SPECIAL AWARDS ISSUE
Lucille Ball's Baby
Jack Webb • Warren Hull
Jackie Gleason
Bert Parks • Peggy Wood

YOUR FAVORITE STARS and SHOWS by NATIONWIDE VOTE
"ah-h! my Ivory Bath
it's a pleasure... pure pleasure!"

"The whole family agrees on Ivory!"

Yes, there's more lather... faster lather...
in an Ivory bath!

It's so relaxing to sink into an Ivory bath! You don't grope for soap—Ivory floats right into your hand. You don't wait for lather—that husky cake of Ivory fairly bursts into rich, foamy suds! For Ivory makes more lather, faster, than any other leading bath soap!

There's Ivory's famous mildness... and such a clean, fresh odor!

It's pure delight—the gentle caress of silky Ivory suds. For Ivory is 99 4/100% pure... mild as mild. Why, more doctors advise Ivory Soap for skin care than any other soap. And that clean, fresh-smelling Ivory lather leaves you so refreshed! All aglow and ready to go!

You get more for your money, too!

Yes, mild Ivory... pure Ivory... floating Ivory... actually costs you less! Gives you more soap for your money than any other leading bath soap!

99 4/100% pure... it Floats

"The whole family agrees on Ivory!"

America's Favorite Bath Soap!
So much depends on whether your charm keeps on working. Freddy's didn't. Freddy was going great at half-past-eight, but by ten his girl was giving him the definite brush-off.

And who could blame her? No girl wants to put up with a case of halitosis (bad breath).

You seldom know when you're guilty of halitosis (bad breath) ... and even your best friend won't tell you.

Why risk offending needlessly ... why take chances with lesser methods when Listerine Antiseptic instantly stops bad breath, and keeps it stopped usually for hours on end? This amazing deodorant effect is due to Listerine's germ-killing action.

**LISTERINE STOPS BAD BREATH**

4 times better than chlorophyll or tooth paste

No chlorophyll kills odor bacteria like this...instantly

You see, Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of the very mouth 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 don't 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 ... stopped bad breath up to three-to-four times longer than the tooth pastes or chlorophyll products by actual test.

So, 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.

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

**LISTERINE...the most widely used antiseptic in the world**
Colgate's has proved conclusively that brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! In fact, the Colgate way stopped more decay for more people than ever before reported in all dentifrice history.

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

I've been having quite a hairfall since I became a Colgate girl!

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

Colgate's instantly stops bad breath in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth! And the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating is the best home method known to help stop tooth decay!
Women tell me this is the greatest hair-beauty discovery since the permanent wave

Helene Curtis
FOREMOST NAME IN HAIR BEAUTY

spray

Net

brings an utterly new smoother look to American women

Helene Curtis spray net keeps any hair-do softly in place all day long

Now comes a new way to keep your hair perfectly in place—all day, all evening. Simply press the button—and the magic mist of Helene Curtis Spray Net keeps your hair the way you set it—softly, naturally... invisibly... for that new, smoother look.

Millions of women are finding that Helene Curtis Spray Net is the perfect answer to wispy, straggly, unruly hair. Protects your hair-do unfailingly—utterly without stiff-looking lacquers or greasiness. Won’t harm hair—brushes out instantly. Takes less time to apply than lipstick. Keeps hair-do’s fresher longer between your regular visits to the beauty parlor. Get Helene Curtis Spray Net today!

Regular Size $1.25
New 11 oz. Economy Size, $2

At all Drug Stores, Cosmetic Counters and Beauty Salons.
DAYTIME DIARY

AUNT JENNY In Littleton people get up early, work hard, find pleasure in their families, and go to sleep at a reasonable hour. But sometimes the events that fill the hours between waking and sleeping are not quite what one might expect. These are the stories Aunt Jenny tells as she dramatizes the seemingly quiet lives of the neighbors she knows and likes so well. M-F, 12:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

BACKSTAGE WIFE As Larry Noble rehearses in a new play, his wife Mary senses that the mysterious, fascinating Lucius Brooks is far too interested in some of her friends. In spite of her suspicions she is drawn to this unusual man, though she does not foresee the influence he will have in her life and Larry's. Will her instinct, always sharpest where Larry is concerned, recognize, in time, the danger threatening their marriage? M-F, 4 P.M. EST, NBC.

BRIGHTER DAY The new dam has caused a lot of controversy in the town of Three Rivers. There are two points of view—the sentimental and the practical. For, after all, the dam will mean a great deal of money and commerce for the townspeople. Dr. Richard Dennis takes the practical side in the fight—and proves to the town that a clergyman can see the merit in affairs of the world. He will show Three Rivers a hidden truth in the matter. M-F, 2:45 P.M. EST, CBS.

DOCTOR’S WIFE After the very long, difficult, emotional battle of the past months, Dr. Dan Palmer and his wife Julie are forced to decide that, much as they love young Jigger, the mother who has suddenly reappeared in his life has a better right to his custody. Fighting off the inevitable brooding depression that comes with Jigger’s loss, Julie is unaware that her sacrifice is the prelude to the greatest joy of her life. M-F, 5:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL Crime stories are the specialty of David Farrell, ace reporter for the New York Daily Eagle, who has learned through bitter experience two invaluable lessons. The first is that nobody is above suspicion, and the second is that the instincts of his wife Sally are sometimes sharper than his own. Working together, the Farrells have helped police break many a baffling case. M-F, 5:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

GUIDING LIGHT Three happy marriages have been jeopardized by the tragic mistake of young Kathy Grant. Not even the dreadful crime of which she is accused seems as terrible to her as the destruction of the faith of her husband. What does Dick really feel for her now? What are the indirect effects of her selfishness on Bill Bauer, her stepmother’s brother, and his wife? What of Meta herself, and Kathy’s father Joe? M-F, 1:45 P.M. EST, CBS. M-F, 12:45 P.M. EST, CBS-T.

HILLTOP HOUSE Julie Paterno, having recently come through an unsettling romance, is somewhat wary of emotional involvement. The children of Hilltop House, the orphanage she supervises, are taxing enough—and appealing enough—to fill her life, if she really wants it that way. But does she? An old friend’s arrival in Glendale puts the problem squarely before Julie. M-F, 3 P.M. EST, CBS.

JUST PLAIN BILL The fanatical, mysterious Captain Everett Nightingale is well on his way to destroying not only his own marriage but the second marriage of his former wife, as he continues his sinister efforts to reclaim his son, Nelson. Trying to keep the Captain from wrecking many lives, Bill Davidson himself becomes a target for the hate of this twisted personality. Will Bill be able to help himself or the others? M-F, 5 P.M. EST, NBC.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL Almost anyone can see right through to the grasping soul of Danny Kramer’s mother. But is that reason enough to keep her away from her son? Would a mother do more for Danny than the affection of Chichi and Mama David, or the money of Miss Vandenbush? Chichi’s down-to-earth sense refuses to think so, but the battle over Danny could end by doing the crippled youngster harm no matter which it turns out. M-F, 3 P.M. EST, NBC.

LORENZO JONES The amnesia that separates Lorenzo from his wife Belle has forced each of them to develop a new life. In New York, Belle becomes the valued assistant to Verne Massey, whose new play is going into rehearsal. Meanwhile, in Canada, Lorenzo finds in love with brilliant young Gail Maddox. Convinced by Madge Barton, who says she is his aunt, that he is free to marry, Lorenzo becomes engaged to Gail. M-F, 5:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

MA PERKINS Ma understood perfectly when her daughter Eve was upset by the baby that was arriving long after she and Willy had given up hope, thirteen years after their son Junior was born. But Ma is wondering if the baby is responsible for Eve’s sudden discontent with everything. Will Willy do something wise on the first day of his wife? And who will the Hofmanns, new in town, fit into the picture? M-F, 1:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

OUR GALL SUNDAY Believing that she is in some mysterious way responsible for the deaths of her two husbands, Eve West won’t do anything that multiplies the risk of her life. Will Willy give up hope, as Ma did? And will they find the right way to attract a new business partner, by refusing to allow him to be her third husband. Trying to prove to Eve that her dread is based on nothing more than a morbid fancy, Sunday Brin-turop incurs the dangerous enmity of his wife’s ex-lover. M-F, 12:45 P.M. EST, CBS.

PEPPER YOUNG’S FAMILY Linda and Pepper Young have solved an emotional crisis in their marriage by the adoption of a baby whose mother wanted nothing to do with him. But then the baby’s father, learning the child was a boy, prepares to wage ruthless battle to reclaim the rights of his wife signed away. What will it do to Linda’s new-found happiness if somehow the infant whom she so dearly loves can be taken from her? M-F, 3:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

PERRY MASON At last, lawyer Perry Mason is able to convince the police that the poisoner, Emmet, is a more dangerous public enemy than is Perry himself for trying to save the life of an innocent client. With police cooperation Perry feels sure that Emmet is hiding the end of all his crime. Will Ruth Davis be the bait that brings him into the open? And will Perry then have the key to final defeat of Mark Cesar? M-F, 2:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS Though she knows it is unwise for her to interfere at the present time in certain public affairs, (Continued on page 6)
Soothes... softens... safeguards
—as no ordinary baby lotion does.

Guaranteed to prevent diaper rash or your money back!

Here's the perfectly wonderful way to give your precious baby the head-to-toe skin protection that doctors welcome. Playtex Baby Lotion safeguards your baby, day and night, with prolonged antiseptic action... keeps your baby flower-fresh. Safe, even on tender, new-born skin! PLAYTEX Lotion contains a “Miracle Antiseptic” that guarantees no diaper rash, or your money back. You owe it to your baby to give him the extra protection of PLAYTEX Chlorophyll Lotion. Get a bottle today! At leading Drug and Department Stores.

Playtex®

FOR THE NICEST THINGS NEXT TO BABY

DRYPER    PANTIES    SHEETS    BIBS    OIL    POWDER    CREAM    LOTION

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International Latex Corporation, PLAYTEX PARK, Dover Del.
Daytime

Carolyn cannot sit by calmly when it seems to her that a cruel breach of justice is about to ruin two innocent young lives. As Carolyn decides to take a hand in saving the accused husband of her young and frantic friend, she wonders how her action will affect her own future. Will her husband Miles be further estranged? M-F, 3:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

ROAD OF LIFE What curious strain of instability runs through the Overton family? Certainly Conrad Overton seems free of ordinary moral and ethical restraints, and both his son Hugh and his daughter Sybil have prided themselves on their unconventionality, which in Sybil’s case more than borders on crime. Can Dr. Jim Brent expose the full truth about Conrad before his own personal danger becomes too acute? M-F, 3:15 P.M. EST, NBC. M-F, 1 P.M. EST, CBS.

ROMANCE OF HELEN TARRANT While Hollywood designer Helen Trent endeavors to ignore the strangeness of her new boss, Kelsey Spencer, and concentrate on her work in his great documentary, Spencer’s interest in Helen develops to a point that emerges Carol Scott, his jealous secretary. Meanwhile a new barrier rises between Helen and the man she really loves when ambitious, self-seeking Gladys Larkin sets her cap for lawyer Gil Whitney. M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

ROSEMARY The dangers through which Rosemary and Bill Roberts have fought their way in recent years have toughened them in a degree unusual in so young a couple. But is Bill tough enough to win the battle he is waging, through his newspaper, against the grafter—Ed Duffy? Has Duffy a weapon he’s waiting to bring out at the last moment—a weapon forged by Bob’s own past—to deal a final defeat to the Robertses? M-F, 11:45 A.M. EST, CBS.

SECOND MRS. BURTON The dreadful tragedy that leaves Terry facing the loss of Stan turns her life upside down. In spite of her independence, Terry has been a wife and mother of the most devoted kind. Without Stan she is afraid, at first, that she cannot go on. But gradually she finds the courage to carry on with their project—courage and faith that finally lead to greater joy than she dared hope for. M-F, 2 P.M. EST, CBS.

STELLA DALLAS Though Stella and Arnold King are unhappy over the postponement of their marriage, they feel the strange death of his sister-in-law, Alida, must be cleared up before they can go on with their plans. Meanwhile Stella is increasingly disturbed by Jerry Lawson’s friendship with the mysterious Otis Fernald. Will Stella’s intuitive knowledge of human nature help her to avert a tragedy? M-F, 4:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

Are you in the know?

To add "suspense" to a picnic outing?
- [ ] Auction the eats  - [ ] Rig up a rope swing

Sold to you bristle bean in the yellow striped tee shirt—one surprise package crammed with goodies for two. Auctioning the vittles puts bang in a picnic. And pays for Cokes. Keep bidders guessing as to which gal packed which supper box; later, each lad shares the fare with his "mystery belle." There's no mystery in how to keep confident—at calendar time. Simply choose Kotex: wonderfully absorbent—the s-o-l-t napkin that holds its shape. Made to stay soft while you wear it.

If your back perspires too freely—
- [ ] Put Sis to work  - [ ] Hit the talcum barrel

What though your face be dreamy, if your back is just a-drip? Don't let the humidity cancel your dance plans. Get Sis to put you on the back—with an antiperspirant: one best for you. And for problem-day protection, find the best-for-you absorbency of Kotex. All 3 (Regular, Junior, Super) have that exclusive safety center.

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

P.S. To stay dainty at "that" time, choose Quest deodorant powder. Best for napkin use, because Quest has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't slow up absorption. Safe, Soothing. Unscented. Positively destroys odors. Buy Quest powder today.
Diary

I was Blind as a Bat about these intimate physical facts

Do You Know or Are You Only ‘Guessing’?

Blind is she who refuses to see. The modern intelligent young wife will treasure this scientific information about feminine hygiene (including vaginal cleanliness). Women have observed hygienic laws dating back to biblical times. The important question today for women is ‘what is the best product to use for the douche—which one has decided benefits to offer.’ Tests prove ZONITE is a perfect solution.

No other type of liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is so powerfully effective yet so absolutely harmless as ZONITE.

Completely Safe to Body Tissues ZONITE is positively non-poisonous, non-irritating. It is a wondrously soothing-healing agent. ZONITE can even be swallowed accidentally with safety. This is an advantage no other type of antiseptic has over ZONITE’s great germ-killing power can offer you.

The Fabulous History of ZONITE

The ZONITE principle was originated by a famous French surgeon and an English scientist. It was truly a miracle! The first antiseptic in the world that could kill the most active bacteria without harming body tissues. Its fame soon spread, and women were quick to appreciate its miracle-working action for feminine hygiene.

Enjoy ZONITE’S Hygienic Protection

ZONITE eliminates all odors. It flushes away waste accumulations and deposits. It helps guard against infection and kills every germ it touches. It’s not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but you can be sure ZONITE instantly kills every reachable germ. A ZONITE douche after monthly periods is also very important to assure personal daintiness.

Always use as directed.

Zonite

FREE! Mail coupon for FREE book. Reveals intimate facts and gives complete information on feminine hygiene. Write Zonite Products Corporation, Dept. RM-53, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.*

Name ______________________ Address ___________________________ City __________________ State __________________

*Offer good only in U. S. and Canada
How could I face my husband, the man I loved, when everything that had gone before was a lie?

By KATHY GRANT

I can't remember ever having been a liar. No child grows up without telling at least a few fibs, but looking back I think I was more on the priggish side than otherwise. I can remember lacing into my brother Joey, with all the moral and physical superiority of a typical older sister, for telling a couple of fibs to Dad which I considered beyond the pale.

So I wasn't a liar by habit. Indeed, I would have scorned even the idea of fibbing to Dad. Ever since Mother had died, years ago, Dad and Joey and I had been closer than the average family—as close as friends. And you seldom lie to your friends.

Perhaps if the things that hurt hadn't both come at once, it would have been different. If I hadn't fallen in love with Dick Grant before he was quite ready to do anything about it... and if Dad hadn't married Meta White over my bitter, unyielding opposition.

Not quite seventeen, and just getting out of high school, you do take yourself much too seriously. I couldn't believe Dad would give Joey and me such a stepmother—a woman who'd been in a bad scandal just a short time before; a woman who was so beautiful that it couldn't help causing trouble. My real objection, I suppose, was to a stepmother of any kind. Dad and I had been so close. Stubbornly I refused to admit what my heart really knew... that Dad needed the love and companionship he could only get from a wife who loved him as Meta did. Even when it was over—a fact, and I had to accept it—I closed my eyes to the happiness he could have had if I had been just a little nicer to Meta.

The lying began right there, I think... right there when my conscience would whisper, "But you can't refuse to understand Dad. You know he's not doing this to hurt you, but because he loves Meta. Love... the thing you feel for Dick. Why should you be entitled to it, if Dad isn't?"

No, it's different, I'd (Continued on page 10)
Love walks with trouble

Only Dick and I, I thought, were really in love and really entitled to happiness!
ing Bob when I'd been at home. How could I? Dick was my heart. But Dick was a closed chapter, I told myself. Why not Bob? It was something to do. And I just didn't want to be left altogether without company, sincere affection, ten- 

dure.

But still I can't make myself believe I was in my right mind when I married him. I can't even remember his asking me, or me answering him. But it happened, all right. Suddenly, over- 

night, we had a slip of paper to prove it, and a shared memory of the words that had been the end for us and for each other. Almost at once my mind started working busily, frantically to find a way out. I'd been insane, beside myself, to do such a thing. Bob couldn't under- 

stand how! And yet, how could he have been so grateful for the brief time we could have together, and so hopeful for the future, that he didn't protest too much. He was ready, all the time. And in the meantime, I was building up my courage to tell him the truth, and ask for my freedom. Too late I really under- 

stood what I would do to Bob, what I'd been too wrapped up in myself to see before. When I was with him in his tiny apartment, shame for myself and pity for him choked back the words that had to be said. But now I was free. And now I knew that I had to tell him. I couldn't patch things up, finally I reluctantly agreed that if I could possibly wipe all signs of Bob out of my life, things would be simpler. Nobody need ever know of the marriage, but I could only do it with Alice's help. Finally she said, "All right. I see your point. If you told the police you were with Bob, re- 

ported the accident, it would certainly come out. Even if I couldn't fix it with George." We rehearsed it till it was perfect. There could be no trouble. I had spent the night before with Alice and the telephone. 

It was a couple of days before I felt steady enough to come out into the world again, but in that time a kind of self- 

hypnosis took control. The small, in- 

conclusive story helping, with only a shadowy outline of the accident, the identification of 

of Bob's body. No mention of anyone else. 

I thought it would be written all over my face, for Meta to read, when I first woke up. Nobody was there, anyway it was hard to tell, and 

baby had something to tell me that momentarily startled me out of my preoccupation. A boy named Dick Grant, she claimed, could be expected to reach me. "Dr. Dick Grant," she emphasized, smiling, "He's interning at Cedars, right here in town, and he sounded terribly anxious to see you." 

I don't know whether it was Dick or the family that gave me the slow, almost fur- 

tive sensation of well-being during the next few days. The family, I think, I didn't feel at all sure. But after all, it was a kind of loss of memory. Bob Lang had no place in their past and the necessity of keeping it that way—keeping them igno- 

rant—helped me almost as much as my own did. 

He said, "When I knew it was going to be Cedars, up here so close to you—Kathy, I prayed. I was so darn scared it would be too late.

I touched his face, thinner, older than I remembered. "It was too late," I said dreamily. "But it isn't any more. I stopped myself. "Sorry! Nothing to say? Above all, Dick must
never, never know. I could never tell him.
Meta was really the staff of my life in that period. No questions, when I told her Dick and I wanted to get married as soon as possible. She got between me and Dad's questions, too. If she'd been my real mother, she couldn't have done better for me than she did on the day Mrs. Grant came to call—a poison-sweet call that left no doubt that her feelings hadn't changed. In the end, Mrs. Grant pulled her furs around her shoulders and said goodbye with a compliment she'd never expected to utter. "I'm so sorry we haven't met before, Mrs. Roberts," she said over her handshake. "I do hope we will be seeing a good deal of one another from now on."

The things she had said about Meta, the things Dick had told me! Meta's modeling in New York, the scandal she'd been involved in, the terrible woman who was the stepmother of the girl Dick had the bad taste to want to marry. ... Gleefully, after she'd gone, I hugged Meta for the first time. "You made her look like a fool," I exulted. "I was so proud, Meta—"

And so at last we were friends. It was Meta I was thinking of, Meta I had to go to, a week later when I left the doctor's office with his confirmation of my suspicion still ringing in my ears. I was going to have a baby.

Meta was stunned. I had dragged her up to my room, locked the door, and poured the whole story out in frantic haste. Bob Lang, the marriage, the accident... the way I'd behaved... "I know it's true if you say so," she said in a muffled voice. "But I can't take it in..."

"There's no time to take it in! Meta, you must help me—you said you'd be my friend! I've got no one else! Meta, I can't have this baby."

Meta shook her head slowly. "You've got to have it. There's no other way. Go to Dick, tell him all about your marriage, as you should have done at the very beginning."

"Tell Dick I was married before—that I'm going to have another man's child? Oh, Meta, I can't!"

"You've got to be honest with the man you're going to marry, Kathy. You can't possibly build a life on a deception of this magnitude! You've still got a little chance left, dear. Tell Dick the whole thing now. That's the only solution I can offer you."

I said with all the bitterness I could muster, "Then you can at least promise me you'll forget what I told you. Nobody is to know! Do you understand—nobody is to know! I'll work it out myself, without your help!"

But how? After Meta left me, sitting before my mirror, staring at a face that already looked different to my panic-stricken gaze, I saw that there was only one way out. The faster I married Dick the better. Maybe I'd lose the child. Maybe I'd get sick or have an accident. But if I didn't, why should Dick think anything except what another husband would think if his wife became pregnant?

Timing—it was all a matter of timing. Sometimes I felt like a hardened criminal, working out a plan for the perfect murder. If we got married at such and such a time... if I waited just so long before starting to knit little garments... Choking bitterness would fill my throat as I watched Dick's happiness. I felt a hundred years older than he, incredibly weary, but sharply alert as well, alert to so many threats. A word from Meta, an accidental word dropped by myself... so many dangers! Not until we were safely married did I relax a little. I did love Dick so very much!

An intern's salary is pretty close to nonexistent. With some help from Dick's

---

I dreamed I went to the Flower Show in my maidenform bra

No shrinking violet, 11 Wallflowers go green with envy over my firm fresh uplift...and every Sweet William in the flower-bed has lost his head over me.
Small wonder! Maidenform's Over-ture bra makes me the American beauty the judges always pick!

Shown: Maidenform's Over-ture*, in acetate satin, broadcloth, nylon lace and taffeta...from $1.75.
There is a maidenform for every type of figure! Send for free style booklet. Maidenform, New York
father, we managed a microscopic apartment, just a room and a place to cook and a bathroom. Dick thought it was wonderful because it was out of sight. I felt hard to think so too. But I couldn't let him know how dreary it was to be sick in that one room, with its ugly scrappy furniture. It hadn't been much of a place, but I couldn't let him know about feeling sick at all. Not until I finally decided the right time had come to tell him about the baby. It took me a long time trying, feeling for certain, knowing hysteria was just over the line.

Dick jumped up, came over, and pulled me into his lap. His arms protected me, his voice was full of love. "Dearest Kathy, darling, you mustn't be surprised. You know I was with you the whole time for a second. I wasn't expecting it—so soon," too. I knew he was thinking that, in spite of himself. Dick's eyes were my forehead. "Sweet-heart, stop. How can you tell me something else? Our baby, Kathy! What else could I be but happy?"

The taut line snapped, and I buried my head in his lap, sobbing uncontrollably. I knew I was frightening him but I couldn't stop. Our baby. Oh, God, I prayed, never let him find out. I can't stay alive if he ever finds out. Dick lived without Dick's love. Now I really knew what it meant to . . .

Strangely, now that Dick knew, I wanted to stay in the little apartment. I felt safe there, locked away from everyone but me and my secret. But it was much more sensible to go back home, where there was so much room and comfort, and I wouldn't be alone—what was out alone, and I verbal nights during the week. Passionately, now, I regretted telling Meta. She was wonderful to me always, but in every kindness I read in it was in the sight of her being. I sometimes saw reproach. But Dick was happy! After the first shock he went around exalted with happiness. I wanted to fling that at her for justification. I'd made Dick happy, hadn't I?

And then, inexorably, the world I'd tried so hard to shut out began closing in on me. I think in my heart I had always known would.

One day, Alice Graham came to see me. She asked me a question. It was an innocent enough question. She asked me if I remembered what had happened to the cigarette lighter she'd loaned me a long time ago," she said, her narrow blue eyes watchful and pitying. "Think, Kathy. The night you . . . the night it happened."

The memory of the blue eyes shutting, trying to remember. I'd been late, I'd snatched up cigarettes to stuff into my bag. No matches anywhere . . . bad news, had been handy.

I didn't want to think. But Alice's brilliant, prodding gaze forced me on. I'd lit a cigarette for Bob while he was driving, one for myself. I'd thrown mine away when I began. "I don't know where it is!"

She nodded. "No, you don't. But the police do. Kathy. That's what I came to tell you."

Yes, it had caught up with me. Somebody hadn't liked the look of the accident. Somebody hadn't been satisfied with that short newspaper notice. A reporter named Crane, a young ambitious fellow looking for a chance to shine. He'd latched onto it somehow. He'd learned, the way a reporter always does, that the police had picked up a silver lighter at the scene of the crash. A woman's lighter. Painstaking, with more patience, he'd tracked it down to Alice.

