

★ **TV** **RADIO** **MIRROR**

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Songstress
PATTI PAGE

AUGUST



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Patsy Dennis
of
BRIGHTER DAY



FRANCES REID
Portia Faces Life



ROBERT Q. LEWIS
Man of the Moment



DOTTY MACK
Beautiful Dreamer

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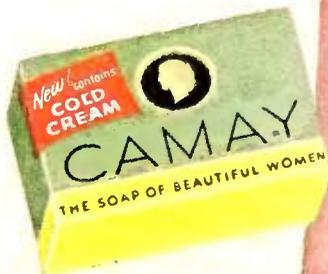
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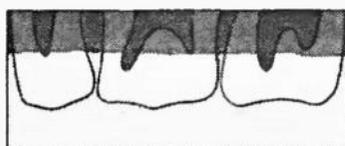
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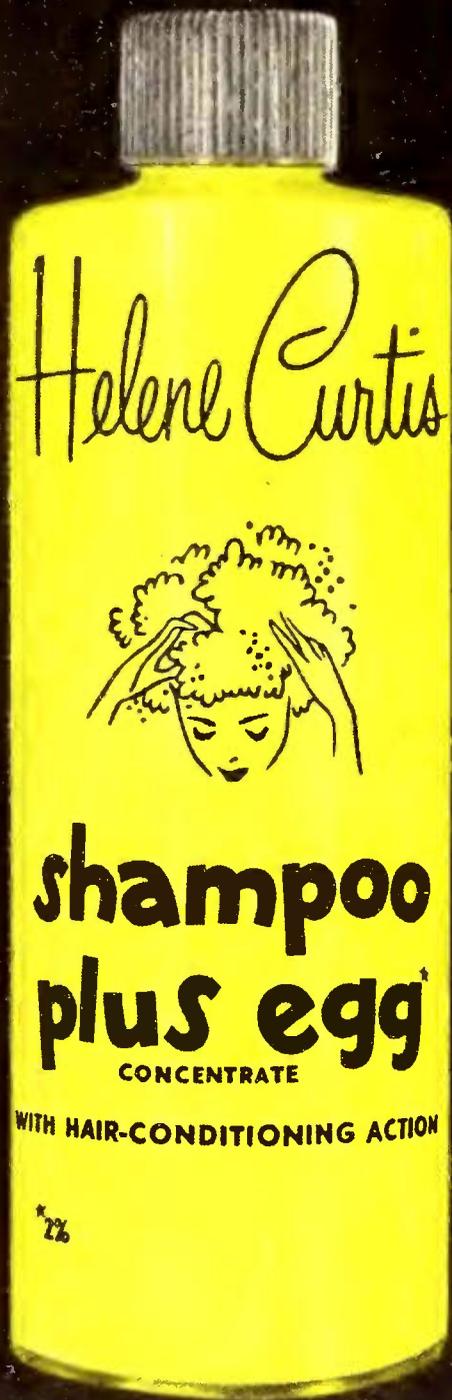
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Cover portrait of Lois Nettleton by Shelly Smith

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY by Macfadden Publications, Inc., New York, N. Y.
EXECUTIVE, ADVERTISING AND EDITORIAL OFFICES at 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial Branch Offices: 321 South Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif. and 221 North La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill. Harold A. Wise, Chairman of the Board; Irving S. Manheimer, President; Lee Andrews, Vice President; Meyer Dworkin, Secretary and Treasurer. Advertising offices also in Chicago and San Francisco.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES: \$3.00 one year, U. S. and Possessions and Canada \$5.00 per year for all other countries.
CHANGE OF ADDRESS: 6 weeks' notice essential. When possible, please furnish stencil-impression address from a recent issue. Address changes can be made only if you send us your old, as well as your new address. Write to TV Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.
MANUSCRIPTS: All manuscripts will be carefully considered,

but publisher cannot be responsible for loss or damage. It is advisable to keep a duplicate copy for your records. Only those manuscripts accompanied by stamped, self-addressed return envelopes or with sufficient return postage will be returned.
FOREIGN editions handled through Macfadden Publications International Corp., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Irving S. Manheimer, President; Douglas Lockhart, Vice President
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New Mum with M-3 won't irritate normal skin or damage fabrics



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with long-lasting M-3
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Choose the Lilt especially made for your type of hair! ^{\$1.50} plus tax



for hard-to-wave hair



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for children's hair

STEVE ALLEN'S



Eydie Gorme's latest release features a new novelty tune plus an old favorite.

WELL, thank you, yes indeed! And I realize that's not a very brilliant beginning for a record column. But that's just what I answered when the nice lady editor of TV RADIO MIRROR asked me if I'd like to whip together a platter page every month. Now writing has long been a secret desire of mine, and it's certainly not a secret that I've been a record man since 'way back when. As a matter of fact, my crazy career sort of got started behind a turntable, when I was a disc jockey for CBS in Hollywood, not too long ago. So getting a chance to bang away at the typewriter a bit about recorded music is a monthly chore I'm going to like very much. Thanks again, nice lady, and I hope the readers and I will get on fine.

I don't know of any better way to start than with Mr. Popularity himself, Perry Como. Old Per just never seems to make a bad record, and his latest for Victor is no exception. He sings a smooth new ballad called "There Was Never a Night So Beautiful," which might turn out to be one of his biggest hits. The backing is a ditty called "Hit and Run Affair," done up rhythm-style, with much of the same kind of approach he used on "Wild Horses." Remember? Hugo Winterhalter's orchestra provides excellent accompaniment on both.

Les Brown and His Band of Renown have been playing and recording good dance music for a long time now. And here he comes with a brand-new album called "Invitation" (Coral). There are eight sides, all instrumentals, and the tempos are all danceable as can be. The titles: "Invitation," "Hot Point," "If I Loved You," "Midnight Sun," "Ramona," "From This Moment On," "Ruby," and "My Baby Just Cares for Me."

Joni James is a lass who is riding high on the click lists these days, and no wonder, the way her records sell. In the past couple of years, she has come out of nowhere to become one of the big feminine vocal



Still on top: Jo Stafford receives a diamond-studded plaque from James Conkling, president of Columbia Records, in honor of her twenty-five-millionth disc.

"Big Jon" Arthur of *No School Today* fame offers kiddies a special delight with two new songs about a Teddy bear.



TURNTABLE

names. She does a fine job with a new ballad called "In a Garden of Roses," which is a "story" song and just right for Joni. She gets good assistance from the Jack Halloran Choir. The coupling is titled "Every Day," another ballad.

"Big Jon" Arthur has one of the best and most listened-to children's shows on the air today, so the small-fry should go for his discing of the delightful "Teddy Bear's Picnic" and "At the Teddy Bear's Birthday Party," with Jimmy Carroll's orchestra (Decca). "Big Jon" and the *No School Today* cast do the lyrics.

Another juvenile favorite is ol' Gabby Hayes. His young followers will go for "Gabby and His Uncle 'Snow-Ball' Hayes" and "Gabby and His 'Sailfish' Hayes." It's a Coral release put together in one of those "color-in" folders youngsters like to draw on.

I'm a little prejudiced about Eydie Gorme because she's the vocal gal on my late-evening WNBT television show in New York. But she does sing up a storm, at least in my opinion, and she's got a new Coral record which might turn into a nice big hit for her—I hope. It's a novelty tune, with a Turkish flavor, called "Climb Up the Wall." On the reverse side, Eydie sings an obligato with herself on the old favorite, "Tea for Two."

"The Caine Mutiny" doesn't need any critical review from me, but I will tell you that Victor has done a great album on it. They've taken it right from the soundtrack of the movie, and used the voices of the film cast—Humphrey Bogart, José Ferrer, Van Johnson, Fred MacMurray, Robert Francis and May Wynn. Max Steiner's fine musical score, which he composed for the picture, is heard with the scenes. If you liked the book—and who didn't—you'll certainly want this album.

Sammy Kaye and His Swing and Sway crew are front and center with a ballad thing called "Dream for Sale" and a bouncy ditty, "Sittin' and Waitin'." Both lend themselves well to the Kaye style, which is listenable or danceable, as you will have it. The Kayettes and Jeffrey Clay are spotlighted on the vocals (Columbia).

Also on the Columbia label we find one of their best song salesmen, Frankie Laine. Frankie does "There Must Be a Reason," and backs it up with a revival of the oldie, "Some Day," from the ever-popular "Vagabond King." Paul Weston's orchestra supplies the accompaniment, with Carl Fischer at the piano.

"Wait for Me, Darling," as sung by Georgia Gibbs on Mercury, should ring in the royalties for Her Nibs. She belts it across in her usual strong style, with Glenn Osser and his orchestra supplying a solid beat behind her. The flip side slows down to a ballad, Latin flavor, called "Whistle and I'll Dance." Fred Lowry, the well-known blind whistler, does the whistle background.

If you want to buy your best girl a record album as a present, may I suggest M-G-M's romantic "I'll Be Seeing You" set, by Sammy Fain. Sammy is the very fine composer of the title song, and also wrote all the other tunes in the album. And he's one of the few tunesmiths around today who can come through in the vocal department, which he does very well on these: "When I Take My Sugar to Tea," "I Can Dream, Can't I?," "Was That the Human Thing to Do?," "Secret Love" (this year's Academy Award



by
Steve
Allen

winner), "Ev'ry Day," "That Old Feeling," "You Brought a New Kind of Love to Me," and, of course, "I'll Be Seeing You."

"The Honeymoon's Over" and "This Must Be the Place" are a couple of novelties done by Betty Hutton and Tennessee Ernie Ford, with Billy May's orchestra (Capitol). And what a combination they make, with the blonde bombshell yelping her vocals like mad and Ernie not a step behind her.

If you go for good jazz, here's one called "Jam Session at Carnegie," by Mel Powell and His All Stars. Buck Clayton does great trumpet solos on "Lighthouse Blues" and "I Found a New Baby;" Martha Lou Harp sings "When Day Is Done," with a trumpet obligato by Clayton; and Gene Krupa and Clayton get together on umpteen choruses of "After You've Gone." This recorded jam session is the real McCoy—I know, because I was there, Dad! I helped to emcee the concert that night at Carnegie Hall, and it was a great one. Incidentally, you'll hear the crowd noises and applause on this "on-the-spot" recording.

Here's another album, this one by Louis Armstrong and the Mills Brothers, all-time greats on anybody's popular music list. Decca is re-issuing eight sides, all oldies but goodies, and all released through the years past as singles. Do these titles take you back a bit? "My Walking Stick," "Cherry," "The Flat-Foot Floogie," "The Song Is Ended," "Marie," "Boog-It," "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree," and "Darling Nellie Gray."

And last, but not least, this month, we have Eddie Fisher, who needs no introduction, I'm sure. Eddie has recorded a song called "My Friend," which is semi-sacred, and done in excellent taste, with a vocal chorus and Hugo Winterhalter's orchestra. It's coupled with "Green Years," a light-hearted ballad, with a touch of nostalgia (Victor).

Well, that wraps it up for this time. I'll be looking forward to meeting you again next month. And thanks for having me.

Steve Allen is seen on *What's My Line?*, CBS-TV, Sun., 10:30 P.M., for Stopette and Remington Electric Shavers, and *Steve Allen Show*, WNBT (New York), M-F, 11:20-12 P.M. (All EDT)

Information Booth



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Nestle

Ask for professional applications at your beauty shop

Fabulous Five

Dear Editor:

I'm interested in reading more about The Modernaires, who are seen daily on CBS-TV on the Bob Crosby Show.

A. S., Oxford, Iowa

A very versatile quintet, The Modernaires—Hal Dickinson, Paula Kelly, Francis Scott, Allan Copeland and Johnny Drake—arrange their own music, play a variety of instruments and compose many of the songs they sing. The group's leader, Hal Dickinson, hails from Buffalo, New York, and organized a trio called "Three Weary Willies" after finishing prep school. They sang on Buffalo stations, then on New York network shows, then joined Ray Noble, who suggested the name "Modernaires." Hal is married to Paula Kelly, a Grove City, Pennsylvania, gal, and they have three daughters. Paula began her career in a trio with her two sisters and has sung with the Dick Stabile, Glenn Miller, Artie Shaw, Bob Allen and Hal McIntyre bands... Francis Scott learned to play the violin and banjo while in Huntington, Pennsylvania, grammar school, later switched to the bass viol, and then to the trombone when he broke his leg at football. He had his own orchestra for a while, later joined Red Norvo and Blue Barron... Allan Copeland studied piano, sang with the Robert Mitchell Boy Choir when he was 12, had his own vocal

group at 17. He has worked with Mel Torme's Meltones and the Mello-Larks at various times... Johnny Drake began his musical education at the age of 9, when he received a clarinet for his birthday. After playing his way through the University of Missouri at dances, Johnny worked with the Dick Stabile, Eddy Duchin and Jan Garber orchestras.

Here's Morgan

Dear Editor:

Would you please give us some information on Henry Morgan, who appears on CBS-TV's I've Got A Secret.

G. D., Seattle, Wash.

Tall, curly-haired, and possessed of an original, incisive sense of humor, Henry Morgan was born Henry Lerner von Ost "on the day before April Fool's Day, 1915," in New York City. His childhood is shrouded in such secrecy that he once gave a magazine interviewer imaginary biographical information. However, it is known that his father was vice-president of a bank; that Henry graduated in 1931 from Harrisburg Academy, a Pennsylvania prep school; that he went to work that fall as a page boy for a local New York City radio station; and that two years later, at the age of eighteen, he was the youngest announcer in radio. Staff an-

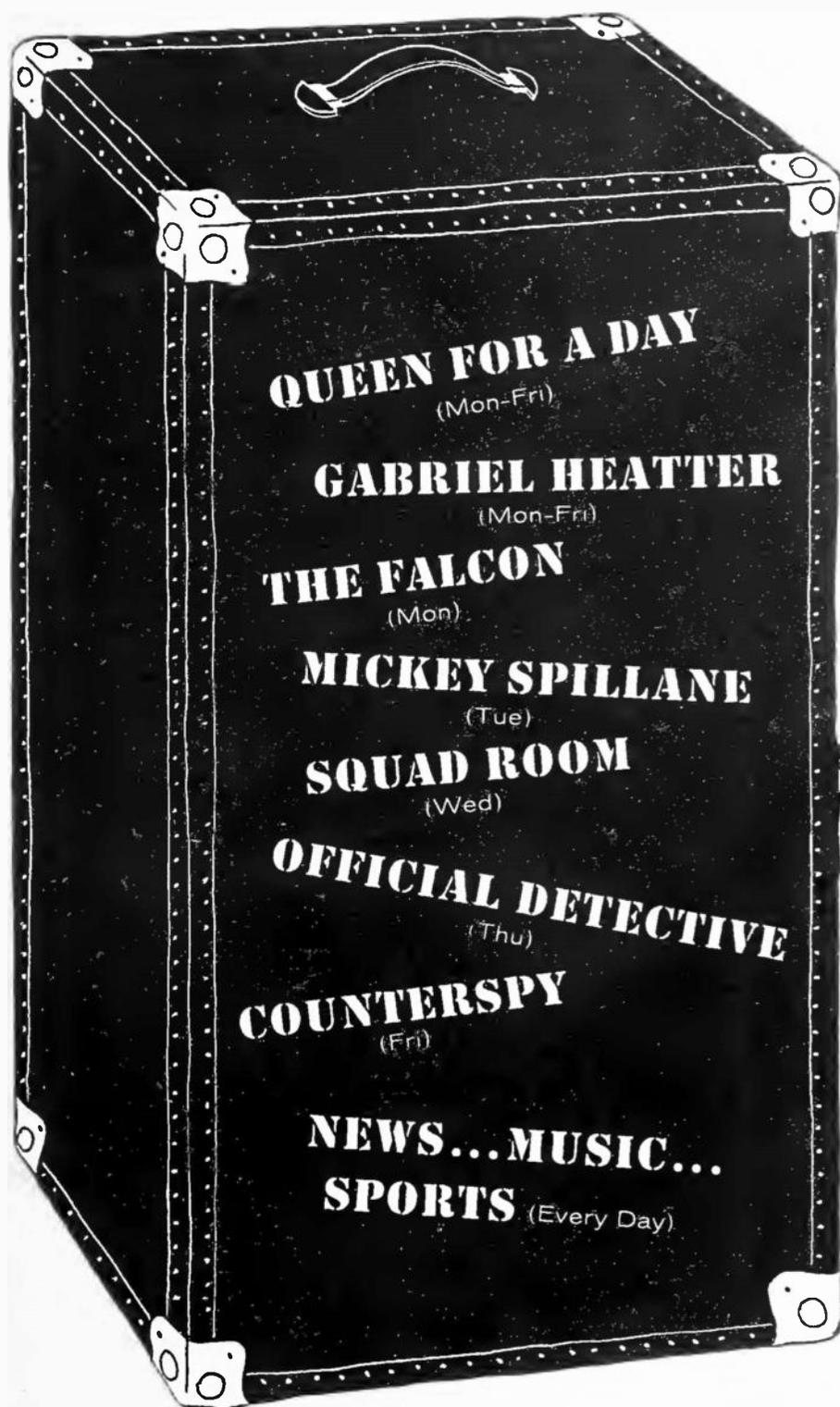
(Continued on page 26)



Bob Crosby with The Modernaires. Standing, Allan Copeland, Hal Dickinson, John Drake, Francis Scott; seated, Paula Kelly.

all summer long...

wherever you go, there's **RADIO-**
and **MUTUAL** goes along with you!



all summer long, **Mister PLUS** delivers
all your year-round favorites... on
570 easy-dial stations of **MUTUAL**,
the world's largest radio network.

Thanks to Betty White (at right), little Joan Balzal, of the Maude Booth Children's Home in California, saw her dream come true when she met her idols, Roy Rogers and Dale Evans—and a circus clown.



what's new from Coast to Coast

By JILL WARREN



Peggy Wood congratulates Dick Van Patten—who plays Nels in the *Mama* show—on his marriage to the former Pat Poole.

BETTY HUTTON, the blonde dynamo of the movies and night clubs, finally has put her signature on a television deal, and what a deal! Betty has signed with NBC to make her video debut on that network to the snappy tune of \$50,000—at least, that's said to be her salary. La Hutton will star in an original musical comedy now being written especially for her, and the date is September 12. This presentation will be the first of NBC's special hour-and-a-half color "spectaculars," but of course can be seen on black-and-white sets as well. Max Liebman, of *Your Show Of Shows* fame, will produce and direct. Incidentally, come fall, *Your Show Of Shows* is scheduled to be seen on Saturday nights at its regular time, three weeks out of four. Steve Allen, Frank Sinatra, and Nanette Fabray have already been signed for guest-star appearances, with Allen set for some ten spots during the season.

Peter Lind Hayes, recently signed by CBS on a combination radio-TV deal, has been given his own air show, to run through the summer. He headlines a Monday through Friday night half-hour of fun and music, supported by singer Jack Haskell and the Norman Paris Trio. Peter is also on permanent call as Arthur Godfrey's substitute, when, as, and if Godfrey absents himself.

A summer talent show, starring Paul Whiteman and his orchestra, is an ABC-TV addition for the hot months. It's called *On The Boardwalk*, (Continued on page 12)



Bobbi is perfect for this new "Stewardess" hairdo. Bobbi is the permanent designed to give soft, casual looking curls. No nightly settings necessary.



Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the soft, natural look of the new "Sweet Heart" style. Bobbi is so easy—no help is needed.



Only Bobbi is designed to give the soft waves needed for the "Bettina" hairdo. With Bobbi you get curls and waves *exactly* where you want them.

NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS ON THIS PAGE!

These hairdos were made with Bobbi ... the special home permanent for casual hair styles

Yes, Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is *designed* to give you lovelier, softer curls . . . the kind you need for today's casual hairdos. *Never* the tight, fussy curls you get with ordinary home or beauty shop permanents. Immediately after you use Bobbi your hair has the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And *your hair stays* that way—your wave lasts week after week.

Bobbi's so easy to use, too. *You just put your hair in pin curls.* Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. A little later rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out—and *that's all.* No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed.

Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion—if you can make a simple pin curl—you'll love Bobbi.



Casual, carefree—that's the "Chantilly" hairdo—thanks to Bobbi. Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents give you soft, carefree curls and waves right from the start.



Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. Neutralizing is automatic. No curlers, no resetting.



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

What's New from

(Continued from page 10)

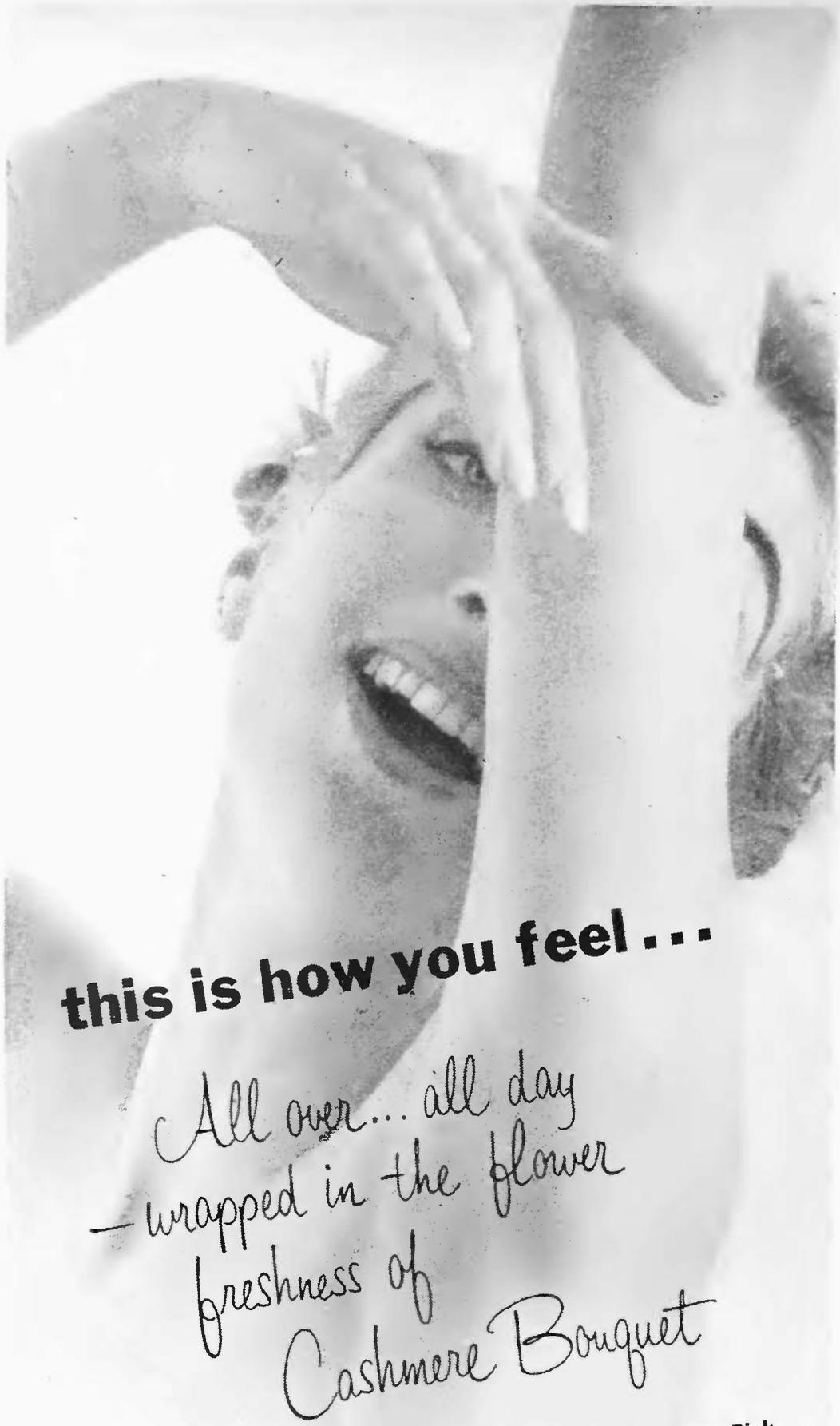
and originates from the theater on the famous Steel Pier at Atlantic City, New Jersey. Seen Sunday nights, the program is an hour long. The first half-hour is devoted to on-the-air auditions, and, during the second half, the winners from the preceding week are presented. Name guests appear every week and also act as the judging panel for the hopefuls.

Bert Parks has hung his straw hat at CBS, at least long enough to handle the emcee chores on a new half-hour TV show called *Two In Love*. It has a quiz gimmick—naturally—and will spotlight engaged, honeymoon, and anniversary couples. The friends and families of the couples will also appear to answer questions about each pair's romance.

Also on CBS-TV's vacation schedule is a new variety half-hour called *The Blue Angel Show*. July 13 is the starting date and it will be seen every Tuesday night until the fall. I saw a kinescope of this one a few weeks ago and it looks like a winner. The set is an exact replica of the famous Blue Angel Club in New York, where many of today's top singing stars got their start. Orson Bean will be the weekly comedian-emcee, along with the Norman Paris Trio, and the rotating talent will be interesting new personalities breaking into the night-club field.

About the middle of this month, ABC Radio will start broadcasting the Chautauqua Symphony direct from the famous summer music center in upstate New York. Concerts by both the student and the professional orchestras will be heard.

Remember Kay Kyser's *Kollege Of Musical Knowledge*, which was one of the top-rated musical quiz shows a few years ago on radio? Well, it's coming back to life on television, under that title, any day now on NBC. Tennessee Ernie (Ernie Ford) will be the professor in charge, assisted by a female



this is how you feel...

All over... all day
— wrapped in the flower
freshness of
Cashmere Bouquet

**cashmere
bouquet**

TALCUM POWDER



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"Borrow this good grooming cue from our Conover Career School students!

A quick dusting with Cashmere Bouquet Talc smooths hot, chafed skin . . . helps girdles, stockings and shoes ease on smoothly."

59¢
29¢ 43¢
Plus Tax

Says
Candy Jones
(Mrs. Harry Conover)
Director Conover School



Tennessee Ernie Ford will soon head the *Kollege Of Musical Knowledge*.

Coast to Coast



Helen O'Connell shares honors daily with Tennessee Ernie on CBS Radio.

vocalist and Frank DeVol's orchestra. Kyser, who has been living in semi-retirement in his home state of North Carolina, will be paid a royalty on the show, which was his original property.

This 'n' That:

Danny Thomas is smiling happily these days because his sponsor just came through with a renewal of his ABC-TV show, *Make Room For Daddy*, which assures "Daddy" being around all summer and into next fall.

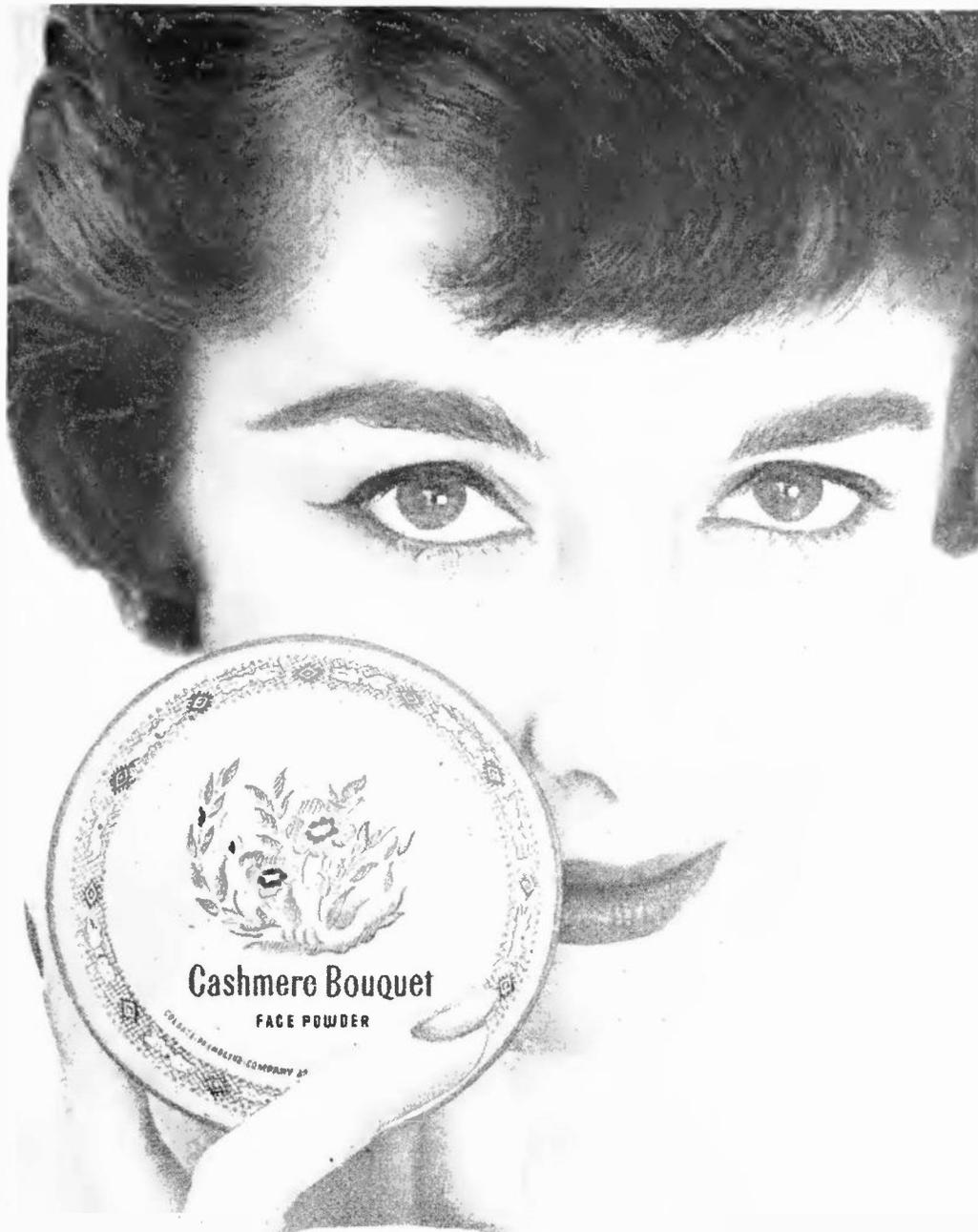
Not such good news for *Martin Kane*, *Private Eye*, which went off television June 24. This was the oldest of the detective programs on TV and was seen on NBC for five years, during which time William Gargan, Lee Tracy, Lloyd Nolan and, finally, Mark Stevens all played Martin. The popular detective opus lost its time period when NBC annexed the *Lux Video Theater* for next fall, and the sponsor decided to cancel when it became known there wasn't an open time spot on the fall schedule.

Congratulations to Marlin Perkins, conductor of NBC-TV's *Zoo Parade*, on the fourth anniversary of that fine program. The show has won many awards for distinguished achievement, including the George Foster Peabody Award in 1951 as the outstanding program for children. Perkins is now on a tour of South Africa gathering material for his fall series.

Congratulations should also be in order by now for Jayne Meadows and Steve Allen, who took out their marriage license the last week in May. Jayne and Steve hoped to be married as soon as they had a free week—which may have already been. Plans were for a simple wedding, with only Jayne's sister Audrey in attendance.

Robert King has replaced James Lee as Clifford Barbour on the TV version

(Continued on page 16)



Your Second (so much prettier) Skin!

Umm-mmm—what a complexion! It looks all yours—only prettier than it's ever looked before. Because this silk-textured powder clings close as your own skin... never flakes, shines or streaks. And there's a Cashmere Bouquet shade that's twin to your skin—whether your basic skin color is pink, ivory, olive or any tone in between!



Conover Girls Pick Cashmere Bouquet

"All our Conover students use this silky Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder," says the Beauty Director of the Conover School. "We teach them to pat it on lavishly, press in well, then brush off the excess for a velvet finish."

7 Cover Girl Colors **29¢** plus tax

Candy Jones (Mrs. Harry Conover)

cashmere bouquet

FACE POWDER

New sure way to
**LOVELIER
 HANDS
 IN ONLY 9 DAYS**

(unretouched photo)



1. BEFORE.
 Skin dried out from
**SOAPS AND
 DETERGENTS!**

**2. Protect with
 PLAYTEX
 GLAMOROUS
 HOUSEWORK
 GLOVES**

(unretouched photo)



3. AFTER.
 Softer, smoother skin
**IN ONLY
 9 DAYS!**

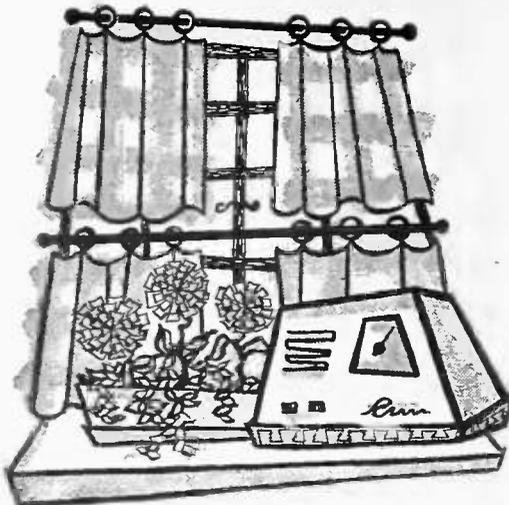
The best protection is prevention. And: The first manicure you save can pay for your gloves.

PLAYTEX® \$139
LIVING GLOVES

Prices slightly higher outside U.S.A.

FABRIC-LINED LATEX

©1954 International Latex Corp'n, PLAYTEX PARK, Dover Del. In Canada: Playtex Ltd., Arnprior, Ont.



DAYTIME DIARY

All programs listed are heard Monday through Friday; consult local papers for time and station.

AUNT JENNY Aunt Jenny is a familiar figure to everyone in her home town of Littleton. And Littleton could be any town, U.S.A., or even any town in the world. For love, ambition, faith and people are fundamentally the same all over. In her stories, Aunt Jenny sees the drama and design that are part of everyone's life, but which most of us are too thoughtless to recognize. CBS Radio.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Mary Noble is in a difficult position. Gambler Victor Stratton presses his attentions on her, which she tries to ward off, while still keeping his friendship, because he owns part of Larry's new play. Larry, unhappy and hurt by what seems like Mary's loss of faith in him, turns to Elise Shephard, who is all too willing to open her arms to him. Can Mary fight hard enough to win back her husband's trust? NBC Radio.

