

TV RADIO MIRROR

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

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SPECIAL
AWARDS
ISSUE

YOUR FAVORITE STARS
and SHOWS
by NATIONWIDE VOTE



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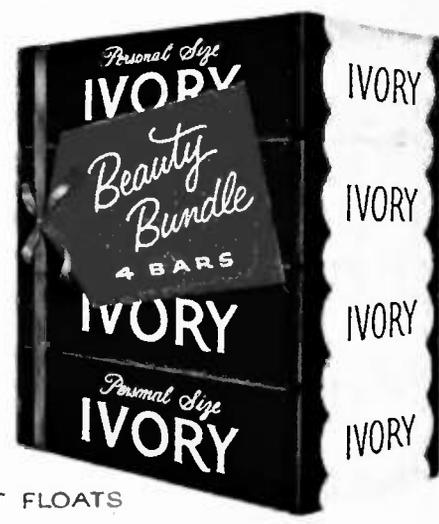
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PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD AVEDON

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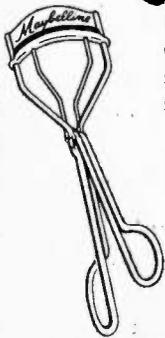


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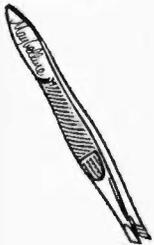
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TV RADIO MIRROR

MAY, 1956

N. Y., N. J., CONN. EDITION

VOL. 45, NO. 6

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"I loved my new Pin-Quick wave from the first minute," says pretty model Bonnie Davies. "Pin-Quick's so easy," Bonnie goes on, "it's as simple as setting your hair. And I dried it with a dryer in *just minutes!*" (Note lovely lanolin shine in Bonnie's soft Pin-Quick curls.)



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"Would you believe it?" asks Bonnie. "After all this time and repeated shampoos, my Pin-Quick wave *still* gives me all the soft, casual curls I love. This pincurl permanent is *really* permanent!" That's because the Magic Curl-Control in Pin-Quick locks in curls till you cut them off.

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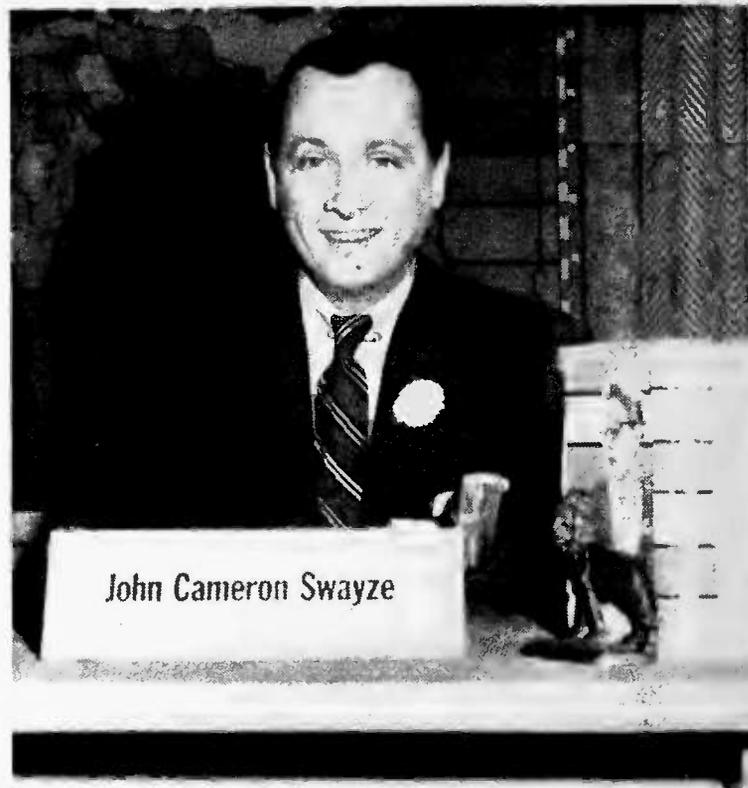
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PLUS TAX



*An aspiring actor from Kansas City
found real drama in world news*



Sightseeing is a family affair. "Tuffie," Suzanne, John, Jr. and Jahn vacationed with the TV camera.



FAVORITE TV NEWS COMMENTATOR

A winner in every way, John's received laurels from stylists, speech institutes and news experts—all crazy for Swayze!

TOGETHER WITH SWAYZE

THE YEAR was 1929, when a young man, fresh out of the University of Kansas, set out to crash Broadway. His hopes ran high—he could visualize his name splashed across the marquees—John Cameron Swayze. But the year was 1929—a year when sheer enthusiasm couldn't stop the reality of impending disaster—a year that darkened the world of the footlights. An event, quite beyond his control, had changed the course of his life. Perhaps it is no accident, then, that today John Cameron Swayze is not only vitally concerned with current events, but brings it to a vast television audience in a personal and vivid style, revealing a man who believes in his work.

The name, John Cameron Swayze, is one of the most colorful on TV and one of the most respected. But it was a thoroughly stage-struck youth at the University of Kansas who took elocution lessons to cultivate that distinguished speaking voice. John was impatient with college drama, so he bought a one-way ticket to Broadway.

Making the rounds of theatrical producers' offices, John was told that he was "too green." So he enrolled in a drama school and began to feel not-so-green—then the Wall Street Stock Market crashed and swept the theater out of existence. However, a bright spot shone in the person of Beulah Mae Estes of Little Rock, Arkansas, a fellow student. Together, they pondered their theatrical future. Actually, their future was to be an exceedingly happy one. But for the present, John and Beulah went separate ways back home.

In Kansas City, John joined the *Journal Post*. When that paper arranged with Station KMBC to broadcast news bulletins, the new cub reporter was tapped for the job—and a fifteen-dollar raise. John lost not time in calling Beulah Mae Estes and changing her legal name to Mrs. John Cameron Swayze. To John, she is "Tuffie."

In 1947, NBC's head office in New York called John to work. The next year was a presidential election year.

Television was new on the communications horizon. (A little known fact is that John is a pioneering TV man—he had experimented with the medium in Kansas City, in 1933!) Now, NBC had a new man they felt should be seen as well as heard. John marked a television milestone at the Philadelphia conventions.

The Swayze bandwagon boomed. Now, let him drop the familiar *News Caravan* sign-off—"Well, that's the news, folks. Glad we could get together"—and NBC is stormed with complaints. Recently, a mother wrote in to tell John her small son was ending his prayers: "Well, that's the story, Lord. Glad we could get together. Amen."

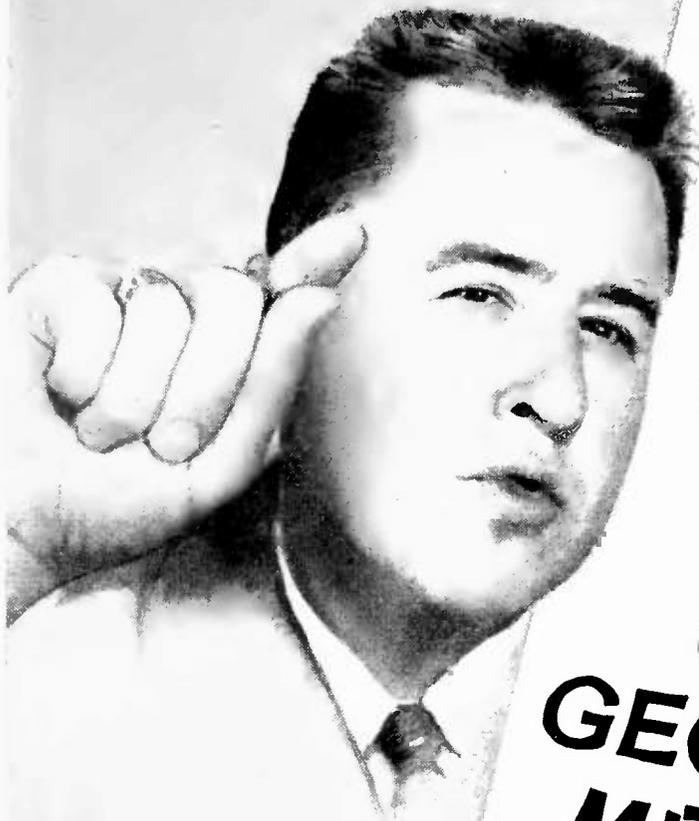
The Swayzes are now Connecticut Yankees—from Greenwich. John and "Tuffie" have two children: John Cameron, Jr., 22, a Harvard man, presently serving his country in Germany, and Suzanne, 19, who attends Wellesley College. The family's favorite pastime is travel. In fact, they have shared their transcontinental jaunts with viewers on *Sightseeing With The Swayzes*. John also appeared on the first successful TV quiz program, *Who Said That?* All eyes turned to him when no one else could identify the quotations of news figures. The newscaster himself cuts quite a handsome figure and is often on ten-best-dressed-men lists.

John's style is naturally casual and warm. One evening, on *News Caravan*, he introduced Dr. Ralph Bunche—and instead switched to Chicago. Right before the camera's eye, John quipped, "That, ladies and gentlemen, is an example of the human element in television." The human element in television is a winning and knowledgeable approach, a whimsical smile, a superb speaking voice—that, ladies and gentlemen, is John Cameron Swayze.

John Cameron Swayze is heard on *News Caravan*, NBC-TV, M-F, 7:45 P.M. EST, sponsored by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company (Camel Cigarettes) and the Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corporation.

NOT-SO-LONESOME GEORGE SAYS—

“you don't hardly get movies like this no more...”



Paramount presents

GEORGE GOBEL
MITZI GAYNOR
DAVID NIVEN

in

the birds and the bees



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Produced by **PAUL JONES** • **NORMAN TAUROG** Directed by
Screen Play by **SIDNEY SHELDON** and **PRESTON STURGES**
Based on a Story by Monckton Hoffe • Musical Numbers Staged by Nick Castle • New Songs by Harry Warren and Mack David

SONGS!
(The Same Thing Happens With)
THE BIRDS AND THE BEES
LA PARISIENNE • **EACH TIME I DREAM**





FAVORITE TV CHILDREN'S PROGRAM

Songs beget smiles in all of Doodyville—from Maine to California—as chorused by Heidi, Howdy, Buffalo Bob.

In the ever-ever land of Doodyville

there's mystery and deviltry,

fun and fantasy—and Buffalo Bob

LITTLE Judy and her littler brother Bobby whizzed through the canyons of Manhattan in "Mummy's" power steered, push-button horseless carriage. They "whoaed" to a power-braking halt in front of one of those skyscraping peaks and the doorman offered to post their "carriage." Judy jumped out, her pink dress bobbing over three crinoline petticoats while all three-feet, six-inches of Bobby hurtled to the sidewalk, looking distinguished in his grey flannel suit and pink shirt. "Mummy" thanked the doorman. They dashed toward the elevator—Judy all agog, Bobby's eyes popping, and "Mummy" quite breathless. "Where to?" asked the elevator man. And the mountain trembled as Judy and Bobby screeched in unison, "To Dooodyville!"

After a moment, the elevator man recovered, pushed a button, and said, "Up and awayyyy!" Judy bubbled and her blond hair bobbed as she blurted in sing-song crescendo-vivace, "And we're gonna see Dilly Dally and Phineas T. Bluster and Windy Scuttlebut and the Flubadub and Mambo, the dancing elephant, and Tizzy, the dinosaur, and the Bloop and Hyde and Zeke, the tiny bears, and Heidi Doody and . . ." Bobby was mouthing his sister's every word, couldn't contain himself, and picked up from there with ". . . and Clarabell and Chief Thunderthud and Mr. Cobb and the Story Princess who does the greatest magic and old Oil Well Willie and Dr. Singasong and Sandy McTavish and Professor Fitznoodle and . . ." Judy was see-sawing up and down as her brother spoke. Then, they drew a deep breath, pressed their noses together and whooped, ". . . and Bufffalo Bob—and Howdy Dooody!"

The elevator came to a halt (Continued on page 12)

The Howdy Doody Show is seen in both color and black-and-white over NBC-TV, M-F, 5:30 P.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship.

HOWDY, PARDNER!



Music is in the air in New Rochelle, as well, where Bob Smith finds inspirational warmth for his show, with his lovely wife Mildred, his constant source of courage when he needed it.



SPARKIE'S BIG PAL

*Jon Arthur is a one-man crowd
who speaks for a cast of characters
as alive as your imagination*



FAVORITE RADIO CHILDREN'S PROGRAM

Jon Arthur thinks sameday Sparkie might grow up to be a real boy. After all, an ad lib became an Award winner.

THERE WAS SCHOOL that day at the home of *No School Today*—the Saturday celebration which has won its third Award as your favorite radio children's program. But only two of the Arthur clan were off learning their three R's. Four others were either too young or too old for pencils, books and teachers' looks. . . . Big Jon Arthur may be a bachelor on Saturday mornings. At all other times, he heads a household of two adults, four youngsters, one puppet-elf who wants nothing more than to be a real little boy, one imaginary cat, one real dog, a collection of imaginary characters for whom Jon speaks—and an imaginary little boy named Dickie for whom young Debbie speaks.

Fortunately, the Connecticut house is spacious enough to accommodate all (Continued on page 85)

No School Today is heard over ABC Radio, Sat., from 9 to 10:30 A.M. EST (over Station WABC, New York, from 12:30 to 1 P.M.).



Jon's not a father who arrives "after the day's problems are solved." His and Rosalie's "problems" are teen-size for Kathy and Lloyd, tot-size for Debbie, baby-size for Danny.

Producer Bill Mahaney, often called "the invisible leprechaun," cues Jan.

Books are a passport to make-believe for Jan, Debbie and their elfin pal.

Rosalie helps answer the fan mail, has "endless cups of coffee" ready.



HE SCORES AGAIN

Bill Stern rates tops in radio

sportscasting for the lucky seventh time!



FAVORITE RADIO SPORTSCASTER

Champion of the men in the playing field, Bill Stern is himself a fine champ who catches sports drama and hits home.



Bill makes a point to Fred Haney, Milwaukee Braves' coach, as Chuck Dressen, Washington Senators' manager, tunes in.

BEHIND every event, there is the man. Behind every man, there is drama. No one knows this better than sportscaster Bill Stern. When the crowd at the ball park roars for the man who broke the tie, or boos him ten minutes later for dropping the ball, it's Bill who's always in there rooting for the man himself. The moments of a home-run or touchdown are fleeting. Bill keeps his eye on the stuff that makes sportsmen . . . there's the clue to this man.

