

★ TV RADIO MIRROR

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

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what teenagers really
want to know!

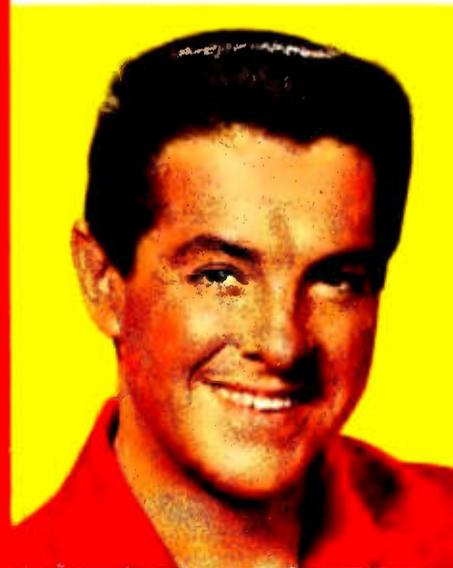
PEGGY KING
of the
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Show



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HERB NELSON
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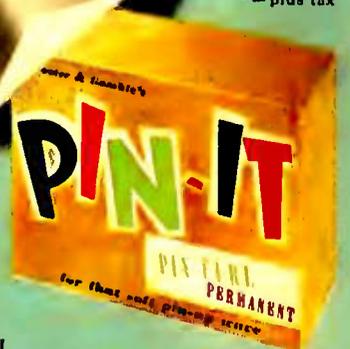
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Here's a break for the sub-sub deb set: the tooth paste that's so wonderful for their teeth now has a brand-new flavor! It's minty and marvelous—in- vites pint-size experts to brush often (the best way to save pretty teeth).

And new Ipana with bacteria-fighter WD-9 gives extra protection to precious teeth. This new formula destroys decay

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So with every happy brushing, your family's teeth get Ipana's extra protection . . . the *pleasantest* way—good reason to change to Ipana today! It's at all toiletry counters in the yellow and red-stripped carton.



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JULY, 1955

TV RADIO MIRROR

VOL. 44, NO. 2

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

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Cover portrait of Peggy King by Elmer Holloway (NBC-TV)

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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!

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.



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. And Palmolive's mildness 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!

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

Everyone Goes for



"Sir Silken Speech" becomes silent and pensive as he relaxes over a game of chess, one of his many favorite pastimes.



Harry Snow, Broke, and Jett MacDonald join talents on WRCA-TV to present a happy fare of comedy and music.

*After 31 years in broadcasting
Norman Brokenshire, the man of many
firsts, continues to delight audiences
with his wit, charm and versatility*

Broke

NOWADAYS, around the WRCA-TV studios in New York, everyone is talking about "The New Norman Brokenshire." WRCA-TV viewers, however, know it's the same Norman Brokenshire—king of the ad lib—of radio fame, and the "new" applies to his hour-long funfest, *The Norman Brokenshire Show*, seen daily at 1 P.M. Aided by the talents of beautiful Jett MacDonald and handsome Harry Snow, "Broke" presents a round of songs and comedy sketches, strums on his ukulele, and dances everything from a schottische to a Highland fling—all of which are spiced with his incomparable charm and wit. . . . From the beginning, Broke's audience and fan mail have been growing by leaps and more leaps, which is only natural for the man who holds a record of firsts in broadcasting. Some of these include broadcasting the first program from a plane in flight, first to announce a horse race, first free-lance announcer, and instigator of the radio serial. The latter occurred back in 1924 when—owing to bad weather, a scheduled act failed to appear at air time—announcer Brokenshire in desperation grabbed a book of short stories and read to the unseen audience. When the entertainer finally arrived, Broke stopped at the crucial point of a story and spoke those now-famous words: "Tune in tomorrow to find out what happens. . . ." Not only did listeners tune in the next day, but for many days after, to hear what became a regular series of short-story readings by Broke. . . . In addition to gaining fame as a special-events announcer, Broke became a commercial announcer of the highest order, appearing with such radio immortals as Eddie Cantor, Bing Crosby, Will Rogers and Major Bowes. . . . Born in Murcheson, Canada, young Mr. Brokenshire served in the U. S. Infantry prior to crashing radio, in 1924, via Station WJZ. One of his first friends was the station manager's secretary. Broke well remembers his first date with Eunice: lunch in Central Park. Romantic, perhaps—but also practical for the struggling young announcer. Before long, Broke was dictating his scripts to Eunice, who typed them up on her boss's time. "This became such a valuable service," Broke confesses, "I couldn't afford to lose it, so I married her." Today, Broke and Eunice share two homes: A comfortable penthouse apartment in New York and a wonderful home on Long Island. Broke's weekday hide-away is the penthouse. "It's exactly what I've always wanted," he says. "There's a wonderful view of the river and a delightful breeze in the summer." Broke lives for the weekends when he can spend all his time at his other home on Lake Ronkonkoma. Twenty-two years ago, Broke fell in love with the site and determined to build a house there—which he literally did, mostly by himself. He still enjoys "fiddling and fixing things at home," and is also handy in the kitchen, though he defers to Eunice, who has written two cookbooks. Broke's favorite "original" recipe is French Fried Liver, which is prepared by cutting liver in strips, rolling in a mixture of curry powder, pepper and salt, and frying in butter. . . . When Broke began his present TV show, he succumbed to his cautious nature and decided to rely on a tele-prompter rather than ad-lib in his inimitable style. But, on the very first show, he discovered the prompter was too far away—and he *had* to ad-lib. This has proved to be for the best, because it has always been his warm, friendly naturalness, his great "gift of gab," that have made millions "go for Broke."



Broke plays the uke for his own pleasure, as well as on his show. "Sweet Georgia Brown" is one of his pet tunes.



An expert at doing it himself, Broke built his 3-car garage, machine shop, studio—even his 65-foot TV antenna.



Mr. and Mrs. Brokenshire prepare a weekend snack. Although he's a capable chef, Broke says Eunice is the expert.



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

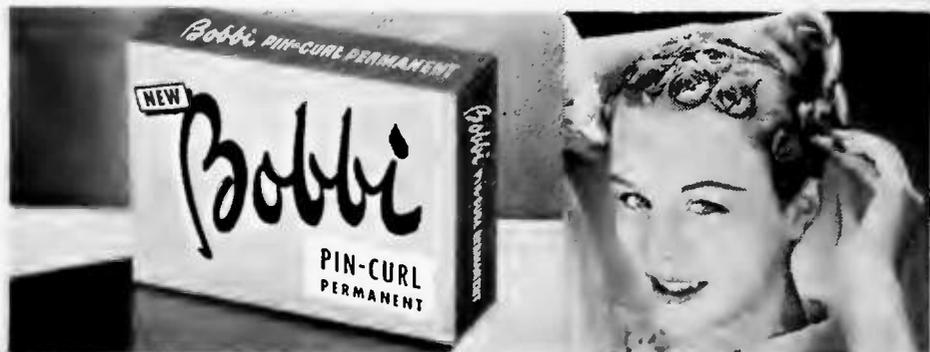
NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS HERE!

These hairdos were made with Bobbi—the special pin-curl permanent for softly feminine hairstyles

Now your hair can be as soft and natural-looking as the hairdos shown here. Just give yourself a Bobbi—the easy pin-curl permanent specially designed for today's newest softly feminine hairstyles.

A Bobbi looks soft and natural from the very first day. Curls and waves are exactly where you want them—wonderfully carefree for weeks. Pin-curl your hair just once. Apply Bobbi's special lotion. A little later rinse with water. Let dry, brush out. Right away your hair has the beauty, the body of naturally wavy hair.

New 20-Page Hairstyle Booklet! Colorful collection of new softly feminine hairstyles. Easy-to-follow setting instructions. Hints! Tips! Send now for "Set-It-Yourself Hairstyles." Your name, address, 10c in coin to: Bobbi, Box 3600, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill.



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



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



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



Bobbi's soft curls make a natural, informal wave like this possible. A Bobbi gives you the kind of carefree curls needed for this gay "Satin Sweep" hairdo.



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



STEVE ALLEN'S TURNTABLE

WELL, spring has sprung, so before you take off for summer romance and fun, let's give a listen to some new records.

"Play Me Hearts and Flowers" was a big hit for Johnny Desmond, and now Coral has used it as the title for a new album by Johnny. The Desmond croon style comes across fine on such new tunes as "I'm So Ashamed," "A Woman's Loveliest When She Is Loved," "If I Could Only Tell You," and "Wayward Wife," among others. For good measure, Johnny has tossed in some of his recent single releases—"My Own True Love," "Song from Desiree," "The High and the Mighty," and of course, "Hearts and Flowers."

Eddie Fisher's new twosome is most timely, to say the least—"Heart," and "Near to You"—because this is the month he and Debbie Reynolds plan to hear wedding bells. Both tunes are from the new Broadway musical, "Damn Yankees," and either side could be another Fisher click. Victor must think so, too, as they have already shipped a half-million copies to record stores.

Patti Page has waxed "Near to You" also, but the backing—"I Love to Dance with You"—sounds more like the big side for Patti. She uses her familiar multiple-voice gimmick on it, and to excellent effect. (Mercury)

Columbia is releasing a big special album, "Love Me or Leave Me," starring Doris Day, who also stars in the M-G-M musical movie of the same name. It's the life story of Ruth Etting, the famous popular singer of early radio and recording days, who is now retired. In the album, Doris sings all the tunes she does in the picture, including such all-time favorites as "It All Depends on You," "At Sundown," "Mean to Me," "You Made Me Love You," and the title song, natch. Percy Faith, who also scored the movie, conducts.

Columbia is also issuing an album of original recordings done by Ruth Etting, with some of the same tunes, made about a quarter of a century ago.

Here's "Love Me or Leave Me" again, this time in the Billy Eckstine style, assisted by Lou Bring's orchestra and the Pied Pipers vocal group. On the reverse, Billy sings "Only You," giving it the slight rhythm-and-blues treatment, but still managing to retain the flavor of a ballad, which is a neat trick these days. (M-G-M)

Les Paul and Mary Ford don't have to worry much about trends, as their individual style of recording does right well by them. On their latest, the Mr. and Mrs. Guitar team do a beat thing called "Genuine Love" and the plaintive "No Letter Today," which is sort of a country-Western classic. (Capitol)

Two more original-cast albums of Broadway musical comedies are coming

out any minute, courtesy of Victor. The first is the complete score of "Damn Yankees," which stars Gwen Verdon and Stephen Douglass, and the second is "Three for Tonight," with Marge and Gower Champion and Harry Belafonte.

Rosemary Clooney lends her pretty voice to "Love Among the Young," one of the loveliest ballads of the year, and it should be a lovely hit for Rosie. On the coupling she does "A Touch of the Blues" and, in her own words, "I picked this one just to prove I can still sing a swing tune." And does she! (Columbia)

"In the Wee Small Hours" is the title of a new album by Frank Sinatra, and a wonderful title it is for the collection of torch standards he sings—in excellent voice, too, by the way. There are sixteen songs in all, including such favorites as "Just One of Those Things," "Mood Indigo," "Glad to Be Unhappy," "Deep in a Dream," "I See Your Face Before Me," "Can't We Be Friends?" and "I Get along Without You Very Well." Lush arrangements and fine orchestral backing by Nelson Riddle. (Capitol)

Betty Madigan, the little singer who started off in high gear on records with her "Joey" hit, continues to move right along in the vocal sweepstakes. She does a fine job on her latest release of two pretty ballads, "I Had a Heart" and "Wonderful Words," accompanied by Joe Lipman's orchestra. (M-G-M)

Eydie Gorme and Steve Lawrence, two of the singing youngsters on my *Tonight* show, who often record together, have come up with what I think is their best offering to date. Steve and Eydie give the rhythm treatment to the new tune called "Close Your Eyes" and back it up with an old favorite, "Besame Mucho," done in a Latin tempo. Dick Jacobs conducts on both. (Coral)

Speaking of *Tonight*, I'm happy that so many of you folks liked my album, and I'm also pleased that Coral is releasing a single record of the song "Tonight," done by that talented baritone, Buddy Greco.

Capitol has signed the cute little French singer, Line Renaud, and they're mighty excited about her first record, "If I Love," a ballad, and "Pam-Pou-De," a music-hall type of thing. Both tunes, by the way, were written by Line's husband, Louis Gaste, who is one of France's best-known composers and guitarists. Line is the gal Bob Hope discovered in Paris; she appeared with Hope on his TV show.

Sammy Davis, Jr. has only been in the record big-time for little over a year, but he has become increasingly popular as a wax personality. And now Decca has put together an album called "Starring Sammy Davis, Jr." It includes some of his previously released singles, such as "Hey There," "Birth of the Blues," and "This Is My Be-

loved," as well as some well-known standards, "Easy to Love," "September Song," "My Funny Valentine," "Because of You," "Lonesome Road," and "Stan' Up an' Fight" (from "Carmen Jones").

James Brown, otherwise known as Lieutenant Rip Masters of the *Rin Tin Tin* TV show, has made his second record following his successful debut with "Davy Crockett." James sings "The Berry Tree," the big song from the movie, "Many Rivers to Cross." Adults as well as the kids should like this one. On the coupling he does a straight ballad, "I Lost When I Found You." (M-G-M)

Speaking of Davy Crockett, the lad has been such a click that Columbia is issuing the original Davy Crockett stories—as performed on the *Disneyland* TV series, with Fess Parker, Buddy Ebsen and George Bruns' orchestra—"Davy Crockett Goes to Congress," "Davy Crockett, Indian Fighter," and "Davy Crockett at the Alamo."

The complete soundtrack of the musical score from the M-G-M musical, "Interrupted Melody," has been put into album form by M-G-M Records. The movie is the life story of the famous operatic personality, Marjorie Lawrence—whose active career ended when she became crippled and was confined to a wheelchair—with Eleanor Parker playing the Lawrence role. Also in the movie, and on the album, are Glenn Ford, Roger Moore and Cecil Kellaway. However, Eleanor Parker's "voice" is dubbed, and beautifully so, by the well-known soprano, Eileen Farrell. The musical emphasis is on light-classical selections, but there are some popular songs included as well. Walter Ducloux conducts the M-G-M Studio Symphony and chorus.

Well, it's time to go, and speaking of life stories in the movies, I'm about to leap to Hollywood to try my luck with "The Benny Goodman Story" at Universal-International. A musical, natch. See you next month.



Les Paul and Mary Ford "do it again" with two fine numbers for Capitol.



Mary's famous recipes have been tried and tasted by such people as "Ike" Eisenhower and Charles Lindbergh. Here, Hollywood star Alan Mowbray tries her 'burgers.



After her history-making jet flight, Mary poses with husband Gill Robb Wilson (second from right) and Air Force officials.

Mary Wilson keeps the airlines and airwaves buzzing—in a plane, or as WPTZ's gracious, vivacious "first lady"

HEAD IN THE CLOUDS

THOUSANDS of viewers within sight and sound of Philadelphia's Station WPTZ know Mary Wilson as the charming hostess of *Pots, Pans And Personalities*—the show that combines Mary's famous recipes with zesty dashes of music and personality interviews. Seen Monday, Tuesday and Friday at 2:30 P.M., the show also features singing-comedian Jack Wilson (no relation), who joins Mary in feting the entire membership of a woman's club on each program. . . . Well over a thousand requests for recipes come Mary's way each week. But, as housewives walk to the corner to mail these letters, many would be surprised to know that the jet plane zooming by overhead might very well be piloted by the same Mary Wilson. Jets are new to Mary, who is the second woman ever to pilot one. But flying itself is a long-time hobby and the blonde, gray-eyed TV hostess has more than 50,000 flying miles to her credit. Her instructor is her husband, Gill Robb Wilson, editor and publisher of *Flying Magazine*. Mary boasts that she was able to land a plane the first time she tried flying one, but she adds that a perfect landing is something she hasn't achieved—"yet." . . . Mary has

cooked for some of the world's most famous people, including President Eisenhower—to whom she served "baked beans made from scratch and baked all day." Last St. Patrick's day, Mary wanted to talk with Premier John A. Costello of Ireland and so, as casually as most women go to market, Mary flew to Dublin, recorded the interview, then flew back. . . . After graduating from Rider College in Trenton, Mary spent six years in the business world, rising from secretary to vice-president of a large Newark department store. She met her husband while he was a Presbyterian minister in Trenton. They were married in 1931. Their daughter and two grandchildren live in California, but this distance means little to the flying Wilsons. . . . Mary and Gill share a modern Philadelphia apartment, which boasts of 950-square-foot oil painting. The color pink is used throughout the five-room apartment, even to the ironing-board cover and the bird-cage cover. In her spare time, Mary plays golf, does little-theater acting and, of course, cooks. Mostly though, Mary Wilson likes heading skyward—in the very same direction as her popularity rating with Station WPTZ viewers.

Hollywood's favorite
Lustre-Creme
Shampoo...



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

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

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

Never Dries—
it Beautifies!



Joan Crawford

starring in

"FEMALE ON THE BEACH"

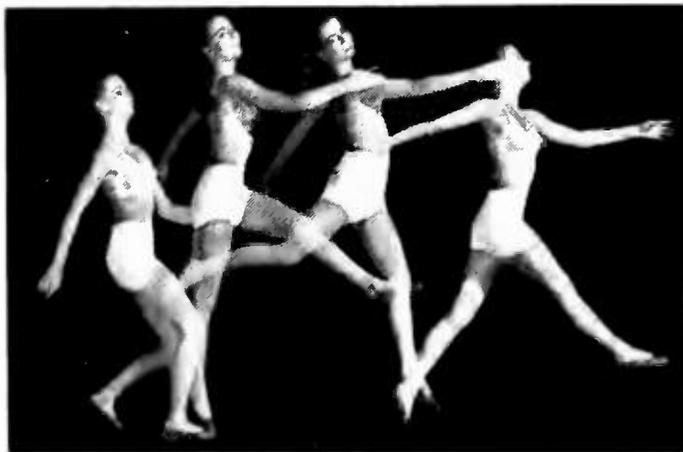
A Universal-International Picture

**The naked truth about
the girl in the locker room!**

She's the belle of the beach . . . even the waves seem to snuggle closer. She's the girl with the eye-stopping figure, slim waist, smooth hips, flat tummy. She's the girl *you* think it's impossible to be . . . (you're wrong!) She's the girl who *never* slips into a bathing suit or summer dress, pair of slacks or shorts, without first slipping into a Playtex Panty Brief!



Introducing the New Playtex *High Style* Panty Brief



And now, newer than new, and waiting for you is the Playtex *High Style* Panty Brief! Magically slimming latex outside, cloud-soft fabric inside, and a lovely non-roll top. Comfortable, flexible . . . and not a seam, stitch or bone to show through—*anywhere!* Washes in seconds, dries quickly, and works miracles—*no matter what your size.*

Look for Playtex® *High Style* Panty Brief in the slim tube in department stores and specialty shops everywhere.

And for *extra* control, the famous Playtex *Magic-Controller** Panty Brief with hidden "finger" panels. Only \$6.95. The bra on the wall is the new Playtex† *Living† Bra** . . . "custom-contoured" of elastic and nylon. \$3.95 †Trademark



Only
\$4.95

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



Daytime Diary

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

BACKSTAGE WIFE Mary Noble's efforts to forget her husband's involvement with actress Elise Shephard have plunged her into a difficult situation with Hollywood producer Malcolm Devereaux, who has promised her a starring career in movies. Believing Malcolm's promises are prompted by his love for her, Mary refuses his offers, but she is unprepared for the clever device by which he hopes to separate her completely from Larry. NBC Radio.

THE BRIGHTER DAY New Hope's project for erecting a great Youth Center has led the Reverend Richard Dennis down some dangerous byways and into some strange company. Just what is the situation between Lydia Herrick and her brother-in-law, Don Herrick, the temperamental architect who may—or may not—plan the Center? Will Lucius Devereux regret sponsoring him? Or will Dr. Dennis be able to help still another troubled soul? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

CONCERNING MISS MARLOWE Ever since her meeting with dynamic Jim Gavin, Maggie Marlowe has been unable to regain the tranquillity she sought so eagerly. Now the death of Jim's estranged wife has opened a new chapter of heartache for Maggie—heartache and perhaps other emotions as well. Although she cannot deny her strong feeling for Jim, will this latest tragedy stand in the way of any future happiness they wish to share? NBC-TV.

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE An unexpected problem enters the Palmers' lives when young Dr. Fred Conrad falls in love with Julie. But the difficult, spoiled young girl who loves Fred is hardly the kind to discourage easily. How much of a hand can Julie herself take in turning Fred toward Eileen? And is Dan just a trifle overconfident about his conviction that his young assistant's feeling for Julie is unfortunate only for Fred himself? NBC Radio.

FIRST LOVE From the first day of Zach's friendship with Petey, Laurie knew that she was the kind of girl who means

trouble. But not even Laurie anticipated the kind of trouble Petey would bring to her marriage—the trouble that exploded into Zach's trial for Petey's murder. Knowing that her husband must be innocent, Laurie begins the tortuous unraveling of Petey's past. Where do her suspicions lead? NBC-TV.

THE GREATEST GIFT In most large communities a woman doctor is no longer an oddity, but in a small town there is still a certain amount of skepticism, and Dr. Eve Allen has had an uphill fight for the acceptance she has finally won. Will an accident for which she is not responsible result in the loss of ground she cannot hope to regain? Can she continue to accept Dr. Stone's help under the circumstances? NBC-TV.

THE GUIDING LIGHT Some time ago Bertha warned her friend, Kathy Lang, that it was a mistake to expect that Dr. Jim Kelly would continue trading his devotion for the careless friendship which is all Kathy has offered. But Kathy cannot forget her former husband, Dick Grant, or her stubborn feeling that despite Dick's disappearance, there is still something ahead for them. Will she throw happiness away? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

HAWKINS FALLS Ever since Lona and Dr. Floyd Corey married, they have met and solved one problem after another in fairly perfect accord. But Lona finds it hard to be patient when Floyd deliberately flouts advice about his own health in order to continue looking after that of his patients. Will he drive himself too far unless Lona insists? And if she does insist, what will happen to their relationship? NBC-TV.

HILLTOP HOUSE Fortunately for Julie Nixon's peace of mind, orphanage problems for which she is responsible keep her from becoming too intimately involved in the threatened breakup of her cousin Nina's marriage. Though she knows that the unstable Nina is heading for trouble, Julie has never believed that outsiders, however affectionate and interested, should

interfere between man and wife. But what will stop Nina? CBS Radio.

THE INNER FLAME Dorie Lawlor faces the most difficult decision of her life when she agrees to leave town in return for her grandmother's putting up the money for Walter Manning's trial. Will three months away from Walter cure Dorie's love? Does Walter's wife Portia really believe that she has lost him to Dorie? It's Portia's nature to fight—but as a lawyer she knows a hopeless fight when she sees one. CBS-TV.

JOYCE JORDAN, M.D. As is always the case with older sisters, Joyce feels a big responsibility toward her star-struck young sister Kitty, who thinks she wants to be a dancer instead of marrying the nice young man who has asked her. Will Mike Hill's sponsorship of Kitty embarrass him? How much of Kitty's ambition is mere envy of her big sister, whose success as a doctor has not prevented her from developing as a woman? NBC-TV.

JUST PLAIN BILL For a long time Bill Davidson has dedicated himself to helping others, and all of Hartville looks upon him as a man to whom friends can bring their troubles. But as Bill finds that more and more of late he must involve his daughter Nancy and her husband, Kerry Donovan, he begins to wonder if he is justified in allowing danger, which he himself does not fear, to come so close to them. NBC Radio.

LORENZO JONES Belle's long fight to help Lorenzo regain his memory and reinstate their marriage receives a serious setback with the murder of Roger Caxton. Fearful that this tragedy will drive them further apart, Belle accepts the help of Denis Scott, even though she knows that he is in love with her. Will the young writer be true to his promise to help, or has he some other scheme of his own to win Belle himself? NBC Radio.

LOVE OF LIFE In a misguided desire to protect Vanessa, Paul Raven has fought desperately to prevent a meeting between
(Continued on page 22)

NEW DESIGNS FOR LIVING



7158



705

7158—Easiest stitches (mainly quick cross-stitch and outline) make the prettiest designs ever. Transfer of embroidery motifs; twelve baller dancers, 5¼ to 7¾ inches tall; 32 flowers, 1 to 3 inches. 25¢

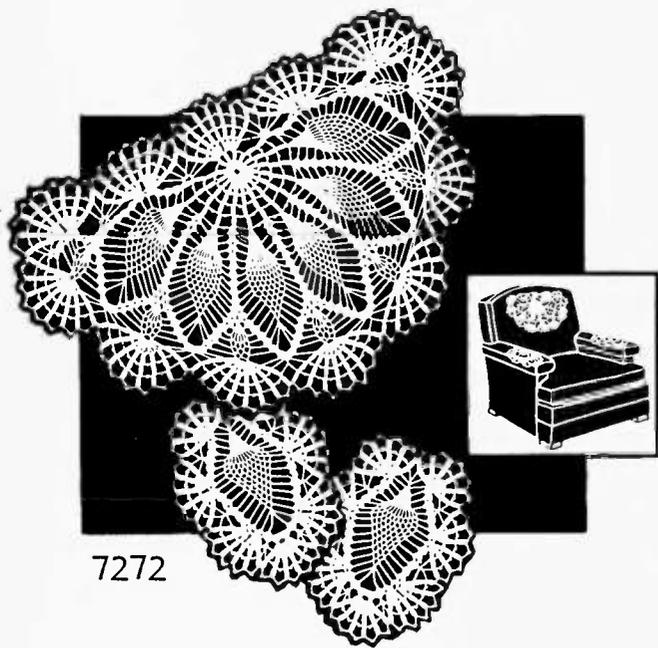
705—Mom, be thrifty: Use remnants for boy-or-girl play tops and pants. They're cool and comfortable! Pattern pieces in sizes for 6-month, 1-year, 18-month babies. Transfer of embroidery included. 25¢

637—Her full skirt's a protective cover for your electric mixer. Easy-to-make—use scraps. Pattern pieces, transfer of embroidery motifs, complete directions. 25¢



637

25
INCHES



7272

7272—Add a touch of real luxury to your room. Crisp, dainty pineapple-design crochet forms a new and different lacy chair-set. Directions included. 25¢

7245—Just three main pattern parts—easy to make. And that frosty embroidery is a fun-to-do fashion touch. Misses' Sizes 12-20. Pattern pieces, transfer of embroidery motifs. State size. 25¢

874—One hexagon (20 inches diagonally, point to point)—pineapple design—makes a centerpiece; two a scarf; seven a cloth! Crochet a 20-inch hexagon in No. 30 Mercerized cotton; larger in knitting and crochet cotton; smaller in No. 50 cotton. 25¢

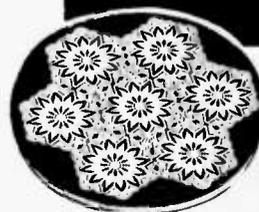
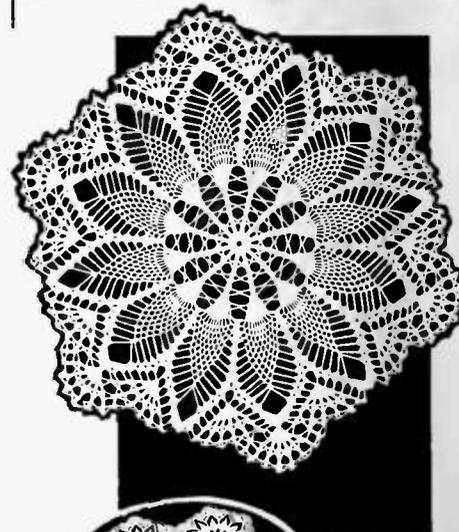


20 inches diagonally



7245

SIZES
12—20



874

Send twenty-five cents (in coins) for each pattern to: TV RADIO MIRROR, Needlecraft Service, P.O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, N. Y. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send an additional 25¢ for Needlecraft Catalog.

For the Easiest Permanent of Your Life . . .

New



SET IT!



Set your pin-curls just as you always do.
No need for anyone to help.

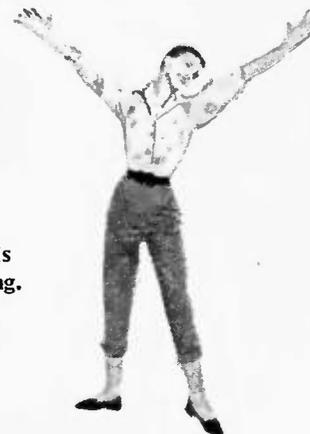
WET IT!



Apply CASUAL lotion just once.
15 minutes later, rinse with clear water.

FORGET IT!

That's all there is to it! CASUAL is
self-neutralizing. There's no resetting.
Your work is finished!



**Naturally lovely, carefree curls
that last for weeks . . .**

CASUAL is the word for it . . . soft, carefree waves
and curls—never tight or kinky—beautifully manageable,
perfect for the new flattering hair styles that highlight the softer,
natural look. Tonight—give yourself the loveliest wave
of your life—a CASUAL pin-curl permanent!



takes just 15 minutes more than setting your hair!
\$1.50 PLUS TAX

T
V
R

MEET ALICE JACKSON



Friendliness, sincerity and ingenuity make her WJAR-TV program a daily highlight for Rhode Islanders



Her pearls came unclasped as Alice donated blood on TV, but the show helped the Red Cross meet its quota.

EARLIER this year, when Alice Jackson was in a hospital with virus pneumonia, her WJAR-TV viewers sent so many cards and letters they had to be brought in to Alice by the basket-full. "The attendants and nurses were amazed," Alice recalls, "and I was, too. I always knew I had a wonderful audience for my television program but their personal interest in my welfare certainly thrilled me." . . . This month, Alice marks her fifth year as the star of *Let's Go Shopping*, seen weekdays at 1 P.M. During this time, her sincere and lively charm have endeared her to Rhode Island viewers, both young and old, male and female. A family program, Alice's half-hour features good buys in clothing and household products, fashion shows, and a guest-room portion where Alice interviews representatives of various community organizations on their up-coming affairs. . . . Alice, who attended the University of Hawaii and majored in home economics at Cornell University, served as a dietitian at the Rhode Island School of Design before her entry into radio and then TV. On or off camera, her life is closely allied with the life of her community. Active in church affairs since the age of six, Alice closes her Friday programs with an inspirational message delivered alternately by a minister, priest and rabbi. . . . Whenever it is humanly possible, Alice attends the bazaars, entertainments and numerous other events she discusses on her programs. "I don't like to disappoint anybody," she says seriously. She is a charter member of American Women in Radio and Television and is currently TV director of the New England Chapter of that organization. A member of the Providence Players for the past several years, Alice has served on the "front of the house" committee for eight seasons. "Everything I love is right around me," she says of her home on Providence's historic Benefit Street, "my church, the Players, the art centers." Alice's busy schedule is that of a woman with a zest for life. She loves to travel, and her favorite vacation spot is Block Island. "If I ever decide to leave the States," she says, "I'll go to Hawaii. Why, I've even started to brush up on the uke for my visit there this summer." Wherever she travels, her many WJAR-TV friends wish Alice "Godspeed."



Member of the pulpit committee, Alice chats with Rev. Sherrard of the First Baptist Church.



**Did you say
TOM
MOORE ?**

**Yes...it's
FLORIDA
CALLING!**



LISTEN to this...listen every weekday to the MUTUAL program that ships Florida sunshine all over the country—through the sparkling style of its emcee, Tom Moore, and his star performers and musicians. Be at your phone with the right answer to an intriguing question he'll ask you. **WIN** a 10-day, all-expenses-paid, Florida vacation for two. You'll be glad you listened...glad to be alive...glad of FLORIDA CALLING.

Mondays through Fridays 11:00 to 11:25 NYT

Presented coast to coast by The Florida Citrus Commission

(See local listings for time on your MUTUAL station)

MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM—a service of General Teleradio Inc.

What's New from Coast

• By JILL WARREN



Proud parents Dick Van Patten and Pat Poole have their son baptized Richard Nels by Father Scanlon. Dick is Nels on *Mama*.



Summer brings Julius La Rosa to CBS-TV with his own daily show.

ON JUNE 12, NBC Radio will launch an exciting new program called *Monitor*, which is reported to be the "last word" in broadcasting. *Monitor* will be heard continuously from 8 A.M. (Eastern time) Saturday to midnight, Sunday, and will be divided into ten four-hour segments. An elaborate two-way communication system has been devised to pick up interesting and up-to-date reports from roving correspondents throughout this country and Europe. In addition to giving the latest news, sports, weather, local and special features, *Monitor* will present a wide variety of entertainment—from comedy and drama to music and celebrity interviews. There will even be live pick-ups from NBC's weekend television shows—for example, on Saturday night, *Monitor* listeners might hear, via radio, part of *The George Gobel Show*, or on Sunday night, a song by Dean Martin on the Colgate show.

Julius La Rosa is all set to start his thirteen-week summer series on CBS-TV, the night of June 27. Julie will replace Perry Como, Jo Stafford and Jane Froman—with a musical show, of course, to be seen Monday through Friday, for fifteen minutes. Meanwhile, Perry Como is deep in plans for his new hour show, to be seen over NBC-TV. The show is scheduled for Saturday night, opposite Jackie Gleason, and will start some time in September.

Good news for *Ethel And Albert* fans: The popular domestic comedy will be a part of CBS-TV's summer schedule, replacing the vacationing *December Bride* series on Monday nights, as of June 20. Peg Lynch, who also writes the show, is Ethel and Alan Bunche plays Albert.



Musicomic Victor Borge, a *Person To Person* grad, punctuates a pet story for Edward R. Murrow at New York's Barberry Room.

to Coast



Pert Betty Clooney now warbles as a regular for Robert Q. Lewis.

Those Whiting Girls is the name of CBS-TV's brand-new show which will replace *I Love Lucy* on Monday nights during the warm months. It's a musical-variety half-hour, starring Margaret and Barbara Whiting. This is the first time the sisters have worked together professionally.

The energetic Sid Caesar will be his own summer replacement on NBC-TV—but as a producer, not as a performer. Sid's summer stint will star comedian Phil Foster as a bus driver, and will combine variety along with a story line. In the vocal spotlight will be baritone Bill Hayes, who was formerly featured on *Your Show Of Shows*, and Bobby Sherwood will be the orchestra leader. Carl Reiner, a familiar performer on *Caesar's Hour*, will direct the hour-long proceedings which start Monday night, June 27.

CBS Radio has come up with an ambitious new musical show called *The Woolworth Hour*, featuring Percy Faith's orchestra and chorus and Macdonald Carey as emcee. The theme of this Sunday-afternoon offering is "What's New in Music," and will cover everything from Bach to ballet, swing to grand opera. Weekly guests will include leading personalities from the music world.

