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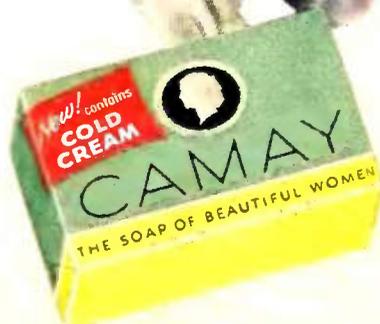
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NOW IN
CAMAY



WOMEN EVERYWHERE tell us new Camay with cold cream is the most wonderful thing that ever happened to complexion care. And Camay is the *only* leading beauty soap that brings you this precious ingredient—new luxury at no extra cost!

WHETHER YOUR SKIN IS DRY OR OILY, Camay with cold cream will leave it feeling delightfully cleansed and refreshed. Of course, you still get everything you've always loved about Camay . . . that famous mildness, satin lather, exquisite fragrance. For beauty and bath, there's no finer beauty soap!



*"Really pampers
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Fights decay the best-tasting way!



Send for generous sample tube. Mail coupon today for trial tube (enough for about 25 brushings).

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., DEPT. T-114,
Hillside, New Jersey

Please send trial tube of new-formula Ipana.
Enclosed is 3 stamp to cover part cost of handling.

Name

Street

City Zone State

(Offer good in continental U.S.A. only. Expires Jan. 31, 1955.)



MAKE YOUR OWN TASTE TEST

Ipana A/C Tooth Paste (Ammoniated Chlorophyll) also contains bacteria-destroyer WD-9 (Sodium Lauryl Sulfate)

T
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NEW!

DOCTOR'S DEODORANT DISCOVERY*

**SAFELY STOPS ODOR
24 HOURS A DAY!**

*New Mum with M-3
won't irritate normal skin
or damage fabrics*



Proved in underarm comparison tests made by a doctor. Deodorant *without* M-3, tested under one arm, stopped perspiration odor only a few hours. New Mum *with* M-3, tested under other arm, stopped odor a full 24 hours.

1. *Exclusive deodorant based originally on doctor's discovery, now contains long-lasting M-3 (Hexachlorophene).
2. Stops odor all day long because invisible M-3 *clings* to your skin—*keeps on* destroying odor bacteria a full 24 hours.
3. Non-irritating to normal skin. Use it daily. *Only* leading deodorant containing no strong chemical astringents—will not block pores.
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6. Gentle, safe, dependable—*ideal for sanitary napkins, too*. Get new Mum today.

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with long-
lasting M-3
(HEXACHLOROPHENE)



A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

NOVEMBER, 1954

TV RADIO MIRROR

VOL. 42, NO. 6

Keystone Edition

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Cover portrait of Ralph Edwards by Sterling S. Smith

buy your December copy early • on sale November 9

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Member of The TRUE STORY Women's Group

Listerine Antiseptic Stops Bad Breath 4 Times Better Than Any Tooth Paste!



No tooth paste—Regular, Ammoniated, or Chlorophyll—can give you Listerine's lasting protection

Before you go any place where you might offend . . . on a date, to a party, to any business or social engagement . . . remember this: Far and away the most common cause of offensive breath is the bacterial fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth. So the best way to stop bad breath is to get at bacteria . . . to get at the major cause of bad breath.

That's a job for an antiseptic. And that explains why, in clinical tests, Listerine Antiseptic averaged four times better in stopping bad breath than the leading tooth pastes it was tested against!

No tooth paste kills odor bacteria like this . . . instantly

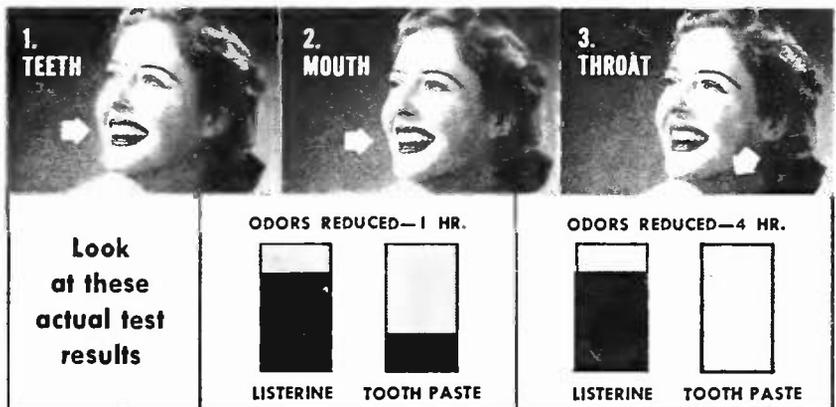
Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no tooth paste can possibly do. Listerine instantly kills bacteria—by millions—stops bad breath instantly, and usually for hours on end. No tooth paste, of course, is antiseptic. Chlorophyll doesn't kill germs—but Listerine kills bacteria by millions, gives you lasting antiseptic protection against bad breath.

So, remember—especially before any date—gargle with Listerine, the most widely-used antiseptic in the world.

Stops Bad Breath up to 3-4 times longer!

Listerine Antiseptic was recently tested by a famous, independent research laboratory against leading tooth pastes. Listerine averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than any of the products tested. By actual test, Listerine Antiseptic stopped bad breath up to three to four times longer than the tooth pastes!

LISTERINE ACTS ON 3 AREAS WHERE BREATH ODORS CAN START



**and for COLDS and SORE THROAT
(DUE TO COLDS)**



GARGLE LISTERINE... Quick and Often

This pleasant precaution can help nip a cold in the bud or lessen its severity. The same is true in reducing the number of sore throats. That's because Listerine reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs before they can invade throat tissues and cause much of the misery you associate with colds.

A Product of The Lumbert Compony

He's shooting for

Ever since he donned a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles, Reed Browning has known nothing but success



Contestant Jeane Belmont of Minneapolis races to ring the bell for the jackpot on Reed's network show.



As emcee of a wide variety of local and network shows, Reed is friendly, vivacious and handy with an ad-lib.

FOLKS visiting Hollywood—or those who live there—have three easy and pleasant ways to meet one of the friendliest and most cheerful emcees in show business, Reed Browning. Anyone appearing in the vicinity of Sunset and Vine any weekday morning or afternoon, is quite apt to become an active part of Reed's two all-around-good-fun shows, *Beat The Record*, heard locally over Station KABC, or *The Reed Browning Show*, heard over the ABC Network. Both programs offer a delightful fare of music, spontaneous fun and prize quizzes, and feature popular performers such as Rex Koury, Art and Dotty Todd and Ronnie Kemper. If, by chance, visiting firemen miss either of these happy sessions, they can drop by the famous Coconut Grove and join Reed in his evening coast-to-coast *Coconut Grove Party*.

If Reed's face looks familiar and his voice sounds the same, it is undoubtedly because this busy emcee has appeared on a stream of radio and TV shows, from *The Breakfast Club* and *Philco Hall Of Fame*, to *The Jack Owens Show* and *Crusade In Europe*.

Originally, Reed had wanted to be a trumpet player, but, while still a student in Decatur, Illinois, his football activities prevented him from playing in the band. Hence, his musical career ended. As an English major at the University of Illinois, Reed became interested in radio, so, after graduation, he sent records of his voice to a host of radio stations. One of these was Station KGMB in Honolulu. On the strength of his long-distance audition, the station hired Reed as an announcer and emcee. In short time, he became a tremendous favorite with the local populace and was affectionately known as "Unka Beel." He also made a hit with an attractive young actress named Laurel who was appearing in a play in Honolulu and whom Reed soon took as his bride.

After two years in the land of swaying palms, Reed and Laurel returned to the States, where he got a job with Station KYA in San Francisco. A year later, NBC approached him. During an ensuing interview, Reed—

Stardom



A firm believer of "it pays to advertise," Mr. Browning goes to any lengths—or heights—to plug his shows.

whose real name is Bill Livesay—was told by the big boss: "That name Livesay will have to go." Anxious to get the job, Reed got together with friends and came up with Reed Browning. Months later, the NBC boss met Reed at an office party and asked why he'd changed his name. "Because you told me to," Reed replied. "Oh," laughed the boss, "I was only kidding. We were going to hire you anyway."

When NBC was split and the American Broadcasting Company was formed, Reed was sent to Hollywood as a member of the ABC staff. For the next few years, nothing spectacular happened to Reed's career. Then, recently, he bought himself a pair of horn-rimmed glasses. From the day he donned the specs, his career has skyrocketed. Says Reed, "Until I bought a pair, I had only one radio show. Now ABC has suddenly discovered, after knowing me for a dozen years, that I am a composite of Lewis, Cullen, Allen and Garroway. So they've given me the big build-up as California's answer to those four guys."

While success has become Reed's business byword, at home, in North Hollywood, he continues to pursue his quiet, easygoing way of life with Laurel and their youngsters, Wendy, 13, Billy, 11, Kenneth, 6, and Elizabeth Anne, who is one. The Browning back yard houses a much-used swimming pool, which Reed helped to build, and an outdoor barbecue, a family favorite. While others concentrate on semi-tropical vegetation, the Brownings make a hobby of keeping their place as "Eastern" as possible, to remind them of Illinois. Reed enjoys gardening and "fussin' and fixin'" around the house and is also a ham radio operator.

The Browning home is situated just ten minutes from the ABC studios on Vine Street. This is a convenience Reed enjoys to the fullest, for he hates traffic. But what is more important, Reed loves people—and there's no doubt of how much folks, far and wide, love Reed. He's a spectacular, spectaclad favorite.



Reed and wife Laurel like to entertain Hawaiian style, delight friends with their informal outdoor barbecues.



Billy, Kenneth and baby Elizabeth join Reed and Laurel in a water fest, while Wendy often helps Reed on his show.



By Jill Warren

Baritone Perry Como makes music to swoon by on both CBS Radio and TV this season.



Newlywed and newly bitten by the acting bug, Pat Kennedy has convinced husband Peter Lawford to cast her in bit roles on his *Dear Phoebe* show. They celebrate at New York's famed Harwyn Club.

WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST



Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ross—she's Joan Caulfield—happily discuss plans for their new Beverly Hills home.

GINGER ROGERS has been signed by NBC to star in Noel Coward's "Tonight at 8:30," Monday night, October 18. This show is part of NBC's big "spectacular" series this fall, with a super extravaganza to be presented various Saturday, Sunday and Monday evenings, and all to be done in color. Leland Hayward will produce "Tonight at 8:30," with Ginger playing the lead in three playlets chosen from the nine one-act plays which comprised the original show. She replaces Mary Martin, who was previously announced for this production, but couldn't do it because of touring with "Peter Pan." Each of the "spectaculars" this year on NBC will run ninety minutes, and each will cost a minimum of \$250,000, which is a lot of money in anyone's television budget.

CBS-TV also has a big new extravaganza series called *The Chrysler Show*, seen every Thursday night, and running an hour. They'll alternate a dramatic production, *Climax*, with a musical, *Shower Of Stars*, with the twin series originating from Hollywood and done live, with big name stars set for the season. On October 14, Ethel Barrymore and Dennis O'Keefe will perform "The Thirteenth Chair," as part of the *Climax* series. Future stars and plays will be announced as soon as they're definitely scheduled.

Also on the CBS fall lineup is *The Best Of Broadway* series, in which they're presenting an outstanding musical comedy or dramatic hit from the Broadway stage. This will be on the fourth Wednesday of every month. On October 13, (Continued on page 8)

INTRODUCING

Playtex *living* Bra

Now...the designers who performed such miracles with Playtex Girdles bring you an exciting new bra of elastic and nylon!



Exclusive criss-cross sides self-adjust for Fabulous Fit!

Sculptured Nylon gently cups and ups!

Criss-cross elastic front dips low, divides divinely!

Elastic back sets lower and stays lower!

“Custom-contoured” to flatter, feel and fit
as if fashioned for you alone!

From the very first moment, you'll see and feel the dramatic difference! Because there's never been a bra like the new “custom-contoured” Playtex Living Bra. It lifts, it *lives*, g-i-v-e-s with every motion of your body... for support unmatched by any other bra. The news is in the criss-cross design, the clever use of elastic, those *sculptured* nylon cups. And the straps are *doubled*... can't cut, curl, slip or fray! Wear it once--you'll love it forever!



Look for PLAYTEX LIVING BRA* in the blue package at department stores and specialty shops everywhere. Gleaming WHITE, needs *no* ironing! Sizes 32A-40C... \$3.95

*U.S.A., Canadian and Foreign Patents Pending



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

WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST

(Continued from page 6)

Monty Woolley re-creates his famous role as "The Man who Came to Dinner." And a little bird whispers that Ethel Merman has been signed to star in "Panama Hattie," one of the biggest of her long list of successes.

Perry Como will be heard on CBS Radio this season, as well as being seen on his TV show, along with Mitchell Ayres' orchestra, the Ray Charles chorus and a guest star. The Fontane Sisters are no longer part of the Como cast, and will try for a show of their own.

The New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra has resumed its regular Sunday afternoon broadcasts, beginning their twenty-fifth year of consecutive airing on CBS. Dimitri Mitropoulos will be the conductor for the first part of the season, with James Fasset handling the commentary.

Big Town is moving to NBC-TV late this fall, with a new star as city editor Steve Wilson—Mark Stevens. The date isn't set yet, but the show will probably land a Wednesday night slot.

Congratulations to our own Steve Allen on his new late-evening, coast-to-coast live TV show, *Tonight*. Now the rest of the country will be able to enjoy the ad lib talents of Mr. A., who has kept New Yorkers happy for the past year with his local late-hour show.

This 'n' That:

It was a boy for Anne Jeffreys and Robert Sterling, who star on the *Topper* TV series. The lad weighed in at 8 pounds, 6½ ounces, and was tabbed Jeffreys Hart Sterling.

Remember *Baby Snooks*, which was such a popular radio show several years ago, starring the late Fannie Brice? It is definitely slated to be a
(Continued on page 18)



Romantic rumors continue to pursue singer Julius La Rosa.



Helps Heal: "I've been using Noxzema for three years," says Sheila Walden of New York City. "It has helped heal my skin of small spots and blemishes* and leaves my face feeling so much fresher and softer."



Dry Skin: "My skin gets extremely dry," says Janice Miller of Greenwich, Conn., "especially during a change of season. But I use Noxzema faithfully and with so much satisfaction. It helps my skin stay soft and smooth."



Look lovelier in 10 days with DOCTOR'S HOME FACIAL *or your money back!*

This new, different beauty care helps skin look fresher, prettier — helps keep it that way, too!

● If you aren't entirely satisfied with your complexion — here's wonderful beauty news for you!

A famous skin doctor has worked out a home beauty routine that helps your skin look fresher, smoother, lovelier—and helps you *keep* it that way!

Why It's So Successful!

Noxzema is a combination of softening, soothing, and cleansing ingredients found in no other leading beauty cream. It's *greaseless*—and it's *medicated* . . . to aid healing, help keep skin looking fresh and clear.

The Tingle Tells You! The moment you smooth on Noxzema, you feel a wonderful, cool, refreshing tingle—the signal that Noxzema is going to work, helping your complexion look prettier.

Hundreds of letters praise the way Noxzema helps rough, dry skin, externally-caused blemishes, and dull, lifeless complexions. You see results so fast. Start *your* Noxzema care tonight. Here's all you do:



1. Cleanse your face with a Noxzema 'cream-wash.' Smooth on Noxzema, wash off with a wet face-cloth—just as if you were using soap. Unlike most cold creams, Noxzema washes off with water!

2. Night Cream: Use Noxzema before going to bed. Pat a bit extra on any externally-caused blemishes. No messy pillow—Noxzema is *greaseless!*



3. Powder Base: Before putting on make-up, apply Noxzema. It helps protect your skin all day!

It works or money back! In clinical tests, Noxzema helped 4 out of 5 women to have lovelier looking complexions. Use it for 10 days. If you don't look lovelier, return the jar to Noxzema, Baltimore — your money back. *externally-caused

50% More NOXZEMA for your money (than in smallest sizes)
Limited time offer! Big 6 oz. jar only 69¢ plus tax, at drug and cosmetic counters. Enough for months at a big saving!

T
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STEVE ALLEN'S TURNTABLE



HI THERE! Trust you're all settled down for the fall season, with your radio, your television set, and—I hope—your player machine. We've got a variety of good things musical this month, so if you're all set, give a listen and you'll know just how you want to spend your record allowance.

Let's start off with some albums, and there are quite a few this time. Victor is releasing "Glenn Miller, Limited Edition, Volume II," on five 12-inch LP's, adding up to several hours of wonderful music in the Miller mood. All of the selections in this set were never released before, but you'll recognize all the tunes, and you'll certainly remember the old Miller vocalists—Ray Eberle, Marion Hutton and the Modernaires.

Also on the Victor label we find three additions to previously recorded kiddie albums. There's a new Howdy Doody release, a new Ding Dong School set and a new Walt Disney collection. The Disney album includes "Cinderella," "Alice in Wonderland," "Snow White" and "Peter Pan."

I guess Jackie Gleason wasn't kidding when he said he was serious about becoming a conductor. For here he is with a new album for Capitol called "Music, Martinis, and Memories." There are sixteen songs, all instrumentals, and as the title of the album implies, they're on the torchy side. Bobby Hackett's beautiful trumpet work is featured.

The British singing lass, Vera Lynn, has a couple of new ballads called "Try Again" and "Now and Forever." This latter tune, by the way, has been a big hit in Germany and Switzerland for the last few months under the title "Heideroslein." Well, any-

way, this looks like a big one for Vera (London Records).

Mitch Miller, that talented musical gentleman, has a happy selection in "The Wooden Shoes and Happy Hearts" and "Sabrina," the theme song from the new Audrey Hepburn movie. Mitch conducts his fine orchestra and chorus (Columbia).

"Madonna, Madonna" is a tender ballad with a religious feeling sung excellently by baritone Tony Bennett, backed up with a straight ballad, "Not as a Stranger," not from the novel of the same name. By the way, if you find the slightest connection between the lyrics and the book, let me know, will you? Percy Faith and his orchestra supply the background (Columbia).

Another baritone riding high and handsome these days is Frank Sinatra, and his new album, "Swing Easy!," should help pay Capitol Records' income tax for this year. This is Sinatra at his best, with Nelson Riddle's orchestra, on eight old standards, "Just One of Those Things," "I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter," "Sunday," "Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams," "Jeepers Creepers," "Get Happy," "Taking a Chance on Love," and last, and just about the best of the group in my opinion, "All of Me."

June Valli, who goes quietly along her melodic way as a consistent record salesgal for Victor, has a new release which may well be as big a hit as her "Crying in the Chapel." She does "Tell Me, Tell Me" and "Boy Wanted," with Henry Rene, his orchestra and chorus. "Tell Me" looks like the big side and June really belts the lyrics across.

The M-G-M label is going all out on two Billy Eckstine albums. The first is "I Let a Song Go out of My Heart," and if you're a Duke Ellington fan, this is for you, because the tunes are all compositions by the great Duke. Such things as "I Got It Bad and That Ain't Good," "Sophisticated Lady," "Solitude," and "Don't Get Around Much Anymore," to mention just a few. The second Eckstine set is titled "Love Songs of Rodgers and Hammerstein," and I don't think these two musical men need any introduction. Billy sings the top romantic ballads from such famous R. & H. Broadway shows as "South Pacific," "Allegro" and "The King and I." Nelson Riddle is the man with the baton.

Betty Madigan, who leaped to record fame with her "Joey" platter, is hoping her new one will keep her right up there. Betty sings "That Was My Heart You Heard" and "Always You." Joe Lipman's orchestra, with the Ray Charles Singers, lend assistance (M-G-M).

The Ames Brothers, that bouncing family group, have a new bounce ditty, "One More Time," adapted from the old German melody of the same name. The boys do a good job on it and even sing some of the

lyrics in German. The reverse is a ballad called "Hopelessly," written by three Boston disc jockeys, who are hopefully hoping it's a hit (Victor).

Dinah Shore has recorded a new album, "Dinah Shore's TV Show," singing all the tunes that were the most popular with her fans on her television show last season. Harry Geller and his orchestra supply the music (Victor).

Kay Starr is still collecting royalties like mad on her smash "If You Love Me" and "Man Upstairs," but she'll have to keep running to the bank to deposit the shekels from her latest, "Am I a Toy or a Treasure" and "Fortune in Dreams," with Harold Mooney's orchestra. This is just about the greatest thing Kay has ever done, and I warn you, you'll be hearing plenty of it in the jukeboxes (Capitol).

Here's a new one by Jimmy Boyd, which the kids and the grownups should both like. Jimmy warbles "Little Sir Echo," the oldie which was a pop tune back in 1939, and something called "The Little White Duck," with arrangements and conducting by Paul Weston. It's hard to believe that "little" Jimmy is now fourteen years old (Columbia).

M-G-M is bringing out an album, "Hank Williams Sings," which is good news to the many, many Williams fans who were saddened by his untimely death in an auto accident a couple of years ago. With his Drifting Cowboys, Hank croons eight tunes in all (Volumes I and II) and included are such Williams favorites as "I Saw the Light," "Six More Miles," "Lost Highway," and "A House Without Love."

Decca Records is still celebrating their twentieth anniversary as a record company and in continuous honor of the event, they're bringing out some great albums. Whatever your taste in music, you'll find something you'll like in their fabulous list. I haven't got space to name them all but, just to give you an idea, there's "A Night at the Roosevelt," with Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians—a complete evening of dance music, just as if you were in New York and spending the evening in the Roosevelt Grill, where the Lombardos have been playing for twenty-five years. Then there's "Songs in an Intimate Style," sung by Peggy Lee in her caressing manner. Ella Fitzgerald's album is called "Songs in a Mellow Mood," twelve standards which Ella has chosen as her favorite tunes. "Bob Crosby's Bob Cats" is a group of the greatest sides done by Bob's old Dixieland Band, most of which are now considered to be collector's items. There's even a Jerry Colonna album called "Music for Screaming," with Mr. Mustache screaming out in his off-beat vocal style.

There are many more fine albums in this Decca anniversary release, but the bottom of the page is here, so I gotta go now. See you next month.



Betty Madigan, the "Joey" girl, chats with Frank Farrell, New York columnist.

and suddenly... *your hair is*

*lovely to look at...
heaven to touch!*



To see a truly miraculous change in your hair, just do this: Rub a tiny bit of new Super Lanolin Formula 9 into your hair and scalp. Look in the mirror . . . then feel your hair . . . suddenly it's lovely to look at . . . heaven to touch!



**With Charles Antell
NEW SUPER LANOLIN**

*you can actually watch
your hair come back to life!*

A miracle? Of course not. Any dermatologist will tell you drab, dry, unmanageable hair is hair that's been robbed of its "oil-and-moisture" balance. Now for the first time you're able to restore the precious oil-and-moisture your hair had *naturally* when you were a child!

For now, Charles Antell—who brought you lanolin—brings you their newest, greatest development — Super Lanolin! A revolutionary advance, Super Lanolin absorbs and holds three times *more* vital moisture in your hair and scalp than even lanolin itself!

Overnight, all hair preparations made of vegetable or mineral oils, even those "containing lanolin" or with "lanolin added," become as old-fashioned as grandmother's curling iron!

That's why Charles Antell doesn't merely promise results with Super Lanolin Formula 9. Charles Antell *guarantees* results! While you watch, even damaged hair—hair that's been dried out by dyes and punished by permanents—must awake to new shimmering softness, thrilling manageability! Yes, this *must* be so—or your money back and no questions asked.

Start today — the new Super Lanolin way — greatest break for your hair since lanolin itself! And for a free, illustrated booklet, "Better Hair Care," write Charles Antell, 115 South St., Balto. 3, Md.

Charles Antell NEW SUPER LANOLIN

FORMULA 9 and SHAMPOO

LOOK for combination package Super Lanolin Formula 9 (60-day supply) and New Lanolin Shampoo at drug and cosmetic counters everywhere. Formula 9 also available in liquid form.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE



T
V
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**(plus tax)*

Buddy Kling combines music and railroading to present a unique listening must for Washington night owls



"Oh, for the life of a railroader," says Buddy, who spends most of his nights and days talking, drawing or inspecting trains.



Three-year-old Linda Lee Houston, daughter of a railroad employee in Washington, gets the lowdown on miniature trains from Buddy.



Capital Conductor

BUDDY KLING—whose unusual *Night Train* is heard Monday through Saturday from 1 to 6 A.M. over Station WWDC in Washington—never worked on the railroad, but he was bitten by the train bug at the tender age of four and never recovered. "My pop gave me a Lionel," explains Buddy, "and trains have been going 'round in my head since."

On the air, Buddy always presides as conductor and cleverly builds his program of music, news and chatter around the railroad motif. Authentic railroad sounds are used throughout. Guests aren't interviewed—they board the *Night Train* and talk to the conductor.

Off the air, Buddy's uniform of the day scarcely changes and he can usually be found in Washington's Union Station where, decked out in a conductor's blue jacket and gold-braided cap, he gets tips from the station manager and brakemen. As a sideline, he draws train cartoons for railroad publications.

Buddy developed his love for things locomotive back home in Rockford, Illinois. "I almost went to work for the New York Central," he says, "but my folks talked me out of it and I went to college to study art. If I couldn't run trains, I thought, I could learn to draw them."

After graduation from Missouri State Teachers' College and service with the Army Medical Corps, Buddy became interested in radio work and tried his hand at Station WROK in Rockford where his first "train show," *Commuters' Express*, was aired. Next came Station KFMB in San Diego and *Lullaby Train*. Then, last year, during a vacation in Washington, Buddy says, "I got the idea for an after-midnight show based on night trains." After the usual sightseeing, Buddy sprang his idea on WWDC officials who gave him space on "Track 1260."

Buddy believes that his all-night radio-railroad job may have something to do with his marital status. "It seems that no one wants to marry a conductor and share an upper berth," he complains. So, at present, he is sharing an apartment with another train enthusiast. Their abode, says Buddy, resembles "The Wreck of the Old '97," and is littered with "railroad-ana." In any event, WWDC night owls will continue to be proud and happy to share Buddy's love for trains and music through the night, bachelor or no.

Here's the "Inside" Story on Fabulous Playtex Girdles!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ News from Playtex Park... some of the world's largest-selling girdles ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Top Designers Give
Top Honors To
Playtex Girdles

Jeanne Campbell, Lotta
and many others

Arrow Narrow Is Your
New Silhouette

is an arrow, supple
and with a dra-
maticity that con-
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Greta Plattr
Bentley, Oleg Cassin

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live happily
your Play-

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girdle
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a natu-
to look
ex offers
of briefs
latex on
fabric on
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figure is
packaged
right in-
side it!
It's pure,
figure-slim-
ming
latex outside,
with kitten-
soft fabric
next to your

You're looking at the famous Playtex
Magic-Controller*! Kitten-soft fabric
inside, magic fingers, and a non-roll
top to control those "Calorie-Curves"!

Con- non-roll top hugs and
flatten smooths and narrows your
fabric on the inside.

The one and only Girdle with
Miracle Latex on the
outside... kitten-soft fabric
on the inside...
and not a single stitch,
seam or bone
anywhere!



No other girdle whittles away so many inches... yet stays so comfortable! *Only* Playtex has the slimming power of miracle latex *plus* kitten-soft fabric inside to caress your skin. Washes and dries in a flash. Slip into a freedom-giving Playtex Girdle soon... and get that slimmer—trimmer look—no matter what your size!

PLAYTEX fabric lined Girdles & Briefs, \$4.95—\$7.95. Known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube—at department stores and better specialty shops.

P.S. You'll love the new PLAYTEX® Living® BRA! It's "custom-contoured" of elastic and nylon to flatter, feel and fit *as if fashioned for you alone!* Only \$3.95

*U.S.A. and Foreign Patents Pending

New Patterns for You

When
are you really
grown up?



There was a time when you wanted things to prove your maturity... like high-heeled slippers or the key to the front door. But all these hard-won privileges seem unimportant when you're really grown up. Then you make your decisions because they're best for you—not just to prove a point.

Take sanitary protection, for example. *Almost every girl, every woman, who uses the internal method has made the grown-up decision to adopt it because she honestly believes it's best for her.* She may have learned about it from a friend, from her doctor or from a Tampax ad. But basically, she has weighed the advantages of Tampax herself. Here they are:

(1) Tampax prevents odor from forming. (2) Tampax is both invisible and unfelt when in place—does away with the whole belt-pin-pad harness. (3) Tampax is easy to dispose of. (4) Tampax is so small, month's supply slips into purse. (5) Tampax can be worn in tub or shower. (6) Wearer's hands need not even touch the Tampax.

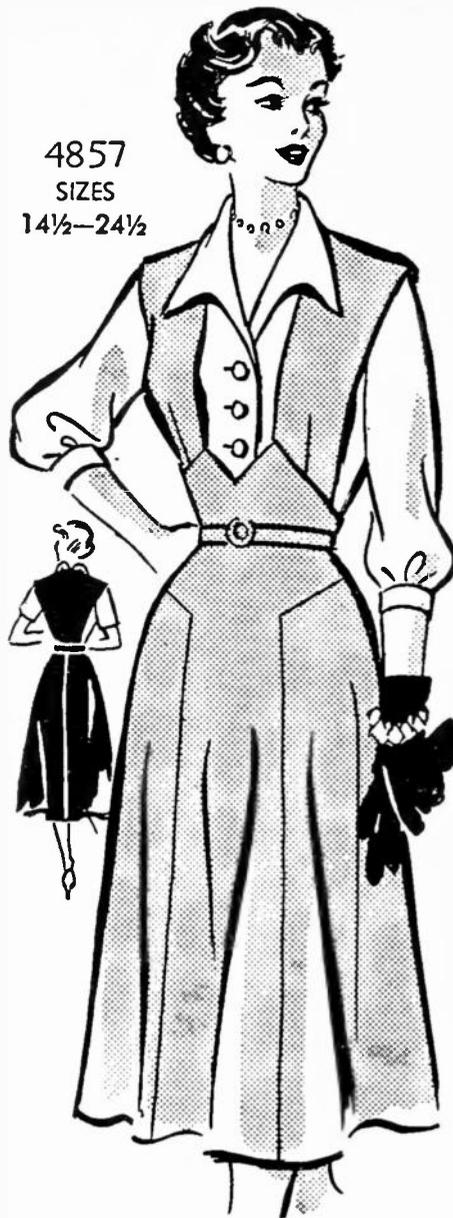
Tampax is available at drug or notion counters in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



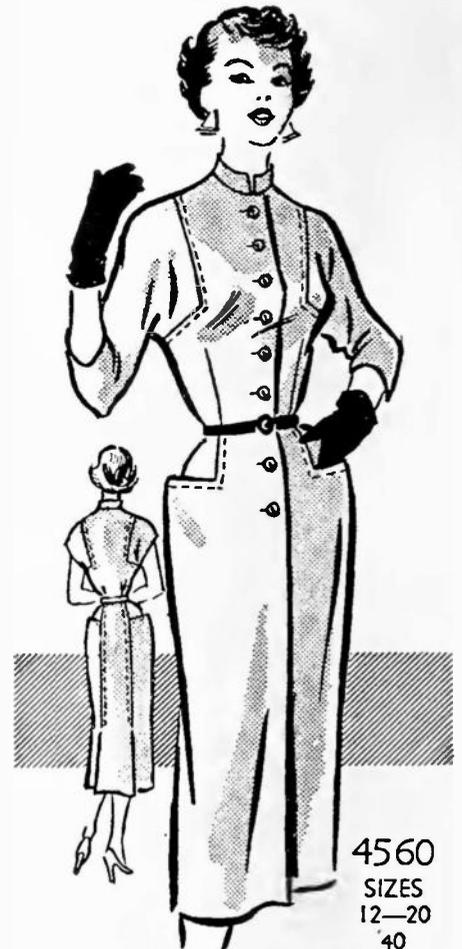
Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

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14



4857
SIZES
14½—24½

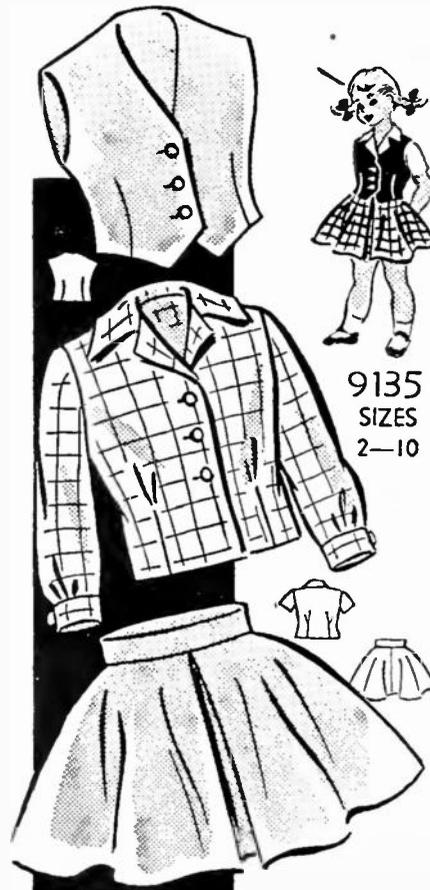


4560
SIZES
12—20
40

4560—Sew this versatile, smart, new-looking sheath. Note the easy squared armhole, squared hip pockets. Misses' Sizes 12-20; 40. Size 16 takes 4 yards 39-inch fabric. Easy to make. 35¢.

4857—Jumper and blouse to mix 'n' match with the rest of your wardrobe. Proportioned for shorter, fuller figures. Half Sizes 14½-24½. Size 16½ jumper takes 3 yards 39-inch fabric; blouse, 2 yards contrast. 35¢.

9135—For school days and Sundays, she'll mix-match this trio many ways. Children's Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. Size 6 blouse, 1¾ yards 35-inch; skirt, 1⅝ yards 35-inch nap; wes-kit, ¾ yard fabric. 35¢.



9135
SIZES
2—10



Send 35c (in coins) for each pattern to:
TV RADIO MIRROR, Pattern Department,
P.O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station,
New York 11, New York.

YOUR NAME.....

STREET OR BOX NO.....

CITY OR TOWN.....

STATE.....

Add 5c for each pattern for 1st-class mailing.

YOURS!!

A YOUTHFUL, GLAMOROUS BUSTLINE

...A SLIM, GIRLISH WAISTLINE

...WITH THE NEW "FRENCH FIGURE"

Waist Cinch Bra

**take 2 to 4 inches
off your waistline
instantly!**

**MINIMIZE
YOUR
MIDRIFF...**

**BEAUTIFY
YOUR
BUST...**

The New Waist Cinch Bra—that gives you that graceful sweeping uplift to your bust at the same time that it nips your waist into a slim girlish figure by making it 2 to 4 inches narrower.

A special expensive elastic waist belt gives you the tiny waistline the new fashions so require. The new amazing Waist Cinch Bra must do all we claim for it—or return it without obligation.

**Reduces midriff bulge
as it uplifts your bust** **\$2.98**
only

Sizes 32-48; A, B, and C cup

WARD GREEN CO. Dept. E791
43 West 61 St., N. Y. 23, N. Y.
 Send the new Waist Cinch Bra for 10 days FREE trial. Unless 100% pleased I'll return for full refund of purchase price.
 Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman \$2.98 plus postage.
 I enclose \$2.98. (Ward Green pays postage)
 My bra size is My waist measures inches.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE



Star performers Vinni Mante, Angel Miganell, Joey Sheptok and Lenny Dale (front row center) are surrounded by regular members who appear each week on *Star Time*.



A graduate of the school of hard knocks, George Scheck applies his varied talents

ESPECIALLY for CHILDREN

BACK in the days of the Roaring Twenties, when vaudeville was king of show business, one of its leading subjects was the great Gus Edwards—composer, producer and maker of stars. Edwards had a genius for picking out and promoting talented children, and his famous "School Days" troupe made a hit all across the nation. One of the fortunate members of this group was a young fellow named George Scheck. As a child hooper

with Edwards, George got his professional training the hard way, and it has stood him in good stead ever since. For today, as director of WABC-TV's popular children's show, *Star Time*—seen each Saturday at 7 P.M.—George invests that training in the future of talented children.

George created *Star Time* in 1950. Since then, the show has presented youngsters whose polished performances, thanks to George's advice and direction, match many an adult's. One of George's outstanding discoveries is nine-year-old Angel Miganell, a first-rate ventriloquist who has been featured on the *Kate Smith Hour* and the *Ken Murray Show*. Another is fourteen-year-old Lenny Dale, emcee of *Star Time* and a polished comic and crooner whose credits include the Milton Berle and Fred Allen shows.