THE BRIGHTER DAY Despite Althea's own inner confusion, her instinct where men are concerned was sound enough for her to warn her younger sister Patsy that handsome Alan Butler would take some hanging on to. But that didn't keep Patsy's heart from breaking when Alan asked for release from their engagement. As Althea's relationship with Dr. Blake Hamilton develops, will Blake's younger brother help Patsy past her own crisis? CBS Radio.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL David and Sally Farrell seem to be constantly involved in cases that tax their resourcefulness and energy, and put a constant risk on their lives. Sally always follows along, though the beginning of most cases finds her trailing behind. Before it's through, however, she's in as deep as David, and follows each step until the case is solved, and another murderer caught. NBC Radio.

THE GUIDING LIGHT Meta Roberts is baffled and worried as her stepdaughter, Kathy, continues trying to win happiness

with the subterfuge and half-truths that have already caused so much misery. Is there any hope for Kathy, even if Dick realizes his true feeling—or lack of it—for Janet Johnson? Meanwhile Dick's cousin Peggy finds herself also entangled in an unexpected web of emotional confusion. CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

HAWKINS FALLS Hawkins Falls is a small American town—the kind a native will tell you he knows like the back of his hand. And yet Lona and Floyd discover that even their familiar, quiet home town can hold an undreamed-of surprise. How do the Coreys meet a situation which reveals some unexpected facts not only about a particular problem but about themselves and their still rather new relationship with one another? NBC-TV.

HILLTOP HOUSE Julie tries to run Hilltop House for all the children there, all of whom need her help. But her greatest anxiety at the moment is young Terry Wallace, a very troubled child of divorced parents, the father of whom has now come back to his daughter Terry. This further confuses Julie and makes it harder for her to make the right decisions in the light of her feeling that not true affection, but only lust for the money left Terry by her aunt, has brought Philip Wallace back to his little daughter. CBS Radio.

JUST PLAIN BILL The events of the past few months still seem like a horrible nightmare to Bill. The woman he almost married, Thelma Nelson, was proven to be a vicious criminal, but Bill is too big a person to have one incident destroy his faith in people. Because of this great faith in life we again find Bill trying to help, but in a situation that seems beyond even his deep understanding. NBC Radio.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL Chichi would never have married Dr. Mac if he hadn't been a courageous, independent man. But there is a line past which cour-

spray net*

*keeps your hair in place...
dryness? stiffness?
not a trace!*



Helene Curtis spray net

contains exclusive spray-on Lanolin Lotion...

can't ever dry your hair! keeps your hair set all day... softly!



Do you put up with wispy, "fly-away" hair because you shy away from the usual hard hair fixative?

Then *please* try Helene Curtis SPRAY NET.

Just spray it on. See how soft and "touchable" it keeps your hair while keeping it in place... *all day long.*

SPRAY NET can never dry your hair because SPRAY NET contains exclusive spray-on Lanolin Lotion.

And notice the lovely, lively lustre it gives your hair.

No stuck-in-place look or sticky feel when you use Helene Curtis SPRAY NET. It keeps end curls *in* curl and wisps *from* wisping even in damp, droopy weather.

Housewives, debutantes, and girls-on-the-job all say that SPRAY NET is the joy of a career.

Whatever *you* do... do take just a minute, and try wonder-working Helene Curtis SPRAY NET today.

Regular size (4½ oz.) \$1.25 New large economy size (11 oz.) \$1.89 both prices plus tax



FOR QUICK "HAIR-DOS"

Put hair up in pin curls in your usual fashion, then spray with SPRAY NET, and in a few minutes you're ready. No waiting for water or wave set to dry!



BRUSHES OUT INSTANTLY

Just a few brush strokes and SPRAY NET disappears! It doesn't flake, linger on the scalp, or necessitate washing your hair more often than you like



WON'T SHOW EVEN ON BLONDE OR WHITE HAIR

SPRAY NET is absolutely colorless, completely invisible on the hair. Adds a sheen, but won't change the hair color a bit.

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

only Helene Curtis Spray Net contains spray-on lanolin lotion...

age becomes rashness, and when Mac tries to deal single-handedly with a shadow from his family's unhappy past, he runs into trouble that his brother Craig might have helped him avoid. The strain teaches Chichi much about Mac and herself, but she cannot yet guess the full effect on her future. NBC Radio.

LORENZO JONES Belle Jones has used desperate measures in a desperate situation, and, in an effort to save the marriage she recalls with such happiness, she leaves the theater and returns to Canada with Lorenzo. Gail Maddox, who has hoped to marry Lorenzo, is startled by this new turn of events and is spurred on to new action against Belle. Can Belle, in spite of the circumstances which seem so much against her, retain her faith in Lorenzo? NBC Radio.

LOVE OF LIFE As always, Meg Harper's arrogant, trouble-bent personality had stirred up a storm of problems—even in quiet Barrowsville—which her sister Van feels honor-bound to solve before taking up her own happy future with Paul Raven. Up in arms over the possibility that Meg has seriously endangered her own son, Van leaps into the forefront of a battle far more serious than she first realizes. Will there be help for Van when she needs it? CBS-TV.

MA PERKINS Ma's friendship with the Pierces is an old, much-treasured one, and when Alf Pierce's will named Ma trustee, she accepted unhesitatingly despite her inward qualms at being responsible for so much money. Has Ma done the right thing toward reckless Billy Pierce and his ambitious young wife, Laura? Or will Fay and Tom prove right in their distrust and suspicion of the girl and their fear that Ma has been too generous? CBS Radio.

ONE MAN'S FAMILY From time immemorial, parents have agonized over the question of whether to guide their children on a tight rein or a loose one. But in the Barbour family, the problem is settled by personality, for James Barbour is a man of strict principles. It remains for Fanny, his wife, to soften the restrictions under which her children might grow resentful. How will she handle the coming crisis which nobody could have foreseen? NBC-TV.

OUR GAL SUNDAY Sunday's separation from Lord Henry has left her weakened, shaken, and uncertain of the future of her marriage. It is understandable that when a new threat arises she finds it difficult to gather her strength to combat it. Sunday, therefore, faces the difficult realization that her future is going to depend on her ability to find her courage again. But can she do this in time to meet the challenge? CBS Radio.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY Very few people are immune to the lure of big money, quickly made, and Pepper can understand his father's excitement over Dr. Grayson's prediction that oil lies beneath the Young farm-land. But neither
(Continued on page 21)

T
V
R



It's Lanolin magic!

ENRICHES YOUR HAIR WITH BEAUTY!

Twice as much lanolin gives your hair twice the twinkle! Leaves it amazingly manageable. So soft, so clean . . . radiant to behold!



Helene Curtis
**lanolin
shampoo**

Lanolin Lotion Shampoo—29¢, 59¢, \$1
Lanolin Creme Shampoo—49¢, 89¢, \$1.69

What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 13)

of *One Man's Family*. King is a young movie actor who recently appeared in "Deep In My Heart" and "Lucky Me." The cast change was necessary because Lee had a previous commitment for a Broadway show and had to return to New York for rehearsals.

Singer Richard Hayes, former husband of Peggy Ann Garner, will be away from microphones for a while, at least civilian ones. Hayes, who has been on *The Jack Paar Show*, has received his draft call and enters the Army any minute.

Frankie Laine has been signed by Guild Films to star in a series of half-hour musical films. Guild, which also produces the Liberace series, will sell the programs to individual sponsors in local markets. Shooting has begun in Hollywood, and the first of the movies will be viewed this fall.

Cute story behind former President Harry Truman's guest appearance on Ed Murrow's CBS-TV show, *Person To Person*. Truman was originally scheduled to appear this past June 4, but canceled the date until next season. It seems the Trumans' Independence, Missouri home is being "done over,"

and they wanted to wait until the job was finished and the house was shipshape before the prying TV cameras came to call.

Actress Nina Foch and TV actor James Lipton announced their engagement in New York. They plan a quiet, private marriage ceremony, and may even be Mr. and Mrs. by now.

After more than a quarter of a century on NBC as a regular Monday-night feature, *The Voice Of Firestone* and the network have parted company. The Firestone program debuted on December 28, 1928. It's possible that the new Sid Caesar show will inherit *The Voice's* TV time next season.

To celebrate the closing of her highly successful TV show, Martha Raye signed a new contract with NBC, bought a home in Westport, Connecticut, and got married again, all within the space of about two weeks. Her new husband is Ed Begley, one of the dancers on her show. He is number five, Martha's former spouses being Buddy Westmore, Dave Rose, Neal Lang, and Nick Condos, who's still her manager.

George Liberace, the pianist's brother and maestro, has landed a contract with

Columbia Records as a conductor.

Lu Ann Simms, of the Godfrey gang, is busy making plans for her marriage to Loring Bruce Buzzell, probably in September, when she gets her vacation. Her fiancé is general professional manager for a group of music publishing firms in New York.

Mulling The Mail:

Mrs. C. A., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and others who wrote about Janette Davis: Yes, Janette has been married and divorced, but at the moment is fancy free. . . . Mr. J. McK., Boston, Massachusetts: When Gary Crosby was signed as his father's summer replacement on CBS Radio, it was only for the vacation schedule. Gary, more than the other Crosby boys, seems headed for a career in show business, but Papa Bing has insisted that he finish college first. Gary returns to Stanford University this fall to start his senior year. However, it is possible he will continue to make records with Bing, as he has done in the past. . . . Mrs. M. L., Topeka, Kansas: Yes, Kenny Delmar (Senator Claghorn) and his wife, Alice, are rumored to be separating after eighteen years of marriage. Delmar lays the blame to the cross-country commuting necessary for his radio and television work. . . . Miss L. Y. P., Yuma, Arizona: You are right—Clayton Moore was the original Lone Ranger in the first television series of that show. But, because of previous commitments, he wasn't available for the second series and was replaced by John Hart. However, Moore has just recently signed with the producers and will be seen in his original role in the forthcoming group of *Lone Ranger* telepix now in production in California. . . . To all the readers who asked about *Twenty Questions*: The program went off the Mutual network in April because they



Herb Sheldon gets lots of back-talk from "good" pals, Egbert and Ummly.



Chimp of distinction, J. Fred Muggs, has become a solemn two years old.

lost their long-time sponsor, Ronson. Mutual decided not to keep it on sustaining for the summer but hopes to get a new sponsor and bring the program back in the fall. . . . Mrs. K. P., Tulsa, Oklahoma: I think what you're referring to is the *Beat The Clock* at-home game kit, containing equipment for forty different stunts which living-room emcees can handle. You should be able to get it at your local toy shop or department store.

What Ever Happened To . . . ?

Bobby Breen, who was Eddie Cantor's child singing protégé on radio in the middle thirties? When his boy soprano voice changed, Bobby retired from show business. Recently, however, he has been singing in night clubs and theaters on the road and has done an occasional TV guest appearance. Bobby has been married for over a year to Jocelyn Lesh, a model.

Arthur Lake, who was Dagwood in the formerly popular *Blondie* programs? Arthur hasn't been doing too much of late, but on a recent trip to New York from his home in California, he announced he is preparing a TV series for fall called *Meet The Family*.

Cindy Robbins, the cute gal who was the prize-giver-outer on *The Big Pay-off*? Cindy left the program in order to accept a part in the Broadway production of "By The Beautiful Sea." Since *The Big Payoff* is a daily show, she could not handle both jobs.

If you have a question about one of your favorite people or programs, or wonder what has happened to someone on radio or television, drop me a line: Miss Jill Warren, TV RADIO MIRROR, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York, and I'll try my best to find out for you and put the information in this column. Unfortunately, we do not have space to answer all questions, so I try to cover those personalities or shows about whom we receive the most inquiries. Sorry, no personal answers.



Emilio of Capri: In summer, to be in style you've got to be in *Playtex first!* Slims and trims like magic.

Top Designers Agree:
Slim summer fashions start
with a Playtex figure!



See how

Playtex

Fabric Lined

Panty Brief

narrows your silhouette in new freedom . . . widens your choice of new sun clothes, new fun clothes!

You don't have to be tiny to shine in the briefest sun dress, lounge in skin-tight slacks, swim in a shape-showing suit. Not when there's Playtex Fabric Lined Panty Brief to trim away the inches, slim away those little "extras"!

And Playtex performs its wonders in such *comfort*—thanks to that cloud-soft fabric lining! In such *freedom*, too—since it hasn't a seam, stitch, stay or bone! Just a smooth latex sheath—*invisible* under the most figure-hugging fashions.

Wear it from dawning to dancing, wash it in seconds—see how fast it dries! At department stores and better specialty shops everywhere.



PLAYTEX . . . known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube.

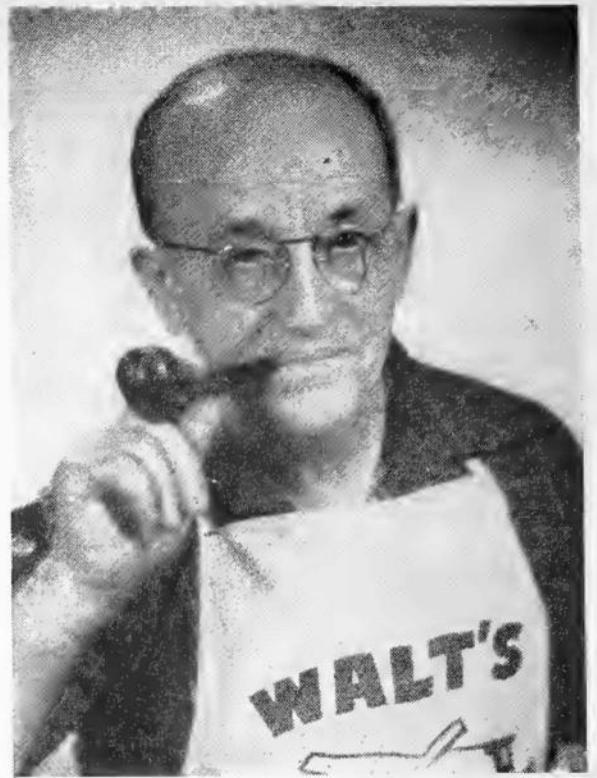
Playtex Fabric Lined Panty Brief, \$4.95
Other Playtex Girdles from \$3.50 to \$7.95

(Prices slightly higher outside U.S.A.)

Daughter Mirth Durbahn Kennedy, home for a visit, helps Walt put the finishing touches on a new chair he designed.



Three generations help Walt prepare a script for his show. Left to right: Mrs. Durbahn; daughters Phyllis Hutchinson and Mirth, holding her son Scott; and Phyllis' daughter Karen.



WALT DURBAHN—
Workshop
Wonder

WNBQ's how-to-do-it expert makes

FOLKS in and around Chicago in need of an expert handyman's help and advice have only to look at their TV sets—Channel 5, Station WNBQ—each Friday night at 7:30. There they will find genial, gentle-mannered Walter E. Durbahn very much at home in his workshop and ready to share his wide range of handicraft talents with everyone who looks his way.

Walt's Workshop—one of the pioneer video programs in Chicago—is dedicated to all home tinkerers who yearn for but never quite achieve proficiency with a hammer, screw driver or paint brush, even at the expense of mashed fingers and spattered walls. So, for the price of a TV set and a few ohms of electricity, Chicagoans receive a full course in home handicraft that is certain to help them along their road of repairs.

The scene of Walt's show is a model basement workshop which is graced with enough power equipment and fine hand tools to bring sighs of envy from all frustrated in-

ventors, carpenters and woodworkers. Surrounded by his completely equipped workbench and tool cabinet, Walt tackles a single project on each program. Each is typical of the many odd jobs that the average homemaker faces, whether he or she lives in a suburban home or city apartment. In addition to giving clear, step-by-step instructions, Walt makes his shows seasonal. Thus, spring will see the building of bird houses or lawn furniture, while fall or winter finds Walt making shelves and bookcases, refinishing chairs and chests.

Since his TV debut five years ago, Walt has rarely missed a week of *Workshop* telecasts. With each show, his many devoted and grateful followers have realized that, behind his easygoing manner, his careful and thoughtful presentations, lies an extraordinary wealth of knowledge and experience. Walt was born in Nicollet County, Minnesota, where his father was a painting contractor. By 1915, he had completed his studies as a



It's really quite easy, says Walt, and proceeds to prove it by explaining one of his projects in complete detail.

home handicraft easy and fun for Chicago viewers

manual training teacher at Stout Institute in Menomonie, Wisconsin. After graduating—and also winning fellow student, Ruth Rassbach, as his bride—Walt started his teaching career in Stewartville, Minnesota. For the next ten years he taught manual training in schools throughout Minnesota, then, in 1925, he moved to Highland Park, Illinois, as building trades instructor and chairman of Highland Park High School's famed vocational education department. In that capacity for twenty-seven years, Walt developed and guided a plan of practical vocational education widely copied in all parts of the country.

Since retiring from teaching in 1953, Walt has devoted his time to his show and his numerous at-home activities. As might be expected, Walt has an extensive workshop in the basement of his home. In addition to making and fixing things in the house, he collects antique tools and woodcarvings, is an avid camera bug with a large collection of photo equipment and a darkroom, and, he says, is

what he himself would call a "fair-to-middling" gardener.

Walt is an inveterate pipe smoker, which aptly keynotes his personality. Cocking his head to one side as he talks, his face assumes a friendly yet quizzical expression of "I think you're right, but prove it." His many years of teaching have given Walt a mellow patience and a calm demeanor—even when the TV set is in an uproar. In typical style, Walt recalls his first program: "The rehearsal was a Willie West and McGinty comedy carpentry act, but done by one man—me. I was assembling paint shelving, to be used as part of the set. Every time I had the boards up for nailing, they'd fall down. The studio crew was in stitches. Fortunately, I got it together in time for the show."

With his gentle, human approach to life, trimmed with a bit of humor and much wisdom, it is no wonder that Walt Durbahn has endeared himself to Chicago viewers as a how-to-do-it wonder and a grand person to know. 19

OLD DUTCH REVUE



Emcee Jack Clifton is also well-known in Cleveland as a deejay.



Scene of Cleveland's most unusual night club is Studio A at WEWS, where "customers" enjoy the tops in entertainment and get in the act themselves.

THERE'S a tavern in the town of Cleveland where tables are booked solid months in advance, where two bands and a star-studded floor show win rafter-ringing applause, and where—when the evening's festivities are over—the management picks up the tab! This unusual bistro, open only on Monday evenings, is the scene of an hour of televised fun and frolics on Station WEWS' *Old Dutch Revue*. The gala goings-on are also visible on WSPD-TV Toledo, WSTV-TV Steubenville, WLW-D Dayton, WBNS-TV Columbus, WHIZ-TV Zanesville, and WLBC-TV Muncie, Indiana.

Every week, as the show fades from video screens, the WEWS switchboard starts blinking frantically with calls from viewers who would like to join the lucky one-hundred guests at the Old Dutch Tavern. "What is the address?" they ask, eager to hurry over for a rollicking polka, a glass of beer "on the house," and more of that sparkling entertainment. Although its gaiety rings so true that, after four years on the air, fans still think it is an actual night spot—at that moment, the tavern is being neatly folded and stacked away against the back walls of WEWS' Studio A until the following Monday.

The terpsichorean mood at the tavern is always lively, for on hand regularly are the bands that have made Cleveland the "polka capital of the world": Johnny Vadnal, Henry Broze, Frankie Yankovic, Chester Budny and Frankie Zeiss. When the patrons are once again seated around the tavern's checkered tablecloths, the stage is filled by a galaxy of guest stars that, during the past season, has included Pee Wee Hunt, June Valli, Bob Eberle, Tony Pastor, Mel Torme and Eileen Barton. These top names love playing one-night stands at an American institution which is fast becoming a rival of England's pubs and France's sidewalk cafés—a tavern on television.



Brains behind the *Revue* are producer Gene Carroll, also known to viewers as Uncle Jake, and director Jim Breslin.

DAYTIME DIARY

(Continued from page 15)

Pepper nor Linda can overcome an instinctive distrust of Grayson. Are they being overly suspicious, or will their watchfulness help avert tragic consequences for everyone concerned in the enterprise? NBC Radio.

PERRY MASON Knowing the troubled past which the Beekmans now hope to forget, Perry and his secretary, Della Street, try to dissuade the daughter, Kate Beekman, from heading for further trouble by taking a job in a night club. But Perry has reason to be grateful to Kate, for her headstrong ambition leads him to the very door of an elusive arch-criminal. What is Kate's fate as the showdown approaches? CBS Radio.

PORTIA FACES LIFE Though Portia gave up her legal career for full-time family life, Walter Manning has always been proud of her ability and more than once has been glad of her help with his own work. But what happens when Portia's career once again becomes an active issue in the Manning home? Despite his pride in his wife, is Walter more of a conventional male than he admits? How will Portia handle a delicate adjustment? CBS-TV.

ROSEMARY The loss of her unborn baby was one of the worst times in Rosemary's life. If it had not been for her mother's illness, she might have passed many more dark days before recovering her emotional health. But even as concern over Mrs. Cotter is superseded by community work, Rosemary is conscious that her activities cover but do not destroy an underlying sadness. Will it ever disappear? CBS Radio.

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW Although Joanne Barron's marriage to Arthur Tate is blocked by the startling appearance of the woman who claimed to be Arthur's long-missing wife, Jo and Arthur still believe that before long the truth about Hazel will emerge and their plans will proceed once more. But Mr. Higbee is far from ready to admit defeat. From what source will he cull new strength for the campaign designed to cheat Jo of her land? CBS-TV.

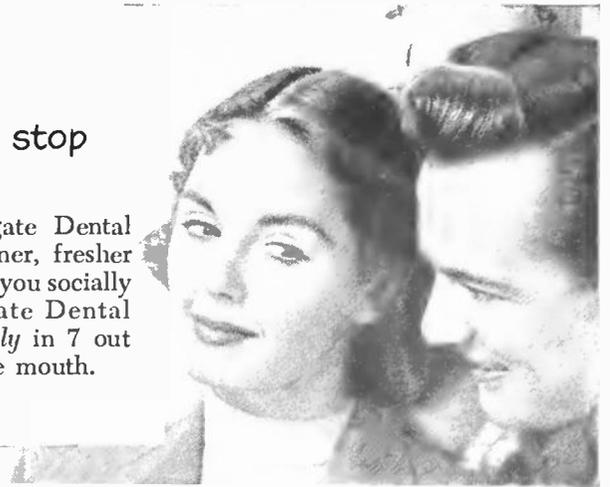
STELLA DALLAS Stella Dallas has had to call on all her great faith to sustain her during the period of her daughter Laurel's separation from her husband Dick Grosvenor. Stella is firm in her belief that the two young people are still in love and she fights to make them see the light. But there are many forces that Stella has to fight and overcome and her friends wonder if they are going to be too strong for her. NBC Radio.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE Confused between loyalty to Dr. Robert Sargent and a feeling for Fred Molina that she cannot analyze, Nora refuses Fred's proposal and is immediately certain that she has made the greatest mistake of her life. But she does not yet know the horror into which she has plunged herself and Fred as his bitterness plays directly into the hands of
(Continued on page 23)

New Colgate Dental Cream with GARDOL*

Works instantly to stop Bad Breath!

One brushing with New Colgate Dental Cream leaves your mouth cleaner, fresher for 12 hours or more—helps keep you socially acceptable. Tests show Colgate Dental Cream stops bad breath *instantly* in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth.



CLEANS YOUR BREATH...

Works constantly to stop Tooth Decay!

One brushing with New Colgate Dental Cream guards against tooth decay for 12 hours or more. Night and morning brushings guard your teeth all day—all night. In this way, Colgate's Gardol works around the clock to stop the action of decay-causing enzymes. In full-year clinical tests, X rays showed far fewer cavities for the hundreds of people in the group using Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol. In fact, no new cavities whatever for 4 out of 5.



while
it

GUARDS YOUR TEETH!

GARDOL...
Colgate's
miracle ingredient
makes it
doubly effective!



HOW GARDOL WORKS:

Every time you brush your teeth with New Colgate Dental Cream, Gardol binds itself to your teeth... remains active for 12 hours or more. That's why Gardol, Colgate's long-lasting anti-enzyme ingredient, gives the surest protection against tooth decay ever

offered by any toothpaste—leaves your mouth cleaner, fresher for 12 hours or more! Gardol's protection won't rinse off or wear off all day. Thus, morning and night brushings with New Colgate's with Gardol give continuous protection around the clock.

*COLGATE'S TRADE-MARK FOR SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE

ONLY COLGATE'S GIVES YOU FULL GARDOL PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH DECAY!

Spinning records and interviewing popular stars such as Jimmy Stewart, Marty's relaxed manner rates tops with fans.



*In the morning, in the afternoon,
Detroit music lovers always*

LISTEN TO McNEELEY

GENIAL young Marty McNeeley likes to think of himself as a hitch-hiker—taking a tuneful ride to work with WJR fans on his morning *Music Hall* show, then inviting them to pick him up again on their way home on *Music Hall Matinee*. When he signs off on his evening show, Marty reminds his listeners that he'll be waiting for them on the same corner next morning.

This ingratiating self-invitation is quickly taken up by folks in WJR's vast listening area in and around Detroit—whether driving, working or relaxing at home—for the cheerful deejay fills the airways with the tops in music, helpful time and weather information, and brief, newsy comments. Often, he brings along a guest of his own from the entertainment world.

The popular twenty-seven-year-old hails from Youngstown, Ohio, where he started his radio career. While still in high school, Marty would open up Station WFMJ with his early-morning announcing stint, then turn the mike over to another announcer, pick up his books and head for classes. The U. S. Navy was Marty's next boss and he garnered his next bit of broadcasting know-how at the Armed Forces Radio Service in San Francisco. After his discharge in 1946, Marty landed a job as announcer-disc jockey with Cleveland's Station WJMO, then, in 1951, joined WJR. He built his present large and loyal following first as an all-night deejay and then as announcer for *Make Way For Youth*.

At the same time that Marty was sparking the Cleveland kilocycles, a pretty lass named Doris Jane was at work in the station's traffic department. Handsome Marty wooed, won and married her in 1949, and there is now a Douglas Bryan McNeeley who, at four years old, is only the start of a "good-sized" clan his folks hope to raise. A second addition is expected in August. The McNeeleys live in Detroit's northwest section where Marty relaxes with his hobbies—photography, psychology and fiction writing. However, he claims that keeping listeners, sponsors and family happy occupies most of his time and interest. A quick straw poll indicates he's doing exceptionally well with all three.



Tinkering with the tinker toys are Marty, Doris Jane and Doug.

DAYTIME DIARY

(Continued from page 21)

the Syndicate. What is Lee King's next move? CBS Radio.

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS Carolyn Nelson, proud of Miles' ambition and ability, worked almost as hard as he did during his term as Governor, concealing as well as possible her fear that their personal relationship was weakening under Annette Thorpe's shrewd manipulation. Does the future hold a renewal of their love? Or is the change in Miles more than superficial and will it persist even when he no longer bears the burden of office? NBC Radio.

THE ROAD OF LIFE Sybil Overton's baby, unacknowledged daughter of her brief marriage to Gordon Fuller, becomes the focus of a concealed battle as Sybil suspects she cheated herself out of the Fuller money by rejecting the child. Knowing Sybil's ruthless disdain for the rights of others, Jim Brent prepares for a real fight to protect the happiness of his father-in-law, who has adopted Connie. CBS Radio and NBC Radio.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT Because of her love for Brett Chapman, Helen has found a happiness she has not known in many years. She can see only good in everyone and, though it has become increasingly clear to all her friends that Loretta Cole will spare no one in her ruthless pursuit of her career, Helen seems blinded by the rose-colored glasses her love gives her. CBS Radio.

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON When crack newspaperman Bill Busoni left Stan Burton's paper to edit its rival, Terry Burton doubted the wisdom of Stan's replacement, an old school friend named Freddie Small. But concern over Freddie took second place when his wife Adrienne began to make herself felt. What happens when Adrienne schemes to get the Crowder house, which Lew Archer wants for himself and Stan's sister after their marriage? CBS Radio.

THE SECRET STORM Peter Ames has almost forgotten that before courting his wife he was interested in her sister Pauline. Now, as he struggles to readjust to life after Ellen's tragic death, he is bewildered and increasingly resentful at Pauline's interference, which she offers under the guise of help but which actually works to defeat everything Peter tries to do for his three children. What is Pauline after? CBS-TV.

THREE STEPS TO HEAVEN Glamorous model Poco Thurmond made a mistake—she fell in love. And, though Bill Morgan's psychological difficulties make it seem hopeless, she cannot stop yearning for the happiness they might have had. Will Vince Bannister's unseen maneuvering, deeply involving Poco's reckless young brother Barry, put the final finish to Poco's dreams for the future? Will she have to go on with the career she would so gladly give up? NBC-TV.

VALIANT LADY With the sudden, shocking death of her husband, Helen Emerson's one desire was to maintain a home and family atmosphere for her three children. Furthest from her thoughts was

the possibility that the future might hold a new adventure in life for herself. But though Mickey is in his twenties and Diane is a bride, Bill Fraser is not the only man who realizes that Helen, as a mother, is still a youthful, most attractive woman. CBS-TV.

WENDY WARREN AND THE NEWS To Wendy's managing editor, Don Smith, a confidence man is a confidence man, but Wendy has strangely mixed feelings toward the man called Magnus. Despite Corrine Dubois' obvious dread of the man, she remains his unwilling assistant, and sophisticated Kay Clements, Wendy's friend, also allows herself to be drawn into his orbit. Is he something more than a mere charlatan . . . something much worse? CBS Radio.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES Having weathered many problems of their own, Joan and Harry Davis find it difficult to understand why Joan's sister Sylvia should insist on following a course of action that seems foredoomed to failure despite their affectionate efforts to head her off. But, as Joan soon realizes, experience cannot be shared. Somehow Sylvia must find her own way, hard as it is for Joan to stand by watching her skirt disaster. ABC Radio.

WOMAN IN MY HOUSE As the Carter family multiplies, so do the problems that James and Jessie Carter hoped would grow lighter as their children matured. But as son-in-laws and grandchildren enlarge the family circle, Jessie knows that the constant wear and tear is a small price to pay for the joy of being the center of a close-knit, loyal family group, where happiness and trouble are shared alike. NBC Radio.

WOMAN WITH A PAST Steve Russell's romance with Sylvia was over long before he met Lynn Sherwood, but when a woman as beautiful, ruthless and rich as Sylvia decides to revive an old flame, she can become dangerous. Will the fact that her wealthy husband is backing Lynn's dress shop enable Sylvia to achieve her own end by the shocking means she will not scruple to employ? And will Steve be so easily deceived? CBS-TV.

YOUNG DR. MALONE Dr. Paul Browne has seen his friend, Dr. Jerry Malone, through the long, difficult adjustment after Anne Malone's death and has recently felt that Jerry was at last coming into his own as a mature, realistic individual. But the advent of Tracey Adams has already changed Jerry and promises further changes for the future. Even if these are changes for the better, how will they affect young Jill Malone, Jerry's daughter? CBS Radio.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN Now that Ellen has become engaged to Michael Forsythe, Dr. Anthony Loring seems to have given up all his hopes for reconciliation. But this does not deter Anthony's wife Millicent, who is still determined to ruin Ellen's reputation among her friends, and a final showdown seems near. Anthony will be in the very difficult position of having to take sides, torn between his love for Ellen and his loyalty to Millicent. NBC Radio.

No other deodorant gives you so much...



JUMBO SIZE
25¢
plus tax

At all 5 & 10 cent stores

- STOPS PERSPIRATION ODOR . . . instantly
- HANDY STICK FORM . . . no mess, no waste
- SURE PROTECTION, all day long
- THRIFTY . . . big stick lasts for months
- GENTLE, HARMLESS to skin or clothes
- DAINTY . . . greaseless, never sticky
- FRAGRANT and luxurious as a lipstick

...for so little!

LANDER CHLOROPHYLL STICK DEODORANT



Hal Morgan hits just the right radio note for Ohio fans.

WHEN Hal Morgan, twelve-year veteran of Cleveland's Station WGAR, expounds his theories on radio, he may sound somewhat like a happy, very well-adjusted schizophrenic—for Hal's split personality as to "futuristic" and "traditional" means that his daily afternoon show, *Hal Morgan's Matinee*, and his Saturday stint, *Morgan Goes Calling*, are as up-to-date as high-fi, yet are both well-trimmed with a generous dose of old-fashioned neighborliness. For example, the modern design of Hal's weekday program mixes its musical portions with functional information such as news capsules, time and weather reports, sports highlights, road-condition data and other items of interest to homemakers busily preparing the evening meal and breadwinners driving home to eat it. On Saturdays, the WGAR star originates his show from Maple Sugar festivals, County Fairs and other community events.

As the proud father of four lively children, and devoted husband of Virginia Morgan, Hal appreciates the problems of others facing heavy responsibility, and he frequently calls on his fans to join him in "special projects." Take the case of Bill Fleming, a spastic paralytic who is married and has three children. When Hal met him, Bill had undergone eighteen major operations and needed an electric-powered wheelchair to start a door-to-door greeting-card business. Hal appealed to listeners for State of Ohio tax stamps, redeemable for charitable and social purposes at three percent of their value. The overwhelming return—400,000 stamps—was redeemed for about \$750, enough to buy the wheelchair and help Bill Fleming get started in business.

Hal himself got started in radio by winning out over nearly 500 other students who auditioned for a 35-cents-an-hour announcing position at KFKU, the University of Kansas radio outlet. Coming to WGAR in 1942, Hal gave immediate notice of what sort of citizen had joined the Cleveland community by doing a 26-week war bond show from the stage of the Palace Theater. In return, Cleveland gave notice that this good neighbor was welcome many times over.

Friendly Mr. Morgan



Help came quickly when Hal told this brave family's story.



Family song-fests include Karen Ann, 7, Terry Joe, 9, John David, 11, Hal, Virginia, and Thomas Edward, 5.

Your hair is romance...



...keep it sunshine bright

with *WHITE RAIN*

You know it's true—the most delightful beauty asset you can have is lovely hair. Hair that's bright to see, soft to touch, as fresh as a playful spring breeze—the kind of hair you have when you use the new lotion shampoo that gives you results like softest rain water. For White Rain sprinkles your hair with dancing sunlight. And with sunshine all around you—love and laughter follow after. Love and laughter . . . the essence of romance.

Use New *WHITE RAIN* Shampoo tonight
and tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!



