

TV RADIO MIRROR

NEW!

DIO MIRROR'S N. Y., N. J., Conn. Edition
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JACK STERLING



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**Eve Arden and her son,
Douglas Brooks West**

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NOVEMBER, 1955

TV RADIO MIRROR

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

VOL. 44, NO. 6

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Ellen Taussig, Associate Editor

Claire Safran, Assistant Editor

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Frances Maly, Associate Art Director

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people on the air

| | | |
|--|-------------------|----|
| What's New from Coast to Coast..... | by Jill Warren | 11 |
| Days of Remembrance (Art Linkletter)..... | by Maxine Arnold | 29 |
| Lovely, Lovely Secret (Patti Page)..... | by Ed Meyerson | 32 |
| Billy Graham—Man of Decision..... | by Gregory Merwin | 34 |
| More Than a Dream (Eve Arden)..... | by Betty Mills | 36 |
| The Smile Behind the Song (Perry Como)..... | by Lilla Anderson | 38 |
| Happiness Knows No Season (Spring Byington)..... | by Elsa Molina | 40 |
| Miracle in Music (Gino Prato and <i>The \$64,000 Question</i>) | by Helen Bolstad | 42 |
| Barbara Becker's <i>Road Of Life</i> | by Mary Temple | 50 |
| Double Life in <i>Big Town</i> (Mark Stevens)..... | by Jerry Asher | 54 |
| <i>Valiant Lady</i> Theme (words and music from the beloved serial)..... | | 56 |
| Be What You Want To Be (Preston Foster)..... | by Bud Goode | 58 |
| <i>The Secret Storm</i> (picture story from the popular daytime drama).... | | 60 |
| Laughter in the Stars (Jackie Gleason)..... | by Gladys Hall | 64 |
| Who Are the Ten Best Dressed Men in TV? (Vote today for television's best dressed men in our wonderful new contest)..... | | 66 |

features in full color

| | | |
|---|-----------------|----|
| Home at First Sight (Jack Sterling)..... | by Frances Kish | 44 |
| Party Time (Charles Baxter entertains the stars)..... | | 48 |
| To Love Is To Share (Bud Collyer)..... | by Martin Cohen | 52 |

your local station

| | | |
|-------------------------------------|--|----|
| Pittsburgh on Parade (KDKA-TV)..... | | 4 |
| Especially for Children (WPTZ)..... | | 8 |
| All in Fun (WRGB-TV)..... | | 16 |
| Step This Way (WABC-TV)..... | | 26 |

your special services

| | | |
|---|--|----|
| Steve Allen's Turntable..... | | 6 |
| New Designs for Living (needlecraft and transfer patterns)..... | | 12 |
| Information Booth..... | | 14 |
| Daytime Diary..... | | 18 |
| New Patterns for You (smart wardrobe suggestions)..... | | 24 |
| Inside Radio (program listings)..... | | 72 |
| TV Program Highlights..... | | 74 |

Cover portrait of Eve Arden by Jay Seymour

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"I'd give anything to belong..."

Ann sighed as she looked enviously through the window at a happy group of boys and girls heading for the Bowling Alley. How she wished she were one of them.

"I'd give anything to belong," she said for the hundredth time.

Why did they snub her so consistently, she wondered. Why did they leave her out of things? She was quite sure she was just as pretty—prettier, even, than some of the girls . . . just as nicely dressed, too . . . and with more personality. Yet she was outside of the charmed circle. She simply couldn't understand why. Girls with this trouble* seldom do.

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like this . . . instantly**

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LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC STOPS BAD BREATH
4 times better than any tooth paste

PITTSBURGH ON PARADE



One of the show's yearly highlights is the Twin and Triplet Contest, when groups of all ages compete for special prizes.



Emcee Nobel and singing star Connie Haines congratulate Thomas McNutt, a winner on *The Wilkens Amateur Hour*.

TWENTY years ago, in November, 1935, the Wilkens Jewelry Company of Pittsburgh made its first entry in radio history when it launched *The Wilkens Amateur Hour* over Station KDKA. Since then, more than 20,000 acts consisting of almost 25,000 performers have appeared on this show, which has always been a favorite for millions of listeners and, for the past six years, KDKA-TV viewers. . . . Originally planned as only an eight-week show, *The Wilkens Amateur Hour's* tremendous popularity has made it a perennial Sunday evening favorite, mainly because it spotlights local performers—many of whom have gone on to national fame. Singer Dean Martin was a weekly winner the second time the show was aired in 1935. Popular recording artists, The Four Coins, also started their careers on *The Wilkens Amateur Hour*. . . . In addition to showcasing local talent, the program has presented numerous guest stars and special shows. One of these, the All Twin and Triplet Contest, features 14 or 15 twin and triplet acts, and the studio audience for that broadcast consists solely of twins and triplets. Other special shows include the Anniversary Show each November and the Children's Hospital Benefit Show during Christmas week. Very special yearly guests are the cute Zavada Quadruplets, who first appeared eight years ago—in their cribs. . . . Without a doubt, one of *The Wilkens Amateur Hour's* nicest attractions is its genial emcee, Al Nobel. A show-business veteran, Al was a baby-faced lad when he first audi-



*Talent gets more than an even break
as Al Nobel introduces tomorrow's stars
on KDKA-TV's Wilkens Amateur Hour*



Rudy Vallee, one of the many celebrities who have appeared as guests, enjoys a hearty laugh with Al.

tioned for radio, back in 1936. In subsequent years, he sang at radio stations and hotels in upstate New York, then moved to New York City, where for two years he sang with Eddie Lane's band. Next, he worked with Charlie Spivak and Hal McIntyre. In 1943, while singing with McIntyre in Pittsburgh, Al met Vera Mahoney. The following year, he returned to marry Vera and, a year after that, he settled in the Steel City as an announcer at Station KQV. . . . Within five years, Al had gained a handsome reputation in Pittsburgh and, in 1950, when *The Wilkens Amateur Hour* moved to TV, Al was chosen to emcee the festivities. The partnership has been a perfect one, and Al has proved to be an emcee with a big and helpful heart. Never having forgotten the hard road he had to travel to reach success, Al has always bent over backwards to help others. Each week, he personally auditions every amateur applicant, tries to put them at ease, and passes along many of the show-business tricks he has learned. . . . The fact that *The Wilkens Amateur Hour* is the most popular local show in Pittsburgh and is growing bigger and better every year has been reflected in the continuous pleased and whole-hearted response from KDKA audiences. In presenting local personalities in a wide variety of acts, it also generates a warmth that only amateurs can impart. With these magic ingredients, it seems certain that *The Wilkens Amateur Hour* will long continue to be the recipe for a brighter future for performers and better entertainment for audiences.



Weekly winners Art Jones and Bill Dembaugh get a typically antic run for their prize money from guest star Jerry Colonna.

STEVE ALLEN'S TURNTABLE



GREETINGS again, from New York. I'm finally back in the big city after toiling away the summer in Hollywood, making "The Benny Goodman Story" movie and doing my *Tonight* television show. And, after a slight vacation, I'm ready to go again, so let's be off to the music department and see what we have in the way of new record releases.

Capitol is all excited about Frank Sinatra's latest, and well they might be. Frank sings a lovely ballad, "Fairy Tales," which could be another "Young at Heart" for him. And the backing, "Same Old Saturday Night," might click as big as "Learnin' the Blues." Sinatra is riding high these days and is singing better than ever.

Paul Weston and his orchestra have a wonderful new album called "Mood for Twelve"—twelve standard tunes featuring twelve big-name instrumental soloists. This is mood music at its best, with such musicians as Ziggy Elman, Eddie Miller, Bill Schaefer, George Van Eps, Stanley Wrightsman and others, each playing their individual interpretations of songs like "Confessin'," "Judy," "It's the Talk of the Town," and "Skylark." (Columbia)

Martial tempos seem to be the thing these days and Hugo Winterhalter and his orchestra have jumped into the parade with "The Oranges of Jaffa" coupled with "Kiki." This rendition is quite a departure for Winterhalter, who is well known for his lush orchestrations featuring string instruments. On these two sides Hugo has nary a violin, but instead features a brass section of sixteen. The lyrics are done by a vocal chorus. (Victor)



Tonight's Steve Allen, Eydie Gorme and Steve Lawrence star on records.

Selections from the soundtrack of the new movie, "Gentlemen Marry Brunettes," have been made into a Coral album. The picture co-stars Jane Russell and Jeanne Crain, with Scott Brady, but only Jane does her own singing. Anita Ellis dubs for Jeanne, Robert Farnum does the same for Brady, and Coral has added Johnny Desmond for good measure. The tunes are all old ones—"Funny Valentine," "Daddy," "I've Got Five Dollars," "You're Driving Me Crazy," and others.

Another musical movie soundtrack transferred into album form is M-G-M's "It's Always Fair Weather," and on this one everybody sings for himself—Dolores Gray, Gene Kelly, Dan Dailey and Michael Kidd. Kidd is the famous choreographer and he sings and dances in front of the camera for the first time in this picture, and also makes his debut on record. The score, by Betty Comden, Adolph Green and Andre Previn, is a good one, with bright, new tunes—"Music Is Better Than Words," "Thanks Again, But No Thanks," "Stillman's Gym" and "Baby, You Knock Me Out"—to name a few. Previn did the arrangements and conducts the M-G-M Studio Orchestra and Chorus.

Al Hibbler has chosen a religious song, "He," to follow up his "Unchained Melody" hit. On the reverse, he revives the oldie, "Breeze." Jack Pleis' orchestra and chorus. (Decca)

Though the rhythm and blues craze has died down a bit, it isn't over, as is well evidenced in "Rock It, Davy Crockett," by Paul "Mr. Hucklebuck" Williams and his orchestra, with a rockin' vocal by Jimmy Brown. The flip side is a novelty, "Hello," also given the r & b treatment. (Capitol)

The vocal kids on my *Tonight* show, Eydie Gorme and Steve Lawrence, each have a new release. Eydie does the ballad, "Soldier Boy," and "What Is the Secret of Your Success?," the song that was introduced on NBC-TV's production of "The King and Mrs. Candle." George Cates conducts the orchestra. Cates also handles the baton on Steve's record of "Open Up the Gates of Mercy," an inspirational song, and a love ballad, "My Impression of Janie." (Coral)

Burl Ives, the beloved folk singer, has a new album called "Men," in which he sings songs for and about the so-called stronger sex, and it's a happy sequel to his "Women" set, which he recorded last year. Versatile Burl is still starring on Broadway in a dramatic role in "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof." "Men" is a Decca album.

Young Sandy Stewart, the vocal miss on CBS-TV's *Morning Show*, has waxed two cute novelties, "Puddin' 'n' Pie," and "In Nuevo Laredo." Sandy is only seventeen, but her voice has a maturity way beyond

her years—but not her talent. (X Label)

"In the Wee Small Hours" and "I Had a Love Who Loved Me," both pretty ballads, are sung well by Chris Dane, with Harry Arnold's orchestra. Chris is a well-known baritone in Sweden, where these two sides were recorded, and sounds a little like Dick Haymes, with a slight accent. (Cadence)

George Cates' orchestra and chorus offer "High and Dry" and the haunting "Autumn Leaves," with a piano solo on "Autumn" . . . by whom? Oh—Steve Allen. (Coral)

"Robert Q. Lewis and His Gang" is the name of an amusing and listenable album by the cast from Robert Q.'s TV and radio shows—Betty Clooney, Don Liberto, Lois Hunt, Earl Wrightson, Ray Bloch's orchestra and, of course, Bob. The gang do standards, novelties, and special material they've done on the shows, including Bloch's humorous original, "Nine Hundred Pages and Sixty-six Books." (X Label)

Composer - conductor - arranger Gordon Jenkins has combined all three of his talents to produce a magnificent album called "Gordon Jenkins' Almanac." He has written special mood music for each month of the calendar, and has hit just the right mood for each. The titles: "January Jumps," "February Fever," "March Marches On," "April Sings a Lonely Song," "May Wine," "June Wedding," "Two Weeks in July," "August Heat," "September Calls Me Home," "October Ale," "November Nocturne," and "Blue December." Gordon worked on these compositions and arrangements a long time and the result is just about the best album he has ever done. (X Label)

The Cheers, the vocal group who made a lot of noise with their "Bazoom" record, have a new one which is bound to get plenty of jukebox plays. It's a novelty coupling "Some Night in Alaska" and "Blue Denim Trousers." The latter side is a rocking rhythm tune all about a motorcycle driver and is especially aimed at the teen-age clan. (Capitol)

"Howls, Boners and Shockers from Art Linkletter's *House Party Kid Interviews*" is the long title on a new Columbia album which is bound to amuse just about any age group. It's a collection of the "bests" from Linkletter's television and radio shows, taken off tape recordings done at the time of the actual broadcasts. Art does short narrations tying in the album sections: "Family Secrets," "Jokes," "Poems," "Quickies," "Girl Friends and Boy Friends" and "Instructions from Folks." You never know what children are going to say—but on this album they just speak right up and say it, with hilarious results.

And it's time for me to speak up and say so long for now. I'll be looking for you next month, 'long about the same page.

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Girdle Material...*Figure-Slimming* FABRICON*!

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THERE'S A PLAYTEX GIRDLE FOR EVERY FIGURE
For more control . . . Playtex High Style Girdle with the new non-roll top . . . \$5.95
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*All Playtex Girdles are now made of split-resistant Fabricon.



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in the SLIM tube.

P.S. The girl is wearing the new Playtex Living[®] Bra† made of elastic and nylon, \$3.95
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and Pats. Pending

T
V
R

7

Especially for Children



Home for Jonathan, Alan and Jeff is "Back Acres," which the Scotts planned and built themselves near Philadelphia.

BACK WHEN he was a Philadelphia schoolboy, Alan Scott would deliberately miss getting 100% on his spelling papers. Students with perfect scores were given an award at the school assembly, and Alan was too shy to want to step out in front of all those people. Alan got over his shyness with the help of amateur dramatics and a radio set home-made out of paper clips and an oatmeal box, over which he "broadcast" the Dempsey fights and other major events. Then, after graduation from the University of Pennsylvania, Alan returned to the spelling papers, this time as a schoolteacher. . . . And then, during a chance meeting with Stan Lee Broza—founder of the famous *Children's Hour*, then program director of a Philadelphia radio station and now WPTZ program director—Alan was shocked into a momentary lapse into shyness. Alan was spokesman for a group of amateur actors who were trying to sell Broza on a radio series. Finally, Broza interrupted Alan's speech and announced, "I've got a hunch, young man. How would you like to be a radio announcer?" Alan stuttered, stammered and at last managed to blurt out, "But I'm a schoolteacher." "Never mind that," Broza told him. "How would you like to be a radio announcer?" . . . Today, the tall, handsome Mr. Scott is again working with Mr. Broza, as WPTZ's star of *Let Scott Do It*, seen weekdays at 9 A.M., and *Scott And The Mechanical Man*, seen Saturday at 9 A.M. These morning programs for mothers and the children feature "Mr. Rivets," the mechanical man, and two-year-old "Miss Terry." As host-conversationalist, Alan more than proves that Mr. Broza's hunch was right. . . . Broza discovered yet another newcomer when he had Alan's son Jeff appear on *Children's Hour*. Jeff, who is now nine, also joined Alan



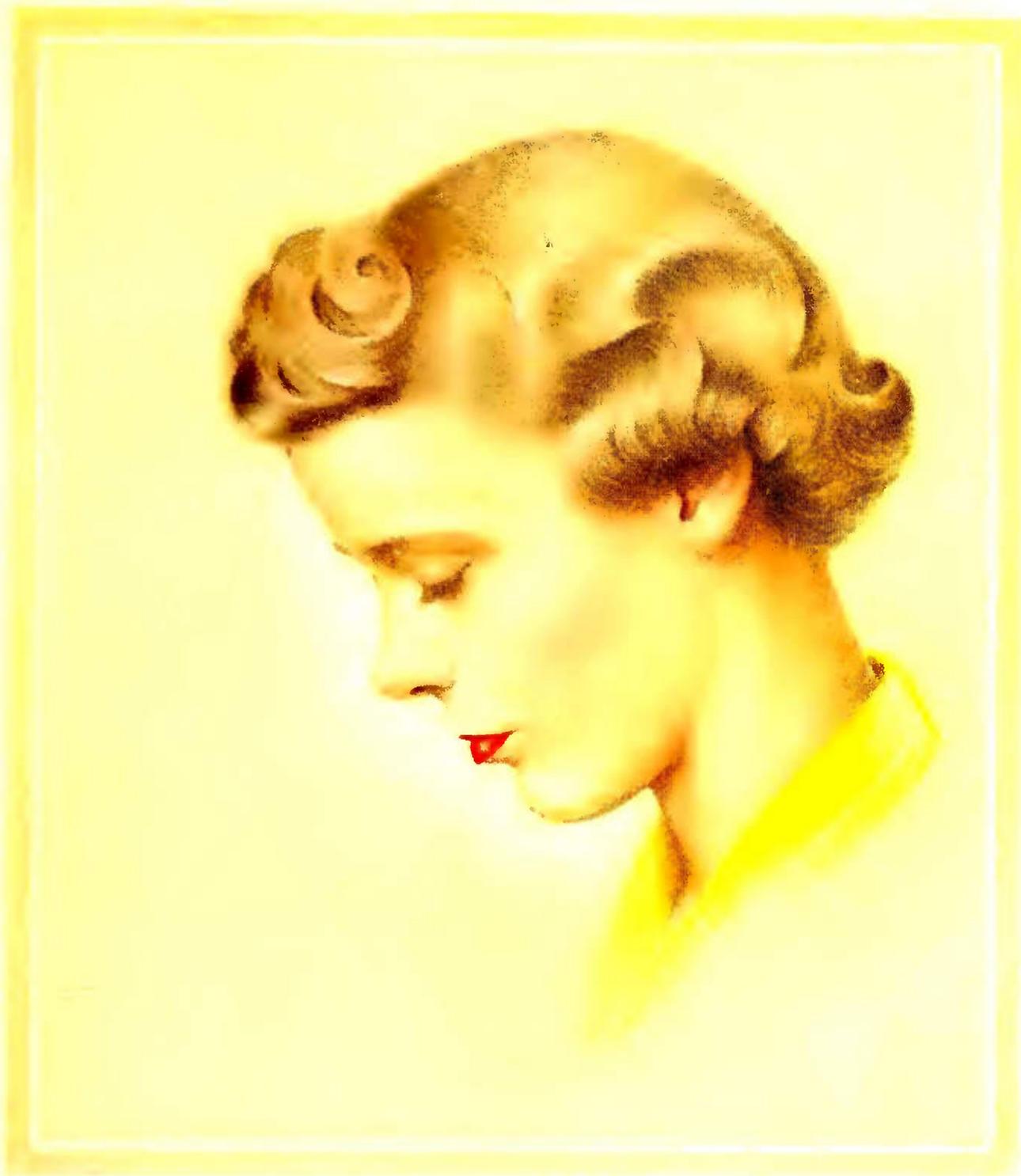
Alan's charm and patter share the WPTZ spotlight with "Mr. Rivets" and two-year-old "Miss Terry."

A rangy ex-schoolteacher named Alan Scott rings the bell on WPTZ for the young in years and heart



Two of the Scotts have appeared on TV, but all four—"Beam," Jonathan, Alan, Jeff—sing at home.

in the Penn Wynne Players production of *Life With Father*. Alan's other son, Jonathan David, 2, is next to be "discovered." . . . After Alan's Philadelphia radio debut, he moved to WGN in Chicago. The station's pretty receptionist, Maralene Bielen, showed him around the studios—and around the town. "We had 380 dates in one year's time," says Alan, who first shortened his guide's name to "Beam," then changed it to Mrs. Scott. . . . After Chicago, and a stint in the Navy, Alan went on to New York, where he had his own Mutual network radio show, *Once Over Lightly*, and was featured on NBC-TV. By 1946, the ex-schoolteacher was back in the Quaker City and, since the start of his two gold-star programs, he's been enrolling young followers by the classroom-full.



Beautiful Hair

B R E C K



THERE ARE THREE BRECK SHAMPOOS FOR THREE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS. Each one of the Three Breck Shampoos is made for a different hair condition. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. The Breck Shampoo for your individual hair condition leaves your hair clean, lustrous and fragrant. A Breck Shampoo is not drying to the hair, yet it cleans thoroughly. A Breck Shampoo helps bring out the soft, natural beauty of your hair.

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says *Candy Jones*

Director Conover School, New York, N. Y.

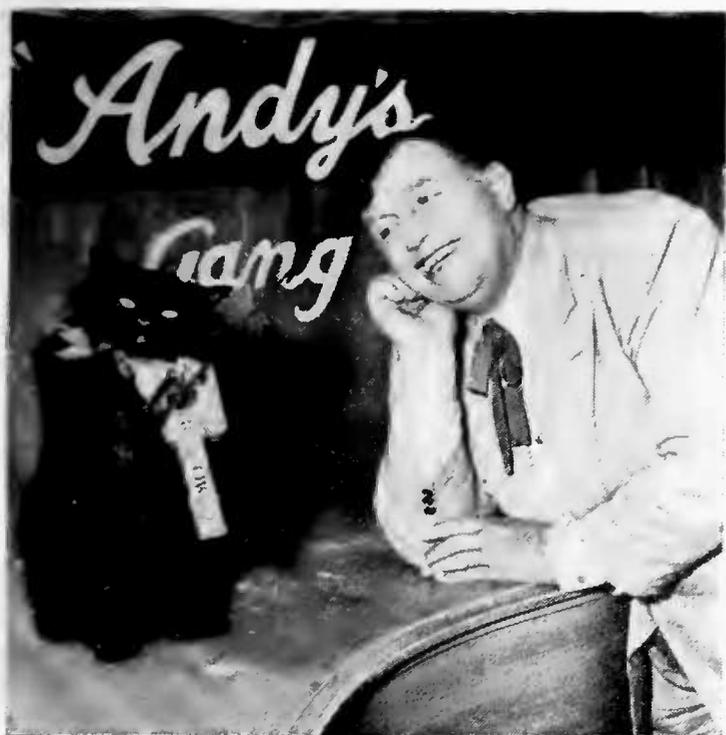
WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST



Betty Clooney of the *Robert Q. Lewis Show* and band-leader Pupi Campo got themselves a marriage license.



Liberace has a candelabra in his own backyard—and a cover picture and byline story in our December issue.



Midnight the Cat, member of *Andy's Gang*, doesn't play second fiddle to anyone—not even Mr. Devine himself!

By JILL WARREN

A GALA REVUE, "Cafe de Paris," will co-star Mary Martin and Noel Coward on the *Ford Star Jubilee* show, Saturday night, October 22, over CBS-TV. Coward is making his American TV debut, and will include several of the numbers he did in his recent night-club appearance in Las Vegas, Nevada. He and Mary did most of their rehearsing for this big hour-and-a-half production in Coward's home in the British West Indies during September.

See *Hollywood With Louella Parsons* is a brand-new show on NBC-TV, Sunday nights. The famous movie columnist will conduct the weekly half-hour program, which is to be filmed, using a format of interviews with television and picture personalities, film clips and Hollywood news.

The famed *Grand Ole Opry*, for many years one of the most popular country music programs on radio, will be seen this fall on the ABC-TV network every fourth Saturday, beginning October 15. It will originate from Ryman Auditorium in Nashville, Tennessee, the home of *Grand Ole Opry* since it started as a local radio program back in 1926. It has been on network radio since 1939.

Dr. Benjamin Spock, the noted pediatrician and psychiatrist, has been signed by NBC for a series of half-hour telecasts on child (Continued on page 20)

NEW DESIGNS FOR LIVING



872

872—Pop her on top of your electric-mixer—her full skirt will protect it from dust. Transfers of embroidery motifs, easy-to-follow pattern. Use scraps.

7378—Hobby Horse—the love of your youngster's life. About 34½ inches long, 16 inches wide and 22½ inches high. Actual-size pattern included, with easy-to-follow number guide.



7378

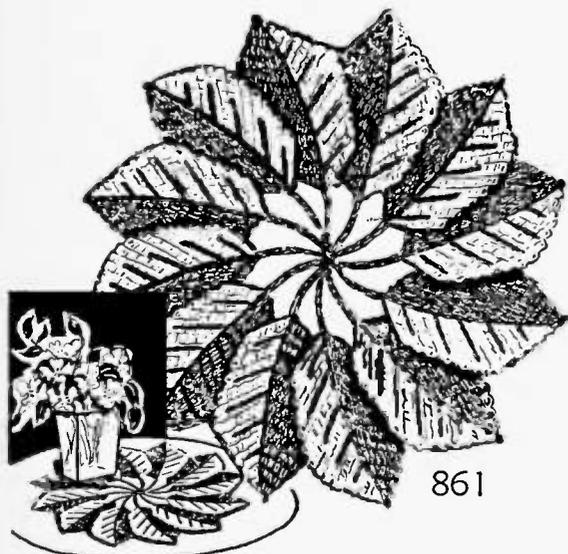
861—Crochet these modern leaf-design doilies in two glowing colors. Crocheted doilies: larger size 16½ inches, smaller, 11½. Use crochet and knitting cotton.

7135—Prettiest covering for your TV set! Smart combination of filet crochet and regular crochet forms the new grape design. TV square, 25 inches in No. 30 mercerized cotton; smaller in No. 50; larger in bedspread cotton.

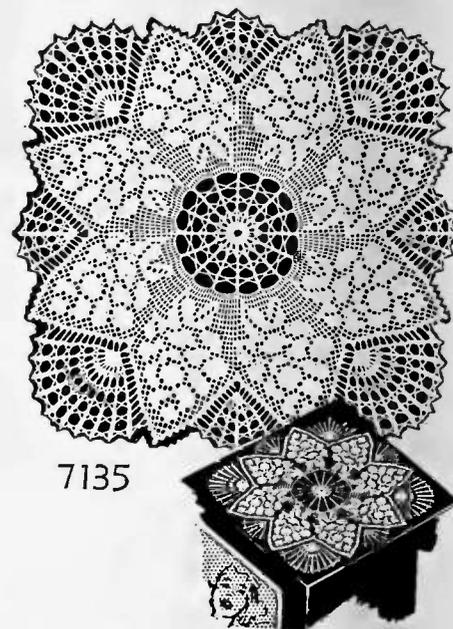
628—Each of these party-pretty aprons takes only one-half yard! Use scraps for pocket; ribbon ties. Embroider gay designs. Transfers, tissue pattern for 3 half-aprons. Medium Size only.

7294—A little toy that brings a lot of happiness. Baby monkey is an amusing fellow—hang him by his curly tail from the tree. Sew monkey of 2 fabrics or the same one throughout; 13-inch toy transfer.

7257—Make this lovely leaf-set to protect, enhance any style chair. Directions for chair back, 11½ x 16; armrest 7 x 12 inches. Use mercerized cotton in color.



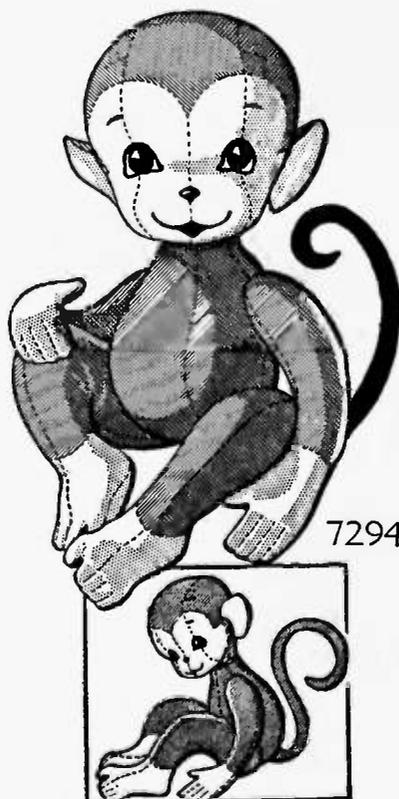
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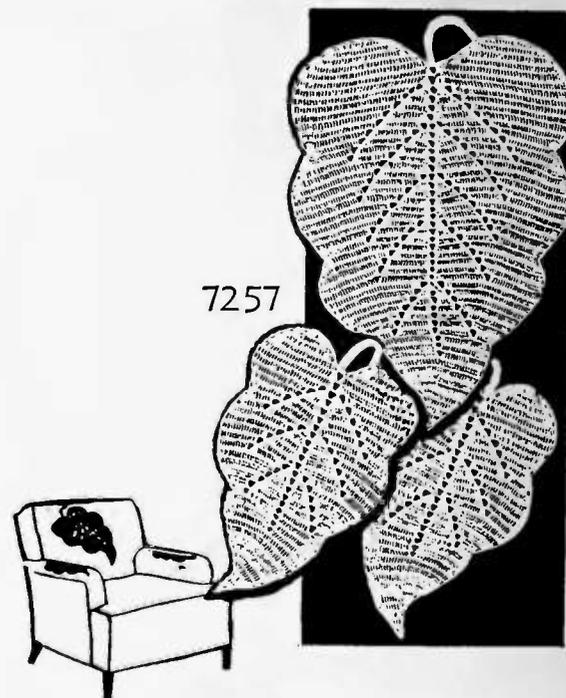
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628



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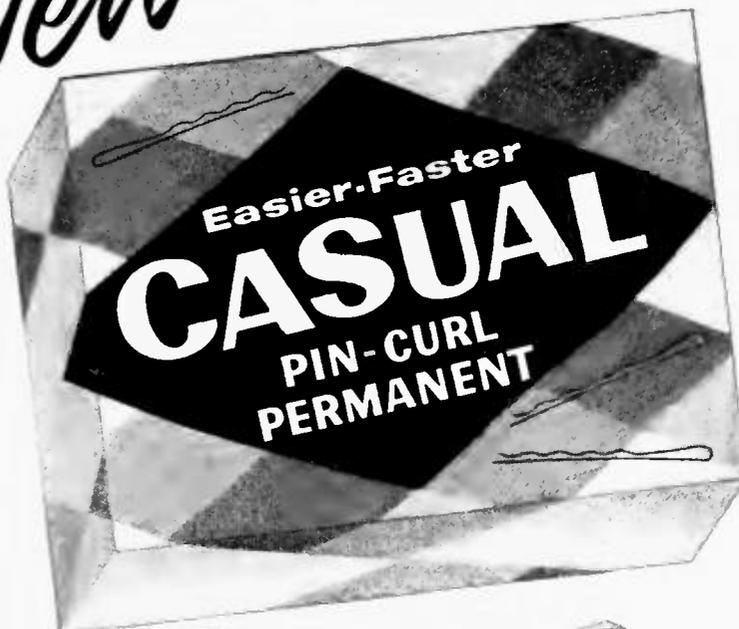


7257

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

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information booth

Young 'un

Would you tell me something about Lee Aaker, who plays Rusty on The Adventures of Rin Tin Tin on ABC-TV?

P.J., Batavia, N. Y.

Rin Tin Tin's best friend, Lee Aaker, is eleven years old and all boy. He's in the sixth grade at William Kelso Grammar School, plays shortstop on the baseball team, and is an excellent swimmer. Now in his lucky seventh year in show business, Lee debuted when he was four and joined his older brother, Dee, in a song-and-dance act. The boys inherit their dancing ability from their mother, Mrs. Myles Wilbour of Inglewood, California, who presides over a dance studio. . . . Lee debuted on TV in a West Coast children's show, *Fantasio Studio, Inc.*, and has since been seen on many of the top TV dramatic shows, including *Ford Theater*. He also played the crippled boy in "Benjy," which won an Oscar as the best documentary film of the year, and has appeared in other films such as "Hondo" and "Ricochet Romance."

Stage Family

Would you please tell me about Claudia Morgan, who plays Carolyn Nelson in The Right To Happiness on NBC?

L.H., Appleton, Wis.

The daughter of actor Ralph Morgan and the niece of comedian Frank Morgan, Claudia Morgan has shown a versatility in her career to make all members of her show-business family more than proud. . . . Born in New York City, she was christened Claudeigh but, since no one ever spelled it right, she was Claudia at school at Ely Court in Connecticut and Miss Dow's, now in Briarcliff, New York. At sixteen, she took time out from school to make her stage debut opposite her father in "Gypsy April." Since that time, Claudia has appeared in some thirty-eight Broadway productions, including "Call It

a Day," "Accent on Youth," "The Man Who Came to Dinner," "Ten Little Indians" and "Venus Observed." . . . In Hollywood, she has been seen in such films as "Stand Up and Fight," "That's My Story," and "Vanity Street." Claudia was well-known for eight years as Nora Charles on radio's *The Thin Man*. Aside from her role as Carolyn Nelson in *The Right To Happiness*, television has showcased Claudia in *Way Of The World*, *Robert Montgomery Presents*, *Armstrong Circle Theater*, *Television Theater* and other top programs. . . . Claudia's hobbies are painting and playing the piano and her favorite art and music critic is her husband, Kenneth Loane, a realtor.

Crooner With Muscles

Would you give me some information on Dick Lee, who sings on Ted Mack's Matinee on NBC-TV?

A.S., Memphis, Tenn.

The son of a police detective, Ted Mack's "Young Man of Song" hails from Philadelphia. Dick Lee's first love was boxing and his sturdy build and lightning reflexes won him a number of local championships. But Dick also loved to listen to music, anything from be-bop to the classics, and he was soon flexing his tonsils as well as his muscles. Still planning on a boxing career, he was a Golden Gloves contender. But after this successful start, Dick fractured his nose in one of his bouts and, when his worried mother begged him to hang up his gloves, Dick turned to the singing arena. His first professional engagement was in a small New Jersey night club where he was held over for twenty-six consecutive weeks. He went on to become a winner on the *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts* program and on *Chance Of A Lifetime*. He's scored with such Essex recordings as "Infatuation," "Eternally" and "I Thought You Might Be Lonely" and appeared at such swank night spots as the Sahara in Las Vegas and the Latin Quarter in New York.

Gal About Sports

I would like to know about Marcia Henderson, who plays Mickey Riley on Dear Phoebe on NBC-TV.

D.B., Niagara Falls, Ont.

Pert Marcia Henderson is well-prepared for her role as a female sportswriter in *Dear Phoebe*. As a high school student, she was a cheerleader, played on the basketball and soccer teams and was a swimming life guard instructor for the Girl Scouts. On the journalistic side, she edited her school paper and was local correspondent on sports for the near-by *North Adams Transcript* and the *Pittsfield Eagle*. . . . Born in Andover, Marcia grew up in Williamstown, Massachusetts, where her father owns a large clothing store. Following high school, she came to New York to study at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. Then, after



Marcia Henderson

financing her pavement-pounding with a job as a Carnegie Hall usherette, Marcia got her first break with the role of Kathleen Anderson in the *Henry Aldrich* TV series. Next came appearances on many top television shows and her own show, *Two Girls Named Smith*. . . . Marcia debuted on Broadway in 1950 as Wendy in "Peter Pan," winning the Critics Award and the Theater World Award. After touring in the lead of "The Moon Is Blue," she arrived in Hollywood for roles in such films as "Thunder Bay," "All I Desire," "Back to God's Country," "The Glass Web" and "The Naked Alibi." . . . Marcia has an excellent voice and hopes to combine singing and acting in a twin career. Meanwhile, she shares a three-room Hollywood apartment with a Siamese cat called Sam. She belongs to a dramatic study group, the Stage Society, is "up" on all English poets and most of the prose writers, and is especially fascinated by philosophy and Hindu writings.

Calling All Fans

The following clubs invite new members. If you are interested in joining, write to the address given:

Saints and Spinners (Bill Silbert), c/o Alfreda Baker, 3920 Lyme Ave., Brooklyn 24, N. Y.

The Chica-Lees (Dick Lee), c/o D. Jankus, 2847 S. Kedvale, Chicago 23, Ill.

Richard Kiley Fan Club, c/o Rosalie Galossi, 34-34 30th St., Astoria 6, N. Y.

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.



Lee Aaker and Rin Tin Tin

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!

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.

Here's the easy method: Just massage your face with Palmolive's rich, gentle lather for 60 seconds, morning and night. Rinse and pat dry. It's that simple! But remember . . . only a soap that is truly mild can cleanse thoroughly without leaving your face feeling drawn and uncomfortable. That's why Palmolive's mildness is so important to you. Try mild Palmolive Soap today for new complexion beauty!

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!



Mild and Gentle

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ALL IN FUN



Foursome in the Kiddy Korner are Luke the Spook, Albert, Gertrude—and Dave. The young crowd at left jammed the Glenville Fire Dept. to meet Dave.



To WRGB-TV viewers, Dave Cameron is a man of many delightful characterizations, the best of which is Dave himself



Dave checks his skin-diving apparatus as ex-baby-sitter Marty keeps an eye on her own young Connie.