Undisputedly one of the pioneers of TV, George entered the field in 1939 and produced TV's first variety show, *Doorway To Fame*. Since then, he has produced unusual shows such as *City At Midnight*, in which the cameras moved out into the city streets. Now, with *Star Time*, George has become the busiest employer of child entertainers since the days of Gus Edwards.

George still remembers some advice that great showman gave him shortly before his death. Throughout his career, Edwards suffered continuously from stage mothers. When George started in show business, he asked Edwards for advice and got this reply: "Whenever you start screening for your show," said Edwards, "look for one thing." "What's that?" inquired George. "Orphans," was the answer.

Although George has not heeded that advice, there is no doubt that he has done show business a proud and meritorious service in following in his great predecessor's footsteps.



The unseen activities of George Scheck, director of *Star Time*, are responsible for the show's polished performances.



ALL WEEK LONG—at 7:30 pm & 10 pm*
WOR-TV, CHANNEL 9—NEW YORK
presents "MILLION DOLLAR MOVIE"

featuring for the first time on television these recent Hollywood hits

in October...

Oct 12 to Oct 18

CAUGHT—*James Mason, Barbara Bel Geddes*

Oct 19 to Oct 25

ONE TOUCH OF VENUS—*Ava Gardner, Dick Haymes*

Oct 26 to Nov 1

PRIVATE AFFAIRS OF BEL AMI—*George Sanders, Angela Lansbury*

And, for the first week in November...

Nov 2 to Nov 8

ARCH OF TRIUMPH—*Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman, Charles Laughton*

... and other outstanding first-run films in the weeks ahead

**Each night plus additional showings on Sat. and Sun. at 4:30 pm*



(Continued from page 8)

Jean's WRETCHED



PERIODIC PAIN

It's downright foolish to suffer in silence every month. Let Midol's 3-way action bring you complete relief from functional menstrual distress. Just take a Midol tablet with a glass of water . . . that's all. Midol relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues."

"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW"
a 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dept. B-114, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

Jean's RADIANT WITH MIDOL



All Drugstores
have Midol

television show on NBC when and if they can find just the right child to be "Snooks." To date they have auditioned over four hundred little girls, including James Mason's daughter, Portland, and Groucho Marx' offspring, Melinda.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. James Jordan—better known to the public as *Fibber McGee And Molly*—who recently celebrated their thirty-sixth wedding anniversary.

"Success Story in the Making" might be the description of the budding career of young Jack Harris of Detroit, Michigan. Jack, who is twenty-six years old and is a package meat salesman for the Armour Company, has been appearing locally in Detroit, on both radio and television over Station WWJ. Through the efforts of Bill Silbert, formerly of Detroit, and now a disc jockey on WMGM in New York, Jack was signed to a Coral Record contract, and Tin Pan Alley insists he has one of the greatest voices to come along in years. As a matter of fact, he sounds much as Bing Crosby did twenty years ago. Radio and TV execs in New York have become interested in Harris, who they say "talks like Crosby and acts like Como," which should be a neat combination for success.

Ronald Colman has finally said "yes" to TV, and he and his wife Benita Hume are filming their *Halls Of Ivy* in Hollywood for showing this fall.

Jan Crockett, who is the "Sealtest Sweetie" on the *Big Top* show, is a recent bride. She said "I do" in Philadelphia to Hed Devlet, an assistant director at WCAU-TV.

Also on the bride-and-groom list we find Jeff Cain, co-star of Du Mont's *Marge And Jeff*, who took designer Jean Sunstrom as his wife in St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York.

"Smilin'" Ed McConnell, whose kiddie programs have been seen and heard for thirty years, passed away on his cabin cruiser in Newport Beach, California a few weeks ago. Death was attributed to a heart attack. His current show, *Smilin' Ed's Gang* was taped and filmed and will continue to be seen this year over ABC-TV.

And condolences to Patsy Lee, the former songstress of Don McNeill's *Breakfast Club* show, on the sudden passing of her husband, Richard J. Lifvendahl, who was with Station KOVR in Stockton, California. Only twenty-six years old, he died from injuries following an automobile crash.

Mulling The Mail:

Miss E. R., Shippensburg, Pa.: Yes, of course Johnny Desmond is still on the *Breakfast Club* show, and you can write him c/o the program, ABC, Chicago, for a picture. . . . Mrs. A. F., Kansas City, Missouri: I don't believe David Wayne has any exclusive movie contract at the moment, but he has signed to do a situation comedy, *Norby*, for television, and it is presently being filmed in New York. It will probably be released around the country sometime about the first of the year. . . . Miss J. C., Molalla, Oregon: Yes, all of the McGuire Sisters are married, though Dorothy is separated from her husband. She and Julius La Rosa are



Happy birthday for Marjie Millar, who celebrates by signing as new femme lead in Ray Bolger's revamped ABC-TV show.

TO COAST

still close friends. . . . To all of you who wrote about *The Marriage*, the fine TV show which starred Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy on NBC this past summer: The reason it went off the air is only because the network simply didn't have an open time period for it. However, it is now slated for a possible return this coming spring, and NBC tells me they received mail in the thousands on this program. So maybe fan clamor will get it back sooner. . . . Miss K. N., Van Nuys, California: You must have your Joans mixed up, because Joan Caulfield and her husband, producer Frank Ross are still married, and very happily so. They are currently building a French-style country home in Beverly Hills, California. And her TV show, *My Favorite Husband*, will originate from Hollywood all season. . . . Mr. P. B., Des Moines, Iowa: The reason Jack Webb gave for not going ahead with his planned televersion of *Pete Kelly's Blues* was because of the high cost involved. Instead, he may produce it as a feature-length movie.

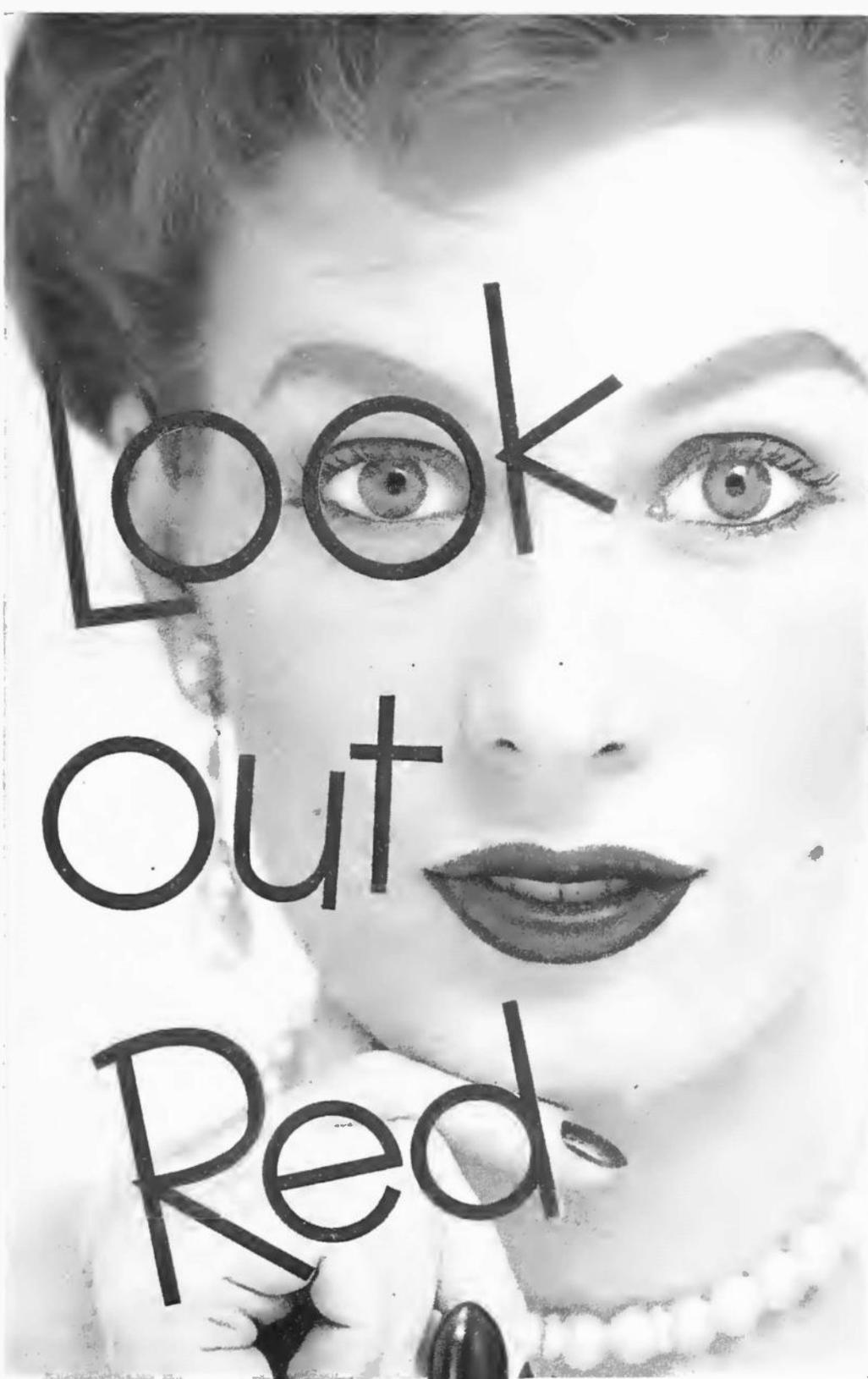
What Ever Happened To . . . ?

Red Foley, former *Grand Ole Opry* headliner, and just about the most popular entertainer in Nashville, Tennessee? Red has moved his operations from Nashville to Springfield, Missouri, and is presently doing a half-hour show over ABC Radio on Saturday nights, called *Ozark Jubilee*.

Peggy Taylor, who used to be Don McNeill's songstress on the *Breakfast Club* a few seasons back? When Peggy left Chicago she went to Europe, where she became a successful supper club personality, appearing in top spots in London and Paris. She recently returned to the United States and is currently playing the hotel circuit.

Kay Armen, the fine singer, who used to be on *Stop The Music* and other network air shows? Kay's career is looking up these days, because she was signed by M-G-M to appear in their big musical, now shooting, "Hit The Deck." She'll play the role of Vic Damone's mother, and will also sing three songs in the movie.

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 East 42nd Street, New York City 17, New York, and I'll try my best to find out for you and put the information in the column. Unfortunately we don't have space to answer all questions, so I try to cover those personalities and shows about whom we receive the most inquiries. Sorry, no personal answers.



Slow down—this is a red you have to see! A bright, blazing, stop-and-look red . . . hard to miss, but awfully easy to wear. For Look-Out Red is *all red*—no trace of orange or blue—and perfect with every stitch you own. It's a Cashmere Bouquet red that *stays red and stays on*—hour after hour!

7 Cover-Girl Colors **49¢** plus tax



**Conover
Girls Pick
Cashmere
Bouquet**

Advice from the Beauty Director of the Conover School: "Use a lip brush for a sharp, clear outline. Then fill in with short, down strokes of your Cashmere Bouquet lipstick."

Candy Jones

cashmere bouquet
INDELIBLE-TYPE LIPSTICK

Super-creamed to Keep Your Lips Like Velvet

Want "in" on a beauty secret?



Well, then, next best to discovering the Fountain of Youth is The Oster **MASSAGETT**. Because no matter how tired you are from a long day at home, at the office, or shopping . . .

You can still go out in the evening feeling like a New Woman. Fresh, sparkling, radiantly refreshed . . . if you have the Oster **MASSAGETT**. Because, in just a few minutes the Massagett's velvet-smooth, soothing action . . .

- lets you give yourself the most glorious sparkle-eyed facials!
- helps soothe away those tense nerves and tight muscles in your legs, arms, feet . . . anytime!

Imagine! Only \$19⁹⁵, too! *No wonder more and more women are getting The Oster MASSAGETT! Why not you?*



And another big beauty buy is the Oster **AIRJET HAIR DRYER**, for looking even more glamorous in a short time. The Oster **AIRJET** Hair Dryer lets you accept last minute dotes, wash and dry your hair for faster . . . and without drying out natural oils.

Dries Hosiery, lingerie, nail polish, even defrosts refrigerators faster, too. Conveniently placed hot and cold switches . . . combination handle and stand for ony-ongle adjustment. Just \$19.95.

Oster Quality Products are available wherever fine appliances are sold . . . or write:

John Oster

MANUFACTURING CO., MILWAUKEE 17, WISCONSIN.
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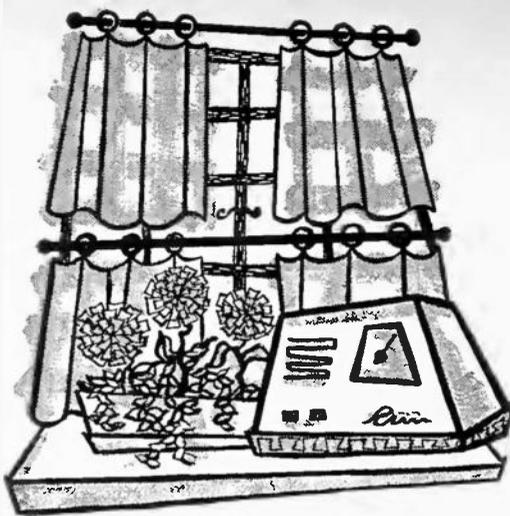
Send for Valuable Booklets!

John Oster Manufacturing Co.,
Dept. 1149, Milwaukee 17, Wisconsin

Please send me, without obligation, the following valuable illustrated material for which I enclose 10¢

- Completely illustrated how-to-do-it booklet on the Oster **MASSAGETT**.
- Full information on the super-fast Oster **AIRJET HAIR DRYER**

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____



DAYTIME DIARY

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

AUNT JENNY Even the smallest, quietest town has its quota of wickedness and evil. In one of her recent stories about Littleton, Aunt Jenny described the impact of a truly evil character on the lives of relatives who had tried to help him. Their effort was wasted on his selfish egotism, but his brother and sister-in-law learned a good deal about each other which they might otherwise never have known. CBS Radio.

BACKSTAGE WIFE As the wife of a famous Broadway actor, Mary Noble has often contended with fascinating women attracted by Larry's good looks and success. But never before has she faced as serious a threat as she has found in Elise Shephard. With gambler Victor Stratton working to capture Mary's interest, Elise has every opportunity of concentrating on Larry. Will the two be successful in wrecking the Nobles' marriage? NBC Radio.

THE BRIGHTER DAY Once upon a time, Grayling Dennis drank. Before he met Sandra Talbot he had already conquered the tendency. But if it turns out that Sandra was the wrong girl for him to meet, what will happen? Will his sister Althea, whose psychological tensions make her especially understanding of Grayling's, be able to help? Or will dangerous Bert Ralston put a different end to Grayling's love affair? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

CONCERNING MISS MARLOWE Actress Maggie Marlowe faces a crisis in her career that deepens the heartbreak in her private life—the loss, fifteen years ago, of the daughter she gave into the care of her husband's parents after his death. With her grandmother, Carol disappeared in France during the war, and ever since then all Maggie's resources have gone into a disheartening search. Will those resources fail just as the first hope dawns? NBC-TV.

FIRST LOVE In spite of her deep love for Zach and her faith in him, Laurie is wise enough to realize that his complicated character still holds many secrets and surprises even for her. Is he as hard

and unfeeling as he sometimes appears to those with whom he is working on the new airplane design? Will he really sacrifice human values to gain even an inch toward his goal of achievement? NBC-TV.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL Sally Farrell always goes along with her crime reporter husband on his dangerous but exciting assignments, and David has learned to be grateful for her help. But he had cause to regret it in the recent case where a clever, vicious killer so expertly worked his way into Sally's affections that both the Farrells stood in a danger they had never before faced—until the truth was finally exposed. NBC Radio.

GOLDEN WINDOWS What is it really that stands between Julie and marriage? Is it the possibility of a brilliant singing career? Other women have combined that with marriage. Is it Tom Anderson, who made such a mess of his life before he came to Capstan Island that there is little chance his meeting with Julie will alter his future? Or is it John himself, though Julie thinks she loves him? NBC-TV.

THE GUIDING LIGHT Joe Roberts and his wife Meta wonder if Joe's daughter Kathy is masking bitterness over her shattered marriage as she insists her only aims for the future are to care for her daughter Robin and to enjoy herself. Meanwhile, Meta's brother Bill and his wife Bertha find their disturbed relationship with their little son Michael further complicated by the new baby they expect. CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

HAWKINS FALLS Nowadays there is no place so small or so isolated that it can remain untouched by the main stream of events, no matter how remote it may seem. Dr. Floyd Corey and his wife, natives of Hawkins Falls, are surprised to find that their pleasant little town is no exception, and that there are things about it and things which can happen in it that they never would have suspected. NBC-TV.

HILLTOP HOUSE As supervisor of an orphanage full of children, Julie Nixon knows better than to expect that a summer spent with a group of them can be really quiet. But not even Julie could have anticipated the dramatic developments into which she and all the Hilltoppers were plunged by Henry M.'s new friend, the hermit. Julie is also concerned over her husband's health, and the odd personality of his new partner. CBS Radio.

JUST PLAIN BILL Added to the strain of Bill's recent horrifying experience with the vicious Thelma Nelson has been the emotional difficulty between him and his beloved daughter Nancy, who has now become so worried about Bill that she has begged her husband, Kerry Donovan, to help her protect her father. Has Nancy underestimated Bill's ability to solve not only his own problems but those of the many friends who know they can rely on him? NBC Radio.

LORENZO JONES Lorenzo's persistent amnesia keeps him at the mercy of Phoebe Larkins, whose daughter Gloria is so well trained to call Lorenzo "Daddy" that Lorenzo has no choice but to believe the lie about his marriage to Phoebe. Belle, heartsick at Lorenzo's inability to recognize her as his true wife or to recall the happy years of their marriage, fears that, with Roger Caxton's help, Phoebe's deception may succeed. NBC Radio.

LOVE OF LIFE Van's love for Paul Raven survives the disclosure about his past, but what of the feeling she cannot overcome that she still doesn't know the full story? Can she be happy with a man she now distrusts? And will she once again become embroiled in the mess that her sister Meg cannot seem to help making of her own life, this time through her attachment to Hal Craig? How can Van best help Meg's son Beany? CBS-TV.

MA PERKINS The only reason Ma accepted the responsibility of becoming trustee for the Pierce money was that her old friend Alf Pierce made it a special dying request. She is looking forward to the end of her trusteeship—but so is Laura, the ambitious young wife of Alf's son Billy. And Ma is beginning to realize that ambitious is too mild a word for Laura, who seems to want money more than she wants friends or love. CBS Radio.

ONE MAN'S FAMILY The Barbour girls have often chafed at the restrictions laid upon their activities by their somewhat strict and old-fashioned father. Is it because of that training—or in spite of it—that both Claudia and Hazel now find themselves in situations they do not know how to handle? Is Claudia's Johnny the kind of man who could make any girl a good husband? And is Hazel being deceived by glamour? NBC-TV.

OUR GAL SUNDAY Though Kevin Bromfield is dead, his love is a continuing threat to Sunday's marriage. The resentment it created between her and Lord Henry is being kept alive by clever Eve Barrett, who is determined to use every possible weapon in her war against the Brinthropes' happiness. Will Sunday find a way of combatting Eve's plot before she and Lord Henry actually stand on the brink of disaster? CBS Radio.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY Like other relationships, good family relationships are impossible without mutual respect. But what happens when a father goes against his son's advice—and makes
(Continued on next page)

Exciting things happen
when it's

Evening in Paris



Today, Tonight—wear it and
see why more women use
Evening in Paris than
any other fragrance
in the world!

Cologne, \$1.00, \$1.75
Perfume, \$1.00 to \$15.00
Improved-formula Face Powder
in 6 stylist shades, \$1.00
(all prices plus tax)

BOURJOIS Created in France... Made in the U.S.A.

Replies From Survey Reveal:

9 OUT OF 10 NURSES SUGGEST DOUCHING WITH ZONITE FOR FEMININE HYGIENE



**What Greater Assurance Can a
Bride-to-be or Married Woman Have**

Women who value true married happiness and physical charm know how *essential* a cleansing, antiseptic and deodorizing douche is for intimate feminine cleanliness and after monthly periods.

Douching has become such a part of the modern way of life an additional survey showed that of the married women who replied:

83.3% douche after monthly periods.
86.5% at other times.

So many women are benefiting by this sanitary practice—why deny yourself? What greater "peace of mind" can a woman have than to know ZONITE is so highly regarded among nurses for the douche?

ZONITE's Many Advantages

Scientific tests *proved* no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is so **POWERFULLY EFFECTIVE** yet **SAFE** to body tissues as ZONITE. It's positively non-poisonous, non-irritating. You can use ZONITE as often as needed without the slightest risk of injury. A ZONITE douche immediately washes away odor-causing deposits. It *completely* deodorizes. Leaves you with a sense of well-being and confidence. Inexpensive. Costs only a few pennies per douche. Use as directed.



**ZONITE—The Ideal "ALL-PURPOSE"
Antiseptic-Germicide**

(Continued from page 21)

a serious mistake? It seems impossible that resentment could ever mar the affection that binds Pepper and his father and mother. But if Father Young is really caught in Grayson's trap, will he ever recover his self-respect? NBC Radio.

PERRY MASON Though Perry Mason fought hard to keep Kate Beekman from being taken into custody for the murder of Gordy Webber, her imprisonment may turn into a stroke of luck, for through it she meets a young policeman who cannot believe her guilty of killing a man. With this inside help Perry has a better chance than before of proving that Kate is innocent, and of spotlighting the real killer before he covers his tracks. CBS Radio.

PORTIA FACES LIFE As Portia struggles to defend a man she knows to be evil, she wonders desperately whether she ought to pray for success or failure. If Morgan Elliott is freed, Portia's husband Walter will have come through a crisis and his newspaper will be vindicated—but Portia's career as a lawyer will have been reestablished and she already knows that her particular marriage will not mix with a career. CBS-TV.

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS Miles Nelson appears well adjusted to the political development that has taken him out of the governor's mansion and back into private practice. But his wife Carolyn wonders if any man who has had the power and limelight that Miles achieved can ever again be content with less. Will Miles, unconsciously regretting the past, be an easy victim for a trap set by his enemies? NBC Radio.

THE ROAD OF LIFE Sybil Overton's perilous hold on sanity is shaken when her baby, Connie, is placed in temporary foster custody pending final decision as to whether Sybil or the Malcolm Overtons shall be allowed to keep her. No matter what the outcome, she will never forgive those who made her suffer. Are Dr. Jim Brent and his wife Jocelyn just a bit too sure that Sybil's threats of revenge cannot affect them? CBS Radio.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT After years of hopeless attachment to Gil Whitney, designer Helen Trent has at last become interested in another man just as it seems possible that Gil may be able to free himself from his miserable marriage to Cynthia. Will Gil's release come too late for him to win happiness with Helen? Or will Loretta Cole succeed in attracting wealthy Brett Chapman away from Helen, thus changing the course of all their lives? CBS Radio.

ROSEMARY Doing good unto others is supposed to result in benefits to the doer, but in the case of Bill and Rosemary Roberts it may have worked, temporarily at least, in reverse. The Boys' Club in which Rosemary has become so interested did serve to take her mind off her own problems, but is it filling so much of her time that she is unconsciously neglecting Bill? How will young Lonnie make things worse—or better? CBS Radio.

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW Nathan Walsh's intricate plan to expose the plot against Joanne is on the verge of suc-

ceeding when it is shattered by the death of the woman posing as Hazel Tate. Mr. Higbee's careful arrangement of the evidence makes such a clear case against Joanne that now, instead of clearing the way for her marriage to Arthur Tate, Nathan may find himself working to save her from a very different fate. CBS-TV.

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON Stan Burton and his wife Terry are delighted when Stan's sister Marcia and her new husband, Lew Archer, settle down in Dickston instead of moving off to a larger city. But despite the friendship and liking between Stan and Lew, a snag arises when they become too much involved in one another's affairs. Stan's paper, local politics and Lew's money combine to create what might be a family crisis. CBS Radio.

THE SECRET STORM Peter Ames and his three children, still trying to adjust to the recent tragic death of Peter's wife, are delighted when housekeeper Jane Edwards seems to take to them as quickly as they do to her. But the malicious rumor-campaign started by Peter's sister-in-law Pauline may destroy the pleasant arrangement, for Pauline will not allow any other woman to gain Peter's affections. CBS-TV.

THE SEEKING HEART As Dr. Robin McKay learns more about Dr. Adams' practice, she realizes that something very strange is going on in the circle of which he and his wife are an important part. Is young Lona really psychotic—or is her money the reason for a plot against her created by someone far more unbalanced than she will ever be? And what about Grace Adams, the doctor's wife? Is she Robin's friend . . . or enemy? CBS-TV.

STELLA DALLAS Only an insane woman could have conceived the plan by which wealthy Ada Dexter means to destroy the marriage of Stella's daughter Laurel in order to arrange a match between Laurel and her own son, Stanley Warwick. But though Stella understands Ada's deranged outlook, she cannot find an effective safeguard against the tragedy she sees approaching. Can she count for help on Laurel's husband, Dick? NBC Radio.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE Nora's marriage to Fred Molina promises much happiness for the future—except for the threat that the Syndicate still holds over them. With a wife's instinct, Nora suspects that Wyn Robinson is still in love with Fred, but she has no idea of the elaborate revenge Wyn plans. What will happen when Fred learns that Wyn's financial help carries a price tag that may not only ruin but end his life—and Nora's? CBS Radio.

THREE STEPS TO HEAVEN Mary Clare Thurmond took her life in her hands when she became Vince Bannister's enemy, but she has a partial reward when singer Nan Waring and her little girl, Beth, start a new life as the result of her efforts. Will writer Bill Morgan bear the brunt of Bannister's revenge? Or will Mary Clare, working with Bill and publisher Jason Cleve, wreck Bannister forever? NBC-TV.

A TIME TO LIVE Ambitious, talented, pretty Kathy Byron makes her first step in the newspaper business a big one by

T
V
R

breaking an important story. Will she go on to the kind of career this seems to promise? Will she be able to disregard the political reporter and the attractive police lieutenant whose attentions keep reminding her that she is an appealing woman? And if she does disregard them . . . will she be sorry? NBC-TV.

VALIANT LADY Helen Emerson's son Mickey is over twenty-one, and she knows the truth so hard for mothers to learn—that they cannot spare their children all the pain of living. But Mickey's trial seems bitterly unfair to Helen, and she wishes more than ever that Mickey's father were alive to help her guide him. Will the handsome pilot she recently met bring her friend Bill Fraser to a realization he has so far evaded? CBS-TV.

WENDY WARREN AND THE NEWS Actress Maggie Fallon, once Wendy's rival but now her devoted friend, has some success in drawing Wendy's husband Mark back into a normal, constructive attitude toward his playwrighting and his way of life. But Mark's temperamental extremes are not so easily controlled. What are the real aims of the man called Magnus, and how will Wendy cope with them in the dangerous, perplexing days ahead? CBS Radio.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES During the years of their marriage Joan and Harry Davis have learned an important truth—that no matter how happy two people may be together they can never afford to take that happiness for granted. Now a new and very terrible crisis looms before the Davises—a trial that will test to the ultimate the real solidity of their love and the value of all the experience and understanding they have gained. ABC Radio.

THE WOMAN IN MY HOUSE Is a confirmed bachelor born or made by circumstances? Charming Caroline Wilson knows that Jeff Carter is fond of her, but she has not yet found the formula for changing that fondness into love. Would she be better off if she simply gave up? Not even Jeff's mother is sure that for her eldest son marriage and a family hold the key to happiness, much as she would like to see him headed that way. NBC Radio.

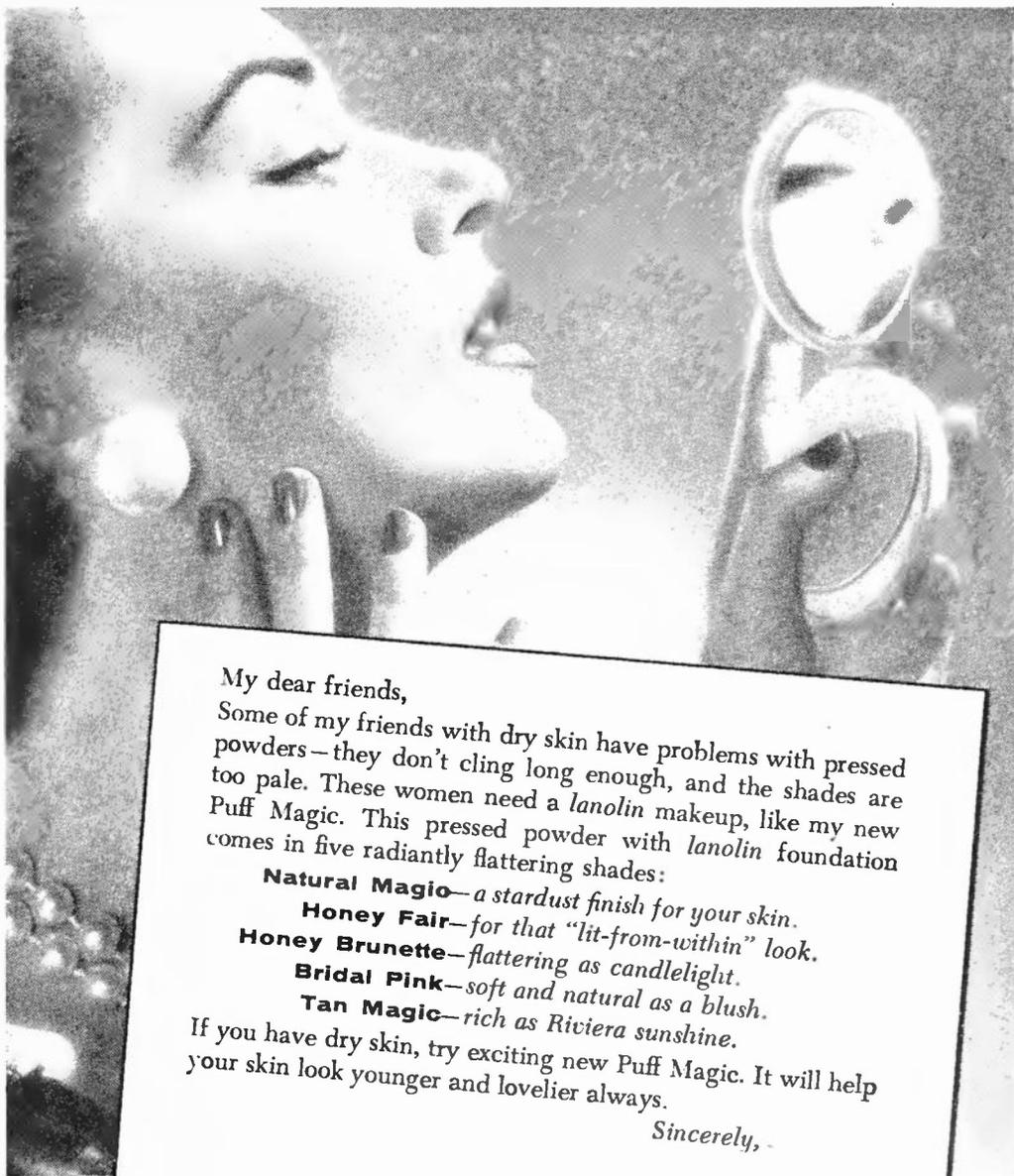
YOUNG DR. MALONE Since the death of her mother, young Jill Malone has been increasingly possessive about her father, and Dr. Jerry Malone is delighted when she forms a close, affectionate friendship with his young protegee, David Kiley. Will Jill's new interest suffice to take her mind off Jerry's love for Tracy Adams? Or will wealthy Marcia Sutton gain Jill as an ally despite David's distrust of her overtures? CBS Radio.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN Ellen Brown's recent experience with Michael Forsyth has made her wary of every newcomer, and her deeply buried love for Dr. Anthony Loring gains in strength once more, although the possibility of eventual happiness seems no closer than before. Is Anthony deceiving himself and Ellen in holding out hope for the future? Will the strange situation that lies just ahead make an important change in Ellen's life? NBC Radio.

Now—a pressed powder for dry skin!

New "Puff Magic" is rich in lanolin!

New make-up clings longer, softens skin—comes in 5 flattering new shades



My dear friends,
Some of my friends with dry skin have problems with pressed powders—they don't cling long enough, and the shades are too pale. These women need a lanolin makeup, like my new Puff Magic. This pressed powder with lanolin foundation comes in five radiantly flattering shades:

- Natural Magio**—a stardust finish for your skin.
- Honey Fair**—for that "lit-from-within" look.
- Honey Brunette**—flattering as candlelight.
- Bridal Pink**—soft and natural as a blush.
- Tan Magic**—rich as Riviera sunshine.

If you have dry skin, try exciting new Puff Magic. It will help your skin look younger and lovelier always.

Sincerely,

Lady Esther

NEW

Puff Magic

by **LADY ESTHER**

PRESSED POWDER WITH LANOLIN FOUNDATION

Mirrored case. **\$1⁰⁰** + Tax • Scroll case. **59^c** + Tax

ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA



Mean Man at the Turntable

Deejay Dan Curtis is waging a one-man crusade at WIP for the return of the "band era"



Off-mike, Dan's favorite pastime is photography and his favorite subjects are wife Theo and sons David and Larry.



With son Larry as Lilliputian superintendent, Dan builds a darkroom at their new home.

WHEN Dan Curtis left New York University, sheepskin in hand, he was a young man who knew exactly where he was going. Early in life, Dan had decided that he wanted to be a disc jockey, and this ambition spun 'round in his brain as steadily as the tops in music that Dan spins these days for Philadelphia's WIP listeners, on the *Dan Curtis Show*, 1:30 to 2 P.M., and *C'mon 'n' Dance*, from 11 to midnight. But when Dan, good-looking, talented and eager, had made the rounds of all the radio stations in New York City, he came away with only a few vague promises sprinkled among the stonier "no's." Nothing daunted, Dan took a job as a ticket-collector in a "dime-a-dance" hall. Dan's big break as a radio announcer finally came and was followed quickly by the choice announcing spot on Station WOR's coast-to-coast broadcasts from the famed Meadowbrook Ballroom. This was the golden era of big bands and the Meadowbrook was the stomping ground of such greats as Harry James, the Dorsey Brothers, Glenn Miller and Shep Fields. Dan rocked with their rhythms and his current crusade for the return of the "band era" stems from this time. Dan's fund of band lore got its big impetus then, too, and this fund has grown so rich that listeners often think that the thirtyish Curtis must have been one of the midwives at the birth of the blues.

Dan's early decision about a career parallels his early meeting with his wife Theo. This took place back in high school when Theo was placed in an all-boys class because someone thought this was a boy's name. Today, the Curtises and their sons, David, 6, and Larry, 2, live in a newly-built home in Haddonfield, New Jersey, just eight miles from Philadelphia. The current special project is a darkroom Dan and the boys are building so that Dan can teach his sons the finer points of his photography hobby. When this is completed, Dan hopes to get around to song-writing. In the meantime, Dan's platters and patter have won the respect and admiration of fellow deejays who have declared that "he's a mean man at the turntable." Philadelphia listeners are quick to join this chorus of praise from the pros themselves.

I dreamed I was a living doll

in my maidenform bra



The dream of a bra: Maidenform's exciting new Pre-lude® bra in embroidered broadcloth. Also in stitched broadcloth or embroidered nylon tulle. . . from 2.00

Information Booth

Elephants 'n' Stuff

Dear Editor:

We enjoy the NBC program Today very much and particularly like Jack Lescoulie. We would like to know something about his background.
M.K., Toledo, O.

Personable Jack Lescoulie, who handles most of *Today's* sports features, got his first big break in show business when, fresh out of the Pasadena Playhouse, he was cast as the off-stage voice of an elephant in "Achilles Had a Heel." Jack had more cues than the star, Walter Hampden, and ran the gamut of elephant emotions in the short-lived Broadway production. After a period of odd jobs, Jack landed in other Broadway shows and then returned to his home state of California to create *The Grouch Club* for NBC's Pacific Coast network. He spent the war as a combat reporter with the Army Air Forces, then made his way back to New York to team up with Gene Rayburn for the *Jack And Gene Show*. In 1950 he joined CBS as a television producer, then moved over to NBC-TV and *Today* in 1952. Jack, born in Sacramento in 1917, has been on-stage since the age of seven when he debuted in a vaudeville music-and-dance act with his sister and brother. Jack, who also announces on the Jackie Gleason and Milton Berle shows, lives with his wife and daughter in Hollis, L. I.

Sweeney's World

Dear Editor:

Could you give us some background on Charlie Ruggles, who plays Mr. Sweeney on NBC-TV's The World Of Mr. Sweeney? Where can we write to him?

