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RADIO MIRROR'S N. Y., N. J., Conn. Edition

JUNE



DAVE GARROWAY



GALE STORM



CARL WRIGHTSON

"THE HONEYMOONERS"
Audrey Meadows and
Jackie Gleason



Why everyone loves Jackie Gleason

BY AUDREY MEADOWS

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so little!**

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CHLOROPHYLL
STICK
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JUNE, 1955

**TV RADIO
MIRROR**

N.Y., N.J., Conn. Edition

VOL. 44, NO. 1

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Cover portrait of Audrey Meadows and Jackie Gleason by Dave Preston

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Often a bridesmaid...
Never a bride

Most of the girls of her set were married . . . but not Eleanor. It was beginning to look, too, as if she never would be. True, men were attracted to her, but their interest quickly turned to indifference. Poor girl! She hadn't the remotest idea why they dropped her so quickly . . . and even her best friend wouldn't tell her.

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**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
 STOPS BAD BREATH**

**4 times better
 than any tooth paste**

Countless WABD viewers have found help, happiness and inspiration as the result of watching or writing

A letter to Lee Graham

By ELLEN TAUSSIG



Because of the personal nature of each guest's problem, Lee has them face her, not the camera, on her program.



Most of her off-camera hours are spent working, but Lee loves evenings to be with husband Lawrence and friends.

EACH OF US, at some time in our lives, has been faced with a problem we could not solve alone. And, whether the problem is great or small, the important thing is that there is someone to advise or help us. For thousands of Station WABD viewers, that "someone" is Lee Graham. Each day on her program, *Letter To Lee Graham*, seen at 2:30 P.M., she interviews and advises a guest who has written to her for help. The problems dealt with are varied and always universal . . . a woman who wants to put the spark back in her marriage . . . a man "over 35" who can't find work . . . a young girl whose parents disapprove of her boy friend. And one thing is always certain: Lee will do everything she can to help solve the problem, even if it means being "brutally" frank. "I put frankness above trying to get people to like me," says Lee. This, however, has endeared her all the more to her viewers who consider her "a friend who comes in every day." The purpose of her show, says Lee, "is not to be sensational, but to teach."

In addition to benefiting from her programs, an average of 1000 people a week receive from Lee either a personal reply to their questions or one of her 15 self-help charts, ranging from "Ten Ways to Make Your Marriage Happier" to "How to Stay on a Diet." ("I don't let anything go unanswered," says Lee.) Then, too, Lee is an instructor in human relations and family problems at the College of the City of New York and author of two books and numerous articles on the subject.

A born and bred New Yorker, Lee was 17 and a sophomore at Hunter College when she left to marry Lawrence Graham, a successful New York businessman. She resumed her studies at Columbia University, majoring in psychology. To round out her background, she studied fashion and journalism at the Traphagen School, followed by courses in advertising, promotion and interior decorating. During World War II Lee was a member of the Red Cross, serving at the Blood Bank Center and as a case worker in the Home Service Department. Following the war she began to write professionally, lecture, give vocational guidance, and appear as guest on radio and TV shows.

Happily married for twenty years, Lee has combined marriage and a career with a perfection that characterizes all her actions. She and Lawrence live in a hotel-apartment in Manhattan, opposite Central Park. Their home is attractively adorned with mementos from their wide travels. They buy something in every country they visit, but never take any pictures—"mostly because we're not good at it," Lee explains. Lee also collects statues of angels and has them beautifully arranged in her living room, along with several handsome paintings. Because their kitchen is closet-size, Lee only cooks in about twice a week, but the Grahams entertain often—after dinner. As proud as any husband could be, Lawrence has a TV set in his office and watches Lee's program every day.

There is a great deal more that could be said of Lee Graham—her personal charm and sincerity; her tireless efforts in serving as "a guide to happier living." But all that could be said would only be adding a P.S. to the already perfectly "written" *Letter To Lee Graham*.



Lee receives an average of 1000 letters a week and personally answers all those of a specific nature.

Lee has a varied and attractive assortment of hats she trims herself.



Vacations mean travel for the Grahams. Below: Dining at sea, bound for Europe.



In her cozy kitchen, Lee prepares a frosted far Lawrence.





STEVE ALLEN'S TURNTABLE

HI, THERE! It's me again, back at you for our monthly record roundup. I guess it's Maytime, or spring cleaning time, or something, but there's always time for music, so let's see what's doing in the disc department.

Joni James, that pretty lass with the plaintive voice, has a new release of an oldie—which is just right for her style—"When You Wish Upon a Star." This could be the new hit Joni has been wishing for. On the backing she asks the musical question, "Is This the End of the Line?" (M-G-M)

If mambo is your meat, you'll like Perez Prado's latest album, "Mambo Mambo," which will be released in a couple of weeks. Some of the tunes include "April in Portugal," "Mambo a la Kenton," "Mambo a la Billy May," and "Mambo de Chattanooga." (Victor)

Jumping from mambo to mish-mash, if you will, here's a confusing album title for you: "Hipsters, Flipsters and Finger Poppin' Daddies, Knock Me Your Lobes." That's the name of it—for real—and it's done by Lord Buckley, the West Coast musical maniac, who does parodies on Shakespeare, with "hip" language, jazz phraseology, and so on. This particular set was originally recited to a background of jazz standards, but the music was deleted because it drowned out the "recitations." (Victor)

Columbia Records have signed two talented newcomers, with big hopes for both of them. One is a baritone, Steve Clayton, who debuts with two ballads, "Where You Go, Go I," and "Aladdin's Lamp." The other is Cathy Johnson—discovered by The Four Lads Quartet, by the way, in Buffalo, New York—and her first two sides are "Rockin' and Yodelin'" and "Guilty Shadows." Good beginning, kids.

"Les and Mary" is the simple title of a fine album—by Les Paul and Mary Ford, of course. They have taken some standard favorites and given them the usual Ford-Paul touch. Included are such familiar chestnuts as "Tico-Tico," "Falling in Love with Love," "Sunny Side of the Street," "Just One of Those Things," and "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot." (Capitol)

Dolores Hawkins, the "George" girl, has a new blues recording of "Smoky Morning," which I kinda like. The backing is a rhythm and blues tune, "No Such Luck." Don Costa's orchestra on both. Dolores did a wonderful job on my *Tonight TV* show a few weeks ago when she previewed both of these sides. (Epic)

M-G-M has taken some of their big single sellers of the past few months and put them together in an album called "Pop Parade," and it makes for a good variety set. Included are: Joni James' "How Im-

portant Can It Be?"; "All of You," by Rush Adams; "The Finger of Suspicion," by The Naturals; Pat O'Day's "Earth Angel"; Tommy Mara's "Pledging My Love"; Billy Fields' "Sincerely"; Franklyn MacCormack's "Melody of Love"; and "Ballad of Davy Crockett," by James Brown.

The Chordettes have come up with their first single record since their big hit, "Mr. Sandman," and you should be hearing it for quite a while. The gals have chosen a tune in the novelty groove, called "The Dudelsack Song." This side has German lyrics and some unusual Scotch bagpipe playing. The backing is a rhythm song, "Lonely Lips," with some "bum-de-bum" beat sounds in the background "rendered" by conductor Archie Bleyer. (Cadence)

Molly Goldberg and comedian Red Butons are just about the last two people you'd ever think of for a platter duet, but Columbia thought of it—and very happily—and the results are: "Practice, Darling, Practice" and "My Mother's Lullaby," with orchestral accompaniment by Jimmy Carroll. On the "Practice" side Molly urges Red to *please* practice his fiddle because, as she tells him, "You'll be a Heifetz yet."

Al Martino is one crooner who has really improved tremendously, following his European sojourn. Al studied voice seriously while on the Continent, and you'll notice the difference in his quality on his first record since returning to America. He sings an inspirational ballad, "Love Is Eternal," and a jump ditty, "Snowy, Snowy Mountains," with Monty Kelly's orchestra. An interesting sidelight to "Love Is Eternal" is that the lyrics were written by Jean Stone, the wife of Irving Stone, who authored the best-selling book of the same title. (Capitol)

After all the hullabaloo with the male quartets, it now seems to be the singing sister groups who are riding high—The DeJohns, The De Castros, The McGuires, and so forth. And here come The De-Marco Sisters, five of the nicest kids in show business, with what looks like just the hit they've been waiting for—"Two Hearts" and "Dreamboat." (Decca)

Lawrence Welk and his orchestra have recorded two instrumentals which should appeal to Welk fans, "The Elephants' Tango" and "Lazy Gondolier." The Welk accordion is very much present, but Lawrence seems to have left out some of the extra sound effects he usually employs for his "Champagne Music" bubbles. (Coral)

If you like jazz, give a listen to an album titled "King Richard The Swing-Hearted." This one is by Dick Collins, the new trumpet discovery, who sounds so much like the late, great Bix Beiderbecke. In

fact he has been tagged "Bix" Collins by many musicians and record people, and big predictions have been made for the Collins musical future. (Victor)

Ginny Gibson has waxed the cute new novelty, "Whatever Lola Wants," backed with a lyrical warning, "If Anything Should Happen to You." Well, something just might happen with this record, especially the "Lola" tune, which could turn out to be another "Hernando's Hideaway" kind of thing. (M-G-M)

Two new sides by Eddie Fisher—"Take My Love" and "Just One More Time"—and I think they're just about the best recordings he has ever done. "Take My Love" is a rich ballad, with a tender lyric, from the M-G-M musical, "The Glass Slipper." It was written by the composers of "Hi Lili, Hi Lo" and has much of the same charm. "Just One More Time" is a bouncy rhythm ballad. (Victor)

If you follow the Arthur Godfrey shows and would like to take a trip to New York, but can't get there, maybe you'll settle for a new album called, "A Visit to New York with Arthur Godfrey and All the Little Godfreys." It's just what it sounds like—a musical tribute to the big town by Mr. G. and his entire cast: Frank Parker, Janette Davis, The Mariners, Marion Marlowe, The McGuire Sisters, Hale-loke, and the newest Little Godfrey, Carmel Quinn. (Columbia)

And I should be going, as my space is gone. So long for now—be seeing you next month with the June tunes.



The Four Coins—George Mantalis, Michael James (top), George James, Jim Gregorakis (bottom)—have a hit in "My Anxious Heart."



Change your hair style without a bit of trouble, for SPRAY NET brushes out instantly. It doesn't flake or ever get the tiniest bit sticky.

Helene Curtis sponsors the
Pretty Soft Look

Helene Curtis SPRAY NET* keeps your hair prettily in place all day, but with a bewitching softness.

How should your topknot look this season? Grimly lacquered into place? Wildly waving in the breeze?

Never! This season the look is *soft and shining* hair that stays put in the *prettiest way*.

For Helene Curtis dipped deep into a chemist's tube and came up with a delightfully different hair spray. A hair spray so silky . . . so soft it couldn't possibly make hair dry or stiff or brittle. Yet it held each curly straggler in place. Waves behaved despite humidity. Flyaway hair tamed down nicely. In a word—it worked! And softly, prettily!

So here, from Helene Curtis to you, with flattery in every swoosh, is SPRAY NET. The ladylike-way, the pretty soft-way to curb your curls and hold your wayward waves!

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



No drooping curls on rainy days. With SPRAY NET your hair pays no mind to dampness or humidity. Curls and waves stay in, weather or no.



Set your pin curls in a hurry. Just roll them up, make large loose curls on top, smaller ones at your neckline, then spray with SPRAY NET. They'll dry in minutes, they'll look soft and pretty.



Use SPRAY NET every day, as often as you like, for it contains exclusive Spray-On Lanolin Lotion. Keeps your topknot soft and silky.



Now there are two types of Helene Curtis SPRAY NET. Let your hair be the judge. If it's "baby-fine" or you like the casual look, the new Super Soft SPRAY NET, without lacquer, will be beautifully right. For hair that's thick, harder-to-manage, for elaborate hair-dos, use Regular SPRAY NET . . . already the favorite of millions!



Pantomimics Bert Houle, Donn Tibbetts, Miss Jay Stewart, and artist Jeff Cuddy—backed by cameramen and crew—fill the TV screen with merriment.

What goes on while the record's spinning on a TV show?
If it's a Donn Tibbetts program on WMUR:

ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN

THE RECORDS spin and the fun goes around right along with them on *The Donn Tibbetts Show* . . . a disc-jockey show which is seen as well as heard on Station WMUR-TV, weekdays at 4:05 P.M. and Monday at 7:30 P.M. . . . a variety show spiced with hilarity. . . . Donn himself might pantomime, introduce a litter of puppies, fly in an Air Force jet, or spar with a live bear as one of today's hit records is played. Or Jeff Cuddy may step up to the easel to do an on-camera sketch illustrating the tune. Bert Jay Stewart and the Company—sometimes joined by Donn—might pantomime a number with a complete "prop" set. Or a top recording star might turn up to pantomime his own latest hit and dance with Donn's teen-age guests. . . . Young Bert Houle makes a twice-weekly appearance to gales of laughter and applause for his pantomimes and, twice a week also, Donn calls a recess from records to give parents an off-the-campus look at teachers from the Tri-State area of New Hampshire, Vermont and northern Massachusetts. . . . The man behind the merriment, Donn Tibbetts, is a Manchester, New Hampshire, native. He was born November 29, 1930, and began broadcasting ten years later—through a tea-strainer over a make-believe network. He's loved radio ever since. And, though greater metropolitan centers may dangle more glittering radio bait before him, Donn refuses to bite because he also loves the Granite State "where mountains, beautiful scenery, lakes and fresh air

are everyday things and not just vacation memories." . . . Donn met his wife Jane when they were both in high school and he followed her home to find out where she lived. The address today is a Manchester apartment, just a few minutes from the WMUR studios. Jane and Donn share it with their sons Don, 3, and Gary, who will soon blow out his first birthday candle. . . . A home movie enthusiast, Donn has taken some 8200 feet of film of his family, doing his own splicing, editing and titling. He

enjoys water-skiing at his folks' camp at Lake Massasecum and, as of last winter, he is also "an amateur snow skier." For the future, Donn hopes "to build a big ranch house on an acre or two of land, with plenty of room for the kids to play and ride horses if they like." The land, of course, will be located in New Hampshire, where WMUR-TV viewers have a new bit of mountain lore: Anything can happen on Donn Tibbetts' shows, but whatever happens, it's sure to be fun for everyone.



Favorite movie stars for shutterbug Donn are Jane, Don and baby Gary.

Now-be a Pin-up Girl with the Pin-up Curl!

PIN-IT

WONDERFUL NEW EASY-TO-DO PIN-CURL PERMANENT

NEW! For today's softer hair styles!
Gives that picture-pretty look!

NEW! No ammonia! Leaves no odor!

NEW! Exclusive hair styles in
every kit!

In hairdos, today's look is the soft look, and Procter & Gamble's wonderful new pin-curl home permanent is especially designed to give it to you. A PIN-IT wave is soft and lovely as a pin-curl set, *never* tight and kinky. PIN-IT is so *wonderfully* different. There's no strong ammonia odor while you use it or left in your hair afterwards. It's *easy* on your hair, too, so you can use it more often. And PIN-IT is *far* easier to give. You can do it all by yourself. Just put your hair up in pin curls and apply PIN-IT's Waving Lotion. Later, rinse and let dry. With self-neutralizing PIN-IT, you get waves and curls *where* you want them . . . no resetting needed . . . a permanent and a set in one step. For a wave that looks soft and lovely from the very first day and lasts weeks and weeks—try PIN-IT!



\$1.50
plus tax

PIN-IT

BY PROCTER & GAMBLE for the curl of your dreams



... look for it in the smart gold-foil package



Beautiful Hair

B R E C K



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

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"Living dolls": Audrey Meadows admires the newly created replicas of herself (as Alice Kramden) and her sister Jayne. The dolls come with changes of clothing and are unbreakable.

• By Jill Warren

Musicman Johnny Mercer plans some clever doings for his forthcoming NBC-TV show, *Musical Chairs*.



WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST

TED MACK is back on television—finally, after a couple of false starts this past season—with a half-hour afternoon show, Monday through Friday, on NBC-TV called *Ted Mack's Matinee*. In contrast with his former *Amateur Hour* show, which featured unknowns, Ted's new show introduces "undiscovered" professionals, with the top performers awarded a five-day engagement on the show.

Truth Or Consequences, one of the top radio shows for many years before it switched to video, is back on the air again, after having been off for some time. It has a Wednesday-night time slot, half-hour, on NBC, with Jack Bailey handling the emcee chores. The TV version continues in the Tuesday-night schedule.

The Inner Flame is the new name for *Portia Faces Life*. Cast and story line remain unchanged on the popular CBS-TV daytime serial.

Because of the tremendous number of requests for repeat telecasts of ABC-TV's *Disneyland* programs, the network has been running return performances of the very popular Walt Disney shows. The schedule through

June 22 will include: "Davy Crockett at the Alamo," May 11; "Wind in the Willows," May 18; "A Story of Dogs," May 25; "Cameras in Africa" and "Beaver Valley," June 1; "From Aesop to Hans Christian Andersen," June 8; "Man in Space," June 15; and "Cavalcade of Songs," June 22. On June 22 also, Disney will introduce an entirely new program from the "Fantasyland" realm of Disneyland. And, early next fall, Disney will launch his new *Mickey Mouse Club*, an hour-length television show for children, which is now being produced in Hollywood.

Gary Crosby has signed an exclusive contract with CBS Radio, so it looks like Papa Bing lost out in his plans for Gary to finish college. The Groaner had wanted Gary, who is twenty-one, to get his diploma before embarking on a full-time career in show business. Meanwhile, Gary has been singing on the *Tennessee Ernie Show* on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and CBS is planning to star the lad on his own series later. Gary's contract with the network also allows for some guest appearances on CBS-TV, such as the one he did recently with Jack Benny.

Don McNeill and his *Breakfast* (Continued on page 12)

WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST

(Continued from page 11)

Club gang are now being heard by American servicemen stationed overseas in a special half-hour version of the morning variety show, beamed through the Armed Forces Radio Service. The Monday through Friday radio broadcasts of *Breakfast Club* are condensed into a thirty-minute transcription for daily transmission to the troops abroad. Servicemen have, in addition, been receiving the programs of Martin Block, Fibber McGee, Tennessee Ernie and Bob Hope.

NBC-TV has a new summer variety show, which may be scheduled even before the hot weather arrives. It's called *Musical Chairs*, and will star that talented singer-composer, Johnny Mercer. Bill Leyden, the popular Hollywood disc jockey, will be the emcee, and Mel Blanc, he of the "Woody Woodpecker" voice, will handle the comedy corner. Guest stars will be top recording personalities.

This 'n' That:

Funnyman George Gobel will probably make his first movie for Paramount, with the title still to be chosen. There are several tentative ones—"Fast Shuffle," "Don't Fall in Love with Strangers," "Don't Play Cards with Strangers," "Take It Big," and "There You Are"—in addition to twenty-three other suggestions, believe it or not.

Ann Sothorn, the country's most popular *Private Secretary*, is trying to buy the television rights to her old movie series, "Maizie." Ann doesn't want to play in the series herself, but wants to produce it, using another actress, for her newly formed Vincent Productions.

Betty Hutton finally wed Alan Livingston, Capitol Records executive, in Las Vegas, Nevada, a third marriage for each. And, about the same time, Martha Raye began to have marital discords with her fifth husband, in her new home in Westport, Connecticut.

Hoping for the same success that Liberace, Frankie Laine and Florian Zebach have had with their filmed TV shows, bandleader Ina Rae Hutton has just signed with Guild Films to shoot thirty-nine half-hour programs. They'll be called



Genial Ted Mack is back on TV presenting undiscovered talent.



CBS-TV is making big plans for pert songstress Barbara Ruick.

Ina Rae Hutton And Her All-Girl Show, featuring the Hutton gal tooters, and all feminine guest artists.

Donald O'Connor and the *Texaco Star Theater* will not be partners in television as of the end of the current cycle. The Texaco people have already signed Jimmy Durante to do all thirty shows for the 1955-56 season, with fifteen to be done live and fifteen on film.

Joanie O'Brien, the pretty lass who sang on the Bob Crosby TV show and with Tennessee Ernie on radio, has temporarily retired to await the birth of her first baby. Joanie is Mrs. Billy Strange.

CBS Television has signed exclusive contracts with four performers whom they expect to build into big TV personalities: Barbara Ruick, the blonde songstress and former M-G-M starlet; actor Gale Gordon; writer-comedian Bob Sweeney; and Johnny Carson, a comedian who will probably have his own laugh show this summer.

NBC has been doing some signing, too. They handed producer-director Max "Spectacular" Liebman a new five-year contract providing for his services on both the network's spectaculars and other related functions. NBC also made a deal with Jack Webb. The contract provides that they shall have first call on his services for a ten-year period. It also gives NBC the right to future properties Webb is developing—among them, "Pete Kelly's Blues," which is now in production as a movie for Warner Brothers. But Webb also has plans for "Pete" as a video-film series, possibly to be shown next year.

Comedians Bob (Elliott) and Ray (Goulding) are now back on the network scene, replacing Dennis James as emcees of *The Name's The Same*. Dennis reached an amicable parting of the ways with the show's producers because of an increasing stress on humorous and off-beat commercials, which he just didn't feel were up his alley.

Mulling The Mail:

Mrs. M. O., Bellefontaine, O.: Most radio and television performers are not permitted to accept any unsolicited material for their shows, and this also applies to songs. . . . Mrs. K. R., Kansas City, Mo.: There was some talk a while back that Irene Beasley would have her own TV show, possibly on the lines of her very popular *Grand Slam* radio program, but nothing ever came of it. Miss Beasley still lives at Ardsley-on-the-Hudson, New

York, and is not active at all professionally at the present time. . . . Mrs. H. B., Topton, Pa.: Spike Jones doesn't do a regular television series at the present time, but he may have a scheduled program in the fall. He just recently returned from a personal-appearance tour to Australia. . . . Miss L. H., Chicago, Ill.: Liberace was named Honorary Mayor of Sherman Oaks, California, a section of the San Fernando Valley, where he has his home, and he was "installed" in office at a civic gathering.

What Ever Happened To . . . ?

Martha Tilton, who sang with Curt Massey on radio for so long? Martha hasn't worked in radio, or in television, since the program went off the air, but has done some personal appearances at the Orange Show and at benefits in California. She is presently living in West Los Angeles with her husband, Jim Brooks, and their children.

Curt Massey, who sang with Martha on the same show? Since the program went off, Curt has been spending most of his time with his family at their ranch in San Diego County, and hasn't worked at all. However, there is talk at NBC in Hollywood of a TV show for him this fall. If it goes through, the Massey-Tilton singing combination would be reunited.

Hal Peary, *The Great Gildersleeve*, whose air show was so popular several years ago? Hal has been doing well for himself with a local early-morning radio show over Station KABC in Los Angeles.

Shep Fields, whose "Rippling Rhythm" dance orchestra has been heard for years on remote broadcasts from dance spots all over the country? After twenty-three years of touring with his band, Shep recently settled down in Houston, Texas, and has taken to being a disc jockey over Station KLBS there.

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, N. Y., 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.



Private Secretary Ann Sothorn wants to create a "Maizie" series for TV.

How to make your life a bed of roses...

Relax to the satin feel of flowers on your skin,

the heady scent of flowers in the air...

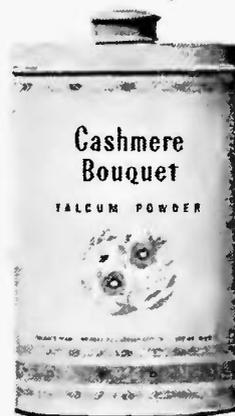
the sheer luxury of having

every inch of you soothed and

sweetened with Cashmere Bouquet

cashmere bouquet

Talcum Powder



59¢

29¢

Plus Tax





Only Bobbi is specially designed to give the softly feminine wave needed for this new "Bewitching" hairdo. No nightly settings necessary.



With Bobbi you get waves exactly where you want them, the way you want them. Notice the easy, gentle look of this new "Sunrise" hairdo.



Bobbi is made especially to give young, free and easy hairstyles like this "Rosebud" hairdo. And the curl is there to stay—in all kinds of weather.

Only softly feminine hairstyles here

because these hairdos were made with Bobbi, the special pin-curl permanent—never tight, never fussy

These pictures show—better than we can tell—the softly feminine curls and waves you get with a Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. A Bobbi is specially designed to look soft and natural from the very first day.

A Bobbi gives your hair the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. Your curls and waves are exactly where you want them. And they stay there week after week after week. Just put your hair in pin-curls. Apply Bobbi's Special Creme Oil Lotion. A little later, rinse with water. Let dry, brush out...that's all.

If you love softly feminine hairdos, then Bobbi is the pin-curl permanent for you.

New 20-Page Hairstyle Booklet. Easy-to-follow setting instructions for new softly feminine hairstyles. Hints! Tips! Send your name, address with 10c in coin to: Bobbi, Box 3600, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Illinois.



Just pin-curls and Bobbi. No separate neutralizer, no curlers, no resetting. Everything you need—New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobbi pins. \$1.50 plus tax.



Soft, Natural right from the start... that's the "Sea Breeze" hairstyle after an easy Bobbi. A Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is so easy, no help is needed.

Josephine McCarthy is celebrating
her fifth successful year as WRCA-TV's



Host Herb Sheldon and hostess Josie exchange "good mornings."

Culinary Queen



On a busman's holiday, Josie prepares to entertain dinner guests by setting her table with extra-large chop plates. At the office (below), she and her secretary, Mary Ann Bernath, answer the many letters received from her viewers.



"The house is always filled with Scouts working at one project or another," laughs Josie. "Keeps you young, always having young people around." . . . Josie's main hobby is collecting herbs and cookbooks—of which she has more than 200—from all parts of the world. When her viewers write in asking how to cook such dishes as an Italian Easter Wheat Pie, Josie always begins her research with her own books. . . . Preparing her twenty-minute cooking show keeps Josie busy ten to twelve hours a day, but she still finds time to appear at store openings and speak at club meetings. She is always eager to help others and is often heard offering advice on what to feed a best beau or how to plan a party menu. And, if the pressure of her busy schedule ever begins to get Josie down, she always uses the same remedy: "I just stop for a minute," she says, "and give thanks for my many bountiful blessings." During the past five years, more and more WRCA-TV viewers have come to count Josie as one of their blessings.

THE PROOF of the pudding is in the eating, as the saying goes. Likewise, the proof of Josephine McCarthy's cooking skill is in the hundreds of grateful letters she receives each day from WRCA-TV viewers who look forward to her sessions on *The Herb Sheldon Show With Josephine McCarthy*, weekdays from 8:55 to 10 A.M. Now in her fifth year at WRCA-TV, Josie is admired and loved as a person and as one of the finest and most industrious culinary experts. . . . Born in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada mountains, Josie specialized in home economics at San Francisco Teachers' College and the University of California. However, she did not use her skills professionally until she was left a widow with a three-year-old daughter to support. Then she became a dietitian for Schrafft's chain stores and later was a food director for several concerns. She made her radio debut over Station WNBC in Binghamton, New York, with her own program, *Mrs. McCarthy Goes To Market*. Then, in 1948—after broadcasting on the Yankee Network for 12 years—she made her TV debut at Station WTVJ, Miami, Florida. She joined WRCA-TV on May 2, 1950. . . . Off-camera, Josie can point to her three-room apartment, near by the WRCA-TV studios, which she decorated herself. She had originally planned to have it done by a professional but, after receiving estimates up to \$3000, did the job herself for about \$800. . . . Every weekend, weather permitting, Josie boards a plane for Cocanut Grove, Florida, and her ranch-style house which she shares with her daughter Millicent and ten-year-old granddaughter Joan, who is Josie's pride and joy. Joan is an active Girl Scout and Millicent is a troop leader.

YOU hold the Key



It's
egg-stra
good for
your hair!



See how exciting this new luxury lather makes your hair! Glowing clean, silky . . . so manageable! Conditions any hair. That's the magic touch of SHAMPOO PLUS EGG! Try it! 29¢, 59¢, \$1.



Frankie Thomas, Skippy Blythe and Jack Grimes dispense cheer and gifts.

Those who bring happiness into the lives of children with muscular dystrophy find their greatest reward in just a humble thank-you, or a grateful smile. And, as can be seen here, the delight of those who help—in this case, top performers in broadcasting—almost matches that of the ones they help.



Marrowbone the dog with two devoted friends.



Skippy Blythe's presents and Corny Clown's jokes produce big smiles.

MUSCULAR DYSTROPHY is a progressive disease which attacks the muscular system, robbing a person of the use of his muscles. Although it attacks thousands of people from one to 80 years old, the majority of cases are children . . . and they rarely live beyond adolescence.

Says the National Foundation for Muscular Dystrophy: "The key to the muscular dystrophy problem is help . . . it is in your heart and hands. With your help the door to life will be unlocked . . . the priceless treasure of a muscular dystrophy cure will be in reach of thousands of children, women, and men . . . who offer in return a grateful prayer of thanks . . . to YOU." And, the Foundation adds: "Don't give till it hurts—just give till it helps!"

DOCTORS PROVE A ONE-MINUTE MASSAGE WITH

Palmolive Soap Can Give You A Cleaner, Fresher Complexion...Today!

GETS HIDDEN DIRT THAT ORDINARY CLEANSING METHODS MISS!

See the difference with your own eyes!



1. Dirt left on face after ordinary cleansing!

Rub your face hard with a cotton pad after ordinary casual cleansing with any soap or cold cream. You'll see that you didn't remove deep-down dirt and make-up. "Ordinary-clean" is just superficially clean!

2. Beautifully clean after 60-second Palmolive facial!

Rub your face the same way after 60-second massage with Palmolive. Pad is still snowy-white! "Palmolive-clean" is *deep-down* clean. Your skin is free of clinging dirt that casual cleansing misses.

DOCTORS PROVE
PALMOLIVE'S
BEAUTY RESULTS!

Only a Soap This Mild CAN WORK SO THOROUGHLY
YET SO GENTLY! PALMOLIVE BEAUTY CARE CLEANS
CLEANER, CLEANS DEEPER, WITHOUT IRRITATION!

No matter what your age or type of skin, doctors have proved that Palmolive beauty care *can* give you a cleaner, fresher complexion the very first time you use it! That's because Palmolive care gets your skin *deep-down* clean by removing the hidden, clinging dirt that casual methods miss.

Just massage your face with Palmolive's rich, gentle lather for 60 seconds, morning and night. Rinse and pat dry. It's that simple! But remember . . . only a soap that is *truly* mild can cleanse thoroughly without leaving your face feeling drawn and uncomfortable. That's why Palmolive's mildness is so important to you. It lets you massage a full minute *without irritation*.

Try mild Palmolive Soap today. In just 60 seconds, you'll be on your way toward new complexion beauty!



*Mild and
gentle*

Why are more and more business girls using Tampax?



Ask the company doctor or the staff nurse. They're very apt to tell you that the Tampax user is much more likely to take "those days" in her stride. But the girls themselves are still most impressed by the freedom and assurance that doctor-invented Tampax gives. Here are some of the things they say:

"I can't be bothered with all that other rigmarole; Tampax is quick and easy to change." . . . "I *must* have protection that prevents odor." . . . "No telltale bulges for me; not, of all places, in the office!" . . . "Tampax is so comfortable, I almost forget it's 'time-of-the-month.'"

Girls starting work often decide on Tampax because of admiration for some older, perfectly poised woman in the organization who uses it. From its daintiness of handling to its ease of disposability, Tampax seems made for the woman who has to be on the go all the time, who has to meet people with charm and assurance under any circumstances.

The druggist or notion counter in your neighborhood carries Tampax in all three absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Month's supply goes into purse or tucks in the back of a drawer. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

Information Booth

Young Baritone

I would like to know about Steve Lawrence, the singer on Steve Allen's NBC-TV show, Tonight. Y. N., Duquesne, Pa.

A network vocalist at nineteen, Steve Lawrence began his singing career as an assistant to his father, a cantor. He is one of three brothers, all of whom had outstanding voices, and Steve was taught to sing in the synagogue when he was eight years old. . . . Since then, his entire life has been centered on music—except for a three-year "layoff," between the ages of 11 and 14, when his voice was changing. Even then, Steve studied arranging and composing. . . . When he entered Thomas Jefferson High School in New York City, Steve was a natural for the glee club. A Jefferson alumnus heard him at one of the club's concerts and arranged for him to sing for disc jockey Ted Brown. Ted sent him to vocal coach Fred Steele, who has trained such singers as Kitty Kallen and Eddie Fisher. After months of concentrated study, Steve appeared on a local New York show. Ted Brown heard a record of the show and suggested that Steve audition for *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts*. On Steve's first try, Arthur's production staff thought the youngster wasn't quite ready. But Steve tried again after several months. This time he went on the program and won. . . . A recording contract was the next step, followed by a singing spot on WRCA-TV's *Steve Allen Show*. When Steve Allen became a network star on *Tonight*, so did Steve Lawrence.

Newlywed

Would you tell me a little about Ann Hillary, who plays Sandra Talbot on The Brighter Day, on CBS Radio and CBS-TV? V. H., Clearwater, Fla.

Titian-haired Ann Hillary stepped into the role of Sandra Talbot on *The Brighter Day*, her first radio role, immediately after returning from a long honeymoon in England. Before going abroad to marry playwright Frederick Knott, author of "Dial



Steve Lawrence



Ann Hillary

M for Murder," Ann had confined her activities to stage work, including a season as resident ingenue at the famous Elitch's Gardens in Denver and a Broadway appearance in "Be Your Age." . . . Brown-eyed and five feet, six inches tall, Ann claims Jellico, Tennessee, as her birthplace. "It's famed," she says, "as the home town of Grace Moore," with whom Ann's father sang in the church choir. Ann herself sings and plays the piano. . . . A graduate of the University of Kentucky and the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York, Ann is now firmly entrenched as a radio and TV actress. She spends her spare minutes collecting French Provincial furniture for her apartment, her husband's first American home. Ann regards cooking as one of the finest creative arts but claims she is much too impulsive to be a success at it.

Jack-Of-All-Trades

Please tell me about Jack Mahoney, who plays the title role in the TV series, The Range Rider. Where can I write to him? K. H., Stockton Springs, Me.

