RADIO-TV MIRROR

July

N.Y. radio, TV listings

Joan Alexander and daughter Jane

SPECIAL FEATURES

Dave Garroway
Today's Bachelor

Patricia Wheel
Doctor's Wife

Dennis James
Home for a Lifetime

EVERYONE LOVES LUCY!

Exclusive story by Hedda Hopper

ARTHUR GODFREY'S FATEFUL HOURS

The story of one man's fighting courage
Prell Shampoo actually leaves hair more radiant than any leading cream or soap shampoo—comparison tests prove it! Your hair simply sparkles after Prell, it looks younger... lovelier... more "radiantly alive"! And so much softer and silkier—yet with plenty of "body." You'll be thrilled using Prell, too—its beautiful emerald-clear form is much more exciting than liquids or creams. Prell is so economical—no waste—no spill, and it's so handy at home or when traveling. Try Prell Shampoo today—you'll want to use it always!
The Clarkes had been married eight years. So had the Deanes. But, of late, Jim Clarke seemed to deliberately forget their anniversary. But not Joe Deane... he always remembered. Naturally, Ethel Clarke was hurt. She would have been shocked to learn what lay behind her husband’s indifference. It’s a matter* that no woman can afford to be careless about.

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

No chlorophyll kills odor bacteria like this... instantly

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

Clinically proved four times better than tooth paste

That is why independent research reported Listerine Antiseptic averaged at least four times more effective in reducing breath odors than three leading chlorophyll products and two leading tooth pastes.

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

LISTERINE STOPS BAD BREATH
4 times better than chlorophyll or tooth paste

Listerine Antiseptic...the most widely used antiseptic in the world
people on the air

What's New from Coast to Coast........................................jill Warren
The U.S. Marine Band..........................................................12
Who's Who in Radio—Just Plain Bill and Family (Arthur Hughes, Toni D'Arny, James Meighan).............................................16
Day-Time in Cincinnati (Doris Day).........................................24
Everyone Loves Lucy! (Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz)....by Hedda Hopper
Her Heart Holds a Song (Peggy Taylor).........................by Lillia Anderson
Robert Q. Lewis—Bespectacled Miracle Man.......................36
Grand Ole Opry: Red Foley's a Family Man.........................58
Minnie Pearl's Happily Married............................................40
Ken Murray—Home-time Is a Great-time...............................48
Life's Hard-won Victories Are Hers (Joan Loring)....by Mary Temple
Vacations Are More Fun Than Anything (Joan Alexander)...by Marie Haller
The Doctor's Wife—The Shadow of Another Man's Past Threatens
Julie and Dan.................................................................56
The Blessed Help of People (Truth Or Consequences)....by Janet Salem
Today's Bachelor (Dave Garroway).......................................60
The Woman in My House (Janet Scott, Forrest Lowe, Les Tremayne, Alice Reinhart, Shirley Mitchell, Billy Ickelton, Jeffery Silver and others).................................................................64
Front Page Farrell's Wife (Florence Williams)......................68

features in full color

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

your local station

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

inside radio, TV, records

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

Cover portrait of Joan Alexander and daughter Jane by Maxwell Coplan
Like this “Angelic” hairdo? Note the little angel wings that sweep back from her brow. With Bobbi, a natural wave is yours right from the start.

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

Swing to casual hair styles demands new kind of home permanent

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

At last you can get the casual hair styles you want in a permanent...as easily as putting your hair in pin-curls. No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed even for beginners. Just pin-curl your hair the way you always do. Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. Rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out—and that’s all. Immediately your hair has the modish beauty, the body, the casually lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And with Bobbi, your hair stays that way—week after week after week! Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion—if you can make a simple pin-curl—you’ll love Bobbi.

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

Easy! Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. No separate neutralizer, no curlers, no resetting.
New harmony duo: Bing Crosby and Jimmy Stewart—quite a team.

*By JILL WARREN*

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

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

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

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

On June 11, Teresa Brewer will take over for Jane Froman on U.S.A. Canteen, Tuesday and Thursday nights over CBS-TV. If the show stays on this fall, Jane will probably return to her regular spot.

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

For the first time in radio history the major (Continued on page 6)
European music festivals will be brought to America via CBS radio in a consecutive series of one-hour-and-a-half weekly broadcasts this summer. The program is heard on Sundays in the time formerly occupied by the New York Philharmonic Symphony. Now, through the magic of tape recordings, music lovers can hear the actual performances of world-renowned music festivals of the continent, as well as the famous Tanglewood Music Festival in Stockbridge, Massachusetts.

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

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

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

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

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

This 'n' That:

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

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

Vaughn Monroe announced his retirement from radio and television business when he played his final band date in May at Ford-

(Continued on page 21)
More than a Girdle... better than a Corset!

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

Amazing New Playtex Magic-Controller!

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

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

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

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

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

Playtex Magic-Controller with 4 sturdily reinforced adjustable garters.

Look for Playtex Magic-Controller in this newest SLIM Playtex tube. At department stores, specialty shops everywhere, $7.95 Extra-large size, $8.95 Fabric Lined Playtex Girdles from $4.95 Famous Playtex Girdles from $3.50 Playtex... known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube.
Philadelphia deejay Jack Pyle, his wife Emilie and their two children, Carol and Toby.

He can do it better

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

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

It was also during this time that Jack got married. He had met Emilie three years before. They now have two children—Carol, six, and Toby, four.

Since Jack is an ardent baseball fan, he's justly proud of Toby's pitching prowess. Toby's probably the best four-year-old southpaw in the game! The Phillies are Jack's favorite team, and he even arranges his vacation so that he can watch them in spring training down Florida way.

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

Jack tries a bunt for his speedball demon Toby in their living room.
It is important that you use a shampoo made for your individual hair condition. There are three Breck Shampoos. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. The next time you buy a shampoo, select the Breck Shampoo for your hair condition. A Breck Shampoo cleans thoroughly, leaving your hair soft, fragrant and lustrous.

Beautiful Hair

BRECK

THERE ARE THREE BRECK SHAMPOOS FOR THREE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS

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

JOHN H. BRECK INC. MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS NEW YORK · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO · OTTAWA, CANADA
Are you in the know?

When asked to dinner, should you be—

☐ Sure of the date  ☐ "Fashionably" late

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

Which can be a threat to poise?

☐ A calloused heart  ☐ A calloused heel

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

More women choose KOTEX® than all other sanitary napkins

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

Information Booth

The New Luigi
Dear Editor:

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

L. P., Wilmington, Del.

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

J. Fred Muggs
Dear Editor:

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

F. S., Rochester, N. Y.

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

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

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


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

As for the future—Milton Q. Ford is not an ambitious man. He feels that someday Richard will be ready to take over, and then Milt can sit home and watch the money roll in. Of course, he hasn't figured on Richard. The bird has let it get around that then he will pay Milt in peanuts.
LOOK... only $2.98

Sun Set by
Lovable

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

Sun-Bras
Strapless, halter and padded styles... in twill or denim... splashed with color... from $1.
Padded style shown $2

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

the U.S. Marine Band

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

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

U.S. Marine Band is heard Sat. over NBC at 2 P.M. EDT, and at 9 P.M. EDT, Sun. over Mutual.
Now...for the First time, a Home Permanent brings you

"Instant Neutralizing"!

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

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

NOW...Better than ever! An entirely different

BRAND NEW Lilt

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

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

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

HERE'S PROCTER & GAMBLE'S GUARANTEE

©1953, The Procter & Gamble Co.
Beautiful Swimproof Lips
WITHOUT LIPSTICK

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

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

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

Makes the Sweetest Kiss
Because it Leaves No Mark on Him!

Think of it! No tiny bit of your Liquid Liptone leaves your lips for his—or for a napkin or tea-cup. It stays true to your lips alone.

Feels Marvelous On Your Lips... they stay soft and smooth, protected against sun and wind. At all stores $1

Please try SEVERAL SHADES at my invitation

You can’t possibly know how beautiful your lips will be, until you see them in Liquid Liptone. Check coupon. Enclose 25c for each shade. Mail it at once. I'll send you trial sizes of all shades you order. Each bottle is at least 2-week supply. Expect to be thrilled. You WILL be.

Send coupon for generous Trial Sizes

PRINCESS PAT, Dept. 3147
2709 S. Wells St., Chicago 16, III.

Send Trial Sizes of the shades I checked below. I enclose 25c for each one.

☐ Jewel—Sophisticated ruby brilliance.
☐ Moon—Natural wrong-red—very flattering.
☐ Gypsy—Vivid deep red—ravishing.
☐ Regale—Glamorous rich burgundy.
☐ Cyclamen--Exciting pink—romantic for evening.
☐ Orchid—A cool fuchsia pink.
☐ English Tea—Inliting coral-pink.
☐ CHEEK TONE—`Magic’ natural color for cheeks.

R
☐ Miss
☐ Mrs.
☐ Address
☐ City
☐ State

What’s

By CHRIS WILSON

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

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

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

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

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

JONI JAMES
To R. E.: Yes—you may have gone to school with Joni James. She, too, attended Bowen High School in Chicago, and her name was Joan Babbo. She was an honor student, sang in the school choir, and worked as a counter-girl in an attempt to help support herself. Bright girl, Joni!

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

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

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

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

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

TONI ARDEN
To R. D. H.: Toni Arden comes from a family of singers, which might answer your question about her training. Before he passed away, her father, Phillip Ardzonee, gave Toni training for an operatic career. Yes, Toni was Morey Amsterdam's "straight girl" on his Gloom Dodgers radio show on Station WHN. Her big break came when she appeared on Ed Sullivan's Toast Of The Town TV show—Columbia Records called her the very next day. Toni's only twenty-two. You're probably already enjoying her latest recordings, "Heart of Stone—Heart of Wood" and "There's Always My Heart."
ARTHUR HUGHES may be his real name, but to millions of Americans—he's Just Plain Bill (Davidson), the lovable barber of Hartville. For nineteen years Arthur has been Bill, and it's difficult, even for him, to separate the real man from the NBC character. His part as a barber has led to one of Arthur's chief hobbies—collecting barbering equipment. His prize possessions are a jewel-encrusted razor which once shaved a Medici face, and a pair of ancient Greek scissors.

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

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

Just Plain Bill is heard on NBC, Monday through Friday at 5:15 P.M. EDT, for the Whitehall Pharmacal Co., makers of Anacin.
Bill's beloved daughter Nancy is played by Bill's beloved wife Toni Darnay. The first "Bill"—to unravel the above statement—is Just Plain Bill, and the second one is Bill Hoffman, Toni Darnay's writer-husband. The Hoffmans are one of the happiest couples in New York, where they live with their two little ones—Toni and Darnay. The names were Bill's idea, Tony is always quick to say. But Bill Hoffman doesn't mind taking the credit—he wanted his children to be named after his lovely wife.

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

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

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

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

1. Tampax is invisible, once it's in place. Because Tampax is the internal kind of monthly sanitary protection, it doesn't even "show" under a bathing suit that's wet or dry!

2. Tampax is unfelt, once it's in place. There's all the difference in the world between cool, comfortable Tampax and hot, "chafey," irritating external pads. Try Tampax and see!

3. Tampax prevents odor from forming—saves you from even the thought of embarrassment. It can be worn in shower or tub, too—an important thing to remember when you're away visiting.

4. Tampax is easy to dispose of—even when vacation resort plumbing is not quite up to par. You can change Tampax quickly, too, in a matter of seconds.


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

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

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

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

FRONT PAGE FARRELL David Farrell, ace crime reporter for the New York Daily Eagle, regards it as his prime job to come back from an assignment with the story his paper wants. But over the years David has trained his sharp eyes, ears and instincts to such a pitch that the police never have had to file as unsolved any case he has worked on. David and his wife Sally, working together, have brought many criminals to the justice they sought to avoid. M-F, 5:35 P.M. EDT, NBC.

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

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

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

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL Chiichi's friends, Douglas and Alice Norman, make an important decision when Alice plans to stop working with Doug on his neighborhood newspaper and become a full-time homemaker. It looks at first as though young Grace Garine is going to be just the helper Doug needs. But Chiichi
sens some straws in the wind—straws that point in a strange direction. Just who is Gracie Garee? M-F, 3 P.M., EDT, NBC.

LORENZO JONES When Belle Jones accompanies her employer, producer Verne Massey, to the Toronto tryout of his new play, she is at long last brought face to face with her husband Lorenzo, for whom she has been desperately searching ever since his loss of memory separated them. But, instead of happiness, tragedy looms as Lorenzo, unable to recognize Belle, proceeds with his plans for marriage to Gail Maddox. M-F, 3:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.

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

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

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

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

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS The alienation between Miles Nelson and his wife Carolyn continues despite Carolyn’s heartbroken efforts to clear away misunderstanding. Will she ever succeed as long as Annette Thorpe remains in Miles’s con-
MADE SURE!
USE NEW
Djer-Kiss
Talc
(Dear Kiss)

Now it's so easy to insure all-over perspiration protection with new Djer-Kiss Talc. Shower yourself with Djer-Kiss! It prevents chafing—gives your skin exciting satin-smoothness—keeps you freshly fragrant, romantically alluring in hottest weather. 29¢, 43¢, 59¢ sizes.

GOOD NEWS—For you who perspire excessively. Djer-Kiss Talc is also available with magic Chlorophyll.

Limited Time Only FREE $1.00 Djer-Kiss Perfume with purchase of 59¢ Djer-Kiss Talc

Can your body stand the CLOSE-UP TEST?

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Wonderful, lasting French Formula Lipstick. Creamy, fashionable, right color excitement for your lips. Only 29¢

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Blue Waltz Perfume

Thrilling things happen when you wear this intoxicating perfume. Try it and see.

Daytime Diary

ROAD OF LIFE At last Conrad Overton may have overreached himself in his effort to convict Dr. Jim Brent of the murder of Cordim Fuller, for the gun planted in Jim's car throws suspicion in an unanticipated direction. Or rather Conrad's daughter Sybil has overreached herself, for it was Sybil who made the desperate, almost suicidal attempt to involve Jim beyond extrication. How near is Sybil Overton to the mental breaking point? M-F, 3:35 P.M. EDT, NBC.

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

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

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

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

THERES IS NORA DRAKE In a desperate effort to save her own life, young Grace Sargent tells Cass Todero that a friend of hers holds a sealed list of his criminal history, with instructions to open it only if something happens to her. Todero immediately assumes it is Nora Drake who holds this weapon against him. Nora, frightened by his threats, is prevented from calling police only by Grace's hysteria. But how can Nora protect herself? M-F, 2:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

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

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

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

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

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

(Continued from page 6)

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

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

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

Anzie Strickland, who is heard as Claire on When A Girl Marries, is now also playing Grace on Life Can Be Beautiful. The producers chose her after auditioning many well-known radio actresses for the part.

Although Anzie is thrilled with her new assignment, she says she hopes she won't get typed doing these unsympathetic girls on daytime serials.

Congratulations are in order for Don McNeill. On June 23, The Breakfast Club program celebrates its twentieth consecutive year on radio. On this past April 16, Don completed his twenty-fifth year before the microphone.

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

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

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

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

Whatever Happened To...?