Another new tune show which debuted on CBS Radio in April is *Disk Derby*, heard Tuesday through Friday nights and featuring strictly popular music. Fred Robbins is emcee-disc jockey, and the Norman Paris Trio provides live musical accompaniment for guest artists. On each show, Fred also plays brand-new recordings and the favorites are chosen by studio-audience applause.

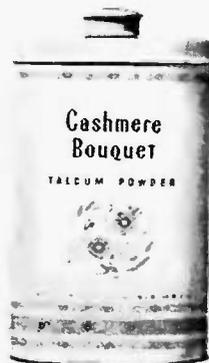
(Continued on page 20)

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

Talcum Powder



59¢ 29¢

Plus Tax



information booth

Success Story

Would you give us some information about Carl Reiner, the "second banana" on Caesar's Hour on NBC-TV?

S.Q., Darien, Conn.

"I started at \$12 a week and, through my own ingenuity, hard work and perseverance, I ended by making \$8 a week." This is Carl Reiner's story of his brief business-world career following his graduation from Evander Childs High School in New York. His show-business career is a more orthodox success story. After eight months of drama school, Carl, at 17, was acting opposite Virginia Gilmore in a little-theater group. . . . In 1942, Carl went into the Army and was stationed in Hawaii when he auditioned for Maurice Evans, who was passing through with his G.I. version of "Hamlet." After the audition, the company toured the South Pacific with Reiner-written revues and skits. . . . Out of the Army, Carl won a road company lead in "Call Me Mister," then appeared on Broadway in "Inside U.S.A." and "Alive and Kicking"—the latter being a musical on which Max Liebman did considerable work. When Liebman became producer-director of *Your Show Of Shows*, he remembered Carl and hired him. Then, when Caesar and



Carl Reiner

Coca got their own shows, Carl went along with Sid for *Caesar's Hour*. . . . Carl is married to the former Estelle Lebest, an artist, and they live—with their two children, Robbie, 8, and Sylvia Anne, 6—in an apartment in New York. "The Bronx!" Carl says proudly.

What's Up, Doc?

I would like to know about Richard Boone, who is host on NBC-TV's Medic.

D.N., Moorhead, Minn.

Richard Boone's first encounter with show business came after the war when he attended New York's Neighborhood Playhouse. Before that, the native Californian had been a boxer at Stanford University and the San Diego Army and Navy Academy, spent eighteen months in the oilfields, and operated a charter fishing craft. During the war, he served as a Navy air crewman. . . . At the Playhouse, Richard became interested in modern dance and appeared in three terpsichorean productions. He performed in six new plays in New York and about 150 television shows before heading for Hollywood. His film credits include "The Robe," "Violent Men," and "Dragnet." . . . Coincidentally, at the time Richard was playing the lead in *Medic's* pilot film, about a doctor performing a Caesarean section, his own wife was in a Santa Monica hospital giving birth to their first child, also by Caesarean.

Sherlock Holmes

Would you tell me about Ronald Howard, who plays the title role in NBC-TV's Sherlock Holmes series? I love his "so very English" look. V.P., Kingston, N. Y.

Star Ronald Howard and the Baker Street detective he portrays have several things in common. Both graduated from Cambridge University, where both began to play the violin for their own amusement. Ronald, like Sherlock Holmes, collects books as a hobby and has the same charm and fine sense of humor as the famous detective. Unlike Holmes, Ronald Howard is married and has three children. . . . Born thirty-six years ago in London, England, Ronald was two years old when

he was brought to the United States by his famed actor-father, the late Leslie Howard. At ten, Ronald returned to England, and he has since shuttled between both countries. Before war broke out in 1939, he had worked as a journalist in England. He gave this up to join the Royal Navy for almost seven years and, after the war, resumed his theatrical career with the BBC television in London. Among the films he has appeared in are "Street Corner," "Queen of Spades," "Dark Interlude" and "Glad Tidings." His favorite acting role was as Tom Wrench in the stage play, "Trewlaney of the Wells," and his future acting plans include devoting one full year to acting in Shakespearean roles with England's Old Vic Company.

Familiar Voice

I seem to remember the voice of Verna Felton, who now appears on CBS-TV's December Bride, from many former radio programs. What roles did she play on radio?

F.H.T., Levant, Me.

On radio, Verna Felton was Dennis Day's mother and Red Skelton's grandmother. The veteran character actress has also been the voice behind many Walt Disney creations and last season played Dean Bradley on *Meet Mr. McNulty*.



Ronald Howard



Patricia Wheel

Doctor's Treat

Would you give me some information on Patricia Wheel, who plays Peggy Regan on The Guiding Light, on CBS-TV and CBS Radio, and also stars on The Doctor's Wife over NBC Radio?

W.D.F., New Orleans, La.

Slender, dark-haired Patricia Wheel loves commuting between the hospitals on TV and radio, as a nurse in *The Guiding Light* and as a medic's spouse on *The Doctor's Wife*. In fact, Pat says, if she weren't already an actress, she'd enter nursing school. . . . In private life, Pat is the newly-wed wife of Eric H. A. Teran, an industrial designer. She has been an actress for nine years—or since the age of fourteen, when she finished school. . . . Determined to be an actress, Pat spent four years, part of the time overseas, as an understudy and in summer stock. She broke into radio on a local station in her native New York. Her Broadway dream came true when she played opposite Jose Ferrer in "Cyrano" and with Maurice Evans in "The Browning Version." Her TV break was a part in an early serial.

Calling All Fans

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

Steve Allen Fan Club, c/o Phyllis Myers, 21 Maxine Pl., Akron 5, Ohio.

Range Riders Fan Club (Jack Mahoney and Dick Jones), c/o Joanne Collins, 3890 Bradley Rd., Westlake, Ohio.

Roy Rogers Fan Club, c/o Sharon Filipa, Rt. 2, Boyceville, Wis.

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.



ARE YOU REALLY LOVELY TO LOVE?

Is there an air of freshness about you . . . always?

A sweet, appealing air of freshness . . . is yours, always . . . when you use Fresh Cream Deodorant.

Fresh keeps you free from embarrassing underarm odor and stains. Underarms are *dry!* For Fresh contains the most highly effective perspiration-checking ingredient now known to science.

When you open the Fresh jar you'll

discover . . . its delicate fragrance . . . its whiteness, its whipped cream smoothness. Not a trace of stickiness. Not a trace of greasiness. Gentle to skin, too.

For an air of freshness use Fresh Cream Deodorant every day—be sure you are lovely to love, always.

Fresh is a registered trademark of Pharma-Craft Corporation. Also manufactured and distributed in Canada

a *Fresh* girl
is always
lovely to love



**EVEN IF YOU
BRUSH YOUR TEETH
ONLY ONCE A DAY**

Colgate

Dental Cream

Gives The Surest

Protection

All Day Long!



Brushing For Brushing, It's The Surest Protection Ever Offered By Any Toothpaste! Because Only Colgate's—Of All Leading Toothpastes—Contains Gardol* To Guard Against Tooth Decay Longer—Stop Bad Breath Instantly!

ASK YOUR DENTIST HOW OFTEN YOU SHOULD BRUSH YOUR TEETH!

But remember! Even if you brush only once a day, Colgate Dental Cream gives the *surest* protection all day long! Gardol, Colgate's wonderful new decay-fighter, forms an invisible shield around your teeth that won't rinse off or wear off all day! And Colgate's stops bad breath *instantly* in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth! Fights tooth decay 12 hours or more! Clinical tests showed the greatest reduction in decay in toothpaste history!



*Colgate's Trade-Mark For Sodium N-Lauroyl Sarcosinate.

IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH While It GUARDS YOUR TEETH!

What's New from Coast

(Continued from page 17)

Warner Brothers and the American Broadcasting Company have signed a long-term contract which calls for the Warners studios to produce a series of thirty-nine full-hour features solely for television. The weekly series will premiere on ABC-TV September 13 and will be based upon three full-length Warners movies—"King's Row," "Casablanca," and "Cheyenne." Members of the casts have not been announced as yet, but they will undoubtedly include some up-and-coming new personalities.

The reactions to Arthur Godfrey's "mass firing," as it was called in broadcasting circles, have quieted down—at least for the time being. Marion Marlowe is happily fulfilling her contract with Ed Sullivan on *Toast Of The Town*; The Mariners are busy with their many concert dates; Haleloke is back in the Hawaiian Islands—or due to leave for there any minute; and Arthur's three dismissed writers are now working for Garry Moore. In the middle of all the rumpus, Carmel Quinn, the new Little Godfrey, announced that she had been married for two years to her manager, Bill Fuller, and that they have a baby daughter. (A complete story on Carmel can be found on page 52.)

Meanwhile, a few predictions on the future status of Mr. Godfrey and his friends: Janette Davis will soon forsake her singing chores and will be assigned a production job on the Godfrey shows; Lu Ann Simms will not return to the Godfrey programs following the birth of her baby in September; and it's only a question of time before the McGuire Sisters and Frank Parker part company with Mr. G. . . . I could be wrong, but we'll see.

This 'n' That:

Songstress Betty Clooney has joined the Robert Q. Lewis cast as a regular member of his Monday-through-Friday

TV show and will also be heard on Bob's radio program. Betty took over for Jaye P. Morgan, who left the Lewis levities to go on a personal-appearance tour.

Dennis James and Old Gold Cigarettes have discontinued their partnership—at least for the time being—but it's strictly a friendly affair. Because he is so busy with his other shows and was doing only commercials for them, Dennis and Old Gold agreed to part company until this fall. Then, Old Gold plans to come up with a show of his own for Dennis, as they consider him one of the best salesmen they ever had.

Eleanor Powell's West Coast show, *Faith Of Our Children*, may go network soon over ABC-TV. This popular religious program for youngsters won an Emmy Award for the former dancing star, and it would certainly be a welcome addition to the coast-to-coast TV schedule.

Betty Johnson and Dick Noel have been signed as regular vocalists on Don McNeill's *Breakfast Club*. After Johnny Desmond and Eileen Parker left, Don experimented with different singers every week, and has now chosen Betty and Dick for the permanent spots.

Joan Alexander, of *The Name's The Same*, and her husband, Arthur Stanton, are beaming over the arrival of their first visit from the stork, a baby boy whom they have named Adam. Joan also has an eight-year-old daughter, Jane, by a previous marriage.

Ralph Edwards knows where his paycheck is coming from, for at least the next five years. He has just signed an exclusive contract with NBC for his personal services and for the *This Is Your Life* series for that length of time.

The sponsors of *Mr. Peepers* are dropping the show sometime this month, after three years of telecasting. Unfortunately, the ratings have been down, even though the show is still quite popular. Wally



Liberace's name on the dotted line means he'll play the dramatic film role of a pianist in "Sincerely Yours" for Jack Warner of Warner Bros.

to Coast

Cox's future plans are still indefinite at this point, but his producers plan to experiment with a change of format for him.

Our Miss Brooks will be a full-length movie soon, with Eve Arden in the star role, of course. Production is set to start this summer, while her popular TV show is off the air.

Steve Allen has added another accomplishment to his many talents—a book, called *Steve Allen's Bop Fables*, which is comprised of four bop-talk fairy tales: "Goldilocks and the Three Cool Bears," "Three Mixed-Up Little Pigs," "Crazy Red Riding Hood," and "Jack and the Real Flip Beanstalk."

Mulling The Mail:

B. B., Pomeroy, O.: Faye Emerson and Skitch Henderson have no children of their own, though Faye has a son, Scoop, by her first marriage. . . . Mr. and Mrs. J. L., Cincinnati, O.: Rin Tin Tin, the dog star, does his own barking on the television show, which is filmed, but on the radio program, actor Frank Milano "imitates" Rin. . . . Mrs. J. J. M., Cheyenne, Wyo.: Les Paul's and Mary Ford's baby was born prematurely but, unfortunately, lived only a few days. . . . Mrs. H. E., Babylon, N. Y., and others who asked how to get tickets to TV and radio shows: TV RADIO MIRROR has no way of obtaining tickets for readers. The best way is to write in advance, directly to the show you want to see, or to the Ticket Department of the network or station broadcasting the program. . . . Miss Y. O'C., Memphis, Tenn.: You are right, Mary Martin's "Peter Pan" production will be repeated by NBC-TV, but not until the coming Christmas season.

What Ever Happened To . . . ?

Pat Marshall, who until recently sang on the *Tonight* television show? Pat left the Steve Allen program in order to prepare a night-club act, which is presently being written for her, and she hopes to tour the country during the summer.

Ransom Sherman, one-time popular emcee on the old *Club Matinee* radio show and on many other programs? Ransom has been operating a magic-gag-gift shop in Hollywood and hasn't been active at all in radio. However, he is doing some TV film work, mainly splicing commercials, some of which he has already shot and which will be shown this fall.

Walter O'Keefe, the well-known quiz-master and emcee, who last appeared as a summer substitute on *Two For The Money*? Walter has been working on a new night-club act while living in Hollywood, and recently tried it out in California. He hopes to play supper clubs soon and eventually would like to do guest shots on TV.

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 42 St., New York 17, N. Y., and I'll try my best to find out for you and put the information in the column. Unfortunately, I don't have space to answer all questions, so I try to cover those personalities and shows about whom I receive the most inquiries. Sorry, no personal answers, so please do not enclose stamped envelopes or postage, as they will not be returned.



When an argument gets hectic, should you—

- Tape record it Break it up Take the laser's side

One man's politics (or ball club or disc collection) can often be another man's poison ivy! So before either arguer blows his stack, take over. Shatter the chatter—tactfully. Maybe with music; or a funny story; anything to change the subject and

save the party from bogging down. You can save yourself many an anxious moment at calendar time, as well. For when you choose *Kotex**, you're getting the softness, safety, complete absorbency you need—to maintain your poise, your peace of mind.



Quick way out of your hero's heart?

- Confess you can't cook Kiss and tell
 Be a mamba maniac

All those sweet nothings he whispered in her ear, last night . . . all cancelled, in nothing flat! Why? Because today a complete playback reached his blushing ears! Only a chrome dome babbles to her cronies. It's a fatal mistake. On certain days, you need make no mistakes about sanitary protection—not with *Kotex*. For this napkin can be worn on either side, safely; and you get special softness that holds its shape.



Is the longer torso line strictly for—

- Beanpole stature Chubby cantaurs
 Little middles Laughs

That long, lean midriff look—got it? Better get with it, especially if your competition's hand-span waisted! Do bending, stretching exercises that pull in your tummy. And of course avoiding greasy or goeey goodies can help whittle your middle. At "that" time, too (even in a *slim skirted* dress) you can meet all eyes serenely—what with *Kotex* and those *flat pressed ends* preventing telltale outlines. Try all 3 sizes of *Kotex*; learn which suits you.

More women choose *KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

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



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

Regular ^{\$2.10} value

now only \$1



Matching Talc and Toile Water!
... Co-Stars in the fragrance used by more women than any other in the world! Created to keep you delightfully cool all through the summer months, these Evening in Paris Co-Stars are available at cosmetic counters everywhere.

For limited time only!

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

Daytime Diary

(Continued from page 11)

her and his first wife, Judith. But Paul's furtiveness has worsened the entire situation. Can his friends, Colley and Grace Jordan, persuade him to tell the truth about the child of his first marriage before it is too late? And is Van far more resourceful than Paul—or Judith—realizes? CBS-TV.

MA PERKINS All other activities go by the board as Ma concentrates on the tragic problem of Gladys and Joe—the problem made more tragic by Gladys' conviction that their sickly little daughter is in some way her fault, and that she has failed Joe as a wife. Can Ma solve the problem of restoring Gladys to mental and emotional health? Ma knows Joe's strength, but is he strong enough to face what may lie ahead? CBS Radio.

OUR GAL SUNDAY Leslie Northurst's careful plan to win the Brinthrope title and estates from Lord Henry is so well organized that for a time it almost seems that the fraudulent claim may succeed. But at last Lord Henry feels he can combat Northurst's attack on his inherited position. Will he be as successful in mending the damage Northurst has done to his marriage with Sunday? Is Sunday justified in fearing the future? CBS Radio.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY In spite of the many weeks since Carter's disappearance, Peggy Young Trent cannot believe that she will never see him again. Though the family feels perhaps a shade less conviction, they have not for a moment relaxed their efforts to track Carter down. But as each lead dies out in failure, it almost seems that a miracle will be needed if they are ever to trace him. Will they be too late? NBC Radio.

PERRY MASON Though lawyer Perry Mason does not yet know it, the apparently simple case into which he was led by Lois Monahan has ramifications of tremendous importance. For Lois is not what she appears, nor is Eve Merriweather, who bears the name of the famous industrialist Sam Merriweather as the result of something that happened many years ago. Who and what is Eve—and what will it mean to Perry's investigation? CBS Radio.

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS Friction between Carolyn and her husband, Miles Nelson, increases despite his support of her during her trial. For Annette Thorpe still plans to mastermind Miles' political career and has not given up hope of taking charge of his personal life, as well. Her expert interference has brought Carolyn's marriage closer to the edge of dissolution than it has ever before been. NBC Radio.

THE ROAD OF LIFE Sooner or later Dr. Jim Brent will find himself unable to continue with the pretense of affection he must show to Sybil Overton in order to save his wife, Jocelyn, from suffering from Sybil's carefully contrived plot. What will happen when Sybil realizes that Jim has been faking romantic interest in order to obtain the evidence he needs? Is her brother Hugh right in fearing that her mind may snap? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT Looking forward at last to the possibility of a future with Gil Whitney, Helen Trent is disturbed by the obvious effort Gil's secretary, Fay Granville, is making to attract him. And Brett Chapman, watching for every chance to patch up his own broken romance with Helen, may succeed in convincing her that she cannot possibly make the right decision concerning Gil. Will Helen turn to Brett once again? CBS Radio.

ROSEMARY As a result of Bill's fight against the narcotics racket in Springdale, both he and Rosemary have received threats that have disturbed Bill more than he will admit. Rosemary, meanwhile, knows she is complicating life by her increasing attachment for little Betsy, niece of her neighbor, Diane Thompson. Just who and what is Betsy's father, Ray Calder? CBS Radio.

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW When Nathan Walsh was defending her on a murder charge, nothing was further from Joanne's mind than that she and he would form parts of a triangle of which her fiancé, Arthur Tate, is the third. Will Nathan be able to keep Arthur, his best friend, from learning how he feels about Joanne? Will Stu and Marge Bergman, in their affectionate efforts to help, make everything much worse before it's better? CBS-TV.

SECOND HUSBAND The many problems that beset a remarried widow are complicated for Diane Lockwood by the resentment her children feel for her husband, Wayne. Though Ted and Mimi love their mother and wish for her happiness, they cannot bring themselves to accept completely Wayne's position as their stepfather. Will their jealousy and lack of cooperation be a serious handicap to this new marriage? CBS Radio.

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON In order to provide his autocratic mother with interests that will take her mind off the Herald, so that he can run it as he sees fit, Stan Burton encourages his sister Marcia's plan to find a husband for the wealthy dowager. But when Buck Halliday turns up Stan fears they have jumped from the frying pan into the fire. Will Mother Burton plight her troth with a hypocritical fortune-hunter? CBS Radio.

THE SECRET STORM The hatred of his frustrated sister-in-law has finally trapped Peter Ames in a more serious dilemma than he believed she was capable of creating. With Pauline's social and financial influence turning the whole town against him, Peter's hopes for reinstating his good name seem dim indeed. But Joe Sullivan, the young reporter who is so much attracted to Peter's daughter Susan, has some ideas of his own. CBS-TV.

STELLA DALLAS Stella is delighted when her daughter Laurel and her son-in-law, Dick Grosvenor, patch up their marriage and go off on a second honeymoon. But the disastrous end to that honeymoon convinces Stella that the only way to save Laurel's happiness is to destroy the threat presented by wealthy Ada

Get ready for summer with this

extra special offer

Helene Curtis spray net

BRAND

Dexter and her son, Stanley Warrick. Can Stella prove that Ada Dexter is insane? NBC Radio.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE With the confession of Dan Welch that he murdered Fred Molina, Nora feels that her debt to the past is in some measure paid, and that now she must force herself to accept her doctor's advice and make new friends to take the place of her dead husband. David Brown is more than ready to aid in this project, but Nora soon realizes this young man is not quite what he seems. Will David's sister let Nora in on the mystery? CBS Radio.

VALIANT LADY It was shock enough for Helen Emerson to learn that her love for Chris Kendall was hopeless because he had a wife in a mental home. More upsetting to both is the sudden news that Linda, long considered beyond recovery, has made such strides that she may become an out-patient. How will Chris make a home for his young son under these circumstances? How will Helen weather the shocking news from her daughter Diane? CBS-TV.

WENDY WARREN AND THE NEWS Wendy's job as editor of her hometown paper is big enough to take up all her energies, but she cannot help finding time—more and more of it—for the charming Dr. Dalton and his even more beguiling little daughter Gretel. Will Gretel's devotion to Wendy lead to great unhappiness for the child? Or does she suspect something that the grownups are a long way from realizing? CBS Radio.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES The long, hard fight to defend Harry on a bribery charge gets off to a brave start, for Joan Davis cannot believe that anyone who knows her husband could imagine for a moment that he might be guilty. But gradually she and Harry learn the full extent of the opposition and begin to suspect how far-reaching is the plan of which Harry has become one of the earliest victims. How will they fight this unfamiliar enemy? ABC Radio.

THE WOMAN IN MY HOUSE As Jessie Carter knows, bringing up a family requires a variety of talents. Over the years she has done a pretty good job of exercising them all. But perhaps the most important one has only been called upon since her children have grown up—the ability to point out to them when the time is right for them to stand on their own feet. Will she discover that some of them are not able to do it? NBC Radio.

YOUNG DR. MALONE The one person in whom Jill Malone confides these days is David, and now that he is legally her adopted brother her father, Dr. Jerry Malone, hopes he will have even more influence with her. For if someone doesn't change Jill's resentful attitude toward her stepmother, Tracey, there will be trouble, and Jerry feels helpless to avoid it. What happens when Jill inadvertently finds a weapon in Tracey's past? CBS Radio.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN Knowing that her husband, Dr. Anthony Loring, is still in love with Ellen Brown, whom she tricked him into jilting, Millicent Loring lays a complicated plan to discredit Ellen. But the plan backfires in such a way that Anthony himself is seriously involved, and in order to save her marriage Millicent finds herself working for Ellen's happiness by promoting her marriage to Michael Forsythe. NBC Radio.



No other hair spray holds a wave in place so softly yet so surely . . . no other hair spray manages your hair so naturally. And now laboratory tests show that Helene Curtis SPRAY NET is *one* hair spray that's never, never sticky. No wonder so many millions of women insist on genuine Helene Curtis SPRAY NET.

Now when you need SPRAY NET most (remember summer's wilting weather is all but here) Helene Curtis brings you a SPRAY NET Special that takes care of *all* your hair care problems. Both hair spray *and* shampoo for only \$1.25, plus tax. Don't wait another minute for your Bonus Package.

NOW IN TWO FABULOUS FORMULAS
NEW SUPER SOFT SPRAY NET without lacquer, far gentle contral. Created especially for baby-fine hair, casual hair-dos.
REGULAR SPRAY NET, far thick, harder to manage hair, far more elaborate hair styles. The favorite of millions of women.

CHOOSE THE ONE THAT'S RIGHT FOR YOU DURING THIS
Special Offer
BUT DO IT NOW...
STOCKS ARE LIMITED!

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T
V
R

**new
bareness
in bathing
suits**

**old
friend in
Tampax**



Tampax really is an old friend to millions of girls who throng the pools and beaches during the Summer. They've learned that no matter how scanty the bathing suit is, Tampax can't possibly "show." In fact (because Tampax is internal sanitary protection), it doesn't absorb any water when you swim.

Even without the boon of swimming, however, Tampax would still be the ideal hot weather protection. It does away with bulky, irritating, chafing pads, and substitutes pure surgical cotton . . . firmly stitched cotton that's so soft and comfortable, you can't even feel it when it's in place.

**NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR**

Tampax has other advantages that make it appeal especially to fastidious women. There's no disposal problem, for example. Wearer's hands needn't even touch the Tampax during insertion or removal. *And there's no odor problem!* . . . Get your choice of 3 absorbency sizes of Tampax (Regular, Super, Junior) at any drug or notion counter. Month's supply goes into purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



*Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women*

New Patterns for You



9120
SIZES
11-17

9120—Juniors: Note the flattering neckline, contrast inset in bodice, whirling skirt, open-side jacket. Jr. Miss Sizes 11-17. Size 13 dress, 3¾ yards 35-inch fabric; ½ yard contrast; jacket 1 yard. 35¢

4523—Half-sizes: Keep cool in this easy-to-sew, easy-to-slip-into style. Cut to fit the shorter, fuller figure. Half Sizes 14½-24½. Size 16½ takes 4⅝ yards 35-inch fabric. 35¢



4523
SIZES
14½-24½



9146
SIZES
12-20

9146—It's a beachcoat for surf-time, an apron for clean-up time. See the big handy pockets, tabbed-to-nip waistline. Misses' Sizes 12-20. Size 16 takes 2¾ yards 35-in fabric. 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, N. Y. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing.

FEATHER YOUR NEST Contest Winners

HERE they are! The twenty-five lucky—and clever—winners of TV RADIO MIRROR's exciting *Feather Your Nest* Contest, along with the prizes they won. Pictured below is the handsome grand prize—the Circle "D" living room. The Editors wish to thank those contestants who expressed their enjoyment of the contest—and of TV RADIO MIRROR.

FIRST PRIZE

Circle "D" Living Room

Mrs. Bertha L. Bird, 16 Lexington Ave., Needham Heights, Mass.

24 RUNNERS-UP

Morgan Jones Bedspread

Mrs. John Jeskey, R.D. 1, Amsterdam, O.

Mrs. Charles Lamich, 726 40th St., Kenosha, Wis.

Mrs. Joseph Sobczak, 715 Wayne Ave., West Reading, Pa.

Mrs. Gordon H. Smith, 32 E. Austin St., Duluth, Minn.

Mrs. Frances Burns, 116 Oak St., Bath, Me.

Eloise D. Greene, 2604 Indiana St., Topeka, Kans.

Mrs. Stewart P. Crowell, 11 Mt. Vernon St., Reading, Mass.

Mrs. Charles Godshall, 136 Branch St., Sellersville, Pa.

Sight Light Floor Lamp

Mrs. Virginia A. Hahn, R.D. 1, Kirk Rd., Canfield, O.

Mrs. Richard Horr, Box 291, Monticello, Minn.

Mrs. Kathleen Duncan, 3939 S. Delaware St., Englewood, Colo.

Mrs. Anna Kutz, 2548 S. Bronson Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

Mrs. Ruth E. Rose, 517 Rollstone St., Fitchburg, Mass.

Nona Weber, 909 W. Iowa St., Evansville, Ind.

Mrs. William Mundhenk, R.F.D. 4, Box A34, Kingston, N. Y.

Mrs. R. Probst, 2228 Kitley St., Indianapolis, Ind.

16-Piece Stangl Ware Set

Arnold Anderson, Jr., 336 N. 16th Ave., Phoenix, Ariz.

Mrs. Fritz Schoeb, R.R. 2, Douglass, Kans.

Marjorie H. Guiles, Mulberry Pt., Guilford, Conn.

Mrs. Myrald Todd, 311 Christopher St., Warrensburg, Mo.

Mrs. Margaret Brown, 143 Rutgers St., Rochester, N. Y.

Mrs. Orison M. Weaver, 640 Ada Dr., Ada, Mich.

Mrs. Andrew K. Ramsey, Rte. 2, Lawrenceville Hwy., Tucker, Ga.

Mrs. Donald Odom, 816 14th St., Onawa, Iowa.



Winner's choice: Circle "D" living room in sturdy ranch-style chestnut oak.

No other
deodorant
gives you
so much...



At all 5 & 10 cent stores

- STOPS PERSPIRATION ODOR.... instantly
- HANDY STICK FORM.... no mess, no waste
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- FRAGRANT and luxurious as a lipstick

...for
so little!

LANDER
CHLOROPHYLL
STICK
DEODORANT



WVEC-TV's Bob McAllister finds his greatest happiness in entertaining the young in years and young at heart

Costumes of Faraway Places was just one of Bob's contests for his studio audience.

MASTER OF MAKE-BELIEVE

AT TWENTY, Robert C. McAllister is the sort of older brother any youngster might wish for. His head is filled with games, funny stories and magic tricks. He has a happy-go-lucky cowboy puppet named Chauncey DePue, who has a penchant for practical jokes. Another puppet, Seymore the Snake, lives in a basket, sings with Bob, Chauncey and their young friends, and changes the words of popular songs to include his favorite expression: "Yok, Yok." And Bob has just created a new puppet, Prunella the Plunger—a man-chasing spinster who will probably drive Chauncey to fulfill his pet threat: "I'll sock you right in the nose." . . . Happily for Virginia youngsters, Bob plays older brother-magician-ventriloquist-emcee on the *Bob And Chauncey Show*, seen weekdays at 6 P.M. on Station WVEC-TV. The show has a Western motif and more than 10,000 youngsters from the ages of three to fifteen belong to Bob's Ranch House Club. . . . Born June 2, 1935, in Philadelphia, Bob went to Granby High in Norfolk and then to the Richmond Professional School. His high school assembly programs led to appearances at charity affairs and then to professional dates. Bob's big break came during a visit to New York when he stood in front of the big window of the NBC-TV studio, where *Today* is televised, and casually chatted with Chauncey. Dave Garroway noticed the interest he was creating and invited Bob and Chauncey inside for a TV interview. Then, with the help of the people involved in the *Today* show, auditions were arranged for Ted Mack's *Original Amateur Hour*, where Bob and Chauncey became two-time winners. Next came a radio program on Richmond's WRVA and then, a year ago, their present show on WVEC-TV. . . . Bob lives quietly with his parents in a ranch-type home on Shenandoah Avenue in Norfolk. The house is filled with comic gadgets such as a squirting telephone, dribble glasses and ice cubes with bugs in them. Bob loves to amaze youngsters and oldsters with his magic tricks, double-talk and gimmicks, and visitors never fail to laugh when, with Bob's assistance, his cocker spaniel Taffy says "Hello" to them or suddenly declares, "I'm hungry!" . . . Vice-president of the Local Ring of International Brotherhood of Magicians and the Children's Magic Organization, Bob recently won a trophy for the "Best Comedy Magic and Ventriloquist Act" at the Convention of Magicians Alliance of Eastern States. From all indications, Bob's thousands of young viewers delightedly second the verdict of the professionals.



Director Don Kreger and Bob confer with Seymore the Snake on the day's enchantment for their WVEC viewers.



Bob hardly can get a word in edgewise as he relaxes at home with Chauncey and his cocker spaniel Taffy.



she's got

viv

(you can have it, too!)

It's not so much beauty as it is personal vibrancy and sparkle, and all those indefinable qualities that make everyone instantly aware of her.

For now there's a new lipstick that brings out all the vividness and sparkle of the real you with exciting colors that make you look and feel vividly alive. It's the new VIV lipstick by Toni. VIV's new *High-Chroma Formula* gives you the most vivid colors any woman has ever worn. Choose from six bright shades, each as sparkling as the Vivid Coral you see here. Try VIV, that vivid new lipstick by Toni.

Comfortable, long-lasting and very, very vivid.

new viv lipstick

by *Toni* \$1.10
plus tax

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at last!



A LIQUID SHAMPOO

that's **EXTRA RICH!**

IT'S LIQUID
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FOR

'Radiantly Alive' Hair

Something wonderful has happened—it's fabulous new Liquid Prell! The only shampoo in the world with this exciting, extra-rich formula! It bursts instantly into luxurious lather... rinses like lightning... is so mild you could shampoo every day. And, oh, the look and feel of your hair after just one shampoo! So satin-y soft, so shiny bright, so obedient—why, it falls into place with just a flick of your comb! Shouldn't your hair have that 'Radiantly Alive' look? Try Liquid Prell this very night!



JUST POUR IT...

and you'll see the glorious difference!



Some liquid shampoos are too thin and watery... some too heavy, and contain an ingredient that leaves a dulling film. But Prell has a "just-right" consistency—it won't run and never leaves a dulling film.

PRELL—for 'Radiantly Alive' Hair...
now available 2 ways:

The exciting, new extra-rich liquid in the handsome, easy-grip bottle!

And the famous, handy tube that's ideal for children and the whole family... won't spill, drip, or break. It's concentrated—ounce for ounce it goes further!



A Family to Cherish



Laurel Ann is the newest little Cummings—and were Bob and Mary glad she wasn't susceptible to measles!

*Four children in their home—plus
one guiding rule of love—equals
happiness for Bob and Mary Cummings*

By BUD GOODE

BOB CUMMINGS is a most unpredictable man. He began life as a poor farm boy, son of a small-town doctor in Joplin, Missouri . . . and today he's internationally famous as a star of many motion pictures and his own *Bob Cummings Show* over NBC-TV. He first wanted to become an aeronautical engineer, studying at Carnegie Tech . . . then suddenly found that he was an aspiring young actor, studying at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. His public knows him best

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A Family to Cherish

(Continued)



Foreground: Sharon Patricia, Mary Melinda, Mary—and "Emmy." Background: Bob—who brought "Emmy" home.



Bob Cummings gets far more attention from his young ones as a companionable father than as a famous actor.



Professionally, as well as personally, Bob always values Mary's advice—particularly when it comes to scripts.

as a light-hearted comedian, in his regular TV role of happy-go-lucky Hollywood photographer Bob Collins . . . but he won this year's "Emmy" Award from the Academy of Television Arts and Sciences for his powerful performance in a deadly serious drama, "Twelve Angry Men," on *Studio One*.

Unpredictable as always, Bob appreciates this honor from the bottom of his heart, but talks about it in the typically light-hearted manner his public knows so well. "Up until now," he grins, "I've been the most successful failure in Hollywood—never on anybody's list or recommended for anything. They used to say about me, 'Oh, he's a nice fella, a pretty good actor'—but that was all. So, when I got the telegram from the Academy announcing my nomination for the award, I was flabbergasted. And then to sit there the night of the awards—and win—well, that was inconceivable!"

Busy in Hollywood, Bob hadn't even been sure he wanted to take time off for the *Studio One* performance in New York. "It was a tough part," he recalls, "and I knew I'd really have to put myself out to do it. At that time, I looked on it as a 'one-shot.' It would probably cost me money to take the role. After all, I'd have to be in New York for ten days. And, by the time you travel back and forth, and pay the hotel bills, there isn't much left from the check.

"Then my wife, Mary, got hold of the script. 'It's good,' she said. 'It could be great. You've got to do it.'"