The first time he came to see her she stood on her rights and practically threw him out. But he came again, with more information. And the next time he called he told Alice he'd found the record of a marriage. Katherine Roberts to Robert Lang . . . and did she know what her husband had done? He knew Alice had given it to him, that he took his information to the police?

"I stuck to my story of knowing nothing about it," Alice said unhappily. "But— Kathy, it's no use. Crane's got the idea you reported it yourself. I read it all along—that someone was with him. And I'm pretty sure there was a detective around asking questions. She put a hand on my shoulder. "I'll stick to my story, and so will George. But Kathy— you'd better tell your father."

Tell my father. What about my husband? The eggshells I'd been tipoeing over for so long finally got very thin, and I seemed to be falling slowly, slowly away from Alice, from the world. What now, I wondered? If I don't find the courage to tell Dick, he'll learn it some other way, too. So, in my heart I didn't have that courage.

It seems queer now that all that mental anguish, all that torturing fear, grew out of the knowledge that my husband would have to know and I never could reveal to me that I might have a great deal more than that to worry about, and very soon.

Very soon. It was astonishing how time telepathy, he knew. But little Mr. Klein, alone in my room, alternately thanking heaven that Dick was on duty, and then finding my face wet with sudden tears, BUSY with his things. It wasn't around me when I needed them. Night slipped into day, time rolled over me as though I weren't living by the same clock as others. Somewhere in that lost interval— the days and nights of his oldest friends, about busy little Mr. Crane's activities. All the details—including the photostat of a wedding license that was pinned to the office of the county courthouse.

It wasn't as bad as it might have been, if you don't count breaking Dad's heart. Meta got to him before he got to me, and told him everything. I knew by the way Dad was calmed down, by his grinning unreprehensible face, that Meta had done her best to excuse me. But Dad's eyes bored into my guilty heart, and I let them. It had been a secret, but as they went that it touched the secret center of the truth. I'd been guilty of a terrible sin against a human being who had loved me. I'd have to pay for it, And I didn't know, surprisingly, a legal crime .. . But Meta hadn't told him about the baby. That, at least, was still between her and me.

A legal crime. Somehow, although I'd always been a good Christ, I'd never done anything but what came to hand. But I didn't touch the secret center of the truth. I'd been guilty of a terrible sin against a human being who had loved me. I'd have to pay for it, and I didn't know, surprisingly, a legal crime . . . But Meta hadn't told him about the baby. That, at least, was still between her and me.

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to the story that we’d thought would place me beyond involvement—the story that I’d been with her the night of Bob’s accident. And the District Attorney had deftly taken that lie and twisted it into premeditated murder. The state was going to charge that I had tampered with Bob’s car in such a way that an accident was inevitable. But—if that were true, of course I wouldn’t have ridden with him that night, knowing what must happen.

Meta did what she could for me. Finally she drew Dad away, and Mr. Laurence left.

Finally the moment I’d dreaded was there. There was nothing between me and Dick now. Nothing but the naked deformed monster I’d made of our marriage. And he still didn’t know about the baby!

I sat stone-still while he walked around the room, pushing his hair off his forehead in a gesture that was new to me. Finally he said, “One thing for sure, Kathy. As far as they’re concerned, I knew about this Lang. Do you get that? I knew about your marriage.”

“Oh, no!” I drew in my breath. “Dick, no—no more lies! Please, I can’t stand any more lies. I’m so terribly afraid of them!”

“I can’t see it any other way,” he frowned down at me. Then almost unwillingly he touched my shoulder. “Never mind now, Kathy. I’ll talk to Mr. Laurence, see what he says. Don’t worry about that now.”

“Now. There are so many other things.”

So many more vital things. The words burned in my throat. “Dick. I’ve done enough to you. I want you to know that if you—if you want to be free, I’ll understand.”

He looked at me in silence. A slow flush darkened his pale cheeks. “You’re so great with the truth, can’t you tell it now? If you want to get rid of me, Kathy, just come out with it. If you don’t love me—”

Not love Dick? My heart turned over.

I cried wildly, “I love you with all my heart! You know I do! Never for one minute since we met, never once have I stopped loving you! I don’t care what else you think about me, you must believe that at least!”

Dick’s arms lifted me, my tears were dampening his face. “Then let’s quit kidding around,” he said huskily. “We’ve got a fight on our hands, Kathy. Not just for ourselves, remember—for him, too.”

For him... the baby. Oh God, I cried out silently, is there no end to the lies? When and how and where would I tell him? Where would I find the words, the courage?

Against my hair, Dick was talking softly.

“I’m not supposed to talk to you about it, honey, but I’m going to. You’re not to worry. Mr. Laurence has the outline of the D.A.’s case pretty well figured out, and we’ve got the one big thing we need—we know the whole thing’s preposterous. And your Dad’s got an idea, Kathy. The car. If he can get to Lang’s car, what’s left of it—we’re certain that’s all we’ll need. The right kind of mechanic could tell in a minute if it had been tampered with in any way... But you must not worry, Kathy darling. It’s bad for you, now.”

It was queer that the words didn’t sound foolish. Dick is with me, my heart whispered. Dick is with me in spite of everything! I can’t let him down again. I must live for him, I must and I will. And from somewhere the knowledge came to me that I would. I didn’t deserve it, but Dick did. We had gone through a lot, all right, and there was more to come. But the truth was stronger than any lie. Lies didn’t work, for me. But the truth would. Slowly, almost peacefully, I began to drowse off in Dick’s arms, conscious of the gentle strength I loved. It was going to be all right. Somehow, sometime not too far away...
Thelma Ritter and Bob Wagner are greeted by director Earl Ebi for the first rehearsal of "With A Song In My Heart."

Sandy Barnett, whose job it is to adapt a screenplay into an hour's radio fare, runs through the script with Thelma.

Back from a luncheon break, Thelma says hello to Irving Cummings, producer-host, before famous Lux "call-board."

Before Sunday afternoon dress rehearsal, David Wayne, Irving Cummings and Thelma enjoy an informal gab-fest.

IN PICTURES, follow Thelma Ritter through a rehearsal and performance of "With A Song In My Heart," the Photoplay Gold Medal Award picture starring Susan Hayward as singer Jane Froman. Thelma portrays Jane's nurse, Clancy. No newcomer to radio, Thelma used to be a daytime serial actress on programs like Aunt Jenny, The Second Mrs. Burton, and Our Gal Sunday. Her career as a serial player started when Thelma was already married and the mother of two small children. Her husband Joe Moran, an advertising executive, had been working very hard, and his health was suffering. The indomitable Thelma decided to get a job and help out. "Miracle On Thirty-fourth Street" was her first movie, and the critics' reaction to her performance got her a seven-year contract in the movies. Thelma flew to Hollywood from her New York home for the Lux production. When she's not working on a picture, Thelma's a real home-body.

Lux Radio Theatre is heard each Monday evening at 9 P.M. EST, CBS Radio, sponsored by Lever Bros.
Backs to camera, director Ebi and adapter Barnett put cast through first reading of the script. David Wayne, Thelma, Rory Calhoun and George Offerman, Jr., on cue.

The rehearsal is over and this is it—Thelma Ritter "on mike."

FAVORITE RADIO DRAMATIC SHOW
Mel Allen goes to bat for the blind

Seeing and believing

Mel Allen is a man who loves sports. He especially loves baseball—Mel's the voice of the Yankees. But no matter what the sporting event he's one guy who hasn't become blase because he's in the business. Maybe that's why you readers chose him your favorite radio sportscaster. It's fun to listen to Mel get all excited about a play. When he lets go with one of his now famous "How-about-that!'s" the radio audience says it right along with him.

But this story isn't about Mel as a sportscaster (or as a handsome eligible bachelor). That story has been told before. This is a story about seeing and believing. Maybe because he's so crazy about sports and athletics, Mel has always been acutely aware of how tough it must be never to be able to swing a bat or a tennis racket or just about anything that takes a keen eye. In a country like this, where so much emphasis is put on games and sports of all kinds, the boy who can't participate is in a pretty unenviable spot. And that brings us to the story of Mel Allen's work to help people who don't have a keen eye. Matter of fact, these people can't (Continued on page 91)

The Mel Allen Show is on CBS-TV, Wednesdays at 10:45 P.M. EST, for White Owl Cigars. He announces Yankee baseball on WINS and WPIX-TV in New York for Ballantine Beer.
JUNE HAVER says, "Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo." In fact, in less than two years, Lustre-Creme has become the shampoo of the majority of top Hollywood stars! When America's most glamorous women use Lustre-Creme Shampoo, shouldn't it be your choice above all others, too?

For the Most Beautiful Hair in the World
4 out of 5 Top Hollywood Stars
use Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Glamour-made-easy! Even in hardest water, Lustre-Creme "shines" as it cleans... leaves hair soft and fragrant, free of loose dandruff. And Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with Natural Lanolin. It doesn't dry or dull your hair!

Makes hair eager to curl! Now you can "do things" with your hair—right after you wash it! Lustre-Creme Shampoo helps make hair a delight to manage—tames flyaway locks to the lightest brush touch, brings out glorious sheen.

...and thrilling news for users of liquid shampoos! Lustre-Creme now available also in new Lotion Form, 30¢ to $1.00.
Blemishes: "I use Noxzema as my night cream," says Mimi Barker of Bronxville, New York. "It helps keep my skin free of blemishes—looking fresh and smooth."

Dry Skin: "Noxzema does wonders for my dry skin," says Phoebe Murray of Lawrence, Mass. "'Cream-washing' soothes, refreshes—helps skin look much softer, smoother!"

How you, too, can Look lovelier in 10 days or your money back!

Famous doctor's new beauty care helps skin look fresher, lovelier—and helps you keep it that way! You should see our mail! Thousands of letters from all over the country! You should read how thrilled women are with Noxzema's new, home beauty routine...how their fresher, lovelier-looking skin is winning them compliments...bringing new self-confidence!

It's big beauty news! Mimi Barker of Bronxville, N.Y. and Phoebe Murray of Lawrence, Mass., are just two of thousands who report thrilling results. This new beauty care was developed by a noted doctor and owes its amazing effectiveness to the unique qualities of Noxzema.

This famous greaseless, medicated beauty cream combines softening, soothing, healing and cleansing ingredients. That's why it has helped so many women with discouraging skin problems: rough, dry skin; externally-caused blemishes; and that dull, lifeless, half-clean look of so many so-called normal complexions. Like to help your problem skin look lovelier? Then tonight, try this:

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

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

3. Make-up base. In the morning, 'cream-wash', apply Noxzema as your long-lasting powder base.

It works or money back! In clinical tests, Noxzema helped 4 out of 5 women with discouraging skin problems. Try it for 10 days. If not delighted, return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore. Money back!

Look lovelier offer! 40¢ NOXZEMA only 29¢

1. Use this trial jar—see how much lovelier it helps skin look
2. Then save money by getting big 10 oz. jar only 99¢ plus tax! At drug or cosmetics counters!
Powerhouse on the Campus

Where would be the most unlikely place to look for a broad-shouldered former football player, who has spent the best years of his life in the world of he-men? Why, it's obvious—or is it?—in a girls' school, of course. At least that's where you'd be likely to find Jimmy Powers, your favorite TV sportscaster. Jimmy is a professor at Marymount College, Tarrytown, New York. It's quite a change from the boxing gang at Stillman's Gym to the young ladies at the college, but Jimmy makes the transition painlessly enough.

He teaches journalism there, but—according to Jimmy—the girls (Continued on page 89)
Lum and Abner, two famous names in radio, are back on the air over the ABC network with a fifteen-minute show Monday through Friday. Chet Lauck and Norris "Tuffy" Goff created the popular characters of Lum and Abner and started their original radio series in 1931, but the program has been off the networks for the past few years, because of Goff's illness. However, when many of their old movies were released to television stations throughout the country, fans began to clamor for their radio return. So they're back, along with their "Jot 'Em Down Store" activities, in their original Pine Ridge, Arkansas locale. As in the past, Lum plays Grandpappy Spears and Cedric Wolfgang Weehunt, while Abner portrays Squire Skimp and Dick Huddleston.

Television executives continue to sign famous creative talent. The latest to be signed is Robert Nathan, who has been set to write the forthcoming video series, The Mark Twain Television Theatre. Nathan, one of the most important writers to enter television to date, has written such novels as The Bishop's Wife, Enchanted Voyage, and Portrait of Jennie. The programs will be shot in Hollywood by Filmcraft Productions, with thirty-nine films scheduled. The first one will go before the camera this month. Material for the Mark Twain series will be taken from the entire Twain library, including thirty-six major works, 250 articles and 2,200 published letters.

Still the letters keep coming in, asking about Ted Mack and his Amateur Hour show. Unfortunately, the program is not back on the air, nor is it set to go back in the near future. Recently there have been rumors around the radio trade that Mack was offered a Monday-night time spot which would have been opposite I Love Lucy, and it is said he felt that was much too tough competition, so he turned it down. However, Ted himself has just made arrangements with the William Morris Agency to make personal appearances in night clubs around the country. His first booking, with amateur talent, was at the Flamingo Hotel in Las Vegas, Nevada, in March. Other dates are set to follow.

CBS is all excited about Dean Miller, a comedian emcee whom they have signed to an exclusive long-term television contract. He recently substituted for Art Linkletter on the House Party daytime show when Linkletter took a vacation, and the network's big brass seem to think he will be a strong name in television by next fall.

With Hollywood stars being dropped from contract lists and studios constantly wielding the axe to trim expenses, M-G-M has up and signed Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz for a big Technicolor movie, "The Long, Long Trailer," and at the modest little price of $250,000 for the picture. Desi and Lucy will have as their director Vincente Minnelli, the man who did "American in Paris," "Father of the Bride" and other hits. Though the popular pair were both under contract to M-G-M a few years ago, the "Trailer" movie will mark their first appearance together in a motion picture. Mr. and Mrs. Arnaz also have just signed a fabulous television contract with their cigarette sponsor which will guarantee televiewers two-and-a-half years' more of I Love Lucy. It is supposedly the largest single television contract ever signed for the length of time involved, calling for a total payment of $8,000,000 to the stars. Out of this, of course, they must pay all the salaries of the entire cast and crew, plus all production costs.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis James, who celebrate their first anniversary this month, grab a snack prepared by their favorite cook, Lucille.
Amercia's having its face changed, and loving it! Women of every age are getting the beauty thrill of a lifetime with Coty's new "CREAM POWDER" COMPACT!

It took only thirty days for the first million women to discover how "CREAM POWDER" differs from ordinary make-ups that accent lines and pores. How fine and poreless it makes skin look. How long it clings! Now, all America is clamoring for this spill-proof blend of "Air-Spun" Face Powder and sheer cream make-up base. How about you?


This 'n' That:

Rosemary Clooney and her studio, Paramount Pictures, have agreed to agree on her television appearances. When Rosermary signed her movie contract, she retained her television rights but, inasmuch as her first film try was so successful, the studio did not want her to do a regular show, feeling it would cut down on her box-office draw. So her proposed starring program for a soft-drink sponsor was cancelled, and now she has promised to make occasional guest appearances only.

Patsy Lee, former vocalist on Don McNeill's Breakfast Club show, who left the program to marry Rick Livendahl, is expecting a baby in the near future. She and her husband are now living in San Francisco.

The rumor bird has it that Dick Haymes and his wife, the former Nora Eddington Flynn, are having marital troubles again and this time may head for divorce.

Dennis James and his bride celebrate their first wedding anniversary April thirteenth and on May fifteenth Dennis cuts another anniversary cake for his ABC television show, Chance Of A Lifetime.

In answer to many readers who have written to inquire whether Perry Como and Dean Martin are brothers—the answer is no—definitely. Neither Dean nor Perry can imagine how such a silly story ever got started. They are both baritones and both Italian, but there the similarity ends. By the way, Dean and his wife, Jean, are separated at the moment and friends are still hoping to reconcile them before their break becomes more serious.

The month of May is birthday month on ABC's Life Begins At 80 program. On the thirteenth, Paolo Gallico will be 85 years old. On the seventeenth, Georgiana Carhart hits 88, and on the twenty-fifth the "youngster" of the program, Fred Irving Cox, becomes 88. And the next time you decide you're getting old, think of George Worcester, who will celebrate his one-hundredth birthday on June thirtieth. In honor of the occasion, this oldest member of Life Begins plans to take his first drink.

There is talk around Radio City that Imogene Coca is not anxious to re-sign (Continued on page 25)
Joey Walsh gives a touching performance as a reformed delinquent in "The Chess Game."

On May 7, Kraft Television Theatre will have six candles on its birthday cake, making it the oldest dramatic program on TV. And, in six years, Kraft has distinguished itself for some of the finest live drama around. Although many bright stars have lighted the show's firmament, the chief emphasis has been on the plays chosen for production. Of these, one hundred and sixty-five have been borrowed from Broadway, forty-nine from London, twenty-five unproduced plays intended for the stage, twenty-one classics, and thirty-one plays written especially for TV. This year, you readers have chosen the NBC-TV show your favorite dramatic program and, in so doing, have proved that home-viewers are the best critics, because the critics have to agree with you that Kraft has brought consistently fine entertainment to the TV screen. When the production teams and actors gather around the cake, the nation's viewers will be wishing them many more happy birthdays—which means many more years of TV's finest plays.

Kraft Television Theatre can be viewed over NBC-TV, Wednesday evenings at 9 P.M. EST, sponsored by the Kraft Foods Company.


John Baragrey and Stella Andrews in scene from "She Stoops to Conquer."

FAVORITE TV DRAMATIC SHOW
Charles Taylor and Susan Harris as Tom Sawyer and Becky Thatcher


Dickens' "Christmas Carol," with Geoffrey Lumb and Geoffrey, Jr.

A lusty crew of hearties in "The Fire Below and Devil Above," starring Thomas Coley and Bethel Leslie.
In the past twenty years, a strange new breed of world-beaters has entered the American scene. Their characteristics are easy to identify. They have usually migrated from smaller towns and cities to very large metropolises, and they are young. The name of the species—"bright young men." Such a young man is Douglas Edwards, your favorite TV news commentator, who—at the age of thirty-five—is at the top of the TV news heap.

Doug was born in Oklahoma, but spent most of his youth in Birmingham, Alabama. (He went to the same school Mel Allen attended.) According to Doug, there was never any doubt in his mind as to what he wanted to be. Radio fascinated him right from the beginning. Until he went "network," he worked on local stations, and then came a few real breaks, which led to a permanent job with CBS. When TV came along, Doug really found his element. His newscasts have made the most of the sight side of TV, and he believes TV can really do a better job than radio when it comes to news coverage.

Like other members of the "bright young men" club, Doug is married, has three lively youngsters, and has just built a new home in West-on, Connecticut. We asked him if his children got much notice in school because their dad's on TV. "Not on your life," he laughed, "Connecticut's full of celebrities." Besides, the Edwards children favor Captain Video, when it comes to stars!
Questions and Luncheon television programs and left Mutual network? Raymond Knight, radio-TV writer, producer and playwright, passed away a few months ago in New York City. At the time of his death he was chief writer for the Bob And Ray programs on NBC. Years back, in the thirties, Knight was a well-known radio personality with his morning Cuckoo Hour and his Good Morning, It's Knight shows.

What Ever Happened To . . .?

Bob Poole, the disc jockey whose Poole's Paradise program used to be heard on the Mutual network? Bob gave up his show and left New York City to settle in Greensboro, North Carolina. He now has his own programs heard locally on both radio and television on Station WBTG in Greensboro.

Bill Slater, formerly heard on the Twenty Questions and Luncheon At Sardi's shows? Bill has not been in the best of health lately, so he has given up most of his radio work. At the present time he is still doing the Broadway To Hollywood television show on the Du Mont network. His brother, Tom Slater, who is vice-president of one of the top advertising agencies, is subbing for Bill on the Luncheon program, and announcer Jay Jackson is doing Twenty Questions. His many fans are hoping that Bill will feel better shortly and be able to return to his full schedule again.

Peg Lynch, who was Ethel on the Ethel And Albert program which was such a popular part of the Kate Smith Show a few seasons back? Peg and her husband are living in Stamford, Connecticut, and she is not active in radio at the present time. Peg, who originated and wrote Ethel And Albert, may be persuaded to put this show back on the air one of these days—which would be good news to its many long-time fans.

Dorothy "Dottie" Schwartz, former member of the Chordettes, vocal group on the Arthur Godfrey programs? Dottie, who was lead singer, left to await the arrival of her baby. She and her husband, Bill Schwartz, a non-professional, have retired permanently to Sheboygan, Wisconsin. Lynn Evans took Dottie's place with the Chordettes.

Jone Allison, who was heard and seen regularly on both the radio and television versions of The Guiding Light? Jone left this program because, with such a heavy daily rehearsal schedule, she was unable to do other shows, and felt it was much too confining for her. She is now appearing on various programs and says she likes the free-lance routine much better.

These are some of the personalities readers have inquired about. If you have wondered what happened to one of your favorite people on radio or television, drop me a line—Miss Jill Warren, Radio-TV Mirror Magazine, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York City 17, New York. I'll do 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.)

“My Skin Thrives On Cashmere Bouquet Soap because it's such wholesome skin-care!”

Complexion-lovely

PAULA STEWART

Read How This Glamorous Young TV Actress Was Helped by Candy Jones, Famous Beauty Director.

"I always was interested in acting on television," says Miss Stewart, "but I was afraid of close-ups. I enrolled at the Conover School where Candy Jones taught me proper skin-care. "Use Cashmere Bouquet Soap every day," she said, "it leaves a look of fresh, radiant, natural beauty—such as no amount of make-up can! Today I attribute my clear-skinned 'television look' to this wonderful, wholesome care!"

Why not do as Miss Jones advises? Use gentle, mild Cashmere Bouquet Soap every day!

Here Are Candy Jones' Personal Beauty Tips For You!


2. Never apply or remove make-up without first thoroughly washing your hands with delicate, mild Cashmere Bouquet Soap.

More later, Candy.
Ten years ago Joan Alexander dreamed of a bright future, and most of her dreams came true.

She knew what she wanted.

Back in August, 1942, Radio-TV Mirror ran a column all the way in the back of the magazine on a young radio star. She was new in the field then, and didn't rate a full page, but she had already proven herself a fine actress. At the top of the story, there was a picture of a lovely girl. Her hair was done softly, framing her face in a velvety light. The title under the picture read, "Debutante in Radio." That young star has matured into a charming woman—and, ten years later, her face is still highlighted by beautiful wavy hair. But today people recognize her at once.

That actress is Joan Alexander, who has reached the top of her profession and, this year, was your choice for "favorite dramatic actress on radio."

It's fascinating to look into the past, and to read of the dreams and aspirations of a youngster who is now a full-fledged star. That year, Joan was still very much awe-struck by her new career. Shortly before that time, she had been only an adolescent dreaming of a dramatic career on the stage. Joan can say now, without the pangs of disappointment and bitterness, that those years when she was trying to get into the theatre were some of the saddest in her life. Her stepfather was so opposed to this career that he did everything in his power to stop her from going on the stage. At times, she felt that life would never straighten (Continued on page 93).

Joan is heard M-F as Maggie Fallon in Wendy Warren And The News, 12 noon, for Maxwell House—at Della Street in Perry Mason, 2:15 P.M., for Tide—and as Althea Dennis in The Brighter Day, 2:45 P.M., for Cheer—and also heard often on Armstrong's Theatre Of Today, Saturday, 12 noon: all EST, on CBS Radio. She is seen in The Name's The Same, ABC-TV, Tues., 10:30 P.M. EST, for Swanson's Foods, Johnson's Wax.
Information Booth

Dr. Browning

Dear Editor:

Can you please print a picture of the actor who portrays Dr. Jeff Browning on the daytime radio play, Hilltop House?

E. B., Fort Wayne, Ind.

Jeff is portrayed by Robert Haag, who also plays Bill Roberts in the daytime drama, Rosemary. A native of Cullom, Illinois, Robert Haag thought he would be a politician when he was a youngster. He enrolled for a law course at Northeastern University. But Haag thought of a summer theatre producer-director in Northampton, Massachusetts. It turned out he was a natural actor and, after the first time behind the footlights, Robert knew he wouldn't be happy doing anything else. He stayed with the company until the end of the summer, and then quit school and joined a national stock company. The bright lights of Broadway lured him to New York, where he appeared in several plays. During a brief respite from the theatre, he did a few parts on radio, and this medium finally won his talents completely. At one time he played the title role in the CBS Radio Death Valley Sheriff series. The six-foot-three, broad-shouldered bachelor lives in a studio apartment in New York's Greenwich Village. He spends a good deal of his spare time helping friends remodel their apartments.

Godfrey's Theme

Dear Editor:

What is the theme song that is played before Arthur Godfrey's entrance on the Talent Scout show over TV?


Arthur walks on to the strains of an old favorite of his—"Seems Like Old Times." (Continued on page 28)
A Treasure Trove Of Presents For 12,000 Stanley Party Hostesses Every Day

Wouldn’t you like to have the big, fluffy-headed Stanley Dry Mop and its twin work-saver, the Stanley Split Duster shown here? Well, these are typical of the wide selection of splendid gifts from which your Stanley Dealer rewards you for being a Stanley Party Hostess. Other Hostess Gifts include handsome Meadowbrook pattern silverware, beautiful table lamps, many attractive rose-pattern plastics, wonderfully serviceable kitchen cutlery and steak knife sets. Do such gifts sound alluring? Then invite your Stanley Dealer to arrange a Stanley Party in your home right away.

