather. So change to Camay tonight. Tonight, tomorrow, years from now, you'll be thankful that you did!

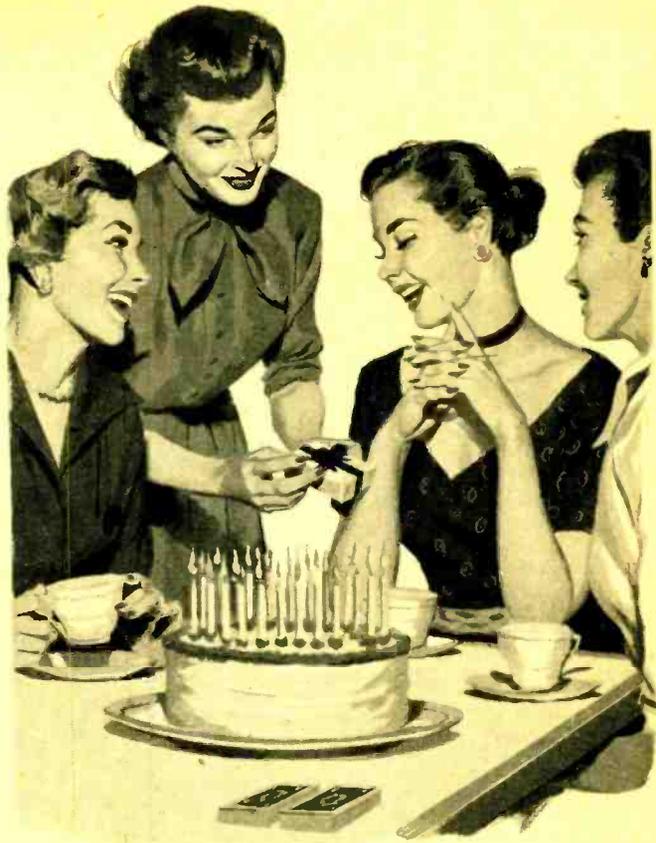
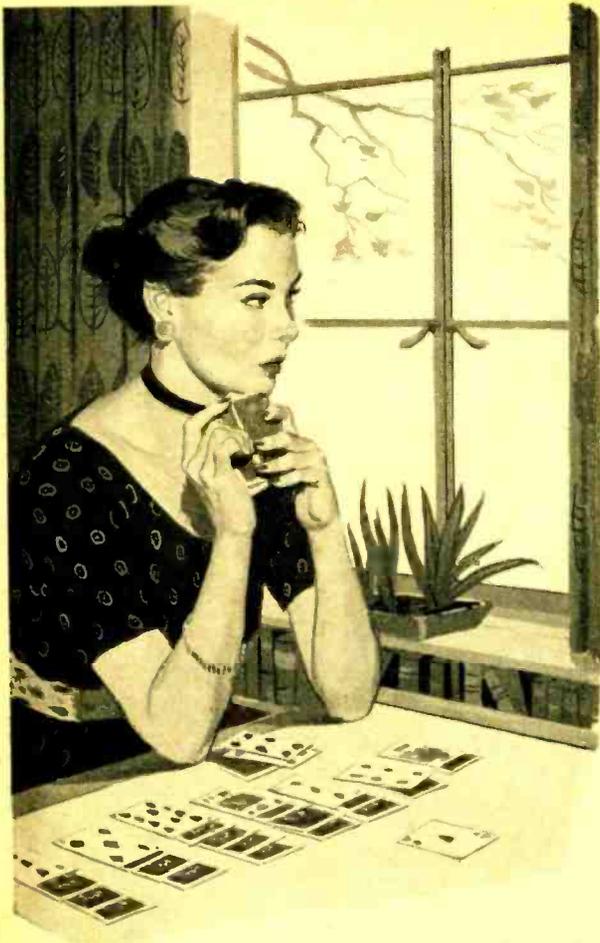
*THIS LOVELY CAMAY BRIDE,* Mrs. Cye Perkins, says, "The change to Camay and regular care made a world of difference in my complexion. It's far fresher and clearer. And that new Camay fragrance is enchanting! Camay is more wonderful than ever!"

*Such fragrant glamor for your bath!*

There's just nothing like a Camay Beauty Bath to leave you feeling so fresh, so fragrant . . . to give you *extra* assurance of personal loveliness. Buy the big Beauty-Bath Size for economy and glamor.



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One alone? . . . or one of the group?

*When Mrs. F. first moved to the community, she was welcomed by a small neighborhood group. Unfortunately, Mrs. F. left them with a very bad impression of herself. And she might still be a stranger in her neighborhood if she hadn't discovered why they disliked her. Now she is a leader in the very group that snubbed her.*

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### 4 TIMES BETTER THAN CHLOROPHYLL OR TOOTH PASTE

**D**ON'T let \*halitosis (bad breath) put you in a bad light. And don't trust lesser methods to combat it.

Listerine Antiseptic instantly stops bad breath . . . usually for hours on end. Your entire mouth feels—and is—delightfully fresh and clean.

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You see, by far the most common cause of halitosis is germs. That's right, germs start the odor-producing fermentation of proteins which are always present in your mouth.

Listerine kills germs that cause this

fermentation . . . kills them by the millions. Brushing your teeth doesn't give you this antiseptic protection. Chlorophyll or chewing gums don't kill germs. Listerine does.

**Clinically proved four times better than tooth paste**

That's why Listerine Antiseptic stops halitosis instantly . . . and usually for hours! And that's why Listerine Antiseptic averaged four times better in stopping bad breath than three leading chlorophyll products and

two leading tooth pastes it was tested against.

So, if you want really effective protection against halitosis . . . no matter what else you do . . . use an antiseptic—Listerine Antiseptic, the most widely used antiseptic in the world. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company Division of The Lambert Company, St. Louis 6, Missouri.



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

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North Atlantic Edition

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They Could Sell Tickets For This!

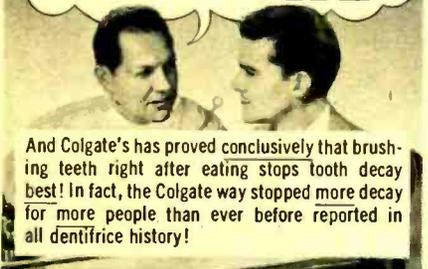


FIGHT FAIR, HONEY!  
 AT LEAST TELL A GUY WHAT THE FIGHT'S ABOUT!

DICK, WHEN YOU LOVE A MAN, IT'S EASIER TO FIGHT THAN TO ASK HIM TO SEE HIS DENTIST ABOUT—ABOUT BAD BREATH!



TO STOP BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING WITH COLGATE'S MAKES YOUR MOUTH FEEL CLEANER LONGER—GIVES YOU A CLEAN, FRESH MOUTH ALL DAY LONG!



And Colgate's has proved conclusively that brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! In fact, the Colgate way stopped more decay for more people than ever before reported in all dentifrice history!

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream



PEACE AND QUIET REIGN SUPREME SINCE I USE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM!

Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS BAD BREATH and STOPS DECAY!

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



IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH!

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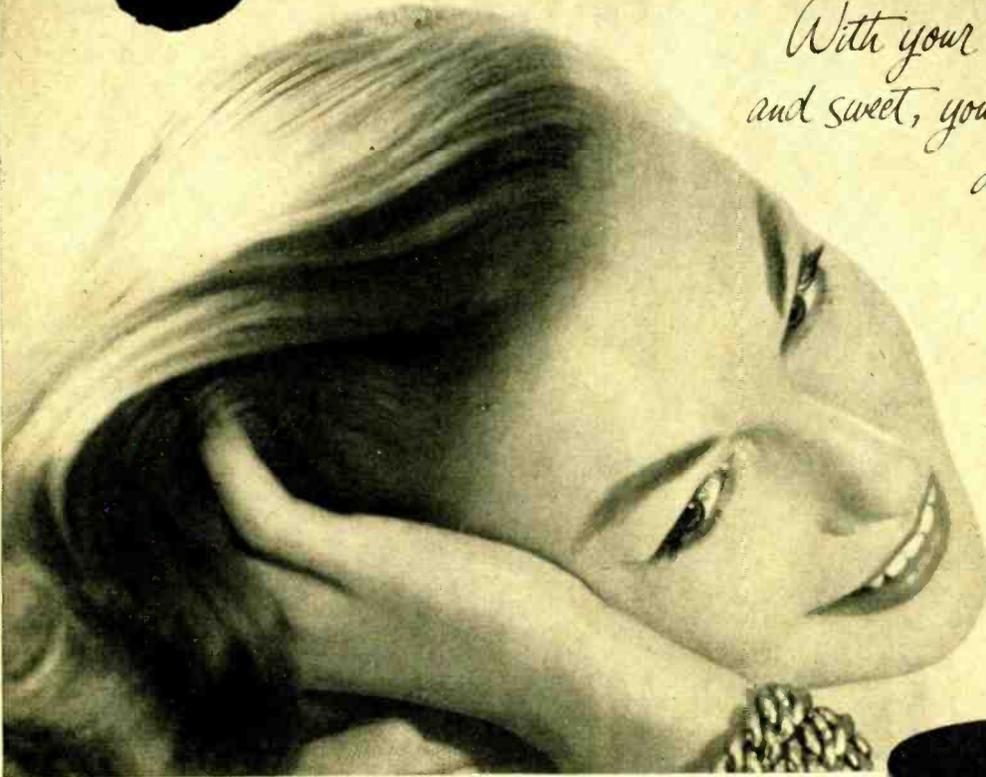
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Member of The TRUE STORY Women's Group

R  
M  
2

# You feel it!

*With your hair Shasta-Soft  
and sweet, you're every inch a  
desirable woman!*



*Feel it on your fingertips!  
Rub it into the palms of your hands!  
You can feel that Shasta Shampoo  
is right for your hair!*



From the second you open the jar, you can *feel* that creamy-soft Shasta is going to do *wonderful* things for your hair.

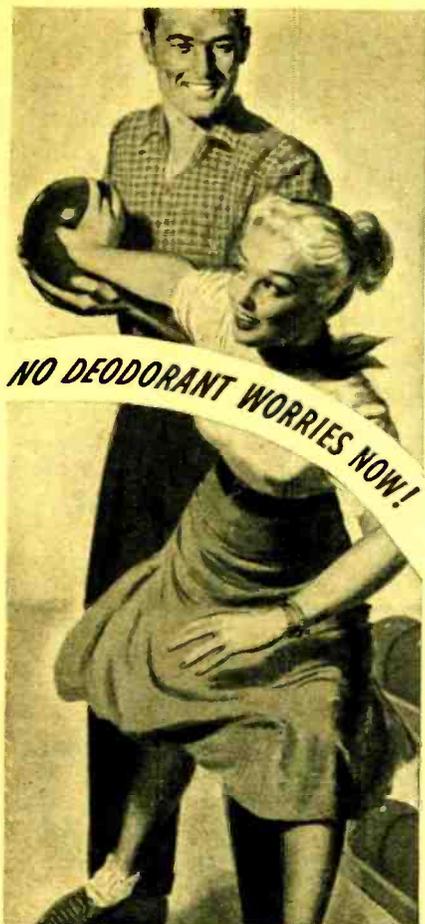
Rich but not oily, creamy but not sticky, Shasta is the very softest of the cream shampoos... gives you billows of rich, lasting lather that cleanses your hair like no ordinary soap shampoo can do.

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*P.S. Just a little Shasta gives you a lot of lather. Don't waste it.*

## *New* **Shasta**

*the Softest of the Cream Shampoos*



## 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 M-3, an amazingly effective "odor-bacteria" fighter. Doesn't give underarm odor a chance to start.
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- **No waste.** No drying out. New Mum is the *only* leading deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Usable, *wonderful* right to the bottom of the jar. Get a jar of Mum today.
- **Safe for clothes.** Gentle Mum is certified by the American Institute of Laundering, guaranteed not to rot or discolor even the finest fabrics.



**New MUM®**  
CREAM DEODORANT

*A Product of Bristol-Myers*



# Information Booth

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

### Lucy's First-born

*Dear Editor:*

*Is it true that Lucille Ball's first baby is adopted?*

*M. N., Patchogue, L. I.*

No, Lucie Desiree is not adopted. Lucille and Desi were so happy when this little girl of theirs was born after they had been married ten years and had thought they couldn't have a child of their own.

### Before Julius

*Dear Editor:*

*Can you please tell me the name of the boy who sang on Arthur Godfrey's program with Janette Davis before Julius La Rosa came along?*

*M. U., Summit, N. J.*

Bill Lawrence is probably the boy you're thinking of. He sang on Godfrey's show before going into the Army.

### Dr. Christian

*Dear Editor:*

*Is Jean Hersholt, who has played Dr. Christian on the radio for so many years, a real doctor?*

*T. A., New York, New York*

No, Jean Hersholt, radio's beloved Dr. Christian, is not a real doctor, but he does actually hold a membership in the Los Angeles Medical Society, as Dr. Christian. He also holds an honorary

doctor's degree from the California Academy of General Practice. Hersholt is known for his many philanthropic activities.

### Fred Molina

*Dear Editor:*

*Can you tell me something about the actor who is Fred Molina on the daytime serial, This Is Nora Drake?*

*C. L., Willoughby, Ohio*

Bill Quinn, born of Scotch-Irish parentage, is the first generation of his family in America. By the time he was six, Bill was on the dramatic stage with a brother. Their beautiful mother won roles in movie shorts. The Quinn youngsters enjoyed a two-year run in Belasco's "Daddies." This was followed in touring companies of "Robert E. Lee," "The Chocolate Soldier," "Merry Wives of Gotham," and "They All Want Something." The last show on the list featured the great tennis star, Bill Tilden. Tilden encouraged Bill in his tennis playing, and for two seasons Bill Quinn made professional tours with Tilden, Kozeluh and Vines. In 1934, Bill Quinn turned his talents to radio. He has been on practically every CBS radio show in the course of his career. Currently he also plays Jacobson, the newspaper man on Perry Mason, and Tug Harris on Road Of  
*(Continued on page 13)*



**Jean Hersholt**



**Bill Quinn**

# Hollywood Stars AND FAMOUS DESIGNERS

CALL PLAYTEX THE PERFECT GIRDLE



**ZSA ZSA GABOR,**  
starring in **MOULIN ROUGE.**  
Color by Technicolor—  
released thru United Artists, says:

"Fabulous is the word for the Playtex Fabric Lined Girdle. You couldn't choose a better way to be lithe, free, and wonderfully comfortable!"



**Vera Maxwell:** "I create clothes that are full of motion. Playtex shows them best, slims in complete freedom!" Playtex hasn't a seam, stitch or bone; it lives and breathes with you, invisible under sleekest clothes.



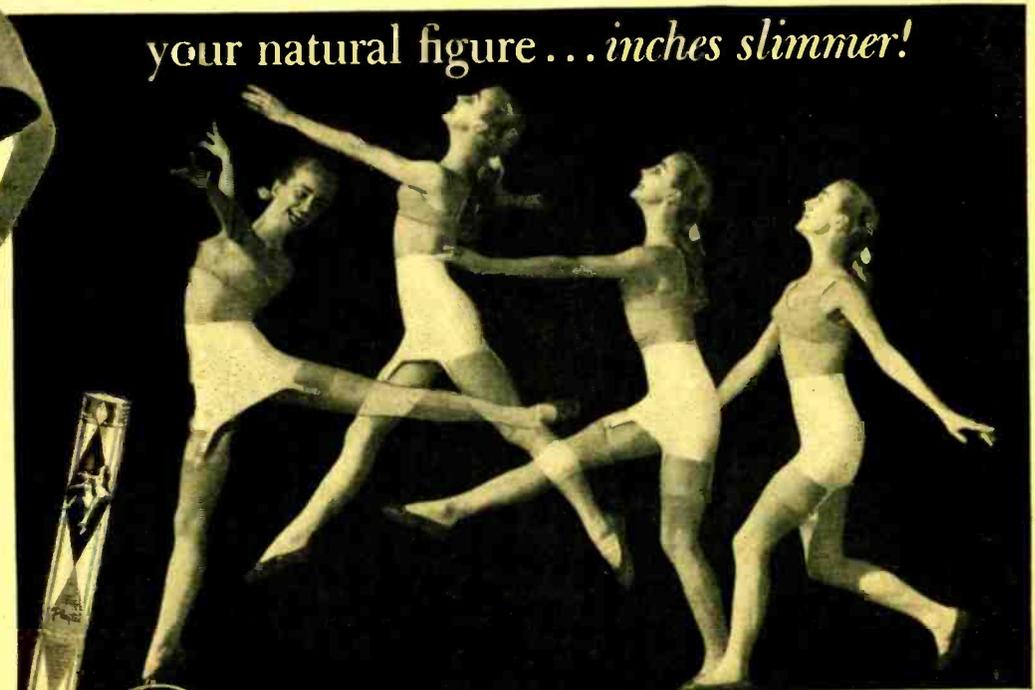
**Paul Parnes:** "Slenderness is the key to my Spring Collection . . . and Playtex slims your figure beautifully from waist to thigh!" Playtex has an *all-way* control, for it's made of fabric lined latex that spells power-control!



**Claire McCordell:** "Here's a dress of real versatility. It leads a double life . . . at work or play. And it calls for the world's most versatile girdle . . . Playtex!" Only Playtex combines such control, comfort and freedom!

Only a **PLAYTEX**® Girdle streamlines

your natural figure . . . *inches slimmer!*



Invisible

FABRIC LINED

*Playtex Girdles*

WITH NEW ADJUSTABLE GARTERS, from \$6.95

Playtex Fabric Lined Girdles  
from \$4.95

Other Playtex Girdles start at \$3.50  
(Prices slightly higher outside U.S.A.)  
At department stores and specialty  
shops. Playtex known everywhere as  
the girdle in the SLIM tube.

# WHAT'S NEW FROM

• by Jill Warren



Marlene Dietrich, who has kept men starry-eyed for thirty years, has her own CBS Radio dramatic show.

**L**ANNY ROSS is back on the airwaves with a brand-new musical show, which will be heard Sunday afternoons over the Mutual network. A feature of the program will be requests from listeners for certain songs, which should certainly please Lanny's loyal fan following.

Vinton Hayworth has taken over the lead on ABC Radio's weekly adventure, *Michael Shayne, Detective*, replacing ex-movie actor Robert Sterling. Sterling had to bow out of the part because of his decision to team up with his songstress-wife, Ann Jeffreys, in a nightclub act. The Mr. and Mrs. duo are now traveling about the supper-club circuit, while a television film series is being prepared for them.

Marlene Dietrich moved from ABC to CBS with a new radio drama, *Time For Love*, which she also owns. It will be heard on the network every Thursday night. Dietrich plays the role of Diane La Volta, a cafe singer, pursued all over Europe by an American newspaper man. The male lead on the show was won by Robert Readick, popular young radio actor, after Dietrich personally auditioned dozens of aspirants. Readick also plays Dr. Steve Wayne on *Rosemary*, and Dr. Ricky Browning on *Hilltop House*.

Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz were especially hysterical with glee over the birth of their son in Hollywood. In Latin families, a male heir is very important, so Desi's family were delighted. The Arnaz lad was officially named Desiderio Alberto, and he weighed in at eight pounds, nine ounces, born by Caesarean section. Leave it to Lucy—she came through with a boy, just like the (Continued on page 8)

# COAST TO COAST



Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Gosden (he's Amos of Amos 'N' Andy) are proud of their new baby girl.



Peggy Lee and hubby Brad Dexter arrive in New York for opening of "The Jazz Singer."



Lanny Ross sits in his study preparing for his new MBS show—his fans will remember him on the old Hit Parade.

when hair loses that  
*"vital look"*



*Helene Curtis*  
**shampoo  
 plus egg**

**brings out natural  
 "life" and sparkle...  
 conditions even  
 problem hair!**

The one and only shampoo made with homogenized fresh, whole egg which contains precious CHOLESTEROL, ALBUMEN and LECITHIN.

See for yourself how this conditioning shampoo enhances the natural "vital look" of your hair—gives it maximum gloss and super-sparkle.

You'll find your hair wonderfully manageable—with the caressable, silky texture that is every woman's dream. Try Helene Curtis Shampoo Plus Egg today. You'll be delighted that you did.



Available at  
 All Drug Stores,  
 Cosmetic Counters  
 and Beauty Salons

59¢ and \$1

*Helene Curtis*

The Foremost Name  
 In Hair Beauty

•2%

television script said. Lucille returns to the TV cameras early this spring and, of course, the cast will include a newborn baby. However, it will be one hired for the role, not the Arnaz' own child. Lucille and Desi decided this some time ago. "We don't believe it's right to put our own kids on the air or before the cameras until they decide what it's all about. Our children are going to have a normal childhood." Incidentally, on the night the television baby was born on I Love Lucy, the program achieved an all-time high rating of 68.8. It is estimated that approximately forty-four million viewers saw the record-making broadcast.

If and when the CBS network establishes television studios in Miami, Florida, you can be sure Arthur Godfrey will be the first personality to request broadcasting space. Arthur, who is just about the best good-will ambassador Florida's Chamber of Commerce could have, would like to originate all his network chores from Miami during the winter season, and he'd probably take his entire crew and staff.

**This 'N' That:**

Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Gosden—he's Amos of Amos 'N' Andy, of course—have welcomed a new addition to their family, a baby girl they've named Linda. The Gosden clan already includes Freeman, Jr., and Virginia, both in their twenties, and Craig, who is three years old.

Joan Edwards also welcomed a baby girl to her family. Joan, who has a top-rated morning radio show over WCBS in New York, only took three weeks off her program.

What a clamor from listeners when Big Sister went off the air! The show had to be dropped, unfortunately, because it became too costly for the sponsors. However, Julian Funt, who writes and owns the program, is hoping to sell it to a new client and get it back on a network soon. Meantime, Grace Matthews and Paul McGrath are keeping busy with various roles on other shows.

Nila Mack, originator and producer-director-writer of Let's Pretend, CBS' oldest continuous radio show and one of the earliest and best children's programs, died of a heart attack two months ago in her New York apartment.

Kate Smith's partner-manager Ted Col-

lins and his wife have separated, but as yet there have been no plans for a divorce.

Rosemary Clooney and Paramount Pictures are having discussions over Rosemary's television appearances. The studio thinks the singer will be one of their biggest feminine stars and they feel that constant video work will take away from her movie box-office draw. Rosemary insisted on retaining her own television rights when she signed her contract, so now the battle is on.

Renzo Cesana, who created quite a champagne splash with the femmes as The Continental last year, may be back on TV screens in the near future. Cesana is currently preparing a new series, which will be done on film.

In answer to many letters, A House In The Garden may be produced as a regular running feature on NBC. The property, which was last seen as a segment on the Kate Smith show, is owned by the network, and they are hoping to sell it as a show on its own. It was most popular.

Songstress Peggy Lee is up to her neck in offers since "The Jazz Singer" has been released. At the moment, Peggy is being considered for another movie at Warner Bros., her own television film series is in the works, and she can just about have her pick of radio and TV guest shots. Since her marriage to Brad Dexter she seems happier than she has been in years.

Looks like Frank Sinatra may get that role in the movie version of "From Here to Eternity" after all. Frank, who wants the non-singing part so badly, has been playing supper clubs since returning from his holiday flight to Africa to visit his spouse, Ava Gardner.

Connie Russell, of whom Dave Garro-way said, "She's one of the best singers on anybody's microphone!" has been signed by Columbia Pictures for one of the leads in the musical "Here Comes the Show Boat." Dick Haymes, Billy Daniels and the Bell Sisters are also set for the same picture.

Durward Kirby, the announcer on Hill-top House, says if no one will present him with an award, he's going to present himself with one. Durward insists he's entitled to some sort of a scroll because in twelve years of five-a-week broadcasts on the series, he has never yet slipped on the tongue-twister "sodium acetyl salicylate."

(Continued on page 11)



Mr. and Mrs. Bud Collyer—she's Marion Shockley of radio.



IT  
PAYS  
TO BE  
A

# FAST WOMAN

"In my business you have to be fast. I'm not a movie star or a high-fashion camera model with a make-up man and an hour to fix my hair before every appearance. I'm a Seventh Avenue dress model, always changing clothes, always in a rush. But each time I appear, I must be as calm as a duchess, groomed to perfection.

"With my hair, that was a problem! It not only looked like straw, it acted like straw in the wind.

"Then, flash!—came news of Formula 9 and the 1 Minute Miracle! One minute is all I ever have, so I tried it. And the miracle happened! In 60 seconds my hair became soft, silky, instantly manageable with more natural curl than I had ever had in my life! Now after a fast change, a mere flick of the comb and it's as smooth as an ad in Harper's Bazaar.

"Do men notice the difference? Notice it? They love Formula 9—for the well-groomed look it gives them!"

Ladies, if you too have a hair problem—whether it's dry hair, cracked and splitting ends, hair breaking off, dandruff or dull looking unmanageable hair—you'll find there is only one thing that can make your hair healthier-looking, more beautiful and instantly manageable, and that is lanolin.

For unlike vegetable and mineral oils which merely cling to the hair surface and do no good at all, lanolin is actually absorbed by the hair and penetrates the scalp. Lanolin is a natural organic oil that comes from hair—the hair of a

sheep. It is nature's hair conditioner.

And only Charles Antell in famous Formula 9 has mastered the secret of refining and compounding lanolin so it is absorbed in sufficient quantity to make your hair lustrous, youthful looking, shimmering with highlights, instantly manageable—yet vanishes as you apply it. It's marvelous what it does!

That's why we say to you now, try Formula 9. Get it at any drug or cosmetic counter. We guarantee you'll have healthier-looking, more beautiful hair or it costs you nothing.

## Charles Antell

### Famous lanolin FORMULA 9 and SHAMPOO

Formula 9—89¢ and larger sizes, plus tax. Shampoo—59¢ and larger sizes. Supervene combinations of Formula 9 and Shampoo—\$1.35, \$2 and \$3 plus tax. Formula 9 also in liquid cream form for those who prefer it—98¢ plus tax. (Slightly higher in Canada.)

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# meet Maggi McNellis

**A** LONG about 12:30 P.M., each weekday, a tall, glamorous lady whisks up to the door of New York's swank St. Moritz Hotel with a bunch of manila envelopes and a book or two under her arm. She alights and walks briskly into the Cafe de la Paix. At a corner table, the mike equipment has already been set up—the producer is there and usually one or two of the guests. Everything looks sort of confused—but, as soon as Maggi McNellis doffs her stunning blue sealskin coat, everything suddenly gets quiet and organized.

The program broadcast in the Cafe is called Maggi's Magazine, and right from the beginning the observer can see why Maggi is one of the most sought-after femcees on radio and TV. In two minutes, she briefs her guests on what type of questions she will ask during the interview—and then, less than five minutes after she arrives, the show goes on the air over WJZ. Maggi McNellis is an artist when it comes to interviewing three or four people from widely separated fields of endeavor, and somehow making the results sound like a discussion.

As soon as the program ends, Maggi



At her post in the elite Cafe de la Paix—Maggi McNellis.

hurries into the fur coat, adjusts the elegant little hat, and is off to an afternoon of commentating at fashion shows (Maggi has won the title as one of ten best-dressed women in the world six times), preparing for her evening TV show, supervising her baby's schedule, or helping her husband with some of his activities.

Well, who is this Maggi McNellis that has so many friends in every walk of life? In private life, she is Mrs. Clyde Newhouse (her husband owns an art gallery), the mother of a little baby girl, Meg. She lives in a ten-room apartment on Park Avenue which is equipped with no less than three TV sets—and a wonderful collection of paintings. She was Margaret Eleanor Roche of Chicago. In those days in Chicago, after she had finished her schooling, Maggi used to give brunch parties for passing celebrities. There was something about Margaret which attracted people and—although she claims she can't sing—one day she found herself with a singing engagement in a smart supper club. Her sponsor was Gertrude Lawrence—it was the late star who gave her the name "Maggi." According to Maggi, she just sort of fell into show business. But people who know her personally, or who know her through her work, say that show business is the only place Maggi could ever be. In short, Miss McNellis is a natural—so naturally she made good. In any case, if there are still any people around who haven't been exposed to the McNellis charm—meet Maggi!



**M**aggi with her charming daughter, Meg Newhouse.

## What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 8)

### What Ever Happened To . . . ?

Marion Shockley, who played Carol Brent on *Road Of Life* about two years ago? We received many letters about Marion, who hasn't disappeared at all. She is still active in radio work and often appears on the *My True Story* program, though she did curtail her activities somewhat when she married Bud Collyer, of *Beat The Clock* and other shows.

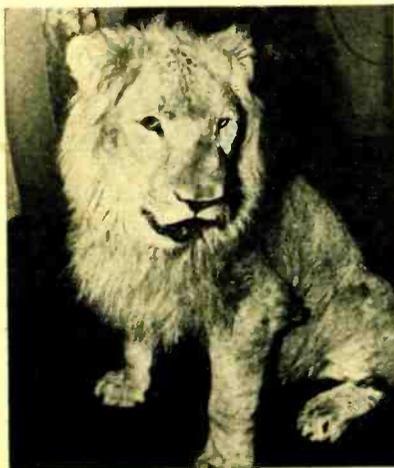
Larry Haines, the actor, who played Joe Roberts on *The Guiding Light*? Larry's career is zooming right ahead. He recently was given the starring role of Mike Hammer on *That Hammer Guy*, the new Mickey Spillane mystery show, which is heard every Tuesday night over the Mutual network. Larry also plays character roles on lots of dramatic shows.

Nora Martin, the young singer discovered by Eddie Cantor and who appeared on his air show several years back? Many inquiries have revealed no information on Nora. Maybe one of our readers knows her present whereabouts or activities.

Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy, who used to have their own television variety show? Mary and Peter, who are Mr. and Mrs. in private life, have not appeared on any regular TV show lately, though they do make guest appearances from time to time. When they are not touring the country with their act, they relax at their home in Pelham, New York.

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

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



Jackie III—a new TV starlet—specializes in lion portrayals.

# Shadow Wave

HOME PERMANENT

WITH  
**One Application**

# Takes Beautifully ... Neutralizes Itself!



**A LASTING  
WAVE GUARANTEED**  
by Lever Brothers Co.  
—or money back!

A soft, natural-looking wave the new easy way!

**SIMPLE . . . because you need only one application**

Just roll curls on any plastic curlers or Shadow Wave's new French style. Apply lotion, let dry and brush into a soft, lasting wave . . . that's all!



**SAFE . . . because of unique**



**patented lotion**

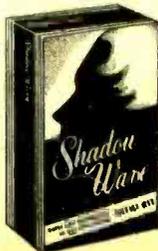
Kinder to your hair, needs no repeated soakings. The only home permanent that neutralizes itself so completely.

**SURE . . .**



**because there's no guess-work**

Waving stops automatically, there's no timing problem. That's why it's guaranteed to take.



# Shadow Wave

HOME PERMANENT

# Jim spins a tune



**W**HEN Bostonians want to find out what tunes are tops in the Hub for the day, they tune in their favorite deejay over WCOP—Jim Brokaw. The amiable chief announcer of the station is on every day between five and six with Hi Five At Five, and every afternoon with Music For You. He also has a special show in conjunction with the Catholic Youth Organization in Boston called the CYO Caravan.

A graduate of Leland Powers School of Radio and Theatre, Jim has worked staff and personality shows for WCOP for the past six years. His first radio work was as an announcer on a youth show when he was seventeen years old. At that time he received so much encouragement from professionals at the station that he decided to make

a career of it. Like many other radio people, Jim had his fling at the stage before confining himself to mike work. He acted and stage-managed in a professional stock company in New Hampshire. One evening, at the end of a show, he pulled the curtain too hard and the rope broke—result, longest curtain call on record! After that incident Jim made up his mind that radio provided less chance for mishaps—so he abandoned the foot-lights for the kilocycles.

Married to pretty Lee, whom he met while acting in a local theatre group, Jim lives in a small ranch house in Norwell, Massachusetts. The Brokaws share their happy home with Count Siegfried, a German shepherd, who eats more than either of them.



Jim and Lee Brokaw at breakfast in their sunny ranch house 27 miles from Boston.

# Information Booth

(Continued from page 4)

Life. Bill is an ardent golfer—lives in Rockville Centre, Long Island, within easy commuting distances of the Manhattan studios. He has three children—Virginia, fourteen, Eileen, eight, and baby Mary Ellen, just three months old. Bill is five-feet-nine, has brown hair and hazel eyes—and a wonderful sense of humor.

## Chordettes

Dear Editor:

Can you please tell me what happened to the Chordettes? I haven't seen them on the Arthur Godfrey program lately. B. G., Cheyney, Pa.

Nothing happened to the girls—they're still very much around on the show.

## Buttons' Helper

Dear Editor:

What is the name of the girl who does comedy routines with Red Buttons on his CBS-TV show Monday evenings?

M. A. C., Bayshore, L. I.

Pat Carroll is the pert young lady who gives Red Buttons the comedy assists. She is known best for her successful work as a night-club comedienne.

## Those We Love

Dear Editor:

Can you please tell me whatever happened to Nan Grey and Donald Woods, who played the leads on the radio serial, *Those We Love*?

F. S., Mobile, Ala.

Nan Grey is Mrs. Frankie Laine in private life, and devotes much of her time to being a housewife. But she still does occasional radio work. Donald Woods, who makes his home in Los Angeles, has been doing TV work on Fireside Theatre and Demi-Tasse Theatre.

## Halls Of Ivy

Dear Editor:

Could you please tell me if *Halls Of Ivy*, starring Ronald Colman and his wife, can still be heard on radio?

D. E. H., Glen Ellyn, Ill.

No, *Halls Of Ivy* has been dropped from the air. (Continued on page 25)



Pat Carroll



# Are you in the know?

To learn "the truth" about your pals—

- Let them tell it with costumes
- Study palmistry

Who'd guess that timid Theresa secretly longs to be a Mata Hari? And Bill (The Shoulders) hankers to whip up the world's best souffle? Give a "secret ambition" party! You'll get a line on your gang—with their togs representing the life they'd really like! As for you, you're safe from revealing lines (that certain kind)—with Kotex. Just trust those special, flat pressed ends. And you get double protection—extra absorbency plus that safety center.



Can you offset bowlegged gams with

- Grace
- Exercise
- Blue jeans

If Nature threw a curve when she built dem bones, exercise won't straighten 'em. To offset that bowed look, acquire graceful posture; avoid shorts, snug-fitting jeans. Wear skirts with a graceful flare—at the right length for you. For every gal (come calendar days) there's a "just right" absorbency of Kotex. Regular, Junior, Super.



While dancing, which policy's best?

- Cool chatter
- Wait for the tone signal

Should you be a conversational ball of fire? Chances are, he'll prefer good footwork to clicking the pearly gums. Try a few remarks re the music; if he's for yacketty, let him set the tone. And if it's "that" time—keep prancing in comfort. Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it: this napkin holds its shape!



More women choose KOTEX<sup>®</sup> than all other sanitary napkins

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



Know someone who needs to know?

Remember how puzzled you were when "that" day arrived for the first time? Maybe you know some youngster now who's in the same boat. Help her out! Send today for the new free booklet "You're A Young Lady Now." Written for girls aged 9 to 12, it tells her all she needs to know, beforehand. Button-bright! Write P. O. Box 3434, Dept. 343, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

WJAR-TV's Betty Adams, chief cook on Sugar 'N' Spice, in her studio kitchen.



# be a Volunteer

*It paid off for Betty Adams*

**T**HREE years ago, a young Providence wife and mother found out that volunteering for things sometimes ends up in a career—a totally unexpected one, to boot, as a TV personality. Betty Adams, the wife of David Adams, an insurance representative, used to offer her services to various charitable and civic organizations as a public speaker. She talked about Juvenile Court, the Community

Chest, or just volunteer service. Her only pay usually turned out to be a free luncheon and gallons of coffee and tea.

Then Station WJAR in Providence asked Betty to come to work for their TV network. This offer came as a complete surprise to Betty, but she was delighted and of course accepted. Her Sugar 'N' Spice show won immediate popularity and in the bargain, Betty laughs, "I really learned to cook." The one disappointment in all of this new-found pleasure and income, Betty says, is that she didn't turn into a Maggi McNellis or Dorothy Kilgallen. At first Betty envisioned herself as one of those glamorous women broadcasters, who shop at Hattie Carnegie's, and drift (beminked) through oceans of champagne at nightspots. Betty confesses she doesn't own any Dior originals, and is not seen whispering with Walter Winchell.

But once the program got underway, Betty hasn't had much time for glamorous considerations. She finds her chief gratification (aside from the pay check) in the many viewers who write in and tell her how much the show means to them. Betty considers it a very special privilege to entertain and inform shut-ins and older people who rely on TV for pleasure and information. It's also very satisfying to learn that being a volunteer has its own rewards.



## Alistair Cooke

**S**INCE 1934, Alistair Cooke of Manchester, England, has been familiar to American radio listeners for his commentaries on American life. Now TV viewers are getting to know him for the magnificent job he does as the master of ceremonies and charming host on the Ford Foundation's Omnibus, CBS-TV's Sunday variety series. Mr. Cooke, whose book *One Man's America* made the best-seller lists, is chief correspondent in the United States for the *Manchester Guardian*, one of England's leading newspapers.

Educated at Jesus College, Cambridge University, Cooke won honors in English, edited the undergraduate weekly and was founder and president of the Cambridge University Mummies, the first dramatic society in the University to admit women. When he was graduated in 1930, Cooke directed the Oxford-Cambridge Players in a season of Shakespeare and Shaw. In 1932, he was awarded the Commonwealth Fellowship which enabled him to study drama at the Yale School of Drama and American language at Harvard, which brought him to the United States.

Seldom in American history has an outsider become so thoroughly an expert on Americana. And seldom has an outsider found so much to admire as has Alistair Cooke. Eleven years ago, Mr. Cooke became a naturalized citizen of the United States.

As an observer of the American scene, Cooke brings humor and understanding to his commentaries. He was given the Peabody Award in 1952 for the radio program which contributed most to international understanding. His new TV effort finds the witty Britisher equal to the demands of Omnibus, one of TV's most ambitious features. Very few men would have been able to weave the complex, varied two-hour show into an integrated piece of entertainment with the ease of Mr. Cooke.

Omnibus is on CBS-TV, Sundays, 4:30 P.M. EST, for Willys-Overland Motors, Inc., the Greyhound Corporation, Remington Rand, Inc., the American Machine and Foundry Co., and the Scott Paper Co.

your  
hair  
is  
showing!



give it that "cared-for" look!



This is the way  
I start my day—  
A touch of Suave  
Makes hair obey.



Hours later  
Hair still "just so"...  
And doesn't my hair  
Gleam and glow!



A "friend in need"  
After shampoo!  
Relieves dryness, friz,  
Split ends... too!



And look how soft  
Suave leaves my hair  
No oily film  
Anywhere.