ELEVEN SEPARATE and distinct personalities, plus an occasional transient, inhabit one dressing room at the Station WRGB-TV studios in Schenectady. Fortunately, there's still enough elbow room—for only one, Dave Cameron, is man-sized. The others are his puppet-sized alter egos. . . . For the youngsters, Albert, Gertrude, and Luke the Spook rule "The Kiddy Korner" on the *Dave Cameron Show*, seen weekdays at 1:30 P.M. This is a one-man variety show which Dave runs with the help of a telephone, his puppets and an active imagination. Jr. Fire Fighter and Silly Nilly teach fire safety and prevention and the rules of good behavior on the *Friendly Fireman Show*, weekdays at 5 P.M. The casts also include Lord Crumpet, Gretchen Got-Rocks, Texas Tim, Auntie Flo and Daniel Goone, who present the "Dilly of the Day" to ventriloquist Cameron's large audience of mothers, youngsters and old-timers. Occasionally, there are guests such as the Mad Scientist who, in answer to General Electric's development of "man-made diamonds," tried to grow man-made pearls in an oyster. He failed. . . . Born and educated in Philadel-

phia, Dave has worked as an actor, writer, producer and director in radio, TV and night clubs in the Pennsylvania-New Jersey-New York area. He joined WRGB in 1952. . . . In his travels, Dave acquired three hobbies, all of which have been worked into his shows. Dave docked his cabin cruiser, the "Studio C," at the Mohawk River, behind the WRGB building, for a special telecast. Diving tanks were installed in the station's back yard so that Dave could telecast an exhibition of his skin-diving. And, for a "late to work" theme on one show, Dave went motorcycling in long flannel nightshirt and stocking cap. Dave also drives a Cadillac. . . . But hobbies take second place to the family at the new five-room Cameron home in Briarcliff Village. Dave met his wife Marty when she was baby-sitting for his older brother in Philadelphia. Now married four years, they have a baby-sitter of their own these days for two-year-old Connie. Dave, in his exuberant praise of Connie, says, "She knows all my sponsors by sight." . . . And speaking of sights, one of the most ever-welcome ones in Schenectady is Dave Cameron himself, on TV or in person.

THERE'S THE WHISTLE

for the greatest gridiron season in broadcasting!

....and here's the
schedule of 26
thrilling games
—with 28 famous
teams—that America
will tune to



TOP COLLEGE CLASSICS

Saturdays

Exciting Games with a Climax—Army v. Navy!

- Oct. 15 Notre Dame v. Michigan State
- Oct. 22 Notre Dame v. Purdue
- Oct. 29 North Western v. Ohio State
- Nov. 5 Notre Dame v. Pennsylvania
- Nov. 12 Notre Dame v. North Carolina
- Nov. 19 Ohio State v. Michigan
- Nov. 26 Florida v. Miami
- Nov. 26 Army v. Navy (at Philadelphia)

Note: Second named team in each game (except Army v. Navy) is the home team.

Friday Nights

Big Games of the University of Miami!

- Oct. 7 Notre Dame University
- Oct. 21 Texas Christian University
- Nov. 4 Boston College
- Nov. 11 Bucknell University
- Nov. 18 University of Alabama

Note: All games originating from Orange Bowl Stadium in Miami.

And Two College All-Star Games on Dec. 31!

East-West Shrine Game
from Kezar Stadium, San Francisco

Blue-Gray Game
from Crampton Bowl, Montgomery, Ala.

TOP PRO SCHEDULES

Big Battles of the Greatest!

- Oct. 29 Green Bay Packers v. Baltimore Colts
- Nov. 5 Baltimore Colts v. Detroit Lions OR
Pittsburgh Steelers v. Chicago Cardinals
- Nov. 12 Detroit Lions v. Pittsburgh Steelers
- Nov. 24 (Thanksgiving) Green Bay Packers v. Detroit Lions

Note: Except where indicated, second named team is the home team.

Power Struggles of the Detroit Lions!

- Oct. 16 San Francisco 49ers at Detroit
- Oct. 23 Los Angeles Rams at Los Angeles
- Oct. 30 San Francisco 49ers at San Francisco
- Nov. 5 Baltimore Colts at Detroit
- Nov. 13 Pittsburgh Steelers at Pittsburgh
- Nov. 20 Chicago Bears at Detroit
- Nov. 24 Green Bay Packers at Detroit
- Dec. 4 Chicago Bears at Chicago
- Dec. 11 New York Giants at Detroit

Mutual Broadcasting System

(See local listings for broadcast time.)





Daytime Diary

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

BACKSTAGE WIFE As Mary Noble fights to prevent actress Elise Shephard from breaking up her marriage to Larry, another sinister threat appears in the shabby, strange form of Madame Moleska. Should Mary seek out this mysterious woman for guidance? Or would she be wiser to avoid all contact with her? How will she affect Elise's relationship with Larry, and Larry's Hollywood career? Even if Mary knew the answers, would she act differently? CBS Radio.

THE BRIGHTER DAY When Lydia Harrick's husband died, she willingly devoted herself to his brother Don, believing in the need he professed for her understanding and help in rebuilding his self-confidence and his career as an architect. But Max Canfield's love shatters Lydia's self-delusion, and she now sees that Don will go to any length to maintain his power over her. Can Dr. Randy Hamilton help her before Don ruins her life? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

FIRST LOVE With Zach now vindicted of the false murder charge, and a new understanding strengthening their marriage, Laurie and Zach are audacious enough to expect smooth sailing as Zach resumes his increasingly important work for the Army. But the sudden, completely unheralded appearance of Zach's long-silent father makes a few changes in the picture. What happens to Zach as this profound emotional shock hits him? NBC-TV.

THE GUIDING LIGHT Although Kathy knows that the lie on which she founded her marriage to Dick was responsible for its break-up, she now realizes that she will never stop loving him. Is she heading for tragedy in not putting him out of her mind? Occupied with his resuming his surgical career and concerned over the failing eyesight of the young painter, Marie, whom he met in New York, has Dick any intention of letting Kathy back into his life? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

JUST PLAIN BILL As Bill Davidson sees the clouds of danger gathering around

him, he tries to avert the threat coming ever closer to his own family—to his beloved daughter Nancy and to her husband Kerry Donovan. Can Bill convince Nancy that his interpretation of Arline Wilton's actions is the right one? Or will Nancy's impatience lead her and her loved ones into complications more dangerous than anyone realizes? NBC Radio.

LORENZO JONES After the long, heart-breaking months of struggle, Belle Jones knows a flash of feverish hope as Lorenzo appears to have regained his memory. For a brief space he recalls her and their marriage, and Belle believes that at last everything will come right again. So her despair is almost complete when the light goes out, and once again Lorenzo's damaged memory is a blank on the subject of everything she holds dear. NBC Radio.

LOVE OF LIFE An old enemy returns to Vanessa Raven's life with a brand-new threat, and her apprehension mounts to near-despair as she sees the Browns, led by the bitter, vengeful Kevin, systematically setting out to ruin Paul's new law career, her own happiness, and—what is more important to her now—the possible rehabilitation of the unfortunate little girl she has come to love. What will Van do about it? CBS-TV.

MA PERKINS With the disappearance of his infant daughter, Ma's adopted son Joe reaches a crisis in his heretofore happy marriage to Gladys. Instead of uniting the two in a desperate effort to regain their child, the strain widens a breach between them. Confident that they will find the baby, Ma is less certain of the future of this marriage over which she has watched with such high hopes. Will Joe's secretary, Harriet, have the final answer? CBS Radio.

ONE MAN'S FAMILY It is a strange experience for the elder Barbour to see their children trying to handle the same problems they created when they themselves were children. Has anything really new been discovered about children dur-

ing the past few years? Or are the principles Mother and Father Barbour followed still so sound that, almost without knowing it, their children are applying them to the youngest generation? NBC Radio.

OUR GAL SUNDAY Leslie Northhurst's murder plunges the Brinthropes into fearful danger as Lord Henry seems almost certain to pay for a crime he did not commit. Despite Henry's bitterness over what he considers the suspicious aspects of Sunday's relationship with Leslie, she endangers her own life to find the proof of his innocence. Will her desperate efforts convince Henry that his suspicions were completely misguided? CBS Radio.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY Carter Trent's separation from his wife and family would be unendurable, even though he undertook it voluntarily in order to spare them hardship, if it were not for the fervent friendship of the pretty young singer, Noel. Will gratitude and loneliness lead Carter into an involvement he is not really prepared to take on? Or will it be Noel who takes a hand in straightening out Carter's and Peggy's lives? NBC Radio.

PERRY MASON Sam Merriweather is the center of an empire of power and wealth, and Perry Mason knows that any assault upon a man so influential will not be made in a spirit of childish play or by plotters unprepared to go to considerable lengths to gain their ends. But, although Perry suspects the general outlines of the plot, will he learn the details in time to save Sam's daughter from the fate being prepared for her? CBS Radio.

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS A new phase of Carolyn's life opens as, alone after years of fighting side by side with Miles, she struggles to save his name and her own from the enemies who finally achieved his death. Can she manage to present the truth so that it triumphs over the lies and doubts being spread about her? Or will she be forced to watch the machine go to work once more in the

New 100% Non-Alkaline PALMOLIVE *Soft* SHAMPOO

Removes ALKALINE FILM
that clouds Hair Beauty!

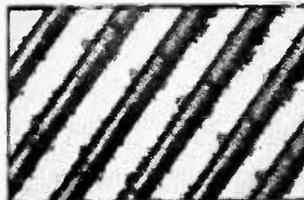


Gentles your hair as it cleans and sheens!
Leaves it more obedient, easier to set!
Will not dry or devitalize!

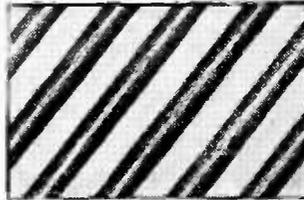
You may never have seen the true beauty of your hair until you try new Palmolive *Soft* Shampoo. For this new 100% non-alkaline shampoo *gentles* your hair. *Sheens* it to its natural loveliness. *Softens* it so curls set easier . . . and stay set longer.

New Palmolive *Soft* Shampoo contains no harsh, drying, devitalizing chemicals . . . no sticky oils . . . no dulling alkali. And its exclusive 100% non-alkaline formula agrees with the natural, healthy, non-alkaline condition of your scalp and hair.

So remove alkaline film that clouds hair beauty with new—and oh, so gentle—Palmolive *Soft* Shampoo.



Scientific photomicrograph shows how a film of alkaline dust, dirt, smog can coat each hair . . . dull the luster and color . . . make hair limp so curls just won't stay set.



See how the exclusive 100% non-alkaline formula of Palmolive *Soft* Shampoo removes alkaline film. Leaves more luster, natural color! Curls set easier, last longer.

PALMOLIVE *Soft* SHAMPOO

12-Ounce
Economy Size
only
89¢

Lets Hair Behave and Hold a Wave

vicious manner she knows all too well? NBC Radio.

THE ROAD OF LIFE All the force of Sibyl Overton's warped personality has gone into her fierce attempt to gain Dr. Jim Brent's love and, in spite of the repeated warnings of her more clear-sighted father, she insists on believing that since Jocelyn Brent was forced to leave the country she has made great strides toward her goal. What will happen when she realizes that Jim has pretended affection in order to learn how Sibyl framed Jocelyn's deportation? CBS Radio.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT Although Gil Whitney's wife has promised to end their pointless marriage, Helen is half afraid to hope, knowing that Cynthia is not likely to make things easy for Gil. She does not suspect that in a way Gil's attractive secretary is part of Cynthia's plan, but she does know that suddenly Fay Granville has become more important than a secretary ought to be. Is Gil infatuated with Fay? CBS Radio.

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW Overdone loyalty to his employer gets Stu Bergman into one of the worst jams of his life, and overdone gallantry keeps him there, as he champions Mr. Gunther's niece Melanie against the withering accusations so freely spread about town by her former suitor. Will Henderson begin to wonder just why Stu is so vehement in Melanie's defense? Will his wife Marge wonder? And will Melanie herself begin to get ideas? CBS-TV.

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON Wealthy Mrs. Burton is the kind of woman who cannot resist trying to run her children's lives. In a recent heroic effort to provide her with other interests, Stan Burton and his sister, Marcia Archer, found they had jumped from the frying pan into the fire. With the introduction of Buck Halliday into Mother Burton's life, a host of new problems loomed up. How will Stan react if the problems are settled in Halliday's way? CBS Radio.

THE SECRET STORM Hoping for a chance at happiness with Jane, Peter Ames tries to convince her and himself that her fear and self-doubt are due to her physical weakness. But Jane's apprehensions have a firmer base, for the young husband who was supposed to have died overseas ten years before is very much alive, and so is his memory of Jane. Will Pauline Tyrell, who still loves Peter, find a way of taking advantage of Bruce's return? CBS-TV.

STELLA DALLAS Stanley Warrick's long campaign to break up Laurel's marriage appears close to success as Dick Grosvenor files suit for divorce even though, as Stella knows, he and Laurel still love each other. Must Stella stand by and see her beloved daughter enter into a second marriage that cannot possibly bring her any happiness? Is there any way in which Stella can influence events so that so many lives will not be wrecked? NBC Radio.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE Just before George Brown's death, he reveals that David was right in suspecting that some- (Continued on page 25)

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out of
10



NURSES suggest DOUCHING with ZONITE for feminine hygiene

**Brides-to-Be and Married Women
Should Know These Intimate Facts**

Every well-informed woman who values her health, physical charm and married happiness, knows how necessary a cleansing, deodorizing douche is for intimate feminine cleanliness and after monthly periods. Douching has become such an essential practice in the modern way of life, another survey showed that of the married women asked—83.3% douche after monthly periods and 86.5% at other times.

It's a great assurance for women to know that ZONITE is so highly thought of among these nurses. Scientific tests PROVED no other type liquid anti-septic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is SO POWERFULLY EFFECTIVE yet SO SAFE to body tissues.

ZONITE's Many Advantages

ZONITE is a powerful antiseptic-germicide yet is positively non-poisonous, non-irritating. You can use it as often as needed without the slightest risk of injury. A ZONITE douche immediately washes away germs and waste deposits. It effectively deodorizes and leaves you with a wonderful sense of well-being and confidence—so refreshed and dainty. Inexpensive—ZONITE costs only a few pennies per douche. Use as directed.



If any abnormal condition exists, see your doctor.

(Continued from page 11)



Burr Tillstrom takes a brief puppeteer's holiday from *Kukla, Fran And Ollie* for the NBC-TV "Alice in Wonderland," Oct. 23.



Miss Frances—Dr. Frances Horwich of *Ding Dong School*—wrote three new storybooks, then took a teacher's vacation in Bermuda.

care and development, beginning Sunday afternoon, October 9. Titled *Dr. Spock*, the program will be directed especially at parents and prospective parents. The format will be varied, covering many questions dealing with child-rearing from both the medical and psychological viewpoints. Dr. Spock is well known to millions of mothers throughout the world as author of the famous book, *Baby and Child Care*, which has sold more than seven million copies and has been published in many languages for overseas editions.

Two interesting productions are slated on NBC-TV's "spectacular" schedule. The first is "Cyrano de Bergerac," starring **Jose Ferrer** in his famous role, on *Producers' Showcase*, Monday night, October 17. It will be an hour-and-a-half show, done in color and in black and white.

The second is the *Hallmark Hall Of Fame* show on Sunday night, October 23—also ninety minutes, and also in color. **Maurice Evans** will present "Alice in Wonderland,"

co-starring **Eva Le Gallienne**, **Burr Tillstrom** and **Bobby Clark**. "Alice" will be played by an unknown English girl, fourteen-year-old **Gillian Barber**, whom Evans discovered in a dramatic school in London. Evans will not have a part in the play, but he will introduce the characters and scenes, in addition to producing and directing. **Richard Addinsell**, who composed the "Warsaw Concerto," has written a special "Alice in Wonderland" score.

CBS-TV has announced a most impressive list of shows to be done this fall on their *Omnibus* series, with exact dates still to be set. Included will be such productions as a musical-comedy version of the classic, "Hans Brinker or the Silver Skates"; a documentary on the Renaissance period, "The Birth of Modern Times," to be written by *Life Magazine's* **Robert Coughlan**; "Boyhood Reminiscence," with cartoonist **James Thurber**; "The Battle of Gettysburg," to be written by **Bruce Catton**, Pulitzer Prize winner; and "American Constitution," which will feature **Joseph Welch**, the famous attorney of the McCarthy-Army hearings.

Jumping from culture to quiz, we note that CBS Radio is now carrying *The \$64,000 Question* on Tuesday nights. This program has the very top rating of all TV shows and, now that it will be simulcast, the radio rating should be a big one, too.

The popular *Zoo Parade* will be back on NBC's Sunday-afternoon TV schedule on October 16. **Marlin Perkins**, who conducts the show, will present many new animals acquired on his recent African and European safaris. Perkins "swapped" animals, which were available on the American Zoological surplus list, for odd and unusual "creatures" obtainable in foreign zoos, and is proud of the fact that no guns were used to "capture" any of these menagerie additions.

My Friend Flicka, which was a best-selling book and a popular movie, is now a television series, which has just started on CBS on Friday nights. It's a half-hour show, filmed in Hollywood, and features **Anita Louise**, **Johnny Washbrook** and **Gene Evans**.

Another new and interesting TV series has also debuted on CBS—*Adventures Of Robin Hood*. This was filmed entirely in England, in full costume and using authen-



Gunsmoke flashes on TV screens, with Amanda Blake as Kitty, James Arness as Marshal Matt Dillon.



Valiant Lady's new romance is Elliott Norris, played by Terry O'Sullivan, noted actor-husband of well-known actress Jan Miner.

tic backgrounds. Richard Greene is Robin Hood, Ian Hunter plays Sir Richard, and Bernadette O'Farrell is Maid Marian.

This 'n' That:

Jo Stafford and her husband, Paul Weston, are expecting an addition to the family about the middle of February, so it is doubtful whether Jo will do any television this season. The Westons have one son, Timothy, who will be three years old next month, so they're hoping for a girl.

Liberace's filmed TV show has just made its debut in England, with the beginning of commercial television there. Guild Films, which distributes "Mr. Candelabra's" series, has arranged for three English stations to carry the program.

Tim Considine has been signed by Walt Disney to star as Spin in the "Spin and Marty" series which will be part of *The Mickey Mouse Club* show on ABC-TV. Tim, who is fifteen, has appeared in movies and got his film start with Red Skelton in "The Clown."

Dr. Frances Horwich, "Miss Frances" of NBC's *Ding Dong School*, has written three new storybooks for children, which have been published by Rand McNally. *Mr. Meyer's Cow*, *Jingle Bell Jack*, and *Our Baby* are the latest additions to the series, which now includes eighteen titles.

Marion Marlowe and her producer husband, Larry Puck, took off for a delayed honeymoon trip to Honolulu, following her successful night-club appearance in Las Vegas. Upon her return, she is scheduled for TV guest shots and will appear in the Ed Sullivan movie which the *Toast Of The Town* host will make for Warner Bros.

Dick Haymes' career is looking up these days, although the crooner's personal problems continue to make newspaper headlines. Dick has just been signed by Capitol Records and has several night-club bookings in the offing, following his Las Vegas "comeback" appearance.

Singer Betty Clooney and bandleader Pupi Campo obtained a marriage license in New York City, and may be wed by the time you read this. Theirs was a television romance which began when they met on the Jack Paar show.

CBS Television and United Productions of America have entered into a long-term (Continued on page 22)



Want a good group project this fall?

- An off-beat treat Bird watching A quilting bee

Ask the crowd—how about planning something special for their moms, come Thanksgiving? A really off-beat treat for the lady who cooks the turkey dinner? Then pool your wits and wallets; throw a theatre party with the mothers as honored guests. They'll love it—this fun way of thanking them for

being "the most," pal-wise! And wasn't it your mom, too, who taught you how to smile through *certain days*? Yes. Because she helped you choose *Kotex** for softness, safety you can trust . . . the complete *absorbency you need*. You see, she knew that confidence and Kotex go together!



Which helps "elevate" a low brow?

- Symphony sessions Doting the psych prof
 A bong on the head

Neither "long-hair" concerts nor brain bait can lift the kind of brow *we* mean! If your forehead's low, part your hair higher on your head, parallel to eyebrows. Now make a short bang that conceals your real hairline. Different girls have different needs—in grooming aids, and in sanitary protection. That's why Kotex gives a choice of 3 sizes. Try Regular, Junior, Super. And try a new Kotex belt, too . . . it goes with Kotex for perfect comfort.



At first glance, would you say she's a—

- Gold digger Mixed up kid
 Shrinking violet

She may be a living razor at repartee, but in *clothes savvy* she's got her lines mixed. Example: that short flared coat calls for a stem-slim skirt, *not* the full-skirted style she's wearing. Bone up on what fashion lines combine best. Just as you've learned that (at calendar time) *Kotex* and those *flat pressed ends* are your best insurance against revealing lines. And with Kotex, no "wrong side" mix-up! You can wear *this* napkin on either side, safely.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

Hazy about what happens and why—at "that" time? Read "Very Personally Yours"—the fascinating, free booklet filled with easy-to-understand facts, plus lively illustrations. Hints on diet, exercise, grooming . . . do's and don'ts a girl should know. For your free copy, address P. O. Box 3434, Dept. 12115, Chicago 54, Ill.



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

*What's New in
Colgate Dental Cream
that's
MISSING-
MISSING-
MISSING
in every other
leading toothpaste*?*

**It's GARDOL—
To Give Up To
7 Times Longer
Protection Against
Tooth Decay... With
Just One Brushing!**



Morning brushings with Colgate's help protect all day; evening brushings all night. Because the Gardol in Colgate's forms an invisible, protective shield around teeth that lasts 12 hours with just one brushing. Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. Encourage your children to brush after meals. And at all times, get Gardol protection in Colgate's!



No other leading toothpaste can give the 12-hour protection against decay you get with Colgate's with just one brushing!

*THE TOP THREE BRANDS
AFTER COLGATE'S.

**CLEANS YOUR BREATH
while it GUARDS YOUR TEETH**

WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST

(Continued from page 21)

agreement for the creation of an all-color variety-cartoon series (also to be seen in black and white) exclusively for TV. UPA—who produced the Academy Award-winning films, "Gerald McBoing-Boing" and "When Magoo Flew"—hope to have the first programs ready early in 1956.

Mulling the Mail:

Mrs. J. K., Newark, N. J.: Cathy Crosby will appear on her father's TV show this fall, at least once a month. Bob finally agreed to her continuing on the program with the understanding that she must finish school. . . Mr. K. B., Orlando, Fla.: Eddie Cantor's health hasn't been all it should be, and for that reason he requested release from his long-term TV film contract. Producing and performing in one show a week was too much for him. . . Miss S. T., Barberton, O.: At the moment, there are no plans to revive the *Claudia* series on television, though I agree with you it was a delightful show. It has been missed by many viewers. . . Mrs. C. H. S., East Syracuse, N. Y.: *December Bride* is back on the CBS fall TV schedule and will be on all season. *Ethel And Albert* was the summer filler, but it is such a very popular program that CBS-TV should really find another time period for it. . . Mrs. F. A., Boston, Mass.: You and other Ted Mack fans will be happy to know that Ted and his *Original Amateur Hour* will return to network television, over ABC, on Sunday night, October 30. . . Miss E. L., Mason City, Iowa: Gina Ginardi plays Princess Summerfall Winterspring on *Howdy Doody*. She is sixteen years old. Judy Tyler, the former princess, will appear on Broadway in "Pipe Dream" and will be guesting with Sid Caesar on his TV shows. . . Mr. W. H., Little Rock, Ark.: Peggy King and her husband, Knobby Lee, trumpeter with George Lib-



Superman—George Reeves, that is—shares a young fan's delight in another childhood wonder, *Disneyland*.

erace's orchestra, have separated, but as yet have made no definite plans for divorce. Peggy will be returning to *The George Gobel Show* this fall.

What Ever Happened To . . . ?

Louise Allbritton, former movie actress who last appeared on the TV series, *Concerning Miss Marlowe*? When *Miss Marlowe* and Miss Allbritton parted company,



Gino Prato—who won \$32,000 on *The \$64,000 Question*—had another dream come true when daughter Lorraine wed Eugene Joannides. (See story on page 42.)

TO COAST



Jo Stafford may soon take time out from TV for the best of reasons—an expected addition to the family.

Louise more or less retired from regular TV work. She took a trip to Europe and is now back in New York City with no immediate professional plans. In private life, Louise is married to Charles Collingwood, CBS newscaster.

Korla Pandit, who achieved quite some popularity with his filmed musical show, which was shown locally about the country? He has done a few guest shots lately, but hasn't appeared on any regular program. However, I am told his fans may write to him at Box 817, Santa Cruz, California.

Bert Wheeler, one-time star comedian of the movies, and a radio funny man for many years? Bert hasn't done too much recently, but his career may take a turn in the right direction this year now that he has landed a running part, as Smoky Joe, in the new TV show, *Brave Eagle*, a filmed Indian-adventure series beamed at the youngsters.

Michael Raffetto, who played Paul Barbour on *One Man's Family* practically since the beginning of the program back in 1932? Raffetto has retired from acting, though he still writes some of the scripts for this veteran program. Russell Thorsen, who played Paul on the TV version of *One Man's Family*, has assumed Raffetto's role on the radio program.

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, we don't have space to answer all questions, so I try to cover those personalities about whom I receive the most inquiries. Sorry, no personal answers, so please do not enclose stamped envelopes or postage, as they cannot be returned.

ACTS FASTER! HELPS DEVELOP STRONG, HEALTHY CHILDREN!



NEW SCOTT'S EMULSION *It's Superhomogenized!*

MOTHERS, are your children getting the most out of the A & D Vitamins they are taking? Make sure—give them New Scott's Emulsion or Scott's Emulsion Capsules.

Here's why—

Vitamins A & D must be emulsified either in your child's digestive system or before the vitamins are taken.

Independent clinical tests prove that Vitamins A & D—emulsified as in New Scott's Emulsion—are *more quickly absorbed* into the bloodstream than if the emulsification is left completely to nature.

Emulsification takes place normally in the human body. But if your child is rundown, resistance is low, the emulsification by his digestive system may not be complete. He may not get the vitamin help you intended!

That's why you can rely on New Scott's Emulsion! It's specially made for fast intake of the needed Vitamins A & D—regardless of body condition. The vitamin-containing particles in New Scott's Emulsion are so finely emulsified that the vitamins are ready to be absorbed with a minimum of help from the body.

New Scott's Emulsion tastes better. Easier to give! Easier to take! And higher potency too—just one teaspoonful at a time.

NEW SCOTT'S EMULSION CAPSULES!

The benefits of New Scott's Emulsion are also available in easy-to-take capsules.

Get New Scott's Emulsion or New Scott's Emulsion Capsules at any drug counter!



NEW PATTERNS FOR YOU

**THE GOOD NEWS
TRAVELS!**



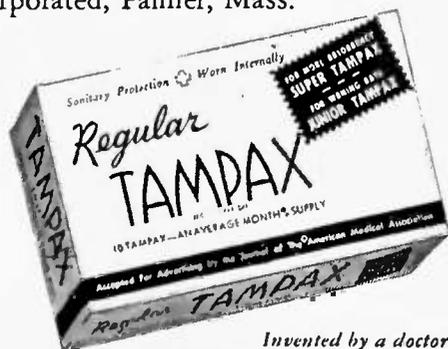
**Women in more than 70
countries use Tampax**

In such far-flung places as Suez and Madagascar, and right here in the United States, the story about Tampax is the same. *One woman tells another!*

In fact, internal sanitary protection is the only kind of sanitary protection that has any real advantages to talk about! It's both invisible and unfelt when in place. It does away with the cumbersome, uncomfortable belt-pin-pad harness—does away with chafing and irritation, too. It prevents odor from forming. It eliminates disposal problems. It's so protective in such a natural, normal way that you keep right on wearing it while you take your shower or tub. Even its smallness is an advantage; it's easy to carry "extras" with you.

Is it any wonder that the use of Tampax has grown steadily, year after year, as more and more women find out about this modern protection? Don't delay trying it yourself a single month longer—for the only way you can appreciate the freedom it gives you is to try it! Choice of 3 absorbencies at drug or notion counters (Regular, Super, Junior). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

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



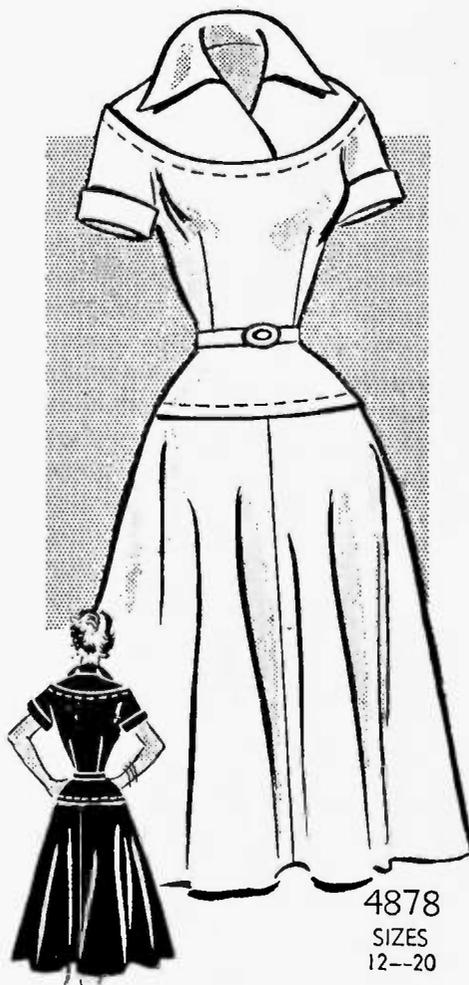
*Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women*



9101
SIZES
6-14



4786
SIZES
14½-24½



4878
SIZES
12-20

9101—Girls love the yoke bodice, round collar, whirlaway skirt. Perfect for school. Girls' Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, 14. Size 10 takes 2½ yards 35-inch fabric; ⅓ yard contrast.

4786—Fashioned for the half-sizer—cut to fit the shorter, fuller figure. Sew-easy, too. Half Sizes 14½-24½. Size 16½ takes 3¼ yards 39-inch fabric.

4878—This new-season casual is so versatile: Neat enough for the office—flattering enough for a special date. Misses' Sizes 12-20. Size 16 takes 5⅛ yards 39-inch fabric.

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.
Be sure to specify pattern number and size.

Daytime Diary

(Continued from page 19)

thing occurred during his childhood which is responsible for the terrible psychological strains he had lately been undergoing. How do David and Lorraine react to the revelation that the Browns, who brought them up, were not their real parents—and that the secret in their past is murder? Why is David's boss so anxious to keep the past dead? CBS Radio.

VALIANT LADY Helen Emerson knows that another name for courage is sometimes foolhardiness, but she is convinced that she must go on trying to help Linda Kendall regain her place in the world despite the distasteful twist being given to her actions by malicious onlookers. But however prepared she may be to out-face her enemies, is Helen ready to let her own children suffer in order to create a happier life for Linda's child? CBS-TV.

WENDY WARREN AND THE NEWS Wendy, recently widowed, feels emotionally unready to enter into another marriage, but when Dr. Peter Dalton rebounds from her refusal into the arms of Linda Cabot, his little daughter's governess, she is no longer sure she did the right thing. But events are shaping around Peter which will throw his personal life and Wendy's into the background—events which may even have international repercussions. CBS Radio.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES The only thing that qualifies a person for the delicate job of arranging a marriage is a happy marriage of his or her own. Joan and Harry Davis therefore have the best possible background for trying to help two young people who cannot make up their minds. But, even as she plays Cupid, Joan is a little worried about meddling with fate. Will the future prove that her fears are well founded? ABC Radio.

THE WOMAN IN MY HOUSE All the Carter children are grown-up enough to understand that they were brought up under a compromise code combining their father's devotion to discipline with their mother's understanding and light hand. But the next generation is still too young to appreciate this, and near-tragedy results when James Carter's instinctive conviction that children must learn discipline is applied to the wrong child at the wrong time. NBC Radio.

YOUNG DR. MALONE Tracey believed her many doubts were resolved before she married Dr. Jerry Malone, but Dr. Paul Browne now knows all too well that the past she has struggled to forget is taking its toll of her physical and mental health. Worried about Tracey, uneasy about his daughter Jill—how will Jerry weather the crisis he knows is coming when Dr. Ted Mason makes his powerful bid for control of the clinic Jerry now heads? CBS Radio.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN When Dr. Anthony Loring was tricked into marriage, Ellen Brown hid her broken heart and vowed never to let the town realize that their gossip about her ruined hopes was very nearly true. Making a brave effort, she managed to find new interests, but the knowledge that Anthony still loves her prevents her from looking forward to life without him. Will Millicent Loring's hatred for Ellen bring things to a climax? NBC Radio.

I Was a Chubby Little High School Girl ...Now I'm a Popular Teen-age Model



all the "know-how" in my new book, just published:

Not so long ago, when I was 15—I was fat, with thick legs and an oversize waistline. Then, when I decided to become a model, I had to practically make myself over!

In changing myself from a girl who just slopped along to a girl who had to look her best at all times—I discovered plenty about good looks, grooming and personality.

Believe you me—those glamour routines really pay off! They did for me, and I guarantee that if you follow them they will make you look prettier. And you'll have lots more fun, too. You'll find

Betty Cornell's

TEEN-AGE POPULARITY GUIDE

This is not a book for your mother or your grandmother. It is written especially for YOU. It shows how you can be more attractive, have more fun with the crowd you pal around with, get more dates, be at your best at proms and parties, and enjoy the life of a teen.

Here you will find all the secrets of smartness and good grooming that Betty Cornell learned when she became a teen-age model. You will see how YOU can develop YOUR beauty and charm and popularity by following the suggestions Betty Cornell gives you. For example:

YOUR FIGURE

What to eat to lose weight; to gain weight.
The truth about between-meal nibbling.
Advice to Lazy Lils who can't get up in time for breakfast.
Bringing lunch to school—what to pack, what to leave out.
Warning to girls who BUY lunch, and how to steer clear of danger.
How to keep family dinners from ruining your figure.
How to eat at a party.

How to walk gracefully, with fluid movement.
How to look lovely while dancing.
The secret of standing with one foot at a right angle to the other.
What to do with your hands when you stand or sit.
How to photograph well.

YOUR SKIN

What to do about splotchy skin.
How to get rid of pimples, blackheads and blemishes.
How to apply cleansing cream.
What to do if you have oily skin, dry skin, or skin that is part oily, part dry.

YOUR GROOMING

Your best insurance against being pushed out of the social swim.
Tips on bathing and use of deodorants.
"How nice you smell."
To shave legs and underarms, or not to shave.
Do teens need a girdle?
Should a teen wear a bra?
Suggestions on stockings, underwear, accessories.

YOUR HAIR

How to get sheen and gloss into your hair.
How to get rid of dandruff.
Brushing your hair the way models do.
Shampooing your hair.
How to set your hair.
How to choose your most flattering hair style.
How to be known as a girl with beautiful hair.

YOUR CLOTHES

How the eye can be fooled.
When to choose clothes with wrap-around lines, slim lines, pleated lines, gored lines, diagonal lines, or radiating lines.
What colors are becoming if you are brunette, blonde, redhead, or in-between.
How clothes should be related with skin color.
Picking clothes to suit your personality.
Clothes that mix and match.
How not to be "out-dated."

YOUR MAKEUP

The most important thing about makeup.
Little tricks that keep makeup from looking obvious.
How to apply powder base and powder.
What to do about rouge.
Proper way to apply lipstick.
Don't be silly about eye makeup.
How to have pretty hands.
How to apply nail polish.

PARTIES, DATES AND FORMALS

What to do and say to put your date at ease.
Blind dates—should you accept or refuse them?
Petting—yes or no?
Going formal; how to be poised, polished and pretty.
Week-ends away from home.
How to be "the hostess with the mostest" when you're giving a party.
The Table—at it and on it.

MODELING TRICKS

What makes a model look so straight and tall.
How to stand "in one line."

YOUR PERSONALITY

How to keep from folding up when the social whirl slows to a standstill.
How to make yourself more attractive to others.
How to develop your own personality and "make like an individual."
Don't get a "crowd complex."
How to put your best self forward and have fun.



FREE
5-DAY TRIAL

See for yourself how much you can benefit from the honest advice and smart tips in Betty Cornell's TEEN-AGE POPULARITY GUIDE. Read this wonder-working book for 5 days—then either return it and pay nothing, or keep it and send only \$1.95 plus few cents postage and \$1.00 a month until the low price of only \$3.95 is paid. Mail coupon NOW to get your free-trial copy.