Tall, muscular, and of French-Irish-Cherokee Indian ancestry, Jack Mahoney was born in Chicago and made his stage debut at five when he "toe-danced" in a school playlet. But he had no serious thoughts of a show-business career and went on to become a football, basketball, trapeze and swimming star in high school. He earned good grades as well, sang in several operettas, and won an athletic scholarship to the University of Iowa. There he set a national swimming record for the 40-yard free style. . . . After two years of pre-med courses, Jack grew restless and took off for California where he became a swimming instructor. Next he became a mechanic at an airfield and learned to fly, as well. He spent the war years as a fighter pilot with the Marine Corps, then returned to California to take a short-lived venture in raising Arabian horses and enroll at the Del Powers Theatrical School. When no acting jobs were forthcoming, Jack went to work falling off horses and tall (Continued on page 20)

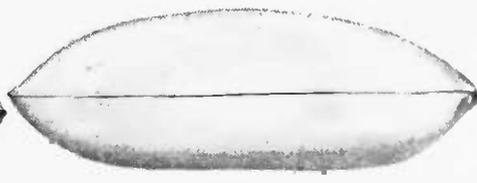
May White Sale



"REGULAR" HEIGHT **495**
usually 5.95



"EXTRA PLUMP" **695**
usually 7.95



"KING SIZE" **895**
usually 9.95

PLUMP

SAVINGS ON PLUMP

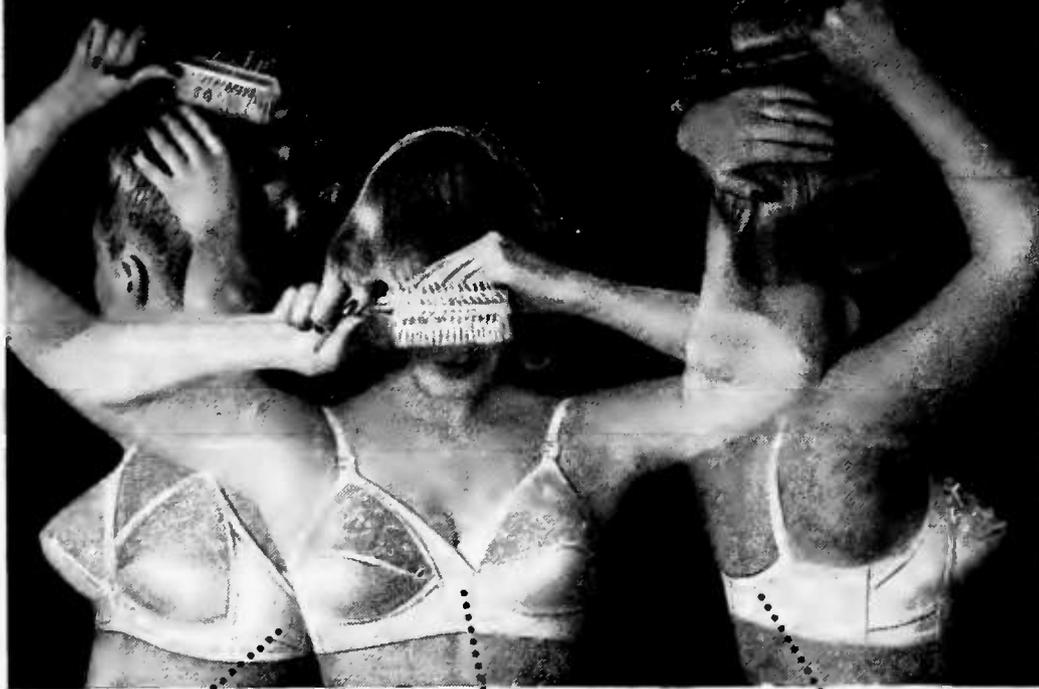
PLAYTEX® *Heart Rest* PILLOWS

*Every pillow first-quality.
Every pillow made the Playtex way,
of whipped foam latex.
Always plump, always cool,
permanently non-allergenic.*

Save now—while savings are plump—while you can afford to modernize every bed in your house with PLAYTEX "HEART REST" PILLOWS. They're the best buy in the world even at regular prices—a *must buy* at our May White Sale reductions! Remember, you're *not* buying *just* pillows—you're buying *sleep*—deep, cool, restful, healthful sleep . . . the kind only Playtex knows how to build into a pillow. Every pillow is zipper-covered in extra-fine sanforized cotton with corded edges. Every one is perfect—first quality.

Perfect Fit

any way you look at it!



Exclusive elastic-side panels give with your every motion

Cris-cross elastic front dips low, divides divinely!

Elastic back sets lower and stays lower!

New Playtex *living* Bra

OF ELASTIC AND NYLON



Only Playtex Living Bra has this exclusive self-adjusting bias cut elastic-side panel* that gives perfect fit, prevents gapping!
*Pat. Pend.

"Custom-contoured" to flatter, feel and fit as if fashioned for you alone . . . no matter what size or in-between size you are! The secret is in the bias cut elastic-side panel that *self-adjusts* to your measurements. The drama is in the nylon cups that lift and lure into the high, round look of Paris. The magic is the Playtex Living Bra . . . the most fitting, most beautifying, fastest selling bra in America! See it—you'll want it! Wear it—you'll love it!

Look for the **PLAYTEX† LIVING† BRA*** in the heavenly blue package at department stores and specialty shops everywhere. In gleaming **WHITE**, wonderfully washable—without ironing! Sizes 32A-40C **\$3.95** †Trademark *U.S.A. and foreign patents pending

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In Canada: Playtex Ltd. . . . PLAYTEX PARK . . . Arnprior, Ont.



Information Booth

(Continued from page 18)



Jack Mahoney

buildings and fighting duels as a stunt man. He was spotted by Armand Schaefer, president of Gene Autry Enterprises, who signed him for some Autry films and then to play the lead in *The Range Rider* TV series. . . . Off camera, Jack is married to Margaret Field, a former actress. They have a daughter, Princess Melissa. Margaret's two children from a previous marriage also live with them. An all-around athlete, Jack is also a student of Oriental philosophies, mystic religions and Indian lore. He's a "great cook," loves tangy foreign dishes, black roses, emeralds, pastels, shopping for his wife and sailing. Moccasins are his usual footwear and he's most comfortable in shorts, bell-bottom sailor pants or levis. He treasures a ring made of a 4500-year-old scarab and always wears a small crystal ball containing a mustard seed. You can write to him c/o *The Range Rider*, Flying A Pictures, 6920 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

Calling All Fans

The following clubs invite new members. If you are interested in joining, write to the address given—not TV RADIO MIRROR.

Gisele MacKenzie Fan Club, c/o Holly Fleischman, 1616 E. 50th Pl., Chicago, Ill.

Eddie Fisher Fan Club, c/o Martha Jane Gates, Box 458, Stinnett, Texas.

Dotty Mack Fan Club, c/o Andy Halum, 202 Beverly Pl., Cayton 9, Ohio.

The Club Crosby (Bing), c/o Margaret Plaga, 806 Adrian Ave., Jackson, Mich.

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

Puts Dancing Highlights In Your Hair!

NEW FORMULA OUT-LATHERS, OUT-SHINES OTHER* SHAMPOOS

MAKES YOUR HAIR EXCITING TO TOUCH!



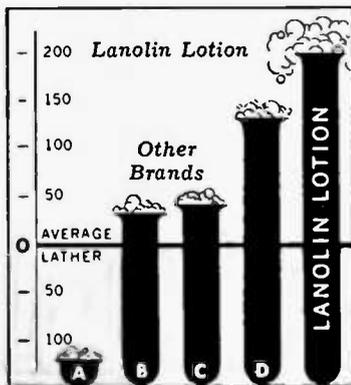
Hair's so satiny after a Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo it irresistibly calls for a love-pat! You can't always wear a satin dancing dress for the man in your life—but now, with Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo he'll see the satiny beauty of your hair every day! You'll find that never before in your shampoo experience has your hair had so much shimmer, so much softness.

Double Lanolin Is The Reason

Enriches Your Hair With Beauty Instead of Drying It!

Lanolin Lotion was purposely formulated with twice as much lanolin as ordinary shampoos. That means double the lanolin protection against dryness...double the lanolin polish and beauty for your hair. For even problem hair — hair that's had its beauty oils dried away...washed away...bleached away...benefits astonishingly from this double-lanolin lather. It not only feels twice as rich—it actually is twice as rich. Don't confuse this utterly new Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo with any so-called "lotion" or "lanolin" shampoo you've ever tried before.

***PROOF THAT NEW SHAMPOO
OUT-LATHERS OTHER BRANDS**



Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo out-lathers four other brands given the Cylinder-Foam Test.

Billows of Fleecy Foam Leave Hair Shimmering, Obedient, "Lanolin-Lovely"

You'll discover an amazing difference the moment this revolutionary shampoo touches your hair. For never before has any shampoo burst into such mountains of snowy lanolin lather—lather that actually POLISHES

hair clean. Because only Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo brings you this foaming magic. No old-fashioned "lazy-lather" shampoo can shine your hair like this—'til it shimmers like satin in the moonlight!

The radiance of your hair shampooed this new way will be instantly visible to everyone — but you, yourself, are the best judge of results. So after you've brushed your Lanolin Lotion shampooed hair, take your hand mirror and stand in a strong light. You'll see how much more brilliance dances in your hair!

And this shampoo is so good for hair...for there's twice the lanolin in it! It can't dry your hair or leave it harsh, brittle and hard to handle. Instead, it leaves your hair in superb condition—supple, temptingly soft, far easier to manage. Tangles slip away at the touch of your comb! Your waves come rippling back

deeper, firmer, and more pliantly lovely than ever before.

So let this sensational shampoo discovery bring out the thrilling beauty hidden in your hair! All the vibrant, glowing tone... the natural softness. Treat your hair to Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo—29¢, 59¢ or \$1. On sale everywhere!



OCEANS OF LATHER EVEN IN HARD WATER!

An amazing built-in water softener in this Lanolin Lotion Shampoo gives you piles of lather that rinses quick, leaves hair bright—even in the hardest water!

29c, 59c, \$1

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

New Patterns for You



9048
SIZES
12—20



9068
SIZES
12—20; 40



4714
SIZES
34—48

9048—This gay casual wraps and ties. Slip into it in a jiffy. Opens flat for ironing. Use colorful rickrack trimming. Misses' Sizes 12-20. Size 16 takes $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 35-inch fabric. 35¢

9068—Cool, scooped-neck dress plus cover-up bolero makes an outfit you'll wear everywhere. Misses' Sizes 12-20; 40. Size 16 dress, $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 35-inch fabric; bolero requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards. 35¢

4714—Full-cut to flatter the larger figure. Note extra-wide bodice straps, built-up backs to conceal bra. Women's Sizes 34-48. Size 36 blouse and skirt, $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 35-inch fabric; bra and shorts, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards. 35¢

Send *thirty-five cents* (in coins) for each pattern to: TV RADIO MIRROR, Pattern Department, P. O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, New York. Add *five cents* for each pattern for first-class mailing.



EDDIE FISHER

You are young at heart listening to **MUTUAL**—
the radio network for all America...

...there's your "**COKE TIME**" favorite,
EDDIE FISHER, TUES., THURS., 7:45 pm EDT

...On **MUTUAL RADIO** there's
YOUNG LIVING with CLAUDIA HATCH—
starring the talented Young Living Editor of *Seventeen*
—for youthful listeners (of all ages) on
SATURDAY, 11:55 to 12 noon EDT—then...

There's young romance with young singer
JOHNNY DESMOND whose heart-throb notes
thrill millions at **PHONORAMA TIME** on
SATURDAY mornings, 11:30 to 11:55 EDT, and...

...There's **LES PAUL and MARY FORD**...
they make your hearts young and gay with their multiple
recordings of blended sounds on your radio each
WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY,
7:45 to 7:55 pm EDT,



CLAUDIA HATCH



JOHNNY DESMOND



LES PAUL and MARY FORD

...You will all be young at heart and very much alive—listening to
EDDIE FISHER, CLAUDIA HATCH,
JOHNNY DESMOND, LES PAUL and MARY FORD—
and you'll know, too, that "Radio's Alive in '55"
on the 565-plus stations of the

MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM

See local listings for program time in your area.

mother
and daughter make
a hit...
in dresses
dyed-alike with

RIT



No need to spend big money to have those appealing mother-and-daughter outfits you see in the stores. Any simple dress of yours can be a twin to "Susie's" when they're dyed to match... with Rit. It's so easy, such fun, lots of mothers are even tinting little slips and panties to match their own Rit-colored nylon underthings!

All Purpose **RIT**[®]

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

BACKSTAGE WIFE Actor Larry Noble now knows something of the despair to which his wife Mary had been driven through his association with Elise Shephard, for in her efforts to develop interests of her own Mary has become strangely entangled with film producer Malcolm Devereaux. At first drawn to Mary by her possibilities as a film star, Devereaux now knows he is in love with her. And Larry believes the worst. NBC Radio.

THE BRIGHTER DAY Even if his son had not fallen in love with Sandra, Reverend Richard Dennis would have taken a great interest in the man who followed Sandra to New Hope, for he sensed from the first that Robert Ralston was a thoroughly evil man. Ralston's murder increases Dr. Dennis' concern, for he cannot stand by and see innocent people suffering from the aftermath of such a wicked life. Will he endanger himself for justice? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

CONCERNING MISS MARLOWE The breakdown of Kit Christy throws Maggie Marlowe's life into an emotional turmoil. If the girl is her daughter, can she ever love her again—and if she is not, can she ever be free of responsibility for her? Struggling to find the truth, Maggie counts heavily on Jim Gavin's help, not suspecting how badly Jim is crippled by the emotional demands left over from his past and his family ties. NBC-TV.

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE A rising young doctor like Dan Palmer needs an attractive, intelligent wife—but does he need one who has been called "remarkable" by some of the town's most important men? If Julie gets a reputation for being too clever, will Dan's career suffer? Or will she be able, as she was in the case of the children's hospital, to maneuver so tactfully behind the scenes that she wins her goal without stepping on toes? NBC Radio.

FIRST LOVE Having weathered the first, almost fatal, storm of her married life, Laurie has made certain plans and promises to herself about the future. She

knows that Zach will always be difficult to live with, and she feels strong enough now to make all the adjustments she once disdained. But is there a trial waiting for Laurie which she could not possibly have anticipated? NBC-TV.

THE GREATEST GIFT Dr. Eve Allen finds it hard to know how best to help her troubled younger sister, whose broken marriage and serious drinking problem leave small hope for her future. And through Fran a new complication may affect Eve's professional life, for Ned Blackman appears to be something besides an attractive, understanding, tolerant man. What is his connection with the eager young couple who want a baby? NBC-TV.

THE GUIDING LIGHT Despite the tragic mistakes she has already made, Kathy is young enough to profit by the important truth she realized when her ex-husband, Dr. Dick Grant, disappeared. Recognizing she still loves him has kept Kathy from deceiving herself into a false romance with Dr. Kelly. But, far away, Dick tries to launch a new life and inevitably makes new contacts that may become very important to him. CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

HAWKINS FALLS The only important thing wrong with life in a small town is that one knows too much about one's neighbors, and vice versa. Lona and her husband Dr. Floyd Corey haven't had too many secrets to keep from their friends, but sometimes they would be glad if a doctor's work didn't almost force him to carry around the secrets of others. Is one of these secrets working up to a problem for them? NBC-TV.

HILLTOP HOUSE Julie's husband, Reed Nixon, is a successful business man, and he sees nothing wrong in agreeing with Julie's cousin Nina that her husband Dr. Jeff Browning will have to put up a bigger front if he expects to become a successful specialist. Julie is concerned over Reed's inadvertent interference in the Brownings' affairs, but she may have to interfere herself to keep Nina from a drastic mistake. CBS Radio.

ROMANCE

NEW
BRIGHT FUTURE

SPRING GARDEN

MAY QUEEN

DANISH PRINCESS

THE INNER FLAME Pretty, restless Dorie Blake turned up just at the worst moment in Portia Manning's marriage, when Walter's resentment over his wife's ability made him increasingly bitter about what he felt to be his own inadequacy. Now the situation is complicated by the serious trouble in which Walter finds himself. Despite his promises to himself and Portia, will his affection for Dorie develop into something else? CBS-TV.

JOYCE JORDAN, M.D. Joyce's efforts to help the Bellmans rebuild their family life go far beyond her duties as a doctor, but she knows that because they all respect her she may be able to give them their only chance. How will she protect herself if her advice—which has been called meddling—should lead to some unexpected and unhappy results? Will lawyer Mike Hill, rushing to her defense, reveal the truth about his feelings? NBC Radio.

JUST PLAIN BILL After the difficulties which beset his own family had been straightened out, Bill Davidson was once more free to turn to helping with the troubles of his friends. But, even though Bill feels that it is his mission in life to help when he can, he sometimes wonders if he is right in exposing his loved ones to the dangerous consequences that often result from other people's battles. NBC Radio.

LORENZO JONES Belle, believing she has Roger Caxton's help, fights desperately to help Lorenzo regain his memory of their marriage. But Roger now has other motives, and by careful scheming has succeeded in making Belle and Lorenzo suspicious of each other. As Lorenzo is wracked by doubts and self-distrust, is it possible that he will draw farther away from Belle, and make their separation irrevocable? NBC Radio.

LOVE OF LIFE Nobody knows more surely than Paul Raven what an implacable enemy he has in his ex-wife Judith—or how desperately she will fight to ruin his marriage to Vanessa. Frantically trying to protect Van, Paul does not realize he is driving her away. And Van's sister Meg, entangled with Hal Craig, creates an even greater danger as she finds herself unable to draw back from an attack she regrets. CBS-TV.

MA PERKINS Ever since their first meeting, Gladys and Joe have been happy together despite the difficulties that kept coming, one after the other, to complicate their romance. But the birth of their child is the biggest trial yet, for not even Ma is sure that Gladys could weather the tragedy fate may have in store. If ever Ma's wisdom and strength have been needed by her loved ones, Gladys and Joe need them now. CBS Radio.

OUR GAL SUNDAY As Leslie Northurst continues his attempts to wrest the title and estates away from Sunday's husband, Lord Henry Brinthrope, Sunday searches desperately for a way to foil the schemes of this suave but vicious man. What will happen when Sunday is forced to conclude that Lord Henry would be better off without her? Will Lord Henry realize in time what lies behind her strange behavior? CBS Radio.

(Continued on page 80)



You can see
your shining future in
the world's most precious silverplate

Like love, Holmes & Edwards has a glow that lasts! It's the only silverplate with extra sterling inlaid at backs of bowls and handles of most-used pieces... for extra years of silver beauty. 52-piece set for 8 in chest, \$84.50.

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LILTING, LEAN and LIKABLE

That's Carl Stuart,
who has captivated
New Englanders with his
wonderful country music



Carl, who taught himself to play the guitar, gets a request from a young fan.



Home is a five-room ranch-style house in the region Carl and his mother love.



Singing deejay Carl Stuart presents live and recorded country music.

A YOUNG MAN from Kansas, Carl Stuart—wearing a broad-brimmed hat under which the eyes twinkle and the grin is wide and handsome—brings a breath of fresh mountain air to the very pleased residents of Boston and all points within hearing range of Station WCOP. Twenty-six-year-old Carl plays recorded country music and sings, to his own guitar accompaniment, as he stars on *Hayloft Jamboree*, heard weekdays from 9 P.M. to midnight, and Saturdays from 8 P.M. to midnight. Carl also devotes some time on each program to inspirational music. He feels—and his listeners' reactions bear him out—that America is returning to its deep-seated belief in God. . . . Carl's career started with long-hair music but, in between lessons in classical piano playing, he would listen to country music on the radio. One day he borrowed his brother's guitar and, after that, the piano ran a poor second. Today, Carl owns four guitars, including the one he borrowed from his brother Alfred. The family still argues about whether Carl ought to return this one. . . . Carl's professional radio debut came in 1939 and, between then and 1948, his role as a country and folk singer took him all over the eastern part of the United States. The Stuarts fell in love with New England and, in 1948, they settled there and Carl began broadcasting on Massachusetts stations and leading an eleven-piece band at personal appearances. . . . During the Korean war, Carl served with the Armed Forces Special Services, entertaining troops throughout the country. Then, in 1953, he became singing deejay on *Hayloft Jamboree*. . . . Last February, Carl realized a long-held ambition when he guested on *Grand Ole Opry*. Featured at the recent World's Championship Rodeo in the Boston Garden, Carl played a big part in drawing the capacity crowd of more than 13,000. . . . One of Boston's most eligible bachelors, Carl lives with his mother and brother in, naturally, a ranch house in near-by Randolph. There are no horses or cattle within twenty miles but the neighbors enjoy Carl's exuberant bursts of "Home on the Range" and watching him leave for work in his "country" clothes. And, judging by the mail that pours into WCOP's studios, most everybody in Boston feels mighty neighborly toward this easygoing guy with a guitar, Carl Stuart.

I dreamed I was a designing woman

in my maidenform^{} bra*



The dream of a bra: Maidenform's Chansonette^{*} in nylon taffeta, delicate satin, cotton broadcloth, dacron cotton batiste. from 2.00

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4 cakes of pure, mild Personal Size Ivory cost
about the same as 3 cakes of other leading toilet soaps!

Extra savings—and in the bargain—the wonderful purity and famous mildness of Ivory! And remember, the *milder* your beauty soap, the prettier your skin. More doctors recommend pure, *mild* Ivory for baby's skin—and yours—than any other soap. So, add it up: extra soap for your money . . . extra beauty for you—a radiant freshness America calls "That Ivory Look!"

PERSONAL SIZE IVORY IS YOUR BEST BEAUTY BUY!

Why everyone loves Jackie Gleason



Working with Jackie, Art Carney and I learned to respect him—not only as a master showman and comedian—but as a sensitive, considerate person.



By **AUDREY MEADOWS**

All clowning aside, it's a privilege to tell the world about my boss—and fellow "Honeymooner"!

JUST IN CASE I might be accused of "apple polishing" because Jackie Gleason is my boss, I had better start with a few of his faults before I tell why everybody loves the man! They do love him, you know. The people who work with him now, and the ones who knew him when he was a struggling comic in down-at-the-heel amusement spots (they will tell you he has never forgotten any kindness done for him in those rough, uphill days). The people who watch him on television,

See Next Page

Why everyone loves Jackie Gleason

(Continued)

and who have put and kept him at the top. And all the little people he has helped, because he is too kind ever to turn his back on anyone in trouble.

I have a theory that Jackie's greatest fault is the result of one of his nicest and most lovable qualities—the quality of being unusually sensitive to other people and their moods. It makes him want to please everyone, and to be liked by everyone. And it leaves him wide open for people to take advantage of him. Some of them do. I suspect he often knows this and lets it go on, rather than admit to himself that he has been imposed on. Or face up to doing something drastic about it.

Jackie's quick, keen mind is hardly a fault, but it does make him get out of patience with those who think more slowly—or, worse still, execute ideas slowly. People who aren't used to the way he follows through on an idea, in a flash, don't always realize that he hasn't the time to spend on the slowpokes. They don't understand that this is a man who wants to accomplish so much that he has no time to tarry along the way. This is a man who, in only about five years of television, has proved himself a master performer and showman, and an instinctive musician with some gorgeous recordings to prove it. A man so full of energy and know-how that he didn't hesitate last winter to take on a two-week engagement at New York's huge Paramount Theater (doing as many as six performances a day), along (Continued on page 86)

The Jackie Gleason Show is seen over CBS-TV, each Saturday, from 8 to 9 P.M. EDT. The program is sponsored by Schick Electric Shavers, Nescafe Instant Coffee, Gleem and Prell.



There's an electricity about Jackie, on stage or out of doors. He's always doing something to cheer others, and appreciates it so much when others do something for him—like that birthday party while he was still on crutches.



Ray Turk, of the Cleveland Transit System, presents "bus driver" Jackie with a special cap and gold badge.



"The Honeymooners": Jackie and I as Ralph and Alice Kramden, Art Carney and Joyce Randolph as Ed and Trixie Norton.



Hard work ahead for both the star and producer Jack Hurdle—but, wherever Jackie is, there'll be fun, too.



June Taylor expects perfection from her dancers and so does Jackie—but oh, how the girls enjoy his gags!



Happily ever after

STAR OR NO STAR, EARL WRIGHTSON LED A WANDERING MINSTREL'S LIFE UNTIL

Meet the family—and the boss: Earl brings daughter Wendy Ann and wife Markey backstage to visit Bob on *The Robert Q. Lewis Show*.



Robert Q. beams as Earl sings with Lois Hunt. Bob doesn't need any explanations of such "love scenes"—though Wendy Ann did!



Music is something Earl knows all about, but he sometimes finds it a bit harder to help his teen-age daughter with homework.



By GREGORY MERWIN

It's a genuine Hollywood-type dream come true, every time Earl Wrightson sings on *The Robert Q. Lewis Show*. It's also the happy climax of that Hollywood-type story about the rise and fall—rise and fall—rise and fall of a musical matinee idol. "I've been up and down so much in my career," says Earl, "I feel like a second-hand ocean wave. I've been discovered by Walter Damrosch, Max Gordon, Al Goodman and Paul Whiteman—to mention a few, besides Robert Q. himself!"

Earl Wrightson, star baritone of the Lewis shows on both CBS-TV and CBS Radio, is amusing, cheerful, and unpredictable.

He notes that he is not tall, dark and handsome. He could pass for a six-footer—since he's already (Continued on page 98)

Earl Wrightson sings on *The Robert Q. Lewis Show*, CBS-TV, M-F, 2 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by Miles Laboratories (Alka-Seltzer), Helene Curtis Industries (Spray Net and Lanolin Discovery), General Mills (O-Cel-O Sponges and other products), Johnson's Wax, Swanson Frozen Poultry, Mazola, other products—and *The Robert Q. Lewis Show*, CBS Radio, Sat. 11 A.M. EDT, as sponsored by Helene Curtis (Suave and Shampoo Plus Egg), Pine-Sol, Perma-Bleach, others.

HE WAS RE-DISCOVERED BY ROBERT Q. LEWIS



Happily ever after

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Man of TODAY

There are very human reasons why
Dave Garroway lives so completely
for this moment, for this minute

By ED MEYERSON

A YOUNG HOUSEWIFE once wrote to Dave Garroway with a complaint about *Today*, his early-morning show on NBC-TV. It seemed that her husband shaved while watching the program, and there was a daily "trail of lather and drippings" between her living room and bath. "It's a wonder he doesn't slash his throat," she concluded. It's a wonder in many another home as well, for *Today* is on the air between those breakneck morning hours just before work or school, when family activ-



For Dave, it's often up with the sun and to bed with the sun, so he catches other TV shows whenever he can.

ities revolve about the bedroom, kitchen and bath. But the TV set's usually in the living room. So, in order to watch *Today*, people not only have to do two things at once—they frequently have to do them in two different places at the same time.

How do they manage? Dave Garroway himself has wondered, and once asked his TV audience: Doesn't viewing *Today* interfere with your normal daily life? He received thousands of letters (Continued on page 88)

Dave is seen on *Today*, NBC-TV, M-F, 7 to 9 A.M. (all time zones). *Friday With Garroway* is heard over NBC Radio, Fri., 8:30 to 10 P.M. EDT.

There's one young lady Garroway always finds time to entertain, when she flies in to visit him—his daughter Paris, 10.



All the Brothers are Valiant

All hands on deck: Mariners Tom Lockard and Nathaniel Dickerson, "Cap'n" Godfrey, Mariners Martin Karl and Jim Lewis.



It hasn't always been smooth sailing, but the Mariners found a wonderful home port on Arthur Godfrey's show

By MARTIN COHEN

WHEN Arthur Godfrey's Mariners first met, they were—collectively—one hundred and two years old, measured close to twenty-four feet in height, and weighed six hundred and eighty-five pounds. Today, the four show a gain of ninety-eight pounds in weight—purely aside from having increased their numbers to a count of twenty-one. They have gained in other ways, too—materially and spiritually.

For the past twelve years, they have been together five to seven days out of each week. Long days. Hot

and cold days, too. Being in a quartet is a bit like being stranded on a desert island. It can be a little nerve-racking. It can be. It doesn't have to be. The Mariners don't have scars.

"We respect each other's viewpoint," Nat Dickerson says, "and that's lucky, because each of us has a different viewpoint." No one's the boss. No one's the leader. And, professionally speaking, you will not find another such quartet with so much musical education, training and artistic experience. Any one of the boys is a self-

Continued 



Tom Lockard, baritone—and former Coast Guard cook—still fancies himself as the family chef. But it takes his music to get all of Tom's and Ginny's children together, sitting quietly for the cameraman! Seated around Tom, left to right, are daughters Paula and Marlayna, son Keith, wife Ginny (Virginia, a former member of the Chordettes) and baby Kathleen.

Nat Dickerson, tenor, had to keep marriage to his beloved Ellén a secret for a year, while pursuing his vocal studies and a distinguished concert career. But there's no secret about Nat's and Ellen's happiness today, in their ranch-style home, with daughter Natalie and son Nathaniel, Jr. Even the Dickersons' prize brindle boxer is accepting congratulations!



All the Brothers are Valiant

(Continued)

contained concert. "It's not safe to step out of the room if you have the lead," says Tom Lockard. "You come back and someone else has stolen the solo."

They are rugged individualists and free-wheeling thinkers, but their private lives are as pure and wholesome as a chord in C. "Maybe the most dreary thing about us is that we're so serious," says Jim Lewis. "You know, we don't lead glamorous lives."

Certainly Martin Karl doesn't. He's got five kids. Although Martin is the youngest of the Mariners, he has the largest appetite, the biggest family, and an eleven-room house on Long Island. "We have one bedroom empty," Martin says, "and we consider it a challenge."

The better half of this production team is named Alma. She is a lovely blonde and a fine singer in her own right. She and Karl met while working for the Chicago Opera Company. Karl once played Escamillo to her Carmen. "This was before World War II," Martin says. "We were seventeen when we fell in love."

They both, luckily, have the same philosophy about

Martin Karl, tenor, is married to a singer, too—although Alma has given up professional music-making in favor of raising a music-loving family. Little Mark, above, was born just last December. Others in the group picture below are young Karl and April (at left), Robin (kneeling), and Alming (in foreground).





Jim Lewis, bass-baritone, likes to collect pipes, rare wooden objects—and, apparently, the letter "J"! Jim's wife, a public health expert, is the former Janice Brooks, but they invented their own J-initial names for their two girls: Janeen (seated on Daddy's lap) and baby Jacyn (who was also born just last December).

large families. They like the sharing, the give and take. They have three boys and two girls. The oldest is Karl, ten. The youngest is Mark, born this past December. In between, there are Robin, almost nine, Alming, going on six, and April, four this spring. "When they walk around together," Martin says, "they look like an escalator."

The three oldest take piano lessons, and all but the baby study dance. Young Karl, the leader, is a talented artist. He astounds his parents with his studies in natural history. On birthdays, the kids can make up the menu for their parties—and Karl requested lungfish for his tenth. He seriously explained that it was a native delicacy in Africa.

"But he's still a ten-year-old," Martin says. The other day, Martin was shaving when a ruckus developed in the hall. Seemed that Robin had hit Karl with a belt. Martin told number two son to apologize to number one. "I don't want an apology," said number one. "I just want to hit him back."

Martin has a theory about discipline. You don't say no to a child unless it's a matter concerning his safety or welfare. As a result, there are quite a few pieces of broken furniture and several unsolicited wall murals in the house. Martin grins: "As long as they don't break up the stairway, so we can still get to the second floor, I

don't care." The stairway holds together, as do the Karls.

Most of the time, the kids, two dogs, a cat and eleven rooms are in the sole care of Alma. The Karls have no help—except for her parents—but the only thing that bothers Alma occasionally is her voice. She'd like to use it, and gets little chance. She enjoys singing, but only infrequently sings at church affairs.

All of the Mariners serve the community or humanity in one way or another. In the case of Martin Karl, it is the PTA of the community school. Martin is president. One month he put in four nights and three days for the PTA. This is more time than he has free some months.

Weekends he makes himself very useful—he'll cook or wash windows or paint or make repairs. Martin is one of those rare men who doesn't gripe about chores around the house. His only regret is that he gets so little time with the family—"You'll hear everyone kick about that." It seems that the boys have been filling so many of their weekends with out-of-town concerts.

"You get so lonely at times. You get as lonely for your wife as if you were overseas," Martin says. "But I never have to worry about the kids. Alma's a wonderful mother. She understands that this 'basic security' everyone talks about for kids is (Continued on page 69)

The Mariners sing on: *Arthur Godfrey Time*, CBS Radio, Monday through Friday, at 10 A.M., and CBS-TV, Monday through Thursday at 10:30 A.M., under multiple sponsorship—*Arthur Godfrey And His Friends*, CBS-TV, Wed., 8 P.M., under sponsorship of The Toni Company, Pillsbury Mills, and Frigidaire—and *Arthur Godfrey's Digest*, CBS Radio, Fri., 8:30 P.M., under multiple sponsorship. (All times EDT)

Our Gal Sunday

**A clause in a will, and a
suave stranger, threaten Sunday's
and Henry's birthright to love**

Love always has something of the magical about it, but for Our Gal Sunday, love has been a Cinderella dream-come-true. A poor orphan raised by two old miners in Colorado, Sunday became the wife of Lord Henry Brinthrope, England's richest, most handsome nobleman. . . . Their great love laughed at those who warned that two people so opposite in birth could never overcome these differences. Now, however, Sunday finds herself confronted by a threat that makes a "happily ever after" ending seem like a fairy tale indeed. . . . Leslie Northurst has appeared out of the past, claiming to be Lord Henry's cousin and the true heir to the Brinthrope title and fortune. The sophisticated, elderly Englishman dismisses the story of his supposed death in World War I with an easy explanation. He announces that the will by which Henry inherited his title and fortune had a provision stating that, if Henry did not marry a titled Englishwoman, he renounced all rights of inheritance. . . . Leslie's schemes do not stop with demands for Henry's title and fortune. Boldly, he tells Sunday that she can remain Lady Brinthrope by divorcing Henry and marrying him. . . . Heretofore, Sunday's dislike of Leslie Northurst was instinctive but it changes to horror when she meets Cecily—Leslie's wife, who has been ill for several years and is terrified by the fear that Leslie plans to kill her. . . . Unaware of what Sunday has learned about the will, Lord Henry is baffled by her strange actions. For Sunday is convinced that Henry would be better off without her, and has deliberately set out to lose his affections. . . . Will the unselfish, unsuspecting Sunday play right into Leslie's hands before Lord Henry has time to realize what is behind her puzzling behavior? What action can Henry take to defend his title, his fortune—and his wife? . . . Sunday, too, has a birthright—to love and happiness. Yet, where is the answer to this vicious threat which seems destined to destroy the happiness of Our Gal Sunday?

Our Gal Sunday, CBS Radio, M-F, 12:45 P.M. EDT, for Anacin, Chef Boyardee. Vivian Smolen and Alastair Duncan are Sunday and Lord Henry, pictured at right.

Henry is unaware that Sunday—
to protect his family inheritance—
has decided to step out of his life.





Teen times: Warren attends Professional Children's School on Broadway, with such other youthful TV performers as Patti O'Neill (his girl friend, Debbie, in *The Secret Storm*), Sari Clymas and Joey Walsh. He lives with his parents in Brooklyn, where—like any young student—he consults his dad, Elias Berlinger, about his homework, and plays with his tiny niece, Gail.