P.S. A precious tip to mom and daughter!  
For the best creme rinse try Suave-in-water.

only

# Suave

makes hair obey  
new soft way

because only Suave contains miracle Cortisol

LIQUID 50¢-51  
CREME 60¢

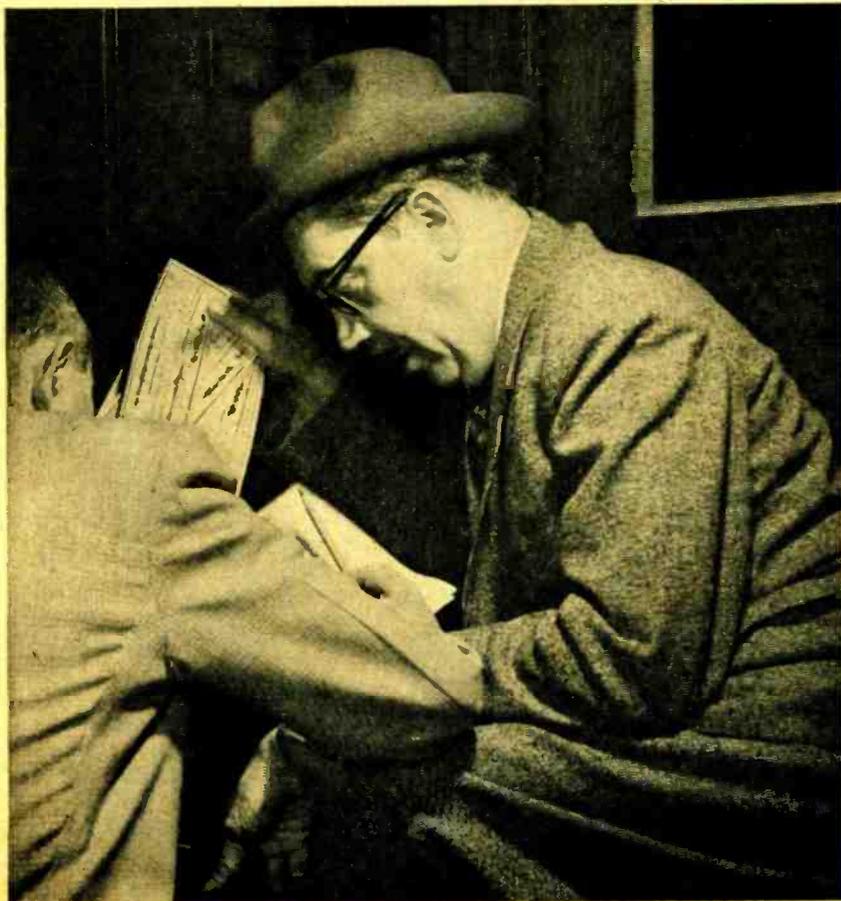


created by *Helene Curtis* foremost name in hair beauty

# FRONT PAGE FARREN



Bill Farren is WPEN's fighting reporter. Below, he breaks the mystery of uncashed checks in the city's locked files.



**O**NE MAN in Philadelphia who keeps city fathers hopping is Bill Farren WPEN's fighting reporter. His calling card is a rubber Cat's Paw heel along with the legend—"The truth doesn't like pussy-footing." When folks who have something to hide receive one of these—they either tell the truth or leave town on long vacations for their "health."

Last year, Farren's investigation technique exposed slipshod civic management with such stories as cabinet drawers laden with uncashed checks paid by private citizens and business people for everything from alimony to taxes, while the city pressed for payment under threat of prosecution. When an employee in the finance director's office cashed checks that carried forged signatures of the city's Managing Director, Farren broke the story. This is the type of yarn Bill really ties onto—and there have been many others during his thirty years of radio reporting.

Albany-born, Farren was educated in the public schools in New York State, attended the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and later the Georgetown University Law School. After completing his formal education, Bill went on to make a name for himself in radio with a brief interruption with the Signal Corps Special Service Division. His voice has been familiar to the public nationally since he was the voice reporting Paramount newsreels.

No radio reporter starts the day looking more dapper than Bill Farren, but no reporter spends the day looking more like the hunted than the hunter. With his pretty wife, who is in the advertising field in Philadelphia, Bill escapes nightly to their home in a suburban New Jersey town. Once there, Bill sits in his study until very late, searching his mail for worthwhile stories that will have him storming City Hall for next day's feature.

# Daytime Diary

**AUNT JENNY** A big-city visitor, passing through Littleton, would be likely to wonder if anything ever happened along those quiet streets and behind those placid housefronts. If he knew Aunt Jenny, however, he would know that a great deal does happen—that drama and comedy and love and suspense make absorbing stories out of lives that on the surface seem so uneventful. M-F, 12:15 P.M. EST, CBS. (For one of Aunt Jenny's latest episodes, turn to page 72.)

**BACKSTAGE WIFE** Mary Noble, wife of Broadway star Larry Noble, is thankful that wealthy Waldo Pearson's proposal of marriage has finally interested actress Judith Venable to the point of taking her mind off Larry. The future at long last seems cloudless for both the actor and his wife. But Larry, absorbed in rehearsals for Tom Bryson's new play, is too busy to realize that he may soon be involved in one of the strangest, most dramatic situations of his career. M-F, 4 P.M. EST, NBC.

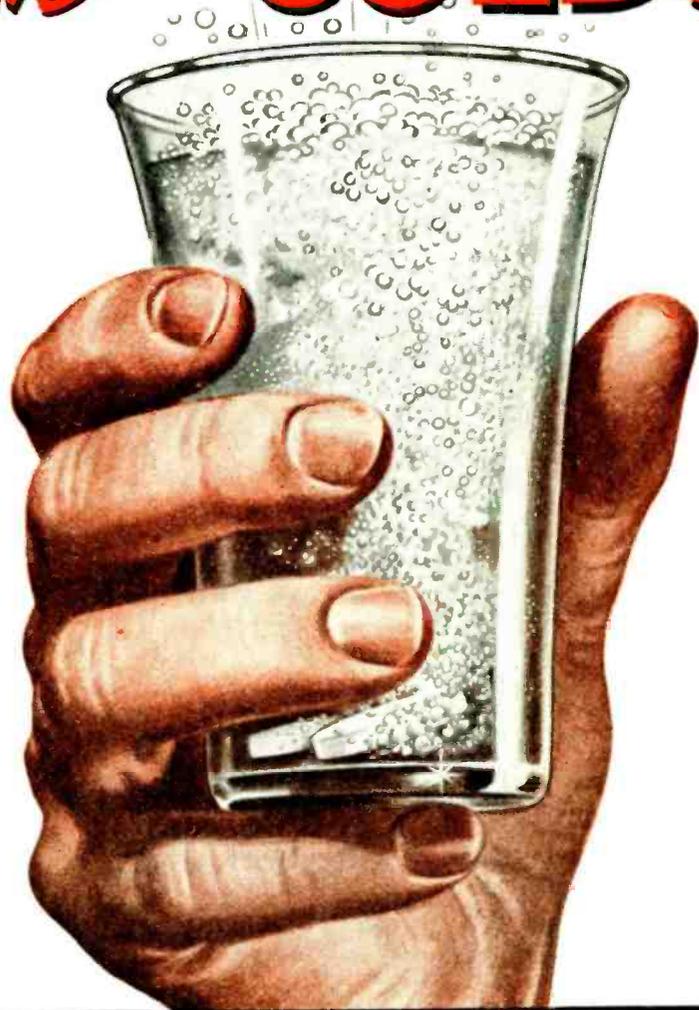
**BRIGHTER DAY** As Althea Dennis and her daughter appear to be embarking on a promising new life, the rest of the Dennis family also faces a situation that may be more trying—and more rewarding—than any they have yet faced. It is a time of trial for a whole township, and Reverend Richard Dennis at last shows the true strength and quality of his character which in the past has often appeared so deceptively gentle. What effect will all this have on his youngest daughter, Patty? M-F, 2:45 P.M. EST, CBS.

**DOCTOR'S WIFE** Despite a marriage that comes close to being ideal, Julie and Dr. Dan Palmer cannot stop hoping for the child it seems impossible for them to have. Does their own longing make it right for them to adopt the boy who was, in a sense, willed to them by his dying father? Or does the boy's long-missing mother have the real right to him, in spite of the heartache Julie would suffer in giving the child up? M-F, 5:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

**FRONT PAGE FARRELL** Ace crime reporter David Farrell used to try to talk his wife Sally out of accompanying him on his dangerous assignments. But Sally, a former newspaperwoman herself, has become such an indispensable assistant that the Farrells now work as a team. Together they have faced many a harrowing crisis as they strive not only to get the story behind the crime but also to assist the police in bringing the criminals to justice. M-F, 5:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

**GUIDING LIGHT** In spite of the warnings of her stepmother, Meta Roberts, Kathy Grant allows moral cowardice and stubbornness to keep her from revealing to her young husband, Dr. Dick Grant,

# Here's to FIRST AID for COLDS



## Alka-Seltzer

BRAND

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



"SPEEDY"

Trade Mark

• Here's fast, effective relief from the headache, the feverish feeling, the aches and pains of a cold. Gentle ALKA-SELTZER is a soothing gargle too. For cold discomforts, try sparkling ALKA-SELTZER . . . and feel better while you are getting better.

**SPEEDY RELIEF FROM THESE  
COLD DISCOMFORTS**

- ✓ ACHE-ALL-OVER MISERY
- ✓ FEVERISH FEELING
- ✓ HEADACHE
- ✓ SORE THROAT OF A COLD



**Also Try ALKA-SELTZER**  
for ACID INDIGESTION  
HEADACHES  
MUSCULAR ACES

DISPLAYED AT  
DRUG STORES EVERYWHERE  
U. S. and Canada

RECOMMENDED BY BOARD OF HOME  
Guaranteed by  
Good Housekeeping  
as NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

COMMENDED  
PARENTS  
MAGAZINE

MILES LABORATORIES, INC., ELKHART, IND.

RADIO MIKRO Z

*I dreamed I won the  
Academy Award\* in my  
maidenform bra*

I'm the brightest star in cinema circles...  
the leading figure among filmland's dream girls.  
With Maidenform's Etude bra in the supporting role,  
mine is the best-rounded performance of the year.

Shown: Maidenform's Etude\* in white broadcloth  
or nylon taffeta, from 2.00. For the small  
bosomed figure Etude Minor†, the same dream  
styling with built in padding . . . from 3.00.



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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.  
†PAT. APPLIED FOR  
COSTUME: CARRIE MUNN



that the child she is carrying is the result of her brief secret marriage to Bob Lang. Only when Kathy is accused of planning Bob's death does Dick learn the truth—from the police. Will he ever feel the same toward Kathy? M-F, 1:45 P.M. EST. CBS. M-F, 12:45 P.M. EST. CBS-TV.

**HILLTOP HOUSE** Julie Paterno, head of the orphanage. Hilltop House, was quick to perceive that the distressing personality of young Ralph Wendell was largely due to the domination of his aunt and the mousiness of his mother. But it is only when she learns about Ralph's absent father that she is able to help the boy. In the meantime, a letter from an old friend heralds an important change in Julie Paterno's life. M-F, 3 P.M. EST, CBS.

**JUST PLAIN BILL** The warped, twisted personality of Captain Everett Nightingale looms threateningly over Bill Davidson of Hartville when the Captain decides that Bill and his daughter Nancy are responsible for the break-up of his home and the alienation of his son Nelson's affections. Forcing his second wife, Edith, to act as his tool, Captain Everett ruthlessly plans to shatter the lives of both Bill and Nancy whom he hates. M-F, 5 P.M. EST, NBC.

**LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL** When Papa David came home from the hospital to convalesce, Chichi took one look at the boy he brought with him—the young cripple whom he had befriended—and thought, This means trouble. But the personal quirks that made Danny hard to deal with were the least of the troubles he caused. With the sudden appearance of his mother, young Danny becomes the center of a three-cornered fight that may ruin several lives. M-F, 3 P.M. EST, NBC.

**LORENZO JONES** Without being able to put her finger on it, Belle Jones intuitively suspects that Edgar Grayling knows more about the disappearance of her husband, Lorenzo, than he has revealed. Will Belle learn in time that Grayling has actually discovered Lorenzo, who has been missing since he lost his memory after an accident? What malicious plan guides Grayling as he endeavors to keep the two Joneses apart? M-F, 5:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

**MA PERKINS** Ma's daughter Evey and her husband Willy Fitz have settled down into bemused acceptance of the fact that they are going to have a baby despite the thirteen years that have elapsed since Junior was born. Junior's life is also complicated as the charms of Marie Antoinette Hoffman plunge him into his first love affair—another aspect of the Hoffmans'

# Diary

impact on Rushville Center. M-F, 1:15 P.M. EST. CBS.

**OUR GAL SUNDAY** What is the secret of Eve Westbrooke's past? Young Ralph Holden, Lord Henry's partner in a new building venture, falls in love with this twice-widowed woman who is ridden by the morbid fear that she brings misfortune to those she attracts. Trying to dispel Eve's superstitious dread by proving there is nothing unnatural about her tragic bereavements, Sunday becomes involved in one of her strangest adventures. M-F, 12:45 P.M. EST. CBS.

**PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY** The baby adopted by Linda and Pepper has led to greater happiness—and greater trouble—than either of them anticipated. The child's mother, Gloria Dennis, now regrets having allowed it to be adopted, and with the arrival on the scene of her husband Jim, Linda becomes desperately afraid that the future holds a real threat. Will Gloria and Jim learn who has adopted their child? And when they do, will Linda's fears be justified? M-F, 3:30 P.M. EST. NBC.

**PERRY MASON** Mark Cisar's plan develops alarmingly as Ruth Davis is framed for the murder of Jerry Buell—so well framed that if Perry hadn't arrived a split second before the police Ruth would have had no chance at all. Perry risks his legal status to keep Ruth hidden while he searches desperately for the saving clue that will pin Buell's death on the true malefactor. Will Cisar's staged evidence defeat him? M-F, 2:15 P.M. EST. CBS.

**RIGHT TO HAPPINESS** Resuming his administration as Governor under difficult circumstances, Miles Nelson's personal life is also strained as he and Carolyn cannot seem to resolve the tension that alienates them. Carolyn is well aware that Miles' distrust of her is the result of Annette Thorpe's careful maneuvers, but although she continues bravely to defend herself she wonders if Annette's wiles will triumph. M-F, 3:45 P.M. EST. NBC.

**ROAD OF LIFE** Gordon Fuller, unable to carry his villainous campaign against Dr. Jim Brent to a successful conclusion, may have gained by his death more than he achieved in life. It is a long time before Jim can free himself of the suspicion attached to Fuller's death. Will he ever be able to resume his career in Merrimac as the distinguished head of Wheelock Hospital? What lies ahead for him and Jocelyn McLeod? M-F, 1 P.M. EST, CBS.

*Easy way to a naturally radiant skin*

## QUICK HOME FACIAL WITH THIS 4-PURPOSE CREAM!



*Now . . . follow Lady Esther's super-speed recipe for true loveliness!*



**1. Smooth Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream** up your neck and face. Don't rub! This self-acting cream takes away dirt that can turn into blackheads . . . relieves dryness. Remove gently.



**2. Splash face with cold water.** Blot with soft towel. You don't need astringent. This 4-way Cream works with Nature to refine coarse pores.



**3. Smooth on a second "rinse"** of Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. Remove with tissue. A special oil in the cream softens and conditions your face for make-up.



**4. Ready now to put on your "face."** Make-up goes on smoothly—clings for hours! You're really pretty always.

So easy. Just think . . . with one face cream alone you can give your skin

all the vital benefits of an expensive beauty shop facial. Because *all by itself* Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream *cleans, softens, tones and satinizes* your skin. *And all in one minute!* Get the Lady Esther facial habit for healthier, cleaner skin. Be lovely to look at always!

*Lady Esther*

*4-Purpose*  
FACE CREAM



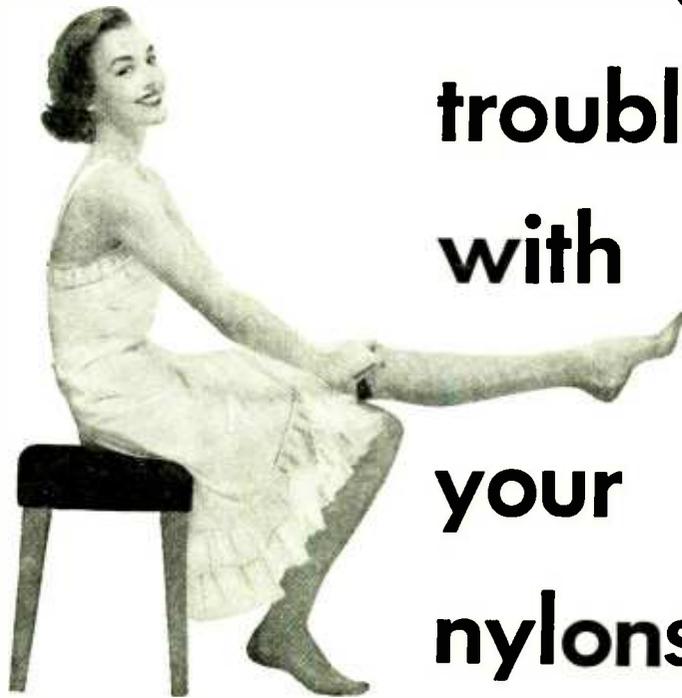
**AFTER YOUR FACIAL**

Generous Compact  
50¢  
Plus Tax  
(Slightly Higher in Canada)



**Lady Esther Complete Creme Make-up**

All you need for all-day loveliness! New Creme Make-up plus 4-Purpose Face Cream! Depend on this Terrific Twosome for flawless, radiant skin.



having  
trouble  
with  
your  
nylons

Haven't you been embarrassed and annoyed time and again by snags and runs? Then stop washing your nylon stockings the old-fashioned way...with soaps and flakes...start washing them with Nylast!

Now amazing new Nylast, made exclusively for nylons, actually strengthens and protects nylon stockings as it washes them. No soap, no flake can do that for your precious nylons. Why? Because Nylast contains vital ingredients by DuPont that coat each nylon thread with invisible protection against snags and runs. A survey among thousands of women proves

that regular Nylast users average sixteen extra wearings! So tonight, strengthen and protect your nylons as you wash them.

Cut your hosiery bills in half. Get Nylast at your favorite store or supermarket.



**nylast\***  
for washing nylons

A product of Seeman Brothers, makers of Air-Wick, and distributors of other dependable household products for 66 years.



**ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT** The dynamic, mysterious producer Kelsey Spencer makes it increasingly difficult for designer Helen Trent to enjoy working on his new picture because of his growing romantic interest in her. Strangely, one of Helen's staunchest allies in this difficult situation is Rowena, Spencer's wife, who is trying to prevent Spencer from interfering with Helen's happiness. But can Helen ever find happiness without Gil Whitney? M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

**ROSEMARY** Edgar Duffy, owner of *The Springdale Star*, becomes a more dangerous enemy than ever as Bill Roberts' new crusading paper, *The Banner*, begins its fight to uncover the corruption in town affairs about which Duffy knows too much. When Bill tracks down the truth about the gambling syndicate will Duffy's power be broken... or will Bill and Rosemary be in greater danger than they have ever known? M-F, 11:45 A.M. EST, CBS.

**SECOND MRS. BURTON** At long last, Stan Burton is doing something he has always longed to do—run a newspaper. Terry, doing her best to help, hopes that this will finally free Stan from the domination of his wealthy mother. But Mrs. Burton's financial control of the paper continues to create problems, and Stan's sister Marcia also contributes stumbling-blocks to the new venture. Will Stan and Terry ever be free of his family? M-F, 2 P.M. EST, CBS.

**STELLA DALLAS** On the point of marrying Arnold King, Stella delays her plans to enable Arnold to solve the problem posed by his sister-in-law, Alida. During this time she becomes curious about Jerry Lawson, a new roomer in the boarding house of her friend Minnie Grady. What is behind the interest Jerry shows in Stella's young friend, Joy McKay? And what great trouble will engulf Stella as the mysterious situation develops? M-F, 4:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

**THIS IS NORA DRAKE** The child of divorced parents can sometimes lead a perfectly normal life, but teen-age Grace Sargent has not been so fortunate. Blaming Nora Drake for the continued estrangement between her mother, Vivian Jarrett, and her psychiatrist father, Grace becomes a threat not only to Nora but to herself as well. What effect will this have on Nora's friendship with Dr. Sargent? M-F, 2:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

**WENDY WARREN** Wendy is reluctant to interfere as tension grows between her husband, Mark Douglas, and Maggie Fallon, star of the play which Mark wrote and is now directing. What is behind Maggie's insistence that Pat Sullivan, the young actress championed by Mark, is unfit for the part in which he has cast her? Is this purely a professional situation... or would Wendy be well advised

# Diary

to examine it from a personal angle? M-F, 12 noon EST, CBS.

**WHEN A GIRL MARRIES** Joan Davis struggles to regain the existence and identity which she lost as a result of Donald Brady's insane schemes. Meanwhile Harry, believing her dead, becomes involved with the dangerous Claire O'Brien. None of his friends believe the announcement of his marriage to Claire has been made freely by Harry. What secret pressure is behind it? And what will happen now if Joan does achieve her freedom? M-F, 10.45 A.M. EST, ABC.

**WOMAN IN MY HOUSE** A successful author, an attractive man, even a highly eligible one . . . Jeff Carter himself would be the last to deny that he probably ought to get married. But so far either Jeff or circumstances have managed to prevent that. The Carter family would be much intrigued if they knew the full story of the friendship between Jeff and Geraldine. But sometimes Jeff wonders if he knows it himself. M-F, 4:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

**YOUNG DR. MALONE** Who is Pete and where is he from? Dr. Jerry Malone, seeking to reestablish himself in Three Oaks, is strangely involved with the young boy who in his own way is also an outcast. What is behind the attack on Jerry and his friend, Dr. Browne . . . behind Pete's sullen refusal to let anyone help him? Will it be Jerry's young daughter, Jill, who gets through to the youngster who is so sure the world is his enemy? M-F, 1:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

**YOUNG WIDDER BROWN** Ellen Brown accepts the attentions of architect Christopher Eliot as she realizes that Dr. Anthony Loring, whom she once expected to marry, cannot free himself from his dependent wife, Ruth. But Christopher's mother, fanatically determined to keep her son and Ellen apart, takes full advantage of the mysterious death in Ellen's tearoom of Mathilda Maxwell, believing that if Ellen is completely disgraced her aim will be accomplished. M-F, 4:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

## Readers' Choice

Daytime stars and programs  
are among the winners  
of the 1952-53

## RADIO-TV MIRROR AWARDS

as announced in our May issue  
on sale April 10

Sweet and Low...

A, B Cups  
White  
Broadcloth

Lovable's new  
**Ringleet** plunge  
at only \$1.50

Slip it on... at once your figure takes on a new, lovable look. A single-needle makes the difference in this smart Ringleet plunge, moulding lovely lines, locking in shape-sure fit. And the deep wiring is contoured, cushioned, really comfortable. No bra anywhere is so excitingly low at \$1.50!

Other Lovable styles start at \$1. Also in Canada.

It costs so little to look Lovable!

THE LOVABLE BRASSIERE CO., DEPT. TS-4, 180 MADISON AVE., NYC 16



## People take us for sisters

All of you have seen women who seem so vital, so alive, that you'd swear they were the older sisters of their own daughters. The chances are these women seem young because they "think young"—even about such delicate problems as the proper method of monthly sanitary protection.

Tampax is the young way, the modern way, the internal way. Invented by a doctor, Tampax lets you avoid the inconveniences and embarrassments of "those difficult days." There are no belts, no pins; there's no odor, no chafing—you don't even feel you're wearing the Tampax, once it's in place. And with Tampax there's nothing that can possibly show beneath your closest-fitting dresses.

Made of pure, white surgical cotton, Tampax comes in dainty applicators, is easily disposable. Month's supply goes in your purse. Tampax is sold at drug or notion counters in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. The economy size box holds an average 4 months' supply. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.

NO BELTS  
NO PINS  
NO PADS  
NO ODDOR



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association



# What's

By CHRIS WILSON

Now is the time when a young record spinner's fancy turns to thoughts of love (what else is spinning around these days on discs?) and Mom's thoughts are frantically searching ways and means to budget back the notch cut in the family exchequer by the income-tax department. Envy moves Mom as she hears her daughter and her friends pounding time to a new MGM recording of Ziggy Elman's—"My Sweetie Went Away"—ah, for carefree youth. . . . Her own tastes lean more to RCA Victor's recording of Ampara and Jose Iturbid's interpretation of Mozart's "Concerto No. 10" and Jose's playing of "Concerto No. 20"—again by Mozart. After dinner, she promises herself, she and Dad will relax and revel in the Iturbid's exquisite playing. . . . But she's so wrong—before she's had a chance to enjoy her thoughts for an idle moment, the young fry are on the phone, arranging for an impromptu

party (for every one but Mother) so all the gang can enjoy those four new albums under the Lion label, *Designed for Dancing*—Mom's only compensation is that her young set didn't exhaust the family mad money when it came to purchasing these discs, now out at low price. Rhythm throbs from the rumpus room, as the youngsters dance through a series of recordings of rhumbas, sambas and mambos with Rafael Font's orchestra. Hardly a breathing spell occurs before the waltzes and tangos of Maximilian Bergere's combination take over. The house fairly rocks as lindy's and fox-trots (the energetic-type dances), recorded by Henry Jerome and his orchestra, set feet stomping and hopping. It is with a small sense of relief that Mom hears Eddie Oliver's slow, dreamy music fill the room—this album is designed for the quiet-type numbers for youthful folks dancing with their "one and only" of the moment. . . .



Wanderin' minstrels Mary Ford and Les Paul give American Airlines stewardess Jane Shelton (center) a small demonstration on the strings.

# Spinning?



Read 'em up or down—Four Lads have made themselves one big hit.

## Four Lads and a Contract

The most colorful youngsters to hit show business in many years are the Four Lads, the vocal group who started up the musical ladder to fame by backing Johnnie Ray on his big hit records, "Cry" and "The Little White Cloud that Cried." The lads—Bernie Toorish, Jimmy Arnold, Connie Codarini and Frank Busseri—were going to school by day and singing in local hotels in their home town of Toronto, Canada, by night when their big break came. They were signed for an appearance at New York's smart supper club, Le Ruban Bleu. They clicked immediately and were held over for thirty weeks. Columbia Records signed them as background singers but gave them their choice of picking the vocalist who would be featured. They picked the then unknown Ray. The combination jelled beautifully on every list of pop recordings in the country and now they are out, disc-wise, with "Blackberry Boogie" and "Somebody Loves Me" . . . both big hits on the best-seller list. When they visit disc-jockey programs, they can go on for hours, answering telephones in French, talking to their hosts in four-part harmony—with some 30,000 fans already gathered in clubs to appreciate their talents and boost them on to greater stardom. (Cont'd on page 24)



## 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 mild beauty-cream lather gently removes dirt and make-up. 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.

DIAL DAVE GARROWAY—NBC, Weekdays



*P. S.* For cleaner, more beautiful hair, try New DIAL SHAMPOO in the handy, unbreakable squeeze bottle!



Now available in Canada

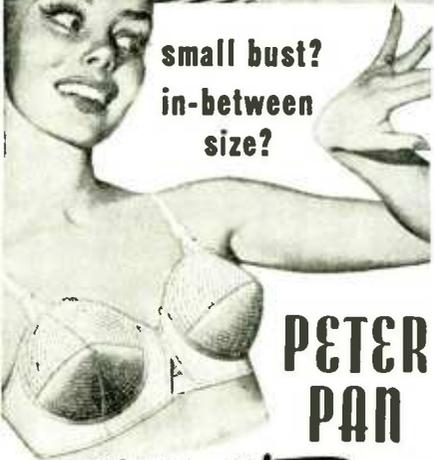
*I Wonder How She Does It!*



SINCE YOU ASK, DEAR... EVEN YOUR PRETTIEST DRESS DOESN'T DO ANYTHING FOR YOU IF YOU HAVEN'T THE RIGHT BUSTLINE. WHY DON'T YOU WEAR A HIDDEN TREASURE BRA LIKE I DO?



small bust?  
in-between  
size?



**PETER PAN**

*Hidden treasure\**  
adds glamour confidentially  
without pads or puffs

For a beautiful summer, order a complete wardrobe of Hidden Treasure bras — in styles for every wear — sizes 32-36 A cup, 32-38 B cup. Mail coupon today to:

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STYLE	FABRIC	COLOR	SIZE	CUP	QUAN.	PRICE
Regular	Broadcloth	White				3 50
Regular	Nylon	Wh.,Blk.				4 50
Plunging	Broadcloth	White				3 95
Plunging	Nylon	White				5 00
Strapless	Nylon	Wh.,Blk.				5 00

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\*U.S. PAT. OFF. PATENTED

**Patti Stands Pat**

I don't have to tell you, if your musical age is between twelve and twenty, that the new singing rage is Miss Patti Page, who has taken her place beside Jo Stafford and Kay Starr on any disc parade of hits. Her new Mercury recording is proof of her versatility in the singing field. "Doggie In the Window" is a bouncy pop tune. It has appealing warmth, a clever gimmick and a lilting rhythmical beat. Her other hit records have included ballads such as "All My Love" and the unforgettable "Tennessee Waltz"—"Doggie" promises to be equally popular. Other side is again a "different"-type ballad—Latin-flavored—titled "My Jealous Eyes."

**Quiet Listening**

Highlights from *Show Boat*, a new RCA Victor release, is soothingly sung by Robert Merrill and Dorothy Kirsten, joining their talents in six of the great songs written for the show by Jerome Kern. Another RCA offering is the Boston Pops' *Operatic Ballet Music*, which includes the ballet music and waltzes from Faust, waltzes from "Der Rosenkavalier" and ballet from "The Queen of Sheba," "La Gioconda" and "Jewels of the Madonna."

Adding to the "Treasury of Immortal Performances," RCA Victor has released twelve albums of superlative performances in the classical field. These include Artur Schnabel's reissued Beethoven piano sonatas, Wagnerian duets by Kirsten Flagstad and Lauritz Melchior, Jascha Heifetz' superb performance of Sibelius' "Concerto in D-minor, Op. 47." Other featured artists are Lotte Lehmann, Fritz Kreisler, and Sergei Rachmaninoff. Any person who enjoys good classical music will be thrilled by selections from this genuine "Treasury."



Tops in looks, as well as talent—that's new sensation Joni James.



Guy Mitchell listens in on Rebel Randall's CBS Show, America Calling.

**Do You Have These Discs?**

If you own all ten, you've hit the musical jackpot; eight, give yourself a musical demerit; six—don't look now but your turn-table's slipping!

- "Have You Heard" and "Wishing Ring," by Joni James on the MGM label. One of the top tunes of the day, which will send you "wishing" for a larger allowance if you spent it all on Cokes.
- "High on a Windy Hill," also for MGM, by Alan Dean. High with the youthful kids who dig a disc when they hear one.
- Vic Damone's recording for Mercury, "Amour and Sugar." The younger set go for this mixture.
- "Whispers In the Dark," with Johnny Long and his orchestra, on the Mercury label—strictly for dancing and humming.
- Billy Eckstine and "Until Eternity," for MGM. This guarantees Billy his place on that top-pop list until eternity.
- "Doggie In the Window" and "My Jealous Eyes," by Patti Page, for Mercury. Woof! Woof!
- "Pretend" and "After Midnight," by Ralph Martineri, on Mercury. You don't have to pretend—he's good.
- "Must I Cry Again" and "I Keep Telling Myself," by the Hilltoppers, on Dot Records. You'll keep telling yourself you're glad you own this one.
- "I'm Gonna Walk and Talk With My Lord," backed by "The Touch of God's Hand," by Johnnie Ray, recorded for Columbia. Each month, he's got another "best yet" . . . this tops them all.
- For square-dancing evenings—a new album, "Square Your Sets," with Carson Robinson, on MGM records. Swing your partners!

## Information Booth

(Continued)



**Lorna Lynn**

### Marie Antoinette Hoffman

Dear Editor:

Can you please give me the name of the radio actress who plays the role of Marie Antoinette on *Ma Perkins*? I would like to know something about her.

D. K., Evansville, Ind.

The pert young lady who portrays the naughty but attractive Marie Antoinette Hoffman on the *Ma Perkins* program is nineteen-year-old Lorna Lynn. The cute blonde actress has been in show business since she was three years old. Her first stage play was "The Doll House," produced by Jed Harris. At four she was in "The American Way"; then she was in Sidney Kingsley's "The World We Make." Three other successful plays followed. At ten, Lorna went into radio—her first show, *My Best Girls*. Ever since then, Lorna Lynn has worked in radio and TV. Her TV credits include Kraft Theatre, Kate Smith Show, *A Date With Judy*, *The Aldrich Family*, Faye Emerson's show, and *Suspense*. Lorna is unmarried and lives with her parents on Central Park West in New York City. For hobbies, she likes music, dancing, and collecting records.

### Groucho and Melinda

Dear Editor:

I read your recent story about Groucho Marx and his little girl. Where is Melinda's mother?

L. T., Cobourg, Ontario, Canada

Groucho Marx and Melinda's mother are divorced. Melinda spends a great deal of time with her father.

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

# "My Skin Thrives On Cashmere Bouquet Soap"

Says—  
Complexion-Lovely  
**GLORIA BARNES**



## Read How This Fresh Young Beauty Was Helped By Candy Jones, Famous Beauty Director!

**GLORIA:** Miss Jones, what was the *most important* reason you recommended Cashmere Bouquet Soap as the finest complexion care?

**CANDY:** Well, Gloria, as a beauty advisor to girls like yourself, I've seen with my own eyes how daily care with Cashmere Bouquet Soap leaves a girl's skin with the look of *natural beauty* as *no amount of make-up can!*

**GLORIA:** You're so right, Miss Jones! I use Cashmere Bouquet Soap every day and my complexion seems to glow with a *naturally* fresh, radiant look!

**CANDY:** Yes, Cashmere Bouquet Soap does wonders that way! And it's so mild and gentle—I recommend it to everyone!

Candy Jones  
(Mrs. Harry Conover)



**Candy Jones, Director of the Famous Conover School in New York, reveals for the first time confidential advice from her beauty diary.**

1. Use my professional trick to widen your eyes. Carefully blend a dot of lipstick into your makeup at the outermost edge of each eye socket.
2. Beauty speaks for itself—so keep your conversations short and varied. The most sought-after women leave their audience wanting more.
3. The most professional makeup art cannot work magic unless your skin is clean and glowing. Beauty-cleanse your neck and face twice daily with gentle, mild Cashmere Bouquet Soap. **MORE LATER,**

*Candy*





*An Extra Mild and Soothing Smoke*

**KING  
SIZE** **FATIMA**  
*The Difference is* **QUALITY**

# KING—Every Day

By MRS. JACK BAILEY



Through twelve years of marriage, through thick and thin, Jack's always managed to make me feel like a queen.

**B**EING married to a celebrity certainly has its moments. One of them occurs whenever I'm introduced as the wife of Jack Bailey. The prompt reaction is invariably something like: "The Jack Bailey—the one who emcees Queen For A Day and gives away all those fabulous prizes?" Then, when I modestly acknowledge this exciting fact, comes the second inevitable question, "And what do you do?"

Obviously, since Jack himself is "king," they expect me to have some royal talents, too. But the best I can answer is: "Well . . . I don't sing very well, or dance at all, and I'm not funny like my husband. But I do play the piano a little. . . ."

Perhaps I should be used to the fact that by now people naturally assume that I'm in show business, too. In a way, I guess I am. Living with a man as quick-witted and full of life as Jack, I've found some of it can't help rubbing off.

There was the time, for instance, when Jack went on a tour with the Queen gang. On this particular tour, Jack thought it would be very funny to give me a big build-up as his wife and *partner*, then when I appeared my only bit of business would be to stand there, deadpan, and answer every question with one word, "Great!" Naturally it brought laughs.

One day the ham in me came forth and I "padded"

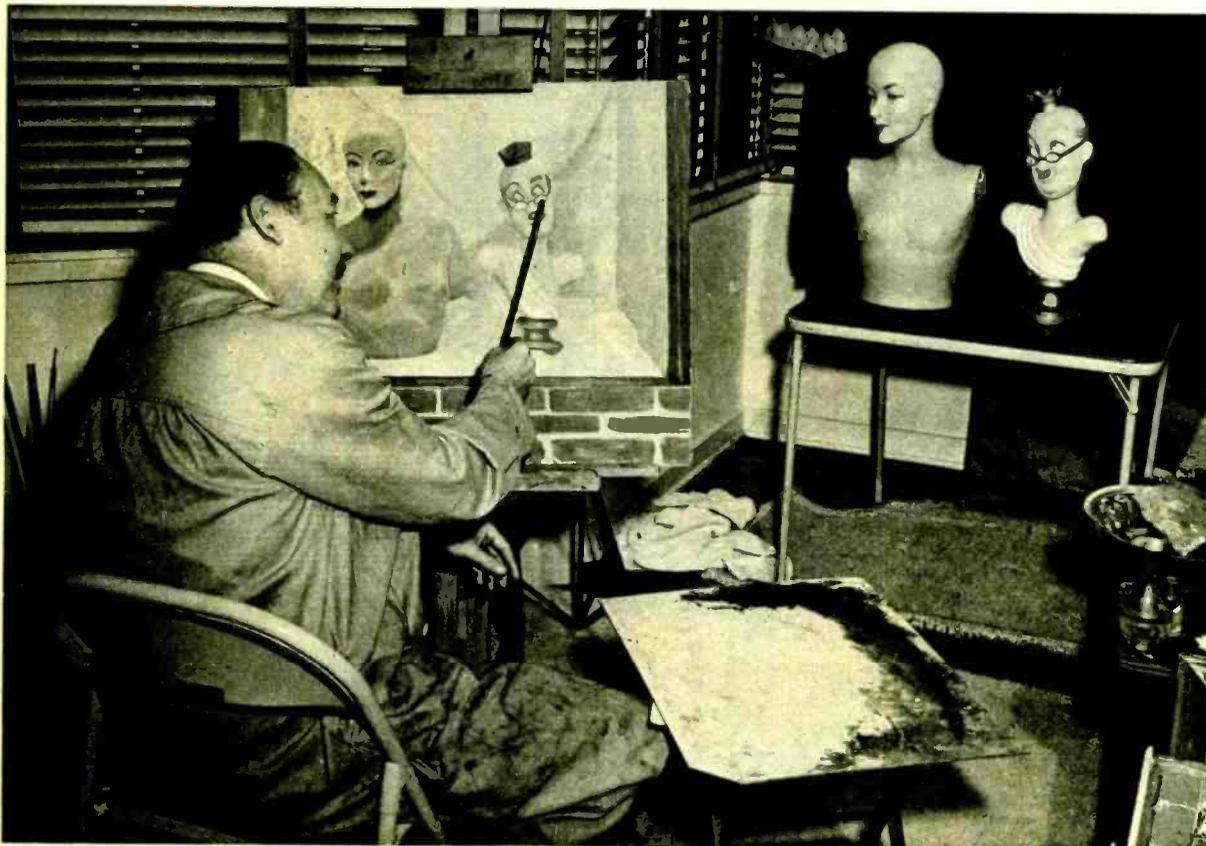
See Next Page 

*Jack Bailey*

is a hero to his wife, as well as to delighted winners on Queen For A Day. Here's why—in Mrs. B.'s own words

# KING — Every Day

There's just one place where we don't agree. Jack loves to paint, and I admire his work, but I won't pose for another portrait—which may account for his "models" here!



my part. I came on the stage in a Western outfit, with a lariat in one hand spinning like a whirling dervish. I only knew one rope trick but Jack didn't know *that*, so when he saw me he was amazed!

His regularly smooth voice cracked and he read his second line first and his first line second. My answers, of course, were always the same, "Great!" After the first few seconds of shock Jack recovered his equilibrium and gave his regular polished performance. I had stopped spinning the lariat, but Jack didn't take his eyes off it for the rest of the time I was on stage.

The whole gang had been alerted to the gag, so after the show, when we were all together, Jack took quite a ribbing. They accused him of marrying a woman who could upstage him. I guess I *had* learned pretty fast. At any rate it was the end of my career. It's a good thing too, because—although I'm a Montana-reared gal—I only knew that one rope trick. Jack, *still* doesn't know that!

In fact, I was still pretty much of a Montana gal when

I first met Jack back in 1937. I was working as a legal secretary then and had no interest whatsoever in show business. When I met Jack at a mutual friend's party, my first impression was that he was sort of a smart aleck. What I didn't know was that he was deliberately trying to cheer me up at the request of the host, who knew I was feeling blue. I had lost my mother but a short time previously, and this was one of my first evenings out.

Later on, when the gang drifted toward the piano for a community sing, I found myself sharing the piano bench with Jack. Our mutual interest in music (we both played the piano) made me think much kinder of him. I remember I left the gathering feeling that he was a very funny fellow—besides being talented and very nice indeed.