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

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

"I sincerely believe this is the greatest hair-beauty discovery since the permanent wave"

Helene Curtis

New invisible Spray Net keeps any hair-do softly in place all day long

HERE'S the hair-beauty discovery you've wished for a thousand times. A way to keep hair softly and perfectly in place—without greasiness or artificial "lacquered look."

Simply press the button. The magic mist of Helene Curtis Spray Net keeps your hair the way you set it—naturally invisibly...all day long! Won't harm hair—brushes out instantly. Easier to apply than lipstick. Contains super-atomized lanolin. The perfect answer to wispy, straying hair! Get Spray Net in the pastel green container today.

Helene Curtis Spray Net®

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

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

In addition to the Jack Sterling Show on radio, Jack is the Ringmaster on CBS-TV’s Big Top. He admits that this assignment is a great deal of fun because it’s so much like the old vaudeville days. Although Jack has been able to reach the top of the ladder in radio—he’s still a sucker for the smell of greasepaint, and hopes that some day he will find a small stock company where he can put in some time acting. This may be quite soon, too, because Jack is planning to move to a suburban section when he is married (in June), and there he can join a little-theatre group. Once he marries his dream girl, and has his dream house—things will be just about perfect for this genial fellow. He’ll probably spend most of his spare time in the kitchen—since he loves to cook, and is quite an expert. Or maybe he’ll play a little golf—“little” is putting it mildly. But Jack’s the sort of person you like to see succeed—he’s such a sterling citizen—and that’s no pun.
What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 21)

rather suddenly in August of last year, in Hollywood.

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

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

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

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

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

(Note: On all shows, both radio and television, be sure to check your local papers for time, station and channel.)
Don't let the calendar make a slave of you, Bonnie! Just take a Midol tablet with a glass of water...that's all. Midol brings faster relief from menstrual pain—it relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues."


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

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

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

There are things about Morgan Baker which some people find mysterious. For example, quite a few people wondered why he should leave sunny California to go to the rugged climate of New England. Of course, no real rock-ribbed native would have any question in his mind about that one—state pride being what it is. But still, they must admit that it's usually done the other way around. Then, of course, there's the matter of Morgan's face. Now that sounds like a peculiar thing to refer to as a "matter," but Morgan has a peculiar attitude towards his face—he won't show it. At least he won't for publicity purposes.

Morgan is the director of the Housewives Protective League, heard daily over Station WEEI in Boston. He is also the emcee of Sunrise Salute. And all he does is talk. Not a singer—no comedian—just plain simple talk about all manner of subjects. But somehow his talk is one of the most popular things on Boston radio. Now, a man as well known as Morgan would certainly be expected to make public appearances where his face could be seen—but no—he has successfully managed to remain a faceless voice and a signature to his many listeners. The signature comes in at the bottom of his stationery in answering fan mail. And if the WEEI mail clerk is to be believed—Morgan gets more letters than he can handle. At this point folks might start getting some pretty strange ideas about Morgan Baker. Why is his face a mystery? Is he hiding something? Well, he isn't at all strange. Morgan lives in Milton in an ultra-modern ranch house. What's more he's married—has two children (a boy and girl) goes in for amateur photography and furniture building, and drives to his job each day in a perfectly ordinary automobile. He's not in the least bit exotic—doesn't go in for collecting Ming china or delving into black magic. He just likes to remain a voice on radio. And he certainly has succeeded with this technique—and there's no mystery about why.
Information Booth

(Continued from page 10)
Dave Garroway, J. Fred's guardian, says that Muggs is just a little too young to take love seriously. By the way, J. Fred would be horrified at being called a monkey—he's a chimpanzee, quite a different kettle of anthropoid.

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

B. B., New York City

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

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

M. A., Omaha, Neb.

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

Enriches your hair with beauty
... instead of drying it

TWICE AS MUCH LANOLIN is the reason

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

Helene Curtis creme shampoo
Cashmere Bouquet

Talcum Powder

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

With the fragrance men love!

Only 29¢ and 43¢

Information

Dawn

Dear Editor:

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

S. T., Limestone, Maine

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

Note to Readers

Dear Reader:

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

The Editors

In our May issue, we included an item in Information Booth telling a fan of se-
concerns radio letter, interest. Answers provided your question and something did the much cers.

Gloria's For Real
Dear Editor:
Is the young actress who portrays Harriet Conklin on Our Miss Brooks really a teenager, or is she an older girl?

R. F., Miami, Fla.

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

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

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

Outdoors or Indoors
IT'S ALWAYS FUN TO SHOP AT STANLEY HOSTESS PARTIES

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

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

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

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

Originators of the Famous
STANLEY Hostess Party Plan
(Corp. Stanley Home Products, Inc., 1933)
Thrilling Beauty News for users of Liquid Shampoos!

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

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

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

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

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

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

* Lather foams more quickly!
* Easier to rinse away!
* Cleans hair and scalp better!
* Leaves hair more shining!

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

Yes! Now take your choice:

Famous Cream Form, or New Lotion Form

Famous Cream Form in jars or tubes, 27¢ to 81¢.
(Big economy size, $2.)

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

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

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

EVERYONE LOVES LUCY!

By
HEDDA HOPPER

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

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

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

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

They've had many battles, Desi admits—but always made up. Above, dating at the Trocadero when he was in service. Below, a kiss for a loyal wife who gave a party for his opening at the Mocambo.
Christening: At Our Lady of the Valley Church, Reverend Michael Hurley beams on America's most famous baby, now officially named Desiderio Alberto Arnaz IV. Proud mama Lucy holds her "little man"—sister Lucie Desiree and papa Desi don't have eyes for anyone else in the world.

modeling for Sam Goldwyn."

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

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

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

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

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

Yes, swing high or swing low, (Continued on page 71)
Breakfast Club has lost more
girl singers to marriage!
Now what about Peggy Taylor?
Peggy willingly confesses:

Her heart holds a song

By LILLA ANDERSON

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

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

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

Peggy Taylor sings on Don McNeill's Breakfast Club, on ABC Radio, M-F, 9 A.M. EDT, as sponsored by Swift & Co., Philco Corp., O-Cedar Corp., and The Toni Co.
Lewis always goes along with the gag—even when it means being run in by a laughing sheriff.

ROBERT Q. LEWIS

Bespectacled Miracle Man

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

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

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

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

Or was it...?

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

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

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

“Certainly not,” Robert said. “It’s fine.” Then he added thoughtfully, “Financially, it’s delightful!”

To this, he now (Continued on page 73)
RED FOLEY’S

Grand Ole Opry
"Real security comes from living with folks who really love you"—that’s Red’s idea of heaven on earth

By GLADYS HALL

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

It wasn’t a likely day to be visiting the Red Foleys. Red wasn’t feeling right pert, he’d said. Looked sort of homesick in the pine-paneled den of his own home. The French doors were thrown wide open, giving a view of the garden alive with jonquils and iris and tulips. Red bud and dogwood trees were in full bloom. The swimming pool shone with sparkling clean water. The deck furniture, which Red had h lugged up from the basement, was piled up every whichway, waiting to be set in place. And Sally, Red’s pretty, blonde wife, was standing by with tall glasses of orange juice and helping the. (Continued on page 88)
“Hi, Miss Minnie Pearl!” they say in Nashville. On every side, on every city street and on every country road you hear it: “Hi, Miss Minnie Pearl!” From everyone—smart women and their menfolk in the lobbies of the Andrew Jackson and Hermitage hotels, little children in the fields—all and everywhere they hail her, “Hi, Miss Minnie Pearl!” And “Hi!” shouts back Miss Minnie Pearl, “Howdy, Matt or Joe or Tom or Miss Luciebell, howdy!”

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

In private life Miss Minnie is the wife (and has been since 1946) of Mr. Henry Cannon, described by Miss Minnie as “a flyin’ man.” Before she became either Mrs. Henry Cannon or Miss Minnie Pearl, the name was Colley—Sarah Ophelia Colley—but she was known as “Ophie” to every chick and child and elder in her home town of Centerville (just fifty miles southwest, as the crow flies, from Grand Ole Opry’s home town, Nashville).

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

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

“Isn’t Miss Minnie with you?” the boys asked when, a matter of weeks ago, a unit of Grand Ole Opry entertained the boys in Korea. “When will Miss Minnie Pearl come over?” (Soon, boys, very soon—she’s working on it.)
Radio’s man-crazy Gossip of Grinder’s Switch has a man she really is crazy about—her husband!

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

Happily Married

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

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

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

"Where'll I meet you?"

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

"Henry's buddy got in. And I," says Miss Minnie Pearl, "came on. Now, before I go on, I take off all my make-up. I get into the white cotton stockings, the old country cotton dress, same like the original eighty-nine-cent dress I wore my first night in the Opry. On my head I clap the old sailor hat with the bunch of flowers in the front and the price tag a-dangling. My mother’s hat, which I've worn from first to now—and keep repairing and repairing. I pick up my old red pocketbook with nothing in it—bone empty, as country women's bags always are. Ladies, country women don't carry things you and I do. No lipstick, because they don't (Continued on page 81)"
Ken was so anxious when little Pamela was born that he was the one who had to take a rest! Today, he's never too tired or worried to play with his fair-haired child.

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

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

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

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

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

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

They were (Continued on page 75)
Home-time is a Great-time

She was so young, so sweet, he wanted her to be very sure of her heart. But Betty Lou knew from the first that their theme song was "You were meant for me"
Bursche's grown since Joan first found him in Europe, but he's lost none of his puppy appeal!

Born in China, Joan shows a childhood treasure to Ruth Newton and Joan Tompkins—then cooks for a chopstick party.
Gay and well-adjusted now, young Joan loves being with people—particularly such nice ones as Ruth Newton (Vivian in This Is Nora Drake), Joan Tompkins (Nora herself), and the Dick Yorks (he plays Russ McClure).
Destiny granted Godfrey great success—and made him win it the hardest way. But neither pain nor anxiety can dim the spirit which won the heart of all America!
Bill and Jean Thunhurst have two treasured possessions—aside from their love for each other—their sailboat, the Bonnie J (Bonnie Jean), and their eager beagle pup, Baskerville.

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

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

By JEANNE SAKOL

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

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

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

Joan Alexander and her daughter Jane know how to enjoy each shining moment.
Vacations are more fun than anything

By MARIE HALLER

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

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

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

They wait for an incoming wave.

There's a leap—then a splash.

Two gals having a wonderful time!
Dennis James fell in love

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

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

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

By MARTIN COHEN

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

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

Dennis James stars as emcee of Chance Of A Lifetime, on ABC-TV, Thurs., 8:30 P.M., for Old Gold Cigarettes, and Friend In Need, ABC Radio, M-F, 11:30 A.M., for Toni Co. and others. (All EDT.)
Lois Linkletter would be first to insist her husband is as much fun at home as he is on the job.
For Link

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

By DICK PETTIT

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

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

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

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

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

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

Art Linkletter’s House Party is seen M-F on CBS-TV, at 2:30 P.M.—heard on CBS Radio at 3:15 P.M.—as sponsored by Pillsbury Mills, Lever Brothers, Kellogg Co., Green Giant Co. He also emcees People Are Funny, CBS Radio, Tues., 8 P.M., for Mars Candy. (All EDT.)
I. As in a blissful dream, Julie hears Dr. Edwards say that she and Dan are going to have a baby.

The shadow of another man’s past threatens Julie and Dan—and all
1. Dr. Sanders and Dan find a hospital job to fit Richard’s qualifications—but outside pressure won’t let them hire an “ex-convict.”

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

2. Meanwhile at the hospital, Dan listens as Frank Johnson tells about his son Richard, a “model prisoner” who is eligible for parole—if he can only get a job.
Betty, their housekeeper, is outspoken in her opposition to Dan's and Julie's plan to hire Richard themselves. But Julie needs extra help now—and they both believe they should practice what they preach.

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

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

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

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

Pictured here, in their original roles, are:

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

The Doctor’s Wife is heard over NBC Radio, Monday through Friday, at 5:45 P.M. EDT. It is sponsored by Ex-Lax.
All her life, Miss Graffort has given. Through Ralph Edwards she receives—

THE BLESSED HELP
By JANET SALEM

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

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

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

OF PEOPLE

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

Truth Or Consequences, NBC Radio, Thurs., 9 P.M., sponsored by Pet Milk. Ralph Edwards also emcees This Is Your Life, NBC-TV, Wed., 10 P.M., for Hazel Bishop No-Smear Lipstick. (All EDT.)
Dave insists the only true heartbreaker on Today is Mr. J. Fred Muggs—the champ chimp with the ape shape.

The eligible Dave Garroway has just two real loves—so far!

A racing car . . . and a TV show

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

TODAY'S BACHELOR

By CHRIS KANE

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

Sometimes you'll turn on the set, and there's Garroway chuckling at a dark-haired man who turns out to be Al Capp. Capp's summing up the different types of American wives:

"Like the one who's so busy reading articles on how to beautify her home and charm her husband that her husband's moved out three days ago, and she never put down the magazine long enough to discover it." NBC viewers are cordially invited to send in for an autographed American-wife cartoon by Capp. (Husband viewers, naturally. No wife would give Capp the satisfaction.) (Continued on page 83)

Today, starring Dave Garroway, is seen on NBC-TV, M-F, 7 A.M. EDT, under multiple sponsorship. Dial Dave Garroway is heard on NBC Radio, M-F, 2:30 P.M. EDT, for Dial Soap.
Jessie Carter (played by Janet Scott) gives heart and meaning to her home—in Wilmette, Illinois... her husband—James (Forrest Lewis), head of the Carter Real Estate Company... and their five children—as pictured on the following pages.
Every man has his castle, but it takes a loving wife to make it "home"

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

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

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

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

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

The Woman In My House, on NBC Radio, M-F, 4:45 P.M. EDT, is a Carlton E. Morse production, sponsored by Sweetheart Soap.
Youngest of the Carter children is Peter (Jeffery Silver), 16, snapped here while chinning with the girl next door, Clarice Morris (Colette McMahon).

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

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

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

been filled with the wonder of life and now, with a child of her own, she is finding full realization of this wonder. . . . Clay is the second son. For him, happiness means pleasure, and success is just the means of acquiring it. Everyone loves him for his kindness and generosity, but his father would dominate him and his mother would protect him—for each recognizes that he needs their help. . . . Younger daughter Sandy is a widow at twenty. Confused by the tragedy of death, she has been seeking an answer for a happy world gone wrong, looking with despair for the confidence she knew so short a while ago. Honesty is her beacon, and she falters when that light flickers uncertainly. Will she be afraid to take the new happiness life offers, when she knows how quickly it can be snatched from her? . . . Peter, the youngest son, explores each new turn of life with the insatiable curiosity of the sixteen-year-old, drawing conclusions which often come close to truth—for he still stands outside life’s forest. . . . James and Jessie now live for the most part in the lives of their children, and find little of importance that does not relate to them in some way. Thus, The Woman In My House is a drama of purpose and cross-purpose—weakness and strength, fear and hope—and the kind of faith America has always known.
By FRANCES KISH

If in your mind's eye you have pictured Florence Williams, who plays Sally Farrell in Front Page Farrell, as the friendly, down-to-earth, comfortable sort of person you would like to have for a neighbor, you couldn’t be more right. Her neighbors adore her, including all the children (and all the dogs) for miles around. Florence is about five-feet-two, with a compact little figure and wavy brownish hair framing a pretty face dominated by gray-green eyes. She’s basically serious-minded and sensitive, yet quick to smile and full of fun. That’s Florence Williams, the one her family, her friends, her neighbors and her husband, Andy, know and love.