It took heart and courage for Bill to begin a radio career again, after having beaten death itself. Tragedy struck him in the fall of 1935. He was driving back to New York after broadcasting the grid games of Centenary College in Shreveport, Louisiana, when an automobile accident necessitated amputation of a leg. This was a crushing blow for a man who had been so active—but it proved only to have nourished Bill's gift for human interest.

Most Wednesday nights will find Bill at one of the veterans' hospitals with a troupe of show-people or sports figures, entertaining these men—many of them "forgotten men." Once, on a stifling hot summer's day, the air conditioners in the rooms of a New York hospital weren't plugged in and the men were literally suffocating. It was Bill, himself, who went around to every room in the hospital plugging the air conditioners into their outlets. His friends at the hospital won't soon forget him.

Born in Rochester, New York, Bill attended Hackley Prep, but not for long. It seems he sneaked off campus one day to catch a certain Ruby Stevens who was appearing in a local show. This was a decided infringement of the rules, but Bill was willing to risk it. He took the consequences—but to *(Continued on page 10)*

Sports Today With Bill Stern is heard on ABC Radio, M-F, 6:30 P.M. EST (Station WABC, New York, at 6:45), under alternate sponsorship of the Allstate Insurance Company.

Ring king Rocky Marciano gives the lowdown on the art of fisticuffs to Bill, who is his ardent rooter.



For 1 Lucky Woman in 400—

An Edith Head Original from Hollywood!



Wear it with
formals!

Wear it with
slacks or
shorts!



Wear it with a
full skirt!



Wear it with a
sheath!

"The Birds and the Bees" *Hug-me-tight* Blouse

In *Bates* Disciplined Mist Lawn
\$10⁰⁰ original for only **\$3⁰⁰**
and 2 Dial Soap wrappers.

Inspired by "The Birds and the Bees"
A Paramount Picture in VistaVision. Color
by Technicolor—Starring George Gobel
in his motion picture debut



Imagine *you* wearing an original creation by Hollywood's most applauded designer, Edith Head! That's your opportunity, just for using Dial Soap. Made of Bates Disciplined Mist Lawn* (finest quality cotton), your blouse comes in Chalk White printed in the most wanted colors for Spring—Avocado Green and Azalea Pink. A bargain at \$10.00, it's yours for only \$3.00 and 2 Dial wrappers!

But only one lucky woman in 400 can own this exclusive blouse because the supply is very limited. Get mild, fragrant Dial Soap—regular or bath size—and send for your "The Birds and The Bees" Blouse today.

*Registered Bates cotton that washes easily, dries quickly, never needs starch, irons smooth with a stroke, shrinkage controlled.

**Aren't you glad
you use Dial Soap?**

(don't you wish everybody did!)



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CIRCLE SIZE: Small (30-32) Medium (34-36) Large (38-40)

We pay the postage! Offer void where taxed, prohibited, restricted, or license is required. Allow up to 5 weeks for delivery. Offer expires June 30, 1956. Refund guaranteed when supply is exhausted.

He Scores Again

(Continued from page 8)

tell the truth—there were no regrets. Bill had made a lifelong friend, who is known today as Barbara Stanwyck.

At Penn Military College, Bill learned the art of self-discipline and played football, basketball and polo. He was also the leader of the college orchestra and played a mean saxophone. "That combo, wow!" Bill laughs. They played countless "demand performances," he recalls, but "the demand was our own—no one else's!" So they took to the high seas in 1929. "We decided to make a summer trip to Europe. First night out, we played for the first class passengers, second night for the second class travelers and the third night for ourselves."

In 1930, Bill decided to try his hand in Hollywood. And that's exactly what he did—digging postholes at five dollars a week, on the RKO lot. These labors lasted for three days. But Bill made a friend—Sam Rothafel—the great Roxy. When Bill headed back to New York, he took a job as usher in Rothafel's Roxy Theater. Bill's practical jokes amused the great showman and, in time, Bill became stage manager.

But the radio bug bit Bill in early 1934. "I started pestering John Royal, a radio exec at NBC, for a sportscasting job. He got so sick and tired of me bothering him that he told the great Graham McNamee to 'take this fresh kid to the Navy-William and Mary football game and let him do a two-minute bit that will end his career.'" Knowing Bill, it is no surprise that these two men were later to become his most loyal boosters. McNamee, says Bill, saw to it that he got every break. His work with him won Bill a steady job on NBC. The new sportscaster, anxious for success, had his friends wire Royal that they thought "Stern was the best ever." Royal promptly fired him.

The next year, when the tragic automobile accident occurred, it was John Royal who came to visit Bill, to give him encouragement and offer him another announcing job. The rest is history, marking the rise of a seven-time gold medal winner. Bill Stern is no armchair sportsman. He takes his Thunderbird "anyplace there's a race." Another familiar sight is Bill racing about on his motorcycle—nor is he a stranger on the golf links.

Bill Stern's association with sports figures has given him an intimate appreciation and admiration of their qualities. He says of golfers, "They're the finest type of people—ladies and gentlemen. Anyone associated with the sport develops a sense of refinement." As for tennis enthusiasts, he says, "They've got breeding. The very demands of the game call for politeness and fine behavior." Football players? "They're a good lot. Those kids went to war. They have confidence and manliness." And baseball figures? "They haven't had the advantages to gain suaveness. But you'll never meet a greater bunch of regular guys." Of the men in the ring, Bill says, "The greatest of them—the Dempseys, the Tunneys, the Rosses, the Joe Louises, were hungry fighters. They were fighting for a cause . . . great champs and greater men."

Then Bill speaks of Joe Louis, "the finest man in sports I've ever known. I've seen him emerge as a poor, yes, illiterate boy, into a man of incomparable distinction. Joe never has knocked a man. He is a complete gentleman—a gentleman by instinct." It takes a gentleman like Bill Stern to recognize what's behind a man—it's this very ability that makes him a winner.

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"Stop Make-Up Damage"

to your skin!

- Ordinary skin cleansers were never made for modern make-ups!

New-formula Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream is the modern cream especially blended to clean, soften, refine, and protect your complexion from the clogging, drying, aging effects of make-up!

Try it tonight—cream or liquid.

Then sleep tight with a radiantly clean skin safe from "make-up damage."

Lady Esther

**4 purpose
face cream**

Lady Esther

Lady Esther
4-PURPOSE LIQUID FACE CREAM



*I dreamed
I had Spring Fever*

**in my
maidenform bra*

For the figure of your fondest day-dreams—Maidenform's lovely new Concerto* gives you curves that are more curvaceous, brings an exciting line to your outline! And it's all accomplished with row upon row of tiny, interlocked stitches! Each stitch catches up an inner cup-lining, pre-shapes this bra just enough to mould a fabulous form! In white stitched broadcloth, lace-margined. AA, A, B and C cups... 2.00

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...limited time only!

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

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

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

Hollywood's favorite Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Never Dries—
it Beautifies!



Dana Wynter starring in "THE SIXTH OF JUNE"

A 20th Century-Fox Production. In CinemaScope. Color by DeLuxe.

Howdy, Pardner!

(Continued from page 6) and the door opened. "Mummy" found the nearest seat. Bobby and Judy immediately found Doodyville—the pet shop with live animals, the general store with well-stocked cracker barrels and candy jars, the Doodyville Bugle office, the Hatch a Hutch Indian room, the Doodyville harbor and park where Clarabell was meandering in his Clarabus.

By this time, Doodyville was well-populated with visitors who were ogling the trick walls that appear and disappear. Then, Buffalo Bob came along, looking very dashing in his vivid blue pioneer outfit. The Lollypop set swarmed about him, chorusing, "Howdy Doody, Bob." Their hero never totes a gun, rides a horse or engages in fisticuffs. He flashed his familiar, warm smile, clasped extended hands and said, "Howdy, Pardners!"

Bob counted his pals to make sure there would be room for all of them in the Peanut Gallery. For Bob Smith, each is as adored as his sons, Robin, almost 14, Ronnie, 12, and baby Christopher, one and a half. Perhaps Bob appreciates, more than most, the people close to him.

Less than two years ago, Bob Smith was in danger of losing his life from a heart attack. His life had been ideal. His lovely wife, Mildred Metz Smith, was a constant source of strength. Their New Rochelle home was something of a dream house. What wonderful times they shared there—those jam sessions with Bob at the piano and Ronnie and Robin at the clarinet and trumpet.

When Bob recovered and went back to work, gone was the tension and irritability he had been feeling for so long. He relaxed—opened his heart and mind to the things around him—no longer had that fidgety feeling at show time.

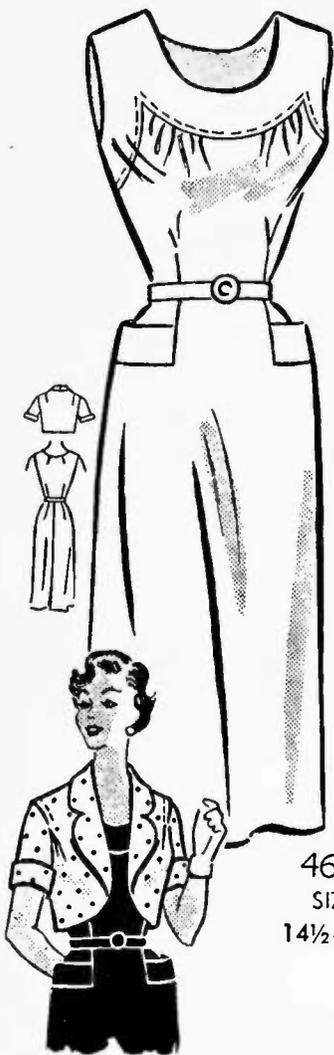
Judy and Bobby and all the other moppets mobbed the Peanut Gallery at Buffalo Bob's suggestion. He sat informally against the Gallery, frolicking with the youngsters. Then he asked, "What time is it?" And the youngsters chorused, "It's Howdy Doody Time, it's Howdy Doody Time. . . ."

It was really the little ones who had named the show. The freckle-faced puppet debuted on TV in 1947, when the program was called *Puppet Playhouse Presents*. Bob Smith was then known as "Elmer," who always greeted the children with, "Well, Howdy Doody, kids." The mail came pouring in addressed to "Howdy Doody"—and so the show's name was born. And when the 1948 elections came around, millions of youngsters boosted "Howdy for President."

All the Judys and Bobbys sat transfixed as the perpetually ten-year-old Howdy Doody entered, spearheading a safety campaign, telling of informative places to visit and causing thumbs to fall out of mouths as he lectured on good manners. Doodyville's official greeter made all welcome to his unique town. And though, over the years, it grows larger—Howdy remains his modest, lovable self. His new friend from Africa, flaxen-haired Heidi, joined him and they spoke of her long trek to America. She, too, feels very much part of Doodyville.

Judy and Bobby, in the vibrating Peanut Gallery, may not have been aware of it, but their visit to Doodyville had been televised—in color, too! On their way down the push-button elevator, they were only aware that they'd been to Paradise, Eden and Mecca all at once—an ever-ever land, where people and animals and even puppets live so very happily, in a world made rich by and for children.

New Patterns for You



4606
SIZES
14½-24½

4606—Perfect twosome for summer—sundress with pretty yoke detail and a cover-up bolero. Cut especially for the shorter, fuller figure. Half Sizes 14½-24½. Size 16½ takes 3¾ yards 35-inch fabric; bolero 1⅞ yards. *State size.* 35¢.

9085—The soft summer dress—ideally feminine, always flattering—is pretty with little bow-trimmed sleeves, or cool sleeveless! Misses' Sizes 12-20. Size 16 takes 4½ yards 35-inch fabric. *State size.* 35¢

9267—Easy-to-sew ensemble for daughter. Full-circle skirt, jacket for cover-up. Child's Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. Size 6 dress and jacket require 2⅞ yards 35-inch fabric; ½ yard contrast. *State size.* 35¢



9267
SIZES
2-10



9085
SIZES
12-20

Send *thirty-five cents* (in coins) for each pattern to:
TV RADIO MIRROR, Pattern Department, P.O. Box
137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, New York.
Add *five cents* for each pattern for first-class mail-
ing. Be sure to specify pattern number and size.

Unbelievably Long Lasting!



Can't evaporate! Never dries skin!
Retains strength for hours!

Even if perfume never "lasts" on you, Coty Creamy Skin Perfume will! Smooth it on like a lotion—the fragrance stays with you for hours!

NEW
Creamy
SKIN
PERFUME

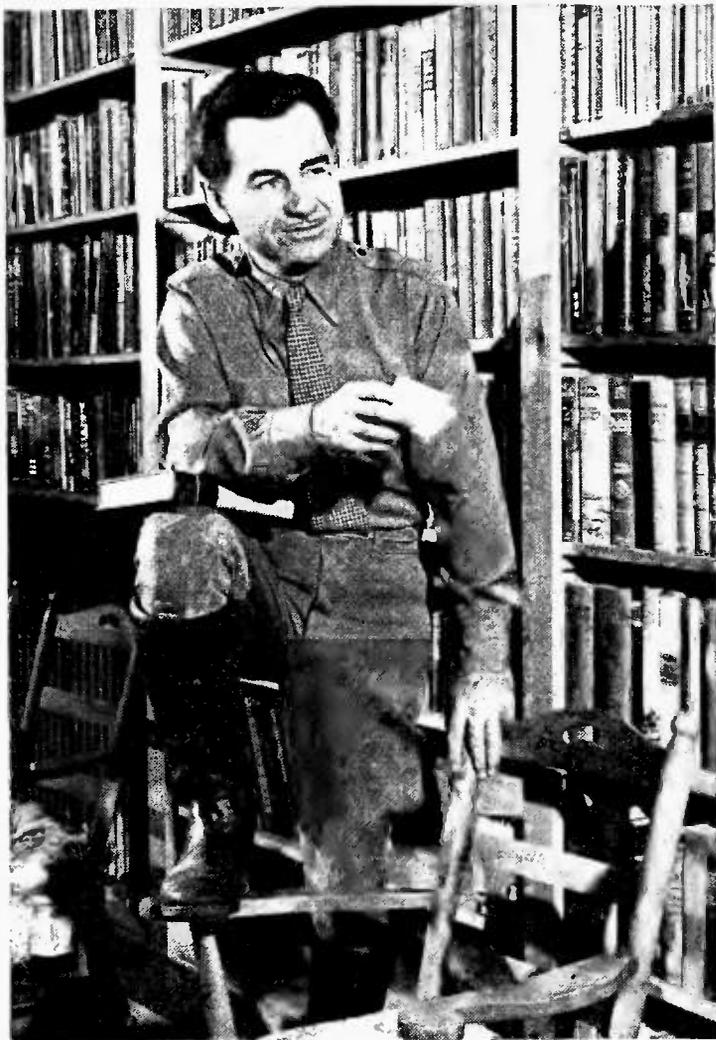
PURSER 1.25
REGULAR SIZE 1.85
prices plus tax



Choose your favorite
L'AIMANT • L'ORIGAN • EMERAUDE • "PARIS"

COTY

Compounded and copyrighted by Coty, Inc., in U.S.A.