D.J., Conneaut, O.



Jack Lescoulie



Charlie Ruggles

Los Angeles born Charlie Ruggles was lured from his original medical ambitions by the promise of a higher salary for walk-on parts than he was getting as an apprentice in his father's wholesale drug firm. He debuted in the movies in 1915, then re-entered films fourteen years later to score a great personal triumph in "Gentlemen of the Press." He has appeared in dozens of films since, notably "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay," "Charley's Aunt," "Ruggles of Red Gap," "Alice in Wonderland," and "The Lovable Cheat." More recently, he appeared in a network radio show *Barrel Of Fun* and then in the family-comedy series *The Ruggles*, now being syndicated to local TV stations. His characterization of the lovable Mr. Sweeney, originally part of the *Kate Smith Hour*, was received so enthusiastically that it was scheduled as a regular program. Charlie and his wife Marian live on an Encino, California, ranch where Charlie runs a prize orange grove. Charlie once owned and operated kennels for about 100 canines, and, in his younger days, was an outstanding handball player and champ for several years at the Los Angeles Athletic Club. You can write to him c/o NBC-TV, Sunset and Vine, Hollywood, Calif.

Award Winner

Dear Editor:

I would like some information on the wonderful actress who plays Bonnie Withers on CBS-TV's Valiant Lady.

B.G., Swartz Creek, Mich.

Bonnie Withers on *Valiant Lady* is played by Joan Lorrying, a pert, blonde, talented actress who is also heard as Grace

Seargent on CBS Radio's *This Is Nora Drake*. Born in Hong Kong to a Spanish-Arabian father and a German-Russian mother, Joan came to the West Coast at the age of eleven and debuted in radio when she was thirteen. Ever since, she has been winning plaudits for her versatility and fine acting—and the knack with dialects gained in multi-lingual Hong Kong. Her role as the Cockney girl in the film, "The Corn Is Green," won Joan an Academy Award nomination. In 1950, Joan received the Donaldson Award for "the best debut performance on Broadway" for her role in "Come Back, Little Sheba," with Shirley Booth. And for her role in another Broadway success, "Autumn Garden," Joan won the Drama Critics Award. Familiar to radio and TV audiences for her top performances in many popular dramatic programs, Joan starred recently on Broadway in "Dead Pigeon" and on the screen opposite Paul Muni in "Stranger on the Prowl." Joan shares her New York apartment with a poodle she acquired on a recent trip to Venice and which she has named Bursche, which means rascal in German.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, TV RADIO MIRROR, 205 East 42 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.



Joan Lorrying



Beautiful Hair

B R E C K



THERE ARE THREE BRECK SHAMPOOS FOR THREE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS. Each one of the Three Breck Shampoos is made for a different hair condition. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. The next time you buy a shampoo, select the Breck Shampoo for your individual hair condition. A Breck Shampoo is not drying to the hair, yet it cleans thoroughly. A Breck Shampoo will leave your hair soft, fragrant and naturally beautiful.

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

JOHN H. BRECK, INC. • MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS • SPRINGFIELD 3 MASSACHUSETTS
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • OTTAWA CANADA



BRIGHT 'N CLEAR

BRIGHT 'N CLEAR is the only indelible-type lipstick that stays bright and clear on your lips — even after blotting.



Tangee

Mink Cape by Alfred Rainer.

*the brightest jewel of all
can be your lips!*

Here's an amazing, new lipstick achievement—a brilliant, bright, clear red that really stays that way on your lips...won't go dull or lifeless ever.

BRIGHT 'N CLEAR keeps your lips velvet soft...more youthful...smoother and lovelier hour after hour.

Is Your Life

Four Magic Words

Ralph Edwards creates
a miracle of surprises and
secrets when he reveals:
“This Is Your Life!”

By **GLADYS HALL**

ARE YOUR BEST FRIENDS avoiding you? Do the members of your immediate family withdraw as much as possible from all contact and conversation with you? Have you recently been invited to the West Coast to deliver a lecture, receive a

See Next Page ▶



A zipper complicated Joan Caulfield's reaction when Ralph Edwards pronounced those magic words.

Time out for Ralph and Jan Boehme, busy and resourceful research editor of *This Is Your Life*.



Four Magic Words

(Continued)

plaque, judge a bathing beauty contest, review a book authored by a boyhood friend? Do you have an eerie sense that you are being shadowed? If so, don't look now, but the Life that Ralph Edwards is planning to use—some exciting night in the near future, on his NBC-TV show, *This Is Your Life*—may be Your Own!

If the "angel" of *This Is Your Life* fame is planning this, do you realize what you are? You're "top secret." You're "hot." And you are really being shadowed. You are one of the most carefully shadowed and guarded individuals in the U.S.A. Your friends are avoiding you for fear that, by so much as a slip of the tongue, they may give you a clue as to what's cookin'! For the same reason, the members of your family are keeping their distance. And neither your family nor your friends hesitate to tell you bare-faced lies in order to maintain the secrecy in which—until that tense moment when Maestro Edwards makes the ringing statement, "This Is Your Life!"—you are swaddled and swathed.

The ends to which Mr. Edwards and his staff go in maintaining secrecy are fantastic, sometimes very funny, always ingenious, and no pains are spared to keep you from suspecting that it is *your* Life the network audience—millions of 'em!—are about to view. Unless they can throw a big, fat red herring across the trail, you—the principal—are never contacted. Not directly, that is. If or when it becomes necessary to get some first-hand information about you, one or the other of Mr. Edwards' two research editors, Don Malmberg and Jan Boehme, calls upon you . . . posing as a columnist wanting an "item" about one of your best friends . . . a detective on the trail of a missing person concerning whose whereabouts you may be able to shed a ray of light . . . as a magazine writer from TV RADIO MIRROR polling you on your favorite radio and television personalities ("We're always being writers," Don told us, laughing, "from TV RADIO MIRROR") . . . as a solicitor of magazine subscriptions, an insurance agent, a friend of a friend from your old home town.

"Many and elaborate are the ruses we use," says Don, "to forestall every suspicion of the person with whom we must make contact."

If blue-eyed Mr. Edwards—himself, in person—makes the contact, he'll look you straight in your own blue, brown, gray, green or black eyes and tell you that it's the Life of your best friend, or next door neighbor, or family doctor, in which he is interested . . . and, please, can you help?

"When we were planning the Life of Dinah Shore," Ralph says, "we told Dinah that it was Eddie Cantor's Life we were doing, and would she—who knows Eddie so well—be good enough to help us with the research? Dinah, always a helping hand and a warm heart, both would and did. We even had a whole phony Eddie Cantor script written which we submitted to Dinah, who thereupon called us daily with suggestions about including this or that person in the script . . . she was so upset, I recall, because Deanna Durbin, of whom Eddie is so fond, was out of the country!

"Busy as she is, Dinah even helped with the rehearsal, the one and only rehearsal we have—with every-



Lillian Roth knew she was to be on the show—but didn't know it would help rewrite her future history.

one present except, of course, the person whose life we are about to do—which takes place just before the show goes on the air. She came down to the studio and rehearsed with Eddie's wife Ida who—because Ida can keep a secret—was in on the secret!

"Then we were on the air and I was saying, 'Now, Miss Shore, will you please tell people who our principal subject is tonight?' Dinah told them. Dinah made a whole announcement— (Continued on page 99)

This Is Your Life is seen on NBC-TV, Wed., 10 P.M. EST, for Hazel Bishop's Long-Lasting Lipstick, Nail Polish, and Complexion Glow. Ralph Edwards' famous *Truth Or Consequences* is seen on NBC-TV, Tues., 10 P.M. EST, as emceed by Jack Bailey and sponsored by the P. Lorillard Co. for Old Gold Cigarettes.



Ralph really surprised Jeanette MacDonald (with husband Gene Raymond; Helen Ferguson is at left).



Above—Quentin Reynolds (left) and Toots Shor weren't sure who was plotting to present whom.



Dinah Shore and husband George Montgomery show Ralph a bracelet which also tells a charming story.



Breakfast Club Gossip

By HELEN CAMBRIA

AUNT FANNY, that tart-tongued spinster of the *Breakfast Club*, while discussing early Christmas shopping with Don McNeill, cast a slightly jaundiced eye over the whole business. The stores, she stated, already were filled with shoppers moving in a determined tide. "I'll tell you," she reported, "I'm just beat black and blue. I am. I started out in washrags, then a crowd of women came shoving along and, before I knew it, there I was in the step-on garbage pails."

But she had her Christmas list well worked out, she confided. One friend would get crepe-paper butterflies of variegated red to pin on her curtains. "I can't give her anything to wear," she explained. "That woman's picked up so much, nothing but a handkerchief would fit her."

For her friend Nettie, she had a pickle dish. "That will remind her she never gave me that recipe for Chattanooga chow-chow I wanted last summer." She was willing, too, to bet a nickel she would get a pillow top in return. "It will be 'The Trail of the Lonesome Pine,'" she predicted. "I gave it to her five years ago." She paused reflectively. "And then there's Lucy. Last year she gave me a churn. She plumb forgot it was mine to start with and she'd borrowed it from me."

Obviously, Aunt Fanny anticipated that in the Christmas exchange she was going to come out second-best. She covered hastily: (*Continued on page 84*)



Fran Allison in person—with her husband, Archie Levington, who is a music publisher.

Don McNeill's Breakfast Club, ABC-TV & ABC Radio, M-F, 9 A.M. EST, is on radio for Swift & Co., Philco Corp., Quaker Oats Co., Rockwood & Co. and Real Lemon-Puritan Co., and on TV for Philco Corp., Quaker Oats Co. and A. E. Staley Co. Fran Allison also stars in *Kukla, Fran And Ollie*. M-F, seen in New York on WABC-TV, 7 P.M. EST, and in Chicago on WBKB (Channel 7), 6 P.M. CST.

Is Fran Allison really Aunt Fanny?



Is Fanny really and truly Fran? Only her best friends can tell you

concerning John Raby



On TV, John is Bill, who adores Maggie (Louise Allbritton), heroine of *Concerning Miss Marlowe*. Jane Seymour is seen as their good friend, Hat.



At home, his heart really belongs to Del, who was a singer studying drama when they first met.



Miss Marlowe's devoted friend

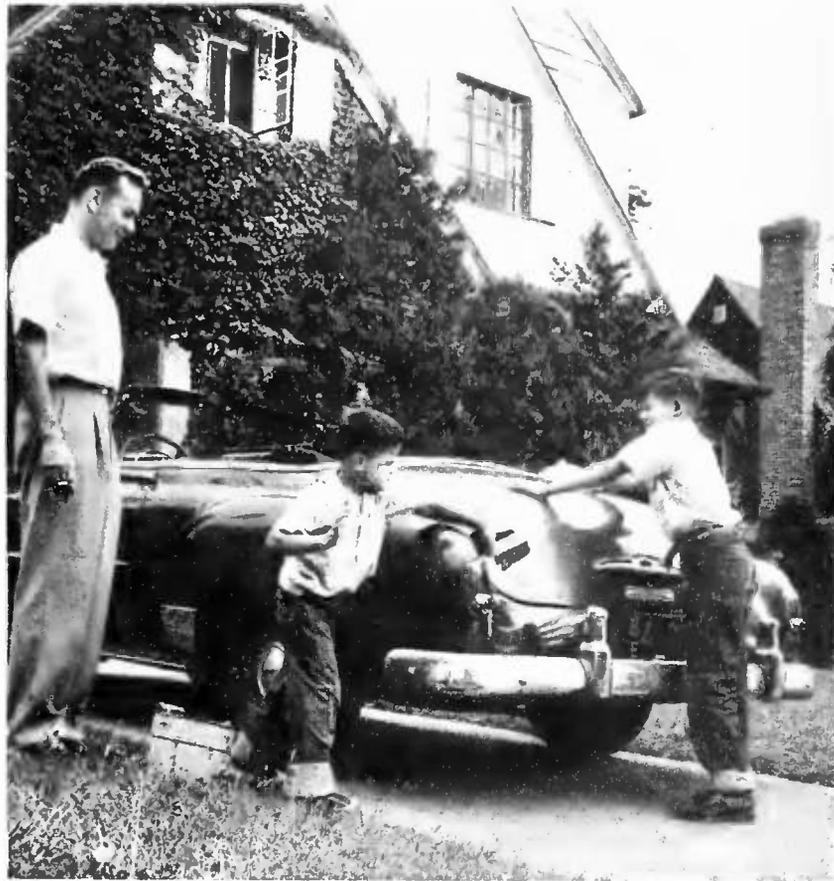
finds the greatest drama of all in
a quiet house far from Broadway

By ED MEYERSON

ASK JOHN RABY how he likes playing Bill Cooke in NBC-TV's new daytime drama, *Concerning Miss Marlowe*, and he tells you frankly: "I like it fine. I've got to pay next week's meat bill."

The remark comes as a shock, for we expect our actors to be dedicated artists—either fabulously rich or romantically poor, but nothing realistically in-between like ourselves. Actually, John is a dedicated artist, and his meat-bill approach to acting is merely the sign of a true professional, someone who knows his trade and can make a good living at it. But, above all, it's the sign of a real human being—someone who knows that how a man makes a living, whether (Continued on page 96)

John Raby is Bill Cooke in *Concerning Miss Marlowe*, NBC-TV, M-F, 3:45 P.M. EST; sponsored on alternate days by Procter & Gamble for Tide, one day each week by Miles Laboratories, Inc. He's Harry Davis in *When A Girl Marries*, ABC Radio, M-F, 10:45 A.M. EST, for Carnation Evaporated Milk and Friskies Dog Food.



To John, these everyday episodes are the saga of a truly happy man: Doing the husbandly chores around the house . . . teaching his sons, Tony and John, Jr., to do their share . . . and watching them at play.



“If I knew you were there”



His marriage to Ruth was a great day for fans—the dawn of a whole new era for Milton and his daughter Vicki.



Sandra Berle's audience laugh was tamous, but Milton has warmer, richer reasons to enshrine his late mother's memory.

Only a song could express Milton's deepest feelings for Ruth . . . and Vicki . . . and beloved Sandra Berle

By HELEN BOLSTAD

BUBBLING OVER with a secret, nine-year-old Vicki Berle slipped out of her father's private office every fifteen minutes to telephone his bride, Ruth. Excitedly, she'd whisper, "It's all right, Ruth. Honest. Daddy doesn't suspect a thing."

Keeping his smiles to himself, Milton Berle pretended not to notice. Their girl-talk, he presumed, concerned his birthday. To celebrate the event, Vicki had been permitted to spend all day at his office. Later, they were to call for Ruth and the three were to go out to dinner.

(Continued on page 81)

The Berle show has always been fun to work an—and it's easier now.



Vicki shares her father's sense of fun and has already learned to spring a surprise of her own.

Dining with Ruth, at New York's Harwyn Club, Milton is much quieter—a truly contented man.



The Buick-Berle Show is on NBC-TV, every other Tues., 8 P.M. EST, for the Buick Division of General Motors.

Lucky people "break



Meet the first mate—the first "Annette"—as Bert and his wife prepare for a gay trip.

the CAPTAIN and his Crew

Stop The Music belles may not be mermaids, but—



By GREGORY MERWIN

A GLAMOROUS-TYPE mermaid swam alongside the yacht *Annette*, playfully splashed water on the skipper with a flip of her tail and then, as she winked one sky-blue eye (the other was pea-green), said, "Tell me, Captain Parks, what's the mystery tune this week?"

It hasn't happened yet. But, now that *Stop The Music* has returned, everyone is after Bert again for the name of the mystery tune—except the mermaids. They don't even beg him to help them win on *Break The Bank*. They are respecting the beautiful, precious privacy that Bert finds on his boat.

"Bless them," says Bert. "Bless them for their invisibility."

Bert has a new boat, a cabin cruiser which cuts the water clean with a sweet, smooth throb. The boat has a white hull with blue super- (Continued on page 94)

Bert Parks is TV star of *Break The Bank*, ABC-TV, Sun., 10 P.M. EST, sponsored by Dodge Division of Chrysler Corp., and *Stop The Music*, ABC-TV, Tues., 10:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by Exquisite Form Brassiere, J-B Watch Bands, Anson, Inc., and Van Heusen.

the bank" or "stop the music"—Bert Parks is the luckiest of all!



Second "Annette" is the trim cabin cruiser in which they sail—and the ever-busy emcee finds the relaxation he needs.



Third "Annette" is their little girl—but this is a "parents' holiday" and she and the twins are safe ashore.

There have been moments of drama aboard Bert's dream-boat, but it's quiet times like these which he and Annette treasure.





FLORIDA

*The magic land called Tom Moore,
and he's been calling everyone since
to repeat the siren invitation!*

By GREGG MARTIN

SOME MEN love gold, some would give a kingdom for a horse, others love adventure—but Tom Moore is in love with the state of Florida. He is in love with the people, the grapefruit and wild turkeys, Southern accents and Northern tourists, water skiing and orange juice.

"Since I got down here, I'm a new man," he tells you. "I'm healthier, happier and kinder to dumb animals."

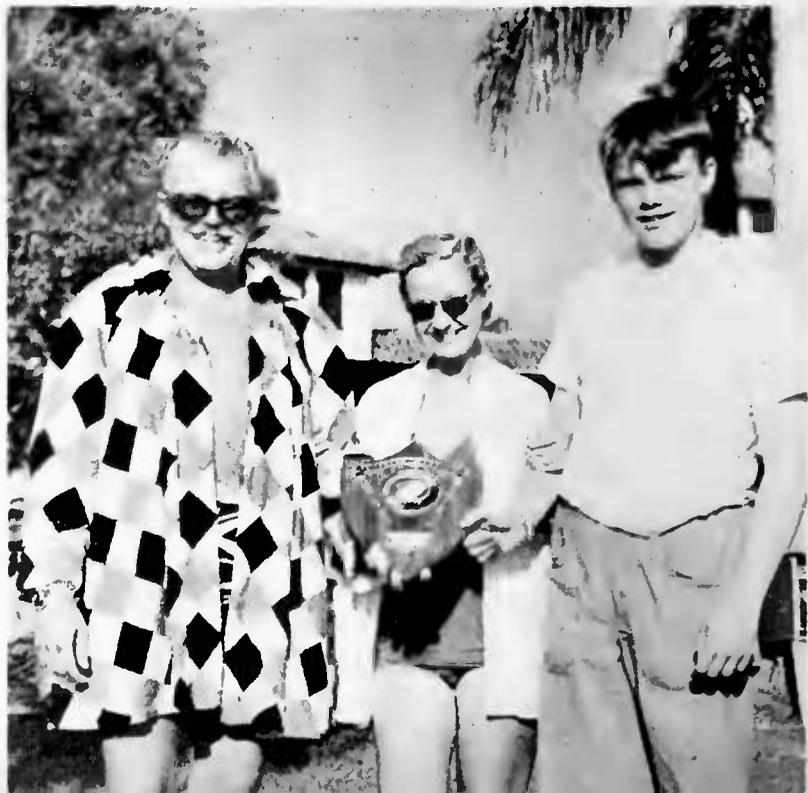
Tom's changed, although he still has thirty pairs of glasses, the four-inch waxed mustache and

Continued →

Tom may be the daredevil of the family but he says wife Willie Lou (below) is the bravest of them all.



Willie Lou and Tom, Junior, are justly proud of the many trophies Tom's won as both sportsman and citizen.

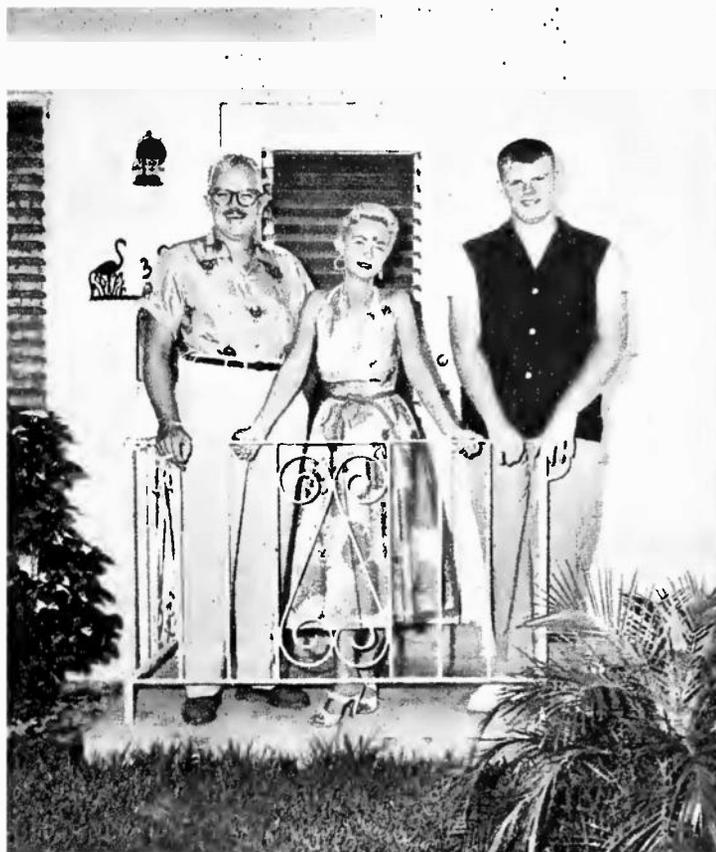


FLORIDA HAS HIS HEART

(Continued)



nes by the Starnoters.



The Moores' house, "a modest, six-room affair," is the scene of many happy occasions and the only place Tom has ever wanted to call "home."

"You can't exaggerate," Tom says. "Our home is a modest, six-room affair, simply furnished."

Willie Lou is Tom's wife and she—as well as her name—hails from Georgia. She prefers to be called Willie or Lou. Tom usually calls her W.L. She measures five-feet-two from her perfectly lacquered toe nails to her platinum blonde hair. Her number-one job is Tom Moore and the care of same.

"And in spite of it," says Tom, "she's always smiling."

W.L. loves to sew, and turns out some of her own clothes and tablecloths and slipcovers. Another interest is making costume jewelry out of sea shells.

She has furnished the house graciously and it is a Florida home from its white concrete blocks to its predominately rattan interior. The Moores do most of their living in the "Florida room."

"It's a combination rumpus-parlor-porch-everything room," says Tom. "That's where we do most of our living night and day. We drink our orange juice there in the morning and play gin rummy there at night."

Tom has a lot of trophies in the "Florida room." Most of the athletic trophies are for various ski events . . . for, as they say, "ducks take to water like Tom Moore took to water skiing."

"I wanted to specialize in jumping," Tom recalls, "but no one would teach me. Said I was too old."

So Tom taught himself and it was rugged going, for jumping is one of the most difficult and exacting phases of water skiing. The standard water-ski jump is a wooden ramp twenty-four feet long and eight feet wide, anchored at an angle in the water so that the take-off point is about six feet from the (Continued on page 98)



Such a beautiful big wedding!
 But, suddenly, there were just the
 two of them . . . just Steve Allen
 and Jayne Meadows . . . man and wife



Honeymoon at home

By ELIZABETH BALL



IN THE spacious apartment on New York's upper Park Avenue—where Steve "batched it" prior to his wedding day—Mr. and Mrs. Steve Allen are now "at home" . . . have been at home ever since—on Saturday, July 31, in Waterford, Connecticut, at four in the afternoon—they said, "I do," and "For as long as we both shall live" . . . and, even as they were making their sacred vows, couldn't believe their own ears!

"We knew each other," Jayne says, "for about a year before we became serious. We became engaged last January—" Jayne displays the lovely diamond engagement ring and the circlet-of-diamonds wedding ring which now adorn her left finger—"and then: *'When will we be* (Continued on page 91)

Tonight, starring Steve Allen, is seen on the NBC-TV network, M-F, 11:30 P.M. EST, 11 P.M. CST (local show starting in New York, WNBT, 11:15 P.M. EST). Steve is also a panelist on *What's My Line?*, CBS-TV, Sun., 10:30 P.M. EST, for Jules Montenier (Stopette) and Remington Electric Shavers. Jayne Meadows is seen on *I've Got A Secret*, CBS-TV, Wed., 9:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company for Cavalier Cigarettes.

Moments together are precious for a husband-and-wife team like Jayne and Steve, who appear on separate TV shows.







Valiant Lady unites Earl and Dolores on TV, as husband Hal and wife Diane (left). It also brings them together, off TV, to study scripts—and dine—and tour the town in their own fashion.



ROMANCE IN THE AIR

By FRANCES KISH

ONE DAY last spring, Dolores Sutton—who plays nineteen-year-old Diane in *Valiant Lady*—was walking down a New York street with another young actress. A motorcycle chugged along, was stopped by a traffic light. Riding it was Earl Hammond—who plays Hal Soames, Diane's young husband.

Dolores, who had been vacationing from the show a few days, grabbed her friend's arm. "Wait for me a moment," she said. "There's my husband, and I've seen him so seldom lately I can't let him get away this time."

Two New York dowager types, who had been walking next to the girls, (Continued on page 76)

Dolores Sutton and Earl Hammond in *Valiant Lady*, CBS-TV, M-F, 12 noon EST, for General Mills, Inc., and Prom Cosmetics.



Dolores well knows what that motorcycle means to Earl (above, with Joe Billig)! Life's quieter at home, with her art work—and her attempts to cook.





Dolores Sutton and Earl Hammond, Valiant Lady's newlyweds, are dating in private life, too

SO YOUNG AND



Same place, different season: Russ and Liza lunch at Rockefeller Plaza, near the spot where they first met.

Now a star, Russ puts in a busy day with fan mail and fittings. But Liza's right there to help him—even to do his shopping!



SO IN LOVE

The moment Russell Arms saw Liza,
he knew that she was his
Hit Parade of serenades—for life

By PHILIP CHAPMAN

NEW YORK at Christmas time can be the most wonderful place in the world, if you are in love. The air is snapping cold, the windows along the Avenue are monstrous jewels of color and light, the hurrying crowds with their packages and eager faces seem to reflect your own joy. . . . But if you are not in love—if you are broke and alone . . . ah, then the air is bitter cold, the windows a mockery, the crowds a pushing, shoving bunch of strangers whose faces reflect only a self-absorbed desire to get home to their own festivities. . . . Through such a throng, on Christmas Eve in 1948, struggled Russell Arms, with five bucks to his name, lonely amid the eight million who did not know—as he himself did not—that he would someday be one of the singing stars on *Your Hit Parade*, over NBC-TV.

Russ was on his way to Rockefeller Center, where he had a job—of sorts. He was to play a messenger in the NBC "Nativity" presentation, at the foot of the great Christmas tree which annually dwarfs the plaza below with its fabulous height and dazzling decorations. His role was to come dashing in to inform Herod, the king, that a prophecy had been fulfilled. Shortly afterward, a girl named Liza Palmer would sing a song in her rich contralto, completely eclipsing the messenger, the king, and everyone else in the eyes of the audience.

While he dressed in a biblical costume, and while the early scenes of "The Nativity" unfolded, Russ reflected dourly that this must be the most dismal Christmas he had ever endured, including the ones while he was in service. But, after he had dashed on scene with his message and stood listening to Liza Palmer sing, his mood changed. Liza Palmer, it occurred to him, was without doubt the most beautiful girl he had ever seen, from her titian hair to the smartly sandalled feet.

"Jeepers," remarked Russ, almost loud enough for the word to be picked up by the sound boom during a particularly affecting section of Liza's song. The boom didn't catch it, but Liza did, and darted a wary glance at the messenger. She was prepared to be angry, but he was tall, he was slim, and he was very handsome. Furthermore, his eyes were a mirror of admiration. She was, after all, only human. She managed to slip him a "thank you" smile without missing a note of her song.

When the show was over, he sought her out. They made an arresting couple, (Continued on page 74)

Russell Arms in *Your Hit Parade*, NBC-TV, Sat., 10:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by The American Tobacco Co. (for Lucky Strike Cigarettes) and by Richard Hudnut (for new Quick Home Permanent).



Goodbye kiss and coffee, then Russ is off to work.



Singing with the beauties on *Your Hit Parade*, Russ might recall another big production, another night.



3 jewels for Mother

Thanks to her loving children, there's no "secret storm" in Haila Stoddard's heart

By MARTIN COHEN

WHEN HAILA STODDARD won the fine role of Pauline Harris in *The Secret Storm*, she could hardly wait to share her happiness with her children. At dinner that night, she announced the good news to Robin, age fifteen, and Christopher, twelve.

"What network?" Robin wanted to know.

"CBS-TV."

Robin grimaced and Chris groaned.

"What's wrong with CBS?" asked Haila. "Their money is as good as NBC's."

"Sure it is, but you know what we're thinking about."

The fact was that NBC had been casting Haila in gay, light-hearted parts on the *Philco Playhouse* and *Kraft Theater*. At CBS, however, she got rather grim roles in such shows as *Danger* and *Suspense*. The current role on *The Secret Storm* turned out to be consistent with the CBS view of Haila—for, as Pauline, (Continued on page 72)

Haila Stoddard is Pauline in *The Secret Storm*. CBS-TV, M-F, 4:15 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Whitehall Pharmacal Co. and Boyle-Midway, Inc.



Son T.J. doesn't know about stardom—he just knows that Haila's tops with him!



Haila's trio—Robin, 15, Chris, 12, and T.J., 5—are interested in show business only "because Mother's in it," though the two older ones get a kick out of theater props (above), Haila's star billing (below) and that fascinating stage make-up.





Young Widder Brown

NERVOUS brides are a tradition, Ellen Brown told herself. But even as she tried to reassure herself and turn her thoughts to the Brightons' festive garden—where she was to be married in a few short minutes—Ellen wondered if her own doubts were not more troubling than those the usual bride faces. . . . For years, Ellen had loved Dr. Anthony Loring and she had been sure that, in spite of the frustrations and difficulties that harried them, one day she and Anthony would be wed. Yet the dream had shattered—and Ellen's heart along with it—when Anthony had been tricked into marriage with the beautiful Millicent Randall. . . . Ellen had had to face still another blow when Anthony's sister Victoria, still nourishing her dislike for the attractive young widow, had plotted to guarantee that Ellen would never enter his life again. Acting through her business manager, Michael Forsyth, Victoria had offered Ellen \$10,000 in return for a promise to have nothing further to do with Anthony. Ellen—her despair mounting because she had been led to believe that it was Anthony himself who had asked that she sign the paper releasing him—had refused. Bleakly, she looked ahead to a future without the man she had loved for so long. . . . Meanwhile, Anthony had learned that Millicent and Victoria had tricked him into his marriage—but he had to face the fact that Millicent was now expecting a baby. Knowing that Anthony still loves Ellen, Millicent had gone to Ellen's house to confront her with the news and to threaten her once again against trying to re-enter Anthony's life. There had been a painful scene, then Millicent had tripped and fallen down the stairs at Ellen's house. She lost the baby—and, in a storm of fury and bitterness, had then accused Ellen of having pushed her! . . . As heartbreak had followed heartbreak, handsome Michael Forsyth watched and admired Ellen's proud bearing and courage and tried to comfort her in her loneliness. He had quickly realized what a rare,

(Left) Should Ellen Brown forgive Michael—and forget the man she has loved so long?



1. Though Anthony Loring and Ellen Brown have loved each other for so long, trickery has destroyed their dream of a life together, and Ellen hides her heartbreak as Anthony marries Millicent Randall.

Young Widder Brown

(Continued)



2. Even after Anthony learns he has been tricked into his marriage, Ellen fears he is lost to her and she turns to Michael Farsyth in her loneliness.



3. In an angry visit to Ellen, Millicent falls downstairs. Maria Hav...

wonderful person Ellen is, and he had fallen in love with her. To counter-act Millicent's vicious charges, Michael had now induced Ellen to announce their engagement—and so prove to the town that she was not still in love with Anthony and had had no reason to attack Millicent. . . . Ellen had consented, but had asked Michael to wait six months to give them both a chance to be sure. In all this time, Ellen had never told Michael that she returned his love, but she had always hoped that mutual respect and companionship might grow into a deeper emotion—had hoped that Michael might make her love him. . . . Millicent, determined to block Ellen's chances for happiness—even apart from Anthony—had then contacted Monty Fuller, a Chicago columnist who

specialized in unsavory news items. Through him, she learned that Michael owned a luxurious town house in Chicago which was occupied by a mysterious Mrs. Harriet Summers—and that Michael was paying the medical expenses for Mrs. Summers' daughter, Lola, at a rest home near Chicago. . . . Ellen thought it had been such a gay engagement party that her good friends, the Brightons, had given for her and Michael, even though Anthony had been suddenly called away, presumably on a professional emergency. She hadn't known that the call had come from Harriet Summers, who then revealed to Anthony that Michael had once been engaged to her daughter, Lola, and had jilted her just a week after he had arrived in Simpsonville. Mrs. Summers told Anthony



and Ellen watch as Anthony attends her.

that Lola had collapsed on hearing this news, and the irate mother announced that she had come to Simpsonville to force Michael to return to Chicago and to her daughter. . . . Meanwhile, Ellen had been taunted and insulted by malicious town gossip which whispered that her engagement was only a shield for her carryings-on with Anthony. At last, wounded and desperate at the destruction of her good name, Ellen had announced that she would marry Michael right away. . . . But now, even as Ellen took one last look in the mirror at her wedding costume, the doubts came crowding in. She was strangely troubled by the woman who, only yesterday, had appeared in the tea shop and, introducing herself as Mrs. Harriet Summers, had shown Ellen a diamond ring which



4. Millicent recovers, but has lost the baby she had hoped would bind Anthony to her. She accuses Ellen of having pushed her, and plots with Anthony's sister Victoria to further discredit Ellen.



5. To counteract Millicent's charges, Michael and Ellen announce their engagement. Ellen's friends, Linnott Brighton and Maria Hawkins, offer congratulations.

Young Widder Brown

(Continued)



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3. In an angry visit to Ellen, Millicent falls downstairs. Moria Howland and Ellen watch as Anthony attends her.



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Young Widder Brown

(Continued)

she said belonged to her daughter. . . . Even as Ellen wondered what this curious woman had to do with herself and Michael, Harriet Summers arrived to carry out her scheme—arranged with Millicent Loring—to reveal the truth just before the wedding ceremony. Ellen listened incredulously as Mrs. Summers recounted the story of Michael Forsyth and her daughter Lola. She refused to believe the cruelly-timed disclosure and angrily accused Harriet Summers of being paid by Millicent to ruin her wedding. But, a few minutes later, Michael appeared, white-faced and grim, to tell Ellen that he had sent the minister away and that there would be no wedding. . . . Michael begged Ellen to trust him but, shocked and distraught, Ellen cannot find the answer in her heart. She is caught in a maelstrom of doubt and bewilderment between her confused feelings for Michael Forsyth and the realization of her undying love for Anthony Loring. . . . Can she rise above the despairing thought that Anthony is lost to her forever—and seek some measure of happiness in the attraction Michael holds for her? What further surprises do her relentless enemies have in store to frustrate the normal desires and innocent hopes of Simpsonville's loveliest young widow, Ellen Brown?



6. Still vindictive against Ellen, Millicent meets with the mysterious Harriet Summers, who reveals that Michael was once engaged to her daughter, Lola.

7. Anthony tells Ellen that he still loves her and pleads with her not to marry Michael. But Michael, unaware that Harriet Summers has arrived in Simpsonville, orders Anthony not to interfere.

Pictured here, as heard on the air, are:

Ellen Brown.....Wendy Drew
Anthony Loring.....Ned Wever
Millicent Loring.....Cathleen Cordell
Michael Forsyth.....Ronald Long
Maria Hawkins.....Sylvia Davis
Victoria Loring.....Ethel Remy
Harriet Summers.....Ethel Wilson
Linnott Brighton.....Ted Osborn
Millicent's maid Lily.....Peggy Stanley

Young Widder Brown, on NBC Radio, M-F, 4:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Phillips' Milk of Magnesia, Prom Home Permanent, other products.





8. As the wedding guests chat gaily downstairs, Harriet Summers startles Ellen with the news that Michael is responsible for her daughter's breakdown. Anthony stands by as Michael appeals to Mrs. Summers and then begs Ellen to trust him.



Sightseeing at the zoo, Terry lines up his ladies: Kathleen, Jan Miner, Molly, and Colleen O'Sullivan.

"You have to be happy"

By GWEN AULIS

MANY ACTRESSES think you have to be emotionally upset," Jan Miner said, "in order to understand—and to play—drama. You must *suffer*, they say, in order to achieve stature as an actress. I disagree. I say you have to be happy," said Jan, who so radiantly *is!*

We were talking—Jan and her handsome husband, Terry O'Sullivan, and I—around the glass-topped



Top of the town: Jan and Terry explain the city layout from the roof of the Empire State Building.