AGE of DISCOVERY

At 17—like Jerry in
The Secret Storm—young
Warren Berlinger faces a man's world
with clear eyes and hopeful heart

By FRANCES KISH

EVERYONE'S HEARD stories about stars who were discovered as fast as you could say "television audition" or "screen test." The beautiful girl found sitting at the corner soda fountain . . . the handsome young man tending a tank in a gas station. . . . Warren Berlinger (pronounced with a soft "g," please) went them all one better. Warren—who is now young Jerry Ames in the daytime drama, *The Secret Storm*, and also has been acclaimed, this season, on Broadway, as the juvenile comedy lead in "Anniversary Waltz"—was first discovered at the age of eight and a half, while playing cops-and-robbers with the neighborhood gang, on his own street in Flatbush, (Continued on page 94)

The Secret Storm, CBS-TV, M-F, 4:15 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by Whitehall Pharmacal Co. and Boyle-Midway, Inc.



The *Secret Storm* stars Peter Hobbs (above, right) as Warren's TV father, Peter Ames. Below, left—Mrs. Frederick S. Hoppin, director of Professional Children's School, chats with Warren and Joey Walsh as they eat in the school's lunchroom. Right—Warren hastens to the theater with Macdonald Carey, his stage father in the Broadway comedy, "Anniversary Waltz."

43





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Below, Lucy tries the traditional way to a man's heart—right, a modern way of never being separated from Desi by even "the length of a golf course!"



Forever near her Heart

Fate almost parted Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz—but fate forgot the strength of a woman's love

By ALJEAN MELTSIR

I THINK that every marriage has a point of no return, a turning point, a place where you have to make the right decision—or else," Lucille Ball said slowly. "For me, that time came at Christmas, almost nine years ago."

On Christmas Day, 1946, most of the 9,710,325 residents of the state of California were comfortably stuffing themselves with turkey and enjoying the warmth of home. Among the few who weren't, the two most miserable were Desi Arnaz and Lucille Ball. At their sprawling ranch in the San Fernando Valley, there was not even a Christmas (Continued on page 89)



No more hotel rooms, no more lonely Christmases—particularly now that Lucy and Desi have son Desiderio Alberto IV and daughter Lucie Desiree.

Lucille and Desi Arnaz star in *I Love Lucy*, on CBS-TV, Mon., 9 P.M. EDT, under alternate sponsorship of Philip Morris Cigarettes and Cheer. *The Lucy Show* is seen on CBS-TV, Sun., 6 P.M. EDT, for Dorothy Gray, Lehn & Fink Products.





Caesar's FINEST HOUR

The smile on Sid Caesar's face today has many meanings—but the greatest is the new happiness he has found

By **GLADYS HALL**

ACROSS the desk in his private office—a massive, richly carved desk at which Rome's Imperial Caesar might have sat—TV's inimitable Caesar sat considering, with somewhat wry amusement, the answer to the improbable question of what he would do if he had one day off. "Improbable" because young Sid Caesar—who looks ten years younger in person than on a TV screen, and twice as handsome—works seven days a week,

Continued ▶

Headman Sid has a million and one details to supervise. Then there are the necessary and usually harried conferences with cast—Howard Morris (left) and Nanette Fabray—and writers—Charles Andrews (rear) and Aaron Rubin.





The result of hard work: Sid stays in the TV spotlight, as do Nanette Fabray, Carl Reiner and Howard Morris.



Caesar's FINEST HOUR

(Continued)



Material possessions are important to Sid, but above all he values his wife Florence ("She is my career") and his two children,



Sid's major regret is that he hasn't more time to be with Ricky and Shelley. But, maybe someday, he muses.

or 84 working hours, in order to bring you one hour, *Caesar's Hour*, on NBC-TV from 8 to 9 P.M., three Mondays each month!

But, since playing with ideas, however fanciful, is part of the antic Caesar's stock in trade, Sid played with this one, saying, "If I had a day off—which I haven't had, and won't have unless an eighth day is added to the calendar—but if I had, if, if," Sid punched the word home, "first thing I'd do, I'd sleep late . . . oh, until about nine-thirty, as against the seven or, at latest, seven-thirty I get up every morning. Then I'd like to have the kids in bed with me, just loaf in bed with the kids, tell jokes, play, no eye on the clock—what is the clock? Then I'd get up and have corned beef hash and poached eggs (my favorite breakfast). How many eggs? Only two, but under those two," Sid's strong fine hands described a generous arc, "a lotta hash. Then I'd take a real hot, leisurely bath, instead of the customary quick, cold shower. Just lie there . . . not thinking . . . floating—mentally as well as physically. Then I'd get dressed up, but real lackadaisical: Sport shirt, slacks, moccasins. Then I'd put everybody in the car—everybody meaning Florence and the kids—and we'd drive up to some country club. At the club I'd take a dip in the pool with the kids, after which Florence would stay with the kids and I'd shoot a round of golf—



Ricky and Shelley, to whom he is just Daddy. And almost as important are the few days each month when he can be by himself.

nine holes, not eighteen! Then I'd go back to the clubhouse, where I'd meet some friends, I hope . . . funny thing, I'm afraid of being alone. It's the only fear I have that I know of, but it's real. I don't like to be alone.

"So then we'd sit on the clubhouse porch, my friends and I, and talk. I love to talk. Must be that I'd rather talk than eat—for, whereas I sometimes forget to eat, I never pass up a chance to talk. We wouldn't talk about show business, though. Carl Reiner is a good friend of mine. So is Howard Morris. So are all the kids on the show. After the show on Monday nights, Carl and his wife, Howie and his wife, Florence and I usually go out to dinner somewhere—to Danny's Hide-a-way most often. But other than the gang I work with, I have very few friends in my own profession. Two of my good friends are doctors—one, a psychiatrist; the other, a medical doctor. Let's suppose I meet up with the doctors, who probably don't want to talk shop, either. So maybe we talk about science. I love to talk about science. Like about this new spark—this man-made spark which travels (Continued on page 72)

Caesar's Hour is seen on NBC-TV, three Mondays out of four, from 8 to 9 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by the American Chicle Company (for Clorets and Dentyne Chewing Gum), the Speidel Corporation (Watch Bands), and Radio Corporation of America (RCA Victor).



Caesar's FINEST HOUR

(Continued)



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BORN TO BE A HUSBAND





*As Vanessa's mate in *Love Of Life*, Richard Coogan can be a romantic problem . . . but, at home with Gay . . .*

By ERNST JACOBI



Gay and Ricky enjoy the TV adventures of Paul Raven, but their choice of roles for husband and father Richard is as leader of family vacation jaunts.



Richard treasures moments at home with Ricky and the Coogan menagerie—two parakeets, a canary, and Shadow, a cocker spaniel—or time out to admire cowboy Ricky's midget stagecoach.

Richard Coogan is Paul Raven in *Love Of Life*, seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 12:15 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Whitehall Pharmacal Co., Boyle-Midway, Inc., and Chef Boyardee.



AT TWELVE-FIFTEEN on the dot, the maid knocked at the door, entered the bedroom where her employer was still asleep, deposited a cup of coffee on the night table and turned on the television. "I'm sorry to disturb you, Mrs. Coogan," she said. "But you sure don't want to miss *Love Of Life*, do you?"

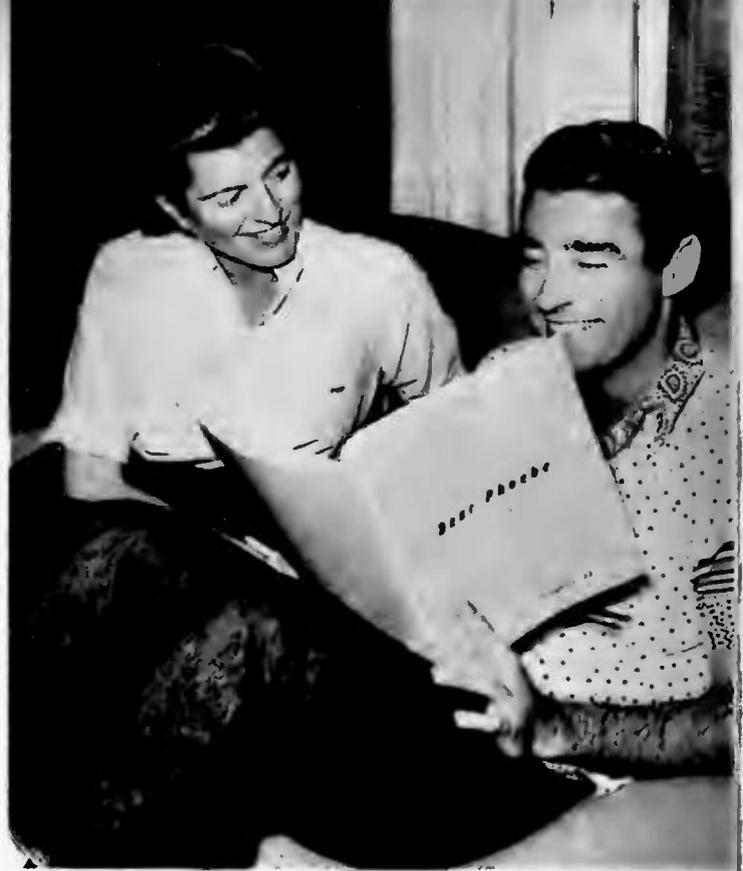
Gay Coogan—whose husband, Richard, was then rehearsing for a Broadway play, besides appearing four to five times a week as Paul Raven in *Love Of Life* on CBS-TV—had been up working with him till three A.M. She had risen at seven to get their son, Ricky, dressed, fed and off to school . . . had given her husband his breakfast at nine . . . and finally tumbled back into bed (*Continued on page 77*)



the Magic of **MARRIAGE**

For Peter Lawford, TV's "Dear Phoebe,"
private life is really a paean of praise to "Dear Pat"

By MAXINE ARNOLD



Pat gets a chuckle out of Pete's scripts—he plays an "advice to the lovelorn" editor!

EVENTUALLY," said Peter Lawford, casual-like, to the striking brunette across the dinner table from him, "I'd like to be married to you. Would you?"

"Why don't you ask me?" Pat Kennedy breezed back.

"Will you?" he said.

She would.

And so they were married. And, simultaneously, Peter Lawford—once Hollywood's most eligible and elusive bachelor—has soared to new career-heights advising the lovelorn. . . . (Continued on page 81)

Peter Lawford stars in *Dear Phoebe*, NBC-TV, Fri., 9:30 P.M. EDT, sponsored by the Campbell Soup Co.



Two in love lead a deeply rewarding life, though Pete and Pat Lawford seem so casual—particularly at their beach home, which has a view of the ocean, a tiny patio, a sea wall facing the sunlit surf, and a friendly dog named Nicky.

Head in the STARS



*Unlike Margot of Valiant Lady, Katherine Anderson
has fought for peace of mind—and won her fight*



Valiant Lady is a title which might not fit Margot herself, but it well describes Katherine, who plays the role.

By PETER CHARADE

LAST DECEMBER, when CBS tried a color telecast of *Valiant Lady*, Margot Finchley did the expected. She wore the reddest dress in town—just as any dyed-in-the-wool temptress should. But she only proved what everyone already knew in black-and-white. No matter what she wears, no matter what she does, Margot Finchley is still the most sympathetic villainess in daytime drama. She can be working her wiles on another woman's man. She can be as menacing as the TV Code allows. But she's so believably real, her motives so disarmingly human—you don't hate Margot, you feel sorry for her. You can see she isn't really bad, she's just plain, everyday *unhappy*.

To make an audience see all this takes more than acting technique, it takes an understanding heart. And Katherine Anderson, who plays the part, is brimming over with both. "Margot is very real to me," she says, instantly rushing to her defense before anyone can say a word against her. "It's her background. She was born on the wrong side of the tracks. That's what mixed her up."

But Katherine's sympathy goes deeper than psychological insight. It's practically self-identification. "I can't bear to see the hurt in Margot," she says. She knows what they are—those deep-seated hurts that start in childhood and last us a lifetime, those painful insecurities that twist our desires to senseless drives: "Actually, you see, we're very much alike."

But Katherine has long since outgrown her own private hurt. So what she really means—and it's almost a prayer of thanks—is that there . . . (Continued on page 96)

Katherine Anderson is Margot Finchley in *Valiant Lady*, over CBS-TV, M-F, 12 noon EDT, as sponsored (on alternate days) by General Mills, Inc., and The Toni Company.



Reading enriches her knowledge of life.

She began as a writer, is an accomplished musician, has designed the sets for many of the shows she's staged.





YOUNG DOCTOR MALONE



1. Jill Malone shows an old photograph of her dead mother to remind Jerry and his new wife Tracey of the first Mrs. Malone, whose memory lingers on.

2. Jerry also finds himself in the midst of a conflict at the Clinic, as Dr. Ted Mason and Marsha determine to have their own way with their plans.

EACH OF US treasures souvenirs from the past—or remembers with a flicker of pain or regret an episode we'd prefer to forget. An occasional glance over the shoulder can reveal the lessons to be learned from yesterday—but it is on today and on tomorrow that our eyes should really be focused. Dr. Jerry Malone's daughter, Jill, and his new wife, Tracey, have still to learn this.

Jill, a confused, groping adolescent, clings to the memory of her dead mother, Anne—Jerry's first wife. Angered and hurt by Jerry's decision to marry again, Jill withdraws into herself and, when Jerry and Tracey return from their honeymoon, they find her unresponsive and hostile. During their absence, young Jill had taken a photograph of Anne Malone and placed it on the ebony grand piano which was one of Jerry's and

Tracey's wedding gifts. The picture declares for Jill all the antagonism she never openly states. It is her reminder that there was—and still is—the first Mrs. Malone. However, Jerry's mother had insisted that Jill remove the picture from the piano.

Cold and impassive, concealing every emotion natural to a sixteen-year-old, Jill begins to make little comments in Tracey's presence—comments which might mean nothing in themselves but in which, taken all together, Tracey is forced to read deep meaning.

In her opposition to Tracey, Jill plays a waiting game. She takes refuge with her grandmother, but Mother Malone sees that Jill is trying to draw her into taking sides in a conflict that must someday come out into the open. Wisely, Mother Malone refuses to let her granddaughter use her.

See Next Page →

YOUNG DOCTOR MALONE

(Continued)

However, David, the young boy whom Jerry has taken into his home, does take sides. He understands Jill's desire to force Tracey to leave Three Oaks so that she will no longer have to share her father with anyone. On the other hand, David—who will enter college next fall and who hopes to become a doctor—sees in Tracey an ideal of the mother he has never known.

Jerry and Tracey find that Jill's attitude makes a closer relationship between them practically impossible. This—plus her discovery of Anne's letters to Jerry—makes Anne a very real person to Tracey, who finds the ghost of his first wife has become a living part of their household. The ebony piano, which has come to symbolize a coffin to Jill, takes on the same dark mean-

ing for Tracey—who had been a concert performer, but now refuses to play. To Tracey, the piano seems to play without anyone being there to touch its keys. She hears herself playing—and sees Craig Brando reflected in its polished black surface.

Tracey is haunted, not only by Jill's reminders of Anne Malone, but by her own past, which she has tried to conceal. Nothing can make her forget the tragic events that led to her flight from Craig Brando, who had once guided her career—and her life. The memory of that night clouds Tracey's happiness with Jerry, and he knows there is something in the past which sets up a barrier to the happy marriage he had hoped to build.

Then Craig Brando appears. Tracey, after her long

3. Jerry has taken young David into his home and now he helps him in his plans to become a doctor. Jill watches fondly, having fully accepted David as her brother. But she feels keen resentment of David's open admiration for Tracey.





4. Tracey has never been able to escape the memory of that tragic night with Craig Brando. Now Craig appears once again and Tracey's fears grow with each meeting.

flight, once again comes face to face with this strangely important man from her past life and begins to experience real fear. There would be nothing to fear if she would confide in Jerry, but Tracey cannot bring herself to speak of the happenings of that horrible night.

Even as Jerry seeks a way to break the conflict between Jill and Tracey—and the conflict of each with the past—the trouble which has long been brewing for him at the Dineen Clinic bursts into the open. Dr. Ted Mason has married Marsha Sutton and the Sutton money and influence seems likely to tip the scales in Ted's favor. One thing becomes clear to Jerry: Marsha and Ted are trying to gain control of the Clinic!

Jerry's work at the Clinic and with his own patients—and the experiences of his own life—have given him a deep understanding of human problems. Can he find from this wisdom a guide to winning Jill's acceptance of Tracey and building a happy future around these two people whom he loves so much? And will Jerry be able to help his wife overcome the tragedy of her past before this strange menace drives Tracey to a desperate action? What lies ahead for Dr. Jerry Malone?

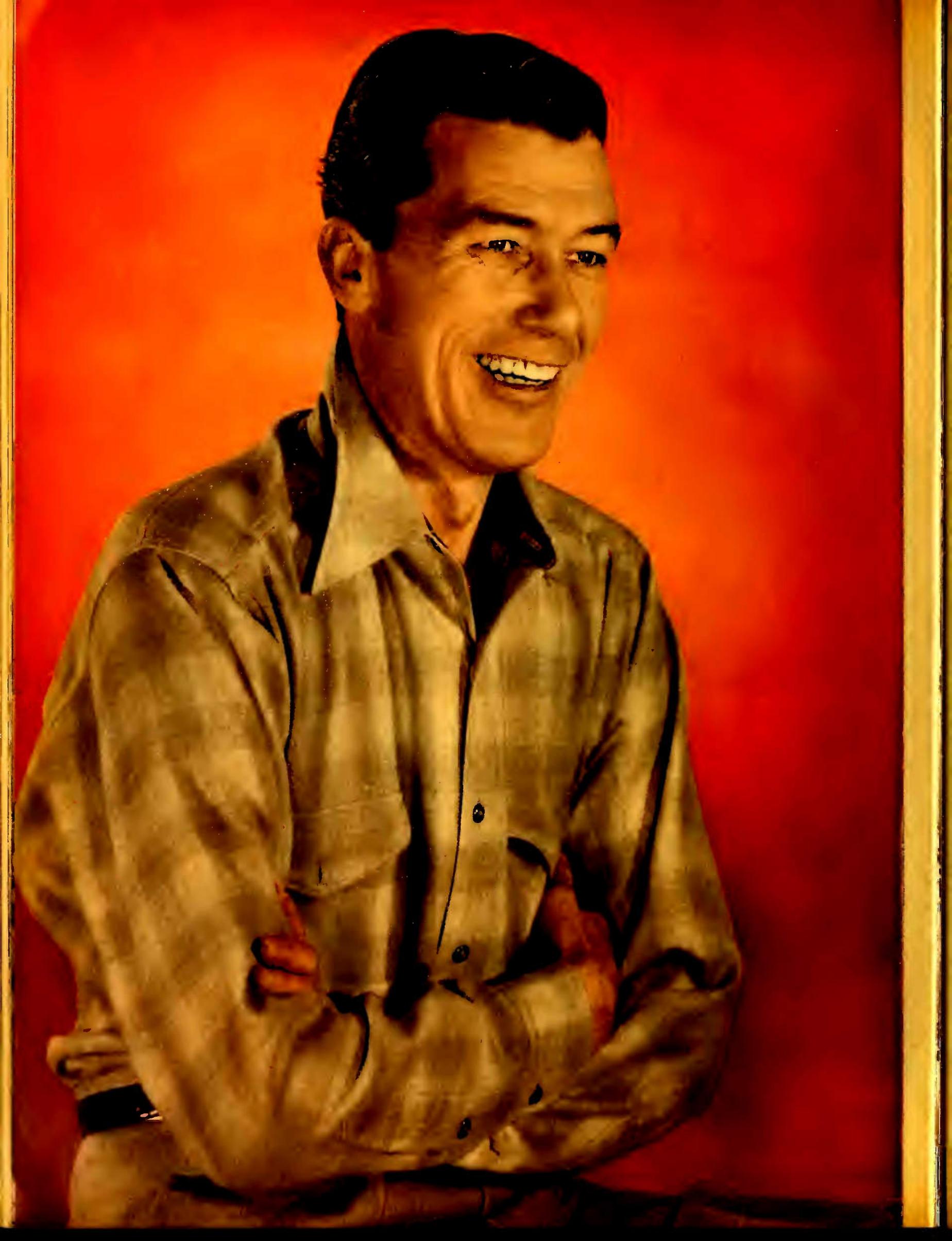


5. As Mother Malone urges Jill to accept her father's new wife, Jerry hopes Tracey and Jill can be friends. If Jill refuses, must Jerry Malone choose between them?

Pictured here, as heard on the air, are:

Dr. Jerry Malone.....	Sandy Becker
Tracey Malone.....	Jone Allison
Jill Malone.....	Rosemary Rice
Dr. Ted Mason.....	Bob Readick
Marsha Mason.....	Elsbeth Eric
Mother Malone.....	Vera Allen
Craig Brando.....	Bret Morrison
David.....	Bill Mason

Young Dr. Malone is heard on CBS Radio, M-F, 1:30 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by the Procter & Gamble Co. for Crisco and Joy.



ROMANTIC ADVENTURER

Jim Bannon may not get the girl in Hawkins Falls, but he's a real he-man hero to all who know him



Script girl Marilyn Lassen is one of many in TV who find Jim a grand guy to work with.

By HELEN BOLSTAD

HAD HE BEEN BORN a hundred years ago, Jim Bannon says, he would have painted "California or Bust" on a Forty-Niner's covered wagon and trekked out in search of gold. It would also have been fun, he thinks, to have been the swashbuckling sidekick of Sir Francis Drake. High adventure appeals to him. His taste for it might even explain why he became an actor: "I've had a chance to play those guys and a few more besides. I like action stuff."

Rangy, lithe, easygoing—and possessed of a slow drawl and a dry humor—Jim suits the type. He is six-feet-three, weighs a lean one-hundred-eighty pounds (*Continued on page 92*).

Jim Bannon is Mitchell Fredericks in *Hawkins Falls*, as seen on NBC-TV, Monday through Friday, at 4 P.M. EDT.



Always "best man": Mitchell Fredericks (Jim himself) and Millie Flagle (Ros Twohey) at wedding of Lona (Bernardine Flynn) and Dr. Corey (Maurice Copeland) in *Hawkins Falls*.

TV friends kid Jim about his Western film roles—ranging from heroic "Red Ryder" to blackest villains!





STARS and

*ABC Radio serves its listeners
across the land with a tasty daytime
fare of music, news and drama*

DORESE BELL

IF EVER a perpetual-motion award were created, one of its leading contenders would certainly be Dorese Bell. One of the busiest, brightest and most beautiful young ladies in radio, she airs her stimulating *Dorese Bell Show* twice a day on Tuesdays and Thursdays over ABC. The rest of her time is spent gathering the wealth of news and information she presents, interviewing celebrities, and covering any and all the events of interest to women. "My work keeps me busy almost 24 hours a day, seven days a week," says Dorese, adding enthusiastically, "but I love it. It is my life, my love—everything." . . . Dorese was born in Birmingham, Alabama, and was graduated with honors from Arlington Hall College in Virginia. Then she studied for two years at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. The day after she left the Academy she won a leading role in the Broadway production of "Junior Miss." This was followed by a season of summer stock in Milwaukee and a part in "Many Happy Returns," with Mary Astor. During the war, Dorese toured the East as the United Nations Victory Queen, selling War Bonds. Then, after spending a year in Hollywood, she settled down in Rochester, New York. Since there were no dramatic openings there, Dorese decided to try something different. "One night," she explains, "I shot up in bed and said to myself, 'That's it—radio!'" The next day she visited one of Rochester's stations, and talked officials into hiring her. The result—she became Women's Editor and Radio Commentator at Station WRNY, and later was femcee, writer and producer of the WHAM-TV show, *Hi Neighbor*. When the yen to travel came again, Dorese moved to Washington, D. C., and appeared as hostess on shows such as *G-E Theater* and *TV Card*



Girl-on-the-go at the Capitol: Dorese gets the latest news and views from Sen. and Mrs. Douglas.

Party. However, she discovered her true niche when she was given her present-type show. . . . Since January, Dorese has been broadcasting from New York, but weekends she commutes to Washington to visit her folks. Because she has been such a girl-on-the-go, Dorese hasn't had time to "collect" hobbies—except for her beloved little Cairn terrier, "Tiger." And, in spite of her hectic pace, Dorese says, "I've never been sick a day in my life. I get my sleep on trains, planes and buses. I even take a three-minute nap in the studio, just before air time." As to the future, Dorese looks forward to even more work, and hopes to have her show on TV as well as radio. When this occurs, folks across the land will have the pleasure of seeing as well as hearing this delightful, talented young lady.

STORIES of the day



ART WANER

Latin Quarter Matinee: Star Art Waner provides lively musical accompaniment for guest star Jerry Colonna as he bellows a serenade to Latin Quarter chorines Kay Kier, Sue Mengers, Beverly Richards.

ART WANER was destined to be a musician—even though he enrolled at New York University intent on becoming a schoolteacher. Soon, however, he realized that teaching was no easy chore, so he switched to music. Why? "Because I just happened to like it." Many other important things "just happened" to Art. After he had graduated from college, he happened to be walking by the once-popular Leon and Eddy's night club and decided to stop in and see the manager. It just so happened that the club's pianist was sick and, when Art said he was a pianist, the manager hired him for the night. That one night turned into an eight-year stint and the makings of Art's career. Upon leaving Leon and Eddy's, Art formed a larger orchestra than the one he'd had and moved on to the famous Latin Quarter. He's been there ever since, playing music that's "sweet with a beat." ABC listeners have also been enjoying "the piano of Art Waner and his orchestra" each afternoon on *Latin Quarter Matinee*. As added spice, Art provides record collectors with some of his own songs on the M-G-M label. All of which makes his life a continuous but happy one of music, music, music.



Latin Quarter Matinee, ABC Radio (not WABC), M-F, 4 P.M. EDT.

See Next Page

STARS and STORIES of the day

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Dorese Bell comments on news and people over ABC Radio (except WABC, New York), Tues. and Thurs., at 8:55 A.M. and 4:25 P.M. EDT.



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Latin Quarter Matinee, ABC Radio (not WABC), M-F, 4 P.M. EDT.

STARS and

(Continued)

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

A MARRIAGE, to be truly successful, must be based on mutual understanding. Without this, a man and wife would find it impossible to weather the storms that can besiege even the happiest partnership. Throughout their married years, Joan and Harry Davis have known great happiness together and, though their love has often been tested to the fullest, it has never been found wanting. There is much to be learned from Joan and Harry; they are to be admired and respected for showing others—through the unfolding of their own lives—that there is, come what may, everything to gain *When A Girl Marries*.

When A Girl Marries, ABC Radio, M-F, 10:45 A.M. EDT, is sponsored by Air-Wick, Nylast, other products.



Harry and Joan Davis (portrayed by John Raby and Mary Jane Higby) find their marriage once again put to the test as they try to overcome financial adversity.



Gertrude Warner as Hope Winslow.

WHISPERING STREETS

A LONG all the infinite highways and byways of the world there are many whispering voices to be heard—of people past and present. A baby's cry . . . a telephone conversation . . . a shout of anger . . . a song of love . . . each is a clue to some personal drama that can prove to be filled with excitement, happiness, tragedy. Hope Winslow has always been particularly sensitive to such sounds, and, as narrator of *Whispering Streets*, she introduces her listeners each week to a new, dramatic story that takes us one step farther down life's path and helps us to understand more fully the whisperings we ourselves hear.

Whispering Streets, ABC Radio, M-F, 10:25 A.M. EDT, for Carnation Evaporated Milk and Friskies Dog Food.



Tom Collins, Edith Ivy and Evelyn Patrick find themselves in a tense situation during an episode of *Whispering Streets*; which dramatizes the many varied phases of present American life.

STORIES of the day



The eternal triangle has a happy ending, as acted by William Windom, Lorna Lynn and Lon Clark, on *My True Story*.

MY TRUE STORY

LIFE HAS many lessons to teach all of us. Sometimes, we must learn these lessons through suffering and seeing others suffer. But we should never forget, when we find ourselves in troubled times, that there are others who have been through a similar experience . . . and are all the wiser for it. And, when these people tell their story—their own true story—they open the door to happiness for countless others. This is what happens on *My True Story*, which, each day, dramatizes a chapter from the book of life. Each episode, taken from

the files of *True Story Magazine*, is a real-life drama which shows how people have met and triumphed over the universal problems of love, jealousy and hate, hope, fear and despair. The people involved could easily be your friends . . . your neighbors . . . your own family. The problems they have to solve might well be the ones you are facing. *My True Story* brings to life—and right into your life—the stirring, heart-rending experiences which have helped untold listeners avoid tragedy and find living ever more worthwhile.

Like Margie herself, Gale Storm takes life joyously—
but with an abiding faith which gives her the

Answer to Her Prayers

By BUD GOODE

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Continued →



Home from work, husband Lee is welcomed by Gale and "Jolie."

The Bonnells have a very private garden just outside their "his" and "her" bathrooms.

Time out from





My Little Margie sets off for radio—while Lee and sons Phillip, Peter and Paul are still watching for Gale on TV.

Both Lee's insurance business and Gale's broadcasting, as the Bonnells relax with Phillip (below, left), Paul, Peter, and Jolie.



Like Margie herself, Gale Storm takes life joyously—

but with an abiding faith which gives her the

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(Continued)



The many unusual features of their home—such as fish tanks in the walls!—get loving care from Gale.

Gale's very industrious mother, supporting her brood of five with her sewing, had one foible: Nearly every Saturday night—late—she insisted on starting a needle-and-thread project. Sunday, after church, of course, she simply had to finish it. When Gale pointed out that Sunday was a day of rest, her mother said, "When the ox is in the ditch, you have to pull him out. That's straight from the Bible. Now you children go out and play." The fact was that Mrs. Cottle had to sew on Sundays to keep her family going.

Today, Gale still likes to do some of her own sewing. (She picked out the material for the curtains in her new home; in their former house, she made the curtains, drapes, and denim bedspreads in the boys' room). Sunday is Gale's only day free from TV and radio. When her husband, Lee Bonnell, says: "Today is supposed to be a day of rest," Gale replies, "When the ox is in the ditch. . . ." It's one of her favorite expressions.

Gale and Lee had the same religious background and training. This was very important to them when she and Lee decided to get married. Marriage is the most reverent act in all our lives, and, in taking the step, it's good to have many things in common—a spiritual bond is one of the most important. When Gale and Lee decided to marry, the first thing they wanted to do was join a church.

"My Little Margie," says Gale, "had nothing on me. I was just as zany as she is. When, at seventeen, I told my mother, 'I've just met the man I'm going to marry,' she said, 'Yes, dear,' in a maddeningly patronizing way. When I said, 'It's really him—I know it is!' she looked at me as if there were no hope.

"But a year later, when I told her, 'We're seriously looking for a church to join together,' she changed her mind. Mother thought this was the most sensible thing two young people could do, who had marriage in mind. 'There might,' she (Continued on page 84)

Gale Storm is *My Little Margie*—as seen on NBC-TV, Wed., 8:30 P.M. EDT, for Scott Paper Co.—heard on CBS Radio, Sun., 8:30 P.M. EDT, for Philip Morris Cigarettes and Campana Sales Co.

Counter service for Peter and Paul, with Gale as short-order chef. "Bricks" in fireplace are really petrified wood.



The Mariners

(Continued from page 39)

nothing but love, and she gives them plenty." He grins, "Anyway, there's no chance of her ever being lonely."

The man who doesn't see quite eye-to-eye with Karl on a "family unlimited" is Nat Dickerson. Nat has two children and—considering today's cost of living—thinks two is just about right. And he has another thought: He and his wife Ellen are looking forward to the day when they will get a little time for each other.

Ellen, although she stands only five-two, is so feminine and charming that it's almost impossible to imagine keeping her a secret for a whole year—but that's what Nat did. Ellen was a secret bride, and it was wholly a result of career problems.

Nat was born in Waycross, Georgia, but he was still a child when the family moved to Philadelphia. That's where his musical education began. Later, he went to Fisk University and was a featured singer with the renowned Jubilee Singers. He then studied voice at Juilliard School of Music. He appeared in the Broadway production of "Porgy and Bess," and gave a concert at Carnegie Recital Hall. He won the coveted Marian Anderson scholarship which enabled him to study voice privately for one year. Nat had a great voice. But he wasn't rich, because concert singers don't get rich very quickly or very often. And when, in 1945, he fell in love, his troubles began.

Nat had sponsors, several wealthy people who were contributing to his advanced study. They believed in Nat, but they paid his expenses for art's sake, and they thought marriage would interfere with his progress. "A lot of people feel that way," Nat says charitably. "People have the idea that an artist can't have time for a family. It's not necessarily true."

After quite a bit of debate, inner and outer, Nat and Ellen were married. They told only his parents and her parents. Beyond that, not even brothers and sisters knew. "And I made wonderful progress with my voice," Nat says.

In his honeymoon year, he won a place in another Broadway hit, "Finian's Rainbow." That same year, the Mariners became a permanent fixture on the Godfrey show. However, not even the boys in the quartet knew he was married.

Finally, in 1947, Nat and Ellen sent out formal wedding invitations—but the announcement was dated for June 22, 1946. "We're already married," Nat explained. "We're just a little late with the invitations."

Nat has two children, a little girl six years old and a boy who will be four this July. Ellen has insisted that they both be named after their father so they are, respectively, Natalie and Nathaniel.

The Dickersons recently moved from Jersey into a new ranch-style home in Stamford, Connecticut. Ellen has furnished the house in modern with a trace of Chinese. She enjoys working with colors, whether it's in the garden and the house or in choosing clothes for Nat. She always selects Nat's suit and tie and shirt for the next day. "She has to," Nat says. "I pick terrible color combinations."

For the quartet's top tenor, the day starts at five-thirty. The kids are up, too, and Nat's good for a short game of hide-and-seek while he's shaving. They all breakfast together. Nat has learned to eat soft-boiled eggs for the sake of the children. Now he can do it with hardly a grimace. Between seven and seven-thirty, he catches a train into Manhattan. Usually, when he gets home, everyone is asleep.

The children are devoted to Nat and,



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The kids once woke Tom Lockard gleefully to tell him the yard was flooded!

when he is home weekends, dog him around the house and through the dogwood in the yard. But from Natalie—for whom he learned to eat soft-boiled eggs—Nat got a knuckle-rapping. She and her brother were arguing over a book—a book that didn't belong to either. Father, angry, snatched it out of her hand. "She didn't say a word," Nat recalls. "At least a half-hour went by, and then she came up to me and noted. 'Daddy, you shouldn't grab things from people. It's ill-mannered.'" Nat adds: "That's the first time I had the feeling she was really growing up. I think very soon now Ellen and I will have our independence."

Ten minutes away, in New Canaan, with Norwegian spruce instead of dogwood, lives big Jim Lewis. Jim is the man who submerges for those low bass notes. Jim is tall and handsome. His appearance generally belies his intensity.