When Florence steps out of her five-days-a-week role as the understanding, helpful wife of crime-solving newspaper man David Farrell, she boards a
Their country home is a labor of love for Florence and her real-life husband, Andy Marshall. They've been busily remodeling the centuries-old farmhouse, with petite Florence (five-feet-two) working right alongside towering Andy (six-feet-three)—and their dog Zannie overseeing every move.
train to a country village about fifty miles from New York, where she is known as Mrs. Andrew Marshall. Andy—in show business, too, as a stage manager and technical director—is a six-feet-three blond who towers over his little wife. He has a skillful way with tools of all sorts, the know-how of tractors and gardening, and a sixth sense for cooking and seasoning. He's apt to have the dinner started any night he's the first one home.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(Continued from page 33)
Lucy doesn't change. Over the years, I've watched her fight for career and marriage. I feel certain that, except for Lucy's dogged determination, that marriage would have gone bust. During the first two years, it was touch and go. Desi Arnaz is a hot-headed Latin. Lucille has a flaming temper, too.

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

"In those days," Desi tells, "we had plenty of battles. And every time we quarreled, I'd throw my clothes in a suitcase and move into a hotel room. The first thing I'd do was to send my clothes out to be pressed; but by the time they were returned Lucy and I would be made up again. That was an expensive proposition. What with the hotel and pressing bills! So I decided to build a guest house in our back yard. Lucy's mother, who has a great sense of humor, wanted to know why. I said, 'When that daughter of yours and I fight, I'll move out here. I can't afford to move to town every time we get mad.'

From the day that guest house was finished, Lucy and I never had a serious fight.

"Of course, we still have difficulties. But we make it a rule never to go to bed without speaking to each other. I may say, 'All right, what are you sore about?' That either starts us laughing or quarreling. But, either way, we get what's bothering us off our chests. You know, we get lots of letters from young married couples thanking us for helping them get along, from watching our television show."

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

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

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

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

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

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able for free, couldn't her to get up in the first place. Then it was wise commitments before they could play year-

Lucy. Once she was being coached and slept chairs and radio road with his band, and radio

Though "When word Lucy, who has audiences ranch

The show's

Both babies were napping when I first

But she lost that baby with a premature birth. Eight months later Lucy resigned herself to not having children—which she wanted so desperately.

But the Creator was kind. For three years she was almost in a constant state of pregnancy. Her first child proved her playing the elephant girl in "The Greatest Show on Earth." The part went to Gloria Grahame, who won a newspaper poll for playing the role. Lucy's first-born, a baby girl, was named after her mother, Desiderio's birth. Lucy rummaged around the room and found a newspaper that had headlined the story of her baby's entry into the world with an eight-column front page. But the excitement was in situating that Lucy had the baby by Caesar, to please her TV sponsors. That made Lucy see red. The operation was not only a failure, but Lucy couldn't believe babies in the normal fashion. Her first child had been born by Caesar, too. The show's writers had decided to work the stork's expected visit into the show as a means of getting rid of her and all her complications once and for all. But it was a delicate matter. Nothing like it had been done on television before; and I Love Lucy has a multitudinous following. In order to avoid offending anyone, the Arnazes had a priest, a rabbi, and a Protestant minister check all the scripts for anything that might be in poor taste.

Lucy picked up the receiver, said "hello," six times, changing her voice on each occasion. But nothing happened. Lucy shrugged, hung up the receiver, and muttered, "Oh well.

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

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

ting the instrument ready for operation, she sat down and dashed off "Sweet Georgia Brown" in swingtime, with one hand and two feet. "I've always had a hangkering for an organ," she said. I wouldn't have thought two children around the house, it would seem she'd have enough noise.

The babies had been asleep all the while, but Lucy cut in on an intercom system to the nursery, to say, "Tell them to make noise. They're going to play during the show today."

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

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

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

I guessed the baby. "Where's the door to size up the situation before entering then sidled up to her mother, and indicated displeasure and alarm to find her brother in her mother's arms. She insisted that Lucy take him back. "It's Muna's baby," she said.

"That's amazing," said Lucy. "Up to now, she's always claimed it was her baby."

Lucy, with her head on her knees, asked, "But why, with her hair, dark brown eyes, and olive skin, is almost a dead-ringer for her father. She looks twice her age— We keep forgetting that she's still just a baby, and expect her to know all the answers."

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

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

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

"Sure," she said. "My family was brought up in little trailers.

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

"I'll be up in the attic tonight, Hector," she said. "It's a little cool out on the roof."

Then she turned back to what she holds most dear: her home—her husband, and her babies. A small-town girl who had her mother, and her babies. A small-town girl who

No wonder everybody loves Lucy.
Robert Q. Lewis—Bespectacled Miracle Man

(Continued from page 37) adds: "After all, that's what started everything for me. Godfrey is quite a guy. It's an honor to be a substitute for him." The breezy candor is the key to Lewis' personality, in real life as well as on stage, radio or television, is all there in that first crack. Young Robert Q. is in there pitching for success, and he's ready to do just about anything and everything to get it honorably.

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

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

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

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

So, for the prize act of the season, the Aladdin Room booked Robert Q. Lewis, who can't dance very well, who can't sing very well, and whose only props consist of a tableau of spectacles.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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73
his fractured-French ditty and grinned his way from the floor, there was no doubt that he was a smash hit.

"What Bob had," Glick says, with wonder in his voice, "was the ability to make all those paying people believe they were at a houseparty, where everybody gets into the act sooner or later. Lewis was just the topper, the best. Bill, who spent more time than anyone else with Robert during his stay, ended up a Lewis fan himself." I started liking the man as soon as I discovered he was really human," Glick says. He'd come off that floor after a show wringing wet, even with the air conditioning on, and the applause would be going on and on, and he could see that captains and waiters were having to make tables in the aisles to accommodate the crowd. And yet Lewis would get discouraged with himself.

"Here the hotel was paying him something like $250 a week for gaggling around and having some fun. And what he'll get for the Godfrey stint and all the other stuff would choke the mint. And all he could do was worry if he was good enough in his shows."

In one way, the March stay in Miami was a disappointment for Robert, because he loves to fish and never got to go fishing once. Each day he'd say to Glick, "Hey, let's get a boat and do it today."

And each time Bill would have to say, "I'm sorry, Bob, but there are some record shops that want you to make an appearance and autograph records, or, "Well, there's this benefit we promised you'd do..."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

It was nothing very serious, if you're thinking of an important love affair. But in Miami, with that famous moon hanging low over the tropical water and the much—alluring "Tropic of Capricorn," Lewis would get the fun of having kids ask, "What's that tree, Lewis?"

Lewis was twenty-four, Robert, however. It's difficult to say just what this guy had (and still has) that kept him in the radio-TV picture, pushed him to the front, and made the young star. It's his marvellous success, his remarkable ability for gay humor, his abundance of self-confidence, his charm, his energy, his人格魅力, his ability to use his people, his ability to develop and perform gag writing and effects, his扮作魅力, his way of being kind to people, his way of being liked by the man from whom he got his name, his way of being liked by the man from whom he got his name, his way of being liked by the man from whom he got his name.

The steady New York Times made a sincere attempt to figure Lewis' appeal, and Robert did his best to help. He said to Edwin E. Gordon, the reporter assigned to him, "He takes me all over the town and makes me laugh and I try to be myself, but it's not easy."

"I try to be myself, the kid next door. He has something to say, too, if people will only listen."

In other words, Lewis concentrated on comedy derived from realistic situations that could happen to anyone, anywhere, any time. Well, isn't that what Godfrey does? Lewis is more of a TV comedian according to his audience, "I try to be an individual."

When Robert Q. Lewis is on the air and the screens, who can say why he charms—and then off his charm, and wins them all back. Lewis is called off-key because Godfrey always whistles on key. . . .

Young Robert Q. will not have to measure himself up to another, nor is it all ready written in the books—but rather to silt it. His task is to begin making a choice, and it's hard to think of a more difficult job for a man of Lewis' temperament and ability. With Robert Q. Lewis.

But his friends and his critics tell you this: "The guy has bitten off more than he can chew. He is the victim of too much success. Nobody can do everything. Nobody does."

Robert Q. on television, a night club act, and sub for Godfrey—all the same time. He's got to make a choice, sooner or later.

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

R. Q. Lewis has the answer up his sleeve, somewhere. When he has time to get around to it, he'll pop up with the answer. One of these days, he'll make a move, and we'll have done it all, anyway, and banked the dough.

With Robert Q. there's always a way...
(Continued from page 42) two against the world—and at first the audience was sometimes inclined to say so—braving it there togethert amidst all the hilarity. To make Betty's advent more impressive, Ken would announce authoritatively that appearing in the skit with him was "the very well-known actress from the East—Miss Elizabeth Walters" pausing to infer that hers was a name with which they were undoubtedly familiar. With the result that, often when he introduced her to Hollywood celebrities backstage, they would smile knowingly with, "Oh, yes, I met Elizabeth in New York a long time ago." Which was very amusing, since she'd never been farther east than North Hollywood at that time. Other patrons leaving the theatre could be overheard saying, "Good play. You can tell those New York actresses every time."

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

And your chemicals.

And your chemicals.

And your chemicals.

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

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

Daily, he knows, she can go all the way.
And, with such a thing, a bolt of the
best nut cups and the angel on the cake
from her baby shower are such realistic
reminders as the identification card from
Pamela's hospital crib, reading, "Murray
—Girl—2/24/52/8:52 P.M.—and another
upon which are chronicled "Results Of
Hemoglobin Test."

There, too, are the many telegrams she's
received, always signed "Happiness.
Dressed to their first-born and datelined Washington, D. C.: "Dear Pamela: Sure
got a kick out of holding you in my arms
this morning. Tell your mommy I love her
like crazy. Dad" and skin shoes with a
much-needed rest. For, as Betty Lou
laughs, "Ken was so worn out, he had to
take a trip. He went to Florida for ten days
after the baby was born but he insisted.
"I was a wreck," Pam's father recalls.

Like Dad, like daughter—true trooper
that she is, Pam made her entrance on
a Monday, in time for Ken to share his pride
with the world. It was a hilarious sketch about her on that Satur-
day's television show.

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

When Pamela says "Da, da," he's so
pround of that he's going to invent it. And he
attaches dramatic and half-humorous
significance to every move of a finger. If
she pokes a toy with a finger: "Look, honey,
our newest, young, brilliant, atomic scientist," Ken laughs. If she hangs
her fis on the piano: "A concert artist
now,"

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

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

Also, Ken keeps pads and pencils by the
side of their king-sized bed in the blue
and gold bedroom. A gorgoy Betty Lou
frequently awakens and starts taking die-
tation from him, saying sleepily, "Wait a
minute—wait a minute—when he forgets
she's in the room, she'll sit there
in longhand."

He keeps her busy in the wardrobe de-
partment, too. And for a fellow who's
amazingly sensitive to beauty and to color,
as well as to the loveliness and their-someth-
ing and saving me things to save.

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tested proved so powerful yet absolutely
safe to body tissues as ZONITE. Now you
can understand why ZONITE is so enthu-
siastically recommended.

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the world to be powerfully effective yet
positively non-poisonous, non-irritating. In
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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
tall reachable germs. A ZONITE douche
is so important after monthly periods. It
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SHOULD BE IN EVERY MEDICINE CHEST

FREE! Write Zonite Products Corp., Dept.
RM-21, 100 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y. for
FREE book on feminine hygiene.
### Wednesday

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<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Local Programs</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>Bill Stern</td>
<td>Local Programs</td>
<td>ABC Reporter</td>
<td>Jackson &amp; The News You And The World</td>
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<td>6:15</td>
<td></td>
<td>Three Star Extra</td>
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<td>Curt Massey &amp; Lowell Thomas</td>
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<td>Eddie Fisher</td>
<td>That Hammer Guy</td>
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Inside Radio

Saturday

Morning Programs

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<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>NBC</th>
<th>MBS</th>
<th>ABC</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>Howdy Doody</td>
<td>Local Program</td>
<td>News Summary</td>
<td>Renfro Valley</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>Farming Business</td>
<td>Local Program</td>
<td>No School Today</td>
<td>News Of America</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Mind Your Manners</td>
<td>Local Program</td>
<td>Robert Q. Lewis</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:45</td>
<td>Archie Andrews</td>
<td>Local Program</td>
<td>Galen Drake</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Mary Lee Taylor Show</td>
<td>Frank Singiser, Helen Hall</td>
<td>Space Patrol</td>
<td>Let's Pretend</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>My Secret Story</td>
<td>Cost Guard</td>
<td>News, Bill Shade</td>
<td>11:00 Grand Central Station</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>Modern Romance</td>
<td>Farm News Conference</td>
<td>Music</td>
<td>Give And Take</td>
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Afternoon Programs

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>NBC</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>News</td>
<td>Man On The Farm</td>
<td>101 Ranch Boys</td>
<td>Theatre Of Today</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:00</td>
<td>National Farm And Home Hour</td>
<td>U.S. Army Band</td>
<td>Music</td>
<td>George Cracker</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:15</td>
<td>Design For Listening</td>
<td>Radio News</td>
<td>Playland, U.S.A.</td>
<td>Make Way For Youth</td>
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<tr>
<td>3:00</td>
<td>Bandstand, U.S.A.</td>
<td>Late News</td>
<td>Report From Overland Adventures In Science</td>
<td>Bandstand, U.S.A.</td>
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<tr>
<td>3:15</td>
<td>Sports Parade</td>
<td>Martha Lou Harper Show</td>
<td>Marathon For Children</td>
<td>Lanny Ross Show</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:00</td>
<td>Stars In Action</td>
<td>U.S. Army Band</td>
<td>Horse Racing</td>
<td>Treasury Bandstand</td>
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<tr>
<td>4:15</td>
<td>Ambruster, Music</td>
<td>College Choirs</td>
<td>Treasury Show</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:45</td>
<td>Big City Serenade</td>
<td>Preston's Show Shop</td>
<td>Tea &amp; Crumpets</td>
<td>Washington, D.C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:15</td>
<td>Author Speaks</td>
<td>Pinto's Show Shop</td>
<td>Pauline Carter, Pianist</td>
<td>At The Chase</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:45</td>
<td>Key To Health</td>
<td>5:55 H. R. Bakhau's Club Time</td>
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Evening Programs

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<tr>
<th>Time</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>George Hicks</td>
<td>Dance Orch</td>
<td>Una Mae Carlisle</td>
<td>Bible Messages</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:15</td>
<td>News, M. V. Kohlber</td>
<td>Country Editor</td>
<td>Harry Wimber</td>
<td>Sports Roundup</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>NBC Summer Symphony, Milton Katims Conducting</td>
<td>Preston Sellers</td>
<td>As We See It</td>
<td>News, Larry LeScure</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Talent, U.S.A.</td>
<td>Al Helfer, Sports</td>
<td>Speaking Of Business</td>
<td>Broadway's My Best Night</td>
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<td>7:15</td>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>7:45</td>
<td>8:00</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Talent, U.S.A.</td>
<td>20 Questions</td>
<td>Margaret Whiting's Dancing</td>
<td>Gene Autry</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Pee Wee King Show</td>
<td>New England Barn Dance</td>
<td>ABC Dancing Party</td>
<td>Gangbusters</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Eddy Arnold Show</td>
<td>Chicago Theatre Of The Air</td>
<td>At The Shamrock</td>
<td>Country Style</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>Meredith Willson's Music Room</td>
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Sunday