FAVORITE RADIO NEWS COMMENTATOR

Newscaster, author, lecturer and world traveler, Lowell Thomas looked "beyond that horizon," found adventure, fame—and four gold medals.



Wife Frances is Lowell's companion at their home in Pawling or on trips to remote parts of the world.

ADVENTURE CALLING

The world is his beat, but Lowell Thomas's greatest story is that of his own life



Also a globetrotter, Lowell Jr. poses with his father and Tibetan nobles at the fabulous Dalai Lama's palace.

LOWELL THOMAS is by way of being an institution—but one with windows that open wide on the world. He has been on radio for more than three decades, and his current news program has been heard at its same time ever since September 29, 1930. This makes the longest continuous run of any news program. It's also the longevity record for all programs, of all types, in the history of network broadcasting. But Mr. Thomas himself is more interested in height than in length.

"High" is how Lowell Thomas likes his adventure—and the taller some of his stories sound, the truer they are. The trail to his fourth gold-medal Award in TV RADIO MIRROR's polls began, appropriately enough, in a gold-mining town on a peak high in the Rockies, some 10,000 feet above sea level—which, as he says, "is much higher than most people live." Lhasa, Tibet, is one of the few places in the world that matches that rarefied altitude.

There were no high mountains, but the corn grew tall in Ohio, where Lowell was born. Both his parents were country-school teachers who placed great stress on correct speech for the broadcaster-to-be and also gave the future (Continued on page 24)

Lowell Thomas And The News is heard on CBS Radio, Monday thru Friday, 6:45 to 7 P.M. EST, sponsored by United Motors Service, Division of General Motors, for Delco Batteries.

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!



Dirt left on face after ordinary cleansing!
1. 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!



Beautifully clean after 60-second Palmolive facial!
2. 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



T
V
R



Nothing could be finer than that Dinah Shore will star in a music-variety gala on *Chevy Show*.



Chicago's Station WNBQ is the first to convert to all-color-compatible, of course. Singer Mike Douglas, Jules Herbeveux, NBC veep and WNBQ general manager, music conductor Joseph Gallicchio and songstress Nancy Wright examine a new set model.

By JILL WARREN

WHAT'S NEW FROM

SPRING finds the networks blossoming out with plans for good sights and sounds.

Judy Garland is doing a special half-hour for *General Electric Theater* on Sunday night, April 8, over CBS-TV. Though most of these shows are on film, Judy's stint will be live, originating in Hollywood. The program will be mostly musical, though G-E is also planning an extra salute to the whole electrical industry on this night.

Another popular song lady, Dinah Shore, will star on *The Chevy Show*, on NBC-TV, Tuesday night, April 10. The format will be musical-variety with Marge and Gower Champion as the featured performers. This is the second big hour wingding for Dinah this season. Dinah's auto sponsors are in very high gear about the rave reviews she got for the show she did with Perry Como a few months ago.

CBS *Radio Workshop* will brave Friday, April 13, with a dramatic adaptation of "Jacob's Hand," a new original story by Aldous Huxley and Christopher Isherwood, with Huxley

himself doing the narration. Huxley won critical kudos several weeks ago for his first narration job on this program on "Brave New World."

And the same network will try an interesting casting combination on television when it teams Orson Welles and Betty Grable in "Twentieth Century," the Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur play to be seen Saturday night, April 7, on *Ford Star Jubilee*.

The Alcoa Hour has planned a special starring vehicle for Gertrude Berg for their April 29 show. It's an original play, "Paris and Mrs. Perlman," in which Gertrude plays a widow who gets tangled up with a French gigolo. It's a comedy, but definitely, and sounds like just the ticket for the talented "Mrs. Goldberg."

An American's visit to Europe will also be the theme of *Producers' Showcase* on Monday night, April 30, on NBC-TV. There's more drama than comedy involved here, though, for this will be a video version of "Dodsworth," one of Sinclair Lewis's finest novels.

Maurice Evans will produce and

direct "Cradle Song" for the *Hallmark* show on Sunday, May 6, on NBC-TV. And what a cast, even for a television special—Helen Hayes, Judith Anderson, Susan Strasberg, and the Irish star, Siobhan McKenna. This should prove to be ninety minutes of drama at its best.

Tony Martin lost his sponsor for his NBC-TV show on Monday nights, and the network has filled the time with Gordon MacRae and a new client. Gordon is very happy with his new quarter-hour program because it's the first time he's had a regular show since the popular *Railroad Hour* went off the air several seasons ago. Of course, in the meantime MacRae has become a top movie star via his "Oklahoma" and "Carousel" films.

Imogene Coca will be the star on the *United States Steel Hour* on Wednesday night, April 11, on CBS-TV. Imogene is doing "Funny Heart," a new play by Mel Goldberg, in which she plays a dramatic role, with no music. With the exception of an occasional skit, this will mark the first



Weekend with a star was the prize for Mr. and Mrs. James Wyss in our recent contest. They visited Hollywood as maestro Lawrence Welk's guests.

COAST TO COAST

time on TV that the comedienne has done a straight play, and the rehearsal rumors have it that she's excellent doing the serious stuff.

ABC-TV has a brand-new addition to their Monday-night network schedule which should please the movie fans. It's a new *Film Festival* series, which will run for two hours, with a different picture each week. ABC has purchased some one hundred and thirty-five top British films from J. Arthur Rank, so now is your chance to catch up with some of those good English movies you missed. *The Dotty Mack Show* and *Medical Horizons* have been moved to other time periods.

The Stuart Foster Show, which was announced as a definite new program on the CBS Radio schedule, has been temporarily postponed. The network was unable to find a suitable time spot for it.

Comedienne Joan Davis has already begun film production in Hollywood on her new situation-comedy TV series, set for this fall on ABC. The show is yet untitled, but Joan will play a

grandmother who also has a career.

This 'n' That:

It's a boy, Jonathan, for Susan Douglas, who plays Kathy on *The Guiding Light*, and her husband, concert singer Jan Rubes.

Songstress Joan Edwards and her husband, musician Julius Schacter, have a new baby girl whom they've named Bonnie. Their small fry now total four. Joan hopes to resume her vocal career in a few months.

The stork delivered a double package to Eileen Palmer of the *21st Precinct* program. Eileen was surprised with twins, a boy and a girl. She is married to Frederick J. McMorrow, Long Island newspaperman.

Night-club comedian Lee Goodman has been making quite a name for himself doing the commercials on ABC's *Ethel And Albert* TV-er. The hilarious antics he goes through to sell cereal for his sponsor have proved so amusing that Lee may be the star of his own comedy show before long.

Famous Evangelist Billy Graham

may soon make his television acting debut in the dramatic version of "Devil at My Heels," which is in the works at CBS. This is the autobiography of the Olympic athletic star, Louis Zamperini, just published by E. P. Dutton and Co. Graham figures very prominently in Zamperini's life story.

Gloria De Haven was offered a permanent TV deal in New York, but turned it down in favor of remaining in Miami Beach, Florida, to be near Richard Fincher, Florida auto dealer. Gloria and Fincher have announced they plan to be married in September.

Frank Sinatra is still saying no to TV, simply because he doesn't have the time. But he has found a few spare hours to launch his own recording outfit, to be called Tabb Records.

Video actress Lurene Tuttle and her husband, Fred Cole, sound engineer, have ended it all via the divorce court in Los Angeles, after five years of marriage. Lurene, who plays "Vinnie" in the *Life With Father* series, was married at one time to the well-known actor and an- (Continued on page 22)

TWO FOR ALL

... and everyone's for Roy and Dale, who reign as king and queen of the Golden Rule



FAVORITE TV WESTERN PROGRAM

King and Queen of the West, Roy Rogers and Dale Evans, mount their famous horses, Trigger and Buttermilk, then alight to join sidekick and jester, Pat Brady, with canine Bullet barking sweet nothings.

THE KING of the West is no figurehead. The laws of this kingdom are eternally true. This regent's philosophy is one by which he lives and works. Roy Rogers is no part-time king. . . . He states the rules of his kingdom simply, "The basic thing in drama, in history and in life is the conflict between good and evil. It goes on inside us all the time and it goes on outside us all the time." A ruler who knows the Good Book well, Roy continues, "It starts in the Bible with Adam and Eve and it goes on . . ." Roy is speaking of the challenges he meets when he goes into action on television against all manner of evil. But it might also be the story of his private experience.

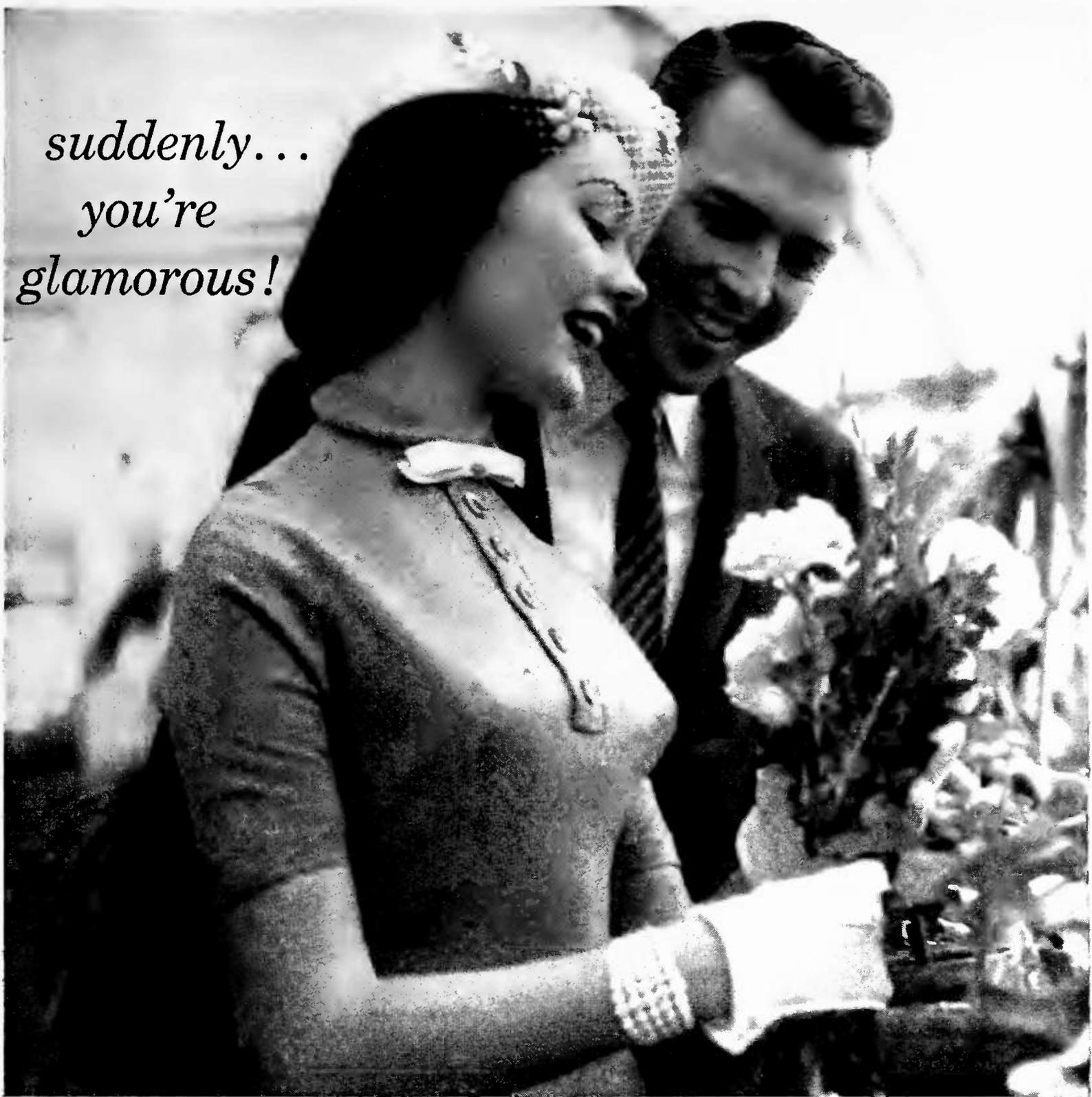
Roy can recall his earliest battle with an insidious evil—the evil of poverty. Born in Cincinnati, Ohio, he was reared on a little farm in Duck Run. During his grammar-school days, when a boy's energy should be spent on the pursuit of fun, Roy recalls the sweat of labor on the farm, helping his father, Andrew Slye. His knowledge of carpentry, plumbing, electrical work and farming—which he now considers hobbies—were once the responsibilities of a small boy. Less dire circumstances have caused victimized youth to tread the wrong path.

As he matured, Roy knew that he had to aim high. He decided on a career in den- (Continued on page 24)



The "castle" in Chatsworth, California, houses the music-loving and talented royal family—Dale and Dodie, Roy, Cheryl, Linda Lou, Sandy and Dusty—in harmony.

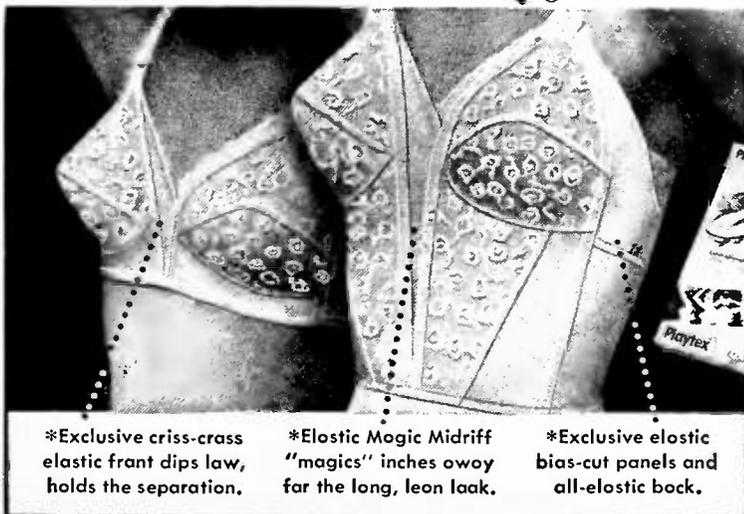
*suddenly...
you're
glamorous!*



You're Free! Lithe! And Glamorous...with Heavenly Comfort!