Mary's encouragement means a lot to Bob, and he has never really shirked any opportunity to keep even busier than he already is. From childhood days on the Missouri farm, his philosophy (*Continued on page 90*)

The Bob Cummings Show, over NBC-TV, Sun., 10:30 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. for Winston Cigarettes.



Family stroll outside the house which Bob and Mary planned with such loving care for their children's protection. Safety first: They all learn to swim—and to drive. That's young Robert Cummings at the wheel of the miniature car.





Lovebirds: Peggy and her husband Knobby Lee with their pets, including "Mr. McGoo," the dog. Peggy and Knobby practice music together, but Knobby does the gardening—and both love that tomato sauce which started Peggy's success!



Cinderella with a Song

Peggy King rose from heartbreak and hardship to find her own Prince Charming—and The George Gobel Show

By GORDON BUDGE

HARD-BITTEN CYNICS may sneer, "There aren't any Cinderellas nowadays," but this is one subject of which George Gobel himself would never say: "You can't hardly get them no more!" There's a real Cinderella, right on *The George Gobel Show*—his featured singer, Peggy King, just five-feet tall, red-haired, green-eyed, and prettier than even a fairy princess has a right to be.

The original Cinderella used a pumpkin on her road to fame, and a glass slipper pointed her way to happiness. Peggy King used a can of tomato sauce, and it was her magic voice which opened the palace doors. But Cinderella and Peggy started out with two things very much in common: They were both poor—and they both believed in "dreaming beyond your means." (Continued on page 80)

The George Gobel Show. NBC-TV, three Saturdays out of four, 10 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by Armour & Co. and Pet Milk Co.



George Gobel hired Peggy for his show before they'd ever met, but it proved a happy decision for them both.

Record fans: Trumpeter Knobby, of the Liberace band, chooses Harry James—but singer Peggy holds out for musical comedy. Below, right: Peggy with her parents, who had the loving faith (if not the money) to help her dreams come true.



Live up to your Dreams



Phonorama Time gets a royal welcome from Johnny's fans everywhere—like these eager autograph-seekers at Mary Louis Academy, Jamaica, N. Y. Gathered around the piano before that broadcast, left to right: Tommy Leonetti, singer; Anita Stenz and Barbara Lamberta; Johnny; Lois Thompson, Irene Lounzen, Annamarie Lamberta, and Bill Silbert, popular deejay of WABC.



Johnny Desmond learned—the hard way—how to be a guiding star to teenagers, on Phonorama Time



Above, some very special entertainment by Bill Silbert, Johnny, songstress Dolores Hawkins and Tommy Leonetti. At right, a personal interview by Jane Marik, student editor, at the Mary Louis Academy.



By HELEN BOLSTAD

THE HIGH SCHOOL press conference was cool, hot or groovy, depending upon one's age, ear, or addiction to jive. By their eager questions, Philadelphia's teen-age reporters were letting Johnny Desmond know: "We dig you the most." And, by his frank answers, Johnny was returning the compliment.

Speaking with that technical knowledge which makes so many young people music experts today, they talked of pop tunes and classics, LP's and hi-fi. They analyzed the styles of singers and sidemen. They exchanged opinions about what music business calls "r & b"—rhythm and blues—and about "c & w," which means "country and western."

Things were rolling, man, rolling, for the moment was just right—at this historic conference—for these youthful reporters to share the achievement of a favorite star. On the previous Sunday, Johnny, cast in his first

See Next Page 



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Live up to your Dreams

(Continued)

straight dramatic role on *Philco Television Playhouse*, had introduced a new tune, "Play Me Hearts and Flowers." His Coral recording of it had been released on Monday morning and, at the end of the day, 100,000 platters had been sold. By Friday, the total reached 250,000. Then, on that Saturday morning, just before their press conference, Johnny had launched his new disc-jockey show, *Phonorama Time*, on 565 stations of the Mutual network.

In view of such a week, one girl's question, "How do you get to be a success in music?" was to be expected.

But the tone of Johnny's answer surprised them. With his feet planted firmly, his thumbs thrust into the pockets of his scarlet weskit and a rebellious lock of black hair falling down across his forehead, he gave them a reply some young jazz fans would label "square."

Playing it straight, he told them, "You get to be a good singer or a good American or a good truck driver or a good anything else in just one way. You work at it. With discipline."

Later, he had this comment: "Sure, I knew they hoped for a magic formula. Any kid does. When you're in high school, you want all your daydreams to come true instantly. The future seems like something which adults have locked behind iron bars. You look for something big and quick to make people notice you. You want the overnight success."

He paced back and forth, his intensity mounting. "Well, I could have told them that, twice in my life, I've had the overnight success—and, both times, it cost me. It cost me a licking the first time, and the second time, I took a real beating. It took six years of hard work, plus wise coaching, before I recovered. But I learned. Man, how I learned."

It was a story which Johnny had long kept to himself, but now, headed again toward important billing, he was at last ready to talk about it, out loud and for publication.

"A kid," said Johnny, by way of introduction, "is three people: The child his parents think he is, the pupil the teacher sees—and, in his own mind, the person he wants to be with his own friends. Well, once in a while he gets tangled up. . . ."

For Johnny, such a tangle occurred back in Detroit. Eight years old and as cute as he was bright, he had already learned how to get his own way. He begged to study piano and, although the Depression had made the income from the DeSimone family grocery store slim, his father scrimped off the weekly fee for the teacher.

Johnny made phenomenal progress. "He's practically a genius," his delighted teacher told his dotting parents.

But then came the day when Johnny refused to take his lesson. He also refused to say (*Continued on page 86*)

Johnny Desmond's *Phonorama Time*. Mutual, Sat., 11:30 A.M. EDT, is sponsored by the Philco Corporation.

Bob-O-Links: Eddie Levine, Tony Paris, Johnny—and his "future," Ruth Keddington.



Songbird in the sky: Johnny toured with the late Glenn Miller, in World War II.



At 3, Johnny was just listening to music—with love.



But, by 13, he was singing and acting "professionally."



Big day: Graduation from Northeastern H.S. in Detroit.



Today, Johnny and Ruth have two little skylarks of their own—Patti, 6, and Diane, going on 9.

Loyal home folks: Brother Harry (right) and Mom—who saw to it that Johnny kept at his music lessons.



Johnny's grandfather (center) is mighty proud of him these days—and so is Johnny's stepfather, Tony Buccalato (left).





The NAME'S The SAME

Roger Price, Walter Slezak and Laraine Day aren't too surprised at the special attention Audrey Meadows gets from Messrs. Elliott and Goulding on the TV panel program—Audrey's a sweet girl-graduate of previous Bob and Ray shows!



Bob Elliott and family live in a city apartment and "go shopping" in picturesque Greenwich Village.



Bob's hobby is painting—painting pictures good enough to be exhibited in New York City galleries.

Two moderators on a show, two minds
on the track of laughs—they're
still the "one-and-only" Bob and Ray

By PETER CHARADE

WOULD YOU LIKE to be a big-shot? . . . Now, at last, you can pull big jobs, be a person of means—the pillar of your community." . . . If you happened to hear this come-on for a TV give-away, you know that it went on to describe the "Jim Dandy Burglar Kit," which included a mask, jimnies, crepe-soled shoes, canvas gloves, the plans of three banks, and "a list of aliases you can use over and over again" (including such names as Benjamin Franklin). In fact, it was "the only complete burglar outfit offered today."

To receive this and other "handy little kits," you were urged to write to "Thieves, NBC." And, each week, from 750 to 1000 listeners sent in for the items. When the address was changed to "The Smithsonian Institute," that august establishment received some 300 letters asking for the "Home Surgery Kit—complete with instructions on how to take out your own tonsils." Only one hundred humanitarians were interested in the Institute's "Kind Hunter's Kit—for soft-hearted people who love to hunt but hate to kill." It contained bullets, packed (Continued on page 75)

The Name's The Same, ABC-TV, Mon., 7:30 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by the Ralston Purina Co. Bob and Ray are also heard on WINS (New York), Mon. thru Sat., 6:30 to 10 A.M.



Ray Goulding and family have a house on Long Island—which means rising at 4:30 A.M., a speedy breakfast, then off to the city for the Bob and Ray radio program.



Ray's hobby is photography, and his favorite—and most willing—models are his wife and children. Left to right, below: Thomas, 6; Liz Goulding; Barbara, 3; Raymond, 9.



Song fest: Bob and his wife Lee and the girls—Colony, 8, and Shannon, 5—raise a little harmony.







Off TV, "Willy the lawyer" is a whiz of a homemaker. June cooks with skill—either plain or fancy—and does all her own decorating.

This Life I Love

As Willy on TV, as Mrs. William Spier at home,

June Havoc has found her heaven-on-earth

By MARTIN COHEN

Husband Bill, the producer, brings supplies to his favorite chef.



AUTHOR'S NOTE: If you're crazy about June Havoc, you'll like *Willy*—and if you aren't crazy about June, you're nuts. (End of a very sincere commercial—and start of a very honest story.)

June Havoc, starring in the title role of CBS-TV's *Willy*, isn't just another woman, another actress, another show. She's great—and different. She is at once as sophisticated as a diamond bracelet and as elusive as a butterfly. She can be as frothy as an ice-cream soda and as hearty as a good steak. There are so many sides to June. She is so many people. Actually, she is basically shy. Or was. Or will be. You never know exactly. Once, she was shy because she was scared. Now, she can be scared without being shy.

"I've never been as afraid of anything as I am of this television show," she admits. In the past, making a success of something has always been a personal matter. (Continued on page 77)

Willy, on CBS-TV, Thurs., 10:30 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by General Mills and CBS-Columbia.

Album of DAYDRAMAS

*These exciting neighbors on NBC-TV are next-door
to your heart, every weekday afternoon*



THE GREATEST GIFT

WHEN she moved to the small town of Ridgton, Dr. Eve Allen took the biggest and most decisive step toward her life-long dream of becoming a general practitioner. Therefore, her medical activities had been centered about laboratory work and, although she was acclaimed for having discovered the antidote to a virus which had killed her fiance, the glory of her accomplishment was dimmed in the light of her unrealized dream. Eve's settling in Ridgton, however, rekindled her fondest hopes, for at last she saw herself becoming the kind of doctor she had always wanted to be. But even the happiest occasions can be tinged with trouble, and Eve has found her situation is no exception. From the beginning she has had to fight the inherent prejudice against women doctors. And, since she finally won an appointment on the hospital's staff—though not without an intense and bitter struggle—her capabilities as a doctor, and as a woman, have been tested constantly. Obstacles, however, are nothing new to Eve; she has met and overcome many along her life's path. Although each one has left her with an invisible scar, they have also continued to make her life—and the lives of those she deals with—more meaningful and rewarding.

The Greatest Gift, created by Adrian Samish, is seen over NBC-TV, M-F, at 3:30 P.M. EDT.

In her battle against prejudice and selfishness, Eve Hunter (Anne Burr) has received invaluable help, comfort—and love—from Dr. Philip Stone (Phil Foster).

CONCERNING MISS MARLOWE

ALTHOUGH fame and fortune have always been envied and sought after, they can prove to be poor substitutes for happiness and love—as actress Maggie Marlowe knows only too well. Today, Maggie can look back on many successful years as a leading lady. But all the glamour and notoriety with which she has been showered have not been able to wash away the emptiness and unhappiness she has experienced. Now, Maggie yearns more than ever for love and the security of a happy home. . . . Twice in her life, Maggie has lost the one she loved: When she was a young girl, her husband died suddenly. More recently, tragedy struck when, on the eve of her marriage to Roger Anderson he, too, passed away. . . . Bitterly unhappy, Maggie decided to continue on in the theater, finding her life once again filled with surprises and complications—especially since she met and fell in love with Jim Gavin, well-known international lawyer. Unhappily married to a woman who would not grant him a divorce, Jim became free to marry Maggie after the recent death of his wife. . . . As she contemplates her marriage to Jim, Maggie's heart rejoices, for now, at long last, she is finding her dream of love and security becoming more of a reality with each passing day.

Concerning Miss Marlowe is seen over NBC-TV, M-F, 3:45 P.M. EDT, sponsored on alternate days by Tide (Procter & Gamble).



Maggie Marlowe (Helen Shields) sees her dream of love about to come true with Jim Gavin (Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.).



Good friends get together: Dr. Corey (Maurice Copeland) and his wife Lona (Bernardine Flynn) entertain Mitch Fredericks (Jim Bannon), Millie Flagle (Ros Twohey) and Sue Rigga (Toni Gilman).

HAWKINS FALLS

HAWKINS FALLS is a small Midwestern town, located 160 miles from a large city. It is a typical American community, overflowing with the life, laughter and love of its proud residents. Anyone who has lived in a small town finds a special kinship with *Hawkins Falls*, for its people and activities mirror the life and ways of every Smalltown, U.S.A. . . . Particularly outstanding in *Hawkins Falls* are Lona and Floyd Corey, who usually find themselves in the center of the most interesting and exciting local activities. In a town as small as theirs, it is scarcely possible to keep a secret—at least, not for long. But, because he is a doctor, Floyd

Corey has many times had to be a keeper of secrets. Consequently, he—and Lona—have been thrown into the midst of conflicts which have had both happy and tragic outcomes. . . . Although Lona and Floyd dearly love *Hawkins Falls* and all it stands for, the frequent difficulties they encounter serve, not only as a lesson in life, but as a reminder that their town is not heaven—nor are its residents angels. But, after all, it is *their* town, *their* friends—and that's what makes it home . . . sweet, satisfying, and enriching.

Hawkins Falls, written by Bill Barrett, NBC-TV, M-F, 4 P.M. EDT.

See Next Page—>



Working tirelessly with Quentin Andrews (Frederic Downs) on the development of a new jet engine, Zach James (Tod Andrews) is often ruthless, and his wife Laurie (Pat Barry) tries to temper his over-zealousness with patience and tact.

FIRST LOVE

ANY PHASE of living, when pursued to an extreme, is bound to create problems, as young Laurie James has learned in her marriage to Zach. When she became Zach's wife, Laurie left behind the loving warmth and comforting security she had known with her parents, and ventured into a life of unpredictability and possible insecurity. At first, love triumphed over all, and the waters of the James marriage flowed clear and smoothly. But ahead lay a deadly whirlpool, revolving about the Andrews Aeronautical Corporation and Zach's engineering job there, developing a new type of jet engine. . . . Zach is a man who is completely and wholeheartedly devoted to his work and, although he loves Laurie, it seems that nothing can stand in the way of his profession. The results of his uncompromising attitude toward his work have often made Zach

appear ruthless and heartless. His behavior has provided many lessons in patience and understanding for Laurie and, the more insight she gains into his nature, the better she is able to help Zach by tempering his over-zealousness with prudence and restraint. . . . But there came a time when Zach's extreme single-mindedness proved to be too much for Laurie and she left him. The separation was only temporary, however, and Laurie returned in time to stand beside Zach while he was being tried for a murder he did not commit. . . . Even though Zach's innocence is upheld, the air has not been entirely cleared of trouble. Many more turbulent seas will have to be crossed, but it seems now that they will be mastered with greater wisdom. For, although they still have far to go, Laurie and Zach have come a long way in learning to live and grow—together.

First Love, written by Manya Starr, is seen over NBC-TV, M-F, 4:15 P.M., EDT, for Jergens-Woodbury products and others.

Album of DAYDRAMAS

(Continued)

THE WORLD OF MR. SWEENEY



Humorous surprises are usually in store for Mr. Sweeney (Charles Ruggles) when he starts problem-solving—especially when grandson Kippie (Glenn Walken) and his mother (Helen Wagner) are involved.

MAPLETON could be anyone's home town—provided it is small and has a general store run by a beloved "cracker-barrel psychiatrist" like Cicero P. Sweeney. Although Mr. Sweeney has never set foot outside of Mapleton, he possesses an uncanny worldliness and wisdom that make him the townfolks' most sought-after adviser and dearest friend. As he lives each day, getting himself humorously involved in others' affairs, Mr. Sweeney's gentleness and charm provoke a delightful nostalgia which adds sunshine to the dullest day.



In choosing a home, the Nelsons followed their hearts—and couldn't be happier.



Man of the House

I CAN REMEMBER the dreadful flu epidemic at the end of the first World War. I was about five then, and—except for my father—the only member of the family still on his feet. With hundreds of things to do, my father sat down for a talk with me. He explained that he had to go out for a while, and that made me the man of the house—in charge while he was gone. I have never been so proud. Here I was—head of the house at five, and during a time of real peril. The job was only temporary, but even so it just about fulfilled my dreams of glory.”

Since he was five, Herb Nelson has always sought his “brighter day” in the sunshine of his own home

By ED MEYERSON

Continued →

Family life has always meant more than careers to Herb and his wife, Joan DeWeese. They enjoy remodeling their “new” house, and are thrilled with the extra play space for their children: Dawn Ley, Erika Joan, and baby DeWitt.





Man of the House

(Continued)

It might be Max Canfield, that tower of strength in *The Brighter Day*, describing his own philosophy of life. For, as a leading citizen of New Hope and editor of its newspaper, the *Herald*, in CBS's popular daytime drama, Max feels a strong sense of responsibility for the welfare of the entire community.

Actually, however, it wasn't Max doing the reminiscing, but Herb Nelson—who is Max Canfield on radio and TV. And, while there's nothing unusual about a healthy youngster in a happy family dreaming of glory in terms of his own home, in real life Herb was to choose the one profession that makes such dreams the most difficult to fulfill. What actor has ever been guaranteed a normal life, or even the security it takes to establish a home and family?

But another childhood memory indicates the kind of actor Herb was to be: "So help me, I recall distinctly that, somewhere in my third year, a cousin or something of my mother's—an impressive, bulbous gentle-

man named Sven Ring—paid us a visit. I took the floor and sang him a beguiling little ditty which was very well received. He forced a nickel on me."

Which made Herb a professional actor, even at the age of three. He wasn't just posturing before a mirror or dreaming of one day being a star. He was actually putting on a performance good enough to get paid for it. And today, after twenty-four years in radio, TV, films and the theater, Herb is a professional in the finest sense of the word. He has all the security he needs. And as for that home and family. . . .

"Well, it happened in New York," Herb recalls. "It was the first day of rehearsal of a new play. We were waiting for the leading lady to show up. Finally, I heard the smart click of heels coming down the long hall to the rehearsal room. Something about the rhythm told me this was *the* girl. It was."

And so, Herb Nelson married Joan DeWeese. But if no one actor has ever been guaranteed a normal life, what about *two* actors? There is not only the problem of conflicting careers, but of keeping house with crazy hours and no possibility of a regular, scheduled existence. To make matters more difficult, Joan came from a home in Mississippi where there had always been plenty of household help. She was an excellent artist, and she had studied drama under Maude Adams at Stevens and at the Yale Drama School, but no one had ever taught her how to boil an egg or wash a dish.

And yet, some seven and a half years and three children later, the Nelsons have more than proved that they can successfully combine two theatrical careers with a normal, happy family life.

How do they do it? Well, like all actors caught without a script, they improvise, feeling their way through a new situation until they know they've got it right. And, like all persons mature enough to *know* themselves, they are content to be themselves. Their yardstick has never been how other people live but how they themselves want to live. And, somehow, it's always come out right.



Herb has more room to play, too, in their New Jersey home. A bit of "golf practice" can really build up an appetite for one of Joan's family-size steaks.





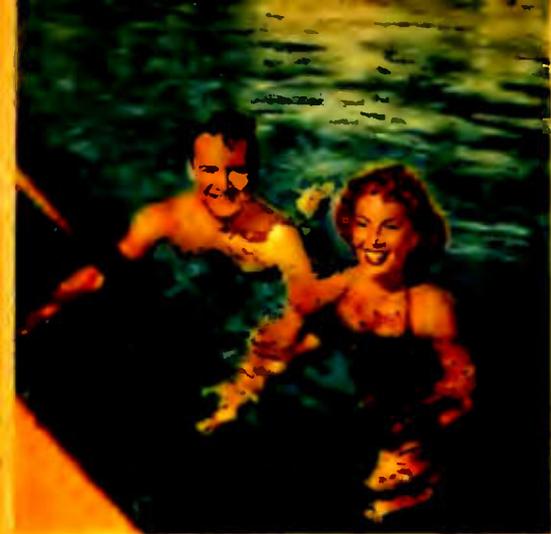
Dawn Ley and Erika Joan will also be enthusiastic homemakers someday, and are already practicing on miniature furnishings of their own. But even the biggest pieces of furniture can't dismay Herb, who does his own refinishing.

Herb calls it "playing by ear," and cites examples to explain what he means: "When Joan and I were married, we had no plans except to set the time and the place. We let the rest of the arrangements work themselves out, and as a result had a simple and beautiful ceremony much more memorable than anything we could have designed."

He also recalls the way they bought their home last August. There was an ad in the newspaper describing a house for sale in Leonia, New Jersey. *Shakespeare, wherefore art thou?* it was headlined. "Oh, no!" Joan winced, but they went to look, anyway. Leonia was an ideal community for their purposes—just thirty-five minutes from Manhattan, with an excellent elementary school for the children. (Continued on page 85)



Herb Nelson is Max Canfield in *The Brighter Day*, M-F, on CBS-TV at 4 P.M. EDT—and M-F, on CBS Radio at 2:45 P.M. EDT—sponsored by the Procter & Gamble Co. for Cheer and other products.



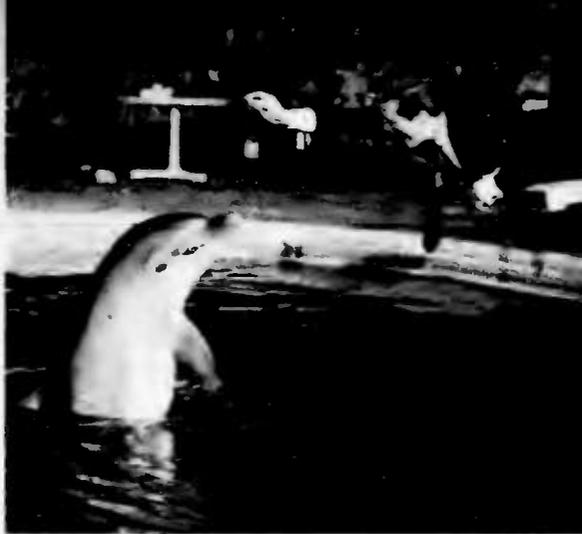
Sunlit waters at Miami Beach are a perfect setting for Steve and Jayne to prove that two can be mighty good company.



Steve Allen's show, *Tonight*, delayed his wedding trip with Jayne Meadows—then made up for it with a glorious

The crowd grows: Above, J. Fred Muggs shows them three can be fun, too—just for *Today*. In the big group below, *Tonight's* Gene Rayburn is perched at left and maestro Skitch Henderson is behind Jayne.





Midnight telecasts starred such varied funmakers as Milton Berle—a playful porpoise—George DeWitt and Steve himself.

Honeymoon in the Sun

By PHILIP CHAPMAN

IN HIS BIG MANHATTAN APARTMENT on Park Avenue one bitterly cold evening this past winter, Steve Allen was going over his notes for the upcoming *Tonight* show and waiting for Jayne Meadows, his bride of a few months, to finish dressing.

"I'm just putting on my face," she called from her dressing room. "I won't be a minute—"

The phone at Steve's elbow rang. "Hello? What? You mean the whole show? For a week? I don't know. Who'll pick up the tab for the extra cable expenses? What about the plane fares?"

Jayne came running in from her dressing room. "What—what—what?" she cried. "Take the show *where* for a week?"

Steve covered the mouthpiece with his hand. "We're invited to go to Miami for a week, the whole outfit, and do *Tonight* from there."

"Miami!" whispered Jayne, ecstatically. "Yes! The answer is yes!"

Into the phone Steve said, "The answer's yes," and hung up.

"Now tell me," he said to his bride. "why the answer's yes."

"You wonderful dope, it's our honeymoon! The one we never had. We've been trying for three months to get a day or two free for our honeymoon, and here it is (Continued on page 83)

Tonight, starring Steve Allen, is seen on NBC-TV, M-F, 11:30 P.M. EDT, 11 P.M. CDT, under participating sponsorship. *The Steve Allen Show* is seen over WRCA-TV (New York), M-F, 11:15 P.M., for Knickerbocker Beer. Jayne Meadows is seen on *I've Got A Secret*, CBS-TV, Wed., 9:30 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company for Winston Cigarettes.





A tale of two redheads: Carmel of Ireland was discovered by Arthur of the *Talent Scouts*.



the magic of Erin

*Sure, 'twas the Little People
gave Carmel Quinn the gift of song
and made her a Little Godfrey!*

By FRANCES KISH

THE LEPRECHAUNS must have been whispering to her about things to come, because—all the time Carmel Quinn was growing up in Dublin—she used to imagine herself in America, singing and dancing for huge audiences. When her daddy and her two brothers and sister weren't around to hear, Carmel would go into the pantry of the big house where they all lived (her mother had passed away when she was only seven) and go through her whole repertoire of songs. If anyone caught her, singing and dancing alone in the freezing-cold room, Carmel was dreadfully embarrassed, for this longing to sing and to entertain and to make people's faces light up with joy was a secret which—for a long, long time—she shared with no one.

Not that she had to hide the fact that music was in her very heart, because all the Quinns understood that. They were all music-loving, and there was hardly an



Writing to the homefolks back on the Emerald Isle, Carmel finds her heart too full for words.

See Next Page 

the magic of Erin

(Continued)



Between programs, Carmel shows Frank Parker and Tony Marvin how to "do it in jig time."

evening when the old organ wasn't giving off sonorous and beautiful hymns and delightfully lilting Irish melodies. Carmel's daddy is an excellent violinist, and some of the children would always be ready to accompany him on one of the other musical instruments they had around—everything from an accordion and mouth organ to quaint hand-fashioned instruments which had been in the family for years. And they would always sing, the men of the family in deep, rich voices, and Carmel and her sister Betty in high, sweet tones.

"The neighbors used to think we had parties all the time, but it was only the Quinns enjoying themselves,"

she says of those wonderful family concerts of childhood memory. "One of us would pick up an instrument, perhaps Daddy's violin, and he would say, 'No, you do it this way'—and, before you knew it, he would be playing and, suddenly, we were all crowding into the little room."

No one could have guessed then that this younger of the Quinn sisters would one day win a *Talent Scouts* contest on the other side of the vast Atlantic, with none of her homefolks there to witness her triumph, or to see her become one of the famous Little Godfreys. No one could have guessed that—in addition to the television and radio (*Continued on page 95*)

Carmel Quinn sings on: *Arthur Godfrey Time*, CBS Radio, M-F, 10 A.M., and CBS-TV, M-Th, 10:30 A.M., under multiple sponsorship—*Arthur Godfrey And His Friends*, CBS-TV, Wed., 8 P.M., under sponsorship of The Toni Co., Pillsbury Mills, Frigidaire—and *Arthur Godfrey's Digest*, CBS Radio, Fri., 8 P.M., under multiple sponsorship. *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts* is simulcast over CBS-TV and CBS Radio, Mon., 8:30 P.M., under the alternate sponsorship of Thomas J. Lipton, Inc., and CBS-Columbia. (All times given EDT)



New World magic: On the great day honoring St. Patrick himself, Carmel gave a concert in fabled Carnegie Hall. And oh, the lovely things to be seen in the shops of New York! Then, during a Godfrey-show rehearsal break, the delight of listening as the McGuire Sisters—Dorothy, Christine and Phyllis—demonstrate those quaint folk songs of modern America.



the magic of Erin

(Continued)



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New World magic: On the great day honoring St. Patrick himself, Carmel gave a concert in fabled Cornege Hall. And oh, the lovely things to be seen in the shops of New York! Then, during a Godfrey-show rehearsal break, the delight of listening as the McGuire Sisters—Dorothy, Christine and Phyllis—demonstrated those quaint folk songs of modern America.



Never a dull moment

Larry's wife Judy is a TV actress, son David and daughter Jay have vivid imaginations—and even the dog is full of tricks.



**Take Mrs. Lawrence Weber's word for it—Valiant Lady's
Chris Kendall makes a very exciting husband!**



There's nothing "actorish" about the Webers' ranch house. And Larry plays ball with Jay like any suburban father after a day's work in town.

By GREGORY MERWIN

SOME OF THE THINGS to be said about Lawrence Weber are obvious. He is six-feet-one, dark and handsome, with a scattering of prematurely gray hair at the temples. His eyes are a dynamic brown and, when aimed at women, have an effect comparable to a brace of Buck Rogers disintegrator guns. Or so it has been said.

"But not by me," Larry grins. "That's a lot of hokum."

"It's not hokum," insists wife Judith. "I remember when we first met. It was like shaking hands with an earth tremor."

They've been married since January 16, 1941. They have two blond and blue-eyed children, a home on Long Island and a tree which produced two apples last summer. Their garden, however, is one of the most beautiful in Valley Stream—thanks to Larry's back.

"I spaded the front lawn in three (Continued on page 93)

Lawrence Weber is Chris Kendall in *Valiant Lady*, as seen on CBS-TV. M-F, 12 noon EDT, sponsored by General Mills, Inc., and The Toni Co.



Reading is an old delight to Larry, a new world of discovery lying ahead for Jay and David as they set out for school.





Mitzi Green is a very proud mother, I can tell you! Here I am, parading just outside our house, with my four little "J's"—left to right, Jay, Jeff, Jan and Joel. There's also a fifth "J" bouncing along beside us—Junior, our dog.

Recognize this typical schedule? Homework with Jan—naptime for Jay (then Jeff)—after-school snack for Jan and Joel.



So This Is Hollywood

I've been here before. But now
I'm back, with Joe and our babies, and
know how right my grandmother was!

By MITZI GREEN

MITZI, CHILD," my grandmother said to me one day, "there may be times when we don't understand why certain things happen. But remember: *They always happen for the best!*"

As a child, those words didn't mean much to me. But today they have become almost a philosophy of life. In fact, they had a very special meaning on three of the most important days of my life: The day I signed my first Paramount Pictures contract. The day I signed my first television contract as the star of *So This Is Hollywood*. And the day I first met Joe Pevney.

I met Joe in the summer of '39. I had gone to Ivoryton, Connecticut, for summer stock, and had looked forward to a pleasant combination summer work-vacation. But, the first day there, it seemed as if everything were going wrong and I was in for a summer of misery.

First, I met a most irritating young man who didn't think I was right for the part of the (Continued on page 88)

So This Is Hollywood is seen on NBC-TV, Sat., 8:30 P.M. EDT, for Viv Lipstick, Deep Magic Cream, Bobbi Home Permanents, and Pamper.



Before even looking at a script with Virginia Gibson and producer Edmund Beloin, I know I'll see plenty of action in *So This Is Hollywood*.



Curls were my childhood idea of movie glamour when I played Becky Thatcher and Jackie Coogan was Tom Sawyer (above). Today, I find that just being with my husband Joe—even when he's fishing (left)—beats all the glamour in the world.



Where the Heart Belongs

For Cathleen Cordell, it proved to be her homeland of America and the very human drama of *Second Husband*

By MARY TEMPLE

LISTENING TO *Second Husband*, on CBS Radio, no one can doubt that Cathleen Cordell, who plays Diane Lockwood, is a girl of vivid personality. It spills over into the microphone, although listeners cannot see the vivacity of her face when she speaks, the shimmer of gold-red hair, the greenish-blue eyes, long slim legs and slender figure. . . . Cathleen's beauty is a mixture of American-Irish-English ancestry. She was born Kathleen (spelled then with a K but now changed to a C) Kelly, in Brooklyn. And she is the first of her family, as far back as she knows, to become an actress.

Cathleen is a girl of contradictions, of unexpected and interesting opposites. A glamorous woman who loves all the luxuries of life and yet adores working and can't imagine not being busy at something all the time . . . working hard, too, and putting her whole heart into it. A girl who wears simple clothes with elegance and elegant clothes with simplicity . . . who has lived in many foreign countries—India, France, England—and is at home practically anywhere in the world, yet brings a distinction of her own to a bachelor-girl, one-room hotel-apartment in New York. A girl who loves parties and fun, dining (Continued on page 69)



Cathleen's bachelor-girl apartment is a single room, but boasts a private terrace and a compact refrigerator (right).

Cathleen is Diane Lockwood in *Second Husband*, CBS Radio, M-F, 11:45 A.M. EDT. She is Millicent Loring in *Young Widder Brown*, NBC Radio, M-F, 4:30 P.M. EDT, for Phillips' Milk of Magnesia, Bayer Aspirin, Prom Home Permanent, White Rain, other products.





Her stage career has been an exciting one, both here and in England, but Cathleen appreciates the rare leisure which acting in daytime dramas has given her. There's time now to relax at home, reading or listening to the radio—to play with "Maya," pampered pet of the neighborhood—to dress for a date, knowing the whole evening is free just to have fun.



This Is Nora Drake



1. Stunned and heartsick over the death of her husband, Nora Drake avoids a breakdown by working to bring his murderers to justice. Then Nora begins to pick up the threads of normal life once again—and, at a party, meets publisher Alan Miller.



2. When Nora accepts an invitation to the Miller home, she hardly expects to stumble on an argument in which Alan angrily warns his wife Diana: "Stay away from that man. Stay away from David Brown!"

LIFE CATCHES US up in its activities, Nora Drake mused, calling us with a strident, insistent voice to come out of ourselves and meet its demands. This was a blessing, she knew, for only by catching up the threads of her life once again had she avoided the despair which had almost consumed her when Fred Molina died so tragically. . . . Nora's few months of marriage to Fred had been the happiest she had ever known. But, even before their marriage, Fred had been threatened by the underworld Syndicate run by Lee King and Dan Welch. Together, Fred and Nora had tried to destroy the Syndicate, and had eventually succeeded—at the cost of Fred's own life. . . . Heartsick, Nora had determined to bring Fred's murderers to justice. Eventually, Dan

Welch had confessed, and Lee King—in trying to escape from justice—had been killed in an automobile accident. Only Wynne Robinson—the wealthy, attractive socialite who had aided Welch and King—had avoided trial by fleeing to Europe. But Wynne doesn't escape punishment—for, when she arrives in Marseilles, she is penniless, and her once-glamorous life is no more. . . . With these tragic events now in the past, Nora sets about starting a new life. She throws herself into her work as a hospital nurse, which helps ease the pain in her heart. David Brown, the crime reporter who has become Nora's friend, also helps her find new interests. He persuades Nora to attend a party where she meets his publisher, Alan Miller. Invited to Miller's home, Nora meets

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2. When Nora accepts an invitation to the Miller home, she hardly expects to stumble on an argument in which Alan angrily warns his wife Diana: "Stay away from that man. Stay away from David Brown!"