Jim was born and raised in Birmingham. As a child he studied music and, by the time he got to high school, was singing solo and leading the school orchestra. He graduated from Talladega College with a major in sociology. But, when he got to New York, he auditioned for Bill Robinson's Broadway production of "The Hot Mikado" and was hired. Afterwards, Jim played the Ruban Bleu and Cafe Society night clubs.

Jim was working in the recreation office of the U.S. Coast Guard station at Manhattan Beach, New York, in 1942, when the Mariners first organized. Each of the boys was performing individually at camp functions until an officer asked them to sing as a group. "Even though each of us was kind of a prima donna," Jim recalls, "we tried it and liked it. We thought we'd like to stick together." An admiral heard them and decided that they would. So for



Martin Karl works on his music when not performing—or attending the PTA.

the duration of the war, as the Coast Guard Quartet, they performed at hospitals, canteens, theaters, bond rallies and on radio programs.

Even then, Jim Lewis began to handle the business end of the quartet. Maybe that's why he was the last to marry. Jim didn't marry until well after the war. When he met Janice Brooks, she was at Columbia University working on her master's degree. Her major was public health and she held a B.S. degree from the University of California, besides being a Registered Nurse. Jim found her charming, intelligent and nice to look at.

"We kind of stalled about getting married," Jim says. "We were in love, but I wasn't ready. Then Janice went back to her home in California, for she had really come East only to study. She was back there a year when I proposed by phone."

They married in 1948 and, until a year ago, lived in New York. Now, in Connecticut, they have a handsome, white, split-level house that is loaded with J's. "We're not superstitious or anything," Jim says, "but it just kind of happened. We named our first baby Janeen, after her mother and her grandmother Jane. That was four years ago. Last Christmas day, we had our second little girl, and she is named Jacyn."

The names, Janeen and Jacyn, are inventions of Jim and Janice. So is the name of their Airedale, Juba. Jim is keen about dogs and, until recently, raised shepherds. He's taken courses in training and breeding but, for lack of time, has given it up as an avocation.

Their home is furnished in what Jim calls "conservative modern." They have designated one little room as the television room so that it won't monopolize everything else. In the dining room there is a piece described as a "long, low highboy," which Jim himself designed to hold dishes and which he calls a "China boy." He also designed another unit which is the storage spot for his bar paraphernalia and record collection. Jim collects mostly old recordings of great singers—discs like those of Battistini, Caruso, Chaliapin, and others from the golden age of singing.

He is kept fully occupied on weekends by such elemental plantings as shrubbery and rhododendrons. This past spring, he started a rock garden. "Collecting rocks in Connecticut is like carrying coals to Newcastle," he notes.

Jim's main outside interest is the union. He is national vice president of AFTRA, the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists, which includes almost all regularly employed entertainers in the TV and radio business.

"I have been doing my best to get Negroes a better break in radio and TV," he says. "The resistance is all concentrated in the industry, from the top to the bottom. It's not the public at all, so far as I can see." He adds, "My success has been small, but I keep trying."

Jim's efforts in this direction are, he considers, strictly personal. His work for improvement of race relations is never done in the name of the quartet. While he feels strongly and talks persuasively about a world where people can work together, he is not emotional—just intelligent and fair. He is by nature a soft-spoken, pleasant person and he is well liked.

Last but not least of the Mariners is Tom Lockard, who was a cook in the Coast Guard before the quartet was formed. Tom's prior experience as a cook was just about as extensive as that of most "chefs" in the services. He began to study piano seriously as a youngster—and, after each day's practice, his mother gave him cookies and milk. In his teens, he turned to voice—and his teacher lived



Photography is Nat Dickerson's hobby and his favorite subject is his family.

in a house that was only five blocks from a restaurant. He attended El Monte High School and Pasadena Junior College—both schools had cafeterias. Later, he majored in music at U.C.L.A.—and walked by a diner almost every day. He sang on concert tours and radio; he had an engagement with the Los Angeles Opera Company—and at this time met a baritone who cooked spaghetti. So, naturally, the Coast Guard made Tom Lockard a cook.

Tom is one Mariner who never stopped "marinating." He has always lived near or on the ocean. He has had boats whenever he could afford one. Today, he has a twenty-five-foot Owens cabin express cruiser. His home is so close to the sea that occasionally the tide comes halfway up his terrace.

Tom's wife, Ginny, is a petite blonde, one of the founders of the Chordettes. Tom and Ginny met when the Chordettes were members of the Godfrey family. They were married in 1952. Ginny continued singing until the Chordettes went on the road. Then she quit and became a housewife.

They live in a single-level, white brick house. It originally had seven rooms but they have added two. "Had to do it for the kids," Tom explains. Every weekend and during vacations, they have four children in their home. Ginny and Tom have both been married previously. Tom has two daughters from his first marriage, Paula, almost seven, and Marlayna, ten. Keith, nine, is Ginny's first child. Tom's and Ginny's baby is Kathleen, who is one-year-plus.

During the past winter, Ginny taught the children a little barber-shop harmony. Tom gave lessons in ice skating. With warm weather, they will have the boat out and begin their excursions to the cottage



Jim Lewis baby-sits when his wife is busy helping Girl Scouts and Red Cross.

on Fire Island, just off Long Island.

Tom's home is in Freeport, Long Island, and he has a street address, but the house is situated between two canals, the nearest being within a hundred yards.

One night, Tom thought he heard water lapping on the lawn. He went back to sleep figuring it was his imagination. At six, the kids woke him and they were delighted with the sight from the windows. The tide had moved in a hundred yards and was halfway up their lawn. "I figured that another three feet and it would be in the living room."

Tom phoned the fire department—why he chose them he still doesn't know—and he asked what was the time for high tide. They told him six and, since it was just passing six, he stopped worrying. The kids were still having a ball and, with glee, pointed out that the station wagon, parked at the curb, was half-submerged in water.

"I was supposed to get out to the airport," Tom recalls. "The quartet had a date out of town." The firemen came to his rescue and toted him out of the house.

Otherwise, Ginny and Tom live quietly. "We go to a night club about once a month or even less often," he says, "and that's just for the fun of getting dressed up and getting out. We always get bored quickly and go home early."

Tom and Ginny may sing together for friends or just for the fun of it. Tom bought Ginny one of those instruments called a "recorder," and he takes to the piano for instrumental duets. She has recently begun to study voice again.

Ginny has staged benefits in the community, for she has had enough experience in the business to coach both the dancing and singing. Tom always helps out on the program by donating a couple of solos. Ginny is also a "den mother" for the Cub Scouts. "She wears a Boy Scout shirt and overseas cap to the meetings," Tom observes. "No den mother should look as cute as she does."

Tom is by far a better cook, but Ginny does most of the cooking and finds it quite frustrating—for Tom, with no warning, goes off and on diets. A diet, however, doesn't stop Tom from making his specialty, Hungarian goulash. "You'd think I was crazy if I told you how I make it," he says. "The only thing that doesn't go in it is Hungary. That stays in Europe."

Tom, like his children, is happy-go-lucky to a degree. He is also very serious. He takes both his work and people seriously. He likes and trusts people—never locks his garage or home or his locker at the Y gym. He's a thorough optimist.

But it all began for Tom and the others in the hold of a troop carrier en route to the South Pacific. A tornado was raging and the war was still on with the Japanese. At that moment, they decided to go professional, and chose the name of The Mariners.

The pact was made in face of tremendous odds, but they've kept it. With Arthur's blessings, they have established precedents in the field of entertainment. They have overcome individual ambitions to function smoothly as a team. They've "grown up" together.

"We're closer than friends. We're more like a family," says Martin Karl. "And you know the way a family gets. In spite of divergent views, you get to be a little alike. It's an abstract kind of thing."

They have proven their faith in the idea that men can work together. Not least, they have proven their faith in those millions who have become their audience. The Mariners have had a wonderful success, and it couldn't have happened to four nicer guys.



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Caesar's Finest Hour

(Continued from page 49)

faster than the speed of light . . . travels 212,000 miles per second, whereas the speed of light is only 186,000 miles per second. They're getting more out of the spark than they're putting into it—which may revolutionize the whole theory of thermo-physics. It may also revolutionize the theory that you get out of life only what you put into it. A theory I, personally, have never believed. If you put something good into life, you not only get it back, but more besides.

"Or maybe we'd talk about some book we were reading—*The Day Lincoln Was Shot*, let's say, and this leads to a discussion of ballistics. As a lover of guns, and a collector, I know ballistics. Because I do, I know Lincoln could have been saved. I say so. This leads to more talk, discussion, argument.

"Talk like this, of other jobs, other professions, other problems, and other worlds is more relaxing, more refreshing than a cruise, a vacation. Cheaper, too. You're 'getting away from it all' while your body, which is expensive to move around, stays put.

"A couple of hours of talk, then Florence and the kids come along and join us. Before dinner, Florence and I would have a couple of cocktails. Then dinner, and I'd go off my diet, have lobster with drawn butter sauce, julienne potatoes, apple pie with a big hunk of yellow cheese on the top of it. After dinner I'd like to just sit a while, then take a walk with Florence, get a little romantic with Florence, thinking, when you live a lot, and at such a fast pace, you don't have enough time to walk, and talk, and be romantic. . . .

"Then we'd drive home and, after hearing the kids say their prayers and tucking them in, we'd make for the kitchen where I'd have my midnight snack of stale rye bread, or cornbread (the staler the bread, the better I like it), bananas, American cheese and milk. This is my midnight snack," said the six-foot tall, 206-pound Caesar (who is really built!), "every night.

"And so to bed. And so ends," Sid shrugged and smiled, "the day off I haven't had!"

And isn't likely to have until that eighth day is added to his crowded calendar. And should have, because this year just past has been not only a crowded year, but also a crucial year in Caesar's life. A brand-new leaf of a year, too, for when, in the spring of '54, Sid and Imogene Coca split up and their co-starring career on Max Liebman's *Your Show Of Shows*, which made television history, then belonged to history, Sid formed his own company, Shellric Corporation—named for his seven-year-old daughter Michele (called Shelley) and his three-year-old-son, Richard (called Rick).

"I went through a very difficult period for many months," Sid says. "Getting a new organization together is a terrible job. Not only in the matter of getting the right people for the jobs but, and this is even more important, of getting the right people for *you*. For, if someone you work with is not chemically right for you, you rub each other the wrong way and you don't get anywhere!"

"But even during the difficult period," Sid said in answer to my question, "I did not regret—I do not ever regret—that Coca and I split up. I enjoyed working with Imogene, I had fun, and we worked very well together. But she is a star in her own right and there just wasn't enough time for both of us—someone had to suffer. With Nanette Fabray, who is also a star in

her own right, and very much so, it is easier to blend—perhaps because, as performers, we're less alike than Coca and I . . . don't have to do the same kind of things and also because, on *Caesar's Hour*, 'The play's the thing!' If a sketch calls for a woman to have the spotlight, Fabray has the spotlight. If the sketch features a man, I am featured. We don't *have* to write for two stars. It's as simple as that.

"That Coca and I should part company was NBC's idea, however—not hers, or mine. A sound idea for the network since they now have three shows—Max's *Spectaculars*, Coca's show, and mine—in place of one. For Coca and me, it's a matter of going up, too. Speaking for myself, I'd been with Max for seven years, and he taught me a tremendous amount. But—it's like a child living at home for too long . . . all right up to 20 or 21, then a kid has to get out on his own, move on, otherwise he becomes stagnant."

That the star, likewise the owner and proprietor, of *Caesar's Hour* should ever become stagnant is one of The Things Least Likely To Happen—that's for sure!

Sid not only owns the show, he directs it. He not only directs it, he sits in on all the meetings—with his producer, Leo Morgan, with his musical director, his dance director, the technicians and with his writers, all five of them. It is with his writers that Sid spends the most time—anywhere from one to three hours a day (or night) planning and writing the show. Many of the ideas used are Caesar's ideas. In a recent show, for instance, the camera moved from one couple to another—three in all—as they were arguing about whether they'd go to the fights or, as the wives wished, to a concert. Because the camera had to move from one couple to the other, and show each under a different roof, at the same time, a difficult technical problem arose—but to TV's Caesar, as to Rome's, problems are puzzles to be solved and difficulties merely objects to be removed. His, too, the idea for a dance production, a bullfight number in which the charging bull was played, with stunning effect, by—the camera!

Even when Sid is not at a meeting, or rehearsing the customary six to seven hours a day, he's still man-at-work cataloguing and eventually utilizing people he meets—the things he sees and hears, and also everything he personally experiences—as raw material for his skits, monologues and pantomimes.

There was the time visiting relatives spent an afternoon at the Caesar apartment fussing over and cuddling the small Shelley. "She spent four hours on people's laps without once putting foot to floor," said Sid . . . and next thing you know, there was a skit portraying a baby's indignation over adult stupidity.

After a harried couple of hours trying to teach Florence to change gears, Sid worked up a car driving routine that was riotous.

He's also been a husband who has just had a fight with his wife and suddenly thinks of things he should have said; an awkward boy attending his first dance and then—seen several years later—in all his revolting self-confidence as a jitterbug. He's been a waiter soothing the customers, as only Caesar can soothe, while the restaurant kitchen burns. A Great Lover of the Broadway stage, who loses his voice, his glamour and his girl only to retrieve all three as "the curtain falls." He is, perennially, "The Professor," with his double-talking "foreign" languages.

As boys in Yonkers, New York, Sid and his two older brothers worked as bouncers in their father's restaurant, the St. Clair Lunch. It was while listening to the thunderous renunciations of the patrons who were no longer welcome that Caesar began to amass his extraordinary repertoire of dialects, accents and "foreign languages."

With "human comedy" as his source of material Caesar is still—at all hours of the day and night, and everywhere—adding to his amazing virtuosity.

All this—and the business administration of Shellric, too! For, although the sponsors of *Caesar's Hour* pay NBC-TV for the air time, they render unto Caesar the monies for the show, and it is Caesar who pays his own salary and the salaries of the talent and the office personnel he himself hires. He also takes the tab for the rental of Shellric's offices, which are sumptuously housed on two floors of the Milgrim Building on New York's West 57th Street. On the lower floor the producer, dance and musical directors, writers and secretaries have their well-equipped offices. On the lower floor also is the rehearsal hall, vast and airy and hung with silken draperies the color of the sun. On the upper floor is Sid's private office and this is quite a deal! The colors of walls and furnishings—well-upholstered, man-size chairs, a wide, deep, extra-long davenport, wall-to-wall carpeting—are mostly strong greens and reds. The ceiling-to-floor draperies are putty-colored. There is a 21-inch screen color television set. Among the many paintings on the walls (browsing about art galleries and collecting guns are Sid's two rather incongruous hobbies) I spotted a Picasso and a Rouault. Over the massive desk, a skylight opens to the heavens. Sid's lunch is served him at his desk. It is prepared, in a small kitchenette at the end of the corridor leading to the office, by Homer, the pleasant-faced man who caters to the inner man of Shellric Corp.'s headman.

"In this office, and/or the rehearsal hall, I spend more time," Sid told me, "than I do at home."

With Caesar, as with Steve Allen, Jackie Gleason, Garry Moore and the other headliners on TV, time—or the lack of it—is the chronic and common complaint, as common as the common cold. Lack of time for rest and recreation . . . for friends. Lack of time for family life, which Sid holds to be the gravest lack of all—for, as he so wisely says: "If you have a high TV rating, that's good, that's fine, that's what you're working for, what you want, but—the rating that really counts is the one you have with your family."

Caesar's rating, both on TV and at home, which is a comfortable, large apartment on New York's upper Park Avenue, is, as of now, slightly astronomical.

That his TV rating should be Up There is to be expected, if the rewards of honest and unremitting labor are all they're cracked up to be. But for the satisfactory state of affairs at work *and* at home, Sid thanks the cure he has found for the "common complaint" (said to be incurable) afflicting the TV greats.

"What I do," says Sid, "I take three days out of each month (three days out of the one week we're not on the air) and go up to this place called Avon Lodge in Woodridge, New York—where Florence and I first met when I was entertaining the summer guests at the Lodge and she was a counselor at a near-by girls' camp. These days out are not to be confused, by the way, with that 'one day off' I dream about. These days have a purpose,

they are therapeutic. For what do I do up there? I just walk about by myself. Quiet down. Figure out what has happened in the whirlwind I just left. Maybe set up some empty bottles for target practice.

"In the evening, I like to play pinochle. I go into the town, into the back room of a little luncheonette, and play with three pals of mine—Steve Slater, who is a garage mechanic; Ray Rethel, a farmer; and Bernie Chonin, a gunsmith. Our stakes: We play 25 cents for 1200 points. Firehouse pinochle—if *very* unlucky, you can lose about two dollars! After the game we may sit around a while and chew the fat. *Their* fat, not mine. We talk about guns and carburetors and crops. Cabbages. Those tons of cabbages Ray bought, thinking there was going to be a shortage and there wasn't and Ray was stuck with tons a'wasting. We'll tell our wives to put up sauerkraut, we told him; we'll eat cole slaw three times a day. It's good talk, good for me. I'm in three other worlds!

"But during the days—all three of them—I sit by myself, or I walk around by myself and figure what is happening to me, and in me. I sit back and take stock and I say, as Fred Allen put it, 'It's a treadmill, through with one show, start another—' But for every working man, I think then, every working day is a treadmill, and some more uphill than others. So don't try to frustrate yourself, I advise myself, by thinking, *I could be doing this, or that*, and that the grass is greener on the other side. It isn't. And when you rationalize, you know that you must adapt to what you can do and be, to what you are. Like I might want to be a Shah, but I can't be a Shah. You can take it from there. . . .

"I think about the things I've got to be thankful for and I know the *most* thankful thing I've got is that I've got healthy children. If there's a fever of 105°, as

Richard had when he was coming down with chicken pox, (only we didn't know it was chicken pox) then you *really* go crazy! I think about Richard and how big he is, 62 pounds at three years of age, 4 feet, 3 inches tall, big and fine. And about how we're bringing up Shelley to be an individual. It's hard, they tell you, for the children of movie, stage or TV stars to be individuals because, they say, 'They're in the shadow.' Shelley is not in the shadow of anyone, nor Richard. Not in mine, they're not. I cast no shadow. I'm not 'The Star' at home. I'm just Daddy.

"I think about money—who doesn't—and I think that money is as important as you make it. It's nice stuff to have around. I like to buy paintings with it, and guns. We want a house in the country—Florence is looking for one this very day, in Riverdale, New York. I like a good car, good food, good clothes. But the person who wants only material things is a very poor person, indeed, no matter how much money he's got in the bank.

"I think about Florence. I think about her in relation to my career and about how she is my career. For she is. *She is all of it*. Because, if we have an argument and if I don't have time to talk it out with her, it reflects in my work, it affects me in my work. It affects me.

"In a man's career, as in a game of chess, I often think, the queen is the most powerful piece on the board. In the game of chess the main job of the queen is to protect the king. In life (also a game) there is this difference—the queen can either protect you or attack you! A smart and intelligent queen makes your life so much easier. And you should treat her like a queen. Main thing is not just coming home with flowers and candy—some of that, too, of course—but more important to kiss her when you say goodbye in the

morning, but a *real* kiss . . . only takes two seconds! And if there is something unresolved between you, talk it out—it can only help!

"I understand Florence more than I used to. Until recently I didn't understand women (plural)—what made them do certain things, say certain things, what did they want, where were they going. It's only when you come to know that a woman has the same need for warmth and affection you have, that you can't just take the warmth and love, you have to give it, and in the same measure—only then do you find a state of happiness.

"I have found a true state of happiness. My three days of quiet each month have helped me find it.

"I help myself in other ways, too—I take twenty pills a day," (whereupon, before my amazed eyes, Caesar swallowed ten of the twenty; monsters they were, too). "Twenty pills a day," he repeated. "Vitamin pills—Vitamin C, B, B-Complex, A, Brewer's Yeast, and so on. Why not? Want a car to get you some place, got to take care of it. If a man has a store, he sees to it that the stock is in good repair, the books in order. He minds the store. I am my own business and I've got to look after it. *I mind the store, too!*

"I'm also trying to disprove the theory that youth is wasted on the young by taking care of myself *now*. And it's paying dividends—for, since the mental attitude stems from the physical condition, I not only feel better, I think better, am more alert, more alive than I have ever been in my lifetime (33 years of it)!

"And happier. I'm happy because I have a wonderful state of mind now. I'm happy at home. That says it all. *Because when you're happy at home, you're happy everywhere.*"

Hail, Caesar!

NOW! SOFT, GLOWING HAIR IN 20 SECONDS!

Condition your hair this new non-oily way! New Improved SUAVE—with Helene Curtis *greaseless* lanolin—relieves dryness and brittleness instantly! Gives dull hair satiny glow—makes it obey the new *soft* way!



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NEW! with amazing greaseless lanolin

Inside Radio

All Times Listed Are Eastern Daylight Time.

Monday through Friday

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs				
8:30 8:45		Local Program	John MacVane 8:55 Betty Crocker†	
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45		Robert Hurlleigh Easy Does It	Breakfast Club	
10:00	Mary Margaret McBride 10:05 Norman Vincent Peale Joyce Jordan, M.D. Doctor's Wife	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Arthur Godfrey Time
10:15 10:30		Guest Time News 10:35 Johnny Olsen Show	10:25 Whispering Streets	
10:45	Break The Bank		When A Girl Marries	
11:00	Strike It Rich	Florida Calling With Tom Moore	Companion— Dr. Mace Paging The New	Arthur Godfrey (con.)
11:15		11:25 Holland Engle Queen For A Day	Albert Warner, News Your Neighbor's Voice	Make Up Your Mind Second Husband
11:30 11:45	Phrase That Pays Second Chance			

Afternoon Programs

12:00	Pauline Frederick Reporting	Break The Bank	Valentino	Wendy Warren & The News
12:15 12:30 12:45		Capitol Commentary with Les Higgin 12:20 Down At Holmesy's	Frank Farrell	Rosemary 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		Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason
2:30 2:45			Betty Crocker† 2:35 Martin Block	This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00	News	Ruby Mercer Show	Martin Block (con.)	Hilltop House Art Linkletter's House Party
3:15 3:30 3:45	3:05 Woman In Love Pepper Young Right To Happiness			
4:00 4:15	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas	Bruce & Dan	Latin Quarter Matinee 4:25 Betty Crocker† Treasury Bandstand	Treasury Bandstand 4:55 News
4:30 4:45	Young Widder Brown Woman In My House	Tex Fletcher's Wagon Show		
5:00	Just Plain Bill	Bobby Benson† (Sgt. Preston) Bobby Benson	Musical Express Fred Beck Gloria Parker Vincent Lopez	News 5:05 John Faulk
5:15 5:30 5:45	Lorenzo Jones Hotel For Pets It Pays To Be Married	5:50 Wismer, Sports 5:55 Cecil Brown †T-Th -M-F W—Adventures Of Long John Silver	†T, Th—Sheilah Graham	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	ABC Reporter	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 In The Mood	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe The Lone Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith, News	Lowell Thomas Tennessee Ernie Choraliers Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Henry J. Taylor Best Of All	Top Secret Files Broadway Cop	Jack Gregson Show American Music Hall Voice Of Firestone	Mr. & Mrs. North 8:25 Doug Edwards Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts
9:00	Telephone Hour	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Footnotes to History Reporters' Roundup	Music Tent	Perry Como
9:15 9:30 9:45	Band Of America		9:25 News Freedom Sings	Bing Crosby Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News
10:00	Fibber McGee & Molly	Maxie Whitney Orch.	News, Edward P. Morgan	Music Room
10:15 10:30	Great Gildersleeve Wings For Tomorrow	Distinguished Artists	How To Fix It Martha Lou Harp	

Tuesday

Evening Programs

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Sports Daily Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABC Reporter Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Jackson & The News Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Oreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Eddie Fisher	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Saga 7:55 Les Griffith	Tennessee Ernie Choraliers Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	People Are Funny Dragnet	Treasury Agent John Steele, Adventurer	Jack Gregson Show	Suspense 8:25 News Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons
9:00 9:15	Lux Radio Theater	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Footnotes to History Army Hour	Sammy Kaye 9:25 E. D. Canham, News Platterbrains	Rosemary Clooney Bing Crosby Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News
9:30 9:45	Lux Theater (con.)		9:55 News	Orchestra
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee & Molly Great Gildersleeve Listen To Washington	Musical Almanac Dance Music	News, Edward P. Morgan How To Fix It Take Thirty	

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	Jackson & The News Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Oreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Les Paul & Mary Ford 7:55 Here's Hayes	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Lone Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith	Tennessee Ernie Choraliers Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15	Dinah Shore Frank Sinatra	Crime Show	Jack Gregson Show	FBI In Peace And War 8:25 Doug Edwards 21st Precinct
8:30	News 8:35 Barrie Craig	Sentenced		
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	You Bet Your Life News 9:35 Truth Or Consequences	News, Lyle Van CBC Symphony	Sammy Kaye President's News Conference	Perry Como Bing Crosby Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee & Molly Great Gildersleeve Keys To The Capital	CBC Symphony (con.) Dance Band	News, Edward P. Morgan How To Fix It Dunigans & Friends	Orchestra

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	Jackson & The 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 Saga 7:55 Les Griffith	Tennessee Ernie Choraliers Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30	Roy Rogers Bob Hope Show	Official Detective Crime Fighters	Jack Gregson Show	The Whistler 8:25 Doug Edwards Night Watch
9:00 9:15	News 9:05 Spend A Million	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Footnotes to History State Of The Nation	Serenade Room New Music 9:55 News	Rosemary Clooney Bing Crosby Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News
9:30 9:45	Where Have You Been?			
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee & Molly Great Gildersleeve Jane Pickens Show	Musical Caravan Henry Jerome Orch.	News, Edward P. Morgan How To Fix It Front & Center	Dance Orchestra

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	Jackson & The News Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Oreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Men's Corner Gabriel Heatter Les Paul & Mary Ford 7:55 Here's Hayes	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Lone Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith	Tennessee Ernie Choraliers Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Dinah Shore Frank Sinatra Friday With Garroway	Counter-Spy Take A Number	Jack Gregson Show	Crime Photographer 8:25 Doug Edwards Godfrey Digest
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Garroway (con.)	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Footnotes to History	Sammy Kaye Young Composers 9:55 Sport Report	Perry Como Bing Crosby Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News
10:00 10:15 10:30	Boxing—Cavalcade Of Sports Sports Highlights	Family Theater London Studios Melodies	News, Edward P. Morgan How To Fix It Indoors Unlimited	Dance Orchestra

Inside Radio

Saturday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45		Local Program	Ooug Browning Show	News
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Serenade To Romance	News	No School Today	News Of America
10:00	Mary Margaret McBride		No School Today (con.)	Garden Gate
10:05 10:15 10:30 10:45	10:05 Serenade To Romance Roadshow, with Bill Cullen	American Travel Guide		News
1:00	Roadshow (con.)	Lucky Pierre		10:05 Galen Drake Show
1:15 1:30 1:45		Johnny Desmond Show 11:55 Young Living	11:05 Half-Pint Panel All League Club-house	10:55 News
				Robert Q. Lewis Show

Afternoon Programs

2:00 2:15	National Farm And Home Hour	I Asked You	News 12:05 101 Ranch Boys American Farmer	Noon News 12:05 Romance
2:30 2:45	Pee Wee King Show	Tex Fletcher Wagon Show		Gunsmoke
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Oude Ranch Jamboree Roadshow (con.)	Fifth Army Band Symphonies For Youth	News 1:05 Navy Hour Vincent Lopez 1:55 News	City Hospital 1:25 News, Jackson Stan Oaugherty Presents
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Roadshow (con.)	Symphonies (con.) 2:25 News Sports Parade	News 2:05 Festival, with Milton Cross	Dance Orchestra Teddy Wilson Orch. Richard Hayes
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Roadshow (con.)	Country Jamboree	News 3:05 Festival (con.)	String Serenade Skinny Ennis Orch.
4:00 4:15 4:30	Roadshow (con.)	Bandstand, U.S.A.	News 4:05 Horse Races	Dance Orchestra
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Roadshow (con.)	Teenagers Unlimited	News Dinner At The Green Room	Adventures In Science Farm News News, Jackson 5:35 Saturday At The Chase
			5:55 News	

Evening Programs

6:00	News	John T. Flynn	6:05 Pan-American Union Sports, Bob Finnegan Bob Edge, Sports Afield	News Sports Review Capitol Cloakroom
6:15 6:30 6:45	H. V. Kaltenborn Thy Kingdom Come	World Traveler Report From Washington Basil Heatter		
7:00	NBC Travel Bureau 7:05 Heart Of The News Stars From Paris	Pop The Question Have A Heart	News 7:05 At Ease Labor-Management Series	News, Jackson 7:05 Make Way For Youth Gangbusters
7:15 7:30 7:45				Gunsmoke Juke Box Jury
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Conversation Boston Symphony	True Or False Quaker City Capers	News 8:05 Dance Party	
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Symphony (con.) Grand Ole Opry	Hawaii Calls Lombardo Land	News 9:05 Dance Party (con.)	Two For The Money Country Style 9:55 News, Jackson
10:00	Tex Williams Show	Chicago Theater Of The Air	News 10:05 Ozark Jubilee Ambassador Hotel	Country Style (con.)
10:15 10:30	Town Hall Party			Dance Orchestra

Sunday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45		Light And Life Hour	Renfro Valley 8:55 Galen Drake
9:00 9:15	World News Roundup Carnival Of Books	Wings Of Healing	World News Roundup Sidney Walton Show
9:30	Faith In Action	Back To God	Organ Music, E. Power Biggs 9:55 News, Trout
9:45	Art Of Living		
10:00 10:15	National Radio Pulpit	Radio Bible Class	Church Of The Air
10:30 10:45	Headlines In Perspective	Voice Of Prophecy	Church Of The Air (con.)
11:00 11:15	News 11:05 Stars From Paris	Frank And Ernest Christian Science Monitor Northwestern Reviewing Stand	Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir
11:30 11:45	Pauline Frederick At UN UN Assignment		Invitation To Learning
		Sunday Melodies 11:05 Marines On Review News 11:35 Christian In Action	

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Music For Relaxation The Eternal Light	Marine Band News, Bill Cunning- ham Merry Mailman	Pan-American Union The World Tomorrow	News, LeSueur 12:05 The Leading Question Philadelphia Symphony Orch.
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Anthology Univ. Of Chicago Round Table	Global Frontiers Christian Science Lutheran Hour	Herald Of Truth News 1:35 Pilgrimage	Philadelphia Symphony (con.) News 1:35 Washington Week World Affairs
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	The Catholic Hour Youth Wants To Know	Music From Britain	Dr. Oral Roberts Wings Of Healing	Symphonette New York Philhar- monic-Symphony
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Weekend	Music From Britain (con.) Bandstand, U.S.A. Basil Heatter	News 3:05 Air Force Show Hour Of Decision	New York Philhar- monic-Symphony (con.)
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Weekend (con.)	Salute To The Nation Nick Carter 4:55 Lorne Greene	Old-Fashioned Revival Hour	News, LeSueur 4:05 On A Sunday Afternoon
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Conversation	Adventures Of Rin Tin Tin True Detective Mysteries 5:55 Cecil Brown	News 5:05 World Church Greatest Story Ever Told	News 5:05 On A Sunday Afternoon (con.) 5:55 News, Trout

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	American Forum Nothing But Music	Public Prosecutor-- Jay Jostyn On The Line, Bob Conside All Star Sport Time	Monday Morning Headlines Paul Harvey, News Evening Comes	Gene Autry Sunday Playhouse
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Biographies In Sound 7:55 NBC Travel Bureau	Richard Hayes Show Studio Concert	News 7:05 Showtime Revue George Sokolsky News 7:35 Valentino Travel Talk	Jack Benny Amos 'n' Andy
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Dr. Six Gun Adventures Of The Abbotts	West Point Band Enchanted Hour	American Town Meeting	Our Miss Brooks My Little Margie
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Sherlock Holmes Easy Money	Fulton Lewis, Jr Success Story Manion Forum Keep Healthy	Walter Winchell News, Quincy Howe Sammy Kaye 9:55 News	Rudy Vallee Show
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee And Molly Great Gildersleeve Meet The Press	Billy Graham Little Symphonies	Paul Harvey, News Elmer Davis Revival Time	News, Schorr 10:05 Face The Na- tion John Oerr, Sports

See Next Page →

Inside Radio

All Times Listed Are Eastern Daylight Time.