FREE EXAMINATION COUPON

PRENTICE-HALL, INC., DEPT. 5895-P1
ENGLEWOOD CLIFFS, NEW JERSEY

Please send me Betty Cornell's TEEN-AGE POPULARITY GUIDE. After giving it a sincere trial for five days, if I am not satisfied I may return the book to you and pay nothing. Otherwise I will send only \$1.95 plus a few pennies for postage and packing, and \$1.00 a month until the low price of only \$3.95 is paid.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

SAVE! Send \$3.95 WITH THIS COUPON, and we will pay shipping charges. Same return privilege—your money back if you are not thrilled and delighted with this book.



Bobby, who also plays the trumpet, lends an ear to Fran Carroll and Buddy Weed.



Dancers Zadan and Carroll do a bit of fancy stepping, with Bobby at piano.



Contestants Richard Cernizlia and Pat Horace stop dancing to chat with Bobby.



Piano is one of a band-full of instruments at which Bobby is expert—but it's his "Pom" who calls the tune.

Step This Way

Bobby Sherwood trots out a gala new dance show and walks off with cheers from WABC viewers

NEW YORKERS get their toes stepped on too often in the subways to care to repeat the experience on the dance floor. In his usual amiable fashion, Bobby Sherwood has come up with a solution for down-trodden Gothamites. Bobby, who describes himself as "about 40 per cent musician, 40 per cent comedian-actor, and 20 per cent writer," has added a plus percentage as dance impresario and host with a new show, *Step This Way*, seen Saturday at 7 P.M. on Station WABC-TV. . . . The show spotlights three couples who strut their stuff and learn new dance steps for prizes in the studio. The art of terpsichore is propounded by the team of Zadan and Carroll. Jerry Zadan, who directs the Arthur Murray studios in Poughkeepsie, is married to a dancer, Dorothy, who swapped career for the fast-stepping role of wife and mother of their two-year-old daughter. His TV partner is his sister-in-law, Fran Carroll, who owns and operates the Saxony Dance Studio. . . . Music for the toe-tapping is provided by bandleader Buddy Weed. Bobby Sherwood, who can play every instrument in the band, insists that he is now "unstuck." Long one of the top names in the band business, Bobby claims he was never really a bandleader. "I put together a band for Johnny Mercer when he started Capitol Records," Bobby recalls, "and we cut something called 'Elks Parade.' It sold over a million copies and there I was, stuck with a band." . . . The band played on and on, very successfully, until Bobby won his own disc-jockey show on WABC—and claimed he was not really a disc jockey. He's also made frequent appearances on the Milton Berle, Red Buttons and Sid Caesar shows. Currently, Bobby is a panelist—he hasn't said yet whether he thinks he really is one or not—on ABC-TV's *Masquerade Party*. . . . At any rate, there's no doubt that Bobby is the very devoted husband of the former Helen Banberry. The Sherwoods have two parakeets and a four-year-old miniature Pomeranian at their Sutton Place menagerie and keep two horses in a country stable. Occasionally, Bobby will canter along the paths in Central Park, which is likely to be renamed "Sherwood Forest." All those in favor are cordially invited to *Step This Way*.



revolution in lipstick

in

a moment

every other lipstick

will

be

old-fashioned



Soft Touch

THE REVOLUTIONARY **NEW** LIPSTICK BY *Toni*

... glides on at a touch ... yet stays on twice as long as "long-lasting" lipsticks

Twice as long? Yes! Just put on Soft Touch and forget about it. No need to retouch—with Soft Touch. No messy smear... and so comfortable!



Three new shades for the new season in Red — Rose — Coral

\$1.25
plus tax

*I dreamed I was a social butterfly
in my maidenform bra*



Pre-lude—newest maidenform bra* ...the bra with the contour band that gives you a completely new kind of 'under-and-up' uplift. It curves so naturally to you... lifts from under the cups, curves snugly up between the cups to make the most of every curve you own!

In delicate nylon lace and satin (as shown) 3.00. In cotton broadcloth, 1.50 to 2.50. Strapless versions, 2.50 to 3.50. A, B and C cup sizes.

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*For Art and
Lois Linkletter, every
anniversary has been
Thanksgiving Day indeed*

By MAXINE ARNOLD

ONCE UPON a Thanksgiving, a lovely young bride in cream-colored velvet . . . with pearls in her dark hair and stars in her wide blue eyes . . . stood before an altar, silently saying a wedding vow. She would, she promised, make him the home he had never known . . . give him the family he'd never had. From this day forward, she would make it all up to him. . . .

Beside the girl whose love and faith had already given life purpose, Art Linkletter was promising—as silently—a few other vows which weren't "in the script." She would never be sorry she was marrying him. Nothing in this life would be too good for her. She'd have everything . . . see everything . . . go everywhere. She'd have jewels and mink and trips to faraway places. Some day, he would show her the whole world . . . though any one of these vows was tall dreaming on the \$150 a month Art was making right then. . . .

Today, those furs and jewels and magic faraway places are no longer a dream. The finest of minks hang in the closet of an elegant Holmby Hills house which "neighbors" those belonging to Bing Crosby, Lana

Continued →



Days of Remembrance

Days of Remembrance

(Continued)



Art has more than fulfilled the vow that "someday" he would shower his bride with furs and finery, and take her "all over the world." Latest jaunt was a trip to Hawaii!



Son Jack was the "first installment" on Lois's wedding vows. He's starred on his own local show, is a familiar figure at CBS, where Art stages his *House Party*. Father and eldest child share many projects, both work and play.

Turner and Humphrey Bogart. And there are five "little Links" who take turns traveling to those dreamy faraway places with Lois and Art. . . . On this, his twentieth wedding anniversary, Art Linkletter is enveloped by more affection and more family than he ever thought would be his. And they're more than making it all up to him. . . .

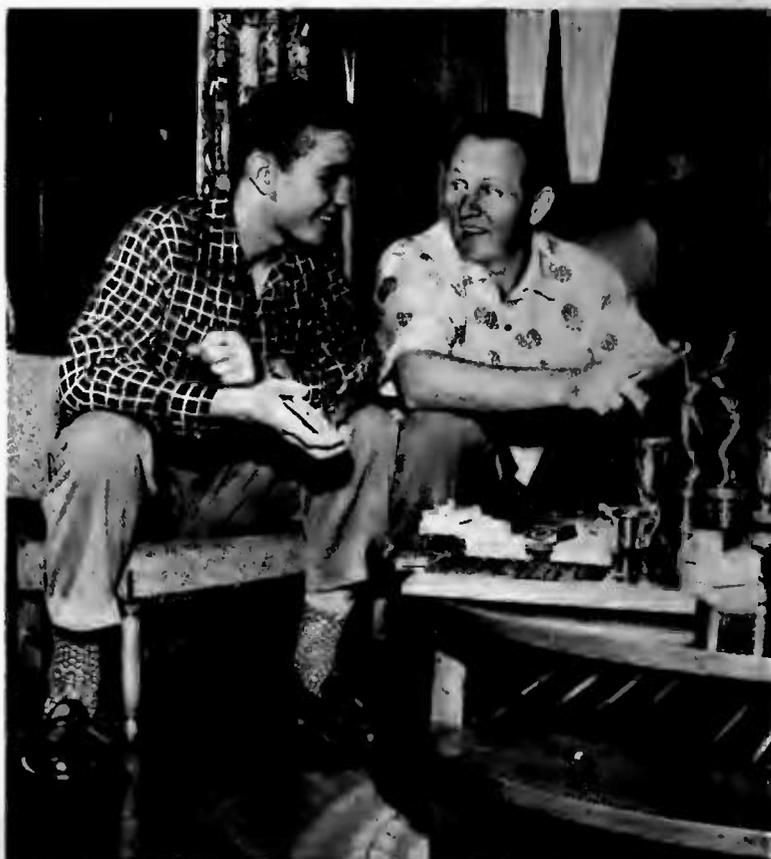
"This was what I wanted most when we married," Lois says slowly now, reliving aloud another Thanksgiving Day. "I wanted to make a home for him and to give him children. He never had anybody of his own—really his own—until he married me. He had a family, but they were not really his. And he had a home, but not a real home. I'd always had such a wonderful home, and my family were all so close, I just couldn't imagine this—somebody who had nobody. . . ."

It's fitting that Thanksgiving Day is their wedding anniversary. For, until they met, Thanksgiving was a very meaningless word to Art Linkletter.

"Orphaned" by life, he'd been given for adoption to a sidewalk evangelist when he was one year old. And theirs was a floating existence. From time to time, his foster father, fired with the zeal of saving men's souls, would go out on the road to preach—leaving Art and his foster mother to go from house to house of the various church members who would take them in. They'd wait at somebody's house until they heard from him again.

When Art was eight years old, they lived at the Old Folks' Home in San Diego "because we had no place else to stay." There the little boy with the bright blue eyes and eager smile was always being cautioned to "be quiet now." He had no one to play with, and he couldn't (Continued on page 97)

Art Linkletter's *House Party*, M-F—on CBS-TV at 2:30 P.M., CBS Radio at 3—is sponsored by Pillsbury Mills, Lever Bros., Kellogg Co., Dole Pineapple. His *People Are Funny* is seen over NBC-TV, Sun., 7 P.M., for Prom Home Permanent and Paper-Mate Pens. It is heard on NBC Radio, Tues., 8 P.M. (All times EDT)





Five "little Links"—Jack, Dawn, Robert (rear), Diane and Sharon (foreground)—are proof that Art has the happy home he longed for. They're part of the living dream which began one Thanksgiving Day.

Lovely, Lovely Secret



When Patti first met dance director Charles O'Curran, they "fought like cats and dogs." But all that was *last* year.

It's a new and glamorous Patti Page on TV—
for the oldest, most wonderful of reasons

By ED MEYERSON

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU? It wasn't a question, it was a gasp of surprise—for Patti Page had changed. She had done herself over. She was as different as day from night. Seeing her now and contrasting her with the Patti of a year ago, it was like looking at one of those Before-and-After ads that show the girl as she used to be, and then as she is today—*after* she discovered the new miracle product.

Before . . . well, Patti was considered the girl-next-door type. She was pretty, but in a casual, wholesome sort of way—like banana cream pie, her favorite dessert. Absorbed in her work, she seemed shy and withdrawn in the world outside the night clubs and studios—a Sleeping Beauty who only came to life when a spotlight opened her eyes and the bandleader signaled it was time to sing.

But now, *after* . . . she was the Golden Girl! Glamorous, exciting, downright unpredictable. One moment, the poise and authority of a woman of the world (Continued on page 86)

The Patti Page Show is sponsored by the Oldsmobile Dealers of America in more than a hundred TV areas. See local papers for time and station.

What an enchanting bride the "new" Patti makes—even when it's just-pretend, on the set with members of The Page Five Singers.



Top member of Patti's show-business "family" is partner-manager Jack Rael, whose orchestra plays for her programs.





Billy Graham—

The simple, personal story of
"a tool of God" who has sparked a
great public revival of faith

By GREGORY MERWIN

HE IS like the lightning that sears the sky and the thunder that throbs the earth. He is world-renowned as the greatest evangelist in contemporary Christendom. Billy Graham is a shaker and a mover.

He is fabulous. His weekly radio sermons are heard over the Mutual Broadcasting System, the ABC Radio network, the British Broadcasting Corporation, seventy-one Canadian stations, and many other independent stations in Asia, Europe and South America. Each week, more than a thousand different stations broadcast his sermons.

His magnetism is fantastic. For example, this year in London's Wembley Stadium, 450,000 persons attended his (Continued on page 90)

Billy Graham's *Hour of Decision* is heard Sundays on two networks: ABC Radio at 3:30 P.M. EDT, and Mutual, 10 P.M. EDT.



His sermons have been heard by America's President Eisenhower (above)—and crowds of 100,000 in Berlin's Olympic Stadium (left).



MAN OF DECISION



The girls and Mrs. Graham greet Billy on his return from Europe.



One of his favorite family pictures reveals a favorite pastime.



Wife Ruth is his true helpmate, joins him "on tour" when she can.



The noted evangelist believes in fun and games, too. Left to right—son Franklin, now 3; Mrs. Graham; daughter Ruth, 5; Billy; daughters Virginia, 10, and Anne, 7.

With home, children and abundant
love, Eve Arden and Brooks West
have found the way to make life

MORE THAN



Eve and Brooks agree that their beloved farm is just the place for an active lad like Douglas!

A DREAM

By BETTY MILLS

ONE AFTERNOON last September, Eve Arden and her husband, Brooks West, walked arm in arm off the Warner Bros. Studio set where Eve had just finished making the feature-length movie version of her CBS show, *Our Miss Brooks*. Once in their car, Eve and Brooks started their afternoon drive through San Fernando Valley to their own Hidden Valley ranch home. Twenty minutes later, they drove past their white-fenced pasture, through the gate, and under the red-painted, white-lettered sign which read: "Westhaven." Brooks had hewn the sign from fresh lumber, Eve had painted it. Whenever she saw this red-and-white greeting, Eve was reminded anew that she was truly "at home."

Westhaven spread out in front of Eve in three directions—thirty-eight acres of green grass, white fences and rolling hills, all freckled with oaks, blushing red barns and three happy white cottages. The next thing Eve saw—or rather heard—was her ten-year-old daughter Liza's shout of welcome: "Hi!" Astride her pinto pony, "Patches," Liza came rushing out of the oaks, arms waving, pigtailed flying. "I'll race you to the barn!" she screamed, and was off in a clatter of hooves.

Seconds later, the fat yellow country-school bus came puffing around the corner, stopping by their gate. Eve's and Brooks' (Continued on page 69)

Our Miss Brooks is seen on CBS-TV, Fri., 8:30 P.M., as sponsored by Instant Sanka, Minute Rice, Gaines Dog Food and Birdseye. *Our Miss Brooks* is heard on CBS Radio, Sun., 8 P.M. (Both times EDT)



Horses to ride are among the many treasures of farm life. Young Doug (below) has his own ideas of sport, indoors or out, and Eve plays along.



Sheep delight both Mother Eve and her children. That's Dunc feeding Little Orphan Annie, as Liza watches—and Doug looks around for new mischief.





Two who know the real Como—producer Lee Cooley (above) and Perry's pretty wife, Roselle (below).

The SMILE Behind the Song

Perry Como has a gift for comedy
which spills right out of his heart
and home into his NBC show



By LILLA ANDERSON

MAKING an elaborate show of being a man bruised in flesh and broken in spirit, Perry Como limped across the television stage to confront his producer, Lee Cooley. "You and your shotguns . . ." he said accusingly.

Lee, who is a rangy, crew-cut, athletic Westerner, long ago became one of Como's most understanding admirers. He thinks Como is the greatest star he's ever worked with, and he just grinned at this onslaught. He has learned that, when Perry starts a conversation in this manner, he's about to hear the pay-off line of some incident which started naturally enough in the studio. However, such things have a way of gathering force like a hurricane and turning into an adventure for Perry. An adventure in which Perry always comes off second-best. At least in the way Perry tells it.

This one, Lee correctly surmised, had its origin in their Christmas show, some time earlier. In it, the three young Comos, together with the children of the other people attached to the program, had pantomimed the Christmas story.

They had done it before, but this time there had been a change, for Perry had come to Lee with a problem. He had a sore throat, he asserted. Lee lifted a skeptical eyebrow right there. He had seen Perry work uncomplainingly through (Continued on page 88)

The Perry Como Show, on NBC-TV, Sat., from 8 to 9 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by International Cellucotton Co., Gold Seal Co., Dormeyer Corp., Noxzema Chemical Co., others.



The Comos give thanks at Our Lady of Fatima Church in Sands Point, pause to greet Reverend Vincent Watson, S.J.

Three more reasons for the Comos' delight are their children—Ronnie on couch, Terri in chair, and David on floor.

One reason for a big smile these days is that he has finally put down roots, has a home of his own.



Happiness knows no Season





Work is play for Spring—and very much like real life. As Lily Ruskin in *December Bride*, she has a daughter Ruth (played by Frances Rafferty) and an admiring son-in-law, Matt Henshaw (Dean Miller).

**For Spring Byington—forever
young December Bride—both past and
future make today just perfect**

By ELSA MOLINA

THE NATION'S "most beloved mother-in-law" sat in the far corner of the car as it climbed up, up, up the Colorado mountains. Any TV viewer would have recognized Spring Byington—Lily Ruskin, that is, in the Desilu Production of *December Bride* on CBS-TV—with the champagne-colored hair blowing silkily about her fair, unlined face. But, just now, two little "thought" lines cast a shadow on Spring's usually bright blue eyes, robbing them of their sparkle. The "thought" lines were prompted by the depth of the abyss that fell off sharply to her right. It was so deep that she could barely see (*Continued on page 93*)

December Bride, CBS-TV, Mon., 9:30 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by General Foods for Instant Maxwell House Coffee.



Spring's own family includes daughter Phyllis, son-in-law Bill Baxley, their children Christine and "S'An"—all on opposite page—daughter Lois and son-in-law Larry Dunn (above, right). She finds quite a resemblance between granddaughter S'An and a portrait of daughter Phyllis at about the same age!





Patrons of Gino's little shop knew his skill at repairing shoes—and always got a smile as warm and friendly as the one he wore the night his knowledge of opera won him the show's fabulous check for \$32,000.



Three times, Gino stepped out of the booth a winner—as Lynn Dollar



Miracle in



Wife Caroline and daughter Lorraine were too happy to wonder what *The \$64,000 Question* might have been.



Gino knew his appearance on the program might fulfill some dreams—but never imagined he'd be a "celebrity."



and Hal March hoped he'd make it four!

Music

**His winnings on The \$64,000 Question are Gino Prato's
proud reward for the humble devotion of a lifetime**

By HELEN BOLSTAD

THE FULL MOON was high over the mountains, scents of summer were in the air—and both the world and Gino Prato were younger—that night back in Italy, when the village priest found him happily playing the accordion while the boys and girls of Statale danced. The priest, who had heard many a confession of thoughtless romance, worried about music and moon madness. It was not fitting that his altar boy be part of this. Sternly he warned, "Gino, if you play and these young people sin, then the sins of them all are on your head."

To the lad, devoted as he was to both church and

music, the warning brought conflict. "But, Father," he protested, "the music is not sin. The music is beautiful." Wisely, the old priest understood. "You can serve God while you play music. I will teach you to play the organ."

The way from that moon-drenched night to what probably is today's most conspicuously lonely spot—the contestant's isolation booth at *The \$64,000 Question*—held many a trial. But Gino Prato, now an American citizen, stood the test. His faith in God's goodness, his devotion to his family and his love of music earned him both fortune and the (Continued on page 78)

The \$64,000 Question, on CBS-TV and CBS Radio, Tues., 10 P.M., EDT, is sponsored by Revlon Products Corp.



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HOME at First Sight

The Jack Sterlings knew it was just the house for them, without having to "make up their minds"

By FRANCES KISH

WHEN Margaret Elizabeth Sterling was born last March 15, a friend sent a young tree to be planted in the yard of the new house in Connecticut. Bethie's parents, Jack and Barbara Sterling, were delighted. Not only did they like the idea of the little tree growing tall and straight and strong, along with their new little girl, but somehow it seemed symbolic of the deep roots they themselves were now putting down, in a home of their own.

Now, Barbara cannot understand how she ever managed in a crowded New York City apartment. Small Patricia Ann, who is Bethie's older sister (but barely a year older), has forgotten she ever had to be content to play in a tiny city park. Even Jack, the commuting member of the Sterling household, has taken quite calmly to his new schedule. He gets up even earlier now, to begin his broadcasting day on radio, on the *Jack Sterling Show*, over WCBS, at 5:30 A.M. He has time for a brief rest before his other pre-noon radio stint, the popular network panel show called *Make Up Your Mind*. Saturday mornings, Jack must be in Philadelphia very early to get ready for his *Big Top* television program, the huge circus show for which he has played ringmaster ever since it began five years ago. Yet all this long-distance commuting and pre-dawn catching of trains seems well worth it to a chap who has been longing for a house in the country for many years, and planning for it ever since he and Barbara got married in June, 1952.

"I still cannot believe it has happened to me," Jack says. "Me, who—although not quite 'born in a trunk,' as the saying goes—did first see the light of day in a theatrical boarding-house, and who spent my growing years backstage, as the son of vaudeville performers and a performer myself. Me, who knew very few settled homes and never before owned one. Barbara and I are thrilled about it."

The way the Sterlings found just the right house for them was part of the thrill. Practically





Jack and Barbara Sterling dreamed of a place in the country from the moment Patricia Ann was born. Now—just in time for baby Margaret Elizabeth—that dream house is a reality.

See Next Page ►



HOME at First Sight

(Continued)

everybody had been getting into the act to help them look for the perfect place. Friends sent them "hot tips" about property they had seen in their communities. Barbara's dad served as "advance man" and put in three days at a hotel in the area where they were looking, scouting every possible location.

Then it happened, on a day when Barbara and Jack themselves were combing the countryside with a real estate agent. They had seen houses of all sizes and shapes, in convenient and inconvenient locations, but none quite suited. Then suddenly they were walking right up to one which was just what they wanted. It was close to the convenient transportation which is so necessary for Jack's work, in a beautiful new section of the town of New Canaan, on an acre and a third of ground—with an opportunity to option the adjoining land if they decide they want to spread out.

A four-bedroom house of white and gray brick and wood, set high on a ridge from which there is a sweeping view of some of the prettiest country in the eastern United States. An unfinished house at the time they first saw it, happily still at the stage where their own

individual ideas could be incorporated, and yet well enough along so there wasn't too much of a wait before they could move in. Barbara could have a free hand with color schemes, and the design of shelf and closet space. Jack could plan the spot for the swimming pool and the barbecue for cook-outs in summer, and the patio. As everyone knows who listens to a Jack Sterling broadcast—and as every visitor to the Sterling household surely knows—this is a man with considerable skill with a skillet, indoors or outdoors, and a real yen to try out some of the tantalizing recipes for out-of-door cookery which had been tempting him from his collection of cookbooks. So all these arrangements were very important.

Barbara at last was going to have the flower garden

Jack Sterling emcees *Make Up Your Mind*, on CBS Radio, M-F, 11:30 A.M., as sponsored by Continental Baking Co. for Wonder Bread and Hostess Cup Cakes. He is ringmaster of *Sealtest Big Top*, CBS-TV, Sat., 12 noon. *The Jack Sterling Show* is heard over WCBS Radio (New York), Mon.-Sat., 5:30-7:45 A.M. (EDT)



Jack sometimes thinks the nicest part of their spacious house (at left) is the tidy kitchen. He loves to cook, and often takes over the food-fixin' chores from Barbara.



That big yard is just fine for Patty Ann, of course—and also very handy for Daddy Sterling's golf practice!

she wanted, filled with the brightest blooms to be found. Jack realized an old dream of his, to have a rough stone fence, the kind which looks as though it came up right out of the ground and really "belongs." The fence goes across the front of their property and up one side, in true Connecticut tradition.

Jimmy Donnelly, one of their old friends, gave them a good start on the landscaping by offering some fine shrubs, which surrounded the old house where he had been living but was then giving up, and four beautiful blue spruce trees. Actually, weeks before they moved in, Jack was up on the property every spare hour, getting the lawn and the garden started, meeting the neighbors, beginning to settle into his role of "country squire." And beginning to love it, from the first day.

"I like the idea of having a house which is really on four levels," Jack says. "A living room with a high, cathedral ceiling, a dining area and kitchen. Leading up from the living room is a decorative stairway, with wrought-iron railing, to the bedrooms and upstairs baths. Leading down from the living room just a few steps is a mahogany-paneled playroom, (Continued on page 92)



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HOME at First Sight

(Continued)

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That big yard is just fine for Potty Ann, of course—and also very handy for Daddy Sterling's golf practice!



The Baxters greet two distinguished guests: Richard Dunn, producer of CBS-TV's *The Secret Storm* and *Love Of Life*, and Peggy McCay, star of the latter. Below—serenade for actress Julia Meade, her husband, O. W. Rudd, Mrs. Addison Pawell.



Blair Davies (who stars as the Reverend Richard Dennis in *The Brighter Day*) chuckles as Hal Halbraak (his daytime-drama son, Grayling Dennis) introduces the real Mrs. Halbraak (seated) to Ann Hillary—who plays Hal's new bride, Sandra, on radio-TV.



Below, the Baxters mark a historic moment in *The Guiding Light* script—the day Charles "died," in the role of Dr. Jahn Braks. Party guests Paul Patter (center) and Barry Thamsan (right) are very much a part of the plot, for Paul plays Dr. Jim Kelly, Barry is Dr. Bart Thompson—Jahn's ambitious "father!"



Glimpses of a gala evening: Donald Buka, popular actor in many a drama, lighting a cigarette for Miss Lynn De Cesare . . . Mildred Dilling, world-renowned harpist, playing "Clair de Lune" for the spellbound guests . . . Peter Habbs, who stars as Peter Ames in *The Secret Storm*, dancing with his bride, actress Parker McCormack.



Home and career weave a colorful pattern of happiness for Mark Stevens



Mark Stevens named their daughter Arrelle Elizabeth. Wife Annelle named their son Mark Richard.

The haunting ballad dedicated to gallant Helen Emerson (as played by Flora Campbell)! Will it become the first "hit song" from a daytime drama?



Valiant Lady Theme

Words by
KAY TWOMEY & FRED WISE

(True Devotion)
From The CBS-TV Serial
"Valiant Lady"

Music by
JOHN GART A.S.C.A.P.

Slowly

Chords: Bb7 Bb+7 Eb Abm Eb

I will give you TRUE DE - VO - TION

mp a tempo

Chords: Eb Bb7sus4 Bb7 Eb Edim7 Fm7 Bb7

With a love that's as deep as the o - cean. There's no

Chords: Fm G7sus4 G7 Cm Cm7

end - ing to our sto - ry For a love such as

F7 Bb7sus4 Bb7 Bb7 Bb+7 Eb Abm

ours glows in glo - ry. TRUE DE - VO - TION will not

Eb Bb7sus4 Bb7 Eb Eb7 Ab

fal - ter It's as strong as the Rock of Gi - bral-tar.

Ab Abm Eb Cm G Cm

That's why I give you my TRUE DE - VO - TION un-til the

Fm7 Bb7sus4 1. Eb Adim7 Bb7 Bb7 Bb+7 2. Eb Abm Eb

day when you say you're mine. I will mine. *sva.:*

rit. a tempo *rall.*

*Ped. **

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Sole selling agent, Hill and Range Songs, Inc., 1650 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

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Be what you want to be



All aboard the 40-foot trailer which Pres and Sheila Foster call "home," on the Hal Roach lot.



Breakfast and lunch are no problem for homecoming Pres, just 30 seconds from the *Waterfront* set.



Between shooting dates, the Fosters move to their 400-acre ranch, where Pres is a real tractor expert.



Daughter Stephanie, 16, gives Dad a big welcome at Twin Oaks, the Foster ranch north of Los Angeles.



There's music in those hills where Twin Oaks nestles! Sheila has a fine voice, and Pres not only sings and plays the piano but also has a remarkable collection of guitars.

Preston Foster has the strength of his beloved sea—as actor, musician—and as Cap'n John in *Waterfront*

By BUD GOODE

STEPPING OFF the *Waterfront* set, Preston Foster never really steps out of character. Except for their names, tugboat captain John Herrick and he-man actor Pres Foster are one and the same person. In fact, when Ben Fox first created the role of Cap'n John, he described his character in these words: "A courageous, God-fearing man with great physical strength, intelligence, and a sense of humor—a man who loves his country first, with his tugboat, *Cheryl Ann*, a close second. . . ." Tall, dark and robust Preston Foster was Ben Fox's (Continued on page 95)

Preston is Cap'n John in *Waterfront*, a Roland Reed Production distributed by MCA-TV. Check local papers for time and station.





1. Peter Ames, a widower, hires Jane Edwards as his housekeeper. But he is drawn more and more to her as he sees her genuine warmth in such acts as the birthday party for Amy and sees also the affection in which Amy, Jerry and Susan hold Jane.

THE SECRET STORM



2. Jane, too, has lost the one she loved. Her husband Bruce Edwards was an Air Force pilot shot down over the Pacific and Jane still recalls with sorrow their last meeting.

THREE lonely people—brought together by the strange twists and turns of fate—each reaching out for love, for a companion against the secret storm raging within. . . . Peter Ames had lost himself in grief, when his wife Ellen died. Not until the courts warned him that he might lose custody of their children did Peter accept the fact of Ellen's death and devote himself to Jerry, 17, Susan, 18, and Amy, 10. But now Peter has found the woman who could bring new warmth and affection into their lives. . . . Jane Edwards possesses all the wonderful qualities Peter had loved in Ellen, and, when Jane comes into his home as housekeeper, he is drawn more and more to a new love. . . . But Pauline Tyrell Harris—who once considered herself engaged to Peter, before he eloped with her sister—had hoped that Peter would turn to her, after Ellen's death. She could never forgive either Peter or Ellen for their elopement and—though she herself had wed John Harris—her own marriage had soon ended in divorce. Now, twice rejected by Peter, Pauline is filled with anger and jealousy. . . . Like Peter himself, Jane has memories of a happy marriage—to Bruce Edwards, an Air Force

*Shadows from out of the past
and another woman's jealousy cloud
Peter Ames' hopes for the future*



3. The loneliness they have both known seems over as Peter and Jane find a new love together. But as Peter talks of marriage, Jane remembers Bruce.

See Next Page 



4. In her loneliness, Jane had been deceived into marrying Skip Curtis, a petty criminal. Now Skip, in a battle with the police, has been shot and the doctor fears it is fatal.

pilot who had been shot down during the war. After seven years, Bruce had been declared legally dead and Jane, in her loneliness, had married Skip Curtis—only to discover that Skip was really a petty thief and confidence man. She left him soon after, but Skip always managed to find her when he needed funds. . . . When Jane had come to Woodbridge and found new hope in Peter Ames' home, Skip—fleeing from the FBI—had once more found her and appealed for the help and protection she'd always given him. Then Jane discovers that she is going to bear Skip's child! Though she confesses the true circumstances to Peter, he refuses to allow her to disclose the identity of her husband, for fear

Pictured here, as seen on TV, are:

| | |
|---------------------|------------------|
| Peter Ames..... | Peter Hobbs |
| Pauline Harris..... | Haila Stoddard |
| Jane Edwards..... | Virginia Dwyer |
| Grace Tyrell..... | Marjorie Gateson |
| Skip Curtis..... | Martin Brooks |
| Bruce Edwards..... | Biff MacGuire |
| Susan Ames..... | Jean Mowry |
| Jerry Ames..... | Warren Berlinger |
| Amy Ames..... | Jada Rowland |
| Dr. Hadley..... | Jay Jostyn |
| Bart Fenway..... | Whitfield Connor |

The Secret Storm is seen on CBS-TV, Monday through Friday, 4:15 P.M. EDT, for Whitehall Pharmacal Co. and Boyle-Midway.

THE SECRET STORM

(Continued)



5. Before Skip dies, in the same hospital where Jane has just had his son, he begs Jane's forgiveness. But Jane now feels, because of this marriage, she is unworthy of Peter.

that she will be arrested as Skip's accomplice. . . . Pauline is quick to take advantage of the situation. She accuses Peter as the man responsible for Jane's pregnancy—and brings charges against him as an unfit father, in an attempt to gain custody of the three children. However, the charges are dropped when Jane reveals her marriage to Skip. . . . Meanwhile, Skip returns to Woodbridge and takes refuge in Pauline's home, where he attempts to hold out against the police. Wounded in the ensuing gun battle, he is taken to the same hospital where Jane has just given birth to their son—and begs her forgiveness before he dies. . . . Feeling unworthy of Peter's love, after all that has happened—and troubled by dreams of her first husband, Bruce—Jane is grateful to Grace Tyrell, Peter's understanding mother-in-law, for offering her a haven in her home. She does not know that Bruce and his mother, Mary Edwards, have traced her to Woodbridge during the much-publicized trial. For, just as Jane dreamed, Bruce is indeed alive, nursed back to health by natives of the islands where he had been shot down! . . . Though Mary Edwards understands the loneliness which Jane



6. Jane and her son go to live with Grace Tyrell, Peter's mother-in-law. Meanwhile, Pauline watches with jealousy as Peter waits for Jane to decide whether to marry him.

had felt through those long years, Bruce is hurt that Jane did not wait for him—and bitter about the screaming headlines which linked Jane and Skip. He leaves Woodbridge without seeing or notifying Jane of his return. . . . Seemingly, Jane is now free to accept the love and protection Peter has offered her, free to reward the man who has staked his home, his children and his welfare on her innocence. But—even as Pauline herself seems ready to relinquish her own dreams of love and revenge—a new danger threatens from another quarter. . . . During his trial, Peter had been removed from his post as president of the store owned by the Tyrell family. Now that he has returned to his job, Peter finds certain irregularities for which he must question Bart Fenway, a good friend of Pauline's. . . . What new menace do these business troubles bring into Peter's life? Will Jane—still unaware that Bruce has returned from the dead—give Peter the answer he has been longing for? And what of Pauline, who has taken drastic measures before and will not hesitate to do so again? What secret storm is brewing—just over the horizon—for these three lonely people?

7. When Peter returns to work, he questions Pauline and Bart Fenway, who had replaced Peter, about business irregularities.



Laughter in the stars

The climb from obscurity wasn't easy. But, with native talent and a hard-earned gift for comedy, Jackie has made himself "The Greatest."



**Being poor is no joke.
But it taught
Jackie Gleason how to
touch the heart—and
funny bone—of millions!**

By GLADYS HALL



The Honeymooners—with Jackie, Audrey Meadows and Art Carney as "people we all know"—grew out of Jackie's experience. But he was born with that genius for music and showmanship!

THERE IS much food for thought in the fact that so many of the great comics of our day—Jimmy Durante, Groucho Marx, Danny Kaye, Jack Benny, Bob Hope, George Gobel, Red Skelton, Sid Caesar, Milton Berle, Red Buttons, and "The Greatest" himself—were all poor boys, most of them very poor. It's almost as though only those who, as youngsters, were obliged to make their own laughs—if they were to have any—make their millions as laughmakers later on.

Since poverty seems to be the prep school from which the real Clown Princes graduate, then poverty, you might (Continued on page 75)

The Honeymooners, Starring Jackie Gleason, CBS-TV, Sat., 8:30 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by Buick Dealers. It is preceded on CBS-TV, at 8 P.M., by *Stage Show*, starring the Dorsey Brothers with the June Taylor Girls, as sponsored by the Nestle Co. for Nescafe.



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Who are the 10 Best Dressed

Vote Today!

WHO IS IT that names the people in those lists of best dressed men? In television, it's you, the viewers, who can now vote for your choice of the ten best dressed men before the cameras, in a brand-new contest sponsored by TV RADIO MIRROR. And, as a member of our sartorial board of electors, you can win a handsome, hand-tailored, complete man's wardrobe for yourself or—if you only figuratively wear the pants in your family—for the man in your life. . . . All you have to do is vote for the ten stars who, in your opinion, deserve the Eagle Award for being one of the ten best dressed men in television. We've provided a representative list of men-about-television on our ballot. But we've also left space for your write-in votes. . . . After you've voted for your choice of ten, simply complete the following sentence in fifty words or less: *I think a man should be well dressed because. . . .* Then mail in the complete ballot and coupon on page 68. The exciting prize—a suit, topcoat, sports coat and slacks, all hand-tailored by Eagle Clothes, Inc., long-time leaders in men's fashions—could be yours. . . . Your votes for the ten best dressed men will be tabulated, and the March issue of TV RADIO MIRROR will announce whom the viewers have chosen for the Eagle Award. But your votes will *not* count in the winning of the prize wardrobe. The prize will be awarded on the basis of originality and imagination in completing the contest sentence. . . . We are holding this contest because we think that Sloppy Joe is on his way out—and it's the television camera that's hastening his departure. This is your chance to vote for your choice of the ten best dressed men in television and also win a wardrobe that would make any man a contender for the Eagle Award.

Continued →

Doorway to success opens that much more easily when a man is confident of being well dressed. It's first impressions that count, and he's sure to make a good first impression in an Eagle Clothes topcoat, only one part of a fashionable wardrobe that could be yours.



Men in TV?

*Mark your ballot for television's
ten best dressed men—and win a man's
wardrobe that's tailored for success*



Handsomely tailored suit, sports coat and slacks round out the Eagle Clothes wardrobe that is the prize simply for telling us why you think a man should be well dressed.

CONTEST RULES—READ CAREFULLY

1. Each entry must include the ballot containing your choice of the ten best dressed men in television, plus your fifty-word statement telling why you think a man should be well dressed.
2. Address all entries to: The Ten Best Dressed Men in TV, TV RADIO MIRROR, P.O. Box 1404, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.
3. This contest ends midnight, Wednesday, November 30, 1955. Entries postmarked after that date will not be considered.
4. The prize winner will receive a suit, topcoat, sports coat and slacks tailored by Eagle Clothes, Inc.
5. Entries will be judged on the basis of originality in stating why it is important for a man to be well dressed.
6. You may submit more than one entry. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. The judges' decision will be final.
7. This contest is open to everyone in the United States and Canada, except employees (and their relatives) of Macfadden Publications, Inc., Eagle Clothes, Inc., its dealers and agencies.
8. All entries become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc. No correspondence can be entered into in regard to entries. Names of the ten best dressed men on TV and the prize winner will be announced in our March 1956 issue.