Playtex *Living* Bra*

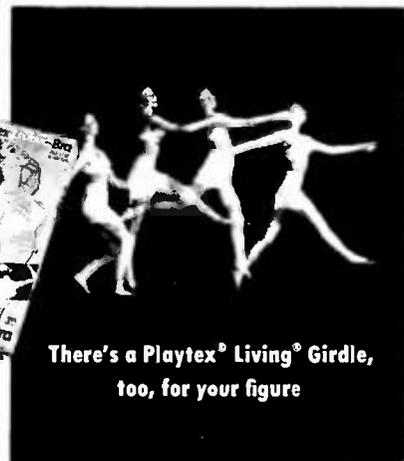
Long-Line with Magic Midriff... or Bandeau. The new fashions are young, exciting as *your* figure when you wear the Long-Line Bra. High, round nylon cups add a lift for curve allure you've never had before! All-elastic Magic Midriff slims inches away from bust to waist. In white... \$5.95. Bandeau, white or non-run black, \$3.95. Sizes 32A to 40C. D-Cups from \$4.95. In the Playtex package at your favorite store.



*Exclusive criss-cross elastic front dips law, holds the separation.

*Elastic Magic Midriff "magics" inches away for the long, lean look.

*Exclusive elastic bias-cut panels and all-elastic back.



There's a Playtex® Living® Girdle, too, for your figure

THE FLYING YANKEE

Quicker than you can say

"How about that," Mel Allen is off
to prove the game's the thing



Often called "a one-man Yankee knothole gang," Mel was the first to go on the road with his team. He reported the plays that made Yogi Berra 1955's "Most Valuable Player."



From March through January, Mel's a traveling man. Among the things he misses most are leisurely dinners with his parents and his newwed brother Larry, who works on Mel's shows.



FAVORITE TV SPORTSCASTER

Mel Allen has won just about every award that can be given to a sportscaster. This year, he scores for his fifth gold medal Award in as many years.

A TALL, modest man, with a quick, honest smile, Mel Allen pointed to an offending shoe. A walk at the upstate, Bedford Village home that he shares with his parents had muddied the footwear. It was now six in the evening. Between now and ten, Mel's agenda listed a magazine interview, a meeting with press photographers, a speech at a charity dinner, a newsreel to be narrated and, at ten, a plane to be caught. Fitting in a shoeshine was clearly a problem.

But speaking fan to fan, which is Mel Allen's sportscasting habit, the muddy shoe was really not pinching. A hectic schedule, and a more hectic one to come, fazed Mr. Allen not in the least. Mr. Allen had caught an advanced case of spring fever. A new baseball season was a-borning and that ten o'clock plane would take him to St. Petersburg and the New York Yankees baseball club.

It's seventeen years since Mel first rendezvoused with the Bronx Bombers, but there's nothing routine in the meeting. "It's a thrill each time," grins the Alabaman who has become the "Voice of the Yankees." And this excitement is not confined to activities on the diamond. Mel feels it—and conveys it to radio and TV audiences—before the beginning of every sports activity except possibly chess—which is the only competition he's never described to an audience.

In the air as often as he is on-the-air, Mel Allen averages some seventy-five thousand airborne miles a year. (Continued on page 25)

Mel Allen is the "Voice of the Yankees," as sponsored by Ballantine Ale and Beer, and Winston and Camel Cigarettes (Stations WPIX and WINS, New York; check papers).

HOW MUCH OF THIS

\$50,000 IN CASH PRIZES

ARE YOU GOING TO WIN IN THE GREAT NATIONAL PUZZLE CONTEST

As you read this, one of the greatest puzzle contests ever held in the U. S. A. is getting under way! A contest that offers fun, excitement, thrills for everyone! A contest that may make you \$25,000 richer!

Just think what you could do with prize money like that . . . all yours in a lump sum! It could buy you a beautiful new home . . . free and clear! A stunning new car, a boat, a luxury vacation cruise around the world! It could pay for a college education for your youngsters, or make your own retirement easier. It could give you a start in your own business. It could bring you the wonderful security that comes with a big, solid bank account! Enter now, and you may be first prize winner or winner of any of 400 big cash prizes that must be paid. Enter now and make yourself eligible to win a fabulous \$5000 promptness bonus along with first prize of \$20,000—a grand total of \$25,000.00!

YOUR COMMON SENSE CAN MAKE YOU A WINNER!

THIS HOUSEWIFE WON \$52,000!



The keynote of this great National Puzzle Contest is *absolute fairness*. There are no essays to write . . . no jingles to rhyme . . . no gimmicks to trip you up. You don't need a college degree to win! All that counts is your skill and common sense. These fascinating picture puzzles are so much fun to get the hang of, you'll have a good time doing them. Even if you've never entered a contest before, you've got a great chance of being a winner in this one.

Best of all, this unusual contest actually gives you a chance to check your own answers and make sure they're right, before sending them in! Not only do you have this opportunity for checking once . . . you get a *second chance!* Shortly after you complete your puzzle answers, we will mail you an Official Substitute Solution Form, so you can correct any error or omission . . . so you can double-check your solutions. What could be fairer!

TRY THIS SAMPLE PUZZLE RIGHT NOW!

HOW MUCH FUN!

CLUE No. 1: THE "HOOSIER" STATE.

$+ \text{ONEA} -$
 $- \text{K} = \square \square \square \square \square \square \square$

Clue No. 2: The 7 letters forming the correct name of this State total exactly 52 points using the Official Table of Letter Values.

This is a typical contest puzzle that was actually used in a former contest. See how easy it is to get the hang of these interesting picture puzzles by trying this one. See how much fun they are to solve! In the sample puzzle shown, you will see a SINK, a DIAL, the SOLE of a shoe and various letters of the alphabet. There are two plus and minus signs. First, write down SINK. Then add DIAL to it. Next, add ONEA. All this equals SINKDIALONEA. Now, you must subtract the letters in SOLE and K. When this is done you are left with INDIANA. Indiana is the Hoosier State, so the result checks with Clue No. 1.

You Can Now Check Your Answer with Clue No. 2, by using the Official Table of Letter Values:

| | | | | | | |
|-----|-----|------|------|------|------|------|
| A-1 | E-5 | I-9 | M-13 | O-17 | U-21 | X-24 |
| B-2 | F-6 | J-10 | N-14 | R-18 | V-22 | Y-25 |
| C-3 | G-7 | K-11 | O-15 | S-19 | W-23 | Z-26 |
| D-4 | H-8 | L-12 | P-16 | T-20 | | |

According to the Table above, I=9, N=14, D=4, I=9, A=1, N=14, A=1, for a grand total of 52. Check with Clue No. 2, and you can make sure you are right on the nose! Every puzzle in the contest will have 2 clues so you can always make sure you're right!

"As the first prize winner of \$52,000 I compliment you on running the fairest and most interesting contest I ever entered. And the check for \$52,000 made our family's dreams come true."
Marion Starr
Kensington, Maryland

READ WHAT OTHER CONTESTANTS SAY ABOUT FORMER NATIONAL PUZZLE CONTESTS!

FLORIDA . . . "I wish to thank you and your staff for the wonderful way you have conducted this contest. Your fairness and the correct way you have sent out the solution forms have been wonderful."

CALIFORNIA . . . "I wish to take this opportunity to thank you for the check for \$100.00 which I received as a prize. This is the first major contest I have ever entered and won anything."

CANADA . . . "I not only admire the way you handle your contest . . . and the opportunity to solve these puzzles . . . but especially the way in which you answer all questions."

National Puzzle Contest, Dept. 118 P. O. Box 777, G. P. O. Brooklyn, N. Y.

FIRST PRIZE AS MUCH AS

\$25,000.00

200 CASH AWARDS

| | |
|----------------------|------------|
| 2nd Prize | \$7,500.00 |
| 3rd Prize | 3,000.00 |
| 4th Prize | 1,500.00 |
| 5th Prize | 1,500.00 |
| 6th thru 10th each | 500.00 |
| 11th thru 20th each | 150.00 |
| 21st thru 50th each | 100.00 |
| 51st thru 200th each | 30.00 |

Total . . . \$50,000

PRIZES PAID PROMPTLY!

IN 2 YEARS \$133,500.00 AWARDED FROM NATIONAL PUZZLE CONTESTS!

National Puzzle Contests have offered \$133,500.00 in prizes within the short space of 2 years! That's a whale of a lot of money! But now the new National Puzzle Contest . . . with prizes of an additional \$50,000 . . . will raise that grand total to \$183,500.00! If you are 18 years of age or older and live in the U. S., Canada or a U. S. Possession, you are eligible to enter this fabulous contest. It is sponsored by the American Church Union, Inc., a state chartered, non-profit organization. All judging will be conducted in an impartial, impersonal manner to assure absolute equality of opportunity to all. All contestants will receive exact information on the outcome of the contest . . . including names of all winners, plus correct puzzle solutions. All prizes will be paid promptly, in full.

ENTER NOW MAKE YOURSELF ELIGIBLE TO WIN A PROMPTNESS BONUS OF A CADILLAC, A MINK COAT, OR AN EXTRA \$5,000!

This is a contest with a magnificent plus! Mail the handy coupon at once, and we'll rush your contest entry blank to you, with the date of contest deadline, rules, etc. As a contestant, should your score be highest, in addition to the prize you win you also receive your choice of any one of the three extra bonus prizes you choose . . . either a Cadillac Convertible, genuine Ranch Mink Coat, or an additional \$5,000 in Cash!

GIVE YOURSELF A \$5,000 EXTRA! MAIL COUPON TODAY!

National Puzzle Contest Dept. 118
P. O. Box 777, General Post Office, Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

I want full particulars about the \$50,000.00 NATIONAL PUZZLE CONTEST. Please mail me FREE the Official Entry Form, Rules and First Series of Puzzles.

Name.....

Address.....

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

PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY

TAMPAX CAN BE WORN IN SHOWER OR TUB



Tampax can be worn in shower or tub. These words emphasize the vast difference between internal sanitary protection and any other kind. But that's not all! There is no bulk with Tampax. No pins, no belts—no supports of any kind. Nothing to cling or chafe. Never a disposal problem. Tampax is simply and purely surgical cotton, so made that the wearer's hands need not touch it at any time at all.

Imagine what a sense of freedom this gives you! Tampax even prevents odor from forming—relieves you of that possible embarrassment. Millions of women have used billions of Tampax since it was invented by a doctor for the benefit of *all* women. But even more important, new millions will choose it in the future—for modern women always prefer the better, more convenient, far more modern way. Naturally!

Choice of three absorbencies at drug or notion counters. Ask for Regular, Super, or Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women

WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST

(Continued from page 17)

nouncer Melville Ruick, and their daughter, Barbara, plays a lead in "Carousel."

Herb Shriner and CBS Television have signed a five-year contract with each other, which begins in the fall. At that time the comedian will be starred in his own full-hour variety show once a week. Shriner will not continue on *Two For The Money*, the quizzer he has done for the past four seasons. This show was originally planned for Fred Allen, who became ill before he could do it. But now it looks likely for Allen to take over when Shriner departs in June.

Georgiann Johnson, who played the saucy, blonde "Marge Weskit" on the *Mr. Peepers* show, and more recently has been seen as a panelist on *Down You Go*, is set to wed comedian Stanley Prager, now on Broadway in "The Pajama Game."

Bob Burns, top radio comic of a decade ago, succumbed to cancer in North Hollywood, California, at the age of 64. Burns became popular through his bazooka playing and Arkansas jokes, and appeared for many years on network radio, chiefly with Bing Crosby and Rudy Vallee. Upon his retirement from show business ten years ago, he invested heavily in San Fernando Valley real estate and developed his own farm.

Radio listeners also mourn the passing of actress Jane Seymour, at the age of 57, in New York City. A veteran of the New York stage and of the movies, Jane was also well-known for her work in many daytime radio serials, among them *Claudia*, *Big Sister*, and *The Aldrich Family*.

The Errol Flynn Theater telepix series will start shooting in England almost immediately, with the dashing Errol doubling as director in several of the films. He has planned thirty-nine in all, and so far has signed Paulette Goddard, Linda Christian, Laurence Olivier, and Ralph Richardson as stars. The series is slated to be seen in America this fall.

Julius La Rosa and Rory Meyer are planning their wedding for April 7 in Rory's home town of Manitowoc, Wisconsin. The marriage vows will be presided over by Rev. Robert Parella, better known among show folk in New York as Father Bob. The beloved priest is a long-time personal friend of Perry Como, who also happened to be Rory's boss.

Mulling The Mail

Mrs. H.M., Youngstown, Ohio: When Fibber McGee and Molly, alias Jim and Marian Jordan, were in New York recently, there was much talk that they were planning a television show for NBC, in addition to the radio program which has won them awards, but nothing definite has been announced. . . . Mrs. E.J.S., Whitehall, New York: Allan Copeland has been with The Modernaires since 1948 and he is in his late twenties. . . . Mrs. R.V.H., York, Pennsylvania, and others who wrote about Tennessee Ernie: Ernie Ford asked CBS for a release from his radio contract in order to concentrate on his TV show. Curt Massey took over Tennessee's air time. . . . Mrs. G. McB., Brunswick, Maine: Since leaving the *Robert Q. Lewis Show*, Lois Hunt has not appeared regularly on any other program. Earl Wrightson has been fulfilling concert dates in and around New York City. . . . Miss L.S., Richmond, Virginia: Fred Astaire has consistently turned down offers for guest appearances on TV. He recently made a statement in Hollywood,



Sisters Jayne and Audrey Meadows join in the crusade against cancer.

"Why should I guest on shows when I've been offered \$100,000 to do my own spectacular?" Okay, Fred, we're waiting for it. . . . Mrs. B.L., Dallas, North Carolina: CBS-TV recently acquired an Erle Stanley Gardner catalog of stories and titles, including many "Perry Mason" tales. They are planning to film a series of one-hour "Perry Mason" shows to be seen in the fall of this year. . . . Mr. C.N., Kansas City, Missouri: The girl you mean is Marion Ross, who played the cockney maid in Noel Coward's "Blithe Spirit" TV special. She also plays the Irish maid on *Life With Father*.