FABULOUS LOTION SHAMPOO BY TONI

Information Booth

(Continued)

nouncing jobs in several cities followed, and Henry claims he was fired from one of these jobs for including the name of the station manager in a list of missing persons. In 1940, he returned to New York to launch *Here's Morgan*, a local radio program which was called "a daily dose of concentrated anarchy." His career was interrupted by a two-and-a-half-year stint in the Air Force, from which he returned to continue his radio mayhem on a weekly half-hour show over a national network. In 1949, he joined NBC for a Sunday evening show and then starred on the NBC-TV *Great Talent Hunt*. Radio and TV's "enfant terrible," seen nowadays as a panelist on CBS-TV's *I've Got A Secret*, is one of the most literate comedians in the business. But he would prefer to soft-pedal his writing and extensive reading and have it known that he can juggle four Sevres china cups while standing on his head and singing all six parts of the Sextet from "Lucia" simultaneously—except that he can't.

Namesake

Dear Editor:

We have named our new boy after Greyling Dennis, son of Reverend Dennis of The Brighter Day radio program. Will you please give me the correct spelling of this name?

I.J.T., French Creek, W. Va.

Best wishes to the new baby from TV-RADIO MIRROR! The name of Reverend Dennis' son is spelled Grayling.

Como Club

Dear Editor:

The Perry Como Fan Club for Handicapped Teenagers invites new members. Any handicapped teenager—boys or girls



Joan Caulfield

twelve years or older—can join by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Dotty Stanley, 20 Alja Terrace, Morton, Pennsylvania. This club is exclusively for handicapped teenagers who, because of their handicaps, would not have the opportunity to join other clubs. They will receive a membership card, buttons, an autographed picture of Perry Como, and a weekly copy of Club News, which tells of club activities, gives information on Perry Como and lists the seven top hits of the week. In order to receive the Club News, members must send a stamped, self-addressed envelope each week. Club dues are five cents monthly. Thank you.

D.S., Morton, Pa.

My Favorite Husband

Dear Editor:

I would like to know if Barry Nelson and Joan Caulfield, who co-star in CBS-TV's *My Favorite Husband*, are married.

K.B., Cleveland, O.

Away from the video cameras, Joan Caulfield's real "favorite husband" is Hollywood producer-director Frank Ross, while Barry Nelson is married to actress Teresa Celli.

Two-Gun Gai

Dear Editor:

Will you tell us a little about that cute Gail Davis who portrays Annie Oakley on the Du Mont Television Network?

P.R., Chicago, Ill.

Gail Davis' wholesome beauty was first spotted by Gene Autry at a camp show in Texas. A year later, Gail arrived to try her luck in Hollywood and, remembering Gene's suggestion, called on him at his studio. After extensive testing, Gene pro-

nounced her "a perfect Western heroine." cast her as his leading lady in "Cow Town." next signed her to appear with him in fifteen feature-length movies and thirty television films, and finally starred her in his film company's *Annie Oakley* series. Gail's skill with horse and gun began in her home state of Arkansas where, as the only girl on her street, Gail had to learn to climb a tree, ride a horse and run as fast as the boys, or be left out of their games. At the age of two, Gail was chosen the most beautiful baby in Arkansas and the petite, golden-brown-haired tomboy picked up nine additional beauty titles while at Little Rock High School, Harcum Junior College and the University of Texas.

Teacher's Pet

Dear Editor:

I would like some information on the boy who plays Walter Denton on *Our Miss Brooks*. Where can I write to him?

J.K., West New York, N. J.

The role of Miss Brooks' mischievous pupil, Walter Denton, is played by handsome six-footer Dick Crenna. Dick was born in Los Angeles on November 30, 1926, and grew up in downtown hotels managed by his parents. He began his acting career on a Boy Scout radio program on which he spoke one line and received the magnificent fee of one dollar. From there he went on to roles in *One Man's Family*, *A Day In The Life Of Dennis Day*, *Henry Aldrich*, *The Great Gilderleeve* and, of course, *Our Miss Brooks*. Dick majored in English at the University of Southern California, served during the war in the infantry and signal corps until his acting ability was discovered and he was assigned to direct and star in plays for the Seventh Service Com-



Henry Morgan



Dick Crenna

mand. He has won a number of prizes for amateur photography, is a top-flight golfer and has few equals on the badminton courts. You can write to him c/o *Our Miss Brooks*, CBS-TV, 6121 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Rosemary Rice

Dear Editor:

Can you give me some background information on Rosemary Rice, who plays *Katrin Hanson* on *Mama* over CBS-TV?

M.R., Battle Creek, Mich.

Pretty Rosemary Rice first appeared professionally in George Kaufman's "Franklin Street," then won the role of Fluffy in the road company of "Junior Miss." In 1944, Rosemary became the troublemaking young sister in "Dear Ruth," then went on to be heard as a regular on such programs as *When A Girl Marries*, *Life Can Be Beautiful*, *Cavalcade Of America* and *The FBI In Peace And War*. Rosemary lives in a Manhattan apartment but often goes home to Upper Montclair, New Jersey, to visit her father, Reserve Commander Albert F. Rice. Very proud of her skill with a skillet, Rosemary loves to entertain her colleagues from the *Mama* show.

That's Roger!

Dear Editor:

I would like to get a picture of Roger Sullivan, who was featured in a story in your June issue. E.T., Crestwood, N. Y.

For a picture of Roger Sullivan, write to him c/o Personal Service, 417 W. 50th St., New York, N. Y.

Two Out Of Three

Dear Editor:

I have been under the impression that the daytime radio serial characters of *Richie Chapman* in *The Romance Of Helen Trent*, *Johnny Brent* in *The Road Of Life*, and *Gene Williams* in *Young Dr. Malone*, were the same voice, that of *Bill Lipton*, but now I am uncertain. What are the roles that *Bill* actually plays?

V.A.F., Logansport, Ind.

Bill Lipton plays the parts of *Gene Williams* and *Johnny Brent*, but *Hal Studer* plays *Richie Chapman*.



Are you
in the
know?

How would you rate this dipper gal?

- Shy Fun Dracula's daughter

For parched gullets, nothing beats a cold draught of aqua, country style—but who wants a cascade down his back? That's Minnie the Ha-Ha for you. Up to another practical prank. *Funny?* Ask Pete (of the drenched shirt)! How can Minnie's victims know that such buffoonery conceals shyness; a need for notice? Being *herself* is a gal's better bet. And on "those" days, comfort helps. Remember, Kotex gives softness that holds its shape... doesn't chafe!



Just met—what's your chatter cue?

- Take over Proceed with caution

Maybe you point out another newcomer, and coo: "What a creep! Hope he doesn't cut in!" He won't. Neither will the lad you're talking to—who happens to be the creep's brother! Lesson: be kind, or be quiet! You can be *confident* (at calendar time), with Kotex. Those flat pressed ends prevent outlines. And here's an added worry-saver: Kotex can be worn on either side!



More women choose KOTEX[®] than all other sanitary napkins



Should a back-to-school shopper be —

- Label-conscious Loaded with lucre

Budgeteen or million dollar baby—look for labels on togs before you buy! Little tags that tell about shrinkage, fade-resistance; whether a fabric's sudsworthy or should be dry cleaned. Helps you choose what's best for you. So too, when choosing Kotex, look for the labels Regular, Junior, Super. Of these 3 sizes there's one exactly suited to you; gives the complete absorbency you need.

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



Which of these "steadies" does most for you?

- Romeo & Juliet Kotex & Kotex belts Moon 'n' June

Made for each other—Kotex and Kotex sanitary belts—and made to keep you comfortable. Of strong, soft-stretch elastic, they're designed to prevent curling, cutting or twisting. So lightweight! And Kotex belts stay flat even after many washings. Buy two... for a change!

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, TV RADIO 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.

T
V
R

Hollywood's favorite
Lustre-Creme
Shampoo...



Cream or Lotion



"Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo," says Virginia Mayo. It's the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

It never dries your hair! Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin . . . foams into rich lather, even in hardest water . . . leaves hair so easy to manage.

It beautifies! For soft, bright, fragrantly clean hair—without special after-rinses—choose the shampoo of America's most glamorous women. Use the favorite of Hollywood movie stars—Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

Never Dries— it Beautifies!



Virginia Mayo

co-starring in

**"KING RICHARD
AND THE CRUSADERS"**

A Warner Bros. Production
in CinemaScope and WarnerColor.



Bachelor domain: Robert Q. collects just about everything connected with show business, from old theatrical and circus posters to art objects with a pronounced Indian accent—such as feathered headdresses and unique totem poles.



Man of the moment

Robert Q. Lewis enjoys each day to the hilt—as star of his own shows, as bachelor in demand—and has some remarkable plans for the years ahead!

By ED MEYERSON

I'M A HAPPY GUY," Robert Q. Lewis said. The remark slipped out so quietly that even he seemed surprised. Then, a pair of brown eyes twinkled behind the famous spectacles. It was true, unblinkingly true! He was honestly, gratefully, down-to-earth, up-in-air happy.

This revelation can hardly come as a surprise to faithful fans of the CBS *Robert Q. Lewis Shows*. Here are two of the happiest programs in daytime

Man of the moment

(Continued)



Despite all obstacles—including the famed spectacles—Robert Q. Lewis made himself a successful song-and-dance man.



Now Lewis helps others to develop their talents.

Song fest: Jan Arden (left), Jaye P. Morgan (center), and Chordettes.





On his shows. On stage, announcer Lee Vines, Jan, Earl, Lois; in orchestra (back to camera), maestro Ray Bloch.

TV and radio. Casual, impromptu—as much inspiration as invention—its format largely depends upon Bob's feelings at the moment. And, for about a year now, Bob's high spirits have been irrepressible. He still acts the life of the party, only now he seems to be asking everyone else to come join the party, come share the fun. His happiness is contagious, sparking the rest of the cast, tickling studio audiences, spilling out of thousands of sets into the living rooms of America.

Now, Bob has been known as a very funny fellow ever since he first replaced the vacationing Godfrey some seven years ago. But happiness—that's another thing. In private life, many of our greatest comedians are notoriously sad people indeed. On TV, however—particularly in a daily afternoon show—a man reveals pretty much what he is and how he feels. And it is a rare occasion these days when Bob (Continued on page 74)

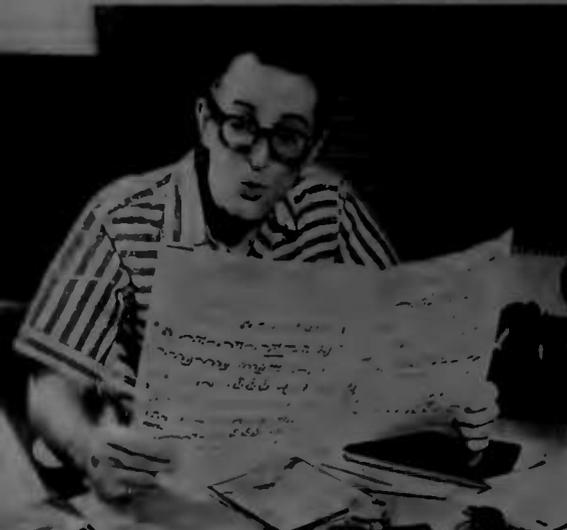
The Robert Q. Lewis Show, CBS Radio, Sat., 11 A.M. EDT, sponsored by Helene Curtis Suave for Women, Doeskin Tissues, Chicken of the Sea Tuna, Royal Crown Cola. *The Robert Q. Lewis Show*, on CBS-TV, M, W, F, 2 P.M. EDT, under participating sponsorship. Robert Q. is moderator of *The Name's The Same*, ABC-TV, Tues., 10:30 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by C. A. Swanson & Sons and the Van Camp Sea Food Co.

Harmony: Lois Hunt and Earl Wrightson in a duet.



Man of the moment

(Continued)



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Now Lewis helps others to develop their talent on his shows. On stage, announcer Lee Vines, Jan, Earl, Lois; in orchestra (back to camera), maestro Ray Blach.



Song fest: Jon Arden (left), Joye P. Morgan (center), and Chordettes.



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Mr. and Mrs. Tom Roddy dodge the rice as they leave New York's St. Agnes Church—they pose with the *Queen of Bermuda's* captain on the high seas—and take to bicycles like true natives of the enchanted isle.



*Roxanne and her bridegroom
found it hard to "beat the clock"
long enough to get married*

Honeymoon time

By GREGORY MERWIN

THIS IS the story of a guy who had Rox in his head for eight long years and finally married her. And this is the story of a gorgeous gal named Roxanne who came down to New York to slice herself a piece of moon—got the chunk and a couple of stars, to boot—but, when it came to marriage, almost missed the boat.

"What a boat!" says husband Tom. "Our courtship was the original slow one to China."

"We didn't beat the clock," says Roxanne. "We just wore it out."

Little wonder. It took Tom Roddy two of the first eight years just to get a date with Rox, although at the time they both lived in the same section of Minneapolis. However, they had never met. And, seeing her (*Continued on page 89*)

Roxanne is the hostess on *Beat The Clock*, over CBS-TV, Sat., 7:30 P.M. EDT, as emceed by Bud Collyer and sponsored by Sylvania Electric Products, Inc.

Glamorous days and nights for Roxanne and Tom, as guests at Bermuda's beautiful Castle Harbor Hotel: They sail a dinghy in aquamarine waters—and feast by a campfire of driftwood after sundown.





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Children's hour: Win and his lovely wife Rita read aloud to Peter (who wears glasses like his Pop's), Susie, and Rickey.



Win and Rita plan a dream house; at right, with playwright Philip Dunning, who sold them the land on which they'll build.



ON THEIR ACCOUNT

Win Elliot's life revolves around his wife and children, and they think he's pretty wonderful, too!

By MARTIN COHEN

THE KIDS, ranging in age from four to twelve, lean back on their heels before Win Elliot's home and shout, "Come on out and play cops-and-robbers!"

They might be calling for Win's two little guys, Rickey and Pete. But it's just as likely that the Elliot boys, as well as sister Susie, are among the gang and they are calling on Win to join them. The kids know that, if Mr. Elliot doesn't have to be at "the friendly bank," *On Your Account*, he will probably show up in his dungarees and T-shirt.

"Win is the neighborhood hero," says wife Rita. "When kids get stubborn around here, parents always say, 'Now (Continued on page 95)'"

On Your Account, CBS-TV, M-F, 4:30 P.M., is sponsored by Tide and Prell. Win is also heard on *Sanka Salutes*, CBS Radio, Sat., 8:25 P.M., and *Time For Betty Crocker*, ABC Radio, M, W, F, 8:55 A.M., 2:30 and 4:25 P.M. (All EDT)



Wherever Win is, there are the children—and the other way 'round—even if there's work to be done, like washing the car.



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Win and Rita plan a dream house, at right, with playwright Philip Dunning, who sold them the land on which they'll build.



Wherever Win is, there are the children—and the other way round—even if there's work to be done, like washing the car.



BUSY BILL CULLEN

*He places faces, has secrets,
sees stars, walks miles . . . well,
he really flies, and no wonder!*

By BUD GOODE

BILL CULLEN smiles at the question. "Work?" he echoes. "Nothing is really 'work,' unless you'd rather be doing something else. And there's nothing I'd rather be doing than talking to some wonderful folks in front of a microphone or television camera."

Bill, star of the Ralph Edwards-packaged CBS-TV show, *Place The Face*, is an authority on work. He not only stars in *Place The Face*, but also on *I've Got A Secret*, *Walk A Mile*, and finally on Saturday afternoon, his four-hour *Roadshow* on radio and *Your Lucky Stars* on TV at night! Bill is a walking definition of the words "work" and "enthusiasm."

As with most folks, Bill's usual week begins Monday morning at 7:00 A.M. After a hasty breakfast—orange juice for quick energy, toast and butter for eight A.M. energy, and eggs and sausage for ten A.M. energy—he blows a goodbye kiss to his wife, ex-singer Carol Ames, then coats and hats his way from their New York apartment to the waiting cab outside.

But, with the goodbye kiss, comparison ends between most folks and the winged Mr. Cullen. By 10:00 A.M., he's met with the producers of two of his shows, made (Continued on page 88)

Bill Cullen emcees *Place The Face* on CBS-TV, Thurs., 10:30 P.M., sponsored by Prom Home Permanent, White Rain Shampoo, Arrid, Rise, and Carter's Little Liver Pills. Saturdays, he emcees *Bank On The Stars*, NBC-TV, at 8 P.M., and *Roadshow*, NBC Radio, at 2 P.M. He is a panelist on *I've Got A Secret*, CBS-TV, Wed., 9:30 P.M., for Cavalier Cigarettes. (All EDT)

Days off, he travels for fun—with his wife Carol.



Coast-to-coast commuting leaves little time for sleep in Beverly Hills, before he catches a plane back to New York.



Bill listens as intently as star visitor Dorothy Lamour, while producer-director Joe Landis explains *Place The Face*.

THE BRIGHTER DAY

A TRUE FRIEND, as the old proverb goes, is one who stands by in time of need. That's why the Reverend Dennis had answered the appeal of an old friend to come out West to help him solve his personal problems, as well as those which the friend faced as a pastor. The Reverend Dennis had taken this copybook motto—and all the other time-honored truths—and made them vital, up-to-date principles of life. He had instilled in his daughter Patsy, for example, the desire to help others, and Patsy felt this teaching applied in a very special way to members of one's own family . . . sometimes we all seem to be going off in different directions, wrapped up in our own special interests, but when one of us gets into trouble, it's up to the others to be right there with help and comfort. Patsy reflected on this as she set the table for dinner in the vicarage at New Hope . . . and, as she counted one less place for her absent father, she felt again how keenly they all missed his strength. In his absence, Patsy searched the wisdom he had tried to give her over her twenty-two years, trying to find a way in which she herself could help the members of the Dennis household overcome the various difficulties they faced. . . . Grayling, for instance, whom the Reverend Dennis had thought to leave in charge as the head of the household while he was away and who had seemed to respond so well to the challenge of responsibility when he had undertaken to settle Althea in Chicago under the care of Dr. Blake Hamilton. The Reverend Dennis had thought that, in making Grayling think of others, he had finally found a way to help his son conquer his weakness for drink and build a new sense of responsibility. . . . But the minister had not known of the attractive older woman whom Grayling had met on his return trip from Chicago. Patsy distrusted this woman with whom she saw Grayling become more deeply involved. Patsy, who was always so quick to like people and so slow to suspect them, had sensed an undercurrent of selfish design beneath the newcomer's charm, and she had tried to warn Grayling against her. . . . And what about Babby? Eager and impulsive, Babby needed the guidance of her father's forceful personality to see her through the storm-filled, crucial teen-age times. And Althea, who had made so many false starts on the road back to a normal, healthy mental state . . . would she really permit Dr. Blake Hamilton to help her this time? In her deep concern for the others in the Dennis family, Patsy skipped lightly over her own problems—problems in which Alan Butler and Randy Hamilton played important parts. She prayed only that her father would return before the relationships in which his family were involved became even more tangled. . . . But would even the Reverend Dennis, with his strong faith, his deep understanding and wisdom, be able to guide all of them—Grayling, Babby, Althea and herself—to discover a similar strength within themselves and to find their own brighter days?

The Brighter Day. M-F—seen on CBS-TV at 4 P.M. EDT—heard on CBS Radio at 2:45 P.M. EDT—is sponsored by Cheer and other products. Pictured here, left to right, are Mary Linn Beller as Babby Dennis, Hal Holbrook as Grayling Dennis, Lois Nettleton as Patsy Dennis.





As she set the table, Patsy wondered if she could take her father's place in trying to help Babby and Grayling solve their problems.

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As she set the table, Patsy wondered if she could take her father's place in trying to help Bobby and Grayling solve their problems.

the heart of the Goldbergs



TV family: Molly Goldberg (Gertrude Berg) with husband Jake (Robert H. Harris) and daughter Rosalie (Arlene McQuade).



Matchmaker Molly loves romance—and her son Sammy (Tom Taylor) obliges with a kiss for pretty Dora Barnett (Pat Breslin).



Uncle David (Eli Mintz) plays his part in family affairs.

In real life or on TV,



Gertrude Berg's warm affection for all living things brings out the best in people—and in plants.

By DAN SENSENEY

THERE'S a song—an oldie, but you still hear it now and then—that goes, "I want to be happy, but I can't be happy, till I make *you* happy, too!" It's a pretty nice song, with something heart-lifting about it. Particularly the lyrics.

Those lyrics weren't written by Gertrude Berg. But they could have been. She lives them, every day of her life—in her relationships with her husband and children, with the actors and producing staff of her comedy-drama TV series, *The Goldbergs*, in every act and decision of an uncommonly crowded schedule. And, most of all, she lives them in the spirit with which she conceives, writes, and plays the principal role in that TV show.

See Next Page ➔

t's everyone's beloved Molly—Gertrude Berg herself



Their little house makes up for all the sacrifices they've made, the tragic disappointment they've borne.

HAPPY TO BE HOME

By HAROLD KEENE

LITTLE, dark-haired Mrs. Guy Biondi—better known along New York's radio and TV row as Andree Wallace, and to radio listeners as That Other Woman (Elise Shephard) in *Backstage Wife*—woke her husband in the dead of a February night last winter and said, "Guy, something's wrong. Terribly wrong."

Even half-asleep as he was, he knew that this didn't mean a burglar in the new house or the flicker of flames in the neighborhood. Andree was six months pregnant, and she hadn't been feeling well for a couple of days. "Shall I call the doctor, or do you think it had better be the hospital?"

"I think," she said, biting her lips hard, "the hospital—"

For a few days the doctors couldn't tell her how it was all going to work out. She was hemorrhaging, they explained, but there was just a possibility they might save the baby. She'd better begin accepting the chance, though, that she might lose it.

Andree (Continued on page 97)



They met in a drama workshop. And, though Guy now works as a movie publicist, he still helps Andree study her lines.

Andree Wallace is Elise Shephard in *Backstage Wife*, as heard on NBC Radio, M-F, at 4 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Cheer.

Unlike Elise Shephard, in *Backstage Wife*, Andree Wallace would rather have her family than all the fame on Broadway



Andree honestly enjoys her household chores. Son Tony's still a bit young, but daughter Anne's already learning to help—and husband Guy Biondi thinks it will be just fine if Anne grows up to be half as good a cook as her mother.





"King Paul" thinks so highly of her voice, he presents Shirley on two Whiteman musical hours.



Dave Garroway thought Shirley should be seen as well as heard, featured her on his TV show.



Here's one way to keep a doll-like figure!

To Shirley Harmer, of Paul Whiteman's great shows, love songs have true meaning now

By PHILIP CHAPMAN

SUMMER or winter, she's a breath of spring. Her name is Shirley Harmer, and she's the exciting new voice and personality who has been heard and acclaimed on Paul Whiteman's and Dave Garroway's biggest shows. Even meeting her in a businesslike studio, with the New York heat heavy on the streets outside, Shirley is as cool and clear as spring, a refreshing newcomer who's sure to brighten the broadcasting year, through all the seasons, lending a new fragrance to 1954 . . . and 1955 . . . from now on. . . .

(Continued on page 99)

Shirley Harmer is singing star of two hour-long Paul Whiteman shows on the ABC Radio Network, *American Music Hall*, heard on Sundays at 8 P.M. EDT, and *The Whiteman Varieties*, Thurs., 9 P.M. EDT.

Shirley lives in a hotel for women, takes schoolgirlish delight in relaxing with such close friends as Anne Coffinberry (in white shirt), whom she met at ABC, and Penny Coker (striped shirt), a successful New York model.

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She's a Living Doll



PETER POTTER'S



ENGLISH PEACH

He said "tomayto," Beryl said "tomahto,"
but they both spoke the language of love

By BETTY MILLS

TWO PEOPLE don't have to speak the same language to fall in love. Oklahoma-born Peter Potter, with his "Hi, y'all," and English-born Beryl Davis (now Mrs. Potter), with her "Hallo, theah," spoke two different languages when they first met.

The only thing they had in common, language-wise, was a friendly press agent who understood both of them. Seven years ago, Jerry Johnson—the press agent—said to Peter, "There's a girl singer coming from the East, Pete, that I think you'd like to meet."

"Yeah. Who?"

"Beryl Davis, the English gal who stars on *Your Hit Parade*."
(Continued on page 85)

Peter Potter's Juke Box Jury is on CBS Radio, Sun., 7 P.M. EDT. On the Pacific Coast, *Juke Box Jury* can be seen on KNXT, Sat., 10:30 P.M. PDT, and *Peter Potter's Platter Parade* can be heard on KLAC, every day (including Sunday), starting 9:30 A.M. PDT.

Beryl says Merry Bell is "the perfect baby—she loves to be sung to and cuddled." Big brother Bill likes to do things on his own, singing and choosing records himself.



At work or play, the Oklahomo boy and the English girl have found they have many interests in common.



Toys are fine, thinks Bill. But—like his parents themselves—he'd rather be out fishing or swimming!



Gardening is something new for Frances—despite the fact that she grew up in California.

Presenting PORTIA

Frances Reid faces a happy life indeed, in her dual role as both housewife and career woman

By ELEANOR POLLOCK



She's proud of their old Welsh dresser, the one real period piece in their big living room.

SLIM, dark-haired Frances Reid has no difficulty in understanding the complications involved in being a career woman and a wife, for she has managed both successfully for fourteen years. She understands, too, that it is the exceptional man who doesn't secretly object to having a successful business woman around the house, perhaps even in competition with him. This perception and sensitivity enable her to step convincingly into the starring role in *Portia Faces Life*, over CBS-TV . . . Portia, who in spite of herself is torn between the law career she gave up to be a wife and mother and the knowledge that her husband Walter, owner of the *Parkerstown Herald*, is strongly against her

Continued 



Pennsylvania's Jericho Valley is the lovely view from their picture window and the flagstone terrace Philip built himself.



The little house in the woods is an ideal setting for Frances and her actor-husband, Philip Bourneuf, and their dog, "Milly." Table, above, was the gift of radio-TV actress Lili Darvas.



Presenting PORTIA

(Continued)



Indoors or out, Frances and Philip find that country living offers perfect relaxation for two busy performers.



Like Portia, Frances proves a smart woman can be "good"



returning to her practice. Frances' own life has been free of this particular complication because her husband, the well-known actor Philip Bourneuf, believes that anyone—even his wife—should be permitted to do what she wants to do. But she has the trouble which dual careers can cause, if concessions are not made on each side.

"However," says Frances, "unlike Portia and Walter, Philip and I have no children. I believe that children come first. If Philip and I had been fortunate enough to have any, I am sure I would have wanted to be with them when they were little. But Portia's daughter and stepson are now at an age where she could, I think, go back to work, if the opportunity arises. The fact that a woman works doesn't necessarily mean that she has to compete with her husband. Look at Philip and me. We are both actors, and actors are popularly supposed to be jealous of each other. Nothing could be further from the truth in our house. Our similarity of interests keeps us interested in each other. And, every time I get a good part, Philip is pleased. Naturally, when he does well, I'm on top of the world myself."

The Bourneufs divide their time between an apartment in an old brownstone house in New York's Chelsea section and a pink plaster house in New Hope, Pennsylvania, where many famous actors, writers and artists live. "Believe me," laughs Frances,



...than one thing—at least, Philip likes my cooking!"

"I'm glad that I've been a housewife as well as an actress. For, every time that I, as Portia, have to turn up a hem—or make a dessert or do some other simple household task—I know how it should be done because I've done it. And I insist on doing it correctly. Why, look at this room," and she waves her hand around the double-height living room with the huge picture window overlooking Jericho Valley. "I did all the painting and plastering myself. I even mixed the paint for the outside of the house, but—" and here she gives a hearty laugh, "I had planned it to be a sort of warm beige and it turned out to be pink."

But the little pink house in the woods is a wonderful place for two busy people to retreat to from the city and do things together. Philip, for instance, built the spacious flagstone terrace by himself. Frances says, "I'm no good at heavy work at all. So, while Philip was shifting stones around, I planted a garden. Last year I had zinnias everywhere. Nobody told me that giant zinnias were really giants, taller than I am, and I had almost a quarter-acre of them. This year I have planted petunias, an herb garden, lilies of the valley, and—oh, yes, tomatoes. I went crazy at the nursery." (Continued on page 94)

Frances Reid stars in *Portia Faces Life*, CBS-TV, M-F, 1 P.M. EDT, for the Post Cereals Division of General Foods.



And, like husbands everywhere, Philip feels he is an authority on motors, likes to tinker with the family car.



Most modern note—and a very practical one—in their shipshape home is the pair of "his and hers" wash basins.

Presenting PORTIA

(Continued)



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Frances Reid stars in *Portia Faces Life*, CBS-TV, M-F, 1 P.M. EDT, for the Post Cereals Division of General Foods.



This is Dotty Mack as I know her—as smart as she is lovely!

Hillbilly costumes once put Dotty and me on the spot!



Beautiful dreamer

By BOB BRAUN

Colin Male (left) didn't want to get into the act, but now he has as much fun "pantomiming" with Dotty as I do.



SOME PRETTY GIRLS are lovely to look at, some pretty girls are charming to know. But, when beauty, charm and lively humor are all concentrated into the one small package of delicate femininity which is Dotty Mack, a guy starts to glow the minute she walks into a room. I know, for that's just what happened to me when I first caught sight of her at a Variety Club Halloween party in Cincinnati in the fall of 1949.

Probably I was the only one in the room who didn't identify her instantly, for she was already a rising young star on WCPO-TV. That I failed to recognize her was due to the fact that I'd spent the whole summer as a lifeguard at a swimming pool. Add some nighttime singing engagements to that, and it left me no time for TV viewing. I had some more singing to do that night but, when Dotty walked in, I sort of lost interest in my song.

Even in that crowd, which included all of our local show-business big names, she stood out like a brilliant flower on a cloudy day. I just took one look at those big brown eyes, that entrancing smile, and I said to myself, "Boy! That's for me." I saw to it that some one introduced us and I lost no time asking for a date. As things turned out, we didn't fall in love with each other, but we did become friends. (Continued on page 72)

The Dotty Mack Show, featuring Bob Braun and Colin Male, is seen over the ABC-TV Network, Saturdays, 7:30 P.M. EDT.



Jack Bailey has found the consequences very pleasant, telling the truth in his own life. He always told his bride show business was the place for him, and now Carol Bailey is queen—every day—in their lovely California home.



the Consequences of Truth

Ralph Edwards thought Jack Bailey was just right for TV's "T Or C." Then, one bright vacation day, he knew!

By ELSA MOLINA

ONE OF broadcasting's most beloved programs has a brand-new look these days. After fourteen years on radio, *Truth Or Consequences* has settled down to a long run on TV. And that's not the only thing that's new about "T Or C." It has a brand-new emcee, too, a prankster as quick and lively as a kitten on a catnip binge—Jack Bailey!

You may say, "*Truth Or Consequences* without Ralph Edwards? Why, that's like bread without jam!" But there's a good reason why Jack is now commanding the program in Ralph's place. In Ralph's own words, "I'm not on 'T Or C' because the Angel and the Devil can't lie down together!"

The "devil" was Ralph's trademark on the radio version of *Truth Or Consequences*. His familiar expression, "Aren't we devils?" went into fifteen million homes every week. Ralph feels that this good-natured ol' debil is no fit companion for the sincere halo that today surrounds him on NBC-TV's *This Is Your Life*.

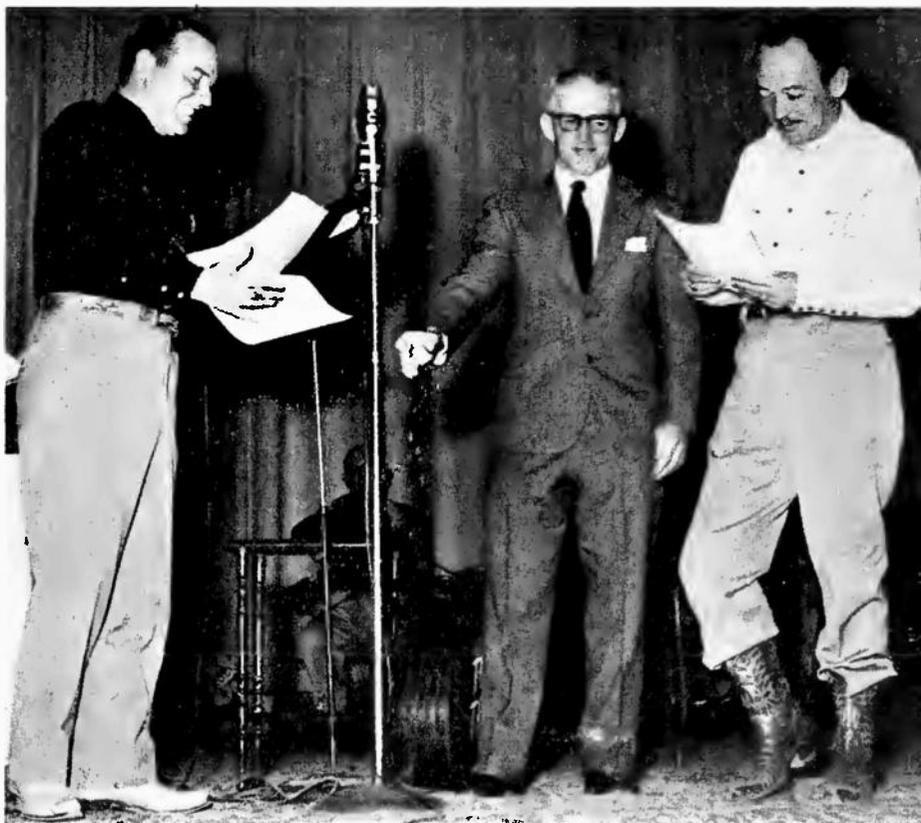
Though the medium of television gives *Truth Or Consequences* a new look, the show's personality is the same—in the person of Jack Bailey—as it was with Ralph Edwards: a show based on pranks, but a show with a heart that never misses a chance to turn a "consequence" into a "cause."

This was the touch (*Continued on page 73*)

Jack Bailey emcees *Truth Or Consequences*, NBC-TV, Tues., 10 P.M. EDT, and *Queen For A Day*, on Mutual, M-F, 11:30 A.M. EDT, both sponsored by P. Lorillard for Old Gold Cigarettes. Ralph Edwards emcees *This Is Your Life*, NBC-TV, Wed., 10 P.M. EDT, for Hazel Bishop Lipstick, Nail Polish and Complexion Glow.



Ralph Edwards, busy with *This Is Your Life*, found Jack an ideal TV emcee for *Truth Or Consequences*.



Ralph introduces Jack (the honorary mayor of Hollywood) to Dr. T. B. Williams, real mayor of Truth Or Consequences, N.M.