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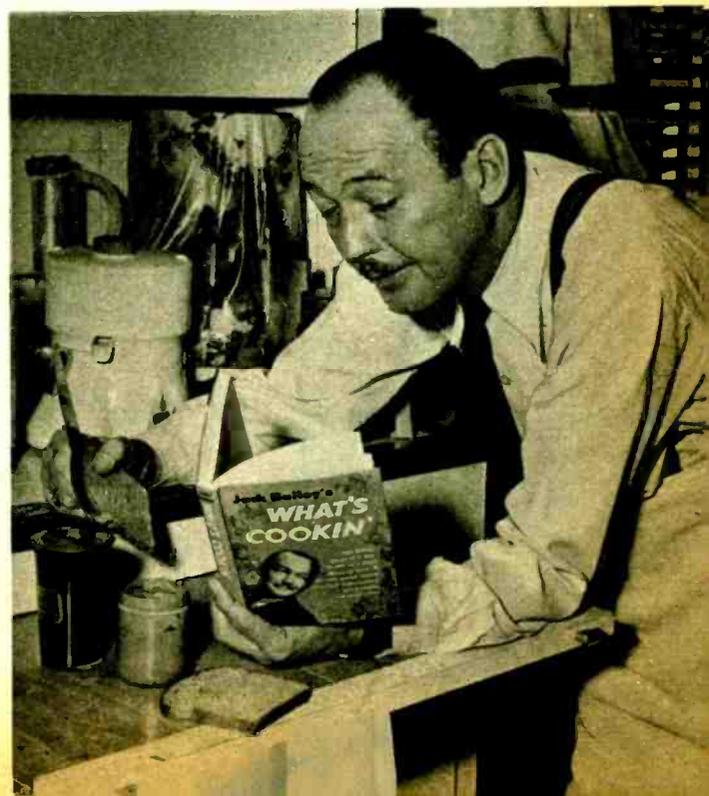
Jack Bailey emcees Queen For A Day, Mutual, M-F, 11:30 A.M. EST for Old Gold Cigarettes, Quaker Oats, and Pfaff Sewing Machines.



Our romance started when we shared the same piano bench. Now it's grown to two pianos and an assortment of musical instruments. Jack's also a talented cook and has even authored a recipe book.

Our paths crossed next at a Breakfast Club gathering. I said hello to Jack although I'm sure he didn't remember me (he gallantly claims he did). I was surprised when, shortly after, he began to call for a date. Three weeks later we did go out and, when we discovered how much fun we had together, we started going steady.

We didn't marry, however, for three long years, because we felt we weren't settled and just couldn't afford it. Perhaps I felt we couldn't afford it. To lighthearted Jack, money was something you didn't worry about until your pockets were empty as a bird's nest in winter. During our courtship, I was a bit leery of Jack's theatrical ambitions. I was the practical-minded gal who felt show business wasn't "steady." To me, Jack's many jobs—as disc jockey, actor, theatrical manager, stage director and emcee—were road signs which plainly showed that the path to fame and fortune in the theatre was rocky and treacherous. There was no security in this profession. So, to please me, Jack became *(Continued on page 80)*





*Virginia Dwyer*

Evenings, Virginia and little Susan share a record "concert." Weekends, it's breakfast in bed—a treat for Mother.

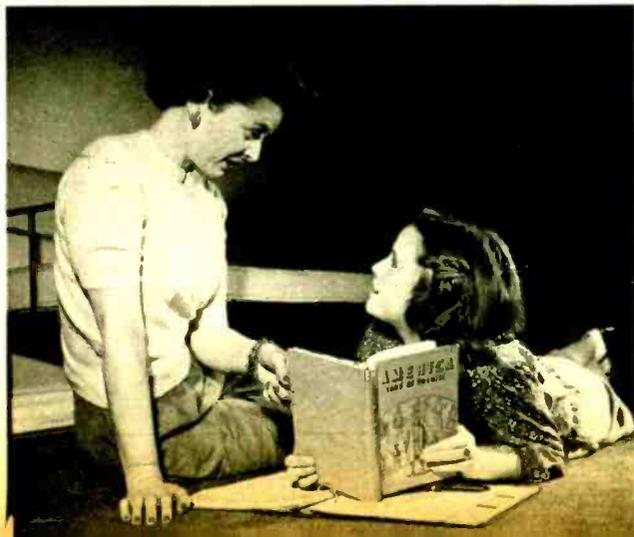


# "My Daughter and I"

*To Virginia Dwyer, those are the most wonderful words she's ever spoken in all the drama of daily living*

By MARY TEMPLE

**Y**OU SIMPLY can't touch the drama that's in any life, no matter how much you may try to portray it, to act it out. The drama in your life. In mine. In everyone's." It's Virginia Dwyer—who plays Jocelyn McLeod in NBC's daytime dramatic serial, *The Road Of Life*—speaking, as her daughter Susan, home from school with a cold, listens attentively. "I have played Jocelyn for a long time, and I have played dozens of roles on other dramatic radio and television programs, in summer stock and on Broadway. (Continued on page 91)



Both love skiing, doing things together. But each remains an individual, with her own tastes and friends—thanks to Mother's careful planning.

Virginia Dwyer is heard M-F in *The Road Of Life*—NBC, 3:15 P.M.—CBS, 1 P.M.—for Procter & Gamble. She's heard frequently in *Whispering Streets*, ABC, 10:25 A.M., for General Mills, and on *Armstrong's Theatre Of Today*, CBS, Sat., 12 noon. (All EST.)

# A HOUSE TO GROW IN



No matter what the radio scripts say, Phil's a good house-and-garden man. He also likes that golf course right next door—where he and "pro" Helen Dettweiler give Alice a little coaching.



*Phil Harris and Alice Faye built a dream home for one steadfast purpose—and two lively daughters*

By BETTY MILLS

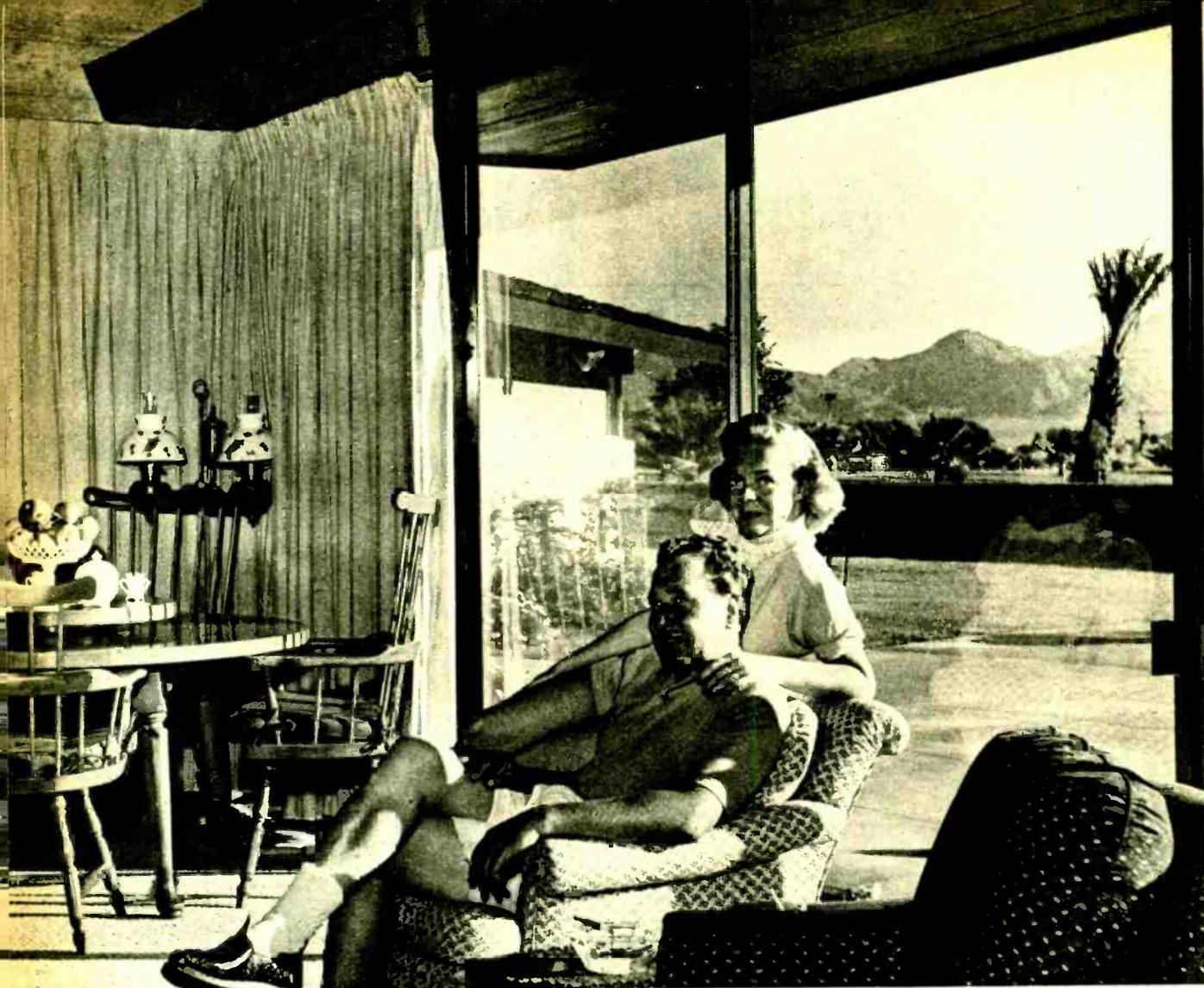
A HOUSE at the end of the road can mean many things to many people.

Such a house often lives in a dreamworld and may be made up of *things* like a white picket fence and a red rose vine or a black and yellow pansy bordered walk; or the dreams of such a house may represent *ideas* like watching children grow and sharing their youth and happiness. Hidden at the end of the road such a house may mean peace, tranquillity, security, a storm-protected port with smooth blue-glass waters to shelter the ship of life. To some people, a house at the end of the road will mean all of these things—and more.

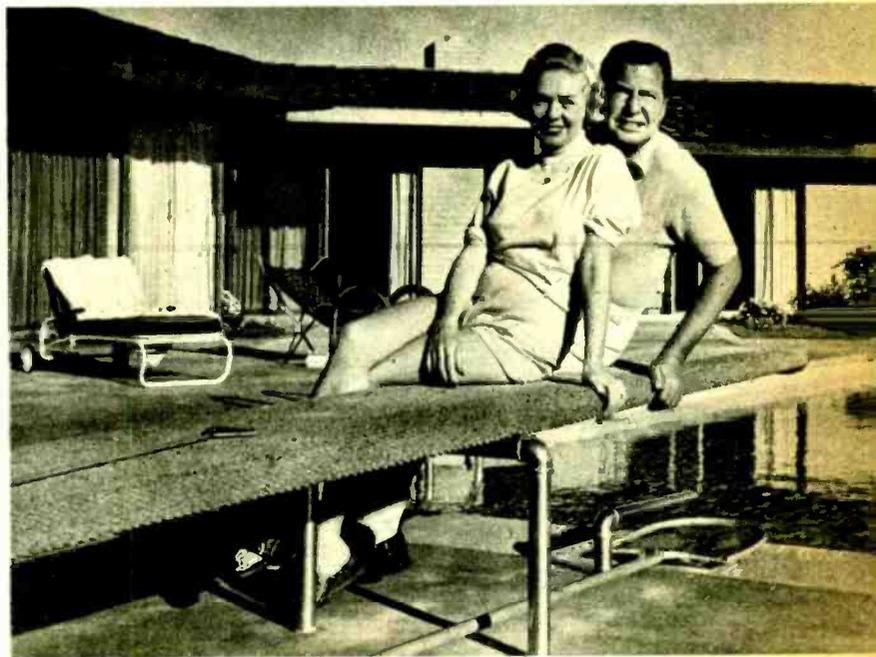
Phil Harris and Alice Faye (NBC stars of their own air show) have found their dream house at the end of the road. They've been working together toward this goal for (Continued on page 82)

Phil Harris-Alice Faye Show, NBC Radio, Sun., 8 P.M. EST, for RCA Victor. Phil's also a frequent guest star on NBC-TV.





The Palm Springs place is both roomy and cosy. "For bringing up children," says Alice, "it's heaven-sent."



Despite their names, little Phyllis is more like Alice, Alice Junior's more like Phil—and getting tall, too. The house they grow in has "all the comforts of home (California style)," including a swimming pool.



Above, a carful of McNeills—Kay, Don, sons Don, Jr., Bobby, Tom. Right, a houseful of Murphys. (And to think there was a time when I found just three almost too much to handle—till Kay came to my rescue!)

# OUR GOOD NEIGHBOR

By MRS. BOB MURPHY

**E**VERY woman wants to make a good impression when she meets her husband's new boss.

If the boss's wife happens to be present, any couple will make doubly certain everything is apple-pie perfect.

That is, any couple except the Murphys.

When, for the first time, Bob and I met Don and Kay McNeill and the rest of the Breakfast Clubbers in a social situation, we unwittingly put ourselves and the others into a predicament as excruciating as a bad dream.

We can't yet figure out exactly how the mix-up occurred, for certainly we were sufficiently experienced both socially and in radio life. Both of us worked at KSTP in St. Paul when we were married. We had moved to Chicago when Bob became an NBC staff announcer. He did a hitch in the Navy, (Continued on page 90)



Bob Murphy is heard on Don McNeill's Breakfast Club, ABC Radio, M-F, 9 A.M. EST, for Swift & Co., Philco Corp., O'Cedar Corp., and the Toni Co. Also, the Alex Dreier Show, NBC Radio, M-F, 8 A.M. CST, for Skelly Oil. On WENR-TV (Chicago), he is seen on Amateur Hour, Sun., 12:30 P.M. CST, for Morris B. Sachs, and The Bob And Kay Show, M-F, 11 A.M. CST.



Tours are fun for Breakfast Clubbers—including us wives. Here are Bob and I (standing at far left) attending a B.C. dinner in New York's Chinatown.

*These are secrets*



Don McNeill, my husband's boss on Breakfast Club—and a friend indeed.

*neither Kay nor Don McNeill reveal—but their good friends will!*

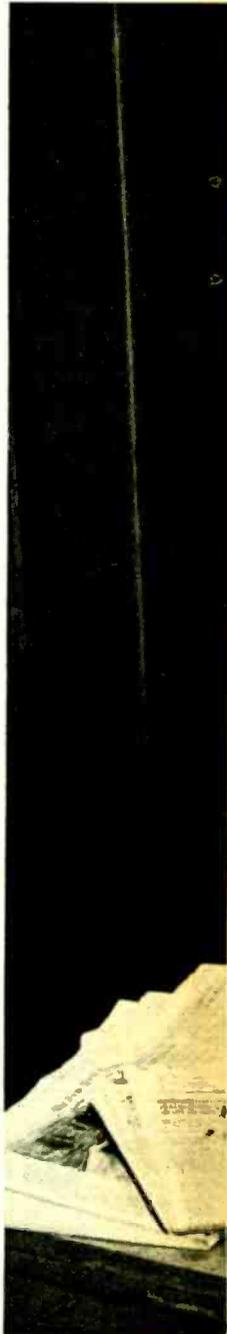
# ROSEMARY-

WHEN TWO people have faith in each other, and in the rightness of what they are doing, they may suffer setbacks—but never defeat. Rosemary and Bill Roberts are two people who are examples of the power of faith. The strongest test of their faith, they thought, had come last year when Bill was charged with murder. Their belief in justice had seen them through, and Bill had been acquitted. . . . Now, however, they are facing an even greater trial. Once having been accused of so serious a crime, Bill learned it was not enough to be cleared of the charge, in order to get back to work in the town of Springdale, where he and Rosemary were attempting to rebuild their lives. After many discouragements, fate—which had seemed so cruel and forbidding—swung on a wide pendulum, and Bill found himself being financed in the starting of a new newspaper. . . . The newspaper would be called *The Banner*, and would rival the town's only other paper, *The Star*. *The Star* was and is owned by Edgar Duffy, long entrenched as a power in the community, controlling the politics, controlling the very lives of many people in the town. To Bill and Rosemary, starting the newspaper was a challenge, for it would show the town that Bill was a reliable citizen and—more than that—the good which it could accomplish would make Springdale a better place in which to live. . . . Then, day by day, obstacles were placed in Bill's and Rosemary's way. When they attempted to lease a building in which to house the newspaper, Duffy stood in their way. When a site for the plant was finally found, and machinery for printing the paper installed, a mysterious accident occurred. Despite the fact that the building was located in the heart of the business district, a baseball

came hurtling through the giant plate-glass window and barely missed seriously injuring several workmen inside. Since, at one point, Duffy had literally had Bill kidnapped and threatened, suspicion for the baseball incident seemed logically to fall on Duffy in Rosemary's mind and in Bill's. . . . Stark tragedy grew out of this incident. Josie, the wife of a shoemaker in the neighborhood, told the police who were investigating the "accidental" window-breaking that she had seen a boy deliberately throw the ball and run. Her husband, learning of her report, became furious and made plans to send his wife away. Knowing he had no money for such purposes, Josie again hastened to tell the police—and ran into the street, directly in the path of an oncoming car. She was seriously injured and died. . . . Then, when the boy who had thrown the ball was actually identified, Bill discovered that the youngster had been taken out of school and was no longer in Springdale. More than ever, Bill now reasons that Duffy fears *The Banner* because he dreads the possibility of public exposure. . . . Despite Duffy's malicious attacks, in spite of the seemingly endless stream of tragic events, Bill and Rosemary know that what they're doing is right. They know that their faith in themselves and the future must eventually bring a good, fair-minded, substantial newspaper to their community. *The Banner* will—and does—come out as a crusader for the right in which both Rosemary and Bill so firmly believe.

---

Rosemary is heard over CBS Radio, M-F, 11:45 A.M. EST, for Procter & Gamble. Pictured at right, in their original roles, are Virginia Kaye as Rosemary, Robert Haag as Bill, and Arnold Robertson as Duffy.



# Where faith abides . . .

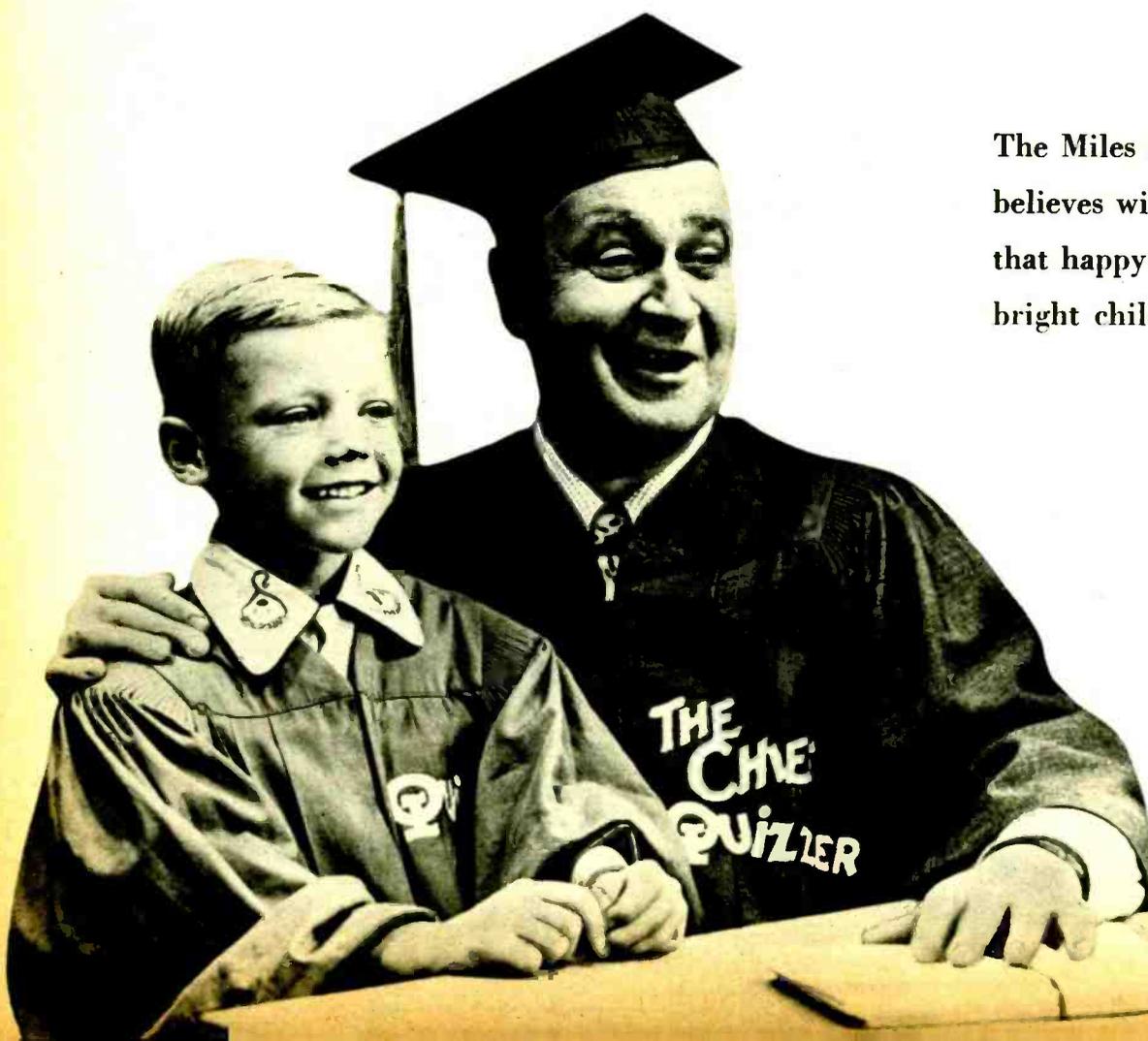


*Not only for their own happiness—but for the welfare of the whole community—Rosemary and Bill challenge Edgar Duffy's evil power*

Chief Quizzer Joe Kelly has faced many bright Quiz Kids—but Melvin Miles (see close-up below) may soon top all of them.



# QUIZ KIDS ARE



The Miles family believes with a calm faith that happy children are bright children



When brother Lawrie was sick, Melvin made a mechanical man to amuse him. (But it can't do their shoe-polishing chores—that takes real boy-power!)



# NORMAL PEOPLE!

Love of home and parents is the most important thing the Miles boys know.

By HELEN BOLSTAD

**S**Eeking a divorce, a Chicago woman recently fortified her charges by testifying that the final rift occurred when her husband decided their two sons must become Quiz Kids.

With a greedy eye fixed on the fortune he believed they might earn, he had imposed a novel and vicious training regime. He kept the boys awake until midnight working arithmetic problems. He also dictated that they were to eat only raw hamburger, for this he regarded as "brain food."

Ruling this constituted cruelty, the judge granted the mother her decree.

News of the pathetic, yet ridiculous, case drew wistful comment from the man who would have had to reject these abused youngsters if ever they had appeared for Quiz Kid auditions. As head of the Chicago office of Louis G. Cowan, owner of the show, John Lewellen enforces a set of rules (Continued on page 93)

Quiz Kids are on CBS Radio, every Sunday, 4:30 P.M. EST—CBS-TV, alternate Saturdays at 10 P.M. EST (for Cat's Paw Rubber Co.).



# LORENZO

Is it infatuation or love  
between Lorenzo and Gail?



**L**ORENZO JONES and his wife Belle had lived happily in their little community for many years. Lorenzo found great satisfaction in the inventions he made in his workshop, Belle adored him and encouraged him in the belief that the next invention would bring them the "million dollars" which always seemed to be just around the corner. Then a gang of jewel thieves came to town, and Lorenzo and Belle were responsible for their capture—an event which was to change not only their way of life but their whole characters. . . . One evening, as Belle and Lorenzo were sitting on their front porch, two men approached and pretended they were having trouble with their car—would Lorenzo come and help? Belle watched him walk away with the two men. It was the last she saw of Lorenzo for several days. Waiting desperately, ready to grasp at any straw, she heard that the famous Broadway producer, Verne Massey, had picked up an unidentified man who had apparently been thrown from a car as dead. . . . Belle rushed to the New York hospital where Massey had taken him—and discovered it was, in truth, Lorenzo. Fate had still another blow in store for Belle, however. Shortly after her arrival, Lorenzo disappeared—a victim of amnesia. Alone in the big city, Belle finds her only friends are Verne and his sister Rhoda. Verne gives Belle a job in his office. The more he sees of her efforts to locate Lorenzo, her devotion and her sweet-

## JOURNEY INTO

# JONES =

ness, the more Verne falls in love with Belle—and the tighter he seals his lips against telling her so. . . . In the meantime, Lorenzo—through a series of high adventures—has landed a job at the fabulous Basil Dunbar mines in Canada, as laboratory aide to lovely Gail Maddox. Since the only clue to his identity is a gold disc found in his pocket, engraved with the name Lorenzo, Gail knows him only as “Mr. Lorenzo.” But the two are much attracted to each other and soon become engaged when Lorenzo—remembering nothing of his past—is finally convinced that he is free to marry. . . . The man responsible for convincing him is Edgar Grayling, who is playing a bigger role in Lorenzo’s and Belle’s lives than either can suspect—for he is the actual head of the jewel thieves, the mastermind of many underworld activities. He hates them both and, although each has met Grayling and each sees him frequently, Grayling’s clever machinations are keeping them apart. . . . Will time—and the human mistakes Grayling must some day make—bring Belle and Lorenzo together once more? Even if they are reunited, will each have become so involved in new romantic entanglements that only a miracle could weave their lives together again?

Lorenzo Jones, NBC, M-F, 5:30 P.M. EST; for Fab, Colgate Dental Cream. Pictured here in their radio roles are Karl Swenson as Lorenzo Jones, Lucille Wall as Belle, Fran Carlon as Gail Maddox, Karl Weber as Verne.

Belle longs for Lorenzo, unaware of Verne’s deep love.



## THE UNKNOWN



Ralph's the kind of guy who's a real pal to his son Gary—and the studio gang, too.

# Ralph Edwards—

Here's what he's really like. I'll tell the truth—he'll have to take the consequences!

By AL PASCHALL

**M**Y NAME is Al Paschall, and I guess you could say I'm Ralph Edwards' "right-hand man." But I haven't always had this job. In fact, there was a day when I hadn't even heard of Ralph Edwards. The first time I heard his name, I asked with disdain, "Who's he?" And, when I found out, I was the only member of a Mount Holyoke summer stock company to blackball Ralph's appearing with us. I didn't want any *radio personalities* ruining our show!

Sounds like I didn't like him? I didn't. Of course, I hadn't met Ralph yet and had nothing against him personally, except that he was a *radio emcee*. At that (*Continued on page 70*)

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This Is Your Life, NBC-TV, Wed. at 10 P.M., for Hazel Bishop Cosmetics.  
Truth Or Consequences, NBC Radio, Thurs., 9 P.M., for Pet Milk. All EST.

There are two Ralph Edwards families (as my little saga explains). This is the one at home base: Ralph, his wife Barbara, and their children—Laurie (left), Gary, and Chris.



# THIS IS HIS LIFE



LIFE IS A HAPPY

# Grand Slam

*Irene Beasley*

makes the nation her living room

and asks all to share

its warmth and good humor

By MARTIN COHEN



Baby-book treasures:  
Irene, at eight months  
—her gentle mother,  
Bertha Holmes Beasley.

AS EVENING fell on the farm near Memphis, the traffic noise was only that of an occasional horse and carriage trotting by on the dirt road, or the voice of a worker singing his way home from the fields. Sunset came and passed with the last noisy chatter of birds and, as night darkened the trees, there was quiet and waiting in the farmhouse. The doctor stood by for hours and then, at five minutes after three in the morning, a star was born, a baby girl weighing ten pounds—Irene Beasley, who was to become a songwriter, a recording artist, a headliner in night clubs and on stage, star of musical comedy and quizmistress of CBS Radio's Grand Slam.

"My childhood was spent close to the earth, in simplicity, in a home that knew warmth, courage and good humor," Irene says. "There I learned the most important lessons of my life."

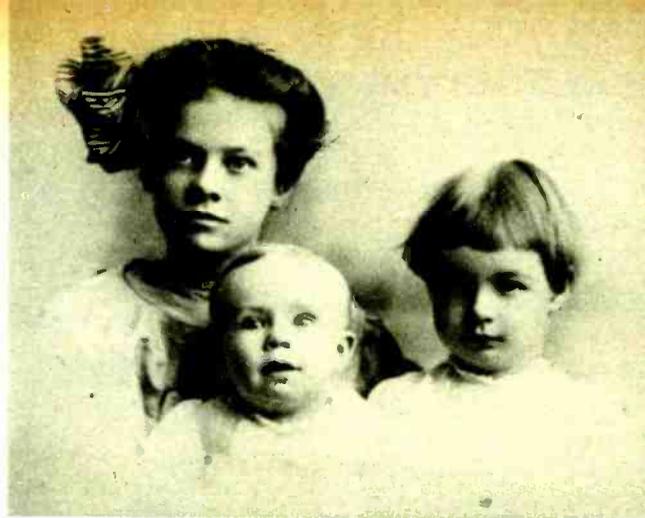
Her home she remembers as quite lovely, typical of old Southern homesteads. The house was set back in two acres of land. In the yard were holly trees, large oaks, elms, a hickory, and a rope swing that was the delight of her early years.

Her father, a planter, was just as vigorous and kindly then as he is today. He often took Irene into the fields with him—always when he went to the melon patch, for it was her special privilege to perch on the topmost





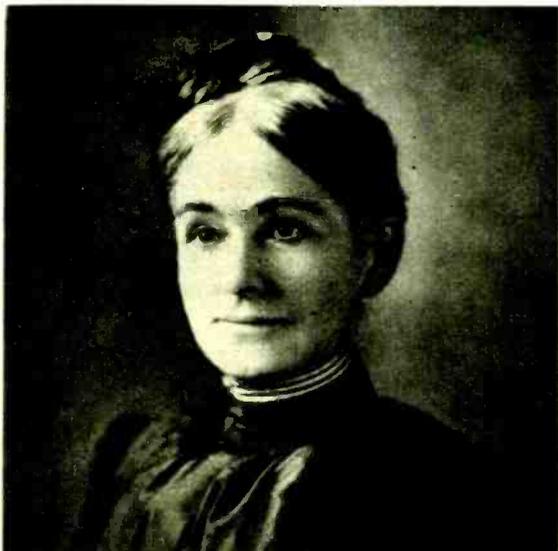
Five-year-old Irene had "cousins by the dozens"—here she is, 'twixt two of them, in Tennessee.



Nine-year-old Irene was a bit more serious, setting an example for baby-brother James and sister Agnes.



Irene's the family clown in striped dress, with Grandma ("the original") Irene Beasley on the top step behind her; Mother's at left, holding James.



Grandma Holmes, with her deep interest in music, was one of the great influences in Irene's life.

melon in the wheelbarrow. One of her earliest memories is of the spring afternoon he took her to see a nest of field larks. The baby birds had just broken out of their shells.

"But you mustn't touch them," he explained. "If you do touch them, they will go away and never come back."

The little girl was awed by their beauty and the wonder of the day. Walking back to the house, they came to a field of forget-me-nots. Irene stopped, breathless, fearing she might tramp on one.

"It's all right to walk on them if there is no other way home," he explained. "But you must walk gently."

And he picked her up and carried her over the field of blue.

"I think that was one of the great lessons I learned," Irene tells me. "We can't be too gentle with the beauty in the world, for it is very fragile."

The tenderness of her mother is evident in Irene's baby book. There she kept record of the smallest detail of her daughter's progress: Irene's first smile at five days of age, her walking at eight months, and her singing "Bye, Baby, Bye-O" on her first birthday.

Music was an integral part of the home and it was Mother who gave Irene her first piano and vocal lessons, just as she had once received hers. It was family tradition that parents not only fed, clothed and housed their young ones but also cultivated their tastes and taught them.

"We were a close family and saw much of our many relatives," Irene remembers. "My parents had a total of eight brothers and sisters, so there were cousins by the dozens."

The warmth, so natural in Irene's show, was a thing she learned as a child. When relatives or friends were to visit, even for only an hour in the afternoon, there was excitement and preparation that seemed to Irene almost lavish. To greet and meet friends was an event in the Beasley home.

Too, on Sundays, they would get into a buggy or a real surrey—with real fringe on top—to visit Irene's grandmother, Elizabeth Holmes.

Grandma lived five miles away at Plum Point, in a

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Grand Slam, heard on CBS Radio, M-F, 11:30 A.M. EST; sponsored by Continental Baking Co., for Wonder Bread and Hostess Cakes.



Great trees mask the stately pillars of Windsong, the house around which so many childhood activities centered.



Today, Irene's a star—and the grown-up Agnes is Mrs. James Connors, with two fine sons, Thomas and James III.

grand house that looked much like Tara in *Gone with the Wind*. The house was called Windsong, the same name Irene has given to her thirty-acre home on the Hudson River. Irene's brightest memories are those of days at Windsong, for Grandma Holmes was a lively, gay woman with a great interest in music. Irene spent whole summers with her grandmother, particularly after her family moved to Texas.

"Every day was big and full at Windsong," she remembers. "The morning started at five, with ice water dripping down your neck if you didn't scoot out of bed."

At five-thirty, the entire family gathered for prayers and hymns. Everyone participated in the devotion, even the youngsters, who gave prayers individually and took turns leading the others in hymns.

By six they were at the big table for breakfast, and

then each had their chores. The younger ones helped in the house. Her older cousins tended the animals and crops. Irene remembers her great pride the day she was old enough to carry a pail of water into the fields for her uncles.

Much of the day was play for the youngsters. One of their favorite games was building mud homes in the back yard. Together they would hunt for gum from sweet gum trees or go climbing for plump wild plums.

"But the evenings were the high point," Irene recalls. "I learned more about wholesome entertainment in Grandma's living room than anywhere else."

All the family gathered around the piano and everyone contributed to the fun. There were recitations, a quartet, piano solos, and even the youngest had their say.

"My first piece went like (Continued on page 79)

Proudly, Irene introduces her father, J. N. Beasley (left), to her Grand Slam associates, Dwight Weist and Jay Clark.





No more cold-water flats and temporary homes! Today, it's a happy, spacious household where Del and John Raby romp with their sons, John Junior (center) and Tony.

# When a Man Marries—

He should have John Raby's luck—and win a girl like Del!

By MARIE HALLER

SOME men get only one thing out of life—professional success, the satisfaction of a burning ambition.

Others achieve a happy home—the love of the one woman who really matters. Lucky John Raby has both, and, without the happy marriage, might never have had the successful career . . . might never have been known to millions as Harry Davis in *When a Girl Marries* . . . or as Don Smith in *Wendy Warren And The News* . . . if he hadn't been, in real life, the husband of Adele.

"When a man marries," says John Raby, "the most important thing in life is the girl he marries. Whatever his talents, or ambitions, or dreams, the right woman can help him achieve them. In my case, I've always wanted to be an actor. Three times, I set out on the road to my goal. Twice, that road took a rather drastic detour.

"But, both times, Del was there. It was Del's pioneer spirit, her never-failing optimism, her willingness to accept any situation—above (Continued on page 88)

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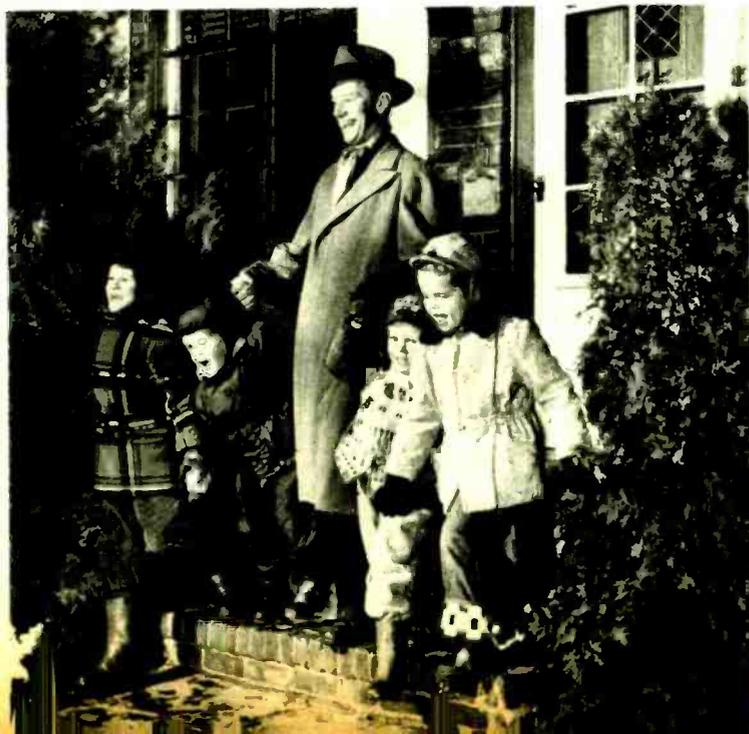
Hear John Raby in *When a Girl Marries*, ABC Radio, M-F, 10:45 A.M. EST; sponsored alternately by Durkee Famous Foods and by Nylast and Air-Wick—in *Wendy Warren And The News*, CBS Radio, M-F, 12 noon; for Maxwell House, Post 40% Bran Flakes.



Dad used to play baseball and that's the game for young John. Tony likes golf, has clubs of his own.

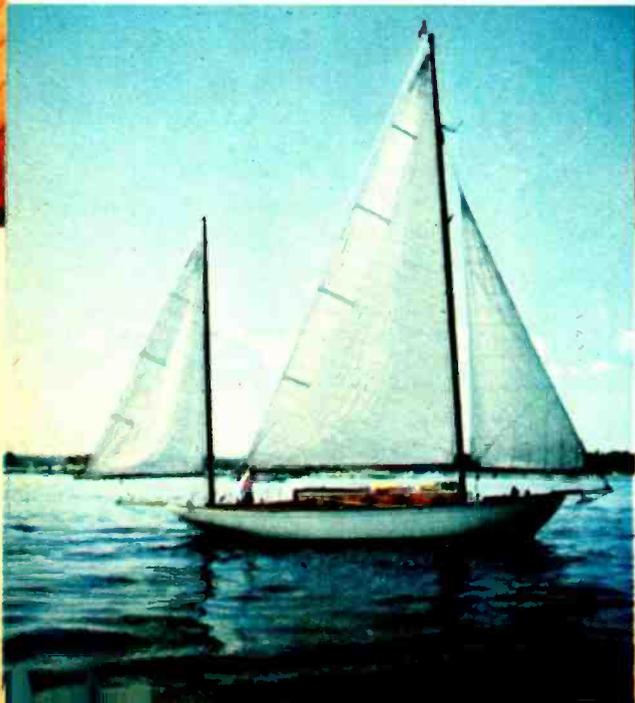


John Senior chaperones his young 'uns on a fresh-air stroll with their pretty little neighbors, Gaynor and Glenda Erikson.





Aside from sheer delight in salt air and blue sea, there's a very special reason why Garry loves to go sailing in his yawl, the *Red Wing*.



**I'VE GOT**

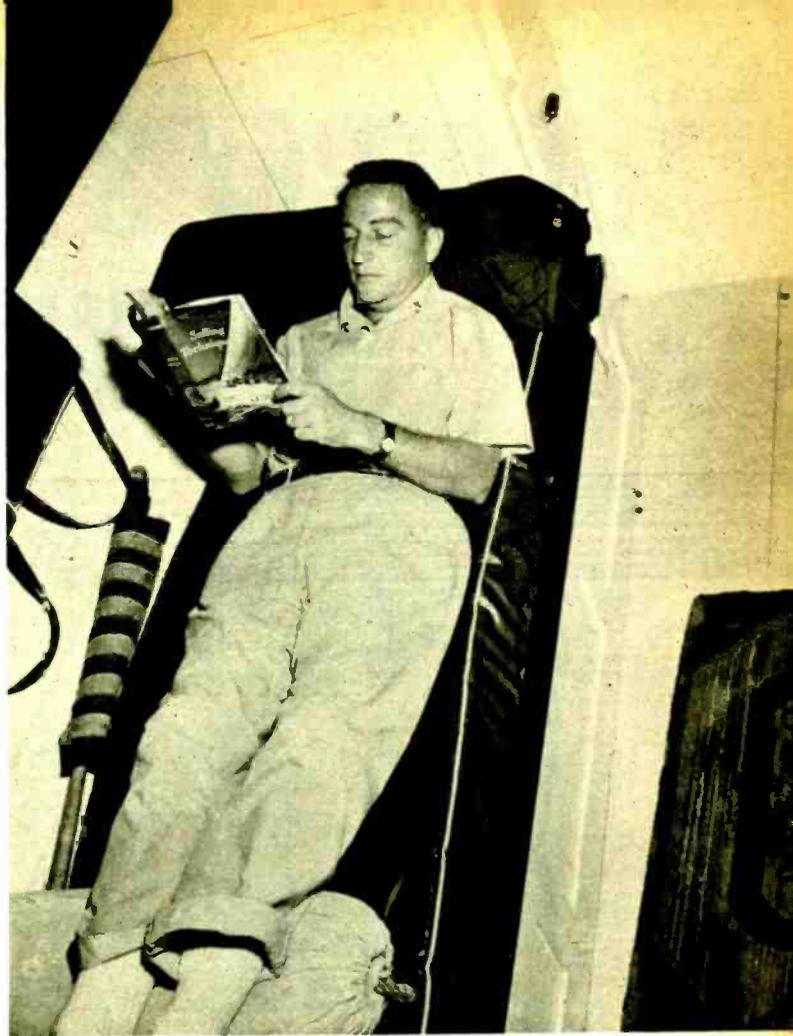
# Garry Moore's

shows let everyone know about  
his guests—but not about himself

By FRANCES KISH



Whether swabbing decks or lying at ease, Garry enjoys his boat—which has sleeping quarters, a shipshape galley and everything a skipper and his young crew could want.