Whatever Happened To . . . ?

Bea Wain, who was a well-known radio songstress for many years, and made many hit records? For the past few years, Bea hasn't been too active professionally and has spent most of her time at home with her children. But a few weeks ago she and her husband, announcer Andre Baruch, started a Monday-through-Friday radio program over WABC in New York. It's a chatter-interview-disc show and Bea has also done some singing, proving she still knows her way around a song.

Ann Hillary, who played "Sandra" on *The Brighter Day* show, and suddenly left the cast? Ann departed *Brighter Day* in order to accept a role in the hit Broadway show, "The Lark." Diana Gentner is the new "Sandra."

If you have a question about one of your favorite people or programs, or wonder what has happened to someone on radio or television, drop me a line—Miss Jill Warren, TV RADIO MIRROR, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York, and I'll try my best to find out for you and put the information in 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.

Doctor develops home treatment that rinses away blackheads in 15 minutes

by Claire Hoffman



A leading New York dermatologist has developed a simple medicated home treatment that rinses away blackheads and whiteheads in a matter of minutes.

I saw it demonstrated recently on five women and two teenage boys. The results were almost breath-taking. Blackheads really rinsed away. In fact, many could be seen on the cleansing tissues that finished each treatment.

But this wasn't all! I saw enlarged pores reduced, and rough, muddy complexions made cleaner, clearer and smoother-looking. In the case of two older women, I saw flabby, sagging skin tighten and wrinkles flatten and fade. . . . After seeing these results, I can well understand why so many beauticians are now acclaiming this doctor's treatment one of the most important beauty discoveries of the century.

Anyone Can Use It

The treatment starts with a thorough skin cleansing. A special laboratory-developed whipped cleansing cream is used that takes off not only surface dirt, but also softens and loosens pore-caked grime with its emollient action. It liquefies as soon as it is applied and literally floats the dirt right off your face.

After this is tissueed off, a delightful mint-scented cream is applied. Within 2 or 3 minutes an absorbing agent called *Argilla* dries and turns this specially medicated cream into a plastic-like masque. As it firms and hardens, its suction action draws on waste matter in the pores. . . . In 8 or 10 minutes you simply rinse the masque away with lukewarm water which dissolves it immediately. When you wipe your face, you can see blackheads and other pore "filler" actually come off on your tissue. And your skin feels clean—really clean—and refreshed and smooth, like velvet!

Pore Sponging and Closing

The third step in the treatment is an exhilarating application of a unique antiseptic astringent—a facial "mint julep" that sponges and tightens emptied pores and leaves a protective invisible film that helps guard your skin against dust, dirt and bacteria for hours and hours.

Nothing Else Like It

Even after a single treatment, women who have been troubled by blackheads for years see a marked improvement. Many find it hard to believe their eyes. Some blackheads and whiteheads just rinse away. Others are softened and made ready to be drawn out by future treatments. Enlarged pores appear to be smaller. The skin looks smoother and firmer—feels fresher and more *alive!*

In short, after a single treatment taking only 15 minutes, you can expect to see results that normally you would not dare hope for even after many weeks. . . . but don't expect everything at once. Damage done by years of neglect can't be undone in a day. Yet with 3 or 4 treatments a week, you may confidently look forward to startling complexion improvements within 30 days. Then one treatment a week—or every second week—will probably be all your skin will need to keep it clear, lovely and healthy looking.

The medically developed products used in this treatment are manufactured and quality-controlled by QUEEN HELENE. They are *Queen Helene Whipped Cleansing Cream*, *Queen Helene Medicated Masque* and *Queen Helene Penetrating Astringent*. The three items are sold as a complete skin and beauty kit for 3.98 plus tax. Quite a bargain when you think of what it will do for a person's good looks—and self-esteem!

See Blackheads "Wipe Off" After a Single Queen Helene Skin and Beauty Treatment



Look! See them come off on your cleansing tissue—and without squeezing or digging!

- 1 First apply *Queen Helene Whipped Cleansing Cream*. This liquefies instantly on your skin and softens pore-caked dirt with its rapid emollient action. You tissue off all but a thin film which prepares your face for the masque.
- 2 Now smooth on the *Queen Helene Medicated Masque*. As the absorbing agent, *Argilla*, in this plastic-like cream makes it harden into a masque, its powerful drawing action gently pulls out blackheads and other pore impurities.
- 3 After about 8 or 10 minutes, rinse off the masque with lukewarm water. It dissolves in seconds. Then apply *Queen Helene Mint Julep Astringent*—a special penetrating antiseptic that helps close emptied pores, tones up your complexion, and gives protection against dirt and bacteria for hours.



all these items

3.98

Plus tax

Enough for 33 Treatments

Economical Size

5.95

Plus tax

Enough for 66 Treatments

RESULTS ARE GUARANTEED

Examine your face before and after treatment. You should see a startling difference. Some of the blackheads should be gone and others loosened for removal by future treatments. These results are guaranteed or your money will be refunded.

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Adventure Calling

(Continued from page 14)

explorer and adventurer an early start in his travels. After several residences in Ohio, Lowell's father, who had acquired a medical degree along the way, moved his family to Victor, Colorado, the heart of the Cripple Creek gold-mining district.

As a boy, Lowell became a gold miner, a range rider, and a carrier of gold samples across the high Rockies, and, finally, a mining camp reporter and editor. He spent his spare time drinking in the tales of the miners who had followed the lure of gold and the call of adventure.

And then, too, there was the view. Overlooking the Sangre de Cristo mountain range, Lowell could see for more than one hundred miles in three directions. "I always wanted to know what was beyond that horizon," he recalls.

A turning point in his career came in 1917, when, attached to the Allied armies, he returned from the front lines to read a bulletin announcing that the British had sent a new commander-in-chief to take over in Egypt, General Edmund H. H. Allenby. Lowell Thomas sniffed spectacular events in the making. His mind's eye full of stories of the Crusades of old, he hurried to the Near East to witness the modern-day battles in the Holy Land.

While in Jerusalem, Lowell discovered the fabulous Lawrence of Arabia and, in motion pictures, lectures and books, told the hitherto-unknown story of the young Oxford archeologist who became the fiery sheik of the desert.

Adventure followed adventure—and on radio and as the voice of Fox Movietone newsreels, Lowell Thomas's voice was heard by more of his fellow mortals than any other voice in history. When, in the summer and fall of 1949, he and his son, Lowell, Jr., made their journey to forbidden Tibet, their visit to the real

Shangri-La, Lhasa, and their near-tragic return journey to India, attracted as wide notice as almost any adventure of our era.

Between and during his world wanderings, Lowell Thomas has authored more than forty books, realized the possibilities of Cinerama and helped pull it out of the laboratory and into the movie theater.

Lowell makes a cross-country tour once a year, continues to explore "beyond that horizon," and finds that, at the end of the year, his broadcasts have been equally divided between New York City, his Pawling home in upstate New York, and "all over." Occasionally, Lowell, Jr.—who, like his father, is a world traveler and explorer—pinch-hits for him on the air.

Lowell's wife Frances is also a traveler. She and Lowell met at college in Colorado and were married just before the United States entered the first World War. When Lowell went off to war, so did Frances, with the Red Cross, and she has since been on many of his expeditions.

Significantly, their home in Pawling features a fireplace that tells the history of the world in stones from every civilization. Lowell has found that "if you roam around the world as I do, you accumulate, whether you're a collector or not." At their gracious, rambling home, there are paintings and photos from all over the world, a vault filled with films, collections of weapons of all peoples, and a variety of golf and ski equipment.

Publishers and readers have been begging for an autobiography by Lowell Thomas for thirty years. The book remains unwritten. "It's much more fun to write about other people," he says. Then he adds another reason. "I have never lived in the past. I live furiously in the present and in the future." But a glance at the past shows what the future holds for Lowell Thomas—adventure.

Two For All

(Continued from page 18)

tistry. But the pressing needs of his family forced him to leave McDermott High in the second year. . . . For a youngster, working in a shoe factory was deadening, so he found adventure in tales of the West, at the local movie house.

Roy's first-hand knowledge of ranch life began after he admitted defeat as a shoe-factory worker. He became a cowhand on a ranch in New Mexico, where he learned to ride, rope and shoot with the best of them. Later, he decided to head for Hollywood to follow the footsteps of his celluloid heroes. When Roy heard that auditions were being held for singing cowboys at Republic Studios, the self-taught singer and guitar-player was determined to be heard. His five-foot-eleven frame, rugged good looks and obvious talent won him his first role and enough money (\$2,500) to buy his extraordinary Palomino stallion, Trigger.

Once again reflecting on his program, Roy says, "As for the stories we use, we couldn't be more careful about what they say if we were picking them out for our own children at home. In fact, that's one of the big things we consider in making our selections." Surely, a more devoted father and husband would be hard to find. Roy met his five-foot-two, eyes-of-green leading lady on the Republic set of "The Cowboy and the Senorita." Audiences went wild over this team, and they had a hankering for each other as well. So, on New Year's Eve, 1947, the King of the West took his auburn-haired Queen and they've built

an empire filled with the majesty of graceful living and unselfish giving.

The "castle" is a rambling Spanish ranch house in Chatsworth, California. There are six bedrooms for all the princes and princesses. At the dinner table, the royal family pray before the Bible readings. Each has much to be thankful for—Cheryl, who's nearly sweet sixteen, Linda Lou, thirteen, and Dusty, almost ten. The Rogers' have realized their cherished ambition of sharing the good things they have. In 1952, they adopted two youngsters to add to the family circle—nine-year-old Sandy, from Covington, Kentucky, and four-year-old Little Doe (Dodie) from Dallas, Texas, who has in her family tree the same Choc-taw Indian strain of which Roy himself is so proud. And now, the family includes the lovely and talented Scotch lass, Marion Fleming, who joined Roy and Dale during their tour of the British Isles. "God has really smiled on us, for we have a house full of happy children," says Dale.

The Rogers respect as well as love children. They are always sure to express this on their program. "Whenever it fits into the story," Roy says, "we show how children, too, can take an active part. . . ." For Roy and Dale, the really exciting Western yarns carry a message of good sportsmanship, clean living and fair play. Dale, Roy, his comic sidekick Pat Brady, and their animal friends, Trigger, Butter-milk and Bullet, are all bearers of this message. One and all abide by the law proclaimed by the King and Queen who reign by the Golden Rule.

The Flying Yankee

(Continued from page 20)

From March 1st to January 1st, half of his time is spent out of town, covering college football during the pigskin season and Yankee baseball during the cowhide season—and narrating special events no matter what the season. The "Voice of the Yankees" is also the sportscasting voice on Fox Movietone newsreels and the speechifying voice at more benefits and charity functions than you can shake a baseball bat at.

But Mel really hadn't planned it that way—although when his father sold his general store to turn traveling salesman, it might well have been a forecast of the flying Yankee to come. But the clincher wasn't until someone decided Mel was too skinny for his six-foot frame.

That was at Alabama University, where Mel's weight kept him off the baseball squad. If the baseball coach wouldn't have him, the dramatics coach would, and Mel turned his activities to the school's acting society. He found he could sway an audience, decided to make his living swaying a jury, and enrolled in Alabama's law school.

The budding attorney was still sports-minded. He wrote the radio scripts for Frank Thomas, the late football coach, and, in turn, Thomas arranged for Mel to broadcast the school's games on the local radio station. When Ted Husing came down to broadcast a big Alabama game, he invited Mel to provide local color. Network bigwigs tuned in and extended their invitation—for an audition. Mel was hired and did a variety of chores until he finally made his sports mark while covering an auto race from a plane. When foul weather postponed and then cancelled the race, Mel found himself doing a forty-five minute ad lib. He hasn't been at a loss for words on sports since.

Words do fail him, though, when people present him with awards. Mel still gets embarrassed, even though he's won practically every award that can be given to a sportscaster. And that includes five TV RADIO MIRROR gold medals.

Nor is Mel a spectator sportsman. He likes to go fishing, drop down to a gym for a game of handball, and is very proud of his double berth as pitcher and center-fielder with the New York Sports Stars. This is a team made up of ex-athletes, coaches and newsmen who play to fill charity coffers. Once a year, they play against the jockeys and the Mutt-and-Jeff match is "the funniest thing," according to six-footer Mel.

If Mel sounds a little wistful as he talks of hobbies, it's because time is something this highest-paid of all sportscasters has not plenty of. But, if your job is something you'd almost gladly do for free, if your ears harken to the call of "Play ball," if your heart is diamond-shaped—and if your name is Mel Allen—then you wouldn't change shoes, even a pair needing a shine, with anyone.



When hosting, what's your first job?

- Get the party off the ground Suggest group arrivals

As your guests arrive, do they have to suffer? Go through the thumb-twiddling, nice-weather-we're-having routine? To give your party a flying start—scrape the ice off its wings! Keep everybody busy. Rolling back rugs; sorting records. Even helping you with final party fixings. Another defroster:

have couples arrive in "herds" instead of singly. You need never know an awkward moment—or a nagging care, at certain times. Let Kotex* give you unfailing protection; the complete absorbency you depend on! And remember to get a new Kotex belt; it goes with Kotex for perfect comfort.



If you'd keep him, better bypass—

- Flirty friends Fuss-budget tactics

If there's anything a hombre hates—it's getting the Mama's Boy treatment, in public. Besides, your date probably prides himself on his grooming. Why make him feel like Hillbilly Hank by adjusting his tie, re-combing his crew cut? As for your grooming (on certain days) you know you're the smoothest—when you choose Kotex. Those flat pressed ends prevent telltale outlines. And when you try Regular, Junior and Super Kotex you'll learn which size best suits you.

If you really care for your cashmere—

- Don't lend it Draw an outline

Better say nay to borrow-mad Sis; likewise to human fire hazards! And because you cherish your sweater, wash it with the greatest care. First, record the outline of its actual shape on paper. Make the neck stretch-proof by running a thread around it. In sanitary protection, too, it's important to have softness that holds its shape... Kotex, of course. Designed to stay soft, chafe-free. And you can't make a mistake with Kotex because it can be worn on either side, safely.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

Free booklet! Want hints on dating, etiquette, grooming, fashions? Send for fascinating free booklet "Are You In The Know?" Gives poise-pointers selected from "Are You In The Know?" magazine advertisements. Write P. O. Box 3434, Dept. 1256, Chicago 54, Illinois.