1. Since the divorce of her parents, Philip and Betty Wallace, ten-year-old Terry Wallace has been shuttled back and forth between her mother—who is now Mrs. Henry Taylor—and her father, who has also remarried. Feeling unwanted and unloved, Terry reacts so violently her stepfather, Henry Taylor, is forced to seek the aid of Julie Nixon at Hilltop House.

HILLTOP HOUSE



2. Slowly, under Julie's wise and patient care, Terry begins to feel wanted again. When Julie learns of the child's love for her father, she decides to contact him.

THROUGHOUT her years as mistress of Hilltop House, Julie Nixon has learned there are many kinds of love . . . the love of a mother for her child, the love between a man and a woman—the love of life itself and the good things therein. And she knows there is no love more rewarding, more heartfelt and uplifting, than that of a child for its parents. Julie also knows that, when a child's love is left to go begging—is coldly cast aside by older, more knowing persons—the results can be heartbreakingly disastrous. And, because every child craves attention and thrives on the feeling of security instilled through love, it is only natural that, when deprived of these, a child will act in whatever way she feels will attract the ones she loves to her. Too often, as Julie has seen, those ways are unwise and only serve to bring greater unhappiness and misery to all concerned. When this happens, as it was happening with little Terry Wallace, it takes a wise mind, a helpful heart full of kindness and generosity, to stem the tide of rising tragedy. Possessed of

A little girl's happiness hangs in the balance as Julie Nixon summons all her wisdom and courage to overcome the forces of greed and deceit



3. While Julie is away trying to convince Philip Wallace he should care for Terry, Henry Taylor changes his mind and decides to take the unwilling Terry away from Hilltop House.

See Next Page →

HILLTOP HOUSE

(Continued)



4. Henry Taylor's actions bring renewed violence from Terry, which prompts Julie to seek the aid of Terry's great aunt, Marie Wallace, who offers to care for Terry.

these fine attributes, Julie had worked ceaselessly to mend the broken lives of so many homeless and unwanted children. And she knew that, with ten-year-old Terry Wallace, she would have to summon all the powers at her command if she were to see the child safely through her unfortunate plight. . . . For five troubled years, Terry had been the victim of her parents' divorce. She was five when the bombshell exploded which shattered her happy life with her parents, Philip and Betty Wallace. In the years that followed, the deep scars of Terry's emotional hurt grew larger and larger, fed by her feelings of insecurity and loneliness. . . . While the divorce proceedings were being completed, Terry had gone to live with Philip's wealthy aunt, Mrs. Marie Wallace, who had done her best to comfort the bereaved little girl. But Terry, in her unhappiness, grew to fear Mrs. Wallace, and thus her life became a living nightmare. . . . Soon after Terry's parents were divorced, they each remarried



5. Philip Wallace, learning his aunt is in town and anxious to get back in her good graces and thus get some of her money, pretends that he now wants to take care of Terry.

and established new homes. In the succeeding years, Terry was like a helpless, storm-tossed ship as she was shuttled back and forth between the two homes, feeling unwanted in both, feeling robbed of the love she had once cherished, but had taken for granted. For now there were two strangers—a stepfather and stepmother—to occupy the attentions of her own mother and father. The shock of all this had the additional effect of making Terry vent her emotions through violence. She became particularly unmanageable when her mother—now Mrs. Henry Taylor—was expecting another child. And so steps were taken to have Terry sent away until the new baby was born. Terry was taken to the Children's Court in Glendale, where Judge Lennox, calling her an "orphan of divorce," had her sent to Hilltop House to receive the guidance and help she so desperately needed from Julie. . . . It didn't take Julie long to understand Terry's problem. She learned, too, of the adoration Terry had for her father, whom she hadn't seen for two years now. For, shortly after the divorce, Philip Wallace had begun

Pictured here, as heard on the air, are:

Julie..... Jan Miner
 Terry Wallace.....Janet (Janie) Alexander
 Philip Wallace.....Casey Allen
 Betty Taylor.....Alice Yourman
 Henry Taylor.....Carl Frank
 Marion Wallace.....Ruth Yorke
 Aunt Marie.....Kate McComb
 Judge Lennox.....Bill Adams

Hilltop House is heard on CBS Radio, M-F, 3 P.M., EDT. sponsored by Miles Laboratories, Inc., makers of Alka-Seltzer.



6. Terry is ecstatic over going to live with her father, but Philip's second wife, Morion, doesn't like the idea and only puts up with having Terry because Philip stands to gain by it. Outwardly, Philip acts like a model, devoted father—especially when Aunt Morie comes to visit. But Julie is not so easily deceived and strongly suspects that Philip's intentions are not sincere.

to evade his share of the responsibility in caring for Terry and had found numerous excuses for leaving her with Betty. And it became quite evident that Philip was completely indifferent to the little daughter who worshiped him so wholeheartedly. . . . With typical perceptiveness and forthrightness, Julie made it her business to contact Philip Wallace, plead Terry's case, and persuade him to come to Glendale to visit the child. But she was

too late for, in the meantime, Terry's stepfather, Henry Taylor, had acted on impulse and had taken Terry away from Hilltop House. The result was disastrous. Terry had missed seeing her beloved daddy and, in her upset state, once again became violent. . . . Julie had worked hard and patiently to restore some emotional stability in Terry, but now all her efforts had been destroyed. Seeking some way to help Terry—someone who might give

HILLTOP HOUSE

(Continued)

the child some attention and love and a sense of belonging—Julie wrote to Philip's aunt, Marie Wallace, who responded by coming to Glendale and offering to care for Terry again. With Julie's help, Terry gradually overcame her fear of her great aunt and began to feel closer to her. . . . Meanwhile, having learned his aunt was in town, Philip Wallace suddenly reappeared, full of penitence and clamoring for another chance to do right by his daughter. However, his intentions were by no means in good faith, but merely for the purpose of getting back into Aunt Marie's good graces. Aunt Marie had long since lost patience with Philip's irresponsible, immature behavior and had changed her will so that he had been cut off without a penny. Now, Philip hoped to be reinstated in her favor by taking an interest in Terry. And so he insisted upon taking Terry home with him—and Terry, ecstatic because he wanted her, went with him without hesitation. . . . Unknown to Philip, Aunt Marie was not a well woman and was therefore particularly concerned that Terry—the chief beneficiary of her will—should be properly cared for. So she and Julie visited Philip to see if he was being true to his word. From all outward ap-

pearances, Philip acted like the model, devoted father, lavishing attention on Terry and showering her with gifts. But the wise Julie was not to be so easily deceived. She carefully noted Philip's attempt to impress his aunt and quickly realized his insincere motives in showing an interest in Terry. . . . Not long after, Julie's suspicions were verified when Aunt Marie finally succumbed to her long illness and passed away. Immediately, Philip made it known that he wanted to become the executor of the estate Aunt Marie had left Terry, but he didn't want the responsibility of caring for her. In order to achieve his end, Philip claimed Terry was an incorrigible child and should be put in a school for problem children. . . . Incensed by Philip's scheming callousness and utter disregard for Terry's welfare, Julie took up the battle for Terry's happiness with even greater vigor, determined to fight Philip to the bitter end. Julie had come to realize that Mrs. Taylor was sincerely concerned and anxious for her little girl's welfare, and she strove to have Terry brought back to her mother's home. But this was not a matter for her alone to decide. Once again, Terry—caught in the whirlpool of the conflicting forces of good and evil—

7. Philip, learning that his Aunt Marie is dying, continues to impress her with his renewed interest in Terry—all of which only serves to intensify Julie's suspicions.

8. Following Aunt Marie's death, Julie learns of Philip's scheme to become executor of the estate Aunt Marie willed to Terry and determines to fight him to the end.





9. Julie appears with Terry in Children's Court before Judge Lennox, who will decide whether Henry and Betty Taylor or Philip and Marion Wallace shall take custody of Terry. Julie, knowing Terry is depending on her, now prepares to expose Philip's motives. Will she be successful in thwarting his selfish scheme and thus provide some measure of happiness for Terry?

was brought before Judge Lennox at the Glendale Court. . . . Now, the crucial part of the battle is approaching. Julie, in taking a stand against the despicable Philip Wallace, must prove that he intends only to benefit his own selfish end. The one thing that gives Julie the courage and determination to expose this man is the fact that a helpless child is depending on her. For, in the midst of all her conflict, Terry knows she has at last

gained a true friend in beloved Miss Julie, who is striving to bring some measure of happiness and peace into her troubled life. But will the mistress of Hilltop House be able to reward the child's faith in her? Will Julie be able to thwart Philip's plans and thereby open the door to a new and brighter world for a little girl who has known too long the bitterness and indifference of selfish, deceitful adults who don't have her interest at heart?

With Rosalie beside him, Mort Lawrence

in LOVE we trust

By PETER CHASE

ONE LATE AFTERNOON, about four years ago, Mort Lawrence (not then known as "The Voice of Fashion" on CBS-TV's *The Big Payoff*) parked his car in the driveway. He said hello to his children, Arlene and Dick, and then went directly to the bedroom he shared with his wife Rosalie, sat on the edge of the bed, and let his head sink into his hands.

Rosalie found him there ten minutes later. He hadn't moved. "Are you sick, Mort?" she asked anxiously.

"You bet I am," he said, "but don't go calling a doctor. The only thing that can cure me right now is to be hit over the head—repeatedly—with a sledge hammer."

"For heaven's sake, what—?"

"Do you remember a few weeks ago when I said I had a business deal cooking? A deal that looked as though it would put us in the clear, pay up the mortgage on this house, and even make us rich someday?"

"Oh, yes." Rosalie (*Continued on page 83*)

Mort Lawrence announces *The Big Payoff* on CBS-TV, M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by the Colgate-Palmolive Co.



The *Big Payoff*'s Bess Myerson and Randy Merriman listen, when Mort speaks as "The Voice of Fashion."



His painting is "just for fun," but photography's a serious hobby to Mort and nine-year-old son Richard.



found the answer that led to The Big Payoff, as both announcer and family man



Wife Rosalie's a grand cook. But, outdoors, she only helps serve Richard and young Rosalie—after all, Mort built the barbecue himself! He designed much of their home, and also super-trained the family poodle, "Bon Bon."



AMERICAN DREAM GIRL



Patti Page has always wanted to be "like Como," and it's all coming true—except for one little daydream

By MACY EDWARDS

IT WAS a sad song—about a girl who introduced her friend to her sweetheart, only to have him stolen from her while they danced the "Tennessee Waltz." Patti Page sang it as though the only one it really mattered to was Patti herself. But it mattered to some four million Americans who rushed out to buy recordings. It even mattered as far away as Red China, where this little torch song was to blast right through the Bamboo Curtain.

Communist countries try to ban our music as "degenerate." But, in 1952, the hottest item in the Shanghai black market was Patti's recording of "Tennessee Waltz." Hard-to-get copies sold as high as twenty dollars apiece. The government, after vain attempts to suppress it, finally did an about-face and authorized playing the record in public.

"There is a dearth of marriageable males in the United States," the Red propaganda machine announced. "Women must resort to all sorts of devices to snare a husband." Triumphantly, the lyrics of "Tennessee Waltz" were cited as proof: "Look, a sweetheart is not even safe from a girl's best friend. . . ."

Patti's subsequent (Continued on page 81)

Patti is often a guest on the Perry Como show, TV's *Top Tunes*, CBS-TV, M, W, F, 7:45 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by Chesterfield Cigarettes and currently featuring Ray Anthony and His Band.



Perry Como has long been Patti's ideal, and she's proud of the similarities in their lives.



Patti's future hung in the balance when she met Jock Roel (above), her present monogamist. Now, success has brought her a boat she treasures—though she has learned not to spend all her vacation cooking in the galley!



He's funny that way



In fact, Sam Cowling's our favorite husband, father and



We got Sam away from Don McNeill (opposite page, left) long enough to pose with the rest of us Cowlings. But he still wears funny clothes. Del wouldn't let us boys borrow that shirt for anything but a masquerade—as if we cared!

By
ADELLE, SAM JR., and
BILL COWLING

THIS is about a man who takes a nap afternoons at our place. We never get to see him mornings, because he's out of here at an hour called 5 A.M., which no normal person ever heard of getting up at, let alone going to work at.

Along about the time the rest of us are having breakfast at a nice comfortable hour, this same man shows up on the television screen, and the only thing you can conclude is that the nap yesterday afternoon must have had *some* benefit, because how else could anybody be that full of pep and fun so early in the day?

Apparently, several million people think that Sam Cowling of Don McNeill's (Continued on page 76)



Trust Sam to have an ace "up his sleeve," even without any sleeves. But Bill (left) never misses a trick, either—as our story reveals.

Don McNeill's *Breakfast Club*, featuring Sam Cowling, as simulcast over ABC Radio and ABC-TV, M-F, 9 A.M. EDT, is sponsored on both TV and radio by the Philco Corp. and Quaker Oats Company, and on radio by Swift & Co. and ReaLemon-Puritan Co.

comedian in every way—on or off the Breakfast Club

WHO'S WHO AT Masquerade Party?

Can you recognize these guests-in-disguise—and match them with their real-life portraits?



1. "Old _____ had a farm"—that's the wife's name. The "jeans" they're wearing is a clue to the husband's!



2. Looks like those well-known Smith Bros., "Trade" and "Mark"—but they're sisters under those beards.

70





3. Hello, "Mr. Chips"! A beloved teacher of this generation makes a bow to one from an earlier day.



4. "Fother" Neptune? She's one of his swimmingest daughters, knows his seas—and channels—very well.



5. Sonto Clous with a great gift of song, he represents Christmas—the most enchanted "eve" of all.

6. "Greet Expectotians": America's most famous bachelor girl portrays Dickens' most famous spinster, Miss Haversham.

WELCOME TO *Masquerade Party*, whose hosts are some of the wiliest wits on the air . . . whose guests of honor are celebrities disguised in costumes which give some clue to their identity—occupation or kinship, a pun on name or birthplace. . . . Regular panelists have five minutes to "guess who"—and, for each second they take, the program pays \$1 to the masquerader's favorite charity. . . . Without time limit—or any reward except the fun of it—how many of these past-season guests can you identify? Just pair each numbered picture-in-disguise with a lettered real-life photograph . . . then check your answers on page 88.

Masquerade Party, with Ilka Chase, Buff Cobb, Peter Donald and Ogden Nash, is seen on CBS-TV, Mon., 9:30 P.M. EDT. for Instant Maxwell House Coffee.



E



F

Beautiful Dreamer

(Continued from page 55)

With Dotty to watch, I also started paying attention to television and, as has happened so often with performers, TV turned into the thing which really hit me hard. I, too, realized this one-eyed box held magic. Then I, too, said, "Boy, this really is for me." I hot-footed it to the stations. I wouldn't be surprised if Dotty had quite a bit to do with my getting on at WCPO-TV. Dotty, I've discovered, is always willing to speak up for a friend.

WCPO-TV is an ideal spot for a guy to learn about television, for it's streamlined enough so that you have a chance to try your hand at a variety of jobs. But, not long after I made staff announcer, I was tendered that exclusive contract no able-bodied male of draft age can turn down. Uncle Sam presented me some solid booking on an extended tour and I took off for the Army.

By the time I got back, the *Pantomime Hit Parade* was in the works. *Pantomime Hit Parade* is the idea of our station manager, Mort Watters, for a late-evening show. "People are tired of being chained to their sets until the last dog dies," he decided. "Let's replace the movie with a relaxed hour of pantomimed music."

Dotty was the obvious choice to star in that pantomime, and I suppose all of us at the station expected to see some outsiders brought in as supporting talent. But Dotty had different ideas. "I'd rather work with people I know," she insisted. "We have plenty of fellows around here who deserve a break."

Needless to say, I was pretty excited when I was chosen. But our top commercial announcer, Colin Male, was leery about it, in the beginning. "I'm an announcer," he stated. "I'll do the commercials, but you'll never get me to pantomime a record. I'd be scared stiff."

Now, Colin is a master of the dry, wry wisecrack, an expert in the Herb Shriner type of humor. For a time, he went through rehearsals contributing only an occasional pithy comment when Dotty and I took off on a too heady flight of fancy.

Dotty bided her time, but I've a suspicion that she already had a plot forming in that pretty head of hers. There came the day when Colin made some pointed observations and she whirled on him. "All right, Mr. Smarty," she challenged. "How about you getting in here and showing us how it should be done?"

Since pantomiming is slightly contagious, once Colin took her dare, he was as much caught up in the fun of it as the rest of us. It wasn't long before he was, without protest, donning black whiskers and a hillbilly outfit and wandering around barefoot while he hammed it up with me in one of those Homer and Jethro numbers which have become a regular feature of the show.

The ABC program, *The Dotty Mack Show*, stemmed directly from this local late-evening program of ours and, as I indicated above, even rehearsals are fun. A show starts with a meeting with our director, Abe Cowan, and producer, Jack Launer. Having spent a good share of our spare time listening to recordings, each of us arrives harboring a notion of which tunes we want to do. With the fervor of a campaign manager making a pitch for a politician, each of us argues in favor of his choice. We support these arguments by suggesting scenes, action and costumes which would dramatize them. Numbers which prove most vivid in this free-for-all are chosen to go into the program, and Cowan and Launer then supply us with

copies of the song, instructing us to learn the words while they set the final plot for action and costumes.

With Dotty establishing the pace, we start working up the action. Because pantomime seems so easy to the viewer—and it's no good if it ever appears labored—I have a theory that Dotty seldom gets credit for being the fine actress she is. She's the kind of actress who always has something to add to the characterization which is assigned her. While the broad outline is supplied, it's Dotty who provides many of those little touches to fill out the picture.

She also is largely responsible for the spontaneous, fresh quality of the show. One means she uses to achieve this is the old show-business game of trying to "break up" the other performer. This, I might add, can only happen when the people involved thoroughly like and trust each other, for it consists of standing out of range of the camera and doing your darnedest to make the guy who is in view forget his lines and break out laughing. Among friends, this becomes a challenge which keeps you alert, for the one on-camera makes an extra effort to interest the heckler to the point where the latter forgets to heckle and becomes the most entranced viewer of all.

It also has a practical use by which performers help each other overcome that nervous, lonely fear which can freeze even the most seasoned actor when he suddenly realizes he's on his own in front of a couple of million people. With your best friend needling you, you don't dare think about them. Dotty is a past master of this trick. She knows exactly when I'm safely over the danger of getting nervous and it's time to stop heckling me.

Only once has it backfired. That happened the night we had a hillbilly number scheduled to follow within minutes after a dreamy, romantic bit. As I recall, our music for the romance was "Till We Meet Again." For it, we portrayed a guy and a girl out on a date, parking to hold hands and watch a hide-and-seek moon. With our production problem in mind, we used a cut-out of a car as a mask. For the top part of our costumes, we were all sharpened up, but out of sight, preparing for our quick change, we were half-ready for our hillbilly number. We wore ragged jeans and our feet were bare.

I was successfully (I hope) portraying the sighing, moon-struck swain—until Dotty started wriggling her toes. I couldn't resist doing likewise. Beside her tiny feet, mine looked like flatboats. As though overcome with sweet emotion, she cuddled close against my shoulder until her lips were near my ear. She then whispered, "You really should try red polish on those awful-looking toenails."

It was too much for me. I started to laugh. She giggled, too. Then there was no stopping either of us. We lost track of our words and action and just gave up helplessly, while our poor director, Abe Cowan, was quietly losing his mind.

The subject of Dotty and clothes can always create discussion. She's a gal who can make even the squarest Joe notice what she has on. Let her wear a two-ninety-five frock and she makes it look like a Paris original. Costume her in any reasonably good dress and, on her, it looks like what the best designer hoped for when he first dreamed it up.

I think this happens because Dotty herself is the most appreciative customer any dressmaker ever had. She's mad about clothes and she pays attention to

each detail. Often, while we're waiting to go on, she'll point out these details to Colin and me, showing us how skillfully the maker used a bit of trimming to accent a line, how beautifully a seamstress executed a bit of embroidery. Dotty reacts to clothes in the same breathless way an art connoisseur enjoys a fine painting. Even male viewers notice it. Often we receive letters from men telling us that they admired some gown Dotty wore and want to know where they can buy one like it for their wives.

Off-camera, as well as in front of it, Dotty is delightful to know as well as beautiful to see. Take her to a party and she will magnetize attention. But, unlike a number of other girls I know, she makes no conscious effort to attract that attention. In fact, she'll go out of her way to make some shy person feel at ease. Soon, that person is beaming and having a wonderful time. Because he is, others flock around. Dotty has a gift for making people happy.

She has a practical side, too. It's an axiom in television that studio crews are always hungry, and we at WCPO-TV claim ours are the hungriest of all—because our studio is at the top of a sharp, high hill and separated by considerable distance from the nearest lunch counter. Aware of this, Dotty does something about the situation. It's a welcome sight when she rushes in, sets a big box down on the table and calls out, "Chocolate cake, anyone?"

So far, no one has been crushed in the ensuing mob scene, but it's a wonder, for Dotty bakes the best chocolate cake I've ever tasted. I've a hunch that a number of present and future brides of WCPO-TV personnel will hear from their husbands requests for cake—not "like Mother used to make"—but "like Dotty makes."

Further, her culinary skill is not limited to pastry. The kitchen is an important room in her new home. That new home is graphic proof that Dotty means it when she turns down the motion-picture and big-show offers which have come her way. For a long time she's been saying, "I like Cincinnati best. I'm going to stay here," but most of us have just thought she was awaiting a better bid. However, when she bought the house, we began to believe it.

Hers is one of the most beautiful homes in the city. It sits at the top of a hill in the Westwood section. There's a magnificent view and gracious, comfortable furnishings. She lives there with her parents and sisters. Every once in a while at the end of a show, she'll say, "I feel like cooking. Anybody want to come over to supper?" With that, we'll all pile into cars and take off for her place. Then the glamorous gal who a few minutes before was looking gorgeous and fragile in front of the cameras, is at the stove with an apron around her waist, the ravenous crew clustering around her and looking like an updated version of that Grant Wood painting, "Dinner for Threshers."

She's quite a gal, this Dotty Mack. And, now that I'm her friend as well as her fan, I'll still say as I did when I first caught sight of her at the Halloween party nearly five years ago, "That's for me." The only trouble is, I have an appalling lot of company in that sentiment—just about every guy who knows her, plus a few million television viewers.

But I have one advantage which, I hope, turns the rest of you guys green with envy. When there's a romantic song on the Dotty Mack show schedule . . . I'm the lucky fellow who is beside her, acting it out before the cameras.

The Consequences of Truth

(Continued from page 57)

that Ralph wanted to preserve. It worried him twelve years ago, when he was waiting for his call into the Army. He wondered then: Am I so identified with the show, people won't accept someone else? At that time, he started looking around for a replacement, someone who would preserve the flavor of the show. "That is," he said, "if you can hear a flavor!"

In order to select a new emcee, auditions were immediately set up. "They came from all over—Chicago, Omaha, everywhere," says Ralph. "Wouldn't you know we'd settle for Harry Von Zell, a man in our own back yard!"

Then the Army and Ralph made friends. The edict was passed that fathers were not to be taken at this time. Ralph was a bit disappointed. He had been eager to serve his country. He made up for it by making cross-country personal appearances, selling one-half billion dollars in E Bonds—for which he won the Eisenhower Award, the only one of its kind.

After Harry Von Zell had handled "T Or C" for four weeks, Ralph returned to the show and continued as emcee until this past spring. However, he turned down all recent offers to televise *Truth Or Consequences*, because he simply didn't have the time. "I didn't want to face the emcee chores of a televised 'T Or C' and still put forty hours a week into *This Is Your Life*. I didn't see how I could do the two jobs and do them well. Besides, there was the other question: the different personalities of the two shows."

Again the question was: Whom could Ralph get to emcee the television version of *Truth Or Consequences* and still maintain its flavor?

Ralph had known Jack Bailey casually for a number of years. Jack was his first thought. Ralph knew Jack had a pixie quality which fitted well into the flavor of the show. At the same time, Jack had a homespun kindness. He was good with party-type, duck-for-the-apple kind of entertainment.

But Ralph wanted to be fair. He wanted to hear what other people suggested before he made a final choice. He asked his two agents at MCA whom they had in mind. Could they suggest any possibilities? With one voice, the two men said, "Jack Bailey. Can't think of anyone better!"

"Just the man I was thinking of!" said Ralph.

"If I had had any doubts, they were brushed away," he says. "By doubts, I mean just this: When someone is going to take over your fourth child for adoption, you want to be sure he gets into the hands of the right parent!"

Ralph was still thinking about Jack Bailey during the summer of 1953, when he and the family went on their two-week vacation at the Alisal Guest Ranch. Who showed up at the breakfast table one morning but Jack and Carol Bailey!

The honest fact is that Jack did not know that Ralph was at Alisal, nor did he know that he was being considered for the emceeing chores on television's *Truth Or Consequences*. It was simply a happy stroke of luck.

The happy stroke of luck gave Ralph and Jack an excellent opportunity to know each other. When you spend two weeks on a vacation with a person, you can't help but reveal your real self—likes and dislikes included. Ralph saw that there was nothing phony about Jack Bailey. He said, "He's a completely honest kid!"

For example, Jack doesn't ride a horse. But he knew Ralph was great for them. He admitted to Ralph that he couldn't ride.

But Ralph was pleased to see he had the courage to try.

Jack was bound and determined to join the gang on at least one of the early-morning breakfast rides. He made the final Tuesday ride his mark—even if it killed him. Ralph says, "He practiced on the 'drum' for days. Then he got up enough courage to get on the horse. But all he did, for two more days, was practice hanging on! His jeans looked like the tail end of a blue barrel."

The cowhands constantly kidded Jack. "You need another pair of hands, Mr. Bailey!" Or, "You wanta get tied to that saddle? I gotta spare lariat!"

Nobody really expected Jack to show up early Tuesday morning. But there he was with a set look on his face, as set as the crease in his new dude pants.

The troop set out on their ride. Both hands fast on the pommel of the saddle, Jack continued to take their good-natured kidding. Proud of his wife Carol, who was a good rider, Jack said, "Let Mommy do the fancy riding! I'm satisfied just to hang on!"

Back at the breakfast table, Jack ate his eggs off the mantel. "They call it a breakfast ride," he says, "because—if you don't eat before you go—you're too sore to sit down to eat afterwards." Ralph made note of the joke (one of many, he thought, that could be made on the situation). He was pleased to see that Jack's was the kind of American humor you could play at a church banquet—or bring into 50,000,000 television homes.

At Alisal, Ralph saw the artistic side of Jack Bailey for the first time. Jack likes to paint. As he busied himself with paints and brushes, he and Ralph would talk. Ralph, sitting on an up-ended apple box and watching, was sometimes surprised when, out of the blue, Jack switched from homespun humor to homespun philosophy.

"There's nothing to ease the mind like work with the hands," he said. Ralph agreed. And later Jack said, "See the blue background? That's the sky—it holds the whole painting together. It's like some things in life, like kindness, for example. If you were painting a picture of society, I'm sure kindness would be a color." With these conversations, again Ralph was set to thinking, perhaps unconsciously, that here was a man who could see the creative good *Truth Or Consequences* could do.

Finally, Ralph discovered in those two weeks that Jack had a God-given talent for fun and for making people happy. There was one little boy at Alisal, with a broken arm. He was at a disadvantage with the other children because he couldn't run, play ball, or swim in the pool. He stood around most of his first day with a face as long and sad as a beagle who's forgotten where it buried its bone.

But Jack Bailey came to the rescue. The second afternoon after the boy arrived, Ralph found them under the tree with Jack's paints. The boy was sitting on Ralph's conversation box—and the two of them were playing tick-tack-toe in water color! Ralph watched two games and soon realized that Bailey was letting the boy win.

Ralph was convinced that Jack was the man to replace him on *Truth Or Consequences*. He felt sure Jack would never take advantage of a contestant, that he would be able to put heart into a prank on "T Or C."

So Ralph returned to Hollywood, sold on Jack Bailey. He and his agent planned an audition with Jack as emcee. When Jack heard this, he was thrilled.

The audition was fascinating for Ralph to watch. He saw his own "child" come to life. "As soon as Jack stepped into the part, he was as ready as anybody could be to emcee 'T Or C.' He was it!"

Jack, on the other hand, says, "To Ralph, I may have appeared calm and looked like I was on top of everything—but, believe me, I was one big quivering nerve. He came to me before the show, saying, 'If I make you nervous, I'll leave!' I told him, 'If you do leave, I'll die!'"

During the audition Ralph saw that, in action, Jack had an honesty of presentation. He made the show obvious and clean. ("Clean," in the entertainment industry, means that the show rings true.)

"For fourteen years," Ralph says, "there have always been doubters. Some people who'll say, 'Aw, come on, now—that girl knew she was going to fall in the tank!' Even with *This Is Your Life*, we have people who think it's set up in advance. I can tell you, they better not cross paths with one ex-*This Is Your Lifer*—Dinah Shore. She's our biggest booster. When someone hints that she knew about her 'life,' she explodes with, 'Did I know! I'll hit you over the head!'"

"But, in watching Bailey's face on *Truth Or Consequences*," continues Ralph, "you're convinced of the truth of the performance. You're convinced that he's just as surprised as the contestant. And he is!"

The audition was a success, and the program made its debut on May 18. Shortly before that, Ralph took Jack to the town which got its name from the show, *Truth Or Consequences*, New Mexico. They went for the Fifth Annual Fiesta held in honor of the town's christening.

One of the highlights of the trip was the Fiesta parade. There were eight sheriff's posses and hundreds of horses. Jack says, "I may have kicked up my heels at the Fiesta, but they couldn't get me near one of those four-legged critters. I rode in a car!"

One purpose of Ralph's and Jack's visit was for Jack to be personally introduced to the townspeople of *Truth Or Consequences*. "But what happened?" says Ralph. "I'd come up to someone, with Jack in tow for the introductions, saying, 'I'd like you to meet Jack Bailey' . . . then turn around and Jack would be gone. He was down the street in the middle of a circle of new friends, shaking hands, patting the folks on the back, laughing and trading jokes, and calling everybody by his first name!"

Ralph saw that Jack had the job of introductions well in hand. He was already giving the people a preview of *Truth Or Consequences'* new look—a new look made up of homespun humor which springs from a pixie-like little devil with a philosophy, the sort of thing that won't go out of style for a long, long time.

Call him **PETER AMES** in

THE SECRET STORM

Call him **PETER HOBBS** in private life . . . either way, he's TV's most exciting new dramatic star! Don't miss his picture-packed story in the

SEPTEMBER

TV RADIO MIRROR

on sale first week in August

Man of the Moment

(Continued from page 31)

will admit frankly to his audience, "I'm not in the mood," and ask the cast to carry on for him.

Seeing him relaxed in the study of his duplex apartment in upper Manhattan, it would be hard to imagine anyone's being unhappy in such bright, cheerful surroundings. The room was alive with sunshine and books. Tropical fish darted orange and gold in a shining tank. Outside the open window, there was a breathtaking view of the East River.

It seemed a perfect chance to find out: Why was Robert Q. Lewis so happy? Not that it needed any justification—but, ever since the Declaration of Independence, Americans have been guaranteed "the pursuit of happiness." And ever since, Americans have been finding out that happiness is never captured by the mere pursuing. Books and articles are constantly being written to detail how-you-too-can-be-happy—as though there were some magic formula for it, some secret technique.

But Bob doesn't look as though his happiness comes out of any books. Daydreaming over his morning coffee—in a cup as big as the pot—he looks as though happiness might really be a very simple thing. He doesn't try to explain it. It's something to be sipped and savored—like the coffee—not analyzed like a medical prescription. But as he talked about his life—present, past and future—it was like a game, trying to track down exactly what it was that had made Bob such "a happy guy."

Certainly, it wasn't being a bachelor. That can be fun sometimes, he admits, but living alone is a condition—not a cause. It's never been known to bring happiness of itself. And Bob is all for marriage.

As a matter of fact, he was engaged twice. "Once to a very nice girl," he recalls. "I was detained at a business conference and showed up late for a bridge game. She decided she didn't want to have her life disrupted." His other fiancée was in show business. Gallantly, Bob doesn't explain what broke that one up, but he takes the blame.

At the moment, however, there are at least ten thousand other women who would not have let Bob escape. He is one of the most sought-after bachelors of all time, averaging some hundred-and-fifty proposals a week. Every June, with the scent of orange blossoms in the air, the figure jumps to four hundred a week. And not all the proposals come by mail!

"I can be married tomorrow," Bob says, keeping an open mind on the subject. "In the meantime, I have a relatively pleasant existence."

It is not the hectic bachelor's life one might imagine. A tight working schedule keeps him to fairly regular hours, and he's usually in bed by twelve—up by eight-thirty. Every night he dines with friends, mostly in his own spacious apartment. Whenever he wants a date, a charming partner is only a phone call away. Last June, he took what to him is a rare treat—an "extensive vacation" of three weeks. He flew to Rome, "gypsied around" Cannes, Capri and Monte Carlo, then returned by boat.

But Bob is too eager for life merely to settle for a pleasant existence. Bubbling over with energy, he needs excitement, activity—and that he finds in his work. Only he doesn't call it work. Although he is before the TV cameras and on the air for something more than three hundred hours every year, he calls it his "hobby."

"I love show business," he says, as fervently as a baritone singing "I Love Life."

To Bob, they're the same thing. As far back as he can remember, he has been hopelessly stage-struck. And so was his father before him. A New York lawyer whose theatrical ambitions had ended with college dramatics, Lewis Senior used to take his son to the theater every Saturday afternoon. To young Bob, the stage seemed a story-book world where heroines were like princesses, villains were evil and wore black moustaches, heroes were pure in heart and wore square jaws. For grownups, too, the stage can be a world that's bigger than life—with noble sentiments and impassioned speech and virtue always triumphant. Bigger than life, Bob was to learn, but also an escape from life.

At the time, all he knew was that he had to be part of this wonderful world. He started singing in children's radio shows. At the University of Michigan, he went in for college dramatics. But then what? For all his love of show business, he couldn't really sing, couldn't really dance—and enthusiasm was no substitute for talent. As for acting, audiences weren't yet ready for leading men who wore glasses—or for comics who didn't look funny.

But Bob *did* have one talent: a gift for what he calls "chatter." On radio, he soon discovered, it didn't matter whether he looked like a comic or not. He sounded funny! He had wit, a satiric point of view, and a genuine sense of fun. As a disc jockey, he was a natural. Having a fine appreciation for the talent of others, he was excited about the records he played, sharing his enthusiasms and his love of show business with a growing body of fans.