Vote Today!

Vote for your choice of the ten best dressed men in TV by checking 10 names below.

- | | | | | | |
|---------------------------|--------------------------|----------------------------|--------------------------|---------------------------|--------------------------|
| Steve Allen | <input type="checkbox"/> | Ralph Edwards | <input type="checkbox"/> | Ray Milland | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Desi Arnaz | <input type="checkbox"/> | Charles Farrell | <input type="checkbox"/> | Robert Mantgamery | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Jack Bailey | <input type="checkbox"/> | Eddie Fisher | <input type="checkbox"/> | Garry Maare | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Jahn Baragrey | <input type="checkbox"/> | Tennessee Ernie Ford | <input type="checkbox"/> | Arthur Murray | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Jack Barry | <input type="checkbox"/> | Dave Garraway | <input type="checkbox"/> | Edward R. Murraw | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Jack Benny | <input type="checkbox"/> | Jackie Gleason | <input type="checkbox"/> | Herb Nelson | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Miltan Berle | <input type="checkbox"/> | George Gabel | <input type="checkbox"/> | Ozzie Nelson | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Sherman Billingsley | <input type="checkbox"/> | Arthur Gadfrey | <input type="checkbox"/> | David Niven | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Ray Balger | <input type="checkbox"/> | Reed Hadley | <input type="checkbox"/> | Danald O'Connar | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Charles Boyer | <input type="checkbox"/> | Peter Lind Hayes | <input type="checkbox"/> | Terry O'Sullivan | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Alan Bunce | <input type="checkbox"/> | Harace Heidt | <input type="checkbox"/> | Jack Paar | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| George Burns | <input type="checkbox"/> | Peter Habbs | <input type="checkbox"/> | Frank Parker | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Sid Caesar | <input type="checkbox"/> | Bab Hape | <input type="checkbox"/> | Bert Parks | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Ken Carsan | <input type="checkbox"/> | Warren Hull | <input type="checkbox"/> | Dick Pawell | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Bud Callyer | <input type="checkbox"/> | Dennis James | <input type="checkbox"/> | Ranald Reagan | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Ranald Calman | <input type="checkbox"/> | Durward Kirby | <input type="checkbox"/> | Raymand Scatt | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Perry Cama | <input type="checkbox"/> | Julius La Rasa | <input type="checkbox"/> | Herb Shriner | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Richard Caagan | <input type="checkbox"/> | Frankie Laine | <input type="checkbox"/> | Jack Smith | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Alistair Caake | <input type="checkbox"/> | Peter Lawford | <input type="checkbox"/> | Robert Sterling | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Bing Crasby | <input type="checkbox"/> | Jack Lescaulie | <input type="checkbox"/> | Mark Stevens | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Bab Crasby | <input type="checkbox"/> | Jerry Lewis | <input type="checkbox"/> | Mike Stakey | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Bill Cullen | <input type="checkbox"/> | Robert Q. Lewis | <input type="checkbox"/> | Ed Sullivan | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Bab Cummings | <input type="checkbox"/> | Liberace | <input type="checkbox"/> | Jahn Cameran Swayze | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Jahn Daly | <input type="checkbox"/> | Art Linkletter | <input type="checkbox"/> | Danny Thomas | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Dennis Day | <input type="checkbox"/> | James Liptan | <input type="checkbox"/> | Fred Waring | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Richard Denning | <input type="checkbox"/> | Bill Lundigan | <input type="checkbox"/> | Jack Webb | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Walt Disney | <input type="checkbox"/> | Ted Mack | <input type="checkbox"/> | Paul Whiteman | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Paul Dixan | <input type="checkbox"/> | Hal March | <input type="checkbox"/> | Earl Wrightsan | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Peter Danald | <input type="checkbox"/> | Dean Martin | <input type="checkbox"/> | Robert Yaung | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| James Dunn | <input type="checkbox"/> | Tany Martin | <input type="checkbox"/> | Flarian ZaBach | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Jimmy Durante | <input type="checkbox"/> | Tany Marvin | <input type="checkbox"/> | Far ather vates: | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Dauglas Edwards | <input type="checkbox"/> | Graucha Marx | <input type="checkbox"/> | | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| | | Randy Merriman | <input type="checkbox"/> | | <input type="checkbox"/> |

Complete the following sentence in 50 words or less: I think a man should be well dressed because:

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ADDRESS.....

CITY or TOWN..... STATE.....

Mail your entry to:
 The Ten Best Dressed Men in TV
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 P. O. Box 1404
 Grand Central Station
 New York 17, N. Y.

More Than a Dream

(Continued from page 37)

seven-year-old daughter, Connie, popped out, waved a noisy goodbye to her friends, rushed up, threw her arms around her mother and planted a big hello kiss on Brooks' cheek. In the same perpetual motion, Connie hopped on her waiting bicycle, parked behind the gate—and with a shout of "I'll race you to the barn!"—she was off across the pasture.

With the gate closed, Brooks drove over "their" bridge (Eve had always dreamed of having a farm with a bridge), past the lambs in pasture, the caretaker's cottage, through the small fruit orchard, and up to the two white painted cottages nestled against the side of the hill. There the nurse waited, holding their two-year-old son Duncan by the hand and their one-year-old Douglas in her free arm.

Though, as "Miss Brooks," Eve had been in make-believe classrooms all year, she never minded coming home to this small classroom of her own. With her four children happily waiting for her, and surrounded by the colorful beauty of their farm, Eve knew that a long-held dream had become a reality.

"We have all had dreams," she says, "dreams of travel, of having a place of our own, and of happy families. But I've learned—and, I might add, I've learned from Brooks—that, if you want your dreams to come true, you have to be specific about them. You have to have a clear picture of your dream. This tells you what first steps to take to make it a reality. You have to plan your dreams to make them come true."

Brooks adds: "Take our trip to Europe, for example. For two years, we dreamed of that visit, but something always interfered. People consider Europe such a far step, a trip you have to prepare for, and something always seems to come up. You put off and put off, until it's too late. So Eve and I decided that, if we were going to Europe, we'd make a reservation and a down payment—then we'd have to go!"

"And then," says Eve, "we had a baby! Our adopted son, Duncan, arrived. Yes, we could have dropped the trip. But we had everything ready. So we said, 'All right, we'll have Duncan for a month before we leave, then we'll go on as planned. We won't miss too much of him, for—since he's so small—he'll spend most of the next six weeks sleeping on his face!'"

"Your dreams don't bear fruit," continues Brooks, "until you make specific plans about them. The first thing we did was figure the approximate date Eve would finish work on her TV series, how long it would take us to pack, how long to get to New York—not leaving us time to ponder—and how long to get the children established with our friends, the Amsters, in Connecticut.

"In the meantime, we talked to friends who'd been to Europe, asking them where we should visit. From this 'don't miss' list, we made up an itinerary with the miles between stops, when and where we'd pick up our car, where we'd stay, and how long. We almost knew the maitre d's names for every restaurant we didn't want to miss!

"We gave the list to the girls so they could follow us on the map and know where we were at all times. That way, they could write us cards. We sent cards back to them. Eve wrote while I drove. We would buy cards in Paris, write them on our way to Geneva, mail them in Italy. Our French cards were mailed in Italy, and our Italian cards in Germany. In the six weeks we were gone, we never did match card and country.



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"But as a result of our planning," says Brooks, "our dream of visiting Europe came true to the letter. Halfway across the English moors, we did get a little 'Paris-homesick' and went back there a day earlier than we'd planned. But otherwise, we followed our schedule to the second. Like our trip to Europe, if you want any dream to come true, you have to plan it in detail."

"And that," says Eve, "is how we got our farm, Westhaven. When Brooks and I were married in Connecticut, in 1951, on the 50-acre farm that belongs to the Amsters, we planned someday to have a place just like theirs—birch forest, running stream, and our own pond. We went through a great deal of trouble to keep our wedding from being discovered, by the way, and the farm, near a little town called Shelton, was so well hidden that the only newspaper to find us was the local gazette—the little lady reporter who came chugging out in an old Ford discovered us only because she doubled as census-taker."

During the next three years of their marriage, Eve and Brooks continued to share the dream of finding a place just like the Amster farm in Connecticut—and they planned this dream down to the last detail. "First of all," says Brooks, "we wanted room for the kids to run in. Then, of course, it had to be a Pennsylvania Dutch red barn. We wanted a vegetable garden and country flowers and animals. We got them all. Though, when I first saw our new place, I wasn't so sure."

"To begin with, it was raining. We'd been visiting the Alan Ladd country ranch. We'd heard this place was up for sale. It was early spring, and things were green. They should have been—it had poured down rain for four days. This is where the bridge comes in—we had to cross a ravine to get to the property. Eve said, 'Oh, I've always wanted a place with a bridge with a little stream running under it. And look at those oaks! Doesn't it remind you of Connecticut!'"

"Yes," I said, "but, remember, we only want this as a weekend place—and it isn't going to rain every weekend. Besides, the barn's white, not red, and it costs too much!"

"But," Brooks continues, "when Eve saw the waterfall in back of the tennis courts, she knew she'd found our new home. You might like to know that it hasn't rained heavily enough, since then, to fill the ravine. Needless to say, there's been no water in the waterfall, either."

"We bought it, anyway—and have never been happier. Today, I like to think that we were the only people in sunny Southern California who saw a place on a miserably rainy day and fell in love with it."

"But the white barns didn't stay that way for long," says Eve. "Brooks and I started out with the red paint and soon had them all well covered. Then we decorated them with hex signs that were symbolic of all the little things that went to round out our dreams—animals, flowers, and white picket fences!"

"Hex signs, you know," explains Eve, "were used extensively by the Amish and Pennsylvania Dutch farmers on their barns to ward off evil spirits. We had an old book of hex signs. We used some of their designs, and made up others that best fitted our own needs. We made one, for example, that was a big circle divided into four parts with a bright red heart in each quarter section. When our daughter, Connie, asked why the heart, Brooks said: 'We use the heart because it's part of us, because we love the farm, and because we are in love.'"

"It didn't take long," says Brooks, "for us to paint the barns, stock the farm with

sixty-two chickens, four ducks, a dog—our Basset hound, Gertrude—a few stray cats, rabbits, sheep, twelve turkeys, and four cows. We even have a vegetable garden and the kids love to work in it."

"And we never buy eggs any more," says Eve. "The girls and I, together, gather the chicken eggs, and we feed the white turkeys. They're my favorites at the moment. They can see us coming a mile away with their greens. You've never seen so much excitement in all your life as white turkeys waiting for their supper!"

"The farm—which has become our full-time home—has been wonderful for the children. They even love the country school. They pedal their bicycles through the little grove we call our fruit tree orchard, down the hill, and tuck the bikes behind the gate where they meet this tremendous yellow bus loaded with kids. They just adore it!"

"It's quite terrific the way the girls—and the boys, too, for that matter—have grown since we came out here a year ago in April. We took movies of them out by the barn, then three months later we took the same type of movies in the same spot. I must say I was kind of startled to see how white and thin they looked in the earlier reels, by comparison! The girls were brown as berries, and Liza had grown about four inches and her hair had grown about a foot!"

"The girls, of course, love the farm. And why not! Liza has her own pinto pony, Patches, which she bridles and saddles all by herself, leaping on and off and riding around like a little Miss Gene

GIVE— Strike back at CANCER

Autry! And Connie has her rabbits—she hand-feeds them carrots fresh from the garden. The other day, I asked her if she minded cleaning up in her room, and she replied, 'I can't right now, Mother, got to go out to pick the carrots!' Talk about falling in love with the farm: Brooks and I were in the city recently—we keep an apartment there—and had taken Liza along for a haircut. Brooks asked her if she wanted to move back into town and she replied, 'No! Not ever!'"

"Though the girls both love the farm," Eve continues, thoughtfully, "the boys are a little too young to know there ever was a difference. Of course, Douglas was born in the year and a half since we've been here. The farm has been grand for him, too. He's just a year old, yet he weighs only two pounds less than Duncan, who is twice his age! He's a regular little Gargantua. (As Brooks says, 'Why not? He eats all the time!') But he's a happy fellow—you have to be, to get up at 6:30 A.M. the way he does. And he's very active. He only catnaps about thirty minutes in the morning and thirty minutes in the afternoon. Duncan, on the other hand, sleeps like a log from one to four every afternoon—but then Dunc is up running full tilt!"

"Doug is still a crawler," says Mother Eve, "but he crawls crazily. He is trying to walk. He'll come to us in the morning, standing up with his nurse, Helen, holding his hand. He'll start running, and Helen has to walk fast to keep up with him. Doug doesn't want to walk, he wants to run. He takes two or three steps, then things get confused. But, before he falls, he looks down at his feet as if to say, 'Hey! What happened down there!'"

And Brooks takes up the story: "Doug's

trying hard to learn to talk. Of course, we think we recognize the words he's trying to say. The Amsters' daughter, Susie, for example, stayed with us during the summer. When Susie came into Doug's room, he'd look up and say, 'Shooee.' When you give him a new name—like 'Liza' or 'Connie'—he'll watch you pronounce it, then he'll practice saying it over and over, watching you all the while. He's going to be a good little student, I think, for he has great powers of concentration and tries desperately to form the words. 'Mama,' of course, was his first successful effort. And, when he finally got his first 'Dada' out, I naturally told everybody to be quiet so he could be heard all over the house!"

Eve says, "The girls adore both of the boys. They think it is kind of fabulous having two little brothers like that. Liza looks after them, changes their clothes, takes them to the potty. Connie, too, is a natural little mother and, when Doug first came home from the hospital, wanted to start taking care of him right away. Liza, on the other hand, gave the baby a quick look-over, decided he was very cute, but she was more interested in the clinical details. She wanted to know all about everything that happened at the hospital."

"But," says Eve, "as any mother of four can tell you, it's not always serene. Take the matter of jealousy, for example. I think that most parents are aware of jealousy between their children and they try to protect them against it by preparing them, first off, for the arrival of another child in the house. That's what Brooks and I did. We tried to plan the arrival by telling them the entire story."

"Then came the day when I thought everything was settled—but I relaxed too soon. Naturally, the baby demands a great deal of attention, and one day Duncan came running into the room with his little face just alight at the thought of seeing us. Then he stopped dead in his tracks at the door. I was puzzled for a moment until I realized this was the first time Dunc had seen me holding the baby in my arms. So I put Doug down in his bed, patted him and turned to Duncan—then the smile returned and he came to me. But you find that there are many repetitions of this sort of thing and you can't always be on guard every minute."

"That's the problem Brooks and I are fighting right now. When you have four, you find your time is cut up so small that when you are with them they are all vying for your attention—you are either babying two at once or turning your attention quickly from one to another."

To overcome this, we had to develop a plan which would give each child individual attention. What Brooks and I did was to take each of them on separate little trips where they were 'the only ones' in Mother's eye. In fact, when we were shooting at Warner Bros., we took them into the town apartment one at a time on the slimmest excuse—for a haircut, a new dress, or a piano lesson—and lavished love on just the one for an entire day. As a plan it works fine. But then I 'talk a great game.' We are all just full of theories, you know.

"We are both very concerned right now with the different needs of the children. Liza is rapidly approaching teen-age and her needs will be different from Connie's—whose needs, in turn, will be different from the boys'. To solve this problem, we are trying to plan our lives so that we can spend more time with the children. We also want to travel, and we don't feel this is incompatible, because we intend to take them wherever we go. I will not go

any place for over two days and not have them with me.

"We were, for example, kind of miserable during the last couple of weeks of our 1953 European trip. Now we would love to return and do a little more leisurely travel. We hope to headquarter in Paris, making short two-day jaunts from there, taking one or both of the girls with us. Besides this, we have five French foster children, and we are looking forward to seeing them. So it looks as though there is going to be some more travel in the future."

Though Eve and Brooks are still planning their dreams of the future for the children, they are grateful that their long-planned dream of a farm was realized. To Eve, the farm has filled a special need, for she has wanted just such a place ever since her childhood days in Mill Valley, California. "I have always had a yen for country life," she says. "I still remember when I ran barefoot as a kid in the summers. We lived in a plain wooden frame house in town. Even then, I had a great many pets, but I never got over the fact that I didn't have a lamb or baby pig—as a kid, that's what I yearned for. Don't ask me why. Perhaps it was because they were both animals that I didn't have any acquaintance with and I was curious.

"Now I've got my lamb—I adopted a little twin lamb that the mother rejected. She was cute, cuddly and wonderful. We named her 'Little Orphan Annie.' At first she slept by my bed and I fed her during the night. I would also get up at five in the morning and take her out on the lawn in front of the house and stand shivering waiting for her—then we'd both go back and sleep until 7:30 or 8. It has proven unfortunate for both of us, because she now refuses to acknowledge that she is any sort of sheep whatsoever.

"Then she began eating all our new growths—roses, snapdragons, zinnias, daisies, all the country flowers—and Brooks decided that she must find out that she was a sheep. So we put her in the barn one day. She was absolutely terrified. The rest of the sheep would have nothing to do with her. Finally, while we were away in New York, the caretaker put her in the barn at night. I don't think I could have done it."

There is one thing Eve hasn't gotten yet that she's dreamed of, ever since childhood—a little pink piglet. Eve broached this subject to Brooks the afternoon they finished her Warner Bros. picture and returned to Westhaven. Brooks said, "Pigs! Oh, no! We have sheep, cows, chickens, ducks—everything! But we don't need any pigs. Pigs are a big bore."

"Look," Eve said, "we have everything else on this farm that I have always dreamed about—are you going to frustrate me?"

"No pigs," said Brooks.

"Just one little pink piglet. . ."

"No, no pigs. They don't stay pink and they don't stay little very long."

But, when Eve looked out across their farm, she saw next to the barn an empty pigpen, and she got that "planning" look in her eyes. Brooks recognized that look and knew another "dream" would soon be fulfilled.

Above the red barns with their detailed hex signs so lovingly painted, Eve could see the Wests' white cottages, simply furnished with her beloved antiques, their children happy and running in the sun. The sounds of the jolly turkeys' gobbling drifted down to her ears, and the little lamb still nuzzled her palm. The picture made it clear to Eve that you have to plan your dreams in detail if you want them to come true . . . and then they do.



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MATERNITY STYLES—FREE Catalog (Plain Envelope); fashions by famous designers; \$2.98 to \$22.98. Crawford's, Dept. 141, 8015 Wornall, Kansas City, Missouri.

OLD COINS & MONEY WANTED

WE PURCHASE INDIANHEAD pennies. Complete allcoin catalogue 25c. Magnacoin, Box 61-EY, Whitestone 57, N.Y.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

GIVEN WITHOUT 1c cost to your Church or Group—new "boils-own-water" 48-cup Electric Coffee Urn. Just have 10 members each sell only five bottles famous flavoring. No money needed, ever. Write Anna Elizabeth Wade, 1937 Tyree Street, Lynchburg, Va.

TO GET YOUR name on our mailing list we'll send—Free—500 gummed labels printed with your name and address. Limit 4 sets each customer. Enclose 25c postage-packing per set. Western Stationery, Dept. 1270, Topeka, Kansas.

\$5000 WON FOR child's Picture. Your child's photo, too, may be worth money for advertising. Send One small photo for approval. Print child's and parents' name on back. Returned with free details. Spotlite, 5880-KPW Hollywood, Hollywood, Calif.

FREE-BIG NEW Wholesale Catalog! Up to 50% saving for you, family, friends on nationally-known gifts, jewelry, toys, appliances, Christmas cards, etc. Also make money selling part time! Write: Evergreen Studios, Box 846-C, Chicago 42, Ill.

BOTH FREE! VALUABLE Gift, "Wholesale Purchasing Secrets." Save 40-80% top brand appliances, watches, gifts, 1000's items. Panatron, 7721P Melrose, Hollywood 46, Calif.

BIG DRESS SALE—20 Dresses for \$3.50. Assorted Silk, Wool, Cotton, Rayon. Send \$1.00 deposit, dress size. Mail-Mart, 199-P Sackett, Brooklyn 31, New York.

DRESSES, 24c; SHOES 39c; men's suits, \$4.95; trousers, \$1.20. Better used clothing. Free catalog. Transworld, 164-A Christopher, Brooklyn 12, N.Y.

CAN YOU EARN \$40 Weekly sewing lovely Baby Shoes and Mailing Display Folders? Write: Folders, Warsaw 1, Indiana.

MAKE SPARE TIME money preparing and mailing sales literature. Adams Surveys, 3513C Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 26, Calif.

ENVELOPE PREPARING—EXTRA income projects. Brochure "\$50 Weekly Possible"—free. Maxwell, Dept. 2-10, Cleveland 14, Ohio.

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

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

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

HOMEWORK! GUARANTEED PAY! No Selling. Everything Furnished. Wallace, Box 3, Boston 22W, Massachusetts.

WHOLESALE CATALOG—25c. Pictures \$75.000 Merchandise. Worldwide, Box 12-M11, New York City 60.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

WANT TO MAKE Big Money at Home? \$5 profit in an hour possible with Invisible Reworking. Make tears, holes disappear from clothing, fabrics. Steady year-round demand from cleaners, laundries, homes. Details Free. Fabricon, 8340-S Prairie, Chicago 19, Ill.

GROW EXPENSIVE HERBS for us! Big Profits Home-Business of your own. Year around profitability! We supply everything necessary! Send for Free Rare Seeds and Revealing Plan. National Herb Exchange, Dept. PW, Gardena, Calif.

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.

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

BUY WHOLESALE, 25,000 Items. Catalog 25c. Matthews, 1472-K2 Broadway, New York City 36.

AGENTS WANTED

ADD TO FAMILY Income. Unlimited earnings. Work in spare time demonstrating household plastics and toys. No canvassing or experience necessary. Halliday, 2-16 State Highway 5, Dept. B, Palisades Park, New Jersey.

SHINE CARS WITHOUT "Polish". New invention. Lightning seller. Cars gleam like mirror. Samples sent on trial. Kristee 148, Akron, Ohio.

CALIFORNIA SWEET SMELLING Beads. Sensational sellers. Free Particulars. Mission, 2328AA West Pico, Los Angeles 6, California.

EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES

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. X874, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37, Illinois.

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

LOANS BY MAIL

BORROW UP TO \$600 by Mail. Employed men and women can borrow \$50 to \$600 from privacy of home. Speedy, easy and entirely confidential. No signers. No fees. No deductions. Money Request form sent Free in plain envelope. State age, occupation and amount wanted. Postal Finance Co., 200 Keeline Bldg., Dept. 91X, Omaha, Nebraska.

LAND BARGAINS

TEXAS HOMESITE \$5.00 Down! Full price \$89.50 on easy terms. Big 5000 square foot homesite at Bandera, Texas Heart of "Dude Ranch Country". Electricity, telephone. 1300 feet above sea level. Warm days and cool summer nights make vacation paradise. Hunting, fishing, golfing, swimming, horseback riding. Write for Free photographs and details. Bandera Pass Ranch, Dept. 200D, Bandera, Texas.

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. W-119, New York 11, New York.

MISCELLANEOUS

FREE BOOK ON Arthritis, Rheumatism explains specialized system on non-surgical, non-medical treatment. Write Ball Clinic, Dept. 750, Excelsior Springs, Missouri.

STAMP COLLECTING

FIRST U.N. SET. Among World's Rarest. Only 10c. Approvals. Welles, Box 1246-PX, New York City 8.

WORK AT HOME

GOOD PAY, MAKING scented Orchids. Experience unnecessary. Boycan Industries, Palm Springs 211, California.

Inside Radio

All Times Listed Are Eastern Daylight Time.

Monday through Friday

| | NBC | MBS | ABC | CBS |
|------------------------------|---|--|---|---|
| Morning Programs | | | | |
| 8:30 8:45 | | Local Program | John MacVane | |
| 9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45 | | Robert Hurligh Easy Does It News, Cecil Brown 9:35 Easy Does It (con.) | Breakfast Club | News Of America |
| 10:00 | Mary Margaret McBride 10:05 Norman Vincent Peale One Man's Family | Cecil Brown | My True Story | Arthur Godfrey Time |
| 10:15 10:30 | Second Chance | Guest Time* News 10:35 Johnny Olsen Show | 10:25 Whispering Streets | |
| 10:45 | 10:55 News | | When A Girl Marries | |
| 11:00 | Strike It Rich | Story Time | Companion— Dr. Mace | Arthur Godfrey (con.) |
| 11:15 11:30 11:45 | Phrase That Pays Fibber McGee & Molly | 11:25 Holland Engle Queen For A Day *Wed., Faith In Our Time | Paging The New Albert Warner, News Your Neighbor's Voice | Make Up Your Mind Howard Miller Show |

Afternoon Programs

| | | | | |
|----------------------------------|---|--|--|---|
| 12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45 | | Noon News 12:05 Here's Hollywood | Valentino Frank Farrell | Wendy Warren & The News Backstage Wife Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday |
| 1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45 | Pauline Frederick | News, Cedric Foster Luncheon At Sardi's Letter To Lee Graham | Paul Harvey, News Ted Malone | Road Of Life Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light |
| 2:00 2:15 | | Luncheon With Lopez 2:25 News, Sam Hayes America's Front Door | 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 Wonderful City Hotel For Pets Just Plain Bill | Ruby Mercer Show | Martin Block (con.) | Linkletter's House Party Fred Robbins Show |
| 4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45 | Right To Happiness Stella Dallas Young Widder Brown Pepper Young's Family | Bruce & Oan | Broadway Matinee | |
| 5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45 | Woman In My House Lorenzo Jones Lone Ranger 5:55 Oan'l Boone | Sgt. Preston Wagon Train America's Business 5:50 Wismer, Sports 5:55 Cecil Brown | Musical Express Bobby Hammack Gloria Parker Vincent Lopez | |

Monday Evening Programs

| | | | | |
|------------------------------|--|---|---|---|
| 6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45 | Three Star Extra | Local Program | ABC Reporter | Jackson & The News |
| 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 Strange Saga 7:55 News | Scoreboard 7:05 Tennessee Ernie Edward R. Murrow |
| 8:00 | Your Land And Mine | Top Secret Files | Red Benson's Hideaway 8:25 News Voice Of Firestone | Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons 8:25 Doug Edwards Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts |
| 8:15 8:30 8:45 | Boston Symphony Orchestra | Broadway Cop | | |
| 9:00 | Telephone Hour | News, Lyle Van 9:05 Footnotes to History Spotlight Story Reporters' Roundup | Music Tent | Rosemary Clooney |
| 9:15 9:30 9:45 | Band Of America | | 9:25 News Assignment Ten 9:55 News | Bing Crosby Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News |
| 10:00 | Fibber McGee & Molly | Virgil Pinkley | News, Edward P. Morgan | Scoreboard 10:05 Dance Orchestra |
| 10:15 10:30 | | Orchestra Distinguished Artists | How To Fix It Martha Lou Harp | |

Tuesday Evening Programs

| | NBC | MBS | ABC | CBS |
|------------------------------|--|--|--|---|
| 6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45 | Three Star Extra | Local Program | Bill Stern, Sports | 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 Strange Saga | Scoreboard 7:05 Tennessee Ernie Edward R. Murrow |
| 8:00 | People Are Funny | Treasury Agent | Red Benson's Hideaway | Suspense |
| 8:15 8:30 8:45 | Dragnet | John Steele, Adventurer | 8:25 News Hideaway (con.) 8:55 News | 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 Show 9:25 E. D. Canham, News | Disk Derby (con.) |
| 9:15 9:30 9:45 | 9:55 News | | Platterbrains 9:55 News | Bing Crosby Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall |
| 10:00 | Fibber McGee & Molly | Virgil Pinkley | News, Edward P. Morgan | \$64,000 Question |
| 10:15 10:30 | Heart Of The News New England Survey | Men's Corner Dance Music | How To Fix It Take Thirty | |

Wednesday Evening Programs

| | | | | |
|------------------------------|--|--|---|--|
| 6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45 | Three Star Extra | Local Program | Bill Stern, Sports | 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 In The Mood | Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Strange Saga | Scoreboard 7:05 Tennessee Ernie Edward R. Murrow |
| 8:00 | Conversation | True Detective | Red Benson's Hideaway 8:25 News Hideaway (con.) 8:55 News | FBI In Peace And War 8:25 Doug Edwards Disk Derby, Fred Robbins |
| 8:15 8:30 8:45 | College Quiz Bowl 8:55 News | Sentenced | | |
| 9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45 | You Bet Your Life —Groucho Marx Truth Or Consequences | News, Lyle Van Spotlight Story Family Theater | Sammy Kaye Show 9:25 News President's News Conference | Disk Derby (con.) Bing Crosby Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News |
| 10:00 | Fibber McGee & Molly | Virgil Pinkley | News, Edward P. Morgan | Scoreboard 10:05 Newsmakers Presidential Report |
| 10:15 10:30 | Heart Of The News Keys To The Capital | Sounding Board | How To Fix It Relaxin' Time | |

Thursday Evening Programs

| | | | | |
|------------------------------|--|--|---|--|
| 6:00 6:30 6:45 | Three Star Extra | Local Program | Bill Stern, Sports | 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. Behind The Iron Curtain Gabriel Heatter Eddie Fisher | Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Strange Saga | Scoreboard 7:05 Tennessee Ernie Edward R. Murrow |
| 8:00 | Dr. Six Gun | Official Detective | Red Benson's Hideaway 8:25 News Hideaway (con.) 8:55 News | The Whistler 8:25 Doug Edwards Disk Derby, Fred Robbins |
| 8:15 8:30 | American Adventure | Brady Kaye | | |
| 9:00 | News 9:05 X Minus One | News, Lyle Van 9:05 Footnotes to History Spotlight Story State Of The Nation | Sammy Kaye Show 9:25 News Rhythm On Parade 9:55 News | Disk Derby (con.) Bing Crosby Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall |
| 9:15 9:30 9:45 | Ted Heath Orch. 9:55 News | | | |
| 10:00 | Fibber McGee & Molly | Virgil Pinkley | News, Edward P. Morgan | Scoreboard 10:05 Dance Orchestra |
| 10:15 10:30 | Joseph C. Harsch Jane Pickens Show | Book Hunter Henry Jerome Orch. | How To Fix It Front & Center | |

Friday Evening Programs

| | | | | |
|------------------------------|--|--|---|--|
| 6:00 6:30 6:45 | Three Star Extra | Local Program | Bill Stern, Sports | 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 In The Mood | Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Strange Saga | Scoreboard 7:05 Tennessee Ernie Edward R. Murrow |
| 8:00 | National Radio Fan Club | Counter-Spy | Red Benson's Hideaway 8:25 News Hideaway (con.) 8:55 News | Godfrey Digest 8:25 Doug Edwards Disk Derby, Fred Robbins |
| 8:15 8:30 8:45 | | City Editor | | |
| 9:00 | Radio Fan Club (con.) | News, Lyle Van 9:05 Footnotes To History Football from Orange Bowl | Sammy Kaye Show A Treasury Of Music | Disk Derby (con.) Bing Crosby Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall |
| 9:15 9:30 9:45 | 9:55 News | | | |
| 10:00 | Fibber McGee & Molly | Virgil Pinkley | News, Edward P. Morgan | Scoreboard 10:05 Dance Orchestra |
| 10:15 10:30 | Joseph C. Harsch Stars In Action | Forbes Report London Studios Melodies | How To Fix It Indoors Unlimited | |

Inside Radio

Saturday

| | NBC | MBS | ABC | CBS |
|----------------------------------|-----------------------------|---|---|---|
| Morning Programs | | | | |
| 8:30 8:45 | World News Roundup | Local Program | Van Voorhis, News 8:35 Ooug Browning Show | News |
| 9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45 | Farming Business Monitor | | No School Today | News Of America Farm News Garden Gate |
| 10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45 | Monitor | American Travel Guide | No School Today (con.) Breakfast Club Review 10:55 News | News 10:05 Galen Drake Show 10:55 News, LeSueur |
| 11:00 | Monitor | Lucky Pierre | News 11:05 Half-Pint Panel | Robert Q. Lewis Show |
| 11:15 11:30 11:45 | | Johnny Desmond Show 11:55 Young Living | Van Voorhis, News 11:35 All League Clubhouse | |

Afternoon Programs

| | | | | |
|------------------------------|---------------------------|---|---|---|
| 12:00 | National Farm & Home Hour | I Asked You | News 12:05 How To Fix It 101 Ranch Boys Van Voorhis, News 12:35 American Farmer | Noon News 12:05 Romance Gunsmoke |
| 12:15 12:30 12:45 | Monitor | Tex Fletcher Wagon Show | | |
| 1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45 | Monitor | Football—Game of the Week from Notre Dame | Football Van Voorhis, News 1:35 Football (con.) | Football Roundup |
| 2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45 | Monitor | Football (con.) | Football (con.) Van Voorhis, News 2:35 Football (con.) | Football (con.) |
| 3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45 | Monitor | Football (con.) | Football (con.) | Football (con.) |
| 4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45 | Monitor | Football (con.) | Football (con.) Van Voorhis, News 4:35 Football | Football (con.) |
| 5:00 | Monitor | Teenagers, U.S.A. | News 5:05 Dinner At The Green Room Van Voorhis, News | Adventures In Science Richard Hayes News, Jackson 5:35 Saturday At The Chase |
| 5:15 5:30 5:45 | | 5:55 News | | |

Evening Programs

| | | | | |
|------------------------------|---------------------------|--|--|--|
| 6:00 | Monitor | John T. Flynn | News 6:05 Pan-American Union Sports Kaleidoscope | News Sports Review Capitol Cloakroom |
| 6:15 6:30 6:45 | | World Traveler Report From Washington Basil Heatter | Bob Edge, Sports Afield | 6:55 Joe Foss, Sports |
| 7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45 | Monitor | Pop The Question Magic Of Music, Doris Day | News 7:05 At Ease Labor-Management Series | News, Jackson |
| 8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45 | Monitor | Musical Wheel Of Charm Quaker City Capers | News 8:05 Dance Party Van Voorhis, News 8:35 Dance Party (con.) | 21st Precinct Oisk Oerby, Fred Robbins |
| 9:00 9:15 | Monitor | Hawaii Calls | News 9:05 Dance Party (con.) | Two For The Money |
| 9:30 9:45 | | Lombardo Land | Van Voorhis, News 9:35 Dance Party (con.) | Country Style 9:55 News, Jackson |
| 10:00 10:15 10:30 | Monitor Grand Ole Opry | CBC Symphony Orch. | News 10:05 Hotel Edison Van Voorhis, News 10:35 Lawrence Welk | Country Style (con.) Your Hit Parade |

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 | World News Roundup | Wings Of Healing | News 9:05 Great Moments Of Great Composers 9:25 Van Voorhis, News Voice Of Prophecy | World News Roundup Sidney Walton Show |
| 9:30 | | Back To God | | Organ Music, E. Power Biggs 9:55 News, Trout |
| 9:45 | Art Of Living | | | |
| 10:00 10:15 | National Radio Pulpit | Radio Bible Class | News 10:05 Message Of Israel | Church Of The Air |
| 10:30 10:45 | Monitor | Voice Of Prophecy | News 10:35 College Choir | Church Of The Air (con.) |
| 11:00 | Monitor | Frank And Ernest | Van Voorhis, News 11:05 Sunday Melodies Marines On Review | Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir |
| 11:15 | | Christian Science Monitor Northwestern Reviewing Stand | News 11:35 Christian In Action | Invitation To Learning—"The Out-Of-Doors" |
| 11:30 11:45 | 11:35 New World | | | |

Afternoon Programs

| | | | | |
|------------------------------|-------------------|--|---|--|
| 12:00 12:15 | Monitor | Marine Band | | News, LeSueur 12:05 The Leading Question World Affairs |
| 12:30 | The Eternal Light | News, Bill Cunningham Merry Mailman | Van Voorhis, News 12:35 The World Tomorrow | Washington Week |
| 12:45 | | | | |
| 1:00 1:15 1:30 | Monitor | Basil Heatter, News Christian Science Lutheran Hour | Herald Of Truth News 1:35 Pilgrimage | Woolworth Hour—Percy Faith, Donald Woods |
| 2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45 | The Catholic Hour | Professional Football | Or. Oral Roberts Wings Of Healing | News 2:05 Kathy Godfrey New York Philharmonic-Symphony |
| 3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45 | Monitor | Professional Football (con.) | News 3:05 Pan American Union Van Voorhis, News 3:35 Billy Graham | Symphony (con.) 3:55 News |
| 4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45 | Monitor | Salute To The Nation Nick Carter 4:55 Lorne Greene | Old-Fashioned Revival Hour | Rhythm On The Road |
| 5:00 5:15 | Monitor | Adventures Of Rin Tin Tin | News 5:05 Church In The Home 5:25 Van Voorhis, News Greatest Story Ever Told | News 5:05 On A Sunday Afternoon |
| 5:30 5:45 | | Wild Bill Hickok 5:55 News | | 5:55 News |

Evening Programs

| | | | | |
|------------------------------|------------------------------------|---|--|--|
| 6:00 | Meet The Press | Walter Winchell | Monday Morning Headlines Van Voorhis, News 6:35 Evening Comes | Gene Autry |
| 6:15 6:30 6:45 | Monitor | On The Line, Bob Considine All Star Sport Time | | |
| 7:00 | Monitor | Richard Hayes Show | News 7:05 Showtime Revue Van Voorhis, News 7:35 Valentino Travel Talk | News 7:05 Edgar Bergen Show |
| 7:15 7:30 7:45 | | | | |
| 8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45 | Monitor | West Point Band Enchanted Hour | American Town Meeting | Our Miss Brooks Gary Crosby |
| 9:00 9:15 | Monitor | John Randolph Hearst Success Story | News, Paul Harvey News, Erwin O. Canham | Music Hall Mitch Miller |
| 9:30 9:45 | | Manion Forum Keep Healthy | Van Voorhis, News 9:35 Sammy Kaye 9:55 News | |
| 10:00 | Monitor | Billy Graham | Overseas Assignment Revival Time | News, Schorr 10:05 Face The Nation John Oerr, Sports |
| 10:15 10:30 | Joseph C. Harsch American Forum | Global Frontiers | | |

See Next Page →

TV program highlights

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

Monday through Friday

- 7:00 ④ & ⑧ Today—Getaway with Garraway
 9:00 ② Skinner Show—Relaxed & musical
 ⑦ Todd Russell's Corner—Crazy
 9:30 ⑦ Morning Matinee—Feature films
 10:00 ② Garry Moore—Maare fun
 ④ & ⑧ Ding Dong School—TV nursery
 10:30 ② Godfrey Gang—Artfully yours
 11:00 ④ Home—Arlene Francis, femcee
 ⑦ Romper Room—TV kindergarten
 11:30 ② & ⑧ Strike It Rich—Quiz far needy
 ⑤ Wendy Barrie—Vivacious
 12:00 ② Valiant Lady—Daytime serial
 ④ & ⑧ Tennessee Ernie—Cheerful
 12:15 ② & ⑧ Love Of Life—Serial stary
 12:30 ② & ⑧ Search For Tomorrow—Serial
 ④ Feather Your Nest—\$\$\$ Quiz
 ⑦ Entertainment—Variety, Tam Paston
 12:45 ② (& ⑧ at 2:30) The Guiding Light
 ① Dr. Norman Vincent Peale
 1:00 ② Jack Paar Show—Smart & amusing
 ④ Herb Sheldon—Lives it up
 1:30 ② & ⑧ Welcome Travelers—Fram NY
 ④ Gene Rayburn—Lives it down
 2:00 ② & ⑧ Robert Q. Lewis Show—Fun!
 ⑤ Maggi McNellis—Maggi's gal talk
 2:30 ② Linkletter's House Party—Delightful and dynamic
 ④ Jinx Falkenburg—Interviews
 ⑤ Ern Westmore—Female renovating
 3:00 ② & ⑧ Big Pay-Off—Mink-lined quiz
 ④ NBC Matinee Theater—Superb
 ⑨ Ted Steele Show—Rhythm & relaxin'
 3:30 ② Bob Crosby—Cheerful & tuneful
 ⑦ Joe Franklin's Memory Lane
 4:00 ② The Brighter Day—Daytime drama
 ④ & ⑧ Way Of The World—Serial
 4:15 ② & ⑧ Secret Storm—Daily stary
 ④ First Love—The young years
 4:30 ② & ⑧ On Your Account—\$\$\$ Quiz
 ④ Mr. Sweeney—Chuckles with Ruggles

EARLY EVENING

- 5:00 ④ Pinky Lee—Keeps kids accupied
 ⑦ Mickey Mouse Club—A Disney delight for the kiddies
 5:30 ④ & ⑧ Howdy Doody—Children's time
 6:00 ② News & Weather
 6:30 ④ Sky's The Limit—Quiz—M, W, F;
 Patti Page Sings—T, Th.
 ① Liberace—Handsome virtuosa
 7:00 ⑦ Kukla, Fran & Ollie—Fantasy
 7:30 ④ & ⑧ Eddie Fisher—M, W, F; Dinah Shore—T, Th.
 ⑨ Million Dollar Movies—Oct. 10-16, "Algiers," Charles Bayer, Hedy Lamarr; Oct. 17-23, "Bells of St. Trinians," Alastair Sims; Oct. 24-30, "Chicago Calling," Dan Duryea, Mary Anderson; Oct. 31-Nov. 6, "Captain's Paradise," Alec Guinness, Yvonne DeCarla; Nov. 7, "Along Came Janes," Gary Cooper, Loretta Young
 7:45 ④ & ⑧ News Caravan

LATE NIGHT

- 10:00 ④ Million Dollar Movies—Repeat of 7:30 P.M. schedule. See above
 10:45 ① News & Weather
 11:00 ② ④ ⑤ News & Weather
 ① Liberace—Candlelight concert
 11:10 ⑤ Featurama—Short films
 11:15 ② Late Show—Feature films
 ④ Steve Allen—The joint's jumpin'

Monday P.M.