Manday through Friday

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs				
8:30 8:45		Local Program	John MacVane 8:55 Betty Crocker	
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45		Robert Hurlough Easy Does It	Breakfast Club	
10:00	Mary Margaret McBride 10:05 Norman Vincent Peale Joyce Jordan, M.D. Doctor's Wife	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Arthur Godfrey Time
10:15 10:30	Guest Time 10:35 Johnny Olisen Show		10:25 Whispering Streets	
10:45	Break The Bank		When A Girl Marries	
11:00	Strike It Rich	Florida Calling With Tom Moore	Companion— Or, Maco Paging The How	Arthur Godfrey (con.)
11:15		11:25 Holland Engle Queen For A Day	Albert Warner, News Your Neighbor's Voice	Make Up Your Mind Second Husband
11:45	Phroso That Pays Second Chancu			

Afternoon Programs

12:00	Paulino Frederick Reporting	Break The Bank	Valentino	Wendy Warren & The News
12:15 12:30 12:45		Capitol Commentary With Les Higgle 12:20 Own At Holmes's	Frank Farrell	Rosemary Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45		News, Cedric Foster Luncheon At Sardi's Tod 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	Second Mrs. Burfoot Perry Mason
2:30 2:45			Betty Crocker 2:35 Martin Block	This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00	News	Ruby Mercer Show	Martin Block (con.)	Hilltop House Art Linkletter's House Party
3:15 3:30 3:45	3:05 Woman In Love Pepper Young Right To Happiness			
4:00	Backstage With 4:15 Stella Dallas	Brube & Dan	Lain Quarter Maline	4:25 Betty Crocker Treasury Bandstand
4:30 4:45	Young Wilder Brown Woman In My House	Tea Fletcher's Wagon Show		Treasury Bandstand 4:55 News
5:00	Just Plain Bill	Bobby Benson (Sgt. Preston) Bobby Benson	Musical Express	News 5:05 John Faulk
5:15 5:30 5:45	Lorenzo Jones Hotel For Pets It Pays To Be Married	5:30 Wismer, Sports 5:55 Cecil Brown 11:30-11:45 W-Adventures Of Long John Silver	Fred Beck Gloria Parker Vincent Lopez	8:55 This I Believe

Monday Evening Programs

8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Sports Daily with Hal Allen, Russ Hodges	Local Program	ABC Reporter Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Jackson & The News East Of Athens Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go Hews Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Cabriel Heatter Eddie Fisher	Vandercok, News Quincy Howe Lone Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith	Tennessee Ernie Ghorallers Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Henry J. Taylor Best Of All	Top Secret Files Broadway Gap	Jack Gregson Show American Music Hall Voice Of Firestone	Mr. & Mrs. North 8:25 Doug Edwards Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts
9:00	Telephone Hour	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Footnotes to History	Music Tent	Perry Como
9:15 9:30 9:45	Band Of America	Bing Crosby Reporter's Roundup	9:25 News Freedom Sings	Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News
10:00	Fibber McGee & Molly	Maale Whitney Orch.	News, Edward P. Morgan	Music Room
10:15 10:30	Great Gildersleeve Wings For Tomorrow	Distinguished Artists	How To Fix It Martha Lou Harp	

	HBC	MBS	ABG	CBS
6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Sports Daily Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABG Reporter Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Jackson & The News Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go Hews Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Cabriel Heatter Eddie Fisher	Vandercok, News Quincy Howe Saga 7:55 Les Griffith	Tennessee Ernie Choralliers Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	People Are Funny Oragnet	Treasury Agent John Steele, Adventurer	Jack Gregson Show	Suspense 8:25 News Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons
9:00 9:15	Lux Radio Theater	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Footnotes to History	Sammy Kaye 9:25 E. O. Ganham, Platterbrains	Rosemary Closey Bing Crosby
9:30 9:45	Lux Theater (con.)	Army Hour	9:55 News	Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News
10:00	Fibber McGee & Molly	Musical Almanac	News, Edward P. Morgan	Orchestra
10:15 10:30	Great Gildersleeve Listen To Washington	Dance Music	How To Fix It Take Thirty	

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	Jackson & The News Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go Hews Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Cabriel Heatter Les Paul & Mary Ford	Vandercok, News Quincy Howe Lone Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith	Tennessee Ernie Choralliers Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15	Dinah Shore Frank Sinatra	Crime Show	Jack Gregson Show	FBI In Posee And War 8:25 Doug Edwards 21st Precinct
8:30	News 8:35 Barrie Craig	Sentenced		
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	You Bet Your Life News 9:35 Truth Or Consequences	News, Lyle Van OEG Symphony	Sammy Kaye President's News Conference	Perry Como Bing Crosby Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News
10:00	Fibber McGee & Molly	CBC Symphony (con.)	News, Edward P. Morgan	Orchestra
10:15 10:30	Great Gildersleeve Keys To The Capital	Dance Band	How To Fix It Dunigans & Friends	

Thursday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Sports Daily Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABG Reporter Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Jackson & The News Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go Hews Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Cabriel Heatter Eddie Fisher	Vandercok, News Quincy Howe Saga 7:55 Les Griffith	Tennessee Ernie Choralliers Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15	Roy Rogers	Official Detective	Jack Gregson Show	The Whistler 8:25 Doug Edwards Night Watch
8:30	Bob Hope Show	Crime Fighters		
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	News 9:15 Spend A Million 9:30 Where Have You Been?	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Footnotes to History	Serenade Room New Music	Rosemary Closey Bing Crosby Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News
10:00	Fibber McGee & Molly	Musical Garavan	News, Edward P. Morgan	Dance Orchestra
10:15 10:30	Great Gildersleeve Jane Pickens Show	Henry Jerome Orch.	How To Fix It Front & Center	

Friday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Sports Daily Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABG Reporter Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Jackson & The News Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go Hews Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Men's Corner Gabriel Heatter Les Paul & Mary Ford	Vandercok, News Quincy Howe Lone Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith	Tennessee Ernie Ghorallers Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Dinah Shore Frank Sinatra Friday With Garraway	Goulet-Spy Take A Number	Jack Gregson Show	Crime Photographer 8:25 Doug Edwards Audrey Digest
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Garraway (con.)	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Footnotes to History	Sammy Kaye Young Composers	Perry Como Bing Crosby Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News
10:00	Boxing-Galvalade Of Sports	Family Theater	News, Edward P. Morgan	Dance Orchestra
10:15 10:30	Sports Highlights	London Studios Melodies	How To Fix It Indoors Unlimited	

Inside Radio

Saturday

	HBC	MBS	ABG	CBS
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Morning Programs				
4:30 4:45		Local Program	Ooug Browning Show	News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45			Ho School Today	News Of America
6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Serenade To Romance	News		Carden Gate
7:00	Mary Margaret McBride 10:05 Serenade To Romance with Bill Cullen		Ho School Today (con.)	News
10:15 10:30 10:45		American Travel Guide		10:05 Calen Orake Show 10:55 News
11:00	Roadshow (con.)	Lucky Pierre		Robert O. Lewis Show
11:15 11:30 11:45		Johnny Desmond Show	1:05 Malt-Pint Panel All League Club- house	

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15	National Farm And Home Hour	I Asked You Boys	News 12:05 Tot Ranch Boys American Farmer	Moon News 12:05 Romance
12:30 12:45	Pea Wee King Show	Tea Fletcher Wagon Show		Cunsmoke
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Oude Ranch Jamboree Roadshow (con.)	Fifth Army Band Symphonies For Youth	News 1:05 Havy Hour Vincent Lopez	City Hospital 1:25 News, Jackson Stan Daugherty Presents
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Roadshow (con.)	Symphonies (con.) Sports Parade	News 2:05 Festival, with Milton Cross	Dance Orchestra Teddy Wilson Orch. Richard Hayes
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Roadshow (con.)	Country Jamboree	News 3:05 Festival (con.)	String Serenade Skinny Ennis Orch.
4:00 4:15 4:30	Roadshow (con.)	Bandstand, U.S.A.	News 4:05 Horse Races	Dance Orchestra
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Roadshow (con.)	Teenagers Unlimited	News	Adventures In Science Farm News, Jackson 5:35 Saturday At The Chase

Evening Programs

6:00	News	John T. Flynn	6:05 Pan-American Union	News
6:15 6:30 6:45	H. V. Kaltenborn The Kingdom Come	World Traveler Report From Washington Basil Heatter	Sports Review Bob Edge, Spinesan Bob Edge, Spinesan Afield	Capitol GleeRoom
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	NBC Travel Bureau 9:05 Heart Of The News Stars From Paris	Pop The Question Have A Heart	News 7:05 At Ease LaSor-Management Series	News, Jackson Way For Youth Gangbusters
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Conversation Boston Symphony	True Or False Quaker City Capers	News 8:05 Dance Party	Gunsmoke Juke Box Jury
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Symphony (con.) Grand Ole Opry	Hawaii Galls Lombardo Land	News 9:05 Dance Party (con.)	Two For The Money Country Style 9:55 News, Jackson
10:00 10:15 10:30	Tex Williams Show Town Hall Party	Chicago Theater Of The Air	News 10:05 Ozark Jubilee Ambassador Hotel	Country Style (con.) Dance Orchestra

Sunday

	HBC	MBS	ABG	CBS
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Morning Programs				
8:30 8:45				Light And Lite Hour, Renfro Valley 8:55 Galen Drake
9:00 9:15	World News Roundup Carnival Of Books	Wings Of Healing Album	News 9:05 Milton Cross	World News Roundup Sidney Walton Show
9:30 9:45	Faith In Action Art Of Living	Back To God Mary To God	News 9:35 Calen Orake Show	Oragan Music, E. Power Biggs 9:55 News, Trout
10:00 10:15	National Radio Pulpit	Radio Bible Class	News 10:05 Message Of Israel News 10:35 College Choir	Church Of The Air Church Of The Air (con.)
10:30 10:45	Headlines In Perspective	Voice Of Prophecy	News 11:05 Stars From Paris	Sait Lako Tabernacle Chair
11:00 11:15	News 11:05 Stars From Paris	Frank And Ernest Monitor	News 11:05 Marines On Review	Invitation To Learning
11:30 11:45	Pauline Frederick At UH UH Assignment	Northwestern Reviewing Stand	News 11:35 Christian In Action	

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Music For Relaxation	Marine Band	Pan-American Union	News, LeSueur 12:05 The Leading Question Philadelphia Symphony Orch.
1:00 1:15 1:30	Anthology Univ. Of Chicago Round Table	Global Frontiers Christian Science Lutheran Hour	Herald Of Truth News 1:35 Pilgrimage Week World Affairs	Philadelphia Symphony (con.) News 1:35 Washington Week World Affairs
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	The Gatholic Hour Youth Wants To Know	Music From Britain Richard Hayes	Or. Oral Roberts Wings Of Healing	Symphonette New York Philhar- monic-Symphony
3:00	Weekend	Music From Britain (con.) Bandstand, U.S.A.	News 3:05 Air Force Show Hour Of Decision	How York Philhar- monic-Symphony (con.)
3:15 3:30 3:45	Weekend (con.)	Salute To The Nation Revival Hour	News, LeSueur 9:05 On A Sunday Afternoon	News, LeSueur 9:05 On A Sunday Afternoon (con.) 5:55 News, Trout
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Weekend (con.)	Hick Garter 4:55 Lorne Greene	News 5:05 World Charch Greatest Story Ever Told	

Evening Programs

6:00	American Forum	Public Prosecutor— Jay Jeshin	Monday Morning Headlines	Gene Autry
6:15 6:30 6:45	Nothing But Music	On The Line, Bob Conside	Paul Harvey, News Evening Games	Sunday Playhouse
7:00	Biographies In Sound	Richard Hayes Show	News 7:05 Showtime Revue George Skokolsky News 7:35 Valentino Travel Talk	Jack Benny
7:15 7:30	Studio Concert			Amos 'n' Andy
7:45	7:55 HBC Travel Bureau			
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Dr. Six Gun Adventures Of The Abbotts	West Point Band Enchanted Hour	American Town Meeting	My Little Margie
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Sharlack Holmes Easy Money	Fulton Lewis, Jr Success Story Manion Forum Keep Healthy	Walter Winchell News, Quincy Howe Sammy Kaye 9:55 News	Rudy Vallee Show
10:00	Fibber McGee And Molly	Billy Graham	Paul Harvey, News	News, Schorr 10:05 Face The Na- tion John Derr, Sports
10:15 10:30	Great Gildersleeve Meet The Press	Little Symphonies	Elmer Davis Reval Time	

See Next Page →

TV program highlights

NEW YORK CITY AND SUBURBS AND NEW HAVEN, CHANNEL 8, MAY 8—JUNE 7

Baseball on TV

DATE	TIME	CH.	GAME
MAY			
8, Sun.	2:00	11	Pgh. vs. Giants
10, Tu.	8:15	11	Cleve. vs. Yanks
11, W.	2:00	11	Cleve. vs. Yanks
13, F.	2:00	11	Det. vs. Yanks
14, Sat.	2:00	11 & 8	Det. vs. Yanks
	2:55	2	Dodgers vs. Cinc.
15, Sun.	2:00	11 & 8	Kan. C. vs. Yanks—D
17, Tu.	8:15	11	Chi. vs. Yanks
18, W.	2:00	11	Chi. vs. Yanks
20, F.	8:00	9	Phila. vs. Dodgers
	8:15	11	Balt. vs. Yanks
21, Sat.	1:55	2, 9, 8	Phila. vs. Dodgers
	2:00	11 & 8	Balt. vs. Yanks—D
22, Sun.	2:00	9	Phila. vs. Dodgers
	2:00	11	Balt. vs. Yanks—D
24, Tu.	8:15	11	Wash. vs. Yanks
25, W.	2:00	11	Wash. vs. Yanks
26, Th.	2:00	11	Wash. vs. Yanks
27, F.	8:00	11	Dodgers vs. Giants
28, Sat.	2:00	2 & 11	Balt. vs. Yanks

D—Doubleheader

DATE	TIME	CH.	GAME
29, Sun.	2:00	11	Dodgers vs. Giants
30, M.	1:30	9	Pgh. vs. Dodgers—D
	1:30	11	Phila. vs. Giants—D
31, Tu.	8:00	9	Pgh. vs. Dodgers
	8:00	11	Phila. vs. Giants
JUNE			
1, W.	1:30	11	Cinc. vs. Giants
	8:00	9	Mil. vs. Dodgers
2, Th.	1:30	9	Mil. vs. Dodgers
	1:30	11	Cinc. vs. Giants
3, F.	8:00	9	St. L. vs. Dodgers
	8:00	11	Chi. vs. Giants
4, Sat.	2:00	9 & 8	St. L. vs. Dodgers
	2:00	11	Chi. vs. Giants
	2:25	2	Chi. vs. Yanks
5, Sun.	2:00	9 & 8	St. L. vs. Dodgers—D
	2:00	11	Chi. vs. Giants—D
6, M.	8:00	9	St. L. vs. Dodgers
7, Tu.	1:30	9	Cinc. vs. Dodgers
	8:00	11	Mil. vs. Giants

Monday through Friday

- 7:00 **2** Morning Show—Everything's Jack
4 & **8** Today—Getaway with Garroway
 8:55 **4** Herb Sheldon—Talk and cooking
 10:00 **2** Gorry Moore Show—Moore fun for all
4 & **8** Ding Dong School—TV nursery
 10:30 **2** Arthur Godfrey Time—Time to relax
4 & **8** Woy Of The World—Drama
 11:00 **4** Home—Arlene Francis, homemaker
7 Romper Room—More TV nursery
 11:30 **2** & **8** Strike It Rich—Hull-hearted quiz
 12:00 **2** Voliant Lody—Flora Campbell stars
2 & **8** Tennessee Ernie—Folk fun
 12:15 **2** & **8** Love Of Life—Daytime drama
 12:30 **2** & **8** Search For Tomorrow—Serial
4 Feather Your Nest—Bud Collyer
7 Entertainment—2½ hours of variety
 12:45 **2** (& **8** at 2:30) The Guiding Light
 1:00 **2** Inner Flome—Portia faces life
5 Cloire Monn—For health & beauty
 1:15 **2** Rood Of Life—Don MacLaughlin stars
 1:30 **2** & **8** Welcome Travelers—From Chi.
5 Food For Thought—Virginia Graham
 2:00 **2** & **8** Robert Q. Lewis Show—Quite
 2:30 **2** Linkletter's House Party—Welcome!
4 Jinx Folkenburg—Mrs. McCrary colls
 3:00 **2** & **8** The Big Poyoff—Fanciful prizes
4 Ted Mock's Motinee—A real nice guy
 3:30 **2** Bob Crosby Show—Variety with verve
4 & **8** The Greatest Gift—Anne Burr
 4:00 **2** The Brighter Day—Drama
4 & **8** Howkins Falls—Serial
 4:15 **2** & **8** Secret Storm—Serial
4 First Love—Pat Barry in lead
 4:30 **2** & **8** On Your Account—Cash quiz
4 World Of Mr. Sweeney—Chuckles

EARLY EVENING

- 7:00 **7** Kuklo, Fron & Ollie—Puppetry
 7:15 **7** John Doly Comments—News
 7:30 **4** & **8** Songs—Tony Martin, Mon.; Dinah Shore, Tues., Thurs.; Eddie Fisher, Wed., Fri.
9 Million Dollar Movies—May 8 & 9, "Johnny Come Lately"; May 10-16, "Confidence Girl"; May 17-23, "The Scorf"; May 24-30, "Park Row"; May 31-June 6, "Captive City"; June 7-13, "So Young, So Bad."
 7:45 **2** Songs—Como, Mon., Wed., Fri.; Jo Stafford, Tues.; Jane Froman, Thurs.

LATE NIGHT

- 10:00 **9** Million Dollar Movies—Some schedule as above
 11:00 **5** News & Sports
11 Liberoco—Concerts by candlelight

- 11:15 **4** Tonight—Steve Allen's allotment
 12:45 **2** The Late, Lote Show—A.M. cinema

Monday P.M.

- 7:30 **5** Life With Elizabeth—Betty White
7 Name's The Some—Bob & Ray riot
 8:00 **2** Burns & Allen—Coupled comedy
4 & **8** Coesor's Hour—Sid with Nanette Fabray; May 30, Producer's Showcase
7 TV Digest—Articles dramatized
 8:30 **2** Talent Scouts—Godfrey's spotlight
7 Voice Of Firestone—Long-hair recital
 9:00 **2** & **8** I Love Lucy—Desi's dizzy Ball
4 The Medic—Taut tales about docs
 9:30 **2** & **8** December Bride—Springy stuff
4 Robert Montgomery Presents
 10:00 **2** & **8** Studio One—Fine hour dramas
 10:30 **4** Big Town—Mark Stevens as Steve

Tuesday

- 8:00 **2** Life With Fother—Family comedy
4 & **8** Milton Berle—May 10 & 24; Mortho Roye, May 17; Bob Hope, May 31.
5 Life Is Worth Living—Bishop Sheen
 8:30 **2** Holls Of Ivy—The Ronald Colmans
7 20 Questions—Vegetable, animal, etc.
 9:00 **2** Meet Millie—Dazzling, dizziling blonde
4 Fireside Theater—Filmed stories
7 Make Room For Dobby—Pop Thomos
 9:30 **2** & **8** Red Skelton Show—Howlarious
4 Circle Theater—Live dramas
7 U.S. Steel Theater—Elgin Theater
 Two excellent full-hour, live theaters.

- 10:00 **2** Danger—Spine-chilling tales. On June 7, premiere: \$64,000 Question—Colossal cash quiz show.
4 & **8** Truth Or Consequences
 10:30 **2** See It Now—Morrow's video news mag
4 It's A Great Life—It's lively comedy
7 Stop The Music—Hormonious Sound\$

Wednesday

- 7:30 **7** Disneyland—Fascinating always
 8:00 **2** & **8** Godfrey & Friends—Variety
 8:30 **4** (& **8** at 9:30) My Little Margie
7 Mr. Citizen—Stories of heroism
 9:00 **2** & **8** The Millionaire—Stories
4 Kroft Theater—Fine, live teleplays
7 Mosquerode Party—Costume quiz
 9:30 **2** I've Got A Secret—Moore's panel quiz
7 Who Said That?—John Doly knows
 10:00 **2** & **8** Blue Ribbon Boxing—May 25

this program switches to ABC-TV, Ch. 7

- 10:30 **4** This Is Your Life—Edwards' essay
4 Doug Fairbanks Presents—Stories
7 Eddie Contor Show—Filmed variety

Thursday

- 7:00 **4** Guy Lombardo—High calorie music
 7:30 **5** Finders Keepers—Robbins' nest egg
 8:00 **2** Meet Mr. McNulty—Merry Milland
4 & **8** You Bet Your Life—Groucho
 8:30 **2** Climax!—Hour suspense drama except May 12, Shower Of Stars—musical
4 Justice—Tales of those falsely accused
4 & **8** Drognet—Jack Webb at work
7 Stor Tonight—Original plays
 9:30 **2** Four Star Playhouse—TV tales filmed
4 & **8** Ford Theater—Filmed stories
7 Pond's Theater—Hour-long teleplays
 10:00 **2** Public Defender—Reed Hadley stors
4 & **8** Lux Video Theater—Dramas
 10:30 **2** Willy—Comedy Havoc with June
7 Racket Squad—Reed Hadley again

Friday

- 7:30 **5** Life With Elizabeth—So cute
 8:00 **2** & **8** Mama—Ingratiating
5 Secret Files, U.S.A.—Adventures
7 Ozzie & Horriet—Always fun
 8:30 **2** Topper—Hocus-pocus comedy
4 & **8** Life Of Riley—Bill Bendix
7 Roy Bolger Show—Gay & giddy
 9:00 **2** Playhouse Of Stars—Filmed dramas
4 & **8** Big Story—Newsmen in action
5 Mr. & Mrs. North—Whodunits
 9:30 **2** Our Miss Brooks—Eve Ardently yours
4 & **8** Dear Phoebe—Peter Lawford
7 The Vise—Hair-raisers from England
 10:00 **2** The Line-Up—City detectives at work
5 Chance Of A Lifetime—Variety
 10:30 **2** Person To Person—At-home interviews
7 Mr. District Attorney—Drama

Saturday

- 7:30 **2** Beat The Clock—Bud Collyer, prizes
4 Show Wagon—Heidt's talent salute
 8:00 **2** Jackie Gleason—Gleeful comedy
4 & **8** Mickey Rooney—Comedy series
 9:00 **2** Two For The Money—Quiz, \$hriner
4 & **8** Imogene Coco—Guaranteed delightful. June 4, Mox Liebman Presents
7 Ozork Jubilee—Variety, country-style
 9:30 **2** My Favorite Husband—Lotsa laughs
4 & **8** Durante—O'Connor Shows
 Donald, May 14 & 28; Jimmy, May 21 & June 11
 10:00 **4** & **8** George Gobel—Prince of clowns
 10:30 **2** Damon Runyon Theater—Stories
4 & **8** Your Hit Parade—Musical skits

Sunday

- 6:00 **2** I Love Lucy—Repeat of 1951 Shows
 7:00 **4** & **8** People Are Funny—Funny!
7 You Asked For It—You get it
 7:30 **2** & **8** Jack Benny, May 8 & 22. Other Sundays, Ann Sothern's Private Secretary.
4 Mr. Peepers—Wally Cox comedy except May 22, Max Liebman Presents
 8:00 **2** & **8** Toast Of The Town—Variety
4 Comedy Hour—Gordon MacRae, emcee
 9:00 **2** G-E Theater—Ronald Reagan, host
4 & **8** TV Playhouse—Full-hour plays
 9:30 **2** Stage 7—Hollywood stors in drama
5 Life Begins At Eighty—Panel show
 10:00 **2** Appointment With Adventure—Drama
4 & **8** Loretto Young Show—Stories
7 Break The Bank—Bert Parks, quiz
 10:30 **2** & **8** What's My Line?—Job game
4 Bob Cummings Show—Comedy

Born To Be a Husband

(Continued from page 51)

around ten, when the maid arrived for the day. . . . She was still half asleep when the sound came in on the set, the commercials were over and her husband appeared on the screen—her husband, Richard Coogan—smooching with his beautiful young screen bride, Vanessa.

"Oh, no," Gay murmured, jumping out of bed. "Not that!" And, with a sharp twist of her hand, off went the set.

Gay Coogan insists her reaction had nothing whatever to do with jealousy. Six years before, when she was expecting her first child, Ricky, she'd looked on without flinching while Dick nightly held an embrace with Mae West through six successive curtain calls, during the run of "Diamond Lil." She'd seen him make love to a number of glamorous actresses on screen or stage without paying the slightest attention to it. But, as she explains it, she, too, had finally reached a point where she was temporarily getting mixed up among the multiple lives of her husband.

She'd long observed the public's tendency to confuse reality with make-believe, where her husband was concerned, though she'd always considered herself immune from it. She'd been vastly amused at the uproar Rick, Jr., had caused in a movie theater where they'd taken him to see his father in "Three Hours to Kill," with Dana Andrews. Rick didn't like it, at all, when he saw his father get a beating in a highly realistic fight scene toward the end of the picture. "That man is going to kill you, Daddy," he protested loudly. Dick tried to reassure him, pointing out that he was, after all, sitting right next to him, but it didn't help. "Watch out! He's

going to kill you, Daddy—he'll kill you," Rick wailed, sending the audience into hysterics during the film's most exciting moment.

At another time, Dick's eight-year-old niece, Sandy—who, along with his twenty-two other nieces and nephews, is a loyal and devoted follower of *Love Of Life*—was quite shocked upon learning that Van was expecting a baby. "Oh, dear," she piped up, "does Aunt Gay know about this?"

Even on the radio, when Dick played Abie Levy in *Abie's Irish Rose*, neighbors used to stop him all the time, advising him in all seriousness whether or not to move to the country and buy Rosie her house with the "pickle" fence.

Later, when he was television's *Captain Video*, small fry and grownups alike used to greet Dick as "Captain." "I gave up the part in the nick of time," he says. "Imagine any kid having *Captain Video* for a father! It would have been kind of tough, being a hero twenty-four hours a day. And I would have hated having to disillusion Rick."

But, when it comes to being identified by the public with a specific role, Dick has reached his peak as Paul Raven in *Love Of Life*. It is hard to believe that this should happen in a presumably hard-boiled and sophisticated city like New York, but rarely a day goes by that Dick isn't given advice of some sort by some well-meaning stranger. Not long ago, as he was leaving a Fifth Avenue bus, he was confronted by a middle-aged, well-dressed lady. "Now look here, Paul Raven," the lady said kindly. "You listen to me and come clean with Van. It's never any good

trying to hide secrets from your wife. Especially not with that sister-in-law of yours."

As is well known to several million followers of *Love Of Life*, Paul Raven is burdened by the memory of an unhappy marriage in his past. To add to the confusion, Deputy Sheriff File—whom Dick Coogan portrayed recently on Broadway in "The Rainmaker"—had a similarly unpleasant secret in his past: A wife who ran away with a traveling salesman. However, unlike either of these harassed men, Dick in real life is happily married to his first and only wife—the girl he met, as a very young man, among the cast of the production that gave him his first walk-on part as a professional actor.

Dick Coogan and Gay Adams both made their stage debuts as members of the cast of the late Leslie Howard's notable 1936 production of "Hamlet," Dick carrying a spear and understudying the role of Fortinbras, and Gay as a lady-in-waiting. They did not, it may be noted, fall in love at first sight.

"Gay had a couple of very cute wire-haired fox terriers that followed her around at rehearsals," Dick recalls. "Each time I came around trying to pat one of them, wanting to be friendly, she'd take off, taking them for a walk or something. I love dogs, but I began to despise those two interfering mutts."

Gay claims today that this was strictly accidental, but admits she thought Dick was too good-looking for comfort. Tall, slender, long-limbed and striking-looking, Gay Adams had already made something of a reputation for herself as one of the first of a crop of talented society singers

Now! Easier, surer protection for your most intimate marriage problem

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1. Antiseptic (Protective, germicidal action)

Norforms are now *safer and surer than ever!* A highly perfected new formula releases its antiseptic and germicidal ingredients *right in the vaginal tract.* The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful protective film that permits long-lasting action. Will not harm delicate tissues.

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(PLEASE PRINT)

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

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who were quite the rage at the time. But she was still quite young—as was Dick—and not entirely sure of herself. The deadlock between them was finally broken by what could have been a serious accident.

Leslie Howard was notoriously nearsighted and was almost struck by a cab, one evening, in front of the theater. Dick pushed him out of the way but was knocked down himself. As a result, Gay started coming around to inquire how Dick was coming along. Dick recovered, married Gay, and the two have been devoted to each other ever since. Needless to say, they don't regret the accident that brought them together! They have one son, Richard, Jr., now five and a half, a mighty handsome lad who is the light of their lives.

Gay has since given up her own career but shares her husband's intense interest in his work. She cues him, helps him rehearse his scripts, and never tires of discussing his professional problems with him. Dick has implicit confidence in her judgment. "Gay is probably my severest critic," he says. "She'll never hesitate to tell me I'm miserable. She does, frequently. But when she tells me I'm good—then I relax."

Aside from the interest they share in Dick's work and in their child, they think alike in other respects as well. Like his wife, Dick Coogan comes from an old and honorable family. One of his forebears owned and gave his name to the piece of land still known as Coogan's Bluff, up where the Giants play their home games. Dick, however, was born and grew up in Madison, New Jersey, being one of ten children, six boys and four girls. All of them were highly energetic and sports-minded, and Dick claims that, until a few years ago, his mother could beat any of them at tennis.

Dick also was—and is—a crack athlete who spent most of his younger years in the pursuit of sports. Possessing strength, stamina, and a high degree of natural coordination, Dick tried everything in sports and was good at everything he tried. His passion for sports very nearly cost him his life, however, and indirectly led him to seek a career as an actor.

As a child, he once suffered a mild attack of rheumatic fever. Thinking he'd outgrown it, he didn't pay much further attention to it, for knowledge of the disease wasn't as far advanced then as it is today. Whenever there was snow on the

ground, he'd spend all afternoon out-of-doors, doing his own special, daredevil brand of skiing and ski jumping. With his pals and his brothers, he had staked out a ski run which led from the top of a nearby hill through the town, winding up at a roof top from which they then jumped, skipping across a couple of driveways. Frequent spills were, of course, inevitable. After one such afternoon, while sitting around in wet clothes at the house of a friend, Dick caught a severe throat infection which, in turn, led to a renewed attack of rheumatic fever. The second attack, doctors now know, is the one that's dangerous. Dick was ill for a long time, and, when he recovered at last, his heart had suffered serious damage. He was told he'd have to give up all further athletics, perhaps forever.

Dick was in high school at the time and had been one of Madison High's star athletes. Giving that up was a terrible blow to him. His parents and his teachers knew that the only way they could keep Dick away from the gym, track and tennis court was to give him another interest. Miss Hutchins, the school's drama coach, had a hunch that dramatics might be the answer. She thought the tall, good-looking lad would like it and would be good at it. Given the lead in a one-act play, Dick caught fire. Following that, he worked out a kind of Martin-and-Lewis routine with his chum Bud Turner. The act went over big with their own high school crowd, and when they were invited to repeat it for the local Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions and Elks—and were paid to do it, too—Dick definitely caught the bug.

After graduation, Dick's friend Turner dropped out and has since become an executive at Pathe-News. But Dick himself—whose graduation was somewhat delayed because of his previous illness—decided to make acting his life's work. On the advice of his teacher, he enrolled at Emerson College, near Boston, to study dramatics.

He stayed only a year. "I noticed most of the graduates seemed to wind up teaching elocution at some college or another," Dick relates. "That wasn't what I wanted to do. I wanted action."

Action—in New York—was slow in coming, however. After breaking the ice with his walk-on part in "Hamlet," he wangled a few more bit parts, occasionally had a chance to speak a few lines and, once in a while, found work in radio. Like most young actors, he had to depend on odd

jobs in order to keep body and soul together. He packed glass crates in the basement of the Steuben Glass Company; sold men's furnishing at Saks; ran a freight elevator in an office building; did carpentry work; worked in a light manufacturing plant. Then came the war and—like his brothers, who all went on to distinguish themselves in the Army, the Navy and the Air Force—Dick tried to enlist, too, but was turned down because of his heart condition. He then took a defense job in a Long Island plant manufacturing ordnance supplies and—wanting to do his share—kept at it, even after he got steady radio work in *Abie's Irish Rose*, making arrangements with his foreman to have Wednesday afternoons off for rehearsals.

Dick is proud of his ability to work—and work well—with his hands. "I made pretty good money at that war plant," he recalls. "We were paid on a piece-work basis, and that suited me fine. I learned to develop speed and rhythm, and turned the stuff out fast. It was fun." He claims that, by proving himself competent with his hands, he has somehow acquired greater confidence as an actor, too.

Since the end of the war, however, it hasn't in any way been necessary for Dick to do manual labor to support himself. In radio—aside from fairly steady work in such shows as *Abie's Irish Rose*, *The Fighting Senator*, *Ellery Queen*, *Gangbusters*, *The Shadow*, *Mr. District Attorney*, *Famous Jury Trials*, *Radio Reader's Digest*, and *Silver Theater*—he appeared in many dramatic programs with such stars as Helen Hayes, Laurence Olivier, Nazimova, Jane Cowl and Raymond Massey. In television, he made his debut back in 1945, with an appearance in "The Front Page," continuing to work in the medium occasionally until 1949, when his association became semi-permanent. Cast as *Captain Video*, he became an idol of the younger generation.

But playing to a live audience is very important to Dick, as it is to all real actors, and he was gratified that—along with success in radio and television—came a series of equally successful parts in Broadway productions. Since 1945, he's been seen on Broadway in "Alice in Arms," with Kirk Douglas; John Patrick's "The Hasty Heart," with Richard Basehart; "Skipper Next to God," with John Garfield; and "Strange Bedfellows," with Joan Tetzl. In 1947, he was in a brilliant staging by Jose Ferrer of four short O'Neill plays about the sea. And, in 1949, he played opposite Mae West in a hit revival of "Diamond Lil."

Dick enjoyed being in that play (which had originated Mae's famous line, "Come up and see me some time"), and came away with great affection and admiration for Miss West, but he almost clashed with her before the play opened.

Mae had done the play so many times she could practically run through it in her sleep. She'd played it for years on Broadway and finished a long-run revival in England before bringing it back to New York. By then, she'd had a number of leading men, for whose exact position on stage in each scene she'd developed a diagram that made tedious rehearsals unnecessary for her. Dick, confronted with chalk lines and numbered positions—instead of the voluptuous Miss West—felt very much like a robot. He pleaded with Mae to let him try to develop his own character, becoming quite bullheaded about the whole thing. Mae finally agreed, and, from that time on, always referred affectionately to Dick as "the actor."

Dick could afford a measure of independence, because he was already doing well as *Captain Video*. He says that having two good things at the same time seems to be some kind of a pattern in his career:

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Read "The Tangled Case of the Frightened Coed"—how Greenwich Village police solved the sensational Ann Yarrow murder—in June TRUE DETECTIVE MAGAZINE at newsstands now.

"It looks as though most of the breaks I get come in pairs. Usually, whenever I've latched onto something pretty good in radio or television, sooner or later I get a chance to do a play, as well."

Dick, who's been with *Love Of Life* since its beginning three and a half years ago, made his first movie, "Three Hours to Kill," last summer, and was recently featured as the second lead in "The Rainmaker," a solid Broadway hit which was recently sold to the movies.

Dick's biggest problem in holding two time-demanding roles was trying to get enough sleep and keeping fit. In addition to his six evening and two matinee performances a week in the play, he portrayed Paul Raven on television a minimum of three times and frequently as often as five times a week. Each minute on the screen requires approximately an hour of preparation, and—on matinee days, especially—Dick's schedule was sheer bedlam. Fortunately, Dick has an almost photographic memory, enabling him to remember his lines after only a couple of readings. He keeps from going stale by trying never to let his acting become stereotyped. As Paul Raven, whose character appeals to him, anyway, he finds the challenge of portraying continuous growth, change and development very much to his liking.

Dick nowadays rarely is sick nor even catches cold, and he gives a major share of credit for his fitness to his long-time physician, Dr. Weinberg, who keeps a watchful eye on him. Despite his old heart condition, Dick is permitted to do enough exercise to keep himself in good physical condition. His weight of 196 hardly ever varies by more than a pound or two, and there isn't an ounce of fat on his hard-packed, 6'3" frame.

Since he's no longer allowed to play tennis, Dick's great passion today is golf,

which he plays consistently in the low eighties, with his score frequently going down into the seventies. He plays it summer or winter, whenever he has the time—and practices putting in his living room, when he hasn't. Although his son Ricky is strictly a cowboy at this point, Dick gave him a set of quarter-size golf clubs last Christmas and expects to get him started soon. He's already taught him to ski and roller skate, and beams with pride when telling of his boy's pluck and coordination. During the summer, Dick also does a lot of water skiing on Long Island Sound, where the Coogans have a summer cottage. He is considered an expert at it and has a couple of reels of film to prove it. Taking 8 mm. movies is another of his hobbies, as are carpentry and painting.

Dick paints in oil and has done mostly landscapes so far. His work is surprisingly good for an amateur who's never had any formal instruction. He's particularly proud of a small landscape for which a stranger, who watched him paint it, offered him fifty dollars. (He didn't accept.)