When TV came, however, there was some question as to how a bright-looking young man—with nothing but a line of chatter and a pair of spectacles to distinguish him—would fare in this new sight medium. But Bob, who had won nationwide fame as Arthur Godfrey's substitute in radio, was to do the same in TV.

In the theater, he had found, everything was bigger than life. In TV, everything was just as intimate as life. Entertainment was no longer a grand, dress-up, once-in-a-while event. This new medium made it an everyday, carpet-slipper affair. The public soon tired of watching the same specialty acts. In the long run, personality counted more than talent, and what a performer was mattered more than what he could do.

Bob still couldn't sing or dance, but in TV, enthusiasm was a substitute. His Charleston and "old soft shoe" had more energy than finesse, and his occasional songs had more good will than melody, but they were fun. His off-beat, easygoing manner not only proved refreshing but durable, as well. The more viewers saw of him, the more they wanted him. In this new medium, he was no longer just a funny fellow—he became a welcome friend.

It was in daytime TV, however, particularly on a five-a-week basis, that Bob really found himself. Here, a performer can relax and be completely himself. In fact, he has to be. The woman-of-the-house doesn't want actors in her living room, she wants company—and, when it comes to seeing them every afternoon, there's to be no standing on ceremony. That's why *The Robert Q. Lewis Show* has always been so informal, capitalizing on its mistakes, sharing the fun with the viewers. Every member of the cast is seen as a person as well as a performer. As for that "family feeling" on the show—that's genuine. Bob has never been happier working with any group of people, and he gives them credit for the show's success.

"I've surrounded myself with good tal-

ent," he says. "Actually, I'm just a converted disc jockey."

The Robert Q. Lewis Show on TV is in much the same spirit as his early radio shows, with Bob discussing every subject under the sun. The one difference—instead of playing records, he now presents the various members of his "family."

But there is another reason for Bob's delight with his afternoon show—a personal reason. It was while working with the cast that he discovered a new goal in life—a goal which is now uppermost in his mind, and one which helps to explain his new-found happiness. He used to appear regularly in three or four radio and TV programs every season, merely because he enjoyed it. He is still keeping up this pace, still enjoying it—only now he has a plan.

"I'm thirty-three," he explains. "I'm in relatively good health and I hope to keep going another twelve years. But when I'm forty-five, I'm retiring."

Although the notion of anyone with all Bob's energy retiring at forty-five seems incredible, he means it. "I've seen too many performers keep going too long, outliving their legends—destroying them."

What Bob means by retiring, however, would be another man's conception of a full-time job.

"I plan to become an agent or manager," he says. "There's so much talent around—so many fine performers—and they don't know what to do with themselves. I hope to catch them before they arrive, then work with them. And when they finally do arrive, that's when they really need help. They don't know what to do with their money. They don't know how to live."

"I'd handle only one or two personalities a year. That way, I could really concentrate on them. And then I'd like to start producing stage shows. They'd be musical reviews, using only fresh new talent—giving young performers a chance to show what they can do."

Bob's afternoon show on CBS-TV not only gave him the idea, but provides excellent examples of exactly what he means.

"Don't misunderstand me," he is quick to explain, "I take absolutely no credit for Jaye P. Morgan. She was that way to begin with—wonderful! But it's been fun working with the entire cast, watching the emergence of Jan Arden as a new singing star, and Earl and Lois as personalities as well as singers. Or look at Lee Vines! He's as good as Tony Marvin. . . ."

He forgot to mention that Ray Bloch not only conducts the orchestra, but is now a full-fledged comedian.

Eventually, Bob hopes to own his own theater in New York, where he can stage his own shows—featuring talent he has helped to discover and mold. This final goal goes back far beyond his current show. It goes back to a little boy, sitting beside his father at a Saturday matinee, discovering a magic world that was bigger than life. If that world is now as real as life to him, it's because his new-found goal makes his past and present add up to a worthwhile future.

And why is he so happy?

The answer for him, as it is for all men, is love. Happiness simply consists of forgetting one's self, and love is the only thing that makes it possible. A mother is happy thinking of her child, not of herself. But it doesn't have to be a person. It can be a job, an ideal, a cause. In Robert Q. Lewis' case, it's always been show business. If he is particularly happy now, it's because he has not only made his name in it, but figured out a way to help others make their names, too.

In these three hours your skin "dies" a little

Your most troublesome skin problems are apt to start in daily 1 to 3 hour "danger periods," dermatologists say. This is immediately after you wash your face. In washing away dirt, you also remove natural skin protectors. Your skin takes 1 to 3 hours to re-establish its defenses. Meanwhile, your skin is "un-balanced," open to troubles like these:

Dryness . . . cracking . . . "shriveling"
Enlarged pores, coarseness



Antonia Drexel Earle

A member of two distinguished Philadelphia families—Mrs. Lawrence W. Earle is noted for her lovely complexion. She says, "The instant I've washed my face, I reach for my Pond's Cold Cream. And every night, of course, I give my skin a deep Pond's Creaming."

Read how women noted for their beautiful complexions keep free of these skin problems . . .

After each washing—
"re-balance" your skin

SOME SIGNS of skin "un-balance" show up right after washing:

A stiff drawn-tight feel to your skin.
Flakiness . . . splotchy color

These are the more obvious signs of skin "un-balance." But in the 1 to 3 hour period that nature takes to re-protect skin, more distressing problems can take root. Tiny dry lines deepen. The inside moisture evaporates away. Outer skin "shrivels." Skin secretions harden in pore-openings—cause stretched pores, blackheads.

Should you avoid washing your face? "Of course not," say leading skin specialists. "But after each washing, 're-balance' your skin instantly . . ."

60 times faster than nature

A quick Pond's Cold Creaming right after washing "re-balances" your skin within one minute—at least

60 times faster than nature does. It combats dryness and flaking. Keeps pore-openings clear—skin texture fine and smooth. Always leave on a trace of Pond's Cold Cream for continuing skin "balance" beneath your make-up.

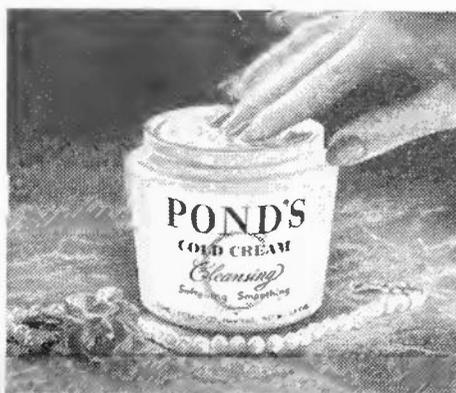
A deep clearing at bedtime

Besides a 7-second "re-balancing" after each washing, most skins need a thorough clearing at night. A deep creaming with Pond's Cold Cream dislodges stubborn, water-resistant dirt from the pores. Keeps your skin looking young, vibrant.

Today, begin this simple beauty care with Pond's Cold Cream. It will become second nature to you within a week. Soon your friends will be telling you, "Your skin looks really wonderful lately!"

Among social leaders who use Pond's

S.A.R. LA PRINCESSE MURAT
MRS. NICHOLAS RIDGELY DU PONT
THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND
MRS. WILLIAM RHINELANDER STEWART
MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL III
LA MARQUISE DE LÈVIS MIREPOIX



The world's most famous beauty formula—never duplicated, never equalled. That's why more women use Pond's Cold Cream than any other face cream ever made! Get a large jar today.

He's Funny That Way

(Continued from page 69)

Breakfast Club is a very funny man indeed. That's the very man we're telling you about, and we think he's pretty funny, too. In fact, we feel very sorry for other people who do not have a husband and father who is full of so much fun. And we often think how nice it is that he gets money for being that way, and how we always get an extension of the show right at home without having to pay for it. Because Sam (he's "Sam" around this place) is just the same off the air as on it.

That may give you the idea that we live in some kind of cheerful madhouse. It isn't quite like that, except at times, and it's not all a one-way street—with us as the audience—because the whole family gets into the act. Fact is, we accuse him of getting all his material at home, but that's just kidding—he only gets 85 percent of it here.

For instance, we always have a sort of menagerie around the apartment. Smitty H. Dog was with us for about fourteen years, and we've had a number of canaries, and now a parakeet. But Sam said he ought to get some special kind of pet for me (meaning Del—officially Adelle) and one of the kids said that, since I was Irish, it ought to be an O'Possum. So guess where that joke showed up!

Still speaking for me (Del, that is), I was the first member of this family that Sam met up with. He was born in Jefferson, Indiana, and I came from Louisville. He always insisted that the thing that kept us apart was the toll bridge, and the day they made the bridge free he came over and met me.

Sam and two other boys got started in the entertainment business while they were still in high school. One of the names they thought up for the trio was The Three Romeos, and their introduction line always used to be: "Hold your nose—here come the Romeos!" That wasn't poetry, exactly, nor was it the absolute truth, because the boys were good enough to get somewhere. In the early days, probably their biggest break was getting on the *Club Matinee* program with Ransom Sherman. Sam always said that Sherman was one of the greatest showmen he ever knew, and that a lot of his professional know-how rubbed off on him from Rance.

Anyhow, by the time Sam went to work with Don McNeill, he was pretty good for the funnybone, and Don helped with that. Don had some pretty good ideas about what a morning audience liked to hear, and with that kind of fellow as boss on the show, how could you miss? Sam said it was like getting paid for having fun. Of course, that's only what it seems like at times. Actually, a comedian has to work hard.

As the family of a comedian, we know something about this—just as the family of an automobile mechanic can be expected to know something about the working of a carburetor. (Papa's job always manages to come home to some extent, regardless of what Papa does for a living.) In our case, we know that a "take" is a delayed reaction to the point of a story, or the point of some action, and we know the difference between "situation" comedy and a "straight" gag, just to mention some of the mechanics of the business of being funny.

One fact that makes the funny business serious is that one particular kind of thing may not be funny to all people. Some people may get a great big laugh out of it, yet the same joke or situation will fall flat for others or make them groan like a dog wailing an obbligato to a trumpet solo. For that reason, a comedian must take very

great care to make sure that his material is right for his audience.

Dad asked me (this is Sam Jr. taking over now—also known as Sammy) what I thought about his skill as a funny man, and I told him: "For that hour of the day, you're the greatest there is." I meant it, too. For the hours the *Breakfast Club* is on the air, you wouldn't want to have a night-club type comedian. What the audience is looking for, at that hour of the day, is just a friendly, funny guy with nice gags. That describes Sam exactly. He's no Bob Hope or Milton Berle, and he knows it. On the other hand, they're no Sam Cowlings, either, and they would find out in a hurry that you can't make cracks about Crosby's horses, or Benny's bank-roll, or get into a custard pie routine, at that time of the morning.

The people "out there" are housewives and other nice folks who want a chuckle between the dishes in the sink and the dust mop in the corner.

Del has the same kind of problems, too, around this place. Where we're living now is a seven-room apartment on the first floor of a building on North Magnolia in Chicago. It's handy for transportation, and close to Loyola Academy. A lot of our attention centers there, because I (Sam Jr.) am finishing up as a senior this year, Bill is a sophomore, Del is president of the Mothers' Club at the Academy, and Sam is always on hand for anything the school does in the way of athletics.

Sam Jr. (this is Bill reporting) is the athletic hot-shot right now, but I'm giving him competition for some records. But, believe me, he's rough to follow. This year, for instance, he's top man in junior basketball in the Academy league, most field goals per season and per game, most free throws and top individual scorer. He'll probably go to Fordham next season, but not into varsity basketball, he says. Figures he's too short, although Sam tells him he ought to do all right running around those animated rain pipes you find on basketball floors these days.

We all like sports, to play or look at, and that's just about the only way the family is able to get together, with Sam and Del watching, and Sammy and me doing. That's another one of the tough things about Sam's job. *Breakfast Club* takes up a lot of his time, what with rehearsals and going on the air—and, on top of that, the show makes a lot of personal appearances all the time. Maybe it's a good thing at that. As things stand, we never seem to have time to do things together, and as a result we don't get in each other's hair very much. We like each other a lot, and—because we're all galloping off in all directions at once—nobody has a chance to get bored with the other guy.

We have managed to get together long enough to go fishing a few times, and we got in a trip to Washington, D. C., and another one to New York, and we get together for things at school. We even have some luck getting together on clothes. Sammy and I can wear Sam's neckties and his shoes, and every once in a while we find him fighting back by wearing some of ours. But his loud shirts we get into only for masquerades. From top to bottom, we're about of a size, but Sam would make two of us around the middle, and his shirts hang on us like a pup tent on a putter.

Speaking of pups, up to just a few months ago, this was what you would call a one-dog family. Smitty Dog was just about as much a member of the family as anyone else around here. Nobody ever knew exactly what kind of dog he was, but we called him a Springer Cowling. He was

around for fourteen years, which is pretty good for a dog, and in all that time he was bright and intelligent and knew about everything that went on in the place. He didn't tear up his playthings like other dogs, but took good care of them, and he always seemed to be able to find his own gift under the Christmas tree without ripping up other packages.

We lost a real friend when he died, and afterwards we all came back here to the apartment and cried over it.

This parakeet we have now doesn't make up for Smitty, but he has his points, one of which is dive-bombing the guests from on top of the chandelier. And heaven help any lady who comes in here wearing earrings—she could lose an ear! But that bird flying around free is something like the rest of us. We fly around in here free ourselves, because you couldn't find a formal Cowling if you tried.

Our apartment was made to be lived in, and that's what we do. The family was all pretty much in agreement that the carpeting should be green, with gray tones in walls and drapes to offset the warm mahogany in the rest of our furnishings. There isn't anything in the apartment that will get bow-legged or smashed by being sat on or eaten off of—which is a pretty good idea, considering how active we are.

We all pitch in pretty well together to make the place look nice, but the main idea is to have it comfortable. We have our own individual jobs to do, and we help the other fellow out, too, when he wants it, but sometimes the going can get rough. One evening, Bill was raising a row about homework, and Del was saying dark things about a pile of dishes in the sink. Somebody offered the suggestion that they ought to switch jobs—Del do the homework, and Bill the dishes. We vetoed that, because they would both have flunked (according to Sammy).

We have always lived in apartments, and by now we would probably be lost in a house. For us, this is the handiest kind of dwelling. It's easier for Del to take care of, and it works out well for the funny kind of in-and-out schedule that we have. Bill and I don't feel that we have it over other boys who have a walk to shovel or a lawn to mow. It would be good exercise to have jobs like that. But, all the same, it's handy not to have those chores worrying you when there's an after-school sandlot game to play. Of course, Sam's work days are so out-of-gee with a normal routine that he would be a total loss in the role of handy man around the house.

So far as the rest of us are concerned, Sam's best role is the one he has on the *Breakfast Club*. We never miss the show unless the radio and TV set have blown up—in fact, we have both the radio and the TV set on at the same time. We think that the *Breakfast Club* has been much more interesting since it went on TV, too, and this feeling seems to be shared by other fans.

Usually, we don't get a good chance to compare notes until supper, when Sam's home and we can all get into an argument. Whether we actually do so or not, we think that we help him with this criticism, and he says so, too. Not all of it is in the nature of jumping on poor Sam, because we get a kick out of him most of the time and we don't hold off on telling him so. Because we know something about the mechanics of his business, we think we can probably do a better job of helping him. When you can get specific about what it is he does—or doesn't do—it's better for him than some comment such as "I liked what you did,"

or "I didn't like what you did."

Sam says he likes his job and probably has more fun out of it than anybody. He says it's fun for him to entertain people and, when folks are in a good mood and laughing at him, it's easy to be a clown. The time when it's not easy is when the audience hasn't warmed up to him, for some reason or other. He says he has to work about five times as hard then. Probably, he's pretty sensitive, but it almost kills him when he thinks the people out in front aren't having a good time. The hard-work part of it is a kind-of two-headed monster—it's hard work trying to overcome your own discouragement in the first place, and secondly, it takes a lot of extra push to get the audience going. Sam says that, just because a comedian has been in business for a long time, it doesn't mean that he can tell how every audience is going to react. Some of them are with you from the beginning, some of them warm up to you gradually—but there are others for whom you beat out your professional brains and you still fall flat.

After an exposure to that last kind, Sam comes home to us, and we do what we can to patch up his bruises, give him a "fight-team" lecture, and polish up his gags.

One of the best proofs that Sam has something on the ball is the very fact that he has been entertaining people this long without wearing thin. The point is—if a comedian doesn't continue to be amusing to folks, he doesn't last very long. Of course, that same general thing is true in lots of professions—either you're on top of your job or else you aren't, and maybe you ought to be doing something else. But, in the entertainment business, it always seems to be more obvious when a performer takes a slide. That's natural, though, because a stage is a pretty public place, whether it's an actual stage or the one furnished by a loudspeaker or a TV picture tube.

Let's see . . . we said that Sam hasn't worn thin. Your own television screen will give you proof of that. He's worn fat!

But thin or fat, we love him, he's our favorite husband, father and comedian. He reciprocates our feelings. We heard him tell a friend the other day that he and Del were living in an expanding universe revolving around their boys. He said that, so far as he was concerned, there was no greater delight in life than getting in there and pitching with and for the kids.

So, when we look in on him through the TV screen in the morning, it's for several reasons. We're his board of critics, and sometimes pretty rough ones. We're also his rooting section. Maybe these two things are not very unusual, because Sam has a lot of friends who feel and act the same way. But there's one way in which we are different from anyone else watching the show—we're the ones Sam is working for when he goes through those routines on the *Breakfast Club*. If we're kind of partial to him, you might say that there's a reason for it.

So far as we know, there's only one professional comedian in our family, although sometimes you can't tell for sure. Like the other night.

Bill was supposed to be doing his math homework. He came out from under the papers and books after a while and announced to the whole family, "I think I've got it."

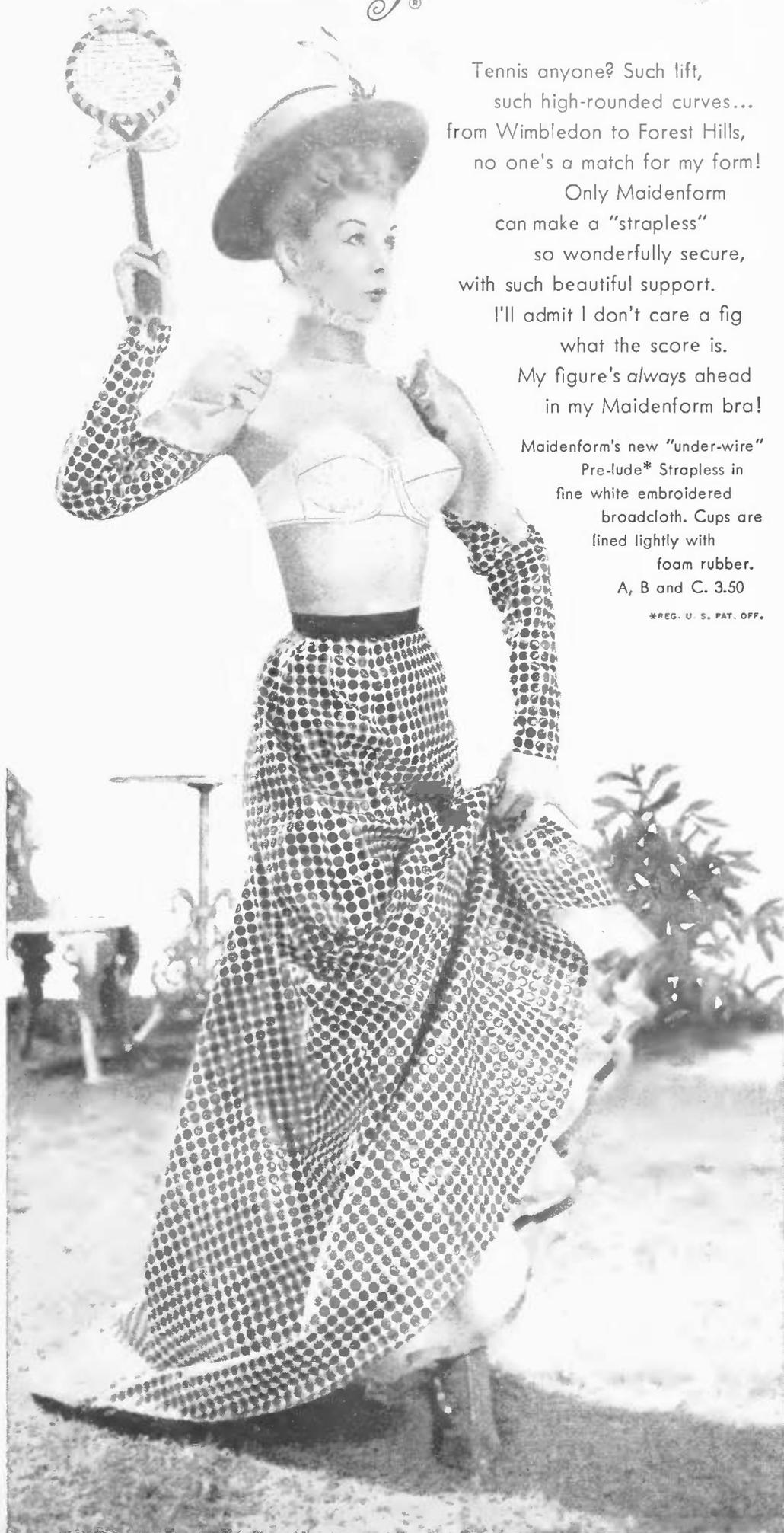
"Got what?" Sam wanted to know.

"Well," said Bill, "there are 33 days of school left before vacation. That's 198 hours in school, or 11,880 minutes, or 712,800 seconds."

"So what's this world-shattering batch of calculus add up to?" Sam asked.

"Gosh, Sam—when you can figure it in seconds, what's the use of going to school?"

I dreamed I played lawn tennis in my maidenform bra



Tennis anyone? Such lift,
such high-rounded curves...
from Wimbledon to Forest Hills,
no one's a match for my form!

Only Maidenform
can make a "strapless"
so wonderfully secure,
with such beautiful support.

I'll admit I don't care a fig
what the score is.

My figure's always ahead
in my Maidenform bra!

Maidenform's new "under-wire"
Pre-lude* Strapless in
fine white embroidered
broadcloth. Cups are
lined lightly with
foam rubber.
A, B and C. 3.50

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Inside Radio

All Times Listed Are Eastern Daylight Time.

Monday through Friday

NBC

MBS

ABC

CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45	World News Roundup	Local Program Gabriel Heatter ² 8:55 Titus Moody ¹	John MacVane 8:55 Betty Crocker*	
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Ev'ry Day	Robert Hurleigh Gene & Glenn Barbara Welles Show	Breakfast Club	News Of America
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Bob Hope Break The Bank	Cecil Brown Wifesaver News	My True Story 10:25 Whispering Streets When A Girl Marries	Arthur Godfrey Show with Peter Lind Hayes, Emcee
11:00 11:15	Strike It Rich	Tom Moore Show 11:25 News, Holland Engle	Modern Romances Ever Since Eve	
11:30 11:45	Phrase That Pays	Queen For A Day	Three-City Byline	Make Up Your Mind Rosemary

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15	Pauline Frederick Reporting	Break The Bank Capitol Commentary with Les Higgin 12:20 Guest Time	Valentino Oklahoma Wranglers 12:25 Jack Berch Show Bill Ring Show	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45				Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45		Cedric Foster, News Ray Heatherton Game Of The Day†	Paul Harvey, News	Road Of Life Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15		Vincent Lopez 2:25 News, Sam Hayes Wonderful City		Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason
2:30 2:45			Betty Crocker* 2:35 Martin Block	This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road Of Life Pepper Young Right To Happiness	Ruby Mercer Show	Martin Block (con.)	Hilltop House House Party Wizard Of Odds 3:55 It Happens Every Day
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Oallas Young Widder Brown Woman In My House	News Music Charley & John ¹ M-W-F ² T-Th † Approx. starting time. Heard only in southeast and south- west regions	Reed Browning Show 4:25 Betty Crocker* Treasury Bandstand	4:05 Emily Kim- brough Treasury Bandstand 4:55 News

Monday

Evening Programs

5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell Lorenzo Jones It Pays To Be Married	Bobby Benson 5:55 News, Cecil Brown	News, Austin Kip- linger Art & Ootty Todd Musical Express	News Curt Massey Time 5:55 This I Believe
6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Sports Daily with Mel Allen, Russ Hodges Three Star Extra	Local Program	Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Jackson & The News East Of Athens Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Oreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Hit Tunes	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe The Lone Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith, News	Tennessee Ernie Peter Lind Hayes Show Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	The Railroad Hour	The Falcon Under Arrest	Henry J. Taylor Jack Gregson Show	My Friend Irma Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Hollywood Show- case Band Of America	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Edward Arnold Mutual Newsreel 9:25 Robert Hurleigh Reporters' Roundup	Summer Musical Doorway To The Future	Gunsmoke Gangbusters
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee And Molly Heart Of The News Man In The Balcony	Frank Edwards Manhattan Crossroads Oeems Taylor	Headline Edition Turner Calling Edwin C. Hill 10:35 Martha Lou Harp	Mr. Keen, Tracer O Lost Persons

Tuesday

Evening Programs

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
5:00	Just Plain Bill	Bobby Benson	News, Austin Kiplinger Art & Ootty Todd	News
5:15	Front Page Farrell			
5:30	Lorenzo Jones			
5:45	It Pays To Be Married	5:55 News, Cecil Brown	Musical Express	Curt Massey Time 5:55 This I Believe
6:00		Local Program		Jackson & The News East Of Athens
6:15	Sports Daily with Mel Allen, Russ Hodges		Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Lowell Thomas
6:30	Three Star Extra			
6:45				
7:00	Alex Oreier, Man On The Go	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Oinner Oate Gabriel Heatter	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Silver Eagle 7:55 Les Griffith, News	Tennessee Ernie Peter Lind Hayes Show Edward R. Murrow
7:15	News Of The World			
7:30	One Man's Family			
7:45				
8:00		Mickey Spillane, Mystery High Adventure, George Sanders	Jack Gregson Show	People Are Funny Mr. & Mrs. North
8:15	Frank Sinatra Sings			
8:30	Barrie Craig			
8:45				
9:00	Oragnet	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Edward Arnold Mutual Newsreel	Town Meeting	Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar
9:15		Search That Never Ends 9:55 Lorne Greene	Erwin D. Canham, News	Suspense
9:30	News, Swayze			
9:45	Crime & Peter Chambers			
10:00	Fibber McGee And Molly	Frank Edwards	Headline Edition	Louella Parsons
10:15	Heart Of The News	Manhattan Crossroads	Turner Calling	Robert Trout, News 10:20 Nocturne
10:30	Stars From Paris	State Of The Nation	Edwin C. Hill 10:35 Three Suns	

Wednesday

Evening Programs

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
5:00	Just Plain Bill	Songs Of The B-Bar-B	News, Austin Kiplinger Art & Ootty Todd	News
5:15	Front Page Farrell			
5:30	Lorenzo Jones			
5:45	It Pays To Be Married	5:55 News, Cecil Brown	Musical Express	Curt Massey Time 5:55 This I Believe
6:00		Local Program		Jackson & The News East Of Athens
6:15	Sports Daily with Mel Allen, Russ Hodges		Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Lowell Thomas
6:30	Three Star Extra			
6:45				
7:00	Alex Oreier, Man On The Go	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Oinner Oate Gabriel Heatter	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Lone Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith, News	Tennessee Ernie Peter Lind Hayes Show Edward R. Murrow
7:15	News Of The World			
7:30	One Man's Family	Hit Tunes		
7:45				
8:00	NBC Summer Theater	Squad Room	Jack Gregson Show	F.B.I. In Peace And War 21st Precinct
8:15		Nightmare		
8:30				
8:45				
9:00	You Bet Your Life	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Edward Arnold Mutual Newsreel 9:25 Robert Hurleigh Family Theater	Summer Musical	Crime Photographer
9:15				
9:30	Theater Royal			Crime Classics
9:45				
10:00	Fibber McGee And Molly	Frank Edwards	Headline Edition	Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons
10:15	Heart Of The News	Manhattan Crossroads	Turner Calling	
10:30	Keys To The Capital	Sounding Board	Edwin C. Hill 10:35 Front And Center	

Thursday

Evening Programs

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
5:00	Just Plain Bill	Bobby Benson	News, Austin Kiplinger Art & Dotty Todd	News
5:15	Front Page Farrell			
5:30	Lorenzo Jones			
5:45	It Pays To Be Married	5:55 News, Cecil Brown	Musical Express	Curt Massey Time 5:55 This I Believe
6:00		Local Program		Jackson & The News East Of Athens
6:15	Sports Daily with Mel Allen, Russ Hodges		Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Lowell Thomas
6:30	Three Star Extra			
6:45				
7:00	Alex Oreier, Man On The Go	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Oinner Oate Gabriel Heatter	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Silver Eagle 7:55 Les Griffith, News	Tennessee Ernie Peter Lind Hayes Show Edward R. Murrow
7:15	News Of The World			
7:30	One Man's Family	Eddie Fisher		
7:45				
8:00	Roy Rogers	Official Detective	Jack Gregson Show	Meet Millie
8:15	8:25 News			
8:30	Western Drama	Crime Fighters		Junior Miss
8:45				
9:00	Scarlet Pimpernel	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Edward Arnold Mutual Newsreel	Summer Musical	Onstage—Cathy & Elliott Lewis
9:15		Author Meets The Critics		Escape
9:30	News, Swayze			
9:45	9:35 Eddie Cantor			
10:00	Fibber McGee And Molly	Frank Edwards	Headline Edition	Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons
10:15	Heart Of The News	Manhattan Crossroads	Turner Calling	
10:30	Jane Pickens Show	Oeems Taylor	Edwin C. Hill 10:35 Aragon Ballroom	

Friday

Evening Programs

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
5:00	Just Plain Bill	Songs Of The B-Bar-B	News, Austin Kiplinger Art & Ootty Todd	News
5:15	Front Page Farrell			
5:30	Lorenzo Jones			
5:45	It Pays To Be Married	5:55 News, Cecil Brown	Musical Express	Curt Massey Time 5:55 This I Believe
6:00		Local Program		Jackson & The News East Of Athens
6:15	Sports Daily with Mel Allen, Russ Hodges		Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Lowell Thomas
6:30	Three Star Extra			
6:45				
7:00	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Oinner Oate Gabriel Heatter	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Lone Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith, News	Tennessee Ernie Peter Lind Hayes Show Edward R. Murrow
7:15	News Of The World			
7:30	One Man's Family	Hit Tunes		
7:45				
8:00	Go For Broke	Counter-Spy	Jack Gregson Show	
8:15				
8:30	Battle Of Fan Clubs	Take A Number		Godfrey Digest
8:45				
9:00	Newspaper Game	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Edward Arnold Mutual Newsreel 9:25 Robert Hurleigh Have A Heart	Summer Musical	Godfrey Digest (con.)
9:15				
9:30	Your Word Against Mine		The World We Live In 9:55 Sport Report	Night Watch
9:45				
10:00	Fibber McGee And Molly	Frank Edwards	Headline Edition	Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons
10:15	Heart Of The News	Manhattan Crossroads	Turner Calling	
10:30	Listen To Wash- ington	Deems Taylor	Edwin C. Hill	

See Next Page →

Inside Radio

Saturday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

Morning Programs

8:30	Egbert & Ummly	Local Programs	News Summary	News
9:00	Egbert & Ummly (con.)		News 9:05 No School Today	News Of America
9:15	Mind Your Manners			Garden Gate
9:30				Galen Drake Show
9:45				
10:00	Breakfast In Hollywood	Woody Woodpecker Show, Mel Blanc	News	
10:15	Mary Lee Taylor Show		Space Patrol	
10:30				
10:45				
11:00	News	Helen Hall, Femme Fair	News 11:05 Platterbrains	Robert Q. Lewis Show
11:15	Oorway To Beauty	Headline News	All League Club House	
11:30	Woman In Love	11:35 U. S. Military Band		
11:45				

Afternoon Programs

12:00	Marine Band	Man On The Farm	News 12:05 101 Ranch Boys	Noon News 12:05 Romance
12:15			American Farmer	Stars Over Hollywood
12:30	Army Band	12:35 Fifth Army Band		12:55 This I Believe
12:45				
1:00	National Farm And Home Hour	Symphonies For Youth	News 1:05 Navy Hour	City Hospital
1:15	All Star Parade Of Bands	Game Of The Day*	Vincent Lopez	Peter Lind Hayes Show
1:30				1:55 Galen Drake
1:45				
2:00	Roadshow, Bill Cullen	Symphonies For Youth (con.)	News 2:05 Musical Festival with Milton Cross	Let's Pretend
2:15		2:25 Headline News	101 Ranch Boys	Make Way For Youth
2:30				
2:45				
3:00	Roadshow (con.)	Bandstand, U.S.A.	Music Festival (con.)	Report From Overseas
3:15		Sloan Simpson		Adventures In Science
3:30				Farm News
3:45				World Assignment
4:00	Roadshow (con.)	Mac McGuire	News 4:05 Paulena Carter	Operation Music
4:15			Horse Racing	Washington, U.S.A.
4:30			Pan-American Union	
4:45				
5:00	Roadshow (con.)	News 5:05 Teenagers Unlimited	News 5:05 Tea & Crumpets	News Symphonette
5:15		Brickhouse, Sports	Top Concert	
5:30		5:55 News		
5:45				

Evening Programs

6:00	News	News	News 6:05 It's Your Business	News, Bancroft
6:15	H. V. Kaltenborn	6:05 Oance Music	James Crowley Reports	News, Schorr
6:30	Showcase	Dinner Date	Bob Finnegan, Sports	Sports Roundup
6:45		6:55 Cecil Brown	Bob Edge, Sports	
7:00	Spotlight On Paris	Sam Levine, Kegler	News 7:05 Bob Mills, Show Tunes	Capitol Cloakroom
7:15		Report From Washington	Three Suns	
7:30	The Big Preview	Keep Healthy	Dinner At The Green Room	That's Rich, with Stan Freberg
7:45		7:55 Globe Trotter		
8:00	The Big Preview (con.)	Farm Quiz	News 8:05 ABC Dancing Party	8:25 Win Elliot
8:15		Southern Ramblers		
8:30				
8:45				
9:00	The Big Preview (con.)	New England Barnyard Jamboree	ABC Oancing Party (con.)	Two For The Money
9:15	Grand Ole Opry	Lombardo Land		Country Style
9:30				
9:45				
10:00	Oude Ranch Jamboree	Chicago Theater Of The Air	News 10:05 Your Voice Of America	News, Schorr
10:15			Orchestra	10:05 Country Style (con.)
10:30	Pee Wee King Show			News

Sunday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

Morning Programs

8:30			Light And Life Hour	Renfro Valley 8:55 This I Believe
9:00	World News Roundup	Wings Of Healing	News 9:05 Milton Cross Album	The Music Room
9:15	Carnival Of Books	Back To God	Voice Of Prophecy	World News Roundup
9:30	Faith In Action			Organ Music, E. Power Biggs
9:45	Art Of Living			
10:00	National Radio Pulpit	Radio Bible Class	News 10:05 Message Of Israel	Church Of The Air
10:15			College Choirs	
10:30	Collector's Item	Voice Of Prophecy		
10:45				
11:00	Collector's Item (con.)	Frank And Ernest Merry Mailman	News 11:05 Pan-American Union	Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir
11:15			Christian In Action	News 11:35 Invitation To Learning
11:30		Northwestern Reviewing Stand		
11:45				

Afternoon Programs

12:00	Collector's Item (con.)	College Choirs	News Gloria Parker	The Leading Question
12:15	The Eternal Light	News, Bill Cunningham	Time Capsule	Howard K. Smith, World Affairs
12:30		John T. Flynn		News Report
12:45				
1:00	Citizens At Work	Game Of The Day*	News 1:05 Herald Of Truth	World Music Festivals
1:15	Univ. Of Chicago Round Table	Lutheran Hour	National Vespers	
1:30				
1:45				
2:00	The Catholic Hour	Bandstand, U.S.A.	News 2:05 Or. Oral Roberts	World Music Festivals (con.)
2:15			Wings Of Healing	On A Sunday Afternoon
2:30	Youth Wants To Know	Sammy Kaye		
2:45				
3:00	Golden Hour, David Ross	U.S. Marine Band	News 3:05 Marines In Review	On A Sunday Afternoon (con.)
3:15		Music From Britain	Hour Of Decision	
3:30				
3:45				
4:00	Weekend Newspaper Of The Air	Music From Britain (con.)	News 4:05 Old-Fashioned Revival Hour	On A Sunday Afternoon (con.)
4:15		Flight In The Blue		
4:30		4:55 Lorne Greene		
4:45				
5:00	Weekend Newspaper of The Air (con.)	The Shadow	News 5:05 Evening Comes	On A Sunday Afternoon (con.)
5:15		True Detective Mysteries	The Chaplains	The World Today
5:30		5:55 Cecil Brown		
5:45				

Evening Programs

6:00	American Forum	Nick Carter	Monday Morning Headlines	Gene Autry
6:15			Paul Harvey, News	St. Louis Municipal Opera
6:30	NBC Summer Concert	Bob Considine Wismer, Sports	George Sokolsky	
6:45			Oon Cornell	
7:00	NBC Concert (con.)	Rod And Gun Club	News 7:05 On The Road	Jukebox Jury, with Peter Potter
7:15		Chamber Music		
7:30	Conversation			
7:45	7:55 News			
8:00	Dave Garroway Show	Hawaii Calls	News 8:05 On The Road (con.)	Gary Crosby Show
8:15		Enchanted Hour		My Little Margie
8:30		8:55 News		
8:45				
9:00	Dave Garroway Show (con.)	Army Hour	Walter Winchell News, Taylor Grant	Summer Show
9:15		London Studio Melodies	Answers For Americans	
9:30				
9:45				
10:00	Inheritance	News, Hazel Markel	Paul Harvey, News	News, Schorr
10:15			Elmer Oavis	10:05 Man Of The Week
10:30	Meet The Press	Men's Corner	Revival Time	UN Report

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American Dream Girl

(Continued from page 67)

recording, "I Went to Your Wedding," is still banned in Red China. It sounds too much as though her former sweetheart is marrying the waltzing girl friend, with Patti attending the ceremony, and—well, that might be misconstrued as American sportsmanship.