Morning Programs

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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>Meet The Veg</td>
<td>Listen To Washington</td>
<td>News, Ed Morgan</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:45</td>
<td>My Son Jean</td>
<td>Little Symphonies</td>
<td>News, Ed Morgan</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Juvenile Jury</td>
<td>Treasury Varieties</td>
<td>American Music Hall, George Meredith, Emcees</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:15</td>
<td>My Son Jean</td>
<td>Little Symphonies</td>
<td>American Music Hall, George Meredith, Emcees</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Phil Harris And Alice Faye</td>
<td>Summer Show</td>
<td>Enchanted Hour</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Barrie Craig</td>
<td>Great Day Show</td>
<td>Paul Harvey, Alastair Cooke</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>Meet The Press</td>
<td>Music Of The People</td>
<td>Science Editor</td>
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<td>10:30</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>Bob Considine</td>
<td>Nick Carter</td>
<td>Monday Morning Headlines</td>
<td>Don Cornell</td>
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<td>Meet The Veg</td>
<td>Listen To Washington</td>
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<td>Answers For Americans</td>
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**TV program highlights**

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

Baseball on TV

Pre-game Programs:
- Happy Felton's Knothole Game—30 minutes before Dodger games Ch. 9
- Joe E. Brown—15 minutes before Yankee games Ch. 11

**DATE** | **TIME** | **GAME** | **CHANNEL**
---|---|---|---
Thur., June 11 | 1:30 P.M. | Cinc. vs. Dodgers | 9
Fri., June 12 | 8:00 P.M. | Chi. vs. Dodgers | 9
Sat., June 13 | 1:30 P.M. | Chi. vs. Dodgers | 9 & 6
Sun., June 14 | 1:30 P.M. | St. Louis vs. Giants | 11
Fri., June 19 | 2:00 P.M. | Chi. vs. Dodgers | 9 & 6
Sat., June 20 | 2:00 P.M. | Detroit vs. Yanks | 11 & 8 & 6
Sun., June 21 | 8:30 P.M. | Chiego vs. Yanks | 11 & 8 & 6
Fri., June 26 | 2:00 P.M. | Detroit vs. Yanks | 11 & 8 & 6
Sat., June 27 | 2:00 P.M. | Cleveland vs. Yanks | 11 & 8 & 6
Sun., June 28 | 2:00 P.M. | Cleveland vs. Yanks | 11 & 8 & 6
Fri., July 3 | 2:00 P.M. | Phila. vs. Yanks | 9 & 6
Sat., July 4 | 1:30 P.M. | Pitts. vs. Dodgers (D) | 9 & 6
Sun., July 5 | 2:00 P.M. | Chiego vs. Giants | 9 & 6
Mon., July 6 | 1:30 P.M. | Phila. vs. Giants | 11 & 8 & 6
Fri., July 9 | 2:00 P.M. | Boston vs. Yanks | 11 & 8 & 6
Sat., July 10 | 2:00 P.M. | Wash. vs. Yanks | 9 & 6
Sun., July 11 | 8:30 P.M. | Giants vs. Dodgers | 9

(D) Means Double-header

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

**Monday through Friday**

7:00 A.M. Today | 4 & 6
7:30 A.M. Today | 4 & 6
7:30 A.M. Arthur Godfrey Time | M-Th

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

11:00 A.M. One In Every Family | 2 & 6
From Hollywood, bright audience-participation with Dean Miller.

11:30 A.M. Strike It Rich | 2 & 6
The show with a heart tugs at your hearts. Warren Hull emcees.

12:00 Noon Bride And Groom | 2
June brides at their loveliest. Grooms nervous as usual.

12:15 P.M. Love Of Life | 2 & 6
Peggy McCay stars in this serial as compassionate careerist.

12:30 P.M. Search For Tomorrow | 2 & 6
Day-by-day story of real-life conflicts starring Mary Stuart.

12:45 P.M. Guiding Light | 2 & 6
Herb Nelson and Ellen Demming in this intriguing drama.

1:30 P.M. Garry Moore Show | 2 & 6
Garrulous Garry's funnest with Durward, Denise Lor, Ken Carson.

2:00 P.M. Double Or Nothing | 2 & 6
Bert Parks whoops it up with interviews and quiz game.

2:30 P.M. Art Linkletter's House Party | 2
Guaranteed gaiety as Art engages in hilarious hijinks.

3:00 P.M. The Big Pay-Off | 2 & 6
Daytime quiz with de luxe prizes for women. Randy Merriman, emcee.

3:00 P.M. Break The Bank | 4
The show that has paid out more than $2,000,000 in hard cash going away the green stuff with Win Elliot host.

3:00 P.M. Poul Bixby Show | 5
Variety show with Paul, Wanda Lewis, Sis Camp and lots of music.

3:30 P.M. Welcome Travelers | 4 & 8
Tommy Bartlett catches travelers en route for engaging gabfests.

3:30 P.M. Ted Steele Show | 11
Steele with two golden hours of great vocals and instrumentals.

5:00 P.M. Hollywood Follies, Pop. 6 & 200 | 4
Serial drama of life in a typical small U.S. community.

7:30 P.M. Eddie Fisher | 4 (W,F)
The young lyric baritone sings out. Don Ameche is host.

7:45 P.M. Baseball More Show | 4 (T, Th)
Last few weeks to catch Dinah before her summer vacation.

7:45 P.M. Broadway TV Theater | 9
Hit plays in original versions to be superseded only by Dodger ball games. Matinees also Sat.-Sun., 3:00 P.M.

7:45 P.M. Perry's Palace | 2 (M, W, F)
The great voice of personable Perry with the Fontane Sisters.

7:45 P.M. U.S.A. Caroan | 2 (T, Th)
Vivacious Jane Froman with a bubbling mixture of song and dance.

7:45 P.M. Nears Caroan | 4 & 6
John Cameron Swayze's video newsreel of day's headline events.

**Monday P.M.**

7:30 P.M. Bob And Ray | 4
Mayhem reigns as B&R perform in pin-pricking satire.

8:00 P.M. Barns And Allen Show | 2
Dally doings by Gracie and George that make for great laughs.

8:30 P.M. I'm The Law | 5
George Raft, tough as they come, in slam-bang adventure.

8:00 P.M. Homicide Squad | 7
It's murder and Tom Conway detects the way to the culprit.

8:30 P.M. Godfrey's Talent Scouts | 2
Lively talent showcase with Garry Moore subbing for Arthur.

8:30 P.M. Coward Montrose Presents | 4 & 6
The great virtuosos of the day in thirty-minute recitals.

9:00 P.M. Life With Lucy | 2 & 6
Delirious, delightful escapades of Lucille Ball with Desi.

9:30 P.M. Red Buttons | 2 & 6
The redhot young comic with his side-splitting skits.

10:00 P.M. Robert Montgomery Presents | 4
Fascinating, full-hour storytelling with Robert M., narrator.

10:00 P.M. Summer Theatre | 2 & 6
Studio One with a different name but the same sponsor and indefatigable Betty Furness serves up light dramas and comedy.

**Tuesday P.M.**

7:30 P.M. Beulah | 7
Things go from bad to worse to laughter as Beulah (Louise Beavers) plays the Henderson's rollicking housekeeper.

8:30 P.M. Break The Bank | 4
Beginning June 23rd, Bert Parks plays summer Santa. Circus Hour, with Joe E. Brown, from 8:30 P.M., last show June 16th.

8:30 P.M. Wisdom Of The Ages | 5
Lots of chuckles, too, with five generations represented in the panel discussion. Jack Barry in the moderator's chair.

9:00 P.M. Crime Syndicated | 2
Dramatic crime exposes. Alternating weekly: City Hospital.

9:00 P.M. Fiorello Theater | 4
Expertly woven tales, star cast and filmed in Hollywood.
TV program highlights

Wednesday

7:30 P.M. Date With Judy • 7
The topsy-turvy teen-age world starring pert Mary Linn Beller.
8:00 P.M. Godfrey And His Friends • 2 & 6
Guest stars take turns emceeing the big Godfrey variety hour.
8:00 P.M. I Married Joan • 4
In this comedy Jim Backus plays the first person and the amusing, fast-stepping Joan Davis plays her namesake.
8:30 P.M. Music Hall • 4
A happy, tuneful show starring that lady of song, Patti Page. Alternate weeks, Cavalcade of America, dramas from history.
8:30 P.M. China Smith • 7
Exotic adventure series starring Dan Duryea in title role.
9:00 P.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 6
Warren Hull gives newly contestants a chance at $500 in cash.
9:00 P.M. Kraft Theatre • 4
Excellent, satisfying video drama from New York studios.
9:30 P.M. Man Against Crime • 2
Rugged adventures of Mike Barnett (Ralph Bellamy).
10:00 P.M. International Boxing Club • 2 & 6
Ring gladiators trade punches in blue ribbon events.
10:00 P.M. This Is Your Life • 4
Ralph Edwards' unique, emotional drama of a person's life.

Thursday

8:00 P.M. Life With Luigi • 2
Human, humorous story of an Italian immigrant in America.
8:00 P.M. You Bet Your Life • 4 & 6
Groucho grapples with contestants and quizzes for cash.
8:30 P.M. Four Star Playhouse • 2
Renowned actors of stage and screen in 30-minute teleplays.
8:30 P.M. Tandy Men In Action • 4 & 6
Walter Greaza starring, T-Men track down lawbreakers.
8:30 P.M. Chance Of A Lifetime • 7 & 6
Talent-tested candidates vie. Dennis James, emcee.
9:00 P.M. Lux Video Theatre • 2 & 6
Exciting 30-minute dramas featuring big-name stage stars.
9:30 P.M. Dragnet • 2 & 6
Prize-winning police drama with Jack Webb as Sgt. Joe Friday.
9:30 P.M. Big Town • 2
Pat McVey, as Steve Wilson, plays adventure-seeking newsmen.
9:30 P.M. Ford Theatre • 4 & 6
Enthralling video drama listing stars in original stories.
10:00 P.M. My Little Margie • 2
Comedy series with Gale Storm making things stormy in title role.
10:00 P.M. Martin Kane, Private Eye • 4 & 6
Mystery series with Lee Tracy as genial but deadly "eye."
10:30 P.M. Foreign Intrigue • 4 & 6 at 11:00 P.M.
Well-spun espionage series filmed abroad by Jerome Thor.

Friday

7:30 P.M. Sta Erwin Show • 7
Rib-tickling situations starring Su and wife June Collyer.
8:00 P.M. Manna • 2 & 6
Charming, delightful series of Norwegian immigrants in Frisco.
8:00 P.M. Dennis Day Show • 4
The singing comic plays a good-natured, bumbling bachelor.
8:30 P.M. My Friend Irma • 2
Marie Wilson as the dazzling, daffy, blonde dumbelle.
8:30 P.M. Life Of Riley • 4 & 6
Shenanigans in the Riley family starring actor William Bendix.
9:00 P.M. Schlitz Playhouse Of Stars • 2
Outstanding drama adapted from the works of top story writers.
9:00 P.M. Big Story • 4 & 6
Stories of real reporters and how they come up with scoops.
10:00 P.M. Our Miss Brooks • 2
Eve Arden as lovable schoolmarm in humorous adventures.
10:30 P.M. Get Down And Swing • 2
Sly Jackson moderates music variety show.

Saturday

7:00 P.M. Stork Club • 2
Host Billings brings you into his Club Room to see glamour.
7:30 P.M. Beat The Clock • 2
Couples compete against clock to perform tricky parlor stunts.
7:30 P.M. Ethen And Albert • 4
The popular, ingratiating domestic comedy that started on radio ten years ago with Richard Widmark as Albert. Now Al Bune in Albert role. Peg Lynch, creator and writer, plays Ethel.
8:00 P.M. Original Amateur Hour • 4 & 6
The original talent show that found Frank Sinatra, Vera- Ellen, Mimi Benzol, others, continues traditionally with Ted Mack.
9:00 P.M. This Is Show Business • 2
Superb panel-series show illustrated headed by Fadiman.
9:30 P.M. Saturday Night Review • 4 & 6
Hammy Carmichael, songwriter and film star, is host and star of 90-minute variety featuring comic antics of Bobby Sargent.
9:00 P.M. Boxing With Bill Stern • 7
Bill, at the mike, roves the country for Ray Arcell promotions.
9:30 P.M. Meet Millie • 2
Whacky saga of a steno in Manhattan with Elena Verdugo starring.
9:30 P.M. Wrestling From Chicago • 5
From the Marigold Gardens, Jim Brickhouse interprets grunts.

Sunday

5:00 P.M. Super Circus • 7
For youth of all ages, dazzling, exciting circus variety.
6:30 P.M. I Can't Win • 2
The highly praised video news magazine with Edward R. Murrow.
6:30 P.M. Walter Winchell • 7 & 6
Exciting, dramatic news reports by the world-famous columnist.
7:00 P.M. Red Skelton Show • 4 & 6
Comedy-variety with the carrot-topped clown. On film.
7:30 P.M. Mister Peepers • 4
Chuckles guaranteed with Wally Cox as shy, modest schoolteacher.
8:00 P.M. Toast Of The Town • 2 & 6
The far-famed, spectacular variety headed by Ed Sullivan.
9:00 P.M. Fred Waring Show • 2
The Pennsylvanians inimitable productions of great pop music.
9:00 P.M. TV Playhouse • 4
One of the top-flight TV theaters. Live from NYC studios.
9:30 P.M. Keu Murray And Alan Young • 2
Two laugh-getters alternate until June 25 when Kathryn Murray moves in for the summer with variety. The Arthur Murray Party.
10:00 P.M. The Web • 2
Spine-tingling suspense with Jonathan Blake as narrator.
10:30 P.M. What's My Line? • 2
Guess-your-occupation show, witty and fun, with John Daly.
Minnie Pearl

(Continued from page 41)

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

“As I made my first appearance this night I spoke of, ‘The girl was Henry, nudging his pal, ‘is the girl I’m going to marry.”

“There was a frozen silence. A gulping sound. Then my Henry’s buddy rallied beyond the call of charity.”

“I bet,” he said, “I bet she’s a good old girl!”

But it’s Henry who gives the tagline:

“After the show we went backstage, and that boy,” Henry laughs, “nearly fainted!”

Nearly fainted at, understandably, the sight of a lipstick-kissed Miss Minnie Pearl, a streamlined, soft-spoken, smart-appearing Miss Minnie Pearl.

Not that Miss Minnie is what you could rightly call a glamour girl. And if you did she should, go to us as a compliment.

“I’m country—and proud of it,” says Miss Minnie Pearl.

Miss Minnie is handsome but it’s an outdoor, healthy-looking handsome. She stands five feet, seven and one-half inches tall, has reddish brown hair, weighs 135 pounds, has reddish brown hair worn in a modest horse’s tail, hazel eyes that laugh most of the time. Miss Minnie is “buckled” at no mistake, and wears clothes beautifully.