Crossing New York Harbor, they pose with Capt. George Clancy aboard the Statue of Liberty boat.

table set on a base of carved metal in the dining room of the O'Sullivan's' charming New York apartment. Jan had come in late from a rehearsal of the last-of-the-season *Robert Montgomery Presents* series of summer plays. As she circled about, setting the table, lighting the candles, Jan spoke of how happy she'd been when Bob asked her to be leading lady on the summer shows.

Terry O'Sullivan is Arthur Tate in *Search For Tomorrow*, CBS-TV, M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, for Joy, Spic and Span, Gleem. Jan Miner stars as Julie Nixon in *Hilltop House*, as heard on CBS Radio, M-F, 3 P.M. EST, for Feen-a-mint and Medigum. She is also heard as Ann Williams in *Crime Photographer*, CBS Radio, Fridays, at 8 P.M. EST.

why Jan Miner's so grateful to her husband, Terry O'Sullivan



This time, Terry lines up with his wife and his three daughters—and that very famous lady, Miss Liberty herself.

Jan's studio: The O'Sullivan girls learn about radio from Jack Rubin, director of *Hilltop House*.

"Twelve weeks of stock," Jan said, "is what it actually is, and I've been on almost every single week!"

Terry, the gourmet of the family, had done the dinner—delicately browned and herb-flavored mutton chops, string beans in a cheese sauce, a mixed green salad with a French dressing "created" by Mr. O'S.—which was sufficient, in itself, to make anyone happy! It did us. And, because it did, we fell to talking about the so-called "little things" of life and how happy-making they are: A French dressing, fit for Epicurus himself, (Continued on page 89)



BEAT THE CLOCK'S EXCITING BIG CONTEST



First prize is this Sylvania Chairside Theater with the new "Silver Screen 85" picture tube.

CONTEST RULES

1. Each entry must include your filled-in coupon as printed below, and your paste-up and identification of the faces shown on the opposite page.
2. Address entries for this contest to:
BEAT THE CLOCK CONTEST, TV RADIO MIRROR
P.O. Box 1835, Grand Central Station
New York 17, N. Y.
3. This month's contest ends midnight, November 5, 1954. Entries postmarked after that date will not be considered.
4. The winner of this contest will receive a Sylvania Chairside Theater, which includes a television set with a 27-inch screen and a remote control unit. The next four runners-up will each receive a Sylvania radio clock.
5. Entries will be judged on the basis of accuracy in rearranging and identifying the faces and originality in completing the limerick.
6. You may submit more than one entry. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. The decision of the judges will be final.
7. This contest is open to everyone in the United States and Canada, except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc. and Sylvania Electric Products Inc.
8. All entries become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc. No correspondence can be entered into in regard to entries. Winners will be notified as soon as the judging has been completed.



Four attractive Sylvania radio clocks will be awarded to the runners-up.

BEAT THE CLOCK CONTEST, TV RADIO MIRROR, P.O. Box 1835, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

The faces on the opposite page are:

LIMERICK

A pretty young lass from Follette
Fell in love with a TV set;
To all others' dismay
She would spend the whole day:

YOUR NAME

STREET OR BOX NO.

CITY OR TOWN STATE

Your Last Line _____



Who are they? Rearrange the sections of these three mixed-up faces to form the original portraits of three outstanding TV and radio actresses. Just cut them apart on the dotted lines and paste them together in the right order.

*Here's your second chance
to win yourself one of Sylvania's
beautiful Chairside Theaters*

THAT'S RIGHT. You've got *another* opportunity to enter *Beat The Clock's* exciting contest and win a Sylvania Chairside Theater—which features the new "Silver Screen 85" picture tube, 27-inch screen and remote control unit—or a handsome radio clock, both of which are pictured on the opposite page. All you have to do is cut apart the three faces pictured above and rearrange the sections so that they form the original portraits of three outstanding stars on radio and television. After you have matched up the faces, paste them on a piece of paper and write the name of each one in the coupon on the opposite page. Then make up a last line to go with the limerick printed on the coupon. *Be sure the last line rhymes with the first two.* For example:

A pretty young lass from Follette
Fell in love with a TV set;
To all others' dismay
She would spend the whole day
Watching shows, for each one was her pet.

That's all there is to it. You'll have fun doing it, and you might win a Sylvania Chairside Theater with the "Silver Screen 85" picture tube, or a handsome Sylvania radio clock. And be on the lookout again next month, for there will be new faces to guess, another limerick to complete and another chance to win a TV set or radio clock. Don't delay! Start right now—and be among the first to enter this month's exciting, easy-to-do contest.



Beat The Clock, with Bud Collyer as emcee, is seen on CBS-TV, Sat., 7:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Sylvania Electric Products Inc.



Daughter Margaret and Danny had different ideas about Santa Claus, but Daddy Thomas and his first-born agree on what family living really means.



Duets with Teresa and puttering in the workshop with Tony are part of Danny's philosophy of home.



just call him

To Danny, home is a heaven filled with laughing children, love, and the abiding faith which makes a family



Rosemary, Teresa and Margaret set the table and, comes mealtime, they pass the plate "family-style."

By BUD GOODE

TWO FAMILIES—one on TV, one at home? *The Danny Thomas Show*, "Make Room For Daddy," has been compared to Danny's own family life. The thirty-minute sequence we see each Tuesday night is like a peek through the keyhole of Danny's Beverly Hills home. Danny's friends say, "We don't see why Danny bothers to go to work every morning. They could roll the cameras over to his house and start shooting. His real family life would be just as entertaining!"

But what, exactly, is a family made of? We know from the jingle that little girls (*Continued on page 68*)

The Danny Thomas Show, "Make Room For Daddy," is seen on ABC-TV, Tues. at 9 P.M. EST, sponsored by the American Tobacco Co. for Pall Mall Cigarettes and by the Dodge Div. of Chrysler Corp.

"DADDY" THOMAS!

Friends say a gathering of the Thomas Clan—Rosemary, Margaret, Teresa, Tony—tops even Danny's shows for hilarity.





the Joy of Sharing

Unlike Loretta Cole in The Romance Of Helen Trent, Teri Keane is happy—and bringing up a happy little girl

By MARY TEMPLE

TERI KEANE and her daughter made a striking picture as they sat together on the wide sofa facing the huge carved stone fireplace in their living room. A high-ceilinged room in a duplex apartment in New York, with a delicately scrolled stairway leading upstairs to a small balcony and two bedrooms. The lovely blonde actress with the dancing hazel-green eyes looked proudly into her child's adoring brown eyes under their fringe of dark lashes and the wreath of silky light brown hair.

As three-year-old Sharon got up suddenly to look from the window at the view of Central Park, you noticed what a tall little girl she is for her age, and how, underneath her childlike friendliness, there is almost a grown-up poise. The outward sign of an inward security, the manner of a child who knows she is loved and protected.

"I am a happy woman," Teri Keane said. "I want Sharon to be happy when she grows up. Our lives will be different, of course. I was a child actress, and John and I are not thinking about that for Sharon, at least we are not planning things that way." (Continued on page 69)

Riding the merry-go-round with Sharon, Teri senses the wonderful link between generation and generation.



A former child actress herself, Teri wants only a domestic life for her own daughter—picnics for two in the park, motherly mending of a tiny ripped seam.

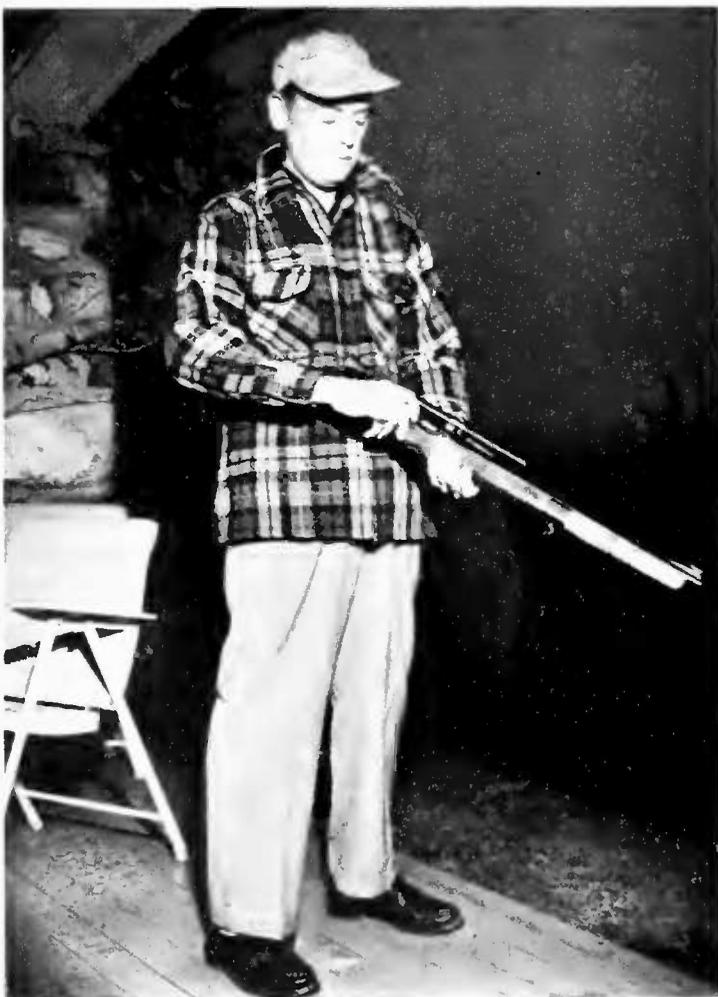


Teri Keane is Loretta Cole in *The Romance Of Helen Trent*, CBS Radio, M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Whitehall Pharmacal Co., Boyle-Midway, and Prom Home Permanents.

NORA DRAKE'S ROMANTIC MAN

*Bill Quinn—alias Fred Molina—
can appreciate women, because he
has been blessed with five of the
“most wonderful in the world”*

By HAROLD KEENE



Athletic Bill got his first break playing tennis, still has a taste for outdoor sports.

Bill Quinn is Fred Molina in *This Is Nora Drake*, CBS Radio, M-F, 2:30 P.M. EST, under alternating sponsorship of The Toni Co. and Bristol-Myers Co.

NOT LONG AGO, the Sunday society section of a famous New York newspaper ran a paid announcement of Miss Nora Drake's marriage to Mr. Fred Molina, giving time, place, and a few pertinent details. The truth is, of course, that the notice was phoned in by an alert publicity representative of the popular radio drama, *This Is Nora Drake*. But—if the newspaper ever wondered whether Nora Drake and Fred Molina actually existed—there are countless millions of people around these United States who could reassure the most skeptical editor. They listen to Nora and Fred every day, over CBS, and they know that the glamorous nurse and her romantic man are as real as their own next-door neighbors.

I sat down with Fred Molina himself, the other afternoon, and found him to be a wiry, smiling Irishman named Bill Quinn who is, by all odds, one of the pleasantest men I've met in many a day. The next afternoon, his wife came in from Long Island to meet me—a little jittery and clock-watching because the kids had been left alone—and the picture was completed.

"The older girls are always perfectly fine," Mrs. Quinn said, worriedly, "because, after all, they're fourteen and ten. But the baby . . . babies can do such unexpected things and get into big trouble in such a little space of time. If I can just catch the four-thirteen. . . ."

The Molinas—oops, sorry! (Continued on page 85)

His wife Mae helps Bill in his career—just as his gallant mother did, when he was only a child.





Virginia (right, above) is their first-born, and Eileen (left) still wanted to be the family "baby", even after wee Mary Ellen arrived. But Bill's love showed him the way to prove that there was room in his heart for them all!



Just Call Him "Daddy" Thomas

(Continued from page 62)
are "sugar and spice, and everything nice" . . . that little boys are "snips and snails and puppy-dogs' tails."

But what's in a family? Is it "hugs and kisses for Mr. and Mrs.?" Or is it more? Don't love and sympathy, guidance for the children, humor—these and one thousand and one other things—go to make up a family? That's what Danny Thomas often has found in his eighteen years with wife Rosemary and their three children, Margaret, Teresa and Tony. As Danny says, "So what's in a family? To me, it's eighteen years of laughter and tears."

One thing that Danny earnestly believes is that father should be with mother when a new baby is born into the family. It shows love for the wife, a willingness to share her burden. Though Danny was on the road constantly in his early career, he never missed being home for the birth of each of their three children.

Their first, Margaret, was born nearly seventeen years ago, when Danny was appearing at the Ambassador Club in Detroit. Everybody at the club, from janitor to owner, was alerted to Danny's approaching fatherhood. In the middle of his act, the pay phone rang. The waitress answered, shouting out to Danny on the floor, "You better go home!"

Danny knew that meant business. "Sorry folks," he explained, backing off the stage, "I'm going to have a baby! See you later!" The audience's laughter followed Danny as he made his exit.

Second daughter, Teresa, was born at the Edgewater Hospital in Chicago, when Danny was appearing at the 5100 Club. This was the club which built Danny's following—and also the club which Danny "built" by bringing in steady patrons.

He'd been up all day, by the time Teresa finally arrived. Since he worked nights and usually slept days, he was understandably too tired to go to the club for his act—after not having missed a performance in three years and two months! So Danny called the club, warning them of his absence.

The boss, Harry Eager, was furious. He had received the part of the message about the "absence" but not the part about the "baby." When Danny came in the next night, he came up saying, "This is your two weeks' notice. You're fired!"

Danny explained, "But, Harry! I told the cashier, I couldn't be here. My wife was having a baby!"

Harry Eager had committed himself, he couldn't back down. "So does the cashier own the place?" he said. "You talk to me, not the cashier—and I say you're fired!"

Danny still had two weeks to go. He and Eager didn't talk to one another for four days. Then, one night after the show, Harry came up to Danny.

"Hungry . . . ?" he asked.

"Sure," said Danny.

"Let's get a sandwich," said Harry. After three minutes of silence, he said, "Well, how's the kid?" Teresa was all of two years old before Danny finally left the 5100 Club.

Young Tony arrived in 1949, when Danny was living in Beverly Hills but playing the Flamingo Hotel in Las Vegas. It was family policy, now, that Danny was to be present at all births. It was even written into his contract. The one with the Flamingo read: "Good from here to Labor Pains!"

Danny has such a powerful feeling of love and affection for his family and children that, whenever one of them suffers a hurt, mental or physical, he suffers with sympathy pains.

When Margaret was younger, she fell and broke her arm. Danny was playing Bill Miller's Riviera in New Jersey, and Rosemary was on a week's vacation from the family to be with Danny. So it was secretary Janet Roth who took Margaret and her broken arm to the hospital.

But the hospital wanted permission from one of the parents to give the anaesthetic before they set Margaret's arm. So Janet called Bill Miller at the Riviera. He told her Danny was doing a performance.

"He's so excitable, I don't want him calling the hospital," she explained. "Don't tell him I called. I'll call again in twenty minutes, when he's through."

But Miller did tell Danny, who immediately called 'his secretary. "What's wrong! What's wrong?" he shouted. Janet explained the broken arm, giving him the address of the hospital so he could telegraph the okay for the anaesthetic.

But after the explanation, Danny—three thousand miles away—was suffering with sympathy pains. He was too nervous to write down the address. Janet finally had to ask him to put Wally Popp, his accompanist, on the phone. She knew that Wally was down to earth, and explained to him what Margaret's condition was: "Just a broken arm. She's not dead or dying." She gave him the address. That night, Danny called the hospital five times to check on Margaret's condition and called Janet at home all night—when he wasn't calling the hospital—to be reassured that Margaret was "all right."

Margaret left the hospital next morning, but Danny continued throwing quarters into the phone in New Jersey. "Is she still in the hospital?" he asked.

"No," said Janet, "she's home."

But Danny wouldn't believe her. "You're just telling me that!" he said.

Janet finally had to put Margaret on the phone to prove she was okay. With it all, Danny swore his arm hurt for the next two weeks.

Like every loving father, Danny is as sensitive to his children's mental needs as he is to their physical hurts. For example, Teresa, at the age of seven, still believed in Santa Claus. She had her eyes on a toy piano in the window of Uncle Bernie's Toy Menagerie in Beverly Hills. But this was no ordinary toy piano. It was the size of a spinet, shaped like a baby grand, and painted white. Teresa was sure that Santa Claus would make this a shiny musical Christmas, because she had written him a letter telling how badly she wanted the piano.

But older sister Margaret had outgrown Santa Claus. She did believe in discipline, though, and at times she was responsible for her younger sister's behavior. If the problem grew out of hand, she would pick up the nearest phone, saying, "Santa, this is Margaret. Don't bring Teresa that white piano. She's been naughty!"

Little Teresa, terrified, would run to the phone, saying, "Santa, this is Teresa—Margaret is only kidding!"

Danny "Santa Claus" Thomas caught this act one day and immediately called Margaret aside. He carried Teresa's letter in his pocket and he pulled it out for her to see.

"Margaret," he said, "you should make the punishment fit the crime. Right now, Santa Claus is the most precious thing in Teresa's heart. You're going overboard when you tease her like that. Okay . . . ?"

"Kay," said Margaret.

Needless to say, Teresa got her piano. The letter? Sentimental "Santa" keeps it in the family scrapbook.

Every family has the responsibility of teaching, of unfolding for its youngsters a set of spiritual and moral values for them to live by as they grow older. Danny and Rosemary do not differ from millions of other parents in this regard. They go to the Church of the Good Shepherd every Sunday, as a family unit. And they belong to their children's parent-teacher's clubs. "Clubs" in the plural, because Margaret, Teresa, and Tony attend three different schools. Rosemary belongs to three mothers' clubs. She regularly attends the third Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday of every month. When Danny's in town, he goes, too.

Danny tries to teach his children a set of values—or, as he calls it: "A sort of what's what in the right time and place." Though, on the surface, he sometimes is not too successful, he believes he's getting his ideas through to his children.

Service at the dinner table is a specific case in point. Danny can remember his own early childhood and its very meager beginnings. Perhaps it's because of this, perhaps not, but—one way or the other—Danny doesn't care to be waited on. "Nobody shines my shoes," he says. "Nobody brings my car. And we serve ourselves at the table."

Recently the Thomases had a family dinner to which a young cousin was invited. Older daughter Margaret, at the impressionable age of sixteen, took charge. She wanted to make an impression on the cousin and arranged to have Anderson, the butler and handyman, serve.

When all were seated around the table and Danny's chop was elegantly plopped on his plate, he said, "What's this? If we have to be served when we have company, all right! But I don't like this stuff when we're alone."

"Oh, Daddy!" said Margaret, "You live like a peasant!"

"That's how I've always lived," said Danny. "That's how I want to live. Just to be served doesn't make a gentleman. Or a lady, either—understand?"

"Yes . . ." said Margaret, and proceeded to pass the chop plate family-style.

Finally, the father in every family is a nest builder. Danny is no different. He loves to putter around the house. He turned part of the garage into a charming pine-paneled office, then into a pine-paneled workshop where he keeps his tools. He calls it "the best-dressed workshop on the block."

Some of the family (no names, please) look on Danny's puttering with raised eyebrows. The other night he mixed up a batch of paint leftovers and it turned out a deep fuchsia . . . didn't matter whether it *matched* anything or not—Danny used it to paint all the bathroom seats! Then there was the episode of the cabinet Danny built. Well, not exactly built, because the television set was already in the cabinet. But Danny took out the television apparatus, added a door, setting up the result in Tony's room.

"No reason you shouldn't use it as a cabinet," he said. "It'll hold all kinds of things."

So what's a family made of? If you ask Danny he probably won't mention the fuchsia bathroom seats—or the television set turned hold-all—yet they are part of the humor in every family. There's also love, and sympathy pains . . . there's teaching a sense of values . . . guidance for the children . . . spiritual companionship . . . all of these go to make a family. Or, as Danny says, "It's eighteen years of laughter and tears. That's what a family is made of."

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The Joy of Sharing

(Continued from page 65)

John is, of course, John Larkin,—Sharon's daddy—who stars in radio as Perry Mason and also plays Miles Nelson on *The Right To Happiness*. Teri plays Loretta Cole in *The Romance Of Helen Trent*, appears frequently on other dramatic programs, and has long been well known to listeners as Chichi in *Life Can Be Beautiful*.

"I began my career as an actress at nine," Teri went on. "By the time I was nineteen, I had played dramatic roles in five Broadway shows and was already a radio veteran. When John and I were married, on June 10, 1950, I added wifehood and then motherhood to the joy of going on with the work I love. I wouldn't change my life for anyone else's in the world. Yet I want Sharon to grow up a little more slowly than I did. I want her to have the natural, normal childhood that other little girls have, and to take her time about deciding what she wants to do with her life. I believe all mothers want more for their children than they had themselves."

At the moment, Sharon seems very much an individual in her own right. First, in her looks, so unlike her mother's blondness and yet so unlike her daddy's black hair and blue eyes. And in her whole personality, in the seriousness of her manner, the sweet gravity of her smile. Perhaps she will show some of her parents' talent for acting, and their love of it. It's too early yet to tell. Perhaps she will be a musician, like Teri's mother, who was a concert singer. (Teri herself, a lyric soprano, hopes some day to combine singing with acting.)

"I think the best thing she can be, for a long time to come, is a happy, healthy, normal little girl," Teri says firmly.

"I have very definite convictions about what is best for her, for a while, although you might think at times that I am hopelessly sentimental. You might think—at other times—that I am almost too realistic about the way she should be brought up, because I feel that modern life is realistic and she must be prepared to face it. Actually, we mothers of today must be a mixture of both sentiment and practicality. We can't neglect either, if we want our children to be happy adults."

Teri tells a story about her sentimental side and how she was affected by a visit to the Central Park carousel with Sharon. The carousel that has been whirling New York children around and around and around on its galloping wooden horses for many years.

"I suddenly remembered how, when I was about nine, my mother used to take me riding on this merry-go-round, and now here I was bringing my own little girl to enjoy the same thrills. As we swung around the circle on our handsomely painted steeds, my throat suddenly felt all choked up and tears came to my eyes. I saw Sharon looking at me curiously, and then I told her how Mommy had loved this carousel as much as she was loving it. I think it made the whole thing seem even more exciting and wonderful for her. It was for me."

On the other hand, Teri's realistic approach to Sharon's education is illustrated by the way she put her in nursery school before she intended to.

"I have a wonderful maid, Nellie, who is like one of the family. She has been with us since Sharon was born, so there was no need for school to keep my little girl happy while I work. I wouldn't and couldn't go on working if Sharon were not well taken care of at home by someone she loves and trusts. But I had begun

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to notice that, because she is a tall child, she was beginning to shy away from youngsters of her own age, and was trying to identify herself with the five- and six-year-olds, for whom she was still too babyish. Now, at nursery school, she is thrown into daily association with many children, tall and short ones, alert and shy ones, all in her same age group. She has her special friends and she gets along well with all. In fact, she hardly wanted to leave them when we took her on vacation during the summer, for a few weeks of romping freely in the woods and swimming and building sand castles. By the time winter weather sets in, I think she will want to stay at her school to have lunch with some of the other children, instead of coming home for the afternoon with Nellie, or with my mother, who devotes a day a week to her—personally, I am against the idea of expecting grandparents to be baby sitters, but this one-day-a-week plan is something both my mother and my daughter enjoy, and they have a fine, satisfying relationship as a result."

Teri and John were each an "only child," so both faced the problem of having nothing to refer to in bringing up a child. They had little experience with young children, and could only depend on their memories of their own reactions. "Fortunately, we have agreed with each other's ideas about what is right for our daughter," Teri stressed. "When we don't, we talk it over, but not in front of her. It is the mother, however, who must learn how to handle the problems that come up every day in a child's development."

There has been the problem of Teri's work, for instance, a problem that other working mothers will recognize.

"Sometimes, Sharon hasn't liked having me go to work and leave her, which I am told is a perfectly normal reaction for a child of her age. I don't try to fool her, and I never lie to her. I do try to explain, and most of the time she seems content with that. Evading the issue would be one of those short cuts we mothers sometimes try to take and then find that we have chosen the longest and hardest way.

"Sharon knows there are compensations for my leaving her. She understands that I keep my promises to take her on little special expeditions on my free days, and on the weekends when I carefully guard all the time I can possibly give to her. We go to the zoo, we plan shopping expeditions, we have little tea parties and walks and talks that are our very own. As she gets older, there will be museums to see, and matinees occasionally. When I have to make any change in plans that involve her, I am very careful to explain why and to make up for it in extra measure as fast as I can, and I am rewarded by

her faith in me. I believe she is beginning to understand that Mommies and Daddies cannot always be right there at home."

When the program, *Life Can Be Beautiful*, went off the air a while back, Teri found out how much her companionship is cherished by her little girl. The telephone call that said the show was really going off came to Teri when she was at home, with Sharon nearby. "It was a shock, after six happy years of playing in it, six years of pleasant relationships with the rest of the cast and everyone connected with the show. I began to cry a little, thinking that now all this would be over. I felt a little lost.

"Sharon watched a moment, came over to put her cheek against mine, and asked why I was crying. I told her I was sad because a show I had worked on for a long time, even before she was born, would now be over. When I dried my eyes and started to laugh with her, I thought she had forgotten, but after a while she went upstairs to her room and I heard her singing gaily. The tune was the nursery rhyme, 'This is the way we wash our clothes,' but the words were strictly hers. She used the initials by which I had always called the show—L-C-B-B, for *Life Can Be Beautiful*—and this is what she was singing: 'L-C-B-B is going off, going off, going off,' shouting it joyously.

"I began then to get the proper perspective on what was happening. To my child, it meant more time for us to be together, and I accepted it that way. Then, a few days later, I of course explained that, while programs might come and go, I would always be doing some work and that being an actress made me happy and I hoped it helped to make some other people happy when they listened to our shows. I told her that people had worries and problems that we could make them forget while they listened to their radios."

Teri has always been quick to tell Sharon the reasons for any sadness or any anger, rather than have her believe that she herself might be responsible for it. "Children see grownups getting upset and often think it might be their fault—the children's fault, that is. I try to make it clear that it is some grown-up problem which I am trying to solve, and, if possible, to let Sharon know a little bit about it, just enough to keep her from speculating too much. I think a child worries much more about these things than we realize, and that a certain amount of frankness allays fear. It is difficult to strike the happy medium of preparing a child for the rough places of life and still teach the loveliness of the world and the wonderful things that lie ahead, and all we mothers can do is try hard not

An open letter to:

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The Editors

to be over-protective and yet not too harshly realistic."

Her daughter's independence of thought and action is something very precious to Teri. She had to learn diplomacy as a child, because she sensed that in the busy world of the theater and radio there was no place for a small actress who was temperamental or difficult. Perhaps it taught her a great deal about being co-operative and considerate of others, but it was sometimes hard on a little girl to be so self-effacing and quiet.

"I think I am just now getting to the point where I feel I can really be myself, as a result of those early years," she said. "Everyone was wonderful to me, always, but there were times when I wished I could talk up more frankly. Sharon, on the other hand, is always herself, wherever she goes. She begged to be taken to the studio one day recently and, feeling she had a right to see where I went when I left her every morning, I did take her, wondering how she would react. I was very proud of my child that day. She was very nice with everyone, but didn't show off or try to attract attention."

The apartment where Teri and John and Sharon live is in the heart of the city, but they feel that—if they moved to a suburban home and commuted—there would be less time for them all to be together. They have the Park. The Museum of Natural History, with all its fascinating exhibits, is not far away. There is a riding academy nearby, where Sharon can watch the horses and dream of the day when she will sit astride the biggest one and canter through the Park in the sunlight. And there are the wonderful late afternoons listening to stories in front of the big fireplace.

The fireplace is the focal point in the big room—a room with blue-green walls and high casement windows, with com-

fortable places to sit, and big gold-shaded lamps and bookcases and tables, and with one of Sharon's dolls guarding a pile of Teri's radio scripts. (The rest of her dolls and toys have overflowed from her bedroom into an old cradle in a corner of the dining room, a room which is lovely in Early American furnishings.) Teri and John fell in love with the fireplace at first sight, and could hardly wait to use it after they moved in. So one night they made quite a rite of laying the fire, and then sat down to enjoy it, thinking how cozy and homey it was going to be. Suddenly, great billows of smoke began to flow over them and, coughing and sputtering, they hurried to put the fire out. They learned later that the flue is even smaller than the average, and that the trick is to build the fire 'way back, which works out just as well from the standpoint of enjoyment, once you have learned about it. But it amused them, and still does, to see that all this size was just so much show!

Teri was born in New York, grew up in Florida and in Ohio, and came back to New York to be an actress. She played a dramatic role at nine in "Swing Your Lady," on Broadway, then went into the *Singing Lady* radio show for four years, on which she sang with a group of children. She even substituted as the storyteller on the show when Irene Wicker, its "Singing Lady," went on vacation. From the very first, she was able to go from one role to another, on radio and on stage, because someone had seen and heard her and recognized she was a little girl with great talent.

"I never had to pound pavements to look for work," she said. "That didn't spare me some of the heartbreaks and disappointments that inevitably go with this business, but it did smooth some of the rough places. I got my chance for the

role I loved on *Life Can Be Beautiful* because someone recommended me for an audition. I won the chance to audition as Loretta Cole on *The Romance Of Helen Trent* through another recommendation. It has always been that way for me, and I am very grateful.

"Playing in *Helen Trent* is actually a homecoming, because quite a long time ago I did a part in it and everyone was very kind. Julie Stevens, who plays Helen, went out of her way to recommend me for other jobs when my role was finished. It has been wonderful to come back to them, after some success, feeling I justified their faith in me—at least a little, I hope.

"I love the role of Loretta. She isn't a very nice girl. She schemes to get what she wants and doesn't mind whose life she messes up in the process, but it is for this very reason that she is interesting to portray. Loretta is driven by ambition for money and power, and she goes after these things in the only way she feels is open to a woman—by trying to snare a man who can give them to her. A few years ago, I was still playing nice little ingenue roles, but Chichi in *Life Can Be Beautiful*, and Loretta in *The Romance Of Helen Trent*, have been much more than that. Roles like these are a real challenge to an actress.

"When Sharon gets a little older, I shall have to explain to her about some of these parts I play and to point out that—just as life isn't all black or white, but has shadings of gray—so have people. I hope I shall be able to impress on her that the real object of living is to keep as much gray out of character and heart as possible, and to let your light shine brightly through to illuminate everything around you. If I can help my daughter to do this, I shall be a very happy mother indeed."

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Three Jewels for Mother

(Continued from page 51)

she is a neurotic, scheming, kind of latter-day Scarlett O'Hara.

"It's by no means serious," Haila says, "but you can imagine how children feel when their school friends see Mother on a television show. They'd much rather have her sweet and pretty than a mean old witch."

Robin and Chris and even five-year-old T.J.—young as he is—are really very proud of their mother. And, with good reason, for she is accomplished, beautiful and charming.

Physically, Haila Stoddard is a five-foot-five blonde. Her figure is a perfect size-ten and she dresses it with simple, handsome clothes. Her eyes range from blue to gray to green and are very expressive, as you would expect of a fine actress, for that is exactly what she is. Haila has starred and co-starred in Broadway shows with Louis Calhern, Clifton Webb, George Brent, Otto Kruger, Orson Welles, Monty Woolley, Walter Slezak and Bobby Clark, to name only a few. And, even nicer, many of her Broadway performances have been in healthy, long-lived hits. She made her debut as the daughter in "Yes, My Darling Daughter." She followed that with such choice titles as "Blithe Spirit," "Moonvine," "Dream Girl," "Voice of the Turtle," "Affairs of State" and "Suzanna and the Elders"—again, naming only a few. This is no ordinary woman, no ordinary actress and no ordinary mother, as her children know.

"There's no advantage in having an actress for a mother," she says. "Acting is my way of making a living. But, frankly, I've never really cared about being an actress." As a child, she substituted a comedy reading for a religious speech, out of sheer boredom—and, as a result, she was starred in a church production of "Pollyanna." In junior high, she wanted to be a singer—but, in the annual pageant, she had the only non-singing role. In high school, she wanted to be a dancer and went to dancing rather than drama classes—but, in spite of it, she was chosen for the lead in the senior play. In college, she wasn't a member of the National Collegiate Players—but, nevertheless, she again had the feminine lead in each of two yearly productions. Even as late as this past summer, it happened again. Haila was producing a play in summer stock and this was very gratifying, for her real ambition is to be a producer—but, just before opening night, Haila's leading lady was called away because of an emergency and Haila had to step into the role.

"Some are destined for the gallows," she says, "and some for the stage. What can you do about it?"

Her very beginning was a dramatic one—in Great Falls, Montana, where Haila forgot to wait for her cue and made a premature entrance weighing only two pounds. There were no facilities at the small, emergency hospital for an undersized infant, but a Norwegian nurse named Haila Hahn pulled our heroine through—hence, her first name.

Haila's parents were just passing through Montana at the time and she actually spent the first eight years of her life in Salt Lake City, then went on with her parents to Los Angeles, where she attended public school. Los Angeles High and U.S.C.

"California is a beautiful state, a healthy place to live and has fine people—but I hate it," she says. "I still dread the thought that, for some reason, I might have to live out there. To me, there is something dreadful about the uniformity, the rows of little lawns and little houses."

As a girl, there had seemed no escape

for Haila. Her parents were strict and made it clear that girls were expected to conform, be content with their environment and respect its narrow confines.

"So I went to work on my younger and only brother," she recalls. As a man, he had freedom and she tried to prod him into traveling.

"Not me," he said. "I like it here. I like the little houses and everything about it."

"And he still does," Haila notes today. "He lives in California and has three sons and a beautiful wife and is very happy."

Haila may have inherited her feeling for adventure from her father. He had traveled abroad for several years, as a missionary for the Mormon Church. That was in his youth. When Haila joined the family, he was an efficiency expert and somewhat thwarted.

"Mother was a woman of innate, exquisite taste," Haila says, "which meant she was usually spending more than Father made."

But Haila thinks it was her rebellion against her parents and their restrictions which led her to acting—that, and the fact that it was the course of least resistance.

"And I was so lucky," she says.

Immediately after graduation, she got a job as a walk-on in the Coast production of "Merrily We Roll Along." True to her luck, she understudied one of the leads and went on, opening night. That led to the part of Pearl in the road company of "Tobacco Road"—which, after a 65-week tour, landed her on Broadway with the ingenue's part in a smash hit. Haila Stoddard's status as an actress can be realized by simply noting that, since graduation from college, she has been constantly employed as an actress. She has done much radio and TV. *The Secret Storm* is not her first experience with a daytime drama, for she was *Big Sister* back in the Thirties.

"The role of Pauline Harris is very satisfying," she says, "because she's a well-rounded character, and we're not just showing what she is but how and why she got that way." Haila admits, also, to enjoying the greater economic security in broadcasting. "Once on a serial it took me three weeks to finish a cup of coffee, according to the script, and you can't beat that for steady employment."

Haila has been working with various producers as an assistant and co-producer for the past five years, initiating her ambition to be a producer herself. This year Haila and her close friend Gloria Safien, who is agent for Wally Cox, Orson Bean and others, will co-produce a play on Broadway.

"It will be exciting," she says, "but, whatever happens, I will always consider the children my best productions."

Haila and the children live in a pretty community on the Hudson River, just twenty-two train minutes from Manhattan. She is both father and mother to the youngsters, for she was recently legally separated from her husband.

"We do have a full-grown man present at all times," she says, "and he's a regular patriarch." The bay window of her apartment faces a gigantic statue of Henry Hudson himself and, from her seventh-floor home, Haila and children are just about even with his nose. "It's quite comforting to have him around," she says, "even though his nose does get to running quite a bit during a rain."

The apartment is furnished with odds and ends from the many plays that she has been in. She notes, "A producer must buy all the props and, when the play is over, he must get rid of it all, selling what he can."

So Haila's furnishings are not only striking, but momentous as well. There are a pair of handsome antique sconces and two antique chairs from the 1951 production of "Glad Tidings," which she did with Melvin Douglas. From "The Rivals," there is a beautiful antique dresser and mirror. Two porcelain poodles are a reminder of "Blithe Spirit," when she shared the stage with Clifton Webb and Peggy Wood. From the revival of "Springtime for Henry," with Edward Everett Horton, she has several massive oval and square gold picture frames. She made one into a coffee table. The other she backed and used as a mounting for a set of Degas prints.

"The periods are so mixed up, it would drive a decorator mad," she notes.

In addition, she has a theatrical library and a large record collection which she and the children particularly enjoy. And Haila is no stranger in the kitchen. "I can be modest about everything but my children and cooking," she says. "I've really studied cooking everywhere I've lived, and I enjoy it and think I know something about it."