- 7:30 ② Robin Hood—An outlaw's adventures
 ⑤ Life With Elizabeth—Hawlarious

- 8:00 ② Burns & Allen—Gracie burns Georgie
 ④ & ⑧ Caesar Presents; Oct. 17, Producer's Showcase
 ⑦ Digest Drama—True staries
 8:30 ② Godfrey's Talent Scouts—Variety
 ⑦ Voice Of Firestone—Langhair recital
 9:00 ② & ⑧ I Love Lucy—New series
 ④ The Medic—Scalpel-sharp drama
 9:30 ② & ⑧ December Bride—April-bright comedy
 ④ Robert Montgomery Presents
 ⑦ For Doctors Only—Live fram hospitals
 10:00 ② & ⑧ Studio One—Hour dramas
 ⑦ Eddie Cantor Show—Belly laughs
 10:30 ④ Big Town—Mark Stevens as Steve

Tuesday

- 7:30 ② Name That Tune—\$\$\$ Quiz
 ⑤ Waterfront—About a tugboat captain, starring Preston Foster
 ⑦ Warner Brothers Presents—Films
 8:00 ② Navy Log—Exciting documentaries
 ④ & ⑧ Milton Berle Show, Oct. 11 & Nov. 1; Martha Raye Show, Oct. 18 & Nov. 8; Bob Hope Show, Oct. 25
 ⑤ Star Playhouse—Hallywaad films
 8:30 ② You'll Never Get Rich—Phil Silvers
 ⑦ Wyatt Earp—Frontier marshal in action
 9:00 ② & ⑧ Joe & Mabel—A hack's misadventures
 ④ Fireside Theater—With Jane Wyman
 ⑦ Make Room For Daddy—Uproarious
 9:30 ④ Pontiac & Circle Theaters—Alternating hour dramas
 ⑦ DuPont Cavalcade Theater—Staries
 10:00 ② \$64,000 Question—Exciting quiz
 ⑦ Name's The Same—Guess who?

Wednesday

- 7:30 ⑦ Disneyland—Brand new series
 8:00 ② & ⑧ Godfrey & Friends—Family fare
 ④ Screen Directors' Guild—Drama
 8:30 ④ (& ⑧ at 9:30) Father Knows Best—Guffaws
 ⑦ M-G-M Parade—Half-hour films
 9:00 ② & ⑧ The Millionaire—\$taries
 ④ Kraft Theater—Excellent teleplays
 ⑦ Masquerade Party—Castume quiz
 9:30 ② I've Got A Secret—Maare's mum
 ⑦ Penny To A Million—\$\$\$ Quiz
 10:00 ② & ⑧ U.S. Steel Theater—Front Row Center—Alternating full-hour dramas
 ④ This Is Your Life—Surprise bias
 10:30 ④ Doug Fairbanks Presents—Staries

Thursday

- 7:30 ⑤ The Goldbergs—Warmhearted humor
 8:00 ② Bob Cummings Show—Fine farce
 ④ & ⑧ Groucho Marx—Wit's end
 ⑦ Bishop Fulton J. Sheen—Talks
 8:30 ② Climax—Melodrama; Nav 3, Shower Of Stars—A musical
 ④ People's Choice—New comedy an politics starring Jackie Cooper
 ⑦ Stop The Music—Bert Parks as Santa
 9:00 ④ & ⑧ Dragnet—Jack Webb stars
 ⑤ Wrestling—Live fram WABD's studios
 ⑦ Star Tonight—Filmed teleplays
 9:30 ② Four Star Playhouse—On film
 ④ & ⑧ Ford Theater—Goad stary-telling
 10:00 ④ & ⑧ Lux Video Theater—Recommended
 10:30 ② Halls Of Ivy—The Ranald Calmans

Friday

- 7:30 ② My Friend Flicka—Horse story
 ⑤ Life With Elizabeth—A crazy gal
 ⑦ Rin Tin Tin—Canine Capers
 8:00 ② & ⑧ Mama—Peggy Waad charms
 ④ Truth Or Consequences—Lively
 ⑦ Ozzie & Harriet—A jay!
 8:30 ② Our Miss Brooks—Babbling, bubbling Brooks
 ④ & ⑧ Life of Riley—Bill Bendix stars
 9:00 ② The Crusader—A new series about Communist spies
 ④ & ⑧ Big Story—Headline makers
 ⑦ Dollar A Second—\$\$\$ Quiz
 9:30 ② Schlitz Playhouse—Filmed Staries
 ④ & ⑧ Star Stage—Half-hour dramas
 ⑦ The Vise—English hair-raisers
 10:00 ② The Line-Up—Real-life police yarns
 ⑤ Alec Templeton—Piana talks
 ⑦ Down You Go—Panel panic
 10:30 ② Person To Person—Murray calls

Saturday

- 1:00-2:00 ② Football—Oct. 8, Holy Cross vs. Calgate; Oct. 22, Harvard vs. Dartmouth; Nav. 5, Syracuse vs. Penn State
 ④ Football—Oct. 8, Villanova vs. Boston College; Oct. 22, Princeton vs. Cornell; Nav. 5, Notre Dame vs. Pennsylvania
 6:30 ② The Lucy Show—Re-runs
 7:30 ② Beat The Clock—Stunts for prizes
 ④ The Big Surprise—\$100,000 quiz!
 8:00 ② & ⑧ Stage Show—The Darseys & June Taylor Dancers plus name guest stars
 ④ Perry Como Show—Hour of Variety
 8:30 ② & ⑧ The Honeymooners—Jackie Gleason, Art Carney, Audrey Meadows
 9:00 ② Two For The Money—\$hriner's Quiz
 ④ & ⑧ People Are Funny—Art Linkletter; Oct. 29, 9-10:30, Liebman Presents
 ⑦ Lawrence Welk—Champagne music
 9:30 ② It's Always Jan—Janis Paige stars
 ④ & ⑧ Jimmy Durante Show—Fun
 10:00 ② Gunsmoke—Rugged westerns
 ④ & ⑧ George Gobel—Gabs of gags
 10:30 ② Damon Runyon Theater—Staries
 ④ & ⑧ Your Hit Parade—Great stuff

Sunday

- 5:00 ② Omnibus—90-minute inspiration
 6:30 ② You Are There—Expert documentary
 7:00 ② Lassie—Four-legged adventure
 ④ & ⑧ It's A Great Life—Great show
 ⑦ You Asked For It—Art Baker
 7:30 ② & ⑧ Jack Benny—Alternating with Private Secretary; Jack, Oct. 9, 23 & Nov. 6
 ④ Frontier—Pistol-packin' staries. Oct. 9 only: Spectacular—"Show Biz," Milton Berle
 ⑦ Famous Film Festival—Grade A movies premiere an TV: Allyn Edwards, hast
 8:00 ② & ⑧ Toast Of The Town—Variety
 ④ Sunday Hour—Comedy & variety
 8:30 ① Dangerous Encounter—Adventures
 9:00 ② G-E Theater—Ronald Reagan, hast
 ④ & ⑧ TV Playhouse—Hour teleplays
 ⑦ Chance Of A Lifetime—Variety
 9:30 ② Appointment With Adventure
 ⑤ Life Begins At 80—Gaes like 60
 10:00 ② Alfred Hitchcock Presents—Suspense
 ④ & ⑧ Loretta Young Show—Staries
 ⑤ Mr. & Mrs. North—Whadunits
 ⑦ Break The Bank—Bert Parks, quiz
 10:30 ② & ⑧ What's My Line?—Jab game
 ④ See Hollywood With Louella Parsons—Gossip and interviews
 ⑤ China Smith—Dan Duryea

Laughter in the Stars

(Continued from page 65)

suppose, is something for which they would be grateful. And glad. . . . Some may be. But one, John Clemens Gleason, is not.

"How can you be glad you were poor," Jackie points out, "when being poor involves the hardships and heartaches of others—of your mother, for instance?"

Jackie is known to the trade as "a physical comic." Meaning that, unlike Bob Hope (who gets his laughs by cracking wise and witty)—or Jack Benny (who convulses the customers by talking, deadpan, about his stinginess)—Jackie's laugh-getters are, for the most part, bodily antics. Mops in the face. "Pain-bits" (a finger caught in a folding chair, the "derriere" in a revolving door). And props. Gongs . . . sirens . . . ticklers . . . outlandish clothing.

"Jackie's not a joke-man," an associate says of him, "it's what he does and the way he looks. He *thinks* funny."

For his television show, and on his television show, Jackie does "think funny," as no one need be told. . . . But, off-mike, I doubt it.

"Actually, Gleason is not a comedian at all," says George Burns, long-suffering husband of that delicious dimwit, Gracie, "but a great actor. Such a great actor that he gets away with being a comedian. So good he makes everyone who appears with him look good."

In most comedians there lurks something of "the Melancholy Dane." In a month of Sundays, you couldn't meet such a sober-sides as Jack Benny, in person. Or a shy man, off-mike, than Danny Kaye. Or Sid Caesar. And in most of the boys who clown for their paychecks there is the suppressed desire to play "Hamlet." Jackie may be dreaming that same dream. If he is, I'll lay odds that the dream will one day come true.

Not that there is in Gleason, the self-styled "Greatest," any visible trace of melancholy. Nor is any mention made of wanting to invade the dray-ma, let alone the role of "Hamlet." You hear it said that Jackie's robust body houses a breaking heart. If so, the fracture doesn't show.

Gleason is, however, a serious-minded, quiet-spoken gentleman . . . as you find out, to your surprise, when you sit down and talk with him at home. He is thoughtful about what he says, with never a gag or a comical gesture out of him.

He is also appreciably handsomer, by the way, than the TV cameras show him to be. His skin is tanned and healthy. His eyes are dark, very dark blue. His hair and brows are near-black. Though he is far from being slim, his smooth, fine tailoring, immaculate barbering and good carriage—plus the fact that the camera always enlarges—make him appear considerably trimmer in person than he does on screen.

Whatever his mental processes may be—either on camera or in his lush and lavish six-room duplex apartment on New York's Fifth Avenue—he isn't "thinking funny" when the question is put to him: "Are you glad you were poor?"

"People who extol the 'pleasures of poverty,'" he says, "are kin to those who sing nostalgic hymns to 'the good old days' which sound better than they lived.

"No, I am not glad I was poor. 'Glad' is not the word for it. But, since I am in show business—and, particularly, since I am a comedian in show business—I was fortunate to be poor. Not that poverty, of itself, begets buffoons—if so, all poor people would be comedians—but that being poor gives you the personality of a comedian. One of the reasons is that poor kids

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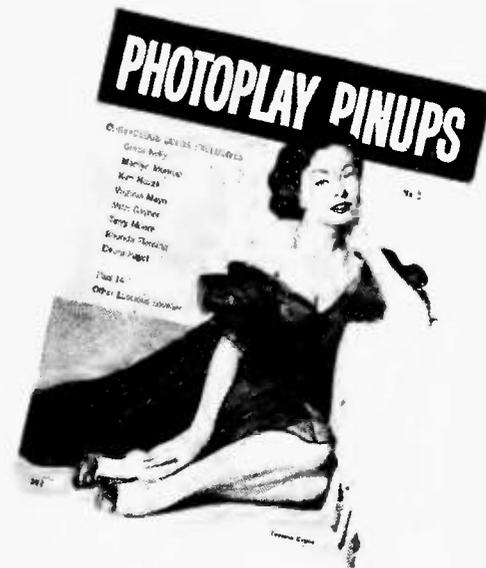
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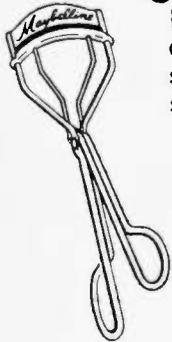
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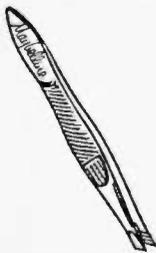
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have—because they have to have—the I-don't-care attitude upon which all comedy is based.

"The tricks poor kids learn, in the interest of self-preservation, come in handy, too, later on—especially for comedians. What, for instance, is the first thing you do when embarrassed? You giggle, don't you? The junior citizens of Herkimer Street in Brooklyn, where I was born, and of similar neighborhoods, are frequently embarrassed—by bill collectors and the landlord... or because they haven't got a bike or a decent suit of clothes... or by some kid, a neighborhood 'dude,' who has such things. So they learn early to cover with a giggle.

"Or, when they're in a tight spot, they go into an act, get funny—in order to get out of it by deflecting attention from whatever skulduggery they've been up to.

"A gift for the ad lib also comes naturally," says the man who is known as "the Master of the ad lib" today, "to the poor kid. He needs it. When his clowning falls on its face, he has to talk his way out of the tight spots. Or the butcher out of an extra pork chop. Or the landlord into not badgering Mom when the rent is overdue. For the comedian—or for any performer on radio and television—a gift for the ad lib," said The Greatest, "is the greatest."

An early Gleason ad lib is remembered from the days of his brief—and, in his book, best-forgotten—career in Hollywood. In one of his first pictures, Jackie was cast as a hard-riding Arab and was thrown by the horse, a proud Arabian stallion, right at the director's feet.

"You said you could ride!" the director screamed, and not with joy.

Rising from the dust with enormous dignity, the fallen idol inquired, coldly, "Have you no respect for a great stunt man?"

Gleason, so the story goes, rode again! "Business-wise, the poor kid's training stands him in good stead, too, later on," Gleason says. "For, when you're poor, you have to bargain for it, make out a pretty good case for yourself. On the night my mother died, for example, I made my 'first appearance on any stage.' For this appearance, I'd arranged to borrow a suit—for a price—from one of the neighborhood kids. At the last moment, he backed down. How did he know, until I'd done my turn, he demanded, whether he'd ever

get his money? 'If you don't give me the suit now,' I said, 'I'll never be able to pay you.' I got the suit. The problem of storing for the future is uppermost in every poor kid's mind. He eats an ice-cream cone slowly to make it 'last longer.' You have to be sharp to beat that hoarding instinct. In this respect, I differed from other kids in the various tenement districts in which I lived—I always acted as though I had it! If I wanted a diamond ring before I had enough dough to buy a piece of paste, I'd find a way to get it."

The poor little Gleason kid's ability to "find a way to get it" may well be responsible for the grown-up Gleason's present position as "the biggest single commodity in the competitive and tricky market place that is television." His latest multi-million-dollar contract made show-business history.

Another fascinating facet of this fabulous nabob of the networks is that, in addition to starring in his own weekly show, he ringmasters the entire enterprise: He okays the scripts, supervises the dance numbers, commercials, comedy sketches, set designs, singers, costumes, make-up, and selects the guest stars. Although, as he says, the ability to work hard may, like lightning, strike anywhere—the born-rich as well as the born-poor—the inability to delegate responsibility he definitely attributes to being poor.

"Mom working, no one around to do anything for you," he says, "so you're geared, from infancy, to do everything for yourself. If you don't, it doesn't get done. And, right or wrong, you carry this feeling with you for the rest of your life."

Ingenuity, says Jackie, is also part of the poor kid's heritage. He has few, if any toys. He seldom has a radio, or "movie" money, so he must amuse himself. He clowns, pantomimes, works up acrobatic acts and ventriloquist acts, becomes a contortionist, does imitations. All this is training for becoming an exhibitionist.

One of the poor kid's prime pastimes, according to Jackie, is "taking off" the neighbors... "which can lead," he says, "to the impersonations of movie stars and other celebrities with which so many performers make their bid for fame—and I did, too."

The well-known and loved Gleason sketches, in which he portrays characters familiar to all who observe their neighbors

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closely, were derived, Gleason infers, from neighbors he observed closely, as a boy, in their native habitat.

"The Poor Soul," a pantomime character who has no name, no voice, the wistful little man always trying his best to "make ends meet"—until someone comes along and moves the ends. . . .

"Reggie Van Gleason III," a dashing debonair, devil-may-care playboy whose socially prominent parents are baffled by his abnormal antics—such as taking a rane of India to a drive-in movie on an elephant. . . .

"Rudy, the Repairman," the most destructive repairman the world has ever known—who, with his helper, Whitey, can reduce a substantial home to a pile of debris while trying to get a mouse out of a pipe. . . .

"Joe, the Bartender," a warm, friendly listener—a composite of all known tavern philosophers. . . .

"The Loud Mouth," one Charlie Bratton—a brash, super-hearty, squelch-proof individual who roars at his own horrible jokes. . . .

"The Honeymooners," Ralph and Alice Kramden—who, with their neighbors, Trixie and Ed Norton, depict the tribulations of life in a Brooklyn tenement. . . .

These friends of yours and mine may be prototypes of Jackie's boyhood friends and neighbors. But those who know him best remind you that Jackie spent many of his young years "trying to make ends meet" . . . that the adjectives "dashing, debonair and devil-may-care" are descriptive of Gleason in certain moods . . . that all thumbs as he is with screwdriver and kindred tools, he would know better than to try to get a mouse out of a pipe . . . that The Loudmouth is basically insecure, and is trying to cover up this—and so, for much of his life, was Jackie . . . that as a

warm and friendly listener, and something more than a parlor (or tavern) philosopher, he can't be beat. It all adds up to the fact that Jackie should be able to depict the tribulations of life in a Brooklyn tenement because he grew up in several of them!

Whether the characters in his sketches were suggested by neighbors, or came from within himself, they contributed so much to his success that he has reason to say he was "fortunate to be poor." And he does say so.

"Although," he adds, "money shouldn't stand in the way of making a career for yourself—except, perhaps, in show business. For, in show business, such detrimental things can happen to the ego that, if wealthy, you probably wouldn't take it. Why get up on a night-club floor and have a plate thrown at you, if you don't have to?"

"A few born-rich boys carve out careers for themselves. Huntington Hartford and Howard Hughes, for example, work as hard as if they didn't know where their next million was coming from. But wealth is liable to dilute ambition because a rich boy's ego is fed to satiation from the cradle to senility. He doesn't have to prove himself. His forefathers have done the job for him. He isn't obliged," says Jackie, "to self-style himself 'The Greatest.'"

"When I was doing imitations of movie stars during my early days in vaudeville, I'd boom, 'I'm going to be bigger than the guys I impersonate.' This wasn't boastful. I believed it. I had to. Nobody else did."

"The ego that has been underfed is a spur that goads you on," Jackie observes, "for as long as you live. It does me. The satisfaction I have achieved isn't enough—or I wouldn't have other interests, such as writing music, conducting an orchestra, merchandising, and a finger in the pie of other shows on which I don't appear. I

wouldn't be continually reaching, seeking new fields to conquer, such as the radio program I hope to do of readings from the classics, or the TV panel show dealing with psychic phenomena I intend to do next winter. On each show, a member of the panel will offer an experience in proof of psychic phenomena which another member will attempt to explain away by attributing it to natural causes. My hope is that Professor J. B. Ryan, in charge of extra-sensory perception at Duke University, will be our moderator."

Starting as a hobby for his "leisure time" (and what year would that be?), Jackie has done a considerable amount of serious research in the field of psychic phenomena, which includes reading the works of Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and other eminent men who have not only researched but experienced psychic phenomena—in which Jackie must also believe, for he says: "It has been scientifically proven that these strange things do happen."

"Psychic phenomena is also something," smart businessman Gleason adds, "in which everyone is interested."

"And if one thing, more than any other, explains the reason for my success," he says, "it is that, before I do anything on television—or any other medium—I ask myself: *Would I like it?* If the answer is in the affirmative, I go ahead, for I have a common enough touch to know that what I like, millions of others will, also."

"If I had been born rich I might not have had whatever it is that appeals to the masses," says TV's "biggest single commodity."

It seems almost as though only those who, as youngsters, were obliged to make their own laughs—if they were to have any—make their millions as laughmakers later on.

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Miracle in Music

(Continued from page 43)

respect and affection of all who saw him.

Statale, the village near Genoa where Gino was born in 1900, numbers about 400 persons. His father, Giovanni, was a miner. He had two brothers and a sister. His mother died when he was five. A brother was killed in a mining accident. Giovanni remarried, but the bond between father and son forever remained so close that, in Gino's crisis, his father's word swung the balance.

Both loved music. To the Italian boy of that day, opera was as exciting as television, the movies and the Broadway stage. Caruso was their "Superman," and another young Italian named Arturo Toscanini was their "Davy Crockett." Even a middle-sized town had its opera and, when Gino was eight, Giovanni took him to the Torino Opera House to see "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." The two short operas, which are always performed together, were to remain forever important for him.

Thanks to the village priest, Gino learned music. He says, "For my lessons, I go all the way up the mountain. It takes two hours to climb up and two hours to walk back and the whole day is gone. But I learn to play the organ."

When Italy joined the Allies in World War I, Gino, then about 15, became an officers' orderly, caring for their quarters, uniforms and boots. Soon he learned that extra service meant extra time off. Gino spent that time at the opera. He says, "I see them all, maybe eight, nine a week." How much the lad—who had once been a boy soprano in the village church—longed to be on the other side of the footlights can only be judged by a wistful remark to his daughter, much later: "If I had the voice, I would be on top today."

In 1922, he bade his father goodbye and, with a nephew, came to the United States. He opened a cobbler's shop. For recreation, there was the Metropolitan Opera. Not the lavish "Golden Horseshoe," where the wealthy patrons sat. "Who needs seats at the opera?" says Gino. With other devoted young music lovers, he went to the top balcony, six floors up, and stood throughout the performance.

With the coming of that new gadget, radio, Gino's musical ambition surged again. As an organist, he was out of practice, but the accordion was still working. He played it on one of New York's small radio stations. The pay was small, but the prestige was great, particularly at parties—such as the Halloween party the three Molinelli daughters gave in 1929.

His romantic recollection undimmed by the years, Gino says proudly, "It was a blind date. My nephew, John Caffese, brought me to the party. Caroline played the piano, I played the accordion. Next year, we were married at the Church of Christ the King. It was a double wedding. John married her sister."

In their apartment in the Bronx, there was laughter, music and one sharp difference of opinion. When playing their phonograph, Caroline preferred the popular tunes of the day. Gino loved his opera. Trying to change her taste, he played his own favorite record—Caruso's recording of "Vesti la Giubba" from "Pagliacci"—over and over. Caroline was only irritated by its demanding volume and insistent tragedy. Then Gino had an idea. Scrimping on his own small luxuries, he outwitted their budget and bought tickets for the twin bill, "Pagliacci" and "Cavalleria Rusticana." Standing room, of course. But he won his point. Once Caroline saw it

performed on the great stage, she, too, fell in love with the opera.

Throughout the stringent Thirties when their daughter Lorraine (who has her mother's dark curly hair and her father's liquid brown eyes) was small—there were few opera tickets, even for standing room. It took all Gino's industry and all Caroline's thrift to keep finances on an even keel.

But there was the radio. The broadcasts of the Metropolitan Opera Company became Gino's chief delight. He managed to send a few dollars to the Metropolitan Opera Guild. "Why shouldn't I help support a thing I love so much?" They, in turn, sent him their magazine. Gino studied every word, learning—not as a student who crams for an examination—but as a lover learns, recreating in his imagination every detail.

Most important of all in their budgeting was money for small Lorraine's music lessons. When she was seven, they bought her a violin.

Lorraine hated it. She adds, "I'd stand there, sawing away at the 'Minuet in G,' and dread to see my father come home. Dad would listen a bit, then hold his ears. He'd say, 'No, no! You haven't learned your lesson.'"

But one day, furious with the squawks made by misplaced bow on agonized string, she flung down the violin and turned on the phonograph. As Gino came up the stairs, he heard Lily Pons' famed aria from "Lucia di Lammermoor." As he entered, he heard his daughter's voice, taking every high note, clear and true, right along with the great coloratura.

His wonder and his awe have remained in Gino's memory. "There she was, this little thing, standing and singing with Lily Pons. With Lily Pons, mind you. And I can't believe it. So I say to her, 'You like to sing?' And she's a little mad and say of course she like to sing. Then I say, 'You have the voice. Do you want lessons?' And she say, 'Sure, I want lessons.' So the violin go out the window."

Buying a piano took doing, but it was a joy to them all. Today, if you visit the Pratos' tidy, pleasant four-room apartment on 158th Street in the Bronx, and ask Lorraine to sing, Caroline steps to the piano. But, before starting the accompaniment, she apologizes for not being a professional musician. As she plays, you realize that, while she lacks the technical efficiency of the professional, she has the touch and appreciation.

Gino, too, tried his hand at the keyboard. As Lorraine recalls: "Dad was usually so tired when he got home from work that he just liked to sit in his chair and read or listen. But, when we got the piano, he would play and sing some of the little Italian songs he had known as a boy. Songs his father had taught him."

Lorraine's first trip to the opera was a surprise. "I was fifteen and Dad said we were going out but wouldn't say where. When we got off the subway, we were at the Metropolitan. They were doing 'Cavalleria Rusticana' and 'Pagliacci'—the first operas grandfather took Dad to see, the first he took Mother to see, and now the first they took me to see."

All Gino's dreams centered around Lorraine. When she finished high school, she spent two years studying music. It took all the family savings. But there are more auditions available for musical comedy than there are for opera. Lorraine tried out a few times, but musical-comedy directors were not looking for a voice trained in traditional Italian *bel canto* style. When she grew discouraged, Gino reassured

her: "I would not spend a dime on lessons for you if I did not think you have the voice."

When, as Lorraine says, "Papa's pocket-book gave out," he reluctantly permitted her to take a commercial course and go to work as a secretary to an executive for 20th Century-Fox.

Lorraine had a romantic reason for wanting to be practical. A reason named Eugene Joannides, a handsome and brilliant young man whose mother was French and whose father was Polish. They had been sweethearts since grammar school and, as soon as Gene took his degree in business administration at the College of the City of New York, he and Lorraine reached an understanding.

Says Lorraine, "Gene, too, thought we should be old-fashioned and he'd ask my father for my hand. Since Dad had his heart so set on my music, I was so worried about what he would say that, when I left them alone in the living room, I kept the door open, just a bit. I was so nervous I had to hear what Dad would say."

Gene, after telling Gino he must soon go into the Army, said he would like, before he left, to give Lorraine her ring. "And then I was so proud of my father!" says Lorraine. "He didn't say a thing about a musical career. He just asked if we loved each other. And, when Gene said yes, Dad told him, 'That's the only important thing.' I ran in and kissed them both."

They were engaged for two years. When Gene returned this spring from Korea and was accepted into the junior-executive training program at one of the major banks, they set the wedding date for August 27—and they were making up their guest list, the night the new television program, *The \$64,000 Question*, debuted.

Lorraine remembers it well. "Redmond O'Hanlon, the police officer who answered the Shakespeare questions, was on. I admired him so much, and I couldn't help thinking he was like my father—for the sake of his family, he had taken a job far removed from the poetry he liked so much. I was sure, too, that my father knew as much about opera as Mr. O'Hanlon knew about Shakespeare. So I wrote the letter."

It was brief and simple, she says, but between its lines it must have reflected the family's close, affectionate happiness.

When she mailed it, Lorraine had no idea who the originator of the program, Louis G. Cowan, was. Certainly, she did not know that long ago, when he was producing *Quiz Kids*, Lou Cowan had decided that the best quiz contestants came from families where there is great love. Lorraine, guided only by love and admiration for her father, had described just the kind of contestant the Cowan office sought.

Events moved with suspenseful swiftness. A staff member paid a scouting visit to Gino Prato's shop at 315 West 57th Street and found it just like many another small shop. On the shelf above the shaft of emery wheels and buffing brushes, there were the usual dusty shoes, abandoned by forgetful owners. On the bench was the usual stack of shoes broken by the pavements. Along the opposite wall stood a high shoeshine stand, and at the rear were two enclosed benches for the repair-while-you-wait customers.

There was nothing to distinguish it. Nothing but the radio which stayed tuned to the classical music of WQXR, the *New York Times* station. And nothing but his own sunny disposition to set Gino apart

from a hundred other little Italian shoemakers. A customer characterized him: "He's not the kind of cobbler who shakes his head as though your shoes were the sloppiest he had ever seen. Gino says, 'It's a beautiful shoe. I fix.'"

Gino's summons to appear on *The \$64,000 Question* produced the most excitement the Prato household had ever seen. Anxiously, he asked Caroline and Lorraine, "You think I know enough? You think I not stand up there and be a big fool?"

Equally anxious, they tried to reassure him. Who else, they asked, had opera so deep in his heart and soul? Then, womanlike, they wanted him to look nice, too. His Sunday suit, they decided, was far too shabby for the penetrating stare of the television camera. When embarrassed Gino pointed out there was no cash at hand to buy another, Lorraine insisted on drawing money, saved for her wedding, to buy one. They wanted the world to see him at his best.

His first visit to CBS Studio 52 proved frustrating. Time ran out just as he started toward the cameras. His second appearance was only a little longer. He was still identifying opera characters when the timekeeper called a halt and master of ceremonies Hal March asked him to come back next week.

But he had won \$512, and that was real money in the Prato household. Because he had reached the first "plateau," the sum was forever his—he could not lose it on a future question. Lorraine says, "That was quite a night. The girls had given me a surprise shower and I came home, loaded with gifts. And there was Dad, richer by \$512!"

It was a sum to dream on, and to worry about, particularly after an enterprising United Press cable editor dropped into the store to tell Gino the Ital-

ian papers had given the story a big play and in Italy he was a hero. Gino confessed he intended to use the money to visit his father, whom he had not seen in twenty-three years. "But," he said anxiously, "you say it is in the papers there? All about me? But my father, he is 92 years old. He is too old for this. I'm afraid this excitement will kill him."

Should he ask for the \$512 immediately and hop the next plane to Italy? Or should he try for the \$1,000, hoping to be able to bring Caroline along with him?

For guidance in this problem where he felt his father's life might be at stake, he sought the intercession of his most beloved of saints—Mother Gabrini, who, like himself, had been an Italian-come-to-America. He felt it particularly meaningful that her saint's day should have occurred between his first and second visits to the program. He began what he later was to call, on the air, "much church kneeling and much church praying."

To his surprise, he found he was not alone. Customers of all faiths began dropping into his store to say, "Gino, we're praying for you."

Gino, to deserve their faith, began to study. When, on Sunday, Caroline and Lorraine left him alone in the apartment, he read, played recordings, sang arias. On the day of the program, he left his shop at the unaccustomed hour of 3:30 P.M., went to his neighbor, a tailor, to pick up his freshly pressed new suit, rejected the producer's offer to send a car for him and rode the subway to the studio.

Hal March took the fateful card and read: "Arturo Toscanini, one of the great conductors of operas, started his musical career playing a musical instrument in an orchestra. For one thousand dollars—what instrument did Toscanini play?"

Gino Prato didn't even need to clear his

throat. Toscanini, like Caruso, was his hero. Promptly he said, "A cello." Off-stage, he chuckled as he told friends what he regarded as a private joke between him and the show's distinguished board of editors. "It said, 'in an orchestra,'" he explained. "That was important. The very first instrument Toscanini played was an ocarina."

With a surge of confidence, he took the \$2,000 question and cleared it by giving two operas in which the devil appeared as a character. He won \$4,000 by naming three Metropolitan Opera managers: Gatti-Casazzi, Edward Johnson and Rudolf Bing. Again he had reached a plateau. From that point on, the show's consolation prize, a Cadillac convertible valued at more than \$5,000, was his.

Again, there was a week's wait—a week in which Gino Prato began to learn what it was like to burst from the ranks of everyday folk and into the spotlight focused on a celebrity. The pressure was building. Newspapers printed his picture, television critics wrote about his charm, people stopped him on the street. Everyone wanted to know if he would go for the sixty-four-thousand-dollar question.

Gino held his own focus on the upcoming \$8,000. He won it, too, the following Tuesday, by identifying the characters in "Il Trovatore."