Curiously enough, Patti's own life seems to bear out the Red propaganda. She is beautiful, talented, famous—but still unmarried. At twenty-six, there is not even a "sweetheart" for any girl friends to steal. But the Communists are not likely to point to Patti's life, for her story is the ever-fresh story of the American Dream—a dream that Patti made come true.

"My ambition is to be like Perry Como."

That's Patti's way of saying the same thing . . . Perry Como, the son of poor Italian immigrants, who left the little town of Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, to achieve nation-wide fame as a singer of popular songs.

Patti's own story begins in Claremore, Oklahoma, the birthplace of Will Rogers. She was Clara Ann Fowler then, the daughter of a railroad section foreman with almost as large a family as the Comos'. Perry was one of thirteen children—"the one in the middle" . . . Patti was one of eleven.

"I shared a room with two sisters," she says with mock dismay. "We slept three in a bed, and I was the one in the middle. I don't know—that's where I seemed to fit."

Perry was eleven when he started out as a barber's apprentice . . . Patti started to work while still attending school in Tulsa, where the Fowlers had moved. She sang in a church choir and on two regular radio shows, in addition to making per-

sonal appearances at local affairs.

"The work wasn't hard," Patti recalls, "but it took up a lot of my time. Whenever I sang on a daytime radio show, for instance, I'd have to get excused from school, walk a mile to catch a bus—and then, that night, I'd have to make up whatever lessons I had missed."

In spite of this full schedule, Patti did well enough in school to be offered two scholarships when she was graduated—one by Tulsa University, the other by *Scholastic Magazine*. Both awards were in recognition of her excellence in art, for Patti's dream, in those days, was to be a great painter.

But she never went to college. Even with the financial assistance of the scholarships, the Fowlers could not afford to continue her education. Patti got a job as staff illustrator in the art department of a Tulsa radio station.

And then, one day . . . the thing that most young singers dream about actually happened to Patti. The vocalist on a fifteen-minute musical show took sick. The station sent out an emergency call, and Clara Ann Fowler was rushed in as a last-minute substitute. It was her first big break in show business, not only landing her a regular show on radio—but a brand-new name. (The sponsor was the Page Milk Company.)

Her second big break also came about by accident, which accounts for Patti's being such a firm believer in luck.

"My whole future hung in the balance. All the wonderful things that have happened to me—they might never have come to pass—just because a certain party couldn't find a quarter at the time."

The "certain party" is Jack Rael, her manager and partner. "The time" was the first summer after Patti was graduated from high school. Jack was a band manager, passing through Tulsa on a tour of one-night stands. He saw a coin-operated radio in his hotel room but, looking in his pocket for change, Jack couldn't find the necessary quarter. Bored, he switched on the radio, anyway. Luckily, the last occupant of the room hadn't stayed long enough to hear his full twenty-five-cents' worth. And that was how he happened to hear Patti Page, singing on the local radio station.

Next morning, they were a team—and Patti was on her way. After six months gaining experience in small theaters and night clubs, she went to Chicago to try network radio. She was vocalist for Don McNeill's *Breakfast Club*, on ABC, then conducted her own show on CBS.

In the field of recordings, it wasn't until Patti had made her thirteenth Mercury release that she came up with a real hit. She had just finished recording "Confess," when she decided to dub in a harmony part, using her own voice instead of a second singer. It was the first "gimmick" record of its kind, and it made Patti famous.

Appearances in night clubs followed. Then guest spots on TV with Ed Sullivan, Milton Berle . . . and Perry Como. Then her own twice-a-week song session on CBS-TV. Then star of the *Scott Music Hall*, a half-hour variety show on NBC-TV.

Today, Patti sings to the tune of an estimated half-million dollars a year. She drives a Cadillac—the gift of Mercury Records—and lives in a Park Avenue apartment. On achieving success, she did the same thing Perry Como did for his

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folks... bought them a new home and a car.

"You should have seen Mother!" Patti says, laughing. "All the gadgets nearly drove her crazy."

Mrs. Fowler, Patti explains, is of the old school—before the day of modern conveniences. She is used to doing her own work and expressing her own opinions. And she is equally proud of all her eleven children. While appearing on a CBS-TV network show, Mrs. Fowler was asked about the star in her family. She didn't talk about Patti—she talked about her son Charles, who was then fighting in Korea, where he was awarded the Silver Star for gallantry in action.

Recently Mrs. Fowler made a remark which Patti still quotes, feeling just as proud as her mother when she said it: "This is going to be my biggest year yet." Mrs. Fowler was not referring to her daughter Patti's great success in recording and broadcasting... nor to the fact that, this year, Patti had made her first movie—singing "Autumn in Rome," which is being shown as a prologue to "Indiscretions of an American Wife," starring Jennifer Jones and Montgomery Clift. What Patti's mother was thinking of were her ten other children and their twenty-one offspring, and the fact that, this year, three more grandchildren are on their way.

Patti shares her mother's sense of values, taking success in her modest stride. Blue-eyed and blonde, with a clean-scrubbed face and a heartfelt smile, Patti Page of Park Avenue is as wholesome and unaffected as Clara Ann Fowler of Tulsa, Oklahoma. Her apartment, she is quick to tell you, is only two rooms—"and there isn't even enough closet space for all my clothes"—but Patti loves it the way any girl would, who had once shared a bed with two sisters and now at last had a room of her own.

"That's what's so wonderful about starting out poor," Patti says. "When you do get things, you appreciate them so much more. And, if you're ever successful—well, you're able to keep your head."

As far as Patti is concerned, she is not a success... not yet.

"My ambition," she reminds you, "is to be like Perry Como."

The fans may line up for her at the studio door as they do for him. She may

even remain at the top as long as he has. But Patti is thinking of something more. She is thinking of a house in Sands Point, Long Island... a house that Perry once gambled his entire career to get. He wanted his family to have a real home, not just a succession of hotel rooms. He was ready to give up singing forever, if it meant traveling about the country all the time. Luckily, radio and TV made it possible for Perry to settle down and get that home.

To Patti, as to Perry, living comes first—before any career. The real American dream is more than just success. It's a dream of marriage, a home and family and...

"I want five babies," Patti insists, forgetting for the moment that her idol is content with just three. "I've always wanted to be married. The right man just hasn't come along yet."

Until he does, Patti keeps busy. She may sing sad songs on TV, but, off-camera, she's as happy as any healthy young girl who has hit the jackpot. She hasn't time to worry, she's too busy working. In addition to TV and recordings, she has an extensive concert tour lined up, including a trip to Hawaii, where she will entertain at Army bases and hospitals. Twice a year, she visits her family in Tulsa, and twice a year they come to New York to see her. In between visits, she telephones home three times a week. For her TV appearances, Patti's gowns are designed by a fashionable couturier, but she makes most of her off-stage clothes. She cooks as well as she sews, and her one regret is that she travels so much, she hasn't time for her painting any more.

Her one relaxation is her boat—a thirty-four-foot motor launch called "The Rage." (On the road, Patti is billed as "The Singing Rage.") Last year, there were so many guests on board that Patti spent all of her time in the galley cooking. This year, she prepares all the food beforehand.

"And now, every weekend," she says, "once I pull away from the docks, I leave business and rehearsals behind. I've nothing to do. No telephones to answer..."

Nothing to do but lie on deck, soaking up sunshine and spinning dreams. And, if Patti dreams of the right man who will one day come along... it's no idle daydream. She has made every other dream come true. She will with this one, too.



Reunion: Patti Page (center) entertains her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Fowler of Tulsa, and her sister Rema, on their first visit to New York City.

In Love We Trust

(Continued from page 64)

smiled. "But then there's always such a deal knocking around. You wouldn't be crazy enough to..."

She paused, and her eyes grew wide. "Mort—no—"

"Yes," he said miserably. "It looked so good, and I trusted the guy. It was to be a partnership, as I understood it. I—I put everything into it, baby. Everything. And today I found out from a lawyer that it isn't a partnership at all. The only thing that's promised me is that I'll get the loan of my money back sometime within the next ten years, if the venture succeeds."

"But you could sue!"

"No." Mort shook his head. "It's all legal, and I signed with witnesses all over the place. It's not a swindle. It's just that I went blindly into something I didn't understand—and we're broke."

After a long silence, Rosalie asked quietly, "Are we going to lose the house?"

"I don't know. We may."

"Do you know what we're going to do?"

"No."

She got up and went quickly from the room. For a few minutes he just sat there, feeling dead beat. He'd never been very smart about business. That's why he'd left the business college his folks had wanted him to finish, and had gone to Temple University in Philadelphia and plunged into art and drama courses. The money he'd just sent into limbo had been hard-earned during the past twelve years, and its loss would affect the present and future of his whole family, especially the kids.

This was the lowest moment of his life.

Then he heard a faint clinking at the door of the bedroom, and looked up. Rosalie stood there with a tray.

"Now let's be sensible," said Rosalie. "Here."

So they ate, and talked. Arlene, then eleven, came to the door and asked about dinner. "It's all fixed on the stove," Rosalie said. "You and Dick have supper. We're busy now."

"Okay," Arlene said.

She left, calling, "Dick! Supper!"

"Remember, darling," Rosalie said, "when we first met? I was running around with David just for fun, and then I met you and you were the only one I cared about after that. I fell in love with you the first time I ever saw you."

"It was the same with me," he said quietly. "I felt like a heel—you were Dave's girl..."

"I wasn't his girl!" she protested, angrily. "I knew that the minute I met you. And then, the next Monday, we bumped into each other on the street. It was raining so hard, the gutters were slopping over onto the sidewalks. But it wasn't cold. And you said, 'Where shall we go?' I knew you didn't have any money, so I said I liked to walk in the rain. And you said you did, too. It was 1936, remember? You didn't have a coat with you. I didn't know then that you didn't even own one. So we started out and walked in the rain. We laughed a lot, darling."

"Well," Mort said, "we could laugh. We had nothing to lose."

"We've still got our marriage, and the children, and our home."

"But I've lost it all..."

"You've lost nothing!" She was suddenly angry. "Nothing! We'll get it all back. I didn't marry a coward, darling."

"I was a fool..."

"Then fools are more fun to be married to than any other people. We'll go to bed and face it all tomorrow. Tomorrow is always such a nice day."



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T
V
R

Rosalie was sleeping peacefully beside him, but he was staring—wide awake. Moonlight came in soft slices through the venetian blinds, making a pattern on the carpet and the bed.

He remembered how, once Rosalie and he had learned how much they loved one another, they'd met every night after that. She'd lived exactly twenty-five blocks from his room in Manhattan. He knew every foot of those blocks, because the buses didn't run after four in the morning, and night after night he'd had to walk home.

The day after he met her, he woke up with a poem in his head. It was a rhyme that sang with his new-found love, it spoke of the rain and loneliness and passion and heartbreak. On an impulse, he phoned her to listen to his morning show. Then, on the show, he read the poem and dedicated it to her.

That seemed to do it. She'd listened and, from then on, anything he did was right for her. She said, laughing, with the ready wit that was so much a part of her charm, "Any guy who can use his sponsor's time to dedicate a personal poem to a girl—well, he'll go places. With me, at least."

He was still too much awake to dream. Very carefully, so as not to disturb her sleep, he found a cigarette and lit it. Then he put his head back on his pillow and let the remembering go on. Back five years, ten, twenty, back until he was in college again, in Temple U.

Things were tough at home. His father's ring had been in and out of hock so many times, since the Depression started, that the family forgot to whom the ring actually belonged.

Finally, Mort realized he couldn't keep up the luxury of school. He did want to become a writer, and he had a second cousin, one David Lawrence, editor of *U. S. News & World Report*, a magazine, in Washington, D. C. Would his cousin, Mort wrote in his letter, advise him to study journalism in school, or start right in to work at it, on the premise that you could best learn your job by activity rather than study?

A week went by. Then an envelope came from Cousin David Lawrence. Mort tore it open, frantic with anticipation.

It contained a subscription blank to the magazine. Mort can laugh now about the incident, but in those days he thought a letter of advice would send him on his way.

Some of this wasn't fun to remember now, but he had to do it, in the light of his latest failure. A cloud had covered the moon and there was no longer a bright pattern through the blinds on the bedroom floor and on the bed. Rosalie lay beside him, trusting him, believing in him. She slept in this trust, and in their rooms the boy and girl who were his children slept.

There had been the time when he was walking up Chestnut Street in Philly, and had met that guy. Couldn't remember his name, now. A nice guy, who had said, "They're auditioning at WCAU. Try it."

That had been the beginning. Sure, he'd done dialect jokes on something called *The Joke Book* for absolutely nothing a week, thirteen shows a week. Finally, he went to his boss and said, "I appreciate the prestige of this show, I know how important it is to me. But I've got to have \$2.50 a week for carfare. Take it or leave it!"

They granted the raise.

He was getting somewhere, now. He was performing before people. He was even making a little money. So he hocked his clarinet for the bus fare to the Waldemere Hotel in the Catskills, on the summer-resort circuit. He got eight dollars for the instrument and, since he didn't

want his radio associates to know what he was doing, he changed his name to Larry Morton.

The hotel paid him ten dollars a week, and he sent six of it home to his parents.

He wore the same lamp-black for "Emperor Jones" as he did when he sang "Ole Man River." And, since he'd been a virtuoso in a harmonica band in Philly, he had no cause to conceal his talents now. He was a great success with summer audiences.

I brought a few bucks home, he thought, remembering.

Nineteen hundred thirty-nine . . . that was a year—Arlene was on the way, Rosalie pregnant and miserable. He'd worked all year for this two-week vacation, and now they were down south in the sun.

Rosalie and Mort were both stretched out on the beach when a telegram came for him.

The telegram said something about everyone in the outfit joining a union. How about Mort? "I'll have to go back to town and find out what's happening," he told Rosalie. "I'll be back tomorrow."

As indeed he was. "So?" she asked. He shrugged. "So everybody joined the union. It looked like an all-right deal. I told 'em to put my name in with the rest. Forget it—everything is fine."

That's what he thought. They had no sooner returned home when the boss called him in and fired him. The official reason was that the outfit didn't like the way he was running a morning show—which he was doing for nothing, in any case. Unofficially, he learned they thought he had started the union rhubarb, and they wanted no part of him.

In the more than a decade that had passed since then, he'd almost forgotten the terror he'd felt at the time. It wasn't just that he'd been fired for something he

hadn't done. It was that—if word got around that he was a troublemaker of this sort—he'd be stone cold dead in the radio market and probably would be black-listed everywhere. Rosalie was pregnant, and they had no savings.

Yes, that had been a time of despair, perhaps even worse than what he was suffering right now. And Rosalie had backed him just as loyally, just as stubbornly as she was doing in this crisis.

Mort grinned wryly as he remembered how the thing had turned out. Two painful weeks after they fired him, the station called him back. A sponsor had turned up for that morning program, and would buy it only on condition that Mort take charge. The station had gone to the trouble of learning the truth about the union affair. . . .

He went back at double the salary they would have had to pay him before, a small enough repayment, he thought grimly, for what he and Rosalie had gone through.

Well, they'd survived. In September of 1943, he was tagged to emcee a four-hour long variety show in New York with Don Bestor's orchestra, called *The Gloom Dodgers*. The following year, he accepted a job of producing, writing and directing shows for Trans-American Radio and Television Productions and, later on, appeared as actor and announcer on shows such as *Gangbusters*, *Boston Blackie*, *Rudy Vallee Show*, *High Adventure*, *Halls of Congress*, *Second Honeymoon*, *Take A Number*, and *One Man's Destiny*.

Richard was born, and they bought the house. . . .

Dawn was brightening the bedroom. He glanced at Rosalie and saw that she was awake and watching him reflectively. "So?" she asked quietly.

"So you were right. As long as I've got you and the kids, I've lost nothing I can't earn back. I've done it before and I can do it again. I'll get started first thing in the morning."

"It is first thing in the morning."

"Then the best way to get started is to kiss you," he said. . . .

Four years have passed. Four years of hard work, of taking all the jobs he could get, acting parts in *Mr. District Attorney* and *Charlie Wilde, Detective*—any and everything.

And then Providence, which had so often been unkind to Mort, relented and allowed Joe Gottlieb, the associate producer of *The Big Payoff*, to move next door to the Lawrences in Roslyn Heights. And the two landowners began talking one day about when Mort's new crab-apple tree would burst into bloom . . . and wound up in Mort's kitchen sampling Rosalie's cooking . . . and it turned out that *The Big Payoff* was in need of an announcer—which was just exactly the job Mort wanted back, if he could find one which paid enough money. This paid enough money.

When Mort told Rosalie about his new job that evening, they did a little dance around the living room, and then Rosalie said, "Incidentally, you've never gotten your money back from that investment, have you?"

"You know I haven't."

"And you've done all right, after all?"

"Mostly thanks to you and your courage that night."

"I didn't say much," she said. "You thought it out for yourself."

"But the thing that got me was that you slept like a baby, trusting me, so sure I'd make good. That's what did it."

"I didn't sleep a wink that night."

"What!"

"So who could sleep?" she asked, with merriment bubbling from her eyes, "I was gassed with cigarette smoke!"

POLIO FACTS FOR 1954

PATIENTS—There will be new victims in 1954. They and 66,000 patients from past years will need help from the National Foundation.

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VACCINE—A safe and promising vaccine is being tested now. But results will not be known until 1955.

THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS

Peter Potter

(Continued from page 49)

"No, thanks," said Pete. "Ah don't understand those English gals. Ah jus' don't know what they're talkin' about."

Pete and Jerry were waiting for Tex Benecke in the Palladium parking lot the next day, when a beautiful, tall and willowy brunette started across the lot toward them.

"Now who-all do you suppose that is," drawled Pete. "She's a looker!"

"That's Beryl Davis, the girl I told you about," said Jerry, and then he introduced the two.

After the "So veddy charmed" and the "How y'all," Pete was surprised to find that the beautiful face and the strange sounds gave him butterflies. He immediately asked Beryl if she wouldn't be his guest at the Benecke opening that night, though he had no way of knowing that his drawl had had a like effect on Beryl.

"How lovely," she said. "Do you mind if I bring my *secr'try*?"

"No ma'am, that's fine," said Pete. Pete didn't know that the *secr'try*, a Scotch lass, had a burr so thick you could cut it with a knife. Says Pete, "Ah couldn't understand either of them. Between the 'Hoot, mon!' and the 'Rawther jolly music!'—ah was dead! By the time the evenin' was over, we were reduced to sign language."

But Pete and Beryl didn't need to talk. They got enough enjoyment out of the music they both loved, the sign language—and just looking at one another. It was, nevertheless, the last time the secretary came along on dates.

During their first date, Beryl told Pete she used to listen to him on the radio. She never understood *him*, either! "In fact," she told him, "I just turned you on for the laughs!"

Pete didn't mind that Beryl found humor in his drawl. He knew that he wanted to see more of her, and asked if she wouldn't be a guest on the air show she thought so funny.

Pete says, "I wrote a script we both would understand. More important, one the audience would understand. But it didn't do any good. We didn't use the script. I found out Beryl could ad-lib better than I could. Before I knew it, I was being interviewed. 'How long have you been doing this?' she asked—then I was giving *my* whole life story!"

Pete was impressed with Beryl's ability to ad-lib. Though he didn't understand everything she said, she had an intelligent look in her eyes. And those eyes . . . Pete was falling in love.

Their courtship was launched in a mountain stream. Pete started off in dungarees and boots for a Saturday afternoon of fishing in the San Gabriel Canyon. By pure coincidence, he met Beryl coming out of the radio station.

"Where are you trotting to in that outfit!" she cried.

"Fishin'," he said. "Wanta come along?"

"Yes," she said, "but wait a tick." "I was surprised as a badger in the sun," says Pete, "when Beryl said yes. She had on a Sunday-go-to-meetin' dress, high heels, and nylons. Looked like she was fixin' to go to a wedding and not a fish fry. She jus' said, 'Be right *theah*!' and ran across the street to the department store.

"She came back lookin' like a trawler captain—up the knees. She had on rubber boots, and her dress was hanging down around the outside. 'Righto,' she said, 'let's be off!'"

"So, ah rented her a rod and reel, and we were off!" When they got to Alhambra, Pete bought a quart of fresh orange

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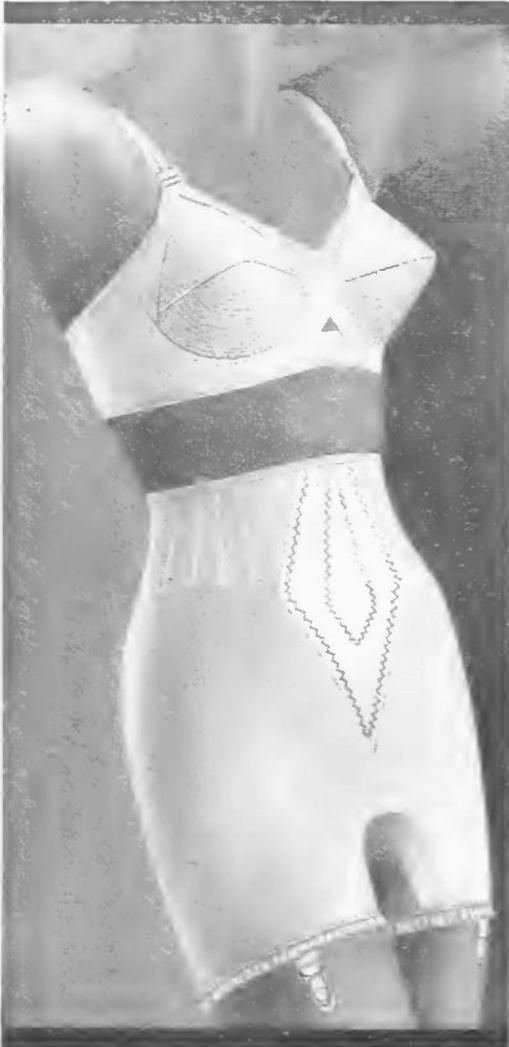
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juice and had some hamburgers and cole slaw put in a box. Then they went up the canyon to fish. They had a picnic with the 'burgers.

"Lucky we didn't count on a fish fry, because Beryl only got a couple of nibbles and *ah* only caught two. They were too small to do much about. *Ah* think her yellow dress scared the fish away. Our bum luck didn't bother Beryl. She was happy just to get out of the city and up into God's country where it's so peaceful."

After the fishing episode, Pete found himself thinking, Here's a gal who loves the great outdoors as much as I do. He began his courtship in earnest—by trying to teach Beryl to play tennis. "Beryl hit the ball with all her might," says Pete. "But she could never manage to hold the racket right. It was always slanted a little to the back of her hand. As a result, the ball went straight up in the air.

"It went out of the court more times than in. Whenever she'd bang one, she'd shout, 'Retrieve!' Not 'Get it'—but 'Retrieve!' I felt like a bird dog or a St. Bernard! 'Retrieve,' she'd shout, and I'd be off after the ball. When I'd lost a total of twelve pounds 'retrieving,' we gave up tennis."

Pete's proposal of marriage to Beryl was somewhat unorthodox. They were driving along Chandler Boulevard in the San Fernando Valley when Pete spied a "For Sale" sign on a large house.

"Would you like to stop and look at this?" he asked.

"Yes," said Beryl, "I don't mind."

They parked the car in the drive and the owner showed them through the house. It was big and roomy, had a twenty-foot rumpus room, and a pool, all beautifully laid out on one acre of land.

Though he had never mentioned marriage, Pete saw it was just what they wanted. He looked at her, making his proposal with the words, "We'll take it. We'll move in, in two weeks!"

"Some time before the ceremony," says Pete, "Beryl suggested we call her parents and tell them the good news. 'We'd better phone Mother,' she said. And we did. But Mother was in England. When she heard Beryl's story of marriage, her first words were, 'Don't you think you should come home and talk it over?' Like 'home' was just around the corner! But we got the parental blessing and good wishes."

Pete and Beryl did move into the big house following their wedding in St. Cecelia Chapel at the Riverside Mission on October 16, 1948. It was a small ceremony, with only eight close friends in attendance.

Pete remembers Beryl's first home-cooked meal a week after their marriage. She came down to the pool one afternoon to ask, "How would you like some Lancashire Hot Pot for dinner?"

"What's that?" asked Pete.

"It's very good," said Beryl, "though I don't know exactly what's in it. Just wait a tick and I'll find out."

Pete followed Beryl into the house. He found her talking on the phone to her mother—in England. He picked up the library extension, but all he could understand from the next nine minutes of instruction was: "*Firstly, light oven!*"

Pete went back to the pool for the rest of the afternoon. About four o'clock, Beryl came slowly out of the house, her eyes beginning to fill with tears.

"What's wrong, sweetheart? Can I help?"

"Oh, no," she said. "Don't go up there—I don't want you to even look at it. Just get dressed . . ." Then, bursting into tears, "We're going out to dinner."

Pete couldn't resist. He went into the kitchen to look at the beast, this Lancashire Hot Pot that had Beryl in tears.

"There it sat on the kitchen table," says Pete, "next to the radishes and green onions the lady next door had given us. The Hot Pot had fallen. It was small and round as a pancake, about as thick as a half-dollar—and charred. I kept it around the house for about three years. It shrank and got smaller and harder with age. The color changed slightly. I expected it to last like the regalia you find with mummies in Egypt. But, when we moved two years ago, I looked in the wax paper where I kept it. It was gone! It had shriveled up to nothing."

Their first baby, William Bell Moore (Pete's real surname is Moore), was born in the Chandler Boulevard house in 1949. With the new baby, they needed more room. This—and the fact that Pete was now working seven days a week on radio and five nights on television—forced them to look for a new house, one with more room and closer to Hollywood.

They searched for a year. Every day, on their way to work, they passed a clump of trees with a "For Sale" sign. "Why don't you stop someday?" said Beryl. "Maybe there's a house back there."

"I don't want a house you can't see," said Pete. But he did stop. Sure enough, when he got behind the trees, there was a lovely twelve-room house hiding in their shade. Pete bought this house much as he had bought the other. When he saw the room it had, he knew it was just what they wanted. So the Potters moved in—

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and the trees moved out soon afterward. Merry Bell Potter arrived in their new home in February, 1953. "Merry Bell is the perfect baby," says Beryl. "She loves to be sung to and cuddled. In the evening when she's tired, just before I put her to bed, I hold her in my arms and sing a lullaby. She has the perfect baby's reaction. Her little eyes close and, inside of two verses, she's fast asleep.

"Bill, on the other hand," says Beryl, "was like an octopus. I had a hard time holding him. His arms and legs would flail around—I could never sing him to sleep. He just had to wear himself out, then he'd drop off."

Though Bill doesn't like lullabies, he does enjoy Beryl's singing. "In fact," says Pete, "he can carry a tune. He has real phrasing and a beat. He already knows three or four songs. He and Beryl sing duets!"

Recently, Beryl made an album with Connie Haines, Della Russell, and actress Jane Russell. It was called, "Joyful Noises unto the Lord"—an album of hymns. Beryl sings in the choir of the St. Stephen's Episcopal Church in Hollywood. These girls entertained there one evening, then decided to record their songs. While they rehearsed at home, Bill learned the lyrics to three or four.

"Do Lord" is his favorite hymn. Pete and Beryl are no longer surprised to hear the refrain . . . "If you don't bear the cross, you can't wear the crown . . ." sandwiched between courses at breakfast, lunch, or dinner. Or, drifting down from the upstairs bedroom at an hour when most little angels should be fast asleep: "Do Lord, do Lord, do remember me 'way beyond the blue."

The children are a very important part of Pete's and Beryl's life. Though their radio and television schedules are full, they set aside a certain time to share with Bill and Merry Bell. On days of rest and leisure, they go off to the beach or the mountains, or to a lake where it's quiet. The kids always go along.

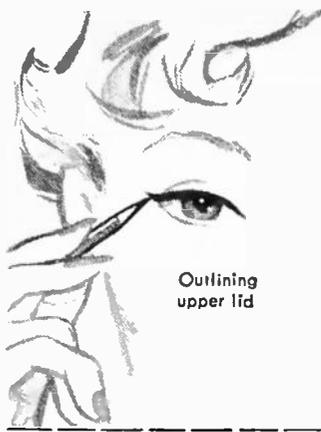
As in their courting days, they're still an outdoor family, and fishing is their favorite sport. "Young Bill is an enthusiast," says Pete. "I had him up on the lake with me last week and handed him the rod with a bass on it. He was so thrilled, it like to have knocked him out! Every day since then, he's asked me when we're going fishing again!"

On their vacations, the Potters head for the country. Sometimes it's a few days in the sun in Las Vegas or on the beach at Catalina. Young Bill loves these overnight trips because it means he gets more than one day's swimming—a sport he loves as well as fishing.

"We put him in the pool in Las Vegas," says Pete, "and we can't get him out. The ocean at Catalina has the same effect on him. He's ready to spend the rest of his life there. Whenever the family council meets to pick the next vacation spot, Bill is always the first to suggest, 'Cataweena Guest Wanch!' or 'Las Wegas!'"

Today life is rolling along smoothly for the Oklahoma boy and the English girl who have never let their difference in language become a barrier. Their work together, their beautiful home, and their two children have made their life complete. "In addition," says Pete, "I've learned to eat Beryl's Lancashire Hot Pot and love it! There have even been times when Beryl's sat down to a ham-hock and turnip-green dinner. Though, you know, I still say 'tomaytoes' and she still says 'tomahatoes!'"

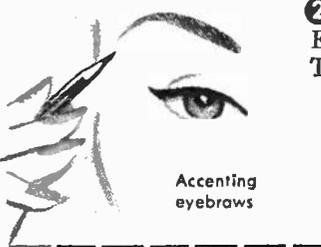
Pete and Beryl can tell you—two people don't have to speak the same language to fall in love.



Outlining upper lid

3 quick tricks to eye beauty

① With Maybelline soft Eyebrow Pencil, draw narrow line across upper eyelids, at base of lashes, adding short up-stroke at outer corner. Soften line with fingertip.



Accenting eyebrows

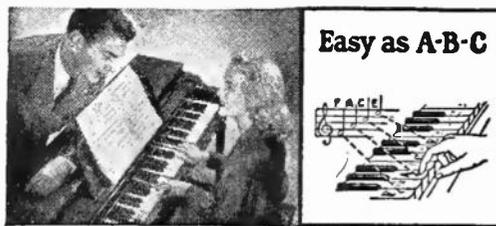
② Next, use short, light upward strokes of the Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil, to form beautiful, expressive brows. Taper lightly at outer end. Soften effect with fingertip.

③ Apply smooth Maybelline Mascara from base to tips of lashes, brushing upward. (Hold a few seconds to set "up-swoop.") For an extra touch of mysterious eye beauty, blend a bit of Maybelline Eye Shadow on upper lid.