Some of her recipes have been published in books. She generally favors simple French cooking. Her recipes couldn't be easier or more delicious. In cooking scallops, for example, she puts on a little lemon, salt and pepper, rolls them in heavy cream, dredges ever so slightly in flour, then sautés them in butter. In the case of chicken, she starts out by coating the parts in heavy cream, rolling them in finely crushed cashew nuts, then sautés them in butter.

Another homely virtue of one who has led a rather glamorous life is her sewing. Matter of fact, Haila earned her education from the time she was sixteen by designing and making clothes. "That has come in handy in the theater," she says. "I'm forever helping out with last-minute repairs to seams and rips. More than once, I've helped to patch up a curtain or remake slipcovers for stage furniture during an intermission."

She hasn't had time in many years to make her own clothes. Her schedule is demanding. Morning starts at seven-thirty, when she gets up to make breakfast for the children. Robin must leave very early to commute to school, and Chris has a chore walking a neighbor's dog before school. About nine, when the children are off, Haila herself heads for the railroad station and by ten is in her office, where she is a producer. At eleven, she goes to the CBS studio and becomes an actress. During the lunch hour, she meets with her assistant, Felice Bauer, to pick up her duties as a producer. Then back to the studio for *The Secret Storm*. After the telecast, she may stay on until six, rehearsing next day's chapter. Otherwise, she goes back to work in the office. She gets home about seven-thirty to have dinner with her children.

"They don't mind waiting for me," she says, "and it's the nicest time of the day."

Robin, the oldest, is a very pretty, teen-aged brunette. Chris and T.J. are very blond, like mother. All together, they are an easygoing, genial crew with a flair for the imaginative.

Haila had to work on a recent birthday and thus didn't get home until well after midnight, when the children were asleep. She knew the kids had cards and gifts for her, but she didn't see them in any of the obvious places. She was just getting a little perplexed, when she went to the ice box for her habitual glass of milk. There, on the refrigerator shelves, were her greeting cards and gifts, nicely wrapped and very, very, cold.

"And, of course, the kids are exactly the opposite of what you might expect," she says. "Because they were raised in a very unconventional, theatrical home, they are the most conventional children I've ever seen."

Robin, for example, has turned down juvenile parts in plays, for she considers her formal education more important than an early career on the stage. When she recently began dating, Haila sat down with her for a girl-to-girl talk on different situations which might be provoked by males. Mother told daughter how she had handled similar situations, and Haila thought she was being fairly instructive in an illustrative way. But, at the end, Robin said, "Mother, just what kind of a girl were you?"

"The point is," Haila says, "girls are smarter socially today, and that's mainly because we raise them more sensibly. But, you know, it's kind of heartbreaking to have all this advice stored up when no one needs it."

Robin confounded her mother and practically silenced her for all time when she recounted an incident at a dance. One of the most popular boys had kissed Robin early in the evening and she in turn had socked him.

"I guess you had to do it," Haila said, "but didn't it ruin the rest of the evening for you?"

"No, after I socked him, we got along fine and had almost every dance together."

Haila's sons adore her. Chris is usually at the railroad station in the evening to wait for her.

"He kind of paces me," she says. "The station is at the bottom of a hill and it's seventy-two breathless steps to climb."

It has never been Haila's way to shelter her children from ordinary problems, and that was true even when her income was on the low side. Once, during the winter holiday season, she had put off buying a Christmas tree, hoping the price would come down near Christmas Eve. Chris, about seven, knew what was going on and solved the whole problem by going out and chopping down a handsome fir tree.

"There it was in the living room, and it was beautiful—though I couldn't help thinking it might be the most expensive Christmas tree in the world if the owner wanted to make trouble and I was short on money, anyway." She didn't make an issue of it with Chris. "After all, it was Christmas and they didn't do anything to Washington when he chopped down the cherry tree."

While no disciplinarian, Haila is strict with the children in certain ways. She is demanding about such things as manners and courtesy. She thinks children suffer only from extremes: either too much or too little discipline. While Haila has never neglected her responsibilities as a dual parent, every once in a while she has the feeling *she* is being treated like a child.

"The children will discuss how much sleep I've been getting or how long I've worked or ask me what I had for lunch." She smiles and adds, "You never realize how closely children observe you. While I call them my best productions, they are also my sharpest critics."

Not so long ago, she was on the train with Robin and Chris. It was several months after the legal separation from her husband. Robin suddenly cleared her throat and said, "We've wanted to tell you something, Mother, now that you're kind of on your own. We weren't quite sure what to expect of you and thought maybe you'd go off at a tangent, but we want to say you're doing very well and we think you ought to know."

"That," says Haila, "is the best review I ever got."

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So Young and So in Love

(Continued from page 49)
 dressed like Israelites of almost 2,000 years ago, standing together in the shadow of the RCA Building.

"You sang that bit beautifully," Russ told her.

"I liked the way you did the messenger bit," she countered. "You could've hammed it up, but you didn't."

"You look so beautiful in that outfit—" She laughed. "Thanks. You look nice, too—even in that dress-type thing you're wearing."

"Could I come to see you in a plain business suit?"

Her smile faded. "I live at the Barbizon Hotel for Women," she said. "And I've got a date. . . ."

Sadly, Russ changed his clothes and took the Seventh Avenue subway to Greenwich Village, where he was staying with some friends, being unable to afford a hotel room or apartment of his own. His friends, a happily married couple, were decorating their tree. Russ helped, sitting on the floor and passing over baubles and tinsel to his hostess. But he couldn't get the picture of Liza, lovely and sweet, or the sound of her clear deep voice, out of his mind. The Christmas happiness of his host and hostess made him feel even more lonely than he'd have felt if he'd been staying in a hotel. When the wine was broken out at midnight, and he had to join the family circle singing "Noël," he could feel the tears smarting in his eyes.

He'd never been so foolishly sentimental before in his life, and he wondered why. The answer was suddenly clear and sharp in his mind. He missed being with Liza.

"Good heavens," he thought, "I'm in love! I can't be—I've only known her for a few minutes. But let's face it, I'm really in love."

He went to the phone in the hall and called her hotel. "Miss Palmer is out, sir," the switchboard operator said.

"Would you take a message? 'Mr. Russell Arms wishes Miss Palmer a Merry Christmas. . . ."

"Will that be all?"

"That'll be all."

He was lying in bed, staring at the ceiling, thinking about the show—and Liza—when he heard the phone ringing out in the hall. He grabbed the tops to his pajamas and went running for it. Liza had called him.

"Miss Liza Palmer wishes Mr. Arms a Merry Christmas, too," she said.

"Look," he said, "I know it's late—"

"It's nearly two."

"I know. I know! But if I could just see you for a little while, a minute or two—if we just didn't have to break it off right now, so soon. . . ."

There was a long silence, while she thought about it.

But she'd fallen in love, too, that night. "All right," she said. "Half an hour?"

"I'll be there in twenty minutes," he said.

They met on the street corner. Neither one of them talked of where they would go. Russ took Liza's arm in his, and they started to walk. They didn't even speak, for a long time. The night was very cold. They walked along the sidewalks, arm in arm, perfectly happy together, their breaths twin plumes of frosty air ahead of them. They were both broke, both ambitious, both utterly, magnificently happy. Central Park was their scenery, the honking of cabs their music.

Sometime around dawn, when the sky was growing lighter above them, they came back to her hotel. They'd talked, some. They knew each was a native Californian, that they had twin interests besides the strange, inescapable attraction they had for

each other. At the door of her hotel, while the street-sweeping machine and the garbage trucks vied with each other for control of all sound, Russ took Liza in his arms and kissed her.

"Merry Christmas, Liza," he said. "I'm in love with you."

"Merry Christmas, Russ," she answered. A long moment went by. "All right," she added, "I feel the same way about you. Only—shall we wait a little while, and see how it goes?"

"I don't want to wait."

"Neither do I—but . . ."

"I know how you feel," he said. "You're right, after all. We'll wait a while. But I know, now, and I won't change my mind."

"Please don't, Russ," she said.

That's the way the love story of Russell Arms and his wife, Liza Palmer, began. You have seen him in dozens of movies and on *Your Hit Parade*. You have seen her in scores of TV appearances. You have registered the fact that he is handsome and that she is beautiful.

Frankly, this is a happy story. Two attractive people fell in love at first sight, married, and made a superb go of their marriage. Today, they live together in a Flushing garden development and adore their home, happiness, and each other.

Let's pick up Russ and Liza a few days after that first Christmas.

It was raining, hard. Russ met Liza in front of her hotel, and they started to walk.

He carried the big black umbrella. She began to sing. She ended her song on the word "white," and turned to him. He started to sing "White Christmas" in the same key. After a while, he stopped, too. She thought a minute, then took the last word he had sung and began a new tune.

Together, under the umbrella, they walked the streets of New York, singing their game, a kind of vocal Scrabble. The trouble was, both were broke and both wanted to put a best foot forward. She was only nineteen, he was twenty-three, and neither had ever been in love before.

Liza was paying \$19.50 a week for her room in the Barbizon then, and although it had a basin there was no private bath. She had a terrible time scraping up that much rent every week, and as for food—well, when a girl doesn't have a dinner-date she can always buy a box of crackers and a hunk of salami. When you're nineteen and all-out to make a big success in New York, food and shelter are the least of your worries.

But Liza wanted above all else to look nice for Russ, and she just didn't have the money or the wardrobe to do anything about it. That was where her friends on the same floor in the Barbizon, mostly young models, came in. "They were all wonderful," Liza remembers now. "You see, one of the reasons I was so desolate that Christmas was because the only people I knew in New York—these girls who lived on the same floor with me—had mostly all gone home for the holidays. I couldn't afford to go clear to California—I could hardly afford to go across the street, really."

"And then we were in the habit of lending our clothes to one another all the time, so that we each gave the impression of being well-dressed—when all any of us really had was a tiny closet sparsely filled with a few good things. The other girls began to come back just as I ran out of 'changes' for my dates with Russ. I told them what had happened to me, that I was genuinely in love and had to marry Russ or die, and they all understood."

"There wasn't a girl on that floor who didn't come to me with a skirt or a blouse or a wrap or a freshly washed pair of hose, every evening. 'Seeing Russ tonight?'"

they'd ask. "How's it going? Want to use my red dress?"

After a while Russ and Liza learned about a little restaurant where they could buy a lot of spaghetti for a few quarters, and then they got friendly with the pages on the sixth floor of the RCA Building in Rockefeller Center. That's where NBC keeps a small viewing room, supposedly only for employees, with a big TV set and some chairs. The pages let them in, and there was their evening's entertainment, waiting for them. For free, too.

In February, their luck changed. Russ got a radio show and some spots on a TV set-up, *The 54th Street Revue* (now defunct). And Liza was offered a leading part in "Inside USA," the Bea Lillie stage show.

Liza would spend four weeks with the play in New York, and then start on the road with the touring company.

Here was the first crisis in the love affair of Russ and Liza. Until now they'd only been broke. But, if Liza took the job, they'd be separated.

They walked down into Central Park the afternoon she got the offer, and huddled together in the cold on a bench, talking it over through chattering teeth.

"It's a break for me, Russ," she told him, shivering against his shoulder.

"I can't let you go. It might be weeks, months, before I saw you again."

"But all that money—"

"You might meet somebody else—"

"Silly."

"You have to go, don't you?"

"I won't, if you say not."

"I couldn't stand in your way—"

"But I'd be back. I'd be back so soon."

"Don't go. I couldn't live with you away."

"All right, I won't go."

"But your career—I guess you've got to."

"Yes. Oh, Russ, hold me close. . . ."

So she took the job.

The night she caught the train for Boston, he saw her to the station and went with her to the train. They were very civilized, very grown-up, about their parting. He kissed her gently, handed her up the steps, and walked along the platform outside as she walked along the aisle inside of the car, until she sat down.

"There she sat," Russ remembers, "with her hands crossed in her lap, a forlorn little figure. She was everything in the world to me, my whole life, and she was going away. Then she looked at me, and the big tears started rolling down her cheeks. In a minute I was crying, too. She sat there, and I stood there only a yard from her, and we both bawled like babies."

The next night he counted up his money, then phoned her at her hotel in Boston. Halfway through the conversation he said, "By the way, you know we're going to be married when you get back, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Well," he said, "as I was saying, there's a good chance of a new TV show for me next week. . . ."

After they'd hung up, Russ suddenly said to himself, "Good Lord, I've just got myself engaged!" He went to stand in front of a mirror and grinned at his reflection.

In Boston, Liza started to wash out a pair of nylons. Suddenly she stopped. "I said 'Yes,'" she said to her reflection. "I'm going to marry him!"

The next morning she found the nylons still floating in the cold basin of soapy water. She couldn't remember how they'd ever got there.

Russ hasn't the faintest idea how, during the next months until May, 1949, he saved enough money to call Liza as often as he did, or buy plane tickets so he could fly for a few hours to Boston, Philadelphia, and other cities on the tour's way to Chicago. Liza thinks he must have hocked his

watch several times, and admits that finally he said to her, "Honey, now that we're engaged, maybe you might call me once in a while. You can afford it and I can't, and I've got to talk to you—"

"Don't worry," she said, "just be by that phone at six tomorrow night, and I guarantee it will ring."

Russ, meanwhile, had taken a tenement walkup apartment in New York. He was trying to save some money for their marriage, but at the same time he wanted to carry her over the threshold of a cute, amusing apartment. So, all the time she was on tour, he remodeled the tenement flat. He painted it, turned orange crates into end-tables, went up to Harlem and bought an oak dining table for eight dollars, then cut it down to a coffee table, made bookshelves out of planks discarded when a near-by building was wrecked. . . .

When, in May, Liza wired him that she was quitting the show and coming home, he started making fast plans for the wedding. He had some friends who lived in apartments in Greenwich Village looking out on the courtyard of the Episcopal Church of St. John's-in-the-Village, on Fourth Street. Russ and Liza were married at the outdoor altar in that courtyard, and held their reception in a friend's apartment.

There was no money for a honeymoon, but Providence usually takes care of nice young people whose only problem is to share their first few days of love together in privacy and beauty. The day after their marriage, Russ received a wire from his Hollywood agent offering him a part in a Gene Autry movie, "Sons of New Mexico," with a three-week guarantee.

For a whole week, they stayed at the Beverly Hills Hotel because Liza had always wanted to spend her honeymoon there. Then, sensibly, they moved to her mother's house in Beverly Hills. After all, that would do now. They had found each other and their love, they were married, and they'd had the dream honeymoon they'd always wanted. From now on, marriage would be a sensible arrangement, albeit still the happiest of contracts in this happiest of worlds.

Today, the Arms family lives in a "garden apartment" in Flushing, and Russell commutes into New York City while Liza keeps house—and some singing "dates" of her own. At home in their one-bedroom apartment—which they furnished in modern "because modern goes with anything, and we hope someday to have a house that isn't furnished with left-over apartment furniture"—they are still as much in love as ever.

Russ is pretty much tops now, with his spot on *Your Hit Parade*. He started just singing the commercials, then began doing entire numbers on the show, and now is one of the vocal stars. And, when he goes home at the end of a long day, Liza is waiting for him. They still kiss each other hello as if they'd been married for just a week. Then Russ will sprinkle food into the aquariums of tropical fish, his greatest hobby, while Liza prepares the vegetables and meat in the kitchen.

Then they both fix dinner. When they were first married, Russ discovered that Liza couldn't boil water. He was already an accomplished cook, having been taught the art by his father. "So I passed on a few lessons to Liza, and she isn't bad," he explains. "Of course, I belong to the plain-cooking school, and she's beginning to throw garlic and wine around. . . . but you can't have everything."

This should qualify as the most pointless remark of the year, since he obviously has everything. And he got it, so to speak, from the towering Christmas tree in Rockefeller Center.

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but the printer persuaded me we might need some extras and 1,000 would cost very little more. That was my first mistake. The second one was that I got confused and gave him the wrong price to put on the tickets, I figured the tax incorrectly, and got the total wrong! When the tickets were delivered and I saw what I had done, I was sunk. I decided to get rid of them and order a new batch at my own expense, without anyone ever knowing how stupid I had been. So every day I smuggled a couple of hundred tickets out under a big raincoat I was wearing—and had to keep wearing—until the last ticket should have been disposed of. I dumped them into a trash basket on a nearby street corner.

"I was about to dump the final batch and place the new order when the director strode in angrily, demanding to know why tickets to our concert were strewn all over the street. Someone had upset the trash basket, and the wind had done the rest. There I was, guilt written all over me, the tickets still under my coat.

"You can keep that raincoat on, young lady," he stormed. "You're through."

"From that moment, I decided that the only place for me in show business was on the stage. The question was—how to get started."

There was a boy she knew who was doing very well as a radio actor and he kept trying to persuade her that radio was easy, if only she weren't so scared of trying it. She was scared, but he took her on the rounds with him, and she read for producers and directors and impressed enough of them so that in three months she began to get jobs. Finally, she got so brave that, when the boy decided they ought to write a script with nice, fat parts for themselves, she went along with the idea. What's more, the play was produced on radio and they did the leads, and it turned out to be a very successful job. They might have gone on as a team, except that he decided to give up acting to become an actors' agent. She, in turn, was more determined than ever to stick to it.

Soon she was in demand for leads on daytime and nighttime dramatic shows, in both radio and television. She worked for *Kraft Theater*, *Danger*, *Studio One*, *My True Story*. She still does some roles of this type. But of course her big interest now is in *Valiant Lady*.

When she isn't working, she is usually fussing around her little apartment on New York's upper East Side (in the same block with the concert bureau's offices, and she still ducks her former associates when she sees them coming!). The furniture in her apartment is mostly modern, mostly because she could make some of it herself—"like getting long benches and sanding them down to a smooth surface and then topping them with foam rubber cushions to convert them to inexpensive and pretty divans."

She describes herself as "an impossible cook who won't give up trying . . . I read all the recipes carefully, but nothing turns out the way it should for me. I have all the right weapons for cooking—long-handled things and short-handled ones, pots and pans and gimmicks of all kinds, but I can't seem to get past hamburgers. They're the only things that turn out right. I put bay leaves in everything, because they look so attractive—and naturally they make everything taste the same and it's a taste that not everybody likes, but I can't seem to resist it. I wonder that any of my friends ever come back.

"Sometimes I cook for Earl and he just sits and grins as if to say, 'Stumble through, and you'll make it.' I'm sure he's a better cook than I am. Once in a while, when the going gets too rough, he will lend a hand, but most of the time he looks so superior.

I think cooking is creative work and anybody should be able to learn it. Anybody but me, perhaps!"

If she hasn't an innate knack for cooking, she has for color, liking to surround herself with blues and violets and all the pastel tones. "I feel that color affects me, makes me gay or sad. For instance, I wear a bright red raincoat because it makes me feel happy on the dullest day, although usually I don't wear much red. Black depresses me."

She wears very little jewelry and her favorite ring is a cufflink that her father once wore, which she had put on a band.

Her favorite costume is dungarees and a simple blue or pink shirt. But, like all young girls, she adores dressing up in formals. "And I don't get much chance," she moans. "I go out mostly with young actors, and you know they don't take you places where you can dress up too much. (I hope they don't read this, because they may not like my saying it, but it's true.)"

Summers she doesn't mind not dressing up. This year she rented a cottage with a friend, Peggy McCay (who plays Vanessa, in *Love Of Life*). It's on an island in the ocean near New York City, and they have been spending all their weekends sea- and sun-bathing and forgetting all the cares of show business. But not show business itself. Not they! Because, "for relaxation," they have been putting on plays on their own front porch, writing their own scripts, composing parodies on popular songs, doing revues and comedy sketches, improvising costumes and even scenery. One Saturday night they put on a gay revue for a few of their neighbors, and suddenly the audience began to grow and grow until it included some seventy-five of the islanders and their visitors. The young people from *Valiant Lady* have joined them on occasional weekends—for instance, Jim Kirkwood, who plays Dolores' brother, and Joan Lorrington, who plays the girl he loves.

"We're a happy group on the show," she says of them all. "We like working together. Nancy Coleman, who plays my mother, is really a wonderful person. Lydia Reed, who plays my little sister, is one of the most interesting children I ever met. Did you know she runs a business on the side? It's fantastic. She sells us things, to add to the allowance she gets from her mother, and we get such fun out of it. Her sales approach would do credit to an expert. About two minutes before I go on camera, for instance, she will say something like this:

"I'm selling these seeds very cheap today. Want some? They're only ten cents."

"Not now, Lydia dear. I'll talk to you later, when we're through."

"But I'm selling these today with the pots. All you need extra is the dirt."

"All right, Lydia dear. I'll take them and pay you after the show."

"She runs away then, happy. Sometimes it's pasted-up pictures, like flowers or birds cut from magazines, very artistically mounted. The point is that she's a fine little businesswoman as well as a fine little actress."

Besides being a collector of Lydia's assorted paste-ups (which she couldn't possibly resist!), Dolores collects old photographs of famous actors and actresses, her prize being one of Ethel Barrymore taken in the early 1900's when Miss Barrymore was very young and very lovely and beginning the kind of career that Dolores dreams about today . . . a dream which includes a successful Broadway play, a long life being Diane in *Valiant Lady*, and somewhere along the way—not too far away—a husband, children, and a home in which there is love and laughter and the joy of living.

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9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Ev'ry Day	Robert Hurligh Wifesaver Johnny Olson Show	Breakfast Club	News Of America
10:00 10:15 10:30	Bob Smith Show	Cecil Brown Kenny Baker Show News 10:35 Madeleine Carroll's Story- time	My True Story 10:25 Whispering Streets	Arthur Godfrey Show
10:45	Break The Bank		When A Girl Marries	
11:00 11:15	Strike It Rich	Florida Calling With Tom Moore 11:25 Holland Engle Queen For A Day	Modern Romances Ever Since Eve	
11:30 11:45	Phrase That Pays Second Chance		Thy Neighbor's Voice Three-City Byline	Make Up Your Mind Rosemary

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15	Pauline Frederick Reporting	Break The Bank Capitol Commentary with Les Higgle 12:20 Guest Time	Down At Holmsey's Art & Dotty Todd	Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45				Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45		News, Cedric Foster Luncheon At Sardi's Ted Steele Show	Paul Harvey, News Ted Malone	Road Of Life Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15		Luncheon With Lopez 2:25 News, Sam Hayes Wonderful City		Perry Mason
2:30 2:45			Betty Crocker† 2:35 Martin Block	This Is Nora Drake Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Welcome Travelers Pepper Young Right To Happiness	Ruby Mercer Show	Martin Block (con.)	Hilltop House Art Linkletter's House Party Mike & Buff's Mailbag
4:00 4:15	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas	News Down At Holmsey's	Reed Browning Show 4:25 Betty Crocker†	
4:30 4:45	Young Widder Brown Woman In My House	Tony Martin Musical Quiz Kite Flight	Treasury Bandstand	Treasury Bandstand 4:55 News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Just Plain Bill Lorenzo Jones Front Page Farrell It Pays To Be Married	Bobby Benson ² (Sgt. Preston) ¹ Wild Bill Hickok ² (Bobby Benson) ¹ 5:55 Cecil Brown †T-TH †M-W-F	Musical Express ¹ George Antell ² News ³ Gloria Parker Vincent Lopez †M-W-F †T-TH †W-F †T, Th—Sheilah Graham	News 5:05 John Faulk Curt Massey Time 5:55 This I Believe

Monday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Sports Daily with Mel Allen, Russ Hodges Three Star Extra	Local Program	Jackson & The News East Of Athens
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Perry Como	Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News Lowell Thomas Tennessee Ernie Choraliers Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Best Of All	The Falcon Under Arrest	Henry J. Taylor American Music Hall Voice Of Firestone Meet Corliss Archer Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts
9:00 9:15	Telephone Hour	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Edward Arnold Mutual Newsreel 9:25 Robert Hurligh Reporters' Roundup	Music By Camarata Perry Como Mr. & Mrs. North
9:30 9:45	Band Of America		9:25 News Sammy Kaye Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee & Molly Great Gildersleeve Comment	News Virgil Pinkley Distinguished Artists	Headline Edition Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons Edwin C. Hill 10:35 Martha Lou Harp

Tuesday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Sports Daily Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABC Reporter Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Silver Eagle 7:55 Les Griffith Tennessee Ernie Choraliers Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	People Are Funny Dragnet	Mickey Spillane, Mystery High Adventure, George Sanders	Jack Gregson Show People Are Funny Stop The Music
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Lux Radio Theater Lux Theater (con.)	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Edward Arnold Mutual Newsreel Search That Never Ends 9:55 Lorne Greene	America's Town Meeting Of The Air Mr. & Mrs. North Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee & Molly Great Gildersleeve Stars From Paris	News Virgil Pinkley State Of The Nation	Headline Edition Edwin C. Hill Louella Parsons Straw Hat Concert

Wednesday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Sports Daily Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABC Reporter Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Perry Como	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Lone Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith Tennessee Ernie Choraliers Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15	Dinah Shore Frank Sinatra	Squad Room	Jack Gregson Show FBI In Peace And War 8:25 Doug Edwards, News 21st Precinct
8:30	Walk A Mile	Nightmare	
9:00 9:15	You Bet Your Life	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Edward Arnold Mutual Newsreel 9:25 Robert Hurligh Family Theater	Sammy Kaye Perry Como Mr. & Mrs. North
9:30 9:45	Big Story		Whiteman Varieties Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee & Molly Great Gildersleeve Keys To The Capital	Frank Edwards Virgil Pinkley Sounding Board	Headline Edition Edwin C. Hill Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons

Thursday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Sports Daily Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABC Reporter Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Eddie Fisher	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Silver Eagle 7:55 Les Griffith Tennessee Ernie Choraliers Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15	Roy Rogers 8:25 News	Official Detective	Jack Gregson Show Suspense 8:25 Doug Edwards, News Nightwatch
8:30	Bob Hope Show	Crime Fighters	
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Spend A Million Alec Guinness Show	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Edward Arnold Mutual Newsreel Author Meets The Critics	Sammy Kaye Onstage—Cathy & Elliott Lewis Mr. & Mrs. North Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee & Molly Great Gildersleeve Jane Pickens Show	News Virgil Pinkley Deems Taylor	Headline Edition Edwin C. Hill Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons

Friday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Sports Daily Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABC Reporter Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Perry Como	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Lone Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith Tennessee Ernie Choraliers Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15	Dinah Shore Frank Sinatra	Counter-Spy	Jack Gregson Show Crime Photographer 8:25 Doug Edwards, News Godfrey Digest
8:30 8:45	Big Preview	Magic Valley Jamboree	
9:00 9:15	Big Preview (con.)	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Edward Arnold Mutual Newsreel 9:25 Robert Hurligh Have A Heart	Sammy Kaye Perry Como Mr. & Mrs. North
9:30 9:45	Big Preview (con.)		Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News
10:00 10:15 10:30	Boxing—Cavalcade Of Sports Listen To Washington	News Virgil Pinkley Fall Out	Rally Turner Calling Edwin C. Hill Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons

Inside Radio

Saturday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45	Egbert & Ummly	Local Program	News Summary	News
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Egbert & Ummly (con.) Eddie Howard Sings	News	News 9:05 No School Today	News Of America Garden Gate
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Eddie Howard (con.) Roadshow	Woody Woodpecker Show, Mel Blanc News	No School Today (con.) Space Patrol	Galen Orake Show
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Roadshow (con.) Roadshow (con.)	Helen Hall, Femme Fair Headline News 11:35 U.S. Military Band	Platterbrains All League Club-house	Robert Q. Lewis Show

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	National Farm And Home Hour Roadshow (con.)	Man On The Farm 12:35 Fifth Army Band	101 Ranch Boys American Farmer	Noon News 12:05 Romance Stars Over Hollywood 12:55 This I Believe
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Roadshow (con.) Roadshow (con.)	Symphonies For Youth	Navy Hour Vincent Lopez	City Hospital News 1:35 Peter Lind Hayes Show
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Football	Football—Notre Dame Games	Football	Let's Pretend Football
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Football (con.)		Football (con.)	Football (con.)
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Football (con.)	Football (con.)	Football (con.)	Football (con.) Washington, U.S.A. 4:55 News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Roadshow (con.) Roadshow (con.)	News 5:05 Teenagers Unlimited Brickhouse, Sports 5:55 News	News 5:05 Paulena Carter Horse Racing	News Symphonette

Evening Programs

6:00	News	News 6:05 Musical Almanac	6:05 Pan-American Union James Crowley Reports Sports, Bob Finnegan Bob Edge, Sports Afield	News, Bancroft Sports Roundup Capitol Cloakroom
6:15	H. V. Kaltenborn	Dinner Date 6:55 Cecil Brown		
6:30 6:45	Showcase			
7:00	Spotlight On Paris	Sam Levine, Kegler	Bob Mills, Show Tunes Three Suns	Juke Box Jury
7:15		Report From Washington Keep Healthy Globe Trotter	Dinner At The Green Room	
7:30 7:45	Hear America Swingin'			
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Hear America Swingin' (con.)	True Or False Southern Ramblers	Victory Dance	Gunsmoke Gangbusters
9:00 9:15 9:30	Hear America Swingin' (con.) Grand Ole Opry	Hawaii Calls Lombardo Land	Victory Dance (con.)	Two For The Money Country Style
10:00 10:15 10:30	Oude Ranch Jamboree Pee Wee King Show	Chicago Theater Of The Air	News 10:05 Ozark Jubilee Orchestra	News, Schorr 10:05 Country Style (con.) News

Sunday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

Morning Programs

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

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Collector's Item (con.) The Eternal Light	College Choirs News, Bill Cunningham Tune Time	Pan-American Union The World Tomorrow	The Leading Question Howard K. Smith, World Affairs News Report
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Citizens At Work Univ. Of Chicago Round Table	Lutheran Hour	Herald Of Truth News 1:35 Pilgrimage	Man's Right To Knowledge Man's Right To Knowledge (con.)
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	The Catholic Hour Youth Wants To Know	Bandstand, U.S.A. Tune Time	Or. Oral Roberts Wings Of Healing	Symphonette New York Philharmonic-Symphony
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Weekend	U.S. Marine Band Tune Time	Sammy Kaye Hour Of Decision	New York Philharmonic-Symphony (con.)
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Weekend (con.)	Tune Time Flight In The Blue 4:55 Lorne Greene	Old-Fashioned Revival Hour	News 4:05 On A Sunday Afternoon
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Music From Hollywood	The Shadow True Detective Mysteries 5:55 Cecil Brown	Youth On The March Greatest Story Ever Told	On A Sunday Afternoon (con.) 5:55 News

Evening Programs

6:00	American Forum	Nick Carter	Monday Morning Headlines Paul Harvey, News George Sokolsky Quincy Howe	Gene Autry Hall Of Fame
6:15 6:30 6:45	Sunday With Garro-way	Wisner, Sports		
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Sunday With Garro-way (con.)	Rod And Gun Club Chamber Music		Jack Benny Amos 'n' Andy
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Operation Adventure	Heartbeat Of Industry Enchanted Hour 8:55 News		My Little Margie
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Operation Adventure (con.)	Army Hour London Studio Melodies	Walter Winchell News, Taylor Grant	Edgar Bergen Show
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee And Molly Great Gildersleeve Meet The Press	Men's Corner News, Hazel Markel Little Symphonies	Paul Harvey Elmer Oavis Revival Time	News, Schorr 10:05 Mahalia Jackson, Gospel Singer UN Report

See Next Page →

TV program highlights

NEW YORK CITY AND SUBURBS AND NEW HAVEN CHANNEL 8 OCTOBER 9—NOVEMBER 8

Monday through Friday

- 7:00 **2** Morning Show—Dawn-cracking party with Jack Paar, Bil & Cara Baird, others.
4 & **8** Today—Getaway with Garraway
- 8:00 **7** Good Morning—Cheery Allen Ludden & Scatty Scatt
- 9:00 **2** George Skinner Show—AM variety
7 Breakfast Club—Dan McNeill's gang
- 10:00 **2** Garry Moore Show—Maare fun
4 & **8** Ding Dong School—TV nursery
7 Ern Westmore—Beauty aid
- 10:30 **2** Godfrey Time—Time to live a little
4 & **8** A Time To Live—Serial drama
- 10:45 **4** & **8** Three Steps To Heaven
- 11:00 **4** Home—Arlene Francis, femcee
7 The Ruggles—Chuckles with Charley
- 11:30 **2** & **8** Strike It Rich—Quiz
5 Kitchen Fare—Susan Adams cookin'
- 12:00 **2** Voliant Lody—Heart-rending story
4 Bob Smith Show—Hawdy Daady's daddy
- 12:15 **2** & **8** Love Of Life—Serial drama
- 12:30 **2** & **8** Search For Tomorrow—Serial
7 Morey Amsterdam—Vaguely variety
- 12:45 **2** Guiding Light—Serial drama
5 Middy Chapel
- 1:00 **2** Portio Foces Life—Serial drama
- 1:15 **2** The Seeking Heart—Serial drama
- 1:30 **2** & **8** Welcome Travelers—Interviews
4 Here's Looking At You—Graaming
7 Maggi McNellis—Strictly for the gals
- 2:00 **2** & **8** Robert Q. Lewis Show—M-W-F;
Double Or Nothing—T-Th—\$\$\$ Quiz
9 Allen Prescott—Wifesaver—M-Th
- 2:30 **2** Linkletter's House Party—Laughs
9 Ted Steele Show—Fine time for all
- 3:00 **2** & **8** Big Poyoff—Mink-lined quiz
4 One Man's Family—Serial drama
5 Poul Dixon Show—Musicmimics
- 3:15 **4** Golden Windows—Peek in at drama
- 3:30 **2** Bob Crosby Show—Musical variety
- 4:00 **2** & **8** Brighter Day—Searching drama
4 Howkins Folls—Rural serial
- 4:15 **2** & **8** Secret Storm—Exciting drama
4 First Love—First-rate story
- 4:30 **2** On Your Account—Friendly bank
4 Betty White—Great entertainment
- 7:00 **7** Kuklo, Fron & Ollie—Whimsy
- 7:15 **5** Morge and Jeff—Coupled comedy
- 7:30 **4** & **8** Tony Martin—Man.; Eddie Fisher—Wed., Fri.; Dinoh Shore—Tue., Thur.
7:45 **2** Perry Como—Man., Wed., Fri.; Jo Stafford—Tue.; Jone Fromon—Thur.
4 & **8** News Corovon—Swayze reports

Monday P.M.