In New York, the Coogans live on the East side of Manhattan, in a neighborhood that's just on the outer fringe of being ritzy. Their apartment is very pleasant and comfortable, consisting of a large living room, hall, two bedrooms (a large one for Gay and Dick, and a smaller one for Ricky), a small television den whose walls are covered with souvenirs and photographs, a large kitchen, and—since they're located on the ground floor—a combination back porch and hobby room, and a garden. Their furniture is good, large and comfortable, their color schemes warm, and the over-all effect inviting and relaxing. They love to entertain friends, though at present Dick prefers quietly spending what little free time he has with just his wife and son.

Aside from the Coogans, the apartment is shared by Shadow, their old black cocker spaniel, a couple of parakeets and a canary. All three Coogans love animals and would probably have half a dozen dogs if they had enough room. Usually mild-mannered and gentle, Dick is liable to lose his temper when he sees an animal being mistreated.

Not long ago he was taking Shadow for a walk when he heard a dog squealing in the dark ahead of him. Catching up, he saw the dog's owner trying to "train" the pup to heel by kicking him each time he strayed to the wrong side. "I had to make an effort to keep from hitting that man," Dick recalls. "Even so, I must have scared him out of a year's growth, the way I yelled at him. I just hope he'll never kick a dog again."

Dick admits to being conservative in money matters. He feels that an actor with a family to support should try to save what he can, during good years, so he'll be able to weather the lean ones which always may be just around the corner. But—conservative or not—he's never yet been known to let down a friend who's really been in need.

Despite the heavy work load he carries, Dick Coogan gives every indication of being a happy and contented man who is grateful for the chance to be as busy as he is, and for doing as well as he does. He would like to be able to spend more time with his family and see more of his friends, but he finds his work tremendously gratifying and rewarding. Each year of his life has, so far, brought him a little further along in his career. And he's doing what he set out to do when he was a kid in high school.

He likes his life just as it is, being a busy actor, proud father—and a very lucky husband in real life.

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Daytime Diary

(Continued from page 25)

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY Carter Trent has what he believes to be the best reason in the world for disappearing—a desire to keep trouble from his family. But if he could see Peggy's anguish as each ray of hope turns into a will o' the wisp, he might reconsider his decision. Even if he is found and the truth exposed about the crime he did not commit, can Peggy's faith and trust ever be fully restored? NBC Radio.

PERRY MASON Because there is an unhappy secret in Lois Monahan's past—and because she works for a wealthy, influential man—a combination of curious circumstances collects around her and eventually explodes in a crisis of far-reaching consequences. Will Perry Mason's understanding and previous knowledge of Lois make it easier for him to get to the bottom of this important case and discover his hidden adversary? CBS Radio.

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS With Carolyn in serious peril, Miles refuses to believe he must choose between his political career and his defense of her. Annette Thorpe has tried hard to persuade him to leave Carolyn's defense alone, but Miles has learned that as far as his private life is concerned Annette can be ruthless and untrustworthy. Will he discover that this is just as true of his political life? NBC Radio.

THE ROAD OF LIFE The double game that Dr. Jim Brent and his wife Jocelyn are playing goes bitterly against the grain, but the hope of reversing Jocelyn's deportation sentence is enough to keep them at it—Jocelyn pretending to enjoy Armand Monet's attentions and Jim allowing Sybil Conrad to believe that he cares for her. Will he win proof of Sybil's guilt before this dangerous girl guesses she is being hoodwinked? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT Jilted by Brett Chapman, Helen Trent has once more realized that the real love of her life is lawyer Gil Whitney, and for the first time in years she and Gil dare to hope for a future together as he seems on the verge of persuading his wife Cynthia to give him a divorce. But Brett, free once more to pursue Helen, is not likely to accept this blow to his renewed feeling for her. Will Helen and Gil find an unexpected enemy? CBS Radio.

ROSEMARY Springdale is a small town, and Rosemary is accustomed to the kind of neighborliness that is more than a word. But Diane Thompson seems disinclined to fit herself into the neighborly pattern, though she appears interested and friendly enough on the surface. Bill, absorbed in his anti-narcotics campaign, does not share Rosemary's disturbance, but she cannot help wondering about Mrs. Thompson. CBS Radio.

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW Miraculously exonerated from the murder charge that might have cost her her life, Joanne Barron has every right to anticipate a brighter future. But much suffering has made her cautious of anticipating happiness, and she faces almost without surprise the possibility that her vengeful mother-

in-law may still be able to prevent her from settling down to a contented life in Henderson. CBS-TV.

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON Stan Burton, his wife Terry, and Stan's brother-in-law Lew Archer are the first to admit that the desperate scheme of Stan's sister Marcia to marry off their wealthy mother would be a great relief to all of them. Marcia hopes that a new life of her own will keep Mother Burton from running her children's lives. But the half-humorous efforts of the four conspirators may have some highly dangerous results. CBS Radio.

THE SECRET STORM Pauline Tyrell's enmity for her brother-in-law, Peter Ames, increased rather than diminished when her sister's death left him a widower, and when Jane Edwards came into his life it assumed pathological intensity. For the first time, as Pauline makes her most serious effort to wreck him, Peter wonders if he will ever escape from the hatred of this woman who once wanted to marry him. Can she take his children now? CBS-TV.

STELLA DALLAS Wealthy Ada Dexter relentlessly pursues her insane plan to force a divorce between Laurel and Dick Grosvenor, so that Laurel will be free to marry Stanley Warrick, Ada's son. Meanwhile Stella, who has dedicated her life to promoting Laurel's happiness, tries desperately to restrain the daughter she loves so much from making an irreparable mistake. But there are some decisions not even a mother can make for her child. NBC Radio.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE The brief months of Nora's marriage were the happiest she had known, and since Fred's death only her desire for justice for his murderers has kept her from breaking down. Wyn Robinson's revelations bring her closer to her goal, and with the help of the District Attorney, her roommate Marguerite, and a persistent, quick-witted reporter, Nora comes closer to the truth. Will she reach it in time? CBS Radio.

VALIANT LADY There was a time when Helen Emerson would willingly have turned to Bill Fraser for comfort after the death of her husband. But Bill's realization that he loved her came far too late, and now he watches resentfully her ill-starred romance with Chris Kendall. Will Helen's concern over her son Mickey's troubles defer her own decision about Chris? Or will it be his insane wife who controls the end? CBS-TV.

WENDY WARREN AND THE NEWS Life as a small-town editor has not been as dull as Wendy sometimes feared it might be. Almost the first day she stepped into the middle of a tense situation with repercussions sufficiently important to involve the FBI. But more significantly, to the recently-widowed Wendy, she has also befriended an attractive, lonely man and his delightful little daughter. Are Aunt Dorrie's prophecies justified? CBS Radio.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES Even after years of a successful marriage, a man begins to question himself if he is suddenly

unable to provide for his family. Though Harry's financial difficulties rose out of no fault of his own, his impatience and resentment complicate the problem Joan already has with her old friend Phil Stanley, for she knows Harry would be furious if she accepted the help Phil can easily give. ABC Radio.

THE WOMAN IN MY HOUSE No family is without its problems, and, as James and Jessie Carter learned years ago, the more children, the more problems. At the moment they are contending with the doings of every age group, from infant grandchildren up to their eldest son Jeff, a fully adult young man. Half amused, half concerned, Jessie wonders if there is ever an end to a parent's trials. NBC Radio.

YOUNG DR. MALONE Although Dr. Jerry Malone is aware that his aspirations for the Dineen Clinic fall short of what a more ambitious man might wish, he does not realize that steps are being taken to take control of the Clinic away from him. Has Dr. Ted Mason made the worst bargain of his life in marrying wealthy, power-hungry Marcia Sutton? And will Jerry's troubles be tragically complicated by the jealousy of his young daughter Jill? CBS Radio.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN When Dr. Anthony Loring jilted Ellen Brown, she determined to put him out of her mind and to ignore as far as possible the vindictiveness of his scheming wife, Millicent. But Millicent's fear that Anthony still loves Ellen keeps her hatred alive, and leads her to attempt to crush Ellen completely to preserve her own security. How will the reappearance of her former husband affect Millicent's plans? NBC Radio.

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The Magic of Marriage

(Continued from page 53)

But Pete would be the first to acknowledge that portraying Bill Hastings—alias "Phoebe Goodheart," the lonely-hearts editor on NBC-TV's successful comedy show, *Dear Phoebe*—is anything but "type casting." Answering all those who write him for advice on domestic matters requires some thought—and even more imagination. Until he fell in love with lovely, poised Patricia Kennedy, Peter Lawford was among the country's least-informed living authorities on that subject—and had little inclination to be well-informed.

With his warmth and whimsicality, the handsome British-born actor early captured hearts on and off the screen. For all his background, he preferred to swim at the public beach in Santa Monica. His impeccable jitter-bugging tweeds were more familiar to the Palladium on Sunset Boulevard than to Piccadilly Circus in London or Park Avenue, New York. But Pete's pursuit of Hollywood glamour girls was always a polite and well-mannered (though agile) retreat.

Cornered now, Pete readily admits: "Pat's the only girl I've ever met that I could be married to. Actually, I never could stand domesticity. And neither could she, as a matter of fact. Pat hadn't wanted to get married, either. . . ."

But they fell in love during a Christmas holiday. They were engaged in February. They were married in April. And now, a year later, they're the parents of a son whom the proud father-to-be early decided—after thumbing through thousands of names—should be christened Christopher, whether boy or girl. For two people so avowedly heart-free and so determined

to continue in that happy state, as Pete grins now, "We've made rather a thorough go of it." And the tone indicates he wouldn't trade half of today's fate for all life might have offered otherwise.

But their romance is too deceptively casual ever to be found in any successful lonely-hearts column. And let's face it—while not even "Phoebe" himself would advise proposing matrimony on bended knee, these days, neither would he suggest proposing almost as an ad lib. Nor would Phoebe Goodheart advise conducting a campaign of the heart amidst the apoplectic atmosphere of a national political convention. Particularly, between two people of different political beliefs.

Although they first met "at some party" in 1949, when Patricia Kennedy was in Hollywood working as production assistant with the *Family Theater* radio series, their friendship didn't really ripen until they attended the Republican National Convention together in 1952. Pete was the house guest of Henry Ford—"He was going to the convention, and I went along." Pat was in Chicago visiting her sister, Jean. They were all staying at the Ambassador-East and they attended the convention together daily. Seated beside him, Pat would simmer audibly and vehemently: "Oh—those Republicans! Who are they kidding? How can they say such things!" And Pete would volunteer several-score reasons how, in his opinion, they could. . . .

"We don't discuss politics any more now—period," Pete grins, with the wisdom of one who not only married a girl with opposing political beliefs—but married into a whole family who really work at it. Pete's brother-in-law is Senator John F. Kennedy, Democrat from Massachusetts.

His father-in-law, Joseph P. Kennedy, Boston financier, was Ambassador to England during Franklin D. Roosevelt's administration. And another brother-in-law, Bob Kennedy (Democrat), is now chief counsel for the Senate Investigating Committee. "Pat and I used to get into some terrible arguments," Pete recalls. "We were always friendly—never to the point of choosing seconds. But we just stay away from the subject now."

Pat remained in Chicago for the Democratic Convention and Pete returned to Hollywood—impressed, but little realizing that his own campaign was about to get under way. As he says, "Nothing really happened with us until a year ago last December"—when Pete was in New York to guest on Milton Berle's show. "One day, I ran into Miss Kennedy walking down Madison Avenue in her mink coat—shopping for groceries. I had always felt drawn to her. I admired her complete honesty. She's one of the purest individuals I've ever met."

At this time, Pat Kennedy was producing a Catholic family show on NBC-TV in New York. She and Pete had dinner together several times. They discovered they were both spending the holidays in Palm Beach, Pete with a friend and Pat at the Kennedys' palatial family home. "Neither of us likes to fly alone, so we decided to fly to Florida together. It turned out to be a real hand-holding flight. Actually, we were clutching each other. Over Tampa, we got into an electrical storm—the roughest I've ever been through." Even the weather, at this point, was on Fate's team. . . .

They dated often, during the ten days they were in Florida. Nostalgically, Pete



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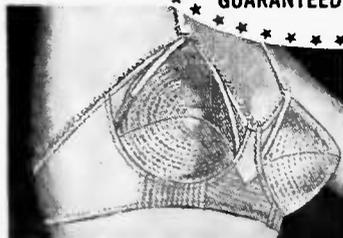
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even drove Pat past the place where he once was employed for thirty dollars a week, including tips. "I took her to the parking lot where I used to work when I was sixteen. That was a nice Democratic touch—and nice Republican, too." During the holidays, they decided they were in love. Pat was about to embark on a tour around the world, and one night Pete remarked at dinner that eventually he would like to be married to her—and Pat agreed eventually she would. . . .

"Eventually," as it happened, was practically "now." . . .

Since Pat was taking off for Tokyo on the first lap of her tour, they flew back to the Coast together. After she'd gone, a lonely Pete went to San Francisco for the weekend. By nature, he's a man of few words, and the first knowledge his mother, Lady May Lawford, had that theirs was a serious romance was the following Monday, when Pete breezed in home to pack a bag.

"Who is that girl out in the car with you?" his mother asked. "It looks like Pat."

"It is Pat," Pete grinned.

"I thought she was on the other side of the world."

"She was. But I called and asked her to come back—and marry me." He was flying with Pat and her sister to New York that night to ask her father's consent.

Hollywood bachelors were finally convinced that the prince of their brotherhood was about to bite the dust when Pete purchased an eight-carat diamond ring and startled his pal, Bob Neal, young Texas oil man, by inquiring casually, "Would you like to do me a large favor? Would you come to my wedding and be best man?"

With the Reverend John J. Cavanaugh (formerly president of Notre Dame) officiating, Pat, 26, and Pete, 30, were married a year ago April 24 in St. Thomas More's Catholic Church, New York City. In the past, when pressed on the subject, Pete had hazarded a guess that he would be married when he reached the mellow maturity of thirty years. "It looks as though I really planned it that way, doesn't it?" he says laughingly now.

Nobody who knows him is surprised that Pete didn't marry an actress. He's always had some doubt about how that might work out—two egos battling for a place in the Hollywood sun. One thing sure, he used to say, "She won't be one of those ultra-career-conscious girls . . . always looking around as if they've lost something. Peeling a room to see whom they can see. You know—girls who can't eat without

first looking to see if a director is watching them."

That description certainly wouldn't fit Patricia Kennedy. On the other hand, Pat wouldn't be thrown by the challenge of acclimating herself to show business and its demands on her husband-to-be. Not even four thousand of Pete's clamoring fans screaming outside the church—and knocking the bride's princess cap and wedding veil askew to get nearer him—seriously disturbed her. As Pete would say: "She's much too intelligent for that." The spotlight's no stranger to her, coming from a family so active politically. But, with her natural reserve, Pat's happier out of it and she's convinced she has no place whatsoever in Pete's career.

Nor would religious differences be a barrier. Pat comes from a staunch Catholic family and Pete was brought up in the Church of England, but from childhood he was taught by his mother to be tolerant of all religions. "I don't care if you worship a totem-pole on Thursday Island—as long as you're religious," Lady Lawford would say. "All religions lead to God, anyway." Pete didn't give up his own church, but he took instructions in Pat's faith for the wedding ceremony, and agreed their children would follow her faith.

Theirs was a wedding day to remember. The bride traditionally beautiful in her Hattie Carnegie imported-satin gown. Excitement, what with fans and church-crashers, so feverish that all the barricades and twenty-three policemen couldn't control it. The reception at the Plaza Hotel rosily aglow with pink candles, pink table arrangements, champagne, a profusion of dogwood. Their first dance together as man and wife, to the strains of their favorite, "Stranger in Paradise." And taking off into the blue yonder, bound for their Hawaiian honeymoon.

But Pete's pals will never let him forget that . . . for all the love scenes he'd played so smoothly before the cameras with Janet Leigh, June Allyson, Kathryn Grayson and other movie queens . . . in his nervousness to get back down that aisle—he forgot to kiss the bride. "That was a real mob. All I remember was saying, 'Let's get out of here!'" Pete says now. He was playing this one for the most illustrious audience ever. Royalty, diplomats, senators, socialites, statesmen-philosophers such as Bernard Baruch, and motion-picture stars such as Greer Garson, who was starring in "Mrs. Miniver" when Pete was working as an usher in a theater and got one proud line in the film. Thronging that small church

were names that are legends in their own fields—and who'd touched the lives of Pete and Pat at one time or another. . . .

Logically, their own paths could have crossed years before Fate finally introduced them in Hollywood. They might have met in Pete's own native England in 1937, when Pat's father was named Ambassador to Great Britain and sailed there with his pretty Irish wife and family of nine. But, in 1937, Master Peter Lawford suffered a serious arm injury. Reaching for the handle of a French window, he missed the handle and ran his arm through the window, cutting the main artery and endangering the use of that arm forever. A specialist prescribed a warmer climate and, together with his parents, Sir Sidney and Lady Lawford, Pete sailed for Santa Barbara, California, where the muscles soon began to heal again. However, the injury ruled out the military career for which Pete had been unenthusiastically headed—and he headed for near-by Hollywood, instead.

"We were all reaching for some reason for the accident at the time it happened. I'd always been so athletic. I kept wondering what I'd ever done that God would do this to me. But apparently it was for *this*," Pete has said, of his Hollywood career.

From childhood Pete had always been crazy to act, but tradition and ancestry decreed a military career. When he had an opportunity to audition for a London movie studio, Pete and his mother made a bargain. "If they say I have no talent—then I'll be a general," he promised her then. Lady Lawford was so sure they would be of that opinion, she consented. They shook hands in front of his tutor to seal the bargain. However, the studio signed him—and she couldn't go back on her word. English papers front-paged "British General's Son Goes Into Films," and the whole thing so unnerved relatives that his grandfather immediately cut Pete out of his will. (Time, however, spared that dignified gentleman from seeing his grandson portraying a lonely-hearts editor named Phoebe Goodheart on television.)

Meanwhile, labor laws prohibiting any child from working in films soon nipped Pete's career in England. Then, in Hollywood, his voice was changing, and there was nothing to do until the process was complete. About this time, war broke out in Europe. The Lawfords' income was frozen to \$200 a month. . . . They went to Palm Beach, Florida—where the paths of Peter Lawford and Patricia Kennedy might have crossed again. Pete got a job parking cars at "Mr. Brookenfeld's lot" near the Everglades Club—and about a mile from the Kennedys' estate. But Pat Kennedy wasn't home. . . .

By the time she was back in America and attending Rosemont College in Rosemont, Pennsylvania, Pete was getting into the groove in Hollywood—and cutting quite an American rug at the Palladium. He worked as an usher at the Village Theater in Westwood, and he got his foot inside the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios one day when an agent passed the word they needed an English boy for "Mrs. Miniver." Pete got somebody to take the theater door, rushed to the studio, read for Director William Wyler, did his part—one line—and was back at the door before the theater manager missed him.

Metro had a flock of English-background pictures on schedule and they kept Pete busy in "Yank at Eton," "White Cliffs of Dover," and "Mrs. Parkington." They signed him and he was soon on his way up.

The Lawfords lived then in a little white bungalow, in which autographed photographs of kings and queens and the Prince of Wales divided their billing with a large colored poster for "Son of Lassie." Pete had begged from some theater. Lady

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Lawford busied herself learning to cook on a little white stove "which looks so cold—but is so hot!" Sir Sidney cultivated his roses and mignonette beds. Pete's pride and joy was a little putt-putt. His fame was growing fast and he was already a favorite with the bobby-soxers around Greater Los Angeles. They overran the house and kept the springs broken down in the living room divan, sitting on it six at a time. They thumbed slowly through his scrapbooks, hoping desperately that Pete would drive up before they were through. "There's no need to fix it," Lady Lawford would say of the sagging sofa. "It will just be broken down again."

Soon Pete was leading all the magazine polls. And, on the screen, no M-G-M drawing room was complete without him, no matter what the period of the furnishings. But Pete was personally convinced then that his forte was comedy. So was Don Weiss, M-G-M director of "Just This Once"—Pete's comedy hit—who was later to direct his television debut in the *Dear Phoebe* comedy series. By now Pat Kennedy, out of school and vacationing in California, had taken a job with the *Family Theater* radio show, and they had met. The six-foot charmer with the expressive gray eyes and flashing smile was turning hearts, on screen and off. Concerning those off-screen, he was still of the unflinching opinion that, with thirty summers, a man would know his own mind. And Pete did. . . .

"I used to pray—as mothers do pray—that Pete would find the right girl," Lady Lawford says now, quietly. "I didn't care whether she had money, or worked in a bank, or whether she was a gardener's daughter. Just so she was a decent, God-fearing girl. But, if I could have made her with my own hands, I couldn't have made anybody who'd suit Peter better."

Pat Lawford radiates quality and self-containment. She's extremely intelligent, reserved and, for all her wealthy and social Bostonian background, a little shy. She has a quiet and soothing personality which complements Pete's career and the feverish pace of his weekly television show. She is, as a friend of Pete's puts it, "the kind of a girl who let's you finish the sentence."

A tall, athletic girl, she shares Pete's love for outdoor sports, particularly skiing, surf-riding, swimming—and sunning. When Pat decided to go skiing in Canada about two and a half months before the baby was expected, a friend of Pete's asked if he worried about it. "Certainly not," he said. "She's very good on skis." What if she should fall? "You can fall down anywhere," he pointed out reasonably. They share similar tastes in steaks, clothes, and music. Both are enthusiasts for early American jazz. The tailored type, Pat dresses with simple elegance. But, as her husband points out, "She's a girl who looks just as great in blue jeans and sweater as she does in an evening gown."

More importantly, "Pat's a tremendous person," Pete says admiringly. "She has a terrific mind. A great sense of loyalty. She's so honest—there's no pretense about Pat at all. And she has such a wonderful outlook about everything." Equally importantly—for two early dedicated to the preservation of freedom: "Pat's the most understanding girl in the world. I trust her completely and she trusts me. There's no possessiveness or jealousy. That's for the immature, anyway. We have a wonderful, easy relationship. This thing about hen-pecked people—of having to account for every hour—I believe this has been fostered a lot by gag men. You know, that where-were-you-last-night routine. I call Pat when I'm working, as a matter of courtesy, but she wouldn't say anything if

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I didn't call her. And, if I should call now and say, 'I'm not coming home for dinner,' she wouldn't say a word. I wouldn't have to say why—or where I was going. You call that 'understanding,' I suppose."

The same delightful understanding works both ways. Pete doesn't suddenly make noises like a disgruntled husband, either, when his wife wants to travel—or go skiing. It's all part of the Lawfords' casual, harmonious pattern for living.

However, for all her admiration and affection for both of them, Pete's mother felt that they were being just a little too casual when she had to learn from Walter Winchell that she was going to be a grandmother. Half an hour after the newscast, Pete happened to drop by. "What is this I hear about you?" his mother said, still visibly excited. "I don't know. What?" he said. "I was just listening to Walter Winchell. He says you're going to have a baby!" she said. "Oh, that," said her son. "Oh, yes."

Admittedly, Pete's own reaction when he learned he would be a father was far less underplayed—though, by way of preparation for parenthood, he insists: "I looked at *Life With Father* on TV." But like many other fathers-to-be, he thumbed and thumbed through the usual names. "This thing of searching so desperately through books—thousands of them—it's like a comedy show," he grins. However, he soon found his name: "I got a peculiar idea nobody else seemed to agree with. I liked 'Christopher'—whether we had a girl or a boy. It's being done in England," Pete says, a little defensively. "They call girls 'Christopher' there." Thinking of himself as a father, he admitted from the first, was "a very strange feeling—and I must confess the feeling is even stranger now that the event has occurred."

Pete's flair for the lighter touch and his genuine feeling for comedy were revealed long ago—long before he clicked in farce in films or television—in a little clipping he pasted carefully in his scrapbook: "The only thing worth having is a smile. The only thing worth doing is making others laugh." To this, Peter "Phoebe" Lawford

is now dedicating his days and nights—frequently including Sundays. It's a frenzied thing, turning out a weekly comedy television show, and very consuming.

At American National Studio in Hollywood, where Alex Gottlieb's *Dear Phoebe* is filmed, they shoot one picture in three days—and shoot five of them consecutively. He leaves the house every morning around seven and may get back by eight that night—or eleven. His lunch hour (using the words very loosely) is broken up viewing rushes in the projection room, dictating correspondence to his secretary, Pam, studying future scripts, and snatching a fast sandwich and glass of milk in his dressing room.

But, after years of adorning drawing rooms on the screen, Pete has no complaints. Far from expecting any plush "star treatment," Pete clowns it up with the crew and takes a lot of affectionate kidding from them. They call him their Piccadilly Ray Milland. "May we borrow your face for a rehearsal, please," the assistant director will say. Then, with exaggerated politeness: "This is TV, you know—this isn't Metro." Busy studying a script with one hand and drinking a fast cup of coffee with the other, Pete will ask "What scene is this, my good man?" "The scene where you go down on your head," says the good man. "Thank you so very much," says Pete. And literally he does just that, falling over and over until they bring out the first-aid kit for bleeding knuckles and knees. "Already a casualty, and the day yet so young. Yes, I know. This is TV—it isn't Metro. . . ."

Folding himself into his beloved Austin-Healey and limping homeward to the beach after a day like this, small wonder that it's a relief to be going home to an understanding bride who doesn't make a Security Council issue over the cold chowder!

The Lawfords lease a small two-bedroom redwood "over-the-water" house at Malibu. It has an informal farmhouse feeling, with a large functional living room and a charming dining alcove facing the sea. Through the 24-foot glass window, their front yard is a restless ocean with

changing horizons that beckon—and send them surfing in Waikiki, whenever Pete can get away. They chose the beach house because: "It's cozy and warm, Early American, and has such a wonderful fireplace. And we both love the water, anyway." With the so-eagerly-awaited Christopher, they need more room and more yard space. Quarters were already a little cramped as it was, what with Pat's white Mercury, Pete's Cadillac, jeep and Austin-Healey.

Take his own word for it, Pete's hardly qualified to advise the lonely-hearted or anybody else. Husbands, particularly. He has no advice to give. He barely has enough for his own personal use.

"For one thing," he confesses, with a disarming grin, "I procrastinate. We both do. But I procrastinate more. Such as when we've made our mind up to go to Honolulu and, at the last moment, when we're catching the plane—I still haven't called for the tickets. But Pat has—fortunately."

"And I forgot our anniversary completely," Pete continues. "Our first-six-months anniversary. Pat had said, that morning when I was leaving for the studio, 'Let's have a few people over this evening,' and I said, 'Fine.' That evening, they brought in a cake and began singing 'Happy anniversary to you' . . . and I'd forgotten all about it. I just stood there with cake on my face. I said something like 'Oh, no,' and Pat said, 'Oh, yes.'"

Whereupon, according to her husband, "I really put a biscuit on it. Thinking how happy we'd been together, I said something like, 'It seems like thirty years.'"

"But we have so much understanding," Pete adds. "We've had none of that difficult time couples are supposed to have adjusting at first. In some strange way, we have more understanding than many couples who've been married for years. Don't ask me how it's happened—or how it could happen . . . so soon. . . ."

Pete suspects, however, that it could be because "I found the only girl I could be married to—and she married me. . . . Fortunately."

Answer to Her Prayers

(Continued from page 68)

told me, 'still be some hope for you!'"

Before their marriage, Gale and Lee looked earnestly for a church they felt would fill their needs. And they found the one to which they still belong—the Hollywood Beverly Christian Church. Gale says, "It wasn't too big (we like a certain intimacy), it wasn't too small, and there was a good church school for the many children we planned to have."

When Gale's oldest child, Phillip, was two and a half, she entered him in the Sunday school class. But Phillip cried when he was left alone in the strange new environment. So Gale stayed with him until class was over. At the end of the hour, she learned that the church needed Sunday school teachers. Gale volunteered. She taught every class from kindergarten to high school for the next six years—1946 to 1952. Dr. Kleihauer, minister of the church, says, "Gale's little-boy pupils waited Sunday mornings on the steps in front of church; they didn't want to miss a chance to walk upstairs with their pretty teacher."

Gale and Lee also decided to take part in the church's "Operation Youth" program. The first six weeks, they put on a play, with the high school drama group, which was a great success. The second six weeks, they conducted a forum on "Charm, Good Manners, and a Christian Personal-

ity." They readied themselves by reading church literature on teen-age problems, and had the principal of church education to help them.

"But," says Gale, "the kids asked Lee and me questions on subjects we hadn't prepared, such as 'Do you kiss a girl on the first date?' We did our best, though we tried to turn the discussion in the direction we thought it should take. We don't know whether it was our ability in leading the forum—just our awful selves—or the question on dating which made it such a success—but, for six weeks, we had a full classroom!"

Shortly after this "Operation Youth" program, *My Little Margie* came along. Hal Roach, Jr., was blessed with the idea for *Margie*, having been exposed to the problems of his own teen-age daughter. He wanted Gale Storm for the title role, and they began to film the series in May, 1952. *Margie* was good, clean entertainment. Gale had faith in it.

But *Margie* did cut into Gale's time schedule. She has had to give up the Sunday school teaching. "It takes two hours to prepare a lesson properly," she says. "When *Margie* started, I was up at 5:30 A.M., and didn't have two free hours. Unprepared at Sunday school, I had that terrible 'lost' feeling—believe me, those teenagers are sharp!"

But Gale did not give up all church

activities. She is still available when the church calls upon her, and, every Yuletide, she narrates the midnight Christmas story. As due reward—indicating that Gale is still a shining symbol of worthwhile religious endeavor—she was appointed the National Chairman of Sunday School Week, during the week of April 11, 1955. And Lee, still active in the church, too, is now a junior elder.

Gale and Lee try to teach things like religion, love and respect *by example*. Around the house, it's always "May I, honey?" and "Please, will you, hon. . . ." The children came to believe that all married people called each other only "Honey." One day, Peter's piano teacher and her husband were at the Bonnells'. During a lesson, they continually referred to one another by their Christian names.

"This," says Gale, "completely threw Peter. He didn't see how married folks could be so formal. At the end of the lesson, he said, 'You're not really married, are you?'"

At their church, Dr. Kleihauer, the Bonnells' minister, impressed Gale, in a sermon, with the fact that the dinner hour is the children's hour. At the Bonnells', this period reflects their basically religious attitude toward life. When the family sits down to eat, they all hold hands around the table, taking turns saying grace.

"Lee and I don't discuss our own problems then," says Gale. "We save this time for the children. They discuss their day. If there is a problem, and there generally is—somebody's club has picked on Phil's club, or Peter fell into the ash can head first—we discuss these problems at the dinner table."

Gale is pleased when the boys' thoughts and actions reflect this basically religious attitude they have learned by example from their parents. "Sure," she says, "my three boys are just like other youngsters. They argue and fight like all brothers, and there are 'gold star' times when they are especially thoughtful of one another. One summer, for example, Paul had a chance to spend a weekend at a friend's ranch. I remember how nice I felt inside when he turned to his brothers and said, 'Gee, I'm sorry you guys can't go, too.'"

Gale's religious routine today, she says, "is one I pretty much stick to. When I wake up—and I have a hard time waking up!—I splash water on my face. I do my spiritual reading, then I say a short prayer by way of thanks, reaffirming my source of strength and my need for guidance throughout the day.

"Then," she says with humor, "I do my exercises. Lee says I should do my exercises first. He says the exercises wake up your mind, clear your head. But," she laughs, "I couldn't do my exercises if I hadn't prayed first to give me the strength."

Gale doesn't talk prayer; she lives it. After eating a hearty breakfast, she takes off for work. It's easy to see that Gale's a tower of spiritual strength, for it seems as though everyone on the set drifts toward her. One of the girls at the studio says, "Gale is bright and gay, a lady but not a prude, and she never preaches—but you can see, from the way she lives, she's a basically religious person. If everybody could see what religion has done for Gale Storm, there wouldn't be an atheist in the world."

At lunch, Gale, again, leaves time for prayer. She always takes something to read—the Bible or some spiritual book—though she admits that, because of the press of work, she doesn't always get time to read.

"Finally, when I come home at the end of the day," she says, "I plop down on the bed, sit for fifteen minutes, and I pray. I find it relaxes me. I don't think it's fair to the kids for me to come in tired, taking the nervous edge off on them. The fifteen minutes alone and the prayer do the work."

Today, Gale remembers her mother's words, "Faith is like a bank account of prayers." Her religion, having been a daily way of life, has filled this bank to overflowing. As she looks around to count her blessings, she sees this: Her handsome husband; three healthy, happy sons, all set against the backdrop of their lovely new Royal Oaks home.

If anyone were to ask Gale Storm for her formula for success, she would simply say, "I pray."

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Why Everyone Loves Jackie Gleason

(Continued from page 30)
with the big Saturday-night TV show. And who plans for next season a complete filmed series of "The Honeymooners," plus a live half-hour musical and variety show—a show which he will produce (with the expert help he always gathers around him) and on which he will frequently perform. Plus a half dozen other projects—another TV program, a plan for a Television City in New York, more personal appearances, and who knows what else!

Jackie's sensitivity to other people and his quick reaction to their moods is almost uncanny. If he knows you at all well, he knows without your telling him whether you are happy or whether you are brooding over something. I found that out a long time ago.

I went to rehearsal one day with a problem on my mind that I couldn't seem to solve. Automatically, I pushed it back, because I have always believed that, when I'm hired to do a job, my personal life should never get in the way. To everyone else that afternoon, I'm sure I was the same carefree, gay Audrey, always ready to go along with a gag and to join in the laughs. But during rehearsal, when there was a short wait, Jackie stood next to me and asked quietly, "What's the matter, Aud? What's bothering you?" I was too surprised to do anything but shake my head and say "Nothing at all—" quite convincingly, I thought. But Jackie went on, "Let me know if there's anything I can do to help." Just that, but it was enough to tell me he knew and sympathized, whatever it was. Only he had sensed some subtle difference in my mood.

Being a sensitive person himself, he gives other people credit for being sensitive human beings, with feelings that can be wounded. He never gets off in a corner and whispers to someone on the set, a thing some directors do that ends up by making the whole cast jumpy, wondering whose work is being given a going over. Jackie is fair, and kind, to everyone. Almost from the first, he has done little more than direct the action for Art Carney and Joyce Randolph and me—like suggesting that, on a certain line of dialogue, we move in closer, or, on another, we walk to the door—and this mainly for camera angles. As soon as he found out we knew what we were doing, he respected that knowledge. But more than that, he never directs the actors who play incidental roles on the show as if he were telling them what to do, although he knows how every least little thing *should* be done to keep the whole sketch right.

Jackie will say to a newcomer something like this: "What you are doing is fine, but on television that won't get across. This way, it will." Actors understand that he knows this medium inside out, and they respect that kind of direction.