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Summer is a-coming in . . . with a holiday line-up of great stories and pictures of people you know and love . . . in

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information

Top Secret

Would you please give me some information about Gene Barry, who plays Gene Talbot on Our Miss Brooks, on CBS-TV?
L. K., Chicopee, Mass.

Until he was sixteen years old, Gene Barry concealed from his family a deep, dark secret—he was going to be an actor. Gene recalls, "My parents, like many others, regarded acting as somehow related to panhandling. So, when people asked me what I wanted to do when I grew up, I said I wanted to be a civil engineer." Gene continues with a roguish grin, "I wasn't sure what a civil engineer was, but it sounded respectable and it threw them off the track." . . . Gene was born in New York City, the oldest of five children. His father, a jewelry manufacturer, was a fine amateur violinist and his mother was gifted with an outstanding singing voice. . . . Gene's only scholastic interests in public school were the dramatics club and English. "When they'd get me out of bed to go to school," he recalls, "I'd say to myself, 'This is ridiculous. Don't they know I'm destined to be a great actor?'" His "destiny," however, was not immediately apparent. He shared top honors with another boy baritone in a city-wide singing contest and then confidently talked himself into a resort job. The first week ended with the manager handing him eight dollars and saying, "Go home." For the next few years, his career was a hodgepodge of journeys throughout Catskill resorts and night clubs. Then the big jump to Broadway was finally taken in "Rosalinda," "The Merry Widow," and as Mae West's leading man in "Catherine Was Great." . . . When the call from Hollywood came, he went on to make eleven motion pictures, including "Naked Alibi" and "Soldiers of Fortune." . . . Tall, dark and handsome, Gene mar-

ried Betty in 1942. They have two sons, Michael Lewis, 10, and Fredric, 3. Gene's hobbies are music and painting. . . . As for the future, Gene, who plays the gym instructor who keeps *Our Miss Brooks'* heart throbbing, says, "The future can take care of itself. I'm enjoying the present too much to worry about it." Gene's ambition is to reach "maximum proficiency" at his craft. His admirers know he's the tops.

Spin to Fame

Could you please give me some information about Tim Considine, who is "Spin" on the Mickey Mouse Club, on ABC-TV?
M. W., Midlothian, Ill.

Young Tim Considine is the third of his clan to make a contribution to public entertainment. Now fifteen—and the promising star of "Spin and Marty" the outdoor adventure series of Walt Disney's *Mickey Mouse Club*—Tim is the son of movie producer John Considine and Carmen Pantages, a member of the eminent theatrical family. He is also the nephew of Bob Considine, the well known wire-service writer. . . . The freckle-faced youngster is a typical American boy who enjoys all the outdoor hobbies, so he is really type-cast for his role as the leader of a group of boys at a Western ranch. . . . To be sure, this is not the first time that Tim has enjoyed stardom. He has appeared with Red Skelton in "The Clown," the motion picture which impressed Walt Disney so much that he was given the role of Spin. . . . Tim is now attending Notre Dame High School in the San Fernando Valley, California. He has an older sister, Errin, who is twenty-three, and a brother, aged twenty. . . . A sports car enthusiast who builds his own models Tim is also a fine swimmer and tennis player. A thoroughgoing outdoor man, Tim spins high adventure as Spin!

Calling All Fans

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

Jan Arden Fan Club, c/o Rose Marie Bencivengo, 6705 Herman Ave., Cleveland 2, Ohio.

Robert Q. Lewis Fan Club, c/o Bobby Cuffee, 64 Westford Ave., Springfield, Mass.

Ronnie Burns Fan Club, 1040 N. Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood 38, Cal.

Make Room for Sherry

Please tell me about Sherry Jackson, who plays Terry on The Danny Thomas Show, "Make Room for Daddy," ABC-TV.
B. B., Kinston, N. C.

Sherry Jackson made her first impression in Hollywood on a driver of a sightseeing bus, who was also an ex-actor. He noticed Sherry and her mother sipping sodas at a drive-in on the Sunset Strip. The driver gave Sherry's mother the address of an



Tim Considine has no trouble living up to his show business background.



Sherry Jackson, now Danny Thomas's TV daughter, was scouted from a bus.

agent and Sherry was given a test to play Olivia De Havilland as a child in "The Snake Pit." The test flopped, thanks to a case of chicken pox. . . . When Sherry recovered, she easily won the role of the daughter of Anne Baxter and Dan Dailey in "You're My Everything." Since her debut at the age of six, Sherry has appeared in over thirty films. The daughter of Mrs. Maurita Jackson Pittman and the late Curtis Jackson, she was born in Wendell, Idaho, on February 15, 1942, of French and English ancestry. She was christened Sharon so that her mother could call her "Sherry." In 1943, the family came to Hollywood where her father worked as a carpenter and her mother, a former actress known as Kathleen Gilbert, coached her children in drama from the time they could talk. Both of Sherry's brothers, Gary Lee, who's almost thirteen, and Curtis, nineteen, are in the movies. . . . Sherry attended Melrose Avenue Grade School and Junior High School. She takes music, singing and dancing lessons. Her dancing teacher says she has the makings of a prima ballerina. Sherry likes the idea, but she practices her tap routines, nevertheless. . . . A TV veteran, Sherry has been seen on many of the leading video shows. The career of this lovable miss is still in the ascent—so make room for Sherry!

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.

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that's **MISSING-MISSING-MISSING** in every other leading toothpaste*?

It's GARDOL!
And Colgate's with Gardol gives up to 7 TIMES LONGER PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH DECAY and a CLEANER, FRESHER BREATH ALL DAY with just one brushing!



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No other leading toothpaste can give the 12-hour protection against decay you get with Colgate Dental Cream 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!

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7055—Adorable pinafore for daughter—with whirly skirt, saucy bow ties, “ballet slipper” pocket of embroidery! Child’s Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. Tissue pattern transfer of embroidery motifs. *State size.* 25¢

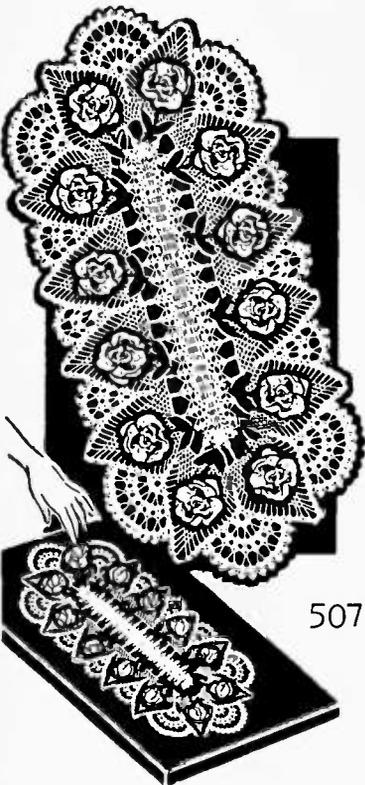
675—Rows of pineapples—baby-size at the waist and growing bigger toward the hem! Graceful skirt, matching stole—easy to do in knitting worsted. Misses’ Waist Sizes 24-26; 28-30 inches included. 25¢



675

507—Lifelike roses in color sparkle on this oval doily! 32 x 15 inches, in No. 30 mercerized cotton; smaller in No. 50. 25¢

7377—Crochet these modern leaf-design doilies in two colors—match to home decor. Larger 16½ inches, smaller 11½. Use crochet and knitting cotton. 25¢



507

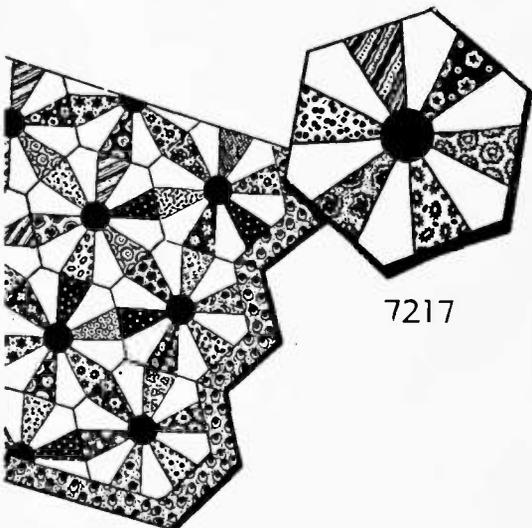
7217—Make this hit-or-miss endless-chain quilt by the “penny-saver” method! Buy a little fabric at a time, make a few blocks a month. Use scraps, too. Easy piecing. 25¢

546—Two pretty wall panels to decorate a child’s room! Charming scenes of day-time and night-time prayer—in easy embroidery. Embroidery transfers, directions for wall panels, each 9 x 12 inches. 25¢

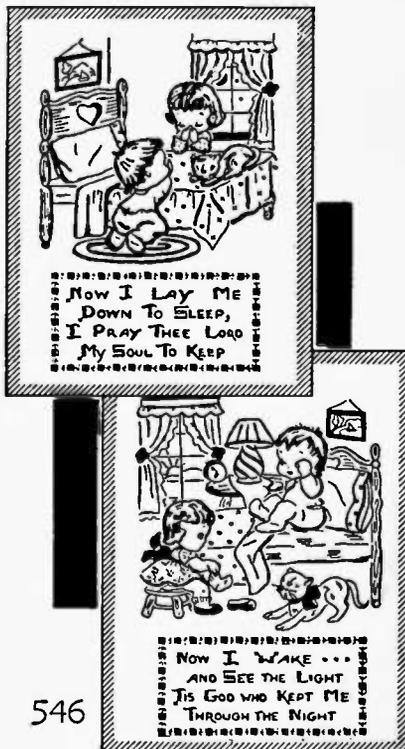
7056—A big, beautiful rose “blooming” in color forms this unusual serving apron! Embroidery transfer, directions for making a “rose” apron, 18 inches long. 25¢



7377



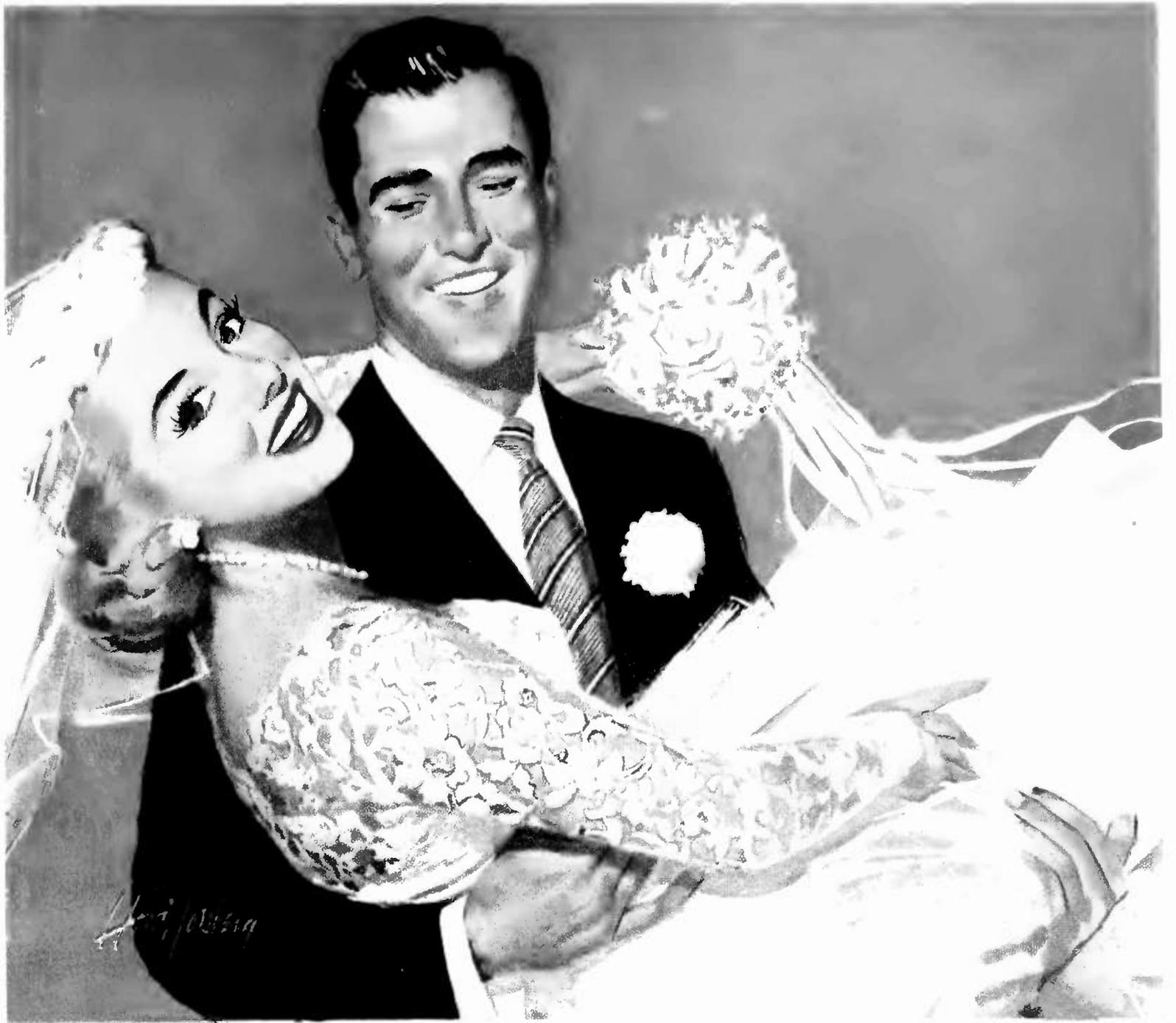
7217



546



7056



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This Spring's prettier-than-ever, ever-vivid pink

A decidedly new kind of Pink . . . a fun-lovin', fun-to-wear VIVID PINK promising rich, deeply glowing color that no other lipstick can ever hope to match. You know *this* color won't forsake you, won't stray, won't fade . . . for this is the one-and-only, ever-true, ever-lovin' VIV and it's made by Toni.

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creamy non-smear type \$1.10 plus tax
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Never thin and watery like some liquid shampoos . . . never thick with a "filming" ingredient that can dull hair like others. Extra-Rich Liquid Prell has just the right consistency—won't run and *never* leaves a dulling film!