IT’S EASY and a lot of fun to give a popular Stanley Hostess Party. To arrange for your Stanley Party, just phone or write your Stanley Dealer, your nearest Stanley Home Products Branch Office, or write direct to Stanley’s Home Office in Westfield, Mass.


Originators of the Famous Stanley Hostess Party Plan

Information

Ethel Merts

Dear Editor:

Can you please give us the lowdown on that adorable gal who portrays Ethel in I Love Lucy?

F. S., Wilmington, Del.

Vivian Vance, Ethel in I Love Lucy, was born in Cherryvale, Kansas. It was in Albuquerque, New Mexico, that Vivian’s career really began. There, she appeared in several productions at the Albuquerque Little Theatre, directed by Katherine Kennedy and her husband, James O’Connor. The O’Connors felt that Vivian’s talent deserved a real opportunity, so they organized a performance of “The Trial of Mary Dugan,” starring Vivian, and sent her to New York with a letter to Eva Le Gallienne and a blank check against the proceeds of the benefit performance. Miss Le Gallienne’s apprentice roster was filled when Vivian arrived in New York, so—armed with a letter from some substantial citizens of Albuquerque—Vivian was accepted at the MacDougal Street Girls Club. A dismal two weeks followed, but then an acquaintance told her that there were to be auditions for “Music in the Air,” by Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein. Vivian had sung once in a while at the country club back home, so she decided to take a crack at the part. The role called for a light opera voice, but Vivian vowed Messrs. Kern and Hammerstein with her version of “After You’ve Gone.” They hired her and, after the two-year run of the hit, Vivian was on her way to success in musical comedy. In 1938, she started doing dramatic roles and, when Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz first saw her, she was portraying Olive in the hit play, “Voice of the Turtle.” Vivian is married to Philip Ober.

Don’s Johnny

Dear Editor:

I have always loved the voice of Johnny

Vivian Vance
Booth

Desmond, on Don McNeill's Breakfast Club. Can you please give me some vital statistics?

Z. A., Charlotte, N. C.

Idol of over 100 fan clubs located in countries throughout the world, Johnny has been "sending" teenagers from the time he first joined Bob Crosby's Bobcats in 1939 as part of a vocal trio called the Bob-O-Links. Later, while singing solo with Gene Krupa's band, Johnny really gathered a solid following. In July, 1949, Johnny joined the Breakfast Club, and has continued on the program ever since. Johnny is married—his wife's name is Kay, and there are two little Desmonds—Dianne, six, and Patti, three. In addition to songwriting, Johnny has two hobbies. One is dancing and the other is painting.

We Like Jan Miner

Dear Editor:

We, here at St. Elizabeth's hospital love to listen to Jan Miner on Hilltop House since hers is the only program we are allowed to tune in. We children gather every day to hear it, and we would like to start a fan club in honor of this wonderful actress. How can we go about it?

N. K., Yakima, Wash.

Write to Personal Service at 417 West 50th Street, New York City. You'll get the information you need.

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.

Cashmere Bouquet

Face Powder

You'll be so beautiful! With complexion so alive-looking...so soft...so faintly glowing! Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder is wonderfully fine in texture—and it clings and clings! Just puff it, fluff it on...then smooth it out...no flaking, streaking, or shine! The colors are as natural as Nature—there's one for every type of complexion—and exquisitely scented with the "fragrance men love"!

Look your loveliest with Cashmere Bouquet

Talcum Powder
All-Purpose Cream
Lipstick
Hand Lotion

6 GLORIOUS COLORS
"NATURE-MATCHED" TO YOUR SKIN

Just 29¢
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!

New magic formula...milder than castile!

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

Magic...this new lightning-quick lather...because it flashes up like lightning, because it rinses out like lightning, because it's milder than castile! Magic! because this new formula leaves your hair bright as silk, smooth as silk, soft as silk. And so obedient.

Just try this luxurious new Drene with its lightning-quick lather...its new and fresh fragrance. You have an exciting experience coming!
Some long-time favorites continue to lead the list—and some popular newcomers spring a surprise or two in their fields!

The time has come for the presentation of RADIO-TV Mirror Magazine's sixth Annual Awards. You the readers chose your favorite stars and programs and we herewith give you—the winners:

Arthur Godfrey, King of the Airwaves, held the same spotlight in your hearts for two consecutive years. Godfrey, his shows and his stars, Julius La Rosa, Marion Marlowe and Frank Parker, were voted eight awards, tying their record of last year.

In the daytime serial field on radio, vivacious, blonde Jan Miner won for the second consecutive year for her role in Hilltop House. John Larkin, as Perry Mason, was again voted top daytime serial actor. On television, Mary Stuart of Search For Tomorrow and Lyle Sudrow of Guiding Light were your choice as daytime drama actors. Your favorite daytime serial program on radio was Guiding Light and, on television, Hawkins Falls, Pop. 6200.

Lux Theatre on radio, now under the excellent direction of Irving Cummings, took your award for the best dramatic show for the sixth consecutive year. Kraft Theatre on television won tops in this field for the first time, topping such rival shows as Studio One and Robert Montgomery. Jack Webb, Dragnet's hero, is a two-time favorite as top dramatic actor of TV and radio. Beloved Peggy Wood once more won as your favorite dramatic actress for her role in Mama. Joan Alexander won for her portrayals in Wendy Warren, Perry Mason, and Brighter Day—the first time a daytime serial actress has walked away with the straight dramatic award.

In the comedy field, Bob Hope of the ski-nose and Eve Arden of Our Miss Brooks were voted tops on radio, and Our Miss Brooks was chosen as your favorite comedy show. On television, I Love Lucy ran away with the comedy show award for the second consecutive year. You picked Jackie Gleason and Imogene Coca, star of Your Show of Shows, as your top comedians. Dragnet won as your favorite TV mystery melodrama and Suspense's radio version was tops in the mystery field.

Art Linkletter was your choice as Master of Ceremonies for radio, winning for

see following pages for AWARD WINNERS
FAVORITE RADIO MYSTERY SHOW
Suspense (CBS Radio): Winning combination—stars like Agnes Moorehead, plays like "Sorry, Wrong Number."

FAVORITE RADIO QUIZ SHOW
Break The Bank (ABC Radio): Win Elliot, left, acts as host, Bud Collyer quizzes, Lew White makes the music.

FAVORITE TV QUIZ SHOW
What's My Line? (CBS-TV): Only John Daly knows the contestant's trade—his panel has to guess it.

The second time in as many years. He is Master of Ceremonies for House Party. On television, of course, your favorite was Arthur Godfrey.

The Garry Moore Show on television you consider the best daytime non-serial show, and your choice on radio was Arthur Godfrey's show. On radio, Groucho Marx was given top honors for his vitriolic humorous quizzing on You Bet Your Life. Your choice of quizmaster on television was Bert Parks, who employs a gay, heartwarming approach to contestants. Your favorite quiz shows were Break The Bank on radio, What's My Line? on television. Of course, Bud Collyer stars on Break The Bank and John Daly on What's My Line?

Best talent shows were Paul Whiteman's radio show and Dennis James's Chance Of A Lifetime television show. Your favorite variety shows were Arthur Godfrey's show on radio, and Ed Sullivan's Toast Of The Town on television. Don McNeill's Breakfast Club once again won as best audience-participation show and Warren Hull's Strike It Rich was your favorite on television.

Best program on radio also went to Strike It Rich and Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts won on television. Your favorite women's program is Queen For A Day on radio, Kate Smith on television. Producer Ted Collins, whom you know as the genial host at the Cracker Barrel...
AWARD WINNERS, 1952-53

FAVORITE DAYTIME NON-SERIAL TV SHOW
Garry Moore Show (CBS-TV): In the line-up—Ken Carson, Garry, Durward Kirby, Denise Lor, Ray Malone, Howard Smith.

FAVORITE RADIO WOMEN'S SHOW
Queen For A Day (Mutual): Jack Bailey's crowned many a lucky lady—like college-girl Sara Ann Starry.

FAVORITE TV CHILDREN'S SHOW
Kukla, Fran And Ollie (NBC-TV): Burr Tillstrom's the boy with the ideas—Fran Allison's the girl with his puppets.
FAVORITE RADIO TALENT SHOW
Paul Whiteman's Teen Club (ABC Radio): Pert Nancy Lewis is one of Paul's many "discoveries."

portion of the show, can be justly proud—Kate Smith is a six-time winner, two consecutive years winning as your favorite women's program. In the children's field, on radio, the late Nila Mack's Let's Pretend was tops and Kukla, Fran And Ollie once more was your choice of favorites on television. Nila Mack's award will be made posthumously to those who carry on her show and the work she started. The best musical show award was won by Arthur Godfrey on radio, Paul Dixon on television. Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz were your favorite husband and wife team on TV, Ozzie and Harriet on radio, for their Nelson family adventures. In the sports field, it was Mel Allen for radio, Jimmy Powers for TV. Douglas Edwards on TV, Walter Winchell on radio, were your favorite news commentators. And—just to wind up the Awards list with a sweet musical note—the ever-popular Dinah Shore was voted "favorite female singer in radio" by the discerning RADIO-TV MIRROR readers who make these annual polls such a success!

FAVORITE TV WOMEN'S SHOW
Kate Smith Show (NBC-TV): With Ted Collins as her pilot, Kate steers straight to the nation's heart.

FAVORITE RADIO CHILDREN'S SHOW
Let's Pretend (CBS Radio): The late, beloved Nila Mack left a heritage of youthful tales and talent.
FAVORITE TV MYSTERY SHOW
Dragnet (NBC-TV): Jack Webb is Joe Friday, Ben Alexander's Frank Smith.

FAVORITE TV DAYTIME SERIAL
Hawkins Falls, Pop. 6200 (NBC-TV): Bernardine Flynn and Frank Dane star.

FAVORITE TV VARIETY SHOW
Toast Of The Town (CBS-TV): Ed Sullivan is host to guests like Bea Lillie.

BEST RADIO SHOW • FAVORITE TV AUDIENCE-PARTICIPATION SHOW
"my brother,

Kathy Godfrey
tells the story of the amazing family which had nothing—and yet had everything!

Two little Godfreys before fame touched them—Kathy and Arthur at their home in Hasbrouck Heights, N. J.
"ARTHUR GODFREY!"

Now Kathy's a TV star in her own right, the idol of Arizona youngsters who crowd the KPHO-TV studios to listen enthralled to Story Time—and to tell some "small tales," too.

By MAXINE ARNOLD

Seems like old times, having you to walk with—
Seems like old times, having you to talk with—
And walking and talking he came into the room, a familiar fellow with a little limp and a large grin, bringing his own warmth with him. A fellow who believes in living humbly, and who daily encourages his sponsors to live likewise.

He looked at the announcer, at his ooke-
layle, at a few of his friends. And finally he warmed himself up to looking at the audience out of half an eye—

"I'll always love him for that," Kathy Godfrey was saying now slowly. "Even if he is my brother. I'll always love him for that look—"

That look which seems to say, "Well, isn't all this amazing!" (Continued on page 99)

Kathy's Story Time and Swap Shop telecasts can be seen over Station KPHO-TV—check Arizona papers.

BEST TV SHOW • FAVORITE RADIO MUSICAL SHOW • FAVORITE RADIO VARIETY SHOW
“my brother

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LITTLE GODFREYS

...and how

FAVORITE RADIO MALE SINGER
Frank Parker—a musical favorite for many years.

FAVORITE TV MALE SINGER
Julius La Rosa—a newcomer to the radio-TV ranks.

FAVORITE TV FEMALE SINGER
Marion Marlowe—glamour girl of the Little Godfreys.

Arthur Godfrey Time, on CBS Radio, M-F, 10-11:30 P.M. (simulcast on CBS-TV, M-Th, 10-11), for Snow Crop, Lanolin Plus, Fiberglas, Star-Kist, Pepsodent, General Motors, Pillsbury, Toni, Nabisco, Chesterfield—King Arthur Godfrey And His Round Table, CBS Radio, Sun., 5 P.M., for Kingan & Co.—Arthur Godfrey And His Friends, CBS-TV, Wed., 8 P.M., for Chesterfield, Toni, Pillsbury—Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts, both CBS Radio and CBS-TV (simulcast), Mon., 8:30 P.M., for Thomas J. Lipton, Inc. All times given EST.
they grew

As Frank Parker says, they've

all won success—"on Arthur's time"

By MARIE HALLER

"The first thing Arthur Godfrey ever said to me," reminisces lovely singing star Marion Marlowe, "was, 'Young woman, you really can sing a song. Would you like to come to New York and sing on my show?' Imagine! I was so thrilled, I was nearly paralyzed. In fact, I was doubly thrilled, because I realized that, even a few weeks before, this could never have happened. You see, at the time I was (Continued on page 81)

Little Godfreys like Janette Davis helped furnish inspiration, too, for Julius and Frank.

One a discovery, the other a comeback—for both Marion and Frank, Godfrey had the magic formula.
"She's a has-been," they said. Then Imogene Coca made her TV debut and the world was hers.

FLIGHT from FEAR

By GLADYS HALL

The little actress sat on the sidelines, quiet as a mouse, watching the others at work before the television cameras. She was so quiet and so small (five-foot-three in her ballet slippers, 109-pounds sapling-slim, with doll-size hands and feet) that no one seemed to know she was there.

She shivered a little. She thought, Something is awfully odd here...

She couldn't quite determine what was odd, or why. Everyone was nice to her. And kind. Almost too kind. Perhaps that was it. In the attitude of her (Continued on page 84)

Imogene Coca in Your Show Of Shows, NBC-TV, Sat., 9 P.M. EST (Camel Cigarettes, Benrus Watches, S.O.S. Magic Scouring Pads, Griffin Shoe Polishes, Lehn & Fink Products, Prudential Insurance Co. of America).

At home—with husband Bob Burton (top), her dog Apry (above).
Women just “know”

John Daly gives the girls the edge when it comes to judging people

Mrs. Daly provides a coffee break for her appreciative spouse—a very helpful gal, Kit.

As moderator of What's My Line? John Daly has had many opportunities to observe the approaches used by the men and women on his panel in determining the occupations of the guests. This started John thinking about men's and women's reactions to people in general. For example, he noticed that on the What's My Line? show, Dorothy Kilgallen and Arlene Francis were usually much better at finding out what people do for a living than Hal Block or Bennett Cerf were. According to John, one of the reasons for this is that, in Dorothy's case, she takes the game a lot more seriously than either of the men. "Dot works harder at the game," John points out. He noticed that the famous columnist takes notes during the questioning. With Arlene, who doesn’t actually seem to take the game more seriously (Continued on page 89)

What's My Line? is on CBS-TV, Sundays at 10:30 P.M. EST, and on CBS Radio, Wednesdays at 9:30 P.M. EST. The sponsor is Jules Montenier, Inc., for Stopette.
Learning to live a little

It was for Sharon's sake that John and his wife, Teri Keane, "went to the country"—and found a new happiness.

by John Larkin

Perry Mason on the air
(John Larkin in private life)
discovers the value of
"just being neighborly"

DISCOVERED it last summer, and it's great! Discovered that "small-town friendliness" can have real meaning, and it's real great. One hour out of New York, and you're swapping local news with a neighbor, giving and asking advice of your neighbor, personally taking part in local activities . . . living in another world. Yes, it's great, real great. It's for me!

You'll just have to excuse me if I seem to go overboard in my enthusiasm for my recent discovery . . . re-discovery to be more accurate, since I was not born to the cliff-dwelling mode of metropolitan living. You see, I was born in Oakland, California, (Continued on page 74)

John Larkin stars as Perry Mason, CBS Radio, M-F, 2:15 P.M.; also as Miles Nelson in The Right To Happiness, NBC Radio, M-F, 3:45 P.M. All EST, sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Tide, Dreft and other products.
Sing a song of MISSY

Dinah Shore has a sterling-silver voice—and a little girl whose silence can be positively golden!

By ELSA MOLINA

Most four-year-old children are little hams. They go into a singing and dancing routine at the drop of a hat. Missy, Dinah Shore's and George Montgomery's sweet-heart of a little girl, is no exception. Missy, like all four-year-old children, however, can be unpredictable. You can drop a hat, a horse—or a house, for that matter—and nothing will happen... no song, no dance, no nothing!

Dinah knows this. She also knows that talent is pretty well distributed among children at four years. (Continued on page 94)

Dinah Shore is heard on NBC Radio, Mon. and Fri., 10 P. M. EST, and seen on NBC-TV, Tues. and Thurs., 7:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by Chevrolet and Chevrolet dealers.
"Joanne Barron and I are alike. We both believe in a woman’s courage," says Mary Stuart.

Mary Stuart, who plays Joanne Barron in Search For Tomorrow, is amazingly like this girl she portrays on television. She herself explains it this way: "We’re alike because, in a way, I helped create Joanne. She expresses the things that I believe in. I feel I know what she is like, from the inside out. She’s so much me that I’ll still want to be playing her when I’m eighty! We can grow old together, Joanne Barron and I."

It was Mary who inspired the idea for Joanne and her search for tomorrow. The whole thing began as a conversation between Mary and advertising (Continued on page 102)
Jack Webb, Dragnet's hero, helps others to help themselves

By BETTY MILLS

Jack Webb was tired. He looked little like the composed, cool, Sergeant Friday of Dragnet, but rather like a weary young man who needed rest. He had been working steadily for three days, getting the San Francisco Cerebral Palsy telethon set up, working with the Cerebral Palsy board, arranging publicity, checking the station facilities, and setting up the performers.

He had been on stage now for nearly seventeen hours. He was more than physically fatigued; he was emotionally wrung out. But with all he was grateful in his heart to the people of San Francisco for their wonderful support (they had given nearly two hundred thousand dollars). He was grateful, too, to the performers who had given so much of their time without thought of personal reward. Of all the performers, Jack—who was emceeing the show—had not left the stage in those seventeen hours, and he wondered where he would find the strength to finish.

According to Vincent Francis, General (Continued on page 72)

Jack stars in Dragnet—on NBC Radio, Sun., 9:30 P.M.—on NBC-TV, Thurs., 9 P.M. Both EST, sponsored by Chesterfield Cigarettes.
Children have a special meaning for Jack and Julie Webb—and not only because of their own Stacey and Lisa.
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According to Vincent Francis, General (Continued on page 72)
Guiding Light's Lyle Sudrow reveals—

LIFE'S TURNING POINT

By ELIZABETH BALL

Guiding Light couple: Lyle as Bill, with actress Charita Bauer as Bill's wife Bertha.

Across the television studio with its cameras and cables, its milling crews of technicians and scarifying white lights, Lyle Sudrow watched the girl's face. She was charming; she was interesting; she was a competent actress. But she was obviously new at her job and—beneath the gay, assured surface—it wasn't hard to see she was badly frightened. She was the kind of a girl people would consider it fun to be with, Lyle thought, and these qualities fitted to the hilt the part she was playing. But she was trying too desperately to "do the job" perfectly—and everything was going wrong. She was acting mechanically instead of trying to create, to project her own personality. Everyone was nice to her. The director was more than patient with her. Everyone was saying: "Take it easy. Relax. Doing fine." They went all out to help her, but it seemed to have a reverse effect—she kept getting more and more nervous, more and more tense.

Watching her, Lyle realized it was simply a case of stage fright but severe enough to make it almost certain that she would go to pieces soon, unless somehow she could relax a bit. Then it came to him—something he had almost forgotten. He decided to try it as (Continued on page 83)

Lyle Sudrow in The Guiding Light, M-F—CBS-TV, 12:45 P.M.—CBS Radio, 1:45. Both EST, for Procter & Gamble.
No one, 
nor any event, 
has ever weakened 

Peggy Wood's 
belief in the 

Ten Commandments

PEGGY WOOD—
Mama's a great human being

By MARGIE HALE

"THERE is, perhaps," sighs Peggy Wood, Radio-TV Mirror's favorite TV dramatic actress, "just one thing I actively resent—lack of time. There are so many more things... neighborhood things... I would like to do if I could only stretch the hours of the day, and the days of the week."

To her many, many friends, it's hard to conceive of one person successfully devoting time and energy to as many projects as does this talented Great Lady of the theatre. The idea of more—even if the hours of the day and the days of the week could be stretched—is preposterous. Already she verges on the super-human... the fact that she's no longer a young woman leaves no mental or physical impression on her, except, perhaps, to reflect one of her reasons (Continued on page 74)
From my HEARTLINE

"Strike It Rich has a fan club and it’s in honor of you—and the love
DEAR FRIEND:

This is something I should have done long ago—but don’t we always start off by apologizing to friends for not writing oftener? And this is in every sense a “fan letter,” for I intend saying just what I think of you, your children, your neighbors, even the stranger you see on a bus or train just once in your life, and the celebrities you admire from a distance. Some of these things may shock you, certainly some will come as a surprise, but after three years on Strike It Rich, my observations add up to quite a picture.

You see, I get a question thrown at me often. It may be, “Warren, how (Continued on page 88)

Honesty and pride are rewarded when people like Mrs. Hartsgrove and her girls come to us.

Stories of contestants like Fred Myers and his wife (above) and Doris Puckette (below, with producer Walt Framer) start out with their courage—and continue with your own generosity.

Jinx Falkenburg personally brought George Jackson to see Dennis James and me—a real honor for us all.

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

BEST RADIO SHOW • FAVORITE TV AUDIENCE-PARTICIPATION SHOW
There are as many sides to The Poor Soul. Jackie runs afoul of the law, as portrayed by Art Carney. (This is the Gleason role Audrey thinks may be closest to the Gleason heart.)

Reggie Van Gleason. In his most "opulent" role, he's a middle-aged playboy—much to the dismay of his parents (Art, of course, and Zamah Cunningham).

The Loud Mouth. Jackie gets even with Art, now playing poor, talked-to-death Clem. Below—Gleason as Rudy the Repairman, Jerry Bergen as tiny Whitey.

Joe the Bartender, below. Left—"And a-w-a-y we go!" That's Gleason in typical form, and pretty choreographer June Taylor in the cheer-leader pose.
I have a theory about Jackie Gleason, and every once in a while I get to laughing when I think of it. Jackie may laugh, too, when he reads this. Because my theory is that being a comedian and having a big program on television isn't really a profession to him. It's completely fun. It's like going to a big party every week. It's like being a child again and playing games, and dressing up in grown-up clothes and pretending to be someone else.

Ever since I began to play. (Continued on page 85)
"Tell me," I said one day, peering at my sixteen-year-old son, David, "do you have any complexes?"

"Oh, Mom," he answered with great patience, "you've been reading those teen-age articles again!"

David was partly right. Actually, I hadn't been reading teen-age articles, but a friend had asked me how Ozzie and I were "keeping up with David's teen-age problems." That started me thinking—and I arrived at the same old answer I always get. Ozzie and I, as parents, and David and Ricky, as children, know each other too well to have any sudden problems or hidden complexes pop into the light.

I've sort of figured out that some parents suspect their own teenagers of having complexes because they don't know them. Know them really well, that is. This is really a full-time job in itself—getting to know your children.

In most cases, the parents and children are separated during the day, but in our case we work together and, therefore, see much more of one another. I think working with our two boys keeps us from getting complexes—at (Continued on page 86)
you grow up as you grow old with teenagers in the home—and share their

GROWING PAINS

Here are David and Ricky Nelson in all their sartorial splendor—despite the "neat example" set by parents Ozzie and Harriet on opposite page!
You can bet your life that there's almost nothing Groucho Marx wouldn't do—

For love of Melinda

Accompanying Melinda at the piano is—well, child's play—compared with other tricks she's asked Dad to do!

By MARY BETS

According to Groucho Marx, a year in front of the television cameras and radio microphones can be hard work. It can take off weight, put on wrinkles, increase your heart beat, and decrease your vision. But it's a frolic compared to the two weeks of baby-sitting Groucho did with his six-year-old daughter, Melinda.

Groucho hadn't been working too hard—only "half a day." But twelve hours a day are enough for any man. That made it three times too much for him. His doctor suggested he take two weeks' rest.

Since Groucho doesn't see too much of Melinda when he's working, he thought it would be a good idea to have her spend the two-week rest period with him. When he suggested the idea to Melinda's mother, she accepted with alacrity but said, however, that Melinda's puppy would have to come along, too, since they were inseparable.

Groucho says, "I should have been suspicious, but I'm not known as 'Easy Mark Marx' for nothing. In all fairness to Melinda's mother, I must say she asked if I knew for sure what I was doing. I said, (Continued on page 72)
Chance of a Lifetime

Dennis James devotes his time and talent to a cause he really believes in

By BETTY FREEDMAN

Four years ago a busy TV star dashed out of a train in Philadelphia en route to a benefit telethon being held for the Cerebral Palsy Foundation. Some photographers and a couple of publicity men stopped him just as he was about to step into a cab and asked him to pose for some publicity pictures before going on to the show. Dennis James, the busy TV star (Continued on page 84)

Chance Of A Lifetime with Dennis James is viewed on ABC-TV, at 8:30 P.M. EST each Thursday, sponsored by Old Gold Cigarettes.