Jackie never takes things so big that he forgets to be considerate. Many others in our business—people who are generally nice, well-meaning citizens—feel that lapses from their usual code are justified when they work under pressure. But not Jackie. It can be close to air time, but he will stop everything and carefully explain his reasons for wanting something done in a particular way. Next to his terrific sense of humor, I think most people would agree that kindness is one of his most outstanding qualities.

This shows in so many ways. Art Carney tells how he got a call to be on Jackie's show when Jackie was doing *Cavalcade Of Stars*, for Du Mont. Art met him for the first time at the studio. "Gleason

looked me over—none too hopefully, I thought," Art says. "I could tell he was wondering if I would do, but he didn't say anything. When I came down in make-up, with the little goatee I wear as Reggie Van Gleason's father, the role I was to play that night, he said okay. The next week, I had a call to come back, but I still wasn't sure Jackie was satisfied. Then, one day, I got home to find he had telephoned. When I called back he said, 'Oh, it was nothing special. I just wanted to say how much I like working with you.'"

It was Jackie's way of letting Art know that he was in the show and doing fine. But not many stars would have bothered personally to call up a supporting player to say something nice like that.

Before I got the job of playing Jackie's patient but loving wife Alice, my manager, Val Irving, took me to see Jackie. Jackie tried hard to be kind, all the time he was saying that I was too ladylike-looking for the part, too pretty, too sweet, to play the slatternly and acid-tongued Alice. It was the nicest turn-down any actress ever had and I wouldn't have minded, except that I wanted the part very much. I felt I was right for it.

Val felt I was right, too, and laid plans to prove it. He told me not to get up until he arrived with a photographer at my apartment the next morning. "I don't want you to do a thing to your face before we get there," he said. "I want your hair to look exactly as it does when you first get out of bed, tousled and a little limp. I want you to look a little sleepy. And to wear an old kimono or a housedress you have been meaning to throw away but haven't got around to it yet."

That's the way they took the pictures. When Jackie saw them, they tell me he gave out a whoop and said, "That's Alice!" He couldn't have been kinder about admitting he had been wrong about me. And he has been wonderful ever since. I can't begin to say how much I have learned from working with him.

There's a standing joke on the show that, whenever I make a fuss about anything, or want to take a vacation, Jackie will say, "That's all right, Audrey. We have this girl who is dying to come on the show and she's really perfect for the part. I think her name is—what's that name, fellows? Oh, yes—Jayne. Meadows, I think the last name is." My sister Jayne gets a kick out of this, too, I might add!

It took Jackie two years to learn how he could break me up on the show. He does something funny with his face—he crosses his eyes or makes them stare, he twists up his mouth and tucks in his chin—I don't know exactly what it is, because I have learned I can't look at him and keep a straight face. I discovered this "face" of his when we were playing the Paramount. One night, in the middle of our "Honeymooners" sketch, he started it. I leaned back in my chair, trying to suppress my laughter, when a leg of the chair cracked and I yelled as I regained my balance. Fortunately, the leg held. But, by this time, Jackie was in top form and not to be restrained. He kept putting on that look again, and asking, "Alice, what are you laughing at?" And the more he asked, the more I broke up. Then he ad-libbed: "I think you're drunk, Alice. I think you had a little drink when you were up on the roof getting the wash."

By this time, the audience was in on the joke, too. I was almost choking to keep from getting completely hysterical. It was one of the funniest things that ever

happened to me, but nobody enjoyed it as much as Jackie.

On one of our television shows, Jackie slammed the door as he was leaving, and it stuck tight. Art, as Ed Norton, was supposed to come in, and Jackie suggested—after a few hopeless tries at opening the door—that he climb in the window. "I hope this breaks Audrey up," he was telling everyone backstage. It did, because as Art hopped over the sill he gave me that wry look and said, "There's more than one way to skin a cat," and I just about flipped. Then a messenger was supposed to deliver a telegram and Art wished me luck as I tried again to open the stuck door, while Jackie, backstage, was roaring with laughter at my predicament. When we finally got the door open, you should have seen the look he gave me.

Naturally, none of this would be as funny if ours were not a comedy show where anything can happen and be woven into the script or laughed off. Neither would Jackie try any of his tricks if he weren't sure we could catch the ball and run with it. As it is, when he's feeling particularly gay and ad-libbing so brilliantly, I almost think sometimes that I can see sparks of electricity playing around him. There's a real charge in the man at such times, an excitement that everyone in the theater feels and that gets across to the home audiences.

Making your work fun, having fun in your life, is Jackie's remedy for practically every ill. For him, a party is a panacea for everything from physical pain to heartbreak. If anyone feels sick, or dispirited, Jackie says, "You're not having enough fun. You need to laugh more." Once, when I had a bad cold and the doctor had warned me to get home early and go to bed, Jackie insisted that a party would do me more good. He rounded up the gang and we had a wonderful time. I never felt better than I did that next day.

Jackie likes to turn everything into a laugh, especially the difficult things. When one of the June Taylor girls was having eye trouble and came in wearing dark glasses, he turned up with pairs of dark glasses for all the other girls, just to make her laugh and feel better about it. If you tell him anyone is ill, his hand is on the telephone to order flowers before you have finished talking. He hunts for amusing cards, selected just to cheer the person up, or funny little presents to make each one forget his aches and pains. If you tell him someone is in trouble, he's trying to figure out a way to help while you're still in the middle of the story.

He's wonderfully loyal to old friends, and wonderfully appreciative of the smallest kindness. I sometimes think that, when a performer becomes as big a star as Jackie is now, other people forget he, too, might sometimes need a little sympathy and help now and then. I have a theory that people forget celebrities are human beings, even as you and I. When we were playing the Paramount, for instance, Jackie came down with a bad case of laryngitis and, even with all the doctoring and dosing, it hung on. I finally decided a hot cup of tea, just before he went on, would soothe his throat, so I brewed it backstage and brought it to him. Next day he sent his dresser up for his tea, and after that I made tea for him every day until he got well. You never saw such pleasure for such a small attention. Maybe he didn't always have time to drink the tea, but he liked being the one who was indulged, for a change. Most of the time, the Gleasons of this world are on the giving—and not

the receiving—end of small kindnesses.

Jackie does many kind things which no one hears about. He saw a little item, buried in a New York newspaper, but for some reason or other it touched him. A man had died, in Brooklyn, and there was no money to bury him. The family had been evicted from their apartment. Perhaps it was somewhere near Jackie's old home neighborhood. Perhaps there was a nostalgic something that caught his attention. At any rate, he got in touch with the family, paid for the funeral, and saw that they were installed in an apartment, before he was satisfied that enough had been done.

This is the serious Gleason. Yet this same Gleason giggled like a schoolboy when, after the new contract for "The Honeymooners" was signed, I talked to him on the telephone. He was out when I put in a call for him, so he called me back. As soon as I picked up the phone and said hello, this voice said, "This is the Aga Khan." And then, with much hauteur, "Is there anything I can do for you?" Which broke me up completely, and set me giggling and he broke up, too. It was his way of acknowledging the wonderful success that had come to him, with a little play-acting and laughs—and a lot of humility.

Interviewers have asked me at times if there isn't something I can say about Jackie that is just a little bit on the mean side, to make the story more interesting. I can't. The only mean things I know about him are the ones that have been done to him, not by him. He had plenty of tough breaks as a boy. His father walked away from the family, his brother died as a young child, his hard-working mother died, too, before he could do a hundredth part of the things he wanted to do for her. I think all this has made Jackie more understanding, more kind, more thoughtful, more sensitive. And more eager to get all the laughs he can out of life, and to give them to others.

Recently, people have begun to ask me if I think filming "The Honeymooners" will be as much fun as doing it live. All I can say is that, wherever Jackie Gleason is, there will always be excitement. I once told a newspaperman that working with Jackie was a lot like sitting on the edge of a volcano, with my feet dangling over a crater that could erupt any moment. But there the analogy ends, because—unlike what happens when a volcano erupts—with Jackie, everything turns out to be fun. Magnificent, glorious fun.

That's certainly the secret why everybody who works with him loves him!

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Man of Today

(Continued from page 35)

in reply, all adding up to the same surprising conclusion. Given a choice between watching Garroway and maintaining a normal daily life, most fans are determined to have their cake and eat it, too. Many viewers, Dave found, bring a bundle of clothes to the TV set and dress around it in much the same way their grandparents once "dressed around the old wood stove." The majority, however, eat breakfast while watching *Today*. This entails no difficulty on the part of the family, of course, but what about the woman of the house who must prepare that breakfast in the kitchen?

Efficiency is the answer for one. "Turn TV on at 6:45 A.M. to signal," she wrote. "Squeeze orange juice before 7, as mixer throws picture off. Bring in milk, put coffee on, cook everything but bacon—as I can turn bacon from around corner of door in kitchen while watching."

Another woman simply leaves her kitchen door open. "We have a mirror over the sink," she explained, "and, by shoving the can opener under one corner of it, I can get the proper angle and watch everything that goes on."

One correspondent managed to have "a full view of the goings-on" in the living room "whilst dunking (his) morning doughnuts" in the kitchen—by cutting a six-by-six foot opening in the wall between the rooms and disguising it as an "open" bookshelf.

And then there's the letter from a young housewife: "My husband and I turn the set on when we first get up at seven in the morning. And I must say that your program gives us a good reason for getting up. We run from the bedroom to the living room, to the bath, to the baby's room, to the kitchen. Luckily, the floor plan gives us a circle—so, by keeping clockwise traffic, we don't run into each other."

In contrast is the woman who watches *Today* from her bed. This required her having a cabinet maker put a swivel top on the TV table so the set could be turned toward her. But then, she found, the foot of her bed cut the TV picture in half. Either she would have to raise her head off the pillow or raise her TV set. Naturally, she returned to the cabinet maker and had him extend the legs on the TV table.

Most women, however, have too much to do to allow for the luxury of remaining abed in the morning. While Garroway is on the air, they iron, tend the baby, sew, knit or crochet by the TV set. Those with receivers in the kitchen cook, wash dishes or make sandwiches. These women not only get their husbands off to work in time and their children off to school, they manage to watch the entire show without postponing the housework. Their letters prove that far from interfering with normal daily life, *Today* provides a much-needed supplement—as little trouble, and just as welcome, as the morning newspaper.

By now, some four-and-a-half million viewers have changed their habits—some have even rearranged their homes—in order to accommodate Dave's early morning TV show. This is a tribute not only to the adaptability of Americans to new ideas, but to the nation-wide popularity of a good-natured guy with horn-rimmed glasses and a happy bow tie—the most comfortable personality in TV today.

Trying to explain the nature of Dave's appeal, critics invariably call him "re-

laxed"—as though four-and-a-half million people would stagger out of bed at seven o'clock on a weekday morning to watch someone else "relax." More particularly, Dave is a "relaxing" person. And, in the morning, people need a little relaxation. *Today* is like that moment of calm before the storm—the breathing space that gets a man set for what's about to come. *Take it easy*, Dave seems to be saying, *you'll get there just as fast*.

Certainly, in his own life, Dave exemplifies the moral of that old story about the tortoise and the hare. In a business as competitive as radio and TV, the race for success sometimes goes to the fast-talking, the overly ambitious, the self-pushing. Yet Dave—slowly but surely, and even quietly—has outstripped many a wild hare and won his way to the top. He claims it's just luck and cites instance after instance to prove he got the breaks. But is it that simple? Or is it that Dave, by taking it easy, has had the perspective to size up his breaks and know what to do with them? At least, his getting into radio in the first place was a matter of pure chance. "That was in 1937," Dave recalls. "I was a Bachelor of Fine Arts, fresh out of Washington University, where I had majored in Abnormal Psychology and English." He chuckles, well aware that this doesn't explain how he happened to be selling piston rings in Boston. But perhaps it explains why—as he says—"I didn't sell one single ring."

"So then I found myself in New York," he continues, "trying to sell a book to schoolteachers. One day, I happened to be in a hotel lobby when I ran into a young man who had once courted the same girl I had. At the time, we were arch rivals, but now—years later—the passion had all cooled off. He said he needed a fourth for bridge, and that's how I ended up in a game with the Assistant Manager of Guest Relations for NBC. She happened to mention that NBC was looking for page boys and, several days later, I was in uniform—in Rockefeller Center."

It was there, in a training class for future announcers, that Dave wound up twenty-third in a class of twenty-four. "I couldn't believe I was that bad," he says. "I was sure it must be some mistake." It probably was—for, one month later, Dave got the best job of anyone in his class: Special Events Director at Station KDKA in Pittsburgh. And the mistake, if it was one, also proved a lucky break.

"For the first time in my life," he admits, "I was filled with a burning ambition." Not that he was out to set the world on fire. He just wanted to prove himself—and he did. One year after going to work in Pittsburgh, NBC gave him a staff job at Station WMAQ in Chicago.

Dave's now-famous "relaxed" style also came about as a matter of chance, a by-product of World War II. "I was instructing in a yeoman school at Pearl Harbor," he recalls. "At night, during my off-duty hours, I was given permission to broadcast a disc-jockey show at a radio station in near-by Honolulu. After my daytime duties, however, I was too tired to plot a program and write continuity, so I just played jazz and said anything that came into my head."

It turned out to be perfect practice for his next lucky break. When Dave returned to Chicago after his discharge, WMAQ assigned him to a disc-jockey

show in the middle of the night, because he was the only staff announcer who didn't live out in the suburbs. Dave dug into the music library and played all the recordings he had missed during those three years in the Navy. And, because it was late at night, he relaxed as he had in Honolulu—talking at random about any subject under the sun. That was when the fan mail started arriving in such quantities that the station had to hire a special clerk to handle it.

In 1949, when NBC opened its TV lines to Chicago, *Garroway At Large* was one of the first shows to emanate from that city. This was not luck, of course, for Dave was already a success in radio. But it was a break being given such a low budget for a variety show. Unable to compete with the high-priced stars, the choruses, the lavish sets and costumes of New York telecasts, Dave substituted imagination and a new kind of TV comedy. In *Garroway At Large*, there was no slapstick, no insulting jokes—just a quiet, off-beat kind of humor that had the nation chuckling to itself. Sometimes, there was no set—just the bare walls of the studio—and the one prop might be a ladder or a flight of stairs. But thanks to brilliant camera work and inventive staging, the TV screen came alive. The show somehow translated Dave's casual, relaxed style into visual terms. It not only made history in the early days of TV, but there is now talk of reviving it again this fall. And luckily, at the time, it paved the way for the biggest break of all.

It was in 1952 that Dave took over his present assignment as host and emcee of *Today*, the first network TV show to feature news and special events at an early morning hour. In addition, Dave still has his own radio show, *Friday With Garroway*. Between the two programs, however, the relaxed style which has brought Dave so much success on the air allows him little time to relax in his own private life. For the truth is that the easygoing manner is actually the effortless performance which comes from thorough preparation and hard work. *Today* may sound informal, but it is written and rehearsed in advance.

"The show takes all my waking time," Dave admits. "I've got thirty half-hours a week in front of the cameras, and then there's the business incidental to the show—all the offshoots and odds and ends to be taken care of, such as lunching with clients and that sort of thing."

As a consequence, he can't help feeling that it's just as well that he leads a bachelor existence at the moment. It's not that Dave particularly enjoys living alone. It's because he hasn't much of a life to share with anyone. Up at five in the morning, and in bed by nine or ten at night—the rest is work. He is free over the weekends, of course, when he sees a few people, catches up on his reading, or visits in the country. But he's just as likely to spend the entire time in bed "just looking at the walls." All of his old hobbies—racing cars, fishing, drumming and golf—have been temporarily abandoned. While he often takes a pretty girl to dinner, he can never stay out late. "If I'm feeling really reckless," he says, "I can tear around till ten."

The one exception is a charming young lady named Paris—there's always time for her, whenever she can come to New York for a visit. Paris is Dave's ten-year-old daughter, who lives with her mother in St. Louis. Eight years ago,

his one attempt at marriage ended in an amicable divorce. Adele Dwyer, his former wife, recently re-married, and all parties concerned are the best of friends. Dave misses not having Paris with him all the time, but he knows that it's best for her to have the regular family life which her mother can give her and he cannot.

Outside of this, however, Dave has no dissatisfactions with his present existence. It is significant that he is identified with a show called *Today*, for that is the keynote of his philosophy of life. As he says, "I never know what I'm going to do tomorrow. I never constrict myself as to where I might go." By living completely in the present, Dave takes each day in his stride, making the most of the given moment, and not complaining about what happened yesterday or might happen tomorrow. At ease with himself, he is at ease with the world about him, so that the famous relaxed manner is not a mannerism—it comes sincerely from within. And perhaps the best expression of it comes at the end of each program when Dave raises his hand in a kind of blessing and says: "Peace!"

It's only one word. But every weekday morning, some four-and-a-half million Americans get the message.

Forever Near Her Heart

(Continued from page 44)

tree. The fireplace was bare, the electricity turned off, the five cocker spaniels boarded with friends.

Desi was in San Francisco with his band, playing dance music in a hotel ballroom decked with holly and "Merry Christmas" streamers. After the show ended, he had Christmas dinner sent to his room. It was not a large Christmas dinner—a cheese sandwich on toast, one pickle, and a cup of coffee—but he didn't have much appetite. He was remembering Christmases at home: The smell of suckling pig roasting on a spit, the way he and Lucy had talked until 5 A.M., last Christmas Eve, and opened their presents just as it was turning light.

They were supposed to spend this Christmas together, too, this Christmas of 1946, but they didn't. Lucille Ball was not even in the state of California. She was in the state of Washington. She had been touring in a play. Three days before Christmas, right on schedule, the play closed down for the holidays. But, that night, an unscheduled thing happened. The "second lead" became ill. By the next day, half the cast was stricken with the same serious influenza virus. By Christmas, almost everyone connected with the play was in a hospital somewhere between Walla Walla, Washington, and Portland, Oregon.

Miss Ball was one of the few who wasn't sick, and she spent Christmas Day walking the corridors of several hospitals. When she returned to her hotel room, it was to look at the luggage she had bought her husband for Christmas and then to cry a little because she couldn't spend Christmas with him. And she, too, had no appetite that night.

She could have gone to meet Desi in San Francisco. However, as she explained on the telephone: "There's nothing I can do. Some of them are pretty sick, and they're away from home. Desi, I've got to stay."

"But, honey," Desi's voice came pleading over the wires, "honey, please, it's Christmas."

"Desi, I just can't leave."

"But . . ."

In the end, they hung up, almost angry



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at each other. That was Christmas, 1946.

Lucille Ball told this story, looking at it from the vantage point of 1955. She stretched out in her chair and looked at the sun like a woman contented with her marriage and her children and the world.

But even now she wouldn't laugh at it. "It wasn't funny," she said. "That Christmas night—that miserable Christmas night—was an important night in my life. In a way, spending that Christmas away from Desi is one reason why we are so happy today.

"I think of that night," she said, "as the point of no return. That's what airplane pilots call the place where they have just enough gas left to turn back or to go on to their destination. And they know that, if they don't turn back before they reach the point of no return, they'll never be able to. I think every marriage has a point of no return, a turning point, a place where you have to make the right decision—or else."

She might have said, "A point where the people in it have to become mature"—but she didn't need to. Instead, she continued: "I sat in my hotel room that night and thought about my marriage and my career, and I knew I had to make a decision."

Lucy's contract with M-G-M, her touring, kept her tied to one side of the continent, while Desi's work kept him on the other side. She had worked hard for her career and she thought that, if her contract was broken, she would never work again. But the constant separations were wearing their marriage thin, and she knew it.

"I sat in my hotel room and thought about those separations. For years, we had been passing each other on the highway, getting an hour together in Chicago or Des Moines between trains, or five minutes together while I was dressing to go to the studio and Desi was undressing to go to bed. We had had six years of this type of thing, and the strain was beginning to show. We weren't a marriage any more. We were like a rubber band that is stretched until it starts to break.

"That night, I thought about all the bad times, the mixed-up plans, the way I felt going home after work when Desi was away on tour. It had gotten so bad that I would do almost anything—visit friends, eat a late dinner out, stay at my mother's—to keep from going home to our empty house.

"And it was worse on Desi than it was on me. At least I had the house, the dogs, and our families. Desi had nothing but a hotel room. He would get so homesick, he would call three or four times in one day—sometimes just to ask how the garden was doing.

"I thought: You can't have a happy marriage unless you're together some of the time. I ran my fingers across the suitcase I had bought him and remembered how he was away when all the important little things happened at home. For example, we were so proud of our first watermelon that we named it: Minnie the Watermelon. We watched Minnie for months. Then, when Minnie was finally ripe, Desi was on tour.

"I thought back further, to the time we started to get a divorce, and how that, too, in a way was caused by my being alone and having to deal with things myself . . ."

The Arnaz attempt at a divorce lasted only a few months, and it started the last year of the war. In a way, it was the house that caused it all. The house had just been redecorated, and it sparkled with white drapes, a thick white rug, and new furniture.

It was a windy spring day, and the peo-

ple next door were having their roof painted. They called Lucy up and told her that the painters, being in the neighborhood, would do her roof for a low price. It sounded all right, and Lucy called Desi, who was away, to check.

If she thought it was all right, he said hesitantly, he would take her word. Yes, she said, she thought it was all right.

So Lucy okayed the job, set the men to work, and left for a shopping tour in town. Unfortunately, the men knew little about their job. They slopped red paint over the walls, the cats and the dogs, and the strong wind carried the paint over the rest of the yard.

When Lucy returned at 9:30 that night, the first thing she noticed was that her white drapes were a pale red. The dogs ran to greet her. The dogs were all the same pale red color. So was the floor where they had rolled, the furniture they had sat on, the rugs they had walked across.

By morning light, the damage was even more catastrophic. The trees, shrubs, and chickens were all pale red. The grass and flowers were not only red—they were very, very dead.

To have such chaos repaired in the last year of the war was a difficult thing. The man who sanded the paint off the floors had never used a sander before—but he didn't tell Lucy this. When he was through, the floors had to be refinished.

It took two months to completely repair the house. Tempers were short, nerves frayed. Desi's visits home were anything but peaceful. In the end, the chaos was too much for everybody. And Desi left.

He was not gone long. That quarrel was patched up, and so were the others, but they left scars. And they were all caused by strain and separation and the fact that the telephone is a good medium for urgent messages but not a good way to settle misunderstandings.

And now Lucille Ball sat in her hotel room and thought about all this and more . . .

One time, Desi was in New York for a band engagement, and he had told her he would call her at the studio. She waited for his call, but she was through work early. So she decided to go home. She told the studio operator to have Desi call her at home.

When he called the studio, she had left. But, when he called the house, she had not arrived. Then he had to go back on stage.

When Lucy got home, she waited for his call. She had a bowl of soup and some crackers and brushed her hair. Then she waited some more. Finally, she called the theater. He had just left. She called his hotel. He had not arrived, but the hotel operator, whose name was Evelyn, would tell him that his wife had called. Lucille looked at her watch. It was getting late, and she had a six-o'clock call the next morning at the studio.

"Please tell him I called," she told Evelyn, "and that I'm going to bed now."

Desi arrived at the hotel and called his wife again. Evelyn refused to put the call through.

"She's gone to bed," Evelyn said. Desi got angry. "Put that call through," he ordered.

"Okay," Evelyn said. "But you'll be sorry."

The call woke Lucy up. Desi's first words were: "Where in blazes were you?" "I got off early," Lucy said.

"You say you're going to be somewhere, you should be somewhere."

Lucy hung up. Desi called again. Lucy hung up again. The next call was from Evelyn. "Look," Evelyn said. "Maybe I explained things

wrong. Maybe it's my fault. Now, why don't you just call him back?"

"No," Lucy said.

Evelyn got Desi on the line, anyway.

Desi hung up.

They patched that one up, too. It was more difficult to patch their newspaper troubles. Desi went out twice with Lucy's sister when she came to New York. The columnists neglected to find out who the girl was. They merely printed divorce rumors. At the same time, in Hollywood, Lucy dined once with her sister's husband. The Hollywood stories about the divorce were even more detailed.

Another telephone mix-up was the problem of the car. It was right after the war, and Desi was on tour. He had ordered a car as a surprise, and Lucy didn't know about it. She didn't even know how hard it was to get cars that year.

Desi had been waiting six months for the car, and it arrived while he was on tour. Lucy took one look at the car and said, "I'm sorry. We can't keep that."

"Can't keep it?" the man said, looking at the beautiful red car.

"No," she said. "It's the wrong color. It clashes with my hair."

"Well," the man said, "you'd better dye your hair."

Miss Ball grinned. "I made him take the car back, anyway. And, when Desi called from Chicago the next night, I told him all about it. I won't say that he was unhappy. That would be a mild word for it. He spent the next day on the phone apologizing to the man and trying to get the car back."

Miss Ball brought herself back to 1955 and looked up at the sun again. "Those are the things I spent that Christmas thinking about. And, late that night, I came to a decision. You know what that decision was," she said. "Having a career was fun—during the day. But the day ended at six o'clock, and it wasn't fun to go home to an empty house and an empty life."

"Believe me," she said, "when I asked for a release from my contract, I didn't know that all this"—her arm drew a circle taking in all the buildings and the stages and the streets that belong to Desilu Productions—"that all this was going to happen. But I didn't care. I had made a choice. And, if I were asked to make the same choice today, I would make it the same way."

Lucy smiled again, thinking perhaps of her two children and her husband and their life together.

"Luckily," she said, "I'm not asked to choose. We're separated now only by the length of a golf course and"—this time she laughed out loud, looking up at the office where Desi was working—"and, if I'm energetic enough, we're not even separated by that!"

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Romantic Adventurer

(Continued from page 61)

and has gray eyes which can either meet one's gaze steadily or twinkle in a mischievous grin. His friend and former colleague, Hugh Downs, now on NBC-TV's *Home*, gives this characterization: "Jim conforms to a man's idea of what a man ought to be. He has steel nerves and you can't fluster him. Whatever the situation, he reacts instantly, instinctively, and smoothly. You might even say he has the male equivalent of feminine intuition. And he usually turns out to be right."

Professionally, Jim finds his adventures these days on *Hawkins Falls*, the Chicago-originated NBC-TV daytime drama of small-town life. Jim describes his role as Mitchell Fredericks: "I was on the lam when I blew into this town. I was the honest attorney who refused to defend gangster clients. Next, I sort of drifted around, making up my mind what to do. Now I run the newspaper, so again I'm all mixed up in everything."

Like Jim himself (who has been married) Mitchell Fredericks is, at this writing, unattached and eligible. Jim says, "In *Hawkins Falls*, Dr. Corey beat me out when we were both courting Lona, so I guess Bill Barrett, who scripts the show, has been trying to make it up to me ever since. I'm always interested in some pretty girl."

Jim has seen that kind of situation before—with variations. He makes a comparison. "Of course, I've never yet got the girl, but I sure have fun trying. That's more than the movies do for me. All I ever got in a Western was a horse—or a sock in the jaw. I've lost more fights to guys half my size. . . ."

Losing such filmed fights occurred when Jim took a leave of absence from *Hawkins Falls* to go back to Hollywood to make what he calls "a flock of Westerns." In every one, he was cast as the villain. Appearance of the films on television brings him such greetings as, "Boy, did Kit Carson clean up on you last night!"

Jim meets such sallies with an easy grin and a recollection of a stunt man's wage scale. "I hope they realize that every time I bite the dust, it was a two-hundred-dollar fall." He also insists that it was his ability to fight and ride which first got him into the movies. "It is a lot easier for a director to teach an athlete a little acting than to teach an actor a lot of athletics."

The explanation is over-modest, for Jim—who was born in Kansas City and graduated from Rockhurst College—drew his first rave notices for work in school plays. He was a radio announcer in Kansas City, St. Louis and at several California stations. Columbia Pictures signed him and started building him up in minor roles. One, as a priest, he recalls with special pleasure. He got it when a casting director saw a picture of Jim's favorite brother, Father John Bannon, who teaches history at St. Louis University. They look enough alike to be twins. "We've had a bit of a turn-about," says Jim. "Now John is having his chance at television, doing a series of history lectures."

Jim played the lead in one mystery, but it was the Westerns which captured his fancy. "I had been around livestock all my life. I could ride a horse and handle a steer. In school, I had been an athlete, so the stunt stuff gave me no trouble. They put me in a few epics and I decided the Western was just the thing for me."

Young America agreed with him when he won stardom as "Red Ryder." Jim recalls, "As you do in Westerns, I guess I played Red Ryder more off-camera than

I did on-set. Got a kick out of it, too. For one thing, there was that car. . . ."

The sensible, grown-up reason for "that car" was the promotion campaign which sent Jim to make personal appearances in cities where the film series was playing. The private reason, one suspects, was that Jim enjoyed it almost as much as his young fans did. The vehicle started out as a Buick Roadmaster convertible, but turned into quite a wagon by the time Jim installed tooled-leather upholstery, used an antique long-barrelled Colt revolver as a shift lever, and replaced the conventional door handles with chromium-plated horseshoes. The crowning touch was a pair of longhorn-steer horns spreading out as a hood ornament.

Jim still chuckles over its effect. "I'd drive up in front of a theater and, within half an hour, every kid in town had come a-running. 'Course, I dressed kind of quiet, too. Just a big wide hat, gambler's-stripe pants and the wildest shirt I could get."

Today, he would just as soon forget the role—living with it off the set, as well as on, got to be too much of a good thing—but people at WNBQ, where *Hawkins Falls* originates, either hold fond memories of their own Saturday-afternoon movies or recall somewhat less enraptured hours spent escorting small fry to the flicks. Jim takes as much of a ribbing over his hero role as he does his later villain's drubbings by Gene Autry, Kit Carson, Wild Bill Hickok, et al. One wag even revised the usual studio-door sign which reads: "Do not enter when red light is on." Light was crossed out and Ryder substituted.

The role can still have advantages, too. Last Christmas, Jim headed for California. His car, loaded with luggage and gifts, was conventional, but his driving clothes—levis, boots and a red Hudson's Bay jacket—were unintentionally "Red Ryder." Stopping for the night in a small Kansas town, he worried about possible theft and decided to ask the local police where to park. Striding up to the desk sergeant, he began, "I've got a problem—"

The officer's recognition was instant. "What's your trouble, Mr. Bannon?"

They solved it fast. The sergeant not only kept the car safely in the lockup overnight but he also arranged to have the town's Cadillac agency open early to service it. The agency included a wash job, with their compliments.

Jim's large collection of Western clothes can, upon occasion, turn into a community asset at Chicago NBC. While Ben Park, the producer for *Hawkins Falls*, was also working on the Eddy Arnold film series, he insisted on historically authentic costumes. When Park specified shirts were not to have wide-spread collars, Joan King, the wardrobe girl, found the order hard to fill until Jim turned up with two.

His own sartorial trademark on *Hawkins Falls* is the turned-up collar. The style has become so exclusively his that a visiting actor who inadvertently duplicated it was told by the director, "Turn it down. That's the Bannon treatment."

Whether the scene calls for sport clothes or the conservatively tailored dark suit Jim wore when he was best man at the wedding of Lona and Dr. Corey, his personal wardrobe can usually supply everything but a trench coat. "I've bummed trench coats from everybody on the set, including stagehands," he says. "My own is too light-colored for the camera."

Jim has no trouble borrowing, for he is as popular in person as he is in the script. Like the show's heroine, Bernardine

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Flynn, and the producer, Ben Park, Jim is thoughtful, considerate and friendly. The mood they set helps make *Hawkins Falls* an easy, happy company.

Evidence of this high morale is the good-natured kidding which goes on. Jim takes the brunt of the cowboy gags, but also gives as good as he gets. He calls seventy-eight-year-old Butler Manville by the unvenerable title of "Bubbles" and claims Mr. Manville is his best audience for a rib. Pretty Marie Petrillo is "No-Talent" and the bestowal of this nickname marked her official acceptance into the clan.

It happened shortly after the young actress came to the cast. Daughter of the music czar, James J., Marie realized, as well as anyone else, that the name "Petrillo" can be formidable in any television studio. To some people, she seemed aloof, but Jim diagnosed her trouble as shyness.

Seeing her eating alone, one noon, he shouted half the length of a cafeteria, "Just because we don't play instruments doesn't mean you can't associate with us. Come over here and sit down." Delighted, Marie joined the group and the ice was broken. She since has become a frequent date of Jim's.

When the *Hawkins Falls* people come to dinner at his bachelor apartment, Jim proves an excellent chef. Characteristically, he says it is all due to his fine maid. "If she didn't come in to do the dishes, I'd turn into the best restaurant patron in town. Since she takes care of them, I'm the great culinary experimenter. I pick up a cookbook and wonder, 'What kind of trouble can I get into today?' Mostly, I like to try curries and stuff like that." He has a terse appraisal of his own skill: "They haven't carried out any bodies yet."

Jim has a deft hand, too, for hobbies. While in California, he grew interested in woodcarving and making miniature furniture. Now, he prefers ceramics and made all the cufflinks and tie pins he gave the crew last Christmas. "You can whittle all day," he says, "and maybe all you end up with is a bunch of toothpicks. But I like working with colors and, in this enameling, I see immediate results. I also have room for it. I can set up my enamels, and the dentist's kiln I use to fire the stuff, atop a card table, and I'm in business."

His real enthusiasm is hunting. A favorite spot, within reach whenever he has a few days off, is the Teal Lake Lodge, in Wisconsin, operated by Mary and Nelson Ross, who are Bernardine Flynn's sister and brother-in-law. The Rosses regard Jim as part of the family. Recently, when Jim was the center of much commotion in the *Hawkins Falls* plot, Mary Ross wrote him, "You're getting into too much trouble down there. You'd better come back."

He hopes sometime to hunt mountain lions in Utah or Arizona. "But," he remarks, "I've been trying to get away for five, six years. It begins to look as though, by the time I do, the lions will be extinct."

His vigorous independence carries into all situations. When a bout with an ulcer put him into the hospital, he proved to be what can mildly be described as a "reluctant patient." Sharing his room was a much more acquiescent man who was utterly amazed by Jim's cavalier treatment of rules, regulations and authority. "Honestly, Mr. Bannon," he said one day, "I don't know how you get away with it."

"Easy," said Jim. "I was born a colonel and never got to be a private."

Self-sufficient though he may seem, Jim holds no brief for single blessedness. He defines his present romantic temperature: "I'm just setting back and looking at the moment." Then his eyes twinkle. "But in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns. . . Well, who knows? Maybe by June it will have turned again."

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(Continued from page 43)

Brooklyn. Warren was then just a snub-nosed, bright-eyed kid who—up to that moment—would have blinked and said, "An actor? Me? Are you trying to kid someone?"

That day, Mrs. Tracy, a neighbor whose daughter was a dancer, called to Warren in the street and asked him to walk along with her to his home. He was quite willing, thinking she might want to get his mother's permission to take him to the movies. Mrs. Tracy had been watching the little fellow with the wavy brown hair and the alert eyes under sweeping dark lashes, the dark brows that turned up at the ends with a quizzical quirk to give the boyish face an unexpected touch of humor. (They still do, these nine years later.) Now, instead of taking him to a movie, she thought he had a chance to be in one.