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

“We’re real proud of the place,” said Miss Minnie, “and of some of the things in it. The mirror, that’s got, 150 years old, that came from my family and the cannon-ball mahogany four-poster bed, 200 years old, that came straight from Henry’s parents’ bedroom to ours. We’re real proud of our garden. We have a beautiful spreading carpet of tulips and daffodils and jonquils and iris and hyacinths that Henry grows, by hand, every one of them!

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

“A lot of the Grand Ole Opry boys live a ranch-style life for horses and cattle and such. We don’t. We live a typical suburban life. We have a piano and when the neighbors come by I play and sing. I play by ear. In one key. C. I’m using the same technique I used in 1929! We go fishing occasionally, Henry and I, for bass, on the lakes. We take drives in the county to get Miss Minnie Pearl the white cotton stockings she wears. Like to keep up my stock of five pair and have to drive way into the country, these days, to get them. Henry had a flying business—flying planes—he sold a year ago. Flew Grand Ole Opry people around places they wanted to go—Texas, Thousand Islands. . . . Now he has a Beechcraft, which he flies some of the Grand Ole Opry boys around. Flies me, too, let there be anywhere I want to go.

“Real simple is the way we live. The way we like to live. I think my extrava-
ganzation now, and my only one, is for clothes. I don’t like jewelry or perfume or fur or flowers—they’re growing. We don’t have, and don’t want, a herd of

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[ ] 1034 TEARDROPS ON MY PILLOW A STOLEN WALTZ
[ ] 1033 EVEN IF IT WERE UP TO ME
[ ] 1032 I HEARD YOU WANT WISHING RING
[ ] 1031 OH, HAPPY DAY HOLD ME, THRILL ME, KISS ME
[ ] 1030 I WANT AGAIN WITH YOU YOU’LL NEVER KNOW
[ ] 1029 WHY DON’T YOU BELIEVE ME DON’T LET THE STARS GET IN YOUR EYES
[ ] 1028 KEEP IT A SECRET I

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**Chi-Ches-Ters**

FREE—Illustrated booklet of intimate facts every woman should know. Mail in plain wrapper. Write today! Chichester Chemical Company, Dept. 19-6, Philadelphia 46, Pa. Reputable Products Since 1884
Cadillacs. But when it comes to clothes—the way I put it, I'm a clothes-ho listen of an alcoholic!"

Such is Miss Minnie's love of clothes that one of her more raucous utterances was when she said she had bought, not long ago, at Neiman-Marcus in Dallas, where the wives and daughters of billionaire Texans spend big, fat green rolls of the silver. 

The price of the little gray wool must have been astronomical, for Miss Minnie, shuddering and rolling her bright eyes, cannot bring herself to mention it. "It's a thin-back, that suit," she says, looking conscience-stricken, "to the days at Ward Belmont College during which I had no clothes. Or, rather, I had the wrong clothes! I believe I bought it in 1930, we'd lost what little money we had and there I was, thrown in with a lot of wealthy girls and swank sub-debs from all over the country, who lived in manner all the time in our big, old, dirty bathroom—and had trunks of real beautiful 'originals' and all, and there I sat in clothes from the Centerville Emporium—and we didn't even have a bathroom! My roommate, the first year, was a real rich girl from Texas with oil connections and charge accounts in shops I just couldn't go into.

"Of course, I know now that's why I started playing comedy. Started kidding everywhere, at everything—my clothes, not having any money or any know-how. Had to, in order to live. kidded my appearance, too, for I wasn't pretty, either. The way it went in for comedy, too. Talked fast, laughed loud, clowned around to divert a man from looking at my face!"

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

"Like having a fever blisters—you're the one conscious of it and suffering embarrassment. No one else notices. Should be a lesson, what I'm saying, to other girls with clothes, but I'm one of these that stay in their own clothes or the looks. But it won't be. Nothing is a lesson," says Miss MinniePearl, "until it is too late.

Ward Belmont had a lot to do," she adds, "people expecting me not to be country. But I am country. I've been a stand of pine of it."

"I come from the country, from Centerville, a farming community, a rural community. Frankly, I'm a southerner— and more rural when I lived there than it is now. Centerville's in Hickman County, a rough country and virgin timberland, which I'll always think of when I remember it. Settled there. Reared his family there.

"I had the happiest childhood anyone ever had! My mother and father saw to it that we had all we loved each other, too. And loved us kids, my sisters Frances, Virginia, Mary, Dixie and me."

"We never felt any sense of inferiority when we were kids, because we had anything anyone in Centerville had. They didn't have much, but we had everything they had... and there was fun and laughter."

"We lived in an all-over-the-hill house looking back over Round River. It looked right straight across at Grinder's Switch, too—same old Grin-der's Switch I allude to, time and again, on Grand Ole Opry. One of the biggest events of the day back in Centerville was when Daddy would load up the wagons with logs. The teamsters, Jake and Tom and Matt, would lend a hand and he'd drive up to Grinder's Switch, taking us kids along with him. We'd leave home riding high on top of the lumber. Now, don't you move. Mother'd say, until you get to the Switch! But we had it fixed with the teamsters to let us ride, soon as we're out of sight, on the tongue of the wagon. No danger in riding the lots, lot. What Mother feared was, we'd scrape our shoe leather in the dust."

"Time I was old enough to talk, I want to be in show business, I'd say, and keep saying, I'm going to be in show business."

"I started playing piano as a little girl. Pick out war songs, I would, like 'Over There' and 'If He Can Fight Like He Can Love.'"

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

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

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

"He was the greatest thing in my life, my father. He had the sense of humor that went with the hills. And the love of the things that matter. He loved wood. Loved the feel of wood, good wood. He would have the best of woods to work, and to respect it. Now, when I see people paint wood good, it hurts me. Our house, now, is modern and functional and we love it. But our dream is to have a house all panelled and with hooked rugs on them, a house that rambles all over the hills the way our tumbleweed old house did down home in Centerville. That would be just perfect."

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

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

"When I was a little natural-born 'play actress,' play-acted in school dramas. After college, she had two years' teaching experience in Centerville. "Mama made me stay at home," says Miss Minnie, "until I was determined not to let it be during them that I conceived and finally crystallized Miss Minnie Pearl."

"In Alabama in 1936, I ran upon a lovely lady, lived in her home with her. She was the type of woman who's soul of hospitality. She had sixteen children spaced so as to be born in February or March so that, come spring, she would be prepared to go out to the fields. Her proudest and only boast was that she never failed to 'make the crop.' One of my proudest boast is that when I said goodbye to Alabama, she said, 'Lord, I hope it's the last time I see you of us!' She didn't suggest Minnie Pearl to me, this woman whose heart was bigger than the hills she loved, she was Minnie Pearl."

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

"It was while playing in an engagement in Aiken, South Carolina, in 1938, that the chorus girl, Colley's wife, first thought of me getting together. What was worse, our friends had told him about me and me about him, with the result that we were determined not to like each other. We didn't, either, so we ended up separated.

"From June, when we met, until December, we saw each other just casually. He was dating other people and so was I."

"Then one night, in a parked car, Mr. Henry Cannon and Minnie Pearl were married. A church wedding, with Miss Minnie Pearl in white linen and flowers that were hers and for her, as a bridal bouquet. And they've lived—they are living—'right happily' ever after..."
Today's Bachelor

(Continued from page 62)

Sometimes you'll turn on the set, and there's Garroway discussing life with a year-old chimpanzee. From; 1. Fred Muggs. Muggs wears suits that cost forty dollars, is owned by two guys in Jersey who daily deliver him to NBC in a car with his picture on it. Tell Garroway you think Muggs is cute, and Garroway tucks him in bed and says, "They bite through your skin." Then he reflects a minute. "Of course, he's just teething. When he grows up he can break your arm in half any more." NBC viewers are cordially invited to join Muggs's fan club.

If you've witnessed any of the aforementioned, then obviously you've never heard of Fred Muggs. FULLERTON, Calif.


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EARN EXTRA MONEY Weekly mailing circulars for publishers, companies. Great Brackets, 4317 E. Green St., Eau Claire, Wis.


Easy to Mail $55 With Sensational New NAME-IN-SILVER CHRISTMAS CARDS!

You earn big money in spare time easily with name Imprinted in Silver "Christmas Cards that sell tonight. You make $55 on 60 boxes! Up to 100% profit on 10 Assortments. Write for Assortments on approval. Free Name-Imprinted Samples. SOUTHERN GREETINGS, 478 N. High St., Dept. 314, Memphis 12, Tenn.

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GARTOONISTS’ EXCHANGE

Dept. 597
Pleasant Hill, Ohio
Dave became favorites, he to Guy Lombardo. Next night, Garroway gleefully employed sound because it a record, “Don't send this enemy; a job of the few people he did was going time, as asleep. The few people he did was in the studio, and let a disc jockey named Bob Garry. “When he lived here,” Dave says, “I was a page boy at NBC at sixty-five a month. He threw the next line away, “I can play the harp.” Jazz-happy as ever, Dave’s wakened at four every morning by the radio—turned on automatically via one of those clock-timer-gadgets—and he lies in bed until the music plays. He’s played by a disc jockey named Bob Garry. “For some reason, I hear real good that half-hour. I’m only part-awake, but the music breaks through the barriers. All day long, those first few phrases I hear run through my head—”

dave can, and does, occasionally sit in on drama and reads a record he feels like accompanying.

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

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

“Q of the week.” Dave says, “the current's so swift you have to swim all the time just to keep from being swept up to Canada, but I walked around on the bottom and speared a couple of surprised—

Better than fishing or drumming. Dave loves racing cars. He's got an SS. 100 Jaguar—whatever that is—which is sixteen years old, and has won innumerable beauty contests and races.

Dave's interested in microbiology—claims of his scientific background—and is also mad about those three-dimensional stereoscopic cameras and pictures.

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

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

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

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

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

Garroway is a contented man.
Her Heart Holds a Song

(Continued from page 34)
of people I can sing to every morning, Monday through Friday. And I'm learning so much. And there's so much I want to learn. I'm taking dancing and singing and dramatic lessons each week. And then there's the apartment to finish...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Peggy originally expected her painting would go beyond a self-expression hobby. Two empty picture hooks are evidence that it was.

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

(Continued on page 86)
already Peggy is planning replacements, for the wall is part of the setting which she designed for herself.

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

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

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

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

Among all the lovely things with which she has surrounded herself, perhaps the most important feature is that prosaic, standard bit of equipment, the telephone. "It rings," says Peggy with a happy smile. "There isn't any particular boy friend at the moment—at least not in Chicago, if he is! But I do have a few nice, young men like to take me out to dinner and a play or a movie. And when they don't—well, I spend the evening at home with Freddie." 

Freddie is a small, sausage-shaped, brown-marked black Dachshund with a wag which starts at the tip of his nose and undulates to the tip of his tail. He is the most precious possession Peggy has. The entire air audience found that out when, at the top popularity of the song, "Doggie in the Window," some one conceived the bright idea that Peggy should bring Freddie down to the show the morning she was to sing the song.

Freddie, at the outset, behaved like a perfect little gentleman. Trusting Peggy un snapped the leash, making the rounds of the cast, Freddie turned worshipful liquid eyes upward, begging for those pats on the head a good dog may expect. With him in his customary manner, sat down on the edge of the stage, Freddie was happy. While Don McNeill had to bend down six feet to pet Freddie, Sam, seated, could reach out, tug Freddie's ears and ruffle his fur. Peggy says, "It's a也没有 victim.

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

With deceptively dulcet, Freddie made no exception. Then Sam went into his own customary routine, pulled a shoe off, pantomiming that his feet hurt.

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

And as the days and weeks and months saw Arthur's pain subside, like receding waters after an angry flood, so, gradually, did time witness his growing awareness of—and response to—the people's desire to hear his voice again in their homes. Arthur "came back"—on crutches, at first, these eventually to be replaced by a stout cane. Finally, he limped about without such props. The limp could not be hidden but he did make Spartan efforts to conceal the frequent, singing flashes of persistent pain.

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

Then, one work-weary day, he clashed with a station official. Result: Something exploded back in his face—his job. Again Washington and environs were deprived of the redhead's baritone buffoonery. Public and press took up the cry: "Where is Godfrey? Where is Godfrey?"

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

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

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

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

SURGEON FOR GODFREY Is Top Bone Expert

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

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

"Wh'd believe I was ever embarrassed by PIMPLES!"

Amazing New Medication 'STAYS' PIMPLES Skin-Colored HIDES PIMPLES WHILE IT WORKS

Thousands hail Clearasil. So many boys, girls, adults everywhere have found that Clearasil really works for them, it is already the largest-selling spot skin medication in America. GUARANTEED to work for you as it did in doctors' tests or your money back. Only 93¢ at all druggists. Economy size 98¢. Get Clearasil today.

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Amazing Staving Action. Clearasil actually staves pimpl.es because it helps remove the oil* that pimples "feed" on. Clearasil is anti-septic, too... stops growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples. Instant Relief from embarrassment because Clearasil is skin-colored to hide pimpl.es while it helps dry them up. Greaseless and stainless... pleasant to use... can be left on day and night for uninterrupted medication.

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Sample Lessons Free. Bush also mail money back.

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED

FIRST GRADUATE HOSPITAL SCHOOL 987 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago 5, Ill.
Red Foley's a Family Man

(Continued from page 39)

interview with the nice things, the admiring loving things, she said about "Daddy" or—her other pet name for Red—"he really sings," and she said, "he's got the radio going good." Does anything without. Them. Even the radio going has a lonesome sound—just one old little radio—for, when they're home, there's TV going in the record player in that room, four or five radios in four or five other rooms!

"Parties going on. All kinds of parties. And most of the time, Slumbertake up, he had to tell me the whole story, start to finish. The next time Shirley and Julie were home, he told them the whole story, start to finish.

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

Red was home—"and I'm home with the kids, and I," Red said. "When they were just so-high, I used to get out and play with them in the back yard, baseball, softball and the like. There's a picture of them up there on the wall behind you." (There were pictures of them on every wall, on the desk, atop the bookshelves, on the incidental tables.) "So how they... the kids. And, I don't know what they're doing. I can't. Red said, his brown eyes darkening, "recall that to them."

Red worries about the children. Was deep—worried about them, and for them, when their mother died and they came face to face—and nothing Daddy could do about it—with grief and loss. He worried whether the children could bear the emotional pain when he was obliged to leave them at home. Such times as he away from home with a housekeeper. And he worried with the prospect of a stepmother, they... be..."Red's young—were resentful and rebelling. Were going to leave home, the two older girls were, "if Daddy married again. During this period of change, and recent movement of storms and tears, their dad, sensitive to their every frown and smile, suffered what came near to being nervous collapse."

Now that painful period is over. He is, of course, proud of his children. Red is. Proud that Shirley, his first-born, was chosen Campus Beauty and Most Popular. And proud that David, the second one, has got known as the ever-lovin' "Pappy" of Shirley Lee. And just turned eighteen... Julie Ann, fourteen... and Jennie Lou, eleven... "and a little better. You can't get more sentimental than Red is over these three young daughters of his, these three very pretty young daughters who are—there is no other word for it—Red's heart."