LIFE CATCHES US up in its activities, Nora Drake mused, calling us with a strident, insistent voice to come out of ourselves and meet its demands. This was a blessing, she knew, for only by catching up the threads of her life once again had she avoided the despair which had almost consumed her when Fred Molina died so tragically. . . . Nora's few months of marriage to Fred had been the happiest she had ever known. But, even before their marriage, Fred had been threatened by the underworld Syndicate run by Lee King and Dan Welch. Together, Fred and Nora had tried to destroy the Syndicate, and had eventually succeeded—at the cost of Fred's own life. . . . Heartsick, Nora had determined to bring Fred's murderers to justice. Eventually, Dan

Welch had confessed, and Lee King—in trying to escape from justice—had been killed in an automobile accident. Only Wynne Robinson—the wealthy, attractive socialite who had aided Welch and King—had avoided trial by fleeing to Europe. But Wynne doesn't escape punishment—for, when she arrives in Marseilles, she is penniless, and her once-glamorous life is no more. . . . With these tragic events now in the past, Nora sets about starting a new life. She throws herself into her work as a hospital nurse, which helps ease the pain in her heart. David Brown, the crime reporter who has become Nora's friend, also helps her find new interests. He persuades Nora to attend a party where she meets his publisher, Alan Miller. Invited to Miller's home, Nora meets

This Is Nora Drake

(Continued)



3. Reporter David Brown, now Nora's friend, is assigned to a big story and works with Detective Caudill (left) to track down the murderer who scrawls this strange message.

his wife, Diana—and later overhears a quarrel between Alan and Diana. “Stay away from that man,” Alan warns. “Stay away from David!” Puzzled, Nora wonders: *What is Diana's interest in David?* And what is it about David that makes Alan warn his wife? . . . Although both Alan and David's parents feel David should switch to writing editorials, David insists upon remaining a crime reporter. Mr. and Mrs. Brown are frankly worried about David, and Nora wonders what lies be-

Pictured here, as heard on the air, are:

Nora Drake.....Joan Tompkins
 David Brown.....Michael Kane
 Alan Miller.....Craig McDonnell
 Wynne Robinson.....Claudia Morgan
 Detective Charles Caudill.....Paul McGrath

This Is Nora Drake is heard over CBS Radio, M-F, 2:30 P.M. EDT, sponsored by The Toni Company and Bristol-Myers Company.



4. Meanwhile, Wynne Robinson, the socialite involved with the Syndicate that murdered Fred, flees to Europe and meets punishment as she arrives penniless in a strange land.

hind Mrs. Brown's anxious remark: “If David goes on as a crime reporter, he may find out the truth about himself.” . . . Currently, David has been working on the case of a series of shocking murders which have completely baffled the police—particularly because, near the body of each victim, the murderer has written: “*Please stop me before I kill again.*” . . . In tracking down every lead, David's trail of clues takes him to the hospital and one of Nora's new patients, John Dallas, who has shown definite signs of being mentally disturbed. David suspects Dallas is the psychopathic murderer, and seeks information about him from Nora. When—true to medical ethics—Nora denies David's request, they argue sharply. . . . But—if David is right, is there danger in Nora's workaday contacts with John Dallas? And what about David himself? What is the mysterious “truth” Mrs. Brown fears her son may discover? . . . As Nora Drake becomes more absorbed in her new life, is there a chance that in time she will find new happiness, to replace the love she has lost? And, even if the future may hold brighter promises, will it also reveal even greater danger than Nora has ever known before?



5. David's hunt for the psychopathic killer leads to a patient under Nora's care. David demands that Nora allow him to question the man and, when she insists on guarding her patient, they quarrel sharply. David's concern is over more than a newspaper headline. If his guess is right, is Nora in serious danger?

This Is Nora Drake

(Continued)



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THE LONG WAY HOME





Tom had known from teen-days that marriage to "Bo" would be his dream of happiness.

*The truth about Tom Moore's marriage
—and re-marriage—is as old as time,
as new as man's first love for woman*

By HAROLD KEENE

TOM MOORE stood at the water's edge in Cypress Gardens, Florida, staring out across the mirror-like surface to the far vista of flowering trees and deep green hammocks. A speed-boat towing a pair of water skiers, a boy and a lovely girl, sped past, but Tom's eyes didn't move to follow them. In fact, he wasn't even seeing the water or the glamorous setting.

Instead, strangely, he was watching himself as a younger man back in 1939, not gray-haired then, but certainly gray of face as he paced the hospital corridors waiting for Bo to have their baby. They'd been married six years, by then, and this was to be their first and—as it turned out—only child. And when at last he'd been allowed to go in to her, and she had told him wearily but triumphantly that she'd given him a son, it had seemed to him that he had achieved the greatest happiness a man could know.

Yet, twelve years later, he and Bo had been



His mother and Bo were proud of his success in Chicago—but that early fame brought heartbreak.

Florida Calling With Tom Moore is heard on Mutual, M-F, 11 A.M. EDT, for the Florida Citrus Commission. Tom also emcees *True Or False*, on Mutual, Sat., 8 P.M. EDT.

See Next Page ►

THE LONG WAY HOME

(Continued)

divorced. Now, tonight, when he returned to the gay stucco bungalow in near-by Winter Haven, it would be to a different girl, the pretty and charming Willie Lou, whom he had married shortly after he and Bo had parted. Now Tom, Jr., sixteen and already six-foot-three, was in a military school up North—and Bo was alone, he supposed, in their old house in Northfield, Illinois, and—well, Tom Moore was a confused and unhappy man.

He knew that, when he walked into his bungalow in another hour or two, Lou would be waiting for him, as she always had during the more than three years of their marriage. She would have done everything possible to arrange for his comfort and convenience, and she would be ready with laughter, or understanding, or patient silence. She was a grand girl, and a good wife.

But there was a loneliness in Tom's heart, a need that only one woman could fill, and that woman was Bo. Tom had known it for a long time. At first he had tried to deny the knowledge, forget it, put it out of his mind. It was a good try, but it couldn't work, because Bo had been a part of him too long, their love too much a part of Tom's entire adult life. . . .

So it was that, when I talked with Tom in Winter Haven, not long ago, he dropped a bombshell in front of me and nearly knocked my ears off. I had known him only during recent years, since his *Ladies Fair* show had moved to Florida. During that time he had seemed to be immensely happy with Lou, especially during the weeks when young Tom could be with them. Then they had given the outward appearance of a perfect family group—smiling and busy, active in sports, completely devoted.

I said to Tom, "I know we ran a story about you and

Lou only a little over six months ago, but your fans are screaming for more." And I added, innocently enough, "Anything important happen recently?"

Tom is nothing if not direct. "Yes. Lou and I have arranged for a divorce, and Bo and I are going to be re-married. In the same little church where we were first married in 1933, with the same minister officiating. We're only waiting till summer because then our son will be out of military school and can stand up with us."

When I had regained my voice, I said one word: "Why?"

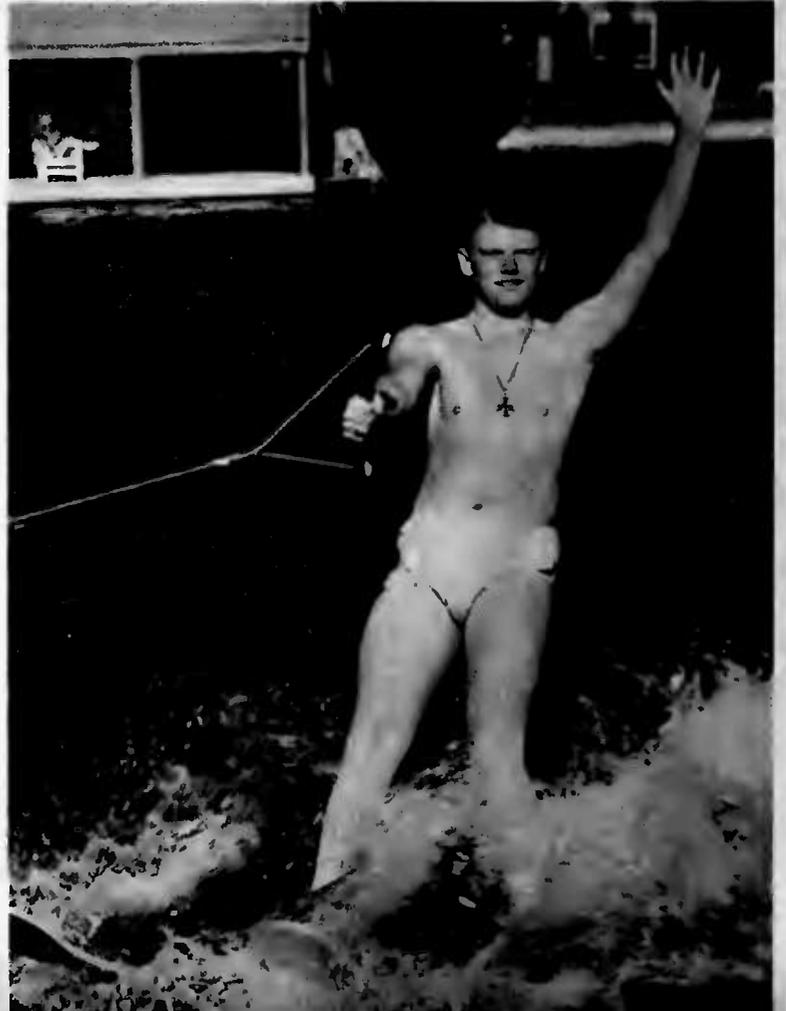
He answered, simply, "Because I want to go home."

The story of Tom and Bo and Lou, and of the almost tragic mistake in which all three were involved—as Tom told it to me that afternoon—has had its counterpart in so many American homes that almost any person can understand some of the emotional turmoil of each of these thoroughly nice, very human beings. This is no casual Hollywood-type scenario of marriage, divorce, and reconciliation.

Tom, Bo, and Lou are people like you and me, trying to do their best, making mistakes, working hard at the pursuit of elusive happiness, and often, in the words of Thoreau, leading "lives of quiet desperation." We know them. They are our neighbors, they are ourselves.

Well, maybe Tom represents an exception, in that he was born in a trunk in the dressing room of his vaudeville parents, while they were touring a circuit. That meant that he grew up in show business and that his conception of home life was, even into his adolescence, a hopping succession of moves from one town to another. Seemed perfectly normal to a (Continued on page 92)

Three make a family. Bo and Tom want to be together, watching Tom, Jr. grow up, whether in the Midwest or Florida.



Where the Heart Belongs

(Continued from page 60)

out in good restaurants in good company, going to the races, travel . . . and yet is perfectly content to stay home alone many evenings and to read, or listen to the radio.

Even her tastes in food are contradictory. Since her parents took her overseas when she was only five (her father was an engineer whose work sent him to many parts of the world), Cathleen has been exposed to all varieties of foreign cooking, and she now lives in a part of New York that is honeycombed with fine restaurants. Yet the little refrigerator in her apartment (disguised to look like a modern-design TV set because it has to be out in plain sight) holds only such things as cottage cheese and salad, gelatin and fruit, milk and eggs. And the waiters at the Stork, "21" and similar spots will tell you that their orders for exotic dishes never come from Miss Cordell. ("I really like burnt toast, cake when it's a little stale, and overdone omelets," she says.)

She's a pushover for biographical books but doesn't care at all for books written about the theater: "It's odd, I suppose, but I don't." She was a "reader" for several London publishers when she was quite young, combining one of her favorite pastimes with some extra money to live on while she was learning her way about the theater.

Word games, like Scrabble, fascinate her, but figures frighten her. "I really can't add at all, and if it were not for my wonderful mother, who helps me with my accounts, I wouldn't know what was happening to my money. She sees that I invest some of it, and she keeps all the accounts straight."

Travel still beckons to Cathleen, but she has had to remain in New York the past three summers, and this one promises to be no exception. Friends with winter homes in sunny climes urge her to join them in winter. Friends with homes at the shore ask her out for summer weekends. But, because of her work, Cathleen has found it easier to settle for some comfortable lounging chairs on her outdoor terrace high above a street in the East Fifties, a terrace planted with greenery and flowers and made gay with bright cushions.

She loves animals, especially dogs, but because of her busy life she has had to compromise for a place in the affections of a beautiful tawny boxer named Maya, who belongs to a restaurateur friend in the neighborhood. Whenever she has time, she borrows Maya.

Her apartment has such limited closet room that Cathleen has to park some of her wardrobe at her mother's larger apartment, some with near-by friends, and store some away, but there are always half a dozen cocktail and evening dresses hanging in her own small wardrobe space, because she is a popular girl who is asked out a lot. She likes straight-line, simple, dark clothes, but looks devastating in full-skirted filmy frocks with tight bodices. Her favorite colors are gray, and blue and green to go with her eyes. She wears either a size 9 or 10.

Englishmen appeal to Cathleen strongly, but she doesn't want to marry an actor, even an English one. She admires Irishmen, too, thinks that Ed Slattery, the director of *Second Husband*, is "an utterly charming man and a wonderful director." She knew the late George Bernard Shaw and says she will never forget his special charm, the interesting face, the bright blue, piercing eyes.

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| 4. Clark Gable | 91. John Derek | 162. Ursula Thiess | 200. Barry Nelson |
| 5. Alan Ladd | 92. Guy Madison | 163. Elaine Stewart | 201. Ray Milland |
| 6. Tyrone Power | 93. Ricardo Montalban | 174. Rita Gam | 202. George Nader |
| 7. Gregory Peck | 94. Mario Lanza | 175. Charlton Heston | 203. Reed Hadley |
| 8. Rita Hayworth | 97. Kirk Douglas | 176. Steve Cochran | 204. Jo Stafford |
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| 11. Elizabeth Taylor | 105. Vic Damone | 179. Julius La Rosa | 206. David Brian |
| 14. Cornel Wilde | 106. Shelley Winters | 180. Lucille Ball | 207. Eddie Fisher |
| 15. Frank Sinatra | 107. Richard Todd | 181. Eve Arden | 208. Jane Froman |
| 18. Rory Calhoun | 108. Vera-Ellen | 182. Jack Webb | 209. Liberace |
| 19. Peter Lawford | 109. Dean Martin | 185. Richard Egan | 210. Dorothy Dandridge |
| 21. Bob Mitchum | 110. Jerry Lewis | 187. Jeff Richards | 211. Bob Francis |
| 22. Burt Lancaster | 111. Howard Keel | 188. Rosemary Clooney | 212. Grace Kelly |
| 23. Bing Crosby | 112. Susan Hayward | 189. Guy Mitchell | 213. James Dean |
| 25. Dale Evans | 113. Barbara Stanwyck | 190. Pat Crowley | 214. Sheree North |
| 27. June Allyson | 117. Terry Moore | 191. Robert Taylor | 215. Kim Novak |
| 30. Dana Andrews | 121. Tony Curtis | 192. Jean Simmons | 216. Richard Davalos |
| 31. Glenn Ford | 124. Gail Davis | 193. Richard Anderson | 217. Julie Adams |
| 33. Gene Autry | 127. Piper Laurie | 194. Audrey Hepburn | 218. Eva Marie Saint |
| 34. Roy Rogers | 128. Debbie Reynolds | 196. Steve Forrest | |
| 35. Sunset Carson | 135. Jeff Chandler | | |
| 46. Kathryn Grayson | 136. Rock Hudson | | |
| 50. Diana Lynn | 137. Stewart Granger | | |
| 51. Doris Day | 139. Debra Paget | | |
| 52. Montgomery Clift | 140. Dale Robertson | | |
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| 54. Mona Freeman | 142. Leslie Caron | | |
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| 57. Bill Holden | 144. Mitzi Gaynor | | |
| 65. Jane Powell | 145. Marlon Brando | | |
| 66. Gordon MacRae | 146. Aldo Ray | | |
| 67. Ann Blyth | 147. Tab Hunter | | |
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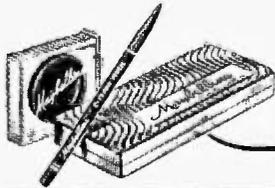


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It was Shaw himself who was partially responsible for changing her name to Cordell from Kelly, when she was about sixteen and beginning her acting career in England. He, and a well-known producer.

"I rebelled at first, and I didn't like the name Mr. Shaw suggested for me in a letter he wrote while I was doing his 'Major Barbara' in England, for the films. His choice of name was Kitty Kordant. I thought it had a harsh sound.

"At that time, I had lived abroad so long that I didn't know there was a wonderful and famous actress in America by the name of Katharine Cornell, so it was quite by accident that I chose a name so like hers. I should never have done it by design. It happened that Cordell Hull was much in the London headlines and I liked the name Cordell. I took it as my last name and replaced the K in Kathleen with a C. I am amused sometimes now when I ring people up and give my name, and get a reception out of all proportion to their interest in me, until they find out I am *not* Katharine Cornell!"

Except for a brief visit back to her native America when she was fifteen, Cathleen was largely influenced by the British stage. She went to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts in London, and it was there that Shaw came to direct them in a performance of "Heartbreak House."

A long apprenticeship followed, in a repertory company in the north of England—very much like our summer stock, except that this was an all-year-round company: "It was cold and foggy and I was often miserable, but it was good theater and I was learning some of the things I very much needed to know about my craft." It led to the London stage, to good parts in fine plays. When World War II broke out, Cathleen was in "Design for Living," with Rex Harrison.

These were times when everyone in England was called upon for special effort and, as a member of the BBC (British Broadcasting) repertory company, Cathleen was asked to join a group that was being sent out of London to a secret destination in the heart of the country, there to broadcast to England and the Empire. They did everything from wartime documentaries to gay musicals to help keep up morale. They worked hard, lived simply, almost austere at times. When they were shifted from country living to the city of Manchester, some of them were housed in a building which had been a shop, and Cathleen slept in a room which was formerly a show window. She had only to pull the curtains apart to find herself practically in the street.

It was in England that Cathleen did a British version of "Gaslight," playing the role which Angela Lansbury did in Hollywood. It was her first movie, and she thought it a terrific break because the film was to be shown in her native America. But it never got to this country until quite recently. She did "Major Barbara," the movie directed by Gabriel Pascal, but her part was cut down after filming was finished because the picture ran far too long. There had been one long speech of which she was very proud—and that was completely cut. The scene had been filmed near London Bridge, and when she did it, all the extras and the crowds that swarmed around the docks had burst into spontaneous applause as she finished her speech, and Mr. Pascal had told her she'd never get a greater compliment.

Cathleen's film career was terribly disappointing, but there were many stage successes and she was doing marvelously well—when suddenly she decided to come back to this country. For one thing, her father's health was not good. (He died a

little later. Her only brother, who was in the Air Force, had been killed during the war in the skies over England.) For another, this was her homeland.

It was fine to be home. But, after a while, Cathleen began to realize that if she wanted to work—and she simply could not imagine a life without her work—she would have to get out and do something about it. Cathleen Cordell had been a rising young actress in England, but New York was not completely aware of her. Once started, she was in Broadway show after show, but there were drawbacks to this: "They were all flops, even if extremely distinguished flops. I had a good part in Terrence Rattigan's 'While the Sun Shines,' but the play had no run. I was in 'Sheppy,' with Edmund Gwenn . . . in Guy Bolton's 'Golden Wings' . . . 'Yesterday's Magic,' with Paul Muni, which was written by Emlyn Williams and ran six weeks—a record run for me on Broadway . . . and my last one, Priestly's 'Linden Tree,' produced by Maurice Evans."

Radio was rather like a breeze, a sweet and lovely breeze that never stopped blowing. "I have never had what you would call a 'slump' in radio. Not from the day I started. A running part in *The Romance Of Helen Trent* had to be given up only because the time conflicted with my work in *Second Husband*. For almost two years, I have been Millicent Loring on *Young Widder Brown*. Even on television I have done many of the dramatic shows, such as *Studio One*, *Kraft* and *Philco*. I played a running part on *Search For Tomorrow* during its first months on the air. And I have done parts on many of radio's big dramatic programs.

"I used to do many German parts, countesses and the like. And French girls. And, of course, British. But, oddly enough, I am not particularly good in Irish roles, in spite of the fact that I am the daughter of a Patrick Kelly!"

Cathleen thinks she is very lucky to have worked with many different directors, each of whom "saw" her in a different sort of part. A few still think of her only as an "English actress." Actually, she can talk as American as anyone when she tries, forgetting the years she spent in England. "After all, I was born in Brooklyn, and I am an American."

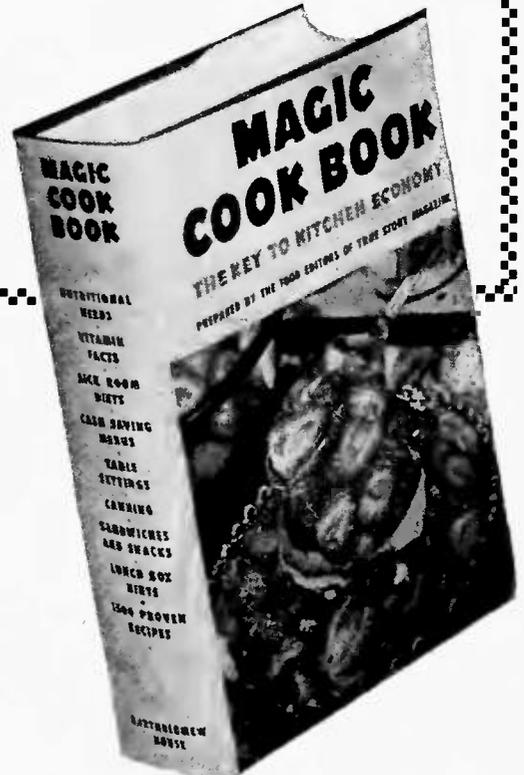
Cathleen sometimes thinks she might have gone further in the theater if she had not fitted into radio with such ease. And, considering her English successes, she probably would have. But now she loves her life in radio, the regularity of her day's schedule, the time it gives her for a full and satisfying social life, and the way she can arrange her time for all the things she wants to do. There was a period, however, when she grew very tired of being cast always as the "other woman," and it has been a real joy to find a sympathetic role in *Second Husband*.

"In England my parts were usually sympathetic, but here I have been rather dreadful," she says. "Now, at last, I am a loving wife and a mother who is trying very hard to do her very best for her children. It's fun to be with the children who play my two youngsters, and a privilege to play opposite an actor of the stature of Richard Waring, who has the role of my husband, Wayne Lockwood. We have a fine cast, and everyone connected with the show is wonderful."

For a bachelor glamour girl, this is a challenging role, and Cathleen Cordell pours into it all the vividness of her own personality and her fine theatrical background . . . the vividness that makes Diane Lockwood an exciting woman as she daily struggles with the problems of being a good mother and a good wife to a *Second Husband*.

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9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45		Robert Hurleigh Easy Does It News, Cecil Brown	Breakfast Club	
10:00	Mary Margaret McBride 10:05 Norman Vincent Peale	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Arthur Godfrey Time
10:15 10:30	Joyce Jordan, M.D. Doctor's Wife	Guest Time News 10:35 Johnny Olsen Show	10:25 Whispering Streets	
10:45	Break The Bank			
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	†M-W-F		

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Afternoon Programs				
12:00	Pauline Frederick Reporting	Noon News 12:05 Down At Holmesy's	Valentino Frank Farrell	Wendy Warren & The News Rosemary Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
12:15 12:30 12:45				
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 2:23 News, Sam Hayes Wonderful City	Betty Crocker† 2:35 Martin Block	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason
2:30 2:45				This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	News 3:05 Woman In Love Pepper Young Right To Happiness	Ruby Mercer Show	Martin Block (con.)	Hilltop House Art Linkletter's House Party
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	News 5:05 John Faulk
5:15 5:30 5:45	Lorenzo Jones Hotel For Pets It Pays To Be Married	America's Business 5:50 Wismer, Sports 5:55 Cecil Brown †T-Th †M-F W—Adventures Of Long John Silver	Bobby Hammack Gloria Parker Vincent Lopez	5:55 This I Believe

Monday Evening Programs

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Sports Daily with Mel Allen, Russ Hodges Three Star Extra	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 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	Joe Foss, Sports 7:05 Tennessee Ernie Edward R. Murrow
8:00	Henry J. Taylor	Top Secret Files	Jack Gregson Show	Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons
8:15 8:30 8:45	Best Of All	Broadway Cop	American Music Hall Voice Of Firestone	8:25 Doug Edwards Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts
9:00	Telephone Hour	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Footnotes to History Spotlight Story Reporters' Roundup	Music Tent	
9:15 9:30 9:45	Band Of America		9:25 News Disaster—Red Cross Show	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 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	Joe Foss, Sports 7:05 Tennessee Ernie Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	People Are Funny Dragnet	Treasury Agent	Jack Gregson Show 8:25 News 8:55 News	Suspense 8:25 Doug Edwards Disk Derby, Fred Robbins
9:00	Biographies in Sound	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Footnotes to History Spotlight Story Army Hour	Sammy Kaye 9:25 E. D. Canham, News Platterbrains 9:55 News	Rosemary Clooney Bing Crosby Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall
9:15 9:30 9:45				
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	Joe Foss, Sports 10:05 Dance Orchestra

Wednesday 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 Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Les Paul, Mary Ford	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Lone Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith	Joe Foss, Sports 7:05 Tennessee Ernie Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15	Dinah Shore Frank Sinatra	True Detective	Jack Gregson Show 8:25 News 8:55 News	FBI In Peace And War 8:25 Doug Edwards Disk Derby, Fred Robbins
8:30 8:45	News 8:35 College Quiz Bowl	Sentenced		
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	You Bet Your Life News 9:35 Truth Or Consequences	News, Lyle Van Spotlight Story CBC Symphony	Sammy Kaye 9:25 News President's News Conference	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.) Sounding Board	News, Edward P. Morgan How To Fix It	Joe Foss, Sports 10:05 White House Report

Thursday 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 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	Joe Foss, Sports 7:05 Tennessee Ernie Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30	Roy Rogers Dr. Six Gun	Official Detective	Jack Gregson Show 8:55 News	The Whistler 8:25 Doug Edwards Disk Derby, Fred Robbins
9:00	News 9:05 Barrie Craig	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Footnotes to History Spotlight Story State Of The Nation	Sammy Kaye 9:25 News Rhythm & Blues On Parade	Rosemary Clooney Bing Crosby Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall
9:15 9:30 9:45	Penitentiary			
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	Joe Foss, Sports 10:05 Dance Orchestra

Friday 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 Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Men's Corner Gabriel Heatter Les Paul, Mary Ford	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Lone Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith	Joe Foss, Sports 7:05 Tennessee Ernie Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Dinah Shore Frank Sinatra National Radio Fan Club	Counter-Spy Take A Number	Jack Gregson Show 8:25 News 8:55 News	Godfrey Digest 8:25 Doug Edwards Disk Derby, Fred Robbins
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Radio Fan Club (con.)	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Footnotes to History Heartbeat Of Industry	Sammy Kaye Notes & Notations 9:55 News	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	Joe Foss, Sports 10:05 Dance Orchestra

Inside Radio

Saturday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45	Monitor	Local Program	Doug Browning Show	News
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	News 9:05 Monitor	News	No School Today	News Of America Farm News Garden Gate
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	News 10:05 Monitor	American Travel Guide	No School Today (con.) Breakfast Club Review	News 10:05 Galen Drake Show 10:55 News
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	News 11:05 Monitor	Lucky Pierre Johnny Desmond Show 11:55 Young Living	11:05 Half-Pint Panel All League Club-house	Robert Q. Lewis Show

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15	News 12:05 Monitor	I Asked You	News 12:05 101 Ranch Boys American Farmer	Noon News 12:05 Romance Gunsmoke
12:30 12:45		Tex Fletcher Wagon Show		
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	News 1:05 Monitor	Fifth Army Band Ruby Mercer	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	News 2:05 Monitor	Ruby Mercer (con.) 2:25 News Sports Parade	News 2:05 Festival, with Milton Cross	Dance Orchestra Teddy Wilson Orch.
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	News 3:05 Monitor	Country Jamboree	News 3:05 Festival (con.)	String Serenade Skinney Ennis Orch.
4:00 4:15 4:30	News 4:05 Monitor	Bandstand, U.S.A.	News 4:05 Pop Concert Horse Racing Band Concert Promenade	Dance Orchestra
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	News 5:05 Monitor	Teenagers Unlimited 5:55 News	News 5:05 Dinner At The Green Room	Adventures In Science Richard Hayes News, Jackson 5:35 Saturday At The Chase

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	News 6:05 Monitor	John T. Flynn World Traveler Report From Washington Basil Heatter	News 6:05 Pan-American Union Sports, Bob Finnegan Bob Edge, Sports Afield	News Sports Review Capitol Cloakroom 6:55 Joe Foss, Sports
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	News 7:05 Monitor	Pop The Question Have A Heart	News 7:05 At Ease Labor-Management Series	News, Jackson 7:05 Make Way For Youth Gangbusters
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	News 8:05 Monitor	True Or False Quaker City Capers	News 8:05 Dance Party	Gunsmoke Disk Derby, Fred Robbins
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	News 9:05 Monitor	Hawaii Calls Lombardo Land	News 9:05 Dance Party (con.)	Two For The Money Country Style 9:55 News, Jackson
10:00 10:15 10:30	News 10:05 Monitor	Chicago Theater Of The Air	News 10:05 Ozark Jubilee Ambassador Hotel	Country Style (con.) Dance Orchestra

Sunday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45	Monitor	Light And Life Hour	Renfro Valley 8:55 Galen Drake
9:00 9:15	News 9:05 Monitor	Wings Of Healing Back To God	News 9:05 Milton Cross Album Voice Of Prophecy Organ Music, E. Power Biggs 9:55 News, Trout
9:30 9:45			
10:00 10:15	News 10:05 Monitor	Radio Bible Class Voice Of Prophecy	News 10:05 Message Of Israel News 10:35 College Choir
10:30 10:45			Church Of The Air Church Of The Air (con.)
11:00 11:15	News 11:05 Monitor	Frank And Ernest Christian Science Monitor Northwestern Reviewing Stand	Sunday Melodies 11:05 Marines On Review Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir
11:30 11:45			News 11:35 Christian In Action Invitation To Learning

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	News 12:05 Monitor	Marine Band News, Bill Cunnig- ham Merry Mailman	The World Tomorrow News, LeSueur 12:05 The Leading Question
1:00 1:15 1:30	News 1:05 Monitor	Global Frontiers Christian Science Lutheran Hour	Herald Of Truth News 1:35 Pilgrimage Woolworth Hour— Percy Faith, Macdonald Carey
1:45			
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	News 2:05 Monitor	Music From Britain	Dr. Oral Roberts Wings Of Healing World Music Festival
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	News 3:05 Monitor	Music From Britain (con.) Bandstand, U.S.A. Basil Heatter	News 3:05 Air Force Show Hour Of Decision World Music Festival (con.)
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	News 4:05 Monitor	Salute To The Nation Nick Carter 4:55 Lorne Greene	Old-Fashioned Revival Hour News, Trout 4:05 On A Sunday Afternoon
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	News 5:05 Monitor	Adventures Of Rin Tin Tin The Masqueraders 5:55 Cecil Brown	News 5:05 On A Sunday Afternoon (con.) 5:55 News, Trout

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	News 6:05 Monitor	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	News 7:05 Monitor	Richard Hayes Show Studio Concert	News 7:05 Showtime Revue George Sokolsky Valentino Travel Talk Juke Box Jury
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	News 8:05 Monitor	West Point Band Enchanted Hour	American Town Meeting Gary Crosby My Little Margie
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	News 9:05 Monitor	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	News 10:05 Monitor	Billy Graham Little Symphonies	Paul Harvey, News Elmer Davis Revival Time News, Schorr 10:05 Face The Na- tion John Derr, Sports

See Next Page →

TV program highlights

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

Baseball on TV

DATE	TIME	CH.	GAME
JUNE			
8, W.	1:30	11	Mil. vs. Giants
	8:00	9	Cinc. vs. Dodgers
9, Th.	1:30	9	Cinc. vs. Dodgers
	1:30	11	Mil. vs. Giants
10, F.	8:00	9	Chi. vs. Dodgers
	8:00	11	St. L. vs. Giants
11, Sat.	1:55	2	Yanks vs. Cleve.—R
	2:00	9 & 8	Chi. vs. Dodgers
	2:00	11	St. L. vs. Giants
12, Sun.	2:00	9 & 8	Chi. vs. Dodgers—D
	2:00	11	St. L. vs. Giants
14, Tu.	8:15	11	Det. vs. Yanks
	9:00	9	Dodgers vs. Cinc.—R
15, W.	2:00	11	Det. vs. Yanks
	9:00	9	Dodgers vs. Cinc.—R
16, Th.	2:00	11	Det. vs. Yanks
	9:00	9	Det. vs. Cinc.—R
17, F.	8:15	11	Chi. vs. Yanks
18, Sat.	1:55	2	Cleve. vs. Boston
	2:00	11 & 8	Chi. vs. Yanks
	9:00	9	Dodgers vs. St. L.—R
19, Sun.	2:00	11 & 8	Chi. vs. Yanks—D
21, Tu.	2:30	9	Dodgers vs. Chi.—R
	8:15	11	Kan. C. vs. Yanks

D—Doubleheader

DATE	TIME	CH.	GAME
22, W.	2:00	11	Kan. C. vs. Yanks
23, Th.	2:00	11	Kan. C. vs. Yanks
24, F.	8:15	11	Cleve. vs. Yanks
25, Sat.	1:55	2	Chi. vs. Boston
	2:00	11 & 8	Cleve. vs. Yanks
26, Sun.	2:00	11 & 8	Cleve. vs. Yanks—D
28, Tu.	2:00	11	Balt. vs. Yanks
	8:00	9	Giants vs. Dodgers
29, W.	2:00	11	Balt. vs. Yanks
	8:00	9	Giants vs. Dodgers
30, Th.	1:30	9	Giants vs. Dodgers
JULY			
1, F.	2:00	11	Wash. vs. Yanks
	8:00	9	Pgh. vs. Dodgers
2, Sat.	1:55	2	Giants vs. Phila.—R
	2:00	9 & 8	Pgh. vs. Dodgers
	8:15	11	Wash. vs. Yanks
3, Sun.	2:00	9	Pgh. vs. Dodgers—D
	2:00	11 & 8	Wash. vs. Yanks
4, M.	1:30	11	Bos. vs. Yanks—D
5, Tu.	8:00	9	Dodgers vs. Phila.—R
6, W.	8:00	11	Phila. vs. Giants
7, Th.	1:30	11	Phila. vs. Giants
8, F.	8:00	11	Dodgers vs. Giants

R—Road game

Monday through Friday

- 7:00 **2** Morning Show—Jack's up to Paar
- 4** & **8** Today—Getaway with Garroway
- 9:00 **2** George Skinner—AM Variety
- 10:00 **2** Garry Moore Show—Garry's great!
- 4** & **8** Ding Dong School—TV nursery
- 10:30 **2** Arthur Godfrey Time—He talks good
- 4** & **8** Way Of The World—Drama
- 11:00 **4** Home—Arlene Francis, homemaker
- 7** Romper Room—Keeps the kids quiet
- 11:30 **2** & **8** Strike It Rich—Warren Hull
- 5** Wendy Barrie—She'll delight you
- 12:00 **2** Valiant Lady—Day drama
- 4** & **8** Tennessee Ernie—Music & fun
- 12:15 **2** & **8** Love Of Life—Story of a widow
- 12:30 **2** & **8** Search For Tomorrow—Serial
- 4** Feather Your Nest—Bud Collyer
- 7** Entertainment—Midday open house
- 12:45 **2** (& **8** at 2:30)—The Guiding Light
- 1:00 **2** Inner Flame—Portia faces life
- 4** Norman Brokenshire Show—Fun!
- 5** Claire Mann—For beauty & health
- 1:15 **2** Road Of Life—Serial
- 1:30 **2** & **8** Welcome Travelers—From Chi.
- 4** Here's Looking At You—Beauty tips
- 2** & **8** Robert Q. Lewis—Lives it up
- 2:30 **2** Linkletter's House Party—Très gail!
- 3:00 **2** & **8** The Big Payoff—Nice prizes
- 4** Ted Mack's Matinee—Homey
- 7** Ted Steele—Music and relaxed talk
- 3:30 **2** Bob Crosby Show—Joint's jumpin'
- 4** & **8** Greatest Gift—Fem medic
- 3:45 **4** & **8** Concerning Miss Marlowe
- 4:00 **2** Brighter Day—Daytime drama
- 4** & **8** Hawkins Falls—Serial
- 4:15 **2** & **8** Secret Storm—Serial
- 4** First Love—Story of newly-weds
- 4:30 **2** & **8** On Your Account—\$\$\$ quiz
- 4** Mr. Sweeney—Ruggles with chuckles

EARLY EVENING

- 7:00 **7** Kukla, Fran & Ollie—Whimsey
- 7:30 **2** News—The day reviewed
- 4** Songs—Tony Martin, Mon.; Dinah Shore, Tues., Thurs.; Eddie Fisher, Wed., Fri.
- 9** Million Dollar Movies—June 7-13, "So Young, So Bad"; June 14-20, "One Big Affair"; June 21-27, "Syncopation"; June 28-July 4, "Happiest Days of Your Life"; July 5-11, "Lucky Nick Cain."
- 7:45 **2** Songs—Como, Stafford, Froman: Be-

ginning June 27, Julius LaRosa every night

LATE NIGHT

- 10:00 **9** Million Dollar Movies—Same schedule as shown at 7:30 P.M.
- 11:00 **11** Liberate—Concerts by candlelight
- 11:15 **4** Tonight—Steve Allen
- 12:00 **4** Moonlight Movie—Rain or shine

Monday P.M.