Here was a danger point, and no one realized it better than gentle little Gino Prato. "There is so much to know about opera, no one can know it all," he said carefully. But he made no secret of his delight. He said, "All my life I worked hard to send my daughter to singing school. I wanted her to go on the stage. Now I am the one who is on the stage. I never thought in my old age this wonderful thing would happen."

And, always, he spoke of his father. "I

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write a letter to my papa but I hear nothing from him."

Friends, while confident of his intimate knowledge of the Italian composers, worried what would happen if the question-writing musicologists turned to the Germans. Gino, proving his own scholarship, correctly called the Wagner compositions, "music dramas," then said, "I hear lots of Wagner. I stand in the back of the opera house with Richard Tucker before he ever learn to sing at the Met. Long time ago, I stand with Jan Peerce at the back. . ."

But the strain was telling. Says Lorraine, "That was the week we started to tiptoe around the house." Gino, when he came before the camera the next Tuesday, explained his hoarse croaking by saying, "I sing so many arias I lose my voice." He also had done "a lot of thinking, a lot of praying"—particularly about his father. "He hasn't seen my daughter and he hasn't seen my wife." Here lay the crux of Gino's take-it-or-risk-it decision. "Well, I think to go across, and what I need to do, I gotta go on."

The question took a Gino to answer it. Correctly, he identified the opera Puccini died before completing as the seldom-performed "Turandot." He also gave the name of the man who finished it—Franco Alfano. Its first performance, he stated, was at La Scala, in Milan, on April 25, 1926.

By that time, it seemed as though all America and a notable portion of the rest of the world had discovered Mr. Prato. It wasn't just his opera information which intrigued people, it was his devotion to music, his modesty, his honesty, his charm. The president of a certain respected research firm, cruising the Hudson on his yacht, requested total silence from his guests while Gino was on the air. A television critic told of a professional intellectual—who, he suspected, owned a television set only so that he might condemn the programs—who now confessed shamefacedly he had become a fan. A tough-mug taxi driver spoke for less double-domed viewers. "You know about that guy Prato? The one with the operas? I tell you, my wife's gone buggy about that guy. You know, she even went to church and lit a candle for Prato?" The specialists in ratings, ARB, gave authority to the reports. Crediting *The \$64,000 Question* with 52.3 per cent of the audience during July, they put it in the Number One spot.

Sixteen thousand dollars. Even with the bite taxes would take, Gino had enough for two honeymoons—a second one for Caroline and himself, a dream trip for Lorraine and Gene. Would he quit there?

Gino settled that matter the following week by winning \$32,000. The question, when it came, brought a horrified gasp from the studio audience. "Giuseppe Verdi wrote an opera which later, accidentally, launched Arturo Toscanini as a conductor because of the illness of the regular conductor. Name the opera, the country where young Toscanini conducted it, the city in which it had its world premiere and give the eve of what holiday it occurred."

Gino ticked off the answers. "'Aida,' Brazil, Cairo, Egypt, Christmas Eve." For good measure, he added, "December 24, 1871."

What does a man do when, within a few weeks, the life which he has lived for 55 years, totally changes?

Even before he faced the ultimate choice of risking his fifty years of learning on the \$64,000 question or accepting his safe \$32,000, there had been permanent changes for Gino, both financially and emotionally. When the American public finds a new

hero, it overwhelms him. In this adulation, there is danger. It can swell a man's head, ruin his judgment, turn him ridiculous.

But the tenets by which Gino lived in obscurity—his love of God, his love of family, his love of music—enabled him to meet each honor and challenge with dignity.

He was shyly proud when, after he answered the \$4,000 question, he received a letter from James J. Lyons, president of the Borough of The Bronx, appointing him honorary "ambassador of music." He was both surprised and appreciative when, as he passed the \$8,000 mark, RCA Victor—although affiliated with CBS' rival, NBC—reached across the normal network barriers and quietly, without public announcement, sent him a complete library of opera recordings, together with their thanks for what he had done to popularize opera. For the interest he had aroused in Italian travel, a travel bureau promised him round-trip passage for the whole family.

But most important of all, to Gino, was the fact that, thanks to the public interest in him, Lorraine was to have her chance for opera auditions. RCA Victor set a date for September, as soon as she returned from her honeymoon. The New York City Center Opera Company auditioned and signed her. Gino had done his part. The voice he believed in would be judged by opera authorities. From there on, it was up to them—and Lorraine.

Gino was offered—and accepted—a new job at a \$10,000-a-year salary, plus time free to maintain his own shop. American Biltrite Rubber Company, manufacturers of shoemakers' supplies, stating that the morale of the little shoemakers around the country was at a low ebb, hired Gino to travel the United States to meet with them, talk with them, and let people know he wasn't the only one among them with learning and talent.

Then came two happenings which were treasures beyond all price for Gino.

Rudolph Bing, manager of the Metropolitan, let Gino know his standing-room days were over. With his letter of thanks for the publicity Gino had brought the Met, Mr. Bing sent two season tickets, eighth row center.

But the greatest honor of all was a personal message from the great Maestro himself. The day before his \$64,000 question was due, Gino, returning from work, found a chauffeur-driven limousine drawn up before his door. Out stepped Mme. Vladimir Horowitz, wife of the famed pianist and daughter of Arturo Toscanini. Her father, she told Gino, wanted him to know he had watched every telecast. He sent his congratulations and best wishes for Gino's top success.

With tears of joy streaming down his cheeks, Gino replied, "You tell your daddy, as one Italian fellow to another, that if they ask me questions about him, they can't stump me. I know his career inside out, top and bottom."

In all this flood of praise, one voice was still missing and that was the one which Gino most desired to hear—his father's.

When only hours remained before he had to make his final decision, that voice came—and came with a drama to rival the finale of an opera.

There is, in New York, an Italian language radio station, WOV, which also has studios in Rome. They sent an interviewer, with recording equipment, to remote Stat-ale. He began transcribing as soon as he arrived and asked a townsman, "Where do I find the home of Giovanni Prato?" Said the townsman, "You mean Giovanni Prato, the father of Gino Prato, who, in America, has won a fortune of twenty million lira?"

No road led to the house, so the excited residents carried the heavy recording equipment up the steep mountain path.

Then Gino's papa spoke. His voice was thin and aged, but it still held the authority—and the love—Gino remembered after thirty-three years of separation. As it came into New York by short wave, to be transcribed for re-broadcast, Gino heard it privately, in the control room. He listened, then went to St. Patrick's Cathedral, where he lit a candle in each chapel and prayed.

When airtime came at CBS Studio 52 that evening, there were nearly as many standees at the rear of the theater as Gino had been accustomed to finding at the Metropolitan. Outside, still more people protested furiously when the ultimate capacity of the studio was reached and the doors clanged shut to exclude them. Everyone wanted to know just one thing: *Will he, or won't he, go for the sixty-four?* When the warm-up announcer asked for a show of hands, the audience was evenly divided in its opinion of which Gino should do. Gino, when he came to the camera, seemed the only one in the house to be in full possession of his composure. In the front row, Caroline, Lorraine and Gene, remembering how upset he had been all week, masked their concern with fixed smiles. Emcee Hal March tripped his tongue in a stutter. The technical crew was obviously tense.

But Gino's expression could, without much exaggeration, have been called exalted. His voice, which had cracked during the earlier big-money questions, had regained its mellowness. From his pocket he took the cable which had confirmed the short-wave message. "I hear from my papa," he announced. "My daddy cable me. *Fermate dove ti trove e basta cosi—Saluti, Papa.*"

Then he translated. "My daddy says, 'Stop wherever you are. It is enough this way. Regards.'"

Gino hesitated, as if making a full review of his decision. "Maybe I know the answers to some more questions. But maybe, if I lose, I give my papa a shock and it kill him. I want to see my papa when I go to Italy. My papa, he call me a hard-head—stubborn. So I be a soft-head now. Because I take my daddy's advice since I was a kid, I accept it now. I accept it and take the money."

Throughout the audience, there was both applause and a sigh. The crowd was disappointed. It was a thoughtful disappointment. Watching expressions, you could see each person wondering what he himself would have done.

What sort of man will Gino Prato be in the days ahead? The days when the excitement has calmed down, when they all return from their trip and when their audience with His Holiness, the Pope, and the reunion with his father drift into memory?

Perhaps there is a prediction in one of Gino's last acts in the studio. While photographers were still clamoring for more pictures, when reporters were firing questions and VIP's were waiting, Gino excused himself to go to the edge of the set where a small girl was crying. Twelve-year-old Gloria Lockerman had come all the way from Baltimore but had been only introduced when the program ended. She was sure she had lost her chance. Gino patted her head. "Don't cry, darling. You'll get on, wait and see. If I got on, you will, too."

The child looked up at Gino, saw a friend, and smiled. Like the distant viewers in the television audience, she could glimpse Gino's happiness and find that, in some magical way, he had given her a bit of it to take forever as her own.



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To Love Is To Share

(Continued from page 53)

cook. The Statue of Liberty holds up a light—but Bud, a non-smoker, never even has a match on him. While Rockefeller Center spreads over twelve and a half acres, Bud's spread is negligible—he hasn't gained an ounce since college years. Architecturally speaking, Bud is a handsome edifice—but that alone isn't what makes him a tourist draw, for tourists expect to see something unusual. Well, Bud has that something unusual—a quality which is rare in television and radio. Bud, in all of his years as an emcee and quizmaster, has maintained a feeling of gentility with no sacrifice of warmth and friendliness. People like the lady from Ohio are always asking, "Is he as nice off the air?"

"It's tough to talk about Bud," says his wife Marian. "There are so many good things to be said about him that he sounds almost goody-goody. He's a fine person—religious, disciplined, idealistic—but, on the other hand, he's earthy and fun and he has a great sense of humor."

But Bud, by the record alone, is a serious man who never sluffs off responsibility. He has been president of both local and national AFTRA. This past summer, without being asked, his name was placed in nomination for first national vice-president of the television-radio union and he was elected again. He is extremely active in his community. Things other people talk about doing, he does. He has given lay sermons at churches of every faith. He has captained any number of charity drives. He has talked for or before community clubs as often as two or three times a week. He has even addressed the graduating class at a school for nurses.

Bud lives in Greenwich, Connecticut, in a handsome Norman Tudor house. His two acres are beautifully landscaped with flower gardens and magnificent trees. But Bud's home is no more impressive than its contents.

Mrs. Collyer, who, as an actress, gets billed as Marian Shockley, has red hair and green eyes. She is as pretty as she is stubborn—and Bud says she is as stubborn as a Missouri mule. "Which makes a perfect balance," he adds, "for I am butt-headed."

Marian has acted in daytime radio dramas for many years, and still does. She also has a running part as a schoolteacher in the Charley Ruggles television serial, *The World Of Mr. Sweeney*. Ruggles calls her "Miss Marian," and she says of Ruggles, "He is so good and so dear and such a wonderful actor." Marian loves her professional work, but there's also plenty to be done at home, in running the huge house. "It's simple mathematics," she says. "The bigger the home, the more things there are to go wrong."

Bud, however, has never had a chance to prove his versatility with tools. A few years back, he bought tools and set up shop in the basement. He made a work bench—but got no further. He left home too early, got home too late, and found it impractical to build a bookcase on the commuters' train. At present, with *Feather Your Nest* and *Beat The Clock*, Bud works six days a week, leaves home before nine and returns around six-thirty—except on Saturdays when he gets home around ten. But that's nothing compared with earlier times. Until a year ago, Bud's schedule was so demanding that he seldom spent more than one night out of every month with his family—and that went on for four years.

When asked about Bud, during those years, Marian would tell friends: "I think

he's all right. I saw him on television last night and he looked well."

Bud himself, not wise-cracking, commented: "I'm afraid I'll get home early one day and find my kids are adults and that I've missed all the fun of watching them grow up."

During those years, in order to keep up a speaking acquaintance with the kids, he would get up at six-thirty, breakfast with them and drive them to school. And, of course, on the one full night a month he was home, he got the celebrity treatment.

"When his schedule changed so that he was coming home almost every evening—like most men—it was like having a stranger in the house," Marian recalls. "We couldn't get used to it. We were hovering over him, at his elbow telling him stories, and treating him like a long-lost explorer. That lasted about two weeks . . . until, one evening, I decided I'd better begin catching up on my chores."

As in most homes, the Collyer children are apt to dominate the scene. Pat, a very pretty blonde, is seventeen. She plays piano so well that she gives lessons. Bud and Marian have encouraged her to play for enjoyment. Teaching is her own idea, and she is saving most of her earnings. (Pat and Marian hope to take a trip abroad in about four years.)

Cynthia, next in line, and another pretty blonde, clocks in at fifteen years. She has a fine sense of humor and likes to do creative things with her hands like painting or sculpturing. Every once in a while, she and Marian get involved with Nature. Last winter, for instance, Marian and Cynthia fed birds and collected some rather rare ones.

This past summer, they decided to raise strawberries for Bud. Strawberries delight Bud the way a big jackpot delights a contestant, but the Collyers found their new project quite an undertaking. "Our house is built on shelf rock, so we had to import soil for the berries. And we had to have beds made for the soil—pyramid-style out of aluminum rings. Then the birds were still around, so we had to put chicken-wire over the beds to protect the berries. We have some huge, very old oak trees which threw too much shade on the berries—but we couldn't do anything about that, except worry."

It set Bud's mouth watering, when he saw all the planning and loving care which went into the strawberry patch. Then

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came the harvest. As Marian recalls, "The strawberries, at full growth, were about the size of blueberries. Cynthia and I were so embarrassed! But Bud didn't tease us at all."

Youngest of the Collyers is Mike. At thirteen, he is the image of Bud. You can't tell them apart in pictures taken at the same age. But they differ in personalities. "Bud" Clayton Collyer has always been vigorous, bright and imaginative. Michael Clayton Collyer is keen and fun to be around, too. But, while Bud is the up-and-at-'em type, Mike is more the I'll-be-sitting-over-here-if-you-want-me kind. (And they usually come looking for him, too.)

Bud, however, is less than a fireball at home. In the city, he is a slave to the clock and a high-pressure schedule. At home, he is happiest when there are no social pressures and he can figuratively smash the clock. The only concession he makes to time is a prompt dinner, for the kids are always starving by six-thirty. Then everyone takes a turn saying grace and there is no mumbling nor lazy repetition. Each is expected to have something fresh to say.

After grace, however, bedlam reigns. As Marian says, "The kids always have so much to talk about, and they yak together right through dinner. They like to pun, and so does Bud, and the worse the pun, the punnier! Bud will say, 'Want to go sailing this weekend?' And Mike answers, 'I'd rudder not.' Then maybe Cynthia says, 'You'd budder, brudder.'"

The family has great appetites. Bud eats a big juice-eggs-cereal-milk-coffee breakfast. He eats a lunch the size of an average dinner—and he eats enough at dinner time for two. "Planning meals that everyone will like is impossible," says Marian, "so we just try to please the majority!"

Most evenings find Marian and Bud at home, reading, watching television, helping the kids with school work. Bud is strong in languages and is a real help with French and Latin. Marian is strong in English and history.

They all live well together and enjoy family celebrations of anniversaries and holidays. Instead of parties, the Collyers like to honor birthdays by going *en masse* to the theater. Mike is the one exception—he takes his parties at the ball park.

Mike is an avid Dodger fan. Several years ago, Bud met Phil Rizzuto. Phil invited Bud to bring Mike up to a Yankee game and meet the players. Bud passed the invitation on to Mike. "I don't want to go," said Mike. "I don't go to see anyone but the Dodgers." So Bud had the embarrassing job of passing the message along to Rizzuto, who took it good-naturedly. (Marian balances the baseball scales by rooting heartily for the Giants.)

Vacations, too, are spent as a family unit. A year ago, the Collyers went to Europe for a month. The year before that, they toured the country in a station wagon. This year, the month of August was spent quietly in the Adirondack Mountains.

"We—that's me and the kids—like excitement," Marian explains. "Being on the move, whether it's seeing Europe or the United States, is just our meat. But Bud wants a rest after eleven months in the city. This year we decided to give him the rest . . . no rules—no clock to watch—just fishing and golf. I don't expect we'll give him the chance to rest again for a couple more years!"

Bud is even on a schedule on Sundays. As Marian observes, "Religion actually gives him a lift, the kind some men get on

the fairway. Bud not only practices religion but enjoys it. He looks forward to his Sunday in church as some men look forward to their favorite sport."

Bud is superintendent of the Sunday school at the Presbyterian Church, and he teaches the teen-aged class. "No matter how tired he is Saturday night," says Marian, "he stays up till the lesson is prepared."

After Sunday school, he goes on to church, where he sings in the choir. Bud is a "utility" singer—he sings with the basses, baritones or tenors, depending on where he's needed. He has a good voice and reads music at sight. (As a matter of fact, Bud worked his way through college, singing and leading a dance band.)

He likes to preach, and has given lay sermons at Protestant and Jewish churches in New England. Recently, he made a speech at an inter-regional meeting of the Council of Presbyterian Men. There were several celebrated preachers at the meeting, and Marian notes proudly that strangers came up to her to confide that they had found Bud to be the "most inspirational." For months afterwards, he got letters and telegrams from distant parts of the country asking if he would speak to local congregations.

As a preacher, Bud is no fire-eater. He talks quietly, logically and down-to-earth. He never writes out his sermons and seldom plans them. Sometimes, he gets carried away with himself. . . . There was the Sunday that he was preaching in his own church and thought he was making his point pretty well—when he heard a rather weary sigh from a member of the congregation. He even recognized the sigh. It belonged to Michael Clayton Collyer. "I figured I'd better wind it up pretty fast," Bud grins, "which was what I did!"

After church, the family has a big Sunday dinner. Bud then catches a nap before going out to catch ball with Mike. The day winds up with Marian usually making waffles. "Mike gave me the waffler," she says. "He also gave me an electric coffee pot. He likes to give me things that he can watch being used."

The Collyers love gifts in quantity. At Christmas, their home looks like the setting for a TV spectacular. The living room has a twenty-foot ceiling and they have a tree that fairly tickles the ceiling. Gifts don't pile quite so high, but they all like surprises and lots of gay packages.

Bud's most memorable Christmas came along a couple of years ago. He was working hard and late almost every night. He missed being with the children, so Marian hit on the idea of having portraits painted of them for Christmas. They began posing in September and everyone was cooperative—and, best of all, maintained secrecy.

Christmas morning, when the kids had opened all of their gifts, Bud was asked to step into the kitchen for a moment. "Now what do I have to go out for?" he asked. But they chased him out.

When he came back, the children, still in their pajamas, were standing quietly, each behind the individual portraits. Bud was so moved he couldn't say a word. "Nights after that, when he got in late, he'd just sit down and look at the pictures for a while," Marian recalls.

Bud's feeling for children has always been obvious to radio and television audiences. It isn't strange that mothers and fathers, as well as the children, want to visit with him when they get to New York. Bud's gentility—his kind of warmth and friendliness—has made him something of an institution. So it isn't strange, either, that a little boy, whose mother was shopping for a new television set, begged: "Get one with Bud Collyer on it."

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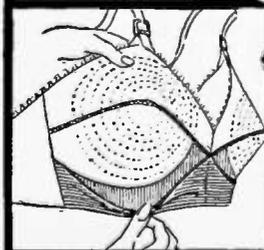
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Double Life in Big Town

(Continued from page 54)

TV show a week and beef about how tough it is. They're suffering from 'lead poisoning—if you know what I mean!'

A tireless taskmaster Mark is, but he's also well aware that there's more to life than batting his brains out in a studio. To this end, he's enhanced the picture of fulfillment by marrying Annelle Hayes, a Texas beauty who is the mother of Mark Richard, eight, and Arrelle Elizabeth, three. The unorthodox patterns of their domestic life would devastate most households, and constant re-adjustment does produce pain at odd intervals. Fortunately for all parties concerned, they manage to remember that all these activities are not without purpose.

"When we got married ten years ago," Mark explains, "I didn't even have a job. Annelle was still living at the Hollywood Studio Club and I had a furnished room. With no immediate prospects in mind, I still insisted that I'd head my own studio before I was finished with Hollywood. Annelle had faith in me—but everyone else thought I was crazy!

"Today I am thirty-two and, when I am forty-two, I shall retire. Maybe this sounds a bit balmy, too—but I believe I'll have my own studio by then. With an excellent income derived from renting space to independent producers, plus annuities and investments, we'll be able to make up for some of the things we have had to sacrifice. Eventually, I hope to stop acting entirely, but of course I could never remain completely idle."

In the meantime, however, Mark expects his double life to remain hectic, harassed—and hopeful! In Beverly Hills, the Stevens family still lives in the nine-room Georgian Colonial house Mark bought while chafing his ambitions at 20th Century-Fox. Their manner of furnishing and redecorating has been sporadic, but the house reflects the growth in character and individuality of its occupants.

Because of Mark's unpredictable schedule, the unexpected is always the expected on each workday. Therefore it's routine.

"The children get first consideration, of course," Annelle observes. "They eat, sleep, and go to school—regularly. But Mark and I may have a sit-down dinner at seven one evening, then something on a tray at midnight the next. Sometimes Mark works straight through without eating at all. On Sundays, if he's home, he does paper work.

"We rarely accept invitations, because invariably we have to cancel when Mark stays at the studio to see rushes. A few of our friends humorously insist: 'You're expected—but we won't set a place for you!' On the rare occasions when we ourselves entertain the Tony Martins, the John Irelands, Ann Sothern, Cesar Romero, my husband invariably gets delayed and someone quips: 'It's such a nice dinner party—you should have invited Mark Stevens!'

Under Annelle's sagacious supervision, a believe-it-or-not couple named Hollis and Ann meet every domestic crisis with devotion. They adore their bosses and their job, and their love for the children is downright fanatical! "God has blessed us by bringing these wonderful children into our lives." Ann, a handsome, robust woman, beams with pride when she says it. She's happiest baking them bread, decorating home-made cookies and dispensing homey, heart-warming philosophy.

"Because I make so many New York trips to see my sponsors," Mark adds, "I keep an apartment there. Sometimes Annelle accompanies me, which is a signal for

great rejoicing in the Stevens' California kitchen! Then Hollis and Ann have the children all to themselves and they don't mind working Saturdays, or forfeiting their day off. Hollis takes Mark Richard to Sunday school, to the park or movies. Ann reads to Arrelle and sings charming Czech folk songs. When the children were born, a nurse accompanied Annelle home from the hospital. And Ann actually felt slighted until we got the nurse out of the house and she could take over her duties!"

From Monday through Saturday, Mark arises at six. At seven forty-five, he arrives at the studios where *Big Town* is made. Mark Richard, who worships his "Pop," gets up at the same time (two hours too early for him!) and takes his clothes into Mark's bathroom. After their shower, they talk man to man while Mark shaves. Following breakfast together, Mark leaves for the studio. And that's when sonny awakens his mommy to ask her to "please play with me until it's time for school!"

When Mark and Annelle married, they agreed that she'd name the boys and he'd name the girls. So "Arrelle" is Mark's own invention, though her actual arrival posed a problem. Mark had told everyone he was going to father a blue-eyed little girl with thick golden curls. Arrelle was ushered into the world—baldier than the proverbial billiard ball!

Shortly after his daughter's birth, Mark appeared on the New York stage in "Midsummer," then portrayed *Martin Kane* every week for a year on live television. Nearly two years expired before he returned home again. Arrelle's fine-spun hair was slightly in evidence at this point, but, by now, Mark was a stranger called "Daddy" and she could only stare at him.

"I'm not going to bribe her to win her over," declared Mark, with typical masculine indifference. Secretly, he was disturbed, but Annelle knew that time would remedy the situation.

"Whenever Mark walked into the house," she recalls, "his son leaped on him with a running jump and all but smothered him. But his daughter just stood there and stared with those amazing wide blue eyes that seem to look beyond everything. Finally it happened. One evening Mark Richard greeted his father in customary fashion. Arrelle hesitated and then suddenly threw herself into her father's arms, showering him with kisses. The probation period was over. We felt like a family again!"

There are three TV sets in the Mark Stevens household, and he'll tell you, with an amused grin, that his children's favorite programs are—*Beany* and *Annie Oakley*. It's late at night when *Big Town* hits the West Coast. But, when one of Mark's shows is especially instructive for children, Annelle takes them to the studio on Saturday and Mark runs off the film in the projection room.

A single *Big Town* series of thirty-nine films takes six months to shoot. Balancing out the year's activities, Mark's extracurricular interests include preparing a night-club act for New York and Las Vegas, singing lessons and recording sessions. His own Mark Stevens Productions was formed recently, for filming full-length movies and TV features.

"Everyone keeps telling me it's impossible to do more than one job at a time and do it well," Mark muses, "and one big Hollywood director even said he'd seen geniuses come and go because they attempted to carry the ball alone. Well, I don't consider myself a genius, but I be-

lieve anything is possible, especially if one is well organized.

"For example, I have a great set crew from nine until six. Because they have my word we'll never work a minute overtime, they knock themselves out for me. Edward Rissien, who was stage manager for 'Midsummer,' has been my invaluable assistant. In Stanley Silverman, a writer with many excellent credits, I found a top story editor. Then there's a promotional manager for my personal interests and a publicity man who concentrates on getting me less space and better representation."

Until recently Mark had a beautiful secretary whose name—believe it or not—was Jackie Gleason. Any similarity between her and the one-and-only was more than coincidental. It was practically impossible! However, to circumvent the obvious comparisons, Mark laconically labeled the lady "Jake."

How Jake got to earn her cakes proves it can happen here. To help kill time one day, she accompanied an actress-friend on a job-hunting tour of the studios. Mark happened to walk into the casting office and saw her sitting there waiting.

"Do you want to go to work?" he inquired, after introducing himself. Jake assured him work was what she needed.

"Good," replied Mark, "you're just the type we need for our new script."

"Oh—I don't want to be an actress!" These were the next words that reached Mark's astonished ears. "I'm a secretary. Don't you have anything open in that capacity?" The following morning, Jake was on the job, and she officiated most efficiently in Mark's six-room bungalow office until marriage and approaching motherhood called her away.

Although Mark is an ardent tennis enthusiast, a model-boat builder (it took him fifty-odd hours to assemble a replica of the schooner *Blue Nose!*) and a good golfer, his greatest moments of relaxation occur around eight o'clock at night.

"Everyone has gone home and studio life has disappeared," he reflects. "This is a wonderful time for me. I can walk around the lot undisturbed and the stillness helps me to think—or to stop thinking. This is when I get my best ideas."

But, because such times exclude companionship with his loved ones, Mark is building a house opposite the sixteenth hole at the Tamarisk Country Club in Palm Springs. At least on rare occasions they can all be together undisturbed and revel in domestic unity. Despite Mark's protestations, Annelle worries about his health, so she recently induced him to have another physical check-up.

"I was in such perfect condition," says Mark humorously, "the New York Life gave me a policy for \$400,000—which, all told, now gives me \$700,000 worth of insurance. I'm worth more dead than alive!"

As far back as his stock-acting days in Cleveland, Ohio—where he was born—Mark's been driven by nervous energy.

"It's something inside of me I can't control," he confesses, "and, without constant activity of some sort, I'm sure I couldn't survive. As a matter of fact, people everywhere invariably get around to asking the same question. Why do I deliberately try to kill myself? This is an exaggeration, of course. But my answer is always the same. Take it or leave it, this is my way of life."

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Lovely, Lovely Secret

(Continued from page 32)

who knows exactly what it is she wants from life. The next moment, the irrepressible high spirits of a little girl who isn't sure what she wants, but does know exactly how to go about getting it. Nowadays, one could imagine this high-powered charmer tossing that banana cream pie out of pure devilment—but never, never eating it.

"What's happened to me?" Patti toys with the question. "Well, I've lost a lot of weight, for one thing—thirty pounds in the last year."

The answer, of course, is as unsatisfactory as her arithmetic. Last July, when she returned to television to star in *The Patti Page Show* for Oldsmobile, she had reduced from a hundred-and-forty-seven pounds to a svelte hundred-and-fifteen. But this is nothing new for Patti. Like a champion training for the big fight, she always streamlines her figure for television. She is no slimmer now than she was in the summer of 1954, when she replaced Perry Como, or the following year, when she did *The Scott Music Hall*.

The present series, however, is for fifty-two weeks—her longest run on television. Now nearing the half-way mark, Patti has not once gone over a hundred-and-fifteen . . . which means that she not only had the will power to "stop eating" and lose those original thirty-two pounds, but she has found some new incentive that keeps them lost forever.

What is it?

"Well, it seems there's a very nice young man," Patti says, and she says it straight. "He made me realize how important appearance is in this business and—well, maybe I'm just trying to make him proud of me."

And then she smiles, making it all crystal clear. If Patti looks like the girl in a *Before-and-After* ad, it's because she has truly discovered the new miracle product. Only, it isn't so new. In fact, it's the oldest in the world. And they still call it Love. . . .

Before, long before Patti Page met Charles O'Curran, she was Clara Ann Fowler of Claremore, Oklahoma—practically the original girl-next-door. Except, of course, that no other girl who ever lived next door to anybody ever had quite her way with a song, and it was only a question of time until someone would "discover" her.

It happened at a local radio station in

near-by Tulsa—all in the best show-business tradition. The female vocalist on one of the station's regular programs took sick, and Clara Ann was called in as a last-minute substitute. The show's sponsor not only kept her on but changed her name to Patti—the Page Milk Company girl.

That was nine years ago, and that was how Jack Rael happened to hear her. He was a band manager, passing through Tulsa, and there was a radio in his hotel room. Switching it on, he heard Patti sing. No, it wasn't a recording, he realized, but it should have been. Rushing down to the broadcasting station, he signed her up. And he has been her manager-partner ever since.

But, before Patti could become a recording star, her name had to stand for more than just milk. The first two years, she and Jack toured the small towns, doing one-night stands, getting the necessary experience in night clubs and small theaters. Then, in Chicago, Patti broke into network radio as vocalist for Don McNeill's *Breakfast Club*. In the field of recordings, however, it wasn't until she had made thirteen Mercury releases that she finally came up with a hit—"Confess."

Then it happened! Personal appearances in every state of the Union, Canada and Hawaii. Guests spots with Ed Sullivan and Perry Como that led to her own TV shows. And a long list of hit records, many selling over the million mark—one, "Tennessee Waltz," selling over three million to become the most popular recording in twenty years.

And so the girl-next-door from Claremore, Oklahoma, moved to a luxurious apartment in Manhattan. It's a combination of French provincial and modern—all blues and whites to give it that "Frenchy" look—and designed to give "the feeling of a country house that got lost in the city."

"It's bright and gay, and see," Patti points out, "it has a terrace. Somehow, it's always new when I walk in at night. Nothing morbid!"

But it takes more than color to keep an apartment bright and gay. Although it's a dream of heaven for a girl who once shared a bed with two sisters—five whole rooms, all to one's self!—after a while, it can seem like an awful lot of space for just one person.

Not that Patti was ever lonely. There was always "the family." They had started as business associates—her manager, the

musicians, publicists, secretaries and maid. But, after traveling around the country, sharing experiences, working together to climb the same ladder of success, they soon became close friends. Even during their off hours, they like to be together—golfing, fishing and playing cards (bridge and hearts are Patti's favorites). When Patti suddenly decided to get a boat, it ended up a thirty-four-foot yacht. Nothing else was big enough to accommodate the whole "family."

As for Patti's real family, she is still devoted to them, visiting Oklahoma whenever she can, entertaining her parents on visits to New York. But Patti comes from a family of eight girls and three boys, and the big news among the Fowlers is not her career—it's the nephews and nieces her brothers and sisters come up with. "I have twenty-five now," Patti announces proudly, "and soon I'll be a great-aunt."

She says it wistfully, however, as though she could also be a great mother. As a matter of fact, in a TV RADIO MIRROR interview last year, Patti confessed: "I want five babies. I've always wanted to be married. The right man just hasn't come along yet."

Until he did, there was her career. There was even "love," for there were her fans. Real fans! In addition to the millions who buy her records, watch her on TV, and write in for pictures, there are more than twelve hundred organized Patti Page Fan Clubs.

They spend hours writing to her, send her presents, and badger disc jockeys who don't play enough Patti Page recordings to suit them. She, in turn, takes their problems very seriously—helping them when she can, visiting their clubs and entertaining individual fans in her home. But fans are the public. They can look up to her and love from afar, but whom is Patti to look up to? And what good is love that only comes from afar? . . .

Last winter, when she was getting ready to start on another personal appearance tour, Patti engaged one of the top directors in the business to help stage her act. It was Charles O'Curran. If the name sounds familiar, it's because he was once the husband of Betty Hutton. Or, if you're one of those people who actually read the movie credits, you've seen his name before all the Martin and Lewis pictures. He's the director who stages the dance sequences.

"The family" was quick to welcome Charles to its little group. "He's a million laughs," they said. "He's a ball." But, best of all, he was good for Patti. Not, however, that he'd ever make a great dancer out of her. "I'm a singer," Patti kept insisting, "not a dancer!"

And so, in the best boy-meets-girl tradition, "they fought like cats and dogs"—at first. But Patti's act, which opened at the Fountainebleau in Miami Beach, was a huge success. And off-stage, "the family" observed, Patti was getting over her shyness.

Soon, the gossip columnists were carrying items about what-well-known-singer named Patti Page and what stage-director named Charles O'Curran. But that wasn't what broke the news to the world. The whole story was right there in Patti's songs. That's what she had been singing about all this time, only now—at long last—the right man had come along. You had only to listen to the new meaning she gave the words to understand. This was good, old fashioned, "I-want-the-whole-world-to-know-it" love.

At the moment, however, their whole world is show business. Which means that

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The Editors

Patti is in New York and Charles is in Hollywood, and "never the twain shall meet"—except when he can manage to fly East or she can manage to fly West. One of the reasons Patti is so glad her TV show is on film is that it enables her "to get ahead of schedule" so that she can take an occasional week off "to see her boy friend."

But the pace is killing. Up at six-thirty every morning, she spends two days of each week recording, two filming, and two on costumes. By the time Sunday comes, Patti "just wants to sit down." Last summer, she didn't even feel like using her yacht. "It would have taken an hour to get there," she explains.

Patti keeps going, however. She has to! One month, her phone bill for wires and long-distance calls to California came to four hundred dollars. And it's no consolation to remember how much it used to cost Rosemary Clooney and Jose Ferrer when they were in the same spot.

The only solution, of course, is marriage. "We're planning it," Patti admits, "but..." She throws up her hands.

A million girls would give anything just to be in her shoes, but she'd gladly trade with any of them. For the truth is that she is no longer Clara Ann Fowler, the girl-next-door, who can do as she pleases. She's Patti Page. As a recording artist and TV star, she's Big Business. And, like all institutions, she has contracts and obligations to fulfill. She must tour the country with the General Motors Mortorama Show, make personal appearances at Reno and Las Vegas, keep recording dates, do a series of "pop" concerts that will take her as far away as Tokyo.

Last summer, when she was visiting Charles in Hollywood, "the family" had a hunch that the two might slip off to Las Vegas and get married. It gave the two sweethearts quite a laugh when Frances Kaye, Patti's close friend and publicist, asked if they could just hold up any such plans until after the August issue of a certain magazine came out. (It seems that they were running a piece on Patti as a successful "bachelor girl.")

One wonders, however, if the two will be quite so amused next spring, when Patti hopes to go to Europe with Charles. It's something she's not only dreamed about—she's even been taking French lessons in preparation.

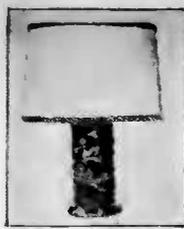
"I'd like to go in April," she muses, obviously thinking of "April in Paris."

"April?" Jack Rael, her manager, pricks up his ears. "You're already booked in Las Vegas."

"Well, then, May or June," Patti says. And, somehow, this new Patti Page sounds as though she'll make it. Her current series runs until next July... but if she can film enough shows in advance... and if Charles can get off at the same time...

But that's only one dream. There's another! If she could get into pictures, then she could spend half of each year in Hollywood and the other half in New York. She'd be eating her cake and having it, too, of course—but any young lady with the determination to cut out banana cream pie can certainly manage that. Not only is Patti a stunning hundred-and-fifteen pounds, but her TV films reveal a new glamour that matches any star's in Hollywood. Only her voice and her way with a song remain the same. And after all, they made her a star in records and TV. Why not in motion pictures, too?

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(Continued from page 39)

other sore throats. He suspected a plot. But, since all Como plots are gentle things which contribute to the greater enjoyment of all concerned, he went along. "Does your throat really bother you, Perry?" he asked sympathetically.

The condition of Perry's throat became more serious with every word describing its condition. He really thought he ought to save it in every way he could. Solemnly, Lee agreed. What did Perry have in mind?