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IT'S LIQUID **PRELL**
 FOR *Radiantly Alive! Hair*

Exciting surprise for you—magical new Liquid Prell! It's extra rich—that's why Liquid Prell leaves your hair looking 'Radiantly Alive'! And how you'll love its unique *extra-rich* formula. Bursts instantly into richer, more *effective* lather—rinses in a twinkle—leaving your hair easier to set. Shouldn't you try Extra-Rich Liquid Prell today? There's radiant beauty in every drop!

And you'll love **PRELL CONCENTRATE**—leaves hair extra clean . . . extra radiant! Not a cream—not a liquid—but a clear shampoo concentrate that won't run off wet hair like ordinary shampoos. Instead, all the special ingredients work *throughout* your *entire* shampoo. That's why Prell Concentrate leaves your hair *extra clean, extra radiant!*



TV Radio Mirror Award Winners, 1955-56



Your votes gave the stars and programs in this issue

the coveted gold medals in our ninth nationwide poll!

THE VOTES have been counted, the gold medals are engraved, all is ready for the presentation of TV RADIO MIRROR'S Ninth Annual Awards—in the only nationwide poll which gives listeners and viewers the opportunity to name their own favorites. Out of the ballot boxes have come prize plums for long-established stars and programs, surprise gifts for newer ones.

In a period which has seen NBC changing the whole concept of broadcasting, with dynamic programming throughout the day and over the weekend, TV RADIO MIRROR readers proclaimed *Monitor* the best radio program of all. Meanwhile, *Home*—which was just as striking an innovation when NBC launched it two years ago—has won its second Award as the nation's favorite women's television show. The corresponding radio honors in the feminine category go, for the fourth time, to Mutual's *Queen For A Day* (now also seen nationally over NBC-TV, since the first of this year).

Headlines and headliners made Award winners, too. CBS's much-discussed, fervently followed \$64,000 *Question* triumphed as best TV show. Arthur Godfrey, his stellar performers and programs on CBS Radio and TV—always exciting news "copy"—won three more gold medals to add to the more than two-score they've already garnered! *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts* swept the radio evening variety category for the fifth year in a row. It has previously won on TV, too, as have both Janette Davis and Frank Parker, who edged out all rivals as your favorite radio singers.



FAVORITE TV EVENING DRAMA PROGRAM

Mama brings San Francisco's warm-hearted Hansens into the nation's homes, with Peggy Wood in the title role and Judson Laire as Papa, Rosemary Rice, Dick Van Patten and Robin Morgan as their children. The series and its stellar performers have now won Awards for seven years straight—ever since *Mama's* first season on CBS-TV, in 1949!

see following pages for more Award Winners ►



TV Radio Mirror Award Winners, 1955-56



FAVORITE RADIO PANEL SHOW

Make Up Your Mind was created by Arthur Henley (standing, at left), moderated by Jack Sterling (right). Panelists seated here include John S. Young; Edith Walton; Clarence S. Maso, audience member; and Elsa Maxwell, the day's celebrity guest.



BEST RADIO PROGRAM ON THE AIR

Monitor has proved a boon to weekend listeners, thanks to NBC Radio's pace-setting enterprise, which demands the greatest broadcasting talents and most up-to-date facilities.

(Continued)

Janette and Frank were also strong contenders for the TV titles, which were finally won by Patti Page—who proved so worthy of her sparkling new “showcase” this past year—and by Perry Como, who also had a new format, starting on NBC-TV last fall, and who proceeded to stir up a battle of audience-ratings in the coveted 8-to-9 spot on Saturday nights, in his own easygoing way. Seen nationwide for the first time, thanks to ABC-TV, *The Lawrence Welk Show* wrested honors from close competition as favorite TV musical program—and another solid sixty minutes of melody, *The Woolworth Hour* over CBS, waltzed off with the radio title.

Comedy, as always, proved a stirring battleground, though most of the finalists were established favorites in their class. Eve Arden becomes a veritable champion of champions, as most popular radio comedienne for the eighth consecutive time—ever since *Our Miss Brooks*' first season on the air—and it isn't the first time, either, that her CBS Radio show has won in the evening comedy (Continued on page 34)

FAVORITE TV DAYTIME VARIETY PROGRAM

The Bob Crosby Show—second time in a row! And, this year, Bob launched a “second generation,” too, as his daughter Cathy made her singing debut on TV.





FAVORITE RADIO EVENING VARIETY PROGRAM

Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts continues to prove the master's showmanship. Violinist Florian ZaBach is one of many stars of today who found a brilliant new career, appearing on the show.

FAVORITE RADIO FEMALE SINGER

Another shiny medal for Janette Davis, whose voice brightens up CBS Radio's *Arthur Godfrey Time*—just as her pert good looks adorn the CBS-TV simulcast and *Arthur Godfrey And His Friends*.



FAVORITE RADIO MALE SINGER

Frank Parker, long-time Godfrey friend and a perennial musical favorite, gathers in the readers' votes for his fifth TV RADIO MIRROR Award (in both radio and TV).





TV Radio Mirror Award Winners, 1955-56



FAVORITE RADIO MYSTERY-ADVENTURE PROGRAM

Mutual's *Gang Busters* can boast of all-star casts. Seated (left to right), Raymond Edward Johnson, Larry Haines, Ken Lynch, Bob Haag, Bryna Raeburn, Bill Zuckert. Standing, Frank Burns, director Leonard Bass, announcer Russ Dunbar, Lawson Zerbe.



FAVORITE RADIO WESTERN PROGRAM

Gunsmoke (CBS Radio) has adult scripts and fine acting from Bill Conrad as Marshal Matt Dillon, Georgia Ellis as the dance-hall hostess Kitty, Howard McNear as "Doc," Parley Baer as Chester.

(Continued from page 32)

category! NBC's Martha Raye triumphed as TV comedienne for the third year in a row, despite heavy voting for the perennially popular Lucille Ball and Eve Arden herself.

Caesar's Hour, in its second season on NBC-TV, is a newcomer to the TV evening comedy title—with Jackie Gleason and his "Honeymooners" pressing Sid Caesar and his "Commuters" all the way. But Bob Hope is a five-time repeater as your favorite comedian, though this is the first time he's won the television title—thanks to his frequent appearances on *The Chevy Show*. Meanwhile, thanks to motion pictures, Bob's fans will be able to go on seeing him this summer during TV vacation time, in Paramount's "That Certain Feeling."

There's a new title-holder in the ranks of radio comedians—Robert Q. Lewis—though his entertaining shows have won previous gold medals from both listeners and viewers. This year, the CBS-televised *Robert Q. Lewis Show* got the TV daytime comedy Award. *Fibber McGee And Molly*—aired in the mornings, for the first time in its more than twenty years on NBC—won its first program medal as favorite radio daytime comedy. Heard in the evenings, too, Fibber and Molly themselves—Jim and Marian Jordan—picked up a fourth Award as your favorite husband-and-wife team on radio. The corresponding television medal goes to Mr. and Mrs. Ozzie Nelson of ABC-TV's *Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet*, their seventh such Award since they picked up the radio title in TV RADIO MIRROR's first national poll, back in 1947.

Balloting was close for the favorites in daytime variety, and Bob Crosby deserves real credit for capturing television honors, the second year running, for his afternoon show on CBS-TV. A personable emcee with a fine singing voice, Bob proved that such talent runs in the second generation of Crosbys, too, when he presented his attractive daughter Cathy, at sweet sixteen, as well as his nephew Gary.

Art Linkletter's *House Party*, a previous winner, as seen and heard over CBS, was a vigorous challenger for TV honors in daytime variety, but gained this year's Award in the radio classification. Art himself should get a super-size or platinum medal, for 1955-56 marks the eighth consecutive time he's won as a radio master of ceremonies—this year, (Continued on page 75)



FAVORITE TV EVENING COMEDY PROGRAM

Caesar's Hour ticked off some mighty hilarious minutes on NBC-TV to beat the competition in a field of strong contenders. But no one could stop "The Commuters"—Ellen Parker, Howard Morris, Sid himself, Nanette Fabray, Carl Reiner and Sandra Deel—from coming in ahead of schedule!

FAVORITE TV WOMEN'S PROGRAM

Home gets the votes of America's housewives, with Arlene Francis and her staff of experts proving that NBC-TV has a sensitive finger on the feminine pulse.

FAVORITE TV COMEDIAN

Bob Hope has often topped the ballot. But this year he had new scope for his winning way-with-a-gag—as the most frequent "rotating" star of *The Chevy Show*.



a CHAMP Named Sullivan



Like the mighty John L. himself, Ed can take on all comers—and his show is always a knockout



His "right hand" is Carmine Santullo. Photo on desk is Ed's daughter, Betty.

By
FRANCES KISH



FAVORITE TV EVENING MASTER OF CEREMONIE



Ed gets the best, even coaxed Kate Smith out of retirement for a show.



No detail is too small for his attention, as he sifts out both new and established talents.



His guests—like Marion Marlowe—are "headliners" in every sense.



After years of marriage, Sylvia is still awed by Ed's taste and judgment, capacity for work—and lack of "pettiness."



"Boje," the family's poodle, has long ruled the Sullivan roost. Now there's a new little king, grandson Robbie Precht.

CHANGE and pace. Streamlined acts. Novelties and surprises. Great music—classic, modern, sweet and hot. Fabulous stars, from Broadway, Hollywood, the capitals of Europe. Top news personalities from everywhere. All of these introduced by a sober-looking, ordinary sort of guy with a quiet voice, who always loved vaudeville and variety shows, and was willing to gamble that there were millions like him who would love them on television.

It was only eight years ago that the experts warned Ed Sullivan this idea wouldn't work. In June, 1948, when

he began his TV program, most of them gave it a year—some said six months. Variety shows were OK at TV's beginning, but people would soon tire of them. He had better change the format—or else.

There were days of doubt when he wondered if they might just happen to be right. Only some days. Only a few. Most of the time he was sure of his own judgment—although, if anyone had told him that he would be holding huge audiences against all comers in the choicest time of the choice Sunday-night line-up, Ed Sullivan—a realistic man, and also a modest one— (Continued on page 102)

FAVORITE TV EVENING VARIETY PROGRAM

The Ed Sullivan Show is seen over CBS-TV, each Sunday, from 8 to 9 P.M. EST, as sponsored by the Lincoln-Mercury Dealers.



Loyal and True

The way Terry O'Sullivan and Jan Miner feel about each other—well, that's the way their fans feel about them!



Working trip: They gave their best to a good cause, the March of Dimes telethon in Terry's home town, Kansas City—and Mayor H. Roe Bartle gave the "keys of the city" to the O'Sullivans and Jackie Cooper, who also participated.

By GLADYS HALL

How do a husband and wife feel when they both win gold medals for their acting? In different daytime dramas, too—and not for the first time, either! Jan Miner, the lovely star of CBS Radio's *The Second Mrs. Burton*, and Terry O'Sullivan, the handsome newspaperman in CBS-TV's *Valiant Lady*, can tell you . . . as effervescent Jan does tell you: "When I was told that I'd won TV RADIO MIRROR'S Award as favorite dramatic actress in daytime radio again this year—making it the sixth consecutive year I've been the winner—I burst right into tears! The kind of tears that spring from gratitude and pride and (Continued on page 84)

Terry O'Sullivan is Elliott Norris in *Valiant Lady*, seen over CBS-TV, M-F, 12 noon EST, as sponsored by General Mills, The Toni Company, Wesson Oil, and Scott Paper Company. Jan Miner stars as Terry in *The Second Mrs. Burton*, CBS Radio, M-F, 2 P.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship.



Joy ride: A brief holiday gave Jan and Terry time for a memorable junket to Miami Beach.



Imagine: Nothing to do but sun themselves, go swimming—and catch fish—for five whole days!



FAVORITE RADIO DAYTIME DRAMA ACTRESS ● FAVORITE TV DAYTIME DRAMA ACTOR



FAVORITE TV HUSBAND-WIFE TEAM

Ozzie is the wise head, Harriet the warm heart—and David (left) and Ricky two lively young limbs!—of the Nelson family. All together, they represent a solid body of affection, in their home life as on the nation's TV screens.

Always for the Home Team

For Ozzie and Harriet Nelson, David and Ricky, acting—like life itself—is “all in the family”

By DEE PHILLIPS

WHEN I looked down at my first born, David, for the first time,” Harriet Nelson recalls, “I resolved to hold my love loosely in open hands. I knew, as all mothers do, that we have our children on a temporary basis. They are ours until they grow big enough and strong enough to find a new life of their own. This is the way of life. For my child I wanted to give the free, undemanding love, lacking in possessiveness and domination, that Ozzie and I had always experienced. Ozzie, with his inborn maturity, had no need to resolve. As a husband, now as a father, he automatically would continue to give the mutual respect, confidence and healthy attitudes that come from loving freely. . . . For me, it took a strong resolution. And, though I’ve sometimes

missed, I’ve always tried to keep this thought uppermost in mind.”

Harriet Nelson is seen weekly as a near-perfect, delightful wife and mother with her own real family in *The Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet*, on ABC-TV. Because seeing is believing, many women heave a wistful sigh as they watch her deal adroitly and smoothly with her three men. But they should never forget that each episode of the series has been carefully written, and—although pretty close to the personalities of the Nelsons—it must necessarily be broadened and sharpened to prove the point that “the play’s the thing.” Behind the scenes is a tightly knit, happy family, working, loving and living (Continued on page 95)

The Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet, ABC-TV, Fri., 8 P.M. EST, is sponsored by Hotpoint Company (electrical home appliances), Aunt Jemima Div. of Quaker Oats Co. (pancake mixes), and Norwich Pharmacal Co. (Pepto-Bismol).

Whatever road they may travel, in work or play, the four Nelsons share an abiding sense of “togetherness.”

Hot dogs! Ricky, the family comedian, stocked up on six feet of 'em for a picnic—ate three feet himself.