**E**VERYBODY knows Garry Moore. There he is every weekday afternoon, on his own CBS-TV show, and every Thursday night on his intriguing panel program, *I've Got A Secret*. As emcee and general cutter-upper, he's all over the place, as lively as a guppy in a fishbowl. And, like a guppy in a fishbowl, he seems to have no secrets of his own, unrevealed to the most casual viewers. They know what he looks like, how he talks, what he thinks. . . .

Well, almost. For Garry does have secrets of his own, secret hopes and dreams which were most nearly revealed to his vast daytime audience one Friday afternoon last year. Finding himself with a minute to spare, at the program's wind-up, Garry—a great ad-libber—didn't fill the time with wisecracks. Instead, he spoke seriously and simply of something very close to his heart.

"I thought about the long weekend ahead," he explains, "and the people who would be together during that weekend. I thought of the misunderstanding and the heartaches some would have. Of the loneliness the weekend (*Continued on page 96*)

# A SECRET

Garry Moore emcees *I've Got A Secret*, on CBS-TV, alternate Thursdays, 10:30 P.M. EST, for Carter Products. The Garry Moore Show is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 1:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by Ballard Biscuits, Duff's Mixes, Rit and Shinola, Stokely-Van Camp, Deepfreeze, Kellogg's Gro-Pup, and Masland Rugs.

# GODFREY'S MARINERS



*Tom Lockard*

By  
GREGORY  
MERWIN



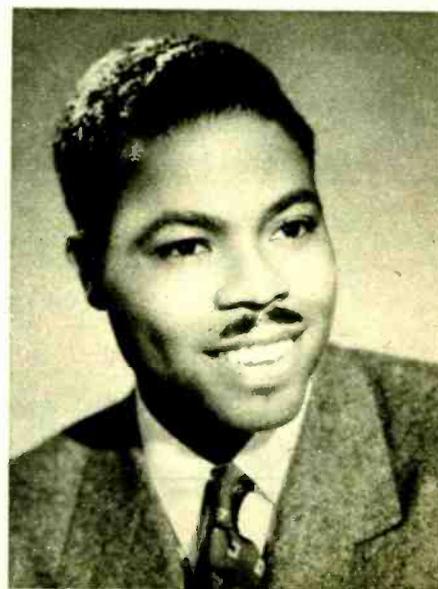
Arthur Godfrey's proud of his quartet:



*James Lewis*



*Martin Karl*



*Nathaniel Dickerson*



Each man a fine musician, each an individualist—yet their teamwork is as smooth in real life as on the Godfrey programs.

## Four "prima donnas," they live as they sing—in harmony

**A**NYONE who has any preconceived notion of what Arthur Godfrey's Mariners may be like had better just forget it. You couldn't be more than twenty-five per cent right, anyway. Quattered, you find four very rugged, very talented, very different individuals.

For years, Arthur has been kidding his Mariners about their clothes and suggesting that they dress alike. He occasionally teases them about the possibility of their wearing uniforms.

"So once we decided to have four suits cut exactly alike," says Tom Lockard, who sings baritone and stands second from the left. The tailor had this explained, and one by one the boys went down for their fitting. "What happened? Each of us chose a different material."

Rugged individuals they remain, and the reason is simple. The Mariners are individually fine musicians, serious and mature men. They enjoy music, love it. They can blend voices equally well for laughs or sighs. Percy Faith, Frank Parker and Archie Bleyer, all top music-makers, state unequivocally that the Mariners are the best serious quartet in the

country. The Mariners admit to a certain quality.

"And the reason for that," the boys explain, "is that each of us is a frustrated concert singer."

There's a wealth of talent and professional study in the quartet. Take them, from left to right:

"Jim's our only college graduate," you're told, "but we don't hold it against him."

Jim Lewis, who made his first stage appearance as a vocalist at the age of three, wound up his education at Talladega College, planning on a legal career. In New York he switched to music, and appeared with Bill Robinson in "The Hot Mikado." He played the famous Ruban Bleu and Cafe Society night clubs before the war.

"Tom is our liaison man," they say. "General heckler and conscience to the quartet."

Tom Lockard originally planned a career as a pianist but gave up the keyboard for voice lessons while still in his teens. He majored in music at the University of Los Angeles, but quit school to sing on concert tours and in radio, and had an engagement with the Los Angeles Opera Company.

"Martin is our youngest, (Continued on page 95)

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Arthur Godfrey Time, CBS Radio, M-F, 10-11:30 P.M. (simulcast on CBS-TV, M-Th, 10-11), for Snow Crop, Lanolin Plus, Fiberglas, Star-Kist, Pepsodent, General Motors, Pillsbury, Toni, Nabisco, Chesterfield—King Arthur Godfrey And His Round Table, CBS Radio, Sun., 5 P.M., for Kingan & Co.—Arthur Godfrey And His Friends, CBS-TV, Wed., 8 P.M., for Chesterfield, Toni, Pillsbury. All EST.

# NORA DRAKE—

Who would want to hurt Nora—always so kind, so warmhearted, so considerate of others?



# DANGEROUS DAYS



1. Vivian, Robert Sargent's estranged wife, finds another heart interest—who begs her to start a new life and send her daughter away.

**A** FEELING of depression, almost of danger, closed in on Nora Drake as she looked at Marguerite's white face. Something was wrong, radically wrong, even though Marguerite's words were reassuring. Nora sank down in the living-room chair opposite Marguerite and the two women gazed directly at each other. Finally, Marguerite's eyes closed and she leaned back in her chair with a sigh of resignation. Watching her, Nora's thoughts flew back to the day when Grace Jarrett came to share the home which was hers but which she also shared with Marguerite. . . . Marguerite had opposed Grace's coming, but Nora had put this down to Marguerite's jealousy of Grace—who held, in her erratic teen-age hand, the heart of Russ McClure, of whom Marguerite herself was extremely fond. Nora, knowing how much Grace's coming to live with

*Strange undercurrents menace Nora's life as she tries to help Robert's rebellious daughter*



2. Eager to leave home, daughter Grace listens impatiently to her mother's final words: "I hope you'll be happier at Nora's than you were here."

**See Next Page** 

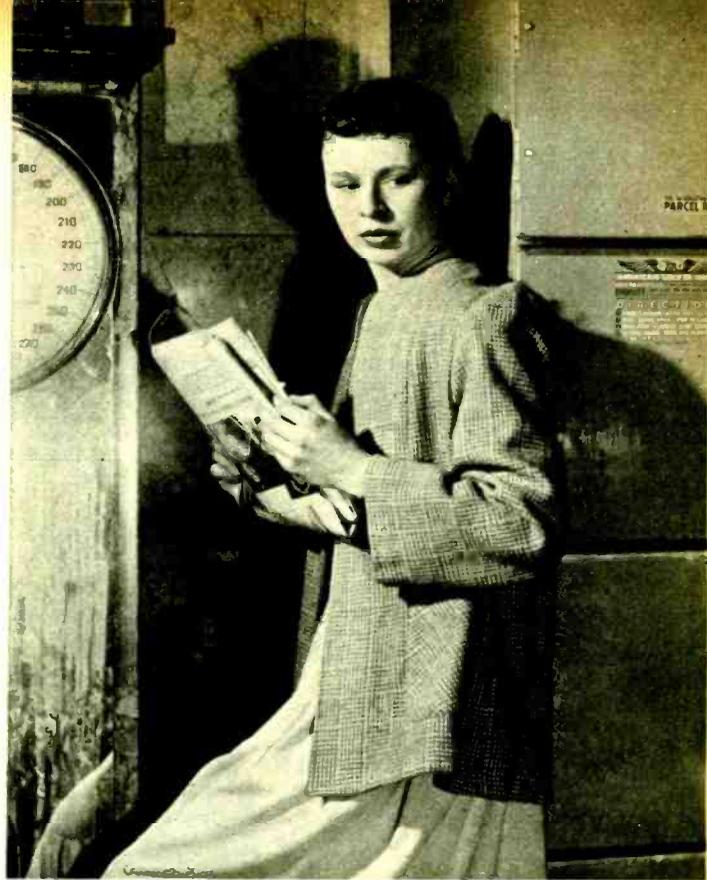
# NORA DRAKE— DANGEROUS DAYS



3. Instead of going to Nora's, Grace hurries to the station, checks her bags, and waits for Cass Todero—the underworld character whom she secretly adores.

her had meant to Grace's father, Dr. Robert Sargent, had brooked no interference from Marguerite . . . but now that Grace was here, was she so sure? What did Marguerite know that she wouldn't—perhaps couldn't—tell her?

Nora, indeed, had reason for fear. Grace is emotionally unfit to run her own life and, without Nora's knowledge, is completely infatuated with a young man from the underworld, Cass Todero. If Marguerite could but talk, openly and with freedom from fear, Nora could learn the truth—not a pretty tale, but one in which Marguerite has become involved, almost step by step. . . . The day Grace packed her school books, her pretty teen-age dance dresses, her chic make-up kit, and left home, Marguerite had happened to be in the railroad terminal. While waiting for someone else near the automatic lockers, she had seen Grace checking her bags there and thought it a little odd. She hung back, as she saw Grace go to the phone booths, make a call and then return to the lockers, her eyes eagerly watching the station entrance. It wasn't long



4. Marguerite—who has good reason for not liking Grace

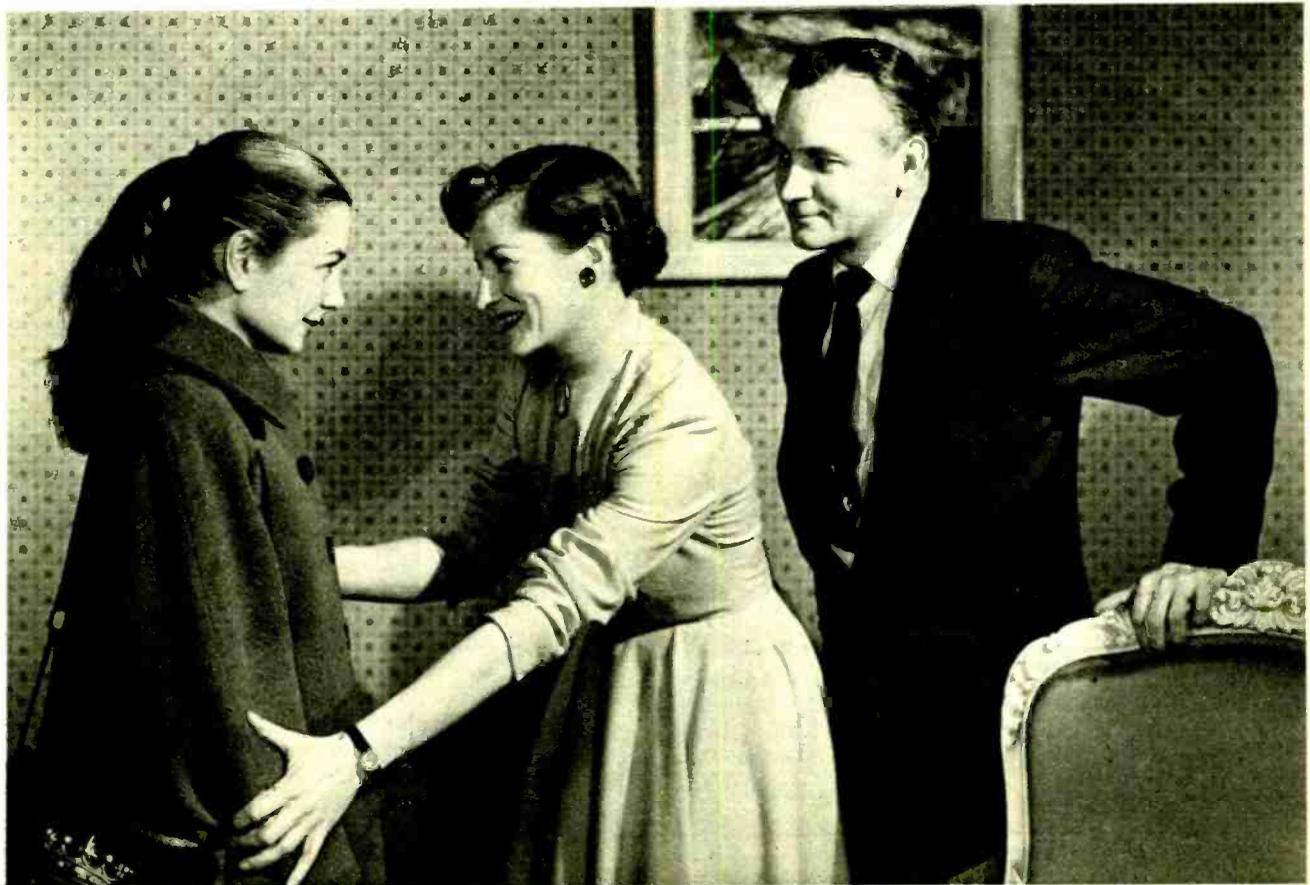
before Cass Todero showed up and hurried toward Grace. Knowing his reputation, Marguerite was worried—and more afraid than ever to reveal her presence just around the corner, although she was so near to them she could hear everything that was said. To her horror, she heard the young lady propose that she run away with Cass—and then, to her immediate relief, heard Cass's smooth, deliberate voice saying, "No. You and I are not running away together. You've taught me to be just a little bit square, and the crazy thing is that I like it. I want to play it square, if I can make it. Go live with Nora. See me when you want to, and I'll see you when I want to." Grace, angry and hurt beyond measure, her dignity absolutely stripped from her, had flared out at Cass. "You just don't want to see me again," she said hysterically. "That's not true," came Cass's smooth reply. "You and I are linked together just as strong as this ring." With this, Marguerite watched Cass, solemnly and almost with reverence, place a ring on Grace's finger. . . . Baffled and unhappy at what she had witnessed



—sees her with Cass, overhears her begging him to elope with her.



5. Cass, however, refuses to elope. But he seems sincerely moved, as he vows his love and slips a ring on Grace's finger.



6. Concealing her bitter hurt, Grace takes her baggage and goes to Nora Drake's, where she is warmly welcomed for Dr. Sargent's sake. He and Nora are completely unaware of the dangerous secrets which already link Grace and Marguerite—who also lives with Nora.

**See Next Page** ►

# NORA DRAKE—



7. As time passes, Robert thanks Nora for the "great improvement" Grace shows under her care. Neither yet realizes the danger Grace's presence brings to Nora!



8. But Marguerite knows. Sharing the same room with Grace, she's learned that Grace is still meeting Cass. She accuses her of treachery to Nora, to her own father.

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Pictured here, as on the air, are:

Nora Drake.....Joan Tompkins  
Dr. Robert Sargent.....Les Damon  
Grace, his daughter.....Joan Lorring  
Marguerite.....Elizabeth Lawrence  
Vivian.....Ruth Newton  
Cass Todero.....Joe Mantell

This *Is Nora Drake* is heard over CBS Radio, M-F, 2.30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by the Toni Company, Nylast and Air-Wick.

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Marguerite decided she would say nothing about it. She felt like a spy, although she had not meant to place herself in such a position.

Marguerite was doubly sure of the wisdom of her course, when Grace arrived at Nora's house with her baggage and reassured Nora and her father that she and Nora would be great friends. The days that followed seemed so peaceful and serene on the surface—so much so that Dr. Sargent was repeatedly expressing his gratitude for the miracle which Nora had wrought in Grace's behavior. Then, some three weeks later, Marguerite was awakened in the bedroom she shared with Grace. Glancing at Grace's bed, she saw that it was empty—the noise that had disturbed her was Grace's dressing quietly in the corner. Marguerite tried to breathe quietly, as if she were still asleep, while she watched Grace stealthily creep from the room. Hurriedly, Marguerite jumped from bed, threw on some clothes and followed Grace. . . . The next morning, Marguerite decided to take matters into her own hands. She confronted Grace with what she had discovered the night before. "I saw you with Todero—I saw you when you wanted to run away

# DANGEROUS DAYS



9. Grace's reaction is quick—and cruel. Mercilessly twisting her roommate's arm, she makes her promise not to tell, swears Marguerite will be killed if she does!

with him. You're lying and playing a horrible evil game with Nora and with Russ McClure . . . you're deceiving both of them!" Grace's face, horrible in the full strength of her anger, became vicious as she twisted Marguerite's arm. "If you ever tell Nora or my father, you'll be killed," she said, her voice aged with hatred, terrifying in its youthful directness. "Let me go," Marguerite demanded. "Promise me you'll never tell," whispered Grace harshly. "Promise me or I'll break your arm." In pain, Marguerite gave her promise. . . . These were the things she hid from Nora.

Marguerite opened her eyes, to see Nora still sitting quietly opposite her. As if hypnotized by the rest she'd had, Marguerite said, "Oh, Nora, be careful. Please, please be careful." Just then, Grace entered the room and—remembering the painful threats she had made—Marguerite hastened toward Nora and said, in a loud, clear voice: "I was all wrong about Grace. I was jealous, childishly jealous."

Which one of Marguerite's conflicting statements will Nora believe? Will the sense of danger—which Nora feels instinctively—be enough to keep her from harming herself in caring for Grace?



10. Marguerite starts to warn Nora, but changes her story as Grace enters. Hastily, she says, "I was only jealous of Grace"—something Nora has long suspected.



11. But Marguerite's manner is strange—and so are recent events. What can Nora believe? Will she learn the truth in time to save them all from deadly peril?



Dates create problems, but June loves to help daughter Judy dress up—they wear the same size.



Home belongs to the whole family. It's the place to really talk things over, to learn how to entertain and get along with others.



# TROUBLE with FATHER

*By Stu Erwin*

**Y**OU'VE come across those scare headlines, *What's Wrong With Our Teenagers?* Sounds like teenagers are a national menace. They aren't. And when they are a problem—the problem is a two-sided coin. Someone should ask, "What's wrong with our parents?" The subtitle of my ABC-TV show, "Trouble with Father," fits this piece, for children and their problems are the responsibility of parents. You can't get away from it.

Our comedy series frequently concerns itself with the antics of teen-aged females. But doing this show is not the limit of my experience with youngsters—nor is it the limit of June Collyer, who has been my real-life wife for more than twenty-one years. We have two children of our own: Stuart, Jr., who has graduated into his twentieth year, and Judy, who is in her late teens and at that rare age when a woman is willing to give you the impression that she is a little older than (Continued on page 68)

The Stu Erwin Show is seen over ABC-TV, Friday at 7:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by General Mills, for Gold Medal Flour and Cheerios.

*"What's wrong with teenagers?"*



*“Nothing,” says Stu Erwin, “that good parents can’t cure!”*

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It all started last November. A neighbor of mine, John Faulkner—a singer like myself—had previously been on Live Like A Millionaire and persuaded me to audition for it. The audition was successful and the children and I were chosen to sing on both the radio program and on the TV show. It was there that I met John Nelson, the television host of Live Like A Millionaire. If it had not been for him

little surprised that they responded so well and were so willing to go on, because they are sometimes a little shy with strangers. Margaret explained what they were going to do would help me and be fun for them, and she told them stories about the prizes. This caught their imagination all right, but I noticed that Ronnie went around that week looking rather serious and keeping his (Continued on page 98)

Live Like A Millionaire—seen on ABC-TV, Sat., 7:30 P.M. EST, for Charles Antell—heard on ABC Radio, M-F, 11 A.M. EST.

# OUR NEW LIFE AHEAD

*Thanks to Live Like A Millionaire. Meg and I can look*



*The Hamilton Trio*

## who's who on

**T**WO GALS and a guy got together and formed The Hamilton Trio back in 1949 after "Inside U.S.A.," the show in which they met, dropped its final curtain. Every Saturday night on Your Show Of Shows, this unique dance group delights TV viewers with its precision dance interpretations. . . . Bob Hamilton, choreographer for the trio, is twenty-six years old and was born in San Francisco. He studied ballet and modern dance before his "Inside U.S.A." role, and appeared as a dancer in several movies, notably "The Jolson Story." He has also done spots in Broadway musicals and night clubs. . . . Pat Horn, the blonde half of the girl duo, was born in Minneapolis, raised in Boston. She studied both modern dance and ballet, too, and had been in several Broadway musicals before meeting up with Bob Hamilton. . . . The brunette with bangs, whose every movement during the trio's number is an exact duplicate of Pat's, is Gloria Stevens. The Southern member of the group, Gloria was born in Atlanta, Georgia—was raised in Lexington, Kentucky. . . . Their first engagement after forming the trio was in Montreal, Canada. Since then, they have entertained at Eastern resorts. They met Max Liebman while at Camp Tamiment, and he hired them for YSOS.

**O**NCE the members of Duzer Du, an honorary acting fraternity at DePauw University in Indiana, told Bill Hayes that he'd better give up thoughts of a show-business career, and wouldn't elect him to their group. That was five years ago—today, Hayes is a TV star, a recording artist, has made a movie, and has appeared in several hit shows. While he was a student at DePauw, Bill married his high-school sweetheart, Mary Hobbs. Despite that discouraging rebuff from college thespians, Bill went on to study at the Christiansen Choral School and Fred Waring's Workshop in Pennsylvania. . . . Next, Bill and Mary came to New York, and he landed a part in the hit musical, "Carousel." After 102 performances, Bill decided to go back to school, so he enrolled at Northwestern University and got a Master's degree in music. The first few months after graduation were pretty hectic. Bill directed church choirs in Chicago, sang in a synagogue, worked on a weekly local radio program, studied opera and suddenly found himself with a role in Olsen and Johnson's "Funza-poppin." Just as he found all the rest of his talent for Your Show Of Shows, Max Liebman found Bill, and it's been a business arrangement ever since. The Hayeses have three children and live on Long Island



*Bill Hayes*

## who's who in TV

# YOUR SHOW OF SHOWS

**T**HE BOYS who provide the sophisticated harmony on Your Show Of Shows are the Billy Williams Quartet. The lead singer of the outfit is Billy, himself. Born in Waco, Texas, the son of a Methodist minister, church music was always very much a part of Billy's life. He was a quiet, studious boy, and it was generally accepted that he would follow in his dad's footsteps. But at Wilberforce College, just outside of Cleveland, Bill formed a quartet, "The Charioteers," to help finance his tuition. The group was so good that they got a job on Station WLW, and from there really hit the big time in the entertainment world. Two years ago, Billy decided to leave the Charioteers and form his own group. He recruited Gene Nixon, Johnny Bell and Claude Riddick, and what followed was a great TV success. Tenor Johnny Bell was born in Lake Charles, Louisiana. Before joining Billy, he was staff musician for Station WLW. Baritone Claude Riddick, a graduate of West Virginia State College, came to New York to look for a job in industrial arts, but ended up a member of the quartet. Eugene Dixon was born in Greenville, North Carolina, went to military academy by singing for his tuition. When Billy Williams approached him for the quartet, he was driving a truck.



*Billy Williams Quartet*



*Judy Johnson*

**A**LL HER LIFE, Judy Johnson, the starry-eyed vocalist on Your Show Of Shows, wanted to be in show business. Her first job was as a vocalist with a college band in Richmond, Virginia (Judy was born in Norfolk). From there it was a succession of name bands, tours all over the country, professional schooling and vocal coaching in New York—ending in the lead in the national company of the hit Broadway musical, "High Button Shoes." In September, 1950, Max Liebman, producer-director of Your Show Of Shows, engaged Judy as a featured vocalist, and Judy claims she's never been so happy in her life. . . . She commutes every day from her home in Nutley, New Jersey, where she lives with her mother. As far as romance is concerned, with rehearsals and dancing classes and acting lessons, there's not much time left over. Judy feels that some day, when the right man does come along, she will have to balance her time between a career and her home, but right now—the career gets most of her attention. She likes to cook, specializes in fried chicken. . . . Modest, with a lively enthusiasm for the world around her, Judy has amber-colored eyes, blonde hair and a bright smile. She is petite: 107 pounds—five feet, three inches tall—wears a size seven dress.

Your Show Of Shows, NBC-TV, Sat., 9 P.M. EST for Camel Cigarettes, Benrus Watches, S.O.S. Magic Scouring Pads, Griffin Shoe Polishes, Lysol, Etiquet, and Prudential Life Insurance.

# the TRUTH about me

Know what I think? Well, here it is, along with all my preferences and prejudices—and no “double talk”

By EDGAR BERGEN  
as told to Betty Goode



Don't like to brag, but I enjoyed beating the drum for myself in my old home town, Decatur, Mich.



SOMEONE has said that the real glamour of a celebrity's private life has disappeared. I'm inclined to agree. After all, there never were pictures of Rudolph Valentino, cooking spoon in hand, kissing his wife over the kitchen stove! Stars of yesterday lived sometimes reckless lives, divorcing, marrying and remarrying—and their public loved it! At least their public loved reading about it.

Times may have changed, but I wonder if the public has. I think people still yearn for an honest (if nothing else) glimpse into the performer's private life. And who is better qualified to have an honest opinion of Edgar Bergen's private life than Edgar Bergen!

I'm not the kind of (Continued on page 87)

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The Edgar Bergen-Charlie McCarthy Show, heard on CBS Radio, Sun., 8 P.M. EST; sponsored by Richard Hudnut.

Mortimer Snerd needn't look so important. Daughter Candy and wife Frances come first—and, of course, there's always Charlie!

Which of these skin problems spoils your appearance?



**Rough, flaky skin:** "I use Noxzema twice a day," says Cindi Wood of Springfield, Pa. "It helps my rough skin look smoother, softer."



**Dry skin:** "'Cream-washing' with Noxzema refreshes my dry skin and helps it look much fresher and smoother!" says Marjorie Weir, Huntington, L.I.



**Blemishes\*:** "Noxzema helped heal my minor blemishes\* fast!" says Skye Patrick of New Orleans, La. "My skin looks so much softer and smoother."

How you, too, can

# Look lovelier in 10 days or your money back!

**Famous doctor's new beauty care helps skin look fresher, lovelier — and helps you keep it that way!**

If you aren't entirely satisfied with your complexion — here's the biggest beauty news in years! A famous skin doctor has developed a new wonderfully effective home beauty routine. It helps your complexion look fresher, lovelier and helps you *keep* it that way!

**Different!** This new sensible beauty care owes its amazing effectiveness to the unique qualities of Noxzema. This famous *medicated* beauty cream combines softening, soothing, healing and cleansing ingredients. It's *greaseless*, too — actually washes off in water — and helps the looks of your skin while it cleans off make-up and dirt.

**Quick! Easy!** Women all over America are thrilled with this sensible, inexpensive skin care. Their letters praise Noxzema's quick help for rough, dry skin and externally-caused blemishes. Wouldn't you like to help your problem skin look fresher, smoother, lovelier? Then tonight, try this:

**1. Cleanse thoroughly** by 'cream-washing' with Noxzema and water. Smooth Noxzema over face and neck. Wring out a cloth in warm water and wash your face as if using soap. See how make-up and dirt disappear! How fresh your skin looks after 'cream-washing'! No dry, drawn feeling!

**2. Night cream.** Smooth on Noxzema so its softening, soothing ingredients can help skin look smoother, fresher, lovelier. (Always pat a bit extra over any blemishes\* to help heal them — fast!)

The film of oil-and-moisture Noxzema provides is especially beneficial to rough, dry, sensitive skin. Even in extreme cases, where the dried-out, curled-up cells of dead skin give an unattractive grayish look, you will see a big improvement as you go on faithfully using Noxzema. It's *greaseless!* No smeary face!

**3. Make-up base.** In the morning, 'cream-wash'; apply Noxzema as a powder-base.

No matter how many other creams you have used, try Noxzema. This *greaseless* beauty cream is a *medicated* formula;



2. Night cream

3. Make-up base



1. Cream-wash

that's one secret of its amazing effectiveness. That's why it has helped so many women with discouraging skin problems — in actual clinical tests, it helped 4 out of 5 women.

**It works or money back!**

Try Noxzema for 10 days. If not delighted, return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore. Your money back!

\*externally-caused

**look lovelier offer!**

**40¢ NOXZEMA**

for only **29¢** plus tax

**Limited time only!**

**At drug or cosmetic counters**

## Trouble With Father

(Continued from page 60)

her years—at least for the time being.

I may make a few jokes, as we go on, so it's only fair to give you an idea first of how seriously we take the welfare of our children.

June and I met and married in Hollywood. June was very much in demand as a film actress and began work in a new picture when our first-born was only a few months old. In spite of having an able nurse, June couldn't take her responsibility as a mother lightly. During a rest period in one morning's shooting, she followed her intuition and rushed home. The baby was ill. The doctor came in, diagnosed the fever as a common infant illness, but June begged off work for the rest of the day.

I met a very much disturbed young mother when I got home. June and I had a long talk. There was no doubt: Her career had no importance when compared with the welfare of the baby.

"I want to stay home with my child like most mothers," she said. "Some day I'll work again, but not now when the baby needs me."

To that we agreed.

Before we make the leap into the teen years let me say one thing: It all adds up. The joy, the security, the training, the care and love you give a child, determine what he will be like in his teens. For they are always people, very little people for a number of years, but nevertheless people who must be treated as individuals.

"It's not only the big things you plan for them," June notes. "Parties and Christmas and picnics are fun, but what sticks in their minds is the little things, the few minutes you take away from a household chore to teach a new game or just talk. You would do the same thing if a friend phoned. Children, too, must be allowed to make the same demand and not feel they are part of a rigid twenty-year plan designed merely to fit them for the outside world."

We now skip rapidly into the teen age. The boys are wearing long pants—and, more often than not these days, so are the girls. They are half-adult and half-child, sometimes too independent for advice and, on the other hand, anxious to please parents. But the nightmare of infant colic, middle-of-the-night feedings, measles and such, is a faint memory to be laughed at. Everything is smooth sail-

ing now. Well, almost. There are still a few hundred little things which bother parents, just those things which sometimes make headlines—automobile accidents, nightclub incidents, wayward crowds—and then there may be poor grades, or personality problems. These and many other things we shall discuss, not necessarily in order of their importance.

Take automobile accidents. It's a real worry, for insurance companies have given us proof that people under twenty-one have more accidents, in proportion, than older drivers. You're concerned about letting your own son drive—or about the potential hot-rod specialist dating your daughter.

I remember June talking to our Judy one evening about this particular problem. We were rehashing a news item concerning a youngster who, after drinking, had smashed up his car and injured or killed everyone with him.

"I don't understand how some girls can be so foolish as to risk their lives," Judy commented. "It's crazy to get in a car with a date who has been drinking."

I think that kind of reaction is the best we can hope for in our children. But it's the parents' own responsibility to take a stand on such things when necessary. Certainly, in most communities, parents know the reputation of their children's friends. I for one would flatly refuse my daughter permission to drive with anyone known to be reckless.

June and I are parents who believe in saying no when there is justification for it. And I mean NO! in big capital letters followed by an exclamation mark. Sometimes, of course, we see the error of our own reasoning and change our minds. Take the question of learning to drive.

"It was all right for me as a youngster," I told Stuart. "Why, in those days a man could drive five miles without passing more than a half-dozen cars. Today you take your life in your own hands if you drive only a block."

Sure, times have changed, but so have youngsters. In the first place, my logic wasn't entirely sound, for adults must accept changes in physical environment, too. And, while insurance figures don't lie, many teenagers I know are much more serious than earlier generations. They are more serious because of the wars, the draft, the very fact that even parents are frequently scared silly by the daily news.

Because my youngsters face up to problems squarely, I rescinded the rule of no driving.

As for the company a youngster keeps, each parent has the means of seeing that his own children don't get stuck in the wrong crowd—by sharing the family home with the youngsters and their friends. It may mean keeping the refrigerator loaded with extra food, giving up Dad's favorite chair and the television set. But it's the safe way. It's a good bet that kids who are at ease in the living room will respect the virtues that make a good home.

Teenagers who take up with street gangs, or spend whole nights at the soda fountain, are children who are unhappy at home. They may feel their parents don't want to be bothered with them or their friends. Their parents may be "no fun" and may belittle teen-age chatter, jitterbugging, and other activities which are healthy and normal for modern youngsters. Or the parents may be downright cool, distant toward friends.

Don't misunderstand. You don't have to get out and block tackles, learn new dance steps or even break into a gab session—unless you're asked. Understanding and dignity can well go hand in hand. The combination is important, too, because a youngster knows his friends will respect him to the same degree that they respect his parents.

Generally speaking, if your child brings companions into the house, he will almost always make the kind of friends you will wholeheartedly approve of.

Now here's a tough question which is on the mind of many parents. "What can I tell my daughter about handling herself in a difficult situation?"

Well, I heard of one father who equips his youngster with a three-pound fishing sinker—a small, but solid, lead object. He puts this in her handbag with instructions to bop anyone who bothers her. That, I think, is unnecessary. When your daughter is dating teen-aged gentlemen, which is usually the case, there is no reason for concern. If a wolf or a drunk makes a nuisance of himself at a party, the young lady simply walks away.

Our Judy is quite popular. She's a lovely brunette, very much like her mother. I'd say she is quite sophisticated for her seventeen years, but she sees nothing unreasonable in telling us who she is dating, where they are going, and what time she'll be home. She always makes it a point to phone if she wants to stay out an extra hour. We try to be as reasonable as possible at all times, so she will never feel that she must do anything behind our backs.

"I can't keep my youngster at home," a parent sometimes complains. That's a big problem in some families. The child is restless, always wandering off. I grabbed that bull by the horns when our two were very little.

In my boyhood, I always had a lot of pets, so I figured my children would enjoy them, too. "Our home in Hollywood was a small menagerie," June recalls. "We raised just about everything, including goats."

Maybe it was a little messy for her, but the kids and I enjoyed the project. A lot of their friends got interested, too. Just the other night a teen-aged girl walked into our apartment here in New York.

Later I said to Judy, "She looked familiar."

"You know her," Judy said. "We used to trade rabbits when we were kids."

And she was a very lovely, personable girl. Now look—I'm not saying that raising rabbits improves personality and appearance. I merely mean there should be

*"I didn't know what to do until..."*



Countless people—completely at a loss to solve a difficult emotional problem—have been amazed when suddenly they heard the very solution they were seeking, on radio's "My True Story." For this true-to-life program presents, in vivid dramatic form, real problems of real people. When you listen, you'll hear heartfelt situations taken from the files of "True Story Magazine"—you'll hear people like yourself cope with problems involving love, hope, fear and jealousy.

TUNE IN **"MY TRUE STORY"**

AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS

Be sure to read "I HATE MY MOTHER"—the story of a girl's fight for happiness, of the dreadful conflict with her mother who robbed her of everything—even the man she loved. In April TRUE STORY on sale now.

some activity around a home of interest and fun to both parents and kids.

Today, Judy, like most girls at her age and forever after, is very much interested in clothes. She is usually June's companion on shopping tours. It just so happens that they wear the same size.

And Judy's ambition is to be an actress. Naturally, as professional actors, June and I can give her a lot of help, criticism and instruction. This gives us a real "common interest."

Stuart is now at Brown University, studying business administration. His grades are fine, but I can remember when he was weak in math. It was tough for me, too. Most of us have trouble with at least one school subject. And when your child is snagged by math or English, what do you do?

Well, June and I would never hesitate to go to the person who knows the most about this—and that is the teacher. Here is the one person who can advise the best way of helping a youngster. I have found, too, that showing your student how to budget his time, how to arrange his study hours so that the difficult subject gets his attention when he is most alert, is a great help.

Regardless of how little a parent understands a particular problem, a good talk goes a long way. It's merely a matter of thinking out loud, and it's an old saw that two heads are better than one.

What about personality problems?

I know how it can be. Your children's manners are just fine—and then one night they walk through the living room looking like beachcombers, with nothing but an indifferent "hi ya" for the adults.

Some of these mannerisms are unimportant, a passing phase. Teenagers continually pick up harmless but bewildering slang expressions and adopt faddish fashions and mannerisms from friends. This kind of thing, you ignore. In six months or a year, they have forgotten them. The teenager is growing so fast mentally that he sheds personalities with the season.

When it comes to handling the appearance of the teenager, I have developed a private tactic which is just about fool-proof. If I think the kids are a bit sloppy, I merely say, "That's all right—but don't let anyone see you outside the house looking like that."

That works magic, in or out of the house, for—after the age of fourteen—they usually take a great deal of pride in personal appearance. If a parent explains that too much candy or too many sodas are causing that skin condition or extra plumpness, the kids do their own self-disciplining.

You must be tactful, though, just as you would be with an adult friend. We parents place our youngsters in a peculiar spot—they are considered adults and yet they aren't. We expect them to make good decisions for themselves and, on the other hand, are still telling them what they can and can't do. I think it calls for a running inventory. It pays, at regular intervals, to sit down and let your youngster know just what decisions he can make on his own. Stop the confusion.

Of course, very few parents face exactly the same problem. Kids are different, circumstances are different, the demands of a community change, throughout the country. But the most important trait in a good parent—a sense of humor—will carry him through the most bewildering situation. Laugh today, not ten years from now.

Honestly, when some writer tries to scare me with the question, "What's wrong with our teenagers?" I'm inclined to answer, "Not very much—and probably nothing that good parents couldn't cure!"

## She's Engaged

Vivacious Jane Foster of Maplewood, New Jersey to David Byron Miller of New York City. They'll have a June wedding —to remember always!

## She's Lovely

So tiny—just over five feet to David's full six!—blonde, with a complexion that's petal-smooth.

## She uses Pond's

"I love the way Pond's Cold Cream makes my skin feel so silky . . . look so much clearer. It really cleanses!" Jane says. "I'm never going to be without Pond's."



Her ring—a large brilliant-cut diamond



Jane Marguerite Foster

# "I've found how to make a wonderful 'change' in my skin," Jane says

"Did you ever get discouraged with your skin? I never realized how much clearer, how much, much smoother my skin could look—until I began using Pond's Cold Cream," Jane says.

If your skin looks harsh . . . has that hateful "muddy" look—see how daily Pond's Creamings can help your skin.

Skin-helping ingredients in Pond's work together as a team—in interaction. And as you swirl on Pond's you help both sides of your skin.

*Outside*—dirt and old make-up are cleansed from pore-openings—immaculately. At the same time, your skin is given soothing oil and moisture it needs. *Inside*—circulation is stimulated.

Use Pond's Cold Cream as Jane does. The difference in your skin will delight you, as you see it take on a new smoothness, a new freshness!

Get a large jar of Pond's Cold Cream. Use it tonight—and see a fascinating, immediate change come over your face.

For a really lovely complexion, do this every night as Jane does



**Soft-cleanse** by swirling satin-smooth Pond's Cold Cream up over face and throat. Tissue off—well.



**Soft-rinse** with more skin-helping Pond's. Now tissue off lightly. Your face is immaculate, glowing.

## This Is His Life

(Continued from page 42)  
time, I didn't see how anyone from radio could have the slightest knowledge of the theatre, real acting—or Shakespeare!

About Shakespeare I felt pretty well qualified. After all, I had played with Maurice Evans and Judith Anderson. I fancied myself a real actor. Now, as well as acting, I was directing the stock company. This made it obvious (at least to me) that the "theatah" was in my blood. But real "theatah" and radio, I felt, were worlds apart and I wouldn't hear of any radio actor playing with our company, Ralph Edwards or anyone else!