Perry came to his point. "You know, Ronnie is getting to be a pretty big boy now." Perry's older son was then about thirteen. "I wonder," said Perry, "if he could help me out. Do you suppose it would be all right if, instead of having me read the Christmas story, while the kids act it out, we had Ronnie read it?"

To Lee, Perry's real purpose now was crystal clear. Perry recognized that his son had reached the self-conscious age. He neither wished to embarrass Ronnie by asking him to do kid stuff nor to hurt his feelings by leaving him out. In this situation, which any fond father could well understand, Lee quickly agreed. "I think it would be just great, Perry."

But Perry wasn't quite through. "Lee," he said, "would you do me a favor? If I ask him, he'll think it's a put-up job. But, if you ask him, he'll think you really want it that way. Would you do it?"

Again Lee agreed. Perry advanced to the next step of the plot. "Now, I think he should have some reward for doing it. I'll buy the present, but I want you to keep that secret. You give it to him."

"What does he want, Perry?"

It was Perry's turn to grin. "What does any kid that age want? His first shotgun, of course."

With all the elements of Perry's little plot revealed, Lee took over. He said, "I'll go along. Except for one thing. I'll buy the gun."

Perry protested, but Lee had the conquerer. "That's the way it's got to be, Perry. Or, I won't talk to Ronnie." Perry was licked, and he knew it.

A huddle with Ronnie ensued. Lee asked, most seriously, if Ronnie would help out his father. Instantly, the lad agreed. But, when the nature of the help was described, adolescent shyness cropped up. Lee was ready for it. "Would you—for a shotgun?"

The boy's eyes widened. "For a shotgun? A real one? Sure, if you think I'll be any good."

"You'll be good," Lee assured him, and went out to buy the gun. He went to one of the nation's best sports stores and selected a beauty. He also instructed them to sink a small gold plate in the stock, bearing Ronnie's name, the date, the occasion.

Ronnie did his part like a trouper. The show was great and Ronnie's joy at having the new gun was even greater.

But then it was up to Perry to provide an occasion to use the gun. He bought a new gun for himself, and the two set out for a weekend of pheasant hunting on a game farm in New England. They had just returned when Perry hobbled painfully across the stage to say to Lee, "You and your shotguns . . ."

Effusively sympathetic, Lee asked, "Did something go wrong?"

"Wrong?" said Como. "I'll say it did. Now, you know darned well I haven't had a chance to do any hunting since I left Canonsburg, Pennsylvania. Never fired a shell. So we start kicking up some pheasants. Ronnie picks them off, neat as

you please. Then he gets concerned about me and says, 'You take the next shot, Dad.' Well, maybe I did get a little hasty. Maybe I didn't hold the gun just right. But it's sure got a kick. Oh, it was a real great hunting trip. The kid proves to be a regular Daniel Boone. And me—me, I get driven into the ground, right up to my ankles. I'm black-and-blue all over. You and your shotguns!"

This propensity of Perry's for getting into trouble will have a considerable influence on the Perry Como show this season. As he swings into NBC-TV's big Saturday-night spot with the new hour show, written by Goodman Ace, some of the skits will be based on real-life situations.

Two reasons, says Lee Cooley, have dictated this format: The first is Perry's own deep sense of honesty. The second is his staff's feeling that it is about time to share with the viewing public the kind of Como comedy they have long enjoyed backstage.

He adds, "But it will be honest. You can't present Perry as anything but what he is."

What Perry is, in this year of 1955, is pretty darned satisfying. He is, first of all, a singer who, after approximately twenty-five years in the business, has the same romantic appeal to a bobby-soxer today that he had for her mother at the same age.

Further, he is a man whom scandal has never touched. He is still in love with the same pretty girl—Roselle Belline—whom he married in 1933, when he wasn't sure whether he was destined to be a barber or a singer, when his fortunes in both fields were at such a low ebb that, after he paid for a marriage license, he didn't have money enough to buy a wedding ring. Today, they have a lovely fourteen-room house at Sands Point, Long Island. They have two sons, Ronnie, fifteen, and David, nine. They have a seven-year-old daughter, Therese, whom they call Terri.

Perry is a man who has his own ideas of good citizenship. They reach all the way from driving his own and the neighbors' kids to a Boy Scout meeting, on to turning down a high-priced booking at a gambling hotel, because, "I couldn't be a shill."

He is a man known for his good works. As a member of his local church, he shoulders an ordinary parishioner's responsibility for its welfare. His activities also have a wider range. He and Roselle have received one of the highest honors of the Roman Catholic Church. At a ceremony presided over by Cardinal Spellman, they were made Grand Knight and Lady of the Equestrian Order of the Holy Sepulchre of Jerusalem. He also received the 1953 Interfaith Award. Yet he has a way of keeping his charities to himself. When he went to Boston for the opening of the Christopher Columbus Community Center, friends knew he was going to do a benefit. They did not know that, as part of the Center, the Perry Como Gymnasium was to be dedicated the same day.

Como doesn't tell those things about himself. The stories he does tell are the incidents in which he himself "comes a cropper." As Lee says, "Perry's the kind of guy things happen to."

And somehow Lee, too, always seems to get involved. It was, by Perry's account, Lee's fault that he was led to explore the briny deep. Ronnie heard Lee speak of his own deep-sea fishing, so it wasn't long until Perry and Ronnie were out at Montauk Point, at the very end of Long Island. Inevitably, it followed that Perry should say to Lee, "You and your fishing!"

"You'd think," said Perry, "that fish could stay decently near the shore. But no,

the guy who's running this charter boat has to take off to sea, and there we were, half-way to London, when the engine quit. Then it developed the radio was on the blink. Then the sun went down and the fog came in and swallowed us. Then I looked around for the guy who got us into this mess. And—what do you call the downstairs of a boat, Lee? Well, anyway, there he was, just casually taking the engine to pieces with a monkey wrench. You and your boats!"

Old television hands around New York credit Perry's gift for wry comedy with having made a major, though unseen, contribution to all his programs. They point out that the staff and crew work together as a smooth, unruffled unit because Perry has broken the customary tension with his own clowning. Says Lee, "There's always a lot of healthy, adult horseplay."

In this give-and-take, Perry may often be the fall guy, but it takes a good plot to achieve it. Lee traces one of his inspirations to the night he put his own small daughter to bed and found half her toys under the covers. Never a man to throw away a good situation, he promptly translated this into a lullaby number for Perry.

In the finale, just as he was gently extracting a toy truck and a gun from under the covers, the child actor in the crib sat up and asked, "Will you do something for me, Daddy?"

Although he was caught unaware, Perry quickly ad-libbed, "What do you want me to do, son?"

"Get out of here," said the boy, "and let me get some sleep."

Backstage, Perry was torn between irritation and grudging admiration. "That little clown," he chuckled. "Padding his part like that!"

"It's tough," Lee agreed. "You never can trust these child actors."

"You've got to hand it to the kid, though," said Perry. "He got away with it, and it did make a better ending."

By then, the grin Lee was trying to suppress was showing around the edges.

Perry caught it. "You sinner. You did it. Well, I'll get even."

This was no idle threat. Perry gives as good as he gets. Once, when they had a warehouse number, Lee used a lift truck's protruding platform as a bench for the chorus girls. Perry, who is fascinated by all things mechanical, had been having a great time driving the truck around the stage during rehearsal, but he hadn't touched the elevating mechanism—until suddenly, on camera, he hit the button. Lift, girls and all, went ten feet into the air. Frantically, the cameramen backed away, trying to keep the girls in the picture. The floor director signalled Perry to drop them back into position. Perry went right on singing as though he did not understand. Not until the program was over did he nonchalantly press the de-elevator button and say, "You can come down now."

The closest they have ever come to breaking up Perry was on the closing show at CBS last summer. They conspired with Roselle, who for five years had steadfastly refused to go near a camera. That day she even told Perry she didn't want to go to the studio. But, just as he was starting his final number, she walked on stage. Perry stopped singing, right in the middle of a word. In fact, he had trouble ever finishing that song. He was too busy kissing the woman he loves.

These are a few of the reasons why people around the studios have always said the best Perry Como shows are those which go on backstage. Now, with Goodman Ace turning the hi-jinks into scripts, Perry's viewers will see them, too. It sounds like a good season for lovers of both music and comedy.

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Billy Graham—Man of Decision

(Continued from page 34)

seven-day crusade. And figures don't tell the whole story, for Wembley is an open stadium and, night after night, a drenching rain was whipped through the stands by cold winds. In Dallas, Texas, seventy-five thousand piled into the Cotton Bowl on one night. In Boston, for a single meeting, fifty thousand filled the Common. Since 1950, his crusades have been attended by sixteen million persons. It is believed that twenty to thirty million persons hear his weekly radio sermons. Billy Graham may well be responsible for the greatest spiritual awakening or our times.

"We must live in vital relationship to Christ," Billy says fervently. "We must start by being 'born again.' That is our only hope."

Billy is dynamic and intends religion to be so. Church membership is not enough, he preaches. Salvation lies not in belonging but in *being*, in putting Christ's teachings into practice—and in accepting Christ as a personal savior.

Although Billy's revivalist methods are widely discussed, seldom has anyone taken a close look at the man. Temperamentally, he is high-strung and tense, but his team works smoothly. In eight years, they have never had an argument and their differences have always been quickly settled. The reason, perhaps, is that Billy's extremely cheerful and good humored. He likes practical jokes. On one ocean trip, Billy filled the seasick capsules of one of his assistants with mustard. Previously, Billy himself was the object of a joke. Usually bareheaded, he bought himself a fashionable hat. One of his assistants filled it with shaving suds and, when Billy put it on, he looked like an ice-cream sundae.

Says Jerry Bevan, one of Billy's team, "We've become so busy that now we seem to live from one hour to the next, so there is no horseplay. But the element of free exchange between Billy and the rest of the team still exists." Jerry has known Billy since 1947. "Billy is generous almost to a fault. If he comes back on a cold day without his overcoat, you know it's not because he's absent-minded. He's given it away."

Billy Graham, off the platform, is a man of charm and good cheer. He smiles with easy friendliness. He is a handsome lanky man who stands six-feet-two. He tends

to dress in neat, well-tailored, double-breasted suits. His hair, once very blonde, has darkened slightly in the past year to a reddish brown and, at thirty-six, he is beginning to gray at the temples. He thrives on hard work and works a minimum of ten hours a day. "But my work is soul-satisfying," he tells you, "in spite of its difficulties."

One difficulty Billy refers to is that of being away from home so much of the time. His recent European crusade kept him away for six months.

Billy carries a leather folder which holds pictures of all four children and his wife. As he talks about them, you come to see that religion is not separated from any part of his life, not from his home and not from his past. To Billy, religion has always been alive and pulsating.

Christened "William Franklin," he was born in North Carolina. His father, tall and lanky, is a prosperous dairy farmer. His mother is petite and pious. "Billy Frank," as he was called on the farm, was raised strictly. At the age of twelve, he began rising at three A.M. to help with the milking. He came home from school to late-afternoon chores. He loved baseball and basketball, but was a poor student. He put up with only so much religion as his Presbyterian parents forced on him. Billy, as a lad, was bored by religion. He remembers himself as being aimless and reckless.

At sixteen, Billy and his friend Grady Wilson—today, Billy's Associate Evangelist—went to a revival meeting at a Charlotte tabernacle. His parents had coaxed him there. Something happened on the first night which brought him back the following evening. He didn't want to go back, but it seemed he couldn't help himself. For a month he kept coming back. Then, one night, he and Grady walked solemnly up to the preacher and accepted Christ. Billy recalls, "It was then I opened up my heart and knew for the first time the sweetness and joy of being born again."

But the idea of being a preacher never crossed his mind. Instead he went to work as a Fuller Brush salesman and outsold everyone else in his district, including the sales manager. His thirst for knowledge and understanding of the Bible led him to Tennessee Bible College, but he had so little interest in being a minister that,

after three months, he dropped out and enrolled at the Florida Bible Institute. It was there he fell in love and was so deeply moved that he proposed marriage.

The girl turned him down. There was somebody else, a classmate who was going to Harvard Divinity School. Not so tactfully, she told Billy that she didn't think he would make much of a preacher, but the boy she was going to marry would. That was in the fall of 1937 and, for a good while, Billy was desolate and desperate. But his attitude changed on the night his proposal was turned down. He began to take his preaching seriously. He practiced on whatever and whomever he could. He fired his gospel at missions, at birds in the woods, and country churches, at trailer camps, even at crocodiles in the Florida swamps. He gained confidence and won a scholarship to Wheaton College in Chicago. While earning his A.B. there, he courted his wife-to-be, Ruth Bell, pretty daughter of a missionary to China.

And Billy's preaching continued. In school he was honored by being chosen undergraduate pastor of the campus chapel. After college—and until he achieved national prominence in 1949—he served a hitch in the Army's Chaplain Corps, spent two years as president of a small religious college, was pastor of a basement church in Western Springs, Illinois, and preached for Youth for Christ. In 1949, he made headlines in Los Angeles when he converted singers, athletes and even a notorious gangster. His crusade was attended by movie stars, among them Colleen Townsend and Jane Russell. He made powerful friends in government and business. But headlines and important friends do not make a man—it's the other way around.

Since 1949, he has been on the move, as an evangelist should be. He has no desire ever to settle in a church of his own. But the problem with the life of an evangelist is that you can't take all of your life with you—that part which is your home, and which is made up of small children, stays behind.

Billy's home is in his native state, North Carolina, about a dozen miles south of Asheville, in the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains. His Early American seven-room house grew from five rooms to meet the needs of the children. The person who did the remodeling was Ruth Bell Graham. She is as practical as she is vivacious. Ruth differs from Billy. She is relaxed and casual. She is tall, slim and dark, an ex-campus beauty queen—but not an ex-beauty.

"Ruth does not dress piously," Billy says. "She dresses in pretty things. We believe Christianity as a way of life should be bright and positive even in the clothes you wear."

In addition to chores and children, Ruth is building a new home for the family. She is not doing the actual carpentry, but she has designed the house, contracted for labor and is her own purchasing agent. The new home comes under the heading of necessity, for Billy and his family have lost their privacy.

Tourists come calling every day. The sightseeing bus from the city makes Billy's home a regular stop. They unload passengers at his gate. Billy, a man of God, cannot lock his gate. He cannot employ a guard to shoo them away. So they tramp through the lawn and the garden. They come, fifty at a time, and they knock on the door and, if no one answers, they pound on the windows. They ask if they can come in and see Billy at work in his study. They poke cameras at the



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windows hoping for candid shots. Naturally, Ruth does not keep her blinds drawn, and so Billy—to avoid being photographed or “autographed” in his pajamas—must often get down on his knees and crawl from room to room.

“A couple of years ago, I bought some land about four thousand feet up in the mountain,” Billy tells you. “Now that we’re putting the new house up there, I had it surveyed. For three thousand dollars I got two hundred acres, a hundred-and-twenty apple trees, fourteen springs—and hundreds of rattlers and copperheads.”

They killed twenty rattlers this past summer. The road to the top of the mountain is mighty narrow at times, and it makes you dizzy to look over the side. The snakes and the road will probably discourage commercial sightseeing.

The house will not be on the very peak of the mountain, but mighty close to it. The outside of the house will be of fieldstone and logs. Ruth has combed the countryside for abandoned log cabins and has bought up about a dozen to be dismantled and toled to their new homestead.

The Graham family lives well, but without frills. As a preacher, Billy’s salary is fifteen thousand dollars a year. And that’s that. Contributions to the Foundation run about two million dollars a year, but every cent is budgeted out to radio and TV, literature, mailing costs, and other legitimate expenses. A certified public accounting is made and published each year. Incidentally, it is worth nothing that money contributed during a crusade stays with the local clergy, after expenses are paid. This point is emphasized by Billy and his representatives, since some evangelists have made personal fortunes out of revival meetings.

Billy, who scorns the material aspect of contemporary life, practices what he preaches. He doesn’t like anything ostentatious in his home: “I told Ruth that a carpet and bed would be sufficient in the new house. I wanted our home to be just a big, rough place to rear the kids.”

Billy does not lack for ideas on child-raising. He tells you there is practically no child delinquency among families who are regular church-goers. In no uncertain terms he reminds an audience that the Bible tells you to raise children to be respectful and obedient.

Billy does not spare the rod. “I’m not talking about mischief and misdemeanors,” he says. “But, for disobedience and dishonesty, I’m not above getting a little peach tree for their bottoms.”

There’s William Franklin III, his three-year-old, and there are his girls—Virginia, ten, Anne, seven, and Ruth, five. Because Billy is away so much, Ruth frequently has to keep them in check herself.

“You shouldn’t spank me,” Virginia said, on one such occasion. “It wasn’t me who made trouble.”

“Who did?” Ruth asked.

“It was the devil in me. That’s who.”

“In that case,” said Mother, “I’d better beat the devil right out of you.”

The Grahams are not stern. Disciplining is not an occupation with them, for Billy and Ruth hold that you teach children by example rather than by rule. But, when spanking is necessary, Billy explains that he will first spend twenty minutes telling the child why it has to be done—and then twenty minutes afterwards loving the child. “I can’t help telling them that it hurts me worse than it does them, because it does.”

The children say grace at every meal. There is daily prayer. Sunday is made a very special day for the children. After church, there may be a picnic. There are

special treats, candy and soda pop, which are not allowed in the daily diet. Certain things, such as secular movies, are forbidden on Sunday, but there is no lack of fun. “Religion has to be made live and dynamic for youngsters, too,” Billy says.

He will sit down and read children’s stories based on the Bible and dramatize these. They all sing together and play games. But the children have never heard Billy preach. “We don’t want them to think of Billy except as their daddy,” Ruth explains. “We want them to learn to know and love Billy for himself.”

Ruth makes a point of talking about him every day when he is away. For Ruth, the life is as difficult as it is for Billy. She is on the move, too, dividing her time between Billy and the children at home. Commenting on their frequent separations, Ruth says, “I’d rather see a little of Billy than a lot of anyone else.”

During his recent European crusade, she joined Billy at Glasgow and was with him at a luncheon given in his honor by Queen Elizabeth. Ruth went on to the continent for a couple of weeks, and then flew back to North Carolina to tend the children and gather more logs. But, when she is with Billy, she fits right in with the working team. “Ruth knows the Bible better than I do,” Billy says. “She helps prepare speeches and helps with my writing.”

There is so much to do, and Billy spends all of his time doing it. Radio is not the least of his activities. From his gigantic radio audience, Billy gets ten thousand letters a week. Some of the mail is dramatic. A prisoner in a Southern penitentiary wrote that, after hearing Billy, he gave up his plans as ringleader for a prison break. A convict became a convert. Out in Utah, another prison had a riot because half the inmates wanted to listen to Billy—and the other half didn’t. In the Bahamas, the governor of an island wrote that all six hundred inhabitants listened to Billy each Sunday. A woman in the Midwest was about to destroy herself because she was hungry and tired, unable to pay her rent or buy a crust of bread. She turned on the gas. The radio was tuned to music. Billy’s voice came to her like something out of her subconscious. She got up and went to church and there gained a new lease on life. But these are exceptional cases. Billy’s radio sermons have the same purpose as his meetings: To reawaken the spiritual conscience.

Billy is criticized. There are people—righteous ones, too—who don’t approve of revivalists and their thunder. Billy doesn’t argue with them, but he can point to his friends with pride. He has visited with Sir Winston Churchill and has prayed more than once with Harry Truman and Dwight Eisenhower. The Archbishop of Canterbury gave the benediction at one of Billy’s meetings. Chief Justice of the Supreme Court Earl Warren has helped promote a Graham crusade.

But Billy is humble, honest. He believes. “I have no intention or desire to found a new religion,” he says. “I believe in the teachings of Christ. I want only to help others to find Him.” He has refused to return to some cities too often. “I don’t want a personal following. Such loyalty belongs to Him.”

Billy takes no part of the credit for the new spiritual intensity throughout the world. He thinks of himself as merely being in the service of the Lord.

“I’m a tool of God. I can’t explain myself except by the supernatural,” so says the most effective orator in the church today. And he concludes: “If God were to take His hands off me, my lips would turn to clay.”

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Home at First Sight

(Continued from page 47)

and maid's room and bath. And on still another level is the utility room, with plenty of space for me to set up a hobby room. It's an interesting arrangement, and makes the house seem even roomier."

The Sterlings like modern furnishings, but not tortured, twisted shapes or sharply angular pieces. They go for "functional" furniture, with clean, simple lines designed for modern ways of living. It's the kind they bought for their New York apartment, always with a house in mind, and most of it fitted right into the new home as if specially planned for every space. The color schemes are partially an echo of the apartment they left. Both Jack and Barbara love blue. But, instead of the military blue of their old living room, the walls of the new one are Dresden blue, with some gray in it, with which the rugs they already had blend beautifully.

Their own bedroom is mostly in soft moss green, and for the nursery they chose a light yellow which brings a feeling of sunlight into the room on the rainiest day. Although it may be a little early to worry about it, Barbara has already provided equal space for each small daughter's possessions. Patty Ann has had her own wardrobe and three drawers since the beginning, and now Bethie has hers, too, exactly like Patty's.

The kitchen is birch-paneled, and here, too, the sun seems to stream in all day, every day, because of the bright yellow trim. Even the stove and refrigerator are in yellow. Barbara's great joy is her recessed oven, built into the wall, and a particularly handsome floor linoleum in black, with a multi-color splatter.

The Sterlings are neighborly folks, and Patty Ann has already made friends with everyone around. Jack is a man who has always loved meeting people. In fact, it's one of the reasons he has so much enjoyed his panel show, *Make Up Your Mind*, now on the air two years, still going strong, and getting better and better. On it there is one guest celebrity each day and one guest from the studio audience, besides regular panelists Edith Walton and John S. Young. For the gregarious Mr. Sterling the spontaneous fifteen-minute program is just a ball. It's the reason, too, why he loves his morning show, on which he talks to many unseen listeners each day. And he's completely sold on the friendliness of circus people, practically all of whom have appeared at some time on Jack's *Big Top* program.

As this is written, the Sterling family is sure to be getting a dog of some kind, at any moment, but just what breed is still a mystery. Jack's animal-trainer friends want to see that he gets just the right kind of dog, and everyone has a different idea about it. Barbara would not be surprised, however, if he comes home someday with a lion cub in tow, or a tiny monkey—and certainly a pony isn't outside the realm of possibilities. Even the radio listeners have offered pets, and any day it could rain kittens-and-pups!

Jack's radio listeners heard a lot about the pending arrival of a second child for the Sterlings, even before they heard about the new house. Some of the same listeners who had sent little gifts when Patty Ann was born now duplicated them for Bethie, although this time the Sterlings were really expecting a "John Robert"—to be named John for his daddy Jack and Robert for Robert MacGregor Senior and Junior, Barbara's dad and brother. (They're still saving the name!) Lots of listeners must have hoped for a boy, too, because they

sent so many things in blue—and congratulatory cards trimmed in the traditional "boy's" color. Mrs. McGettrick, a long-time fan of Jack's programs who is partially blind, knitted sweet little sweaters and bonnets and bootees. There were knitted and crocheted blankets and carriage covers, and other sweater and bootee sets, and many toys and rattles, all gifts of love from faithful listeners who wanted to help welcome the new baby.

Having two daughters so close together in age pleases the Sterlings—except that there isn't the saving in clothes which Barbara expected. "Bethie weighed in at birth at 8 pounds, 5 ounces, but Patty Ann had been only 6 pounds, 10 ounces. All her baby things were too small for her little sister. If anything, it looks as though our older daughter may be wearing the hand-me-downs after a while."

The whole business of introducing a new baby into a home where the first child was still such a baby became quite a problem for a time. Patty Ann was too young to be prepared for the coming of another baby, and all she knew was that suddenly Bethie was there, a demanding stranger to upset things. When she first saw her little sister, she began to kick her feet together joyously over this new "live" doll. But, when Barbara picked Bethie up and held her, Patty wasn't so sure she liked that. Now all this has straightened out, and no one treats the baby with more tenderness or gives her more attention than Patty Ann does.

It has been Archie, the parakeet, who has felt the full brunt of all these changes. Time was when Archie had the full run of the Sterling apartment, and could light on Jack's shoulder or Barbara's smooth brown curls at will. Then Patty Ann came along, and he had to be caged more of the time. He had to get used to ducking when she lunged for his bright feathers through the gold bars, or to evading her grabbing little fists when the cage door was opened and he could wing his joyous way about the room, like a streak of brilliant blue, stopping to light on the silver tea service in the dining room to admire his reflection in its polished sides. Now Archie chatters to himself in his cage, and Barbara remembers to stop and talk to him whenever she can.

They sometimes wonder whether Archie recognizes that familiar voice when he hears it on radio or television, but Barbara hasn't been able to figure that one out yet. Even Patty Ann, while she stares wide-eyed at her daddy's image or hears his voice on radio, seems a little baffled.

Patty herself is a tow-headed youngster who really doesn't look like either of her parents, except that she has Barbara's big slate-blue eyes and her serious expression. Bethie looks more like her daddy every day, and is beginning to have some of his mannerisms. The Sterlings want their girls to be as "individual" as they want to be, and already they show signs of having definite personalities of their own. "We hope to give them good educations and religious training, and a happy childhood to remember always. Then we won't be worried about what they will do with their lives," Barbara says. "If either of our daughters wants to go into show business, or both of them, their daddy and I will be satisfied. Whatever they want to do will make us happy, if it makes them happy."

All this seems a long way off right now. And it really is, to a family which, like Bethie's little tree, is just beginning to put down roots in a brand-new home.

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Happiness Knows No Season

(Continued from page 41)

the bottom. Spring, on vacation, was driving with her sister and brother-in-law—who was at the wheel—from their home in Denver to Colorado Springs. The sign at the foot of the mountain range had read: "Danger—Proceed at Your Own Risk." Having been on the shelf road for more than an hour, Spring now thought that the sign had been a gross understatement.

The next sign read: "Hairpin Curves—Caution." Riding around the curves, with the road apparently gone from under them, Spring had the sensation that the car was flying. This time, she thought: They're called "hairpin" because that's just how wide they are!

But the "thought" lines disappeared in a moment. It is not Spring Byington's nature to worry. She has always felt that, when presented with a problem, you do what you can—and what you can't change, you accept graciously. Spring knew her brother-in-law to be a good driver, and no amount of worrying was going to make that abyss any less deep. So she forgot about it. With her soft hair blowing delicately in the breeze from the side window, Spring once again began to appreciate the scenic wonders of the canyon.

Spring says: "When we were home again in Denver, my brother-in-law asked me if I had been scared going around the curves. I told him, 'Yes, I had a few palpitations—but, long ago, I gave up the idea of being frightened at being frightened. Go ahead and be frightened, say I—so what! Nothing I could do about that canyon was going to make it any less deep. Once you accept it, it isn't half so bad.'"

Accepting problems graciously—and doing what you can about them—is the basis of Spring's philosophy of life. Nothing you can do, for example, will keep the sun from rising in the morning and setting at night—nothing will keep the years from following one another.

"When you stop having new ideas, when you lose interest, or when you're afraid to do something new," she says, "that's when you've grown old. It can happen when you are thirty, forty, or sixty. I've always felt you can measure people's youth by the variety of their interests."

In this regard, as in many others, Spring Byington and *December Bride's* Lily are much alike. Lily and Spring are sisters under the skin—still curious, eager and alive. "Though I have no yearning at all to be young," she says, "I do have a great yearning to be ageless. Why look back? You can't do anything about the past, but you certainly can do something about the future—for that's the direction in which we're all going. There is always something new in the future."

When writer Parke Levy created *December Bride*, the part of Lily was drawn as a picture of his own beloved mother-in-law. Spring Byington, eyes forever looking to tomorrow, was obviously perfect for the role. After playing Lily for one-and-a-half years on radio, Spring was eager to get into television.

Though the work is trying and arduous, Spring says, "I've never been happier. I've never enjoyed life as much as I do today. But," she continues, "there is a time to do everything—a time to be doing and a time to be resting. True, you should have a variety of interests, but one of them should be that completely blank period which you set aside for yourself. You do absolutely nothing—I call it vegetating. You are calm and alone, simply relaxing with yourself."

Spring had just such a private time on her recent vacation trip to her sister's

home in Denver, Colorado. "My sister Helene and my brother-in-law," she says, "are the world's two best assistant 'vegetaters.' They make absolutely no appointments for me. We just sit in the backyard—the most beautiful yard in the world, with the most beautiful green lawn, the most beautiful clouds in the most beautiful sky, and the most congenial companions. We vegetate. We simply hide there like chipmunks in our secret little holes."

"But," Spring says, "you don't have to wait for vacations to make these dates with yourself. If someone calls, you simply say, 'I've got this absolutely unbreakable appointment.' You needn't feel you've told a white lie, for it's true. You must keep these dates with yourself. Some people play games for recreation. My recreation comes from the relaxing in these quiet times. I call this period with myself 're-creation.'"

In contrast with periods of complete rest, Spring's attitude toward her work is equally all-out—her philosophy here simply is to "forge ahead." Spring says, "I believe I learned this from my mother. Wherever work was concerned, she had that quality of going straight ahead."

"I've always felt my mother was very much like Madame Curie—though mother was a Canadian and Madame Curie a Pole, they were cut out of the same piece of cloth. They had the same quality of forging ahead. Mother had a great scientific curiosity, forever trying to find out how things got to be the way they were. At the same time, she was not unfeminine."

"My parents came from Port Hope in Ontario, Canada, to Denver before Helene and I were born. My father was to be the new professor of English at Colorado College, and later became the Superintendent of Schools. Since my mother had little to keep her occupied, she went down to the college with my father and took a pre-medical course—just for fun."

"When I was four years old, Helene and I were visiting my Grandfather Byington in Port Hope when suddenly my father died. My mother settled our affairs in Colorado, then returned to Canada. While Helene and I shifted from Grandfather Byington's to Grandfather Cleghorn's to Aunt Margaret's to Aunt Inez's, mother was continuing her medical studies at the University of Toronto. She later did her graduate work in Boston and, when she finally had her medical degree, we all returned to Colorado."

"But I remember those early years as in a dream. Though the constant shifting back and forth shattered our feelings of security, the new sights, sounds and smells remain as my most vivid and fondest memories. Canada, for example, has the most delicious snow apples—little red apples with snow-white flesh and tiny red veins running through them. We used to eat them with bechnuts. They tasted like no other apples in the world. And the violets in Canada—I'm sure no violets like those exist anywhere else on earth! They were so deliciously fragrant, you could put just a few in a room, and you'd know they were there the moment you entered."

"As for Canadian maple syrup—my goodness! I know the people in Vermont are proud of their maple syrup, too, but the syrup we took from the trees in front of my grandfather's house was like none other I've ever tasted."

"When I was only five years old, it was my job to bring in the buckets of fresh sap every morning. I remember the romance of that first adventure when I watched, big-eyed, as my grandfather

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bored a hole in the trees in front of the house, inserting the little shelf the sap dripped from. He didn't tap each tree every year, but rotated them. He said that resting the trees was his secret—and the reason why his maple syrup tasted so good.

"Remembering how good the maple syrup tasted, I couldn't wait to get my finger in the drippings when I collected the buckets that first morning. Oh, was I disappointed! But I learned that maple syrup doesn't develop its delicious flavor until *after* it's boiled.

"With the big trees in front, Grandfather Byington's house was a regular Currier-and-Ives print. It wasn't enormous, but it was roomy. There were six rooms downstairs, plus the kitchen and a greenhouse outside. It had been built by my grandfather and my father, and was a very pleasant house to live in, for it had been built for comfort. There was a sitting room and two other rooms on the north side with great high ceilings built for summer comfort. These were shut off in the winter and we didn't try to heat them. I remember it grew very cold in the winter, but I enjoyed it. I went to bed at night, in my little bedroom upstairs, just waiting for the morning—when I peeked out from under my covers at the frost on the wall, shining in the first sun like a kaleidoscope! The whole wall was a flood of rainbow colors.

"Then there was Grandfather Cleg-horn's house. For a six-year-old, the most fascinating part of the house was the cellar. It smelled wonderful! It was lined with shelves and filled with barrels of carrots and beets and potatoes all carefully wrapped in leaves which supplied just the right amount of moisture.

"Only a dim filtered light illuminated the cellar. Helene and I put planks from block to block that we ran and played on. In the dim light, the barrels were our imaginary castles, the planks were our ribbons of highway, and the four-inch deep water was our dangerous ocean. It was a dim-lit fairyland of smells.

"Then there was Aunt Margaret's and Uncle Eugene's place in Claremont. Claremont was then only a crossroad with a population of 300. Uncle Gene was the principal of the district school and Aunt Margaret one of two teachers who each taught three grades. Children came on foot and horse from all the outlying communities to Uncle Gene's school.

"Their house was cater-cornered from MacNabb's General Store—in fact, until they moved across the street, the house used to be the general store! The warehouse was still next door and Helene and I shared the large sleeping room above it. Oh, what eloquent smells came up to us from that warehouse! Sorghum, sugar, kerosene, dried apples!

"The room was no ordinary room—it was at least forty feet by forty feet, and grand for us to play in. As a combination rumpus and sleeping room, it was perfect for kids. When we had the measles, we could lie in bed and be sick together. We could paint, play, sing, pound on the drums. And, since nobody was below to bother, we could even roller-skate. In the middle of the room there stood a big pot-bellied wood-burning stove. In the winter, it was our warm friend.

"Downstairs at my Aunt Margaret's place in Claremont, there was a living room, dining room, bedroom, pantry, kitchen, and summer kitchen. Aunt Margaret never put the big coal-burning range on in summer but used a small three-burner coal oil stove in the 'summer kitchen.' This was out near the woodshed where all the garden tools and bulbs were stored. I well remember the cooking smells combined with the garden smells—an ex-

otic combination. The woodshed was shaded by another big maple tree. In the early summer, Helene and I picked the first garden tomatoes, took a salt-cellar with us and hid out on the woodshed roof. The roof, shaded by the maple tree, was the spot where we spent our happiest summer days.

"Our Aunt Inez ran a boarding house in Toronto, and finally we went to stay with her. There we had the top fourth floor bedroom with a connecting terrace which, on three sides, met the long sloping slate roof. From the terrace we could see, or imagine we could see, all of Toronto. It was like being in our own heaven. Where the roof met the terrace there were always little bits of broken slate. Helene and I took these, drawing as with chalk on the slate roof. As far as our little arms would reach, we peopled this cloudy world of ours with fairies, ogres, and our own breed of cats and dogs."

Psychologists say that children need a definite home where they are given a feeling of belonging, a sense of security, but the constant shifting from home to home made it difficult for Spring to develop this security. "The Canadian way of life," she says, "is very much like the New England way of life. There are proper things to do, and definite things *not* to do.

"Whenever Helene and I came into a new environment, it was always different from the last place—at least physically different. And we didn't know which social customs were accepted and which rejected. As children, we only knew that what we had once learned and held dear had gone. We didn't know where it had gone—it had simply disappeared.

"Bad as the shifting was for our security, it was equally good for our mental flexibility. We had to learn to adapt to new situations. It taught us to be flexible—an important attitude in a world changing as rapidly as ours. I learned early in my life that you can't insist on everything being today as it was yesterday."

When Spring's mother finished her medical education in Boston, she returned with her family to Denver to set up practice. A few years later, Spring remembers going to her mother and saying, "Mother, I want to be an actress." Her mother merely said, "All girls do. . . ."

But Spring was insistent and, finally, Mrs. Byington gave her an introduction to a family friend, Mrs. Elitch Long, then responsible for the famous Elitch Gardens Summer Stock Company. Mrs. Long tried to dissuade Spring, explaining the difficulty of an actress's life. But, after the conversation, Spring could only say,

"Thank you, but I *still* want to be an actress!" So Mrs. Long gave Spring a note to the stock company's director, and in the first week Spring had a line to read.

Asked about the title of the show that first summer, Spring replies, "Title! Who remembers the title? It was the *line* that was important . . . and I'll never forget it—*They say it's raining.*' Why, it was the most important line in the play!"

The following June, Spring graduated from high school, and she and a handful of other young people from the Elitch Garden Summer Stock Company went out on their own. One of the boys had inherited five hundred dollars and with it purchased the royalty rights to a French play, taking it on the road. Money ran out in Kansas, and Spring moved into a one-room apartment with two other girls from the company and began job-hunting.

"I took \$17.50," she recalls, "my bus fare back to Denver—and tacked it under the rug for safe keeping. I was determined to find another acting job, but I didn't want to be left stranded in Kansas. I went from theater to theater, but nothing happened. I was down to my last dollar when another touring company came to town, and one of the women in the cast had to be replaced. I got the job."

Spring's attitude toward her career parallels her philosophy of life. She has always done what she could, and what she couldn't change she accepted graciously. The actor's ego, for example, has never been a problem with Spring—she has always been willing to work, no matter how small the part. "Sometimes," she says, "young people come to Hollywood or New York after having some small success in a local company. Their attitude is, 'I will only take a job if such-and-such a condition is met. . . .'"