Dennis and Mickey James are greeted at airport by cerebral palsied youngsters.

In their colorful studio with a magnificent view of Long Island Sound, Dennis and Mickey paint.
By FRANCES KISH

About an hour's drive from the radio and television studios in New York where Bert Parks does his shows, there is a Colonial-style house, of whitewashed brick, which he calls home. A comfortable, inviting sort of house, set on a high knoll overlooking a pleasant suburban community. A house designed for "family living"—for Bert and Annette; six-year-old twin boys, Joel and Jeffrey; and four-year-old Annette, Jr., who is always called Pet, or Petty.

It's a place where two married persons and their children live a happy life. There are swings and bars out back for youngsters to play on. There is usually a stray ball or a toy lying near the driveway, where a child has dropped it in his eagerness to greet Daddy as the car swings in past the clump of birch trees, beautiful and decorative in summer or winter.

More likely than not, the twins have been trying to outrace each other, (Continued on page 92)

For lucky, talented Bert, it all balances, it all goes double—even to having twins!

Bert Parks asks the questions on Balance Your Budget, CBS-TV, every other Sat., 10 P.M., for Sealy Mattresses, and Double Or Nothing—on CBS-TV, M, W, F, at 2 P.M.—on NBC Radio (except WNBC), M-F, 10:30 A.M.—for Campbell's Soups. All EST.
Three's a date, when Bert greets his two Annettes (the small one's "Petty").

the man who has everything
Babies ARE from

It won't be long—Lucille and Desi hope—before their son joins little Lucie in their pool!
Heaven

By PAULINE SWANSON

A fire crackled merrily on the hearth in the cheerful little Early American style house in the Northridge foothills in which Lucille and Desi ("now-they-are-four") Arnaz have lived all the twelve years of their marriage.

The room, gay with its rose-splattered wall paper, cranberry-glass chandelier, and inviting easy chairs, seemed completely unchanged (Continued on page 90)

Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz star in I Love Lucy, seen on CBS-TV, Mondays at 9 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Philip Morris Cigarettes.

Just ask Lucy and Desi where home is, and they'll tell you: "Where children and love abide."

Desiderio Alberto Arnaz IV is still a bit small for diving in that pool—but no Olympic star ever got a heartier welcome on TV sets!
Ralph Wendell is determined he'll "get back at the world." He steals money from church collection plate and plants it in young Neal's pocket, but his plot fails.

Julie Paterno of Hilltop House establishes a warm, loving family circle for an unwanted boy.

Julie believed in her heart that there must be a reason behind Ralph's actions—he isn't just "naturally" bad. She visits Mrs. Wendell to find an upset, unhappy mother.

As Julie looked at Mark's torn clothes and the obvious black eye, she thought: There's no such thing as a problem child. Mark was the youngest member of the orphanage in Julie Paterno's care at Hilltop House. He was the only one at the school who had a speech defect and who seemed completely unable to defend himself against attack by other children. The story Julie forced from Mark's reluctant lips had revealed that Ralph Wendell had carried his bullying of Mark to actual blows—and something would have to be done about it. With all of Julie's background in child-care, she knew in her heart that the cause of Ralph's attacks on Mark came from his home, not from Ralph himself. Arming herself with all the anger and outrage she felt for Mark, Julie called on the Wendell household. Mrs. Wendell, she discovered, shared the house with her spinsterish sister, a Miss Lillian Ludlow. Ralph's father had disappeared from
No such thing as a problem child

3. Julie can only guess that one cause of Ralph's being a bully is the domination of his spinster aunt who alienates Ralph's natural affections for his mother.

the lives of these two women several years before. After finally overcoming Miss Ludlow's objections, Julie saw and talked with Mrs. Wendell, a pathetic, weak person who genuinely loved Ralph—but who was completely and utterly unable to comprehend anything about the boy's problem which led him to be a bully. Working to support herself, Mrs. Wendell had turned over Ralph's care to her dominating sister. Between Mrs. Wendell's generosity with the boy, and Miss Ludlow's continual expressed hatred and demonstrated overwhelming love, Ralph had become utterly confused. At the first meeting, Julie merely listened as Mrs. Wendell poured out all her feelings about Ralph. But how could guide Mrs. Wendell puzzled and worried Julie. In the meantime, Julie sent Neal, one of the older Hilltop boys, to act as Mark's protector. It wasn't long before Neal tangled with Ralph—and, as a result, Ralph stole money from the Sunday-school collection and "planted" it in Neal's pocket. When Mrs. Wendell heard about the whole episode, she came to Julie to beg her to accept Ralph as a member of the orphanage—to be boarded at Hilltop House for a while and gain as much as possible from association with the happy group under Julie's supervision. With angry outbursts from Ralph, Julie took him under her wing, after getting consent from the orphanage board. Miss Ludlow's reaction, however, was even more violent—she promised reprisals. At first Julie was beside herself—no matter what she did she could not win Ralph's confidence. Then, gradually, as days wore into weeks, Ralph became friendly with Dr. Jeff, who seemed to take the place of a father in Ralph's affections, and gradually rebellion gave way to cooperation. Suddenly, Mrs. Wendell's attitude toward Julie's help changed and, under the influence of her sister, she became alarmed at Ralph's affection for Julie and Dr. Jeff. Mrs. Wendell insisted on removing Ralph from the orphanage. The problem was then out of Julie's hands, if not out of her heart. A few weeks later, everything came to an unexpected climax. Julie visited the mother and learned that Mrs. Wendell felt she had lost Ralph forever, because her sister had taken him to another town—convincing the mother that her son no longer loved her. Julie told Mrs. Wendell of her legal rights—but Mrs. Wendell was unable to face another battle.

Pictured here, as heard on the air, are:

Julie Paterno.........................Jan Miner
Mrs. Wendell.........................Lucille Wall
Miss Ludlow.........................Gladys Thornton
Ralph Wendell.......................Larry Newton
Neal....................................Dick Wiggins
6. Unearthing a secret of many years before, Julie reunites Mrs. Wendell and her husband. Ralph thus gets the warm circle of family love he so sorely needs.

5. Ralph disappears, and Julie finds Mrs. Wendell in a complete state of collapse. She is convinced her son has been turned against her by her sister, Ralph's aunt.

Through her, Julie learned of the father's whereabouts and, feeling he was an important key to Ralph, Julie contacted him. From him she learned the truth—the appalling, awful truth of a situation which could have been avoided. . . . The separation of husband and wife had been based on a series of lies—lies manufactured by Miss Ludlow out of jealousy for their happiness. In those dim, dark days of the past, Miss Ludlow had forced Mr. Wendell into a compromising situation, and then claimed that it was he who was trying to make love to her behind her sister's back. Miserable, unhappy, unable to explain to his wife the horrible error, Mr. Wendell had left. Over the years he had tried repeatedly to get word to his wife, to see his son, and each time Miss Ludlow had successfully blocked his attempts at a reconciliation. Once the veil was torn from these past events, Julie felt a solution was near at hand. Together, she and Mr. Wendell outlined how Miss Ludlow could be exposed in his wife's eyes, and how all three persons could finally be brought together. . . . A meeting was finally arranged and, at long last, Mr. Wendell stood face to face with Mrs. Wendell, and the talk they should have had—so many years ago—took place. Julie's reward, however, didn't come until weeks later. Miss Ludlow had departed, and, one day, Julie met Ralph. The smile on his face, his warm open-heartedness, would have been enough to tell Julie that some miracle had happened to transform this child. But when he said, very proudly, very seriously, "I have a mother and—and a father now, Miss Julie," the head of Hilltop's orphanage had to turn away momentarily to hide her tears. Yes, Ralph had a mother and a father—and at long last he had love. Happy in the loving family circle, Ralph could afford to be the wonderful, bright youngster he wanted to be—without resorting to bullying. Julie indeed had been right when she told herself: There is no such thing as a problem child.
One loving couple, two little girls—and lots of fun—make a recipe for living Eve Arden cherishes

By BETTY GOODE

Back to school go Liza and Connie, heads filled with memories of that exciting trip shared with "Mama Eve" and "Papa Brooks."

Anniversary for Happiness

RECIPE FOR HAPPINESS: Mix one generous portion of Eve Arden and an understanding and affectionate husband—name of Brooks West—with one hillside home with a view and two sweet adopted daughters named Liza and Connie. Let stand for one full, joyful year of marriage. Result: A dish fit for a royal anniversary!

"We wanted to take time off for a Honolulu vacation to celebrate our first anniversary," says Eve, "but it would take too long to cross the ocean, and our time together is already so limited that we don't see the children as much as we'd like. So we decided to drive to New York—and to Connecticut, where we were married. Brooks put an airfoam mattress in the (Continued on page 98)"

Eve is Our Miss Brooks—CBS Radio, Sun., 6:30 P.M., for Colgate Dental Cream, Palmolive Soap and Shave Cream—CBS-TV, Fri., 9:30 P.M., for Instant Sanka and Swans Down Cake Mixes. All times EST.
Father with a Heart

By ELIZABETH MILLER

FEW PEOPLE ever see Bob Hope playing the role of a devoted father. When you hear the name "Bob Hope," you think of gags and laughter; not of gentleness, rock-like strength and security, or parental love.

But what goes to make a father? Isn't it partly that rock-like strength, something safe and sturdy a child can cling to—and, in the clinging, know he's safe and as secure as a ship within a port?

Isn't being a father a gentleness, an understanding—even a willingness to be a child yourself again?

Just ask anyone who knows Bob really well, and they'll tell you the (Continued on page 97)


With Bob Hope and Delores, four children have security and parental love
A mellow moon streaked its golden path out across the Pacific. A boat-whistled, beckoning them. And in an old beat-up Benny-kind-of-Maxwell, a pretty young girl with dark hair and wide blue eyes, and a breezy blond young fellow, who even then had quite a way with words, watched two freighters loading on the San Diego dock.

"I'll show you the whole world," Art Linkletter was telling her. "You'll have furs and diamonds, and when we're married—you're going to see everything worth seeing in this whole wide world."

Art Linkletter himself had already thumbed and freighted his way around a good part of it. He'd worked as a bus-boy in Chicago, a harvest hand in North Dakota, a stevedore in New Orleans, and in New York he'd signed on a ship and worked his way across the ocean and back.

But now he was through traveling alone... as, in a sense, ever since childhood he'd travelled alone. From now on he would be going with the girl beside
Art Linkletter had a dream, and it came true—not quite as he expected

Despite the gag shot, Art really admires the ties Lois weaves for him.
Left—playing with the younger children, Sharon, Diane, Robert and Dawn.

By LORETTA LYONS

him, and they were going to go first-class.

At that moment, catching the ferry boat to Coronado was about all the traveling in sight for them. The places Art pictured to young Lois Forester, a druggist's daughter in San Diego, were a matter of small moment, anyway. For they were getting married—and her whole world was him.

They'd been courting for three years then, but Art had been firm about the amount of money he must be making before they could set the date. Not until he was making one hundred and fifty dollars a month, he said. He'd been making one hundred and twenty-five dollars at a San Diego radio station for some time, and now he'd been promised a twenty-five dollar raise. They'd set Thanksgiving for their wedding day.

(Continued on page 95)

Art Linkletter's House Party, M-F, CBS-TV, 2:30 P.M.—CBS Radio, 3:15—for Pillsbury Mills, Lever Bros., Kellogg Co., Green Giant. Art also emcees People Are Funny, heard over CBS Radio, Tues. 8 P.M., for Mars Candy. All times EST.
Art Linkletter had a dream, and it came true—not quite as he expected.

Despite the gory shot, Art really admires the ties Lois weaves for him.

Left—playing with the younger children, Shoron, Diane, Robert and Dawn.

By LORETTA LYONS

Art Linkletter's House Party, M-F, CBS-TV, 2:30 P.M.—CBS Radio, 3:15—for Pillsbury Mills, Lever Bros., Kellogg Co., Green Giant. Art also emcees People Are Funny, heard over CBS Radio, Tues., 8 P.M., for Mars Candy. All times EST.
PAUL DIXON—"everyone's

Paul, Marge, Pam and Greg see how they look—in a certain magazine!

FAVORITE TV MUSICAL SHOW
When people know you, they care
what happens to you, and
that's important on the Paul Dixon show!

By HELEN BOLSTAD

In WCPO-TV's small studio at the top of one
of Cincinnati's highest hills, Director Len
Goorian signaled to cast and crew, "We're off
the air," then stalked over to Paul Dixon.

He couldn't make up his mind whether he
should be angry or admiring, for Paul, in his char-
acteristic way, again had changed the whole plan
for the program right in the middle of the show.

The switch was prompted by a letter from a viewer—one of the show's many friends. Paul
liked it and instantly acted to carry out the idea the fan suggested. Right in front of everyone
who was tuned to the Du Mont network, Paul
had called for a recording not on the pre-agreed list, had directed the crew to bring in a new
backdrop, had briefed Wanda Lewis and Sis
Camp how to do the pantomime he thought would
best carry out the idea back of the song, and
had even told Len himself (Continued on page 76)
I Want to Give You This"

"I'm the Lone Ranger and you're Silver," said Melinda.

"The horse?"

"Okay. What do we do now?"

"We gotta ride to the ranch and warn the rancher about the rustlers."

I should have known better, thought Groucho. "All right, Melinda, up you go."

"Giddap, Silver!"

"Yea... okay... just a minute, Melinda, while I put on my slippers—I mean horse-shoes..."

"Horses don't talk, Daddy!"

"All right, so horses don't talk. How far is it to the ranch?"

"The horse, and it's all rocks in between. Hi Yo Silver!"

With that cry she dug into Groucho's silk-rubbed flanks with her spurs and they were off. The baying of the galloping Gaucho and Groucho's shout of pained surprise mingled in the morning air.

It was then shortly before noon. An hour and a half later the Lone Ranger pulled up for picnic lunch. Silver had orange juice and coffee. But the repast was short-lived. The Lone Ranger was devoted to her duty, and there was still the International Quiz to worry about. As soon as they had finished, they were back in the saddle heading out across the rocks and prairie of the living room.

At the eighteen mile Groucho began to tire. Apparently, the orange juice had been laced with bad alfalfa. With rocks, rocks everywhere, and no prospect of relief, Groucho decided to spy the ranch himself and risk the consequences.

"The ranch! The ranch!" he shouted.

For Love of Melinda

"No, Silver. Not yet!" cried Melinda. But at this point Groucho decided to call it quits. Feeling of his wounded sides, he spoke, "Melinda, do you think the rancher can hold out until tomorrow? Silver has just got to have some rest."

On the second day they played cowboys and Indians, too. This time the Lone Ranger wore the quirt (Australian for cowboy) and Groucho—yesterday's Silver—became Kimbo, king of the kanagaros. Generally, no one knows for sure if kangaroos can be tamed like horses. Groucho could tell you that Kimbo was ridden—and with spurs.

On the third day, Melinda's imagination set down in India. She was now the first spurs-wearing Maharane (the elephantine one) of the Republic of India, and Groucho became the first sacred white riding-vehicle with a Bever-ly Hills address. Most elephants have flanks which are impervious to spurts. But this elephant was as thin-skinned as Kimbo the kanagaroo.

According to Groucho, the international brouhaha which had passed as quickly as the Thirty Years' War. Eternity having gone by, he returned Melinda to her mother—who solicitedly asked, "How was your trip? Did you get a good ride? Was she any trouble?"

"Of course not," replied Groucho. "How could a six-year-old like Melinda be any trouble? We just sat there, waved our hats, and coughed as a whole of a time."

Funny thing, too. He meant it. That's as sentimental as a quiz-shootin' Marxman ever lets himself get. But every parent knows the spurrs of childhood never leave a scar, while the warmth in the heart lasts forever and ever.
The Castle of Inverary is her home. People always speak of the Duchess' look of perfection. She is devoted to Pond's Cold Cream. "Pond's cleanses my skin beautifully," she says.

The Duchess of Sutherland bears one of Britain's most distinguished titles. She and the Duke are world travelers. Wherever she goes, the Duchess cares for her rose-petal complexion with Pond's Cold Cream to keep it soft and smooth. The Duchess says: "I don't know a better cream in the world than Pond's Cold Cream."

"It's my one essential cream"

So many of Britain's duchesses, like beautiful women all over the world, love this one special cream. They say nothing gives their complexions such perfect care.

There is an exclusive formulation of skin helping ingredients in Pond's famous Cold Cream. As you use this satin-smooth cream, its ingredients work as a team—in inter-action. They cleanse your skin immaculately, and at the same time replenish the oil and moisture your skin needs regularly to have that fresh, smooth, young look.

And—you help both sides of your skin, as you swirl Pond's Cold Cream over your face. Outside—imbedded dirt is lifted out of pore openings. And your skin is given softening oil and moisture. Inside—circulation is stimulated, helping skin repair and refine itself.

A fascinating, immediate change can come over your face

This double Pond's Creaming cleanses your skin thoroughly—gives it needed oil and moisture.

Soft-clearse—swirl satin-smooth Pond's Cold Cream up over your face and throat. Tissue off well.

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

Start now to use Pond's Cold Cream every night (mornings, too). Remember, the constant robbing of your skin's freshness goes on every day. Go to your favorite face cream counter and get a large jar of Pond's Cold Cream today.

Her husband's family was given a Barony in 1264, an Earldom in 1525 and the Dukedom in 1703. Tall and slender, she will make a striking picture in her crimson coronation robes. This young Duchess gives her lovely skin the meticulous care of Pond's Cold Creamings. The Duchess says, "Pond's keeps my skin immaculate—and feeling ever so smooth and fresh."
Learning to Live a Little

(Continued from page 42)
and spent my childhood and early youth taking for granted all the wonderful aspects of suburban living—the wonderful closeness of knowing people in the community in which you live. Even though I had spent years in places like San Francisco, St. Louis and Chicago, I actually never knew what real city living was like until I moved to New York in 1946. Prior to my arrival in the Big City, I had always been on the go—never li't lo't enough in one spot to become a part of it. But New York was different. I hadn’t been here more than a few months before I realized that this was where I belonged—from a work standpoint, socially and emotionally. It was the being in the city, the very being here, that made a difference for me, as though being in the city itself, about me.

Then, a few years later, I met Teri Keane. Back in 1949, Teri was a struggling actress...you can now strike out the “struggling.” Immediately, she impressed me as being an unusual and happy combination of hometown girl and career girl. If I never have another idea, it won’t matter much—that one idea was sensational. On June 10, 1959, we married, and Teri settled into homemaking. Just as I expected, she had settled into her career. Our apartment soon took on a personality—not a daughter’s, but Teri’s and mine. By then, the time, it too, had become Teri’s personality, too. Considering Sharon—our little girl—that’s quite an order. When she’s good, she’s like Teri. When she’s otherwise, she’s like me...but just a bit—she’s pure “ham”—needing plenty of space in which to perform.

I guess it was Sharon that really set us to thinking about our last summer home. Teri and I had toyed with the idea before, but it was the realization of how wonderful a country place would be for Sharon that brought the idea to a head. So, through Carl Eastman—director of the CBS daytime drama, Perry Mason—and his wife, we rented a fantastic converted barn in Westport, Connecticut, for the summer.

The “barn” had three stories, the upper two of which were sleeping and eating quarters. The first floor was just one gigantic room which contained three couches, four easy chairs, a piano, set, end tables, lamps, cabinets, and a ping-pong table surrounded by the required footage for easy playing. It was terrific! It met all of Teri’s requirements for housekeeping and the need of open spaces and lack of traffic made it perfect for Sharon—she could run about unescorted.

It was so long since either one of us had lived in the country, that it was quite an order. On the morning of our first day in our new country home, it rained—splendid rain! Our first day was spent in unbroken bliss, which I considered my most agreeable surprise of the summer. I was able to do quite a bit of writing in the barn, and I think the same was true for Teri.

In the New York apartment, where we’ve lived for several years, we know our neighbors to the extent that “good morning” or “good evening”—sounding like my brighter days, I can even remember the name. But in the country it’s different. You actually visit each other...casually dropping by for coffee or tea...and talking over other things like power mowers conk out, lean over the back fence—imaginary—or otherwise—to discuss each other’s problems and the community at large...in the spurt-of-the-moment barbecue. All very friendly. All very casual. All very satisfying to a couple of “city-dwellers.”

And the country life itself—the manual labor part—was great fun and full of surprises for this busy apartment-dweller. For example, you’ll never know how surprised I was several days after my first bout with the strawberry patch to find I could again be able to stand straight. And the straightening-out process took less and less time after each session. Waltzing around with the power lawn mower always had been strong on walking. But what did surprise me—?to say nothing of my wife— was how I handled the spasmodic fits of temperament displayed by this unique invention. What, in all honesty, I didn’t know that, if the gadget got too far out of hand, there would-always be a good-hearted neighbor to the rescue.

...and a surprising pleasure was my discovery of the town’s community spirit. In New York, most of us are armchair philosophers when it gets to—such things as helping the individual drive a child to the doctor. But in New York, the community is very alive...a feeling which I don’t believe she’ll ever develop in a big, impersonal city.

All in all, country living was an exciting and satisfying experience, and I think both Teri and I are convinced that some day we would like to own our own home in a small town outside New York where we could watch the town’s doings and raise our family in the rewarding atmosphere of real “applied democracy.”

Mama’s a Great Human Being

(Continued from page 49)
for being so civic-minded.

“All people,” claims Miss Wood, “eventually grow civic-mindedness. At least they do if they are emotionally mature, and I, if you’ll pardon a seemingly egotistical statement, think I am emotionally mature. Psychologically speaking, I am in the second stages of adjustive life—Shakespeare listed seven, but then he buried his subject with the seventh. The first is the child’s devotion to his mother. Then comes his interest in the gang. Third is the child’s interest in the opposite sex as a whole, and fourth the interest in just one of the opposite sex. Fifth, naturally, comes marriage and family interests, then friends, neighborhood or civic affairs. As I look back over my life, I can honestly say that in due time I stopped off in all of those stages, and have been a member of the sixth for quite a number of years—with no interest whatsoever in the Bard’s seventh!”

Going hand in glove with these six stages in human development, of course, is family background. And Peggy was extremely fortunate. Her mother, the late Eugene Wood—a newspaperman on a Brooklyn newspaper—sharpened her interest in life as well as himself of the everyday world. Her mother, with a more spiritual approach to life, taught Peggy the value of abiding by the two great Commandments—to respect the Giver of Life, and to “love thy neighbor.” In her years of living and giving, Peggy has never wavered from these beliefs. No one, no event, has been able to weaken her philosophy—she believes these Commandments present the truth, and the truth can never be turned under.

In good order, Peggy’s “neighbors” are her fellow-workers. She has been active in the affairs of such business organizations as Actor’s Equity, ANTA and AFTRA for about as long as they have been in existence. Peggy always stands up for her rights and talents—both her professional and business talents, for Peggy is an outstanding business woman as well as an award-winning actress.

As for the rest of her “neighbors,” they are the country as a whole. The American Red Cross, the Community Chest and the Salvation Army can always count on Peggy. She is the spirit behind the food cooperative, which drives to any of their many worthwhile activities—hospitals and homes for retired actors, schools and other projects—Peggy is there, too, as a personal friend. She’s there to help. She’s there because she wants to help. She’s there to be a comfort to each other when things like power mowers conk out, lean over the back fence—imaginary, so to discuss each other’s problems and the community at large...in the spur-of-the-moment barbecue. All very friendly. All very casual. All very satisfying to her and to the people she helps.

* * *

Mama’s “family”—who know Peggy Wood think that—like the famous role she plays on CBS-TV, Mama—she is a housewife of no little skill. She loved problems and—she did wear out her point, knit dresses for herself and sweaters and socks for her husband. She put up preserves—those of which is the grape jelly that makes from the grape jam of her country vineyard. Mama’s “family”—who at rehearsals gorged themselves on Peggy’s culinary achievements, often find themselves wondering how one woman can find the time and energy to be so many things—a great actress, a great housewife, and, above all, a great woman and humanitarian. But to Peggy, herself, it’s quite the opposite—her problem is to find more time for being neighborly.
An Amazing NEW PLAN! Make Friends...Make Money!...

GET THESE DRESSES—
Don't Pay a Penny!
and Make Fine Extra Money
Even in Your Spare Time

WOMEN LIKE YOU!
(Read these Exceptional Records)

1 Hour Pays $10
My first experience lasted 1 hour and cost me about 3 hours. It was fun and I made new friends. Mrs. E. W. COAL. West Virginia.

Make $28 in Work Spare Time
Yesterday I made as much as $28 for extra work doing jobs that I enjoy. These are the facts. Such a happening is in a town near LOUISE AGN, Wisconsin.

Rush Hour Dresses In 15 Mins.
I work only part time and now average 1 hour. And I haven't bought a dress or suit since. Besides, I'm making half MY PAY with no money!!

No Longer Days Broken!
The dresses I used to buy I now get without paying for them! And I make $12.00 to $15.00 in 1 hour. Ours, I'LL PAY! RUSH HOURS OF MISSOURI.