- 8:00 **2** & **8** Burns & Allen—Dizzy dua
4 Sid Coesor Show—Laugh time
7 Toke My Word—Panel with Jimmy Nelson
- 8:30 **2** Tolent Scouts—Gadfrey's showcase
5 Life With Elizabeth—Betty White
7 & **8** Voice Of Firestone—Concerts
- 9:00 **2** & **8** I Love Lucy—A ball of a time
4 The Medic—Documentary about dacs
5 Pro Boxing—Preliminaries
- 9:30 **2** & **8** December Bride—Camedystarring lavely Spring Byington.
4 Robert Montgomery Presents—Full-hour dramas presented live from NYC.
7 The Unexpected—Mellerdramers
- 10:00 **2** & **8** Studio One—Hour dramas
5 Pro Boxing—Main event
7 Boxing From Eastern Porkwoy
- 10:45 **7** Wrestling From Hollywood

Tuesday

- 8:00 **2** Red Skelton Show—Red-hat comedy
4 & **8** Milton Berle Show—Alternates with Bob Hope and Mortho Roye.
5 The Goldbergs—24-carat laughs
- 8:30 **2** Halls Of Ivy—Ranald Calman & Benito Hume star in famed radia show.
5 One Minute, Please—Bright panel
7 Twenty Questions—Panel game
- 9:00 **2** Meet Millie—Daings of daffy dame
4 Fireside Theater
7 Make Room For Doddy—The comedy is fine and Danny Thamas.
- 9:30 **2** & **8** Donger—Thriller-killers
4 Circle Theater
7 U.S. Steel Theater—Elgin Theater Fine, full-hour dramas alternating weekly.
- 10:00 **2** Life With Fother—Comedy live fram Hallywood with Lean Ames & Lurene Tuttle.
4 & **8** Truth Or Consequences
- 10:30 **2** See It Now—Murray's TV magazine
4 It's A Groat Life—Eddie Dunn
7 Stop The Music—Parks' \$\$\$ quiz

Wednesday

- 8:00 **2** & **8** Godfrey Show—Hour variety
4 I Morried Joon—Domestic ding dang
5 What's The Story?—Panel quiz
- 7:30 **7** Disneyland—Premiere Oct. 27 of new, exciting full-hour show prepared and intraduced by Walt Disney.
- 8:30 **4** (& **8** at 9:30) My Little Morgie
7 Stu Erwin—Funny family stuff
- 9:00 **2** & **8** Strike It Rich—Quiz far needy
4 Kroft Theater—Full-hour drama
7 Mosquerade Party—Amusing panel
- 9:30 **2** I've Got A Secret—Maare's quiz
- 10:00 **2** & **8** Blue Ribbon Boxing
 Oct. 13, Best Of Broadway—Star-cast comedies and dramas.
4 This Is Your Life—Ralph Edwards
7 Colonel Morch—Baris Karloff
- 10:30 **4** Big Town—Mark Stevens stars
7 Foreign Intrigue—Espionage stories

Thursday

- 8:00 **2** Meet Mr. McNulty—Ray Milland
4 & **8** Bet Your Life—Groucho's quiz
7 Postal Inspector—Adventures
- 8:30 **2** Climax—Full-hour drama: Oct. 14th, "The 13th Chair," Ethel Barrymore, Dennis O'Keefe. Oct. 28, Shower Of Stars.
4 & **8** Justice—Police dramas
7 Treasury Men In Action
- 9:00 **4** Drognet—Jack Webb's roundup
7 So You Want To Lead A Bond?—Sammy Kaye makes you want to play games.
- 9:30 **2** Four Stor Ployhouse—Drama
4 & **8** Ford Theater
7 Kroft Theater—Full-hour dramas
- 10:00 **4** & **8** Lux Video Theater—Full hour
- 10:30 **2** Nome That Tune—\$\$\$ quiz
7 Rocket Squod—Hadley as Captain

Friday

- 7:00 **4** Guy Lombordo—Heavenly music
- 8:00 **2** & **8** Momo—Heartwarming comedy
4 Red Buttons Show—Him, we like
5 Front Poge—Ed Lawe—Mellerdramers
7 Ozzie & Horriet—Big, big laughs
- 8:30 **2** Topper—Hocus-pocus laugh series
4 & **8** Life Of Riley—Bill Bendix stars
5 Life With Elizabeth—White is red-hat
7 Roy Bolger Show—Fine comedy

- 9:00 **2** Ployhouse Of Stars—Dramas
4 & **8** Big Story—Newspaper stories
7 Dollor A Second—\$\$\$ quiz
- 9:30 **2** Our Miss Brooks—Hawlarious
4 & **8** Dear Phoebe—Peter Lawford
7 Action—Mystery stories
- 10:00 **2** The Line-Up—Palice dramas
4 & **8** Boxing
5 Chance Of A Lifetime—Talent
7 I Led Three Lives—Mellerdramers
- 10:30 **2** Person To Person—Murray visits
5 Colorel Flock—Comedy capers
7 Mr. District Attorney—David Brian
11 Liberoco—Valentina of the piano

Saturday

- 2:00 **7** & **8** College Football (approx. time)
 10/9 Rice vs. Wisc.; 10/16 S. Calif. vs. Oregon; 10/23 Northwestern vs. Pgh.; Haly Crass vs. Boston; Mantana vs. Brigham Young; 10/30 Penn State vs. Pennsylvania; 11/6 Texas vs. Baylor.
- 7:30 **2** Beat The Clock—Stunts far prizes
4 Ethel & Albert—Domestic cut-ups
5 Annie Ookley—Gail Davis tates gun
7 Dottie Mock Show—Musicmimics
- 8:00 **2** Joekie Gleeson Show—Laugh revue
4 & **8** Mickey Rooney—Comedy series
5 Pro Football—10/9 Pgh. vs. Balt.; 10/16 Balt. vs. Detroit; 10/23 Phila. vs. Pgh.; 10/30 Green Bay vs. Phila.; 11/6 Detroit vs. Balt.
- 9:00 **2** Two For The Money—Shriner quiz
4 & **8** Imogene Coco Show
 Oct. 23rd, a Liebman Spectacular.
- 9:30 **2** My Favorite Husband—Comedy
4 Durante—O'Connor Show
 Jimmy and Danold alternate each week.
- 10:00 **2** Thor's My Boy—Mayehaff's comedy
4 George Gobel—Comedy
7 Spotlight On Horlem—Variety
- 10:30 **2** June Hovoc Show—Comedy
4 & **8** Your Hit Porode

Sunday

- 2:00 **7** Pro Football—10/10 Balt. vs. Chi. Bears; 10/17 San Francisca vs. Chi. Bears; 10/24 Cleve. vs. Chi. Cards; 10/31 Pgh. vs. Chi. Cards; 11/7 Green Bay vs. Chi. Bears.
- 5:00 **2** Omnibus—Returns 10/17
4 & **8** Hollmork Theater
7 Super Circus—Family variety
- 6:00 **4** Meet The Press—Headline makers
- 7:00 **2** Lössie—Adventure series with Tammy Rettig as Lassie's master; Lassie as herself.
4 & **8** People Are Funny—Linkletter
7 You Asked For It—Baker's addities
- 7:30 **2** & **8** Jock Benny—Private Secretary—Jack cuts it up every ather week, Oct. 10 & 24 & Nav. 8. Other Sundays see Ann Sathern.
4 Mr. Peepers—Wally Cax comedy
 Oct. 10 & Nov. 7 a Liebman Spectacular.
7 Pepsi-Colo Ployhouse
- 8:00 **2** & **8** Toast Of The Town—Variety
4 Comedy Hour—Hour-lang show
- 9:00 **2** G-E Theater—Ranald Reagan, hast
4 & **8** TV Ployhouse—Hour dramas
5 Rocky King—Whadunits
- 9:15 **7** Jone Pickens—Songs
- 9:30 **2** Honestly, Celeste—Celeste Halm
5 The Ploinclothes Man—Crime tales
7 Dr. I.Q.—Silver \$\$\$ quiz
- 10:00 **2** Fother Knows Best—Robert Young
4 & **8** Loretto Young Show—Dramas
7 Break The Bonk—\$\$\$ quiz—Parks
- 10:30 **2** & **8** What's My Line?—Name game
7 Feature Ployhouse—Movies

"If I Knew You Were There"

(Continued from page 37)

Reaching their apartment house at 7:30 P.M., he phoned from the lobby. Ruth had told him she would come right down when he called. Unexpectedly, she changed this to: "You'll have to come up. I'm not quite ready."

At their floor, Vicki dashed out ahead. As he entered the foyer, she called, "Oh, Daddy, come here quick. There's the funniest thing on television!"

Rounding the corner, Berle saw—not "the funniest thing on television"—but some of its funniest men, all shouting "Surprise!" and "Happy Birthday!" What's more, they were playing it straight. That group of comedians who customarily match wits and practical jokes at Lindy's had showed up without a single gag gift.

Instead, through their presence and presents, they were letting Milton know they regarded him as a nice guy and a good friend. Jan Murray gave him pajamas; Jack Carter, sports shirts; Jack Leonard, cuff links; Phil Silvers, after-shave lotion.

Opening these and similar gifts from the fifteen other guests Ruth had invited, Berle, the seasoned performer who has remained unshakable through many a studio crisis, came close to breaking up. Berle, the man of a million jokes, could only say: "I've never had a surprise party before. In fact, I never had such a birthday party."

"Not even when you were a kid?" someone asked.

"When I was a kid?" said Berle incredulously. "When I was a kid, I was too busy fighting with the drummer ever to have a boyhood."

Enjoying his first surprise party at the age of forty-six is but one of the new experiences which have come to Milton Berle in this, his year of greatest changes. While, in the main, these are personal changes brought about by two women, his friends say they also color his professional life.

Outward changes were first to be noticed, the boys along bright-lighted Broadway will tell you. Almost as soon as Milton started going with Ruth Cosgrove, he tidied himself up. He had his hair cut when it needed cutting. He dieted and lost thirty pounds. Slimmed down, he looked handsomer, younger. He bought new clothes, paying careful attention to the tailoring of his newly-conservative suits. And, most noticeable of all, he began to relax.

Then his changed attitude was reflected in his relations with his staff and cast. Working with Berle grew easier. He began placing more confidence in other people's talents. Although still the hard-driving perfectionist at rehearsals, he no longer felt compelled to write every song, place every spotlight, set each dance number.

Next came a change in his off-camera interests. No longer was he seen at Lindy's famous Broadway restaurant until three o'clock every morning. He even gave up the conspicuous "Berle table" at which he customarily held court. He moved to a sidelines seat, and occupied even that less frequently. He began dining at home at least four nights a week.

No one really expected Berle to change so much. But, long before the 1953-54 season ended, it became obvious that—married to his Ruth—Milton Berle had begun to find contentment.

With a woman he loved, and through her thoughtful, affectionate consideration for him, Milton Berle was, for the first time, beginning to settle down, to enjoy those small pleasures of everyday living which non-professional people take for granted, but which, for a star, often remain the most elusive of luxuries.

With contentment within his reach, sud-

denly this also became, paradoxically, the year of his greatest grief. His mother died. Knowing how close they had been, how she had been with him every step of his climb to fame, people then expected Berle, who had always lived in superlatives, to lose himself in a sea of grief.

Again he surprised them. Although his sorrow is deep, he has been able to cope calmly with his loss. He finds an outlet for his grief through expressing his appreciation of his mother's influence.

"That's Ruth's doing," he candidly explains. "I used to call her Root, because with her I've put down roots. Now, it's Rocky. When my mother died, my wife turned into my Rock of Gibraltar. I'm a lucky man. Lucky to have to such women who are strong, dependable, solid."

Milton Berle wanted to tell his audience friends about both women, and he was in a reflective mood that afternoon when this reporter arrived at his office. "Let's make this the last appointment of the day," he had suggested. "Then we can talk seriously, without haste or interruption."

For Berle, who can spin six simultaneous projects in the air as dazzlingly as a juggler tosses his hoops, this was a departure. So also were his relaxed manner and the leisurely way he spoke first of his plans for the new season. He wanted, he said, to be sure credit for the shows went both to his cast and to his staff of writers and technical people. "They're the best in the business," he stated proudly.

At that point, one phone call came through. Obviously, it was Ruth and for a few minutes they spoke of personal matters. Then he volunteered, "I'm doing an interview. What about? Well, I guess I'll get around to talking about the two women in my life."

For a moment, he listened, then turned and said, "Ruth says to tell you it's three women. You mustn't omit Vicki." As he hung up, he said proudly, "That's Ruth for you. She always makes sure things are accurate. You know, of course, that she was a real good motion-picture press agent. In fact, she's a real good writer. She was on the staffs of some magazines, too, and I think she could hold her own on any magazine in the country. Besides that, she's a real good person. My mother was crazy about her."

He picked up the framed and lighted color photo which stood on top of the television set and moved it to his desk. "And that's my mother. The woman who has had more to do with my career than I have." The portrait showed a face which held both strength and laughter. The resemblance between mother and son was sharp. Both had the same well-defined cheek bones. Both had a broad brow and determined chin. There was the same twinkle in the eyes.

"You'll notice she's wearing her ermine cape," he pointed out. "Mother loved furs and I felt I owed them to her. You know about how, to make my first costume, I chopped up her muff. It had seen its best days, but it still was the only fur she had."

Fondly, he retold the familiar story. It had happened on Halloween, in 1914. Milton, then six years old, had decked himself out in his father's suit and a derby hat. He had pasted on a mustache cut from his mother's precious muff. Swinging a cane, he was imitating Charlie Chaplin and swaggering down their Bronx street with all the neighborhood kids at his heels.

Their parade caught the attention of a theater manager who was passing by. Seeking out Mrs. Berle, he asked her to bring Milton to his theater in Mount Vernon to enter a Charlie Chaplin impersonation contest. The trip cost them a dollar. Milton

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won first prize—a cup which he sold for a quarter. His career had begun.

Berle never forgot about the muff. He said, "You know how, in vaudeville, everyone wanted to play the Palace? I'd been there as a child, but that didn't count. Once, when we were having real tough going, I promised Mother, 'The first time I play the Palace, I'll make up for that muff. I'll buy you a mink coat.'"

It happened, finally, in 1930. "The day I opened, I drew an advance of five hundred dollars to make the down payment and bought her that mink coat before the first show. Oh, it wasn't much of a mink. Cost me twenty-two hundred dollars, I believe. But it marked the turning point. From 1932 on, I was able to keep Mother in luxury."

He gazed at the portrait fondly. "Mother loved furs, so I got all of them for her. Mink, ermine, Persian lamb. She had coats, scarves, stoles. That was the least I could do, to make up for the days when only her nerve kept us going. . . ."

Milton Berle, the great story teller, was deep into a topic which delighted him, and to his telling he gave all the fervor of an on-camera performance. The recollections which ensued marked both highlights and crises in his life and in that of the remarkable Sarah Berlinger, the woman who became known as Sandra Berle.

"She had to work as well as take care of the house and all us kids," he said. "My father was ill. Mother became a department store detective. I doubt if she ever made over seventy-five cents an hour and sometimes our whole dinner would consist of a nickel's worth of rice."

The job had hazards. "When she caught a shoplifter, she not only had to haul him up to the office to get a confession, she also had to go search his living quarters to find other loot he might have stashed away. It wasn't ever easy and sometimes it was dangerous, for she would go alone into criminals' hangouts and dives."

Her third job was getting Milton his start in show business. "She'd take me around to the booking agents," he said. "If I got an engagement, she was there with me, coaching, encouraging, leading the applause. Or, she'd take me clear over to Jersey to the film studios. You know I played the kid in 'The Perils of Pauline.'"

Their poverty brought tough battles. "I remember the day they came for the piano. We couldn't pay the two dollars and a half a week. My mother told the man, 'The children need the piano to learn their music. If you take it, you'll have to take me, too.' Then she climbed on top of it and wouldn't budge. They didn't take the piano."

Vaudeville bookings out-of-town demanded sacrifices. Said Milton, "One of my first big engagements was in Philadelphia. My partner, Elizabeth Kennedy, and I were in E. W. Wolfe's kiddie acts. We stayed in a ratty rooming house around the corner from the theater. My mother went out and bought two oranges, two slices of bread, two eggs and a can of Sterno to cook them. The food was for Elizabeth and me. She said she wasn't hungry."

Shortly, they were touring the country. Sometimes the bookings were good, sometimes they were bad, but both Sandra and Milton Berle were learning every facet of show business. It was knowledge both were to use later to make his show the nation's first big television hit.

Only once did he ever see his mother's iron nerve break.

"It was 1921, and we were making the long jump from Cincinnati to Memphis. The incredible thing happened. Mother, the store detective, wise to the ways of grifters, had her own pocket picked. Someone slashed her purse and stole both money and train tickets. She had us all on the train—my sister, Elizabeth Kennedy, and

me—when she discovered it. She was frantic for fear we'd be put off and stranded in some small town. She started to sob.

"Then I'll never forget. A stranger—he turned out to be Mr. Henry Halle, a member of the Cleveland department-store family—came over to ask what was the matter. He told Mother not to worry. He advanced money to pay our fares and, when we arrived in Memphis, he called the Chiska Hotel to arrange for our rooms. He even invited us out to his estate, Oak Hall. We've remained friends ever since."

Throughout the long climb upward, from dismal little theaters to Milton's ranking spot as "Mr. Television," Sandra Berle remained her son's confidante, critic and one-woman clique.

Milton quotes a familiar show business saying: "Managers insisted that Mother, out in the audience didn't laugh louder than anyone else when I told a joke, she just laughed longer."

Significantly, in that afternoon of affectionate recollection, he did not quote its counterpart—that Sandra Berle was the only one who has ever seen Milton cry, and that she saw it happen more frequently than one would imagine. For the top, as well as the bottom, has held turbulence and travail for him. Even at the pinnacle of success, his personal life was not happy. Twice he was married to and divorced from Joyce Mathews. At their final parting, Miss Mathews retained custody of Vicki, but Milton was granted unlimited visiting privileges. Today, they are on amicable terms.

Only once, and then only obliquely, did he refer to the distressing period when they separated. "Times when I got myself into some real jam, Mother would talk things out with me, not on a parental basis, but in a man-to-man sort of way. There never was anything I couldn't tell her."

Sandra Berle's professional advice also was dependable. Said Milton, "Mother knew when the time came that we should have changed the show. I'd taken my original television format directly from vaudeville, but even in vaudeville I used to revise my act completely, every two months.

"Mother favored making a change during the 1950 season when we were right at the top. She recognized that the shock treatment I used no longer was effective. The surprise was gone. Besides that, television audiences were also changing. To say that the average viewer had the mind of an eleven-year-old was totally wrong. Rather, it's the four-year-old today who has the mind an eleven-year-old once had. People are wiser, sharper, than they have ever been before.

"Mother realized that. She also recognized the challenge of a change. And she knew its dangers." What happened when the old format was retained became television's first major upset. The Berle rating

dropped from number one to a bad twentieth.

Milton met that crisis by bringing in the brilliant Goodman Ace to captain a team of excellent writers, and together they developed the "story-line" format. But, while this was going on, it became the habit with critics to take pot shots at Berle.

Again, his mother's loyalty was important. Milton said, "She knew it hurt when the very ones who had complained about my former way of piling gag on gag panned the new show by saying the old Berle had been funnier. She took the sting out of it by reminding me that, through our tours, we knew about the world beyond Broadway and that those viewers were the people who counted. She made me see that, if you worry about what the boys say in Lindy's, you're cooked.

"Mother knew we'd get back to the top again. Ruth knew it, too."

He shrugged as though to toss the weight of those days off his shoulders. In a happier vein, he continued, "Mother loved Ruth. And I think I fell in love the moment I met her."

It was October 7, 1951, that lovely, dark-haired, serene Ruth Cosgrove came into Milton's life. She had seen one of his rehearsals and had been appalled at his driving pace. She met him later at a party and was charmed by his pleasant manner.

The legend has it that Milton, the funny man, was so taken with her that he had no quick quips. He is supposed to have said only, "How do you do?" and "May I take you to dinner?" Milton himself neither confirms nor denies the story, but explains, "I'm never 'on,' to use the show business term, when I'm at a party. Then I'm a guest, not an entertainer."

Ruth and Milton went together for more than two years, marrying on December 9, 1953. During this long courtship, their intentions became a favorite topic for speculation by the boys along Broadway. With a grin, Milton recalled, "Sure I know that at Lindy's they were laying eight to five against our marriage, but you know the way those guys are—anything for a bet."

More seriously, he explains, "But Ruth and I never had any doubts about what we intended to do. Right after I met her, I wrote a song titled, 'If I Knew You Were There,' and that about said it. For us, the only problem was when. We wanted to plan so that we'd have some time together without all the demands of the show. Time that belonged to us."

Such time was not easily attained. So many things demanded his attention. So many people had claims on his interest. Wisely, Ruth found the patience to let his work come first.

Milton confides, "I can tell you now that we had set an earlier date. In March, 1953, we decided we would be married as soon as the show went off the air for the summer."

Fate intervened. "Mother chipped the bone in her ankle. We knew she'd never be happy going to our wedding reception in a wheel chair. She'd want to dance around, be the life of the party, and that's what we wanted, too."

Postponing the wedding until Mrs. Berle recovered put them right into the start of a new season. Again they had to scheme for a break. Milton said, "I had three weeks' vacation at Christmas time. We set the date right after the last show. That let us go to Florida for our honeymoon."

He paused reflectively. "You know, it's remarkable that at my age I should finally find a girl like Ruth. A girl who understands me and who understands this business. She knows that when I've finished a show I can't just go home and go to bed. I'm tense and it takes time to unwind."

He also recognized that such "unwind-

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ing" posed a problem for Ruth. "That was the most difficult for her when we were going together. After being out with me until three o'clock in the morning, she would have to be at her desk at nine. The poor girl never got any sleep.

"But she never complained. She took me as I was and never tried to change me."

Fully aware that this assertion contradicted both the gossip and his own prior statements, Berle grinned and said, "Let me tell you about the fingernails . . ."

A woman of their acquaintance had remarked cuttingly, "Ruth, why don't you make Milton stop biting his nails? It's really a horrible habit."

Ruth squelched her sweetly. "You don't understand. I didn't marry Milton to change him, I married him to be a partner. I like him just the way he is."

"But," said Milton, "I thought about it a while and I made up my mind. A couple weeks later, I was able to show Ruth my hands and say, 'See? Fingernails. Manicure.' I had decided that, since I wasn't nervous any more, I had no reason to bite my nails. So I stopped."

It was Berle's way of saying that, because he wants to please Ruth, anything is possible—even breaking a life-long habit.

He also relished Ruth's retort to another critic.

Word had reached him that Sherman Billingsly had interpreted a skit used on the show as a satire of his Stork Club program and had announced that Berle was henceforth barred from the restaurant.

Said Milton, "I thought I might as well find out what the score really was, so we went over. I was given the excuse that I caused too much commotion. Too many people came to my table to ask for autographs. We were barred from the Stork Club."

"But do you think Ruth was fussed? She just said, 'Remind me, when I have a baby, to ask another bird to deliver it.'"

Appreciative as he is of what Ruth has brought into his own life, Berle grew lyric when he spoke of her relationship with his daughter, Vicki. Very seriously, he summed up the situation. "Divorce can be confusing to a child. I think that is particularly true when one parent remarries. Often, that creates tension and jealousy."

"Vicki, while she lives happily with her mother, sees me every day. I'm most pleased that Ruth and Vicki also get on well together. They like each other and that means a lot to me."

He spoke then of Vicki's visits to their apartment.

"She's at the age where little girls love to dress up, and she's so cute about it. Often, when she comes in, she'll announce that her feet are so-o-o tired she just must get into something comfortable. That's the excuse to borrow Ruth's mules and a negligee. You should see her clumping around, trying to keep the long skirt out from under those tottering high heels."

Altogether, those things which now so delight Milton Berle are those which make up a picture of normal, average, domestic bliss. The remarkable phase of it, however, is that Berle himself is not the average man. He's Mr. Television—the star who entered show business at the age of six, the restless perfectionist whose strong drive for success had left him without a satisfactory private life.

Today, Milton Berle has, with Ruth Cosgrove Berle, found a private life for the first time. Not until now has he been able to relax and enjoy those everyday pleasures which the average man takes for granted. For famed performers, those little pleasures too often must remain the most elusive of luxuries.

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T
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R

Breakfast Club Gossip

(Continued from page 32)

"But I don't care if I don't get a thing myself. It just feels so good to give."

Because Aunt Fanny's self-centered flightiness and her turn of a phrase customarily produce a quick laugh, that broadcast a year ago caused no particular comment. Perhaps only a few friends who know Fran Allison well recognized it for what it was—Fran's own sharply satirical protest against calculatingly balanced gift lists and the commercialization of a holy festival. Instead of making any pompous pronouncements on the practice, she simply reduced it to absurdity, via Aunt Fanny.

Friends understood its implications, for they know Fran herself to be a person who gives with open-handed generosity, often to a greater extent than she can comfortably afford. Chicago radio and TV performers have many a story to tell about times when Fran has paid someone's hospital bill or helped a down-on-his-luck entertainer get a new start. In the more light-hearted phase of her giving, members of the *Breakfast Club* family treasure the recollection of times when Fran and her husband, music publisher Archie Levington, have returned from a trip with thoughtful presents for these friends' children—just the right little dress or toy or paint set to fulfill a child's heart's desire.

At the time of the Christmas list broadcast, there had just been another typical example of Fran's way of giving. She had gone to Jackson, Michigan, to appear on a show which The Michigan Bakeries staged to promote the sale of her Aunt Fanny bread. On the surface, it appeared a totally commercial project and it was only incidental that she also visited two charitable institutions in the area. They seemed no more than routine calls expected of a star.

Later, quite contrary to her wishes, word leaked out that she had also brought gifts. To one institution, she presented a large-screen television set, paid for its installation and made certain it would be operating in time for the Christmas shows. To the second place, where there were bedridden children needing entertainment, she gave 25 stereopticon projectors equipped with color slides from *Kukla, Fran And Ollie*.

The contrast between Fran's attempt at secrecy in this charity and Aunt Fanny's public evaluation of anticipated presents provides the key to the differences between the imaginary character and the real-life woman. It also hints at the place Aunt Fanny occupies in Fran's own life. Aunt Fanny can say out loud what Fran herself can't or won't say.

Always, she does it with confusing subtlety. To understand Fran Allison's real opinion, it is always useful to listen beyond the laugh, and sometimes necessary (as in the case of the Christmas list) to reverse Aunt Fanny's stated position entirely. In some instances, the real-life Fran and the imaginary Aunt Fanny are exact opposites. In others, they are much alike.

The most obvious difference is their voices. Miss Allison herself is as gentle in her speech as the starry-eyed Fran she portrays in *Kukla, Fran And Ollie*, but Aunt Fanny's voice rasps.

In conversation, too, they are direct opposites. Where egocentric Aunt Fanny rattles on about her doings in comic seriousness, Fran is most adept in diverting the subject from herself to others. Reporters, who customarily fall in love with her at first sight, also customarily sigh that she is almost impossible to interview. Thanks to her skill in asking questions and her charm as a story teller, they are likely to discover, after leaving, that they have either spent the whole time talking about themselves or they have heard about

everyone else in broadcasting. Fran, who is a living directory to show business on both coasts and in mid-continent Chicago, tells delightful, colorful anecdotes about the other stars. But, when it comes to her own exploits, she simply sidesteps the issue.

The two personalities also differ in clothes. Where Aunt Fanny sets the stage for laughter by flouncing in, garbed in ludicrous and antique elegance, Fran herself is always beautifully dressed in simple clothes of perfect taste.

Most of Aunt Fanny's and Fran's shared characteristics reflect Fran's own multiple interests. Both like to travel, to meet new people and to visit old friends. Both talk about them entertainingly. It is likely, too, that Aunt Fanny has the most prodigious knowledge of baseball to be possessed by any old maid in history, for Fran herself is an ardent and well-informed fan. They also like whodunits and science fiction.

Inevitably, too, Aunt Fanny reflects some of Fran's own talents. Both are sharp observers. They can tell you how people do things, as well as what they say. Fran has superior intelligence and Aunt Fanny, to use her own words, is no fool. Significantly, both have a quick wit and high spirit.

It was this combination, in fact, which was responsible for Aunt Fanny springing into being, right before a microphone, talking a blue streak.

It happened at a Waterloo, Iowa, station where Fran, an eager youngster, sang songs, sold time, wrote commercials and ran a cooking show. One day, in her headlong race to keep even with her many duties and to earn her ten dollar a week salary, she rushed by an announcer who was interviewing farmers.

Grinning, he barred her way and drew her to the mike, saying, "If it isn't Aunt Fanny! Say a few words to the folks."

Fran's eyes flashed, but she accepted both the mike and the challenge. In the now-familiar voice, she began, "Well, as I was saying to Nettie . . ."

Exactly what she told Nettie no longer is a matter of either record or recollection. But, since she was irritated and in a hurry, it is safe to assume that right then, for the first time, Aunt Fanny performed for Fran Allison the service she has many times repeated. With an acidity which Fran herself would never use, Aunt Fanny let the announcer know what she thought of his brashness.



Happy news: Fran Allison, Burr Tillstrom and all the Kuklapolitans have returned to TV via many ABC stations.

The delighted audience admired her gumption and said so in letters. By popular request, Aunt Fanny stayed on the air.

When ambitious Fran moved on to Chicago and the NBC network as a singer and actress in daytime dramas, Aunt Fanny went into semi-retirement. But she was much too spirited and vital a character to stay out of sight for long. When Fran joined the *Breakfast Club* cast as a singer in 1937, Don McNeill discovered that Aunt Fanny existed. As familiar as Fran herself is with small-town ways, Don proved to be an inspired straight man, finding just the right questions to prompt Aunt Fanny into knowing commentary.

Thus Aunt Fanny came back livelier than ever, gaining rather than losing by her move to the city—because, while Fran herself was well equipped by breeding and education to adjust quickly to the world of broadcasting, Aunt Fanny continued to see life through old-time Iowa eyes.

Such binocular vision brought both worlds into sharper focus. The manner of talk and points of view Fran recalled from her own girlhood in LaPorte, Iowa, and from the period when, after her graduation from Coe College, she taught a country school, became pithier and more vivid in contrast to the formal speech of the studios. Where even easygoing Don McNeill was likely to describe a certain man simply as "kind" or "generous," Aunt Fanny referred to him as "the best man who ever walked in shoe-leather."

At times, her complete mastery of a bygone rural idiom has produced somewhat startling results. First came the letters which insisted that Aunt Fanny must surely be the correspondent's second cousin thrice removed, else how could she know so much about the correspondent's family affairs?

Next came the people. Most of those who sought a private little chat with Aunt Fanny were content to see her at the studio, but one elderly woman from the Kentucky hills arrived in Chicago and made determined inquiry to find out just where Aunt Fanny lived.

Ringling the doorbell, she announced she had come "to sit a spell" with her friend Fanny. She let it be known that she felt she had more in common with Fanny than she had with folks back home, being as how so many of her real friends had died off. What's more, she stated, brushing past the surprised Miss Allison, she was prepared to wait until Fanny came in—she might have known she'd be out gadding.

Even after Fran made her caller a cup of tea and explained in her gentlest manner that she was Aunt Fanny, the visitor was sure she was being hoodwinked. No one so young, so pretty and so "modern" could possibly be the Aunt Fanny on radio.

Televising of the *Breakfast Club* has given more people an accurate picture of Aunt Fanny's appearance, but it has made little change in her looks. Even when unseen by her radio audience, Fran, for each show, got all decked out in her Aunt Fanny clothes—long skirt, lace collar and perky little hat. She has to be Aunt Fanny rather than pretend to be Aunt Fanny, she admits. By now it is virtually impossible for her to use the Aunt Fanny voice when not wearing the costume.

The same attitude applies in her preparation of the material. Although her broadcasts are usually perfect, well-rounded little dramas of everyday life, no script writer aids in their construction. Although—by applying an old-fashioned attitude to present-day affairs—she achieves some quotable gems of wit, no gag expert polishes the phrases to produce the quickest laugh.

Instead, every word of her monologue originates spontaneously with Fran herself. Having her first cup of early-morning coffee, she starts to think like Aunt Fanny. On her way to the studio, she jots down a few reminders. By the time she arrives, she knows exactly what she is going to talk about—but she seldom knows how she will say it.

With what approaches superstition, Fran resists giving Aunt Fanny's remarks any greater degree of permanence. She has no written collection of her commentaries. A few are preserved through tape recordings which her husband, Archie, has made during the actual broadcasts. When friends, delighted with a particular show, ask for copies or transcripts, Fran evades the request by murmuring polite nothings. Thus Aunt Fanny continues to live almost exclusively on the *Breakfast Club*.

This modesty about the presentation of her own creation leads to Fran being ranked as a comedienne—a performer—rather than as the genuine humorist she really is. She makes her Aunt Fanny so utterly believable that most listeners accept her merely as a good impersonator.

A more penetrating appraisal is due Fran Allison. Remembering that she originated Aunt Fanny—that the giddy spinster is not the copy of any particular individual, living or dead, and that Fran alone sustains her conversation—throws a different light on Fran's achievement. Only in that light does Fran Allison emerge as a witty woman ready to be compared with such famous men as Will Rogers, George Ade and Finley Peter Dunne—a truly brilliant satirist who uses a homespun character of her own creation to comment tellingly on human foibles.

Nora Drake's Romantic Man

(Continued from page 66)

I mean the Quinns—live in a pleasant, ordinary seven-room home on a short dead-end street in Rockville Centre, out on Long Island. They've been there for ten years now, paying off the mortgage, planting new shrubs and re-seeding the lawn, and last year they even stretched the budget some and painted the house gray, with deep red on the shutters. It had been a dirty white before. They had the heart-warming experience of receiving visits from all the neighbors, who came over to tell them how much they liked the new colors, how much the neighborhood had been improved.

Ten years of hard living, the kind you and I do, preceded that new paint job. The Quinns would have had it done before, if they'd ever had the time to really see how seedy the house was looking, or if they'd ever had any extra money.

But, when Mae and Bill finally took the big step of buying a house of their own, their first girl was nearly four years old and another child was on the way. Besides, it was wartime. Bill had been automatically deferred because of all his dependents, which included his mother. Not long after the second daughter was born to them, Bill's draft board called him in and told him that he'd better get a job in a defense plant, because otherwise they didn't care how many people he was supporting, it was an M1 and the Japanese invasion for him.

Now, Bill had never made any phony pretense about wanting to be a great hero. He was a radio orator with a big family and, if the board saw fit to keep him around doing war-bond rallies and USO stuff and so on, that was up to them. But now he couldn't see deliberately dodging into a de-



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fense plant, just when the Normandy invasion was starting and Japan was raising merry hell in the Pacific. Hating it, as most family men of thirty-two would, he kissed Mae goodbye and set out on a busy year and a half that took him from an Air Force base near Biloxi—Fort Kessler—through Manila, Okinawa and Japan.

The bank very kindly let him skip the mortgage payments, as long as he met the taxes. He returned after the war ended, with new muscles and a sergeant's stripes, to find Mae twenty-five pounds thinner than when he'd left. That made her an even 100 pounds, and it wasn't enough. But the house was spotless, the children fat and sassy.

"I'm home now, honey," Bill said. "Now everything's going to be all right. . . ."

That was the first crisis. But maybe, before I go on, you should know more about Bill, how he grew up, what kind of guy he is.

Bill's whole life has been colored, motivated and influenced by two remarkable women—and will be further dedicated to and ruled by what he expects will be three additional remarkable women in the future. Taken in order, they are: Lillie Quinn, his mother; Mae Quinn, his wife; and the Misses Virginia, Eileen and Mary Ellen Quinn, his daughters.

Lillie Quinn, a determined young actress from Scotland, found herself with three youngsters and an ailing Irish husband almost forty years ago, and brought the whole kit and caboodle to New York, where she could get in show business.

Those were the early days of motion pictures, when Vitagraph and Famous Players were batting out the two-reelers in converted New York barns, and DeMille was first investigating Hollywood. Billy was four when an agent said to his mother, "The boys are there, they're not doing anything, and they might as well be making some money. It would be fun for them, and save you a nurse's salary."

"We got two-fifty a day and a box lunch, just for being extras and playing bits," Bill remembers. "It was princely. Half the time my brother Ed and I passed for twins, and when the play 'Daddies'—which David Belasco produced for Jeanne Eagels—came to Broadway, we were all in it except Father. Of the five children in the story, three were supposed to be triplets, so Ed and I were teamed up with—I'm ashamed to say—a little girl who looked like us, all three wearing bobbed hair and Buster Brown collars. Mom played the nursemaid.

It was a real package," Bill adds, laughing.

When it came time to go to school, there was only one answer—the Professional Children's School in New York, designed to take care of youngsters in show business who have to study at odd hours or have their lessons sent to them "on the road."

So, working in movies and the theater, studying in backstage dressing rooms or on the corner of a set under klieg lights, Bill grew to manhood and entered the Great Depression, somewhere around 1932. The movies slipped away to Hollywood, while Lillie insisted on staying in the upper West Side apartment in the Bronx. The theaters of Times Square offered intermittent work, though not enough to get by on.

In 1933, Bill—who'd been awfully sharp at tennis since he was old enough to hold a racket—got a job at a Park Avenue tennis club run by the famous Frank Hunter. He was paid \$25 a week to be assistant manager. That week was seven working days long. Sometimes, when rich clients needed a fourth for doubles, Bill filled in and might be slipped a dollar or so after the set, for his troubles.

Then two very wonderful things happened to him. An acquaintance named Courtney Savage, then an executive at CBS, put down his racket one day, wiped the sweat from his forehead with a towel Bill handed him, and said, "Would you like to make five bucks for three hours' work every day? It wouldn't interfere with your job here. Come to the studio from four to seven—you can hold up signs to the audience, lead applause, fill in laughing or loud-talk stuff with other background people, you know. Okay?"

Okay? Heaven had opened its doors. And, after a week of this, Bill thought, "What am I doing slaving my life away at this tennis club when I can make more for three hours' work and have the rest of my time to try reading for 'bit' parts?" From that moment on, radio was Bill's game.

The day before he left the club, one of his cousins (the Quinn family and his mother's clan had multiplied mightily in New York by this time) came over to grab a free game on one of the courts and brought with her a friend, a small, bright-eyed, dark-haired girl named Mae Roden. Bill and Mae exchanged pleasantries that day, but he was too full of his new future to pay attention to anyone. He'd just figured out that in another five months he could afford a new suit, and that's all that registered.

Five months later, at his cousin's engagement party, Mae registered, though Bill couldn't take his eyes off her all evening, and finally he sat down beside her and said, "I know you, don't I?"

"I was beginning to wonder."

"Your name's Mae, and could I take you home after this party?"

"My name's really Mary, if you won't tell anybody—because I hate it—and yes, you certainly can take me home." He liked that, the straightforward way she spoke, her honesty. They began to laugh, and they were still laughing very late that night when he took her to her door. But he kissed her goodnight and then the laughter stopped, and they looked at each other with sudden surprise and discovery.