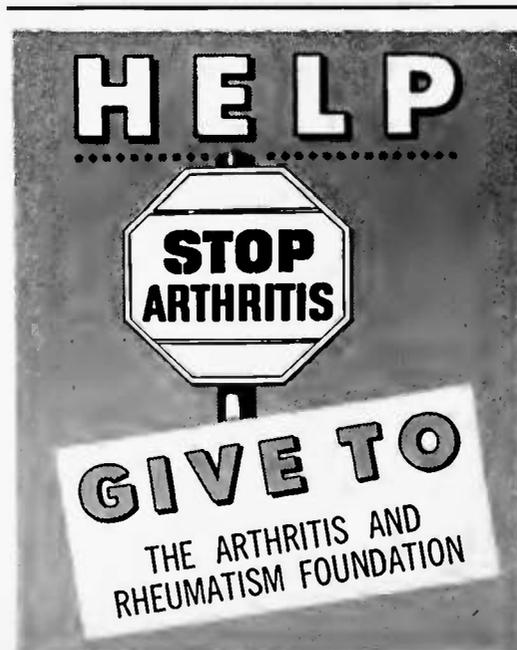
"My feeling is, this attitude is wrong. If you are interested in your work, your desire to do a good job comes first, your self-importance comes last."

This philosophy was well illustrated when, after traveling briefly with the touring company, Spring first came to New York with a small inheritance from her mother. She took every job offered to her, so long as it had to do with the stage. This attitude earned Spring a reputation as a hard worker and brought her to Hollywood in 1933. She was still in New York when Paramount began casting their ever-famous "Little Women," and were looking for someone to play "Marmee." Stuart Walker, who knew Spring from the stage said, "Ask Spring Byington—she'll be willing to play 'Marmee,' the aunt, or the dog. She'll play anything!" Spring played "Marmee."

Today, a grandmother, Spring is working in the arduous medium of television, and enjoying life more than ever. It seems that the hard work demanded in TV was made for her. In addition to television, she has still seen fit to add to her variety of interests: *Spring Byington is learning how to fly!*

When people ask her if she isn't afraid of the new things in life—such as flying or acting in the new medium of TV—Spring replies: "I have no patience with people, who, when their hair turns gray, think there is nothing else to learn, no new fields to explore—who ignore the future and continue to live their life of yesterday.

"Or, worse still, they sit around and worry about getting old! If there's one thing I've learned, it's this: With problems, you do what you can—those you can't change, you accept graciously. We can do nothing in the world about the passing years—but we *can* do something about today and keeping tomorrow alive. And that's the secret of youth."



Be What You Want To Be

(Continued from page 59)

first and only choice for the leading role.

Foster was born beside the sea. He grew up in Pittman, New Jersey. His father was a fisherman and lifeguard. Pres could swim before he could walk, and as a child he sold fish in his father's shop. Since childhood, Preston has had salt water in his veins. The ocean's driving force is matched by Preston's own determination. As a child, he wanted to be an actor, he knew he would be an actor, he was determined to be an actor. Dustin "Dusty" Farnum was his hero and, someday, Pres said, he, too, would be on the screen.

"If you know Preston," says his wife Sheila, "then you're not surprised to find that his determination made him a success. But it wasn't determination alone—it was his entire philosophy of life. You hear a lot about the power of positive thinking. Preston has been thinking up—thinking constructively—ever since he was a kid. His success as an actor is living proof of it. People laughed at him when his hero was still Dustin Farnum. But he never stopped believing he'd make it.

"His formula for a successful life in any field?" Sheila hardly pauses to consider, before replying: "Point one, have confidence in yourself—and, two, refuse to think yourself down. His life is one long story of doing things people said he couldn't do."

People generally cocked a tolerant eye at young Preston for wanting to become an actor. Saturday afternoons, with no place to go, he dressed up in his father's best clothes—derby hat to spats—and stood on the street corner leaning against the light post practicing the gestures of his hero Dusty Farnum. Preston was acting. People referred to him as "that Foster fella."

Not everybody laughed at Preston. Lew Herschel, working companion on the Philadelphia Ledger, encouraged him. "Sure, Pidge," said Herschel, using Foster's early nickname, "someday you will be a big star and, when you are, I'm going to build the world's greatest arena for you to perform in." After twenty-two years of writing an annual letter back and forth, "Pidge" Foster and Lew Herschel (now with the Washington Post Times Herald) recently got together with their families for a visit in Las Vegas. Pres said: "So where's the arena?"

Preston left high school in his third year. He'd been dismissed for injudicious (though ingenious) use of a firehose at a school dinner. When he left, his dad wasn't too happy with the acting career he was aiming for. But his mother said, "We've taught you right from wrong. You're grown now. Go ahead, do what you think is right." Later, when he played "heavies" on the screen, his mother asked: "Oh, Pres, do you have to play those parts!"

"They pay the rent," said Preston, "and the landlord doesn't care what kind of a role you play to earn the money."

After seeing the first Waterfront film on TV, his mother wrote: "Oh, Pres, at last you're playing yourself!"

Before riding the crest of success in acting, Preston Foster worked at no less than fifty-six different jobs: moving, packing loading and unloading phonographs at the Victor Talking Machine Company, driving a bus, selling appliances door-to-door, selling advertising for the Camden Courier, and, later, for the Philadelphia Ledger.

While working on the newspaper, Preston made constant weekend trips to New York, trying to get a break as an actor.

He worked as an extra on Paramount's Long Island lot (with Ginger Rogers, Gary Cooper, and Claudette Colbert), in the chorus of the Philadelphia Opera, and on the musical-comedy stage. One Saturday, his boss at the Ledger saw him in a matinee performance of "The Miracle," when Pres should have been out selling advertising. On Monday, he said, "Foster, you're fired!"

But losing his job was no new experience for Preston. In the course of his climb to success, it happened more than fifty times—and, each time, it only strengthened his determination to succeed. In his late teens, Preston began working more steadily as a singer in the opera's chorus than as an actor. With the extra money, he began studying voice. Taking lessons from the best teachers available, he soon graduated to supporting roles, singing in "La Traviata," "Rigoletto," and in "Othello" (with Tito Ruffo), when he was coached by Artur Rodzinski.

At that time, most of Broadway's performers, both actors and singers, turned their noses up when anyone said, "Hollywood." But not Preston Foster. He'd taken aim at the screen, and he was determined to get there. Finally, in 1932, Pres landed the second lead in the Broadway play, "Two Seconds." It was seen by Mervyn LeRoy. He brought Preston and the play to Hollywood, where Preston enacted the role he created on the stage. From that, he went into "The Last Mile"—"which picture," he says, "made me." (It also made Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy.)

Preston Foster's success in motion pictures is now history. But his success in the field of music is not so well known. Yet, as a vocalist, guitarist, lyricist, and composer, a growing success he is. Again, his wife Sheila attributes it to his "up-beat" thinking: *Have confidence in yourself, and don't think yourself down.* "When Pres first started on his 'home-made' guitar," says Sheila, "some folks told him he would have a hard time getting music out of it. Pres said, 'We'll see...'"

"Preston's interest in music," Sheila adds, "began when he was only ten years old—he took three months of violin lessons, paid for with soap coupons. It was then he learned to read notes.

"It was a natural step from the violin to the ukulele—they were popular at the time. He knew a few chords but gave up the instrument when he took up singing. In 1941, when Pres was on location in Phoenix for "Thunderbirds," he stopped in a music store and was fiddling with a uke when his stand-in, Harry Mayo, came in and asked, 'What's a big guy like you doing, plucking on that dinky instrument?'"

"I was thinking of buying it," Pres said. 'I played one when I was a kid.' Harry talked him out of buying it," Sheila smiles, "but not without a longing look. Six weeks later he was celebrating his birthday in Cedar City when the uke was presented to him as a gift, and Pres soon again became adept on the ukulele.

"After we were married in 1946, I bought him a four-string guitar for Christmas. I thought it would be a toy like the ukulele—but I was mistaken.

"My own hobby had always been music. When I was a kid at Los Angeles High School, I sat in the Hollywood Music Store until ten every night, listening to records. I made a list of the recordings I couldn't live without. At that time the list totaled \$2000! Before I ever owned a record player, I started my collection.

"I knew the words to a thousand old songs, so Pres and I combined our hobbies

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—on location, he played his guitar and we both sang. Up at Zion, where he was shooting 'Ramrod,' he sat on the lawn in the evening, playing and singing. Part of the company joined in on the folk songs until an irate would-be sleeper protested."

Dynamic Preston Foster has never done anything halfway. When he and Sheila worked together on their singing, he was busy rebuilding his guitar—it didn't give out with enough "base," so Pres replaced the fourth string with one from a cello. Some people said, "You can't get music from that setup. Why don't you take lessons and do this thing right?" But Preston evolved his own method, cello string and all, and taught himself to play.

Making personal appearances in theaters for picture openings has always made Pres feel a bit helpless. "You walk out and say hello," he says, "and then there's nothing to do. So Sheila and I took our guitar to a San Francisco opening and sang a few songs for the folks. They liked it. It just so happened that an MCA agent was in the house, and we soon were developing an 'act' that was in demand."

As Preston became more skillful on the guitar, the Fosters began adding ballads, semi-classics and popular tunes to their repertoire. Preston also started writing music, making special arrangements for them to sing.

All this time, Preston would take his guitar every place he and Sheila went—to parties, benefits, hospital shows, to theater openings and premieres of his pictures. Even while traveling on trains, the guitar was a constant companion. It was a short trip that didn't find the porters, stewards and conductors joining in on "Jimmy Crack Corn."

It was one way Preston got Sheila over her stagefright, at the same time finding out what people like to hear. The act evolved with help from many friends, listening to each addition, giving encouragement and constructive criticism. Hal Kantor, Lee Wayner, and other top writers helped with the dialogue. Lou Bonnie made the orchestrations. And much musical aid came from Gene Leis and Perry Botkin. Soon Preston and Sheila were playing and singing at theaters, night clubs, state fairs, and special events all over the country.

About this time, Preston made a wonderful discovery. His daughter, Stephanie, then thirteen years old, had a fine singing talent—nearly a three-octave natural range! Inspired by her father's and step-mother's enjoyment and success with music, she begged for a musical career. Preston held off for months, while he told her the unglamorous part of a career: The years of study and self-discipline... the problem of losing your private life once you enter public life... that in show business you are forever looking for a job—because any job you get is soon over.

But, finally, Preston agreed to Stevie's wish, placing her under the instruction of Nina Koshetz and Gary Leonoff. She has been with them two and a half years, progressing far enough to sing in two concerts, and to appear with Preston and Sheila at a dozen or more benefits.

Preston's music progressed, too, and his compositions began finding acceptance. He and Perry Botkin (Bing Crosby's guitarist and arranger for many years) wrote a song about an Irish cowboy called "Two Shillelagh O'Sullivan." Perry induced Crosby to record it for Decca. He also published "O'Sullivan" and other compositions by Preston, helping him become a member of ASCAP (the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers).

"Picture business fell off in 1950," says

Sheila. "Whereas a studio used to have twenty-two pictures going, they then produced only six a year. A lot of actors were losing their cars and houses and moaning about bad times. Not Pres. He said, 'I can't do anything about the motion picture industry, but I can do something about myself.' He took his guitar and we set off across the country on tour. We played clubs and shows from coast to coast, and from Canada to Mexico. Just three years ago, Pres had been told he wouldn't get anywhere with his 'home-made' setup without lessons. Today, he's become the highest paid guitar player in Local 47."

When *Waterfront* came along, it was natural for Preston to step into the role of Captain John Herrick. But the additional work a weekly TV show requires did not keep Preston from his other interests.

While shooting *Waterfront*, the Fosters live in a 40-foot Rollo-home trailer parked on the Hal Roach lot. Pres says, "It saves time. At the most, I spend thirty seconds a day walking to and from work."

"When Pres comes in for lunch," says Sheila, "the first thing he does is reach for his electric guitar. While I fix lunch, he writes a few more bars on the song he's composing, or we run over one of our numbers. At dinner, we repeat the performance. And usually we have an audience—members of the cast or crew who drop in on their way home or are there to discuss tomorrow's shooting.

"Pres even works while relaxing—watching TV is his foremost form of entertainment. First, we watch all the musicals. Here Pres has his guitar in hand accompanying the singers. Then we watch the dramas. Preston feels he should keep his hand in. 'I may see something in those shows,' he says, 'that will help us—or I might see an error we can avoid.' Preston even improvises incidental music to accompany these dramatic shows.

"We are not concerned with material things," says Sheila. "We don't make collections of possessions. We love music, friendships... we get our enjoyments from our experiences."

When Preston and Sheila first met on an RKO lot, it was this common appreciation of the simple things in life which inspired their desire to know one another better. Gypsies at heart, when they decided to marry, they simply started driving toward San Francisco, a town they both loved. They obtained their license four hours later in San Luis Obispo, were married four hours farther on in Burlingame, and honeymooned that evening in San Francisco.

Reminiscent of the ocean's rolling waves is the rolling hills of a ranch—that's the Fosters' home, their 400-acre ranch, Twin Oaks, some sixty miles north of Los Angeles. "Any one of the oaks," says Sheila, "dwarfs the trailer. We spend our weekends there. Preston sharecrops: We raise wheat, barley, oats, alfalfa—all in rotation. The ranch is covered with machinery, hay bailers, tractors, trucks, plows and graders, everything modern to make a ranch go. Preston operates all the machinery but specializes in road-building. He has a reputation for being one of the best 'cat' (short for 'caterpillar' tractor) skidders on the mountain." It takes great physical strength to control a road-building caterpillar tractor. Preston's ability here marks him as a man's man.

But, with it all, as the sea is gentle, so is Preston. There is a sensitivity in his personality which lets him feel the needs of others. For example, he gives unstintingly of his time to every good cause. He's traveled as far as Milwaukee for one

telethon, and is always doing benefits. "There are times," says Sheila. "when I know he has problems, but he never seems to worry about them. When I ask him how he can be so calm, he says, 'I can't spend my life worrying about things I can't help. I think it's foolish to worry about something you can do nothing about.'"

Even on *Waterfront*, whenever he can Pres does "little" things he thinks will make people happy. Last year, for example, Captain Earl McQueen was the winner of the international tugboat races. He won a trip to California to meet "Cap'n John." Preston and Captain McQueen, with much in common, became fast friends. On a later show, hoping it would please him, Preston used the Captain's name. The next week he had a letter from Captain McQueen telling about the phone calls, telegrams, and letters which had come to him saying, "We heard about you on *Waterfront*." Captain McQueen thanked Pres in his letter, saying he was "mighty pleased."

Again, on last Christmas' show, Preston's daughter Stevie played a small role as choir leader and helper to the show's

"Father Cassidy." He gave Stevie his mother's maiden name, Sallie Stratton. His mother then got the calls and letters. In Ben Fox's character description of Cap'n John, his favorite dish is lemon meringue pie. Well, it just so happens that Preston Foster's mother makes the grandest lemon meringue pie in the U.S.A. On a subsequent show, Pres gave away the secret of her recipe to twenty-million viewers. His mother was thrilled with this "sweet" touch. As she says of his performance in *Waterfront*: "Oh, Pres, at last you're playing yourself."

It's true, Preston Foster is playing himself. In the words of Ben Fox: "Courageous, God-fearing . . . with great physical strength, intelligence, and a sense of humor. . . ." Dynamic and active with his many interests, and with his own upbeat philosophy—this is Preston Foster. When he steps off the *Waterfront* set, he does not step out of character. Except for their names, Captain John Herrick and actor Preston Foster are one and the same man—right down to their love for lemon meringue pie.

Days of Remembrance

(Continued from page 30)

make any noise. He could only rely on a child's vivid imagination and his own storybook world.

Thanksgiving Days, he remembers well. And it had nothing to do with the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock. This was "Turkey Day"—"when members of the church would come around with baskets of food for us. We never went hungry. Providence always took care of us. But some people are always intent on your knowing it's charity—and on playing it that way."

But, at eleven—when he found out he was adopted—ironically enough, life brightened for him. This, then, was not his life. Nor was this his destiny. That, even today, Art Linkletter has made no move to find out who his real parents are . . . this is mute testimony as to the depth of the wound. That anyone, no matter what the circumstances, could give an "own child" away. But, at eleven, the knowledge that he wasn't born to such poverty freed him to make-believe a world of his own. He was deeply devoted to his foster mother, but this wasn't his life. And now—he could be anybody in the world he wanted to be. . . .

At eleven, of course, a fellow wouldn't be dreaming of the girl he would meet later on who would help a lonely kid's dream of wealth and fame become today's reality. Or that he would be inspired by her . . . and by his own determination . . . to make himself a name.

Nor, later on—even though he promised her "the works"—could he envision the throne in television and radio, the vast empire of enterprises—oil wells, lead mines, steamship companies, airlines, uranium mines—which he would some day share with the girl who danced into his life at a fraternity hop when she was a wide-eyed sixteen. . . .

Art was the flash of San Diego State College. President of the senior class, president of his fraternity, captain of the basketball team, and a dreamboat on the dance floor. He was working his way through school, grading papers, and working for his meals in the kitchen of a sorority. He had no money for dates or for gifts for Lois, but he gave her his gold basketball and all his medals—and he always had "an angle" for the evening's entertainment.

"It doesn't take money, if you know how—and I knew how," Art laughs now, reminiscing back over their courting days. "I could nurse a Coke from nine till two—and Lois always cooperated with me."

As the daughter of a San Diego druggist, Lois represented security and family living and stability Art Linkletter had never known. He was welcomed warmly into her family circle and he reveled in it. Lois, three years behind him in school, was just as thoroughly impressed about dating a sophisticated "older college man." Also, Art was handsome and kind "and his dancing bowled me over. We loved—and still love—to dance." Art went for her sweetness and innocence—and her sympathetic ear. He found he could really talk to her. Other co-eds just seemed to be out for a good time on a date, but, as Art has said, "Lois made me feel somebody cared beyond that evening."

Art's ambition then was to teach school. He wanted a steady job with tenure, where he could be sure of making \$50 a week for the rest of his life. However, his quick way with a word soon got him employed at radio station KGB instead. The salary was \$125 a month, but they promised him a raise before too long, and he held off proposing until then. "I'd made up my mind I wasn't getting married until I was making \$150 a month," he recalls.

Meanwhile, he informed Lois he thought she should go away to school. "She'd never been any farther from home than Los Angeles—and she'd only been there twice." He thought she should become more experienced with life and with being away from her family . . . a conviction which melted fast, when Lois enrolled at the University of Arizona and began dating the captain of the football team . . . which wasn't the kind of experience Art had in mind.

Fortunately, the \$25 raise finally came through, and Art and Lois were married on Thanksgiving Day. As Art's radio pal, Bill Goodwin, announced over the air, the whole country was proclaiming it a special holiday.

Driving up the coast that golden November afternoon, Art Linkletter's proud heart filled. Nothing was too good for this dewy-eyed bride of his. He was going to show her everything in this whole wide wonderful world, he again promised himself . . . as they traveled toward Long



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Beach for their honeymoon (and Long Beach she'd already seen). As for his dewy-eyed bride, she was even then dreaming of the home she would make for him. The vine-covered cottage with babies playing on the well-scrubbed floor.

And so they settled down in a forty-dollar apartment in San Diego with thoughts of keeping those campaign promises. But they didn't settle long. Art quit his staff post with the radio station "for a job with the Texas Centennial that would just last six months—I'd already begun to shed my taste for security," he laughs. But he adds, "I thought I'd gone about as far as I could in San Diego, anyway. I could see a future in this emcee business, and this gave me the chance to get out and explore." His bride gave him the added courage and inspiration. No longer alone, he was now shedding his fear of insecurity, too.

With their two-hundred-dollar nest-egg, they set out confidently in an old beat-up Dodge "that averaged two quarts of oil to every ten gallons of gasoline." They carried quarts of oil in the car with them—and Art began showing his bride the world. At least it seemed like the world. En route to Dallas, he stopped all along the way, circling leisurely in and out of the mountains and going via the Grand Canyon and the Carlsbad Caverns... "all the way—pouring oil."

They arrived in Dallas hot and weary and down to \$50, which Art promptly dispensed with, when their prospective landlady said she thought he resembled British film star Leslie Howard—and inquired whether he'd like to pay the first month's rent in advance. "Why, certainly," he beamed.

As Lois remembers well, "I was dying, I was so mad! Then he had to get an advance on his first month's pay so we could eat." But Art was undismayed. As he says, "I was going to get \$300 a month there. As a matter of fact, I never made under \$300 a month from then on—when I was working..."

Which he wasn't during their first Thanksgiving anniversary...

For very sentimental reasons, they'd decided to celebrate their anniversary on Thanksgiving Day each year—although their decision had its practical side, too. "Actually, we don't remember the day-of-the-month we were married. Neither one of us is very good at remembering dates, and we thought this would be the surest way." Even then, they're still a little hazy about the details of that first wedding anniversary.

As it happened, the whole country was a little confused about anniversaries that particular year. "Most people just have one anniversary, you know. Ordinarily, we would have two—the date we were actually married and Thanksgiving Day itself, which is the day we celebrate. But—one reason we're confused about this—that year, we had three! They inaugurated two Thanksgivings. The Republicans celebrated Thanksgiving on the fourth Thursday and the Democrats on the third Thursday," says Art.

And the Linkletters couldn't celebrate any of them. This, they remember well. They were flat broke, and Roosevelt gave them an extra anniversary. "I was unemployed at the time. We had no money, no job, and no home. I'd turned down a steady position offered me in Dallas, and I was dickering for work at the San Francisco World's Fair—but I didn't have it then. We were just floating around."

Their second Thanksgiving anniversary, however, they could never forget.

They were living in a small crowded apartment in the Marino district of San

Francisco, and Art was becoming an expert on World's Fairs—a fairly limited vocation. But they were already conscientiously fulfilling those wedding vows. One evening he breezed into home plate to find his little bride busily engaged in sewing frilly things.

"Window curtains," she explained, "for the nursery."

"What window? And what nursery?" he marveled.

But Lois had unsuspected talents as an ad-lib artist on her own. "There's a little window in the end of the closet. We can take the in-a-door bed out, and put the crib in there."

They celebrated that anniversary in San Francisco Children's Hospital, and Art Linkletter had another reason for giving thanks. His wife had given him a son. They'd hoped the baby would be born on their anniversary. Instead, he arrived on November 20th—right at the moment Stanford made the winning touchdown in the big annual football game with Cal. The radio was on in the delivery room, and a worried Lois hazily heard the doctors and nurses changing their bets and talking football scores—and she hoped the odds favored delivering her baby, too.

"Art gave me a wristwatch, and that was really stretching things then," she remembers only too well. Most treasured of all was that thrilling moment when they took their son Jack home from the hospital to the closet with the frilly new curtains they'd prepared for him...

Every Thanksgiving anniversary thereafter, Art gave Lois something of value. "He's always gone overboard on our anniversaries," she observes approvingly.

The faded negligee hanging in the closet of their elegant home is mute testimony of those sentimental early Thanksgivings when Art Linkletter was struggling to make a name for himself in radio—and "going overboard" on gifts for her. He'd initiated an informal audience participation show called *What Do You Think?* which proved too informal and too controversial. "Art almost caused a revolution with that one," Lois recalls. This was during the war, and some of the thoughts on politics and such were too hot to be aired. He had a daily daytime show, and he devised another called *Who's Dancing Tonight*, which originated from the top hotels, with Art interviewing patrons.

On Art's first trip south, their anniversary was all they had to celebrate during eight very discouraging and defeating months, during which every show Art had didn't pan out. For the first time he was faced with failure. And another son, Robert, was on the way.

"Art came to Hollywood with good package shows," Lois says, "but nothing worked out. Everything he touched went bad that year. It was just a chain of unfortunate circumstances." An oil company bought Art's "party show," wherein he took listeners to the party-of-the-week. Later, the president of the company, who'd been in Europe when it was purchased, decided it wasn't "dignified enough" for his concern. "Art had a contract, but he wouldn't stay on if they didn't like him. He let them cancel out without paying anything. He had a sustaining half-hour variety show on CBS, but prospective sponsors wanted expensive talent the budget wouldn't take, so this one fell through, too."

He bundled up his brood and returned to San Francisco "where they liked us, and where we'd been so happy." They bought a home—their first—in St. Francis Wood. But Art didn't give up the bigger time. He began commuting back and forth

to Hollywood with his *People Are Funny* show. And, two years later, when General Electric bought the show, the Linkletters returned to Hollywood to stay. Art rose to fame very fast as king of the emcees, and as the wholesome heart-throb of housewives throughout the land who never miss his CBS *House Party*. He's a man of means, and becoming increasingly wealthier.

Nor has Lois been inactive in expanding the domestic front. Their cute, lively daughters, Sharon, 9, and Diane, 6, round out the Linkletters' "basketball team." Sometimes Art has Lois on his Thanksgiving Day shows. "I'm always introduced as 'one of Hollywood's greatest producers—the mother of five little Links,'" she laughs. "I'm used to being a good stooge now!"

They've come a long way together, this Thanksgiving team. The wide-eyed small-town girl and the boy who belonged to nobody. And they've both changed. . . .

As Art says teasingly now, "When I met Lois, she'd never been farther than Los Angeles. She didn't know anything about life. She wouldn't even go to a party at the San Diego Press Club because she'd heard it was a wicked place. For one thing, the club was located upstairs." But he stops smiling when he tells you how much he himself has changed and the part Lois has played in it. Master of words though he is, he gropes around trying to find the right ones. As though there's just too much to go into. Too much to say.



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"Well—more than anything else, she's made me unashamed to be somewhat sentimental. I always covered up with everybody else before. . . ."

She's given him a home—in every moving meaning of the word. A home in which Art's adored foster mother, 87-year-old Mrs. Mary Linkletter, comes and goes at will. (She won't give up the apartment she's had in Pomona for the past twenty years, but she comes for "two-week visits" from time to time, and says proudly of him, "Artie is everything a mother could want.")

Today he has his own family. He's enclosed by a company of lively, affectionate little—and not-so-little—Links. At 17, his son Jack is making his own name in radio with his CBS *Teen-Timers* show. There is a chattering circle around the breakfast table every morning, as Art chats with the children, reads the papers, checks his mail, answers the phone, and confers with his broker about the bonds and stocks he wants to buy and sell that day. . . . "All," as Lois says laughingly, "at the same time." But he enjoys it. He wants the family around. He can work on scripts with the kids chattering and the TV on. When it's too quiet, it bothers him.

"We have dinner together every evening at six," says Lois, "and Art tries to get home early enough to have a swim with the children before that time. Sometimes he goes for a bicycle ride with them after dinner, and they have their own tour. They bicycle in and out of Humphrey Bogart's drive-way, and up around the corner around Sammy Cahn's place, and they curve in and out at Lana Turner's home. Tourists going by on the

sightseeing bus really crane their necks. I suppose they can't believe it—Art Linkletter and the children all strung out on their bikes as far as you can see."

But, today, Thanksgiving is still a double holiday in the Linkletter household, with both red roses and cranberries on the bill of fare. They have dinner with the children in the middle of the day, with turkey and all the trimmings. But, that night, they go dancing and celebrate their anniversary. They sip champagne and they twirl as expertly as the boy and girl who free-wheeled in those street dances in San Diego twenty years ago.

"Now we can afford the swanky spots and exquisite surroundings, but you can't dance there," says Art. "In a night club, every time you pivot you put out somebody's eye. This Thanksgiving, I have in mind taking Lois to the Aragon Ballroom on the pier—or to the Palladium—where we can pivot and really cut a rug!"

He isn't sure what official significance the twentieth anniversary holds materially—whether it's china or crystal or what. "Anyway, ours will be uranium. I'm thinking of getting Lois a uranium mine."

As for those faraway places, she's been to about all of them and back again . . . and her husband's still showing her the world. She's probably the world's most traveling wife. Last year they flew completely around the world. They've been to South America, to Asia, and to Europe many times. They've danced on the beach at Waikiki—and they've visited ragged refugee barracks in Pakistan.

"We're going to the Olympic Games in Australia next summer," Art says now enthusiastically. "And I've made reservations for a safari in Africa in 1957. . . ."

Meanwhile, Lois is commuting back and forth with him to New York every month for the NBC-TV spectaculars he now hosts. "I hate any hotel room without her in it," Art says. As a matter of fact, it takes a lot of tall traveling just to visit their "overseas family," the war orphans they've adopted in Paris, and Rome and Greece. Half-orphans like twelve-year-old Roland Mongeard, whose father was killed in the war and of whom they say, like any fond parents, "His voice is changing—he's growing up so fast." There's dark-eyed Alberto Di Raco, 14, who writes them such warm letters so regularly and who "has such artistic possibilities—we have so much hope for him."

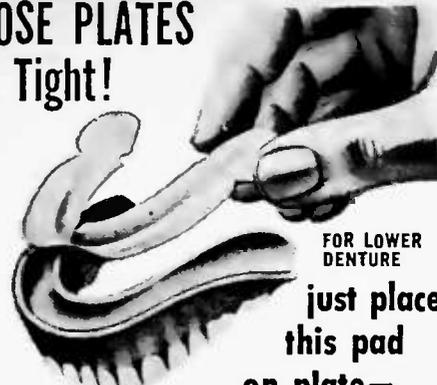
And there's a beautiful little girl in Athens, Stella Tambaki, who lived in a shack in a pauper's section called "Little Korea," who sang Greek folks songs for them and did a little folk dance—there on the dirt floor—and whose whole family, tubercular grandmother and all, belong to Art Linkletter's now. . . .

"Every day is Thanksgiving to me now," Art Linkletter says, slowly. "I've never stopped marvelling at the wonderful things that have happened to me. When we travel around the world and see conditions in other countries, and kids in other countries—countries where conditions are supposed to be good—I'm so thankful. And, when I think of my own background, the poverty and the struggles . . . and today. I just can't believe it. . . ."

"We've had a fast trip in twenty years, Lois and I—in more ways than one," he goes on. "And in every way, she hung onto my shirt-tail flying through the breeze—and stayed right up behind me, all the way. . . ."

And every Thanksgiving Day they commemorate, not only the landing of the better-known Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock, but that of those other two who started out in an old beat-up Dodge that inhaled oil . . . and found the end of the rainbow.

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Barbara Becker's Road Of Life

(Continued from page 50)

forthright and—yes, so matter-of-fact—about her whole manner, in the penetrating gaze of gray eyes from a face as scrubbed and fair as a schoolgirl's. Her long light hair is pulled back from her forehead and held almost primly by a barrette. She is dressed simply, has on very little make-up, is of average height (5'4"), slender, and is wearing glasses (she does except when she is on TV). No sparks seem to fly from her to those around her, no electric current seems to flow toward the others in the crowds that fill the galleries . . . as most certainly happens when she speaks into a microphone or walks before a television camera.

Barbara likes it that way. "I do my acting in the studio, not in the street," she says. "I think that's as it should be. I don't live like an actress, either. I look upon acting as the work I love, not as any special way of life. First of all I am a person, mother to an interesting small boy, trying to make a home for him and to give him a good education, looking ahead to his development and to my own."

Far removed from the excitement and glamour usually associated with an actress is her routine right now, for instance. Her working day, Monday through Friday, begins at nine in the morning and doesn't end until around four in the afternoon. There is a new script to be studied every evening. There is a dramatic class for professionals—taught by Donald Richardson—in which she has been a student for more than seven years. ("I keep on working very hard to make my work better all the time.") There are a few close friends to keep up with. She allows herself one night a week to go out with a "date" (her marriage ended a few years ago). She likes staying home evenings with her son . . . and, after Bryden's in bed and she is through with her work, losing herself in reading—more often than not, it will be science fiction. "It fascinates me," she explains, "and I read every bit of it I can find time for."

Nothing about Barbara's background was theatrical. She grew up in Detroit, in an average kind of family, has two married sisters who never wanted to be actresses. She got interested because the Detroit school system has a visual and radio education program in which she participated during her high school years. By the time she was seventeen, Barbara was a staff announcer for Station WJLB in Detroit, taking to it as calmly as other girls take to shorthand and typing. She never had mike-fright, that scourge of the novice. ("Because my good training had taken care of it.")

Unlike the usual young actress, everything which has come her way professionally has been as easy and simple as that.

Her first job was the product of a wartime shortage of male announcers at the smaller stations, and she had opportunities she might have waited years to get during any other period. She doubled as a disc jockey, engineered her own board, still holds a second-class engineering certificate—surely something few young actresses can boast of! After about six months of announcing, Barbara got so many chances to act on radio that, in another six months, she began to give full time to dramatic roles. She was on the *Lone Ranger* program for a long time, among many other shows.

If this all sounds almost too easy to be true, it's because it was. There has been none of the proverbial suffering or sacrificing. Jobs just happened to Barbara, as a matter of course, after she prepared herself carefully and took the requisite auditions. But there have been no heartbreaks, no tears, no shattered dreams . . . not the least bit like the usual biography of a successful player.

When she was 21, Barbara decided it was time, however, to put one planned move to the test. "By that time," she says, "I had done or was doing just about everything I could on a small station, and I knew I should be moving along." She wanted to get into New York radio. Friends from her home town were there to keep her from feeling too alone, and she was sure there would be jobs, plenty of them, when she got started.

There were. Within a few months, during which she was constantly seeing people and auditioning for them, work began to flow toward her. She got a regular assignment on an early evening program for children, *The Sparrow And The Hawk*, which many people still remember fondly. This opened the door to other jobs, to dramatic roles on many of the big nighttime radio programs and on some of the daytime dramas. When she married, her career was in full swing. And, when Bryden was born—although she took almost two years away from radio—once more, jobs were no problem.

About a year later, a competitive audition was held for the part of Sibyl Fuller in *The Road Of Life* . . . and Barbara got it—to nobody's surprise. Her deep-toned voice (really not a "blonde" voice at all!) with its many shadings of emotion, seemed just right for the rebellious, high-strung Sibyl, just as her rather brittle manner and quick gestures also seemed right later for Sibyl on TV.

About this woman with whom she has been associated for almost five years, Barbara says: "I find Sibyl a sympathetic character in spite of the many things she does to complicate her life and the lives of others. I have learned to know her so well and to understand her motivations. I am

really very fond of her by now. As for the others on the show, the cast and the producer and director and crew, I can't say enough about how nice they are—the best group I have ever worked with."

Bryden sometimes used to watch his mother's show on television, when the story line wasn't too adult for a small boy, and Barbara was always struck with the fact that he never talked much about how she looked . . . only about the way she worked. ("He thinks I'm a good actress—and of course I love that.")

In spite of the fact that they have a fine relationship, Barbara sticks to the "I'm the adult and you're the child" rule by which she herself was brought up. "We're not what the modern phrase describes as 'pals,' although we are great friends. Bryden knows I make the decisions, because I'm the grownup and know what it's all about, and because there are times when a little boy must accept a grownup's authority. He's a real boy, however, and we have a lot of fun together. I believe that I spend as much time with him as other mothers do with their children. I try to be at home most of the time when he is, and I have competent help when I am not there.

"Bryden is an artistic little boy who likes to go to art museums, and I try to take him as often as possible. He has talent for music, too. When he learned to play an old instrument, called a psaltery, in the private day school he attends in winter, he couldn't wait until he saved enough money from his allowance to buy his own psaltery, and he likes to practice on it. Summers, we have a cottage up in Connecticut for weekends and, during the hottest months, he goes to a day camp connected with his school. His biggest interests at the moment are pretty normal—baseball and Davy Crockett!"

Mother and son live in a small New York apartment not too far from the CBS studios. The feature that makes the apartment seem most like a real home is the big outdoor terrace, almost as big as the whole indoor space they occupy. It is their summer living- and dining-room, and has encouraged them to become gardeners. They even grow a few vegetables in deep boxes, and there are flowers and shrubs. The apartment is done in pink and white and black—black furniture, enlivened by some pink painted pieces, such as their table, and white rugs. Pink is Barbara's favorite color.

When you ask her about her philosophy of life, or her goals, she laughs. "My philosophy of life? Well, some days I feel that just to get through it is philosophy enough. To be able to say, 'Well, I finally made it!' Seriously, however, I believe I have a philosophy of sorts, and a goal—at least I have an idea now of what I want to do with my life. In the first place, I'm young and I hope to marry again. I would like that for Bryden's sake, too.

"And I want always to go on with my work. I want to go on being Sibyl Fuller. I want to add some night-time dramatic television shows to my list. I long to be in a play someday—a hit show on Broadway, naturally! And a motion picture—a hit movie, of course! What I'm really saying is that I would like to be a versatile and well-rounded actress, and a happy and fulfilled woman."

If she were starting again, at seventeen, would she still choose the same career? "I would still want to be an actress. But still an actress who does all her acting in the studio, or on a stage . . . leaving me a simple, everyday sort of person in my private life."

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