Fortunately, I was overruled. The rest of the company voted Ralph into the lead of the popular and funny "Nothing But the Truth," which we immediately cast, rehearsed, and acted. What happened? With Ralph in the lead, it was a big success.

This success, though, was not the thing which changed my mind about Ralph Edwards, or about radio personalities in general. I can remember when we were introduced I had set myself like a stone to resist liking Ralph. But I didn't have a chance. Ralph's warm charm melted my resistance like butter on a hot stove. By the end of the season, Ralph and I were the closest of friends. In fact, Ralph had offered me a job on Truth Or Consequences, his radio show!

"How about coming to work for me, Al," he asked. "I've a good spot for you with Truth Or Consequences. You really ought to spread your talents around and give radio a break. . . ."

Did I detect a note of humor there?

"Thanks," I stalled, "but I don't know a thing about radio. I know your show is tops, but I just can't see myself in the radio business. I'd have to leave the theatre. . . ." Never, thought I. It was a very dramatic moment.

A year later I was with the T Or C gang. Ralph had kept the offer open and I took the job. On a trial basis only. I fully intended to return to the theatre and the stage the very next season. Yes, that was eleven years ago.

Radio, I found, wasn't the ogre I had pictured it. It was, however, a very demanding medium, in some respects more demanding than the stage. I was facing a challenge, and I remember I worked like Hercules trying to keep up. Every day my admiration for Ralph Edwards grew, when I realized that here was a man who was equally at home on my magic stage and in front of that frightening microphone. Ralph seemed to give all of himself in every show. I've never known a man to be so enthusiastic about everything he did. And so generous.

Generous, I mean, with the "family." The "family" consisted of the Truth Or Consequences gang, as well as Ralph's own mother, his wife Barbara and, with the years, his three children. At no time can I remember Ralph's having forgotten any-

one's birthday, anniversary, or blessed event. I don't particularly like the analogy, but Ralph has the memory of an elephant—a big elephant.

It's not just that he never forgets. It's the way he remembers. Every gift is hand-picked by Ralph or he gives exact instructions to the store when he orders. When there is such a big gang to think about, it's plain to see this takes a lot of time. It takes a lot of money, too.

I know I couldn't understand Ralph's generosity at first, but with time I came to know the man and part of his philosophy of life. Taking time to select a gift which is needed and appreciated is to Ralph one of the qualities of living. It shows that you are thinking about someone else besides yourself. When you give something that is needed or dreamed about, it's like sharing that person's dreams, and you are unselfishly part of them. As for the expense, that's secondary. It's sharing. And sharing, to Ralph, is entirely different from giving.

Sharing implies a selflessness which is basic in Ralph's way of living. Not only sharing with money, but with his time and his loyalty. In a way, all of the gang's problems are his problems.

How can you repay a man like this? Not with money or gifts, but with hard work and your own brand of loyalty. Ralph expects his gang to speak up with their own opinions of the problems we face each day, and no yes-men are allowed. Ralph values our criticisms and listens to any objection we may have.

With the Edwards "family," it's share-and-share-alike. Nobody gets too big for his job, and we all pitch in together, whether it's Saturday or Sunday. When there is a job to be done on Truth Or Consequences, or This Is Your Life, every member of the gang is available. If he doesn't believe in this method of operation, he doesn't belong.

It's very hard for Ralph to let any member go. Even a part-time helper gets a sincere "thank you" and goodbye from Ralph. A member of longer standing usually finds himself staggering out the office door for the last time loaded with wonderful presents.

Not only is Ralph unusual because of his generosity and loyalty, but for having the patience of Job. Seldom does he lose his temper, and if he is ruffled it's hardly detectable.

Because fun and gaiety are so much a part of Ralph's makeup, he's always playing tricks on us. In fact, he often spends more time thinking up a good gag to pull on us than thinking about one for the show. Last Christmas he was as pleased as a kid at having gotten an old member of the gang (now retired) to play Santa Claus at our annual Christmas party. The surprise and delight of the gang was all the reward Ralph needed. That's Ralph's way. He gets pleasure from the pleasure of those around him.

First time I really became aware of this was years ago, during a tour of T Or C in San Francisco—at least, the tour was to end in San Francisco. Since we had two T Or C gangs (one in New York and one in Hollywood), the West Coast bunch was with us. We all missed our New York friends and wished they could share the two-week holiday just ahead. "Yep," smiled Ralph, "would just about be perfect."

Maybe I was thinking how perfect it would be as I stood at the top of the stairs on that San Francisco stage to receive the Truth Or Consequences contestants for that last performance, when—suddenly—I couldn't believe my eyes. Coming toward me weren't studio contestants at all, but the New York gang. Ralph had flown them out as a surprise for us to make our vacation perfect. So we all (New York and Hollywood gangs) went on a two-week pack-in trip to the High Sierras.

"Couldn't bear to think of the New York family not having any fresh mountain air all summer," Ralph explained gruffly. But a look showed that he was as pleased as the rest of us. He couldn't hide the grin and his face was lit up like Macy's Christmas window.

The crew doesn't get as much of a chance to play gags on Ralph, but when we do we try to do a good job. When Ralph was drafted, for example, we cooked up a joke we thought was terrific.

Generally, when a member of long standing leaves the gang, we give him a big send-off party. Naturally, Ralph expected a party, too. After all, he was going away to the Army—and it was his show. . . .

We knew three weeks in advance that he was leaving, but we gave no sign and set no date for any fare-thee-well party for Ralph. As each day passed, poor Ralph looked more and more perplexed and his usually happy face seemed to stretch and cloud over.

The final day arrived bright and early. By early I mean 5 A.M.—because that's the hour the whole gang arrived at the Ralph Edwards' apartment. We had arranged with Barbara, Ralph's wife, to let us in just before he awoke. We were there waiting for him, each one of us dressed in rented military uniforms. The Wacs, Waves, Army, Navy and Marines all welcomed Ralph down to a farewell breakfast equal to none other. And talk about surprises—when Ralph saw us he just about fell down the stairs!

After breakfast, we all marched Ralph down the street to the induction center. We made more noise than a circus parade with a booming big brass band. Ralph was getting nervous and a little worried. "Hey, gang, you better go home, huh, you might get into trouble with those uniforms. Or they might even take you for real. . . ."

But they didn't take us for real. And, as it turned out, they didn't take Ralph, either! The age limit had just been changed and Ralph no longer qualified.

Though he wasn't in the Army, Ralph did get a chance to travel for the Government during the war. He gave benefit shows for the U. S. Treasury Department—for which he won the Eisenhower award, selling over four million dollars' worth of E Bonds. In fact, Ralph traveled back and forth for the benefit shows so much he was dubbed the "only man in Hollywood who commutes to Washington, D. C." Ralph rode planes the same way New Yorkers ride the Grand Central subway shuttle.

The problem with Ralph is that he never stops shuttling. He's on the move constantly, like a yo-yo. As a result, the gang

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**1952-53 RADIO-TV MIRROR AWARDS**

with wonderful new pictures and stories of your favorite stars and programs . . . all in May RADIO-TV MIRROR

at your newsstand April 10

is always after him to take a rest, if for no other reason than self-preservation. For months, we tried to get him and Barbara to take a trip to Europe, but his argument against it was, "I don't know. I don't think so. I don't want to leave the kids that long."

He was a regular "I don't" man until we hit on the angle that sold him. We made an "I do" man out of him by capitalizing on his weakness for helping others. "Why not take the This Is Your Life show to Europe and present the stories of some of the servicemen's lives," we argued. "You'll be doing something extra-special for the boys that they could never get in a box from home. . . ."

"It's a great idea," he said. "When do we start?"

"It just so happens that we have already made arrangements for you and Barbara to go by ship. . . ." (We had the presidential suite for the two of them as an extra selling point, but we didn't need it. In addition, we figured that by sending Ralph on the ship it would take much longer than by air and would give him that much more time to rest and relax.)

"Fine," he said. "What about the gang?"

"We follow by plane and we'll meet you at the dock."

Everything went well in the first phase of our plan. Ralph and Barbara were on the ship and sailing to London. We had started the first leg of our journey by plane and were on the East Coast ready for the hop across the Atlantic to England. However, our planes were to be Army Air transports and, just as we set down in New York to refuel, the Korean War broke out. Since all the planes were needed on the Pacific Coast, that ended our trip to Europe via Army Air Transport.

I called Ralph in London from our hotel in New York and explained the situation to him. I remember I was laughing when I told him to enjoy himself and have a good time in Europe. There wouldn't be any work for him, since the gang couldn't reach him. He'd have to spend the next three weeks just relaxing and seeing England and France. Poor guy! To this day Ralph thinks we plotted the whole thing just so he'd get a trip to Europe. Why, Ralph, we wouldn't do a thing like that!

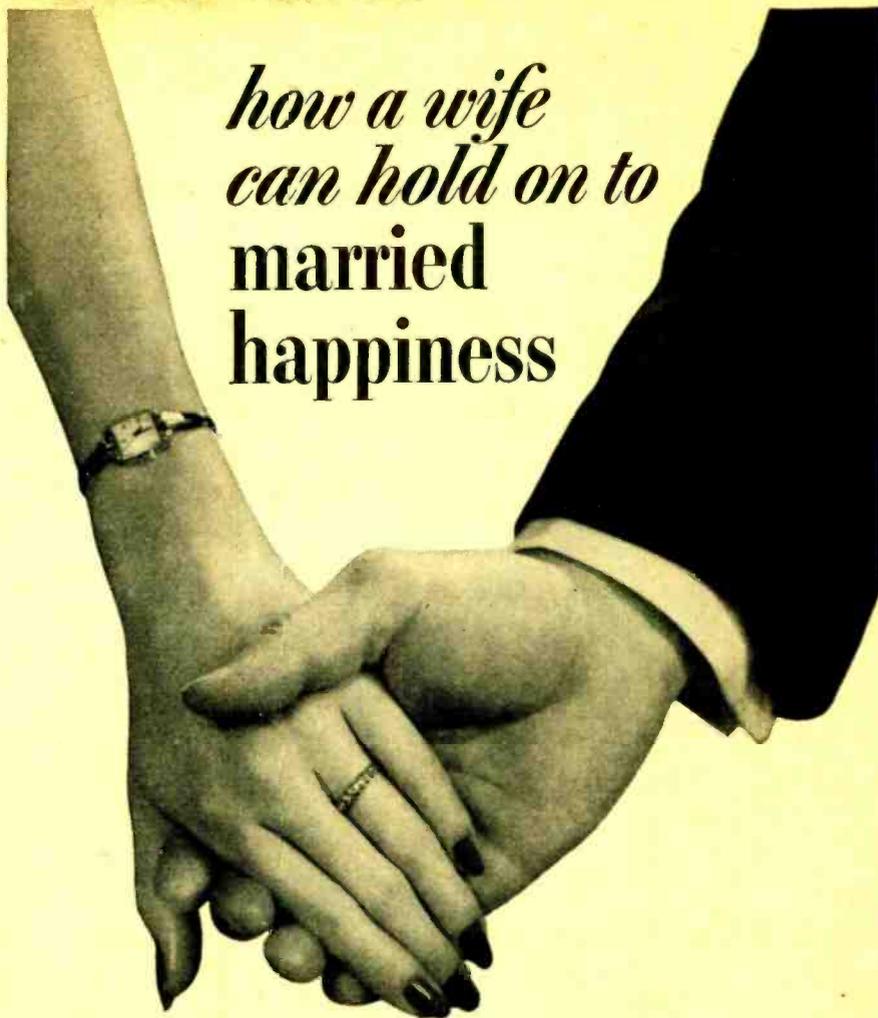
Before leaving Hollywood, we had notified all our friends that we were going to make this European trip. They were char- treuse green with envy, so when we were dead-ended in New York we began to feel embarrassed. How would we explain away the fact that we had no souvenirs? We decided to fake the trip with our camera. We had to have *something* to show for our efforts. So, with trusty motion picture camera in our hot little hands, we hopped a cab and shot pictures of the fronts of every French cafe and European-style building in New York City.

It would have worked, too, but when we were showing the pix to our Hollywood friends it just so happened that one of them was born in New York. Some of the scenes were as familiar to him as the freckles on his wife's nose. He kept interrupting the film with, "But that's . . ." and then trailing off as we changed scenes.

Finally the evidence against us piled up, as he spotted two familiar scenes in a row—plus the front of a Forty-second Street theatre. We were revealed as fakers when the picture showed me buying tickets at the window.

This brings up a funny point, too. Here I am, eleven years with Ralph Edwards, whose name has come to mean "Show business" to me. And, when I found myself looking up at the marquee of that Forty-second Street theatre, I saw they were doing Shakespeare. I can remember thinking, "Shakespeare—who's he?"

## how a wife can hold on to married happiness



### Be Sure—Don't Guess About These Intimate Facts!

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

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

#### ZONITE Completely Safe to Delicate Body Tissues

The ZONITE principle was developed by a famous surgeon and scientist. The first in the world to be *powerfully effective yet positively non-poisonous, non-irritating*. In fact, ZONITE is a won-

drously soothing, cleansing and healing agent. You can use ZONITE as needed without the slightest risk of injury. Its *completely safe* qualities on body tissues have been proved by thousands upon thousands of women for over 30 years. You can use ZONITE with *confidence*.

#### Gives Both Internal and External Hygienic Protection

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

Always use as directed.

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ANTISEPTIC-GERMICIDE SHOULD BE  
IN EVERY MEDICINE CHEST



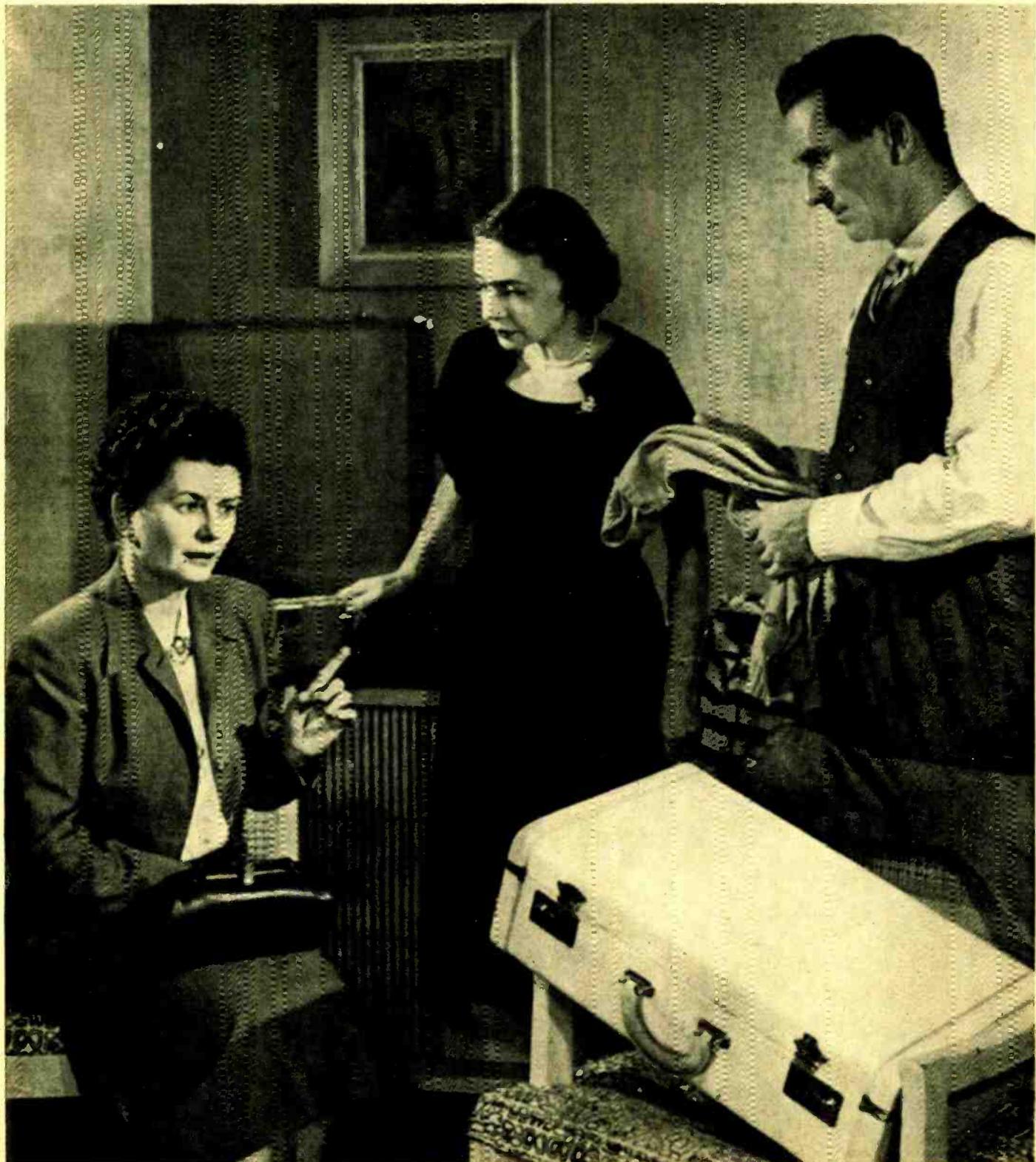
**FREE!** Mail coupon for FREE book. Reveals intimate facts and gives complete information on feminine hygiene. Write Zonite Products Corp., Dept. RM-43, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. \*

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City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

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*AUNT JENNY KNEW: Harold's happy home, his daughter's future,*



Watching them pack, I couldn't help asking, "Need you clear the house so completely before you leave?"

his own respect—all hinged upon a

# CHANGE OF HEART

By Aunt Jenny

EVERYONE in Littleton liked the Crown family. Eugene, at ten, had broken the usual number of neighborhood windows playing baseball and gotten off with the usual resigned sighs from neighbors who had boys of their own. Eighteen-year-old Agnes was one of the brightest and most popular girls in her graduating class at Littleton High. Fay's hospital and club work kept her close to the heart of the town, and what she couldn't give in money contributions because Harold didn't earn a fortune, she more than made up in personal effort. And Harold—well, who could help liking Harold? As fine, intelligent, gentle, and tolerant a man as ever lived.

And that was exactly his trouble.

The last man in the world he should have worked for was flinty Joe Sherman. If Harold had had the good luck to fall in with a generous, understanding employer he and Fay wouldn't have had to spend nights worrying, as I knew they had been, over how to send Agnes to college. In his fifteen years at Sherman's Shoe Store neither Harold's salary nor his prestige had advanced to the point it should have. All of us in Littleton who bought at Sherman's knew pretty well how important had been Harold's contribution to Joe Sherman's success. George Fox, the other salesman, was a nice enough man, but it was Harold we came in to deal with.

Truth to tell, Harold was happy at his job. But the time came when he began to see, in spite of himself, that his standing still for fifteen years might be going to have a serious, perhaps tragic, effect on his family. For a man like Harold, the love and well-being of his family came first, far ahead of self-esteem or worldly success. It was the day he finally admitted to himself that they were being threatened that he began to think in a different way about his job at Sherman's.

As usual, he had come in first and he and George were chatting as they got ready for the day's work when Joe Sherman came in. He gave them a cold good-morning, glanced at his watch, and muttered sarcastically that if Harold could tear himself away from his conversation it was time for the doors to open. When he marched away, George said, "Don't you get tired of being rapped over the knuckles?

Get wise to yourself, Harold. Tell him to go chase himself. There wouldn't be any reason for the doors to open if you weren't here."

"Sh-sh. Customers," hissed Harold, and went smilingly forward to take care of them. All day long it was like that. At noon, on his way to lunch, he stopped for a moment to change a display that had been bothering him all morning, and Sherman came out of his office and said, "Listen, Crown, I pay a display man good money to set those up."

"It was hiding the new model, instead of showing it off," Harold said pleasantly. "See? Put it like this, and it tells its own story."

"Leave it alone, I say!" Sherman had seen well enough that Harold had made an attractive display out of a dull-looking arrangement, but he'd have burst before he'd admitted that Harold had improved it.

In the afternoon, Harold took advantage of a quiet moment to tell Sherman he'd put a new shoe catalog in his office. "I went through that catalog at home last night and checked half a dozen items I think we should stock. They're youthful types, and lots of the young girls in school will be wanting dressy shoes for the graduating dances and parties."

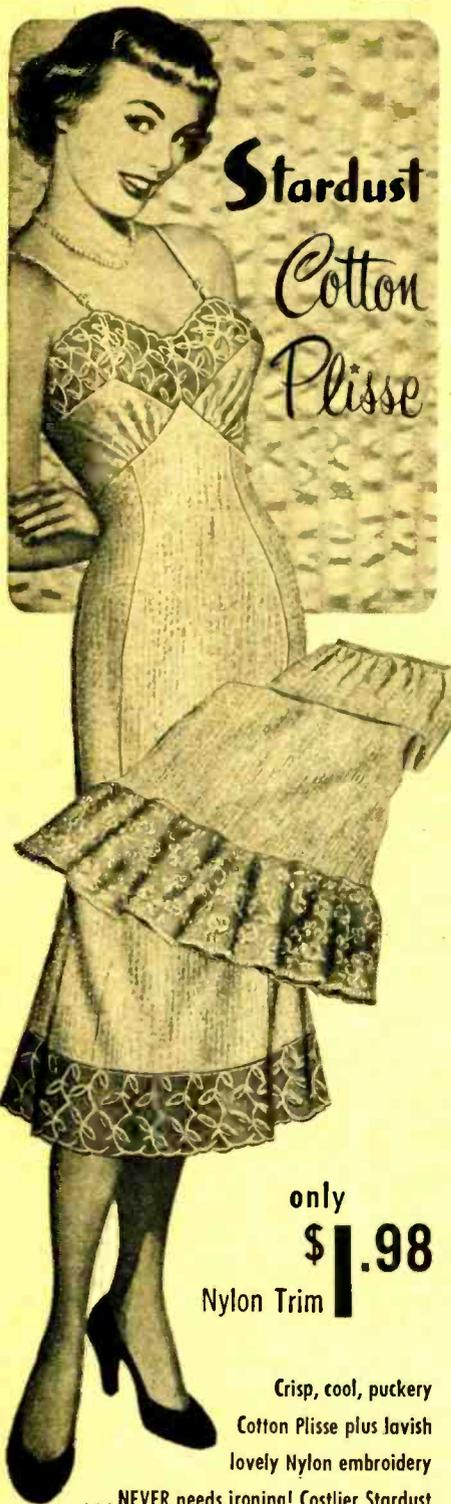
"Are you telling me how to run my business?" Sherman rolled the cigar to the other side of his mouth and fixed Harold with a cold stare. "Listen, Crown, I guess I can put my finger on seasonal needs without your interference. I've been in this business for thirty years. I don't need a clerk to brighten me up."

George Fox, passing behind Harold, muttered, "Keep on like this and you won't need a clerk at all because you won't have a store. Go jump in the lake." Harold coughed, said, "Naturally, Mr. Sherman," and went back to his work. But for some reason he wasn't as unruffled by the boss's rudeness as usual. It rankled. Maybe because the day hadn't started off as pleasantly as days normally did at the Crown breakfast table. Eugene had been kidding Agnes (*Continued on page 74*)

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Aunt Jenny, CBS Radio, M-F, 12:15 P.M. EST. for Spry. At far left, in their original roles, are Agnes Young as Aunt Jenny, Ethel Everett as Fay, and Maurice Wells as Harold.

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about a new boy friend, and for some reason Agnes had really lost her temper and that had made Fay, calm and unruffled Fay, snap at both of them. Agnes was taking herself awfully seriously these days. It bothered Harold.

That evening, when George was giving him a lift home, the bother became definite. Stopping for a light, George glanced across the street and whistled. "Say, look at that for a neat job. I could really travel in a convertible that size."

Harold looked over at the shiny, showy car. "It's a beauty, but flashy! Who'd be driving a thing like that in Littleton? I don't recognize the man. . . ."

Suddenly Harold started, and craned his neck to stare at the blue car until they were out of range. When he turned back George gave him a curious glance. "Someone you know?"

"I can't see how," Harold muttered. "For a minute I thought it was my daughter."

"Your daughter—in that?" George chuckled. "Not a chance. More likely some busy little chorus girl who knows a good thing. Well—here we are, Harold. See you tomorrow, worse luck." He drove off breezily, and Harold went slowly up the steps. It was a pretty frame house, fresh and white, but for once Harold didn't stop to examine his two pet rose bushes that flanked the doorway. He went right inside and even before he put his hat away he called, "Hi, Fay, I'm home. Agnes around?"

"Hi, dear." Fay came from the kitchen, tiptoeing to kiss him. "Dinner's about ready, so hurry up. Agnes phoned and said she'd probably stay at Marge Warren's. They're having some kind of committee meeting." Harold didn't miss the faint frown between his wife's dark eyebrows.

"Why should that bother you, honey?" "It doesn't bother me," Fay said rather shortly. "Go and wash, dear, will you? If we're going to the movies tonight we'll have to hurry. Agnes said she'd be home before we left."

Relief filled Harold. Relaxed and easy again, Harold enjoyed his dinner. He wouldn't even admit to himself that it was almost a relief not to have his daughter around for once. She'd been so edgy lately—so different from the talkative, bright-faced child they were used to. As if, almost without knowing it or wanting to, she were withdrawing into another world where they couldn't follow. Pity she couldn't be making plans to go off to college in the fall, like most of her friends. She probably was resentful. Gradually Harold lost his good-humor, and ended the meal in silence. He didn't notice the anxious look Fay and Eugene exchanged, or the boy's carefully bland expression when he said, "If you'll excuse me, I'll go polish off my math. Some fun."

There was nothing more said until suddenly the front door banged open and Agnes came in, calling out a laughing "So long" to someone in the street behind her. A car drove off and she came in, still bright-eyed and smiling. She was a tall girl, very fair and slim, and Harold thought again with a little ache at his heart how pretty she was, and how much she deserved the best of everything.

But the sound of the car had him worried again. "Get a lift home?" he asked casually after she had dropped a kiss on his cheek.

"Yeah, luckily. As a matter of fact, I had dinner with Harry, too. There wasn't much to do over at the meeting."

"Harry who?" Harold asked sharply. "Harry Kohler, Dad. The one they call Kohler the Roller."

"Come again, please," he said, with a smile that didn't ring true.

Agnes fluffed her hair at the mirror. "They call him that because he drives in the stock-car races over at the fair in Metropole, Dad. He's sort of a funny guy, but nice, too. He spends his money like crazy. What a dinner we had!"

Harold felt an unfamiliar annoyance prickling up his spine. "Since when aren't your mother's dinners good enough for you?"

"Dad! What a funny—gosh, I just had a date, that's all."

"Your mother thought you were dining at Marge's house. How did this Kohler get into the picture? For the matter of that, how'd he get in at all? Surely you didn't meet him at school?"

Agnes burst out laughing. "School! Not Harry! He probably quit at the third grade." She made an evasive, airy gesture. "I just met him—around."

"I see. And he spends lots of money and has a big car, no doubt. Perhaps a light, blue convertible?"

Agnes flushed. "Then it was you at the traffic light. I told Harry I thought you'd seen us, but I wasn't sure—"

"Any reason why I shouldn't have seen you?" Harold almost shouted.

A cold, distant look was wiping the embarrassment off Agnes' face. She stared at him almost angrily, and Harold didn't know what might have happened if Fay hadn't come out just then. She said quietly, "Agnes dear, I've done all but the coffee-pot. If you'll do that, Dad and I can run along to the movies. We won't be late." Firmly she took Harold's arm.

But his thoughts stayed back there with Agnes. He was so preoccupied that when the movie was over and they stopped in at Coogan's for a soda he began talking about it at once.

"Did you know Agnes was out with this fellow?" he asked almost accusingly.

Fay nodded. "Not for sure, but I had an idea. She's seen quite a bit of him lately, Harold. I thought you knew."

Harold bit his lip. "Maybe it's my fault that I didn't know. I don't suppose she's been trying to hide it in any way. . . ."

"Not yet," Fay said drily.

"How do you feel about it, Fay? Does this seem the sort of chap she should be going around with?"

Fay's gray eyes darkened. "What do you think? A man like that, going from carnival to carnival—and much older than Agnes . . . how could I possibly be happy about it? Oh—" and she put a quick hand on Harold's arm. "Not that I think it's serious, Harold. It's just that Agnes is beginning to get restless. All the others are making big plans for college and going off to business schools and Agnes feels there's no excitement in her life. I can understand it. One can't forbid her to see him. That would be fatal."

"Naturally we can't," Harold said unhappily. "Only—she ought to go to college, Fay." Their eyes met, and Harold looked away. "I only wish there were some way."

"After fifteen years in one job, Sherman ought to be paying you enough to afford college for your daughter. I know I promised never to bring it up again, but I can't stand seeing you pushed around," she went on passionately. "Oh, Harold, honestly—if you'd just stand up to Joe Sherman, make your demands like a man—he'd knuckle down fast enough."

"And where would I be without the job?" Harold's face took on that careful, wary look Fay feared. She said urgently, "You could have a dozen jobs! Why, there was that man in Metropole who offered you almost double—"

"That was two years ago."

"And you should have taken it then and  
(Continued on page 83)

Sunday



# Inside Radio

All Times Listed Are Eastern Standard Time.

NBC MBS ABC CBS

## Morning Programs

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

## Afternoon Programs

12:00	Sammy Kaye	College Choirs	News Brunch Time	News Story, Bill Costello
12:15			Piano Playhouse	Howard K. Smith
12:30	The Eternal Light	News, Bill Cunningham		News, Costello
12:45		Merry Mailman		
1:00	Youth Wants To Know	Fred Van Deventer	Herald Of Truth	String Serenade
1:15		Lanny Ross Show	National Vespers	Syncopation Piece
1:30	Univ. Of Chicago Round Table	Lutheran Hour		
1:45				
2:00	The Catholic Hour	Bandstand, U.S.A.	Pan American Union	The Symphonette
2:15			U.S. Military Band	New York Philharmonic Orchestra
2:30	American Forum	Wings Of Healing	Lone Pine And His Mountaineers	
2:45		Dixie Quartet		
3:00	Elmo Roper	Top Tunes With Trendler	Marines In Review	
3:15	Youth Brings You Music		Hour Of Decision	
3:30	Bob Considine	Musical Program		
3:45	Elmo Roper			
4:00	The Chase	Under Arrest	Old-Fashioned Revival Hour	America Calling
4:15				Quiz Kids
4:30	Jason & The Golden Fleece	Dear Margy, It's Murder		4:55 Cedric Adams
4:45				
5:00	Hollywood Star Playhouse	The Shadow	This Week Around The World	King Arthur Godfrey's Round Table
5:15	Counter-Spy	True Detective Mysteries	Greatest Story Ever Told	World News, Robert Trout
5:30				5:55 News, Larry LeSueur
5:45				

## Evening Programs

6:00	Scarlet Pimpernel	Nick Carter	Draw Pearson	December Bride
6:15		6:25 Cecil Brown	Don Gardner	Our Miss Brooks
6:30	Juvenile Jury	Squad Room	George Sokolsky	
6:45				
7:00	My Son, Jeep	Affairs Of Peter Salem	P.F.C. Edidle Fisher	Jack Benny
7:15		Little Symphonies	Three Suns	Amos 'N' Andy
7:30	Aldrich Family		Magic Melodies	
7:45				
8:00	Phil Harris And Alice Faye	Hawaii Calls	American Music Hall	Bergen & McCarthy
8:15	Theatre Guild On The Air	Enchanted Hour		My Little Margie
8:30				
8:45				
9:00		Jazz Nocturne	Walter Winchell	Hallmark Playhouse
9:15			News, Taylor Grant	Escape
9:30	Dragnet	Answers For Americans	The Adventurer, Burgess Meredith	
9:45				
10:00	Barrie Craig	Oklahoma City Symphony Orchestra	Paul Harvey	Music For You
10:15			Gloria Parker	News, Robert Trout
10:30	Meet The Press		Alistair Cooke	

# Monday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

## Morning Programs

8:30 8:45	World News Roundup	Local Programs 8:55 Gabriel Heatter	8:40 Betty Crocker Pauline Frederick 8:55 John Conte	Jack Hunt
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Ev'ry Day Thy Neighbor's Voice	Robert Hurlleigh Tell Your Neighbor Cliff's Family	Breakfast Club	News Of America Barnyard Follies Joan Edwards Show In Town Today
10:00 10:15 10:25 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Double Or Nothing	Cecil Brown Music Box Take A Number	My True Story Whispering Streets When A Girl Marries	Arthur Godfrey Show
11:00 11:15	Strike It Rich	Ladies Fair 11:25 News, Holland Engle Queen For A Day	Live Like A Millionaire Break The Bank	Grand Slam Rosemary
11:30 11:45	Bob And Ray Bob Hope Show			

## Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45		Curt Massey Time Capital Commentary With Baukhage 12:55 Music Box	Don Gardner 12:10 Jack Berch Bill Ring Show	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	News, Home Edition Dr. Paul	Cedric Foster Luncheon With Lopez	Paul Harvey, News Ted Malone	Road Of Life Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:25 2:30 2:45 2:55	Pickens Party Dave Garroway Kukla, Fran & Ollie News, Banghart	Say It With Music Sam Hayes, News Paula Stone Music By Willard	Mary Margaret McBride Betty Crocker 2:35 Tennessee Ernie	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road Of Life Pepper Young Right To Happiness	John Gambling	Joe Emmet, Hymn Time	Hilltop House House Party Home Folks 3:55 It Happens Every Day
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Young Widder Brown Woman In My House	Jack Kirkwood Show Lucky U Ranch	Cal Tinney Show 4:25 Betty Crocker Jack Owens Show	Robert Q. Lewis Show 4:05 The Chicagoans Treasury Bandstand 4:55 News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell Lorenzo Jones The Doctor's Wife	Bobby Benson Wild Bill Hickok 5:55 News, Cecil Brown	Big Jon And Sparkie Fun Factory 5:45 World Flight Reporter 5:55 Bob Finnegan	Curt Massey Time

## Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Program	Jackson & The News Cooke Interviews Asia Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	H. V. Kaitenborn News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis Jr. Mr. Mystery Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel 7:55 Titus Moody	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis The Lone Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith, News
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	The Railroad Hour Voice Of Firestone	The Falcon Hall Of Fantasy	Henry J. Taylor Field And Stream Rex Maupin Orch. Suspense Talent Scouts
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Telephone Hour Band Of America	News, Bill Henry Reporters' Roundup Off & On The Record	Metropolitan Opera Auditions Solo & Soliloquy Lux Theatre
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Encore—Marguerite Piazza, Robert Merrill News, John Cameron Swayze Ike's Crusade Report	Frank Edwards Tex Fletcher Dance Orch. 10:55 News, Singiser	News Of Tomorrow Dream Harbor Edwin C. Hill Frank And Jackson Bob Hawk Show News, Robert Trout Cedric Adams

# Tuesday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

## Morning Programs

8:30 8:45	World News Roundup	Local Programs 8:55 Gabriel Heatter	8:40 Betty Crocker Pauline Frederick 8:55 John Conte	Jack Hunt
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Ev'ry Day Thy Neighbor's Voice	Robert Hurlleigh Tell Your Neighbor Cliff's Family	Breakfast Club	News Of America Barnyard Follies Joan Edwards Show In Town Today
10:00 10:15 10:25 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Double Or Nothing	Cecil Brown Music Box Take A Number 10:55 Talk Back	My True Story Whispering Streets When A Girl Marries	Arthur Godfrey Show
11:00 11:15	Strike It Rich	Ladies Fair 11:25 News, Holland Engle Queen For A Day	Live Like A Millionaire Break The Bank	Grand Slam Rosemary
11:30 11:45	Bob And Ray Bob Hope Show			

## Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45		Curt Massey Time Capital Commentary with Baukhage 12:25 News, Holland Engle 12:55 Music Box	Don Gardner 12:10 Jack Berch Bill Ring Show	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	News, Home Edition Dr. Paul	Cedric Foster Luncheon With Lopez	Paul Harvey, News Ted Malone	Road Of Life Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:25 2:30 2:45 2:55	Pickens Party Dave Garroway Kukla, Fran & Ollie News, Banghart	Say It With Music News, Sam Hayes Paula Stone Music By Willard	Mary Margaret McBride Betty Crocker 2:35 Tennessee Ernie	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road Of Life Pepper Young Right To Happiness	John Gambling	Joe Emmet, Hymn Time	Hilltop House House Party Home Folks 3:55 It Happens Every Day
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Young Widder Brown Woman In My House	Jack Kirkwood Show Lucky U Ranch	Cal Tinney Show 4:25 Betty Crocker Jack Owens Show	Robert Q. Lewis Show 4:05 Chicagoans Treasury Bandstand 4:55 News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell Lorenzo Jones The Doctor's Wife	Bobby Benson Wild Bill Hickok 5:55 News, Cecil Brown	Big Jon And Sparkie Fun Factory 5:45 World Flight Reporter 5:55 Bob Finnegan	Curt Massey Time

## Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Program	Jackson & The News Cooke Interviews Asia Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Richard Harkness News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Hazel Markel Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel 7:55 Titus Moody	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Silver Eagle 7:55 Les Griffith, News
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Cavalcade Of America Red Skelton	That Hammer Guy High Adventure	Sparrin' Partners Paul Whiteman Teen Club People Are Funny Mr. & Mrs. North
9:00 9:05	Martin & Lewis	News, Bill Henry The Search That Never Ends	Town Meeting Luigi
9:30 9:45	Fibber McGee And Molly	Off & On The Record	Erwin D. Canham, News My Friend Irma
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	What's My Line? News, John Cameron Swayze First Nighter	Frank Edwards The Valley Boys Banda For Bonds 10:55 News, Singiser	News Of Tomorrow Dream Harbor Edwin C. Hill United Or Not Louella Parsons 10:05 Doris Day Show News, Robert Trout Cedric Adams

# Wednesday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

## Morning Programs

8:30 8:45	World News Roundup	Local Programs 8:55 Gabriel Heatter	8:40 Betty Crocker Pauline Frederick 8:55 John Conte	Jack Hunt
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Ev'ry Day Thy Neighbor's Voice	Robert Hurleigh Cliff's Family	Breakfast Club	News Of America Barnyard Follies Joan Edwards Show In Town Today
10:00 10:15 10:25 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Double Or Nothing	Cecil Brown Music Box Take A Number	My True Story Whispering Streets When A Girl Marries	Arthur Godfrey Show
11:00 11:15	Strike It Rich	Ladies Fair 11:25 News, Holland Engle	Live Like A Millionaire	
11:30 11:45	Bob And Ray Bob Hope Show	Queen For A Day	Break The Bank	Grand Slam Rosemary

## Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15		Curt Massey Time Capital Commentary with Baukhage	Don Gardner Valentino	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45		12:25 Holland Engle 12:55 Music Box	Bill Ring Show	Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	News, Home Edition Dr. Paul	Cedric Foster Luncheon With Lopez	Paul Harvey, News Ted Malone	Road Of Life Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:25 2:30 2:45 2:55	Pickens Party Dave Garroway Kukla, Fran & Ollie News, Banghart	Say It With Music News, Sam Hayes Paula Stone Music By Willard	Mary Margaret McBride Betty Crocker 2:35 Tennessee Ernie	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road Of Life Pepper Young Right To Happiness	John Gambling	Joe Emmet, Hymn Time	Hilltop House House Party Home Folks 3:55 It Happens Every Day
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Young Widdler Brown Woman In My House	Jack Kirkwood Show 4:25 News Lucky U Ranch	Cal Tinney Show 4:25 Betty Crocker Jack Owens Show	Robert Q. Lewis Show 4:05 The Chicagoans Treasury Bandstand 4:55 News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell Lorenzo Jones The Doctor's Wife	Songs Of The B-Bar-B Wild Bill Hickok 5:55 News, Cecil Brown	Big Jon And Sparkie Fun Factory World Flight Reporter 5:55 Bob Finnegan	Curt Massey Time

## Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Programs		Jackson & The News Cooke Interviews Asia Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Men's Corner Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel 7:55 Titus Moody	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Lone Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith, News	Boula Junior Miss Jo Stafford Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Walk A Mile Great Gildersleeve	Crime Files Of Flamond Crime Fighters	Mystery Theatre Life Begins At Eighty	FBI In Peace And War Dr. Christian
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Groucho Marx You Bet Your Life Big Story	News, Bill Henry Family Theatre Off & On The Record	Mr. President Crossfire	Playhouse On Broad- way 9:25 News What's My Line?
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Bob Hope Show News, John Cameron Swayze Dangerous Assignment	Frank Edwards Zeb Carver's Orch. Dance Orch. 10:55 News, Singiser	News Of Tomorrow Dream Harbor Edwin C. Hill The Latin Quarter Orchestra	The Lineup News, Robert Trout Cedric Adams

# Thursday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

## Morning Programs

8:30 8:45	World News Roundup	Local Programs 8:55 Gabriel Heatter	8:40 Betty Crocker Pauline Frederick 8:55 John Conte	Jack Hunt
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Ev'ry Day Thy Neighbor's Voice	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbor Cliff's Family	Breakfast Club	News Of America Barnyard Follies Joan Edwards Show In Town Today
10:00 10:15 10:25 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Double Or Nothing	Cecil Brown Music Box Take A Number	My True Story Whispering Streets When A Girl Marries	Arthur Godfrey Show
11:00 11:15		Ladies Fair 11:25 News, Holland Engle	Live Like A Millionaire	
11:30 11:45	Bob And Ray Bob Hope Show	Queen For A Day	Break The Bank	Grand Slam Rosemary

## Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15		Curt Massey Time Capital Commentary with Baukhage	Don Gardner Valentino	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
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1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	News, Home Edition Dr. Paul	Harvey Harding Cedric Foster Luncheon With Lopez	Paul Harvey, News Ted Malone	Road Of Life Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
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3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road Of Life Pepper Young Right To Happiness	John Gambling	Joe Emmet, Hymn Time	Hilltop House House Party Home Folks 3:55 It Happens Every Day
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Young Widdler Brown Woman In My House	Jack Kirkwood Show 4:25 News Lucky U Ranch	Cal Tinney Show 4:25 Betty Crocker Jack Owens Show	Robert Q. Lewis Show 4:05 The Chicagoans Treasury Bandstand 4:55 News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell Lorenzo Jones The Doctor's Wife	Sgt. Preston Of The Yukon Sky King 5:55 News, Cecil Brown	Big Jon And Sparkie Fun Factory Tom Corbett, Space Cadet World Flight Reporter 5:55 Bob Finnegan	Curt Massey Time

## Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Lionel Ricau Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Program	Allen Stuart	Jackson & The News Cooke Interviews Asia Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Richard Harkness News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Rukeyser Reports Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel 7:55 Titus Moody	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Silver Eagle 7:55 Les Griffith, News	Boula Junior Miss Jo Stafford Show Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Roy Rogers 8:25 News Father Knows Best	Official Detective John Steele, Adven- turer	Top Guy Heritage	Meet Millie On Stage
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Truth Or Conse- quences Eddie Cantor	News, Bill Henry Rod & Gun Club Off & On The Record	Tales Of Tomorrow Time Capsule	Time For Love— Marlene Dietrich Bing Crosby
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Judy Canova News, John Cameron Swayze Jane Pickens Show	Frank Edwards The Valley Boys Dance Orch. 10:55 News, Singiser	News Of Tomorrow Three Suns Edwin C. Hill	The American Way with Horace Heidt News, Robert Trout Cedric Adams

# Friday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

## Morning Programs

8:30 8:45	World News Roundup	Local Programs 8:55 Gabriel Heatter	8:40 Betty Crocker Pauline Frederick 8:55 John Conte	Jack Hunt
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Ev'ry Day Thy Neighbor's Voice	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbor Cliff's Family	Breakfast Club	News Of America Barnyard Follies Joan Edwards Show In Town Today
10:00 10:15 10:25 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Double Or Nothing	Cecil Brown Music Box Take A Number	My True Story Whispering Streets When A Girl Marries	Arthur Godfrey Show
11:00 11:15	Strike It Rich	Ladies Fair 11:25 News, Holland Engle Queen For A Day	Live Like A Millionaire	Grand Slam Rosemary
11:30 11:45	Bob And Ray Bob Hope Show		Break The Bank	

## Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15		Curt Massey Time Capital Commentary with Baukhage	Oon Gardner Valentino	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45		12:25 News, Holland Engle 12:55 Music Box	Bill Ring Show	Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	News, Home Edition Dr. Paul	Cedric Foster Luncheon With Lopez	Paul Harvey, News Ted Malone	Road Of Life Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15	Pickens Party	Say It With Music 2:25 News, Sam Hayes	Mary Margaret McBride	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason
2:30 2:45 2:55	Dave Garraway Kukla, Fran & Ollie News, Banghart	Paula Stone Music By Willard	Betty Crocker 2:35 Tennessee Ernie	This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road Of Life Pepper Young Right To Happiness	John Gambling 3:25 News	Joe Emmet, Hymn Time	Hilltop House House Party Home Folks 3:55 It Happens Every Day
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Young Widder Brown Woman In My House	Jack Kirkwood Show Lucky U Ranch	Cal Tinney Show 4:25 Betty Crocker Jack Owens Show	Robert Q. Lewis Show 4:05 The Chicagoans Treasury Bandstand 4:55 News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell Lorenzo Jones The Doctor's Wife	Songs Of The B- Bar-B Wild Bill Hickok 5:55 News, Cecil Brown	Big Jon And Sparkie Fun Factory World Flight Reporter 5:55 Bob Finnegan	Curt Massey Time

## Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Lionel Ricau Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Program		Jackson & The News Cooke Interviews Asia Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Richard Harkness News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Mr. Mystery Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel 7:55 Titus Moody	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Lone Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith, News	Beulah Junior Miss Jo Stafford Show Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	All Star Band Parade Name That Tune	Movie Quiz True Or False	Adventures Of Michael Shayne Crime Notes From Dan Dodge	Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Best Plays	News, Billy Henry Great Day Off & On The Record	Ozzie & Harriet Corliss Archer 9:55 News	Music In The Air— Donald Richards, Alfredo Antonini
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Hy Gardner Calling Words In The Night News, John Cameron Swayze	Frank Edwards The Valley Boys Dance Orch. 10:55 News, Singiser	Fights 10:40 News Of To- morrow 10:55 Edwin C. Hill	Capitol Cloakroom News, Robert Trout Cedric Adams

# Saturday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

## Morning Programs

8:30	Howdy Doody	Local Programs	8:45 News Summary	Renfro Valley
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Farming Business Mind Your Manners		No School Today	News Of America Robert Q. Lewis
10:00 10:15	Archie Andrews	Local Program		Galen Drake Space Adventures Of Super Noodle Let's Pretend
10:30 10:45	Mary Lee Taylor Show	Frank Singiser, News Helen Hall	Space Patrol	
11:00 11:15	My Secret Story	Coast Guard 11:25 Holland Engle, News Farm News Con- ference	Smilin' Ed McConnell Eddie Fisher	News, Bill Shadel 11:05 Grand Central Station Give And Take
11:30 11:45	Hollywood Love Story			

## Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	News Public Affairs Coffee In Wash- ington	Man On The Farm Fifth Army Band	101 Ranch Boys American Farmer	Theatre Of Today Stars Over Holly- wood
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	National Farm And Home Hour U.S. Army Band	Music Symphonies For Youth	Navy Hour Shake The Maracas	Fun For All City Hospital 1:55 Galen Drake
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	U.S. Marine Band	2:25 Headline News Georgia Crackers	Metropolitan Opera	Music With The Girls Make Way For Youth
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Musicana	Bandstand U.S.A. 3:25 Headline News Sports Parade		Report From Overseas Adventures In Science Farm News Correspondents' Scratch Pad
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Treasury Of Music What's The Score?	U.S. Army Band College Choirs		Treasury Bandstand Washington, U.S.A.
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Big City Serenade Author Speaks Key To Health	Preston's Show Shop 5:55 H. R. Baukhage	Tea And Crumpets At Home With Music Club Time	Eddie Fisher Stan Daugherty Presents

## Evening Programs

6:00 6:15	George Hicks News H. V. Kaltenborn	Dance Orch.	Una Mae Carlisle Buddy Weed Trio	News UN On Record
6:30 6:45	NBC Symphony, Arturo Toscanini Conducting	Country Editor Preston Sellers	Harry Wismer CIO And You	Sports Roundup News
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Public Affairs Who Goes There?	Al Helfer Sports Pentagon Report Down You Go 7:55 Cecil Brown	Industry Reports Women In Uniform Dinner At The Green Room	Broadway's My Beat Vaughn Monroe
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Inside Bob & Ray Reuben, Reuben	Twenty Questions Take A Number	Saturday Night Dancing Party	Gene Autry Gunsmoke
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Pee Wee King Show Grand Ole Opry	Barnyard Jamboree Lombardo Land		Gangbusters 9:25 Win Elliot
10:00 10:30	Eddy Arnold Show Willson's Music Room	Chicago Theatre Of The Air	At The Shamrock Politics On Trial	Country Style Music

# Life Is a Happy Grand Slam

(Continued from page 47)  
this," Irene says: "Here I stand all ragged and dirty. If you don't come kiss me, I'll run like a turkey."

There was a love of simplicity and gentleness in the home. Never was there any blatant discord, although Irene admits the house didn't lack for discipline. She had her share of spankings for the usual kid tricks and stories.

"They never hurt much," she says, "but I could cry as loud as the next child."

A career in show business is seldom without its ups and downs. The greater the star, the greater her aspirations, and Irene has known heartbreaks as well as triumphal moments. But she had learned considerably about courage and crisis in her formative years.

There was an uncle who lost his wife due to sudden illness. On the heels of that tragedy, boll weevils destroyed his crop and he lost his farm. Stripped of family and home, the uncle nevertheless said, "Things will be better next year."

She remembers the alarm when her father came home unexpectedly from a trip to Memphis, accompanied by a male nurse. Irene wasn't quite six at the time but understood that her father had an attack and was terribly sick. He was in bed for weeks, and then the farm was sold. Her father needed a change of climate.

She realizes now, as she never could have then, what it meant to give up their property, land that her father had loved. This was a tearing of physical roots, moving away from all the family, all that was near and dear.

They moved west, to Amarillo, Texas,

and it was a year before her father had convalesced and was able to work. And they were not a family of means.

"I never heard one word of complaint from my parents," Irene recalls. "They were gentle people, but strong when it counts."

Although Irene lived in Texas many years, she returned to Tennessee once a year to Windsong. The first summer she went back, she was in a high pitch of excitement, for she at last had a whole piece of her own ready to play on the piano.

"We got there in the morning," she said, "and it seemed that evening would never come around so I could perform."

She was seven, and the piece was "Fairy Footsteps." Being a real artist, with time to spare, she decided to find out just what it felt like being a fairy. She took off her shoes and spent the afternoon tiptoeing around the garden.

She was a success that night. Grandmother was so pleased that during the summer she taught Irene three more tunes: "Dixie," "Yankee Doodle" and "Red Wing." It was Grandmother Holmes who continued to help Irene with her music for many years, after the early death of Irene's mother. It was through her grandmother that Irene learned to hear music everywhere, in a grove of trees, in front of a fireplace, in the bustle of a crowd. And later, when her father married again, her stepmother encouraged Irene, gave her added strength to develop her talents, and urged her to continue practicing.

Irene says, and Irene should know, that the first twelve years were the substantial part that gave her roots for a career and

way of life that took her to all parts of the country. The way of life she learned as a child served her well in business dealings, as an entertainer, and in social life no matter where she was.

In her teens. Irene was no exception to the general affliction of awkwardness that comes to most teenagers. In her case, it was too much height. Both sides of her family were very tall and one day Irene—like a beanstalk—felt as if she had shot right up to the sky.

"I worked harder than ever then on the piano and singing," she remembers.

She worked hard in school, too, although her real interest lay not in books but at the keyboard. And her ambition was crystallizing, about the time she went to college at Sweet Briar in Virginia. Music, naturally, was her choice—but not show business. Young ladies didn't think seriously of being entertainers. By the end of her second year in college, she decided to write songs. For this Irene decided she needed no further college.

Irene persuaded her father to let her quit and she got a teaching job in a Mississippi town of two hundred population.

"I had eleven students and seven grades to teach," she recalls with deadly accuracy. "I was paid eighty dollars a month."

But about that time she got her first real inspiration for a song. She developed a teen-age crush on an "old" man of twenty-six. Of course, no one knew about this great love of hers, particularly not the man, who was dating girls his own age.

Flushed with this tragic romance, the nineteen-year-old wrote music and lyrics for a song, "If I Could Only Stop Dream-



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ing." She decided to publish it but wanted only three copies: one for herself, one for her family and one, of course, that she would send anonymously to the dream man.

She wrote a New York publisher and he answered that his minimum run was one thousand copies and it would cost her fifty dollars. Irene had some money saved and she went through with it. She had only a hazy idea of what a thousand copies meant until the expressman deposited a gigantic bundle on her porch. And it was this incident, more than anything else, which was to take her out of a little schoolhouse and into the big time of the show world.

A friend advised her to turn the copies over to Memphis music stores on consignment at fifteen cents a copy. This she did. Like no other person starting in business, she figured that she would now make one-hundred and fifty dollars on the song and, since she had spent only fifty, that there was a hundred dollars left to promote her number. So she arranged to have an organist at the big Memphis theatre plug the song for a week—cost, seventy-five dollars. She had slides of her lyrics made to flash on the screen—cost, twelve dollars and fifty cents.

Irene became a song-plugger, although she didn't know the expression then. She saw every musician in the city, vocalists, choir singers and performers on the local radio station. She did such a fine job that the first thousand copies sold out and she ordered a second thousand.

She spent so much time hanging around the local station after her day's teaching that she frequently missed dinner and often stood up her dates. One night a man who had promised to sing her song failed to appear for his show. Irene took over, plugged her own tune and, incidentally, made her radio debut.

"The song was really very corny," she

says deprecatingly, recalling it nowadays.

However, a Midwest publisher was impressed. He offered to publish the song nationally if she would help plug it.

"And then, although I didn't know it, I was in show business."

Irene began to sing throughout the country, at private parties, in vaudeville, with bands. Her payment wasn't magnificent, just barely enough to pay expenses, for her singing was always done in the interest of plugging songs and, later, for her records, when she began recording for RCA Victor. Altogether she made about five hundred dollars out of her first song. What did she do with the money?

"Just about the same thing any girl would do who had been skimming on a teacher's pay," Irene says.

She bought some pretty dresses and silk things the likes of which she had never known. She remembers the effect of these clothes when she sang at an affair in the Stevens Hotel, Chicago. A handsome man in evening clothes turned to his wife saying, "Isn't the singer stunning!" That was gratifying news for a young teacher from the country.

During this entire period, Irene held onto her teaching job, taking leaves of absence to make appearances. She still had the job when she went up to Camden, New Jersey, to make additional recordings. She arrived a few days early and went over to New York to catch up on the latest trends.

A music publisher sent her over to CBS to plug a song. She got there at 12:45 and was put on the air to sing it herself.

"We're holding an audition at two-thirty," a young lady told her afterwards. "You come back then."

"I can't," Irene said. "I'm going to a matinee."

"Exchange your ticket," the lady said firmly.

To Irene, auditions meant more vaude-

ville, which she despised. But she accepted the advice, turned in her ticket, and then stopped off to see an executive at Vitaphone about using one of her songs. He turned her down but offered Irene a lift to CBS when she told him where she was going.

At CBS they gasped when Irene walked in. Not only had she returned for the audition but she was escorted by the man who would be doing the hiring! Irene sang and she won a guest shot on the Majestic Hour, then one of the big shows on radio.

"And, you know, I was still planning to return south to my teaching job," she says. "I was in the big time and I actually didn't know it."

Irene attributes this first big break to luck. But the fact is that she was ready for the big time. Proof of that was that one success followed another. She soon had a network show of her own. She sang in top night clubs, headlined in vaudeville, and starred in the musical comedy, "Thumbs Up." From that day on, her star soared.

"You know, it was the influence of my family, my parents and Grandma Holmes, that was behind everything I did on the stage or before a microphone," she says. "Today, on Grand Slam, it is truer than ever."

When Irene is on the air five mornings a week, she is singing or talking to listeners as individuals. She sees them as her guests in a nationwide living room. She knows that some may be working, others relaxed, some content, others depressed. As hostess, she tries to make them a little happier, as she would if they were in her own home, as her mother and grandmother would have done before her. And this attitude stems from the very roots of her childhood, a life of simplicity and gentility, where people were respected for dignity, courage and spirit.

## King—Every Day

(Continued from page 29)

an insurance salesman—at least, he tried. A friend of Jack's bet him that he wouldn't last four months. Jack lost the bet! His heart just wasn't in selling insurance. So he moved on to Walt Disney's studio, where he started as a traffic man (sort of errand-office boy). I had wanted Jack in a secure job so badly that I had underestimated his true ability in this creative field. In no time, he worked his way up to being a director, although his interests were still in performing and not in story ideas. I began to realize that he was born to show business and that was where he belonged.

So, with his return to the Rogers Theatrical Productions (where the job of staging pageants and acting in them made him happy as a robin in the spring), we were married. Several pageants later, Jack was offered a job with Station KGB in San Diego. His closing hours' disc jockey show was a hit from the start, so he was asked to open the station with an early-hour, up-with-the-birds program of chatter and music. Jack loved it, even if he didn't get much rest and we both had jailbird pallors from waking and working at night and sleeping in the day. With this success, the Mutual Network in Hollywood sent for him. They had a couple of chatter-platter shows they thought he might like. And he did.

So we settled in Hollywood. Jack was happy, and I was happy because Jack was doing the work he loved. Before Queen

For A Day came into being, my poor, hard-working husband tackled every form of radio there was, at any hour around the clock. Besides the MBS shows, he soon was on the other networks—plus the local stations, too. Morning, noon and night, he was at the mike. It was like a game of chance. I could almost bet with assurance that if I turned on the radio, no matter what station, Jack would be reading the commercials, doing the announcing, or introducing the music.

Jack was happiest when he could just be himself and chatter informally with his audience. He was described as the man whose vocal cords were akin to the perpetual motion machine. But the easygoing chatter (he learned) is good only at times. For station breaks and time announcements, one has to be precise—especially on a particular network for which he was hoping to become a staff announcer. He was casually chatting along one day when the station break came. "By the way," he said, "it's about twenty of eleven," and then proceeded with his monologue. Unfortunately, the vice-president was listening to his car radio and (it's said) he almost hit the auto ahead when he heard Jack's informal announcement. His network did not operate in that manner! "Who was that . . . who . . . was . . . that?" he bellowed when he reached the station.

So ended Jack's announcing career for that particular network, almost before it began.

In spite of his short-lived career on that

station, it was another story when it came to the Queen show. In 1944, when the time-reading incident was still fresh in Jack's memory, he received an invitation to try out for a three-week job with a new show called Queen For A Day. The rest is history . . . since it is now eight years later and Jack is still with the show. Apparently the vice-president likes Jack's chatter.

Because he's still as intense and hard-working as ever, Jack says he probably would have had eighteen nervous breakdowns if it weren't for his ability to relax at something he enjoys. For the past year and a half, it's been with his hobby of painting. Jack loves it. (Maybe some of the Disney atmosphere rubbed off on him.)

He belongs to a businessmen's hobbyist club which meets twice a week for painting sessions. Since Jack doesn't go for landscapes, he's concentrating on portraits and still life. His picture entitled "Dead Life" (an empty beer can holding a wilted bouquet) was a real hit—with the family, at least. Most of Jack's paintings reflect his humorous side, especially the "portrait" of me.

"Only picture I've ever been offered real money for," he says with pride, "and Carol wouldn't let me sell it."

I'd rather play the "heavy" at home, in this art drama, than be an unwilling subject on somebody's wall. Besides, we only lost twenty-five dollars. The prospective buyer wouldn't go any higher. Jack's picture of me is sort of a caricature (I hope)

as an old scowling witch! "Ah, Carol, honey," Jack says, "I'm only kidding."

But I won't pose any more, because I'm not a good slow sitter—and Jack says he isn't a good fast painter. So we compromise and he draws other people. One Christmas, it was the entire Queen gang.

Jack gets better every year, and always enters his paintings in the club's annual exhibit. Once he won honorable mention. Since they require him to fill a form for each picture, giving the title and price, Jack has a habit of having a little fun at the club's expense. On one masterpiece (the word is Jack's own) he set a price of \$18,000—or thirty-eight cents without the frame! When there were no takers, Jack lowered the price to nineteen cents.

When Jack is at his painting class, I find classes of my own to occupy my time. However, we share most of the evenings of the week together. We're both home-lovers and never fail to appreciate the sight of our own hilltop house after a day away. We feel particularly fortunate in having found such a choice location—just a few minutes away from busy Hollywood, yet it offers privacy and seclusion in quiet Nichols Canyon. In fact, our house faces the original site picked out for the Hollywood Bowl. The echo is amazing and often we stand outside and listen to the voices of the children far below. They sound as if they are right next to us. We've come to the conclusion that it is not a good location in which to keep a secret or have a fight.

Luckily we don't have either. However, if we do have an argument (arguments come under another category from fights), it's easily settled, thanks to my niece's little boy. Seems he once wanted to help his dad with some hammering, but Dad refused the offer on the grounds that the child wouldn't put the hammer away. "You just leave it for us to put away. No thanks." The boy listened, then turned to my niece (his mother) to ask, "You like him?"

So, after Jack and I have a few words (we both have quick tempers), a silence falls. Jack usually gets over the "mad" first and makes me laugh when he says, "You like her?"

Since Jack enjoys the reputation of cook in our house—his book *What's Cookin'* has hit the 35,000 mark—friends wonder what I do! The job of daily cooking is mine. Fancy company cooking is Jack's department. And he is good!

"I better be," he explains, "I've had enough practice. Been cooking since I was a kid and once was a 'fry chef.' Learned most during the lean days, when I had to make good use of the leftovers!"

Jack is proud of the fact he wrote every word of his own cookbook. When the publisher first read the original, he was horrified. "I'm sure," he explained to his secretary, "that these are just notes."

But the secretary read it and laughed throughout. "Oh, no," she answered, "it's wonderful. Don't change a word! It's just the way Jack Bailey expresses himself."

People often ask me if Jack is funny at home. Yes—and no. Basically, he is full of humor and a zest for life which includes an interest in people. But he has his serious moments and a very definite spiritual philosophy of life. He is a kind person who often hides his sentiment with a twinkle and a funny line. The serious Jack Bailey is the man very few people see.

Our twelve years of marriage have had their ups and downs, lean and good years just like the twelve years of other marriages. But it has been a wonderful and full life for this Montana gal. Little did I dream when I sat down at the piano with Jack Bailey I'd get into his act for keeps!

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## A House to Grow In

(Continued from page 32)

eleven years, ever since they were first married. The house is the culmination of the dreams, the work, the worries, of those eleven years. As Phil puts it now, "Man, for the first time we're living! This is it. No more hotel rooms on the road for us. We're show people, sure, and we love it. And show folks travel a-plenty. But from now on the only traveling we're going to do is from this little haven in Palm Springs to Hollywood and back.

"We still have the big place in Encino. It's beautiful, too. But if you turned your back on the kids for a second they'd be lost in that big old house and you wouldn't see 'em again for days. Why, if you went from the living room to the upstairs den you'd have to pack a bag—and by that time Alice Junior or Phyllis might have shot up a quarter of an inch or so!"

Phil went on to tell how their new little place in Palm Springs has affected the lives of the entire family. "We're family folks," he said, "and the family comes first no matter what. In Encino the phone was going all the time, like a trolley bell on Main Street."

The phone was always business, and that meant that Phil and Alice would be busy with their shows, or miscellaneous agents, but seldom have longed-for leisure time with the children. They knew this was not the right thing and made up their minds to change it when a good opportunity presented itself.

Their new Palm Springs home was that opportunity. There are thirty-seven homes built around the Thunderbird Golf Course, community fashion. It was just the thing the Harrises wanted and needed. It's quiet. The phone seldom rings. The golf course is just out the back door. Says Phil, "If someone wants me, they can just step outside and holler real loud."

There's tennis for the girls, and their next-door neighbor is Nancy Chaffee Kiner, the tennis star, who has taken the girls under her wing. Alice takes the girls riding—though they rode while still at Encino, Phyllis has now started to ride bareback. But the best thing about their new place is that it's a family house.

It's a family house to Alice because it's small enough for her to take care of by herself (although there is a part-time girl who comes in to help). Besides this, the kitchen is Alice's palace where she reigns like a queen. In the Encino home, Alice had a cook and maid to care for preparing and serving each meal. But here in Palm Springs she is happy she can make use of her domestic talents. The mailman, invited in on a cold day, will swear by Alice's coffee, says it's the best in the community. Phil, too, brags of her cooking ability: "Alice makes the best vegetable soup I ever tasted. And goulash! Man, you've never had goulash until you've tasted Alice's. It's the paprika that does it. Never known anyone who could handle a can of paprika like my Alice. Then there's a ragout that's 'oot' of this world, and a mess of dishes her mother used to make that I can't even name. Yes, sir, Alice is crazy for cooking."

That, in fact, rubs a sore spot. Phil, it seems, does the cooking three nights a week. Cooks the entire meal from salad to dessert. Loves to do it, too, since cooking is a hobby with him. When he was a child, he hung around his mother's kitchen. She taught him how to prepare all his own favorites, like chicken and dumplings, cornbread, and ham hocks and black-eyed peas. All this made the kitchen one of Phil's favorite rooms. But here's the rub. Since they've moved to the

Springs, Alice has become jealous of her kitchen. "No matter what time I get up in the morning," says Phil, "even if I'm up at 6 A.M., Alice will have something already cooking. I can't get to the stove!"

Their new little home is a family home to Alice, too, because she's closer to the girls. "We cook together," says Alice, "and wash dishes and clean up. The girls are learning new responsibilities. They have little jobs of their own that they do, and they're becoming familiar with kitchen detail. Then, when our work is done, we play together. We ride a lot, and the girls are out on the golf course. There's plenty of room, it's wonderfully safe and I can really watch Alice's and Phyllis' day-by-day progress. There's no doubt about it, for bringing up children, this house is heaven-sent."

It's a family house to Phil, as well. Since each house is such an integral part of the community, Phil has developed his latent sense of community spirit. "We do things on a community basis," says Phil, "like sharing the job of transporting the kids to school. And, living close like this, I'm getting to know some real fine folks. It's the first chance I've ever had to talk to the plumber and the storekeeper and the mailman about their problems. And let me say that knowing their problems helps me understand mine a lot better. When we lived in Encino, we were too far removed to be able to do this. That, and too much business, stole all our time.

"Now it's different. There's a community spirit here. It's the kind of place where the priest comes in for Sunday dinner. Week nights, of course, we're all in bed real early, providing I don't have to help the girls with their home work.

"Last week, for example, Alice Junior brought in a math problem about dividing and multiplying fractions. It's been a long time since I was in that department. Come to think of it, I wasn't in it very long.

"Well, I looked at this problem and those numbers and it just plain didn't ring a bell. 'Honey,' I said to Alice, 'I'll tell you. I think I remember a kind of long way we used to do this but I think there's a short way, too.'"

Phil and Alice, Jr., then pulled out a ream of paper and started figuring. They figured for two hours but nothing Phil did indicated a short way to solve the problems.

Finally, little Alice said, "Tell you what I'll do, Daddy. I won't write all this long way down on paper, but I'll try and remember it in my head. Then if the teacher asks me I can still give her an answer, and I won't embarrass you!"

Phil called it quits so that they could get some sleep. When in bed he still wasn't

sure whether the long way was right or not. In fact, it troubled him all through the next day. It was still on his mind when he was dining that evening at the Hollywood home of his orchestra conductor, Walter Scharf.

Phil got a bright idea when he saw that Walter's daughter Susie and her fifteen-year-old brother were at the table.

"Say, Susie, how you doing in school?"

"Okay," said Susie with some surprise and alarm.

"She's doing fine," said Scharf with fatherly pride, but he narrowed his eyes.

"Fine," enthused Phil, "then you can help me." Out came the pencil and paper and some of last night's problems.

"Gee, Mr. Harris," said the girl, "we haven't come to that yet. . . ."

Phil's heart sank.

"What about the boy?" he said.

"Sure," said Scharf. "The boy's bright. He'll know."

They presented the problem to the young man. They worked through dinner and half the evening.

"Well," said Phil, "nobody got the answer, not even Walter Scharf. I remember thinking, where would I be when young Alice got into trigonometry?"

But when Phil got home he had a pleasant surprise waiting for him. Much to Phil's relief, the long method had been right. There was a short method, too, which Alice proceeded to show him. Of course, Phil caught on in no time; almost no time, that is.

Then there was the problem of verb conjugation. Little Alice came up to Phil one evening and asked, "Daddy, how do you conjugate a verb?"

Phil didn't say anything for a moment, then he smiled wanly. "Well," stalled Phil, "you better go ask your mother."

Alice suggested that little Alice ask the nurse. The nurse told her to ask her daddy. "So here she was again," says Phil. "It was up to me. I'll tell you, I was panicky. 'Just a sec, honey, I'll be right back with the answer. Daddy's got a big book in the other room with the answer in it.' And I did have, too. The phone book. I went into the den and called the show's secretary. Turns out she didn't know the answer. If she didn't know, who would? I really got alarmed.

"Then I started calling all my friends in the community. Each time I'd whisper into the phone, Alice would call to me to 'Hurry up . . . and I'd call back. 'Don't worry, honey, Daddy's taking care of it.' I sure didn't want her to know how I was taking care of it. I finally collared somebody who gave me a clue. I came out with the answer, all right. But, if little Alice thought I was smart, she also thought I was pretty slow.

"So you see," says Phil, "the house has done a lot for us. It's wonderful for the kids. The school's close by. They've got a wonderful place to play where Alice can keep her eye on them. I've got a wonderful place to play, too—it's a great big golf course. Then Alice has the kitchen—though I'm trying to wangle some time there myself—and she also has the garden. It's real peaceful and quiet there. Alice likes that, 'cause she loves to read. Speaking of reading and writing, if it weren't for the house, I'd still be ignorant about fractions and verbs. That house has not only given the children a chance to grow—it's given Alice and me a chance to grow with them.

"Yep, that little ole house really has got us. Since we've also got one another, that just about makes everything nice as ham hocks and black-eyed peas."

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# Change of Heart

(Continued from page 74)

told Joe Sherman off! Then we wouldn't be in this fix."

Harold looked up quickly. "Fix? Fay—you don't think this man is a serious thing with Agnes? Now tell me the truth!"

"I told you. Agnes is just interested in the novelty, that's all—it doesn't worry me. What does bother me is—well, the future. Young people need to get around a little, widen their experience of the world, before they settle down." She added accusingly, "You're making me tell you all this when you know perfectly well you feel the same way. Remember how we used to plan when she was a baby?"

"Time passes so darned fast," Harold sighed. What had happened to all those plans he and Fay had made so rapturously years ago? Characteristically, Harold didn't say, "It's Joe Sherman's fault. He should have given me a good raise a long time ago." What he thought was: It's my fault. Fay's right—it's up to me to get a raise from Sherman.

The very next day he thought he'd found the right moment, when Sherman asked him to phone in some orders to a wholesaler and Harold noticed they were for the shoes he himself had checked in the catalog the day before. After making the calls, he mentioned to Sherman that he thought the new shoes would be big sellers. "I'm so glad you agreed with my selections," he said. "It makes me more confident that I'm doing the kind of job you want here. And speaking—"

"Say, wait a minute." Cold-eyed, Joe Sherman took his cigar out of his mouth. "What makes you think you had anything to do with those orders? The way you've been building yourself up lately, Crown, I better warn you if you're getting ready to ask for a raise it's—"

"Telephone, Harold." George Fox cut across Sherman's speech. Just at the right time, too, Harold thought gratefully, going to answer it.

"I'm sorry to bother you," Fay said. "I wouldn't have if—"

"Never mind. What is it? Anything wrong?" But a new voice took over on Fay's end. It boomed a noisy, "Hello there, you old shoe! Say—that's not bad, huh?"

Harold laughed. "Frank! When did you get in? Why didn't you let us know?"

"Didn't know myself till yesterday. Took it for granted I could just drop in on my sister any old time. Trouble is, I've only got a couple of hours in town."

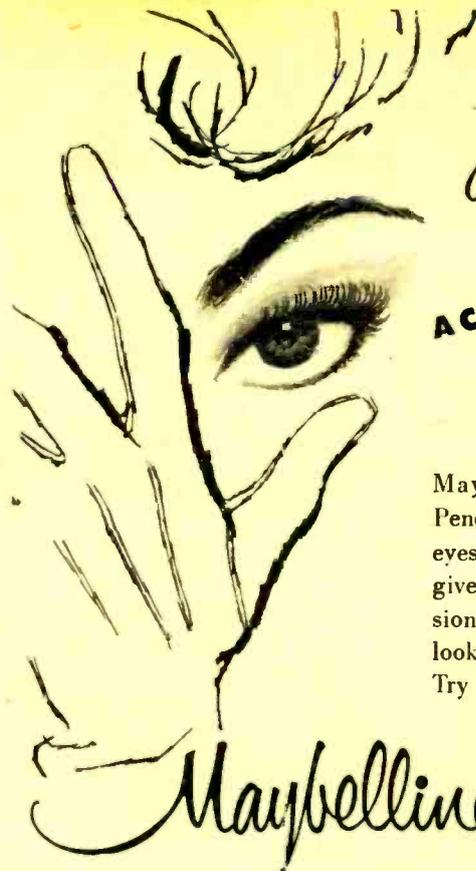
"Gosh, I wish I'd known." Harold hesitated. "You know how it is here, kind of hard to get time off."

Frank said meaningfully, "I sure do know. I was kind of hoping I'd find some changes made. Are you still taking that guff from Sherman? After fifteen years?"

Harold was perspiring when he got off the phone. He still didn't understand why, but annoyance at Fay was uppermost. What if Frank was her brother, and a swell fellow beneath that big-talking salesman's manner of his? Did he have to be another one to know all the Crowns' affairs? Then, looking up, he finally realized that he was more than annoyed—he was mad—at Mr. Sherman. He stood up and looked his employer in the eye.

"Sorry," he said. "My wife's brother is in town on an unexpected trip. If there's any chance of getting off a little early tonight, I'd appreciate it."

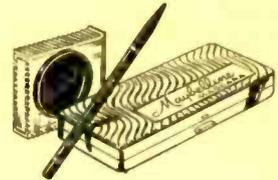
"There's no chance, Crown, and you know it. What good are you to me if you're not around to handle the after-five office crowd? And another thing—I'd appreciate it if you'd tell your family I can't



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have my phone tied up with private calls."

"The last time Fay called here was almost a year ago, and it's always important."

"I don't call a relative in town important."

"As it happens," Harold said evenly, "I do. And I've already said I was sorry about the phone call." His heart was beating with an almost pleasant thunder. He couldn't remember when his blood had felt so warm and swift. He actually took a step toward Sherman without knowing it, and the heavy older man stepped quickly backward. He glared, grunted, and walked away.

Before Harold left that evening, he made it his business to corner Sherman in the inner office. He said firmly, "To go back to our conversation of this morning, Mr. Sherman—"

"I thought you'd want to apologize for that call."

Harold smiled—more like baring his teeth. "As far as I'm concerned that subject is closed," he said. "I mean our earlier talk—the one about the raise. I haven't had one in seven years, you know—"

"I'm paying you what you're worth to me," Sherman said harshly. "What's more, if you think the way business is—"

"Business could be a lot better if you'd go along with some of my suggestions." Is this me? Harold thought amazedly. Sherman was getting flustered. No—not flustered. Scared! Why, thought Harold, I am enjoying myself! "Now for instance, that folder we didn't send out—"

"I told you before to mind your own job and I'll mind mine! Get this, Crown—no raise. And if you're not satisfied here I can't do a thing about it."

"I see," Harold said. "Well. Maybe I can."

He was still floating on his unaccustomed wings when he got home. Something told him that he had at last broken out of his treadmill—that the unexpected test of strength, as much a surprise to him as to his boss, had already started Sherman worrying. He knows better than anyone how little he could afford to lose me, Harold told himself firmly.

Frank, Fay told him, had had to catch the five-four out of town. "I'm sorry you couldn't see him, but maybe it's just as well," she said rather listlessly. "You wouldn't have enjoyed his going on about Sherman, and your job. . ."

Harold came up behind her and gave her a quick hug. "I don't know about that. I'm beginning to think Frank's got the right ideas about some things."

Fay looked her astonishment, and Harold almost laughed out loud. Should he tell her what had happened? No . . . better not. Not till it was all over, the battle won. To change the subject, he asked, "Agnes out again tonight?"

Fay nodded. "Kohler the Roller. But at least they're going out with a bunch from school." Suddenly a mischievous smile tilted her mouth. "You know something, though? I think when she sees that big uncouth monster among all those nice clean-cut boys she's grown up with—well, this may be the beginning of the end. Now if you'll put this salad bowl on the table we'll be all set for dinner."

They were halfway through before she told him about the check Frank had left. She seemed so troubled that Harold put his fork down in surprise. "What do you mean, check?" he asked.

"I shouldn't have said check that way. What I mean is, Frank left a graduation present for Agnes. It's a big check," Fay confessed anxiously. "I was afraid you'd be angry."

Harold sat back and stared at his wife.

Gradually he understood what she meant. She'd been afraid he would dislike a gift of money for Agnes, because it would seem to imply that he couldn't provide for her adequately himself. Why, Fay must think he really felt like a failure, with all a failure's resentments. He never had felt like that! He wasn't a failure!

He told Fay she'd said the silliest thing he'd heard in years, that the only feeling he had about Frank's check was pleasure and gratitude for his thoughtfulness. But when Agnes came in—not late, and not very exuberant—and they gave her the envelope, she stared speechlessly at the slip of paper.

"Mom . . . look!" she quavered.

Fay grabbed the check as it fell. "Good heavens. Three hundred dollars! Harold, we can't let him—"

Harold gulped. Three hundred dollars—that was a lot! But he pulled himself together and smiled at the others. "After all—Frank's got no kids of his own, and you know how he's always felt about ours. I'm sure he wouldn't have done it if he couldn't afford it. And it'll come in handy for clothes," Harold said cheerfully.

"Clothes!" Agnes sat up on the couch where she had collapsed and began to think. Her lovely gray-green eyes narrowed. "It's far too much for clothes. But there's one thing I will do—I'll buy myself such an evening gown as this town has never yet seen. Red, maybe—or black with beads." Her hands clenched and Harold and Fay saw what they'd missed before—that she was upset about something. "I'll show the snobs in this one-horse burg what it means to really get dressed up."

Fay and Harold exchanged glances. Harold said gently, "Isn't 'one-horse burg' kind of outdated slang, honey?"

"Well, that's what it is! A hick town. They've never been anywhere, never seen anything, and now they think because they're going away from it to stupid little backwoods colleges, they just think they know it all! I'll show them!" Dismayed and helpless, they saw tears streak down her cheeks before she burst from the room. Fay sat down suddenly.

"The evening must have been worse than I thought."

Harold's hand tightened on her shoulder. He shouldn't have mentioned clothes. What he'd meant was clothes for college. But he couldn't say that to Fay, not yet—not now. He couldn't explain that he wasn't as upset as she was because he knew how quickly Agnes would forget Kohler when he told her she was going to college after all!

But it clinched his determination to act immediately. He could hardly wait for the next day to come. It seemed like incredible good luck when Sherman called up to say he wouldn't be in till twelve, because it gave him a chance to make the phone calls to Metropole. And when Sherman came in, Harold had two appointments for that evening and every intention of keeping them. He'd known from the first that there was no point threatening Sherman, unless he could back it up. "If you don't give me what I deserve, you'll have to do without me. I've got a better offer." That was the only language Sherman was going to listen to. All he had to do now was get off about half an hour early to make his train to Metropole. But Sherman turned almost apoplectic when Harold asked for the time. "Two days in a row? Are you crazy? What's got into you, Crown?"

"Today is different, Mr. Sherman. Today I must have the time. I'm sorry if it upsets you, but we both know it won't interfere with business—George will be here—and I don't feel that half an hour

is very much to ask."