"Tomorrow night for dinner?" he asked.

She was wise, she knew how poor he was—how poor everybody was, those days—so she said, "I'd love to, if we can just grab a hamburger and then walk down Broadway and look at all the people, all the lights."

What a girl! He wanted to marry her the next day—but he couldn't. With Mom to take care of, now that she was older and couldn't get many parts any more, and with his income which barely paid the rent—where did a wife fit in?

Mae, whose people had been Irish and Austrian, understood the deep clannish situation which tied Bill to his mother and his many relatives. She adored Lillie Quinn just as much as Bill, and understood his devotion and sense of duty to the indomitable woman who—when his father was ill and, later, after Mr. Quinn died—supported her children selflessly.

So, for five long years, until January of 1940, Mae and Bill waited. They had known from the very beginning that they loved one another, that there could be nobody else for either of them, in their lifetime. They accepted the fact that there was never much money.

Then it was the end of '39, a new decade was beginning, the world was at war, and Mae and Bill looked into each other's eyes one night, and both of them realized deeply and truthfully that it was now or never. To such vital people, love must be more than what they had. They wanted to live together, to have babies, make a home, build a family.

They'd been sitting in a little sidewalk cafe in Greenwich Village, drinking beer because it was inexpensive. Now Bill called the waiter and ordered a bottle of champagne. Mae understood. She waited quietly until the cork popped, and then raised her glass to his. "Yes," she said, "it's time. To us, Bill."

"To us. . . ."

Bill had a radio show at the time. He wangled a weekend off, and he and Mae made plans to be married at the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, in Jackson Heights, near where Mae lived. Bill phoned for a reservation at the Colony Inn at New Hope, Pennsylvania, where there was a lake, and mountains covered with pines.

The evening before their marriage day, a producer named Marty Gabel called Bill and said, "Hey, you know this new Arlene Francis play I'm working on? I need an understudy for the lead. Want it?"

"I don't know," Bill said, "What's the deal?"

"There's some uncertainty about the guy we've got—he may not open. Show up at the theater tomorrow morning and you're in."

"I can't."

"Oh, well," said Marty wearily, "if you don't need the job, there are plenty of others—"

"Of course I need the job, you dope!" Bill yelled. "But I'm getting married to—"

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morrow, and I'd like to spend a day or two with my bride."

"Oh," Marty said, mollified. "By all means, take the weekend. But show up Monday, at ten, understand? I'm sending the script over by messenger. Learn it by Monday, incidentally."

Mae and Bill Quinn, newly married, spent their honeymoon closeted in a hotel room while she cued him on that script. The leading man went on as scheduled when the show opened, but Bill wound up understudying every male role in the play. . . .

You will remember that I spoke of the long, long ten years lived through by the Quinns in their little house in Rockville Centre. Both Bill and Mae, busy and very happy in this life, tend to underestimate the problems they've weathered. They smile. They say, "Why, it's just been with us the way it is with every couple with children. We haven't anything to brag about."

Well, no—perhaps. But they have something they can be wonderfully proud of. They have their home, and they have their love, and they have three beautiful daughters. And Bill and Mae know in their secret hearts that such wonderful things are not easily come by.

Both of them remember the times in their lives, great and small, when love has had to conquer all. Bill's first breakfast prepared by Mae was a bowl of oatmeal, sugared and covered with cream.

The only trouble was, she'd neglected to cook the cereal—and, if you don't think that's a crisis, you should try such a dish, sometime.

They lived through a more important crisis when their second daughter, Eileen, had to learn that she wasn't the "baby" any more—and came into the living room and asked if she could have Mary Ellen's bottle. While Mae sat thunderstruck, Bill took eight-year-old Eileen on his lap, and fed her one of Mary Ellen's bottles of milk. He'd raise Eileen up to his left shoulder, go through the motions of burping her, then feed her the bottle again. He made cooing noises at her.

He laughed a lot while he was doing it, and so did Eileen. It became a game. And, when the bottle was finished, Eileen took it to the kitchen and washed it. She never made any protest about not being the baby any more.

With his family adjusted and happy again, Bill got up the next morning and caught the early train to New York and the *Nora Drake* show. During the next week, he played a reporter on a TV one-shot and substituted for a vacationing actor on a radio detective story. As Fred Molina, as Bill Quinn, he is quite content. . . .

His work gives him satisfaction, and he is happy between shows, discussing ball games with friends and making plans to play golf, tennis, and go fishing or hunting with pals. But Bill's heart and his mind are really at home on the little dead-end street . . . where on holidays all the neighbors come to visit and keep open house themselves . . . where he can borrow or lend a lawnmower . . . and where his newest baby daughter is just that much happier because Eileen has learned her lesson and doesn't resent her any more. . . .

Above all, Bill looks forward to that moment when he comes home to find Mae waiting at the station, smiling and so pretty, the nicest wife a man could ever want.

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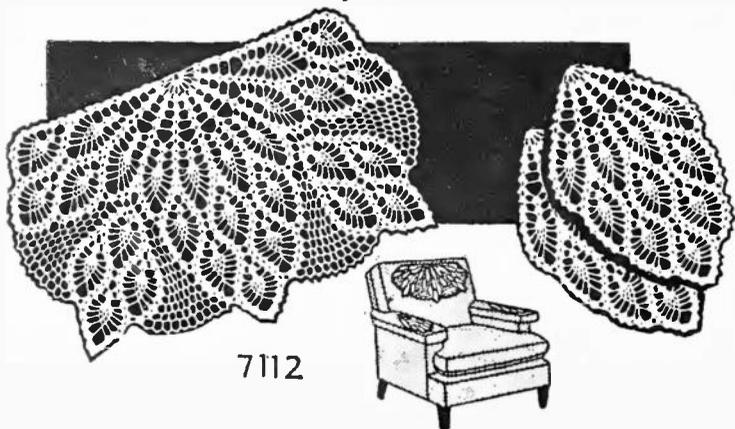
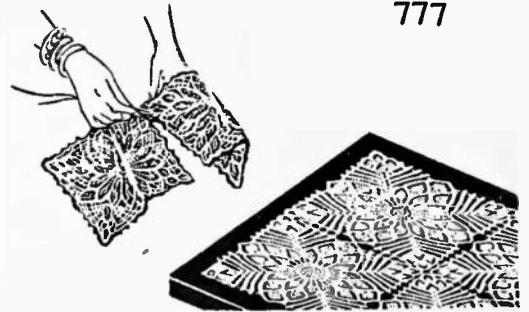
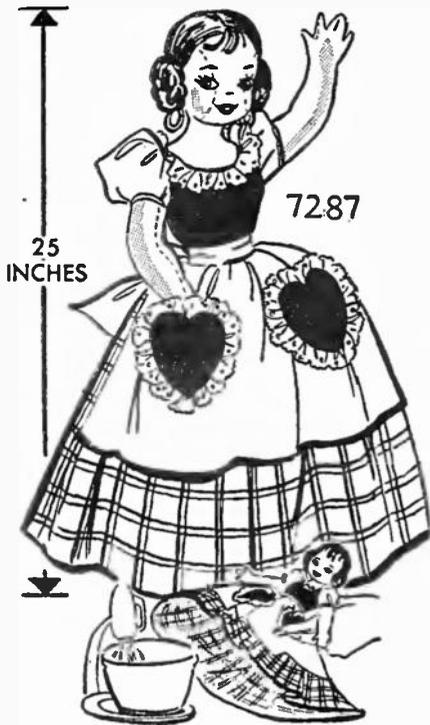
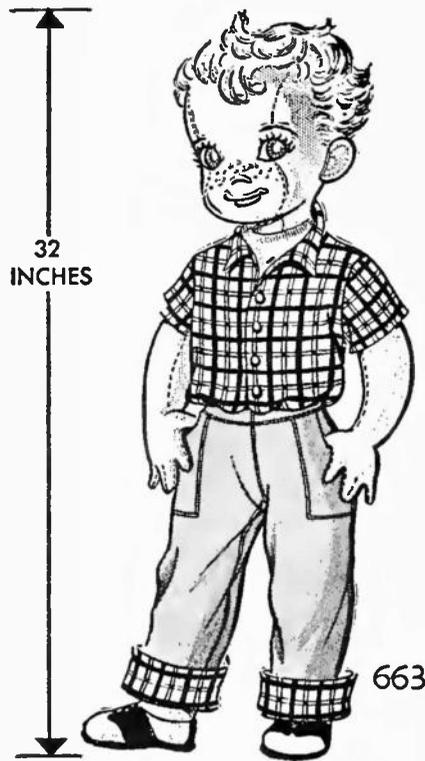
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You Have to Be Happy

(Continued from page 59)

such as we were enjoying. A trip with the girls, such as Jan and Terry took, during the summer, to the Statue of Liberty, the Empire State Building, the zoo. Driving to the cabin in New Jersey together, late at night, after a show, as they often do. Working, side by side, in the fields at the Morrow Farm, up in New Hampshire. Reading books together—such as Bishop Sheen's recent and inspiring *Lift Up Your Heart*, which they'd just finished. Reading each other's scripts, studying lines together, giving each other cues. Jan giving Terry her concept of a character he's playing, from the feminine point of view. Terry giving Jan his concept of a character she's playing, from the masculine point of view.

It is, in short, the sharing of work and play—of home chores and career problems, of ideas, of confidences—which is the daily bread, in a good relationship, a good marriage, say the O'Sullivan's.

"And who of us can live," Jan wanted to know, "without our daily bread?"

It was then that Jan made the somewhat revolutionary statement about the necessity for an actress to be a happy person, rather than a tragedy queen using her broken heart as the instrument of her craft.

"When you're happily married, it means that you have no emotional problems," Jan said, "or, when you're unmarried and your heart is at peace, you can concentrate on a script, on a part—as I can and as Terry can, too. Your personal life is so close to you—it is you—that only if you're happy are you free to devote yourself to your career. When your personal life is unhappy, and creating emotional problems for you, how can you be free enough of yourself and your own inner turmoil to escape into the lives and hearts of the characters you play on stage, screen, radio, TV? You can't be. Or, as I learned from experience, I can't be.

"A few years ago, I was doing a part on radio soon after—too soon after—a broken engagement and the death of someone very close to me, both blows falling at the same time. The part was that of an ethereal Chinese girl in a fifteen-minute story which required almost straight narration. During rehearsal, the director managed to get a very interesting quality from me for this character. But, on the night of the performance, the part fell far short of what it should have been. Due to the emotional upheaval within me, and to the consequent fatigue, I fell far short of what I should have been.

"It was then I should have realized what a fallacy it is to believe that an actress, in order to understand drama and play it poignantly, must be emotionally tattered and torn. The idea did occur to me. But not until I was happy in a marriage, and in a home life that goes along as beautifully as, I am grateful to God, ours does—did I actually call happiness, by name, as the cornerstone of an acting career.

"As examples of what I mean by happiness, I'll give you a couple of excerpts," Jan laughed, "from the year 1954: Nine days after Terry's emergency appendectomy—which befell him in the late winter—we took off by plane, Terry and I, for Jamaica . . ."

"In order to go with me," Terry said, "Jan recorded her *Hilltop House* shows in advance, turned everything aside . . ."

"I should hope to tell you!" Jan added fervently. "We stayed at the Seville Guest House, built in 1745, on a high hill, overlooking the sea. A good place to convalesce . . . wonderful weather, hot sunshine and



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cool moonlight . . . and we had all that time, free and clear, together. Together almost constantly—twenty-four hours a day, as we were—you call on resources you didn't know you had . . ."

"Such as, for instance," Terry said, with a twinkle, "the little English car we rented. Because I was the invalid, Jan got an international license and did the driving. In an English car, as you know, the driver sits on the right side and drives on the right side of the road. The gear shift is entirely different, four-speed-forward and all that. Everything in reverse—which not only called on Jan's resources, but threw her for a loop!"

". . . you read books," Jan said, blandly ignoring the interruption, "you didn't get to read before. You have long talks you haven't had time to have in town, because of lines to learn! When two people can get closer together—as in Jamaica, Terry and I got closer—it brings happiness."

"And then, last summer, as in previous summers, Terry's young daughters, Colleen, now sixteen, Kathleen, fifteen, and Molly, eleven, came on from California to stay the summer with us. Other years we've spent most of our time with the girls on the farm in New Hampshire. Or at the log cabin—'Terry's Folly!'—in New Jersey. But this year they wrote us, in advance, that so many of their friends had been to the Statue of Liberty, the Empire State Building and so on, that this summer they wanted to spend more time in New York, seeing the sights that are typical of New York, doing the things all tourists do."

"They did all the things all tourists do," Jan laughed, "and we did all the things all tourists do with them! One sunny morning, we sailed aboard the good ship, *Miss Liberty*, to visit the great statue and, upon arrival, we crawled up and up and up the narrow winding stairway to the torch which, upheld in Liberty's hand, lights the whole free world. Upon our return, we made the Empire State Building our next port of call and there we zoomed to the top, from which dizzy height we took in the view that takes your breath! Then, just to reassure ourselves that we were still earthbound mortals, we had a Coke or two, a bite to eat. From the Empire State, we journeyed uptown to the Central Park Zoo, where we paid our first call on a llama. Fascinated, we looked long at the llama—or was the llama looking at us? We dropped by on the seals frolicking and flipping their flippers in the zoo's aquarium. We visited the big cats, the monkey house, the hippos in their tanks, the polar bears on their rocky caves. We took a few turns on the merry-go-round. We ate popcorn and drank pink lemonade. We wound up the day in Studio 28, at Columbia Broadcasting System on Madison Avenue, where the girls watched a rehearsal of *Hilltop House* from the control room. After which, at the angle of exhaustion, we came home!"

"My, Daddy," the girls chorused, "don't you and Jan lead an active life in New York!"

"We lead an active life," said Daddy, his voice muffled by the pillows of the sofa upon which he had stretched his length, "when you're here!"

"Speaking seriously, though," Jan said, reflectively, "the Statue of Liberty was thrilling both to the girls and to Terry and me—who hadn't seen it, either, and, but for the kids, might never have seen it. Standing on top of the world, there at the Empire State Building roof, made us realize what an impressive thing this is which man has created—and how much taller by comparison, we marveled, then the Leaning Tower of Pisa, the pyramids of Egypt . . ."

"Experiences like these, open to us all," Jan said. "and something is added. Some-

thing important—and happy-making . . . "I was feeling very happy that day, anyway," Jan laughed, "happier than I normally feel—which is saying a great deal! I was feeling very happy about my association with the girls, the way they let me enter into things with them, and the interest they take in the things I am doing. The way they cued me, off and on, all summer long when I was studying lines. The way they helped me rehearse, by playing all the other parts in my scripts, themselves. The way Kathleen, who has been studying a little drama, followed the script of *Hilltop House* as it was going on that day in the studio."

"I was feeling very happy about the way the girls and their mother have accepted me, making what could have been a difficult situation a fine and friendly one. Rewarding."

"You know," Terry remarked one day, "I sometimes think parents should follow the example set by their children instead of the other way around."

"Where Colleen, Kathleen and Molly are concerned, yes—for Mary, the girls' mother, has done a good job there. Like most teenagers today, all three girls are tremendously mature, for their respective ages. Not a thing which came up in our daily life that they didn't understand. Not a book we were reading—that they didn't read, too, and fully understand."

"Another contribution they make to our happiness is the natural thoughtfulness they never fail to show. For instance, around five and six in the evening, business calls often come in for Terry and me. One evening, as the girls were setting the table, helping with the dinner, the phone rang for Terry. The moment he started talking, they left the dining room, went into another room where telephone conversations can't be overheard. Instinctively, they do the right, tactful thing."

"Also, they are particularly thoughtful of each other. If, for instance, Colleen suggests that Molly pick up things she may have strewn around and put them away, *she helps her do it*. If Kathleen is ironing one of her blouses, she'll offer to iron one for Colleen or Molly."

"In Terry, too, there is the same quality," Jan went on merrily. "When, for instance, he was planning to drive out to the cabin one night last summer and I said, 'You go, but I can't—lines in the script have been changed and I've got to study,' he didn't go. Nor did he show a sign of the disappointment I knew he felt. 'Oh, what the heck,' he said, 'we can go tomorrow night!'"

"It's this thing of sharing," Jan said, "without which there isn't much genuine happiness. Not only the sharing of things but of experiences—both when they're fun and when they're not—of time and thought, of one giving up for the other. . . . And this brings us back to our theme song, of happiness and to that day of which I've been telling you. . . ."

"There was something about that day . . . something so happy-making that it

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made me feel, more keenly than ever before, how necessary it is for us to be happy if, as actor, actress, or boiler-maker, we are to fulfill our destinies . . . but especially, for the reasons I have given, for an actress. And most especially for the actress whose medium is television."

"For, on television, more than any of the other mediums, every part of you has to be relaxed. Every brain cell has to be alert, in order that you may think clearly and react quickly. Suppose, for instance, that camera number two is on you, and you can't remember your lines—you're not going to be given a second chance! Suppose you're doing a script which requires several changes of costume, with thirty seconds, sometimes twenty seconds, to make the changes—if you're emotionally upset, liable to fumble the zippers, aren't you? So many technical problems, on TV, which can trip the unwary and those preoccupied with themselves and their own disturbing problems . . . such as remembering, and never forgetting, that the camera cannot always follow you—and that you must compensate for this by making sure to stand on the exact spot the director has marked out for you in yellow chalk. If you don't, an off-stage voice will be speaking instead of an on-stage one—with horrid results!"

"So many facets are demanded of you on TV, both technically and in the many characters you very often play in a short period of time. On the stage, you may play one role for months, even years. In pictures, you play one role for weeks, a couple of months until the picture's completed. In pictures, three to four roles in a year are a pretty good average. But on TV . . . well, take last summer as an example, on the Robert Montgomery series, when, as a member of Mr. Montgomery's Summer Stock company and a leading lady, I played sympathetic wives, nasty witches, sophisticated, spoiled wenches, a little old maid from Boston, a foreign correspondent, an actress. Some of them were big parts, some not so big as others, but all of them were demanding and, in trying my best to meet the demands the varied roles made on me, I realized anew that—if your emotional life is disturbed—you cannot be single-minded in your work. You're scattered. Some actors can concentrate, I daresay, under any circumstances. Marlon Brando, for one. But his is the concentration of a genius. The rest of us," Jan laughed, "are just workers! And, as such, we need—or I need—peace of mind and peace of heart. And I have it. And so does Terry. Because we have, our life goes along beautifully and serenely. Because it does, so many new activities develop for us, so many unsuspected abilities within us. Because we are happy, our work has grown, and is growing. . . ."

"One of the things that makes me happy about marriage," Jan said, making a funny face, "I can always find my man! Maybe in the apartment, in a TV studio, apple orchard at the farm—in the old Boston rocker in the living room—but, one place or another, he is there, and one, two, three, I can find him!"

"Like the soil in which a plant grows, strong and healthy, the sun shining on it, the dew falling," Jan said, soberly, "so happiness is to me . . . and to every man and woman of us, wherever we may be, whatever we may be doing. But for an actress," Jan added, and she was pretty firm about it, "most of all. For I do truly believe that, in order to be free to give herself to the roles she plays, an actress has to be happy. So, during this period of our lives, we are grateful to God that it's our turn to be happy. And, whatever the future holds, we hope to have the strength and understanding to face it and still be happy."

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could be re-done before our wedding day. It wasn't. It isn't. An optimist by nature, however, I spent hours conferring with painters about the color we wanted—a pale gray-tan, a sort of putty color—for the walls and for the newly installed folding shutters at the tall living-room windows. Hours with the glaziers who put in the mirrored wall—one whole wall of the living-room . . . and with upholsterers, selecting the perfect shade of moss-green velvet for the four antique chairs, the beige-brocaded and gold-threaded material for three other chairs, and exactly the right shade for the cushions of the new, over-sized pearl-gray covered davenport—a sort of tangerine is what I chose, which will pick up the color in my four Toulouse-Lautrec lithographs. There was shopping to be done, too, for the charcoal-gray wall-to-wall living-room rug, and for lamps. There were consultations with the re-finisher, who is doing the piano in an off-white, rubbed with gold . . . and debates between Steve and me about where to hang the beautiful old gold-leaf-framed mirror my mother gave us—which now hangs on the wall behind the davenport, dramatically facing the mirrored wall.

From Steve's apartment, I would make frantic forays down to the apartment Audrey and I shared . . . from which I would presently—and breathlessly—emerge laden with books, clothes, ornaments, a painting or two . . . and dash back up to Steve's where—against the day it would be our place—I deposited my belongings. Not forgetting," Jayne laughs, "my collection of earrings, of which I have 2,000 pairs—at a modest count—many of them sent me by fans.

"The trousseau—on which brides commonly spend months of time—was the one thing which took relatively little of my time! Because I have so many many beautiful clothes for the CBS-TV show, *I've Got A Secret*—on which Garry Moore is emcee and I am a regular panelist—to have bought a trousseau would have been ridiculous. So I didn't, except for a very few lacy things. But the wedding dress, of course, I had to have . . . and although I never wear hats, except on Sundays and at weddings—a hat!

"The hat," Jayne laughs, "is another amusing story. Shortly before Easter, Thomas Mitchell—who was our guest of honor on *I've Got A Secret*—sat on my Easter bonnet! That was his 'secret.' When Mr. M. arose from the mangled remains, I was told that I could buy any hat I wanted—price no consideration—and charge it to the show! I thereupon, and promptly, called the incomparable John Fredericks—who made me one of apple-green velvet and matching horsehair . . . the most fabulously beautiful, great big picture hat ever worn by willful woman!

"Audrey's hat, also made by John Fredericks, was of white horsehair trimmed with canary yellow velvet, which matched her ballerina-length dress of canary yellow taffeta, and white orchids.

"My wedding dress—designed by Oleg Cassini and bought at Florence Lustig's, where Jane Froman and so many of the TV stars get their things—was ice-blue . . . the skirt of accordion-pleated chiffon, the bodice of matching lace—and laced with narrow apple-green velvet ribbon. I wore pale blue slippers to match the dress, and carried pale green orchids tied with blue satin ribbon.

"Friends who knew the color scheme would say, skeptically, 'Blue and green, sounds like a funny combination!' For years people have been afraid to put blue and green together in decoration, or on their backs. But why? They are the colors of nature.

"Where the green is concerned, I suspect

that superstition enters in . . . for when I described my misty and magical Fredericks hat to the children's governess, she said, hands raised—'Not green—not green at a wedding!' Apparently, it's the greatest faux pas," Jayne laughs, "to wear green at—of all times—a wedding! Especially your own. What the superstition about wearing green is, or what it portends, I didn't—remembering the pearls—inquire!

"By 'the pearls,' I mean those loaned me by Florence Lustig, to wear on my wedding day. Most fantastic thing but . . . with all the earrings I possess, hundreds and hundreds of them . . . I didn't—since I always wear large earrings—own one pair of small pearl earrings . . . which, I belatedly decided, was just what I should wear with my wedding dress. With the wedding day drawing near, however, and time to shop running out, I appealed to Florence Lustig. She told me to help myself to anything in the place, adding, 'But, as for the wedding—you aren't going to wear pearls? Pearls,' said Florence in a still small voice, 'are for tears.'

"The only tears,' I said, stoutly, 'will be of my own doing.'

"I am not superstitious," Jayne says firmly, "at all. And yet," Jayne adds, her femininity showing, "I could wish I hadn't heard that 'pearls are for tears.' For if, some sorry day, you should do something wrong in a marriage, you might think—mightn't you?—If I hadn't worn pearls at my wedding. . . .

"I don't whistle in the dressing-room, I must also admit, and I won't tell people when I'm being considered for a part. Little things like these—if concerned with the profession—I won't do. Apart from the profession, I can walk under ladders, see a black cat streak across my path, break mirrors, and not a red hair rises! Favorable omens leave me similarly unmoved. . . .

"As an instance, on the day before the wedding, Audrey and I went up to Waterford. In the taxi, on our way to Grand Central Station, I found a penny on the floor. 'A penny found,' said Audrey, 'means luck!' The day after the wedding, on our way to Lindenhurst, Steve and I drove through a fire, with people on the sidewalk calling out: 'Lucky for a bridal couple to drive through fire!'

"Let's hope so," Jayne laughs, "but all that these 'favorable omens', really meant to me—especially the 'lucky penny' I found in the cab—was that I was in the cab, on my way to Waterford.

Of the two of us," Jayne recalls, compassionately, "Steve was certainly the more breathless! And with good reason. On that Friday eve, which was the wedding eve, Audrey and I were at Wild Acres, comfortable, fed and early to bed! Whereas Steve, the poor darling, did his show, got off the air at midnight, got into New London—where he stayed what was left of the night—at four, then to bed at five-ish, up before noon, and married at four!

"Aunt Christine is the most generous-spirited, hospitable person in the world. In addition to the huge main house, there are five guest cottages at Wild Acres, and so Aunt Christine had invited the whole 'family connection'—all the aunts and uncles and their husbands and wives and children—to the wedding.

"In addition to being generous—her heart and hearth wide open—Aunt Christine is the jolliest, most let's-go-places-and-do-things person in the world . . . and Steve is her favorite TV star. She thinks Audrey and I are wonderful . . . but secondary, I'd say, to Steve. It was primarily for Steve's sake, then, that Aunt Christine drove me and Audrey and all the children in the wedding party to the beach, picking up Steve at his New London hotel, en route. It was the most beautiful beach. The

most beautiful day. After an hour or so of swimming and sunning, however, I got hungry and ate a hot dog. And Steve, all but sleepless the night before, laid him down and took a nap. This workaday—instead of wedding-day—behavior apparently confounded the young cousins, who had been gazing upon us with starry-eyed awe.

"The bride is eating a hot dog," I overheard one of them say, her voice incredulous, "and the groom is taking a nap . . . haven't they a nerve in their bodies?"

"I didn't think I had one in mine," Jayne smiles. "So cool and calm I felt, so beautifully peaceful. Steve, too. When asked, by one of my aunts, whether he felt as nervous as the bridegroom is supposed to feel, 'No,' Steve said, just a little dubiously, 'I guess not. Not really nervous, that is—just normally emotional.'

Audrey was the nervous one! All the while we were dressing, 'Oh,' Audrey would suddenly quaver, 'got to take another aspirin!' She kept sticking her finger with flower pins, while putting on her corsage and helping me with mine. She kept being fearful I would forget something . . . 'You're wearing "something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue," aren't you? You haven't forgotten any one of them, have you?'

"No," I said, soothingly, 'my dress is blue, also new, and it's on! The pearl earrings, now firmly attached to my ears, are borrowed. My diamond-and-sapphire antique bracelet is the "something old," very old. And, in lieu of the traditional "sixpence for my shoe," I'll slip in the "lucky penny!"'

"It was not until I saw Steve in his light tan silk suit—and the green tie John Fredricks had made for him—that my calm deserted me . . . he looked so handsome, my heart almost stood still.

"And then we were in Aunt Christine's lovely living room . . . all done in a pale gray and white, with touches of yellow and masses of flowers, white gladiolus—even the two MacDowall pookes, a Corki and a St. Bernard, wore white satin ribbons at their throats . . . where the private ceremony was performed. My brother, George Edward Cotter—that's our family name—gave me away. Audrey, as you know, was my maid-of-honor. And Aunt Christine's son, Noah MacDowall, Jr., was Steve's best man.

"While being married, I was just completely dissolved. I heard my creepy voice. I heard the quivers in it, and the stumblings. First time in my life," Jayne says, "that I ever went up in my lines!"

"Perhaps it was because my mind was a bit of a blank where the outside world was concerned. There wasn't any outside world. Or any other people. There was only Steve and me. And I was thinking only—and deeply—about how serious was this step I was taking . . . but that this was what I wanted above all other things and how I hoped—and the hope was a prayer—that I would make a go of it. . . .

"And then the brief ceremony was over," Jayne continues, more relaxed, "and we were in the garden, and refreshments were being served . . . chicken in aspic, lobster in casserole, champagne for those who like champagne . . . and for those who—like Steve and me—don't drink, a sweet punch. There was ice cream in molds and, of course, the wedding cake . . . dark and fruity and iced with white. As the sun began to fade, and a wind came up, Steve and I cut the cake, standing side by side. I saved the whole top of the cake," Jayne adds, laughing, "and, on the next Wednesday night, took it with me to the show and shared it with Dennis O'Keefe, who substituted during the summer for our vacationing Garry Moore, and with my fellow members on the panel!"

"Mingling with the 'family connection'—who were our only guests—were photographers and reporters, both local and from New York, and ten policeman, five plain-clothesmen, and five motorcycle officers. At the front door, a detective stood guard. These precautions were taken because rumor had reached my aunt's ear that people were planning to 'jump the fence'—the fence, at Wild Acres, being a beautiful old stone wall—and also because our wedding gifts were in the house. Not all of them, of course . . . not, for instance, the boat Steve's sponsors gave him—nor the outboard motor my sponsors gave me, knowing how Steve loves to water-ski!"

"But there were tables laden with crystal and silver—including the fabulous silver fish, supple and scaled, a ceremonial cup from King Farouk's collection, which Mark Goodson and Bill Todman, our producers, sent us. Fans from all over the country sent gifts, too. Most of them were briefly—and flatteringly—addressed," Jayne laughs, "to 'Jayne Meadows, Famous TV Star' or to 'Steve Allen, Famous TV Star,' at Waterford, Connecticut. A few of them even omitted the 'Waterford!' There were some lovely things from the fans . . . a Bible printed in 1840, and a playbill, also printed in the 1800's, from a fan in Philadelphia. Handmade lace doilies. Handmade handkerchiefs. A white satin ring case, also handmade. Handmade things are, I always think, heart-made," says Jayne. "A bakery in Brooklyn sent Steve a monumental wedding cake, which, because it came without a box, he couldn't tote with him to Waterford. Instead, he shared it with his cast.

"And then it was over. The sun had set. The moon had risen. The day, the beautiful day, was done . . . and we drove back, my sister and brother drove us back, to New York.

On Sunday morning we drove—through the fire—out to Lindenhurst, in order to spend the day with the boys. Sunday afternoon, back to New York again for Steve to do *What's My Line?* . . . on which I, I am somewhat embarrassed to say, was the 'mystery guest.' 'Wouldn't it be fun,' someone had suggested, a week or two before, 'to have Jayne as the mystery guest the evening after the wedding?'

"Fun—I thought—but what a way to start a marriage—sneaking up on your husband! 'Steve may not like it,' I worried to Audrey, 'I can't discuss it with him—think he'll mind?' 'Oh, it's cute,' said Audrey, 'he won't mind!'

"For two or three hours before the show, we sat in our old apartment, Steve and Audrey and I, and talked. Soon as he left, we simply tore to get me dressed—in a new dress Steve had never seen before. One of the problems was how to disguise my voice so that Steve, who knows it so well, wouldn't catch on. A squeaky voice, we decided, would be safest, way high up, then way low down. It worked. 'I don't know who you are,' Steve said, 'but you sound like Minnie Mouse!' It was Arlene Francis who finally guessed. 'Are you someone,' asked quick-witted Miss F., 'who would be known for a performance you gave, off TV, yesterday?' That did it! Mark Goodson told me, later, that Steve's face turned crimson under the mask! But he didn't mind.

"And so, at last, we are," Jayne says, stars in her eyes, "at home. One of these days, we may take—by the time this story is printed, may already have taken—a brief honeymoon. On the other hand, we may not. We have no dream place we wish to visit, no island of Capri, or of the moon. The only dream place we have is this apartment. This home. And the only honeymoon—may it last as long as we live—is being together."

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The Captain and His Crew

(Continued from page 38)

structure. The quarters are compact, with
two bunks and room for two more, a tiny
galley, and a twelve-gallon water tank for
drinking. (To bathe you go over the side.)
Bert is out on his cruiser about four or
more times a week.

"The boat is one of the greatest things
that ever happened to Bert," says Annette.

That makes two Annettes and there are
three all told. The first mentioned is
twenty-two feet long, and that is the boat.
The second and most important is wife
Annette, about five-foot-six high, brun-
nette and very pretty. The third is daughter
Annette, about "five-year-old high," brun-
nette and very pretty.

All the Parkses, including the boat and
eight-year-old twins Joel and Jeff, live to-
gether on the lower seaside of Connecticut.
But Bert, a Georgia boy born and raised
in Atlanta, hadn't the faintest notion of
buying a boat when they moved out of
Manhattan.

"All of our neighbors, all of the towns-
people—the grocer, the police, the cleaner
—everyone talked boats," Bert says. "You
would hear of people buying a boat before
they got a home."

After all, New England was once the
heart of American shipping and so there
the tradition of going-to-sea still lives. And
New Englanders have special conveniences.
They don't have to seek adventure on the
high seas. Their immediate coastline boasts
most of the largest rocks in the world.

"I have made the acquaintance of a
rock," says Bert, "and it was a very humili-
ating experience."

The day Bert figuratively wrote his name
on one of the rocks was quite beautiful and
the rocks were there to be seen, but Bert
was making a chart run. After all, he had
studied last winter with the Stamford
Power Squadron, where he learned to read
a chart, manipulate a protractor and run
by compass. So it happened that, this day,
he was running "blind."

"I was skidding along, feeling no pain,"
he recalls, "and suddenly people in other
boats began to wave at me. Some waved
kind of frantically and I thought they were
fishermen complaining about my scaring
fish away. I was sorry about scaring the
fish, but my course was plotted and I
couldn't go off it."

They weren't fishermen at all. They were
alarmed boatmen trying to scare Bert
away from the rocks. Suddenly, there was
a wham, bang and crunch.

"It was the crunch I minded most," Bert
says. "No one was chewing toast."

The crunch was merely the skeg and
rudder being chewed up by a hungry rock.
And a boat without a rudder is like an
automobile without a steering wheel. But
Bert, although he had a ship-to-shore radio
and could have phoned for a tow, managed
to get ashore all by himself. This he did by
riding the tide and turning on full power
when he was headed right. And, although
he was heckled a little by the waterfront
boys for hitting the rock, none of them
hid their admiration for his ingenuity.

"Afterwards I discovered the compass
was off," Bert says, "and if I hadn't hit the
rock I'd have wound up in Philadelphia."

But, to go back to the beginning, Bert
recalls, "I used to feel like a freak when
everyone began to talk boats, so I bought
myself a fifteen-foot outboard motor."

Then a friend got Bert aside and said,
"You've got to look proud, man. You've
got to get a captain's cap."

So Bert went down to Abercrombie &
Fitch, a sportsmen's store where you can
be completely outfitted for an African
safari or an expedition to the South Pole.
They had a hat which fit Bert nicely.

"That will be six dollars," the salesman
said.

But the cap looked expressionless.
"Shouldn't there be some kind of insignia
there?" Bert asked.

"Thought you had it," said the salesman
and pulled out an emblem made of gold
thread. The emblem cost twice as much as
the cap.

"I began to feel ill then," Bert recalls. "I
got a pain in my hip pocket where I carry
my wallet, but I was shamed into it and so
bought it."

The moral of that story is that, when the
cap wore out, it was retired to a closet and
was never replaced.

"And then I needed a small boat to get
out to the big boat," Bert recalls. "It's like
buying a car first. Then you build a garage
and then you have to build a house to go
with the garage."

There was a do-it-yourself kit for build-
ing a dinghy.

"I first saw it in a magazine," Bert says.
"There was a picture of a couple building
the boat and they looked kind of thin and
anemic. I figured if they could do it, so
could I."

And the salesman was most encouraging.
He told Bert of two elderly spinsters who
bought the kit and put the boat together
in less time than it takes to knit a sock.
And he said his own nephew, a mere Cub
Scout, had made the craft in one weekend,
after taking time out for football, Sunday
school and meals.

"So I took the kit home and, on a Satur-
day morning, I opened the kit in the garage
and decided to concentrate and get it over
in a hurry like the Scout and two old
ladies." Bert pauses for a grin and deep
breath. "I worked and worked, and three
months later, it was finished. Brother, you
never saw so many screws in one life."

But the outboard was mostly for speed
and, more frequently than not, Bert would
go out alone. When the children and An-
nette joined him, they would take a leis-
urely ride with a food basket and then stop
somewhere for a picnic.

It was the second summer Bert had the
outboard that he began thinking about a
larger boat. He began talking about it, too,
and Annette thought it was a fine idea.

Fall of last year Bert went into the big
boat show which is held annually in Man-
hattan. There you can see everything from
an eight-foot pram to a gold-trimmed
yacht. Bert was accompanied by his five-
year-old daughter Annette, who is gener-
ally called Pet.

"This was strategic thinking," Bert ex-
plains. "At her age, I figured she would
have nothing to say."