Mrs. Tracy knew that Warners' was casting small-boy roles for the motion picture version of "Life with Father." Would Mrs. Berlinger let her little boy try out? Mrs. Berlinger said, "Why not? Let's see what he can do—if he would like to."

"Sure," said Warren, dreams beginning to take shape quickly. And he thought how he could get to be a big movie star, like Roy Rogers or Hopalong Cassidy, and have a gun and a horse of his very own.

Warren had his screen test, and his first big heart-break. Talent scouts in each city made their choice of boys, and he won easily in New York in his age group. But in the end they chose a West Coast boy. Warren went back to cops-and-robbers with the other kids, his dreams of glory in the Old West temporarily clouded.

Only temporarily, however. Through the audition, Warren had aroused the interest of a Mrs. Bedford at Warners', who recommended him to Oscar Hammerstein for "Annie, Get Your Gun," the Broadway-bound stage play which was getting ready to open out-of-town. Warren was picked as one of four boys—which finally narrowed to three—two to appear regularly in the show and one as alternate and understudy. He became a regular and joined the cast in Philadelphia.

It was Warren's first time on any stage, anywhere. He had never even been in a school play, and he would have considered dramatic lessons as nothing short of "sis-sy," if anyone had so much as mentioned the subject. Cops-and-robbers, cowboys-and-Indians, were the stuff his dreams had been made of up to then.

Now, at seventeen, an experienced young actor of television and stage, and a high school senior (his best subject, U. S. history; his hardest, French), Warren is getting ready to enter Columbia University in New York and work toward a Bachelor of Fine Arts degree, then, later, a Master's. And he plans to get in some good solid work in the dramatic arts course, because he loves what he's doing, wants to keep doing it better, and looks forward to a life in show business, maybe later as a director—though he wants to act in *The Secret Storm* a long, long time.

"This kid Jerry, whom I play on television, is a boy who got off to a bad start," Warren explains. "He had tough breaks with his parents. His mother was killed in an automobile accident, and Jerry wanted to punish the people in the car responsible for her death. His mind got so twisted that he actually believed it was his duty to avenge his mother. Jerry's father has made some serious mistakes, too, and the boy has had a rough break all around. I want to see him pull out of this thing and become a decent citizen and a happy guy."

"Peter Hobbs, who is Peter Ames in the show, is a great guy who treats me as if I were really his son," Warren continues. "Contrary to her role, Haila Stoddard—who plays Pauline Harris, my dead mother's sister—is a real wonderful person. And Barbara Joyce—who is Jane Edwards, the woman my father loves—is as sweet as all get-out."

"My sisters on the show are Jean Mowry, who is Susan, and Jada Rowland, who is Amy, and they're both swell. We have a lot of fun when we're not rehearsing. Amy's the youngest, so we all try to make her happy. But, no matter how much we joke and roughhouse before we go on, when it comes to work we're in dead earnest. Even Jada. Kids grow up fast in show business, because it teaches a sense of responsibility. We can't let anyone down, and each person's work is important, no matter how small the part."

Sometimes people ask Warren if it wasn't hard for him to be on the stage, and now on television, during the years he was growing up. "The only truthful answer I can give is that I have enjoyed every minute of it. If I were not an actor, I would like to be just an average kid going to high school and getting ready for college, probably with an engineering course on my mind. I like working with my hands, and figuring things out. I might have been thinking about joining my father's construction business one day, with my brother Larry, who is seven years older than I am. Larry thinks my being on TV and the stage is kind of crazy, I suppose, although he seems to be a little proud that I can do it. My mother used to introduce me as 'My son Warren, the actor,' but I persuaded her to leave out 'the actor' part. 'Let people find that out for themselves later, if they're interested,' I told her. So now she doesn't do that any more."

With a work schedule like Warren's, there isn't much time for girls and formal dating, but two Sunday evenings a month are dedicated to this important subject.

"I don't want to get married until I am twenty-five," he hastens to say. "Not until I know all about girls." Then he grins at the rashness of that remark. "I mean, until I understand girls better, if I ever do! Anyhow, I know I should be much more mature before I even think of marriage."

The reason he sets apart two Sundays, and only two, is a double one: First, he has to catch up on homework at least every other weekend. Second, he likes to give a girl a really nice time, which usually means some cab fares, dinner in a good restaurant (he himself prefers Chinese food for such occasions), a downtown movie, or going somewhere to dance, or a legitimate show, if there is a Sunday night performance. All this knocks out a fellow's budget. Theater friends often give Saturday-night parties after the show and he sometimes stops by, for an hour or so. But that's about all the social life he has time for.

Being a product of modern times, Warren thinks girls ought to "go Dutch" with boys unless it is a formal date pre-arranged. "All of us had a big argument about this on the set one day—whether a boy should pay for a girl's lunch or a Coke, or something like that, when they just happen to be together. We fellows think the only time there should be no question about our footing the bill is when we actually take a girl out. But the girls don't seem to go for that." He grins, and shrugs, as if to imply that already he finds the ways of women quite inscrutable.

Like most of his friends, he believes it's a lot more fun to date in couples. "Two couples are just right. A friend of yours, and a friend of hers. You have another boy to talk to part of the time, and the girl has another girl along." Most of the girls like this arrangement, too.

He likes girls to be themselves, natural and feminine. "A girl should be a girl, and a boy a boy, and that way everything works out wonderfully," is the way he puts it, with more wisdom than he realizes.

When you ask about his favorite type of girl, Warren gives you that grin again, as if to remind you that he is really only a high-school boy and, therefore, it's a little silly to have too many definite ideas yet about women. Then he answers quite seriously.

"I like a girl for her personality. That's all. She doesn't have to be good-looking. She doesn't have to be an actress, or any kind of career girl. I think I might prefer a home girl, although I don't have much chance to meet girls outside the theatrical profession any more."

One of Warren's regrets is that being an actor has taken him away from the old contacts with both girls and boys in his neighborhood. He had to leave Public School 208 in Brooklyn and enroll in Professional Children's School, where classes are adapted to the working hours of the students. He works now when his old friends are ready to go out and have fun. Warren hopes that attending college will widen and broaden his list of friends, as it undoubtedly will, even though he will have to stagger his classes in order to work in his acting jobs.

An ordinary day for him runs something like this: He is up by 8:15 A.M. (He probably got home a little after midnight the night before, after the curtain came down on "Anniversary Waltz," and he had a sandwich and Coke and watched Steve Allen on television until Steve went off the air. Then maybe he did a little homework before turning in.) He is due at school in midtown Manhattan at 9:45 and stays there until 2:15, except on matinee days and days he is on the television show, when he gets a chance to sleep a little late and do his school work at home. He always gets in a short nap before dinner. After dinner, he's due at the theater.

Once a week he crowds in a singing lesson. ("I'm a high baritone, or an alto tenor, I can't decide which.") The singing is to broaden his talents for possible musical roles later on. He loves music, listens a lot to records by Eddie Fisher and Frank Sinatra, likes the songs they pick. He would like to sit for hours watching TV. ("I'm on it, and I love it. But, ironically, the only chance I get to do much looking is after midnight or on Sunday.")

He used to play softball, but there isn't much time for that now. He swims when he can, wants a small car of his own to go jaunting in on Sundays, to beaches and to the country. His stamp collection, started by his brother, is now neglected. "I'll pick it up again some day," he says hopefully. "My map collection, too. I'm fascinated by maps."

Warren's first TV appearance was an interview on the *Howdy Doody* show when he was about eight or nine, before they even had the Peanut Gallery. He has been on *You Are There* and *Personal Story*, but considered himself a stage actor (except for one movie, "The Window," and some commercial shorts) until *The Secret Storm* happened in early 1954.

Before *Secret Storm*, he played the young lad, Bibi, in "The Happy Time," starting in the Broadway cast and going on tour with the show all across the

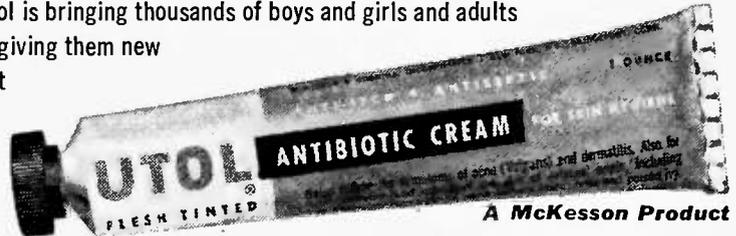
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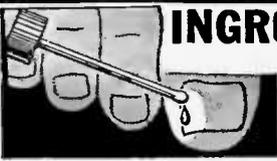
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United States. "For the first time I saw my own country," he says, "and I learned a lot. My mother traveled with me and, when we played Chicago, my father came on for a few weeks."

It was in "The Happy Time" that Warren learned what it is to "break up" in the middle of a scene. The actor who played his uncle mispronounced Warren's character name during a tender scene, and called him "Blibli" instead of "Bibi." Warren was only thirteen then, and for a minute he thought he would disgrace himself by not being able to go on, but he recovered and held his laughter in check. "Cats have strolled in unexpectedly, mice have darted across the stage, bells have rung when they shouldn't and failed to ring when they should, and I learned to take these in stride. Peter Hobbs, who plays my dad on the TV show, once had to cope with an alarm clock that went off unexpectedly while we were doing a scene, and I hope I can always be as quick-witted as he is. He managed to grab the clock and throw it off the set without letting it seem like an interruption of our scene. But the most dreadful experience I ever had was the time I 'went up' in my lines—forgot them—and the other actors had to cover up for me until I got back on the beam. They consoled me by saying it happens to every actor once—and once is enough!"

Warren's biggest thrill to date was the time in Chicago when he had dinner with another actor from "The Happy Time" and a drama critic from one of the papers. At five minutes to eight, they suddenly realized the hour. A police car picked them up at the restaurant and shot them through traffic with siren screaming. But, in spite of this, the half-hour signal had been called before they arrived at the theater. Warren isn't sure yet it wasn't worth being scolded for, although he doesn't want that to happen again, either.

From "The Happy Time," he went into "The Other Foot," an off-Broadway play with Thomas Mitchell. When he walked in to audition for that role, Mr. Mitchell was standing in the middle of the room, jiggling some change in his pockets. He looked at Warren, said, "Take off your coat." Warren did. "Sit down in that chair." Warren did. "Get up." Warren did—feeling pretty clumsy and embarrassed by this time. And he didn't know whether to laugh or be angry when Mr. Mitchell turned to the author of the play

and remarked, "There's something ridiculous about this boy!"

It was an expression of approval. It meant that Warren had a quality they were looking for, a natural flair for comedy they wanted in the role. So he got that job easily. Then he went into "Bernadine" and, after that, into "Take a Giant Step." "Anniversary Waltz" followed in due course.

A flood of fan letters come in from girls all over the country, mostly in response to his appearances on *The Secret Storm*. Nice letters, mostly. They ask for his photograph. They want to know the color of his eyes and hair (hazel-gray eyes, dark brown hair). His height (5'6"). What kind of clothes he likes best (casual: sweaters and slacks around home; gray suits, tweeds; no loud shirts or ties or socks—he tries to match them up but doesn't think he does a very good job of it; one black suit for dress, although the fellows rib him about it—he thinks black is conservative and he doesn't go for anything flashy).

Girls sometimes recognize him on the street—more and more everyday, as a matter of fact. They have seen him on television or on the stage. "Mostly they recognize me from *The Secret Storm* and they are shy, and sort of hold back. I think it's natural to have a certain shyness at our age. But, when they say hello to me, I like it."

One girl he met at a party didn't like him at all at first, because she identified him so closely with Jerry Ames—who, at that point in the story of *The Secret Storm*, was stirring up a lot of trouble for everyone. He tried to convince her that he wasn't really like that, but it took him a long time. "It made me feel bad, because I liked her," he says.

The attitude around his neighborhood, however, hasn't changed since Warren played cops-and-robbers with the other kids in the street. The neighbors seem to like having an actor in their midst, and his family is pleased with his success. As for Warren himself, he is quite content to be an average kid who got a chance to do something different but wouldn't have been unhappy just going to school in Flatbush and looking forward to college and being a Dodger fan, which of course he is.

"They're going to win the pennant this year," he predicts, grinning like any good Brooklyn boy rooting for the home team.

Head in the Stars

(Continued from page 55)

There, but for the grace of God, go I . . .

She was in her teens when she stumbled upon the line in Plato: "Love is the desire for the everlasting possession of the Good, and all men desire the Good."

"It set my imagination on fire," Katherine recalls. "From that time on, love in the impersonal sense became my creed."

It was a line written by an old Greek philosopher, dreaming of Utopia. But a young girl in Alhambra, California, some two thousand years later, can also dream of an ideal world. And maybe that explains why she was going to be a great writer. If you don't find what you want in this world, you create a world of your own, a world where everlasting goodness can truly exist.

More than the goodness, however, what she really wanted was love. For Katherine's parents were divorced, and the hurt in her childhood stems from this. She not only wanted love, she wanted the everlasting possession of it—which is security. But she was too young to know this, and too inexperienced to understand

that people sometimes fear the very thing they want most. It was a strange creed for a healthy young girl, but by making love impersonal, she had removed the hurt from it. And, by desiring the everlasting possession of the Good, she was completely safe. She had fallen head-over-heels in love with the unattainable.

Her creed of impersonal love, however, manifested itself in a sincere desire to help others. By the time she was eighteen, Katherine was already Dramatic Director of the Alhambra Playground. Here she directed the children in original plays which she wrote herself. And her love couldn't have been so impersonal, because the kids were crazy about her. After seeing a pageant which she produced on a shoestring, the playground supervisor allotted five thousand dollars to stage a big production the following season.

"He believed in me," Katherine says—still amazed, still grateful.

For their five thousand dollars, the people of Alhambra got a combination play and pageant—with a cast of two hundred children—which Katherine wrote,

produced and directed by herself. Because of her success, she was engaged as a writer by a major Hollywood studio. But she only remained two months. Something even more wonderful had happened the year before, when she had taken five girls from the playground to see Walter Hampden act on the stage. . . .

Walter Hampden is still a fine figure of a man, playing kindly old-gentleman parts in the movies and TV. But, in those days, he was Cyrano de Bergerac. He was Hamlet. To the young girl in the balcony, he was a god! For there, in a man, was the physical embodiment of the Good. "Oh, my head was so in the stars!" Katherine sighs.

This was a severe case of hero worship! Though, at the moment, Walter Hampden was still as unattainable as any of the many daydreams Katherine constantly conjured up, there was always the wild hope that she could actually meet him. Oh, just to go backstage . . . talk to him . . . maybe even shake his hand. This all might be . . . if it weren't for the stage manager who kept saying: "Absolutely no!"

Somehow, Katherine managed to hide backstage. "I wouldn't have had the nerve to do it if I had been alone," she recalls. "But with five girls waiting outside—well, you can accomplish a lot, if you're put up to it."

At midnight, her hero came out from his dressing room. All Katherine can remember of that fateful meeting is that Mr. Hampden asked if she were Irish. She said yes, she was—forgetting for the moment the half of her that's Scotch. It must have been the right answer. He agreed to let her read for him next day.

Next day she read. It didn't stop Mr. Hampden from continuing on tour with his company. But it didn't stop Katherine, either. Her letters followed him.

"You should have seen them," Katherine blushes. "All transport and hero-worship!" But they worked. After a year, Walter Hampden wrote to her, inviting her to join his company. It didn't matter that she had a career mapped out for her in a Hollywood studio. At a word from her hero, she dropped everything. Hamlet needed her. Cyrano had sent for her.

"Actually," she says, "he probably just wanted to stop those letters."

She moved to New York, but her first season with Walter Hampden was mostly spent on tour. During the summer, she was engaged as leading lady for the Barter Theater in Virginia. Then, returning to New York, she continued in the theater and broke into radio.

But she had outgrown hero-worship as naturally as she had outgrown her teens. And, like all people on the stage, she had come to prize reality as the one luxury. She still desired the Good, but she was no longer afraid of love. She was ready to have it attainable. . . .

Katherine describes Paul Y. Anderson as "a great and good man." When they met, he was Washington correspondent for *The St. Louis Post-Dispatch*—a Pulitzer Prize winner. They married, and all at once Katherine found the love she had been looking for. But, after a year and a half, her husband met a tragic death.

"It took me seven years to get over it," Katherine says.

Returning to New York, desperate to forget herself in work, she set a gargantuan task for herself. It took her entire capital of five hundred dollars to do it, but she dramatized, illustrated, and worked out in verse-choir Vachel Lindsay's "The Congo." It was produced in Madison Square Garden for The Greater New York Fund, and then on radio's famed *Columbia Workshop*. Then, faced with the necessity

of making a living, she returned to the theater, where she played Queen Guinevere in the revival of "A Connecticut Yankee," Death in Somerset Maugham's "Sheppy," Mrs. Taylor in George Kelly's "The Deep Mrs. Sykes," the Mayor's wife in Ferenc Molnar's "A Miracle in the Mountains," and the bigot in "The Grey-Eyed People." In addition to all this, she became well known in radio, playing in such shows as *Against The Storm*, *Right To Happiness*, *The Kate Smith Show*, and *Ellery Queen*. Then she broke into TV, where she has been seen on *Kraft TV Theater*, *Armstrong Circle Theater*, *Comedy Hour* and *Studio One*.

A high point in Katherine's professional career came last summer, when Columbia Pictures needed an actress for a part in the new movie, "Tight Spot." It was the role of a policewoman who befriends Ginger Rogers and finally gives her life for her. It was not unusual that they sent for Katherine. What was unusual is that they had remembered her from a screen test seen more than three years before.

But, in those years following her husband's death, her career held little meaning for her. Katherine's drive had never been for success, it had been for love. But now, even the impersonal variety seemed unattainable. Loving humanity meant helping humanity. And, ever since her days at the Alhambra Playground, she had dreamed of being a teacher with a school of her own. She would teach dramatics, because that was what she knew best. But, remembering some of her own teachers, who had been too "theoretical and silly" to really be of help, she had determined to get actual experience first—in life, as well as the theater. Well, she had gotten the experience, but now. . . .

"I don't think someone who hasn't satisfied his own ambitions is ready to teach," Katherine says. She had become, from her own point of view, the sort of person for whom it would be impossible to run a school of her own. For it is Katherine's philosophy of life that each of us is "two different people." No, not good and evil (since "all men desire the Good"), but optimistic and pessimistic. Our optimistic self, of course, is our "better self." And, when our better self is in control, the Good is possible. We have the strength to put it into practice.

Katherine knows now that "the whole business of life is to learn to be happy." An unhappy person—such as Margot Finchley, for instance—is no good to herself or to anyone. And what is happiness?

"Dear old Polonius," she says, remembering her "Hamlet," "I think he put it best—This above all: To thine own self be true."

That takes courage. "But every unhappy thing that you rise above," she reminds you, "makes you that much stronger."

And then, we are not alone. No one is. "Belief in God—that's the whole secret of having the will to live."

But it had taken Katherine a long time to learn that secret. She had kept searching through the years—searching for the Good. And then one day, she suddenly understood. The Good all men desire is God. And God is Love. . . .

Then she remembered something her husband had said, when she had asked him, once, if he believed in God. "No," he had replied, "don't you know that, if I had believed in God, I would have spent my whole life serving Him?"

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Happily Ever After

(Continued from page 33)

five-eleven—but, being scrupulously honest, he insists on waiting till he reaches his full growth. Although he photographs on your screen romantically dark, he actually has light-brown hair, blue eyes and fair skin. However, the Doug Fairbanks mustache is not false, and neither is the very bright disposition.

"When I was young—when I had been discovered only a couple of times," he recalls, "I was just a big yawn to most women. Now, suddenly, when I'm Jack Benny's age, I get a lot of mail from women. Some invite me to drop myself in a mail box—and they write as though they mean it. These letters I give to my wife to answer."

Earl and wife Markey and daughter Wendy Ann live on the fashionable North Shore of Long Island, in a home with only one fireplace. Their previous home had seven, and Earl was thinking of installing a couple more—one for each bathroom. This whole business of renovating houses started in 1950 when Earl went into the real-estate business because he was making more money than he could spend. "I bought up old property and renovated it. The first house I did over wound up twelve thousand dollars in the red. After I had more experience—about the fourth house—I got so I lost only forty thousand." He grins unhappily. "Anyway, when it came to decorating our present home, I let Markey have the fun and she did a wonderful job."

The Wrightsons have been married sixteen years. They were born and raised in Baltimore. Earl joined the world at just about the time most New Year's Eve parties were folding up on January 1, 1916—at six A.M. He was the youngest in a family of eight children. His father was a Methodist minister, who died when Earl was eleven. His mother was a musician and former teacher. ("Sunday evenings, we were all together making beautiful music," Earl recalls, "and eight or nine people can really play loud.")

As a boy soprano, Earl lent his voice to the church choir. At sixteen, he decided he wanted to be a singer. "I'll give you lessons," the choirmaster told him, "but you haven't got much of a voice, so it wouldn't be honest to take your money."

In his junior year, Earl quit high school. "I quit because I was bored," Earl tells you, "and I have never regretted it."

Earl was not irresponsible. He took on after-school jobs when his father died. He had an evening newspaper route for years. From the time he was thirteen, he paid for all his own clothes. But he was bored, so he quit school and got his first job in a bank which his brother Frank managed.

"I was operating an adding machine next to a slim, beautiful brunette," he grins. "She was conscientious and wanted to attend to work—and I wanted to talk."

The girl was Alta Markey. So Earl quit—to her relief and also that of his brother, who wanted to be president (he has since become the president of the biggest bank in Maryland).

Earl found a job as designer in a jewelry firm, and the courtship of Alta Markey continued mostly in restaurants, hot-dog stands, diners, ice-cream parlors, candy stores—anywhere there was food. Eating happened to be the favorite sport, avocation and way to spend a vacation for both Alta and Earl. ("There was one restaurant in Baltimore which served such quantities of food that no one else was ever able to eat dessert—but, for us, the manager had to send out for ice cream.")

Earl's aspiration to sing was never forgotten. At nineteen, he sang for John Charles Thomas, who was also the son of a Baltimore minister. Mr. Thomas was enthusiastic and positively encouraging. Earl continued his lessons.

"And I had a deal with an undertaker. I sang 'Going Home' in his funeral parlor and he paid me five dollars for each engagement. I tell you I didn't like it. I had to get into a corner where no one could see me, and my only accompaniment was a pitch pipe." Earl grimaces. "To this day, I can't sing 'Going Home.'"

In March of 1938, with \$23 in his pocket, Earl took a train to New York and tried for a page-boy job at NBC. At that time, an NBC page-boy job was considered the springboard to fame and fortune. Earl's application was accepted and he was told to wait. He got a bed at the YMCA, looked for a job until his money ran out, and then went back to Baltimore.

"This is the point where the faith of a friend meant the difference between a singing career and who-knows-what. Our neighbor asked me if a two-hundred-dollar loan would keep me in New York until I got a start. I said yes."

The day Earl got back to Manhattan, they were hiring page boys and, because he was there, he got a job. He then took a letter of introduction to Robert Weede, the fine Metropolitan Opera baritone. Mr. Weede heard Earl and agreed to give him lessons. That October, Earl and Alta Markey married.

"I was making fifteen dollars a week, and we moved into a fifth-floor walk-up on 47th Street. We lived on the cheapest food we could find, which was spaghetti—with our appetites, it had to be filling, too—and I gained twenty-five pounds."

The young Mrs. Wrightson got an accounting job in Wall Street to supplement Earl's pay, but, before the year was out, Earl had been "discovered." Earl, in one of those it-can't-possibly-be-true Hollywood scripts, went from page boy to concert singer overnight, with star billing in the same studios where he had been ushering people to seats.

It came about this way. Robert Weede asked Earl to return a score to Walter Damrosch. The score was the balcony scene solo from the "Cyrano de Bergerac" opera. Mr. Weede had been asked to sing it on a special broadcast honoring Dr. Damrosch's birthday, but Mr. Weede had another commitment.

"I got to Dr. Damrosch's home and the servant took me up to the study," Earl recalls. "We got to talking about my ambitions, and Dr. Damrosch asked me if I could sing the 'Cyrano' score. I could. I had, in a sense, been studying it over Mr. Weede's shoulder."

Earl sang and Dr. Damrosch went to his phone and called up Dr. Samuel Chotzinoff, who then, as now, was in charge of long-hair music at NBC. "I've got a discovery," Dr. Damrosch said, "and I want him to sing for my party broadcast."

Dr. Damrosch was so important, you see, that he picked the program for his own party. On the day of the broadcast, Milton Cross—who had known Earl the day before as a page boy—did handsomely by his friend and, in reading off the list of "great artists who are here to honor Dr. Walter Damrosch," sandwiched in the name of Earl Wrightson.

The next day, Earl signed up with NBC's artists' bureau. "And, with such success, we began to move uptown," Earl remembers. "We moved from our fifth-floor walkup on 47th Street to a fifth-floor walkup on 49th."

Earl was booked for concerts and toured with opera companies. He and Markey moved all the way up to 74th Street. On December 23, 1941, Wendy Ann was born. ("We both wanted a girl," Earl says. "We didn't even have a name for a boy.")

War broke out that same month and, although Earl was in prime condition, the draft board put him in a classification for men with dependents—which made sense, for he had no private means to support his wife and baby. Earl, however, wanted to do his part and signed up with the USO to go overseas. He went. To the South Pacific. He came back a little beat-up. He got malaria in the islands, a back injury when he helped unload .50 calibre ammunition from a ship, and a slight concussion from a bombing in Darwin, Australia. All told, he was on the receiving end of 27 bombings and lost 30 pounds.

"I had to report to my draft board, and the doctor examined me and said, 'You look as if you'd been through the war.' I told him, 'That's a fact.' The medic said: 'You're 4-F now.'"

Earl had his clothes shrunk and auditioned at the City Center Theater for a revival of "New Moon." He was chosen to co-star with Dorothy Kirsten.

"And there I was discovered again. This time it was by Max Gordon, who was about to produce a new musical, 'Firebrand of Florence,' by Kurt Weill and Ira Gershwin. Max gave me the male lead and I was overjoyed. With a big Broadway show, I figured I'd get fame and fortune."

The big Broadway show was a \$300,000 flop. But in the audience, before it closed, was Al Goodman—and he discovered Earl for radio. "For the next three years, I was in clover," Earl says. "There was the Prudential Hour and the Cities Service, Coca-Cola and Celanese programs."

Al Goodman thought so highly of Earl's voice that he also featured Earl in seventeen operetta albums made for Victor. But, in 1946, Earl found himself facing a dead mike. Most advertisers had stopped sponsoring musical shows.

Earl went on tours, one-night stands and the night-club circuits. The roller-coaster career continued and, when he did a one-shot on Paul Whiteman's television show in 1950, he was discovered again. "Pops," who described Earl's voice as the most versatile in the business, signed him to a contract. In addition, Earl picked up his own radio and TV shows on CBS.

"And then the bottom fell out of music on TV," Earl says. "Suddenly, sponsors realized that, for the money they put into one musical, they could pay for a half-dozen panel and dramatic shows."

The bottom also fell out of Earl's real-estate deals. He was renovating four different houses and paying for it out of his TV income. Then there was no TV income and he lost the property. He was once again a wandering minstrel.

It was in December of 1953 that Earl was singing in an auditorium in Erie, Pennsylvania. Robert Q. Lewis was the emcee. He heard Earl, and he saw Earl literally stop the show. Robert Q. was then organizing his current afternoon show, which got its start in January of 1954. Earl signed and the rest is music.

Among singers, Earl Wrightson is recognized as having one of the best singing techniques. He merely opens his mouth and a big, beautiful song pours out. It looks so simple, but he has worked like a stevedore to achieve this, and he still works. He still spends a full hour, five mornings a week, with a voice coach, Polly Robertson—who, Earl says, is like a second mother to him. She is the only individual Earl ever sings for. ("I can sing

for two or three thousand people, but not for one or two," Earl says.) At home, he does no vocalizing of any kind. He doesn't even listen to records or radio programs that feature singers. He takes his music instrumental and in symphonic form.

The Wrightson home is a converted red barn painted barn-red. Frankly, any other similarity between the present barn and the one frequented by cattle and chickens is strictly illusory. The Wrightson home is made for comfort. There are three bedrooms and two baths. The most interesting room is the Early American "keeping room." This is a combination living-dining-kitchen-den-ballroom. It is thirty-five by twenty feet, with a fireplace at one end. Here, anything goes—roasting and broiling, dancing, taffy pulls, music, and Halloween parties. The decorating of the walls has been reversed: The lower half is plaster, painted hunter green, the upper half has been paneled, and the oak-beamed ceiling is white. There is a phonograph for Earl's concert records—and Wendy's collection of Eddie Fisher. There is the Wrightson collection of pewter. There is a spinet piano and an antique organ, both played by Markey. (Earl still calls her Markey: "We began calling each other by our last names when we met at the bank, and we still do.")

And their appetites have never diminished: "A big night out finds us in an expensive restaurant reading a menu like it was a best-seller."

While Markey does most of the cooking, Earl considers cookery his hobby. Most of his recipes feature garlic. He likes garlic in everything but vanilla ice cream. There is only one dish he recommends which lacks garlic.

"It's our favorite sandwich. You toast some white bread," Earl directs, "spread it with peanut butter and fill with thin slices of onions. It's really delicious. Honest. You hardly miss the garlic."

The garlic is sometimes a little rough on Lois Hunt, who duets with Earl on the show. But Lois is used to it. She teamed up with Earl on his own television show a few years back. She and her husband are old friends of the Wrightsons.

Daughter Wendy Ann, naturally conservative at thirteen, favors ordinary hamburgers. She is a bright, pretty child, a combination of both parents in looks. She has her mother's brown eyes and Earl's brown hair. A few years ago, when she was about nine, she was upset by Earl's TV romancing. "She caught me coming into the house and took my hand and led me up to her room," he recalls. "She gave me a talking to about making love to all those women. She was so serious about it. I explained to her that it was make-believe. Making love to someone on television was no more real than her playing an angel in the Christmas play."

Earl, without making a thing of it, has more or less kept his two women apart from show business. "Now Markey can be very accurate in her criticism of music and singing," Earl says, "but that's as far as she goes. Personally, she is cheerful, modest and a very good listener. Anyway, I talk too fast for her to interrupt my interruptions."

At home they lead ordinary, orthodox lives. Between Earl's property and that of the nearest neighbor there is a pond. In the winter, the whole family skates there. In the spring, it's walks and, in the summer, it's the beach. Markey is a Girl Scout counselor and Wendy is a Girl Scout.

Earl's a happy man. "I just hope the bottom doesn't fall out, this time," he says. "What I mean is—I hope that I don't have to be discovered again. I hope this one takes."



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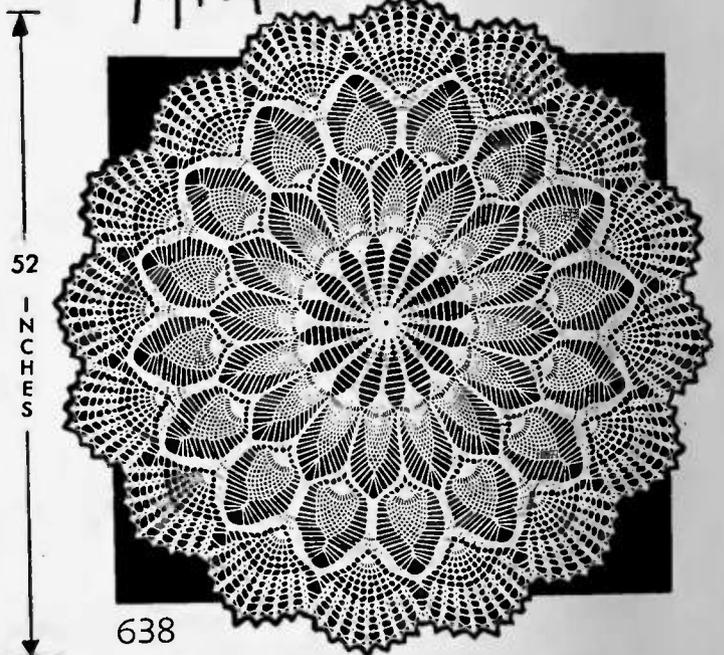
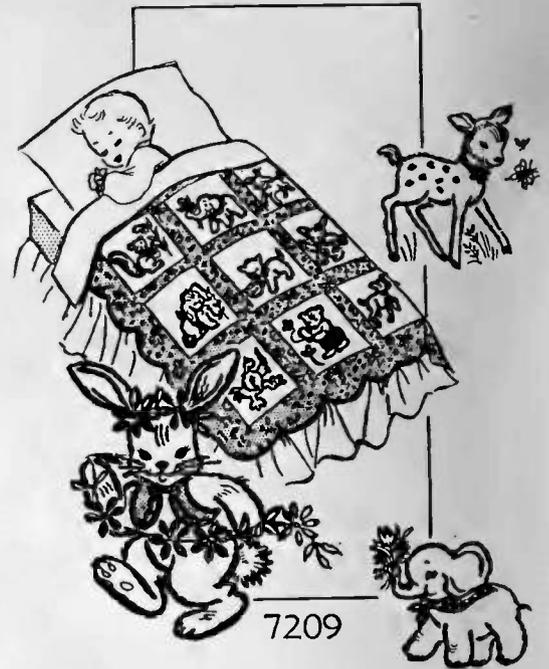
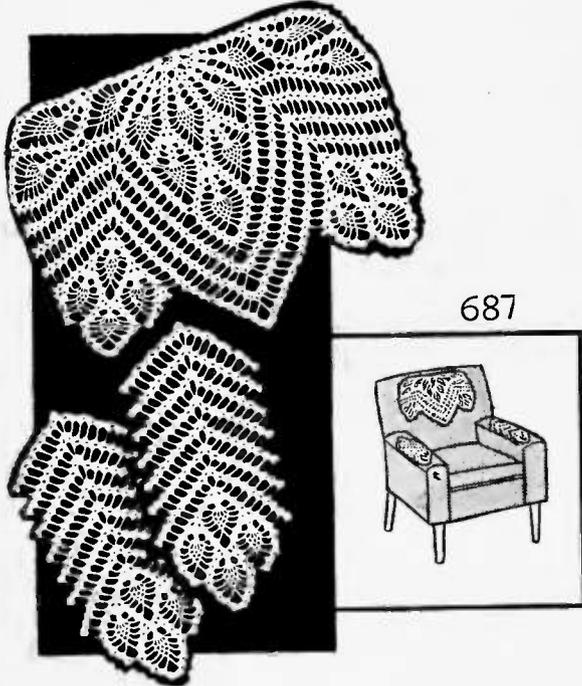
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