You've never read more exciting news! Think of seeing more than 100 beautiful latest-style dresses—and you can take your pick in YOUR OWN favorite fabric, style, color and size WITHOUT PAYING EVEN ONE CENT, on this brand new introductory plan! And all you do now is mail the coupon at the bottom of this page! You'll receive ABSOLUTELY FREE the most thrilling display of gorgeous styles you ever saw—all the latest models, the newest colors, all the popular fabrics—separates, mix-and-match, convertibles, casuals—suits, sports-wear, and hosiery and lingerie too! You select the dresses you want and they're YOURS, simply for showing the beautiful styles and sending just a few orders for friends, neighbors, or members of your family. That's all! You don't pay one cent for your own dresses—and you can get dress after dress for yourself this easy way!

You'll Fall in Love With This Way to Make Extra Money!
The moment folks see the beautiful styles, the vast selection, and the LOW, MONEY-SAVING PRICES, they want you to send to famous Harford Frocks for dresses just like them. And for sending us their selections you get your own dresses without paying a single penny—and you can actually make several dollars in one hour of spare time besides! Don't wait! We'll send you everything you need . . .

FREE! JUST MAIL COUPON BELOW!
Send no money! Just write your name, address, and dress size on coupon below (paste it on a postcard) and mail it, and we'll send you the big valuable style display so you can start at once getting your personal dresses without one cent of cost and collecting EXTRA CASH besides. Mail the coupon NOW!

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PASTE ON POSTCARD—AND MAIL!
Harford Frocks, Inc., Dept. J-501, Cincinnati 25, Ohio
RUSH ABSOLUTELY FREE the big, valuable Harford Frocks Style Display so I can start quickly getting personal dresses without paying one penny for them, and make extra money in spare time besides.

Name
Address
City ........................................ State ...............................
Dress Size ................................. Age ............................

75
Everyone’s a Friend of Mine

(Continued from page 71)
to take off his headphones and come onto the set to act put off by the manager.
It had rained all day while it lasted, but, with
the show safely wrapped up, Len’s sense of
responsibility—an attitude born of his own
New York big-studio training—came to the fore.
His inner conflict broke to the surface with his statement, “Honestly, Paul, you
scare the living daylights out of me.
In the 6 years of his friendship
Paul took the tension out of the situ-
ation with a grin. “We got away with it, didn’t we?”
But there’ll come a time...
The two girls had joined the huddle, and
Paul could tell they shared Len’s worry.
Affectionately, he put one arm around
Wanda, the other around Sis Camp and
gave them each a hug. “You were great,
kids. And look at it this way. The woman
who would let that letter have a better idea
than we had.”
He was so serious, so full of admiration
for his fan that even Len had to laugh. “I
should put it in the light, you know. You’re
a perfectionist. The only trouble is that
you see a whole sequence, instantly, in
your own mind, but you don’t let the rest of us in on it.”
Paul had a ready answer. “There’s no need to, I know the way you guys can
pick a plot right out of the air.”
“Sure,” said Len, “but I’ll guarantee
this is the way a television that starts
out with one plan and at half-time
completely changes format.”
Paul stared at him with blank wonder.
“Why—please do make the show. They write it
for you with their own hands. Sometimes I get
impatient about the time it takes to do
the musical numbers, for I think the
letters are better, and a lot of the viewers
agree with me.”
In his frank appraisal, he gives himself
just one thing: “If I have any talent at all,
it’s the ability to escape self-conscious-
ness and to be myself when the camera
is not looking too easy. I just feel like
I’m visiting friends so I sit down and
make myself at home.”
That’s also the way he wants things to be. But he is in great
need of people. Paul and Marge love to have people drop in.
If you’re invited to dinner, theirs is
the kind of home where you wander out
to the kitchen and perch on a stool while
they stir the sauce. If the menu is
simple, Paul does not round up four-year-old
Pam and two-year-old Greg to wash their
hands and get them tidy before they come
to the table. No guest ever thinks of
sitting down in the living room in
which he has shared the regular evening task
of young parents and helped put the kids
to bed. You’re part of the Dixon household
from the minute the threshold
until the time you wake good night.
With this intimate attitude so deeply
rooted, it was only natural for Paul to ask
him a hand with a business problem as well.
Daytime television being a compara-
tively new venture for the Du Mont TV
network, the show went unsponsored for
nearly three months.
With honest candor, Paul told the
viewers about it. In much the same way he
had seen friends back home ask help
from their neighbors when they ran for
campaign office, Paul asked for aid.
“It’s this way,” he said. “The network
can’t afford to keep us on the air if we
don’t do our own work. I’ve come to
Mort Watters, our manager here at WCPO,
because he has to turn down local Cin-cinnati sponsors when we’re on network time.
I’ll be glad for any help.”

The Dixons

James Bergman, who heads a company
which promotes the show in the large house-
hold. His four-year-old son and his
vivacious small daughter would greet him
at the door with the shout, “Daddy, Paul
Dixon!” It?

You don’t know it,” he stated, “but
you’ve been making my life miserable. It
got so I hated to go home at night.”
Mr. Bergman, it developed, had two
Dixon shows on the air in his five-million
household. His four-year-old son and his
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household. His four-year-old son and his
vivacious small daughter would greet him
at the door with the shout, “Daddy, Paul
Dixon!” It?
Inside Radio
All Times Listed Are Eastern Standard Time.

Monday through Friday

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<tr>
<th>Time</th>
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</table>

**Afternoon Programs**

- **12:00**: News, Home Edition
- **12:15**: Capital Commentary
- **12:20**: Music Box
- **12:25**: News, Bandhert
- **12:30**: News, Home Edition
- **12:35**: News, Home Edition
- **12:40**: News, Home Edition
- **12:45**: News, Home Edition
- **12:50**: News, Home Edition
- **12:55**: News, Home Edition
- **13:00**: News, Home Edition
- **13:05**: News, Home Edition
- **13:10**: News, Home Edition
- **13:15**: News, Home Edition
- **13:20**: News, Home Edition
- **13:30**: News, Home Edition
- **13:35**: News, Home Edition
- **13:40**: News, Home Edition
- **13:45**: News, Home Edition
- **13:50**: News, Home Edition
- **13:55**: News, Home Edition
- **14:00**: Backstage Wife
- **14:05**: Dixie Daily
- **14:10**: Young Widder Brown
- **14:15**: Woman In My House
- **14:20**: Cindy's-angle
- **14:25**: News, Bandhert
- **14:30**: News, Bandhert
- **14:35**: News, Bandhert
- **14:40**: News, Bandhert
- **14:45**: News, Bandhert
- **14:50**: News, Bandhert
- **14:55**: News, Bandhert

**Monday Evening Programs**

- **6:00**: Bill Stern
- **6:30**: Three Star Extra

**Tuesday Evening Programs**

- **6:00**: Bill Stern
- **6:30**: Three Star Extra

**Wednesday Evening Programs**

- **6:00**: Bill Stern
- **6:30**: Three Star Extra

**Thursday Evening Programs**

- **6:00**: Bill Stern
- **6:30**: Three Star Extra

**Friday Evening Programs**

- **6:00**: Bill Stern
- **6:30**: Three Star Extra

**Saturday Evening Programs**

- **6:00**: Bill Stern
- **6:30**: Three Star Extra

**Sunday Evening Programs**

- **6:00**: Bill Stern
- **6:30**: Three Star Extra
### Saturday

#### Morning Programs

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>NBC</th>
<th>MBS</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Hee Haw</td>
<td>Local Program</td>
<td>No School Today</td>
<td>Renfro Valley</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Farming Business</td>
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<td>News Of America</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>Mind Your Manners</td>
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<td>Garden Gate</td>
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<td>9:30</td>
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<td>Robert Q. Lewis</td>
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<td>10:00</td>
<td>Archie Andrews</td>
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<td>Gailen Drake</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>Mary Lee Taylor Show</td>
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<td>Space Adventures Of Super Noodle</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:30</td>
<td>My Secret Story</td>
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<td>Let's Pretend</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:45</td>
<td>Modern Romance</td>
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#### Afternoon Programs

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<th>NBC</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td></td>
<td>News</td>
<td>Man On The Farm</td>
<td>Theatre Of Today</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:15</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Fifth Army Band</td>
<td>Stars Over Hollywood</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:30</td>
<td>Coffee In Washington</td>
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<td>American Farm</td>
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<td>12:45</td>
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<td>National Farm And Home Hour</td>
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<td>1:00</td>
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<td>U.S. Army Band</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:00</td>
<td></td>
<td>Music</td>
<td>Symphony For Youth</td>
<td>Music With The Girls</td>
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<td>2:15</td>
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<td>Make Way For Youth</td>
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<td>3:00</td>
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<td>What'S The Score?</td>
<td>Bandstand, U.S.A.</td>
<td>Overseas Report</td>
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<td>3:15</td>
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<td>3:25 News, Frank</td>
<td>Adventures In Science</td>
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<td>Singer</td>
<td>Farm News, Correspondent'S</td>
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<td>Scratch Pad</td>
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<td>4:00</td>
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<td>Treasury Of Music</td>
<td>U.S. Army Band</td>
<td>U.S. Naval Training</td>
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<td></td>
<td>College Choirs</td>
<td>Midshipman's</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:00</td>
<td></td>
<td>Big City Serenade</td>
<td>Preston'S Show Shop</td>
<td>The Chase</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:15</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Tea &amp; Crumpets</td>
<td>At Home With Work Club Time</td>
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<td>At The Chase</td>
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<td>5:45</td>
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<td>Author Speaks</td>
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#### Evening Programs

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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:20</td>
<td>News, George Hicks</td>
<td>Dance Orch.</td>
<td>News</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>H. V. Kaltenborn</td>
<td>Country Editor</td>
<td>UN On Record</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:40</td>
<td>NBC Symphony, Arturo Toscannini,</td>
<td>Preston Sellers</td>
<td>Sports Roundup</td>
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<td>6:50</td>
<td>Conducting</td>
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<td>News</td>
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<td>7:20</td>
<td>Public Affairs</td>
<td>Country Life</td>
<td>Broadway's Big</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>Who Goes There?</td>
<td>Women In Uniform</td>
<td>My Best</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:45</td>
<td></td>
<td>Dinner At The Green Room</td>
<td>Vaughn Monroe</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Inside Bob &amp; Ray</td>
<td>Margaret Whiting'S</td>
<td>Gene Autry</td>
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<td>8:15</td>
<td>Reuben, Reuben</td>
<td>Dancing Party</td>
<td>Tarzan</td>
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<td>9:00</td>
<td>Pee Wee King Show</td>
<td>New England Barnyard Jamboree</td>
<td>Gangbusters During The Air</td>
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<td>9:15</td>
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<td>Illinois Band</td>
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<td>Grand Ole Opry</td>
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<td>ABC Dancing Party</td>
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<td>(Cont.)</td>
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<td>10:00</td>
<td>Eddy Arnold Show</td>
<td>Meredith Willson'S Music Room</td>
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<td>Country Style Music</td>
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<td>Perspective</td>
<td>News, Ed Morgan</td>
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### Sunday

#### Morning Programs

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<td>Renfro Valley Sunday Gathering</td>
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<td>Light And Life Hour</td>
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<td>9:15</td>
<td>World News Roundup</td>
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<td>9:30</td>
<td>We Head These Traps</td>
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<td>Carnival Of Books</td>
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<td>10:00</td>
<td>National Radio Pulpit</td>
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<td>10:15</td>
<td>Art Of Living</td>
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<td>10:30</td>
<td>News, Peter Roberts</td>
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<td>11:00</td>
<td>JFK's Final State Of The Union, Viewpoint, U.S.A.</td>
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<td>UN In My Bed</td>
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<td>The Living Word</td>
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<td>YouthWantsToKnow</td>
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<td>The Catholic Hour</td>
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<td>Ems Pope</td>
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<td>You Brings You</td>
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<td>G.I. Joe</td>
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<td>Jason And The</td>
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<td>7:00</td>
<td>My Son, jeep</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>Aldrich Family</td>
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<td>8:00</td>
<td>Phil Harris And Alice</td>
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<td>8:15</td>
<td>Faye</td>
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### Baseball at Home and Abroad

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<td>Sat, Apr 11</td>
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### Official League Games:

| Mon., Apr 13 | 2:30 P.M. | Yankees at Wash. | 11    |
| Tues., Apr 14 | 1:30 P.M. | Boston vs. Dodgers | 9     |
| Wed., Apr 15   | 1:30 P.M. | Yankees at Wash. | 9     |
| Thur., Apr 16  | 1:30 P.M. | Dodgers vs. Giants | 11    |
| Fri., Apr 17   | 8:30 P.M. | Yankees at Wash. | 9     |
| Sat., Apr 18   | 1:30 P.M. | Dodgers vs. Giants | 11    |
| Sun., Apr 19   | 2:00 P.M. | Pirates vs. Giants | 11    |
| Mon., Apr 20   | 1:30 P.M. | Pirates vs. Giants | 11    |
| Tues., Apr 21  | 2:00 P.M. | Boston vs. Yankees | 9     |
| Wed., Apr 22   | 8:30 P.M. | Giants at Boston | 11    |
| Thur., Apr 23  | 2:00 P.M. | Boston vs. Yankees | 9     |
| Fri., Apr 24   | 8:00 P.M. | Giants vs. Dodgers | 9     |
| Apr, 25        | 2:00 P.M. | Wash. vs. Yankees | 11    |
| Apr, 26        | 2:05 P.M. | Giants vs. Dodgers | 9     |
| Apr, 28        | 8:00 P.M. | Cinc. vs. Dodgers | 9     |
| Apr, 29        | 6:30 P.M. | Pitts. vs. Giants | 11    |
| Thur., Apr 30  | 1:30 P.M. | Cinc. vs. Dodgers | 9     |
| Fri., May 1    | 8:00 P.M. | Cinc. vs. Giants | 11    |
| Sat, May 2     | 1:30 P.M. | Chi-go vs. Dodgers | 9     |
| Sun, May 3     | 2:00 P.M. | Cinc. vs. G'nts (D) | 11 |
| Mon, May 4     | 1:30 P.M. | Pitts. vs. Dodgers | 9     |
| Tues., May 5   | 1:30 P.M. | Cinc. vs. Giants | 11    |
| Wed, May 6     | 8:15 P.M. | Yankees at Cleve. | 11    |
| Thur, May 7    | 1:30 P.M. | Chicago vs. Giants | 11    |
| Fri., May 8    | 1:30 P.M. | Chicago vs. Giants | 11    |
| Sat, May 9     | 1:30 P.M. | Phila. vs. Pirates | 9     |
| Sun, May 10    | 2:00 P.M. | Bost. vs. G'nts (D) | 11  |

(D) Means double header.

### Announcer Lineup:
- For the Dodgers: Red Barber, Connie Desmond and Vince Scully
- For the Giants: Russ Hodges and Ernie Harwell
- For the Yankees: Mel Allen and Jim Woods

### Monday P.M.

#### 7:30 P.M. Hollywood Screen Test • 7
Neil Hamilton's "chairway-to-stardom" for aspiring dramatists.

#### 8:00 P.M. Burns And Allen Show • 2 & 6
It's Gracie's meddling that muddles the way for laughs.

#### 8:00 P.M. Winchell-Mahoney Show • 4
Clever comedy variety-quiz starring Paul W. and his little man.

#### 9:00 P.M. Homicide Squad • 7
Suave Mark Conway as the Inspector harassing killers.

#### 9:30 P.M. Godfrey's Talent Scouts • 2
A good luck show for you and hopefuls displaying their talent.

#### 9:30 P.M. The Match • 4 & 6
Weekly festival of fine music performed by renowned artists.

#### 9:00 P.M. I Love Lucy • 2 & 6
Rocking laughter assured by antics of Lucy and Hubby Desi.

#### 9:00 P.M. Eye Witness • 4
Robert Montgomery adds to his TV chores with off-beat mysteries.

#### 9:30 P.M. Red Buttons • 2 & 6
Hilarious action with Red, Beverly Dennis and Pat Carroll.

#### 9:30 P.M. Robert Montgomery Presents • 4
Handsomey done, hour-long drama with Mr. M host-director.

### Tuesday

#### 7:30 P.M. Beulah • 7
Louise Beavers, in title role, is guaranteed to tickle you.
TV program highlights

8:00 P.M. Texaco Star Theatre • 4 & 6
Millie and her great cast belt 'em over with laughs. Once a month, Circus Hour, with Joe E. Brown and Dolores Gray.
8:30 P.M. Life Is Worth Living • 5
Inspiring, non-sectarian talks by Bishop Fulton J. Sheen.
9:00 P.M. Crime Syndicated • 2
Semi-documentary exposes, alternating with City Hospital.
9:00 P.M. Fireside Theatre • 4
Melodramas and lighthearted comedies for your weekly pleasure.
9:30 P.M. Suspense • 2 & 6
Acting in a taut atmosphere assures stories of strong impact.
9:30 P.M. Circle Theatre • 4
Wholesome stories for the entire family to enjoy.
10:00 P.M. Danger • 2
Thirty-minute melodrama with a real sock, excellently produced.
10:00 P.M. Two For The Money • 4 & 6
Herb Shriner pays off with hearty laughs and hardy cash.

Wednesday

7:30 P.M. Drew Pearson • 5
News commentary and predictions of things to come.
7:30 P.M. Date With Judy • 7
Laugh-laden episodes with Judy and adolescent Romeo Oogie.
8:00 P.M. Godfrey And His Friends • 2 & 6
Happy dancing and musical spree with the great Godfrey family.
8:00 P.M. I Married Joan • 4
Comedic situations and laughter with comedienne Joan Davis.
8:30 P.M. Music Hall • 4 (& 6 at 7:30 P.M.)
Great songs (Patti Page) and big laughs (Frank Fontaine) against a colorful background. Alternating, Cavalcade Of America.
9:00 P.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 6
People in need tell their stories and try for huge cash awards.
9:00 P.M. Kraft Theatre • 4
Engrossing, worthwhile, adult drama on this weekly hour show.
9:30 P.M. Man Against Crime • 2
Ralph Bellamy as citizen pitting his all for lawfulness.
10:00 P.M. This Is Your Life • 4
Ralph Edwards' unique and emotional drama of a person's life.

Thursday

8:00 P.M. Lux Video Theatre • 2 (& 6 at 9:00 P.M.)
Vivid, human drama cast with big names of Hollywood and Broadway.
8:00 P.M. You Bet Your Life • 4 & 6
Crouch's singing wit but soothing charm for lucky contestants.
8:30 P.M. Amos 'n' Andy • 2 (& 6 at 9:30 P.M.)
Hijinks in Harlem alternating with Four Star Playhouse.
8:30 P.M. T-Men In Action • 4
Crime-busting based on actual cases from Treasury Dept. files.
8:30 P.M. Chance Of A Lifetime • 7 & 6
Personable Dennis James, with guest star, showcases new talent.
9:00 P.M. Dragnet • 4
Police sleuthing, documentary style, starring Jack Webb.
9:30 P.M. Big Town • 2
Adventures of Steve Wilson, newspaperman extraordinary.
9:30 P.M. Ford Theatre • 4
Original, thirty-minute teleplays filmed in Hollywood.
10:00 P.M. My Little Margie • 2
Gratifying, humorous situations with Gale Storm, Charles Farrell.
10:00 P.M. Martin Kane, Private Eye • 4 & 6
Whodunit drama with Lee Tracy in title role.
10:30 P.M. Foreign Intrigue • 4 (& 6 at 11:00 P.M.)
Highly recommended espionage drama, starring Jerome Thor.

Friday

7:30 P.M. Stu Erwin Show • 7
Stu proves that a household divided makes for gay viewing.
8:00 P.M. Mama • 2 & 6
Gracious Peggy Wood stars in this delightful series.
8:00 P.M. Dennis Day Show • 4
Dennis as good-natured but bewildered bachelor in comedy.
8:00 P.M. Ozzie And Harriet • 7
Highly rated family with all Nelsons playing real life.
8:30 P.M. My Friend Irma • 2
Marie Wilson slaughters English language and her boss's morale.
8:30 P.M. Life Of Riley • 4 & 6
Inimitable William Bendix as Riley in this ever-popular comedy.
9:00 P.M. Schlitz Playhouse • 2
Outstanding short stories adapted and cast to televising.
9:00 P.M. Big Story • 4 & 6
Bold drama of real reporters uncovering headline stories.
9:30 P.M. Our Miss Brooks • 2
Explosive laughter as Eva Arden plays a schoolmarm.
10:00 P.M. Mr. And Mrs. North • 2
Handsome duo, Barbara Britton-Richard Denning versus crime.
10:00 P.M. Cavalcade Of Sports • 4 & 6
Feature boxing events from Madison Square Garden.
10:30 P.M. Born You Go • 5
From Chicago, bright panel quiz with Dr. Bergen Evans, moderator.

Saturday

7:00 P.M. Stock Club • 2
Mr. Billingsley's unique interviews with glamorous guests.
7:00 P.M. TV Teen Club • 7
Pop Whitman's lads and lasses entertain like pros.
7:30 P.M. Beat The Clock • 2
Couples try manual stunts for big prizes. Bud Collyer emcees.
8:00 P.M. My Hero • 4
Filmed situation comedy starring Robert Cummings as realtor.
8:30 P.M. Jackie Gleason Show • 2
Grand music, lovely gals in dance, Jackie, and away we go!
9:00 P.M. Your Show Of Shows • 4 & 6
A gala revue spotlighting Caesar and Gaca with fine variety.
9:00 P.M. This Is Show Business • 2
Wonderful guest entertainers. Clifton Fadiman, host-moderator.
9:30 P.M. Meet Millie • 2
Exercise for your funnybone as Elena Verdugo plays silly.
10:30 P.M. Your Hit Parade • 4 & 6
Musical dramatizations of hit tunes by Snooky, Dorothy. June.

Sunday

4:30 P.M. Omnibus • 2 & 6
A ninety-minute treasure of brilliant, sophisticated entertainment.
6:30 P.M. See It Now • 2
Ed Murrow's superb, fascinating weekly video review of the news.
6:45 P.M. Walter Winchell • 7 & 6
Your New York reporter with exclusives and inside information.
7:00 P.M. Red Skelton Show • 4 & 6
Comedy dominated by Red in his many famous impersonations.
7:30 P.M. Mister Peepers • 4
Mild but highly amusing Wally Cox in school situation comedy.
8:00 P.M. Toast Of The Town • 2 & 6
Extravaganza from all corners of the earth with Ed Sullivan.
8:00 P.M. Comedy Hour • 4
Rene Gagnon of the country take turns at this Sunday spot.
9:00 P.M. Fred Waring Show • 2 (& 6 at 6:00 P.M.)
The Pennsylvanians with song and dance of great music.
9:00 P.M. Television Playhouse • 4 & 6
Your Sunday night theatre, excellently cast and produced.
9:30 P.M. Dragnet • 4 & 6
Police at work. Follow this one with thePlainclothes Man.
9:30 P.M. Ken Murray And Alan Young • 2
A million laughs with these comics who alternate every Sun.
10:00 P.M. The Web • 2
Psychological melodramas likely to make your hair stand up.
10:00 P.M. Arthur Murray Party • 5
Kathryn Murray, your hostess to a jubilee of variety.
10:30 P.M. What's My Line? • 2
The guess-your-occupation panel show with John Daly, ence.
Little Godfrey

(Continued from page 9)
in Florida resting and regaining my health... actually, regaining my desire to sing again. Two strenuous years of singing in London had not only broken my health, but dented my spirits. It had been just two weeks before this meeting with Arthur that, at a party at the Kenilworth Hotel in Miami, I had suddenly been inspired to sing—the first time in nearly a year that I had wanted to sing. My friends were celebrating their Silver Wedding Anniversary, and softly I sang a song just for them. Well, to make a long story short, the owner of the hotel overheard and asked if I would like to sing for the Saturday-night dinner guests two weeks hence—on January 6, 1951, to be exact. Lady Luck—and I confess to being somewhat of a fatalist—was with me, in the form of one Arthur Godfrey in the dining room. And it was in the hotel owner's office directly after the show that Mr. Godfrey invited me to come to New York and sing.

Marion marvels: "At the risk of sounding like a press agent's dream, Arthur—with those two sentences—changed the whole course of my life!"

"I don't mean to grab the act," Julius La Rosa interrupts enthusiastically. "Everything Marion has said is true... what Mr. G. does for folks is tremendous. But in some ways Mr. Godfrey's effect on my life was even greater than in Marion's case. After all, Marion had been a professional singer for some years before the boss heard her. Me? I was strictly a radar-operator in the Navy with postwar plans of joining forces with my father in a radio-serviceing shop—but, at the same time, with seemingly hopeless dreams of becoming a singer. And dreams of singing was just about all I had. I didn't know a soul in the business, and had no idea of how to go about being heard. I had had no real vocal training. My only credentials were that I had been one of three hundred voices in the All-City Chorus when I was in high school. That was all. You might say, the main training I received was what I absorbed from listening to Bing Crosby—and man, I sure did a lot of that.

"All of a sudden—wham! One day, September 14, 1950, as if I'd ever forget the date... Arthur Godfrey came to Pensacola, where I was stationed. Upon hearing that Mr. G. was due to report to receive his Navy wings, a pal of mine—an old Brooklyn neighbor—had written Mr. Godfrey asking him to hear me sing. When, in the middle of his own entertainment for the boys at the base, Mr. Godfrey called out for me to come up and sing, I came close to leaving this world. When, after my song, Mr. G. asked me to come to New York on my next leave and do a number on his show, I was extremely operating in the ether. Then, just as suddenly—exactly ten days after my discharge in November, 1951—there I was, a Little Godfrey. . . Me, Julius La Rosa, the kid from Brooklyn with the hopeless dream. Tremendous! Real tremendous!"