He was so wrong. Pet found herself
naturally attracted by yachts selling at
\$100,000 and up. She climbed aboard these
and into the bunks and Bert was kept busy
hauling her out of portholes.

"It was fantastic," Bert says. "At home,
she won't take a nap if you get down on
your knees and beg, but at the show she
kept making for bunks."

Bert, being an intelligent man, immedi-
ately turned Pet's obsession to his advan-
tage. He sighted the boat he had been
thinking about, plunked Pet into one of the
bunks and sat down with a salesman for a
leisurely discussion.

"It was just right for me," Bert says.
"Large enough for comfort and safety but
small enough for one man to run."

Bert left the show with nothing but an
image to carry him through the winter.
The boat wouldn't be delivered till spring.

"Winter nights, I'd see him lying awake
when he should have been sleeping,"
Annette recalls. "At first, I worried that he
was worried about something. Then I

learned that he was just thinking about the boat."

Then Annette bought Bert a cork-handled knife again.

"I had bought him a cork-handled knife the year before," she says. "It was meant as a practical gift and that shows how little I know about boating."

Bert, who is generally a gallant gentleman, wavered a little and suggested that Annette return the knife.

Annette explained, "I thought it might come in handy if you ever had to fight an octopus or a shark."

Bert thought about that a moment and then said, "I'll just have to fight them with my fists and bare teeth."

That was the year Bert had the outboard motor.

"I couldn't help thinking, once the new boat was ordered, that maybe he had graduated into the cork-handled knife class," Annette says, "so I bought it again."

"What man can say no to a beautiful woman twice," Bert says.

In spite of the knife and the daydreaming and the marine lessons, winter passed slowly for Bert. Early in the spring, he exacted a promise from the boat agent that he would phone the moment Bert's cruiser arrived.

"It was in April," Bert recalls. "I had just dressed to go into New York for a TV rehearsal and that's when he phoned. I debated for thirty seconds with myself and finally decided I'd have to miss the rehearsal."

With Annette, he went down to the dock and watched them take the boat off a trailer. It was set on a cradle and wouldn't be launched for a month. During that month, Bert beat a path between his home and the docks. Then one day he took Annette down for another visit and there was a surprise for her. He had named the boat, in tall block letters, *Annette*.

In May came the launching, and the Parks decided to do it up according to newsreel procedure. The whole family went down and Bert took along his movie camera.

"It was to be a real christening," Bert says.

Annette had brought along glasses for a real toast. She had two bottles: one filled with champagne and the other, a bottle of ginger ale.

"We reversed the procedure," Annette says. "We all sipped champagne for the toast and then wrapped the ginger ale in burlap for the christening."

Bert admits to having a kind of lump in his throat as the boat limped into the water and then smoothed out.

"I couldn't have been prouder if I'd just launched the first space ship."

Bert took the family aboard for the maiden run and they all fully approved.

"I'd never seen Bert take to anything with such pleasure before," Annette says.

And so Annette figured that it was the time for her to ask for something special.

For a couple of years there had been something on her mind, literally, that bothered her. And, when Bert was approached for permission, he was just short of being nasty.

"I wanted to cut my hair short," she says. "I was so tired of wearing it long, but I had to—and so did Pet. Bert was insistent."

Since Bert was practically delirious with the boat, she approached him again. A little gruffly, he told her to go ahead. Being cautious, she had Pet's hair cut short first and Bert, although not particularly delighted, didn't gripe.

"So I talked to my hairdresser, who was itching to get on with the scissors, but she was as afraid of Bert as I was."

Finally they arrived at a compromise cut. "It was completely unsatisfactory," Annette says. "I was miserable. It was neither long nor short."

She endured it for a week and then one evening Bert walked in with a crew-cut.

"I was about to explode," she says. "If I could have had an appointment that night, I would have gone—but I was at the hairdresser's the next day."

Annette and the children go out in the boat about once a week.

Bert has taken them swimming and fishing. And, on weekends, friends usually join the Parks and they load food aboard, find a quiet cove for a picnic and have a nice Sunday afternoon. To date, Bert's had only one "crisis" with the boat full.

It was after a picnic and they were cruising home when small-craft warnings were raised. They had a following sea which meant waves began breaking over the stern.

"They looked like mountains," Annette recalls, "small mountains but nevertheless mountains."

Bert could easily have gone home but he took one look at the faces of his friends and kindly turned in at Norwalk and they all took a cab home.

But fishing expeditions and picnics are in the minority of the runs Bert makes. He tells you frankly that, most often, he's alone on the boat.

"It's simply my way of recharging," he says.

One evening recently, Annette had a friend over for dinner. Afterwards Bert impulsively got up and said, "I think I'm going to get in some of this night stuff."

He drove down to the sound and it was a beautiful night. No moon, but a million or more stars. He took the cruiser up the coast a half-dozen miles, cut his motor and dropped anchor. He picked up his ship-shore phone and called home. He told Annette everything was okay.

"I sat there in the open night alone. Above, the sky just dazzles you with stars as far as you look and you look as far as you can and you can't tell where the sky divides from the ocean. You can't see the beginning and you can't see the end." Bert grins and says, "That's it. What else can you say about it?"

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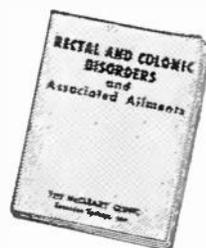
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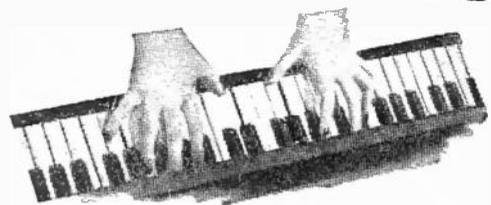
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Concerning John Raby

(Continued from page 34)

it's acting or digging ditches, is not half so important as how he lives. The stage, says Shakespeare, "holds, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature." That mirror may glitter, it may reflect a thousand dazzling images, but it can never be so wonderful as nature itself.

There can be more drama, John has found, in a house in Teaneck, New Jersey, than in any TV script. And the story of his life is not an empty succession of parts played and filed away in an actor's scrapbook. It's the living record of a man—beset with the same problems, the same tragi-comic ups-and-downs which face all of us. Actually, it's the story of two people, for when John met Del, he was to learn that a wife can be a "true professional," too.

Cornelius and Elizabeth Raby had two sons. One was to become a lawyer, like his father. The other was to take after him in a different way—for Cornelius Raby had always been hopelessly stage-struck. "He was an amateur singer," John says, "but the thing that really ruined him was that he once had a small part in 'No, No Nanette.'" Years later, after his wife had died, and one son was a Federal District Attorney and the other a well-known actor, Cornelius Raby was to retire from his law practice and try—too late—to embark on a career in the theater.

"I was born in New York City on June 5, 1916," John says, then hesitates. He can't think of anything else that happened to him until he was eighteen, when he was graduated from high school. "I was too poor to go to college, so I became an office boy in the Wall Street firm of Fenner and Bean. Those were depression years and jobs were scarce, but I couldn't help it. I had to quit. That time-clock frightened me.

"I had a cousin in Texas who owned a sheep ranch. Well, sheep don't frighten me. I was all set to go there and become a rancher, but I was framed. My father said it was time I learned a trade. And to him, of course, 'a trade' meant the theater. He enrolled me in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts."

After graduation in 1935, John's first professional appearance was on the waters of Long Island Sound—as leading man on the showboat *Periwinkle*. That fall, he tried Broadway and was "fairly lucky," getting parts in two plays. After a season of summer stock at Carmel, New York, and Westport, Connecticut, he returned to Broadway, playing leads in "London Assurance," with Ethel Barrymore Colt; "Chalked Out," Warden Lewis E. Lawes' play about Sing Sing; and "Brother Rat."

That's how the record reads, but it doesn't jibe with John's recollection of what those days were actually like. "I think I set some kind of record. In five and a half years on Broadway, I was in more plays than no one can remember the names of any more—they opened and closed so fast. Only one was a hit, and that was 'Brother Rat.'" To keep going, he took any kind of theater job he could get, from stock companies to road shows. "It was all great experience," he says.

It was at Ivorytown, Connecticut, that he met Adele Lambrose. He was directing the summer stock company there. She was enrolled in the student group. Serious about her career as a grand opera singer, Del was studying to improve her acting. But, after ten months, she decided she didn't really want to be Galli-Curci, she wanted to be Mrs. John Raby. And so they were married.

That was in 1939, and that was the year

John developed his meat-bill theory of acting. As a bachelor, the ups-and-downs of an actor's life were part of the excitement, part of the fun. But, as a married man, he started thinking about security. They had a little flat in Greenwich Village, the artists' section of New York. It was their castle, their first home—but it was hardly the place to raise children.

Radio was to make it possible. In May of that year, John originated the role of Harry Davis in the ABC Radio daytime drama, *When A Girl Marries*. Other radio jobs followed, and in several years, the Rabys were able to buy a home in Jackson Heights, Long Island. But they were not able to live there—not long.

In 1942, John entered the Army as a private. Although he claims he was "the stupidest guy ever to graduate from Officers' Candidate School," he was commissioned a second lieutenant and stationed at Fort Riley, Kansas, as an instructor in tank warfare. Del, like so many other wartime wives, sold the house, moved in with her husband's family, and got a job. In 1944, John was sent overseas and assigned as a staff officer at Allied Force Headquarters in Caserta, Italy. That was the year John Jr., was born.

In 1946, when John was discharged from the Army with the rank of captain, he found that an actor can be practically forgotten after several years. Unlike most civilians drafted into the service, few actors had old jobs that were being held open for them. They had to start all over again, building up new reputations from scratch. So it was back to Greenwich Village for the Rabys—this time in a seventeen-dollars-a-month cold-water flat. And meat bills were higher than ever!

John managed to get back his old role in *When A Girl Marries*, but he was not making enough to meet his new expenses as a family man. And every day, while he was acting in a drama, Del was living one.

"Have you ever taken care of a two-year-old child in three tiny rooms, six flights up?" John asks. "Whenever I wasn't making the rounds of casting offices and directors, I tried to help out by taking John Jr., with me on food-shopping expeditions. By the time I got him down six flights of steep stairs, bruised my way through the local supermarket, then carried him and the bundles back up those six flights, I'd be dead. How Del managed, I'll never know. She was terrific!"

Then he laughs, as he remembers. "We had no bathtub! The first few days, until I could rig one up, John Jr., was bathed in the kitchen sink, while Del and I made pointed calls on our more civilized friends. Finally, I managed to get hold of a tub. A friend helped me move it in his truck and lug it up those six flights. But then—there was no way to drain it. Until I could connect a pipe, we were using the tub, then bailing out the water.

After thirteen hectic months in Greenwich Village, John was doing well enough to move to better quarters. Bit by bit, he had rebuilt his reputation, directors were beginning to know his work, and he was being given bigger and better roles in radio. He had also broken into TV as an announcer, appearing in *Showtime, U.S.A.* and *Captain Video*.

By 1950, he and Del had everything they had hoped and planned for in their marriage. There were the children—for Tony, their second son, had been born the year before. And suddenly, there was security. In April, John was given the role of Don Smith, the newspaper editor in *Wendy Warren And The News*. And at last, they could buy that home of their

own. They found just what they wanted—a charming, spacious, seven-room home in Teaneck, New Jersey.

If you have followed Wendy's adventures over CBS Radio for the past four years, you know that Don, a captain in the Reserves, was recalled to active military duty. The plotting was dictated by life, for Captain John Raby had to be written out of the show. In March, 1951, he, too, was called back into the Army. And it wasn't until fifteen months later that Don, now a major, was written back into the show in his old role as Wendy's boss.

In real life, however, there was no promotion to major. John remained a captain. But he had one break that radio's Don Smith never had! Stationed at the Armored School at Fort Knox for the entire fifteen months, he was able to have Del and the children live with him in a bungalow on the post. In addition to his duties as instructor, John wrote and emceed a weekly TV show called *The Armored Center In Review*. WHAS, the local station, was so impressed by his work that they offered him twelve thousand a year to stay on after his discharge. But the Rabys' had a home of their own now. All they wanted was to get back to it.

Once again, John returned to civilian life to resume his interrupted career and, once again, *When A Girl Marries* saved the day. He was given his old role as Harry Davis until he could be written back into the script of *Wendy Warren And The News*. But—just as he had found it necessary to reestablish himself in radio after his previous stint in the Army—now he found he would have to reestablish himself in TV. It took a little while, but John did it. He has appeared—usually as announcer—on *Studio One*, *The Jackie Gleason Show*, *Talent Patrol*, *Campbell Soundstage*, *Hallmark Theater*, and the *Ed Sullivan show*, *Toast Of The Town*. But it didn't leave much time for living. . . .

John had not yet arrived at a point where he had enough regular roles to give him a more or less scheduled week. In addition to long hours of rehearsal, there was the equally time-consuming business of looking for next week's job—the endless round of casting offices, directors, and auditions.

"When I was fortunate and had a heavy period," John recalls, "my days began at 5 A.M. and ended around 11 P.M. I gen-

erally read over the next day's role a couple of times before going to bed—so that, when I get up in the morning, the memorizing comes faster. But, during those periods, I hardly got to see Del. And when my kids wanted to see me, they had to dial me in on TV."

The Rabys had one dream left—for John to achieve a little more regularity about his work and hours. And last July 15, the dream came true. John won the role of Bill Cooke in *Concerning Miss Marlowe*.

"It's a wonderful show!" John exclaims. "A little more sophisticated than most daytime dramas, it has a top cast and director, and two excellent writers. There's no reason it shouldn't run forever!"

To John and Del, it represents the actor's dream of a life like other people. Every morning, he joins the other commuters, armored in neatly pressed business suits, riding the train to do battle in the big city. And every night—the battle won—he returns to the one thing that makes the fight worth-while: a house of his own, with a quiet woman waiting, and two healthy youngsters ready to fling themselves at him when he opens the door.

Now there's time, on weekends, to fix that leaking faucet, to coach John Jr., in his baseball and Tony in his golf. And, best of all, perhaps, there's time to go fishing!

For an actor's life is a demanding one. "There are four professions," John claims, "which ask almost too much of a man—the ministry, professional soldiering, acting, and medicine. All of them deal with something too important—the things that make people tick. And anyone who involves himself in the emotions of other people is in a position of exaggerated responsibility. He doesn't have time to think about himself."

And that's why a man can't do it alone—not without someone to think about him. It takes two "professionals," working together. It takes a wife like Del!

"She was always there," John says gratefully, "always optimistic, always ready to accept any situation as it came along and make the best of it. But, above all, it's her somewhat unreasonable faith in me. Whenever she suspected I was heading for a case of the dumps, in some subtle way she'd get me back into punching form."

John still has next week's meat bill to think of, but now it's all steak and gravy!

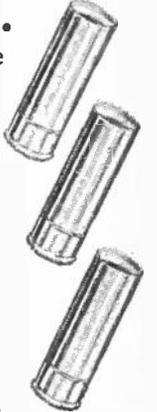
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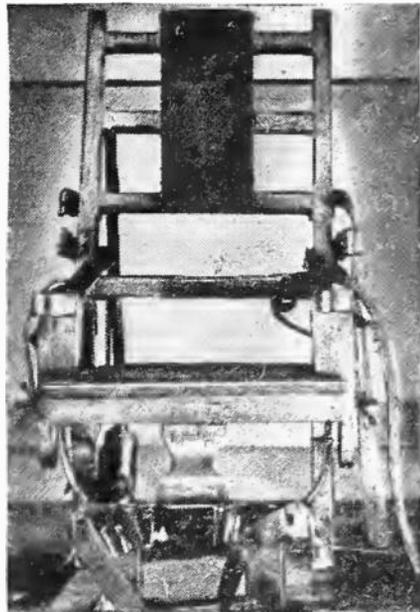
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Florida Has His Heart

(Continued from page 43)

top of the water. The skier, who is being pulled along at about 35 miles an hour, heads his skis straight into the ramp, then hurtles through the air for distances of fifty feet or more, landing in an upright position—he hopes.

Couple times, Tom nearly killed himself learning to jump. He cracked ribs, pulled muscles. In one bad spill, he dislocated both shoulders and slept painfully in a chair for the next twelve days. But he kept at it.

In the spring of 1948, he won his first medal for a ski exhibition and, since then, has accumulated some forty such awards. He's currently senior men's jumping champion of Florida.

"A funny thing happened to me one day on the way to the ski jump," Tom says.

He was skiing to a particularly calm part of the lake to practice. Tom, a little near-sighted, approached the jump skidding briskly but—just as he got to the jump—he saw an alligator on the ramp.

"It was a ten-footer and they weigh about four hundred pounds," Tom says. "Down here, they tell you no alligator ever attacked a man, but I hadn't been told that yet and I was plenty scared."

Tom aimed with one foot and, luckily, it was a bull's-eye kick—the alligator was tumbled into the lake and everything was okay.

Neither alligators nor cracked ribs nor the passage of time have abated Tom's enthusiasm for water skiing. He has even opened a school of his own, where he teaches six afternoons a week and all day Sunday. And, as if this weren't enough, Tom is over at Cypress Gardens appearing in their water shows.

"They have four shows a day," he says. "I try to make two or three."

Tom's days may sound strenuous, but he doesn't see it that way.

"I work seven days a week, but I enjoy every minute of it," he says. "Everything I do here, I enjoy."

Actually, Tom gets up a little earlier in Florida than he once did in Chicago. It's a 7 A.M. bugle in Winter Haven. The morning paper's waiting for him on the porch, along with a quart of orange juice (he drinks a gallon a day). Anyway, by eight, Tom is at the studio and the show goes on at ten, Central Time.

In addition to the five morning shows, Tom does the Saturday-night quiz program, *True Or False* . . . runs his ski school . . . owns some orange trees . . . and has a part interest in the local radio station. All the above items come under the heading of "making money" and therefore are called "work."

For recreation, Tom eats Willie Lou's Southern fried chicken, plays gin rummy, and goes for moonlight motorboat rides on the lake. But usually, when Tom invites W.L. for a ride around the lake, he's talking about skiing. He taught W.L. to ski.

"Course we had to teach her to swim first," Tom adds.

He was amazed at her courage, for most adults who can't swim have a deep fear of water.

"I remember one time when she was just learning to dog-paddle," Tom says, "and we were riding around in a boat, me and W.L. and a friend."

It was the spot where Tom had jostled with the alligator and he was reminiscing, and then W.L. asked how deep it was there.

"Why don't you jump in and find out?" Tom teased.

With that, his wife dived over the side and began her splashy dog-paddle.

"I was scared sick," Tom says. "That part of the lake was considered bottomless, let alone plagued with alligators." Instantly, he and his friend dove in after W.L. They pulled her out—much to her chagrin. She wasn't frightened and couldn't understand why they should be. "And she'd been swimming only a few days!"

W.L. has proven herself more than once in situations which are a little unusual for a woman—a modern woman anyway.

"Every once in a while, we go out on a wild-pig or turkey hunt," Tom says. "The turkeys are fine eating."

The wild turkeys are very shy and require great patience.

"W.L. enjoys turkey hunts. The way we do it is to find ourselves a likely glen and then each takes a post about a hundred yards from the others. Then we just sit there with a shotgun and wait, as quiet as a bump on a log."

One day, W.L. had been sitting alone like that for nearly three hours when into the small clearing walked a full-grown bear. The bear looked at Willie Lou and Willie Lou looked back at the bear. Willie Lou couldn't figure out what the bear had on his mind, so she decided she'd better do something. Instead of turning and running, she walked right up to the bear and yelled. The bear turned tail and ran. Tom, who heard the noise, came running and W.L. told him what had happened.

"You scared him off by yelling?" Tom asked.

"Yes."

Tom, a lot more shaken than W.L., asked, "What in the world did you say?"

"Boo," she said. "I just told him 'boo.'"

W.L., with her shotgun and "boo," isn't a frequent hunter. As often as not, Tom goes out with Tom, Junior. Tom, Jr., only fifteen years old, is also only six-foot-three and weighs only two hundred pounds. He's very athletic—like Senior—and is a four-letter man. During the winter, he is at Shattuck Military Academy in Minneapolis. But, during the summer and vacations, he works for his dad as an instructor in the water-ski school. Junior would like nothing better than to have a career in radio himself some day, with the emphasis on sport reporting.

"He's a great kid," Tom says, "one of the best."

Tom's main interest in life is looking out for his family and making their lives happy ones. He is always quick to praise his wife and son and Florida. But they, in turn, think the world of Tom, too, and so do his neighbors.

Tom earned the gold Banker's Cup, the highest award the community gives to one of its citizens each year for outstanding service to the city. And then Tom was made an admiral in the cabinet of the Governor of Florida.

"They made me a five-star admiral in the Florida navy," Tom says, "and even gave me a battleship with a full crew."

The battleship was a canoe manned by two bathing beauties.

The natives of Florida have even decided that Tom Moore was born in Illinois purely by error. He's no dam-yankee, they insist. He's really a Confederate, a Rebel, a true Florida Cracker.

"I'm a lucky man. That's what I am," Tom says. "I'm lucky to live where I want."

But natives of Florida figure they're pretty lucky to have Tom.

Four Magic Words

(Continued from page 31)

complete with affectionate tributes to Eddie Cantor—upon the conclusion of which, Eddie rose from his seat in the audience and made his announcement. 'I have news for you, Dinah,' said Eddie, 'it's not my Life, it's yours!'

"There was a moment of silence you could almost taste and hear!" Ralph laughs. "Then there were sounds—'Er, ah, oh, but Ida!'—the like of which had never before been heard issuing from the lyric throat of songstress Shore. And then, 'I didn't think you could do this to me, Eddie,' she laughed, 'I know the show so well!'

"Joan Caulfield was awfully cute, too," Ralph recalls, "and in our devious approach to her, we were also awfully cute—although, where we were concerned, the word 'cute' had a different connotation, I'm afraid. Joan is a very smart cookie and so we, trying to be likewise, threw the red herring of a real tall tale across her path: We told her we were planning to do the life of a miner from Colorado which involved bringing on his kith and kin from their mountain homes.

"They are going to be very nervous and frightened," we said, "and so we wondered whether you would come down about half an hour before air-time, talk with them a bit, tell them how simple it is to be on TV, kid around with them, put them at their ease. We'll take pictures of you with the lot of them, which will be real great for them when they get back home. Just to meet you will add a Hollywood luster to their visit," we said earnestly, "and will help us an awful lot."

"So when Joan, having agreed to do her good deed for that day, came down to the studio half an hour before show-time, we had a whole phony cast assembled. She talked reassuringly, and charmingly, to the 'miner' and his relatives. She posed for pictures with them. She gave each and every one of them her autograph and, at air-time, quietly took her seat in the audience—to be immediately electrified by my opening words: 'We really fooled you Joan—This is Your Life, Joan Caulfield!'

"With her mouth a Grand Canyon, Joan squealed, 'Oh, ah, Ralph, my zipper!' And then, clutching the defaulting zipper, face red as a rose, Joan came on stage, saying briskly, 'One thing is for sure, Ralph Edwards, you'll never get Frank here!' just as Producer Ross walked on—'And,' Joan laughed aloud, giving her spouse a double-take, 'without a shave!'

Not only Hollywood personalities are selected, as you know, for the spotlight on *This Is Your Life*. The way in which the selections are made is fascinating and also painstaking. . . .

"At least twenty people a day," says Mr. Edwards, "call in, or write in, suggesting people to whose lives we should pay tribute on our show. Everyone reads the suggestions and discusses them—my co-producers, our research editors and I. Choice of a principal subject is dictated, to some extent, by categories—that is, 'We haven't had a country doctor recently,' one of us will say. Or, 'We haven't had someone who conquered ill health.' Or 'Need a youthful personality this time'—as, for instance, the time we lured Jinx Falkenburg McCrary away from her mikes in New York to our mike in Hollywood, on the pretext of doing a special commercial—the first color commercial ever done on TV—for our sponsor, Hazel Bishop. Poor Jinx learned the commercial, pages long, by heart . . . only to be interrupted, at the end of the first few words she spoke on mike, with 'Don't go on, Jinx, it's all a mistake' . . . and when she paled, looked

embarrassed, started to apologize, we let her have it—'This Is Your Life, Jinx Falkenburg!'

"Jinx took it with characteristic gaiety and good grace, making only one small moan over the hours lost from her crowded schedule in order to memorize the commercial—which I will be able to deliver, word for word," Jinx told her radio and TV audiences the next day, 'any hour of the day or night, anywhere in the world, for as long as I live!'

"In whatever category we pick our principal, we always try," Ralph explains, "to make sure it is a person whose deeds and character show a sympathetic nature and whose endeavors in life have been of a constructive nature. Once we are agreed on a choice, preliminary research is begun. If it holds up—if, that is to say, the life of the person under consideration is all that it appears to be—'Let's do it!' I say. And then we really get into the research!

We begin by finding out where the people involved in our principal's life can be found, and we talk to every single individual. If near enough, Don or Jan—either or both—will go to see them, talk with them personally. If not near enough, they call them on the telephone. They ask them first whether they are familiar with *This Is Your Life*. If they are, that is that. If they are not, Don or Jan describes the show, explains that it is a tribute to the life of the person in the spotlight. Having got as much information as possible from each and every individual contacted, they then swear each and every individual to extreme secrecy. 'If there is a leak,' they warn, 'if the person whose Life this is to be finds out about it or is tipped off, the show will be cancelled.'

"As it will be. As it was," Ralph emphasizes, "in the case of Ann Sheridan, who, during the time we were preparing the script of her Life, was working at one of the motion picture studios—Universal-International, as I recall. One day, she happened to walk into the office of a director we had been contacting for material on Ann's past and present pictures, and she noticed a script titled *This Is Your Life* lying on his desk . . . noticed, too, that some of her photographs, old and new, were attached to the script . . . got wise, called Steve Hannagan's office, and said, 'Look, kids, I've got to be honest about this thing. . . .' The Hannagan office, which handles Ann's publicity, called us and—we did not do the show. At the last moment, we called it off, told the audience why it had been called off, and replaced it with the Lillian Roth show. A hard way to prove the authenticity of the fact that we do not do a show if the principal subject finds out.

"Actually, however, Ann's is the only story that has been revealed to the subject—accidentally, that is—before the show. We ourselves gave Eddie Cantor advance notice because of his heart condition. We did the same with Lillian Roth because we thought the Roth viewers might think it bad taste to take Lillian, who has come through so much—as those who have read her best-selling book, *I'll Cry Tomorrow*, well know—by surprise. We recently tipped off another person—a dope addict. But Ann's remains the only 'leak' on the record.

"As protection against a possible repetition of the same thing, however, we always have a standby film ready, and this goes," Ralph says, "right up to show time.

"Not that this contingency worries me much, if at all, for I have found," Ralph

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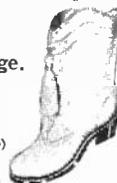
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smiles his bright smile, "that people keep secrets. If you are planning to give a surprise party—who, after all, is going to spoil it by telling? And what, after all, is *This Is Your Life* but a surprise party?"

It's an interesting sidelight on auburn-haired Mr. Edwards that he really loves surprise parties, surprise presents—never comes home from a trip without wonderful surprise presents for his family, and for the office staff who didn't make the trip—and will thank his family and office staff if they, upon returning from a trip he didn't make, will do the same for him! This love of surprises may well be the clue to the brilliance, the ebullience, the eagerness and warmth, with which Mr. E. surprises his guest of honor and viewers.

"Our best bet in preserving secrecy is, of course," Ralph continues, "that we very seldom contact the principal directly. When we do, it's always with a red herring in hand. And of red herrings—in addition to those we used to delude Dinah and Joan—we have an ample supply!"

"For instance, when we did Jeanette MacDonald's story, we used the gimmick of asking Jeanette to be on our show for the purpose—we told her, straight-faced—of presenting me with a plaque from the Optimists Club. Since Jeanette's appearance with us was during the early days of the show, we figured that she wasn't liable to be overly suspicious, but, since Nelson Eddy, who played so large a part in Jeanette's career, was also to be on the show—along with a number of other big name people—we were at pains to warn everyone who might come into contact with Jeanette, including the parking lot attendants here at the studio, to take care what they said to Miss MacDonald if they should speak with her before air-time.

"Which, as it turned out, was a stitch in time! For, as Jeanette drove onto the lot the night of the show and began maneuvering for space, one of the attendants told her: 'Park right over there, Miss MacDonald, next to Mr. Eddy's car.' 'Mr. Eddy?' Jeanette said, thinking out loud, 'I wonder what he's doing here?' Whereupon the attendant—remembering, just in time, the warning given him—said briskly, 'Auditioning for a new TV show, Miss MacDonald.' Which made sense to Miss MacDonald, and allayed her suspicions!

"Fifi Dorsay, the clever French comedienne, accepted an invitation to appear on our show in order to win an award—so she was told, in all seriousness—from TV RADIO MIRROR, and to present a similar award to me. We had two plaques made, one for Fifi, one for me. But when I presented her plaque to Fifi, it was with these words: 'For falling hook, line and sinker for our little joke—*This Ees Your Life, Fifi Dorsay!*'

Jean (*Dr. Christian*) Hersholt was led, like a lamb to the fold, by Neal Reagan, one of our co-producers—who told Jean that a new sponsor for the *Dr. Christian* series wanted to meet him, and that Neal would be happy to arrange the meeting . . . at say, the Hollywood Knickerbocker Hotel (which is a stone's throw from our studio), on . . . say, the next Wednesday evening. Jean and Neal were in the lobby of the Hollywood Knickerbocker waiting for the 'new sponsor' to turn up when suddenly, from a mike planted among the potted palms, my voice rang out: 'Jean—*This Is Your Life, Jean Hersholt!*' Whereupon the good *Dr. Christian*, stuttering in his native Danish, was hustled by Neal to our studio and our waiting mike!

"Awards to be made to the principal (or to me) . . . people who wish to meet the principal (always near-by the studio) for some legitimate but urgent reason . . . some help they can render us in preparing a specific show . . . these are the ruses

commonly used when we contact the principal directly. Usually, however, our contact is a close friend or relative.

"When we did the Life of restaurateur Toots Shor, we told Toots we were going to do the Life of his good friend, author and foreign correspondent Quentin Reynolds—and would he, Toots, help with the research, get all material together, and, furthermore, keep Quent in tow until show time, get him to the theater on time? With the vast good nature for which—as much as for the vast amount of good food he serves in his famous eatery—Toots is justly renowned, he 'researched' Quent with a will. He talked with all Quent's friends within reach, dug up old friends Quent hadn't seen in years, kept the wires hot with some bit of Reynolds lore he'd just unearthed, kept Quent in tow all day Wednesday, got him to the theater on time. This was a real dilly. For, all the while, Quent—who was actually our contact—knew it was Toots' Life we were doing. He was in on the whole deal, did the same amount of research on Toots—that poor Toots did on him, played it poker-faced to the very end—which was when, on camera, Toots said in booming tones, 'This Is Your Life, Quentin Reynolds!' To which Quent's quick comeback was: 'That's what you think, Toots—*This Is Your Life, Toots Shor!*'

The ruse we used when we were preparing the script of Pat O'Brien's Life was also a pretty elaborate one. We asked Fay Wray, a good friend of Pat's, to tell him that she had a chance to do a new TV series, to be titled (we thought this was pretty sharp!) *Fay's Day*. Going along with the gag, Fay said, 'Look, Pat, I'm doing this thing with Johnny Mack Brown. But we need some help, and if we could just get you to—oh, Pat, would you help us by cutting the kinescope with us next Wednesday night?'

"Why, sure, honey," said Pat, whose Irish heart is as big and deep as the Irish Sea.

"And sure, that's just what he did! Timing it carefully, they had just about finished cutting the kinescope in a studio adjoining ours when we cut in on them. The instant they heard my voice and realized that *This Is Your Life* was about to go on the air, they were hep—or Pat and Johnny were hep—that it would be one of them. But which one? Even Fay wasn't too sure we hadn't been pulling the wool over her eyes. Minutes later, 'This Is Your Life, Pat O'Brien!' ended the suspense. Foregoing the phony kinescope they had been making (there was no film in the camera), Fay and Johnny hustled a red-faced Irishman into our studio, onto our stage, face to face with our mike!

"I'm still waiting," Ralph laughs, "for some guy to say, 'Not me, buddy!' and walk out. Or for him to say, 'You can't mean me'—and run out.

"A funny thing that happens quite often—when we're doing the Life of some show business personality, and other celebrities are involved in the show, each one thinks it is going to be him, or her!

"When the Life of Don DeFore—who appears on Ozzie and Harriet Nelson's TV show—was on the agenda, Ozzie and Harriet were our contacts. And from the moment we first contacted them to the moment we went on the air, we had to keep convincing them it was not one or both of them, in order to get them to work along with us. Until they actually heard me say 'This Is Your Life, Don DeFore!' they had That Expression," Ralph laughs, "on their faces!"

"We had quite a 'do,' one way and another, with the DeFore show. We dared not tell the DeFore children until the last minute, in case they might inadvertently

make a slip in front of their father. (We are as careful as the FBI about those we take, dare to take, into our confidence.) Then Don tried to reach his mother in Iowa and she (being on the way here) didn't answer the phone—which, so Harriet reported, upset him. Also, he was annoyed because, at the last minute, Ozzie and Harriet told him he'd have to work late Wednesday evening, at a hamburger stand, making a film for their summer show. Don had made a previous engagement for that evening, he is not a hamburger man, he was definitely not in hamburger 'heaven' when, as he stood at the stand gloomily munching away, I cut in, on the concealed mike, with 'Don DeFore, This Is Your Life!'

"All was well, however, that ended so happily. Harriet and Ozzie hustled and jostled Don to the studio. And there, safe and sound, was his mother. Also his sisters and brothers. It was the first time all the DeFore sisters and brothers had been together at one time in twenty-five years—and the program played on the senior Mrs. DeFore's birthday!

"Rounding up the DeFores was child's play, however, compared to what we went through assembling the McLaglen brothers when we did the Life of Victor McLaglen. Two of the brothers were in Africa, but in different parts of Africa. One was in the Mau-Mau country; the other was hunting crocodiles, no one knew where. Through our association with TWA, which has offices all over the world, we arranged to get drum-beaters out in order to get the brothers out and, subsequently—it was just like a fiction story—to our mikes. But, watching big Vic's eyes light up, it was well worth it.

"It is a source of great satisfaction to us when a show brings happiness, of one sort or another, to the person whose life we are honoring. Lillian Roth's appearance with us has created, she's been nice enough to tell us, a whole new career for her. She has headlined at the Palace in New York for the first time since, thirty years ago, she first headlined there. Her book, *I'll Cry Tomorrow*, is a best-seller and she has enough bookings to keep her busy for another year.

And so, on tiptoe, finger to lip, we go . . . when Mack Sennett appeared on our show, he thought he was to do an interview on film about his book, *King of Comedy* . . . in order to lure Pat Kelly—who, up until his retirement last spring, had been supervisor of announcers on NBC in New York for twenty-five years—out to Hollywood and on our mike, we arranged for him to give a lecture to the Radio Department of UCLA. Since Pat had also taught an announcing class at Columbia University for ten years, the head of UCLA's Radio Department was delighted to have him speak. And he did speak. It was all perfectly legitimate—up to the moment when he sat in our audience, supposing that in the audience was where he would remain, and heard, incredulously 'This Is Your Life, Pat Kelly!'

"When, quite recently, we did Gilda Gray, it wasn't hard to get her to the studio, because we asked her, quite matter-of-factly, to come to the show and make a suggestion as to what 'repeat' show she'd like best to see during the summer. When, at the given moment, I announced, 'This Is Your Life, Gilda Gray!' she said, suiting the action to the words, 'I'm shaking more now than when I do the shimmy!'"

And so, on tiptoe, as Ralph says, finger to lip they go . . . and if you have that eerie sense of being shadowed, if your best friends won't tell you, well, we've told you, haven't we?

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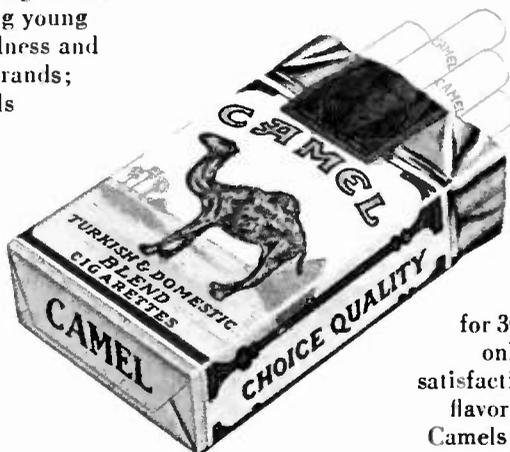
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