"It is a beautiful thing," Sally added, "that Red is so proud of all of us. It is different, no one seems to be lonesome without them. Even the radio going has a lonesome sound—just one old little radio—for, when they're home, there's TV going in the record player in that room, four or five radios in four or five other rooms!

"Parties going on. All kinds of parties. And most of the time, Slumbertake up, he had to tell me the whole story, start to finish. The next time Shirley and Julie were home, he told them the whole story, start to finish.

"Everyone admires him," Sally told the telephone at the Foleys and, could be, it's Governor Frank Clement calling Red, wanting to ask this or that question.

"Should you meet your father and mother, you'll see," what Red represents. His father walks in the flesh, he's made famous, the Governor called, he said 'Wonder who's kids ing me'? Didn't believe it was the Governor, until he dialed the number. Was one of the few, not a show-off bone in the whole six—foot—two of him!

"Would you meet your father and mother, you'll see," what Red represents. His father walks in the flesh, he's made famous, the Governor called, he said 'Wonder who's kids ing me'? Didn't believe it was the Governor, until he dialed the number. Was one of the few, not a show-off bone in the whole six—foot—two of him!

Red's den, on the exact center of the ceiling, was paster exactly nine records. Nine of Red's records.

"And a notion," Red explains, "of papering the ceiling, the whole of it, with my waxings. But, when I found out it took forty-five minutes to fasten just one of them up there with linoleum paste, gave up the notion."

"Something better, like the home I came from," Red said fervently, "like the home I hope this home is now going to be... for the kids!... for Sally... and for me..."
laying, which became...

The Air...
(Continued from page 53) for work and sleep.

But he was a boatsman who took to the water like a fish, and in the late 1930's he anchored in Long Island Sound's Echo Bay. One house there appealed to him, although there were others more majestic in appearance—for example, Tommy Manville's thirty-room place, but this one house, in its acre and a quarter, held a real fascination for Dennis. It was built on the side of a hill that sloped down into the Sound family house. Dennis would look up at a huge circular window and he could see right into a very livable living room. It was love at sight, but a frustrating love affair for Dennis—a house just doesn't make a bachelor's life.

Life took a new turn for Dennis in December of 1951 when he married Marjorie 'Mickie' Crawford. Mickie had discovered that Dennis is just as serious as he is amiable, just as persistent as he is charming. He didn't exactly bow her over, for Mickie—though as pretty as a glamorous movie star—didn't like glamour. She was a small-town girl and the people around her. She was skeptical of a big city star. In a year's courtship, she learned that Dennis was a real guy and that his famous showmanship was the result of honest, hard work.

"When you marry a girl like Mickie," Dennis says, "you just naturally think of a real home and the things that go with it."

That's just what Dennis had always stuck in my mind," Dennis recalls, "but just you don't go around envying someone else's property.

Finally, a long time needed to inquire about the home on Echo Bay, Dennis found out it was on the market. The Jameses went out to see it. Mickie was thrilled. Dennis was beside himself with delight. They bought the house and, July of last summer, moved in.

Some few miles from Manhattan, Echo Haven can be reached by land or water. Its front yard, in New Rochelle, New York, is a small-town one, with apple and pine trees. Its backyard is the Long Island Sound. It is a ten-room house, impressive and exciting, for each of the rooms has a beauty and individuality of its own.

Through the front door (land side), the Jameses step into a large foyer. Directly ahead is the living room, twenty-five feet wide, which stretches into eternity—for the far wall is all glass, a series of ceiling-to-floor windows which cover the width of the room.

"This is our Cinerama," Mickie says.

In this huge bay, you are literally sitting in space. There are two leather chairs facing the window, a thirty-power telescope, and there are reading lamps. (But, Mickie says, it's difficult to concentrate on reading.) There is a sweep of the sea or a hundred ducks floating on the water as the boats moving across the horizon.

When the lights go on, the windows are black mirrors, reflecting a magnificent paneled fireplace. On the mantel is a gift from Paul Winchell, a clock with a weather barometric pressure, and there are a couple old mugs Dennis picked up in Haiti. The carpeting is tan and the chairs and fabrics follow through in various shades of the same color.

"Decorating a house is a job that never quits," Dennis says.

He points to a newly acquired nest of tables that he designed himself. The tables are curved to fit the end of the room against a wall and facing the fireplace. A few feet forward of the sofa is a large calfskin-covered ottoman. Their coffee table is home-designed. A huge piece of driftwood is the base for a clear panel of free form glass shaped something like the left sole of a shoe. The fireplace has two tall table lamps with squash bases, white columns and square shades which Dennis and Mickie had made from wallpaper. One panel on the side of the fireplace is a TV set which Dennis mounted himself.

But, according to Mickie, "Most of our friends usually head for the game room." This is the knitting area. The knotty-pine paneled walls are plaques and awards honoring Dennis, pictures of friends, a dart game and an antique musket. There are two leather chairs facing a fieldstone fireplace, and a handsome hickory table built on a barrel, together with some barrel chairs. Because the house is built on a slope, these windows face out on Long Island Sound.

Next to the game room, Dennis has built himself a tool chest and workbench. And there is also a laundry room with a deep freeze that boasts, among other things, several bottles of spaghetti sauce made by Dennis' mother to be served when she is away.

All has not been living in heaven for the Jameses. However, they've had two major catastrophes a week ago. In Echo Haven, Mickie found Dennis on the garage floor in a pool of blood. In pulling down the overhead door, he was smashed on the head. Eighteen stitches taken, and in the hospital for two black eyes, Dennis, who was a middleweight boxing champ in college, can't recall ever being hit so hard.

"Now we play it safe," he says. "We have an electronic device that opens and closes the door from the car."

The Jameses' dining room is beige, with a black and white table, full black chairs, but Dennis and Mickie eat many of their meals on their "dining terrace," glassed in against the weather. Outside this terrace is a circular flagstone pavilion, then a shingled roof. Outside the water where one pier is under construction. Dennis gave away his big boat and now owns a Chris-Craft speedboat, a sailboat and a dinghy. The pier, one of the second painful memories, has been under construction too long. "We started work on it last year, of course, wanted it finished last summer so we could get some use out of it," Dennis recalls. "Not until the day before Labor Day was it completed."

"Labor Day there was a storm and Dennis sat in his 'Cinerama' watching the elements pound the rip and tear until his pier was washed away. The new pier started this past spring, should be ready by July. (The Jameses have their fingers crossed.)"

In the meantime, Dennis docks his boats across the bay and, on good afternoons, takes his friends for rides along the Sound. Among others, he has had Herb Shriver and Jack Nelson out. They may stop at the Westchester Country Club for lunch, or a swim, although the Jameses can swim right off their own float which bobs some fifty feet off their property. There are lights in the house to illuminate the water for after-dinner swims.

The master bedroom also faces the Sound. It's large and handsome, with another fireplace and another television set. French windows open on a terrace large enough to hold a small table and a few chairs. This is where Dennis has his fruit juice and coffee each morning, reads the paper and meditates.

Dennis loves the beauty of the morning hours. There are misty days when fish boats lie just off shore. There are some mornings when gulls swoop in from the horizon. Not usually an early riser, it makes it a point occasionally to get up and watch a sunrise.

The headboard and the spread on the huge bed are of charcoal grey tweed. The carpeting is rose, with flecks of gold.

On the fourth floor of the house there are the bedrooms. The first is a temporary sewing room. Temporary, because one day the Jameses hope it will be the nursery. In the meantime, the sewing machine has been whirring. Mickie and her mother have not needed a single drapes and chair covers.

Adjoining the future nursery is the study where Mickie and Dennis plan and mount and edit their film. Mickie is an artist and Dennis has an eye for painting since he met her. There are many paintings and prints throughout the house. Dennis first is in the dining room, a land scape. His favorite is of his father's hangs in the foyer opposite a watercolor Ted Mack gave him.

"Using the word hobby loosely," Dennis says, "I might say the house is now my chief hobby."

As a former apartment-dweller, Dennis has learned quickly. He knows about oil to soil, plumbing, building and other gardening problems. He has learned from experience about plumbing, insulating, constructing, and the dozens of other things that have to do with owning a house. When he bought his first painting he Dennis hung a with a nine inch hole in the wall. Now he knows about plaster and is a master handyman.

"The projects on the outside are mine," he says, "and Mickie runs the house."

Louise, their permanent staff of one, is invaluable to both. Dennis counts her a not only cook but secretary and critic. Louise has been around TV and radio, "shop talk" so much when she watches Dennis' shows she feels the same tension as the producer.

Louise, like Mickie, seldom misses one of Dennis' shows and when he gets home she is right on hand to answer the inevitable question, "How did it sound?"

Dennis is justifiably proud of his starring role in the "Challenge Of A Lifetime" and "Steeplechase". To A Friend he has just admitted that the real satisfaction isn't found merely in their success. Both are the kind of shows he has always wanted to emcee, for both give concrete help to deserving people.

Sometimes both Mickie and Dennis are so busy that their paths don't cross for hours. Dennis has solved this problem with a system connecting all floors. It saves time running up and down stairs trying to find something.

"Not that I can count on Mickie's memory," Dennis says.

The story that Mickie tells on herself perhaps best sums up the story of Dennis. He had forgotten to pack a fresh suit for that night's Chance Of A Lifetime. Mickie said she would bring a suit for him. An hour or so later she drove up to the house, delivered a suitcase. The suitcase was empty.

They both laughed at this, for they are sure of each other. Dennis frankly traces his happiness from the day he met Mickie.

"As wonderful as the house is," he says, "it would be nothing without Mickie. I wouldn't want it without her."

You really couldn't find another married couple—or house—which speak more eloquently of their own happiness.
Joan Alexander

(Continued from page 51) 

at about being "too just the right degree, you."
Not too good to be human, but then no means bad. Which, in good part, is a result of the very close relationship of a mother-daughter team...the very vitality and natural interest of this team toward her daughter.

Just like any other working mother," plains Joan, "when I come home I, too, sometimes just plain tired. At these times I must be particularly careful not let Jane develop a feeling of being in a way... of not being wanted at that moment. She must never feel that after a day at the studios I am too tired to play with her or be interested in her day's activities. Actually, this sounds much ruder than it really is. In the first place, I am naturally quite the active.

In the second place, she's enthusiastic that it's hard not to be lifting up in her gay whirl. In fact, when to come home seemingly exhausted, she's actually the medicine I need. Before I know it she's set my world back to rights again, which is one of the many reasons I would never dream of vacationing without Jane. Every summer I do get a vacation with her. How I came to thus, well, she was vacationed with her mother—or is it the other way round? They are such a perfect pair, that it's hard to say which is the one for the other. Acquaintances who do not understand this unusual rapport between mother and daughter are inclined to wonder why Joan doesn't want "get away from it all" during her hard-earned three-week vacations. They wonder how it possible to have a really restful and relaxing vacation with a six-year-old, isn't a child sometimes be more of a strain than a pleasure for a mother, especially on vacations? "Unfortunately," replies Joan, "I'm sure as is often true. Healthy children are naturally active. But the fact that they are doesn't mean they need rest. In fact, times ten of the day, the child who is always getting into mischief is the child who is trying to get attention. More than that, it is having for all her time, the child is holding on or she is bound to get. And, if child must go to extremes in order to get attention, isn't that really the parents' fault? As for Jane, she's not only loved, but beloved. She isn't the sort of child that will get into Mother's perfume, or tear pages out of books in order to get attention. In fact, it's quite the other way around. Right from the very beginning, and I don't think Jane's ever too soon to start teaching, Jane learned—sensed—might be a better word—that, when she was good and sweet, she received the like in return. Right from the very beginning she sensed she was loved and wanted. She knows that under no circumstances is she ever in the way. She is old enough now to know that her parents enjoy her...enjoy being with her. Enjoy her being with them. She feels secure...and, being secure, is happy and loving."

This love that represents such security to little Jane becomes immediately obvious to any stranger at first meeting with the two Js. Obviously, the parents' friends are always also the daughter's friends. In fact, it might be said that Jane is the demi-hostess. When, for example, dinner guests arrive, Jane, who has by now been fed and bathed, is right at her mother's side greeting them. Then, when her bedtime arrives, without any fuss she warmly says good-night and trundles off with her mother, who tucks her in for the night. Why no fuss? Just because Jane has never felt her parents were trying to get rid of her...get her out of the way. It's just that it's bedtime and, naturally, when it's bedtime, one goes to bed. And, furthermore, her mother's going with her to tuck her in and spend those last wonderful moments before the Sandman claims her for the night. It's as simple as that. It's as natural as all that. It's a result of love and security.

"Vacations with my daughter are fun...not a strain," Joan says. "Of course, it's true that, when you're vacationing with a small child, you, the adult, must make up your mind to one thing—plans must be made in deference to the child. That is, the parent must adjust to the child, not vice versa. That doesn't, however, mean that you must prepare to spend the entire time cutting out paper dolls and blowing bubbles... which would, admittedly, be quite a strain on an adult. No, quite the opposite... The small child who loves story hours and likes to do things they see adults doing...and, with a little thought, you can arrange to include your child in your activities, as well as including yourself in his."

"For instance, I am very fond of antiques and love to browse through antique shops—particularly those in the country. For the last several years, we have rented summer cottages in the Hamptons, Long Island, and manage to get out on weekends and, of course, always spend my three-week vacations there. For the past two summers I have taken Jane with me on brief excursions to antique shops.

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$1000.00 REWARD! A reward of $1000.00 is offered for information leading to the arrest of these criminals. For details, tune in your Mutual station, Sunday afternoon and hear "TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES"

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Don't miss "RITA'S GHOST"—how the relentless two-year pounce watch tracked the unsuspected killer—in July TRUE DETECTIVE now on sale!
I discovered that Jane's simply fascinated with such things as barber poles, cigar-store Indians, old sleighs and the like. So now I take her with me and complete ease of mind... knowing that she will be happy sitting in a sleigh or talking with an old wooden Indian. I accomplish something for myself, and at the same time give Jane a good time. Last summer she completely amazed me by suddenly associating marble with the word 'Victorian'... she had, evidently, been following my activity. The every time she sees a marble-top table, with the voice of authority she proclaims it as being 'Victorian'.

During the summers of the her young life near Long Island's beaches, Jane is as much at home on a beach as she is in her own room. Whereas she loved the sea, it didn't take long to get on equal friendly terms with the water. However, Joan never tried to coax her... just bided her time until Jane of her own accord would display an interest in getting feet wet. "The only thing I did," explains Joan, "was, whenever I returned from a swim, I would briefly wax enthusiastic about the water. Eventually, the sight of Jane taking the water's edge with me, and very casually...just as though we had done this every day of our lives—Jane and 'Mommy' took their first dip together. She has no fear of the water. It's her fear to overcome... a fear that is so often merely the result of parents trying to force the issue."

The beauty of a great weather takes up a big part of Joan's and Jane's vacation time. They pack picnic lunches and spend the day swimming, digging tunnels, building sand forts, and playing a somewhat less adult game of "Name's The Same." During the afternoon Jane curls up under the beach umbrella and takes a nap—which gives Joan an opportunity to read that good book she brought along. Once in a while a friend will come out to spend the day. "Actually," says Joan, "I do very little entertaining while I'm vacationing with Jane, and any friends who do come out know ahead of time that they will have to fit in with our plans. To put it bluntly, I have very little opportunity to spend entire days with my daughter, so, when the opportunity does come along, I refuse to let anything interfere."