"If you'll allow an older and more seasoned member of this clan to get a word in edgewise," smiles Frank Parker, the third of these Award-winning Little Godfreys, "I've a thing or two to add to what you have to say. You know, I'm the only member of this troupe to make a comeback because of Arthur. You, Julius, were discovered. And you, Marion, were helped along. But me—well, Arthur helped me make a comeback. I had been retired from the stage for quite a number of years. I had made what I considered my 'fortune' and had had me off to live on it in comparative peace and quiet. Just, I thought,
"I never dreamt I could be this happy"

Thanks to radio's "My True Story," thousands of listeners have found happy solutions to difficult, heart-rending problems. For the stories that are heard are true stories—vivid, vivid stories—taped directly from the files of "True Story Magazine." And the characters are as true-twoto-life as you or your family. Listening to them may enable you to cope with problems, jealousy, you'll find answers to many of your own problems, too.

TUNE IN "MY TRUE STORY"
AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS

What makes a man masculine, a woman feminine? What happens when nature errs? TRUE STORY gives you the answers in "MEN AND WOMEN—the amazing truths about Sex Glands"—in the May issue on sale everywhere.
Life's Turning Point

(Continued from page 48) soon as he got the chance.

The company broke and went down to the studio restaurant for dinner. The girl went along with the gang, trying to keep up, to be one of them. Oh, she was very gay, very insouciant, and yet all she wanted to do, Lyle sensed. was to run away and be alone, and cry.

The girl sat down at one of the tables for two. Lyle, with a brief "May I?" sat down opposite her. He looked across at the bright little mask. "If she tries any harder, he thought, she'll bust. He drew a deep breath. "Do you take your work seriously?" he asked—though it was all too clear she took it with desperate seriousness—"and are you nervous?"

"Yes, of course. I do," the girl said, biting her lips to check their quivering. "and yes, of course, I am."

"I think you should take it more seriously." Lyle spoke with cold precision, spacing his words, "and become more nervous. You know that when you get on the air you're not going to be able to talk, don't you? You know that you're probably going to forget your lines—miss all your cues—Then, of course, you'll probably get a frog in your throat, if you do manage to speak at all. You may have a dizzy spell, too, and faint while you're on camera; I've seen it happen. Lyle paused.

The girl stared at him, at this tall, fair-haired, slender young man with the sensitive face, stunned and puzzled by the savagery of his words! She said, in a whisper, "I suppose you think you're being very funny—" "Why, not at all," Lyle continued innocently. 'I'm very serious about this—after all we must be serious about it. It would never do not to be serious about a thing like this, now would it?" Again Lyle paused and then, with great deliberateness, he threw his final barb. "As a matter of fact, to be very, very serious about this, I think the best thing for you to do is to quit—because I'm just as sure as you are that you'll knock all the scenery down when you make your exit—if you get that far—which you won't. Will you?" Now Lyle was smiling.

For a moment, there was silence. In the clatter of the crowded commissary, the little table for two made a pool of silence. Across the table, the girl stared at her tormentor with a sudden blaze of anger in her eyes. Then, suddenly, she began to laugh, then to cry, then to laugh without tears. She was laughing, Lyle realized—relief, with understanding. She was beginning to get it.

When she had stopped laughing she leaned back in her chair and smiled across the table at Lyle. And this time her smile was real, her face was relaxed—her eyes warm and sparkling. She said, "You know, for a moment I thought you were the cruelest person I'd ever met. But now I think I understand what you were doing. I guess it was the idea of my knocking the scenery down that did it. It made me realize how silly my fears were."

"Well, I think you'll find that true of most fears," Lyle said quietly. "The trouble with most people is they're afraid others might find out. The funny thing is, as soon as their fears are out in the open and understood—they vanish."

"You know, don't you?" said the girl.

"Yes, I know. About six or seven years ago, on a radio show, I had my first really important part. I knew then, just as you know today if I didn't do that job right, the world would end. As a result, I tried so hard and became so nervous that, when I got on the mike, the lines came out ridiculously. Well, as I finished my scene and was praying that no one had noticed how bad it was, I heard an actor behind me remark. 'Boy, that was pretty lousy!' He wasn't polite. He wasn't kidding me with kindness as the others had done. He threw what I thought were my hidden fears right in my face. And, suddenly, they were gone. I laughed. 'Why don't you get lost?' I said. The next run-through was fine. This time I played the part. For me, that was the incident. The turning point, I guess you'd call it.'"

"And then the good roles came," the girl said. "I've heard you, you know, in so many—on Rosemary, Perry Mason, and Wendy Warren and the News, as Bill on The Guiding Light. Studio One, so many others."

"Yes, they came."

In the studio again, the girl faced the cameras. This time she played the part. She made a few small mistakes but she was able to laugh at herself and it didn't throw her. She was relaxed and human and warm.

"That's what I wanted," the director said. Then the show was on, and was over. Good nights were said. The girl came over to Lyle. She held out her hand. A firm hand, no longer shaking.

"This is the incident in my life, too," she said, "the turning point. I mean, you are. I'm going to do fine now. I know I am. Thank you."

Lyle smiled down at the girl he knew he would watch again—frequently—in very better and more important roles. On television.

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**why look for pennies from heaven...**

when panties of **Spun-lo are still only about 60¢**

* Sizes full-cut for comfort
* Always nice next to your skin... never clingy or clammy
* Dry quickly... never need ironing
* Wear superbly... don't go into your favorite pantie style

*Extra sizes slightly higher; brief styles slightly lower.

© Industrial Rayon Corporation, Cleveland, Ohio

Producers of Continuous Process Rayon Yarns and Tyron Cord for Tires
(Continued from page 57) in question, walked back to the station with the others. There were some children who were afflicted with cerebral palsy. A little girl was sitting in a wheelchair with a big smile on her face. He picked up an up pose, and she hugged him tight. When Dennis was asked if he was being shot, Dennis saw someone he knew and said, "Hi ya." The little girl in his arms said, "Hi," too. Dennis was startled, for he hadn't realized that palsied children could talk like other people—he had thought, as did many other uninformed people at that time, that palsy was something like "incurable.

Now, hundreds of benefit and telethon appearances behind him, Dennis still get misty-eyed when he speaks of that little girl mother and father. "It's a way right into his heart. His Philadelphia telethon was the beginning of what has become for Dennis James his chief interest outside of his personal and professional life. Just as he had made "Mother" take an interest in wrestling in his early days as a TV sports caster, he has made the whole nation open its heart to the victims of cerebral palsy.

Dennis James is one of those rare people who has never let his celebrity rating interfere with being a regular guy. He laughs off any questions about the subject of a shaggy-dog story. People on the outside looking in at Dennis James would say, "Now there's a guy that has everything—a beautiful wife, and they're terribly in love. He has an exquisite home in a swank suburb. His TV show, Chance Of A Lifetime, just won a Raino- Minn award as the favorite television talk show. He's a very fortunate man. But he can still get worked up about a little girl who didn't have the same good luck. His lovely wife Marjorie ("Mickey") goes along with him all the way, too. She's traveled all over the country with him doing telethons for palsy.

Actually, Dennis revolutionized the whole concept of "telethon" as the official emcee for the Foundation. Other stars working for cancer and other such drives have built their reputations around personalities, big stars working eighteen hours without a stop. But Dennis made the children—the stars of his shows. He knew that the best way to get people to send money was to hit them in the way he had been hit—by actually seeing the youngsters and what the Foundation has been able to do for them. The wonderful part about the money is that Dennis doesn't mind being the subject of a strange, strained atmosphere. In Miami, so much money came in that the Foundation there will be able to build a home of their own. I never dreamed they'd be able to do that much.

Dennis explains his interest in the palsy this way: "When I saw children who couldn't do the simple things—like buttoning shirts on their own, or holding a glass of milk in their hands, who up to a few years ago were treated as mental cases—something just sort of gave inside of me. He's had the misfortune of seeing a few of those children after treatment. Now they could do these simple things. What's more, they could talk and make themselves understood—or walk without falling down. "With drives like cancer and heart," Dennis says, "the results of fund-raising aren't quite as tangible as with palsy. Here, the money is for things that people can see and feel."

It would be pretty easy for a man like Dennis James to spend the rest of his life with theFoundation, getting involved with something as tragic as cerebral palsy. He hates to leave his lovely home, even to make money on TV! He likes to paint with his wife in their charming studio overlooking Long Island Sound. He likes to entertain friends, making the house ring with laughter and warmth. But when the Foundation summons, Dennis and Mickey James pack the kids and clothes because they know that the tens of thousands who suffer from palsy need them. And, as Dennis puts it, "It's my chance of a lifetime to do something I really believe in with all my heart."

Flight from Fear

(Continued from page 40) colleagues, the director, the producer who had insisted that she be in this show and was her friend, she seemed to detect a feeling of—of sympathy. All the others were gaily at home with one another, talking together, laughing, easy and con- fident. Only the little actress... who was never at home in the world except when she was alone and unobserved—always sat quietly, not talking; who was—and always had been—too timid, too shy to be easy and confident... seemed to be out of place.

"Thinking now of the skit she and another comedienne had rehearsed just before the lunch hour, she shivered again. There had been a very funny line in that sketch, a line sure to get a big laugh, and she had delivered it (she thought) as laughably as possible. Yet the producer, who was her friend and who believed in her, as a reason to know he did, had given it to the other comedienne.

But why? And why this eerie feeling of strangeness in the familiar environment of a stage when she, who had started in the theater, who always had, even, should have felt so snugly at home?

That day, the first day of rehearsal, the little actress went home and cried on her husband's shoulder. When, tended with as always, her husband asked, "Why the tears?" she couldn't tell him. Not exactly, that is... "It was just—just something in the atmosphere," she said, thinking aloud. "I can't explain it but I know I didn't imagine it, and for some reason it brought back memories—of the time, for instance, when my mother decided that, since I'd only gone to school through the eighth grade, I should have more education. So when we got back to Philadelphia after a vaudeville tour, she sent me to the Berlitz School of Foreign Languages to study French. But I only went to class one day, that first day. The next day, and all the other days throughout the course, I sat in the outer room of the French class was held and I—just couldn't bring myself to ask the way! That's why, the little actress said—and money was enough to hire bus, bus and such day. The money has poured in after each telethon. In Miami, so much money came in that the Foundation there will be able to build a home of their own. I never dreamed they'd be able to do that much.

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"Thinking now of the skit she and another comedienne had rehearsed just before the lunch hour, she shivered again. There had been a very funny line in that sketch, a line sure to get a big laugh, and she had delivered it (she thought) as laughably as possible. Yet the producer, who was her friend and who believed in her, as a reason to know he did, had given it to the other comedienne."

But why? And why this eerie feeling of strangeness in the familiar environment of a stage when she, who had started in the theater, who always had, even, should have felt so snugly at home?

That day, the first day of rehearsal, the little actress went home and cried on her husband's shoulder. When, tended with as always, her husband asked, "Why the tears?" she couldn't tell him. Not exactly, that is... "It was just—just something in the atmosphere," she said, thinking aloud. "I can't explain it but I know I didn't imagine it, and for some reason it brought back memories—of the time, for instance, when my mother decided that, since I'd only gone to school through the eighth grade, I should have more education. So when we got back to Philadelphia after a vaudeville tour, she sent me to the Berlitz School of Foreign Languages to study French. But I only went to class one day, that first day. The next day, and all the other days throughout the course, I sat in the outer room of the French class was held and I—just couldn't bring myself to ask the way! That's why, the little actress said—and money was enough to hire bus, bus and such day. The money has poured in after each telethon. In Miami, so much money came in that the Foundation there will be able to build a home of their own. I never dreamed they'd be able to do that much.

Dennis explains his interest in the palsy this way: "When I saw children who couldn't do the simple things—like buttoning shirts on their own, or holding a glass of milk in their hands, who up to a few years ago were treated as mental cases—something just sort of gave inside of me. He's had the misfortune of seeing a few of those children after treatment. Now they could do these simple things. What's more, they could talk and make themselves understood—or walk without falling down. "With drives like cancer and heart," Dennis says, "the results of fund-raising aren't quite as tangible as with palsy. Here, the money is for things that people can see and feel."

It would be pretty easy for a man like Dennis James to spend the rest of his life with theFoundation, getting involved with something as tragic as cerebral palsy. He hates to leave his lovely home, even to make money on TV! He likes to paint with his wife in their charming studio overlooking Long Island Sound. He likes to entertain friends, making the house ring with laughter and warmth. But when the Foundation summons, Dennis and Mickey James pack the kids and clothes because they know that the tens of thousands who suffer from palsy need them. And, as Dennis puts it, "It's my chance of a lifetime to do something I really believe in with all my heart."
opposite Jackie in our running sketch, The Honeymooners, a show I've come to study him. I've watched him play all those other characters he does on the show: Reggie Van Gleason III; Rudy the Repairman; The Loud Mouth; and so on. And I have the same conclusion: that they are all either parts of his own personality, or they represent his own sensitive understanding of other people and the funny things that happen to them.

How much these Gleason characters and Gleason catch-phrases have caught on was impressed on me not long ago when I did a part in a drama festival television special. At one stage when I messaged up something he was supposed to do, there were mock cries and threats of 'One of these da-a-a-a-ays!' A make-up man, bored by the job, walked up, plug a cigarette on a prop man and began to call him "Reggie." When an assistant director wanted us to get on a scene, he yelled, 'And then, Jackie, when I turn around, I see the tremendous appeal of Jackie's characters.

Even my sister Jayne has picked up some of the expressions. One day, when I started to look like I was going nuts, she said, 'I've seen all the world like Alice in The Honey- moners—squelched me by turning on me just as Jackie does, and saying, 'Alice, one of these da-a-a-ays!' I got so hysterical that I forgot what I was getting angry about!

Although Jackie goes through his own part of the show like a rump, there's nothing casual about the way he handles every other detail. He can match technical knowledge with the experts about! He can man the camera angles, scenery, staging, and costumes, and all of those things, and he does not say how he gets his touch. When it comes to his own line, he does not say how he gets his line in the right place, or how he gets his sight.
December he phoned the apartment where I live with my sister and asked me to get over to the hotel where he maintains his offices. "Rehearsals on," he said. It was much too early for rehearsal, so I thought something must be the matter. "Is there something wrong with the script?" I asked him. He said there was—"I'll tell you the changes when you get here." I said I hadn't had my coffee or put my face on. "Grab a lipstick and speed over here. I'll have coffee waiting for you," he told me.

When I got to the hotel, most of the gang was already there. They said they had had to get up early because they were busy wrapping up Christmas presents. So I sat alone in the big living room that looks way across Central Park, having my breakfast off a tray and wondering what could have been so wrong to make Jackie send for me so early and urgently. I asked our producer if he knew, and he shrugged his shoulders and walked away. I was left with a couple of other people who were bustling around and they shrugged off the question.

Everybody was gay and busy, and the whole thing became so mystifying even moment. Jackie was being shaven, but suddenly he showed up, happy as Reggie Van Gleason III. He grinned at me. "Every-thing's fine. We're not going to change a thing. We're not going to change a thing—everything looks." The upshot was that we all got so engrossed in wrapping and decorating that Jackie put off rehearsal as long as he could.

Later that week, when Jackie was planning a party for twelve of us after the Christmas show, he wanted to know what we should have to eat—"something that won't make a lot of mess or fuss." Everybody made suggestions, and he decided on chicken. Then he wanted everybody's recipes for fixing it. His producer cooks. His manager cooks. His butler is a good cook. I'm supposed to be a good cook. So I offered to give the least way to fix chicken. Jackie listened to them all. "You win," he said to me. "Yours sounds the best. You cook the chickens." Or maybe it was just that chicken, when I found eight chickens waiting there for me. Eight uncooked birds! The producer and manager kept coming in to see if it wasn't going to take too long. Others were asking, "Where's Audrey? Where did she disappear?" Jackie would say, "Oh, she's in the kitchen, cooking," and they thought it was a gag. They didn't know I had "won!" I had to collect pots and pans from every cupboard. Jackie's stove is electric and I'm used to cooking with gas, so that slowed me down. But finally I got through, and half an hour later there wasn't one scrap left.

In the beginning, Jackie wasn't sure I was the right actress to play Alice. He thought it was a "choice" role for the role of the harassed, acid-tongued, sloppy housewife that I'm supposed to be in The Honeymooners. My manager and I know I'm not a good choice to convince Jackie, so we had a photographer come to my apartment next morning before I had put on any make-up or fuss with my hair. It was a litle bit like that. We were dressed, did my hair in a droopy knot, let myself act just like I felt that morning—tired, wishing I were doing anything but trying out my lines to the only person who liked it. Buddy. Jackie, I'm told, howled when he saw them. "That's Alice," he yelled. And that's how I got to be on his show. A lot of people who think they know him believe that Reggie is the character most like the Gleason of real life. They say Reggie is like the Jackie who walks into Toots Shor's restaurant and makes himself heard from the moment he comes in. "You can't miss him," they complain. These detractors never stop to think that Toots is one of Jackie's closest friends and that his restaurant is one place where Jackie feels completely at home. They never stop to realize that, if Gleason came in acting quiet and subdued, everybody would know it wasn't like him and, in two minutes, the gossip would start that he had lost his temper.

They forget that this is a gregarious man who is at his best among people he likes, a many-sided person as well as a many-sided performer. They forget that this is the Gleason who can be a top comedian and, on the side, has taught himself to be a versatile musician—the man who wrote the theme song, "Melancholy Serenade," for his own show, who has recorded a couple of Capitol records leading a string orchestra of forty-six, and who has recently been conducting an orchestra at La Vie en Rose, a tap dancing, singing and dancing clubs, as a straight musical performance.

Personally, I believe that the most representative of the Gleason characters, the one closest type, is the real Jackie. It's The Fat Soul. This is the Jackie his friends sometimes come upon unexpectedly, looking out over the city from his penthouse window, or conversing with his brother over a meal from a poor section of Brooklyn, who began as an amateur-night performer; ever got to be a star on television. With his own show, there is no one who likes him because they know him. And even more friends, who don't know him personally, but feel they do through all those wonderful characters he plays.

Growing Pains (Continued from page 54)

least, it keeps us on our toes.

We find we have to keep up with the times so that we won't seem like "squares" to David and Ricky. We have to know that the fellows are wearing their blue-jeans with a belt this season, what a "bop" joke is—how to tell one is even better—and that the expression "knock me loose" is the latest.

I've come to the conclusion that parents of teenagers are psychologists in disguise. However, I'm not so sure my psychology always works.

David was promised a car for his birthday. This was a big event in his life and I didn't blame him for his enthusiasm. He was bounding around like a French poodle who wasn't poured out. April day before his birthday, we went down to the used-car lot to take a look around. David planted his eyes on a little '41 Ford coupe with a white Cadillac hub caps. "Oh, Mom," he sighed, with a stricken and love-lost look, "that's for me!"

That's when I turned on my psychology. I gave him a choice. (That's what the book says: "Give them a choice to make, and let their common sense help them to make the decision.

"Do you want to take it now, Dave?" I asked. "Or do you think we should have a mechanic give it a look-see and maybe buy it tomorrow?" (I said this in my best "take-a-voice" voice.

"Look it over!" David said with disdain.

"What?"

Looking at the outside doesn't tell you what's on the inside, I thought, but I had played according to the rule-book. I had given him a choice—and he'd made it. I shrugged my shoulders. Some days the psychology doesn't pay off. Resigned, I said to the salesmen, "Can we drive it home?"

"Tell me..." he said—with what I now believe was alarm. "How far do you have to go?"

That should have tipped me off, but they don't call me "Gullible" Nelson for nothing. I agreed that it was as far as the house. I had to push David into the driveway, where the engine promptly gave up.

"I'm sorry, David, stepping out of the Ford," you were right, Mom, we should have had a mechanic look it over. But even so, and he stepped back to admire the paint job, "isn't it terrific?"

I heard the report, most of the car's engine has been replaced. David's even chipped in to pay for some of the parts. Since the car was a gift, Ozie ended up with the highest bill. David and I took care of the smaller ones.

Money problems come up when the boys want a party. They've always agreed to pay for the guests, but then there were other costs, and I've always been willing to accept their generous offers. Again I figure it's good psychology; helps them to buy into the idea that I have a career, too.

Last time they threw a party, they did extra jobs around the house for a week. David and Ricky, with the help of the eleven-year-old Ozie, and I, really scraped up fifteen dollars which was presented to me with a March—fifteenth look on their faces. Since they love to save the money they earn, it's about as easy to separate them from it as it is to herd buf- faloes off nickels. Ozzie, who was standing by, apparently felt sorry for them. If they'd worked so hard for the money, they felt they should keep it.

"Now, Harriet," he said, "I don't think you should try to..."

"Oh, well," I answered. "They've agreed to pay in full, and they have to learn to live up to their bargains and meet responsibilities."

I drew the party. Naturally there were a few last-minute incidents—like additional guests. Couldn't, for example, leave out Roger Something-or-other, who was an unexpected guest (he came back from vacation). Then there was John What's-his-name and his brother and their girls (completely forgot to put them on the guest list). Then the new guests required more refreshments, and oh, yes, the portable dance floor. Now how do you suppose they forgot that?

Who paid for those last minute inciden-tals? That's right—I did. However, I still maintain that the psychology, as far as the fifteen dollars goes, is good. The boys are fond of one another but they'd rather die than tell you so. Yet their respect for each other is obvious. David enjoys taking his brother along to the party. Ricky still tries to imitate David in his every move and action.

Last week Ricky played football with David, bigger and heavier gang. At the end of five days he had sustained a total of three minor injuries. He came into dinner limping on both legs, and then painfuley sat on one side of his chair. He wasn't about to admit that he was playing over his head. It wasn't that he was too light—oh, no—not at all. It's
just," he explained, "that I think I'm accident-prone!"

If you'll pardon the expression—it nearly knocked us loose.

We've always encouraged the boys to make their own decisions. If Ricky felt he was big enough for David's football gang, then he was only obligated to himself.

We let them choose for themselves in other things, too. They pick out their own clothes. They have an adequate wardrobe, but sometimes I find it hard to realize. You see, they love to be comfortable. That's another word for "blue-jeans." I think I was at the point once when I wouldn't have recognized Ricky in anything besides blue-jeans. I believe he wore them to bed.

Then there are blue-jeans and Blue-Jeans. I remember last month I was dressed up in a new spring suit ready to drive over to the Farmer's Market with Ricky. I'll admit I was a little shocked when I saw him.

He had on David's tee shirt with a neckline that circled his chest, David's best-up leather jacket that was two sizes too big, scuffed-up sneakers that I thought had thrown out, and a pair of blue-jeans with holes in the knees big enough for the Notre Dame line to run through. He wasn't exactly dressed like the Blue Boy.

I'll admit I felt a twinge of conscience. Things had gone a little too far! Surely the boys don't let me mend the big holes or throw away their favorite rags, they wear them without thinking.

Ricky was completely oblivious. He knew some of the shopkeepers and was chatting gaily with them. Strangers recognized him and spoke. He entertained them all, completely assured and at ease. He didn't give his windy knees a thought.

When we got home I decided to call attention to the sag condition of his dress. "You know, Ricky," I said, "you look pretty awful!"

First he looked down and examined the condition of his clothes, then looked back up at me—in complete amazement! "Why, what's the matter with me?"

I couldn't help but laugh. He had felt so scolding him, but suddenly he felt proud instead. I conjured up a mental picture of him gaily talking in the market. It made me realize that he was much more interested in other people than in himself. Holes in the knees? Who would think about holes in the knees when there were people to talk to! Here was a picture of a well-adjusted young man. It was the sort of thing that called for encouragement—not a scolding. No, there were certainly no signs of any complexes here.

It made me realize again how few problems Ozzie and I would have in dealing with David and Ricky as they grew up. In fact, Ricky set me straight, if I still had any doubts.

I didn't scold him. Instead, I found myself saying, "Ricky, I've got an extra little job for you. Do you have a few minutes? It'll be worth fifty cents."

His eyes turned on a brand-new television tube.

"Sure! What is it?"

"I want you to throw away those blue-jeans and go up to David's room and do likewise to anything up there that resembles the pair you have here. His eyes turned off like a burned-out television tube. He was in love with those pants. How much? I wondered.

"One dollar," I said, "that's my last offer!"

"A buck? You bet!" he said and was off like a shot.

No. No complexes here!

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From My Heartline

And these people were you, shocked but reacting quickly and generously to a family trying to make ends meet in the American tradition.

As much as I had been overwhelmed by the story of the Hartsgroves, it was more overwhelmed by the response to the heartline. I know well enough that Americans are a decent lot, warmhearted and human, but, bottom line, it is heartline ring it's as if I felt the pulse of the nation. And each time I am thrilled.

Thousands upon thousands of you, from every state, have come to the aid of various people. Many of you have over-donated, too, who have broken into their piggy banks. A little girl sent us money she had saved for months to buy herself a watch. Another little girl sent $3.83 that she made selling cookies for the express purpose of helping one of our contestants.

What I have learned about you all, from children to celebrities, is that you want to help others. You lack only the opportunity, and that is where Strike It Rich fills a great need.

You, goodness, I have seen contestants on the show who have written for a good cause then come backstage after the program to give it back.