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T
V
R

Busy Bill Cullen

(Continued from page 37)

notes of their suggestions, given some himself, and started for his first rehearsal. Tuesday is a shadow of Monday . . . with "only 1,000 last-minute details to take care of" . . . before the two big shows he does on Wednesday, most weeks of the year.

But, after the two shows, Bill's usual week is only half-over. He still has the California half of his life to live, and—one hour and fifty-five minutes after *I've Got A Secret*—he hops a California-bound plane for his Thursday date on *Place The Face*!

"Winged Wednesday," as Bill calls it, is an especially hectic day. "It's toothpaste and coffee for breakfast. When I'm finished with the two shows, by 9:30 P.M., there's a car waiting to run me to the airport and the 11:25 P.M. plane to L.A." Bill Cullen is probably the only man in the country who flies the 6,000 miles from New York to California and back again every week!

Bill made his first trip on January 28. "Since that time, I've made three complete cycles of the stewardesses. I know them all by their first names." As soon as he's aboard, Bill falls asleep, doesn't wake up again until arrival in Los Angeles at 6:00 A.M. He naps on his way to the Beverly Hills Hotel, freshens up on arrival, takes time for one of his "energy" breakfasts, then lights out for a *Place The Face* rehearsal at CBS-TV.

Bill's work week rolls on through Thursday: interviews in the morning, rehearsals in the afternoon and *Place The Face* in the evening. Then he meets with the producer and the director to map out the next week's show. "I make suggestions," Bill says. "The executives are very kind. They accept them. But have never used any."

Bill then spends Thursday night in the Beverly Hills Hotel. "I like it there. I can eat in the dining room without a tie. Took me three months to get up nerve to do it, though." Then, Friday morning, Bill takes the 6:00 A.M. plane back to New York.

Friday is almost a day of rest. On the plane, Bill writes letters, reads scripts, and prepares for his four-hour Saturday afternoon radio show. Asked if he ever tires of this eighty-hour work week, he says, "No. Love what I'm doing. That's the secret."

Bill winds up his work week with a bang. For a time, when *Walk A Mile* first pondered summer vacation plans, it looked as though he'd have at least a few weeks with no double-program days. Then along came *Bank On The Stars*—and emcee Cullen found himself doing a Saturday-night stint on NBC-TV, right on the heels of his Saturday *Roadshow* on NBC Radio.

Sunday is Bill's day off. It's also his day for hobbies (plural). You wouldn't expect a man who was so generous with his energies and enthusiasm in his work to be frugal in spending his few free hours. Bill isn't. He has a hobby to match every facet of his personality.

Skeet shooting is one. "Skeet shooting," Bill says, "keeps you on your toes. You've got to stay alive. The skeet are just like contestants at the mike. I'm waiting someday for one to shoot back."

Tropical fish are another of Bill's hobbies. "Saw some in a window. Fascinating," he says. "That day I bought a twenty-gallon tank. Couldn't take my eyes off them. Week later, traded the tank for two thirty-gallons. Now have two fifty-gallon tanks, one in the den, one in the living room."

To satisfy the artistic side of his character, Bill likes to paint. He's competent

in any medium: oil, water colors, even charcoal. He's professional with the paint brushes. Bill learned the craft at Connolly Trade School in Philadelphia and later studied at Carnegie Tech. Employed by Allied Display for six months, he painted synthetic counters on cardboard and paper. They looked like the real thing—so much, in fact, that one day Bill sat on one. "Cardboard gave way and I fell into the paint pot! Boy, was I blue!"

Bill also spends his time with color photography. "I've got at least a dozen cameras. Never tire of shooting pictures of my wife, Carol." Bill also takes pictures of his friends, his fish, and his airplane.

That's right, airplane! Sunday, Bill's day off, he literally takes off. "Carol and I fly to Martha's Vineyard and the other places which we could never see because they're too far to drive in one day. We entertain our friends with flying, too. Besides, you can take some wonderful color pictures from an airplane."

Bill learned to fly at an early age. In fact, he could almost fly before he could drive a car. At home in Pittsburgh, Bill's father was a garage mechanic with a penchant for midget auto racers. Theirs was an average family and, by the time Bill was eight, he had had all the regular childhood diseases—plus the two dreaded ones, scarlet fever and polio.

Bill loves speed. Perhaps it was a compensation for his polio-scarred leg—perhaps not. One way or another, between the Offenhauser powered midget racers and his flying, he's always been surrounded by speed. He was taking flying lessons at fifteen, by sixteen he had his first license, by eighteen an instructor's license.

"When you get a ticket"—which is a license, he explains—"you take a physical exam. Because of my leg, I had to get a waiver. Mine's so long it reads like the Magna Carta!"

But Bill doesn't want to attract attention to his leg, and is careful about camera angles, so that his limp is not apparent. "I don't want people to feel sorry for me," he says.

As a young man, Bill learned that he couldn't make a living out of flying. But airplanes have radios—that set him to thinking. "I started early wanting to be a radio announcer," he says, "but, everywhere I went, I was told I needed experience. Yet how could I get experience without first getting a job?"

"Finally I had a chance to work for nothing. Then I got another break. One of the fellows quit. I took his all-night spot working till six every morning. It paid twenty-five dollars a week. Shortly after, there was an audition for an early-morning disc-jockey show. It paid fifteen dollars more. I remember I stayed awake for the audition—no sleep for twenty-four hours. I got the job."

During the war, Bill kept up his radio work and taught flying at the same time. Since he's a man who loves his work, it was no strain. Then shortly after his year-

and-a-half teaching contract with the Army ran out, Bill went to New York to continue his work in radio. On one of his shows, he met an attractive young songstress by the name of Carol Ames. "Our first date was a 'coffee break,'" says Bill, "and we did an encore almost every day for the next three years."

"We were married in a little church in New York in 1948. I've forgotten the name. Isn't that just like a man? But I remember the ceremony—a few friends, Carol's mother, and our agent were there. It was simple and nice."

Since then, there's been only one problem, as Bill admits with a grin. "You just say 'sleep' to me today and I can drop off anywhere. This upsets Carol. In the middle of a hot family argument, I'll lie down on the couch and go to sleep! Lose more arguments that way, but get a lot of rest!"

Of course, one of the obstacles that packager Ralph Edwards faced in wanting Bill Cullen for *Place The Face* was the problem of getting him from New York to Hollywood and back every week. Ralph didn't know that Bill had hi-octane airplane gasoline instead of blood in his veins.

But Bill doesn't refer to *Place The Face* as his airplane show. He calls it the "sore-foot-and-hot-tonsils show, because all we do is stand around all day rehearsing and drinking hot coffee!"

Asked if his weekly flight interrupted his sleeping or eating schedule, Bill says, "No. I've learned to sleep on an airplane. As for eating, I can get by on three slices of bread. And I haven't been sick since I was eight years old. Never missed a day of school; never missed a day of work. And I don't guard against colds, either. Never wear rubbers, forgotten how to open an umbrella. Some day, I suppose, I'll be sitting in a hothouse watching an orchid grow and I'll get a cold that'll kill me!"

Whether he guards against it or not, Bill is too busy to catch cold. In spite of the fact that polio caught him as a child, he says, "I feel lucky I came out of it okay—and can work." Perhaps his early suffering also accounts for Bill's feeling toward contestants. He guards against making them look silly, "unless they are professionals, then it's every man for himself."

Many of those who appear on *Place The Face* are professionals. In fact, Bill has worked with more stars in the short period of time since January 28 than any other emcee in television. "I told Ralph Edwards not to expect too much for the first eight weeks," says Bill. "Now I know what I can get away with . . . everything!"

Today Bill is excitedly looking forward to a week's vacation after his next *Place The Face* show. Before *Place The Face* began, he'd never visited California. Now he wants to see it all, especially Palm Springs. How will he get there? How else but by plane? "I'll rent a plane for the week," he says. "Think of the wonderful color pictures I'll be able to shoot in that Palm Springs sun!"

"And Grand Canyon! It's only two hours by air. Every week I fly over it on my way from New York. From 23,000 feet, it's just a drainage ditch! And those big mesas—they're just little mesas! I want to see it all up close. And from a plane I'll be able to take color movies of it all!"

Enthusiasm. That's Bill's secret of a happy life. "Work," he says, "is the answer to our problems. And, as long as you enjoy what you are doing, it isn't even work. No sense in dreaming your days away. We're all going to dream enough, anyway, without making time for it."

Work and enthusiasm—do they make for a happy life? Just ask Bill Cullen.

Who's Who at Masquerade Party?

(Answers to picture quiz on pages 70-71)

- 1-C, Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond;
- 2-D, Constance and Joan Bennett;
- 3-F, Wally Cox;
- 4-E, Florence Chadwick;
- 5-A, Ezio Pinza;
- 6-B, Margaret Truman.

Honeymoon Time

(Continued from page 33)

only from a distance, Tom found himself wondering about her.

"She was beautiful. And, to me, a woman of mystery," he recalls, smiling. "At first, I had no idea of who she was or even how old she was. But I figured she must be somewhere under forty."

"I was seventeen at the time," Roxanne smiles.

"Occasionally, I'd see her walking alone in the evening. No date with anyone. No escort. More mystery."

"Actually, I was on my way home from the dentist's office where I worked as a receptionist and assistant," says Roxanne.

"So I got her phone number and called for a date. She always said no pleasantly, but gave me no reason."

Roxanne smiles. "Anyone would have said, I had the rocks in my head to turn him down. Look at Tom—tall, handsome, intelligent, witty, considerate—a good cook, too. I could say more, but I'm afraid he'd blush to a crisp."

She refused to date Tom only because he was an older man—all of twenty-two. The idea of a high school girl dating a man that age, out of college, would have been looked on with disfavor by her friends and family.

But, two years later, Rox had her first date with Tom, and on that day the entire city of Minneapolis celebrated with picnics and fireworks. It happened to be the Fourth of July. And it happened that Roxanne and some of her girl friends met Tom and some of his boy friends on the beach at Lake Minnetauqua. The boys invited the girls for a ride on a Chris Craft. Tom gallantly made it his business to shield Roxanne from the spray—and the other young men. At five in the afternoon, he drove her home and asked if he couldn't come back at seven and take her to dinner.

"I was old enough to accept," she says. "I had found that, as I grew older, Tom got younger."

They hit it off from the very first day. Roxanne, stripped of mystery, turned out to be just the kind of girl any mother might recommend—except a great deal prettier. And Tom, handsome enough to be a lady killer, was a real sweet guy.

"The word 'steady' never passed between us," Rox says, "but, from that first date, I went out with no one else. Tom and I were together almost every evening."

That year was to mark the turning point in her life. Roxanne had always been a hard-working, earnest and serious girl. At fourteen, instead of baby-sitting like her friends, she got herself a real part-time job with the family dentist. She held that job until the year she met Tom, and also took classes in commercial art. She went to work as an assistant to a commercial artist, helping him with layouts, gathering merchandise for him to sketch or photograph—but never modeling. Then one day the artist kind of cleaned his specs, took a good look at Roxanne, and said, "You should enter the contest for Miss Minnesota."

Roxanne did. And, as a result of losing the contest, she has become world-famous for her beauty. She began to model in Minneapolis and, a year later, at the age of twenty, went East to the big city.

"Rox is not the kind of girl you worry about going to New York alone," Tom says. "Her parents knew that, and so did I. Rox had been managing her own finances and making her own decisions all the way through her teens. She even paid for the trip and her start in New York



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ization, give name _____

out of her own savings."

But parting was never such unsweet
sorrow. Rox went to New York in June.
Tom followed a month later to visit her.
She was holding her lovely chin high, but
the going was rough. In order to stay
solvent, she was doing her own washing
and ironing, cooking, cleaning, and even
making her own clothes. But she had
no intention of quitting and Tom had no
intention of asking her to, when he went
back home.

"That first year was rough," she recalls.
"You can imagine how pleased I was at
the idea of flying home for Christmas."

And so we come to the second part of
"The Winning of Roxanne," specifically her
betrothal to Tom Roddy. And it wasn't
funny—not at all.

The night before she was to leave, Tom
phoned her. He was broken up—one of
their very close friends had been reported
killed in Korea.

"It took all the happiness out of going
back," she remembers. And at the air-
port to meet her were Tom, and the
family. Everyone tried to act cheerful, but
it was a strain.

Later that day, she and Tom and a couple
of their friends were going for a drive.
All of them had been close to the boy
who had been killed. All were trying to
put on a holiday front but, one by one,
each of them began to cry silently. Tom
took Roxanne's hand and then, after a
while, pulled a small jeweler's box from
his pocket and wordlessly gave it to her.
It was a ring that instinctively found its
way to the proper finger. The same eve-
ning their friends had a surprise party for
them.

That was the Christmas of '49. A couple
of months later, Tom went to New York
to join his bride-to-be—or not to be—that
was the question. For, although they
headed their bark in the direction of the
sea of matrimony, they hit a calm—a five-
year one.

"We weren't worried about when we
would get married," Tom says. "Every-
one else was doing the worrying."

The fact is that they got along as well
in Manhattan as they had in Minneapolis.
They saw each other almost every eve-
ning. If Rox had to work late, Tom
would wait and take her home. They
had dinners together, went to the beach
together, to parties and to movies. They
got along perfectly and everyone knew it.

Columnist Earl Wilson, a good friend
of theirs, complained that there was never
any gossip to report on them and so period-
ically announced their forthcoming nup-
tials. He announced their wedding about
fifteen times.

"We wanted to do it right—go home
and be married with our families and
friends present," Tom says. "But there was
never time."

For example, Roxanne found that she
was traveling about five months out of a
year. Then, as hostess on *Beat The Clock*,
she had a weekly commitment, fifty-two
Saturdays a year. Tom himself had a
six-day-a-week job in a finance office.
They just couldn't get away together at
the same time. Tom was rooming with
an old chum. Roxanne was living in a
women's hotel. Early in 1953, they found
an apartment they wanted, at a rental
they could afford. Roxanne moved in.

"It looked as if we were really going
to get married then," Roxanne says.

She bought herself some handsome,
authentic Louis XV furniture. Her desk
—rather, the table used as a desk—is one
of two in the entire world. A few days
after she got the table, she was offered
\$4,000 for it, much more than she had
paid. All in all, the apartment began

looking pretty good, but even expensive
furniture is no substitute for a husband.

Friends kept kidding them about set-
ting a wedding date. Bob Gurvitz, who
works on *Beat The Clock* for the Cecil
and Presbrey Agency, was one of Rox-
anne's best friends and foremost hecklers.
This past March, Rox and Tom had dinner
with Bob and his wife Elaine.

"We're getting married Saturday," Rox
announced.

"I know," Bob said. "But what year?"

"This year."

"What month?"

"This month."

"What week?"

"This week."

"I don't believe it," Bob said.

Tom and Rox explained. They had
given up any idea of going home for a
big wedding. They were going to have a
very small, private ceremony. Bob and
Elaine were to be the only guests. Tom's
roommate, Mike Wiegand, was to be best
man, and a good friend, Alice Polver, was
to be maid of honor. Since their families
would be absent, Roxanne wanted to keep
the wedding as small as possible.

"Where you going to honeymoon?" Bob
asked.

"Hah," said Tom. "That's the two-thou-
sand-dollar question."

They wanted to go to Florida for three
weeks. Trouble was, it would cost them
about \$2,000 before they even got started.
Roxanne would have to fly back and forth
every weekend to make the TV show.
They wanted a car down there so they
could move around, but renting a car was
terribly expensive and they wouldn't have
time to drive down in Tom's car.

"Sounds too complicated to me," said
friend Bob. "Let's see if we can't do some-
thing to help you."

The next day, Bob phoned Roxanne
wonderful news. If they would settle for
Bermuda, they could have transportation
and a hotel thrown in for free. All Roxanne
would have to do would be to endorse the
hotel and ship by getting her face and fig-
ure into a few photographs.

"Then Tom and I knew it was for real,"
Rox says. "That was Wednesday, three
days before the wedding, and all I had to
do was get something to wear."

As a model experienced in clothes and
styles, it should have been a cinch. She
went to see a manufacturer and bought
herself a shantung suit wholesale. It was
beige—or so she thought, until she got it
home and then decided there was too
much brown in it.

"Brown is my worst color," she says. "I
can wear anything but brown."

She was very much disturbed that eve-
ning until a friend came in, listened to her
woeful tale and led her to a fashionable
tailor. The designer was in the process of
finishing a beautiful, simple gray suit. It
was Roxanne's size. She bought it, and she
bought a pair of doeskin gloves. She bor-
rowed sables from a furrier and a seventy-
five-dollar hat from just plain John, the
fabulous hatter.

She and Tom had arranged to be married
at St. Agnes Church and had asked the
Monsignor to marry them in the chapel as
simply as possible.

Saturday morning, the party of six ar-
rived at the church. The Monsignor an-
nounced that Roxanne would march down
the aisle. She said no. She hadn't re-
hearsed. Tom and Rox then discovered
there was a singer and organist on hand.

"It was all the Monsignor's idea," Tom
notes. "We had wanted a simple wedding."

But the march down the aisle was made
—as a dozen or so photographers sudden-
ly disengaged themselves from the wood-
work.

"We were a little concerned that the Monsignor might get upset by the cameramen," Tom says, "until we heard him ask if the lighting was satisfactory."

"We didn't mind the photographers ourselves," says Rox, "until we learned that one was going on the honeymoon with us."

So the three of them sailed on the *Queen of Bermuda* that afternoon, and the photographer turned out to be very pleasant company.

In Bermuda, they stayed at the luxurious Castle Harbor Hotel and, for the next two weeks, did what every other honeymooning couple does—they went sailing, cycling around the island, dancing, shopping. They had picnics on the beach.

Came Friday afternoon of the first week and Roxanne had to interrupt the honeymoon temporarily, to fly back to New York for the Saturday show. Tom saw her to the airport, noting, "As they say on radio, this program will be continued on Monday."

Of course, then Tom had the photographer for company. When Rox got back Sunday evening, Tom met her with a bundle of gifts. The Saturday she had been away was her birthday.

"It gives you an idea of the kind of screwball existence we lead," Roxanne says.

They didn't have too much privacy during their honeymoon. The local paper announced their daily activities. They were spotlighted at night clubs where calypso songs were made up for them.

"The second week was more fun than the first," Rox says. "I guess it's always that way when you're holidaying. When it's time to leave, you begin to enjoy yourself too much."

They returned to Manhattan and to the apartment Roxanne had been preparing for a year.

"Since you've been living here," Tom said, "I think you should carry me across the threshold."

Of course, he was only kidding. He gallantly lifted Rox in his arms and deposited her on the other side of the door, and so brought to a conclusion a courtship that had extended itself to almost a decade.

"And to tell you the truth," says Tom, "I've still got Rox in my head."

The Goldbergs

(Continued from page 42)

vanity as any woman alive. But she is a woman, with a woman's prerogatives where revealing her age is concerned. However, a date she willingly owns up to is that of her marriage to Lewis Berg, a young chemical student she met at Columbia University in 1918. Before that, she had been the only child of a prosperous New York City family which owned a resort hotel in the Catskill Mountains. Stage-struck even at an early age, young Gertrude used to write and perform monologues for the amusement of the hotel's guests. In these one-girl skits, she played a character named Molly—the same Molly who was later to be Molly Goldberg. For her material, she drew upon her own mother and grandmother and aunts, and upon their friends.

From 1918 until 1929, she was too busy being a wife and mother to do any writing or much acting, except at an occasional party. But you know what happened in 1929—the Depression. For the Bergs, it was particularly depressing because in that same year the sugar factory, which employed Lewis, burned down and left him jobless.

"But, with my children at school, house-

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keeping wasn't keeping me busy enough, anyway," Gertrude says now. She sat down and wrote the first installment of the radio serial which was to become *The Rise Of The Goldbergs*. There was a typewriter in the house, but she didn't use it. When, finally, she had arranged an appointment with an NBC executive, she showed up clutching several pages of rather untidily handwritten script. "But I can't read this!" the NBC man protested—whereupon Gertrude read it to him, with gestures. She sold not only the script, but her own services as an actress for the leading role, which was precisely what she had intended when she brought the scrawled pages.

Reaction around NBC to the first *Goldberg* broadcast was dim. "It has about as much entertainment value as the telephone book," was one executive's comment. His face is still red today. After four programs—one a week, unsponsored—a sore throat kept Gertrude off the air for one show, and the part was played by a substitute. The NBC switchboard was jammed by calls and 11,000 listeners wrote in—all demanding the return of the one and only, the indispensable Molly Goldberg.

Sponsorship followed, and prosperity. By 1946, when *The Goldbergs* left the radio air, the program had an estimated ten million regular listeners, and was the only show to be broadcast on three different networks simultaneously. It could have stayed on indefinitely, but Gertrude was a little tired—and, besides, she had a play she wanted to write. She wrote the play, "Molly and Me," and starred in it successfully on Broadway.

For some years, full-scale television had been just over the horizon—and then, all at once, it was here, catching many of radio's greats unprepared. But not Molly. She was ready for it. Even in the radio days, she had always insisted that actors on her show must move around and act, not just stand at a microphone reading from a script. Television simply meant moving farther along in the direction Gertrude Berg had wanted to go all the time.

Her first television show went on the air in January, 1949. Since then, even when *The Goldbergs* wasn't running as a weekly series, Gertrude herself—as Molly—has cropped up as guest star on a number of different shows, notably and most delightfully on Milton Berle's. "I love working with Milton," she says. "He's such a doll."

This judgment may surprise some who have worked with Milton. But it surprises none who know Gertrude. She has never been known to utter an unkind word about anyone. This is due neither to tact nor hypocrisy. She quite honestly likes everyone she knows. She can't help it. That's the way she's made.

Liking people, she brings out the best in them. She has the reputation of being an uncompromising perfectionist in the preparation of her TV programs, but she doesn't achieve this perfection by cracking a whip over actors and technicians. "I crack it over myself," she tells you. "I am like the mamma in a large family. I tell all the children to be good and wash behind the ears, yes—but first Mamma must set the example. How can I expect other people to work hard if I don't work harder?"

A mother she certainly is—not of just one family, but of three, no less. First, there is her own private, personal family—her husband, her son Cherney and daughter Harriet, Cherney's wife and Harriet's husband and infant son (so far, Gertrude's only grandchild). Although Cherney is the producer of his mother's current TV show, in general, Gertrude keeps her real-life family and its affairs strictly separate from her work. Lewis Berg is a successful consulting engineer in his own

right, having long ago surmounted the temporary set-back which provided the initial push into radio for his wife. He is proud of her fame and does everything he can, in a quiet way, to help her, but refuses to share in it himself. He has never, for instance, consented to be photographed with her for publicity purposes.

The Bergs have two homes, an apartment in New York City and a house in Westchester—comfortable but unpretentious—for weekends. When Gertrude's schedule permits, they spend their evenings with some of their circle of old, close friends, drawn both from Gertrude's world of radio and television and Mr. Berg's world of business.

Then there is Molly Goldberg's make-believe family of radio and TV, hardly less real to Gertrude Berg than the first family—irascible Jake, her "husband," their children, Rosalie and Sammy, and vague, lovable Uncle David. As Molly, Gertrude has comforted Jake through business crises, coped with his tantrums, gently persuaded him out of decisions which would have led to disaster if he'd carried them out. She has watched Rosalie and Sammy grow up, seen them through teen-age love affairs, wept when Sammy went away to war and rejoiced at his safe return. In short, her experiences with her make-believe family have been pretty much the experiences of every other mother.

It's hard, in fact, to know where the make-believe Molly leaves off and the real-life Gertrude Berg takes over. On the air, Molly is a great matchmaker, forever trying to bring the sons and daughters of her friends together, with a weather eye to matrimony. Gertrude Berg confesses to the same amiable weakness. Last winter, when she spent five weeks in a New York hospital, the first question she asked each young intern, as she met him, was: "Tell me—are you married?" One of them, who was just about to be, invited her to his wedding, which took place shortly after she left the hospital. She went, and had a wonderful time.

A little regretfully, she confesses that she had nothing to do with helping either Cherney or Harriet choose their mates. But then, Molly-on-the-air has never had any luck along that line, either.

Finally, there is the large and ever-growing "family" of actors who have appeared on her show. She thinks of them all as her children. At the end of a rehearsal, she is likely to plead softly, "Study hard, *Kinder*, until next time," addressing herself impartially to Arlene McQuade and Tom Taylor, both in their very early twenties—who play Rosalie and Sammy respectively—and to the middle-aged Eli Mintz and Robert H. Harris, who are Uncle David and Jake.

Some who started out as Gertrude's "kinder" went on to fame in Hollywood—John Garfield, Van Heflin, Richard Widmark, Marjorie Main of "Ma Kettle" note, Joan Tetzel, Shirley Booth. Arnold Stang, the bespectacled young comedian on Milton Berle's show, got his start with Gertrude and remembers to this day instances of her general motherliness.

"She seemed to know about things which were happening to me almost before I knew them myself," Arnold recalls. "If I was having a little bit of girl trouble in my own life, right away Seymour, the character I played on the show, began having girl trouble. If my real mother got sick, my radio mother got sick, too. And the strange thing was that the emotions I was supposed to have as Seymour were the same emotions I really did have as Arnold Stang. Why, things I thought nobody knew about myself were always popping up at me from the pages of the script!"

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This insight into the feelings of other human beings is, of course, what gives *The Goldbergs* its great appeal. After success came to her, Gertrude began to worry—lest, living among the lacquered people of Madison Avenue and Broadway, she might lose touch with the common, everyday folks she wrote about. So, for years, she used to travel two or three times a year down to the crowded lower East Side of Manhattan. There, in a plain dark suit or coat, looking like any housewife in moderate circumstances, she would wander among the pushcarts drawn up at the curb, shopping, bargaining, gossiping.

In the days of radio, no one she spoke to there recognized her as Molly Goldberg. Over the years, she made many firm friends among the pushcart venders without revealing her identity. Then the television era began, and Gertrude worried. Would her friends on the East Side be hurt if they recognized her? Would they feel that she had been patronizing them, using them as raw material for her scripts?

Months passed, and she tried to tell herself she was too busy to travel all the way down to the East Side. But Gertrude doesn't find self-deception very easy, and finally she knew she had to go and face the music, if any. She boarded the subway and rode downtown to the pushcart market.

She stopped first at the stall of a little old lady who sold small household items—brushes, paring knives, and the like. Bright eyes peered out at her from a lined face that split suddenly into a welcoming smile.

"It's Mrs. Berg! Where you've been?"

Gertrude breathed easier. Here was one, at least, who didn't recognize her. She started to say something, but the little old lady went on in arch, mock reproach: "So busy acting in that television you don't have time to come and see us?"

Gertrude's innocent deception had indeed caught up with her. But it didn't matter. Nobody minded. She was still Mrs. Berg, their friend—and she always would be. That vote of confidence, from some quite ordinary people, meant as much to Gertrude as all the critical praise her work has ever received.

The illness which took Gertrude to the hospital last winter was both sudden and serious. So serious, in fact, that she had to be carried from her apartment on a stretcher and taken to the hospital in an ambulance. As she describes it, "I didn't know whether to worry about myself or pay attention to everything that was happening to me. I remember thinking, *So this is how it feels to be on a stretcher!*—and wondering if I'd ever want to use the experience in a script. Then, just before they carried me out of the apartment, I said to Fanny Merrill—'Fanny, I want you to have my mink coat!'"

Now, Mrs. Fanny Merrill is Gertrude Berg's oldest and best friend. Gray-haired and sweet-faced, with luminous dark eyes, she accompanies Gertrude to rehearsals, performances, business conferences, everywhere Gertrude's work takes her. She is a sort of secretary-companion-confidante, and about her loyalty to and affection for Gertrude there is no more doubt than about the warmth of the sun. What she said then showed that, in addition to her other qualities, she knows precisely the right thing to say, and when to say it.

"Darling," she cried, "I don't want it! I can't afford to have it remodeled!"

The tenseness of the moment snapped, and Gertrude burst into laughter. "You won't have to!" she promised. "I'll be using it myself!"

That she kept that promise is something for which we can all be thankful. The world would be a poorer and a sadder and a duller place without its Molly Goldberg.

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Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

Presenting Portia

(Continued from page 53)

Gardening is new to Frances, and that's a little odd, considering that she grew up in Berkeley, California, where flowers and gardens are certainly no novelty. Her family moved to California from Texas when Frances and her three sisters were little girls. And it was at the Pasadena Playhouse that the youngster with stars in her eyes got her first chance.

"But, even as a little girl," Frances explains, "I knew I was going to be an actress. I used to learn long pieces of poetry, and I would insist on reciting them whenever anyone came to the house. I loved an audience. I don't know how Mother put up with me, but I guess she was amused. I know she is delighted that I have a career. I'm the only one who has worked. My sisters are all married and are housewives. But there was always something in me that insisted that I wanted to act."

After a couple of seasons at Pasadena, Frances did the impossible. She got a job with a summer stock company at Martha's Vineyard—by mail. The manager had never seen her act. But she enlisted the aid of everyone she knew in the theater or movies in California. They all wrote letters. So did she. "I guess they were so startled they just hired me," she explains.

After the season ended, Frances came to New York, where for a little while it looked as though her luck had run out. But she was determined to stay and take her chances. Because eating is important, even to a girl who thinks she can live on applause, Frances took a job as stock girl in a Madison Avenue dress shop. But every once in a while, she would emerge from behind the racks and cast her eyes toward Broadway. She didn't make Broadway right away, but she did get a chance at Brooklyn. Offered the part of Lucy in a stock company performance of "Dracula," she jumped at the chance. "I wasn't going to be any good as a salesgirl, anyway," she laughs. After "Dracula" came a season in Maplewood, New Jersey, with the chance to play with such theater greats as Philip Merivale, Alison Skipworth, Grace George and Eva LeGallienne.

Frances has a very special reason for being grateful to stock companies, because it was while acting in such a company—at Ridgefield, Connecticut—that she met her husband-to-be. Frances and Philip Bourneuf acted together in stock and in early TV plays. "It was ghastly at first," Frances admits, "because we treated each other like husband and wife instead of as actors. But, once we learned not to do that, everything was fine. I like playing with Philip. But it's harder on him, because he's a better actor than I am an actress."

The Bourneufs would like to do a Broadway play together and add themselves to the growing list of husband-and-wife teams such as Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer, Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy.

The majority of Frances Reid's successful stage appearances have been in classical plays. She played Ophelia opposite Maurice Evans in "Hamlet." She was the Roxanne, loved and lost by José Ferrer, in "Cyrano de Bergerac." Her slim figure showed to advantage in the boy's tights worn by Viola in Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." In fact, the only contemporary hit she ever had was a war play, "The Wind Was Ninety," in which she acted with Kirk Douglas and Wendell Corey—when they, too, were just making a name for themselves.

Frances' success in costume plays is

actually just one more reason why this gifted woman loves the part of Portia. "The drama poses real human problems, faced and solved by real people every day," she says seriously. "It gives me a chance to portray a warm-hearted woman who is intelligent enough to be good at more than one thing. I like that, because I have found it possible to be a pretty good housewife and cook and still be an actress. At least, Philip likes my cooking, and that's all that counts."

Frances' schedule is going to use these talents to the utmost. She is hoping to be able to commute to New York from their Bucks County house. This means catching a 7:45 train every morning (and the station is fifteen miles away), remaining at the studio every day from 9:15 A.M. until 3 P.M.—and, of course, giving a show each day. "I manage by taking my lunch with me," she says. "I have a huge handbag and stow away a thermos of coffee and a sandwich. This way, I don't have to take time to go out in the half-hour lunch period. I try to get my studying all done by six o'clock, so that I can spend the evening with Philip or go over scenes with him if he is working. This summer, he is going to be at the Bucks County Playhouse and the Theater in the Park in Philadelphia, so that it all should work out fine. Besides, we love it here." Looking around the spacious living room with its pine-paneled walls, high ceiling, and the view of the rolling Jericho Valley, it's not hard to see why.

The house was built to the Bourneufs' own specifications. Between them, they planned and decided what they wanted and then—and only then—did they engage a contractor. "We couldn't bear to build in an old form," says Frances, "but neither did we want anything too aggressively modern."

The result is somewhere in between. The spaciousness of the living room gives a modern impression, as does the free-form coffee table, a gift of the famous Hungarian actress Lili Darvas. There are sling chairs of canvas and wrought-iron, too. But, at one end of the room, is an old Welsh dresser—a period piece which is perfect in the room. There is only one bathroom, but a modern and practical note is the two wash basins side by side.

"Our apartment in New York is much more colorful than this house," Frances explains. "Here we think there is so much color out of doors that we limited ourselves inside to browns and greens. In town, where everything outside is gray, we went mad with color indoors."

Everything about Frances and her husband shows this same reasonableness of approach. They have made their own adjustments to their parallel careers. And the fact that they are parallel—and not conflicting—is testimony to the ability of each of them to face life.

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TV RADIO MIRROR

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On Their Account

(Continued from page 35)

this is what Mr. Elliot would want you to do."

The Elliot house is the neighborhood playground. In addition to the Elliot children, an average day will find about sixteen other youngsters surging through their Connecticut home. And Win isn't the only attraction. Rita has taught many of the children to dance and swim.

"That makes me think," Win says. "I don't really teach them anything except how to peek when they're playing hide-and-seek."

The case is that the neighbors' children have a case on Win and Rita . . . which brings us to a rather sad subject, for the Elliots are going to move—not out of Westport but to another part of town. It's going to be real tough on the kids.

"Not on our kids," Win says. "We plan on taking ours with us."

The house is still in the thinking stage, although the property is a fact. Win bought himself two-and-a-quarter acres of beautiful wooded land on the Saugatuck River. The land slopes gently up from the river and it is at the top of the rise that Win plans to build.

"You build a house to fit the family, not vice-versa," Win says. "We've had to re-appraise ourselves to understand our needs. It's almost like taking a business inventory."

An inventory of the family, in ascending order, includes a month-old boy, then Sue Ann, a nearly three-year-old, pert red-head with motherly instincts who hovers over her brothers Peter, nearly five and nicknamed "Chucklehead" for his sunny disposition, and Rickey, just six, a handsome, blond, athletic boy. But tops on the inventory list is Rita: ash blond, blue-eyed, medium height, outdoors type, expert swimmer and dancer, former expert private secretary, actress, presently Westport housewife and mother.

"If you have a few days to spare," Win begins, "I'll tell you just how wonderful Rita is."

"It's so nice," Rita says, grinning, "to have a husband who reads a commercial so well."

"No, honestly, Reet has it," Win continues. "For one thing, she is so well-balanced—mentally as well as physically. She has equilibrium. Never loses her temper."