"And, speaking of guests, one day early last summer, one of my closest friends, Lucille Wall, the radio actress, came out to spend the night. Going to see a children's movie was another... I must admit I think I enjoyed this activity as much as Jane. Then, of course, you can usually find one or two friends, who from their contemporaries and, since Jane is an extremely outgoing little personality, she has always had many friends... summers included. We would have tea parties with the children next door, or the children down the road. Jane has a little electric toy stove on which she can make tea and tiny little cupcakes... you know, the red velvet variety...and it was with great excitement on rainy days when Jane prepared for a tea party. As for me I'd be not too far away getting through the next dozen or so pages of my vacation readings."

"As for what I do with my evenings, that's simple, too. I go to bed almost as early as Jane. Then, when the sunrise rolls over the hills, I find something eager to meet the new day as my young daughter. In fact, I'm more eager than Jane, because to me the new day means that many more hours with my adorable, wonderful, beautiful daughter...—good daughter... if you'll pardon a prejudiced mother!"

The Blessed Help of People

(Continued from page 61) before Christmas when the telephone rang and the 'miracle of Olney'—as she calls it—began!

It was a dreary day for more than sea- sons of time. Here she was on the fourth birthday of her fourth child, with seven foster-children to care for on just about $150 a month. She had successfully reared almost one hundred children, including the current seven, but this year's drought had totally destroyed her garden and its annual yield of 1500 quarts of fruits and vegetables. These vegetables and other products would normally have helped "her children" through the winter.

This year the old frame house seemed to be cold and drafty. As she cooked what little there was to eat, on an ancient three-legged wood stove, Miss Graffort looked longingly at an empty space where an icebox had once stood. Even that was now gone.

For herself, she didn't worry, but winter lay ahead—with absolutely no hope of comfort for the youngsters under her roof. After nearly thirty years of caring for almost a hundred children—three of them legally adopted by the Graffort—and giving each the individual attention and love of a real mother, the prospect of failing her charges was a grim, depressing one.

It was a long walk that day, for her, that, on that cold winter night, she had been carefully maneuvered into position near a certain telephone by her sister, Mrs. Frank Baum, and "Mommy" Jane's friend, Mr. Frank Baum. Shortly after eight o'clock, the telephone rang and, suddenly, Atra Graffort was speaking to Ralph Edwards, and being heard over the airwaves by the millions of listeners to his popular Truth Or Consequences program.

Ralph explained to the incredulous old lady the good-luck story of how her lifetime devotion to children had been brought to his attention by one of her former foster-children. Because of her self-sacrifice and utter selflessness, he and his sponsors wished to make her life easier in the future with a deep freeze, a gas range, a refrigerator and a year's supply of Pet Milk. Ralph and Miss Graffort chatted for a minute and Miss Graffort's enthusiasm was strong enough to touch the hearts of people all over this nation.

After he wished her good luck, Ralph Edwards hung up the phone. Turning to his audience, he asked each one to write his or her own captionën searches listener to help Atra Graffort and her foster-children by sending one can of food to her home in Missouri. They were to do so by the beginning of the show. From everywhere in the country packages arrived literally by the truckload, until there were some thirty truckloads in all. Postmistress Mellie Duval, who has never had to worry about a lack of mail, stood there the next few days, with mail bags that seemed to be doubled in any one day, was completely overwhelmed by the onslaught. Extra help was called into the main post office at Silvis, and even the mailmen and their semi-trailer were commanded to carry the letters, boxes, bags and crates—all of which totalled 12,846 packages and 3,949 letters. Miss Graffort was overwhelmed with gifts. They included a side of beef from a rancher in Colorado, a hank quarter of

version from California in an order of dresses from Denver for Miss Graffort and three foster—daughters, and a crate from a bank in Birmingham filled with cans and bags.

Radio Station KJFJ, Webster City, Iowa, made Atra Graffort's needs their special project. Station General Manager Wayne J. Hatchett sent 690 pounds of food, compliments of KJFJ listeners.

Within days, the post office and Miss Graffort's old three-story frame house were in a state of orderly chaos. Neighbors pitched in to help the slightly dazed little woman arrange and catalogue the over 50,000 items that were scattered through the four bedrooms, the roomy kitchen and overflowing onto the big front porch. "I could almost go into the grocery business with all this food," gasped Miss Graffort, bright blue eyes agog behind her glasses at the four-foot-high wall of supplies stacked in every room.

Even Miss Graffort failed to notice the fact that every gift bore a message of courage and hope straight from the hearts of folks all over the country who appreciate the value of a real mother.

Of the scores of children Atra Graffort has raised in the past twenty-eight years, eighty were wards of the St. Louis Board of Highways, and the others were assigned to the at least temporarily motherless. Sixteen were with Miss Graffort from infancy until adulthood. It was one of these, sixteen, Mrs. J.G. Campbell of El Paso, Texas, who wrote to Ralph Edwards. Miss Graffort describes how the child
The doctor said, "Send her to me," thinking the mother would be well soon. The woman went home. Later, she died and the twelve-year-old girl came to the doctor.

"He didn't know what to do, so when I heard the story I took her home with me. She stayed until she was eighteen, married a minister's son—a very nice boy.

"Never a Mother's Day or Christmas goes by that I don't hear from her. And now, her writing to Ralph Edwards has given me help when I needed it most. One of the joys of having children is knowing they appreciate you and love and think of you even when they have their own families to worry about."

Reminiscence put a faraway look in Miss Graffort's eyes. "It seems like I've had children all my life. My mother was an invalid and I kept boarders so I could be here with her and still earn some money. Somehow people began asking me to care for their children.

"I raised my brother's child. He sent her to me by mail when she was less than two years old. She arrived on the train with a tag attached to her.

Miss Graffort can tell lots of love stories about her offspring, but her favorite is about Helen. Like teenagers her age, Graffort's daughter was given medicine that wasn't working.

"I bought that apple anyhow and there- after Miss Graffort promised, "It's security."

"Bustling around her new, modern kitchen, confident of a good supply of food and money for her brood, she remarked, "It is the most wonderful feeling that for the first time in my life I have security for my children. If my 'miracle of Olney' hadn't happened, two of my boys would be forced to leave high school in the first year—and what kind of future could they have without education?"

"I would probably have had to give up most of the children. Four of them, including the twins, are from one family. They might have been separated. I couldn't bear to think of brothers and sisters being apart from one another. Now the youngsters can stop worrying and with spring here I can plant the garden again."

It's all peaceful and quiet-like these days in Olney, Missouri. The excitement of hearing Miss Graffort on Ralph Edwards' 'Truth or Consequences' has simmered down to a wonderful memory. The neighbors have stopped marveling. The reporters are back to chasing fires. The heroine of all the fuss has picked up the threads—now strengthened of her profession as mother and homemaker.

Things may seem about the same as they did last year just before the now-famous telephone call, but there is a difference. Everyone can recognize and appreciate it. It's security. Not only the security Miss Graffort feels at knowing she will be able to carry on her work, but there is the added reassurance of a family united, of a town dropping everything to help out of a stranger who runs a radio program and thousands of his listeners responding with warmth and vigor to another lady's needs.

Miss Atha Graffort moves toward the twilight of a rich, satisfying life. She has her children who keep her in touch with their travels, their marriages and, now, their children.

"I may be an old maid," she admits, smiling roguishly. "But I'm several times a grandmother!"
States at eleven, when she entered school in Los Angeles. For one thing, they left Joan—who was Dulcie Ellis then, until a month or so later, to go back to Joan Loring—with a mind alert to every new experience and an ear so attuned to foreign tongues and dialects that both qualities were to serve her well later. They had sent her off to a children’s radio show, first on radio, then in Hollywood movies, on the Broadway stage, and finally in New York radio and television.

However, her acting was far from perfect. She had nothing to do with being able to imitate dialects, or really with anything specific at all. “I was just sort of led into it,” she says. “My mother and I thought I might come across well in school...”

She was barely thirteen at the time, a tiny bronze-haired child with hazel-gray eyes. Her first acting chance, however, had been for a part of Joan in her dramatic radio serial, Dear John, which starred Irene Rich. Joan played the part for almost a year, and it was one of her first series of opportunities for her. By the time she was seventeen, she was playing children’s roles but had added grown-up parts on Broadway, such as the part of Little Sheba, in the play “Come Back, Little Sheba,” and the star was Shirley Booth, who later starred in a very important role of Joan, the young roomer in the play “Autumn Garden,” with Fredric March and Florence Eldridge—for which she got the Drama Critics’ Award—and all the other things, too. It was a part that was to come under the name of Russ McClure, and Joan had added grown-up roles to her repertoire, including a new philosophy about herself and her life.

“I stopped depreciating myself, as I had done in my teens. I knew my own limitations, and I knew I was selling myself short. I added grown-up roles to my repertoire, and I added new philosophy about myself and my life.”

Joan’s performance as the little Welsh girl in the film version of “The Corn Is Green,” won her a nomination for the Academy Award as best supporting actress of 1945. But, after making several movies, Joan left Hollywood in 1948 to do a season of summer stock, always working toward her goal, but first for her job as an actress. In the fall she became a member of the New York advertising agencies and the producers who had radio programs. She was offered “My first dramatic part on a daytime program was in This Is Nora Drake, on which I played Suzanne for the next two years. Then I came back to the program last year to play Grace, a role I hope to continue for a long time.”

Being back on the Nora Drake program was a real thrill to Joan. Arthur Hanna is directing, and she thinks he’s tops. Les Damon, who plays the part of Bruno, dropped in to greet her. And Charles Paul, who plays the organ on so many shows.

“I’ve known Joan Tompkins the longest of anyone in New York radio,” Joan Loring says, “and though our friendship has been mostly confined to our working hours, there has always been a warm, good feeling between us. She is one of the best people I know. We were on a very good cast—Ruth Newton plays Vivian, Elizabeth Lawrence is Marguerite, Joe Mantell is Cass Toddore, Bill Quinn is Fred Molina, and I play the part of Sally Dick—which characterization of Russ McClure is really wonderful. Actually, the whole cast is more than just a group of people who gather to work together. There is a real and warm interest shared among Miss Milt Lewis, the writer, and Frank High-

gins, of the agency, are also part of the clan—which is unusual and very nice.”

There was a time when Joan hardly realized how difficult it sometimes is to get along in the world of radio. Among the most important young actresses and actors discuss their lack of breaks. When she began to analyze her own situation, she wondered how much of it really was due to luck, and how much was due to her not being good at her job. And she began to evaluate herself more realistically. Maybe it wasn’t all luck. Maybe she had been underestimating her own abilities.

This feeling was strengthened later when, in her very first part on the Broadway stage, she won the important Donaldson award “for the best debut performance on Broadway.” The name of the role was that of Marie, the young roomer in the play “Autumn Garden,” with Fredric March and Florence Eldridge—for which she got the Drama Critics’ Award—and all the other things, too. It was a part that was to come under the name of Russ McClure, and Joan had added grown-up roles to her repertoire, including a new philosophy about herself and her life.

“I stopped depreciating myself, as I had done in my teens. I knew my own limitations, and I knew I was selling myself short. I added grown-up roles to my repertoire, and I added new philosophy about myself and my life.”

As Joan talks about this new philosophy of hers, her words are full of eagerness, but there is an underlying dignity and care with the dignity and care being the best of yourself to everything you do.”

Joan laughs at this point and breaks into her own train of thought. “I know all these things and I know they are true, and if I could follow them all the time I would have more of a chance of getting along all the time when I can’t. I often get nervous and upset—but just before doing a television broadcast, for instance. And then it occurs to me, so they have them from about eight to eleven, then by one minute past eight everybody will be watching another show. If I’m not as good as I wanted to be, at least I have tried.”

She laughs and says that if you are nervous about something you have to do, the quicker you can get relaxed about it, the better. Getting intense only makes it worse.

Apparently her own advice works for her, because she has been so busy on radio and TV, since moving into a new apartment last November, that she is only now feeling comfortable there. And now, she says, “It’s a big white room, with wonderful possibilities. Little reminders of an Oriental childhood are here, in a blue and white Chinese tea jar covered with sprays of blossoms, in a plant trained in a fanciful shape of a tree, in a little old brass tray from the East, in an ash tray shaped like a fish. There are more of these things, soon to emerge from big packing cases stored for me.”

The kitchen is Joan’s greatest love, because she has a passion for cooking, especially exotic dishes for which she buys the ingredients in New York’s Chinatown. May-be she doesn’t have a watch, but she has a watch figure and occasionally go on a diet to keep her weight down near a hundred pounds or a little more. “It’s unpleasing for me to diet,” she says. “It takes all the fun out of eating. Some of the time I might lose weight quickly because I am busy— I find I don’t think about food when I’m working.”

Sharing the little two-floor apartment—and sole master of the little yard—is her brown French poodle, Bursche (which means “Rascal” in German). Bursche came from France, and Joan had the idea of carting a dog around Europe and bringing him home with her, the night she won one of her favorite little restaurants in Hollywood. She might not—she, and I noticed a little brown fur ball rolling around the floor. I couldn’t even see a face and paws. The proprietor said me watching the puppet—which is what the children call it—and asked me if I liked it. It’s my daughter’s dog, and she can’t keep it,” he told me. “Do you want it?” I thought, what will I do with a puppet while I’m traveling? And when we were home, I sometimes leave early in the morning and don’t get back until after a late show. I couldn’t take him. It would be impossible!”

“Then I said I would come back, after thing about it, and gave him my decision. My friend and I left and I thought and thought during our walk, but I still couldn’t make up my mind. I wanted the puppet, but I knew we were going to have a long break. So I took the puppet with me.”

“As we came back into the restaurant, I heard the proprietor talking to someone else about Bursche. ‘If you want him, you keep him; if you don’t want him, just as I came in. ‘Just a minute,’ I heard myself say. ‘That’s my dog.’”

So now the Loring household consists of one intensely alive young actress, trying to get her job done, and most of the time succeeding—and one intensely alive French poodle whose only philosophy is to romp riotously indoors and out and to eat anything Pacific Rim, if it isn’t actual food, at least a new rubber bone. As for romance, well, she was heard to say not long ago she wanted to marry, have a lot of children, and live ‘way out in the country, away from all that makes you a city person.’ She is a little bit hilarious, and she means this, except for the part about marriage and children. You don’t believe she would be content away from her job? No, you don’t—especially when you see the way she does it, then you can count on her doing it. If she should decide that true happiness lies that way, then—unlike Grace Sargent, whose decisions are impulsive ones—Joan Loring would make hers quietly, and be happy with the path she had chosen.
Laughter's the Word for Link

(Continued from page 55)
French poodles, and one talkative taxi driver to make me realize that Art Linkletter was a wonderful guy and a down-to-earth good sport.

The Jell-O incident, for example, was one of the first jokes on Art I remember that showed me what a good sport he was. Art is an early riser. At crack of dawn, starts singing before he gets to the shower, and continues to sing like a bird in the shower.

You can count on Link's singing to wake the town—and all of us. The rest of us don't get up the way Art does. We don't think it's healthy. One day when we were on tour with the People Are Funny show, we thought we'd teach Art to stay in bed a bit longer.