- 7:30 **5** Life With Elizabeth—Betty White
- 7** Name's The Same—Bob & Ray
- 8:00 **2** Burns & Allen—Gracie grills George
- 4** & **8** Caesar's Hour—Sid stars
- 8:30 **2** Talent Scouts—Godfrey's showcase
- 7** Voice Of Firestone—Long-hair recital
- 9:00 **2** & **8** I Love Lucy—An absolute Ball
- 4** & **8** The Medic—Documentaries
- 9:30 **2** & **8** Ethel & Albert—Comedy begins June 20.
- 4** Robert Montgomery Presents
- 10:00 **2** & **8** Studio One—Full-hour dramas
- 7** Eddie Cantor—Filmed variety show
- 10:30 **4** Big Town—Mark Stevens as Steve

Tuesday

- 7:00 **4** Science Fiction Theater—Weird
- 8:00 **2** Life With Father—Leon Ames stars
- 8:30 **2** Halls Of Ivy—The Ronald Colmans
- 7** Who Said That?—John Daly, emcee
- 9:00 **2** & **8** Meet Millie—Sassy, saucy Elena
- 4** Fireside Theater—Telefilms
- 7** Make Room For Daddy—Comedy
- 9:30 **2** & **8** Red Skelton Show—Laughs
- 4** Circle Theater—Drama, live & lively
- 10:00 **2** \$64,000 Question—\$\$\$\$\$ quiz
- 4** & **8** Truth Or Consequences
- 10:30 **2** See It Now—Ed Murrow's video mag
- 4** It's A Great Life—Eddie Dunn
- 7** Stop The Music—Bert Parks with \$\$

Wednesday

- 7:30 **7** Disneyland—Fascinating fun
- 8:00 **2** & **8** Godfrey & Friends—Variety
- 5** What's The Story—News panel-quiz
- 4** Request Performance—Dramas
- 8:30 **4** (& **8** at 9:30) My Little Margie
- 7** Mr. Citizen—Stories of heroism
- 9:00 **2** & **8** The Millionaire—Stories

- 4** Kraft Theater—Full-hour teleplays
- 5** Impact—Hour-long tales of tension
- 7** Masquerade Party—Costume quiz
- 9:30 **2** I've Got A Secret—Moore fun
- 7** Penny To A Million—\$10,000 quiz
- 10:00 **4** This Is Your Life—Exciting bios
- 7** Blue Ribbon Boxing
- 10:30 **4** Doug Fairbanks Presents—Stories

Thursday

- 7:00 **4** Guy Lombardo—Heavenly music
- 7:30 **7** Lone Ranger—Bang, bang
- 8:00 **2** Meet Mr. McNulty—Merry Milland
- 4** & **8** You Bet Your Life—Groucho
- 8:30 **2** Climax!—Hard-hitting drama
- 4** Justice—Gary Merrill stars
- 9:00 **4** & **8** Dragnet—Webb at work
- 7** Star Tonight—Original teleplays
- 9:30 **2** Four Star Playhouse—Telefilms
- 4** & **8** Ford Theater—Good viewing
- 7** Pond's Theater—Live plays
- 10:00 **2** Public Defender—Reed Hadley night
- 4** & **8** Lux Video Theater—Full hour
- 10:30 **2** Willy—Comedy Havoc with June
- 7** Racket Squad—Reed Hadley's encore

Friday

- 7:30 **5** Life With Elizabeth—A cute beaut
- 8:00 **2** & **8** Mama—Ingratating
- 5** Secret Files, U.S.A.—Adventures
- 7** Ozzie & Harriet—Zestful
- 8:30 **2** Topper—Hocus-pocus comedy
- 4** & **8** Life Of Riley—Beguiling Bill
- 7** Ray Bolger Show—A happy show
- 9:00 **2** Playhouse Of Stars—Filmed dramas
- 4** & **8** Big Story—Real reporters
- 5** Mr. & Mrs. North—Whodunits
- 9:30 **2** Our Miss Brooks—Eve Arden stars
- 4** & **8** Dear Phoebe—Peter Lawford
- 7** The Vise—High-tension English films
- 10:00 **2** The Line-Up—City detectives detect
- 5** Chance Of A Lifetime—Variety
- 10:30 **2** Person To Person—Murrow's visits
- 5** Down You Go—First-rate panel quiz
- 7** Mr. District Attorney—David Brian

Saturday

- 7:30 **2** Beat The Clock—Stunts for prizes
- 4** Show Wagon—Heidt's talent salute
- 8:00 **2** Jackie Gleason—Gleeful comedy
- 4** & **8** Mickey Rooney—Comedy series
- 8:30 **2** Dotty Mack Show—Musicmimics
- 9:00 **2** Two For The Money—Quiz, Shriner
- 4** & **8** Imogene Coca—Impish
- 9:30 **2** My Favorite Husband—Very merry
- 7** Ozark Jubilee—Red Foley's variety
- 10:00 **4** & **8** George Gobel—Clown Prince
- 10:30 **2** Damon Runyon Theater—Stories
- 4** & **8** Your Hit Parade—Hit skits

Sunday

- 6:00 **2** I Love Lucy—Repeat of 1951 shows
- 6:30 **7** My Hero—Bob Cummings in comedy
- 7:00 **4** & **8** People Are Funny—Linkletter
- 7** You Asked For It—Art Baker, emcee
- 8:00 **2** & **8** Toast Of The Town—Variety
- 4** Colgate's New Variety—Full hour
- 9:00 **2** G-E Theater—Ronald Reagan, host
- 4** & **8** TV Playhouse—Fine teleplays
- 9:30 **2** Stage 7—Hollywood stars in drama
- 5** Life Begins At Eighty—Panel panic
- 10:00 **2** Appointment With Adventure
- 4** & **8** Loretta Young Show—Stories
- 7** Break The Bank—Bert Parks, quiz
- 11** Florian ZaBach—Fiddle-faddle
- 10:30 **2** & **8** What's My Line?—Job game
- 4** Bob Cummings Show—Farce
- 7** Paris Precinct—Cherchez le crime

The Name's The Same

(Continued from page 39)

with the proper vitamins for animals, which just dropped to the ground when shot.) All of 1000 listeners, however, wrote in requesting the "Handy Home-Wrecking Kit."

Bob Elliott and Ray Goulding, who used to feature such give-aways on their network TV show, were invariably disappointed at the mail—not that it was so small, but that anyone wrote in at all. They have no objections to people being literate, of course, but when they're so literal that they actually want the kits as advertised . . . wow! As for the Smithsonian Institution—that foundation for the increase and diffusion of knowledge—it sent a dignified letter to Bob and Ray demanding that, henceforth, they stop giving the national museum as an address for premiums.

The boys stopped, but orders continued pouring in at a new address—this time for bargains "at laughably low prices" from Bob and Ray's "over-stocked surplus warehouse." The hottest item turned out to be the sweaters with "O" on them. "If your name doesn't begin with 'O,'" the sales-pitch ran, "we can have it legally changed for you. Sweaters come in two styles—turtle-neck or V-neck. State what kind of neck you have."

The point, of course, was not what kind of neck you have—but what kind of sense of humor. Apparently, as Ray commented at the time: "People are taking life pretty seriously these days, I guess."

For a growing cult, however, life didn't really get serious until Bob and Ray left the air. To their fans—as well as to most critics—this apathetic, dead-pan pair were the funniest combination in radio and TV. They could not only make you laugh at them, they could make you laugh at yourself. And if people were no longer able to do that—if there were suddenly no room for these two in network programming—then we were truly lost, and something clean and sweet and refreshingly tonic had vanished from the national scene.

Last April 11, however, the world could breathe easier. Civilization was saved! Bob and Ray returned to network TV—their first important show in three years—as dual moderators of ABC-TV's popular panel show, *The Name's The Same*.

While their own names are not the same—and they certainly don't look alike—there is confusion, nonetheless, about which is Bob and which is Ray. The reason may well be that they act alike. Each has the same bland stage personality—even to the straight-faced style of delivery, and the professional wit's horror of ever being caught laughing at his own jokes. Although they have burlesqued an amazing variety of characters in their radio and TV shows, either could take over the other's roles or speak his lines. For—unlike other comedy teams, where one plays straight and the other gets the laughs by insulting him—Bob and Ray both play the cutup. They are as one, for their battle is not with each other—it's with all the stuffed shirts of the world. Like the Katzenjammer Kids . . . only, which is Hans and which is Fritz?

In the case of Bob and Ray, the surest way to tell them apart is to look for the one with a mustache. That's Ray. He is also the taller, darker, and older of the two. Born in Lowell, Massachusetts, on March 20, 1922, he was seventeen when he was graduated from high school and got a job as an announcer at a local radio station. (Salary: \$15 a week.) A year or so later, he visited near-by Boston and auditioned for two stations there. When he returned home, two telegrams were waiting. Both stations had hired him. Ray took the job at WEEI because it paid five dollars



OPPORTUNITIES FOR EVERYBODY

Publisher's Classified Department (Trademark)

Far classified advertising rates, write to William R. Stewart, 9 South Clinton Street, Chicago 6 (July-Wam.) 5

FEMALE HELP WANTED

EXTRA MONEY EVERY week. I'll send you full-size Blair Household products on Free Trial. Show them to friends and neighbors. You can make Big Extra Profits. Write Blair, Dept. 185NL, Lynchburg, Va.

SEW FOR BIG MONEY! Women 18-60 wanted. Earn to \$100 weekly. Experience unnecessary. Free placement service. Factory secrets, methods. Complete information, write Garment Trades, 6411-B Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, Calif.

BEAUTY DEMONSTRATORS: UP to \$5 hour demonstrating Famous Hollywood Cosmetics, your neighborhood. Free samples and details supplied. Write Studio-Girl, Dept. P-74, Glendale, Calif.

MAKE MONEY INTRODUCING World's cutest children's dresses. Big selection, adorable styles. Low prices. Complete display free. Rush name. Harford, Dept. N-8359, Cincinnati 25, Ohio.

IMMEDIATE OPENINGS. WORK at home. Part-time, full-time. All ages. Write Dept. 81. Webster-Kerr, 120 Elm Street, Orange, N. J.

HOME WORKERS. MAKE hand-made moccasins. Good pay. Experience unnecessary. California Handicrafts, Hollywood 46, California.

HOME WORKERS WANTED! Self employment home jobs listed. \$20 - \$50 weekly possible. No experience necessary. Maxwell, Dept. B-7, Cleveland 14, Ohio.

EARN EXTRA MONEY—Our instructions tell how. A. B. Dunbar, Dept. G-7, 4130 Mark Terrace, Cleveland 28, Ohio.

WOMEN. SEW READY-Cut Wrap-A-Round, spare time—profitable. Dept. D, Hollywood Mfg. Co., Hollywood 46, Calif.

FASCINATING PIECE WORK at Home! No selling! We pay you! Truart, Box 438, Pasadena, California.

ENJOY EXTRA INCOME sewing Baby Shoes, Dresses for established markets. Thompson's, Loganville 2, Wis.

\$30.00 WEEKLY MAKING Roses. Easy. Write, Studio Company, Greenville 7, Penna.

PERSONAL

BORROW BY MAIL. Loans \$50 to \$600 to employed men and women. Easy, quick. Completely confidential. No endorsers. Repay in convenient monthly payments. Details free in plain envelope. Give occupation. State Finance Co., 323 Securities Bldg., Dept. G-69, Omaha 2, Nebraska.

PSORIASIS VICTIMS: HOPELESS? New Discovery! Free Trial Offer. Write Pixacol, Box 3583-C, Cleveland, Ohio.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

WOMEN! SEW READY-Cut Neckties at Home. No experience Necessary. No Selling. No Machine Needed. Details Free. Neckwear Supply, P.O. Box 2066-P, Inglewood 4, Calif.

\$70 WEEKLY—HOME, spare time. Simplified mail Book-keeping. Immediate income—easy! Auditax, 34757CP, Los Angeles 34, California.

EARN \$25 - \$75 WEEKLY Mailing Circulars. Complete details—25c. Siwaslian, 4317-F Gleane, Elmhurst 73, N.Y.

\$200 WEEKLY CLEANING Venetian Blinds. Free book. Burt, 2434BB, Wichita 13, Kansas.

EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES

DENTAL NURSING. PREPARE at home for big pay career. Chairside duties, reception, laboratory. Personality Development. Free Book. Wayne School, Lab: BA-14, 2521 N. Sheffield, Chicago 14, Illinois.

HIGH SCHOOL DIPLOMA at home. Licensed teachers. Approved materials. Southern States Academy, Box 144V Station E, Atlanta, Georgia.

COMPLETE YOUR HIGH School at home in spare time with 58-year-old school. Texts furnished. No classes. Diploma. Information booklet free. American School, Dept. XB74, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37, Illinois.

SALESWOMEN WANTED

ANYONE CAN SELL famous Hoover Uniforms for beauty shops, waitresses, nurses, doctors, others. All popular miracle fabrics—nylon, dacron, orlon. Exclusive styles, top quality. Big cash income now, real future. Equipment free. Hoover, Dept. R-119, New York 11, N.Y.

DENTAL PLATE RENEWAL & REPAIR

NEW FALSE DENTAL Plate. Guaranteed Dupont Plastic from old. \$18.95. Free details. All-State Dental Laboratories, 22 West Madison, Dept. 650, Chicago.

HOME STUDY TRAINING

PHYSICAL THERAPY PAYS Big Profits. Learn at home. Free Catalog. National Institute, Desk 6, 159 East Ontario, Chicago 11

MONEY MAKING OPPORTUNITIES

GROW MUSHROOMS. CELLAR, shed. Spare, full time, year round. We pay \$3.50 lb. We paid Babbitt \$4165.00 in few weeks. Free Book. Washington Mushroom Ind., Dept. 164, 2954 Admiral Way, Seattle, Wash.

SELL - BUY TITANIA gem; \$9.75 carat wholesale. More brilliant than Diamonds. Free catalogue. Diamonite, 1404-H, Oakland 1, California.

60% PROFIT COSMETICS. \$25 day up. Hire others. Samples, details. Studio Girl—Hollywood, Glendale, Calif. Dept. P-75b.

STUFFING - MAILING ENVELOPES. Our instructions tell how. Dept. G-7, Education Publishers, 4043 St. Clair, Cleveland 3, Ohio.

MAKE YOUR TYPEWRITER Earn Money. Send \$1.00. Hughes, 7004 Diversey, Chicago 35.

GUARANTEED PAY HOMEWORK! No Selling. Everything Furnished. Genmerco, Box 142P, Boston 24, Mass.

EARN MONEY AT Home! Must Have good Handwriting. Write for Details. Atlas, Box 188-A, Melrose, Mass.

EARN SPARETIME CASH at home, preparing mailings for advertisers. Tom-Let, Box 946, Muncie 2, Indiana.

EARN SPARE TIME cash mailing advertising literature. Glenway, 5713 Euclid, Cleveland 3, Ohio.

SEND OUT POSTCARDS. Cash daily. Write Box 14, Belmont, Massachusetts.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

\$200 for your child's photo (all ages) if used by advertisers. Send one small photo for approval. Print child's and parent's name - address on back. Returned 30 days. No obligation. Spotlite, 5880-GPW Hollywood, Hollywood 28, California.

MATERNITY STYLES—FREE Catalog (Plain Envelope); fashions by famous designers; \$2.98 to \$22.98. Crawford's, Dept. 28, 8015 Wornall, Kansas City, Missouri.

\$2.00 HOURLY POSSIBLE doing light assembly work at home. Experience unnecessary. Crown Industries, 7159-B Beverly Blvd., Los Angeles 36, Calif.

EARN EXTRA MONEY Weekly Mailing Display Folders. Send stamped, addressed envelope. Allen Company, Warsaw 1, Indiana.

FREE, NEW DIRECTORY! 314 Companies looking for people to work at home. O. Economy, Rowley, Mass.

SEW OUR READY cut aprons at home, spare time. Easy, Profitable. Hanky Aprons, Ft. Smith 3, Arkansas.

PROFITABLE HOME BUSINESS. Make Fast-selling chenille monkey trees. Literature free. Velva, Bohemia 32, N.Y.

EARN SPARE TIME cash mailing advertising literature. Glenway, 5713 Euclid, Cleveland 3, Ohio.

SEND OUT POSTCARDS. Cash daily. Write Box 14, Belmont, Mass.

HOME SEWERS WANTED

SEW BABY SHOES at home. No canvassing. \$40.00 weekly possible. Write: Tiny-Tot, Gallipolis 19, Ohio.

OLD COINS & MONEY WANTED

\$40.00 CERTAIN LINCOLN Pennies. Indianheads \$60.00. Others \$5.00 - \$3,000.00. Complete Catalogue Everything 25c. Illustrated Catalogue 50c. With Samples Coin Conditions \$1.50. Worthycoin Corporation, Boston 8, Massachusetts.

WE PURCHASE INDIANHEAD pennies. Complete allcoin catalogue 25c. Magnacoins, Box 61-DH, Whitestone 57, New York.

MALE & FEMALE HELP WANTED

EARN EXTRA MONEY selling Advertising Book Matches. Free sample kit furnished. Matchcorp, Dept. WP-15, Chicago 32, Illinois.

HELP WANTED

FOREIGN - U.S. JOB Information Directory. So. Pacific, Alaska, Canada, So. America, Europe, Africa, Spain, Unskilled - Skilled - Office - Contractors - names, locations, addresses, amounts listed. Stamped self-addressed envelope appreciated. Job Information, (11E), Waseca, Minnesota.

NURSING SCHOOLS

PRACTICAL NURSING—LEARN Easily at Home, Spare Time. Big demand, good earnings. High School not necessary. Write for free booklet. Wayne School, Dept. AW-20, 2525 Sheffield, Chicago 14, Ill.

ADDITIONAL INCOME

EARN READY CASH doing mailing work. No experience needed—F. Wilson Business Service, 2875 Glendale Blvd., Los Angeles 39, California

Thrilling New Massage Cream
Contains PC-11. Acts Instantly to
DRY UP SKIN
BLEMISHES

From Both Oily Skin and External Causes!

Have you tried in vain to get rid of oily pimples, "hickies," other externally caused skin blemishes? Well, you never had PC-11 before! That's POMPEIAN'S name for Hexachlorophene. Wonderful discovery of science helps dry up such skin blemishes! Acts instantly to clean out dirt, helps remove blackheads like magic! Goes on face pink—rolls off muddy gray!

GENEROUS TRIAL TUBE—10 CENTS!

Send name, address and 10 cents to POMPEIAN CORP., Dept. P-7, Baltimore 24, Md. (Offer good only in U.S.) Or get Pompeian Massage Cream at any drug store.



POMPEIAN
MASSAGE CREAM



Why be blue when you can feel gay!

If monthly distress—pain, cramps, nervous tension and headache—get you down, be smart and try

CHI-CHESTERS

If you don't get safe, quick, long-lasting relief we will refund your money. Fair enough? Get Chi-Ches-Ters and compare this medically proven, prescription-like "wonder" formula with any other product you have used. In doctors' tests 9 out of 10 women got relief—often with the first dose. Why not you? Feel gay every day with Chi-Ches-Ters. Purse Pak 50¢; Economy Sizes \$1.15 and \$2.25. If your druggist hasn't any, ask him to get some for you—or we will fill direct orders.

FREE—Illustrated booklet of intimate facts every woman should know. Mailed in plain wrapper. Write today! Chichester Chemical Company, Dept. 19-S, Philadelphia 46, Pa.

more a week. By 1942, when he left to enter the Army, he was already a veteran announcer.

It was at Fort Knox, Kentucky, where he was instructing in the Officers' Candidate School, that Ray met Liz—only she was Lieutenant Mary Elizabeth Leader then, a dietitian. "We got married on a three-day pass," Ray recalls, "at a little spa in Indiana. A sweet little church around the corner—around the corner from an arsenal."

A year later, in 1946, Ray Goulding returned to Boston, joined Station WHDH—and met Bob Elliott.

Bob was born on March 26, 1923, in Winchester, Massachusetts. After graduation from high school in 1940, he attended the Feagin School of Dramatic Art in New York City. "I thought I might become an actor," he explains. A year later, at eighteen, he auditioned at Boston's Station WHDH and got a job as staff announcer. (Salary: \$18.50 a week.) In 1943, he joined the Army, serving three years with the 26th Infantry Division.

Ask him about his Army career, and Bob reacts like a war prisoner who's only obliged to give his name, rank and serial number. "I was a T/5 in Regimental Special Service," he says.

"Oh, you entertained troops?" you say.

"I ran movies," he says.

And then Ray, who understands Bob's reticence in speaking about himself, tries to help. "He was a malingerer," he says.

You have to consult the record to find out: Bob took part in the Battle of the Bulge.

After his discharge in 1946, he returned to WHDH, where he was given two disc-jockey shows—one in the morning, one in the afternoon. Ray Goulding was assigned to do the newscasts on the morning show. After completing his chores, he got in the habit of hanging around and kidding with Bob. That's how it began—casually, impromptu, without scripts or rehearsals, but just for fun. And that's how it's continued ever since.

Soon, their off-hand remarks had expanded into ad-lib sketches, then into a daily half-hour show ("just before the ball game") . . . and, finally—to meet audience demand—another show had to be added in the morning. After five years of this in Boston, word of the new comedy team reached New York. It was in July, 1951, that the audiences of two network shows

started hearing: "Bob Elliott and Ray Goulding take pleasure in presenting the National Broadcasting Company, which presents *The Bob And Ray Show*."

Two months later, they were given the morning show on NBC's local station in New York. Then two more network shows were added to an already impossible schedule. But even Bob and Ray can no longer remember all the shows they appeared on for NBC—both local and network, radio and TV—until the spring of 1953. Many of these shows were on daily—five to six times a week—so that, for sheer quantity, Bob and Ray set some sort of record. But there was quality, too. In 1952, they won a George Foster Peabody award for "best in radio entertainment." And even more gratifying, according to Ray, was "the testimony of returning GIs from all over the world who continue to report *The Bob And Ray Show* among the most popular on the Armed Forces Network."

To explain their popularity (about fifteen million people every week), it is necessary to explain the Bob and Ray brand of humor. They practice an art that has almost vanished from our time: the art of satire. It's the highest form of comedy and the healthiest, for it uses ridicule to expose the follies of the times. For example, you have only to listen to some Bob and Ray commercials to know what's wrong with so much radio and TV advertising. But you don't get mad about it. You laugh. It's criticism, but it's good-natured.

Since Bob and Ray work without a script, many of their most inspired moments are unrecorded. One critic, however—Philip Hamburger, of *The New Yorker* magazine—happened to be listening with pencil in hand one night. "Bob and Ray generally finish up their program," he wrote, "with a plug for one of their seemingly endless supply of (imaginary) products. The other night it was Woodlo, a product 'all America is talking about.' Speaking rapidly, Bob and Ray said that Woodlo was the sort of product 'that appeals to people who.' Moreover, it was 'immunized.' 'You can buy Woodlo loose!' one of them cried. 'Yes, mothers and dads!' cried the other. 'Available at your neighborhood!' cried Bob. 'Drop in on your neighborhood!' cried Ray."

In a simpler vein: "For the fellow who can brush his teeth only once a year, we recommend steel wool."

But Bob and Ray not only lambaste ad-

vertising, they lampoon the programs themselves. Playing all the roles, their "dramatic interludes" have included such gems as: *Mr. Trace, Keener Than Most Persons* (with one thrilling episode, "The Leaky Refrigerator in the Efficiency Apartment Murder Clue"), *Jack Headstrong, the All-American American* (he was making an inter-planetary motorcycle), and *Mary Backstayge, Noble Wife* (the daytime drama that has supplanted *The Life and Loves of Linda Lovely*, since they killed off all the people in that one).

Then there's Mary McGoon, the composite of all women commentators and home helpers. Her cure for a cold? "Goose-fat in an Argyle sock, hung around the neck." Dining-room etiquette? "No, friends, beer should not be served in finger bowls. For quiet elegance, serve it in demi-tasse cups."

Curiously enough, no one has ever objected to their satire. In fact, the victims are delighted. Edward R. Murrow, for example, vows that if ever there's a mechanical difficulty or something goes wrong on his *Person To Person* show, he's going to run a kinescope of the take-off Bob and Ray did. Instead of going inside the home, "Edward R. Sturdley" (there's always a character named Sturdley in their shows) went outside his first celebrity's home. It was a "human fly"—and visiting him, person to person, the TV camera looked 'way up at a tall building and there, on top, was the "speck of a guy." The second celebrity visited was "a guy in jail." Showing the TV audience where he lived, "Edward R. Sturdley" pointed out the writing room, the warden's office, the place where the celebrity received visitors, etc. . . .

For TV, Bob and Ray had to augment their cast of two to include an actress for the women's parts. Making her TV debut with them at NBC was Audrey Meadows (Jackie Gleason's wife in "The Honey-mooners") who is now one of their permanent panelists on *The Name's The Same*.

In 1953, Bob and Ray switched to WABC-TV (New York) for a five-times-a-week show. In the summer of 1954, they took over the early morning show (6:30 to 10:00) at New York's Station WINS, which they still continue in addition to their current TV show. While this is still a heavy schedule, to Bob and Ray—after their marathon performances of several years ago—it is like a vacation. And now, there is time at last for the one thing that both take seriously. . . .

Last June, Bob married the former Lee Knight—a beautiful non-professional. They live in a charming Greenwich Village apartment with three children: Two by a previous marriage, and a baby born this May. Bob's one hobby is painting—water colors and oils—and he has had some exhibited at the Contemporary Galleries in Manhattan.

Ray, on the other hand, goes in for photography. His main subjects are Raymond, age nine; Thomas, six; and Barbara, three—for Ray is trying to keep a pictorial record of his children's "growing up." Mostly, however, he and Liz enjoy puttering around their new home in Plandome Manor, Long Island.

If Ray seems a more contented man than most, it is because he has had proof—while still alive—that he is not only loved, but that his family actually follow him on radio and TV. He and Bob were doing a burlesque of *Truth Or Consequences*. Ray did not know the answer. For his consequence, Bob nailed him up in a box and poised it on a window ledge—ready to push it into the Hudson River below. Ray's children never waited to see whether Bob pushed the box or not. They were already running out of the living room to go save their daddy.

\$1,000.00 REWARD



. . . is offered for information leading to the arrest of dangerous "wanted" criminals. Hear details about the \$1,000.00 reward on . . .

TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

Every Wednesday Evening on MUTUAL Stations

The Oklahoma killer asked for a mercy he had not shown his 4 victims. Read "I Want to Die Quickly and Privately" in July TRUE DETECTIVE MAGAZINE at newsstands now.

This Life I Love

(Continued from page 41)

But Willy must make good for my husband and for Lucy and Desi, too."

Willy is a Desilu Production—and not by chance.

"Lucille Ball is one of my oldest and most violent friends," June says. The violence refers to Lucille's super-abundant enthusiasm. Lucy has definite ideas about what her friends should be doing and never stops promoting until they get to doing it. "She gives not only advice but opportunity, too. While she's selling you on doing a show, she's selling a producer on hiring you."

Lucy gets credit for promoting quite a few people into stardom. The list includes Van Johnson, June Allyson and June Havoc. Back in the Forties, Lucy thought Miss Havoc should come to Hollywood, and so Miss Havoc made twenty-six films.

More recently, Lucy decided June should have a television program, so she and Desi got together with June's husband Bill Spier, who is a famed producer in radio and TV. Together, they tailor-made Willy for June. It is comedy-with-heart about a pert, gentle woman lawyer.

"But the decision to make Willy came so suddenly," June recalls. "We were about to settle in a new house." The house is a brownstone in "Buskin Hill" in Manhattan. The street, off Park Avenue, is fast becoming an actors' colony—Maria Riva and Alfred Drake live there. The idea is to get a theatrical friend to buy into the block every time a "civilian" sells.

"Bill had been paying about \$350 a month rent and so I asked myself why shouldn't he be paying me, instead of a stranger, and I bought the building." Her building has an apartment on every floor, and the landlady has the first floor. It has not yet been furnished—for, exactly one week after its purchase, June and Bill came to Hollywood to film Willy. Since June has been spending most of her time in either New York or Hollywood, she bought a second house—this time, in Beverly Hills. It's a two-story, gray stucco with white trim. June is in love with it and calls the architecture "forever style." It is a large house with so many windows June had to store most of her paintings.

There's a reason for all the glass," June says. "The former owner spent twenty-thousand dollars on plants, shrubs and landscaping. He wanted to enjoy it whether he was in or out of the house."

She takes no credit for the gardening, but the interior is all her doing. Perhaps most striking is the drawing room, furnished in black and white contrasts with just a little tangerine for accent. June does all of her own planning and decorating, and just about makes the furniture herself. A lot of her stuff came from Barker Brothers' Basement, a kind of second-hand shop in Los Angeles where everyone sells their own furniture and buys someone else's.

"I got an impossible Jacobean style that no one else in the world would want," June notes. At home she stripped down the chairs and sofa and put on new fabric covers so they would mix with modern. She figures the average cost per chair was about five dollars.

June will buy no more houses, for she has no desire to be a realtor. To her, as to most actors, a house represents security, and that is about all. "As a landlady, I try to be fair," she says. "I charge Bill only a single rental. Just for the home his wife lives in."

Bill Spier, in the words of his wife, is "tall, dark and woolly." He has a crew-cut beard which conspicuously covers

ASK YOUR
DOCTOR
OR
DRUGGIST



If you want to BANISH BAD BREATH AND BODY ODOR PROBLEMS FOREVER

—Try "ENNDs"® Tablets containing Darotol®—the only deodorant that gets to the source of both problems internally

Neither a shower nor a "dab-on disguise" can assure you of being *always* free of possible odor offense. "ENNDs" Tablets, on the other hand, reach the *internal* cause—do not just disguise or mask external symptoms.

"ENNDs" contain Darotol—one of the most potent essences of Chlorophyll ever extracted from plant life. The Darotol in "ENNDs" acts *internally*, where odors start and where deodorant sprays, creams, mouthwashes, etc., can't reach. Result: Odor from foods, liquors, smoking and body odors in general are checked *before* they can embarrass you by coming out on your breath or through your pores.

Safe, pleasant-tasting "ENNDs" do not upset the stomach. Trial size at all Drug counters only 49¢. The larger sizes are even more economical. "ENNDs" are also available in Canada.



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us take orders for magazine subscriptions and earn lots of money doing it. Write today for FREE money-making information. Subscription Sales Dept., 205 East 42 Street, New York 17, N. Y.

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TV Producers are "crying" for your new story ideas. "CASH IN" on your hidden talent in your spare time. Let the "know how" of leading TV writers & directors turn your untapped talent into dollars. Write for free information & sample script actually used on recent TV Show. Telecrafters, Inc., 6087 Sunset Blvd., Columbia Square Hollywood 28, California

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Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Equivalent to resident school work—prepares for college entrance exams. Standard H. S. tests supplied. Diploma awarded. Credit for H. S. subjects completed. Single subjects if desired. Ask for Free Bulletin. American School, Dept. HB53, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37

\$52.50 IS YOURS On Just 50 Boxes of TALL-GLOW or COLOR CHRISTMAS CARDS

New radiant color creations sell on sight, pay you \$1.05 per box! Tall Cards, 21 & 25-Card \$1 Assets, Name-In-Red Parchment Cards at 3c each, Religious Kodachromes, 175 fast-sellers. Profits to 100%, plus \$10-\$50 in Bonus Gifts! Assortments on approval, Imprints Free. Act fast—get \$1.00 Gift FREE. Write TODAY! CREATIVE CARDS, 4401 Cermak Rd., Dept. 86-B, Chicago 23, Illinois

DISCOVERED! NEW! Makes You Look 10 Years Younger BY TONIGHT!