"That's where you're wrong," Sherman said. "It just happens that we're taking inventory tonight."

Harold stared. "Inventory! Why, we take that the last week in August. We never—"

"Don't stand there and tell me in my own place what we do! I'm telling you we're taking inventory tonight, and you're needed here on the job where you belong."

Harold's blood was boiling again, and this time he didn't find it pleasant. "I can't believe you're serious," he said slowly. "After fifteen years, you tell me I can't have half an hour off at the end of the day?"

Sherman's small eyes glittered behind his glasses. "I'm the boss here," he shouted. "Your fifteen years don't entitle you to any more privileges. And if you don't like it you can get out right now and stay out," Sherman yelled. "Take your half-hour and the job with it."

"I don't like it and I am getting out. And I owe you thanks for showing me the truth. I thought you were fundamentally decent and honest. Why, you're not even a good business man! Without me you'll be giving your shoes away inside of six months!"

There was a flicker on Sherman's face, and his lips parted as if to say something. But Harold didn't wait to hear it. He marched out, caught a bus to the station, got on a much earlier train than he'd anticipated, and reached Metropole long before he'd planned. All the better. He'd treat himself to an afternoon cup of coffee and a sight-seeing walk around town till it was time for him to keep the first of his appointments.

The walk was a mistake. It gave him time to think, and wore the edge off the passion that had sustained him up to then. Metropole, at least the parts he was in, couldn't hold a candle to Littleton's tree-shaded, sunny streets. It was so big, so busy—so drab and stony. Oh, there must be quiet residential streets—he knew there were. But that house of theirs—it had so much charm. Sixteen years of living in a place did make it yours. Besides . . . Harold couldn't help recalling how the family had reacted, one day a while back, when just for argument's sake he had introduced the subject of moving away from Littleton. "Gosh, Dad, you went to high school here and then Agnes did, and I want to go to the same place," Eugene had protested. Agnes chimed in, "But this is our home. All my friends are here. . . ." And Fay had said, "Well, you can get used to anything, I suppose, but I'd never feel so at home anywhere else."

It was late when he walked up the steps of his own house back in Littleton, and put his key in the lock. He found himself hoping hard that Fay would be asleep. Thank goodness, he'd called her to say he'd be late. . . . The hall was dark, and he was about to sigh with relief when a sudden click flooded the living room with light, and Fay came blinking out to meet him. "For heaven's sake, Harold—are you all right?" Her eyes steadied and she said accusingly, "Harold. Something is wrong."

"As the kids say, you can say that again." H. looked ruefully down at his wife, wondering how to begin.

"Harold," Fay said firmly, "come on. It can't be this bad. Now tell me."

"All right. It's like this. Joe Sherman fired me this morning."

Fay's hand clamped down on his arm like a small steel vise. "Harold, no! You're joking!" He shook his head.

"Wish I were. Come to think of it, he didn't exactly fire me. I mean it was sort of a simultaneous explosion, and we—well,

I'm afraid I lost my temper—"

"You're afraid! Harold Crown, if you say that I'll—I'll lose my own! Harold, it's the most marvellous thing that's happened to you in fifteen years!" Fay's eyes were shining. "I'm so proud you finally did it. Harold, I don't care what happens, so long as you're free of Sherman and his meanness!" Impulsively, Fay threw her arms around him.

"But wait a minute, honey. You don't know the whole of it. I—well, I'd been thinking. You and Frank were at me, and to tell you the truth my own conscience was acting up. I knew Sherman ought to be paying me more, and I'd already made up my mind to get it or else. The reason I wanted the time off this afternoon was—well, to go to Metropole to see those two men who had offered me jobs a couple of years ago when I went to that shoe convention."

But it seemed to Harold's anxious eyes that the word Metropole had calmed her down a trifle. "So after the fight, I went straight to Metropole," he went on more slowly, trying hard not to let his own depression color his story. It wasn't really bad. It wasn't as if he'd been left without a job at all. . . . He'd stopped in at Mr. Mosten's office just about closing time, and Mr. Mosten had shown him all over the factory, impressively detailing the big opportunity Harold would have there. The only trouble was, it was a desk and detail job in which Harold would have no chance of using any of the selling ability he knew had helped Sherman's grow to the size it was now. And after a while he and Mr. Mosten had reluctantly agreed that perhaps it wasn't up Harold's particular alley. They were still supposed to be thinking it over, but Harold had gone on to his dinner date with Mr. Carmichael hoping hard that the right kind of offer would come from him so he wouldn't have to settle down behind a desk. He liked people, he liked talking to them and helping them make decisions.

Mr. Carmichael wanted just that. And Harold had been overjoyed as he realized working at Carmichael's would be just like working at Sherman's . . . until they went back and saw the store itself. And then Harold realized that Carmichael couldn't honestly afford him, not right yet.

"He's the business man," Fay objected. "He ought to know."

"Oh sure, and I ought to jump at the chance. He's got a profit-sharing arrangement worked out in his mind, and all sorts of big ideas—and he's a sound man, too, not a dreamer. But the store's still so new, he really oughtn't to be spreading out to a salesman as yet. . . ." Harold trailed off into silence. Then he sighed and made an effort. "Nevertheless, that's it, Fay. I told him I'd let him know Monday, but I made up my mind on the spot. We've got to have something. And the other job—well, I wouldn't have liked it, honey." He peered down at her anxiously.

"I want you to be happy in your work," Fay said vehemently. "If you don't like that kind of job, don't think of taking it. The kids and I wouldn't. . . ." She stopped, and bit her lip. "The kids. Oh dear. They're going to be sort of shaken."

There was a short silence. Then Fay said stoutly, "You're the head of this family, Harold. We go where you have the best chance. That's the right way."

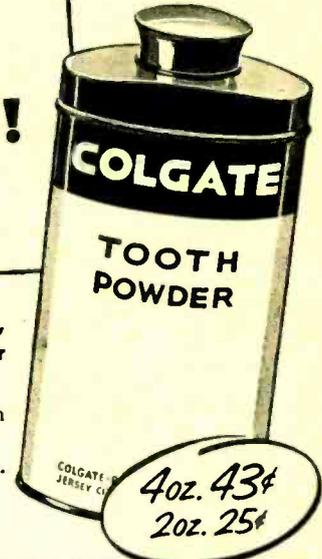
Harold said quietly, "Yes, but you don't want to leave, either, do you? I don't myself. I only wish there were some way. . . ."

Fay started walking around the room, restlessly. "Now let's see—I'll have to get in touch with the PTA and tell them I can't speak next month, and Harold—" Stopping stockstill, she kept her face turned away from him as she spoke.

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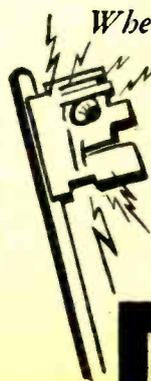
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Harold had a sudden sinking suspicion that there were tears in her eyes. "We'll have to scurry around and find a place to live, won't we?"

Harold's heart sank further as he remembered the chill unfriendliness of Metropole's streets. But he said hopefully, "It's a big town, Fay. We'll fix up something."

Fay kissed him. "You bet we will. Things will be better than they've ever been. You'll be a new man, Harold, now you're out from under that big bully's thumb."

The Crowns lost no time in spreading the news. At least Fay didn't. She made sure that everyone in town knew about Harold's big new job in Metropole, and how pleased and excited they all were at the coming change.

When she talked to me on the phone she said candidly, "You know, Jenny, the children aren't overjoyed at moving away, but I can't say I'm sorry. Agnes has been coming under some unfortunate influences lately."

"Well, Calvin tells me the car racing is to be discontinued in a few weeks, Fay," I said tactfully. "Then Agnes will be seeing her old friends again. I'm sure you haven't been really concerned about her. She's a sensible girl."

"At least she hasn't squandered all that money she was going to on an evening gown." Fay's voice lost its cheerfulness for an instant, but she came back bravely. "I'm sure things will be fine for her in Metropole. Harold says if things work out right she might be able to work for a year and go to college next year, maybe."

"Of course they'll work out, Fay. Harold's a fine man. He'd be an asset to any business." And I promised to come by the next day and pay a farewell call.

They were in a real bustle of packing when I stopped by the next afternoon. Fay invited me upstairs so we could chat while they worked. Harold, going back and forth from the attic, greeted me warmly, but his pleasant brown eyes were sadder than he knew.

"If you'll forgive me, Jenny, I won't sit down. That attic is a shambles. You can surely collect a lot of junk in sixteen years."

"You're not giving yourselves much time," I commented, reaching over to help Fay with an armful of hat-boxes. "Need you clear the house so completely before you leave? You could come back from Metropole a couple of times and finish up the work."

The Crowns glanced at each other. "We don't want to come back." Fay's lips were firm. "I mean we'll come back to see all our friends, and we certainly hope they'll come to see us, but we don't want to keep any—any ties. The house, I mean."

I said easily, "You're absolutely right, Fay. The only way to make a move is to make it, period." But my heart ached a little for the brave front they were putting up over a sadness neither of them could quite conceal. If the Crowns really wanted to leave Littleton, then my name wasn't Aunt Jenny Wheeler!

Seeing that helped me make up my own mind about something. I'd stopped in at Sherman's a few days before, looking for bedroom slippers for Calvin's niece, and while there I'd had an idea. It meant, in a way, meddling in the Crowns's affairs, and if I'd been certain sure they were happy about Metropole I wouldn't have done it. But now I felt it was worth the chance, so I said to Harold, "Have you been in to say goodbye to Mr. Sherman yet?"

"I should say not!" Fay burst out before Harold could answer. "We don't even

owe that man common politeness, the way I look at it. Why should Harold—"

"Wait a minute, Fay. There's no use leaving hard feelings behind us. After all, I'll still be in the same business as Sherman. Besides, I feel sort of . . . well, sorry for him."

"Sorry for him?"

"Yes, I do," Harold insisted. "I won't say his bark is worse than his bite. He's a mean, intolerant, selfish man, there's no denying it. But he's that way for a reason, Fay. That man's scared. That's why he blusters and yells. He's afraid if he doesn't someone will put one over on him. . . . Jenny, I think you're right," he said. "I think later on I'll get cleaned up and just go down and say goodbye." He grinned boyishly. "I want to tell him what Carmichael's paying me to start. It'll do him good to hear it."

Fay was annoyed with me, I knew, but she wasn't the kind to nag once a decision was made. She shrugged, and we went on to talk of the small apartment they'd found in Metropole, and when I left Harold walked out with me on his way down to Sherman's. I must confess that until I heard what happened during his visit I was just a little bit anxious that I'd done the wrong thing. . . .

Sherman pretended, at first, that he didn't even see Harold come in. But the store was so vast and empty that he couldn't very well carry on that fiction. George Fox withdrew to a tactful distance when he came over and barked at Harold, "Well? What's your business here, Crown? You haven't left anything here that I know of. . . ."

"Just came to say goodbye." Harold looked pointedly around the empty store. "Business is kind of slow." He went on with a slight smile. "I see you're feeling my loss already."

"If you've come to beg for your job back, save it. I wouldn't have you around if you came on your knees."

Harold laughed. "Don't worry, Mr. Sherman. The chance I've got in Metropole makes this place look like an empty railroad station. You know what I think? I think in eight months they'll be taking down that sign over your door. It doesn't take a place long to run down, you know, when the customers start going elsewhere—"

He thought Sherman was going to burst. The cigar moved frantically up and down as he struggled for speech. "You've got more nerve than I gave you credit for, coming here and needing me—you get out! I wouldn't have you back here on a bet—"

"Mr. Sherman, you're the one who keeps talking about that, not me! Do you think for one second I'd take back your job and all that went with it—or rather all that didn't go with it, like the raise I should have had and the recognition you owed me?" Harold laughed again, almost enjoying himself. . . . and almost believing himself. "I'm a little ashamed of myself coming here and gloating like this, but I'm no saint," he went on, still smiling. "Maybe now you'll realize what you should have known without my telling you—that I was more valuable here than you've ever given me credit for. Do you think customers are going to take the bullying around you hand out? George can't do it all himself, and once you get out here waiting on folks—Goodbye, Sherman's Shoe Store! You needed me, Sherman, and you know it in your heart. I'm just glad you're going to finally have to admit it, now it's too late! Well," he dropped his voice and shrugged, "So long, Mr. Sherman." And he called across the floor, "Remember. George, you're stopping in for our farewell party tomorrow night,

eight-thirty. See you then." He was at the door when Sherman's voice came hoarsely behind him.

"Crown. Wait a minute. I want to talk to you."

Harold turned. The man was fire-red, but not with any emotion Harold recognized. Embarrassment. Humiliation, perhaps. Harold waited, and the hoarse, shamefaced sound came again.

"Listen, Crown. Let's face it. You've put up a good bluff, and I can't—I can't call it. I've got to let you get away with it." Sherman squirmed painfully. "What's the use of kidding around? You know you want to come back—"

Harold stared at him coldly. "I told you the truth, Mr. Sherman. I wouldn't take that job back if you tripled my salary. I must have been out of my mind to hang around as long as I did. You're not a man, you're a—"

"I know it," Sherman said with a sudden change in his voice that caught Harold off guard. "I know I don't get along with people. That's why I'm—well, confound it, Harold, I'm asking you to come back." He faltered, and Harold felt his heart beating with a strange, queer urgency. Sherman had called him by his first name. Sherman was pleading with him! He glanced around at the familiar aisles, at the orderly stockroom arranged by his own hands, and he felt himself weakening. Then he thought of Fay and he steeled himself again. "I wouldn't take back that job on a platter, Mr. Sherman."

"You don't understand." Sherman sighed, the difficulty of expressing himself almost too much for him. "I'm asking you—I'm offering you a partnership, Harold. Don't look at me like that. I mean it. Sure I know your value—do you think I'd've kept you around all these years if you hadn't brought in the business?"

"I've got no money for a partnership."

"I've got it all figured out. Don't worry about money. We'll work out a long-term scheme." Sherman came closer, and his voice got even hoarser. "Harold, I'm asking you as a favor. I can't say I'll be a changed man—I'm too old to change now. But there's no use denying I can't run this place without you. With me on the inside, doing the work, and you handling the customers—Harold Crown, you'd have to be stark crazy to turn it down!"

For a long, long time Harold Crown and Joe Sherman stood there staring at one another. Then Harold saw something he never thought, in all his life, he'd live to see. On Joe Sherman's face came something that looked—yes, actually looked—like a smile. It was a timid, rusty little thing, but it was a smile. And Harold put out his hand, "Mr. Sherman," he said, "it's a deal. Maybe I'm crazy, but—it's a deal."

"After a while," Sherman said weakly, "maybe you could learn to call me Joe? Partners, after all. . . ."

Partners. Yes, that was the way it was. So the Crowns didn't leave Littleton after all, and in the fall Agnes Crown went off in a flurry and scurry to the state university. By that time Harry Kohler was so far behind her she couldn't remember the color of his eyes. And it does me good to shop at Sherman and Crown—that's what they call it. As always, it's a pleasure to be waited on by Harold. And it's a pleasure not to have Joe Sherman hovering around. Now that Harold's a partner Sherman doesn't feel he has to be on the spot all the time. Harold's still the one man in town who can get along with Joe Sherman—but, after all, he's the one it matters the most to. Whenever I stop in I tell myself smugly, "Jenny, there's a bit of meddling you can really be proud of!"

## The Truth About Me

(Continued from page 66)

a fellow who fits into a mold. It might even be said that I don't take to culture. For instance, there's the episode involving my Hollywood office. My wife came in one day and said, "Edgar, this—this office does not befit your position. You really should straighten it up and have a decorator come in."

True, it was sort of junky. But I wanted it that way. I call it "orderly disorder." I liked my projector, my film, my books, my files, my records, my typewriter piled around me. They're my friends and I work best that way.

So we compromised and an interior decorator took over. Well, it looked pretty elegant when finished. Thousands of dollars more elegant! Especially my private office. Gone were the books, files, projector, camera, and miscellany—all into the storage room. Instead, a very smart, neat office was to be mine. But I don't use it. Excepting when I want to act impressive. I set up shop in the storage room and I'm happily settled right back where I started—in orderly disorder.

I'm the kind of guy who likes to putter, to fool around. If I'm at home, I'm never lost for things to do. If there isn't anything to do, I make something to do. I dislike inactivity. Perhaps this ties in with my love for travel. I can't stay put. It's a hangover from my vaudeville days, where for ten years I did nothing but travel.

My wife says I'm a gypsy with Swedish blood in my veins. I think I'm fortunate in having a wife and child who understand this. Candy, my six-and-a-half-year-old, can be ready to leave on five minutes' notice. (My wife Frances asks for at least ten.) However, both Frances and I keep a packed bag, complete with toothbrush and pajamas, handy for that moment's notice. If Frances tires of traveling, she returns home, leaving Candy and me to continue. Such was the case of Grand Canyon last spring.

Candy and I (Frances wanted to take a rain-check on this jaunt) left in our plane shortly after lunch. Candy was so pleased at the thought of taking her nap in the plane that the usual protests about napping disappeared. The nap also kept her out of my hair until we got there. We spent four full days having fun. At least they were full days for me. Doing Candy's hair in horses'-tails, dressing, undressing, reading storybooks, comic books, listening to prayers, and putting her to bed left me ready for bed, too.

We had great fun! But then we usually do. I never knew, before Candy was born, just what I had been missing. She has become the most important (and dearest) thing in Frances' and my life. Having a child rounds out your life. It is one of the biggest events that can happen. A child's happiness is so contagious. Why, I wouldn't any more think of starting out my day by missing breakfast with Candy at 7:30 A. M. than I would think of parting with Charlie and Mortimer.

We have a few family crises, of course. As in the case of Dickie and Blackie. Dickie was our lovebird, who made breakfast time happier by hopping on our shoulders and chattering to us. Dickie used to bite at me and I lost patience in trying to train him. Not Candy. She donned mittens and succeeded where I failed. Dickie was a model bird in every sense of the word.

We also had a black kitten named Blackie that I had picked up at the CBS network one day. Alas, a few weeks after Blackie's arrival, tragedy struck, for one day Blackie, out from under our watchful eyes, made a full meal of Dickie. Frances

and I decided to tell Candy that Blackie had frightened Dickie, who had "flown away."

Candy's prayers were very long that night. The next day I had to go out and buy another lovebird. Along with the empty bird cage in the back seat, I also had Blackie—who was on a one-way ride. I didn't know what I was going to do with the cat, but I was determined he had to go. Blackie seemed to sense this, too. He climbed up on the back of the front seat and meowed at me most plaintively, rolling his eyes like the end man in the minstrel show. I felt like one of the old Capone boys.

Just then I sighted a group of children playing near the street. I stopped the car and asked if anyone wanted a black kitty for their own. "I do, I do," chorused small voices, and so out the window I handed Blackie. I was relieved at not having to play the heavy. My last sight of him as I glanced in the rear view mirror was his tail waving luxuriously as he lay folded in the small arms holding him close with affection.

Blackie hasn't been missed and Dickie II has restored harmony and happiness to our household. The harmony of the household is disrupted sometimes, though, and for this we can thank Candy's sense of humor. She certainly has one that's unique. Take the "gold whistle" incident as a case in point.

Candy has a tiny charm in the shape of a whistle which really toots when you blow on it. One day she came to me quite distressed. "Oh, Daddy," she wailed, "you'll be so angry. I've lost it. It's gone."

"What's gone?" I asked.

"My gold whistle. But I know I lost it right here in the living room. Please help me look for it."

So I did. I went down on my knees, and searched over the floor like a terrier, trying not to miss an inch of territory. This strenuous search lasted about ten minutes when I suddenly heard "toot-toot." Candy had been standing in the doorway watching me the whole time. Now she was laughing and blowing the whistle.

"It's a joke, Daddy. I really have it." She laughed. I didn't.

That was bad enough, but a few moments later I heard a great deal of commotion upstairs. Going up to investigate, what did I find but Frances and the nurse on their knees engaged in a frantic search. The nurse was behind the bed with a flashlight and my wife was partly hidden under the dresser. I knew what was going on without waiting for the "toot-toot" which came seconds later. Candy has since learned that, once you get hold of a good thing, you don't milk it dry.

I've always said you can tell a lady by the things she finds to laugh at. I sometimes wonder what kind of lady my daughter is. Can't imagine where she got such a dry sense of humor. Certainly not from her dad. It would be unfair to punish her for the pranks she thinks are funny. Though at times she's been a little extreme, and we've had to send her off to her room alone. "Ostracizing her from society," we call it and feel it's punishment enough. I've never spanked her, though I've done lots of threatening.

Even though we feel Candy is a normal child—no better, no worse, than most—I feel the community in which we live is not normal. Beverly Hills is a synthetic town. It's a town built on a lot of people's good luck. And also the functions are dominated, in the main, by women. And the women, in turn, are dominated by

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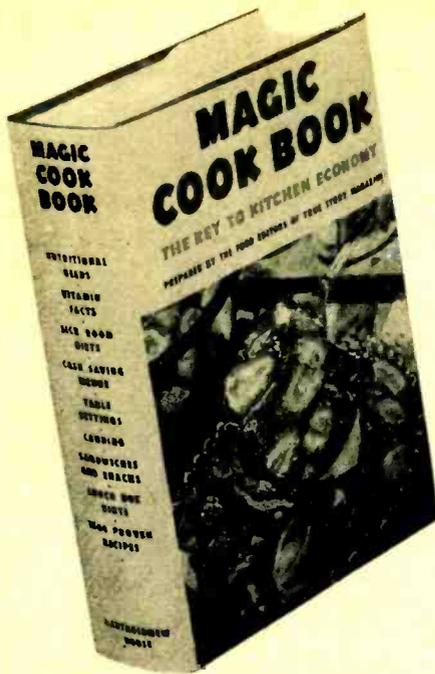
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"small talk." That, of course, may be part of woman's place in the world, and I think it is. But when men and women get together socially in this town, "small talk, small talk," is all you hear. The men mostly stand around with their thumbs in their drinks.

I don't think that's the function of men in this society. In the old days, when the men and women got together socially, they went their separate ways. The men had their cigars and brandy, maybe talking politics, money or farming, but something creative, worthwhile and meaningful. But the women, they had their small talk—in another room.

Now at our place I'm trying my hardest to recapture the charm of that old custom (perhaps in defense). Nearly every week, we have meetings at our house and we get all sorts of people to come. People from all walks of life and with varied interests. (The wives are welcome, too, providing they stay in their part of the house.)

I have a hard time with my wife because she doesn't always want to let some of my friends into the house. Some of them would be considered bums as far as social graces go. But they are all brilliant men in their own fields. They're my friends and we get a lot from one another. Besides, we're met in a common cause. Last week, for example, we showed a movie on high-pressure boilers. Often our meetings and lectures include such topics as astronomy, electronics and late developments in all sciences. We have a whale of a time. Afterwards, we join the ladies and enjoy small talk.

I don't want to sound too dogmatic about some of these things. Naturally, I discuss the course of events with Frances and, if we don't entirely agree, then we compromise. As we did on decorating the

office, for example. Since I have a number of other interests, in addition to Charlie and Mortimer, there's often occasion for discussion.

I like photography, for example, and I enjoy editing my own film. Takes up a certain amount of room, of course, but here we've already discussed and compromised and the point's settled. Also, I spend time on stereo-photography. That's three-dimensional photography. Everybody is naturally curious, and new things like this fascinate me.

Then there's flying my plane, sports, and, of course, puttering in my spare time. It has also been said that, because of my love for medicine, I still avidly read all the medical journals. This isn't true, and in addition, it's impossible! Doctors probably can't read them all. As for medicine, I decided at an early age I'd rather be a good ventriloquist than a poor doctor. And I've stuck with it. Besides, I had neither the patience nor financial backing to go through medical school.

I'm not sorry that I was forced to spend the summers of my school years touring with Charlie. I liked the work then and I like to work now. I don't believe anybody should live without working. Frances feels this way, too. Recently she returned to Twentieth Century-Fox to take part in a movie. Before that, she had an interest in a dress shop. And once even toured hospitals with me. We've got to be busy to be happy.

If what I've said has given you any insight into Edgar Bergen's private life, that's fine. As you've gathered, I'm a fellow of definite opinions. Some may be controversial. That's all right, too. Some may give you something to think about. But they all have one thing in common. They're honest, and straight from the fellow who should know—me!

## When a Man Marries

(Continued from page 49)

all, the confidence she gave me that she would always be there beside me—which made all the difference between success and failure."

John's first start toward a career came when he was eighteen years old and made up his mind to become an actor. The first five and a half years were devoted almost entirely to the stage. He did just about anything and everything he could lay hands on... from "stock" to "touring" to the Broadway theatre. "I think I set some kind of record," laughs John. "In those five and a half years on Broadway, I was in only one hit play. In fact, with the possible exception of 'Brother Rat,' in which I played the lead, none of my friends even remember having heard of most of the plays I opened and closed in. So rapid was the turnover that even I have trouble remembering their titles. But it was all great experience... and I didn't seem to need as much solid food in those days as I do now!"

It was during those freakish on-again, off-again days that John met Del. In 1938, John was directing the summer stock company at Ivoryton, Connecticut. The Ivoryton Theatre, like many summer theatres, sponsored a summer school for aspiring thespians. During this particular summer, one of the pupils was a lyric soprano who, with an eye to grand opera, was studying acting... Adele Lambrose—Del. It didn't take long—ten months, to be exact—before they were married.

The Rabys' first home was an inexpensive flat in the Greenwich Village section of New York City... John was still strugg-

ling to land a play that would stay on the boards long enough for somebody to hear about it, and Del, having discovered that taking care of John was a full-time job, had retired from her singing career. In due time, things picked up. In May, 1939, John originated the role of Harry Davis in *When a Girl Marries*. It was his first radio role, and was the result of producer Dodie Yates's having heard him in a stock-company play a short time before. Soon other radio roles came his way, and in a few years the Rabys were able to leave their Greenwich Village flat for the more elegant accommodations of an attractive house in Jackson Heights, Long Island. They were on their way!

Until July, 1942... when Uncle Sam announced other plans for Private John Raby. Plans which in time sent him to Italy with the Cavalry Reconnaissance, and eventually taught him the fine art of tank warfare. Plans which forced Del, like so many other wives, to sell the house, move in with her husband's family, and get a job.

Then came the day when Captain John Raby returned to civilian life. Returning to civilian life—for an actor—turned out to be somewhat different from the return of a business man who has been guaranteed a job with his old firm. Rather much to his surprise, John found that, in even a few years, an actor could be forgotten... well-forgotten. He found he would have to start all over again—with one exception. Shortly after his return, John got back his old role in *When a Girl Marries*. But it was his *only* job. So back to Greenwich Village went the Rabys... this time

into a three-room cold-water flat, six flights up. And this time with two-year-old John, Jr.

"Man, that was a really great period!" John exclaims. "And Del was terrific! You can imagine what a life she must have had. Just try taking care of a two-year-old in three tiny rooms, six flights up. Once or twice, when I wasn't making the rounds of directors and casting offices, I tried to help her out by taking John, Jr., with me on food-shopping expeditions. Well, by the time I got him down six flights of steep stairs, bruised my way through the local supermarket—with little John making like a scavenger—and got us and the bundles back up the six flights, the day was gone and I was shot! How Del ever managed, I'll never know. Why she didn't blow a fuse, I'll never know. Why she stuck with it, I'll never know. But she did—and for that, hallelujah!"

"Aside from the fact that we had little money with which to entertain in those days, we had even less room in which to do it. No two ways about it, even two couples constitute a crowd—in an eight-and-a-half-by-nine-foot living room. Also, we had few friends strong enough to undertake the climb.

"Then there was another peculiarity of the apartment which in no way made living easier . . . the bathtub—or lack thereof. For the first few days—until I had time to rig up a tub of sorts—John, Jr., was bathed in the kitchen sink, while Del and I made pointed calls on our more civilized friends.

"Yes, those thirteen months in the cold-water flat were really hectic. But, through it all, we had fun . . . mainly due to Del's optimistic outlook. Del has always had a somewhat unreasonable faith in me and, whenever she suspected I was heading for a case of the 'dumps,' in some subtle way she'd get me back into punching form."

Little by little, John won jobs, and directors got to know and like his work. He broke into the early days of sponsored television. In addition, in 1950, he won and originated the role of Don Smith, newspaper editor, in the radio daytime drama, Wendy Warren And The News. It now seemed as though John had caught up with himself, closed the gap caused by the war's interruption, and was once again on his way.

So, with the comfortable feeling of security, John and Del once again invaded the real-estate field—this time coming up with a charming seven-room house in Teaneck, New Jersey. In April, 1950, they—now four in number since the arrival of Tony—proclaimed time off for moving. Now they were going to establish roots! . . . they thought.

But lightning was to strike a second time, and in March, 1951, Uncle Sam again requested the services of Captain John Raby—this time at Fort Knox. Once established at the base, John learned that the chances were he'd be stationed there for a number of months—possibly even six. So once again Del closed her lovely house and, with both children, went to spend "possibly even six months" with her husband in the considerably less desirable quarters of an overcrowded Army base. This time Lady Luck was with them. It turned out that John's tank warfare experience was of such value and importance that he was made an instructor in the Armored School at Fort Knox, and remained there for the full fifteen months of his second stint in the service of his country.

"Once we got used to things, life on the base was not at all bad," continues John. "Actually, it's a perfect place to raise children . . . the schools, playground facilities and safety regulations on the base make it a particularly safe and desirable

place for youngsters. John, Jr., went into the second grade, and Tony to nursery school. Of course, Tony was too small to form any real memories of the place, but John, Jr., every once in a while still admits to missing certain aspects of Army life.

"It was at Fort Knox that little Tony first displayed his talents as a 'ham' . . . a love of the dramatic that becomes increasingly noticeable. At the base there was only one real hazard for children—the railroad freight depot. However, it was always well covered by a contingent of guards. One day our inquisitive tot wandered down to the freight yard. Although I have no proof of it, he must have used great ingenuity to avoid being picked up en route. But, once there, it was not long before a guard found him skipping across the rails, inspecting engines, and made gentle efforts to return him to his rightful place . . . his doorstep. But Tony would have none of it. He indignantly demanded to be locked up in the guardhouse—which he finally was, and his mother was called to come and claim her yardbird. However, by the time Del arrived at the guardhouse, Tony, having tired of solitary, had demanded and won release, and was putting on an 'entertainment' for the office staff."

Once again, in July, 1952, John suddenly found himself at liberty and free to start his profession all over again. This time, Wendy Warren And The News had sent the character John played (Don Smith) to war, and timed his return to match John's. "They even went so far as to match our entering ranks—that of Captain," grins John. "But Don got ahead of me . . . he came out a Major!"

However, John (and Don) couldn't be brought back into the Wendy Warren script at a moment's notice. Meanwhile, John again took over as Harry Davis in When A Girl Marries. Once more, he found himself with one steady role—and a whole slew of new directors and producers to meet and convince that he was a capable actor. But, this time, the Rabys still had their house—no cold-water flat, six flights up. And, with the vigor and optimism that are inherent characteristics of the man, John went to work rebuilding his career.

This time he gave more attention to television—a medium he prefers to radio, since it is more like his first love, the stage. "In television, as on the stage," explains John, "the unexpected is bound to happen, to an extent that is not possible in radio.

"Of course, television takes up more of an actor's time than radio does, but the fun is worth it. When I'm fortunate and have a heavy period—I still have not arrived at the point of sufficient regular roles to give me a more or less scheduled week—my days begin at 5:00 A.M. and end around 11 P.M. I generally read over the next day's role a couple of times before going to bed, so that when I get up at 5:00 A.M. the memorizing comes faster. During these periods I hardly see the family—the most they see of me is on our TV screen. But then there are off-periods when I tinker around the house, build this and that, fix the faucet that's been dripping for the past week, play with the children, and, generally speaking, upset what little schedule there is around our house. Perhaps one day we'll arrive at a point where there is a little more regularity about my work and hours. Looking to the past, I don't know what makes me think so . . . but I prefer to look to the future, and waste no time moaning about the past."

Today, John's only thoughts of the past center around Del and his heartfelt gratitude for what she's done. "The best sport there ever was," he says fervently. "When a man marries, the greatest good luck I can wish him is a wife just like Del!"

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April

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April

## PHOTOPLAY

At Your Newsstand Now

## Our Good Neighbor

(Continued from page 34)

returned to NBC, and in 1946, when there were three young Murphys, Bob turned free-lance.

Being chosen to do the Philco announcements for Breakfast Club was one of his first big commercial assignments and, believe me, it was important to us!

Consequently, the day he came home and told me we had been invited to a party at the home of Don Dowd, the Swift announcer on the show, I immediately sent Bob's best suit to the cleaners and made a beauty shop appointment for myself.

On the night of the party, I asked our sitter to feed the children. Bob and I got ready early. So early, in fact, that we had to kill time before leaving. Eight o'clock, we figured, would be the soonest possible moment it would be proper to arrive.

As we came up the Dowds' walk, the living-room windows were lighted, the shades were up, but there was no one in sight.

"They must have a basement recreation room," said Bob. "Now when we get a house of our own. . ."

The first look at our hostess' face when she opened the door betrayed the awful truth. Guests were not in the recreation room, they were in the dining room.

Worse yet, despite all the polite pretenses everyone tried to make, there was no disguising the fact that while waiting for the two-hour-tardy guests of honor—which we didn't know we were—the dinner had been all but ruined and the other guests had been all but famished.

There was nothing to say, but Bob and I, in our painful embarrassment, said it too many times. Also, too many times, the Dowds and their guests assured us it didn't really matter, that this sort of thing could happen to anyone. All of us were drowning in a sea of conversational confusion.

Characteristically, it was Kay McNeill who threw out the lifeline. Leaning across the table, she beamed at me and said, "Louise, do you have one child or two?"

I hadn't expected her to know my first name, but the way she used it made me feel all had been forgiven and we had been taken into the family. Grateful for getting onto solid ground, I blurted, "Three. And are they into everything!"

Don McNeill grinned and in that dry, droll way of his remarked, "What do you expect when you pick an Irishman for a husband? You should see our kids."

Babies, I soon learned, were to Kay McNeill the world's most wonderful creatures. Immediately we were engrossed in happy talk of formulas, first steps, first words, in which all women at the table joined. In comparing our shared experience we all relaxed and had a truly enjoyable evening.

As we finally spoke our goodbyes, Kay said, "Now, when you need help with the children, promise me you'll call. I'll be right over."

I promised, but in my own mind I took a reservation. If ever I admitted to my husband's boss's wife that three kids were too much for me to handle, that would be The Day.

To my surprise, a few months later, The Day came.

We were moving. We had found a house in Wilmette. To accomplish the move in orderly fashion, I had drawn up charts and plans and a step-by-step schedule.

Yet for all my care, schedules—I found—can blow up right in your face when you have two husky, impatient movers stripping an apartment, a lively small son

running around, a toddling daughter clinging to your skirts, a baby in your arms and another on the way.

The low point came when I discovered that the first things put on the movers' van had been the wardrobe boxes—and that by mistake the children's wraps were in them! The weather was bitter, and both Dennis and our little Kay already had colds.

Holding the baby, Mary Jane, close to me, I sank down on the one remaining chair and commanded Dennis and Kay, "Now keep still a minute. I've got to think."

Just then, I heard a knock at the open door and Kay McNeill's voice, "Hi, Louise. Don said this was your moving day. May I take the children over to my house?"

For me, her arrival was salvation. For the kids, it was an outing they still talk about five years later. She found sweaters and bundled them up and, although they looked like gypsies, they were warm. She had lunch waiting for them and, best of all, presents. For the girls there was a doll they still cherish, and for Dennis there were the cowboy things he'd been begging for.

Every mother in the Breakfast Club circle has some similar story to tell about Don's and Kay's thoughtfulness. Each will also add that she did not ask for such help but that it arrived exactly when it was most needed. The McNeills, we have learned, have a knack of hearing such chance remarks as, "We're going to move," "My boy is sick," or "Tomorrow I bring my wife and new baby home from the hospital." What's more, they always do something about it.

Helping bring a new baby home from the hospital is the thing which Kay McNeill most enjoys. She keeps a frilled and beribboned baby basket for just that purpose. I wish some one had kept track of just how many infants that basket has transported. It's one of the ways the McNeills make the Breakfast Club not merely a job but a community of neighbors.

Their hospitality, too, is fabulous. When they entertain cast, staff and sponsors—either at their Winnetka house or out at the lake home they built last year—it's a party where there's superlative food, and easy atmosphere, and the kind of good conversation which gives everyone a lift. Bob and I always hate to go home.

They are good guests, too. Accustomed as we are to being with them, I never realized just how good until we gave a party of our own at the time our Tommy was baptized.

Among the people at our home that day was a woman who is close to us but, because she lives in Wisconsin, had never before met the Breakfast Clubbers face to face.

Crowded as our living room was, we didn't realize she did not know one from another and that she had not been introduced all around. It escaped both Bob's attention and mine because, in looking over the group, you'd think our guests had known each other all their lives. I recall our out-of-town friend appeared to be having a very pleasant conversation with Don McNeill.

A bit later, after people had circulated some more, I poured her a second cup of coffee and said, "You and Don certainly seemed to have a lot to talk about."

I wish you could have seen the surprised look on her face. "Was that Don McNeill?" she said. "My goodness, I thought he was some one from Milwaukee."

We must have talked twenty minutes about hunting and fishing up in Wisconsin. He never once mentioned Breakfast Club."

Our friend didn't realize it, but I think right there she put her finger on the thing which makes it possible for all of us to get along so well together. It's Don's ability to separate business from pleasure—completely—which makes all our associations so enjoyable.

Fortunately, the Philco executives also are in complete accord with this manner of working. When the company goes East on tour, most of the wives go along and Jimmy Carmine, who is Philco's executive vice-president, always entertains us all at his home. Some time during our visit, there will be a conference period when the men get into a huddle which is a strictly no-wives-allowed sort of thing and make future plans. When it's over, everyone forgets business and has a good time.

Somehow, Bob tells me, advertising conferences held in someone's home carry much less strain. When, as it is bound to, a difference of opinion arises, the men talk it out calmly, each listening to the other's side, until they reach an understanding. He says it's the best way he's ever found to keep down the ulcer count.

I say, and I'm sure other Breakfast Club wives agree with me, that it is also the best way to keep a wife happy. In this business, there are altogether too many "broadcasting widows." Yet, in the way they give us a part in Breakfast Club doings, the McNeills have contributed toward establishing the same kind of family unity which exists on a farm where husband, wife and children all have an equal part in earning the living.

Enjoyable as parties and trips are, they don't begin to compare, however, with the

kick we all get out of school athletic competition. When one of their sons is in a football, basketball or baseball game, Kay and Don McNeill have so much fun that everyone around them has fun, too.

When Donny McNeill was playing, the fortunes of the American Legion Junior baseball team became a matter of intense and world-shaking consequence. Kay thoroughly delighted all of us by deciding a certain dress of hers was lucky for the team. She refused, thereafter, to wear anything else to a game for fear of breaking their winning streak. If the McNeills were going on to a party following the game, I've even seen her carry a dress-up outfit in a small suitcase rather than chance being a jinx.

It was football—and very miniature football at that—which provided the height of excitement, for then it was the McNeills vs. the Murphys in a game which for us far outshone the Rose Bowl in importance.

Bobby McNeill, age eleven, was playing guard for the Faith, Hope and Charity School. Dennis Murphy, age eleven, was defensive tackle for St. Francis Xavier.

With Kay and Don on one side of the field and Bob and me on the other, we attempted to out-cheer each other. Following the teams down-by-down along the sidelines, we shouted back and forth and in general had more uninhibited, enthusiastic fun than I have had since I was my son's age.

Yet when, in the midst of the excitement, a dog fight broke out, a little girl got bitten and needed instant attention, you know who was first to her side, who saw she was taken to a doctor, who notified her family and who, thereby, missed the entire fourth quarter of the game?

Sure, you guessed it right away—those good neighbors, Don and Kay McNeill.