"Warren, I can't keep this," many have said, "but someone who followed me is in greater need. Please give my money to them."

Any number of show people who function as "helping hands" will corner Walt Framer, the producer, and practically empty their wallets, so deeply have they been moved.

The head many noted performers serve as "helping hands"—comedians, musicians and beautiful sophisticates: Sam Levenson, Eva and Zsa Zsa Gabor, Piper Laurie, Sarah Vaughn, Vera Vague. Ezio Pinza, I recall, took me aside after his appearance only to tell me how thrilled he had been at the chance to personally help someone on the show. Jinx Falkenburg, herself, wrote me about George Jackson.

George lived on Long Island. He was a strong, hardworking man with a wife and two small children. One day, a gas explosion in his home destroyed one-fifth of her body while lighting the stove. Hartsgrove, against the advice of the doctors, immediately left the hospital.

"I wanted to work for a year, but what could he do? Besides normal expenses, he now had to finance a series of skin grafts for his child."

The family was too proud to accept charity and, what with the needs of the large family and his recurring illness, the house fell into disrepair. His furniture, piece by piece, was repossessed until only a stove, a few chairs, and a bed remained. Edmund Hartsgrove's condition was so bad that the doctors had no alternative but to return him to the hospital.

This was the critical state the pastor found. For lack of food and warm clothing, the children hadn't been in school. For lack of money, Mr. Hartsgrove had been unable to visit her husband. She was out of the house only long enough to chop wood for the stove.

The pastor was determined to get sufficient aid for the family from his little township. That's when Strike It Rich was told about the Hartsgroves and arrangements were immediately made to have the mother and twins and her children appear on our evening show.

I repeat the question I asked, "Warren, do you get hardened to these things?"

No. I was just as emotionally racked by this story as I would have been three or thirty years ago. And I'm sure you were, too, for no sooner had the woman written her letter, the heartline began to ring and a torrent of offers came in. People were sending dresses, dozens of pairs of underwear, blankets, quilts, shoes, wood, heaters for all the rooms, and individual contributions of money ranging from five to one hundred dollars.

A chain reaction had set in throughout the country. People were touched deeply.

There was Fred Myers, who for thirteen years had been a purchasing agent and production manager for a publishing company. Then he had trouble with his eyes and was told he would lose his sight. At the time of his diagnosis, he had found he was about to be a dependent with a wife and two children. Well, Fred took a positive step. He contacted the New Jersey Commission for the Blind. With their help, he learned how to do Braille for himself. Fred and his wife decided they would study massage, both Swedish and medical. You can well imagine the emotional and physical stress they had to overcome. But they went ahead and put their life savings into building a modern but small studio in the cellar of their home. The work was nearly finished when a fire was set in the basement.

Although damage was light, it was a very real setback for a man about to start a new life.

He wrote us that he wanted to "Strike it Rich" merely to earn enough money to tide them over while their new business took hold. We, of course, paid the $1500 in expenses. And I will always remember Doris Puckette. She first heard of her from the Helping Hand Club of Atlanta and her fellow employee, and they sent her their story. They sent along her picture. She was a beautiful brunette with a face as lovely as any that smiles at you from a TV screen or magazine. She said, "I want to be a model. I want to be a model."

The letter told how she had more than $3000 in debts. The times were in spite of her misfortune and suffering, a cheerful typist who performed all of her duties faithfully.

I fixed for my friend in New York, meeting Doris and found her as lovely and charming as her picture but, more than that, a person who had never given up hope. All of her life she had been determined to overcome her disability. As a youngster she had tried to swim, even climbed on a horse although she knew she would fail off.

Her goal in "striking it rich" was to go on the Silver Screen. She planned to use her earnings for an operation. She won $280 in the quiz, and the heartline began to speak. In short order, you and people like you contributed $7200 toward her expenses.

Was Doris deserving of this confidence? Well, when she left that day, she said, "Warren, I'm coming back to see you and I'll be walking without crutches."

Of course, we have our lighter moments on the show. There was the soldier who wanted to "strike it rich" so he could extend his honeymoon. He was the woman who wanted a new dress for her next date. But these are just interludes.

I tell you I don't think Strike It Rich is just a program. It's a living institution and I hope it lasts for many years throughout the nation and it has a real pulse.

There are many stories in our files of people whose lives you have saved by the heartline. You have saved people from the brink of starvation, have given people new hope, and performed the miracle of saving more than one person's self-respect.

You tell me fan letters saying that we are doing a great job. I think you are doing an even greater job. Here in the office of Strike It Rich, we have a fan club—believers who support us. It is a great honor to be able to make it possible for George Jackson, for Sarah Vaughn. You see, this is another fact that I have learned on Strike It Rich. Our contestants are not asking for handouts but for a chance at a new start, a boost toward self-sufficiency.
Jimmy Powers

(Continued from page 19)

end up teaching him pointers on sports-casting: "They've taught me the women's angle in sports reporting." What Jimmy means is that, with the advent of TV, more women than ever before are watching fights, baseball games and every other televised sporting event. This brand-new audience sort of sets the sportscaster—who is used to directing his commentary to the men—back on his heels. The men are interested in the score, the intricacies of play and such matters. But the ladies—now theirs is an entirely different cup of tea. They want to know how tall their favorite baseball player is, and what color hair and eyes he has. The girls want to know whether that handsome boxer is married, and whether he's good to his mother.

Marymount's co-eds have given Jimmy these clues, and he has used them to good advantage. On his side, in addition to teaching his students to write news stories, he's forever answering questions about sports. In the middle of a discussion on headlines, he's not surprised when one of his lovely students asks, "By the way, Professor Powers, what exactly is a screen pass in football?" Then the entire class listens intently while their favorite prof explains the whole thing. These questions usually coincide with whatever seasonal sport is capturing the interest of their young men at that time. Jimmy suspects

Jimmy takes the girls' questions good-naturedly, and doesn't mind interrupting the lesson to answer them. After all, a married man with a couple of daughters of his own isn't exactly a novice when it comes to women.

Women Just "Know"

(Continued from page 41)

than the others, it's the disarming way she asks the questions. The guests are more likely to give themselves away to Arlene, because she's so charming.

Even at home, with his own wife, Kit, John has observed a great difference between the way she sizes people up and his own attitudes. John is more likely to decide right away that he either likes a person or he doesn't. But Katherine usually reserves judgment until she knows the person better. Even then, his wife will be kinder in her final opinion. She'll be more likely to find excuses for unpleasant qualities in a person.

Well, Mr. Daly, what's the reason for all this? That's what we'd like to know. John thinks it's because women, from childhood, are brought up to seek detail. "You know the story about the woman who was asked if she saw that girl who just passed by," John relates. "She answered, 'Oh, you mean the one with the blonde hair done in an upswep, with the red pleated dress, blue shoes. a blue hat with a feather in it, and a mole on her chin?' That's a woman for you—nothing escapes her."

Another reason, John mentions, is that women are more attuned to a social life than are men. A man, almost as soon as he is old enough to notice women (that is, when he is four or five), is set for a life of work and of making a living. He doesn't have time to think about people and be curious about their private lives. Women are constantly engaged in talk and thought about other people.

John sums up his ideas on the subject in a typically masculine way. When you get right down to it, you can't analyze why women judge people more astutely than men. As he says, "Women just know."
Babies Are from Heaven

(Continued from page 61)

in the two-year period since this Radar TV Mirror reporter had visited there—a period which had brought Desi and Lucy everything they had longed for: two beautiful children, a girl and a boy—this after they had almost given up hope—and, of course, not a moment too soon, the exciting new medium of television.

Desi and Lucille are unchanged, too—success or no success—the gay, lively looking room seemed to say. A happy one.

Annie Mae, a smiling maid, brought steaming black coffee.

"Mrs. Arnaz will be right out," she said. "She's going to drive Lucy down for a nap. Mr. Arnaz had to run over to the village for a minute, to pick up some pictures of the baby. Just wait till you see the wide-the cutest little thing...."

At this point, a door slammed somewhere at the back of the house and Desi's voice rang out—it could have been coming out of a loud speaker set in your living room—"Lucy! Have we another roll of film somewhere? My pictures are no good—too dark—all of them all loused up—"

"Oh, delib back in. They were the only pictures we have."

Desi again, defensively: "I used exactly the right aperture, exactly the right exposure, exactly the right lights. There must be something wrong with the camera."

Then he'd better have the camera checked, Lucy thought, before he shoots the other roll—if there were another roll left.

Desi strode through the living room. "Hi, honey," he said, and then grumbled, "My pictures are all loused up. And I was so careful, too. I loaded up an automatic camera, light meter and flashlight, and banged out again, bound for the camera shop.

Lucy bobbed in, hitching up a pair of bright yellow and gray maternity slacks with a couple of diaper-sized safety pins.

"I'm in between," she sighed. "Can't fasten the waistbands of my ordinary clothes."

Out of the corner Lucy heard Desi cough. She felt a little sick. She had been pregnant, it seems to me, for three solid years.

"Gained thirty-three pounds. The doctor was furious. He wanted me to stay in the house but a half month. He said I'd have to sit in an armchair with my feet up for seven-and-a-half months, and gained thirty-three pounds."

This time I worked for seven-and-a-half months—stuck to my diet, exercised faithfully. Gained thirty-three pounds. Disgusting!

But it was worth it. To prove it a nurse appeared, bearing a cuddly ball of yellow fluff which she plopped into Lucy's lap. The cuddly ball, unwrapped, was revealed to be Desiderio Alberto Arnaz IV, indeed the "cutest little thing," with his big dark eyes, fuzzy eyebrows, a long, sinuous, turned-up nose, and—amazingly, at just three weeks—all ready the faintest flicker of a smile.

Should have been a fanfare of trumpets, it seemed, for the appearance on stage of the most-publicized baby in the country.

"In the world," Lucille amended this, shaking her head incredulously. "They know how to lay a baby down. They fixed it up sharply after he was born. The thing really snowballed. Hope the little man never finds out about it."

The nurse wanted permission to take him out for an airing.

"Don't you think it's too windy?" asked his mother anxiously. A brisk breeze was stirring the early-blooming trees outside the window. "He'll be in the buggy, and on his face," the nurse reassured her. "He'll be very cozy. And we'll just go a little way, down the side road."

So the yellow sweater, the yellow booties and the yellow mittens were put on—every one of them gifts from fans whom the Arnazes had never even seen. "We've had carloads of presents," Lucille said, awed. "A baby can wear a different sweater and a different cap every time he goes out of the door, and still have to get a lot to use them all up."

The stuff was apparently, along with Desi, "love Lucy."

There was preponderance of blue in the avalanche of gifts—the fans were just as sure as Desi that this new baby would be a boy. Desi's nickname were a baby into the I Love Lucy scripts weeks before his namesake was born. He also celebrated a boy's arrival in his new song, "There's a Brand-New Baby at Our House," recorded some months ago.

Lucy hadn't been so sure. And she had worried about it all through the "longest night in the world" while, already at the hospital, she waited for the early-morning, January nineteenth, Caesarian operation which was to settle this burning question for all time.

Desi drove her down to the hospital late in the afternoon of the eighteenth. They arrived at five, spent—as Lucille puts it—"a quick ten minutes admiring the new baby wrong of unpacking my tiny bag," and then they sat and looked at one another. Desi was to be allowed to stay until seven—and they had to go elsewhere. So Lucille faced up to it.

"You mustn't be too disappointed," she said, "if it isn't a boy."

"Certainly not," Desi said with a bit too much emphasis. "Another little girl like Lucie would be sensational.

That was the end of that conversation. Lucille phoned down for her dinner, and ate it in silence while Desi—who was going out later for dinner with friends—looked hungrily.

When she was alone, Lucille turned on the TV set which Desi thoughtfully had propped for her long wait. It didn't work. The doctor wasn't coming by until eight; she wasn't to be prepared for the operation and "knocked out" for the night until nine. "It's the only time I'm about a Caesarian," she says. "You haven't anything to do while you're waiting.

Nothing to do except fret.

Would the operation go smoothly? The Caesarian performed at Lucie's birth a year-and-a-half before had been a last-minute decision. This one, determined upon in advance, was a bit scary. But nothing mattered, really, except that it produces a good, healthy baby."

"Would the baby be all right?"

"Would it be a boy?"

The doctor came at last, and she relaxed for a while. There was something to do. At nine, all the surgical preparations completed, she wheeled into the delivery room at six the next day. Little Lucile was home of down town. The right indication she suffered in the whole pregnancy.

It was time. There were the little men in the white suits. And Desi, to hold her hand.

"Let's not take me in there," she begged, attempting to sound cheery, "with the eyes open."

The spinal was administered. The crucial moment came, at exactly 8 A.M. A roar went up. "It's a boy!"

At once Desi's assistant nurse in the room obviously was determined to be first with the news for Desi—and for the waiting world.

Nurses were left. The obstetrician held up the baby, so Lucille could see her son. The pediatrician announced "eight pounds, nine ounces—a fine, perfect baby."

Lucille went to sleep at last, happily—her part was done.

She had seven days of blissful rest in the hospital. She didn't take one phone call. Except to check on her mother, and to check in every day. Her three cases didn't make any. The first couple of days were rough, but she got home feeling fit and fine.

It was a good thing, too, in the light of the situation awaiting her there. Little Lucie's nurse had come down with the flu, and had been rushed home. Couldn't have flu in the house with a new baby arriving. Lucille even thought of coming home herself, with her broken leg. Desi's mother was nursing a cold. Little Lucie couldn't be expected to put up with a new nurse, two new teeth and a new baby. Lucille insisted, so there was nothing to do but for Lucille, in spite of her "stitches still hurting," to take over with the little girl—with Desi's help, of course. Little Lucie, the active type, given to arising full of vim and vitality at five A.M., and she weighed thirty pounds.

"I was so tired after a week of this that I creaked," Lucille confesses. "And I almost cried.

Desi put his foot down. They would hire a substitute nurse for Lucy, and as soon as she got well shaken down in the routines he would take Lucile to the desert for a real rest.

Much to everybody's relief, little Lucie stood up to the emergency situation like a real trooper. She warmed up to her new nurse after a couple of standoffish days, forgave her grandmother for coddling the new baby, and bought the old lady's parents for having him.

She even condescended, though reluctantly, that little Desi was "nice." Although, her mother says, "when she hogs him, she does it a little too hard."

Lucille, though, finds it difficult to realize that their son is actually here, and growing busily.

Desi is still pretty chocked up, Lucille says. As for Lucile, she's "tetch" about the baby. But she can't call him Desi yet. It doesn't seem right. Guess he's just going to be the 'little man' to me—at least until his sister thinks up a nickname for him.

You know how it is, if you have a brand-new baby at your house.

"It takes a couple of weeks to unwind."
Seeing and Believing

(Continued from page 16)

see at all. They’re blind.

Mel’s interest in blind people began back in 1943 in his hometown, Birmingham, Alabama. The state had set up a committee to combat blindness—that is, to help people who would respond to treatment. One day Mel was asked to emcee a baseball game run for the benefit of this fund. It was a big occasion, and folks turned out in droves to see the game and to see their hometown favorite, Mel Allen. The high-light of the evening, as Mel describes it, was when a tiny little girl lit a candle in the center of the blackened field and said in her high-pitched baby voice, “Thank you, everyone—it’s because of your help that I can see this candle-flame.” The child’s small voice meant more than the game and the crowds and the excitement—it meant that one more person had been rescued from eternal darkness.

The sportscaster has gone back to his home town every year since that time to run the proceedings at the baseball benefit. And, each time he goes, Mel gets a chance to spend a few hours in the research center and hospital, where each day persons who had given up hope of ever seeing again are beginning to believe they will be cured. Naturally, the word got around that Mel was doing this work, and some people in New York City who were dreaming about setting up a foundation similar to the one in Alabama thought he might be willing to help them.

A blind jeweler by the name of Harold Moss wrote to Mel and told him how much he admired his play-by-play job at all the Yankee games. He said, “Mel, you are my eyes, when I listen to the games.” Well, Harold came to the Yankee Stadium one day, and Mel invited him up to the broadcast booth so he could “see” the game from there. They got to talking after the game, and Harold told Mel about an organization that was trying to do some research in curing blindness. The upshot of the talk was that, when the Council to Combat Blindness decided to run a fund-raising benefit at Carnegie Hall, Mel became chairman of the committee. He recruited his theatrical friends to provide the entertainment. The night of the show, the list of stars who turned out read like a page out of Variety. It was a rip-roaring success, and largely due to Mel’s efforts. Of course, you’d never get Mel to admit that. The important thing to him is that some people may see because of the money raised that evening. A kid may be able to hit a home run some day in a ball park, and get a resounding “How-about-that!” from Mel Allen. How about that, Mel?

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Three absorbencies: Regular, Super or Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.
She Knew What She Wanted

(Continued from page 26) itself out for her.

But, in 1942, Joan had a job on the day-time radio show Woman Of Courage, and had moved into her own apartment. She was lonely at times, but liked the privacy of her own little place. In Woman Of Courage, Joan’s characters were various -- the temptress with evil intentions, a part she has since perfected on Brighter Day, as Althea Dennis, and in Wendy Warren, as Maggie Pallone.

As for her personal life, Joan was still unmarried, and not contemplating the step for a while. Her “eventual” ambition, then, was to marry “some day” and to have a house in the country with children. Her greatest extravagance in those days was horses — she owned one, and dreamed of the day when she could have a stable full of them. In that early stage of Joan’s radio career, there were still moments when she longed for the footlights of the legitimate theatre, but, as time went on, she began to evaluate her feelings, and discovered that radio and the stage was what she was really most happy doing.

That was Joan ten years ago. Hoping, dreaming, and at times longing. Still, perhaps, trying to escape from difficult adolescence, with its constant heartaches.

Ten years later, Joan has realized her chief ambition. She has met the man who is the perfect husband for her, and she is the mother of the little girl she imagines. She has the beautiful house in the country. But, more than any of these concrete fulfillments, Joan is now a mature, assured woman. The rough edges have smoothed, and the frustration of wanting the career on the stage is nothing more than a memory.

Joan Alexander had a great deal to overcome in pursuing her career. As the title to that old column reveals — she thought of as a rich girl who “dabbled” in acting. Now it is acknowledged that she was as serious in her career as any striving girl from less comfortable circumstances.

Joan knew then what she wanted and, with the possible exception of the stable full of horses, she got what she wanted — not with pull, and not with offensive aggressive behavior, but by being sincere and diligent.
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EXCLUSIVE

Read the real-life story of Mary Jane Higby star of WHEN A GIRL MARRIES in June RADIO-TV MIRROR on sale May 3

(Continued from page 41) of age. So, up until a few weeks ago, she didn't get excited about Missy's "acting." If Missy wants a life in show business," said Dinah, "she's entitled to it. It's been good to me, and I'd certainly like to share the happiness I've had with Missy. But we're going to let her decide for herself. Missy has already started deciding.

Dinah came home from her television show one night recently and found Missy glued to the TV set. "Hi, ya, Sweetheart," cried Dinah from the hallway, "what've you been doing?" "Watching tv," said Missy, kissing her mother soundly, "it's wonderfu!"

"Oh, really," said Dinah. "Would you like to be on television?"

"Oh, yes. Oh, yes!" sighed Missy. "I'd like to sing and dance like you, Mommy!"

This exuberance brought to Dinah's mind the picture of Missy singing with her during the "after-shows." Missy couldn't be kept in the wings after a show—not even with wire-robe. She always exploded out onto the stage and sang with Dinah. Not on key, not all the right words, and not in rhythm—but loud. The audience loved it, it was fun for Dinah, and Missy ate up the applause.

So, when Missy said she wanted to be like Mommy, an idea was born. Okay, Missy, thought Dinah, you will sing and dance—and on live television, too!

The next day Dinah and a writer cooked up the idea for video skit that included Missy. The writer, a naturally cautious man, was a bit leery of four-year-olds on television. But Dinah sold him on the idea. She said it would be easy, they'd first take Missy to visit a pet shop. Then bring the pet shop to the station—and let Missy come on with the pets. It would be a comedy, especially if Missy would sing to the pups.

The nice thing about it was that Missy wasn't afraid of dogs. She loved them. Once they got the "after-shows," on the set, Missy would feel right at home. They wouldn't even need any rehearsal.

"No rehearsal ...?" queried the writer. It was apparent that he thought the idea was getting close to dangerous ground.

"It's okay," said Dinah. "If she rehearse, she'll get scared. We won't even tell her she's going to sing until we see if she'd probably start hamming it up." Although it was Missy who was going—to be added to the show, it was Dinah who danced up and down with excitement.

Dinah "sold" the writer, and the next day they contacted a pet shop which had a large variety of dogs and puppies. That afternoon Missy and Dinah went over to the pet shop to begin the unofficial rehearsal.

Missy was quite impressed with the dogs. Her big eyes were the size of small moons, and she fell in love with every pup in the place.

"Oh, Mommy, look at this one," she cried, "he looks just like Lassie. And this one—doesn't have a picture in his middle! And this one—his ears are as big as his! Oh, Mommy, can't we take them all?"

"Wait a minute," laughed Dinah, "we just came to visit. Besides, we don't know if the puppies will like singing and dancing—you might scare them." "Oh, yes, they will," said Missy and proceeded to sing the theme song of Dinah's program. The puppy didn't seem to mind and at the end of the song, when Missy curtsied for them, they all wanted to be the first to lick her face in appreciation. "Do you like what," said Dinah, "we will see the doggies again this evening. Would you like that?"

"Yes ...!" cried Missy.

"And will you play and sing to them again?" queried Dinah.

"Oh, yes!" cried Missy and she danced out of the store promising each and every one of the dogs she'd be back to sing and dance for them that evening.

This skit, thought Dinah, as they left the pet shop, will be a big success. She was sure that everything would run smoothly on the show and that Missy, plus the dogs, would be a big hit. She smiled in anticipation.

Later, as she waited in the wings at the studio, Dinah had only one thought. She hoped Missy would sing her loudest! There was their cue. . . .

On schedule, Dinah—with Missy in hand—walked out on the stage and through the microphone: "Please to see the dogs were all in place and well-behaved. As they continued their walk through the set the cameras silently ground away and the microphone overhead picked up every sound.

Every sound, that is, excepting Missy. She was suddenly struck dumb! From her, nothing but silence. "Look, Missy, darling," said Dinah, "aren't the puppies wonderful?"

"Silence! "Oh, Daddy," said Dinah, "here's the little doggy who looks like Lassie."

"Silence!"

"Missy," said Dinah (now slightly desperate), "here's the pup without any fur in his middle. And here is the one with ears as big as he is. Don't you want to say hello?"

"Silence!"

"Missy, aren't you going to sing for the puppies? You promised. Have you forgotten?"

Silence. Missy just continued to stare at the dogs. "Well," laughed Dinah to the television audience, "believe me, it wasn't the way we planned it—but we hope you'll join us again next time!"

Off flashed the red button. Off turned the cameras. The show was over.

"But, Mommy," said Missy suddenly, "we haven't sung yet to the puppies!"

"That," Dinah remarks, "turned out to be the show that wasn't there! But we did have fun, and I think we received more mail from that 'silent' performance than from any other. Just think—if Missy can be that devastating, without warbling a note, imagine what she'd do to an audience if she really opened up! It would be Missy's show, for sure. And her poor Mommy would be lucky to appear as a guest star now and then!"

But the gleam in Dinah's eye is one which any woman would recognize on sight. The warm pride, the glowing hope that—no matter how famous Mother herself may become—Daughter will surely achieve even more fame. Today may be all puppies and playtime. Tomorrow sings a faraway song of golden promise.
At night in the darkness he would make up fanciful stories about his real identity. "I used to think I was really the son of a famous politician," he says now. "That I'd just been put with my foster parents to learn the 'other side of life.' Some day a limousine would roll up—and take me to my rightful home and family."

From their first meeting, she was the sounding board for his feelings of the past. "Lois was sweet and naive and understanding. I could talk to her. As a young fellow, I had feeling the girls you took to church were interested in your dance, or the big game. But Lois made me feel somebody cared beyond that evening. She gave me somebody to talk to. The energetic youth would walk through college—who'd kept so much locked inside of him—found he could spill his whole heart to her.

Ask Art today what he considers his chief school activity and he'll say, "Making Waldorf salads." He worked for his room and board, helping out with cleaning and gardening in the home of a wealthy con-tractor. At school, he was a star in helping to correct papers, and his school lunches he managed by working at a sorority house making the aforesaid-mentioned salads. With all modesty, he considered himself probably foremost in first-hand authority on the method with which one combines apples, nuts and mayonnaise.

Lois can tell you Art was also the most popular student at San Diego State. He talked and mused his way into almost everything. A fine athlete, he was captain of the basketball team, president of his fraternity, and was the head of his class, president of his fraternity—name it, and he was president of it. For a kid who started out with no name—not even a name of his own—he lost no time winning his letter in every field.

Including with the ladies. Quick of eye and fast with a quip, he talked himself into making Lois's acquaintance, and then talked and danced his way into her heart. She caught his eye at a dance she attended with a fraternity brother of Art's, who wisely enough made no effort to introduce them. Throughout the evening he watched the petite girl who whirled around energetically in the sparkling dance. "I was very glamorous that evening, for my years," Lois laughs now. "I wore a black formal with a bias skirt and halter and a black sequined cape. Art, I found out later, loved the sequins.