Say "good bye" to gray, streaked, dull, drab hair that looks old. New TINTZ CREME COLOR SHAMPOO tint makes hair shine with lasting, deep color tone so natural-looking no one ever suspects the beautiful color isn't your own. Easy... best for home use. Lanolin conditioner base makes hair softer, lustrous, easy-to-dress, wave beautifully. 14 nature's shades on color chart with every package. Ask at drug stores. Money back guarantee.

TINTZ CREME COLOR SHAMPOO



BE YOUR OWN MUSIC TEACHER

Now it's EASY to learn ANY INSTRUMENT—even if you don't know a single note now. No boring exercises. You play delightful pieces RIGHT AWAY—from very first lesson. Properly—by note. Simple as A-B-C. You make amazing progress—at home, in spare time, without teacher. Only few cents per lesson. 900,000 STUDENTS! FREE BOOK shows how easy it is to learn music this modern way. Write for it. No obligation; no salesman will call upon you. U.S. School of Music, Studio A207, Port Washington, N. Y. (87th successful year).

T
V
R

most of his face. When they first married, June's friends spoke of him approvingly, with but one qualification. "What about that beard?"—as if they expected her to see that it was shaved off. But it was so obvious and June, no trifling wag herself, would stare at them quizzically and ask, "What beard?"—and so they only sputtered.

In 1948, Bill and June were married in California or out of California. No one really knows. They had a big party before the wedding, and then Bill and June drove off with the wedding cake. But, to this day, nobody knows where they were married.

"Bill is unpredictable and charming," she says, "with a wonderful gentleness and sense of humor."

William Spier is a producer noted for his brilliance. He has produced and/or directed many shows, including *Sam Spade*, *Philip Morris Playhouse*, *Omnibus*, *Suspense*. He has received numerous tributes—including three Peabody Awards. ("He's so smart. He's a one-man *Information Please*.") At nineteen, Bill was a first-string music critic. He plays the piano like a concert artist—which he once was. But he's so modest that June has to coax him to play for guests.

The Spiers live alone. Alone? When they owned a beach house at Malibu, they had thirty-six birds, three dogs and eighteen cats. The disproportionate number of dogs is not favoritism. June explains, "Cats sleep in heaps, but dogs need separate places and make a housing problem."

When they gave up the beach house (June says there was so much work keeping up the polish and everything that it was like being in the Navy), they gave up most of the animal people. They kept only one dog and three cats—"But I found jobs for all the others." June and Mrs. James Mason, Pamela Kellino, are the self-appointed animal-placement bureaus in Hollywood. It is a labor of love, for they take no fees from owners or animals.

June's only dog, at present, is a Yorkshire terrier. She calls him Timothy Troll. A troll is a Scandinavian gremlin with fire-red hair, a devil's grin and green teeth. Timothy has the gremlin look minus Technicolor. And there are three pot-bellied cats, Cecil, Sam and Kelsey. "Cecil is a ham," June tells you. "He is always boring our guests with old jokes." He turns the radio off and on. The Spiers have photographic proof of this feat. Cecil is also a patriarch. He takes credit for many of the eighteen cats.

Anyway, the Spiers aren't really alone, but June keeps no servants: "I enjoy cooking, and Bill's a cinch to cook for. He's a meat-and-potato man—except he prefers rice to potatoes." June is an exceptionally good cook and her recipes have appeared in professional cookbooks. She comes up with slightly exotic dishes, such as Shoyu steak—strips of beef marinated for four hours in a mishmash of bourbon, soy sauce, ground ginger, garlic and a little sugar, then charcoal-broiled. "Mostly, though, I'm a practical cook," she says. "I can make three or four dishes and get them on the table hot. And I can do it without getting the kitchen in a mess."

So it doesn't take long to do dishes and pots—which is lucky, for they need most of the evening to get June asleep: "I'm a raving insomniac. Bill reads me to sleep with delightful things. Lately it's been Dickens."

June is a high-tension, wound-up-like-an-eight-day-clock type. It's a family trait. Neither she nor her sister, Gypsy Rose Lee, respect normal spans of time. They get to talking some evenings and go right through the night without blinking

an eye or fracturing a tongue. And everything is done with such intensity that many times June hasn't known that she was exhausted until she blacked out. Not surprisingly, she has many accomplishments. She paints, designs, dances, sails, sews, decorates, fences, plays top-flight tennis. No one knows all the arts, sports, hobbies and avocations she has mastered. It's quite a thing, for June hasn't been to school a day in her life. She went to work shortly after she was out of the cradle.

June, a first-generation American, was born in Seattle, Washington. Her Norwegian-born father was a newspaperman and the family name was Hovick. Her mother was zealously ambitious for her children and, at the age of two, June won a five-dollar gold piece, first prize for her dancing—so she bought a guinea pig.

She danced at club dates and benefits in Seattle and Hollywood. In a film starring Mary Astor, June played the part of an orphan. She was called on to do a lot of crying, and this was accomplished by telling her repeatedly that her dog had been run over. By this time, June was all of three years old.

She joined (or was joined to) the Henry Duffy Players, where she had fifty "sides" of dialogue to learn. When she approached the age of five, she struck out with an act of her own. She has a memento of those days: A picture of herself sitting on her trunk, inscribed, "Dainty Baby June, the Darling of Vaudeville. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off." She was Dainty June until vaudeville dried up and blew away, and then she was just plain June. At an age when she should have been puzzled by plane geometry, she was worried about where her next buck was coming from.

She headed for New York and Broadway. She wanted to be an actress. She wanted a leading or supporting role—or a spear to carry—or just a job in a chorus line. While she auditioned and waited, she worked as a model and saw service in seven dance marathons. (She was usually a prize winner—once, she and a partner split \$2500. This was hardly a windfall. The marathon ran three and a half months and the dancers were on the floor seven days a week, twenty-four hours a day, with only eleven minutes rest in each hour.)

Those years were not a complete loss. She had a bit part in an operetta, "Forbidden Melody." She toured with the road company of "The Women." She fell in with a crowd of young actors who talked her into giving up a stock experience in Pawling, New York, for a workout in the Eastern summer-resort circuit. The argument was that Danny Kaye and about fifty other big stars had been discovered there.

"I can't think of any time that I worked harder," she recalls. At the resort hotel, she did a play on Tuesday, a cafe show on Wednesday, variety on Thursday, a concert on Friday, a water show on Saturday, a revue on Sunday—and quit on Monday. June quit every Monday for two months. "There wasn't an instant of privacy. You had to tell jokes at breakfast or in the pool or the powder room."

And, besides, she didn't get discovered.

At the close of summer, she went from borscht to caviar, and took a role at the summer theater in fashionable Southampton. "I was cast as a prostitute," she recalls. "I was supposed to be sick and done-in, and that's exactly the way I felt."

But her resort-hotel buddies called from New York. They had hired a theater for a few hours and were inviting producers and theater managers—big, important people—to see their acts. Actually, June says, "There was only one important person in the audience that morning, and he was Forrest Haring. Everyone else sent office boys and receptionists. We didn't know that, of course, and killed ourselves for more than two hours on the stage."

The curtain fell and they waited for important people to rush back with contracts. It was quiet. Then one of the boys came back with a message for June that a tall, thin man wanted to see her. "In those days, I didn't ask questions," June says. "The thin man told me to bring the piano player along to the Barrymore Theater, and I did."

Several men were seated in the Barrymore orchestra seats. June went on the stage and sang for them. She sang and danced the same specialty numbers she had done during the summer. Then a mild, soft-spoken man stood up and asked her to sing just one un-funny song.

"I don't know any," she said.

"I'll give you the words," the man said, "and you sing them back." (The man was Richard Rodgers, the composer.)

So she sang a ballad and they asked for her phone number. All told, she had been on the stage forty-five minutes, and that is a long time.

"I was sick. Not a word from them." She remembers, "I went back to that flea-bag of a hotel and filled up the bathtub. I got in and cried for an hour. Then I was called to the phone."

It was the George Abbott office and they wanted her to come over immediately. She was signed to one of the leads in a new musical which proved to be the smash hit, "Pal Joey." That was the fall of 1940, and June's star zoomed like a kite caught in a March wind. ("There's no elation—nothing else in the world—to match the feeling when you're in the producer's office and they hand you a script and say, 'We want you.'")

In 1941, June left "Pal Joey" for Hollywood and the movies. She toured Army camps during the war and returned to Broadway to win the Donaldson Award for her performance in "Mexican Hayride." She played Sadie Thompson in the musical version of "Rain." In those days, June was essentially a comedienne, flip and brassy. She was a blonde bombshell, a surefire show-stopper. "I used to stand in the wings listening to the applause and ask *why*? Friends who could really sing or dance used to tease me. I knew I was a faker with dancing or singing."

She was sensational as a female rough-neck but, unfortunately, found she was expected to play the same part off-stage. "It got me quoted. I was a star. I had fame and I was making a living. It was security born of desperation."

And this is the guts of the story, for June was almost swallowed up by the Frankenstein monster she had created. She began hating herself and her flip, flashy role. She became depressed. She withdrew. She dragged herself to parties, then hid in corners. One evening at a party she was trapped by the late Gertrude Lawrence—"She came up and introduced herself just as if everyone didn't know who she was."

Miss Lawrence praised June for her performance and then said, "The way you

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play comedy makes me think you have the makings of a fine dramatic actress."

June choked, shivered up a sob and then splattered Miss Lawrence with tears. The great lady said, "I knew something was wrong. Let's make a lunch date and talk."

When they met, June opened up. She told all about herself and her problems, personal and professional. Miss Lawrence understood. She had suffered a similar experience. "Don't say things because people expect you to be shocking. Be quiet. Be yourself," she counseled. "And, for the next eight or ten years, take only dramatic parts and starve a little."

June took the advice, but has never starved. She proved to be as effective in drama as in comedy. She has received high critical praise for her performance in such demanding and difficult stage roles as Amy, in "They Knew What They Wanted," and for her Sadie Thompson in the play—without music. She also took an Oscar for her supporting film role in "Gentlemen's Agreement." She put a curl in the coaxial cable with her TV rendition of Eugene O'Neill's "Anna Christie." Of course, she has played many other heavy roles and has even done some directing. In the latter job, she had her sister Gypsy as one of her stars. (June and Gypsy are very close, although both are stamped "Handle With Care." Either can be explosive. Or convulsive.)

Off-stage, June's taste in clothes is simple. She favors plain, tailored clothes with a feminine touch—maybe a bit of delicate white lace or a slight flare to her skirt. She hasn't time to sew these days, but continues to design her clothes.

June is as concerned about Willy's appearance as she is about her own. Because Willy was a small-town lawyer in the beginning, she didn't dress for tomorrow. Letters from the female audience—whom June refers to as "my ladies"—complained about Willy looking a wee bit dowdy. They wanted smarter clothes and June gratified them. They didn't like her ponytail, complaining about the wiggle. In its place June has a chignon.

There is nothing pat about June's reaction to the audience. Like all fine performers, she respects her audience and is dedicated to giving her best. She belongs to that breed of show people who keep going so long as they can walk.

During a Broadway run, some years ago, June was so ill during a performance that when she left the theater she collapsed on the sidewalk. She was so exhausted that she couldn't even identify herself at the moment. And there was the year of 1952, when she was playing in "Affair of State" on Broadway, as well as appearing frequently on the TV program *This Is Show Business*. She was pregnant and terribly ill. In spite of a fever, she played a Saturday matinee and an evening show. She alerted only the stage manager. After the night performance they carted her off to the hospital. She missed the Sunday-night program of *Show Business*, but that was unavoidable, for she was under anesthesia—and had lost her baby.

If you read Broadway columns, you know that June has a teen-age daughter who, like mother, aspires to the theater. Her name is April and she is studying dramatics in New York but insists that she doesn't want to trade on her mother's prestige. June respects this and does not speak of her for publication.

"I don't give April advice. I don't give anyone advice," she says. "Nothing is going to separate someone from this business if they love it. I am personal proof of that." She adds, "When I'm eighty-five, I want to be on the stage and be a first-rate actress."

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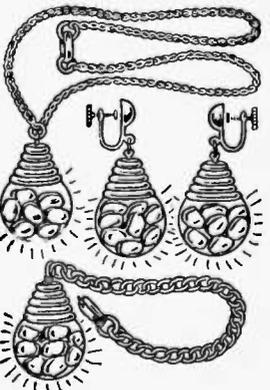
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Cinderella with a Song

(Continued from page 33)

From the time she was four, Peggy dreamed beyond her means. "I was born in Greensburg, Pennsylvania," she says, "during the Depression. There was only one factory in the town, and, when they went on strike, that was it. Half the time, my father was out of work." But poverty didn't keep Peggy from dreaming: "When I was four years old and friends or relatives asked me, 'What are you going to be when you grow up, Peggy?'—I always answered, 'A movie star.' I think it was my first complete thought."

Peggy remembers the struggle that goes hand-in-hand with the Cinderella tale. First, her dad was on relief, and later he worked for the WPA. Peggy particularly remembers two early hardships: The winter cold and her lack of proper clothing. "Nothing gets so cold as morning snow on the road to school," says Peggy. "Most of the kids had snow suits—at least, coats and bottoms that matched. I didn't. I had a few old leftovers. One of them had a hole in the seat of the pants. When my mother mended it, without realizing, she made the patch in the shape of a heart. You've heard of people who wear their hearts on their sleeves—I sat on mine."

When she was ten years old, Peggy's family moved from Greensburg to Ravenna, Ohio. Peggy remembers that trying to make financial ends meet was impossible. For every item bought, it seemed the family had to give up two of something else. But when, at five, Peggy had showed great talent, her family and grandmother together scraped up twenty-five cents a week for dancing lessons. Before the first recital, Peggy's teacher wanted to display this talent with a solo. "I was thrilled," says Peg, "but the twenty-five cents a week had taken all the money. We couldn't afford the costume."

After school, the other youngsters spent the afternoon seeing a ten-cent movie, but little Peggy couldn't afford even this small luxury. "I was always the one left at the desk," she says. It was here that Peggy learned to create her own amusements. Since she couldn't afford to be entertained, she decided to become the entertainer, and soon was cast in the lead of the school play. Even here, there was early heartbreak for Peg. Shortly before the performance, she came down with a bad cold. "My family couldn't afford to send for the doctor," says Peggy, "so I even had to miss out on this show. But I didn't give up. I had learned every line in that play—it wasn't going to be wasted. My mother understood. She helped me gather makeshift props at home and, with her and Dad as an audience, I did the show—played all the parts, moved every prop, everything!"

Peggy's parents, Margaret and Floyd King, always felt their daughter had great talent, but they seldom encouraged her toward a show-business career. They felt that, to succeed, "You had to know somebody." As Peggy grew older, still holding fast to her movie-star dream, her father would gently discourage her, saying, "Baby, don't dream beyond your means."

In spite of her father's continued discouragement, Peggy went right on dreaming: "I can't remember the time when I didn't want a career. I have always wanted to sing and act. I have to sing and act—I have to perform. I would sacrifice almost anything to do this, because it is part of me—the biggest part of me."

It wasn't until after her first big break with Charlie Spivak's band that Peggy understood the reason behind her family's discouragement of her dreams. Her father told her then, "I always knew you had

the talent, Peg. But I hated to think that if you continued to try—and failed—some day you'd end up with a broken heart."

Peggy's family had always had great faith in her. It was only out of this sense of protection that they had tried to dissuade her. Peggy says, "In spite of the discouragement—which I now understand—I think my parents did a great job with me. We may have been poor—that was a big enough obstacle for them to overcome—but what we lacked in money we made up in love."

From her experience, Peggy learned that it's not only good to dream big dreams, but even more important to be specific about those dreams, knowing what you want, right down to the smallest detail. This helps you realize your dreams, because it puts first things first. For instance, Peggy saw that, if she were to become a professional singer, she must first have a wardrobe. Wardrobes cost money. Where was the money coming from?

Following high school graduation, Peg went to Bohacker's Business College in Ravenna. She worked then as a secretary, continuing to sing "at all the doings, and with small bands." At one of these affairs, she was spotted and signed—at seventeen—for her first professional date at the Bronze Room of the Cleveland Hotel in Cleveland. But she still didn't have enough money for a wardrobe . . . and here's where the Cinderella story began to come true for Peggy. Every Cinderella has a fairy godmother. Peggy's was Miss Sorki, the owner of a small Ravenna dress shop. Miss Sorki had great faith in Peggy's ability, too, and for Peggy's first job advanced her three gowns.

"With my first pair of high-heeled shoes," says Peggy, "and my three borrowed dresses, I began my professional career." Peggy, at this point, was very much like Cinderella—if she had lost one of those slippers, she'd have been out of a job! She stretched her wardrobe by changing the three dresses around each night, adding flowers and different accessories. Peggy never forgot Miss Sorki's help, though it is only recently that she has been able to fully repay her first fairy godmother.

The low spot in Cinderella's own story always comes when she's returned to the scullery. In Peggy's life, this moment had to come, too. Not long after she started singing in the Bronze Room, she also won a job on Cleveland's radio station WGAR, as the result of a contest. Peggy found herself riding a wave of success—two jobs at once!—though she had to work harder than any storybook Cinderella: After her 2 A.M. singing chore at the hotel, Peggy arose at 8 A.M. daily for the Open House show on WGAR.

Then the ax fell. Peggy lost both jobs at once. During this despondent period, she returned home to Ravenna. But she continued to tell herself, "I've dreamed along this far . . . and I'm not going to give up now." With her last five dollars, and some money borrowed from her parents, she started off again for Cleveland to make the rounds.

Again, fate stepped in—as it must, in every Cinderella story. First, Peggy missed her connecting bus to Cleveland and had to stay overnight in Akron. Then she remembered that Akron was her parents' honeymoon town, and she searched out the little hotel she'd so often heard them speak about. Next, while at the hotel, she picked up the evening paper and read that a previous Cleveland friend, whistler Fred Lowrey, was performing at the large Akron hotel directly across the street.

Lowrey had heard Peggy at the Bronze Room and had written a glowing letter to his friend, bandleader Charlie Spivak.

Feeling lonely, Peggy called Fred and his wife. They immediately invited her over, and Fred asked her to stay an extra day to see his show. It was at 6 P.M. of this second day that the phone rang. It was Charlie Spivak. He was in town for a one-nighter, he had received Fred's letter—he wanted to see Peggy about a job!

When Peggy signed with Spivak, she thought her Cinderella dream was truly coming within reach—for his band was world renowned—but there were still some four or five years of struggle ahead of her. After eight months with Spivak, Peggy was film-tested at Twentieth Century-Fox. Everyone encouraged the move. But nothing came of the test, and Peggy once again found herself playing small club dates in Cleveland. It seemed to her then that, for every step she took up the ladder of success, she slipped back two.

Prince Charming came into Cinderella's life at this time, in the person of Knobby Lee, a young trumpet player with Ralph Flannagan's band. Peggy, too, signed with Flannagan. She says: "When I was introduced to the members of the band that first day, I thought Knobby was cute. The second and third day, I really began to look at him. And, on the fourth day, I decided he was the man I would marry!"

"This is how it happened: The first night we travelled four hundred miles on the bus—you can't help getting to know someone well when you sit beside him from Stillwell, Oklahoma, all the way to Phoenix, Arizona! Knobby made his first big impression when everybody woke up the next morning and he was the only one on the bus who wasn't grouchy. The second morning his rating went even higher in my book, when he said, 'Are you still tired? Can I get something for you?' It isn't hard to see how I knew by the fourth day that Knobby Lee was the man for me!"

Once again, Peggy's dream was coming within reach. She and Knobby went to New York with Flannagan's band. Then she sang with Mel Torme, did the first color TV tests at NBC, and was again spotted by the studios, this time by M-G-M. In 1952, she went to the West Coast for tests. And, this time, she was signed by the studio, beginning immediately to study dramatics, dancing and singing in their classes. "The Post Office Department," says Peggy, "needed extra help in Culver City and New York to handle the mail Knobby and I sent back and forth."

Six months later, after working toward his union card in New York, Knobby came to Hollywood. They were thinking seriously of marriage, when Peggy went to Korea to entertain the troops over Christmas, 1952—and, once more, the ladder seemed to have been pulled out from under her. Korea was colder than the snowdrifts in Ravenna, Ohio, had ever been. Entertaining the troops on open stages, with the thermometer dipping to five below zero, was too much for Peggy. But she sang for the boys in khaki up to the day she passed out.

Peggy was so sick she very nearly died. Confined to her room in Tokyo's Imperial Hotel, she desperately fought the virus which nearly robbed her of her hearing. Debbie Reynolds, Peggy's close friend, stayed with her in Japan, nursing her back to health.

Cinderella and her Prince Charming finally got together on Peggy's return in 1953. Their marriage took place February 2, in the Little Brown Church in San Fernando Valley, attended by a small gathering of friends. "We only knew about thirty people at the time," says Peggy. "Since my father wasn't able to be here,

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"At the church, poor Knobby thought I'd changed my mind. He was left waiting at the altar for eighteen minutes—we were halfway there, with Mr. Reynolds driving, when Debbie remembered we'd left the flowers at home! We were all so anxious to get back to the church, that Mr. Reynolds accidentally drove up on the lawn."

Although M-G-M dropped Peggy after her return from Korea, she had agreed to go on one of their tours—so Jimmy Stewart, Vera-Ellen, Bob Ryan and about thirty other people were on Peggy's and Knobby's five-day honeymoon flight to Denver. Romance wasn't exactly proceeding in traditional storybook style. But, in real life, Peggy's Cinderella story was just about to come true.

And it wasn't a pumpkin that did it. It was a can of tomato sauce! After recording the now-famous Hunt's commercial jingle, which was immediately a great hit with listeners, Peggy was called by Columbia's vice-president, Mitch Miller. But, when he introduced himself over the phone, Peggy thought she was being kidded. "Oh, yes?" she said, "And this is Snow White!"

What she should have said was: "This is Cinderella." Peggy's first record with Columbia was "The Hottentot Song," another immediate success.

It was then that Peggy had to make a momentous decision. "I was offered a huge sum of money for a program of cross-country exploitation," she says. "It was a question of that—or an offer to sing on a new television show." The new program was *The George Gobel Show*, which had not yet been seen by the American public.

Peggy naturally discussed the decision with Knobby. They had long ago reached the point in their marriage where they did not give one another advice in regard to their careers. "In a marriage which involves two careers like ours," says Peggy, "you cannot be running around giving advice to each other. I learned this early from Knobby, when I wanted to sign with an agency. He felt that I shouldn't, because of his own experience with them. But he told me to go ahead, because if I didn't sign—and then lost out on some big job—I might think it was because I hadn't joined the agency. So Knobby said, 'For your peace of mind, sign.' I did, and it turned out to be very bad . . . and I had nobody to blame but myself.

"So Knobby and I 'discussed' taking the *George Gobel Show* offer, but he made me make the decision on my own. He did point out that being seen once a week on network TV was more important than anything else—including the fantastic offer I already had. Knobby liked the idea of the Gobel show, but the decision was still mine.

"And now," says Peggy, "suppose Knobby had advised me not to take the Gobel show, and the girl who took it had everything happen to her that has happened to me! Then what would I have done . . .? Well," she says in mock seriousness, "I'd probably have shot him!"

Actually, there was more than a touch of magic in the way Peggy was signed for the *George Gobel Show*. George, who was then unknown to TV, had been looking for a singer for his upcoming show, but hadn't wanted to audition some 300 singers, explaining: "After the first three, they all begin to sound alike."

It was while George was in Chicago that Cinderella Peggy's second fairy godmother, Ethel Daccardo, columnist on the *Chicago Daily News*, heard Peggy sing. Knowing that George was looking for a songstress, she suggested to George they get together. "Have you heard this little

girl named Peggy King?" she asked George one day over lunch.

"No," said George, "I haven't."

"Well," said Columnist Daccardo, "you're in luck. She's guesting on *The Saturday Night Review*."

"All right," said George, "I'll watch her." In the meantime, George listened to Peggy's recording of "Hottentot," liked it, and—fortunately for Peggy—her two numbers on the *Review* were, as she says, "good for me." After the show, George called his producers, saying, "Get Peggy King . . . I want her for the show." Peggy was signed—although she'd never met George.

Their first meeting took place later in Hollywood, at Mike Lyman's restaurant. Peggy says: "I'd been rehearsing all morning—I was a physical wreck. But, when I walked in and saw this darling little face, I *knew* I'd made the right decision!"

Today, as a result of the *George Gobel Show*, Peggy and Knobby are settled in their own little North Hollywood home. Knobby is a member of the Liberace band, but—since the latter is on the road only two or three times a year—he and Peg are together constantly.

"In fact," says Peggy, "we're the greatest 'together' family you've ever seen. We paint. We practice. Knobby plays his trumpet for me—it's the only rehearsal I get, music-wise. We shop for furniture together. I'm a great one for decorating—I even like to decorate the closets! Knobby is responsible for the outside of the house—he's got a sea-green thumb. If I get near the flowers, they die. As for 'family,' we've got Mr. McGoo, our short-haired miniature dachshund, and temporarily we also have the long-haired Brunhilde. We took Brunhilde as a gift for Arthur Hamilton (he wrote my new record, 'Any Questions?') then found that Arthur was allergic to long-hair dogs! Now that she's been with us for a few weeks, I'm trying to figure out some way for us to keep her. Our business manager says she's too expensive for us to keep. But Knobby has a birthday coming up; maybe I can swing it that way.

"We've fallen in love with Brunhilde. Knobby says now, that if Brunhilde goes, he goes with her. I'm sorry to say that Mr. McGoo is unimpressed. He spent all last week sleeping outside, under Knobby's rose bushes. Brunhilde has her bed inside."

As for a family, Peggy says, "Yes, Knobby and I want children very badly."

Children are very definitely part of Peggy's dream. And there is one other part of her dream which hasn't been realized: Peggy still wants to be a movie star. If her recent test at Paramount is any measure, Peggy's dream will soon come true. It's hard for her to realize that her already hard-earned success as a television singing star has made her as popular with the fans as one hundred motion pictures could. This was proved on the night of the Academy Awards, when she was chosen to sing "Count Your Blessings" on NBC's Oscar show. The moment she stepped from the car into the mob of stars in the foyer of Hollywood's Pantages Theater, the fans raised a great cry of "There's Peggy King!" The photographers clamored for pictures and more pictures. As Peggy says: "I was just there to sing . . . I hadn't even figured on being recognized!"

"Dreaming beyond her means" has paid fairy-tale dividends to Peggy. Cinderella-like, she has had hard work and disappointment in her struggle for success, but she has always kept the grand dreams foremost in her mind. For Peggy King, the grandest dreams have developed a happy habit of coming true.

Honeymoon in the Sun

(Continued from page 51)

handed us on a platter, for free. Miami, Nassau, Havana. . . ."

"As a matter of fact, it's Miami Beach and the Sea Isle Hotel—period—and five shows to do. This is a honeymoon?"

"Oh, you don't work all the time. Just being away from New York together is a honeymoon," said Jayne.

That, in essence, is why you watched Steve Allen's *Tonight* show telecasting from the pool and private beach of the Sea Isle in Miami Beach during the second week in January, and incidentally caught some of the most famous acts in show business—acts which would have cost you a fortune in night-club tabs to see and hear.

Since I was in Miami that week, the editor of TV RADIO MIRROR wired me to hurry over to the Sea Isle and find out how Steve and Jayne were faring. The story published just after their marriage had deplored the fact that the Allens had not had time for a proper honeymoon. Now, though belatedly, a sequel to that story was obviously indicated.

At the Sea Isle, I was whisked ten stories to the desert of rooftop high above the Miami Beach waters. "Just follow the path to Penthouse A," the elevator operator instructed, and sank abruptly out of sight. Across acres of gravel, I followed a boardwalk to a gate in a cypress fence, trucked on through, and found Penthouse A, a fenced and patioed bungalow straight out of the latest architects' annual.

As befitted a suite which, during the fifty-five-day Miami Beach season, would rent for several hundred dollars a day, this one had an enormous living room complete with everything—including an indoor garden—a kitchen and bath, bedroom and dressing room, and a solarium—patio the size of most people's back yards, all walled for privacy so that the occupants could get tanned all over, if they chose to do so.

In the bathroom, Jayne, clad in a light blue bathing suit and a smidgen of a sweater, was washing out a pair of Steve's shorts in the basin. Another pair hung from the shower rod. "Hi," she said. "I'm just beating the laundry situation—he didn't bring enough shorts. He's out there in the sun. Holler if you guys want tea or anything."

Steve, in swim trunks, was basking on a lawn couch. They were having their honeymoon, all right.

Steve looked as if he had nothing more on his mind than the magazine he was holding. And, as I sat down, I could hear Jayne singing merrily as she sudsed away at his shorts. She had spent three days in Nassau, preceding Steve because he was tied up with the show and business matters, then had flown to Miami to join him.

Steve's earlier prediction that, with five consecutive shows to do, he wouldn't have time to play at a honeymoon turned out to be wrong. The talent that happened to be in town at the time—Milton Berle, Gordon MacRae, Henny Youngman, Debbie Reynolds, Vaughn Monroe, Gene Baylos, George DeWitt, Patti Page, and dozens of other top stars—had all been so generous with their time that Steve had hardly had to work at all. Evenings, he'd kicked the show around with his writers and directors until show time, then just let it roll. This had left Steve and Jayne the daylight hours for just fun and relaxation.

"Of course," Jayne explained, "he got off to a typical Allen start. No sleep the night before he got here—because he can't sleep on planes. Then a day of conferences. And then, when anybody else would

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fall into bed, he accepts an invitation to the fights—and, furthermore, takes most of the staff with him, so nobody gets in until dawn. But he's a big boy, and I guess he can take it."

Steve seemed to be taking it very well indeed. That very day, for example, he'd gotten up at nine (after some late night-clubbing earlier that morning) and, rousing a sleepy-eyed Jayne out of bed, had led her down to the surf in front of the hotel. There they found some pedal-boats, individual sea-scooters with a paddle in back which are operated the same way as a bicycle.

Ordinarily, these temperamental little machines are used in a pool or quiet lagoon, but Steve thought it would be fun to try them in the surf. He and Jayne capsized two or three times before they made it beyond the waves and into the quieter, clear green depths of the Atlantic offshore. Let us leave them there in the sun, paddling about and looking down at the pretty little fishes, for a while. . . .

And now, after a suitable lapse of time, let us journey once again to the Sea Isle to witness, in person, one of Steve's *Tonight* shows: I walked through the chic lobby and out into the pool area—and found bedlam. What I remembered, from a previous visit, as a casual pool and caña area—with the beach beyond (and beyond that, Atlantic Ocean stretching straight to Africa)—was now a writhing welter of cables, seething with technicians and audience. After a sunny day, the evening had gone cool—well, it was down as far as fifty-seven, and everyone was wearing jackets and mink coats. People who had braved a 27-degree temperature in New York, only twelve hours before, now shivered and cursed the unseasonable weather.

Milton Berle came out, frankly engulfed in a topcoat, and did a stint for Steve. (Said Steve, "Milton may be wearing a topcoat, but I'm wearing sport clothes—lots of 'em. But I'm darned if I'm going to wear a topcoat, after everything the Miami Chamber of Commerce has done for us. After all!")

Then Steve introduced George DeWitt, a veteran and famous comedian from a near-by Miami Beach night club. DeWitt, clad in a \$350 suit just delivered from his New York tailor, chose to do his stint on the low diving board. Perhaps because of the chill weather, the laughs were slow in coming and he began working harder and harder for them. He worked himself right off the end of the diving board, in fact, and I can still see the look of utter astonishment on his face as he disappeared below camera range. The suit was a total loss, but to date Steve has received no bill for it. That's pretty typical of the entertainers who lent him their services. If they gave at all, they gave their all.

The problems caused by running two major network shows (*Garroway's Today* as well as Steve Allen's *Tonight*) simultaneously, from the same hotel, are best described by the Sea Isle's press agent, Sam Kaplan. When I caught up with him he was a spent and beaten man.

"Crazy," he said, "just crazy." Of course, he and the management had spent weeks making plans so nothing could possibly go wrong. They had arranged with the phone company for thirty extra trunk lines and fifteen extra operators to handle additional calls. They had worked out a security program to screen visitors and keep crowds of the curious from bothering the artists. Then they sent a note to the hotel's resident guests, telling them how lucky they were to be sitting in on this great show-business event, and politely asking their cooperation.

The guests weren't so sure who was co-

operating with whom, the next morning at 4 A.M., when pandemonium broke loose in the skies above them. It was merely a jet pilot and a helicopter rehearsing for one of the shows, but it was the end of sleep for that night, and from then on the guests had the privilege of paying twenty to forty dollars a day to live in the swankiest television studio in the world.

Because that's what it became for one week. Kaplan, for instance, was entertaining an important director at dinner when a harassed man in working clothes came up to the table and asked plaintively, "Who do I see? Where do I put it?"

"Put what?" asked Kaplan.

"The alligator, of course."

Kaplan excused himself and went outside, to find a van containing, sure enough, a monstrous—and very much alive—alligator. "Mr. Allen ordered it this morning," the man said. "Shall I put it in the pool?"

"You'd better tell those people to get out first," Kaplan said dazedly. "They might scare the alligator and we wouldn't want to ruin one of Mr. Allen's props."

That was the night Allen had a Seminole Indian dive into the pool, capture the alligator and wrestle it onto the poolside (while guests scattered hastily). The night before, Steve had surprised Mr. Kaplan by installing an enormous porpoise in the same pool, and allowing Milton Berle to crouch on the diving board and lure the thing out of the drink with fish. They ran out of fish before the porpoise ran out of appetite, and had to send to the dining room for a number of \$4.50 Pompano Amandine entrees, complete with lemon butter and asparagus Hollandaise, to keep the animal quiet.

The fantastic things that happened because Kaplan and the hotel management couldn't possibly foresee them were legion, and there is no room for them here. These things a public relations man can accept fatalistically. But what does he do when—after all those weeks of careful planning against the invasion of unwelcome, unauthorized people—Jayne's sister, Audrey Meadows, arrives for a show, walks into her room, and finds two giggling teen-age girls waiting for her, holding out autograph books? At *three in the morning*? No one ever found out how they got there, because they grabbed their autographs and disappeared in the maze of corridors.

But even that incident didn't shake Kaplan as much as the one which happened next day, when Jayne arrived from Nassau. After the thirty trunklines and fifteen operators had been installed to handle the television business, it had been decided that all incoming calls would clear through a chief operator who would inquire whether the calls were for business or personal purposes. Business calls would be routed to the staff, personal calls to Suite A.

Very well. Strictly on schedule, Jayne turned up at the Miami International Airport, from Nassau, and of course phoned the hotel to tell Steve she'd be with him in half an hour. To the chief operator she said, "Mr. Steve Allen, please."

"Is this a personal call?"

"This is Jayne Allen."

"Is this a personal call?"

"Look," said Jayne, "I'm Mrs. Allen—Steve Allen's wife!"