## "My Daughter and I"

(Continued from page 31)

Always we have to underplay our parts a little, to keep from sounding as if emotions were spilling over. Yet—in real life—emotions often do. Mine do. Even ten-year-old Susan's do. There has been drama all along my own road of life, in my growing up, in my marriage, and in my life with my child. It's everywhere around us. It makes life exciting, thrilling, sometimes sad, but always wonderful."

She looks very little like an actress, as she sits there talking, this slim girl with the reddish-brown, gold-glinted hair, and the serious brown eyes. She wears plaid lounging slacks and a cotton shirt, and she has just been dusting. At the moment, she's less interested in talking about herself as an actress than she is in being the mother of Susan—and seeing that the little girl brushes the long blonde bob which can't be shampooed this morning because of her cold. Susan goes to do as she is told, sweetly, nicely.

The room is in pleasant, early-morning confusion. There are records still out, from a concert mother and daughter enjoyed the evening before, each having a turn at her favorites. On the walls of the living room are fine color prints—a Renoir, a Benton, a Lucioni. And there are Susan's set of six prints, sent her from foreign lands by an overseas correspondent who is one of her father's friends (Susan's father is a newsman, too, and radio and TV commentator). They are fairy-tale illustrations concerning a mischievous brown bear, and are Susan's favorites.

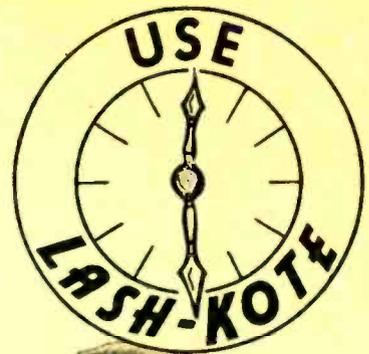
A fine relationship exists between Virginia and her daughter, a mutual respect

for each other's personalities and each other's tastes and ideas. There are many things they enjoy together, besides their record collection and pictures.

"When I get through at the studio, I am often asked to go some place with the others, but I prefer to get home and do things with Susan," Virginia says. "This isn't only because I am trying to be a good mother, but because we have such fun together. It's why I don't take on more work than I can handle easily, and why I'm not over-ambitious. I don't want to be away from Susan too much or too long at a time.

"I love what I am doing, and I believe my work keeps me happy. I do think that some self-expression is necessary to a woman if she is to bring tranquillity and happiness into her home. For some women, self-expression is cooking the best apple pie or making the prettiest aprons. It isn't always necessary to go outside the home to express yourself fully. In my case, of course, it is, since my profession is acting. Susan has to share some of my time, but the mother who gives time to community service, or to older or ill members of the family who need her help, has to teach her children the same sort of sacrifice. I believe some sacrifice of Mother's attention helps build character in the child, especially if it brings out the child's respect and admiration."

Because Virginia is a working mother, and because she is able to do many extra things for Susan as a result, she has no qualms about asking small concessions from the little girl. In fact, Susan herself is the mother part of the time, protecting



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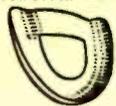
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Virginia from noise if she needs to sleep late, bringing her mother "breakfast in bed" on Saturday or Sunday, if Virginia's tired from working late the day before.

"In the beginning her coffee was the wateriest, and the toast the most undone, you ever tasted," Virginia recalls with a laugh. "But I always ate with enthusiasm, because that part was unimportant."

Although Virginia had wanted a little girl because of the things they could do together, it took her a while to realize that there are the early years in which a child is too young to participate in all the interests of a grownup. Susan is still too young to care about going along for the long walks Virginia loves to take, browsing through little shops along the way. This bores her. But she loves their skiing excursions. And a new interest in dancing—plus the gift of a ballet costume and ballet recordings from Virginia—has made Susan eager to watch ballet. "Learning the lovely music was a great incentive," Virginia explains. "She also loves to draw, so art museums now begin to interest her."

"We can't find mutual interests all forty-eight hours of the weekend, when we are both at home, but we both like company—children come to visit, and grownups. I tell her that I try to be gracious when she is entertaining, and that I let her play alone with her friends, so I expect her to amuse herself when there are grownups in the house. She loves people, and it is hard for her to run away and play when there is company. But I don't want to hold her too close, I don't want her to be around adults too much, and I don't want to cheat her out of any part of her childhood and her associations with children her own age."

"I tell Susan, 'If you don't know what you want from life, and you don't go after it, then you may get very little, and it will probably be as much as you deserve.' I am not afraid that Susan will falter. Already she shows great character."

Virginia herself didn't consciously set out to do the thing she is doing now, and she had no definite objective in the very beginning. She visited an aunt and uncle in Los Angeles and decided she wanted to go to college there, so she matriculated at UCLA. During her second year, she left, wanting to get into radio but being quite vague about it. When she stopped off in Omaha on her way east, her father told her the whole idea was ridiculous. "This is your home and this is where you belong," he said. But he gave her a little money to help her carry out what he thought was a silly idea. "It was the last time I ever had to ask for money," she says. "I was lucky, although at first I was so discouraged I almost packed my bag and went home."

The discouragement was the result of a missed appointment for an audition. The director with whom she had the date had walked right past her, but she didn't know him by sight. So she just sat there and, after what seemed a long time, asked his secretary what was keeping him. That young woman promptly gave her such a dressing-down because she had been too stupid to recognize the great man, and keep the appointment, that Virginia could hardly hold back her tears. She was mentally gathering together her toothbrush and her diary and the rest of her belongings—and getting on the train towards home!—when the director popped into the room. He looked at Virginia's flushed face, and made another appointment for the next morning. After that, it was smooth sailing. He sent her to other people for auditions, and she was suddenly in radio, playing a role on a day-

time drama called Houseboat Hannah. This was in Chicago, where she stayed for about a year.

"I was the ingenue, and two people now famous in radio were in the show—Les Damon and Doris Rich. We came in at 7:30 in the morning, and went on after an early-morning musical show presided over by a guitar player. I was crazy about everything connected with the business, and nothing was too difficult for me to do."

Eventually, she wrote her parents that she wanted to move to New York. Her father was just as alarmed as when she had first left Omaha; still thought the whole idea of traveling around was a little ridiculous for a girl who had a good home. Her mother said she knew just how Virginia felt, that if nothing were ventured, nothing could be gained. So Virginia finally broke with Chicago and came to New York, and later one of the girls she had worked with came on to share an apartment with her—"really just a room, with a tiny kitchenette," Virginia describes it.

She got a lucky break in New York—or, rather, she made it for herself, as she had in Chicago. There was a woman director at NBC, a wonderful person but one who had a reputation for being quite stern with young hopefuls—and one who, unknown to Virginia, made it a rule never to see anyone except through official channels. Virginia, however, stopped her in the hall one day and said, "I'm Virginia Dwyer, and I would appreciate it so much if you would let me read for you." Her naive manner and obvious newness to the business had an appeal all their own and, in spite of herself, the director listened to Virginia's history. She even took her name and telephone number.

Evidently she saw something she liked in this girl who seemed so shy—and yet had broken such a sacrosanct rule—for, a few days later, there was a call for Virginia, and she had a job. For the next few years, most of her jobs came through this director. She did the lead on Front Page Farrell for about a year, and there were other very good parts. Actors who paid no attention to other ambitious young girls went out of their way to help Virginia because of her obvious timidity.

"Only later did I learn to act," Virginia confesses. "But I had the voice of an 'emotional ingenue,' and I found that was a good commercial quality for radio." She was working at the time she got married, but for the five years after Susan came she did very little. She finally did some plays—summer stock, a whole summer at Elitch's Gardens in Denver—and "Craig's Wife," on Broadway, with Judith Evelyn.

"You can't learn acting entirely in radio," she explains, "but you learn many things on the stage that you can use in radio and that make you a better actress over the air. I never could take any role that meant I had to go out on a long tour, however. I couldn't leave my family. I wouldn't leave Susan now. I love radio—and television—because I can be at home."

Virginia has played a wide variety of roles on Armstrong's Theatre Of Today, Whispering Streets, Studio One, Lights Out, Tales Of Tomorrow, The Aldrich Family, and many, many others. As Jocelyn, in The Road Of Life, she plays a guileless, completely natural girl who just happens to be at the center of other people's intrigues because they are jealous of her. And, like Jocelyn, Virginia impresses one as being a person whose road of life is paved with drama but who walks it tranquilly and courageously, happy with her daughter—and her career—but putting the former first, always.

## Quiz Kids

(Continued from page 39)

carefully calculated to protect children from avaricious parents—and the listening and viewing public from the little monsters such parents create.

Said John, "I sure wish that guy had gone to visit the Miles family. It might have straightened him out."

The Miles family currently is Exhibit A to support the Cowan theory that the happiest child also is likely to be the brightest and the most popular.

At nine, Melvin Miles appears to be the strongest contender for the all-time record set by Joel Kupperman. At four, Melvin's baby brother Lawrie gives promise he may top them both.

Financially, the graduating sixteen-year-old Joel presents an impressive challenge. Appearing on 324 radio and ninety television programs, he has amassed (at this writing) a nest egg of Government bonds which, at maturity, will have a value of \$40,000.

Melvin, credited with sixty radio shows and 116 television sessions, already has planted \$15,000 worth of bonds to mature in the family deposit box. Lawrie, in addition to being on the regular panel occasionally, has been "leading man" in some of the skits which illustrate questions. He has stored away \$800.

Far from the perpetual cram session which the foolish father in the divorce court envisioned, the Miles's home life relegates the boys' Quiz Kids appearances to a spot of being pleasant and useful, but only incidental.

Their manner of living is one shared by millions of Americans. Their home is on a side street stemming from the major highway which cuts through a wholesome but not fashionable suburb near Chicago. Their timber house, built about twenty-five years ago, has three upstairs bedrooms. Downstairs, there are living room, dining room, kitchen. The basement, in addition to laundry and furnace, holds an unusually well-equipped workshop. The back yard has swings and space for small boys to run.

If you ask, Alice Miles will cheerfully tell you, "We've lived here ten years, and it's paid for."

Married sixteen years, Alice and Edward Miles are on their second set of downstairs furniture, this one being of matching polished blond wood. The spinet piano and television set represent their largest investment. The kitchen is equipped with new labor-savers, including dishwasher. Acquiring such furnishings has been hastened because they do much of the household maintenance work themselves, painting, patching, wallpapering with professional skill.

Wiry, spectacled Edward Miles earns good wages as a tool-and-die maker in a large industrial plant. Fortyish, he has but few white threads in his shock of straight black hair. Laugh lines at the corners of his eyes chronicle his sense of humor.

Brown-haired Alice is a bit younger, with smooth skin, oval face, alert and sparkling dark eyes. Before her marriage, she was a milliner. She makes all her own clothes and turns out suits for Melvin and Lawrie with the facility of a tailor. Like her husband, she finds such satisfaction in these technical skills that they become a means of self-expression rather than toil.

Chicago-born, neither Edward nor Alice went to college. Both skipped the fourth grade. (Melvin skipped the second.) Intelligent but not bookish, they have centered

their ambition on having a nice home, pleasant vacations, good friends. They like their neighbors and care what those neighbors think about them.

"What the neighbors think" began having a sharp effect on their future when, at the age of two, Melvin, yellow-haired and lively, started answering the telephone clearly and politely. Inevitably, friends remarked, "Looks like he's going to be a Quiz Kid."

Alice and Edward dismissed such compliments with a smile. Their delight with their small son had deeper roots. Tiny as he was, he already had become a companion who heightened enjoyment of their own activities. Edward, working at his basement bench, found that answering a toddler's questions often made him think of simpler, faster ways to accomplish his own projects. Alice, with a tyke eager to do the dusting, found she could turn household tasks into a game.

By the time he was five, Melvin's comment was couched in words of three or four syllables. With comprehension, he could tell of his father's work with lathe, drill press and grinder in the plant tool-room. With charm, he persuaded each adult to turn teacher. When some one used a word he did not understand, he asked its meaning, later used it correctly.

Neighbors and friends reached the point of heckling Alice. Repeatedly, they said, "He ought to be a Quiz Kid."

Alice continued to smile and shake her head until a particularly close friend announced, "If you don't do something about it, I will."

Today, with a flash of bright eyes and a toss of her head, Alice says, "I've never believed in having others do things I should take care of myself. I felt awfully foolish, but I called."

Rachel Stevenson, who played studio mother to most of the 414 Quiz Kids, well remembers that conversation.

Mrs. Miles was painfully embarrassed. "I don't know why I'm doing this," she stated. "I've got a five-year-old. He's awfully cute, but, really, he doesn't do anything."

Aware that mothers of some of the most gifted Kids had been over-modest, Rachel encouraged her. "Does he have any hobbies?"

Like a sun-scorched leaf, Alice Miles's voice shriveled up at the edges. "Well—I guess—I don't know—unless you'd call making friends a hobby."

In her years with Quiz Kids, Rachel had heard feverish maternal press-agenting for everything from snake-catching to astronomy, but "making friends" was a new one. She invited Alice to bring Melvin down for an audition.

Rachel, John Lewellen, Midge Beach and the other Cowan staffers fell in love with Melvin at first sight. Not only was Melvin cute and clever, but he also had gravely gracious manners and a trick of making hilariously funny remarks with a perfectly straight face.

This facility had repercussions on his first broadcast. Chief Quizzer Joe Kelly took notice of his newest and tiniest panel member (propped up on three phone books to reach the microphone). What, he asked, did Melvin do all day, since he was too young to go to school?

Melvin responded with a vivid description of how he and his equally small neighbor watched the paving crew resurface the street in front of their homes. He told about the work of each machine, and each man, but concluded, "That's what they do. All except the foreman."

"And what does the foreman do?"

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"He sleeps," said Melvin. "He brings a pillow and stretches out in the back seat of his car. When my friend and I make too much noise, he wakes up, yells at us, and drives a block away."

Equal candor about his household achievements also gave Kelly a few uneasy moments. For Melvin was exceedingly graphic in telling how he helped wash his baby brother's diapers.

Now, with the dignity of his nine years, Melvin grows a bit sheepish when anyone refers to that broadcast, but he still sticks to the announcement he also made that, when he grew up, he was going to be a doctor.

New impetus to Melvin's medical ambitions has recently come, unfortunately, from Lawrie. The youngest Miles developed an infection of the hip joint which, at first examination, threatened to put him in bed for two years. Specialists have since devised a brace and predicted he will outgrow the condition. Undaunted, Lawrie begged to return to the show and hopped around the studio aiming his crutch like a cap pistol and shouting "Bang."

The only marked difference of opinion between the Miles elders and the Quiz Kids staff arose over the contract which is offered when it appears a child is likely to become a regular on the panel.

Drawn with the double purpose of protecting the child and saving honorable parents from the suspicion of living off the earnings of a youngster, the contract requires that a parent become a legal guardian under jurisdiction of the court. Until a child reaches sixteen, bonds intended in fact—as well as in phrase—"for future education" cannot be cashed without the supervising judges' consent.

Edward Miles fully approved this provision, but he objected to the option clause which enables the Cowan office, if they retain a Quiz Kid after he reaches sixteen, to put the child on a regular paid-in-cash salary. "By that time," Miles stated, "I expect Melvin to make his own decisions. I will not commit him to something he might not want." The clause was stricken out.

These financial arrangements, while giving both boys funds to shape their future to their liking, make present budgeting more stringent in the Miles household. It's the little things which count up: clothes, transportation, a sitter for Lawrie when he was younger, an occasional day away from work for Edward.

Alice Miles solves it in the age-old feminine fashion. "When I go in the hole, I 'rob Peter to pay Paul' and do without something to even up."

She and Edward regard such "doing without" as a good investment. Alice points out, "We'd never be able to save an equal amount to give them in a lump sum for their education or to start them off when they get married."

A similar rule of reason applies to discipline. Both parents, in theory, incline to the "Spare the rod, spoil the child" school but in practice the rod has little use. "If we explain why to the boys, there's no need for it," Alice says.

Possibly the secret of the sunny dispositions of the Mileses lies in their careful consideration for the rights of each member of the family and a hearty appreciation of what each one contributes.

Weekends provide its most notable expression. Friday night, Edward Miles goes bowling. Alice and the boys make it their television night. Each son specifies what he wants for supper and also chooses the programs he wants to see. Saturday morning, all are busy. Edward is at the plant, Alice shops, the boys shine all the family's shoes. But Saturday luncheon is a big occasion.

"By then," says Alice, "We're just bursting to talk about what we've done, what we've seen—and, believe me, we all love to talk." They noticed, however, that such enthusiasm was hard on Lawrie. Time after time, he'd say, "Please may I tell you about . . ." only to have one of his elders say, "In a minute," and continue with his own idea.

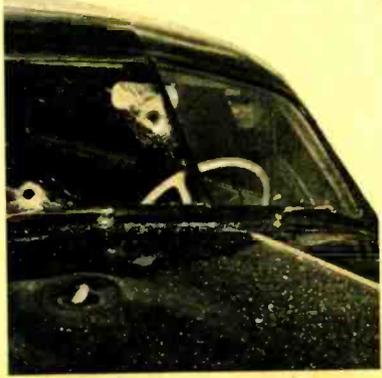
"Poor Lawrie," says Alice, "never did get a chance. But we fixed that. Now, before we eat, we draw numbers and we each take our turn."

Such talk, she also confides, is giving the parents a liberal education, for those boys can ask more questions at home than they answer on Quiz Kids. "We never bluff," she says. "When my husband and I don't know, we try to find it in the encyclopedia. If it's not there, we go to the library."

Yet, even with such stimuli, theirs has not become a bookish family. There's always too much going on. Melvin has baseball and football. The parents always have some household improvement project and there are those family expeditions to skate, fish or picnic.

In only one respect do the four Mileses have a self-conscious suspicion that they exceed the average and normal. From the way they have been able to make their sense of unity a precious asset—and draw on it to meet Lawrie's illness with calm faith—they're beginning to realize it is just possible that they may be happier than some other people they know.

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## Godfrey's Mariners

(Continued from page 53)

with a beautiful baritone voice and a beautiful appetite. He has three wardrobes for his weight—which fluctuates between one-seventy and two-ten."

Martin Karl studied violin as a child, played leads in school musicals. In Chicago, he studied voice privately and appeared with the Chicago Opera Company and in radio.

"And Nat is our ancient mariner. Notice the silver threads (premature) creeping back through his crown."

Nat Dickerson, too, began the study of music as a child. At Fisk University, he was a featured soloist with the renowned Jubilee Singers. He earned a half-dozen scholarships for his voice, including the coveted Marian Anderson Scholarship. On Broadway, he was in the cast of "Porgy and Bess" and "Finian's Rainbow." His concert at New York's Carnegie Hall won him the prize award, for he had received the best reviews of the entire year. He was also offered a chance to tour.

"My touring, however, has been restricted to outer Hoboken," he says lightly.

Each of the boys—men, for their ages average thirty-four—has had offers from time to time to go out on his own. This is not as sensitive a matter as it would appear, although it may seem contradictory. For example, a few years ago the Mariners decided to take a \$50,000 insurance policy on the head of each.

"I think we got the idea listening to a radio crime show," Tom Lockard says jokingly.

Actually, the boys know better than anyone that they have got four excellent voices. If one should be lost, it would take time to train a new man. The insurance money would merely tide them over.

And as much as this sounds like an "unto death do us part" arrangement, it isn't. The Mariners have no written contract binding them together. All their understandings are word-of-mouth.

"Of course, if anyone wanted to leave, there'd be nothing to stop him," they say. "It's not as if we're married to each other."

But their organization is similar to a marriage, and this is stressed by their close friend Tony Marvin, who has observed their loyalty, mutual respect and camaraderie for many years.

"The fact is," Tony explains, "the boys see more of each other than they do of their own families. Each one of them is an artist in his own right and yet they get along."

The history of other fine quartets shows that most have a "prima donna," one who dominates the other three.

"We don't have one prima donna," the Mariners say. "We have four."

They will discuss and argue all matters of things, from bringing up children to their own musical arrangements.

"And what we have is a democratic approach. When a decision must be made, we vote. The majority rules."

The boys have been together over six years and they are sensitive to each other's moods. If one has sickness at home, it's doubtful that he'll mention it. He just can't afford to, with the heavy schedule they maintain. As a music team, no one can excuse himself without wrecking the work of the whole. On the other hand, the others generally don't have to be told one of their group is worrying. They have a sixth sense. And being good friends, as well as good musicians, they can usually help.

It took a war to get the boys together—

the Coast Guard, to be specific. They were stationed at Manhattan Beach at the time. Each was performing as a soloist at service functions, in addition to regular duties. Tom, for example, was a cook whose chief duty was making six hundred and forty gallons of coffee every morning.

Jim, who worked for the morale officer, received instructions one day to form a quartet. As a professional singer, he naturally sought out three other men who knew their business.

"There wasn't time in those days to train anyone," he explains. "We just had to have men who knew something about music and voice."

Their quartet was an immediate sensation and the Coast Guard wisely made them into a special unit. During the war years, they traveled everywhere. They probably sold more War Bonds at civilian rallies than any other service unit. They toured Pacific outposts, bringing good cheer and music to combat units. They worked very hard.

"When the war was over, we felt as if we had something," they remember. "There was no sense in breaking up a perfectly good musical combo."

It was while they were aboard a baby flattop on the way back from Honolulu that they made their final decision. Sitting on sacks of flour in the storage compartment of the ship, they decided to call themselves "the Mariners." In New York City, they learned their faith was justified when they won guest spots on several big radio shows, and then a long-term contract with CBS and Arthur Godfrey.

The versatility of the Mariners is something rare in the business. They will sing something as beautiful as "Rose Air Blooming," or go after laughs with such a novelty as "I Can't Get Off My Horse" ("for some dirty dog put glue on my saddle"). As you know, they sign off every Friday Godfrey show with a hymn. They have recorded an album of hymns for Columbia Records which is cherished in colleges, homes and by religious groups all over the country. There is probably no other collection that is more beautifully conceived.

There is nothing accidental about the high calibre of their work. Each continues to study voice and take private lessons throughout the week. And their workdays are long ones. They begin rehearsals at eight-thirty or nine in the morning, although generally each has already been up for hours. The reason for a six A.M. awakening, in each case, is the family. Early-morning hours are just about the only time they get to see their children regularly.

Nat and Jim take on the responsibility of feeding their babies. Nat even eats soft-boiled eggs, which he hates, to please his little girl. Jim, who never touches breakfast by choice, makes a similar sacrifice. The children of Tom and Martin are a little older, but the same deep interest in home is there. Martin Karl, for example, is program chairman of his PTA.

It was Martin's hobby of collecting rare music which resulted in the recording of the Mariners' latest hit album. "Christmas 'Round the World," which will probably be a year-round collector's item, contains eleven warmhearted carols with such widespread origins as America's Southern Appalachian Mountains and central Europe. All the unusual numbers came from Martin's fifteen-year-old hobby.

Jim has no time for hobbies. As a member of the national board of AFRA, most of his spare time goes into union work. Nat, who has a little plot of land around

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his New Jersey house, counts gardening as one relaxation.

"Takes a lot of time and work, especially for my mother-in-law," he says in fun, "but it's more relaxing that way."

Nat is a proficient amateur photographer and has taken many movies and stills of the Godfrey family as well as his own. And it seems to him as if he is always saving up for a new piece of camera equipment.

"My wife and I budget our money," he explains. "If any is left over at the end of the week, we divvy up. My profit goes for camera stuff."

Tom is the "yachtsman" of the lot, kind of the last tie between the Mariners and the sea. He has a twenty-six-foot cabin cruiser and makes great use of it during the summer, when he lives in a cottage on Fire Island.

Last summer, the Mariners gave a huge party for the Godfrey gang at Fire Island. Tom, who does not take the culinary art lightly, did quite a terrific job. Among many other dishes, he prepared french-fried clams and fried chicken, baked his own apple pies. The succulence of this dinner is still the talk of the Little Godfreys.

The party, like all of the Godfrey gang's get-togethers, was a pleasant, gay event. There is a spirit of good feeling that pervades the gang which, as the Mariners say, is due to the head man himself.

Arthur, perhaps, has a little more in common with the Mariners, for he, too, is an ex-Coast Guardsman and a former temporary resident of Honolulu. Arthur's personal tie with each of his cast is rare in show business. When one of the Mariners is walking a hospital corridor, Arthur figuratively is right there with him. Arthur is very human, anxious for the welfare of his radio family and alert to

any problems its members may have.

"And Arthur's criticisms are easy to take," the boys note. "His suggestions are for the best. They are made amiably."

Of course, Arthur's teasing is a constant thing, but the Mariners love it.

He kids them—but one year his Christmas gift to them was inscribed, "To the best darned quartet in show business." And, for loyalty, you can't beat the incident in Washington, D. C. The Godfrey gang was booked for a benefit at Constitution Hall, which is operated by the D.A.R. When the D.A.R. objected to the Mariners appearing on their stage, Arthur withdrew the show and booked it at the Armory. On the occasion when Governor Herman Tammage of Georgia attacked Godfrey for having Negroes in the quartet, Godfrey answered that he was sorry for a man with such stupid bias. Actually, the "racial thing," as the boys refer to it, has seldom given them any trouble, in all their six years of singing together.

"Our chief interest is in singing," they tell you. "We don't look for fights."

The Mariners are strong-minded but reasonable; serious, but with a rich vein of humor. They are rugged individuals. They wouldn't be caught dead wearing the same neckties. They would probably disband the quartet before acknowledging anyone as head man. Although they respect each other's talent, when one announces hoarsely he thinks he's losing his voice, he is told, "You sound better that way."

"Most people maintain there are two sides to every problem," they say. "We know there are four sides."

But this attitude makes their association lively and stimulating. Their friendship is as solid as the Rock of Gibraltar. The Mariners live, as they sing, in harmony.

## I've Got a Secret

(Continued from page 51)

would bring to others. "Be kind to each other, won't you?" I asked. It came out spontaneously, but I meant every word. People liked it—more than four thousand wrote in to say so—and it stuck. Now I try to end every broadcast with that reminder, and I still mean it."

That's just a glimpse of the real Garry Moore, an unashamed sentimentalist, who believes in old-fashioned honesty and kindness and the inviolability of the human spirit. He knows he has his share of shortcomings, like any other human being, sees them clearly, and is honest enough to admit them. His home life and marriage have struck a snag in the past year—a subject he doesn't discuss with outsiders, but it's another reason why he's given so much serious thought to the relationships between people and the failure of some of those relationships.

People are always surprised, when they first meet this private-life Garry. He even looks different. Not so dark-haired, for instance—that crew cut is really lightish brown. And shorter than he seems on the TV screen—he's compactly built, and not very tall. That latter fact is very important, for Garry himself believes that his lack of height influenced him in becoming a comedian and actor.

"Did you ever notice," he asks, "that most of the comics are rather small men? Like Durante, Cantor, Fred Allen, and now Red Buttons? I think we are performers to make up for being short. I'm sure that I developed into the class show-off at school because I was not only short—but fat. They called me Fats Morfit.

(Morfit is Garry's real name, shortened to Moore professionally.) Who wouldn't be the class cut-up to compensate for a nickname like that! This led to getting involved in amateur theatricals, both on the acting and writing side. When I went into radio, it was first as a writer, and then as an actor and comic."

Garry believes that his thirteen-year-old son, Mason, may turn out to be a comedian because he, too, is small for his age. Besides, he has skipped a grade and is in the same class with boys who tower over him. So he, too, is turning out to be the class wit. Garry, Jr., who is ten, also shows promise along these lines. "I don't care what the boys want to be or do when they grow up," Garry says, "if they'll continue to treasure their dignity as human beings, and be honest with themselves and, therefore, with everyone else. If this sounds trite, it will have to. It's the way I feel about them."

"Right now, the thing we like best to do is to get out on our boat in Long Island Sound, when the weather is right for sailing. One of the nicest things about owning a boat is that it's something you can enjoy with the kids." The boat is a thirty-six-foot yawl, the *Red Wing*. It is white with green trim, has a natural wood cabin and decking, sleeps four, has a fully-equipped galley, and is altogether ship-shape.

In spite of a hands-off policy while his boys are going through the years of making up their minds about what they want to do in life, Garry has some definite ideas of what should interest teenagers. In his daytime programs, Garry likes to remind

young people how many blessings they have. During the Christmas holidays this past winter, the audience at the studio was filled with school children. As Garry looked out across them from the stage one afternoon, he started to sing: "No more lessons, no more books, no more teachers' sassy looks"—that classic of everyone's schooldays. The children let out a howl of appreciation. Garry laughed with them, then said, "That's fine, but it's just an amusing song. Remember, your teachers are apt to be among the best friends you'll ever have." Then he went on to tell them about a mathematics teacher he once had, an older woman who was so unattractive that the kids called her "Aggie Elephant Ears."

"I think of her now," Garry added, "maybe three or four times a year, when something comes up to remind me of her kindness and her devotion to drilling an appreciation of mathematics into our thoughtless little heads, and I wish I could make it up to her for all the times I joined the others in making fun of her. I can't now, because she is gone, but if I can make other perfectly nice—but thoughtless—children appreciate their teachers a little more, I am doing it for Aggie."

That's one reason why Garry feels that his daily show gives him a chance to express himself as an individual, because of its flexible format, and the way he can get close to his audience and talk so informally. Basically, of course, it's an entertainment program, with music and songs and humorous sketches. "But we never do what's known as 'insult humor,'" Garry points out. "Durward Kirby, Denise Lor and Ken Carson and I—and Howard Smith, our musical director—never insult one another to get a laugh. If there is an audience-participation bit, we won't make anyone who joins us look ridiculous. I have also avoided working on shows where people come on and tell their troubles. In my book, everyone has troubles and problems, and, in the last analysis, each has to lick them himself."

Garry tells about a cousin whose husband survived the death march on Bataan, was the Japs' captive for the rest of World War II, and in the very last week of the Pacific War was put on a prisoner-of-war ship to be transported to Japan. Through some hideous error, the ship was bombed by our own men, and he was killed. "I often wondered what kept her going through all the terrible years and their tragic ending. Then one day I noticed a little clipping under the glass top of her dressing table: 'God give me the courage to improve what I can, endure what I must, and the wisdom to know the difference.' This is what I mean by learning to overcome your own problems."

It's easier for most of us to work well with those we like and trust, and that seems to be a "must" for Garry. He thinks that being on I've Got A Secret is wonderful fun, but had no idea until he got in on the planning that it would be so difficult to find four people who would work well together on a panel show, and work well with him as emcee. Things happen on a show like that, sometimes embarrassing things. One of the panel members may ask a perfectly innocent question in an effort to ferret out a guest's secret, but because of the nature of the secret the question will seem to have a double meaning. Sometimes that makes for good-natured humor, but there are times when a question could be awkward. "We had to get people who can handle every situation with good taste and good judgment," Garry explains. "They must be quick ad-libbers, but—more than that—responsible citizens."

The same thing goes for his daily show.

"First of all, we have to have the right kind of people, not only the right kind of performers. There are a lot of girls around who are pretty and sing well, but Denise Lor has both these qualities—plus the fact that she's wholesome and completely natural. If I'm filling in a few minutes with some small talk, and I ask her on the program what she did over the weekend, she's apt to say something about taking her two kids to the zoo or to visit someone. Because that's what she did do. Just about what most of our audience did over the weekend. Ken and Durward are talented performers—and nice people, too."

Garry was only twenty when he established a reputation as an entertainer on a local Baltimore station. He had already been around radio about five years, writing, learning announcing, and acting. When he got his own show he felt he was ready for a job on the network. "Real swell-headed I got," he comments now. "It took a guest shot on the Fred Allen radio show to slap my ears back, but good. I laid the biggest egg of all time on that guest appearance. I was so terrible they cut me out of the repeat performance for the West Coast. It was embarrassing and it made me a lot more humble. So humble, in fact, that I stayed in Baltimore three more years and really learned my trade."

The job that did put Garry across nationally was his teamwork with Jimmy Durante. Jimmy had been in Hollywood for some time, making movies. Then, suddenly, both he and Garry were put in as substitutes for the Abbott and Costello radio program, because Lou Costello was ill. Garry was already under contract to be the summer replacement, but that was supposed to begin ten weeks later, and he wasn't very happy about being teamed with Durante. "I knew that Jimmy must be thinking: What'll I do with a kid like that, a novice that nobody even knows! I myself was thinking: Who wants to be tied up with a veteran like Durante! We needn't have worried, because we clicked with each other the first time we met, and it was the most wonderful association for all the five years we were together. Jimmy is a sweet guy, the best."

Garry has only one misgiving about his work. "Sometimes I wonder if I shouldn't be doing something more tangible. Maybe that's because most of my forebears were doctors, and I was brought up in that atmosphere. We do get some proof, however, that the programs do good, that just watching a show and getting a good laugh has chased away someone's black mood and given new courage to meet an old problem." People write Garry to tell him that it gives them a period when they can relax and forget the multiple problems of living in an atomic age. They tell him with friendly letters, often with little gifts they have made for him, sometimes with suggestions for things they would like to see incorporated in the shows.

"I have come to believe that, if you do your day's work as best you can, tomorrow's path will open up for you. If there is something else waiting for you to do then, well and good." It's after a broadcast, and Garry stands facing a now-empty theatre. "As far as I'm concerned," he continues, "I guess I would just as soon spend the rest of my life right here, doing what I'm doing. I'm having fun, and I think people out there are being made a little happier."

He waves his hand toward the stage heaped with props and scenery, under the slowly dimming lights—toward the cameras and microphones which send his programs across the nation—toward the people "out there," whose friendship he cherishes, and whose hearts he has touched with his secret hope: *Be kind to each other.*

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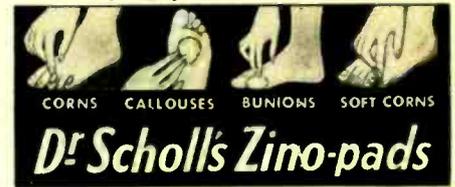
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## Our New Life Ahead

(Continued from page 63)

fingers crossed. Mary Lynne was a little too young to grasp what it was all about, but since she relies on Ron to see her through any situation, she merely imitated his serious attitude.

Mary Lynne had been watching John Nelson on weekday mornings as host of *Bride and Groom* on television. When John Nelson first saw her, he was afraid she was too young not to be scared when she got up to sing, until he saw how secure she felt with Ronnie next to her—so everything was all right. There was one point on the program when he stooped to her level to talk to her, and she gave him an unexpected and thoroughly spontaneous hug and kiss, much to his surprise and to that of the audience.

I was lucky enough to be the winner for that day, in the competition with three others. For their singing, Ron got a bicycle and Linnie a big box of toys, and I had the choice of either a man's or lady's wrist watch. I chose one for Margaret. As the announcer said, "He has to—his wife is in the audience!"

Two days later I competed against the three other winners for that week and came out on top again. This time we were so far ahead of the previous week's winner, as registered on the studio applause million meter, that we got an extra prize—a beautiful thousand-dollar Morris Hessel mink stole for Margaret! In addition, there were a raft of other prizes: the interest on a million dollars for a week; a week's vacation trip by air to Niagara Falls for the whole family, and a man's diamond ring.

Then, I got the chance to be on television for *Live Like A Millionaire*. The children sang again, even more interested now because they found the cameras so fascinating. Once again I was the winner. Once more we got the interest on a million dollars and, this time, a trip for the family over the Christmas holidays to the Skyline Inn—at Mount Pocono, Pennsylvania, high in the mountains—and the use of a new Pontiac in which to make the trip.

The children received gifts on the TV show also. Ronnie was offered a bicycle but decided it wasn't fair for him to take it, since he already had one. He settled for a fine set of fools. Mary Lynne was enchanted by a Saucy Walker doll. She couldn't quite figure out how a doll could walk. We saw her pressing her fingers into the little kid shoes to feel the doll's feet. That satisfied her. "Mommy, look,"

she said to Margaret, "her got toes!"

The first time Ron was on the show we hurried him back to the afternoon session of his school. It seemed his whole class came out to the car to greet him as we drove up, and they had a party in his honor that afternoon. The kids had brought radios to school with them so they could listen to "his" show.

How Margaret and I met and were married, and how I started singing and finally got the breaks that are changing our lives are all bound together, since we were friends from our high-school days. I was an only child of parents who were both musical. My father, a school superintendent, played clarinet and drums and had been a member of a band in which five of the twelve musicians were his brothers and all the rest were related to him. My mother was a pianist and both Dad and Mother sang.

When my father became superintendent of public schools at Liberty, Missouri (near Independence and Kansas City, Missouri), I attended William Jewell College there, and for the first two years took a pre-medical course. However, I also began to study voice with the head of the music department, Dr. David Grosch. He advised that I go into singing as a profession. And so I did. Except for the four years I spent in the Army, I studied voice with him for the next fourteen years.

It was in Liberty that Margaret and I met. I was fifteen and she was a year younger. The occasion was a church dinner. Nine years later, we were married at that same little church. Meg was a violinist in the school orchestra and sang in the same choral group as I, so we came to know each other through the classes we had together in high school. About a year later, we had our first date—we saw a movie. In the next few years, we went to concerts, to our high-school functions, and later to our college parties and dances together. Meg lived in the suburbs of the college town and I used to walk the two-and-a-half miles to her home when I couldn't get my father's car.

Margaret had always wanted to be a nurse. So, after two years of college, she went into nurses' training in Kansas City, and I spent most of my free time during my last two college years waiting at the Nurses' Home for Meg to come off duty.

I had been out of college for a few months, had sung with the St. Louis Municipal Opera, and was doing graduate work at the University of Kansas City, when I was called into the Army. Margaret

was completing her hospital training, but we talked by long distance phone a few weeks before she was graduated and made our plans to be married. I got a furlough and we were married on March 30, 1943, in our home church. Our families were there and my voice teacher and his wife. He played our favorite, "Evening Star," from the opera "Tannhauser," during the brief wedding ceremony. Our honeymoon was a week at a beautiful inn near Chambersburg, Pennsylvania. When I had to go back to camp, we rented a room in a home in nearby Harrisburg. Here we could be together whenever I could get home.

Five months later, I was in the European portion of the war, where I remained two years. Margaret, meanwhile, went back to live with her parents, and Ronnie was born March 2, 1944. Of course, I didn't see him until he was seventeen months old.

When I was discharged, we planned to meet at a little cabin in Minnesota where Meg and her folks always went for fishing and rest. Whichever one arrived first was to wait for the other at the hotel in town, where we had made a reservation for the first day. I got in first, and after leaving my luggage at the hotel, hailed a cab to take me to the station to meet the next train. As the cab pulled up, imagine my surprise when Margaret stepped out with Ronnie in tow! At first he didn't know what to make of the strange man who grabbed him up in his arms. We were soon old friends, though, after I fed him some chocolate ice cream at a nearby soda fountain. I shall never forget that wonderful meeting—the first time I saw our big year-and-a-half-old boy.

Mary Lynne was born July 3, 1949. By this time I was doing a great deal of radio work and had quite a following in the local area where the programs were beamed. Margaret and I believed, however, that New York would afford greater musical opportunities. We decided that I should spend a little while in New York first to see just what some of these "opportunities" were. I did this and, when we moved East about three months later, I had a job as church soloist and was enrolled in the American Theatre Wing's training school under the G. I. Bill. On the suggestion of Mr. Leonard Warren of the Metropolitan Opera, I studied voice with Sidney Dietch in New York through the school. I did operatic and coaching with William Tarasch, who works with Mr. Warren and with whom I am still privileged to study.

Then came the opportunities which *Live Like A Millionaire* presented. Our appearance on *Live Like A Millionaire* may prove to be a turning point in our lives. Several days after the television performance, I was able to get into the new musical, "Maggie," which was then going into rehearsal for Broadway. Several agents contacted me immediately after the telecast and offers for other programs came as a result. I accepted two concert engagements soon after. It is still very exciting, and I'm sure we have not come to the end of the good things that *Live Like A Millionaire* began for us, nor the opportunities it may open. Thanks to the help of *Live Like A Millionaire*, we have recently been able to buy a home here in Rutherford, New Jersey, and are now busy with furnishings for it. Ronnie is enrolled in a fine school. Mary Lynne has lots of new friends to play with and is taking ballet lessons, something she wholeheartedly enjoys. We feel that perhaps this is the beginning of a new road ahead for us where lots of good things may happen—thanks to *Live Like A Millionaire*.

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