The following day, Lois was giving her mother an account of the dance and talking about "that conceited fellow who kept flirting with me. Just because he's president of everyth—" he must think he's some way, she thinks he can give any girl he wants. Well, here's one he'll never get!" when the phone rang and Art was suavely introducing himself and inviting her to the big annual fraternity dance. And Lois was racing back to her mother, asking excitedly, "May I go?"

Although the sparkle of sequins may have caught his eye, what really attracted Art was that he represented all he'd missed in life. "She had everything I didn't have. Security and stability. A fine family, a lovely home, an established place in society. The feeling of belonging to somebody. Belonging somewhere. I'd had no real parents and no roots. I'd just bruised without the warmth and power I was to talk to Art's ambition at that time was to be a teacher. An English prof. "To me this meant security for a lifetime. I'd lived up until then without knowing where my next meal was going to come from. I wanted a job where I could be sure of two hundred a month for the rest of my life."

A few years later, Lois was to recall this fever for security and to wonder why it left him, and whether—in fact—he had become completely disinterested in ever working again...

Art was a three-year courtship, with Lois still in high school when they met. There was no money for flowers or candy, but he brought her seven medals he'd won out of just swimming, and his gold basketball. "And," she says, "he was wonderful dancer. I loved dancing with him—and still do. He had such a great sense of humor and he was always so good-natured and kind," she says. "So popular, too. And all the kids in my crowd were impressed because I was dating an 'older college man.' I felt highly flattered about the whole thing.

Art was a master of how to spend an enjoyable evening—and master of very little else. In those days, there was no money for dates. But we missed out on. Al says now, "Art always had an angle. He got bids to every dance on campus—and, whenever they opened a new subdivision in San Diego and celebrity bands would come, Art and I were there."

Their conveyance then was the kind of Maxwell Jack Benny supposedly drives. "It hasn't had in summer in in winter—burnt that roof leak?" Lois laughs now. "I carried newspapers with me wherever we went, if it looked like rain. I'd sit in the car holding the newspapers over my head. And Art would write out the wantads, and the telephone numbers and such. He'd take advantage of this truly remarkable bargain. Mail coupon below for your book—TODAY.

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ST.
Fate, in the form of a handsomely handsome football hero at the University of Arizona in Tucson, helped speed their marriage. And indirectly it was Art's own idea. Lois planned to return to Diego San to fall "so I could be near Art." But it was Art's own opinion. "Lois had never been anywhere and never seen anything, so I felt she should see at least a little of the world before she settled down. So I urged her to go away to school that year. And Lois, well, she was pretty indifferent about the whole thing." And Lois laughs: "Art thought of the things I would love, you know, and the things that wouldn't worry him or my family. He kept saying why don't you go away to school? I thought he was just tired of me and didn't want me around. I just said, 'Okay, I'll go. Okay.'"

However, dating the catch of that campus wasn't at all what Art had in mind concerning the furtherance of her education. In fact he thought she would have to quit going to school there, and marry me—or else. It wasn't working out the way I'd thought it would.

In spite of which, when he saw her beautiful little bride in her cream-colored velvet wedding gown coming down the church aisle—carrying a bouquet of cream-colored roses with leaves dipt in water—now he turned positively green. This may well be the only time in his life Art Linkletter has been at a loss for words. "I've never been more excited. He was gay and thrilled about it—until then for the wedding. Then Art seemed to realize for the first time what he was giving up by getting married."

Some of the wedding had some of the aspects of a comedy situation. Their plans for a "small, intimate family wedding" at the Grace Lutheran Church in San Diego, that Thanksgiving Day, went into a panic in the church. According to The church jammed with strangers. Art's pal, Bill Goodwin, then announcing a radio show in Los Angeles, had told all his listeners in the San Diego vicinity that they were "warmedly invited to Art Linkletter's wedding. Go now to the Grace Lutheran Church. Just say Bill Goodwin sent you."

Then, while making their dash out the back door for their "unannounced destination"—they dropped the marriage license sometime between San Diego and Los Angeles—\"as if it was World's Fair,\" he was made aware of another Cupid of the kiloycles—a fellow Art interrupted with at KGB—\"Art\", interrupted his news broadcast with a flash bulletin, \"Attention—All hotel—keep out of the ninety dollars that year—but it took us three.\" For Art quit his job for the more newsmaking programs. \"And we decided to save one thousand dollars that year—but it took us three.\" For Art quit his job for the more newsmaking programs. \"And we decided to save one thousand dollars that year—but it took us three.\" For Art quit his job for the more newsmaking programs. \"And we decided to save one thousand dollars that year—but it took us three.\" For Art quit his job for the more newsmaking programs. \"And we decided to save one thousand dollars that year—but it took us three.\" For Art quit his job for the more newsmaking programs.
them. They had the radio going real loud in the delivery room, tallying the chances pro and con. I was afraid they weren't worrying enough about me. Jack was born just as Standard Time went into effect, and the whole rooting section cheered.

That night, her husband gave her the first down payment on another part of the future she'd promised her. "It was a tiny diamond at first—so small, Lois had to get it in a strong light to see the sparkle. A silver fox—not too expensive. Then a full-length white fox coat—"I still keep it. I keep everything. I still have my wedding dress. . . ."

When Art Linkletter moved his base of operation to Hollywood and embarked on People Are Funny with John Guedel, and also House Party, fortune really smiled on him. Blessing the Linkletters with not only personal but professional happiness, too.

Together theirs has been so much happiness that, as Art says, "I'll bet we haven't had three quarrels in seventeen years. That may sound very Pollyannaish—like we have no spirit at all. But we just don't quarrel. I say 'three'—actually I don't really remember one. . . . And, as Lois puts it, "We really like the same things, looked at things the same way. I was sixteen years old when I met Art. Actually, it's hard for me to remember life before him, ever not being with him. . . ." She says it in a tone which infers she wouldn't particular-
school. So I don't get to eat much, and my stomach's shrunk. Maybe I'd better come home again."

The "coming home again" part tipped off Bob, who wished the office had come to live. "Tell you what we'll do," said Bob, "your mother and I will go back to school with you—and stay for lunch." "Well," said Tony, "that'll be fine, all right." The Hopes went back with Tony to school the next Monday. Not only did they stay for lunch but had a long talk with the school official. Tony, only then satisfied, wasn't too happy at the prospects of that talk. His "shrunk stomach" was about to be shown up for the ruse it was.

It developed, according to Bob, that Tony was turned on to the idea of belonging to the family, and a desire to keep the new friends he'd made at the boarding school. He enjoyed the school and thought the official was right if this were known. It might seem disloyal to the family whose companionship he valued so highly. He wasn't sure that they'd understand his wanting to be away—just till the end of the semester.

But he had to show them in some way that he was a real quitter, because they could bounce around on the mattress or sleep as they wished. Though we wanted to spend our anniversary night at the Amsters' in Connecticut, because they were married, we didn't quite make it. So we had to settle for a night on the town in New York City. Tough, huh? Eve grinned.

"Yet," said Tony, "we'll celebrate the next day and celebrate again. I expect the Amsters thought we hadn't done much the night before since we had all counted on celebrating together and made it up for what they thought was a delayed celebration. Believe me, we had plenty of anniversary by the end of the session."

On the way back to California, they stopped off in Texas to meet Brooks' mother, sisters, brothers and their families. "It was really wonderful," says Eve, "they're the happiest and jolliest bunch of people. No big parties, just a family barbecue, you know, the way Texans do it—one small cow for ten people. Then, too, we stayed in the mountains when we were married and Texas has everything. Liza came away a confirmed Texan. In fact, we could hardly get her to leave. You ought to hear her brags. Everything is bigger and better... and if what she tells her little friends isn't quite true, it's very well invented. Yes, indeed, a lot of Texas rubbed off on Liza."

Happy to be home again, after their trip, Eve settled down to the routine of making the year's TV pictures and radio shows, and a lot of work on the second book for which they were married. Each square of the rug, which Brooks is designing, is representative of some aspect of the Amsters' life.

Eve shares Brooks' interest in photography, though she's not quite as adept as he. Brooks' stereo-realist slides are very good, says Eve. "He can get everything—the children, house, hook rugs, the roses in the garden. I'm very happy we can keep this picture record of the kids. in life you lose so many wonderful experiences because you can't keep them in your mind. I love to look over our pictures. Any one of them brings back a thousand memories. Driving across the country, for example, we shot pictures constantly. We covered 7,000 miles on the trip and I'm sure we have two pictures for every mile."

Eve remembers that 7,000-mile anniversary trip as being hectic but divine. "We got to New York in five days by driving great long stretches at a time. The kids lout to it—and so did we. We'd bounce around on the mattress or sleep as they wished. Though we wanted to spend our anniversary night at the Amsters' in Connecticut, because they were married, we didn't quite make it. So we had to settle for a night on the town in New York City. Tough, huh? Eve grins.

"Yet," said Tony, "we'll celebrate the next day and again. I expect the Amsters thought we hadn't done much the night before since we had all counted on celebrating together and made it up for what they thought was a delayed celebration. Believe me, we had plenty of anniversary by the end of the session."

On the way back to California, they stopped off in Texas to meet Brooks' mother, sisters, brothers and their families. "It was really wonderful," says Eve, "they're the happiest and jolliest bunch of people. No big parties, just a family barbecue, you know, the way Texans do it—one small cow for ten people. Then, too, we stayed in the mountains when we were married and Texas has everything. Liza came away a confirmed Texan. In fact, we could hardly get her to leave. You ought to hear her brags. Everything is bigger and better... and if what she tells her little friends isn't quite true, it's very well invented. Yes, indeed, a lot of Texas rubbed off on Liza."

Happy to be home again, after their trip, Eve settled down to the routine of making the year's TV pictures and radio shows, and a lot of work on the second book for which they were married. Each square of the rug, which Brooks is designing, is representative of some aspect of the Amsters' life.

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“My Brother, Arthur Godfrey!”

(Continued from page 37)

To ponder, “What are all you good people doing out there?” To ask, “And why, for that matter, am I here?”

And in Phoenix, his sister was recalling some of the reasons why Arthur Godfrey is where he is today—most of the time in your own living room. Kathy, a Godfrey who has been almost too humble to even reveal she too once until now.

Never throughout her radio experience, never in fact until today—a television star in her own right bought by the ACME that she uses the Godfrey name, “I was afraid I wouldn’t be good enough,” she says.

Personally, she still isn’t at all sure. But in the Cochise desert, in the Valley of the Sun, Arthur Godfrey’s dark-haired sister, with her warm husky voice and laughing Irish eyes, is a very familiar and beloved first name, Arizona knew her as Kathy—or (for those under three). She’s the sweetheart of all the small fry from Globe to Gila Bend, and hers is the name they carve lovingly on the family Joshua tree. At show called, simply enough, Kathy’s Story Time.

And now today, in an exclusive interview with Radio-TV Mirror—with her brother’s own words, with the background—Kathy was telling another story. A different kind of story. In the lanai of her lovely Arizona home, with shadows splitting Camelback and dividing the desert into purple and gold, she was telling the Godfreys’ own story—-with all its human highlights and shadows. Telling it as they’ve lived it—with both eyes on the sun.

Hers is a warm and witty way of making laughter out of a tear. As the Godfreys often made laughter out of a tear. Yet a few words, quickly passed over and almost thrown away, set the stage.

“You hear people say how tough they had it when they were kids. They say they had nothing. They never went without dinner on Sundays. But we really had nothing. We were the kind of poor where you don’t go to school in the snow—because you have no shoes to wear. We had nothing—and yet we had everything....

There’s the memory of a little limp—behind that mellow radio voice. And there’s the black foot, the black silk-couch—always close to her hand. Both mute and yet vivid reminders of a rainy day...

And you know that—like laughter—courage, too, has been a little contagious among the Godfrey clan. You can understand how the European specialist who once examined Kathy Godfrey must have felt, when he left the room and, returning, found her rising to be on her way.

“Do you walk?” he said, startled.

“Yes,” she smiled, reaching briskly for her cane.

“But your haven’t got anything to walk with,” he said, still not believing his eyes.

“Well, you shouldn’t even be able to stand!”

But then, of course, he had never heard of a place called Hashbrouck Heights, New Jersey. And he didn’t know the Godfreys—or he would have been prepared for anything.

Although sometimes even their own neighbors, who thought they comprehended them, were permitted to be confused by their activities, and philosophy, many of which were parenally inspired.

For two heartwarming reasons why Arthur Godfrey is where he is today, Kathy made a happy active future out of seeming despair, would be their late father, Arthur, Sr., and Irish mother, Kathryn Morton Godfrey, a gay and gracious lady who now, at seventy-four—when asked by strangers whether she’s related to Arthur Godfrey—twinkles. “I’m his production!” Truer words were never spoken in jest!

Their parents not only influenced the earlier chapters of any story of the five Godfreys and how they grew but between them, Arthur Godfrey’s co-producers helped provide a foundation for his fabulous success. The oldest child, he was early indoctrinated in their principles and in their warm and whimsical ways.

As Kathy says, they had nothing—yet they had everything. Theirs was a rich inheritance. Rich in humility of spirit, in a love of laughter, and rich in thought and vision—vision limited only by a man’s own dreams.

Their father, an adventurous Englishman, fascinated them with colorful tales of his younger days as a cabin boy on a merchant ship. He was a writer and a fine judge of horseflesh. He authored a book called Through Ireland, and Angling Cart, edited The Horse Show Blue Books, wrote columns on horse shows for a New York newspaper. Arthur was very close to him and fairly idolized him. He inherited, too, his father’s horse sense—“He has all Father’s books on horses and his articles at his farm now.

Sometimes when their father went to the newspaper office to write his column, he would take Kathy with him. “I’d curl up on a leather couch while he typed—most of the time. When he worked at home he would wake me up in the early morning and we would have marmalade and tea and toast together. How the neighbors used to talk about Father keeping his children up so late!”

But their father took a dim view of any neighborhood comment. He was an Independent mind and in just about every way mentionable. He encouraged his children early to reason and think for themselves, to weigh and accept or reject the only pity for narrowness of thought. His view of religion was his genuine liking and compassion for his fellow-man—and he lived it every day. “He didn’t want us to go to any particular Sunday school. He’d be angry if you didn’t want you to go to all churches and Sunday schools and find out what all of them believe and teach. Find out for yourselves what you believe.”

“Once when our basement was broken into, Father went down to investigate and brought the burglar back with him. That’s no way to knock on doors,” he told him. Then he fixed a plate of food, gave him a suit of clothes, put twenty-five dollars in his hand, and bade him goodbye. Later the man sent the twenty-five dollars back. Father was so grateful as to refuse to have it. He was always the one on our street who gave the postman a Christmas present. We had less money than anybody—but he was always the one who sent something to his kid if they were down.

“When he wrote an article he would get a check, but sometimes there were long spaces between checks. Yet at Christmas some way we always had a tree. Of course, when Mother had been going on it. She was always so skilled with her hands.”

All in all, they missed few of the finer arts. Kathy, renowned for her acclamation of that “We could lisp the words of Mark Twain before we could talk. Mother was an accomplished pianist and we had a piano. I’ll never know how—but we did. Some way she would arrange for us to go to New York to the Metropolitan on Saturday...
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at the local movie house. She baked cookies and sold them. She did fancy needlework.

Arthur helped out, too, sending whatever he created to them and they would wait at night to take the mail to the street. When the neighbors chatted about how we didn't have a suit or dress—but we could always go to the opera.

The young Godfrey knew the entire score of "The Mikado" by heart. In fact, at home they had their own company. "We would act it all out for the other kids on the street. They just couldn't get over it. When we came back they—one stage with live people on it, talking and singing—they couldn't believe it. We just lived across the George Washington Bridge from New York, you know—"he's a live play. They would sit wide-eyed while the Godfreys, using their old-fashioned hall-tree for a stage, acted it out in sequence for the always attention, and if we made a mistake she would come in and correct us. 'No-no—it goes like this,' she'd say—and then we'd have to start the whole thing over again."

Their mother never let them get away with any technicalities. "She was always watching our diction, too. Always stopping us in the middle of a sentence if we made a mistake. 'What did you say'—you say?" We thought she made too much of it, and sometimes it would take us forever to say anything. But Mother wouldn't give in. She said she'd have to correct us—until we said it right. 'You must speak correctly,' she would tell us. Adding. 'Some day you will thank me for this.'"

She must have only been able to thank her, none of them could then foretell. Or that talking would be Arthur Godfrey's life's work.

Their mother talked about it today, but she was always silent about using the most advanced pronunciation, too. "She would call a tomato—'tomato,' and she would correct it. In this. ""Really, when we were little, she had to correct them 'tomatoes' anyway," Kathy recalls merrily now. "It was the same with chiffonier. Mother preferred the French pronunciation —as referred to our chiffo- nyay."

One way or another, there was never a dull moment at the Godfreys'. They had three brothers and two sisters. The younger ones played the piano and, if you think Arthur can play a ukulele, take her sister's word for it—'He's a sensation on the banjo.' Among her favorites is how handsome her brother looked in a 'sailor's suit' and how well he could play a banjo.

There was much excitement when Arthur took a fancy for a young boy from her family hometown for Uncle Sam's. "I'll never forget how impressed all of us were when he came home—the first time we saw him in uniform. We were all so proud of him. This was not long after he played a ukulele, take her sister's word for it—'He's a sensation on the banjo.' Among her favorites is how handsome her brother looked in a 'sailor's suit' and how well he could play a banjo.

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Arthur was about the only sailor in Hasbrouck Heights at that time, as I recall—and when he came home everybody knew it. He had a terrific smile, too, and a way with him that made the women and the kids and the older folks all laugh.

Sometimes he would bring a shipmate home with him, a grand little Irishman named Pat O'Brien. Pat could play the ukelele too, one of his specialties being "Kitten with a Fiddle." Arthur was always at the piano and they would sit wide-eyed while the Godfreys, using their old-fashioned hall-tree for a stage, acted it out in sequence for the always attention, and if we made a mistake she would come in and correct us. 'No-no—it goes like this,' she'd say—and then we'd have to start the whole thing over again."

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But even to have love living over their home. And when—that following a long, long illness—their beloved father left them, it took all the sunshine and ingenuity they could muster for the Godfrey family to survive. "Arthur was in the Navy, stationed in Greece, when Father died. It took him two months to get home. But it took years to soften the sadness of his father's passing."

Their mother seemed to have four hands—and she needed four to feed and clothe the small Godfreys. She played the piano by night, when others were asleep, I would try. I would turn over on my stomach, pull myself up, and slide my legs off the bed until my feet could touch the floor. Then I would try to push myself up. She kept turning, sliding, pulling and pushing... and one night she found for one wobbly second she was on her feet—"and she forgot all about the back at the back of her knees as her very good friend.

This is a walking world, she kept telling herself—during those many months when she was taking her first steps. "It was then I learned that people are willing to walk more slowly with you. Then that I learned many things."

When you've been down into the dark-
more, every day from then on, no matter how it's wrapped, is a present. And life itself a loan to be used wisely and well. And yours for the taking, the simple and kindly truth that, if need be, others will walk more slowly so that nobody ever really walks alone.

Today a whole world walks with Arthur Godfrey when he ambles, dances or skates into the family room, and the children sing, "In the year of our blessed Lord 1954."

Godfrey, who became a legendary figure in America's TV and radio history, has been a fixture in American households for decades. His wit, charm, and down-to-earth approach made him a beloved figure to millions.

As a child, Kathy Godfrey was constantly surrounded by her family's adoration and success. Her uncle, Mr. Godfrey, was a prominent figure in the entertainment industry, and Kathy was often seen on television and radio programs with her family.

Kathy's relationship with her uncle was close, and she often felt a sense of responsibility to him. She knew that he looked up to her, and she did her best to live up to his expectations.

As she grew older, Kathy began to develop her own interests and ambitions. She was interested in music and wanted to pursue a career as a singer. Her uncle encouraged her to follow her dreams and supported her in every way he could.

Kathy's sister, Kathy, was also a source of inspiration for her. Kathy was known for her beautiful voice and her natural talent. She was a frequent guest on Godfrey's radio and television shows, and Kathy was always there to support her sister and admire her success.

Kathy's life was filled with moments of joy and accomplishment. She was a successful singer, a dedicated family member, and a devoted fan who became known for her appreciate comments fans make about her. Her uncle was proud of her, and she was proud of him.

As Kathy grew older, she became more involved in the entertainment industry. She became a regular on radio and television shows, and she was often seen with her family on screen.

Kathy's life was one of success and happiness. She was loved by her family and friends, and she was a beloved figure in the entertainment industry. Her legacy lives on, and her story is a testament to the power of family and the importance of following your dreams.
executive Roy Winstor. Mary had a dinner date with her beau, Richard Krolik (her husband, and a producer of TV documentary shows), and with Roy. Richard’s work took him away at the last moment, but Mary and Roy dined together, and their talk turned around to the importance of housewives and what it means to be a successful homemaker. It was Mary’s contention, and it still is, that the housewife’s job is a full-sized one, calling for all sorts of skills and, in addition, an adult’s understanding of human nature and the reasons people act the way they do. She talked that day about the things that make every woman a homemaker at heart, no matter what other career she may have.

“Women like to cook and to keep things tidy,” Mary said. “They want children, and a home. They like to sew, to make things for themselves and for the house. They like pretty clothes. They talk about completely different things than men do, because their real interests are centered in their households.”

Mr. Winstor nodded assent. “Let’s put all of that in a dramatic serial on television some day,” he said. “Let’s make her the lead.” There the whole subject ended, and Mary didn’t expect anything special to come of her earnest little conversation.

It was only expressing what she really felt.

This was during the period when Mary was practically fresh from Hollywood, having been in some thirty motion pictures, with small parts in big pictures and slightly bigger parts in lesser ones. She had come to New York, finally, to get into television. Someone told her that, if she joined the actors who auditioned at Radio City for various TV and radio roles, she might hear about jobs she would fit. So she sat on the benches with the rest of the eager aspirants and moved along as the line shortened and actors were summoned into the inner sanctum.

Other actors and actresses were nice to her, especially the males. Being a slender, five-foot-six blonde with guileless, big, gray-blue eyes helped. Men felt protective toward this lovely young girl, and one of them was the means of her meeting Dave Alexandra, who had started a class for actors who wanted to go on polishing their technique, although already professionals. She joined the group, and through it met Charles Irving and his wife, Hollis. One day, Charles said to her: “Remember when, some months ago, you and Roy Winstor discussed a daytime drama on TV? We’re going ahead with it now, and I have been coming here to watch you work. I think you’ve brought the best ideas so far.”

Thus Search For Tomorrow was born. It started in September, 1951, shortly after Mary and Richard returned from their honeymoon on August 27. (She was told she could take three weeks’ training when the GIs were tricked and the bonus money from her family and went, thinking how glamorous it all sounded. She disliked the whole business of going to war.) The agreement was cancelled after a week.

She was in New York, she wanted to stay, and she had to get a job. In a rest room, waiting for a newspaper, she saw an ad which said, “Wanted: Seamstress, cleaner, dishwasher for a family.” And the ad applied to a hat-check girl. That looks easy enough, she thought to herself, realizing it left some free time early in the day to look for other and more exciting work. She asked the girl where a similar job might be had, and was told it would be difficult to get one in Manhattan but that out in one of the boroughs of New York City there was an opening she knew about.

“She told me where to go, and let me say she sent me, and I got the job. I checked hats, sold corsettes and cigarettes, and we had a custom of asking customers who liked to snapped at their table as souvenirs. One night a dishwasher went on a rampage and started a wild fight in the kitchen. I got ahold of the cold water, and never did go back for the five dollars they owed me. But I had learned about night-club work and I soon got another job, this time in a cabaret girl. And at one of the big New York hotels.”

It was there that Joseph Pasternak, the M-G-M producer, saw Mary and signed her for a contract. She was just twenty, and she stayed in Hollywood close to five years—“never getting off location on the back-lots of Metro, Warners and Columbia,” she describes it now. “I was the girl you saw in an elevator scene for the moment before the door closed. When I had good parts, the movies were B pictures.” She decided to strike out for New York again, her only career idea, and she had a number of dramatic roles before she began to play Joanne Barron in Search For Tomorrow.

It was that part which had become, not only to Mary but to her family, that both her mother and mother-in-law are unhappy when anyone is mean to her in any sequence of the show. “They turn away from the camera in a way that makes you want to watch.” Mary herself has been overcome with emotion about the program at times. She had to leave the studio and go to a nearby restaurant to sit it out, the day the script called for Joanne’s husband to die in a hospital scene.

So thoroughly is she steeped in the role of the girl she abstains from saying too much, that occasionally she says things that aren’t in the script at all but are typical of both of them! Once she made a little speech that hadn’t been written down anywhere or rehearsed. It came out spontaneously, before she could stop it, if indeed she was aware that she was doing anything unexpected. And it was so completely in character that none of the others in the scene were caught off-guard, but were only a bit surprised to hear the unheared words.

Richard says he can’t always tell where Mary Stuart leaves off and Joanne Barron begins,” Mary laughs. “Neither can I, any more. Anyhow, there’s provision for a woman’s way of talking. That’s how long I hope to play Joanne Barron. Until we’re both old, old ladies. Because I believe in her, and all the womanly things she stands for.”

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