"Yes, madam. And is this a personal call?"

After all, how personal can a phone call get?

That long-delayed honeymoon must have clicked about as well as any honeymoon ever did, for Steve and Jayne immediately began planning further junkets—with the show. After all, if one honeymoon can be so pleasant, why not more honeymoons, every three or four months?

Man of the House

(Continued from page 49)

It turned out to be a nine-room house—half brown shingles, half fieldstone. There was a large yard, with a Lombardy poplar and peach and crab-apple trees. There were even flower beds and the remains of an old greenhouse. Inside the house, the living room was one-and-a-half stories high with a balcony "that has absolutely no purpose." But it also had a large cathedral window, an open fireplace, a beamed ceiling—and, underneath, there was a large playroom for the children.

"Its rapsallion personality appealed to us," Herb admits. "We didn't even bother to have any architects or engineers inspect the place. We just felt it was right for us, so we bought it on sight." And although, according to the laws of real estate and human nature, the Nelsons should have been stung—they weren't. As for Shakespeare—wherever for he art—it can't be in heaven . . . because that's where the Nelsons are.

When it comes to raising their children, Joan and Herb also "play it by ear." "Kids have a peculiar habit of impressing you with their needs," he says. "Joan and I, for instance—we aren't very authoritarian by nature. It's the children themselves who demand authority, so we give it to them as needed. Otherwise, we just love them and let them live."

The result is an obviously happy brood: Dawn Ley, going on seven; Erika Joan, going on five; and DeWitt, born last November. For "playing it by ear" means trusting your instincts, as our parents did before the day of the "How To—" books. And if Herb places such confidence in his own instincts, it's because he knows they are sound—rooted in the happy, healthy home life his own parents gave him. That's what he's trying to do for his own children—"love them and let them live"—as he was allowed to live when he was a child back in Stillwater, Minnesota, dreaming that first dream of glory.

"My mother, Anna Magnusson, of Uddevalla, Sweden, and father, Frank Nilsson (now Nelson), of Malmo, Sweden, migrated to America in 1905." According to Herb, "Their interest in learning a new language was a major factor of life and undoubtedly inspired the same deep interest among their four children. I suspect they also took an inordinate pride in hearing their progeny spout pieces in the new tongue at church and school programs. At least, we were always doing it."

Which may account for one son becoming a professor of English literature, and the other becoming an actor.

"I was born on December 17, 1913," Herb says and, having dispensed with the one important fact, gives way to a rush of memories. "I recall sitting in my high chair at the kitchen table one day, attempting to pucker up a whistle in imitation of my older brother. All of a sudden, I emitted a beautifully clear, bird-like note—my first real triumph. . . . As a grade-school thespian, my outstanding success was as Washington telling the truth about the cherry tree incident. Or, as Lincoln scratching his lessons on a wooden shovel, I was great. As any one of the three Kings of the Orient, unbelievable! . . . I sang in the choir of the Trinity Lutheran Church. I also took ten lessons on the piano before the teacher and my parents gave up, but I had "The Off-to-the-Circus March" in pretty good shape. . . . I had a paper route for the *St. Paul Daily News* in Stillwater when I was ten. And the snow was really deep, too. . . . Oh, and I think I got as far as first-class Scout—I can't be sure."

At sixteen, after graduating from high school: "I loafed for a month or two, then went to work as an usher at the Riviera Theater in St. Paul. I can remember making a bet with the doorman, who wanted to be a fighter—possibly because his name was John L. Sullivan—that I'd have my name on a Broadway marquee before he won a title."

In 1930, Herb acted in a production of "Michael and Mary" put on by the Little Theater in his home town. "The night of our only performance," he recalls, "a bat got loose. The *dead* man came to life to see what was going on and then expired again. And a wonderful time was had by all." Herb also enrolled in the University of Minnesota so he "could get into their little-theater group." These were Depression days, however, and he only remained a year. . . .

In addition to those early jobs as a newsboy and a theater usher, Herb has also been a caddy, tobacco-store clerk, house-to-house salesman, cab driver, bus driver, house painter, counter clerk at a Glacier Park hotel, lumberjack in the CCC, government livestock reporter, odd-jobs man, sergeant-major in the Army, radar repairman, rifle instructor, and manager of a theatrical company.

"Once," he adds, "I was offered a job as a flagpole-sitter during that craze, but I turned it down, feeling that it was work suitable only for a recluse—which I am not."

Most of his life, however, Herb has been able to make a living at the business he likes best. It was only those first six years that were "mighty lean, and mostly a sideline to regular work." In 1930, he auditioned for a staff job at Station WCCO, Minneapolis.

"I floundered through a tremendously erudite book-review and wound up last," he recalls. "A similar audition at KSTP, St. Paul, several years and some experience later, resulted in the suggestion that I consider some other line of work, because there was a quality in my voice that would cause cheaper sets to vibrate. In 1932, I joined a tent repertory outfit playing 'Toby shows' out of Fort Dodge, Iowa. I was handed a bundle of 'sides' that would have choked a horse, and also informed that I would have to do a specialty in the between acts 'oleo.' I came up with an uncertain rendition of 'St. James Infirmary Blues,' with gestures and tramp costume, which stunned both audience and producer. I stayed three weeks, got homesick and quit."

By 1934, Herb was in St. Paul and Minneapolis, broadcasting livestock reports, as well as appearing in local dramatic shows. Three years later, he felt he was ready to try his luck in Chicago. At Station WGN, a radio producer needed an Englishman for a part in a daytime serial. Herb sat through four showings of a David Niven movie, then auditioned—literally "playing it by ear." He not only got the part but played it for two years.

"The producer subsequently used me for all of his English parts on other shows, and was mighty surprised some time later when he found out I was from the Midwest, not Middlesex."

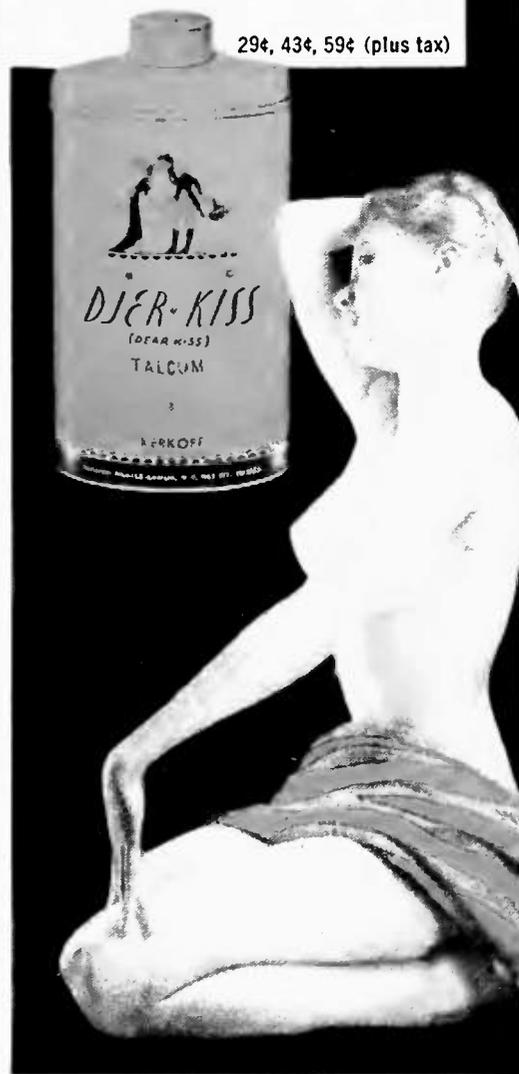
For the next three years, Herb acted in some twenty daytime serials, then shifted to New York, where he hoped to "have a go at the legitimate theater on Broadway." One year later, he was the juvenile lead in S. J. Perelman's "The Night Before Christmas." The following year, he was in Arnold Sundgaard's "The First Crocus." Meanwhile, he continued on radio, play-

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ing in everything from *Stella Dallas* to *Just Plain Bill*, *Portia Faces Life* to *John's Other Wife*, *The Prudential Hour* to *Lincoln Highway*. It was during this period that he acted his most difficult radio role—that of a ghost.

"At one point," Herb remembers, "the director instructed me to achieve the effect of a green fog rising slowly up from a swamp. So I did it."

Drafted into the Signal Corps in 1942, Herb was made a sergeant-major in charge of a hundred-man administrative staff, and was stationed in England, France and Germany. At the end of the war, he toured the ETO in a Soldier Show Company production of "Golden Boy." Discharged in 1946, he joined the Barter Theater in Virginia, touring for the next three years in twenty-eight states through the South and Midwest. He played everything from Patsy in "Three Men on a Horse" to Prospero in "The Tempest."

Returning to New York, he continued his career in radio and broke into TV. In addition to his regular role as Max Canfield in *The Brighter Day*, Herb now acts in all the top dramatic shows. Each summer, in between TV engagements, he manages to do some summer stock as well as a smattering of film work. And recently, he appeared in two Broadway plays: "His and Hers," with Celeste Holm, and "The Seven Year Itch."

That Herb has done so well in so highly

competitive a profession is a tribute to his acting ability rather than his ambition. He has none, except "to live to be a hundred and to die happy."

"I am not a subscriber to the success theory," he says. "I think it gets in the way of enjoyment of life." Enjoying life, he has never been unhappy enough to want to "give his all" for the theater. But, although he lacked the drive, he did have the direction. For a man, part of the enjoyment of life is enjoying the work he does, so that Herb's goal has always been in the theater. And, just as he has guided his life by instinct—"playing it by ear"—so with his career.

"Whenever I come to some crossroad," Herb says, "when I have a decision to make about which direction to take, there's a monitor in me which acts as a direction-finder. 'Hey, Bub!' it warns—any time I'm about to get off the main track or lose sight of my goal."

And today, Herb has reached his goal. He has found success . . . not the kind that ends in a penthouse on Park Avenue, New York, but in a nine-room house on Park Avenue, Leonia, New Jersey . . . with a wife and three children, and his own workshop in the basement—so he can do a bit of carpentry once in a while, like his father before him. By playing one's life by ear, Herb has found, one often gets a melody that's new and fresh and all one's own.

Live Up to Your Dreams

(Continued from page 36)

why. Vainly, Mama DeSimone reminded him that the lessons had been his own idea and that the family was making sacrifices to pay for them. Johnny simply balked.

His vivid recollection of the stress of that moment could still put emotion into his voice as he explained, "The trouble was, I had been faking. I had a terrific ear and I was quick to mimic what anyone did. I'd watch while the teacher played a piece through. Then I would imitate her. But I had not learned to read a single note of music. She was bound to discover it. I knew I had outsmarted myself."

Her patience exhausted, Mrs. DeSimone had issued a direct order: "Go take your lesson." Johnny gave a flat refusal. "I won't."

Ruefully, he recalls, "My mother locked the door. She snatched off her slipper. And she took after me. For more than an hour, we went 'round and 'round. When that spanking was over, I don't know who was crying the worse, my mother or me. But I do know that is when I realized that everyone has to answer for something and I had better start doing it."

It was a thoughtful little boy who was ready to obey when his mother unlocked the door. "She called my older brother, Harry," said Johnny, "and told him to take me to the teacher, to see to it I confessed, and also to see that I took my lesson."

In the recounting of it, Johnny paused long enough to clear something suspiciously like a lump from his throat. "My whole attitude changed after that. I buckled down. My father helped me get a paper route and I used the money to pay for more music lessons. Eventually, I went to the Detroit Conservatory. I also studied dancing and acting. Once I had admitted I had to work for what I wanted, I really went after it."

The episode had an unexpectedly sentimental little sequel. Smiling, Johnny recalled, "My mother never threw away that slipper. She still keeps it wrapped in tissue paper."

It also had the practical effect of start-

ing Johnny's professional career early. At eleven, he began singing on a children's program. He had acting parts on both *The Lone Ranger* and *The Green Hornet*. He danced in night clubs and he sang with a vocal group called The Downbeats.

Bob Crosby renamed them The Bob-O-Links when he took them out on the road with his band. In Kansas City, a new girl singer, Ruth Keddington, joined up. A year later, Johnny married her.

He sang alone, he sang with Gene Krupa's band and, when war came, he enlisted in the Air Force and sang with Major Glenn Miller's outfit. As a soldier soloist, Johnny Desmond was a well-heard hit. Tagged "The GI Sinatra," he found top bookings waiting for him when he got home.

"I was just about the hottest thing along Broadway," Johnny recalled. "I headlined in a theater, I had two national radio shows. And, the day that Petrillo lifted the ban on live music on TV, I started doing CBS's first musical program."

Here was overnight success of proportions to satisfy the most flamboyant daydream. The Desmond star was shooting through the show business horizon. Then, still like a shooting star, it burned out fast. The TV show went first. "The trouble was," says Johnny, "we wanted to charge for it. It cost \$675 a day for a five-station network. No sponsor had that kind of money for TV in those days. A fellow named Perry Como has my time now."

Everything seemed to cancel out at once. "I just plain wasn't ready," Johnny explains. "I couldn't handle it. My income dropped from \$3600 a month to zero. For four months, we lived on our savings, without a dime coming in. Once you've had star billing, you can't go back. No one wants you. You've had it."

In the pleasant house they had bought out on Long Island, things were beginning to get tight. Ruth, with Diane a toddler and Patti on the way, had a strained look around her eyes every time she had to make another subtraction from the diminishing bank balance.

A solution for Johnny's dilemma came

when Don McNeill invited him to fill in for vacationing Jack Owens on *The Breakfast Club*. Shortly thereafter, when Owens moved to California, Don offered Johnny the permanent spot.

"I sure hated to go to Chicago," Johnny now admits. "I sulked during my whole first year. I'd stand back on the edge of the stage and think to myself, 'What corn!' I can tell you fast what the audience thought of me. After he had been gone a year, Jack Owens was still getting more mail than I was. I could have dropped dead and no one would have noticed. I kept expecting McNeill to throw me back to the lions."

Instead, Don led Johnny back to his own sound old system. "Let's go to work on this," he suggested.

"Well," says Johnny, "we'd try one thing and Don would decide it wasn't quite right for me, so we'd try another. The other cast members helped me out. I worked at home, too, with Ruth coaching me. Bit by bit, I got interested myself. I came off the sidelines and began to participate."

Johnny credits *The Breakfast Club* audience with putting on the final touches. "There's nothing like that day-to-day contact to let you know where you stand. The audience is part of the family and they expect you to be, too. I quickly found out what people liked or didn't like. When I began to relax and have fun, it showed in the mail."

With returning confidence, Johnny again reached out toward the teenagers. He sang the "prom" circuit, he cut some records, he ran a local high-school TV show. The Johnny Desmond fan clubs multiplied.

As he looked forward to swinging out as a single again, the mature knowledge he had gained shaped his plans. He paid attention to the way songs are plugged and he took the trouble to learn how records are distributed. He found a new manager, Dick Gabbe, who understood his needs.

But, most of all, he began thinking about the teenagers and the influence music and recording stars could have on them. "Ruth and I would talk it over," says Johnny, "and we would both have a feeling we were sort of standing in the middle. We could well remember how we used to get all gassed up about a recording star and, for a while, think he was absolutely the greatest—that his music was the only thing to express how we felt. And don't get me wrong. That can still happen to both of us."

"But now we saw the other side, too. We'd notice a headline which coupled jazz with juvenile delinquency, and we'd think about our own little girls growing up. We'd hope that they would always get a real charge out of music, but also that they would hold a sound balance."

Out of such husband-wife conversations came a plan, based on a do-unto-others principle. To put it into effect, Johnny, with the backing of his sponsor, the Philco Corporation, began organizing what they call "Phonorama" clubs.

A fan club, Johnny believes, should do more than feed a star's ego. The way he looks at it, a fan club should, first of all, give its members an opportunity to have fun listening to music together. It should also encourage them to develop their own abilities and talents.

"What every kid wants more than anything else," Johnny says, "is recognition. That's the way it ought to be, for the most important part of growing up is learning to use your imagination, talents and abilities. Yet, too often, it is easier for a kid to get noticed for doing something violent than it is for him to find an opportunity to do something worthwhile. Well, we're looking beyond those juvenile delinquency headlines on the front pages to search out the small headlines on the back pages—the ones that tell when a kid has achieved something."

For such young winners, there's a weekly interview on *Phonorama Time*, an award of the month, and, at the end of the year, a college scholarship, presented by Philco, for the grand champion. Says Johnny, with satisfaction, "There's that chance for a kid to stand in the spotlight."

But, in the planning, Johnny has not overlooked the advice, based on his own hard-earned lessons, which he gave to the Philadelphia girl reporter. "If you want to be a successful singer—or anything else—work at it."

He's suggesting to club members that they develop their civic muscles by participating in community drives. In his opinion, "Teenagers constitute a tremendous community resource. When they pitch in, they can put over anything, whether it is fund-raising or a clean-up campaign. They have the energy, the enthusiasm, the ideas. You'd be surprised what they can dream up while sitting around listening to a stack of records."

He bets his own stack of platters—the new releases which the recording companies send out to disc jockeys—on a different club each week. "I'm sending them along for the kids to enjoy and I expect, in turn, to hear about their achievements," he said.

For Johnny, too, the achievements again are impressive. As this is written, there's talk of a role in a movie. Then, on August 15, he goes into rehearsal for a Broadway show by George Axelrod and Jule Stern, titled "Tinsel Time." Johnny Desmond, taking his own advice, is finding that his personal formula for success—"Work at it"—is working just swell.



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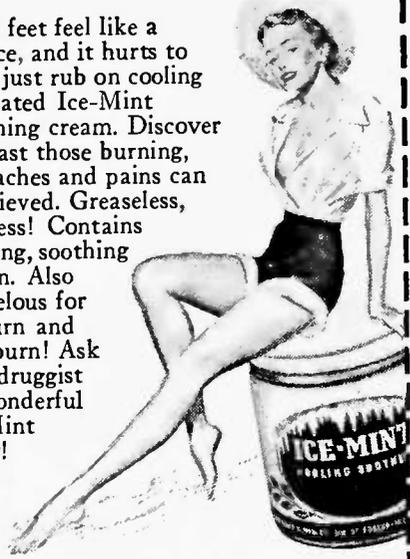
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(Continued from page 59)

show's ingenue. He remembered me, he said, as "that fresh kid from the movies." I went looking for the director to complain about this young man's remark—only to find that the young man, Joe Pevney, was the director.

Of all the stock companies to choose from, I wondered how I managed to end up in Ivoryton! Then I remembered my grandmother's words: "Everything happens for the best!" She was right. Two weeks later, Joe and I were holding hands. And, three years later, we were married!

Our wedding took place in 1942, on our lunch hour. At the time, Joe and I were rehearsing for a Broadway play. I came to rehearsal that morning all dressed up in white gloves and white hat. The gang had a "hunch" that something was going to happen—after all, we usually all showed up in slacks.

When we broke for lunch, Joe and I raced to City Hall, to the chambers of Supreme Court Judge Morris Eder. He was the father of my girl friend Shirley, and she guaranteed he'd give us fast service. But, when we came panting into his chambers, he said, "Wait... slow down... don't be in such a rush. I don't even know this boy. At least, I would like to talk to you before I marry you..."

"Believe me," I said, "it's all right. Please, do hurry—we have to be back at two o'clock!"

We did get back by two o'clock. But there was no rehearsal—just rice and champagne for the newlyweds. Later, when the champagne was all gone, the director said, "That's enough for today." He was right.

Joe and I started out by taxi for his folks' home in Brooklyn. On the way, we were stopped three times by air-raid black-out tests. It took us over three hours to get there. Since Joe was about to go into the service, that three-hour taxi ride was our honeymoon.

In December, 1942, Joe went into the Army. A few months later, he had his first leave and we went to Florida for a real honeymoon.

I'd been to Florida before, but Joe never had. I so much wanted him to have a good time. But, the day we arrived, I came down with what I thought was ptomaine poisoning. Poor Joe was trotting me back and forth to the doctor's and fetching me pills. I called my mother, telling her, "I've eaten something bad. I feel sick and upset. I think it's history's worst case of ptomaine."

"I don't think you're sick," she said. "I think you're pregnant!"

Wouldn't you know everything would happen for the best? My mother was right—it wasn't ptomaine!

Joel was born on January 8, 1944, while Joe was still in Camp Crowder. After the baby was born, Joe came through New York on his way overseas, staying for three weeks. Then, for eighteen months, he sent pictures to us by mail. Which meant that, when Joe finally came home, Joel recognized him immediately. For weeks, it was "Daddy, Daddy, Daddy," all day long.

Joe came out to Hollywood for "Nocturne," an RKO picture, in 1946. I finished "Billion Dollar Baby" on Broadway and joined him. We liked it and decided to stay. For a while, we lived with friends. But, when Jan, our second baby, was due, we bought a house in a hurry.

I suppose you can't help having a certain amount of jealousy in the family when the second child arrives. Our solution to this problem was to have two more real soon. Jeff was born on April 3, 1951. Jay

was born December 12, 1953. Today Jan—the only girl—is the queen bee.

It seemed that Joe (now a director at Universal-International) was always working when I had the first three children. It was ridiculous, the way we spent our time when the babies came. Joe took me to the hospital in the middle of the night, waited and waited—and nothing ever happened. Then, finally, he'd rush off to work—only to be called back to the hospital! By then, the baby had been born.

What with Joe's being called from the set, missing his work and his sleep, my having the babies was harder on him than it was on me. In addition, he still was never there when the baby was actually born! So, before Jay arrived, I told Joe I was going to do it for him on Sunday.

Saturday night, December 12, 1953, we were at a friend's house when I reminded him that Sunday was "his" day, kiddingly adding: "Maybe if I dance around a bit, I could help nature along."

Sure enough, Sunday morning about ten A.M., I told him, "Joe, I think it's time to call the doctor."

He said, "I don't believe it!" But we did go to the hospital, the baby was born, and Joe—with an amazed look on his face—stuttered: "You said you would do it, and you did it!"

Joe understands my love of show business. He even thinks I have talent, and he doesn't want to see me waste it. So, whenever I get fidgety around the house, from want of work, he senses my mood. "You ought to go out and play a club date for a few weeks," he says. "I'll check the office tomorrow and see what I can find."

But we're also great homebodies. We decorated our Valley home together—or almost. First we picked out the colors, and some of the furniture, but then it got too close to baby-time again, and we had to call in a decorator for the finishing touches.

And we have a record collection we love to listen to, made up of the works of Crosby, Sinatra, Ella Fitzgerald, and the classics, too. New Year's Eve at the Pevneys' is usually confined to a small family dress-up dinner. Then we play records.

Of course, the show, *So This Is Hollywood*, takes a good deal of time. But it isn't as demanding as some people think. I've just finished six days off when I was with the children all day long. On work days, the three older ones are in school, so I couldn't be with them, anyway. I see them all in the morning, in the evening, and on weekends. They do get plenty of love and affection—and that's what's important.

My brother and I travelled all over the country with our parents, who had an act called Keno and Green—everybody in the business loved them. When I was a child star at Paramount, Will Rogers once told me my mother and father were the most loved people in the business. My mother danced in the chorus of the Ziegfeld shows with Mr. Rogers, and later as a solo. When I think now of the wonderful things he said about them, it makes me mighty proud.

I was a regular mimic from the start—as most children are. I remember watching George Whiting's and Sadie Burke's act one day. She told a story about a little girl named Mabel—and I ran to my mother saying: "I can do what Aunt Sadie can do!" (The other performers were all "aunt" or "uncle" to me.)

"Oh, really," Mother said, "show me." So I told her Aunt Sadie's "Mabel" story. She was very surprised. "That's wonderful," she said. "Would you like to do it on the stage?" I didn't need two invitations. My

dad went to Sadie, asking if I could use her material. She said, "Yes." I later told my dad I didn't want to do it with *them*—after all, it was Aunt Sadie's act and I wanted to be out there with *her*!

After my first stage performance in Aunt Sadie's routine, I didn't go on again for a while. My mother was pretty wise, and very much down to earth. She never forced me into anything. If I didn't feel like going on, I didn't have to. In fact, there were times when I got homesick for Long Island and Mother said, "Come on, Joe, let's take a trip home so Mitzi can see the kids . . ."

But I was happy as a child traveling with my parents. Besides, there were other kids on the road, too—I wasn't lonesome for playmates. Today, people ask me if my children are going to be performers. I say, "That's up to them." Of course, things are different now from when I was growing up—I seldom take my children on the set with me. But, even so, I don't think that show children miss anything. I didn't.

I remember, after I learned Aunt Sadie's routine, I also picked up a skit from Moran and Mack, the "Two Black Crows." Pretty soon my reputation had reached the booking office—they wanted Mother and Dad and me out as a trio. When we auditioned for them, my dad forgot his lines and I cued *him*. It panicked the office. Needless to say, we were all on the road together.

Later, I played the Orpheum Theater in Los Angeles. One Sunday, in the hope of spotting new talent, the "brass" from Paramount studio came to watch the show. Elsie Janis saw me doing a Fannie Brice imitation—a bit she used to do—and thought I'd be great for a picture the studio intended making called "Paramount on Parade."

But it took them a year and a half to get around to making it—and I was broken-hearted. After all, I was *growing*! But I really should have known better, for it hadn't been too long before that my grandmother had spoken those now famous words: "Everything happens for the best."

And it did. Because I was free at the time—and lucky—I signed my first contract with Paramount. It happened this way: "The Marriage Playground," another picture, was being cast. With a change of clothes over her arm, my mother took me into the casting office to test. My heart sank. There must have been nine million children waiting and there I sat, a very plain Jane with bangs and a tailored dress. But, when the director finally saw me, he said, "That's the little girl!" No test, no nothing, just a contract.

I became part of the Paramount studio's "stock company," meeting people like Will Rogers, Carole Lombard, Jack Oakie, Gary Cooper, Eugene Palette, Clara Bow. To them, I was sort of a mascot. Wherever I went on the lot, I met people who knew my mother and father. Everybody loved them. Those days at Paramount are still bright in my memory.

I went to school on the lot, too. Our teacher, Rachel Smith, made schooling a pleasure—everything I know, I owe to her. When there was a big picture-shooting, our classroom was filled. At one time or another, I went to class with Ida Lupino—fresh over from England—Jackie Coogan, Jackie Cooper, Junior Durkin and Jackie Searle. But, generally, there were just two in the class—Jackie Searle and me.

"Tom Sawyer" was made while I was at Paramount, and playing Becky Thatcher was one of the highlights of my career. They gave me a wig with long blonde curls that made me look, I thought, just the way I had always *wanted* to look! Oh, I was so *glamorous*—and all of ten years old.

So, again, I can say everything happens for the best. If it hadn't been for the delay

in starting "Paramount on Parade," I might never have been signed for my first picture, "The Marriage Playground."

"Everything happened for the best." on *So This Is Hollywood*, too. I was in one of my "go-to-work" moods and had been preparing another act for the Latin Quarter in Florida. It was the Tuesday before last Thanksgiving, and Joe was in San Diego, scouting locations for a new picture, when I got a call from his studio telling me that agent Lester Linsk wanted to know who *my* agent was—he had something he wanted me to see.

I called my agent to find out what was up. "A TV show is cooking," he said. "You'll be perfect for the part. Would you like to look at the script?"

"Okay," I said. A copy of *So This Is Hollywood* came over immediately. Sure, it was a cute idea, a cute script, I liked it very much—and I told the agent so.

"That's fine," he said. "Glad you'll do it. It starts shooting Friday!"

"Wait a minute!" I said. "I haven't said I'd do it. I've got to talk to my husband. What do I know about television?"

So I made him wait until I talked to Joe. I finally reached him by phone on a launch somewhere in the San Diego harbor. I was worried about signing the TV contracts and the short time—and it *was* a new medium and, naturally, I was a little bit afraid. Joe said, real matter-of-fact, "Oh, if you like the script, go ahead and do it."

But every new venture makes me nervous, and on Wednesday morning I still hadn't made up my mind.

Then Wednesday night the producer, Ed Beloin, called. "Listen, Mitzi, we'd love to have you and I know you'll be happy over here . . ."

"Yes," I said, "but I still don't know . . ."

"Look, don't worry about a thing. By the way, what size are you?"

"I'm a ten; but what has that to do . . ."

"That's fine—" I still hadn't said "yes," but he continued—"and I would like you down here for a fitting. I'm so glad you're going to do it!"

"But . . ."

"Tomorrow morning, I want you to see our production man. We'll probably run through scene two and three . . ."

"But . . ."

"And you'll want to have your hair fixed. I'll set an appointment with Florence Erickson. You'll love Florence, the greatest hair stylist in the business . . ."

I got in one last "But . . ." before he hung up. The next day, instead of cooking a turkey—as most Thanksgiving housewives were doing—at 9 A.M., I was sitting in the studio chair having my hair done. We rushed through things so fast that, Friday morning, I was being hit on the head with a breakaway bottle—by a man I'd never even been introduced to!

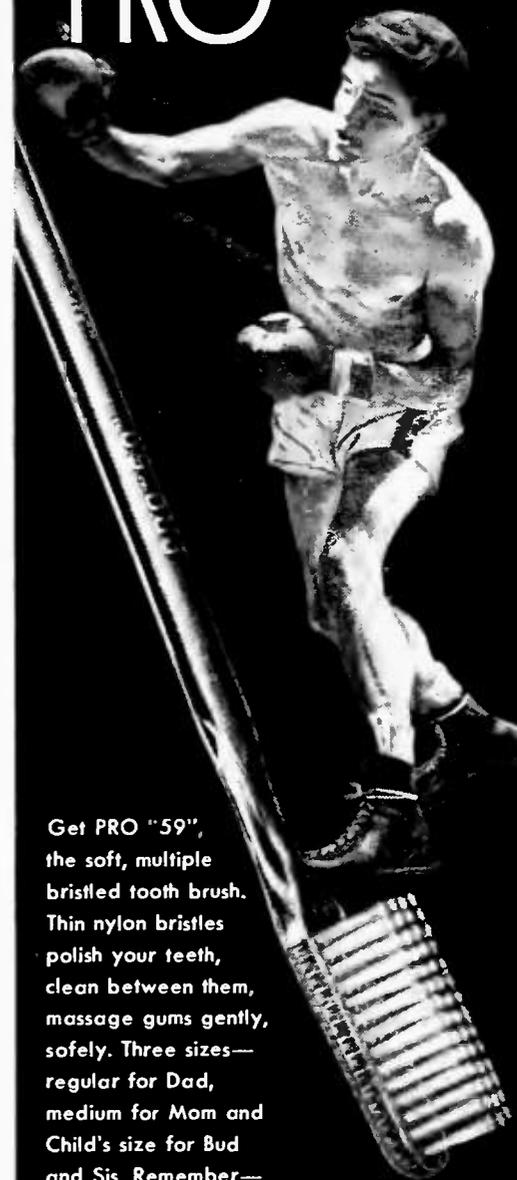
Since then, of course, I've fallen out of buildings, into rivers, been hit on the head with every movable piece of furniture on the set—and, at first, I lay awake nights wondering if I'd come out of the next day alive or not!

Last week I was daydreaming off into space, thinking, "What will we have for dinner? Duck? Pot roast?"—just as they were about to throw me into a pool. Seeing my smile, the director said, "Well, Mitzi, seems you're beginning to like it!"

"I am getting used to it," I said. Actually, television is a lot of fun. In fact, it's proved to me once again how true my grandmother's words were: *Everything happens for the best*. It does. Look, for example, how I got into motion pictures; how, at first meeting, I didn't like my future husband; and how, in the beginning, I fought television—*now* I wouldn't give it up for the world!

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A Family to Cherish

(Continued from page 30)

has always been: "Work—hard work—and do the best you can." So, with Mary's blessing, he accepted the role, went on to New York... and one of the most coveted honors in television.

"If you want to understand Bob," says Mary Elliot Cummings, his wife of ten years and mother of their four children, "you have to go back to his early life in Joplin, Missouri. His father was a small-town doctor—a difficult life at any time, because of the little money he made, and he was too kind-hearted to keep much of even this meager income. The first years of the Depression only magnified their financial plight."

Bob, early interested in aeronautical engineering, soloed when he was still in high school, became a flight instructor at sixteen and, two years after that, went to Carnegie Tech to study engineering. "The Depression stopped me cold in the middle of my last year," says Bob. "Until then, I had worked my way through school as a Colorado cowhand, commercial flight instructor, a Sunday airplane bus pilot carrying passengers at \$5 a ride, a soda jerk—and, in school, as 'busboy' and carving man behind the steam table. We had beef dinners there on Thursdays. During the Depression, Thursdays were always my fattest days."

The opposite sides of Bob's character were established early in his life. He left school to take a job as a student actor in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts—fully intending to save his money and return to engineering. The acting job was as diametrically opposed to his aptitude for engineering as any job could be. Says Bob: "My roommate, a would-be actor, found the job for me—it paid \$14 a week. The Academy had 100 girls for every boy. In order to put on their plays, they had to pay men to come there to study."

After the dramatic schooling ended, Bob tried his luck as a professional actor. "That was during the 1929-to-1935 period," he says. "Unless you were British, you couldn't get cast in any of the Broadway shows. We had a regular wave of British plays on the American stage—'Journey's End,' 'Berkeley Square'—everything was British. Except me. I was too American."

"In utter desperation, I took \$683 from a life-insurance policy and bought a round-trip steerage ticket on a slow boat to England. I stayed there twenty days—long enough to pick up an authentic British accent. I bought a British suit, had pictures taken in it, then wrote to New York producers, saying I was 'Blade Stanhope Conway, the youngest actor-author-manager-producer in England.' I added that I wasn't particularly interested in money, but only wished the experience of playing before American audiences. In my letters, I gave the day of my arrival, a Park Avenue address (that of a friend)—and then left for New York."

The ruse worked. Within a week, "Blade Stanhope Conway" was in rehearsal for Galsworthy's play, "The Roof." His training in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts stood Bob in good stead—he opened to good notices.

After five years of being a professional Englishman on Broadway, plus playing on radio as straight man to Milton Berle, Bob came to Hollywood on tour. Here he decided to make a try at pictures. Unfortunately, he was caught in a trap of his own making—only Westerns and adventure yarns were being filmed, and Englishmen were no longer in demand.

So the man of opposites changed char-

acters again. "Can you imagine?" says Bob. "When I tried out for 'Lives of a Bengal Lancer,' the casting director said I was too British! So I trooped off to Texas, stayed there long enough to garner a Southern accent, and then returned to Hollywood."

"I told everyone I was from San Angelo, suh, a real rootin', tootin' Texan. In twenty-four hours, I had a role as a Texan in 'So Red the Rose.' After that, Hollywood began making a series of English pictures. 'Lloyds of London' was one. I read for it but naturally wasn't accepted—because I had just played the role of a Texan. Tyrone Power got the part. And me with the perfect English accent! It took me two years to become my American self again."