Win tells the story of Rita going into the local shoe store before the new baby came. She and the three kids had to wait a few minutes for a clerk. During these few minutes, the kids suddenly grew six arms apiece, but Rita kept them in check—unruffled as usual—until the clerk came over. He was impressed.

He asked, "Are you sure, Mrs. Elliot, that you don't want to go into the back of the store and blow your top?"

"No," she said. "And is it true that you are planning on still another child?"

"Yes."

"Mrs. Elliot," he said in awe, "I should like to order you a very special halo."

Win not only admires Rita's disposition but notes how it works to her advantage. "She doesn't dissipate her energy needlessly."

For a woman like Rita who likes the outdoors, who likes informality, who enjoys playing with children, you don't build a formal house.

"In the beginning we had decided we didn't like modern houses, for they seemed so cold," Win says, "but, when we began to talk specifically about the things we

would like, we found we were talking about a modern house."

For one thing, the Elliots plan on using a lot of glass, so they can wholly enjoy their land and the river. That calls for a contemporary style. And because they will be living on the side of a slope, the house will be split-level. And because they live so casually, the house will be designed for living.

"For example, we won't have a conventional dining room," Win says. "The dining room will be both play room and dining room. It will be next to the kitchen so the children will be within watching distance."

Win figures that three-quarters of the room will be given over to the children's toys, bookcases, tables and chests. In one corner, he will have a built-in TV set so they can watch a show while eating, if they so wish. One unusual feature will be the dining table, which will slide through a trick panel from the kitchen to the dining room. Rita will be able to set the table in the kitchen and keep it out of the way if the children are playing in the dining room—or they can eat in the kitchen, for a change.

"We all eat together," Win says. "Just as soon as a child is old enough to sit up, he joins the family. We don't mind the mess."

At present, they are using a glass-topped table which cleans easily after a meal. The rug, however, is another matter.

"If memory serves me, the dining room rug is gray," Win says. "You can't tell by looking at it now. After what the kids and the cat and dog have done to it with food, the rug looks like a mountainous area on a Rand McNally map."

The living room will be on the terrace, with three walls of glass, and it will not be called a living room but "the family room." Here again conventional furniture will be forgotten and, instead, there will be built-in cabinets, seats, and other fixtures. Win plans on a permanent screen for his home movies and a special closet for his projector and home-recording equipment.

Win and Rita have been carefully preserving their records of the family in snapshots and movie films, but the choice Elliotana is on the tape recorder. Win has been imitating Ed Murrow's *Hear It Now*—on the family level.

Win started to keep this scrapbook-in-sound in 1952. He caught Susie's first cry, Rickey's first recitation, the children scrubbing teeth and performing other "firsts."

"At times, I felt a little like an investigator tapping private conversations," Win says.

He recorded the daily battle which occurs in the evening when he puts the two boys to bed. The tape reveals that he began as usual with a velvet glove and wound up shaking an iron fist. The boys quieted down and, on the recording, Win said good night and left the room. Then the recorder picked up Rickey whispering to his brother, "Go ahead, Peter, get out of bed." And, a moment later, at the top of his voice, Rickey shouted, "Daddy, Peter is out of bed!"

"I caught Rickey red-handed," Win says, "but Rita wouldn't allow me to use the evidence without a court order."

At the end of the year, Win and Rita went over their collection of tape recordings, edited them down and had them transcribed on records to send the grandparents as Christmas gifts.

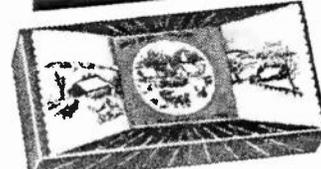
"The kids sounded so cute," Win says, "that, two days after my mother got her record, she was on her way down from

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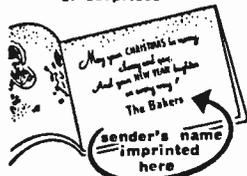
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Maine to hear and see them in person." While photography and recording are Win's hobbies, Rita's interests extend to good government and acting. She has produced plays for the church and acted in productions of the Westport Players. She also devotes a lot of time to the League of Women Voters.

"She's non-partisan," Win says, "but I'm pretty sure she voted for me."

This past year, Win campaigned to be elected representative to the Westport Town Meeting. He lost by only four votes.

"That's the best record a Democrat ever made in our town," he notes, with proper pride. A loyal and sincere Democrat, Win nevertheless associates socially and in business with Republicans, and Win's sense of fair play leads him to say, "The Republicans have been doing a good job in running Westport, but there's a lot of room for improvement." He adds, with a grin, "Besides, it's time for a change."

Neither Win nor Rita has ever allowed civic activities or other interests to interfere with their relationship to the children.

"In fact, I think we have gone too far in the other direction," Win says. "We've never had a weekend trip away from the kids."

This summer, for the first time, Win and Rita plan to go away alone for three weeks. They had thought of flying to Europe, but sightseeing sounded like too much work, and they have settled on plans for a more restful vacation out West.

"Reet is as badly in need of a vacation as I am," Win says. "I'm one of those men who believe the average wife works twice as hard as her husband."

He notes that, in addition to her duties with the children and the household, Rita calls on her past experience as a secretary to manage Win's fan mail, correspondence and domestic finances.

"She also lets me sleep until nine or ten on Saturday and Sunday mornings," he says. "but don't get the idea we live like two angels. We argue. Especially when I try to push her around."

Win remembers he was successful just once in forcing a personal decision, and that was recently. He had to fly to Chicago to broadcast the Gillette fights and Rita was eight months pregnant. She wanted to go along and Win said, "No. Not in your condition." Rita said, "My condition is okay."

They retired to their corners and, when they came out for the next round, Rita announced she had talked to her obstetrician and he said the trip was okay. Rita took that round, but not the next one. Win had then phoned the family doctor and conned him into saying that Rita shouldn't go.

"I eventually won," Win said, "but it was a tough fight."

There is the tale of the mink stole. But, to understand that, you must be fore-armed with the story of the Christmas car. It's an example of the tenderness Win feels for Reet.

For their first Christmas together, Win really wanted to give Rita something special. Win had been a widower and so Rita, in marrying him, had also acquired two sons.

"She stepped into a mountain of responsibilities without batting an eyelash," Win recalls. "One day she had been a career woman, successful as a secretary and an actress. The next day, as a newlywed, she had to manage a home and become mother to a couple of wildcats. She didn't complain once, or ask for help, or get disturbed. She was magnificent."

So that Christmas, when it came time for Win to hand Rita her gift, he suggested that she step down into the cellar. She did and there was her gift, a per-

sonal station wagon.

"I never thought I could top that gift," Win says, "but that didn't bother me, for we're not the kind of family which requires gifts as proof of love."

Nevertheless, it was a challenge and suddenly he realized that, like most other women, Rita cast an appreciative eye on mink.

One day, Win asked Rita to meet him early in Manhattan and he got her walking down Fifth Avenue, turned her into Saks and then tricked her into the fur department.

"I told her she was to pick out a mink stole," Win recalls, "and I thought she would."

Rita politely cooperated with the sales lady and looked at the furs but, in the end, didn't make a selection.

"Don't you really want a stole?" he asked her.

"I'll tell you," she said outside, "I honestly always wanted one but, now that can have it, I really don't care."

It is Rita's attitude, of course, that contributes to the casual air around the Elliot home and the kind of thing Win wants in their new home. Besides the ideas he has in mind for the dining-pla room and the family room, Win hopes to save as many trees on the property as possible, although he does want the sun to get through to the river so that they will have a warm beach for swimming. He's got a few vague ideas of the kind of bedrooms he wants for the children.

"What the kids should really have are padded cells with everything bolted to the floor," Win says, "but you know how people would talk."

Actually, one reason the plans have not progressed further is that Rita refuses to plan.

"It's very frustrating," Win says. "I like to anticipate, worry, plan ahead. Rita is a complete ad-libber. She waits for the situation to come up."

Win recalls that Rita hadn't even decided on a name for Sue Ann until they were on their way to the hospital for the delivery. In the same way, he isn't getting too much help from her in planning the new house.

"Win is just better at things like that she says. "His mind is made for looking ahead. There's nothing impractical about Win, in spite of his charm." She tells you then about his fan mail and that many of his admirers are rather confused. She reads from one letter that starts out, "What are you? What are you? You change personalities all day long."

It's kind of true. The Win you know may depend on what time of the day you catch him on radio and video. In the morning he is gay and light-hearted in Betty Crocker's kitchen. In the afternoon, he is mature and philosophical while interviewing guests on *On Your Account*. In the evening, he is the sports expert, terse and keen, as he covers the fights.

"Win is adaptable," Rita says. "After all, he's not the same person when he's driving the car as when he's playing hopscotch with the kids." Then she adds, "Win is an active man who likes sports, politics, his work, but—above everything else, loves and enjoys his family. He's warm hearted and good-hearted."

"Win is kind of teasing because I won't sit down and plan our new house to the detail. And, to tell the truth, it doesn't honestly worry me or matter too much. I know how the children feel and I know how I feel. The only thing that matters to us is that Win be in our home, whether it's a tent or shack or castle."

Win grins and says, "You read a pretty good commercial yourself."

Happy to Be Home

(Continued from page 44)

thought of her husband, worried and distraught over what had happened. How could he do his work as a publicist for Universal Pictures, a nerve-wracking job at best, with this going on? She thought of the other children at home, little Anne, not yet three, and the year-old baby, Tony. Well, they'd be all right as long as her mother, bless her, was on hand to care for them and soothe their fears with her soft Scotch burr.

They'd be safe in the new house—that house, bought with so much trepidation on a shoestring, at so much sacrifice. Through her own pain, Andree could see mounting stacks of figures, all in the red column, the expenses of this illness, this accident. She'd lose the show, of course, and they'd figured so closely, depended so much on the *Backstage Wife* role to help get over that first year with the house. . . .

She thought wryly to herself, holding on as hard as she could to her sense of humor, "Well, nobody could write a better drama than the one I'm living through this minute. If you don't believe it can really happen, just ask me."

It was just then that Guy came in, bringing a new batch of flowers. He sat quietly beside her bed. "Thought you'd like to know the people on *Backstage Wife* are holding your part for you, honey," he said. "They even announced that someone else was taking your place because you were sick, but that you'd be back. Pretty wonderful of them, eh?"

She could hardly believe her ears. The *Backstage Wife* people were under no obligation at all to do such a thing. It was a gesture straight from the heart, and in a way it made all the difference. "No matter what happens," she told Guy, "I think I can take it now."

Nothing the doctors did could save Andree's baby. When she was finally allowed to leave the hospital, she took Anne and Tony both into her arms, and thanked God that she had them to come home to at this time. Then, resolutely, for their sakes she put aside what had happened and again concentrated on the future.

Andree is twenty-eight now, and she got her first professional job in radio when she was seventeen. She's been working in both radio and TV, and on the stage, ever since, so you must have heard her voice at least a thousand times. Mostly, she has been cast as an Irish colleen—an oddity in itself, when you realize that her folks and her three brothers and sisters were all born in Scotland.

Little Miss Wallace waited until her youngest brother was ten, and then elected to be born in Brooklyn. Her oldest sister is fifty. Her father, a Scottish shopkeeper, brought the whole family to New York and got a job as a gardener in a cemetery, while her mother opened a rooming house in East Flatbush.

Thereafter, the Brooklyn Dodgers became accustomed to hearing themselves rooted for by a small but persistent claque of Highlanders, and Andree grew up and went to Prospect Heights High School, where she studied drama. In her senior year she faced the fact that she was going to have to get a job, and she didn't see the point of waiting any longer. So she started making the rounds in Manhattan, auditioning for shows. To everyone's astonishment, she actually landed one on *The Little Blue Playhouse*, a Saturday morning program in which such famous Americans as Jane Addams were dramatized. Ten dollars a show.

Andree's principal, almost hysterical with pride, gave her permission to cut

classes in order to attend rehearsals, and Andree was on her way.

There's no room to list all the things she's done, except to mention the *Kraft Television Theater* run (all those Irish colleens, with a slight Scottish burr) and the fact that she played the title role in a play called "Kathleen"—which, in 1948, ran for two performances in New York.

Andree was studying drama at the school of Madam Daykarhanova when she met Guy Biondi. Madam's class was giving a demonstration at Finch College, and Guy was the stage manager. Andree took one look at him and for the first time in her life something went *boi-i-i-ng!* in her heart. She was twenty-one, and she'd been around some, and she was ready.

A lot more ready than Guy, certainly. Her clear blue eyes twinkle reflectively as she remembers, now: "I chased him madly. Shamelessly, in fact. I'll just say I thought he was a terribly good-looking man—if I said any more, he'd get the works from the fellows he works with."

"The Marines and publicity men can take it," I suggested.

"He'll murder me. . . . He had dark hair and nice eyes, and he was the kind of man I'd always thought would be right for me. I did what I thought was my best, and got *nowhere*. It was two years before I ran into him again."

Then it was at the American Theater Wing, which is a school for professional people who are trying to improve their lot in the theater. Andree and Guy recognized each other, and he asked her for a date. This was for dinner and dancing, and it went off in grand style. They had a wonderful time, and when, at four in the morning, he brought her home and thoroughly kissed her good night, he sketched a pattern of future dates that sounded like the long but sure road to marriage.

Andree sighed herself to sleep in blissful delusion. The next day, she planned her campaign. Being an essentially nice, pretty, emotionally sound and rather simple human being herself, she pictured Guy as a complicated sophisticate, and forthwith determined to play the kind of game she'd been reading in certain slick novels. "What I'll do," she thought, "is kind of insult him. That'll make him notice me. Then, when I've insulted him enough and he's crazy with suspense—or whatever—I'll let him see what I'm really like. Then he'll propose, and everything will be fine."

So, on the next couple of dates, she threw one or two insults at him, as opportunity offered. At first, he seemed only surprised, as if his ears had played him false. Then he became somewhat aloof. After the third date during which she tried this technique, he bade her a quick good night, and she didn't hear from him again.

She had made the mistake of inferring a lot of things about a perfectly normal, decent, well-meaning guy, who in turn was hurt and finally thrown by this inexplicable behavior on the part of a girl he really liked—or had thought he did.

It was not until 1949, when Andree was once again a student at the American Theater Wing, that, out of the corner of her eye, she noticed Guy moving around, busy at his several tasks. She saw that he had seen her, too.

When class was over, she had the choice of hanging around, waiting to see if he would notice her and ask her out, or of pretending to ignore him and going home. She chose, to her sorrow, the latter course—because the next day they met in a hallway and he told her that, upon recognizing her, he'd hastily called for a pair of

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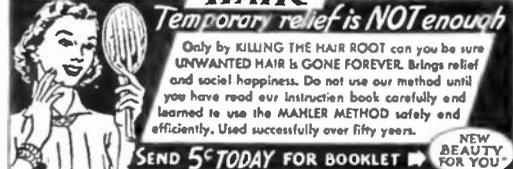
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theater tickets and had had to tear them up when he couldn't find her.

She was beaten, and she knew it. "Don't ever do that again," she told him. "Hereafter, when you want to take me out anywhere, I'll be waiting."

"About time!" he said.

They knew, now, that they were in love, that it would be only a matter of time until they would be married. But Guy was free-lancing, which meant he was out of town a lot. If they did get married, they would have to be apart a great many days in each month. Besides, they really couldn't afford marriage—not marriage as they wanted it to be. They were dreaming of a nice apartment, a baby or two—the works.

So they put it off.

Until, one day, when both had finished work, they met and walked along Broadway toward Times Square. The sky was misty, and suddenly it began to rain, hard. They were caught without coats, so they moved close to the buildings for a while, but they were on the wrong side. Finally, they darted into one of those sandwich shops which line Broadway, and found a booth, and ordered coffee.

They were dry and warm, now, and the coffee made them even warmer: Guy said, "All this is nonsense."

Andree lifted her cup. "What? This makes real sense to me."

"I mean we should be drinking this in our own apartment. So then it would be, *Let it rain.*"

"Let it rain," she repeated, dreamily.

"Tomorrow? Marry me?"

"You bet," she said. "By all means, tomorrow. We'll work it somehow."

And so they did. They found an apartment and worked hard and scraped along and had fun. They bought some furniture. And, before long, little Anne turned up, a lusty and expensive addition to the household. They managed, but it was a trial-and-error thing. And, when Tony was born, they knew they were in a walking, living crisis.

Some way, they held their respective tempers, did their jobs, got along. Both were so busy and tense that when Andree finally was sure that she was pregnant for a third time, days went by before there seemed to be an opportunity for telling Guy. Then . . .

One morning they faced each other across the breakfast table. The kitchen was bedlam. Both children were screaming, Andree was darting back and forth

from stove to table, trying to feed Guy his bacon and eggs and simultaneously scoop mouthfuls of cereal into Anne's mouth. Tony set up a howl—he'd lost the nipple of his bottle and was feeling badly treated.

"Oh, my God!" Guy remarked, with feeling.

Andree paused a moment, a spatula dripping with eggs in one hand, a nursing bottle in the other. She had a fresh diaper on her left shoulder ready to burp Tony, and she was trying to memorize her lines for today's show, in which she was to work—using whatever measures necessary—toward the ultimate goal of stealing another woman's husband in *Backstage Wife*.

Suddenly she burst into tears.

"Now, now," Guy said, soothingly . . .

"'Now, now' yourself," Andree howled. "There'll be *three* in another seven months!"

So they bought the house in Garden City. "It was that or a strait jacket," Andree says. No family with such diverse interests and activities could confine itself to a city apartment and try to raise three noisy, rambunctious kids in such circumstances.

But where to get the money for a house? One late afternoon, when the children were napping under the watchful eye of Andree's mother—who at seventy-two is as brisk and capable as anyone in the household—Guy and Andree sat down, like any young married couple, and figured it out.

Sure, it would mean sacrifices, financially. So Andree would wear a two-year-old cloth coat for another spring, and forget about the mink stole. They could keep the old car, with some new tires and a valve-grind job.

But a house it would be. Not just any house, either, since they would be mortgaging their souls for it. Not just a quick find from a realty agent.

So they began hunting. They walked through dozens of houses, some shoddy, some too grand for the price.

But, finally, they found it. A seven-room split-level in Garden City, well-situated, with a good yard for the kids, big airy rooms, a gracious air about it.

Lord knows, they couldn't afford it. Like so many other young families, they'll be slaves to it from now on out, slaves to its garden and its roof and its idiosyncrasies. But it's *theirs*. And, despite their recent loss of the third baby, they are a united, complete family, unafraid of the future.

They were talking about ME!

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She's a Living Doll

(Continued from page 46)

If you hear Shirley first on radio, without having seen her on TV, you're apt to get a false impression of her personality. You might think: Here is a flawless voice and a girl who has lived—the sophistication is undeniable.

Later, either on a family-size screen, or in person, you meet her and you are astonished. This can't possibly be the girl who sang last night, with such overtones of worldly knowledge.

It's the same girl, all right, but without the overtones. Shirley is lovely, sweet, and so seemingly innocent that you can't help muttering the old cliché: "Little girls are made of sugar and spice and everything nice . . ."

Shirley is as good and wholesome as a butter-cake, and we don't have to search far to find out why. We just have to look at her family, and the way she was brought up. Shirley's father was an athlete who lost an arm in an accident when he was fourteen. Where many a man would have been discouraged, Mr. Harmer not only married and had six children—three boys and three girls—but managed an engineering job with the General Motors plant in Oshawa, Canada, played championship golf, and umpired local baseball teams.

Of such stock is Miss Harmer. She grew up in a big frame house in Thornton's Corners, near Oshawa (which is near Toronto), in a loving circle of family and friends. She went to a two-room school-house and, on Sunday, to Sunday school—and to Red Cross meetings where the boys sat on one side of the room, the girls on the other. Everyone was supposed to contribute some sort of entertainment. Shirley sang, of course, with one of the local pianists as her accompanist. Sometimes, as a very special treat, a boy named Bob Luke came in from Oshawa and played a trombone solo.

To some people, a trombone solo might not be the height of entertainment. But this Mr. Luke was a trombonist for Boyd Valteau's band at the Jubilee Pavilion in Oshawa . . . Valteau's band was destined to end up in the Casa Loma and the Palais Royale in Toronto . . . and, in consequence of Mr. Luke's hearing our Shirley sing, Shirley was asked to join the band in Oshawa when she was only fifteen.

Because of these happenings, Shirley is today a great radio and TV star, with the world before her. Girls as pretty as Shirley is, with a voice such as she possesses, frequently turn up in the movies. Then—no one knows what background might be devised for her, or what differences might occur in her history and her personality.

So, just for the record, this is the way Shirley is now . . . and this is what she was really like, that day in Canada, when she accepted Boyd Valteau's offer to sing with his band—at two dollars a night, made up from change contributed by members of the orchestra. (They couldn't afford a vocalist, but Shirley was Shirley.)

The first night Shirley appeared with Boyd Valteau's orchestra in the Jubilee, she wore a dirndl skirt, a blouse, and ballet slippers. She was fifteen, and she'd dared her mother's wrath by sneaking a little powder and rouge. She felt completely worldly and grown-up—until she saw the high heels and the long dresses, the make-up and hairdos of the girls who were dancing past her. She sat on the bandstand, then, feeling suddenly like a little country "square."

"The thing about it," Shirley remem-

bers now, laughing, "was that everybody in the band knew that's exactly what I was, and that I was half-scared, half-silly with excitement. So each member of the band came to me separately, before the evening started, and each one told me he was there to protect me. 'If anything happens and you need any help,' they said, 'just yell for me.'"

She knew, then, when she got up to sing, that every member of the orchestra was rooting for her. She sang for the Jubilee crowd much as she sings now, except that then, of course, her voice and delivery were too young and cute.

When you hear Shirley now, despite the sheltered, chaperoned life she has led, you know that this is a woman singing. She delivers "My Man," and other such torch songs, in a manner which Dinah Shore and Rosemary Clooney together might envy. Here is the smoothest delivery of such a number on the airways today. Listening, you realize that no naive teenager is doing this.

Why? Well, Shirley is twenty-two now, and some things have happened to her. For one thing, she has been in love.

It all began like this: She was washing her hair one day when her best girlfriend, Madge, called up. Shirley answered the phone, dripping suds all over.

"Oh, Shirley," Madge told her breathlessly, "there's a new boy and he's on the team! He's the catcher! And, Shirley, he's divine! The handsomest thing you ever saw in your life!"

"I'm washing my hair," Shirley said. "And, darling," Madge went on, "he's out with the practice squad behind the schoolhouse this very minute!"

"Just let me rinse out the soap, I'll be right with you!" Shirley yelled.

In this town, a new boy was an event, especially to a seventeen-year-old girl. An hour later, Madge and Shirley were at the schoolhouse, gawking at him. "Isn't he simply terrific?" Madge sighed. "If I wasn't going steady with Dick . . ."

"All I can see is a lot of teeth," Shirley said doubtfully. "With that catcher's mask on, he could look like Frankenstein's monster above the smile." But a little later, when the practice session was over, he threw the mask away and Shirley saw that Madge had been right, indeed.

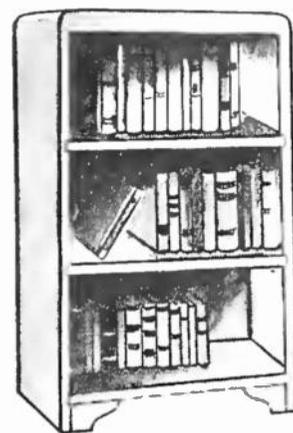
Madge's steady came over to walk her home, and the new catcher came tagging along, too, ostensibly to be with his friend Dick. But, by the way he kept looking at her, Shirley knew the real reason. In Thornton's Corners, a boy never worked fast lest it be presumed that he considered the girl an easy date. Shirley waited the usual week without misgivings, getting her clothes in shape and experimenting with new hairdos. And she kept going with Madge to watch the practice games—and, incidentally, see "Jimmy" play.

When Jimmy finally came over and asked her if he could walk her home alone, without Madge and Dick, she wasn't surprised—only thrilled. The next evening, he asked if he could take her to the corner store for a get-acquainted visit over soda-pop, and she discovered that he was all the exciting things a seventeen-year-old girl wanted in a boyfriend. He was not only handsome, he was four years older than she. He had finished school, had a good job, and was seriously interested in finding his girl, marrying her and settling down.

Of course, Shirley was by now singing in Toronto at the Casa Loma and, later, at the Palais Royale, both famous night spots in Toronto. Valteau's band had gone

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on to these famous places, and she had gone with them. Jimmy had arranged to pick her up each night, late, after her stint was finished, and drive her home.

One evening they were cruising along the highway on the way home from Toronto when Jimmy said, "Tomorrow's your eighteenth birthday, isn't it?"

"How did you know?"

"Madge told me. I—I've got a little present for you, and I know a present ought to be a surprise—but, in this case, well . . ."

He reached in his pocket, pulled out a little velvet box, and snapped it open. The diamond glinted in the light from the dashboard. "Would you take it, Shirley, and be engaged to me?"

"Oh, my dear," she said, "you're wrong. It is a lovely surprise!"

And of course she wanted to be engaged to him. "I'll have to ask Mother if I can," she explained, and he understood that and approved of it. Her mother was not at home when they got there. One of Shirley's brothers said she'd gone to spend the night with a relative in Toronto, though he wasn't sure which one.

"Oh, Jimmy," Shirley said, crestfallen. But he'd started after something, and he didn't want to face a whole night of not knowing whether he had it or not. "There's the phone, honey," he pointed out. "Let's get on it."

So, for the next half-hour, she tried places all over Toronto where her mother might be . . . until finally, at her uncle's house, she found her. A few minutes later, she hung up and went out to the kitchen, where Jimmy was prudently taking nourishment against what might be a long siege. "It's all right," she said softly, "Mother says we can be engaged. I'm so glad, Jimmy."

There beside the refrigerator, gulping hastily, he brought out his ring again and slipped it onto her finger. And, if their engagement kiss was slightly flavored with peanut butter and jelly and milk, it was no less romantic for that.

The next year was a big one for Shirley. The way things worked out, it was almost as if she were living two lives at once. Then, all at once, there was a change. . . .

Shirley had noticed that for the last few evenings when he'd called for her, Jimmy was distraught and quiet. Tonight he began to talk about what had been worrying him. Didn't Shirley think a year's engagement was long enough? Jimmy's job was going well and he'd had a raise. He could afford his own car, pretty soon, and the down payment on a little cottage in Thornton's Corners. He was twenty-two and anxious to get settled and start his family. So how about it?

For some strange reason, Shirley felt her heart sink. This was exactly what she had wanted a year ago, even six months ago. "Yes," she said, "I guess a year's long enough. Only . . . well, it's difficult enough now as it is, with me singing in Toronto and all . . . and, if I have to keep house for us, too, way out here in Thornton's Corners . . ."

"Oh, but of course you'd quit singing," Jimmy said, in effect. "When you marry me you'll have your job cut out for you, for life—being my wife."

"You mean—quit singing entirely? Give up my career?"

After a long pause, Jimmy said, "I don't get it. Your career is marriage, isn't it? You said you wanted to be my wife, and how can you be that and sing with a band, too?"

"But I've worked so hard, and I'm doing so well, and George Murray says now that I'm on radio, even television, and . . ."

"And how much time does that leave

you for being married to me?" Jimmy shook his head. "Do you see any choice there?"

Shirley didn't answer for a long time. When she did, it was in a very small voice, and there were tears in her eyes.

"Yes, Jimmy, I think I do."

That wasn't the end of it, then and there. It took a while, as such things do, when two people love one another dearly. But finally there had to come the night when Shirley slipped the ring off her finger and returned it to Jimmy. She did not cry, now, because they'd had it all out and she'd thought it over carefully, and this was a decision she'd made and slept on. She'd done her crying, through many sleepless nights.

With all the sadness that must come with such a parting, they made a kind of compromise of it. Jimmy said, "Let's wait and see. Maybe, somehow, things will change and we can talk it all over again later."

And Shirley answered, trying to smile and not succeeding so well, "Yes, sure, maybe that's how it will be."

Shirley came to New York last year all by herself, except for her manager. She'd talked it over with her folks before leaving, and they'd given their consent only if she would stay at a hotel for women—an establishment where an unprotected girl can live, go out to work, and generally operate without ever being disturbed by boys. Men may visit such a hotel only at certain specified hours, and then only to speak decorously with the resident ladies under conditions of the utmost respectability.

To put it bluntly, it is fully chaperoned. Some girls live in this type of residence because they're really scared. Shirley did because of her folks, and she stayed for the same reason.

But, after a few days and nights in fabulous Manhattan, she began to wonder why she'd ever agreed to this. She'd worked Manhattan up into a kind of unbelievable, glamorous fairyland in her mind. She'd had an idea that the tall stone towers would soar charmingly toward the sky . . . that, as she walked down Fifth Avenue and strolled along Broadway, she'd bump into the great stars of movies and television.

Her manager took her out on the town the first night of her arrival. She was like the sheltered princess Audrey Hepburn played in "Roman Holiday," on her first evening of freedom. Broadway was magic, the lights blinding and exciting.

But the next night her manager was busy, and Shirley went quietly to bed in the small room at the hotel. She went to bed at eight o'clock, a little tired from her day of auditions and so on. At eleven she woke up, spank awake.

She shuffled the bed-clothes around, got a glass of water, started listening to the horns and traffic noises below, in spite of herself. She closed her eyes, tried to go to sleep. *Beep!* Silence. *Beep!* *Beep!* Silence. *Zoo-oom!*

That was New York.

Three hours later, she was almost crying, holding back her tears with an effort of will. "Oh, Thornton's Corners, here I come," she whispered frantically.

But the next day she took the elevator downstairs and walked briskly up Fifth Avenue. The windows were gorgeous with clothes and jewels, including the diamond tiara Napoleon had given Josephine.

As Shirley dragged her eyes away from these baubles, she almost bumped into Marlene Dietrich, dressed to the nines in something that looked like an original Dior, and protected from the elements by a hyacinth mink. Miss Dietrich nimbly

sidestepped our Shirley and passed on.

Shirley stood for a moment, stunned, knowing that in a kind of off-beat way, here had been her competition. Dietrich represented durable glamour. All Shirley had to offer was loveliness and youth and a perfect voice. . . .

The next three months were a long, protracted misery for Shirley. She knew a few girls in New York, but no men. She worked at her job each day. But, when the evenings came, she was alone and lonesome, scared, bored.

Often, late at night, she'd go out and walk along the streets, sometimes Fifth Avenue, sometimes Broadway. The fairyland of New York was here, all right, but not the way she'd always imagined it. The beauty of Fifth Avenue waited to be looked at, but it was cold and hard and expensive. The raucous beauty of Broadway was all there, blinking on and off, but she was jostled by crowds, sailors whistled at her, but strangers are strangers.

The magic was a little tarnished.

She went back to her hotel, and went to bed, and lay wide-eyed in the night, realizing how rough New York can be, how a dream can be shattered, how fairyland can turn into a frightening mess.

Finally, after three months, things began to look better for Shirley. Don Cherry, the singer and golfer, whom she had met in Toronto, called and asked her to dinner. She could accept this invitation, because he was a friend of the family. Then, a few nights later, David Wheylen, Tommy Dorsey's manager, whom she'd met previously, asked her out.

The word got around: Here was a beautiful girl, talented and on her way to the big time. And suddenly Shirley's phone began ringing so constantly that she hadn't time to keep track of the calls. . . .

Now, even though Shirley is twenty-two, her parents are arranging to have one of her older sisters come to New York to live with her before they will allow her to take her own apartment. Shirley is looking forward to that apartment, and the freedom it suggests. Agents are looking for furnished quarters which will suit her and her sister, and she is like a child about it, in anticipation.

And yet . . . the other day, up in her hotel room, Shirley opened the mail from home and there it was, the news that in her heart she had half-expected, half-dreaded. Jimmy had found his girl at last, and had been married that week.

Although she thought she had armored her emotions against love, against the thought of Jimmy and of marriage, the hurt stabbed deep for a few minutes. She thought of the new car and the little house in Thornton's Corners, and of Jimmy, so gay and handsome. These were the things she had given up so she could go on singing. At the moment, as she stared at the letter through a mist of tears, it seemed a pretty heavy price.

But there wasn't time to sit there feeling sorry for herself. "In a couple of hours," she thought, "I'll be standing in front of the cameras with Paul Whiteman and a great orchestra backing me up. Millions of people all over the country will be watching, listening. That's something. That's what I want. . . ."

Well, anyway, that's what she had. A few minutes later, she was walking proudly along Fifth Avenue, her head held high, on her way to rehearsal.

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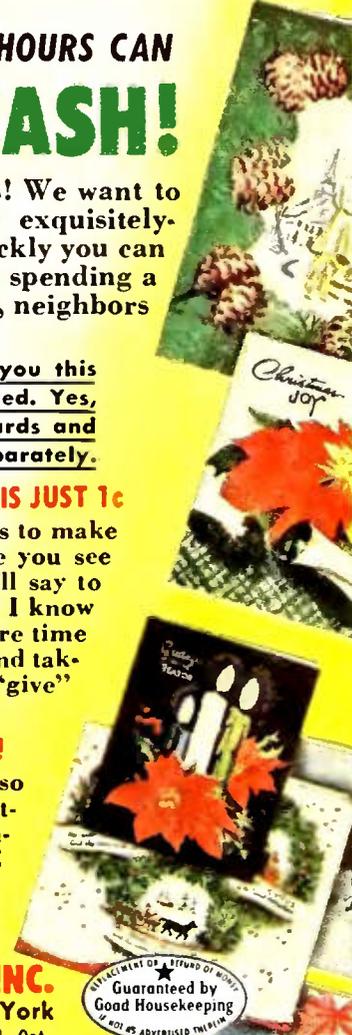
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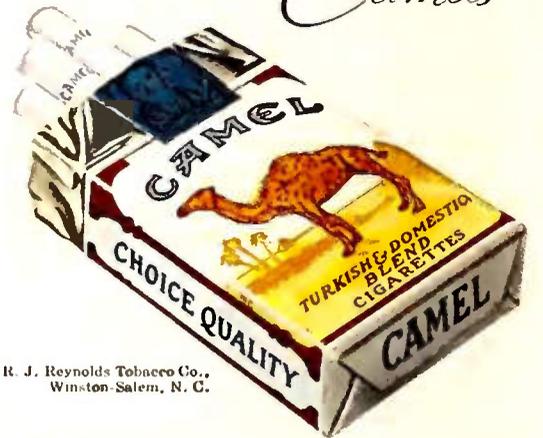


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