We were staying at a hotel in Denver (won't mention the name, as they may still be looking for the writers, who likes to sleep late, came up with an idea we thought was very funny—and educational, for Art.

We went to the nearest super-market and bought a case of Jell-O. We stored this in the next room until Link came in that night (after a big dinner with the sponsor); then we waited patiently at the adjoining room, to set off solid snores playing out a heavy tune in the bedroom. With Art fast asleep, we tiptoed in, and package by package dumped the contents of the box case onto the bathtub. Then we turned on the hot water, slowly stirring the brew. Finally, our evil deed done, we stealthily crept out, and let the gelatine and the cool Denver night air do the rest.

We didn't sleep much that night with the anticipation of what was to come. In the morning we were all up bright and early (for a change) to see the reaction we knew would follow. It did.

Art got up on schedule. Started singing before he got to his bath, and suddenly his voice went up to a high C with a sort of 'Yip.' Then everything got quiet. This worried us. When we broke in we found him sitting on the edge of the tub, pointing at the shimmering ocean of strawberry Jell-O and laughing... He was nearly hysterical! He couldn't say anything, let alone sing! It took us all morning to quiet him down and, during the show that afternoon, he continued to break out with short grunts of laughter for no particular reason.

In the end the joke was on us. For weeks after that Art got up fifteen minutes earlier to make sure he didn't have to stand up to his knees in Jell-O when he took his morning shower.

I've rarely seen Link really mad. It's not that he's just easy-going, but that he has an amazing knack for understanding people. Especially his staff. In the six years I've worked with him, he's bawled me out twice. Each time, I deserved it. After I'd made a mess of his car, I called his office, let me have it fair and square, then—as if he were almost sorry he'd done it—asked me in that friendly manner, "Say, did I tell you the funny thing that happened to me last week?"

Link's honesty with another person is only equaled by his curiosity. About everything. People especially. When he meets a stranger, he never knows whether he's being interviewed for People Are Funny, because Art asks a million questions.

"Oh, so you work for a milk company? Do you drive a truck? What are your hours? So early? Do you have nice people on your route?"

Link's curiosity can hand him a laugh, too. Like the time we were in Kansas City on a tour. "Wanna take a ride?" he asked me. "I'd like to see some of the city." So we hopped in a cab and told the driver to just "ride us around." Before we could open our mouths, the driver started talking. He talked for two solid hours, driving us through the city. He was a one-man Gallup poll.

Seems he'd seen our show and was telling us all about it. Since it was dark when we'd hailed the cab, the driver had no chance of seeing Link's face and had no idea who he was.

"And that Linkletter," said the cable. "Yea," from Art in the back seat, "what did you think of him?"

He told us. Fortunately (for our pride's sake) he was a good sport. He also had a lot of good ideas and suggestions about the show. Link was pumping him for all he was worth and listening to everything he offered. That's Link for you; he listens to what you have to say—me, a cab driver, or anybody.

"Thanks," he said seriously to the driver, when we arrived back at our hotel. "I learned a lot about the town, that is." It was then I learned something about Art. "You took it good-naturedly," I kidded. "How come you didn't tell him who you were?"

"Oh, no," Art replied quickly, "that would have embarrassed him. Besides, he did me a big favor. Only goes to prove what I've always said—I never met a person who didn't find interesting. Will Rogers used to say he never met a person he didn't like. Well, I say I like them all—also, I find them interesting, and oftentimes very informative."

I think that's why Art's able to get so much out of every association, no matter how casual. Though once I saw his philosophy take a funny twist. But even here he made the best of it.

We were in Louisville, having played to a tremendous audience. After the show, Art left the stage and headed for the main floor. I remember looking down and seeing about 2,000 howling, hysterical women waiting to receive him with open arms. I remember thinking at the time that this was a downright dangerous thing to do. It was. Art had no sooner gotten into their midst than the women started pulling buttons off his coat, handkerchief out of his pocket, the tie from around his neck—all for souvenirs! Art tried to escape, but too late. I saw him turning up a blind alley beside the theatre at a dead run, the women not far behind. I ran for help. I came back with the police, and there was Art pinned against the wall by his mob of devoted fans. They had all the buttons, plus one sleeve, and were beginning on his shirt when I finally rescued him.

"I couldn't believe it was happening," he said. "And of all people—to me!" He looked down at his ruined suit. "People," he said, "they're really interesting, aren't they. You never know what to expect—or what to do. I love 'em all. Aren't they wonderful?"

It's true, I thought. You never know what people are going to do. They are wonderful. But if they had ruined my suit I would have made two, or I would have gone to the Chamber of Commerce. But not Art.

Link is the kind of man who usually keeps his people under control. He feels things deeply, like the rest of us, but he's learned to control himself. Once in Boston, however, his feelings got the better of him.

Our performance that night was to be a charity affair with the proceeds going to a famed children's hospital there. For one stunt, a cute little girl and bright young boy were vying for a French poodle. (We
You Can...

STRIKE IT RICH!

How would you like to win a free trip to New York and a chance to appear on the famous radio and TV program, STRIKE IT RICH, where you may win your heart's ambition? All you have to do is write a short letter. For complete details, get . . .

JULY

True Story

Magazine

(Continued from page 70)

into it, children from overseas who need a home like ours. We're hoping to have some of our own. We're hoping to make it, and keep it, a real home.

No one can be sure of the exact age of the original three-room house that forms the nucleus of Florence's and Andy's home. Rocky Hollander, who had both the horse and the dog in the picture, told us that the structure was built in 1790.

Florence got her first taste of music when she was seven. She remembers an old organ with a clock on top that played a tune for ten minutes. She liked it, and her grandmother let her play it before she had to go to school. She has it now, and plays it in a room where she stores her treasures. She also has a few small pieces of furniture, all heavily painted with plaster dust. "If I ever get another job, I'll paint it white and sell it for a thousand dollars,

Florence's father gave her when she was sixteen and preparing for a career as a concert pianist. Her mother's collection of antique china and glass from their old home in St. Louis. The eggshell demitasse cups and saucers that forms the ceiling has been painted white also, but the rough-hewn uprights of solid oak have been left their natural color. They outline a sort of 'picture window' effect—without glass—between the little dining room and the big double living room, an unusual and beautiful touch.

Andy believes in putting first things

visit us. Daytimes their children, Allan and Judy, would come over to see if they could do anything to help. All our neighbors have been simply wonderful, and we are happy to be part of the community.

Only three rooms had been in use for a long time before the Marshalls took over the house. It is really a two-room bungalow with an added third room. It has a downstairs level and an upper level. The only thing that is missing in the house is a kitchen.

The Marshalls' son, Andy, has always been interested in music. His first piano lessons were given by his mother when he was a child. He learned to play the violin at the age of ten, and played in a symphony orchestra when he was in college.

The Marshalls' daughter, Judy, is interested in art. She has always been a good painter, and her work has been shown in several art shows.
Andy was right there in St. Louis. I must have looked very honest, or very naive, because I walked out wearing the coat. After that, my parents were reconciled to my being an actress."

"Everything but acting" for Florence included such things as using her sewing ability to make things for the other girls, as well as heeding her own wardrobe together. She demonstrated dolls at Macy's department store, and was just beginning a course in Christmas selling when she got a chance to read for her first Broadway role, as the young girl in "Maedchen in Uniform." The play lasted only a short time, but the notices had been good, and one opportunity led to another. Florence played in "The Joyous Season," "The Old Maid," and "Call It a Day." During the run of "The Old Maid" she was called for some radio parts on the Sigmund Romberg Hour, and later she got leads on Rooster and Drums. "Just handed me to like that, and I didn't value them highly enough. Radio seemed like a by-product to me then, not a career in itself, although I liked it very much."

After she had played the daughter in "The Little Foxes," with Tallulah Bankhead—a notable Broadway success—the serious illness of Florence's father took her away for several months. Out in Minnesota, at the Mayo Clinic where her father was being treated, she began to realize the importance of radio for the people who saw very little "live" theatre. She not only appreciated radio more from an audience standpoint, but she began to think of it for herself as a means of greater financial security than the stage had to offer. And she remembered that people had liked her on radio.

"I sat down and wrote sixty-six letters to various people who might be interested in knowing I wanted to make radio acting my profession, and I gathered them together for an audition. Ten answered me, and three contained offers of immediate auditions. I almost spoiled my chances on my first NBC program by being terribly nervous. The director had faith in me and proved it by using me over and over again. Finally, I had the good luck to audition with Dick Widmark for roles in Front Page Farrell, and I didn't win the audition. But when I became Sally and Dick was David, until he went to Hollywood to make movies. I have stayed on, for eight years, loving every minute of it."

David Farrell is now played by Staats Cotsworth, who is almost as delightful as a lady in a detective story. He is as clever as an actress and as much loved as a professional."

"My father was an apprentice at a summer theatre in New England, and if I wanted to go on with acting after that (which he doubted—he hoped it would cure me) he promised to pay my way for a year at a good dramatic school in New York. It was like play to me, all that summer. I disappointed my father by loving it, and by being encouraged by him, I was determined to continue. That fall I enrolled in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, was happy to be invited back the next year, but too late. It was the most awful case of stage fright. I was so scared I hardly catch my breath. I got through it, but I decided then that this was something I didn't want for the rest of my life."

"It was the first time I showed any interest in painting. One day at the Goodman Theatre in Chicago, feeling that the fine repertory company would give me more of the experience I needed."

Up to this point it had been easy sailing, but you're a long way from being a dimes on Broadway when Florence returned to New York. "I did everything but act, for a while, just to keep going."

"My parents wanted me to come home and even sold off sending my winter coat so I would have to come and get it. One morning a light snow fell in New York and I decided that, in order to have the joy of having spent the last thirty-five dollars in my old account in a St. Louis bank. I found a coat for just that amount in a department store, but when the fashion buyer and night-oftown check he refused to take it. Finally, I landed in the president's office, insisting the money was right there in St. Louis. I must have looked very honest, or very naive, because I walked out wearing the coat. After that, my parents were reconciled to my being an actress."

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Up to this point it had been easy sailing, but you're a long way from being a dimes on Broadway when Florence returned to New York. "I did everything but act, for a while, just to keep going."

"My parents wanted me to come home and even sold off sending my winter coat so I would have to come and get it. One morning a light snow fell in New York and I decided that, in order to have the joy of having spent the last thirty-five dollars in my old account in a St. Louis bank. I found a coat for just that amount in a department store, but when the fashion buyer and night-oftown check he refused to take it. Finally, I landed in the president's office, insisting the money was right there in St. Louis. I must have looked very honest, or very naive, because I walked out wearing the coat. After that, my parents were reconciled to my being an actress."

"Everything but acting" for Florence included such things as using her sewing ability to make things for the other girls, as well as heeding her own wardrobe together. She demonstrated dolls at Macy's department store, and was just beginning a course in Christmas selling when she got a chance to read for her first Broadway role, as the young girl in "Maedchen in Uniform." The play lasted only a short time, but the notices had been good, and one opportunity led to another. Florence played in "The Joyous Season," "The Old Maid," and "Call It a Day." During the run of "The Old Maid" she was called for some radio parts on the Sigmund Romberg Hour, and later she got leads on Rooster and Drums. "Just handed me to like that, and I didn't value them highly enough. Radio seemed like a by-product to me then, not a career in itself, although I liked it very much."

After she had played the daughter in "The Little Foxes," with Tallulah Bankhead—a notable Broadway success—the serious illness of Florence's father took her away for several months. Out in Minnesota, at the Mayo Clinic where her father was being treated, she began to realize the importance of radio for the people who saw very little "live" theatre. She not only appreciated radio more from an audience standpoint, but she began to think of it for herself as a means of greater financial security than the stage had to offer. And she remembered that people had liked her on radio.

"I sat down and wrote sixty-six letters to various people who might be interested in knowing I wanted to make radio acting my profession, and I gathered them together for an audition. Ten answered me, and three contained offers of immediate auditions. I almost spoiled my chances on my first NBC program by being terribly nervous. The director had faith in me and proved it by using me over and over again. Finally, I had the good luck to audition with Dick Widmark for roles in Front Page Farrell, and I didn't win the audition. But when I became Sally and Dick was David, until he went to Hollywood to make movies. I have stayed on, for eight years, loving every minute of it.

David Farrell is now played by Staats Cotsworth, who is almost as delightful as a lady in a detective story. He is as clever as an actress and as much loved as a professional.
Is a Wedding Ring a Luxury?

Your government says Yes! And taxes you twenty per cent for being in love.

Your wedding ring—a tube of lipstick—a bottle of cologne—the movie you see on Saturday night—the long-distance phone call you make to your mother—the wallet you take your pay home in—even President Eisenhower's briefcase—all these, Washington treats as luxuries.

These things, and a long list of others—cosmetics, jewelry, leather goods, entertainment—that are part of your every-day life are burdened with a heavy excise tax that takes up to twenty per cent—in some cases even more—over the price you really pay for the object itself out of your pocket.

That extra percentage would pay the fare on the bus that gets you to the (taxed) movie, or buy you an ice cream soda afterward. It would leave you enough after you've bought a bottle of (taxed) cologne to pay for three pounds of potatoes—enough after you've bought a (taxed) new purse to buy you a pair of gloves to match it.

Or, if you chose to put what you would save into the bank, you could build yourself a holiday-size nest egg, or have enough at the end of a year for a solid down payment on an electric dishwasher.

Last year, on an average, every man, woman and child in the United States spent $58.49 in federal excise taxes. And if you bought more than the average, you paid out much more!

Congress would like to do something about this situation. And with your help it can.

Take two cents out of all the money you'll be saving, buy a postal card and send it to your Congressman. Ask him to cast his vote for repeal or reduction of excise taxes. Just write the words: Vote Yes on Bill HR-5!

And write those words right now!

The Editors of Radio-TV Mirror
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At one time or another, what woman hasn’t thought it would be “fun” to run a dress shop? Well, here’s your chance to do exactly that—without disturbing your normal daily routine, without cluttering up your home with space-consuming “stock.” Here’s a down-to-earth, money-making opportunity for women of any age—and without any business background. You can go into this interesting business without laying out a single penny of your own money in advance. The only requirement is spare time! Fashion Frocks supplies everything else you need to set yourself up in a profitable dress business that can bring you up to $150 in a month.

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Imagine a “Dress Shop” you can tuck under your arm and take right along with you to luncheons, bridge parties, church affairs—or even to the corner grocery. That’s the way Fashion Frocks’ Portable “Dress Shop” works. You simply show exquisite Fashion Frocks to friends and neighbors, relatives and acquaintances at any time that suits your convenience.

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On top of the thrill of operating your own dress business at a BIG PROFIT, you can be the best dressed woman in your neighborhood—without paying one cent for your clothes! You can qualify for your own personal wardrobe given as an extra bonus. It’s almost like being paid just for wearing beautiful clothes!

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Why not wear stars tonight? All it takes is one quick shampoo—and your hair will be winking with these starry highlights, silky soft, silky smooth. The sight of it, the feel of it will put you in seventh heaven!

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There's silkening magic in Drene's new lightning-quick lather! No other lather is so thick, yet so quick—even in hardest water!

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**New Lightning Lather—**

*a magic new formula that silken your hair.*

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