World War II came along. Bob entered the Army Air Force as a pilot instructor... and, shortly before his discharge, he met Mary Elliot. "Photographer Paul Hesse," says Bob, "was always trying to pair me off. He called me one day, saying, 'I've just shot pictures of a girl you have to meet. I'm having a party tonight—how about coming over?' So I did. But, when I got there, Mary had brought a date—about six-foot-six tall—and I think I said hello to her just once in the entire evening. Hesse asked me the next day what I thought of her. I said, 'What I saw of her was fine.'

"Six weeks later," Bob continues, "I flew a batch of performers to Muroc Air Base for a show. We were flying on instruments, trying to get up out of the mountains, and I couldn't understand why the plane wouldn't climb! I asked the co-pilot to look back aft. He returned, saying, 'The whole gang has formed a dance line and are practicing their routines!'"

"Well, of course, that couldn't go on much longer or we would all be doing our routines—with wings. I had them pile forward and sit down. In the crush, one of the gals was shoved into our compartment. I asked her to come in—the co-pilot gave up his seat—and we talked for a few minutes. But I didn't recognize her as Mary Elliot because I was too busy flying the plane, and she didn't recognize me because I had my earphones on.

"After the show, the air base commander thanked the troop, then announced, 'I think we ought to give a round of applause to the pilot who flew you up here tonight—who is also a motion picture actor—Robert Cummings!'"

"Mary caught me outside afterwards and said, 'Hi! How are you? Remember me? I'm the girl at Paul Hesse's.' That's how we met—again. I called her when I came into Los Angeles on leave a week later. A month after that, I was discharged. And, a month after that, we were married!"

Bob and Mary were married by Bob's mother, a minister, on March 3, 1945, in the Flyer's Chapel at the Mission Inn in Riverside, California. "I was doing a picture at Paramount," Bob adds. "We had the whole afternoon off for the wedding."

"In those rent-restricted days," he says, "there wasn't a vacant house, a vacant apartment, or even a vacant room to rent. Believe it or not, in order to find a place to live, Mary and I had to buy an apartment house."

Bob's and Mary's first child, Robert Richard, was born in 1946. The small family lived in the apartment for two years while planning the home they intended to build.

The home which they built was carefully planned from the lowest cement basement step to its highest shingle. The

thought which went into this planning is a direct contrast to the scatterbrain thinking with which Bob has so long been associated on the motion picture and TV screens.

The house was built with childhood ills in mind, for the protection of the youngsters—and their parents, too. As Bob says, "You have to protect the goose that lays the golden egg." Though he doesn't like the analogy, he thinks it is rather apt: "It was Mary's idea and she is right. When an actor is ill, he's out of business. I just can't afford to be sick. So we had an 'isolation ward' built—a special kitchen upstairs, special silver, special cups and saucers, everything for the kids' needs. And I haven't had a cold since we've lived here.

"Of course," Bob adds, "we still suffer along with every childhood ailment. Recently, they came down with the measles. First, it was Robert, now nine. Then it was Mary Melinda, 7. And then, after a ten-day incubation period, Sharon Patricia, 3—bless her little heart—became our spotted daughter. Fortunately, the baby, Laurel Ann, then only one month old, has a built-in anti-measles machine—she was not supposed to get it, according to the doctor, even if exposed. But, believe me, we took no chances."

As opposed to the comic character he plays, Bob leads a quiet, well-ordered life at home. But there is one aspect of the *Bob Cummings Show* which matches his real-life personality. It's his sense of responsibility for others, which is touched on lightly in the script, through his relationship to his "sister." At home, with his wife and four children, Bob's responsibilities are much greater. "When you have children," says Bob, "your attack on life automatically becomes more intense. As a parent, you grow to hate the slightest suggestion of immorality. I don't mean to say that you become a prude. But, when you hear people talk about teen-age delinquency and similar problems, you say to yourself 'That could happen to my boy—or my daughter!'"

"As a consequence, you try to protect them in every way you can. Even with the more mechanical things in life, I try to teach them and to protect them from accidents. They all learned to swim—underwater, too—before they could walk. We have safety belts in our plane and in our car. And, as soon as they are old enough to hold a wheel, I teach them to drive."

The complete thoroughness with which Bob is approaching this program of training is again in direct contrast to the light-hearted comedy he plays. But thorough he is. "The little car," says Bob, "is a gasoline-powered Eshelman built in Baltimore by a man who had an ideal: He thought, 'If every child could learn to drive before he was ten years old, twenty years from now we would be able to eliminate all highway accidents.' By introducing children to power-driven autos at an early age, the edge is taken off the sudden excitement of having a car at sixteen—and the possibility of releasing another untutored, murdering, roaring juggernaut on the highway is reduced to a minimum.

"All of the children, except the baby, can drive. They have no fear of the auto. In fact, they learn in about five minutes. When they can steer, I set up an obstacle

course of aluminum chairs and we practice figure-eights around them, much as the pilots did during the war.

"Speaking of airplanes, everyone in the family is a 'flyer'—including the baby. We all take weekend trips in our seven-place Beechcraft. Mary's had five hundred hours in the air, and she's a good navigator. As with swimming and driving, the children fly as soon as they can get up in Mary's arms and are old enough to go out of the house for a weekend. We don't make a production out of it—we just do it, that's all. As a result, the kids accept air travel as if it had been going on since Pharaoh's time. As far as they're concerned, it's the thing to do. Robert, only nine, can land and take off as well as I do—if not better. And because he's been introduced to airplanes early in life, as with the car, he won't be a daredevil. He'll be more cautious and probably a better pilot than I ever will be—and I've been flying since 1927."

In addition to his children, Bob is also interested in his fellow man. This is another facet of his serious side which the TV audience does not see. Bob is a crusader for safety belts in every American car; he hopes to educate the public through the distribution of physicist William Harper's book, *Mangled Millions*; and he has a very special little crusade to have all legal holidays fall on Monday.

"I ordered a new safety belt for our car," says Bob. "It's one of the shoulder-harness type. Right now, there is a bill before Congress to make it a federal law that all automobiles engaged in interstate commerce must be equipped with safety belts, and the passengers must be wearing them. Life-insurance companies, I think, will soon offer lower premiums as an inducement to people to wear the harness-type belt. I know I would gamble twelve to fifteen dollars to cut my chances of being killed in an accident by six hundred per cent! I'm not interested in dying. I'd like to be 150 years old.

"Physicist William Harper has written this forty-page booklet, *Mangled Millions*, to tell the public about the dangers of driving. We want to make it available to as many people as possible. I think that, if enough people read it, it will make it much more difficult for them to forget that 100,000 die each year—and literally millions are mangled!"

Bob's last crusade, putting all legal holidays on Mondays, is a subject dear to his heart. "Take July Fourth for example," he says. "Why should we celebrate it precisely on the fourth? After all, the Declaration of Independence was signed on June 23. Think of what regular scheduled three-day holidays could do to our way of life: Our lives would be more orderly, resort business would be improved, the very mood of the people would be improved. It would help business and help the country."

But it doesn't make any difference to Bob—the man of opposites, the man of many talents—whether he's working on his crusades or on being a family man, or on entertaining his millions of fans. Whatever it is, he's always working. "Work, hard work, that's the stuff for me," he says, with a happy grin. "I'll be satisfied as long as I can tell myself I've done the best I can with every job I've had."

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ASTHMADOR

The Long Way Home

(Continued from page 68)

boy who had never known anything else.

At three, he was doing a song-and-dance routine with Field's Minstrels, and at fifteen he was a member of a showboat company on the Mississippi. His folks, however, did like a little town in Illinois, named Mattoon, enough to settle there for increasingly longer times between tours.

It was during one of these "settled down" periods in Mattoon, when Tom was fourteen, that he went to a kids' party and met Bernice Wood, then an already pretty, maturing twelve. She was dressed in something blue, her skirt a good deal longer than her mother's (it was, after all, 1926), and from the time he got to the party he couldn't keep his eyes off her. He was glad he'd worn his new two-toned shoes. He looked like a real sheik.

By ten-thirty that evening, the party had progressed to the "post-office" stage and, when finally he got her in the closet in the dark, he planted a firm kiss on her lips and said, "You may not believe this, Bo, but I'm going to marry you when you get old enough!"

There is no record of her reply. Possibly she giggled and said, "Write it on the ice," or "So's your Aunt Emma"—very hep replies in those days. Anyway, his technique worked, because he kissed her again on her front porch, and made a date with her for the following Saturday.

It was almost seven years after that evening when, bringing Bo home from a movie to that same front porch, he sat on the top step beside her and said, "You're old enough now, Bo. How about it?"

She knew what he meant, but she had to play hard to get, just a little. "Old enough for what?"

"For me. Well, Bo?"

"Why else," she said then, abandoning all pretense, "have I been sitting here waiting, these seven mortal years?"

It wasn't quite as simple as that, of course. Bo had always been a homebody, a girl who wanted a stable family life, with a husband whose whereabouts she could be sure of, and a house she could keep and tend and make a home in, and children to care for. She was pretty sure, now, that Tom would stay put. He'd stayed in Mattoon long enough to finish high school, Marion Military Institute, De Pauw University, the University of Illinois, and twenty-two months at Annapolis.

And, for a long time, it seemed that her security was real. Tom got a job in radio, first in Tuscola, Illinois, and later in Chicago, on a big-time network. The baby finally came along, at long last, about the time Tom began making more money.

The little family was supremely content. As the years passed, Tom, Jr. grew tall and started showing signs of being a fine athlete. They bought and furnished a home in Northfield, and Tom worked at his job, and there was laughter at midnight and in the mornings when Tom and Bo were together.

And then it happened. "I don't know quite how to explain it," Tom told me, ruefully. "It was one of those things that happen when you're in this business. Suddenly there was all that success, and I had so many things on my mind and so much to do, that Bo and I just never seemed to be together any more. We'd always been so close, before. Now I was away most of the time, traveling around, and—even after eighteen years of marriage—Bo and I began to see each other as strangers."

That wasn't really true, of course. It was only that they had been so very close to one another, physically and emotionally,

so sure of the warmth of their companionship and love and shared happiness—so terribly dependent on one another—that they saw their new situation as out of context with ordinary living. Most married couples, less interdependent, less deeply in love, could have accepted the changed circumstances in stride.

It didn't work for Bo and Tom. He began to put his career, his incredible success, ahead of Bo's wishes and her requirements as a wife and mother. . . . Bo, bewildered by a situation she had never before encountered, was alternately patient and furious, until finally she didn't know what to be. . . . There were a few tormented months of wrangling and deep misery. Then, by mutual consent, they parted and Bo got her divorce.

Tom Moore is not the kind of man who can live alone. Still bristling with pride and, perhaps, a sense of outrage, he began to see more and more of Willie Lou, the girl from Georgia whom he had known and liked for some time. I don't think it's any discredit to Lou that Tom says, now, "She reminded me of Bo. She looked a little like her, and she was always laughing, just as Bo was—"

It seems evident enough now that all Tom wanted was to go home, even then, but he was too proud and stubborn to admit it. Instead, he married Lou, and for almost three years it seemed as if he had exchanged one degree of happiness for another, just as good. Lou did everything within her power to give him happiness. She learned to water-ski when she couldn't even swim, because Tom was fascinated with the sport. She went on camping trips, accompanied Tom and Tom, Jr. on wild pig and turkey shoots.

It may seem strange that it took them both more than three years to find out that it wasn't working for them. And it took additional months of misery and endless talk and tears before they knew that divorce was their only answer.

It was then, only then, that Tom went to Bo in Northfield and said, "We made a mistake. How about it, darling?"

When she didn't answer at once he said, "It's been over three years. What've you been doing all this time, Bo?"

She smiled. "Waiting here," she said. "Waiting for you to come home. . . ."

So, this summer, when Tom, Jr. finishes at Shattuck Military Academy in Minneapolis, he will stand with his father and mother in a little Illinois church while the minister who married his mother and father twenty-three years ago again reunites them in a marriage that was meant from the beginning to last forever.

Then Tom and Bo will have to decide about their future. Tom's contract with Mutual will still be in effect; he will still be talking to millions of women through more than 500 station outlets across the country. And, besides, he's bought a radio station in Winter Haven, and is beginning to build houses on a contracting deal.

That means they may not be able to spend as much time as they used to in the old Northfield house, but no matter. Bo has had time to do some thinking on her own, and she isn't so set against movement and change any more.

Of course, Lou received Tom's Florida house and other material property—there is no reason to print the terms of Tom's settlement with her. But Tom has the answer to that little problem, too. "I'm building Bo a new house here in Florida," he said. "Northfield or Florida, wherever Bo is, that's home to me. And, in a few months, that's where I'll be . . . home."

Never a Dull Moment

(Continued from page 57)

days," he says, "and then, ten days later, I got out of bed and did the back yard."

Their ranch-style home is painted in Pennsylvania Dutch red with white trimmings. Their furnishings—like Judith herself—are noted for an air of serenity. Put it all in a picture-postcard and you've set the scene for the family of a successful, happy young businessman, rather than an actor. But . . .

It's a complex but. Larry is a serious but never somber, imaginative but not whacky, lively but never frivolous kind of guy. "He's volatile," says Judy. "There's never a dull moment with him. He makes decisions on the spur of the moment. He walks at a run and he does nothing halfway. If he's tired, he takes a ten-minute nap then snaps back like a rubber band."

"The but has to do with the actor's ego," Larry says, "which keeps you living in a couple or more worlds. Now, I remember when I was overseas in an anti-aircraft outfit and, the first night we were in combat, I climbed out of the control dugout where I was supposed to stay. Like an officer in the movies, I figured my place was with my men. And then one of the men came up to me and said, 'Lieutenant, we can't fire. You're standing right in front of the gun.' So I went back to my dugout, but my actor's ego was sure trying hard to be a hero."

In his part of Chris Kendall, on CBS-TV's *Valiant Lady*, there is a bit of the swashbuckler, a worldly, sophisticated quality, a trace of glamour. This is not accidental, either. It is all part of the complex make-up of Lawrence Weber.

Larry is literally a child of the theater. An uncle was one-half of the famous Weber and Field comedy duo. Larry's mother was Edith Hallor, a Ziegfeld star and one of the most beautiful singing actresses of her day. She sang in Victor Herbert productions and opposite such greats as John Charles Thomas. Larry's father, Lawrence Weber, Sr., was a theatrical producer.

His parents were divorced when he was an infant, and Larry was raised by his father. He was soon as much at home in a box office and backstage as he was in a nursery. He traveled widely and met famous people in business and government and the arts. Among his father's friends and his "uncles" were such men as Arthur Hammerstein and the Shuberts. He lived in a fashionable Park Avenue apartment. He had a nurse and a governess and tutors. He was a lonely boy. Many of his best friends were the service men in his apartment building, elevator boys and the doorman, and cab drivers.

He "prepped" at Horace Mann School, where one of his friends and classmates was Keenan Wynn. It was there that Larry won a silver cup in the senior boxing division. "The pride over the boxing cup lasted only ten minutes," Larry notes. "Right after I got it at a school assembly, a guy who had neglected to sign up for boxing walked up to me and said, 'You're not so tough,' and knocked me down."

In his early teens, Larry already had his heart set on being an actor. His father wasn't very encouraging. "Fathers are funny," Larry observes. "They'll back you up in everything except the career you choose. They never trust your judgment there."

But Lawrence, Sr. got Lawrence, Jr. his first job, which was in summer stock at Deer Lake, Pennsylvania. In the same company was another youngster, beautiful Celeste Holm. Larry was fifteen.

"My first part was that of the servant, Mose, in 'Pursuit of Happiness,' and my father came down to see me." He recalls: "I was anxious to impress him. It was one of the important auditions in my life." After the show, Larry drove his father to the station to catch a train. His father said simply, "Son, you've got it."

He asked only that Larry finish his education, and Larry tried. He got as far as college at New York University, and stuck through his first year, before he quit to go into stock again. A little over a year later, he appeared in his first Broadway play, "The Man Who Killed Lincoln," and the play opened in his father's own theater.

Larry has appeared in other Broadway productions—"My Romance," "Of Thee I Sing," "Courtin' Time," "Hazel Flagg." It is not sheerly coincidental that these are musicals—and therein lies a story. For years, Larry had been kept doing things about his voice. "You know, people would hear me sing and say, 'You've got a fine voice. You should do something about it.'"

His voice teachers were most enthusiastic. In Larry they thought they had a great big, strong tenor, and in the operatic business a great big, strong tenor is as rare as solvency. A man who can roast peanut heaven with a high C names his own price. "So I kept studying to be a tenor," Larry says, "but some friends suggested I was a baritone."

One of the teachers insisted that Larry beg, borrow or steal to get to Paris and make his start as a tenor in French opera. She was so insistent that he felt he had to prove a point, so Larry sang for John Fearnley, who was auditioning singers for the musical "South Pacific." Mr. Fearnley listened, and then Mr. Fearnley said, "Thank you, Mr. Weber. We will consider you for the understudy of Ezio Pinza." And, as the world knows, Ezio Pinza is quite a baritone.

At that precise moment, Larry gave up thoughts of opera, but he's never stopped studying voice, for one of his ambitions is to succeed as an actor-singer. He hopes that, one of these days, Chris Kendall may have a chance to sing. "Chris is one of my favorite parts, anyway," he says. "A story like *Valiant Lady* is concerned with beauty and warmth, and I enjoy doing it."

There is a lot of excitement in playing the role of an airline pilot, and it isn't all in the make-believe. Things happen. For instance, there was the day that Flora Campbell made her debut as Helen Emerson. "I remember telling her how extremely well-coordinated and smooth the production was," Larry grins.

That day, the script called for Flora to be at the airport anxiously awaiting Larry's arrival. Larry was piloting his plane from Johannesburg and was in somewhat desperate circumstances. Larry and his co-pilot were flying blind, lost over the ocean. They were in one of the worst storms of the season. They hadn't much fuel—maybe enough to fill a half-dozen jelly glasses. And the radio wasn't working. And one engine was on fire.

There was a camera on Flora at the airport, and two on the cockpit of the plane itself. There were a total of ninety "camera cues" in eleven minutes of script—or an average of about one cue every seven seconds, which calls for mighty quick thinking and the closest kind of coordination. Naturally, nerves were on edge and the situation was very tense.

"There was a humorous side to all this, for I had told Flora how easy it always was. But she was amused, too. After it



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was over, she asked, "Now what do we do for an encore?" (Incidentally, during the whole, taut performance, there wasn't a cue missed or a line of dialogue lost.)

Larry's previous television experience, to mention a few shows, includes *Kraft Theater*, *Love Of Life*, *Studio One*, and *Robert Montgomery Presents*. But, to trace the first meeting of Larry and his wife Judy, you must go back to the very early days of his career—back in 1939, when both were acting in stock companies. The circumstances were not unusual—but the people were.

"We were rehearsing for a summer theater at Wilkes-Barre," Larry recalls. "Most of us were together for the first time." He and Judith Cargill were complete strangers, but she didn't want to keep it that way. At rehearsal she introduced herself. "I remember my reaction," Larry says. "I remember turning to a friend, after Judy went back to her corner, and saying, 'I wonder who that old girl is?'"

The "old girl" was barely twenty-one and fresh out of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. She had been raised in Milwaukee by a non-show-business family. She was a brilliant student who broke scholastic records and won scholarships everywhere. But, when Judy graduated from the Academy, she had a notion she was destined to do character parts—and she dressed like one. "At rehearsals," Larry recalls, "she was usually over in a corner half-hidden behind owlish glasses and a book."

Luckily, they were to play summer stock. Summer meant hot days, and hot days meant that, when they arrived at Wilkes-Barre, one of the first things the company did was to head for a lake and a swim. "And when I saw Judy in a swim suit," says Larry, "I knew positively that she wasn't an 'old girl.'"

By fall they were unofficially engaged. The following summer, Larry had a diamond stickpin of his father's converted into an engagement ring for Judy. In January of 1941, they were married, and moved into a small apartment until Larry was drafted.

As an enlisted man, Larry was stationed most of his first two years in Panama. As an officer, he spent the next couple of years in Europe. His outfit was on the beach at Normandy and then, for a few weeks, he fought the "Battle of Champagne" in Paris, finally moving to the much-bombed port at Antwerp.

Judy was working in a noisy medium, too—though in quite a different sense—for that was when she did radio work in a big way. Today, she is among the top ten or so "most employed" television and radio actresses. In the past few months, she has been seen on *Justice* and the Philco and Ford dramatic programs, to name a few. Since stock days at Wilkes-Barre, she has appeared in two Broadway shows, "Years Ago," with Fredric March, and "How I Wonder," with Raymond Massey.

Judy Cargill Weber is a stunning young woman who could be a living testimonial for either of Larry's sponsors on *Valiant Lady*. She has lustrous reddish brown hair, which should be a smiling matter for Toni, and she bakes delicious chocolate cakes—which certainly shouldn't make General Mills mad.

"And she's got it up here," Larry says, tapping his forehead. "When we tuned in to the old *Information Please* program, she not only answered questions before the experts, but most of the time she answered questions they couldn't!"

There are three other members of the Weber household: Jay, seven, David, four—and Penny, a kind of miniature Doberman who barks every time Larry comes on TV. Jay was legally named Judith, after

her mother and so, for a while, they called her Judith, Jr., then J. J. and now, simply, Jay. Larry still carries in his wallet the first note Jay wrote him. Whenever Jay is reprimanded by her mother, she turns to Judith, Sr., and says, "You're upsetting me." And, whenever Jay thinks Larry is singing too loudly, she reprimands him.

As for living in the suburbs, Larry says, "My wife and I prefer the city, but we moved out for the children's sake." David has made great strides in the country. He has discovered that all you do to kiss a girl is ask her to say, "Prunes"—and he is improving the diction of most little girls in the neighborhood.

For economical reasons, the Webers enjoy do-it-yourself projects. They painted their house, dug vegetable and flower gardens, converted a dining table into a coffee table, put up shelves, and decorated the kids' rooms. Perhaps their most ingenious do-it-yourself project was making do without a television receiver. That was during their first summer in the country, when they sat on the lawn and focused binoculars on a neighbor's set.

"We found his taste in shows agreeable," Larry recalls, "but he hadn't made any provision for keeping us warm when summer passed, so we had to move inside and buy our own set."

Their home is furnished in a pleasant potpourri of modern and Victorian and needlepoint. The reason for this is that much of their furniture has been inherited.

As you come through the front door into the foyer, you walk into a pair of Dickens silhouettes and Judy's family crest from Rolleston-On-Downs. About this time, if you are partial to olives or grass, you feel at home—for Judy is partial to green. All of the carpeting downstairs and parts of the walls in the living and dining rooms are green. There are two antique mirrors on the parlor wall and—symbolic of Judy's desire to visit England—a decorative map of London.

The bedroom walls are papered in cheerful blues and yellows. David has plaid and Jay has pussy willows. The master bedroom boasts a couple of massive, stately English bureaus, with marble tops, which Larry inherited from his father. The bedroom also serves as the music room: "We have no piano, and so I just go into the bedroom, close the door and sound off."

Larry enjoys music and will sing when he's showering or when he's weeding the garden. It hasn't damaged the plumbing, and his vegetables and flowers did well, except for the aforementioned apple tree.

"This is a different kind of life," Larry observes, "at odds with the kind of show business my parents knew." It's not just the fooling around with cucumbers and rutabaga. There's the continual putting and repairing of the house, as well as the teaching of Sunday school. There's the business of getting up between six and seven-thirty, a time when self-respecting actors of other days were just going to bed. Larry and Judy take turns getting the beef tea and toast for their kids, so that every other day one parent gets to sleep until eight—except on days when Larry is in *Valiant Lady*. Those days, he must be up before six, in order to make the eight-thirty rehearsal in Manhattan.

But Larry's not complaining about the hours or the uncooperative apple tree or the lack of seats on his commuter train. He just smiles and says, "You know, they say artists are supposed to suffer." Then, more seriously, he adds: "I've got a lot to be grateful and happy about . . ."

As Judy has phrased it, "There's never a dull moment with Larry." But it makes for peace and contentment in the Weber family, and that's just the way they love it.

The Magic of Erin

(Continued from page 54)

programs—her Columbia album of twelve recordings would carry her voice all over America and even back to her native Ireland. That she would sing in American night clubs where sons and daughters of Erin, long years away from home—but not ordinarily frequenting American night clubs—would come hesitantly but hungrily to hear the old melodies, feeling almost as if they were back across the sea once more, moved by the memories Carmel's songs stirred up in them.

There had been dancing, too, in those days of Carmel's growing up. Some of her relatives disapproved of her wanting to dance, but this was also in her heart, and she could no more keep her feet from following the music than she could her voice. She used to slip off to dancing classes, worrying her sister Betty—a year and a half her senior—who, while she sympathized with Carmel's ambitions, felt an older sister's responsibility toward her.

Carmel would love every minute of the classes—until there came the inevitable day when the teacher would begin to prepare the pupils for some little charity performance or a hospital benefit. "Public performances meant costumes, and that meant exit, for me. Because of them, I left more dance classes than I can remember. Without confessing to the family, there was no way of my getting a costume. But, up to that point, I always had a marvelous time."

Singing, of course, was something different—as long as it wasn't professional. So Carmel went on singing, all the years she was becoming a pretty and slim young woman of five-foot-six, with masses of waving auburn-red hair, gentle blue eyes, and a speaking voice so soft and melodious it would charm a bird off a branch. (Even now, when she comes out on the stage of the television theater, audiences gasp a little at how much prettier she is in person than she actually photographs. "It's better that way, than that they should be disappointed," she says.)

Then Carmel's sister Betty married Christy Keough, who knew people in the theater, especially in Dublin's famous Theater Royal. Christy heard that the Royal was looking for a girl singer, and he told Carmel about it, made an appointment for an audition, and off they went.

Her voice still carries some of the excitement of that first audition, as she talks

about it. "Up to this time, I was just fooling around with my singing, but this was a real job and I got more scared every minute, as we waited my turn. There were a lot of girls ahead of me—and, about three quarters through, I suddenly ran out of the theater, with Christy at my heels, urging me to come back. It was dreadful of me, after him getting the appointment. He made another one for the next day, and I promised to see it through.

"There was another long line-up of girls, all sopranos, all singing bits of operatic songs, the same as the day before. This man who was listening, an Englishman who is a fine musician and showman, kept stopping them short in the middle of a song and saying, 'Leave your name and address, please.' He seemed to be getting more and more bored. I could see it was the same old story to him. I wondered what would happen when my turn came."

Memories of that afternoon surging through her mind, Carmel says: "The less you know, the simpler life is. Now I am learning that it isn't as simple as I thought then. I was so very young, so green, so inexperienced. I had walked in, without music—the other girls all carried music cases. My hands were thrust into my coat pockets. The other girls were dressed up. I wore my simple everyday clothes. No one at home even suspected I was auditioning for a job.

"I was the last of the girls that day, and I could see how tired this man was getting. He asked what I was going to sing for him, and I answered, 'Anything.' Can you imagine anyone saying such a thing at an audition? When he wanted to know what music I had with me, I had to tell him I had brought nothing.

"'You must be wonderful,' he said, and I heard the sarcasm in his voice. 'You can sing anything, and you need no music! Do you know Brahms' Lullaby?' I had learned it at school but, because I had never taken singing lessons, I had never been coached in any songs. I said I could sing it, and he asked what key. 'Any key,' I told him. Now he was really annoyed. 'You must be marvelous!' He looked toward the organist who was going to accompany me. 'Play it,' he said.

"To this day, I don't know what inspired me to sing an octave lower than the accompaniment, which was keyed to a soprano. Perhaps it was because my voice is naturally lower than that, but



Carmel and her husband Bill first met in Dublin when she sang in one of his ballrooms, were married in 1953, and have a "wee baby."

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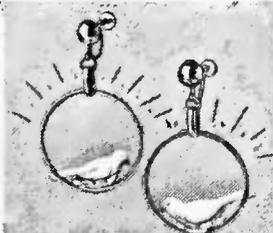
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more probably it was because I, too, was tired by then of listening to all those high notes. He listened attentively, and some of his boredom seemed to fall away and he let me finish. And he gave me the job."

It was the beginning of facing audiences and of forgetting herself in her music, of learning to remain completely natural on any stage. After the Royal engagement, she sang in other theaters and ballrooms in Dublin and in London. In Dublin, a young man named Bill Fuller gave her a job in his Crystal Ballroom, and later Carmel sang in his London ballrooms. Today, Bill says he fell in love with Carmel the first time he saw her, but she was too career-minded then to think of romance. Two years later, however, Carmel said yes to Bill's proposal and they were quietly married in London on April 20, 1953.

Of course, Carmel was still devoted to her singing. She had long engagements with Johnny Devlin's orchestra and the famous Ambrose orchestra, and she made her radio debut on the BBC.

All the while, however, the leprechauns went on whispering, telling her to save her money and go to America. Bill's own business interests kept him going back and forth across the Atlantic and he felt sure that, if Carmel could get over her fright about American audiences, she would do very well. There were close friends of the Quinns with whom they could live in New York and—while Bill was over here to help her get started—she decided to chance it and fly over—for a visit, at least. That was in March of last year. Her family was almost too excited to realize she was really going, and she wasn't feeling any too calm about it herself—especially since she was expecting her first child in three months.

Not having sung professionally for a few months before leaving Ireland, she decided she might need coaching before she faced new audiences. Freddie Romano, a voice coach, listened to her one day and liked her voice. "But now we must teach you a nice, popular American number," he said.

She went to him several times. "He was a very good coach and very kind and helpful to me, and one day he telephoned to say my name was down for a *Talent Scouts* audition, on the following Wednesday. He said that he felt I was ready for it.

"I had been listening to radio and watching television and wondering if I would ever have a chance to be on them. I was thrilled—and scared, too. We rehearsed

and rehearsed the number I was going to sing—a popular melody, 'What Is This Thing Called Love?' It was the first song Mr. Romano had taught me. But, when it came time for the audition, Esther Stoll of the Godfrey staff—a wonderfully expert and understanding person—suggested that a girl from Dublin ought to do an Irish song.

Carmel looked at the pianist, Graham Forbes. He had never heard the melody she named, but he followed her flawlessly and everyone seemed pleased. They asked her to return the next day to sing for some of the others.

Jack Carney (Art Carney's brother) was one of them, and he suggested a little song he knew. She said she knew it, too, but she sang it in Gaelic, the only way she had ever sung it at home. They didn't seem to mind that, at all, and she was asked to return that night for a third audition. So, once more, she sang some of her Irish songs, and then they told her she would be on the *Talent Scouts* program the following Monday, October 18.

"I was a wreck by this time," Carmel smiles, "after three auditions in two days! The excitement was getting me down. I had never dreamed they would put me on so fast. Others had waited months before the right spot for them opened on a show. Here I was, going on before I scarcely knew what was happening to me!"

Mary Corrigan, Carmel's cousin, who had come to America a year before she did, acted as her Scout—and made such a personal hit on the show that Carmel thought she herself would never get a chance to perform. "I thought Mary would be shy, but she felt at home with Mr. Godfrey right away and he liked her and they got along famously. She is one of fourteen children, and they talked about life in a big family of kids in Ireland. I was the last to appear—and there I was, waiting, wondering if they would ever get finished before the time was up."

Carmel finally came out, and sang "How Can You Buy Killarney?" The audience loved it and, when it came to the "curtain calls" of all the talent — and of course Carmel was last again—she never even got to open her mouth because of the applause. She couldn't believe it was happening, and she just stood there crying with excitement and happiness.

"Mr. Godfrey saw how it was with me, and he came over and patted me and put his arm around my shoulders. I can't find

words to say how good he was then, and how good he has been ever since."

Even with all the help and kindness Carmel has had from everyone — from Godfrey and all the others responsible for the programs, from husband Bill, who has been managing her career—all this is still just a bit overwhelming for a girl in her twenties who has been in this country only a little more than a year and has shot right up to one of the top entertainment spots and become a personality known to millions. When the St. Patrick's Day program of *Arthur Godfrey And His Friends* was built around her last March, she wondered how she could possibly be good enough to live up to all the things that were expected of her.

The very next evening, March 17, she gave a St. Patrick's Day concert of her own in Carnegie Hall—a name synonymous with great musical talent for several generations — and, once more, she was afraid she could not live up to it. But, on both evenings, the thing happened that always happens to Carmel Quinn — she faced all those people and forgot everything but the joy of making music and knowing that it was bringing joy to others.

When Carmel came here, her brother-in-law Christy warned her that New York is a hard place and she must not let anyone ask her to do more than she reasonably could. She hasn't found it hard, but she sometimes misses the long walks she took at home, and the window-shopping, and stopping for tea with the girls while they talked about the new clothes they had bought. Now she scurries from place to place in taxis, and buys clothes wherever she can, on the run! Weekdays, her routine is getting up at 6:30 A.M. for early rehearsals at the CBS studio, and going to bed at 9:00 P.M. so she can look and do her best the next morning. Every spare moment and every weekend, however, are devoted to her little daughter, Jane Ann, who is just one year old. With true motherly pride, Carmel says Jane is a darling child and very good. "And I'm so pleased that Jane looks exactly like Bill." Carmel is sure Jane will be musical, too. "Already," she says, "when we put Jane near the television set, she dances in time to the music."

Carmel and Bill now have their own apartment in uptown New York, within easy driving distance of their work. In addition to being Carmel's manager, Bill owns a restaurant called The Dublin, which is located in mid-Manhattan.

Sometime this summer, Carmel hopes to go back to Dublin for a visit. To see the green of the Emerald Isle—"like no other green in the world." To see her daddy, who is so excited about her success—and can hardly wait to see little Jane—that he can talk of little else. To see Betty and Christy and their little girl, and her brother Naoish and his wife, and her brother Kevin and his wife and children.

"At first, I planned to surprise them with a visit," she says. "I thought it would be dramatic to walk in unexpectedly. Now I know that would not be fair at all. But when I go back, if I can't walk in and sit down and visit a while and talk, and then do the things I always did at home—like sweeping the floor and helping with the dishes and all the things like that—it will not seem like home.

"I want to remember just how I felt, so long ago, when I stole away to sing and dance in that cold little pantry—and saw myself in America, up on a stage. And to think about all the wonderful things that have been happening to me ever since, and to take time to be grateful for them."

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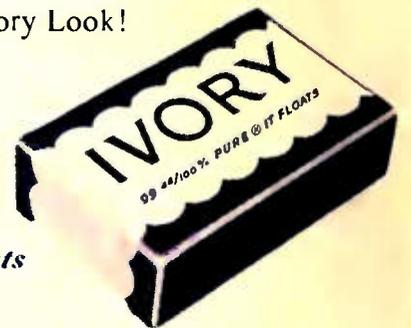
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