Joanne and Arthur Tate seek the good

life through a web of terror and tension

Search for Tomorrow

IN THEIR *Search For Tomorrow*, happiness has been elusive for Joanne and Arthur Tate. Arthur's greatest wish—to expand and improve their Motor Haven in Henderson—had seemed assured when Stu Bergman readily agreed to co-sign the \$125,000 bank note which the plans required. Stu and his wife Marge had also visualized a better tomorrow, since Melanie Pritchard's designs on Stu's prospective inheritance were defeated. . . . So much depended upon that inheritance! Then the dream was shattered. For Stu did not get the inheritance—the court ruled otherwise. Yet Arthur could not abandon his cherished plans. Even though the bank couldn't grant him all the money needed, without a co-signer, the fraction which it did offer might at least be a start. Arthur was so possessed by his ambition that he even told Joanne the full amount had been granted. He had committed himself to a lie. And he had to act it out before the very woman who shares his life so closely. . . . Joanne is, of course, acutely aware of Arthur's anxiety—though not of all the reasons for it. She knows that, despite his great plans for the Motor Haven, their life will have to be a moderate one because Arthur will never be a well man. Yes, he had recovered from the bullet wound in his heart and, if he is cautious, he might live a full life, but if he is not. . . . Joanne herself is being tormented indirectly by the sinister V. L. Swanson, who only awaits the day he is free from prison to have his revenge. He had failed to get Joanne convicted of a crime she didn't commit. Now, his hatred is intensified by the lies told him by Mortimer Higbee, his "lieutenant," who is also serving time in prison. So it suits V. L.'s scheming mind perfectly when he is consulted about a loan for Arthur Tate. Circum-

stances seem to play into the very hands of V. L., though not without his own wiles shaping them. . . . He had hired kindly, naive Harold Small as chief auditor of Huxley Investments—one of V. L.'s respectable "fronts." He had also arranged for Harold to stay at the Motor Haven, where Rose Peterson, V. L.'s reformed ex-girlfriend, often visits. It was no accident that V. L. enmeshed the innocent Harold—V. L.'s "double" physically—in his diabolical plan to free himself from prison. And it was quite satisfactory to him when Harold and Rose became attracted to each other, for the results of this relationship only furthered his venomous plot. It was Rose who told Harold of Arthur's need for money, leading Harold to consult his boss—who of course gave his gleeful approval. . . . From a prison cell, V. L. is toying with the lives of several people—with Harold and Rose—with his hireling, Higbee, whom he is keeping at arm's distance because only Higbee suspects what V. L. is planning—with Arthur Tate, whom he hopes to make completely dependent upon him financially. . . . Joanne's tensions mount as she sees her husband subject to all the age-old pressures of a man who feels his life is short, a man whose energy is being frantically used to assure that his family may be secure in any event. Can Arthur realize that his forebodings must be Joanne's concern, too? Are the Tates fated to be puppets, maneuvered at will by V. L.'s evil schemes? Can Arthur himself survive the inhuman pace at which he has been working? Events cannot stand still—for life itself is always a constant search for tomorrow.

Search For Tomorrow. CBS-TV, M-F, 12:30 P.M., EST, sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Joy, Spic and Span, Gleem.

Popular actress Mary Stuart stars in TV's best-loved daytime drama, *Search For Tomorrow*, as Joanne Barron Tate, with Karl Weber as Joanne's husband, Arthur Tate.

FAVORITE TV DAYTIME DRAMA ACTRESS • FAVORITE TV DAYTIME DRAMA PROGRAM

Exclusive!

OLD-FASHIONED LOVE,



Knowing them both so well, I know—first hand—how very much it meant when Hal March asked Candy that greater-than-\$64,000 question!



Rainbow's end—in Las Vegas, Nevada: Candy Toxtan Torme weds Hal March, the emcee of *The \$64,000 Question*.



**By
JOAN
CARTER**

Close friend
of both
Hal and Candy

SIPPING my after-dinner coffee, I looked across the table at the handsome man and pretty girl who were my companions, and marvelled at what a difference an hour of good conversation and good food could make.

When the three of us met, Candy Toxtan Torme had been tense and withdrawn. Hal March had been bone-weary, utterly worn down by the transcontinental commuting he was doing to finish out a television show which was closing in Hollywood, then rushing back to New York for his big CBS-TV hit, *The \$64,000 Question*. Now they were relaxed and sparkling, talking happily away about Hal's programs and Candy's children.

Hal was my neighbor and Candy my best friend. The threesome had been his idea. That (Continued on page 86)

MODERN STYLE



Milton Berle was on hand to wish Hal and Candy "all the best." (Among other famous guests present: the Dan Daileys, the Howard Keels, Harry James, Betty Grable.)



Bridal party: Mr. and Mrs. Bob Sweeney were best man and matron of honor. Bob is Hal's long-time friend and former partner in the Sweeney-and-March comedy team.



Wedding hosts Mr. and Mrs. Beldon Katleman not only provided their suite as scene of the ceremony but took Hal and Candy out for a glimpse of Nevada ranch life.



The newlyweds showed great dignity and decorum for the camera—but the hosts laughed so hard that no one guarantees their shots will ever reach the family album!



FAVORITE TV QUIZ PROGRAM • BEST TV PROGRAM ON THE AIR

The \$64,000 Question is seen over CBS-TV, Tuesdays, at 10 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Revlon, Inc.



The Secret Passion of Garry Moore

He's a resounding success on TV,
day and night—but Garry still has a
quiet yen for a not-so-quiet drum

By MARTIN COHEN

THE LETTER READ, "Dear Garry: I just heard Wild Bill Davison on your show. Man, that's the greatest. I'm glad I caught that before I died. Footnote: My granddaughter taught me the hep language." And a man wrote: "Dear Mr. Moore: My mother was never happy about my collecting jazz records. She thought there was something immoral about jazz. Now Mother is a grandmother and nearly seventy-three. She lives in Vermont and, last time I was home to visit, she played some records by Stan Kenton. She said that you taught her to like that music. Mr. Moore, I don't know how you did it but you made a 'cat' out of a grandmother."

And that's the situation as we go to press: More and more grandmothers are switching from Bach to boogie. The man responsible is an innocent-looking, neat, sweet kind of guy named Garry Moore—but beneath his bow tie beats a savage (Continued on page 105)

Blondie, the playful lion, was one of Garry's most impish secrets, but typical of his interest in oddly assorted animals.



I've Got A Secret, Garry's Wednesday-night funfest, presents some of the wittiest—and prettiest—panelists in television. Seated at the table, left to right, are Bill Cullen, Jayne Meadows, Henry Morgan, and Faye Emerson.



Garry seldom "performs" himself, would rather display the talents of Ken Carson, Denise Lor and Durward Kirby (below) on his daytime show.



FAVORITE TV DAYTIME MASTER OF CEREMONIES • FAVORITE TV PANEL PROGRAM

I've Got A Secret, moderated by Garry Moore, is seen over CBS-TV, Wed., 9:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. for Winston Cigarettes. *The Garry Moore Show* is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 10 A.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship.

THE PEACEFUL



Far from Hollywood, Eve and her husband, Brooks West, envisioned a "calm, orderly, restful way of life," with gentle horses, placid sheep and other typical farm fauna.

Our Miss Brooks—Eve Arden, that is—and her husband and children have answered the call of the wild

By FREDDA BALLING

WHAT IS every woman's dream of a way of life? Probably the key word would be spaciousness . . . enough physical room in which to live with grace, ease, and advantages for both parents and children . . . enough mental room to entertain new experiences and concepts . . . enough emotional room to expand the margins of the heart. . . . "But we can't live that way here," Eve Arden and Brooks West chorused, one hectic evening as they sat in conference in their Hollywood hillside home. The dog had barely avoided being run down by a hotrod slaloming the curving highway which passed the house. The girls were complaining because they were strictly forbidden to roller-skate on the precipitous sidewalk streaking almost perpendicularly (Continued on page 88)

Eve Arden stars in *Our Miss Brooks*, as heard over CBS Radio, Sun., 8 P.M. EST, sponsored by Prom Home Permanent, Deep Magic and White Rain. *Our Miss Brooks* is seen on CBS-TV, Fri., 8:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by General Foods for Minute Rice, Instant Sanka and other products.

Well, that isn't quite how it worked out—but Eve and Brooks still fondly believe that everything that happens there is a "picnic," anyway!



PASTORAL PANIC



It isn't easy to get all the Wests, big or little, to stay still long enough for an official portrait on the farm. But here are the busy Mom and Dad with young sons Doug and Duncan, growing daughters Connie and Liza.



FAVORITE RADIO EVENING COMEDY PROGRAM • FAVORITE RADIO COMEDIENNE

They're Real Characters



Al Raffin isn't what he seems! He's really an associate director for CBS.



Tom Mahoney is a New Yorker (like me) and things just keep happening to him.

I couldn't be more grateful for "my gang"—and we couldn't be more grateful to our audiences

By
ROBERT Q. LEWIS



Julann Wright started out as my Saturday secretary. Thus a wit was born.



Doro Merande is an actress with fine experience—and odd outside interests.



Cam Andrews is another "pro," whose performances are almost too authentic!

FIRST things come first, and so I want to thank everyone connected with *The Robert Q. Lewis Show*. I know that sometimes it sounds a little pat, the way the cast and everyone else gets thanked. The star, breathless, says, "It couldn't have happened without the help of the musicians, Joe Jackson, Jack Joeson, and the engineers, because they all help to make the show so—" and that's when the engineer cuts in with the station break. You don't know for certain whether the star was going to say "so wonderful" or "so awful." I mean, you don't know but I do. I know that *The Robert Q. Lewis Show* doesn't mean one person. It means everybody connected with the show.

When we are funny, and we hope it is often, we use what I call "human humor." Human humor is (Continued on page 92)

The Robert Q. Lewis Show, CBS-TV, M-F, 2 P.M. EST, is sponsored by Lanolin Plus, Ralston Purina Co., Brown & Williamson Tobacco (Viceroy Cigarettes), others. *The Robert Q. Lewis Show*, CBS Radio, Sat., 11:05 A.M. EST, is sponsored by Milner Products (Pine-Sol, Perma Starch), Kasco Dog Ration, others.



Carol Bushman (seated) does the funny lines for the Chordettes (standing, left to right—Janet Bleyer, Lynn Evans, Marjorie Needham).



FAVORITE TV DAYTIME COMEDY PROGRAM • FAVORITE RADIO COMEDIAN

Nice Guy



*Success has come to Perry Como
just being himself—because that self
is as fine as the songs he sings*

THE TWINKLE in Perry Como's eye was a tip-off to his audience that one of those delightful little Como-isms was in store. With his usual gallantry, he introduced Miss Patti Page. Then, as that lilting-voiced lovely joined him on stage, he confided, "I want you to know that, when I was on Patti's show, I was the one who forgot the lyrics to a song. Now it's Patti's turn. I here give her full permission to forget the lyrics, make up new ones, or just sing tra-la-la, if she wants to."

With a surprised flicker of her eyelashes, Patti acknowledged his challenge. There followed a good-natured duel of invention and wit which gave everyone in the audience the feeling he was intimately sharing a private joke. It is this informal approach which makes Perry and Patti as alike as two sides of a golden coin—or a TV RADIO MIRROR gold medal, since the viewers of America have now elected Perry Como as their favorite TV male singer and Patti Page as their favorite TV female singer.

It's a happy linking of titles, for these two wonderful melody-makers are friends in private life and share many characteristics professionally. Both have a gift for lending magic to music, each turns a ballad into a moving interpretation of a romantic situation which all their listeners can feel and understand. Both give a warm sincerity to their styling of a song. Both are perfectionists.

For Perry, this has been the year in which he took the big gamble. This son of a Pennsylvania mill hand who learned to handle a pair of barber's scissors before he learned to handle an audience, announced at the end of last season that he was making a change. Viewers who had clamored for more Perry Como were to have their way. The little fifteen-minute serenade was finished. Perry was changing network, sponsors and format. He would open his 1955-56 season on NBC-TV (*Continued on page 94*)

The Perry Como Show, on NBC-TV, Sat., from 8 to 9 P.M. EST, is sponsored by Armour and Company, The Toni Company, Dormeyer Corporation, International Cellulotton Products Co., Noxzema Chemical Co., and Gold Seal Co.

FAVORITE TV MALE SINGER

Nice Gal

Everyone loves Patti Page, off the set as well as on—particularly a certain handsome young man!

AN UNEXPECTED contribution to this story was volunteered just as your TV RADIO MIRROR reporter came on the set where the *Patti Page Show* was being filmed. A sprightly and determined little woman asked to be introduced. "If you're writing about Patti Page," she stated, "I want something to say about it. I've been a wardrobe mistress for thirty years and I've worked with them all."

She named a list of stars—and, in the way of backstage people, also added tart comment about a few, praise for many more. Then she moved a step closer. "Now, I want you to put it down. Write it the way I say: This girl, Patti Page, is greater than any of them. And she's the nicest, too. I've never heard her get mad or raise her voice. And, when any of us do anything for her, she appreciates it. Everyone here just loves her."

In a moment, there was an example of the kind of thing which had won this sharp-eyed veteran's devotion. The usual pre-shooting commotion had everyone hopping. Lighting, scenery and camera technicians fussed about effects, a union business agent demanded conformance to the smallest clause in the contract, and a sound man worried at his dials. Through it all, Miss Page was the calmest. Rehearsing, she sang right along, never fluttering a phrase—although her hairdresser was combing away, and a costume designer was changing a detail of Patti's gown.

Then Patti stepped onto the set and more tests began. At last the camera rolled. Unfortunately, in a minute, somebody goofed. Everything stopped and, along the line, cuss words started to crackle. Before they could be fully voiced, Patti took control. Although the fault clearly had not been hers, she said quietly, "I don't believe I did that bit right. Could we try it again?"

It is characteristic of Patti that she seldom says "I." In view of (*Continued on page 89*)

The Patti Page Show is sponsored throughout the nation by the Oldsmobile Dealers of America. See local papers.



FAVORITE TV FEMALE SINGER



Just the facts, ma'am, on why Dragnet and its man Friday, Jack Webb, remain on top



Friday and Smith, alias Webb and Alexander, admire modern design in "secretary" Marjie Millar—and their new police headquarters.

NEW LOOK, OLD FAVORITE

THE TOP of the ladder is a tricky place to be. Gibes come whizzing by your ears to make it a somewhat unsteady perch. Jack Webb, whose restless, driving energy has outwitted many a brickbat, explains it this way: "Some people have found a new crime: Ambition." If it's a crime, Jack Webb—who stars as Sergeant Joe Friday on *Dragnet*, on NBC Radio and Television—is guilty. And if it's a crime, it's also one that pays. The loot this year netted two TV RADIO MIRROR AWARDS: One to *Dragnet* as your favorite TV adventure-mystery program, and one to Jack Webb, who copped your votes for his acting (Continued on page 101)

Dragnet is seen over NBC-TV, Thursday, 8:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Liggett & Meyers Tobacco Company for Chesterfield Cigarettes. *Dragnet* is heard on NBC Radio, Tuesday, 8:30 P.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship.



FAVORITE TV MYSTERY-ADVENTURE PROGRAM • FAVORITE RADIO EVENING DRAMA ACTOR



FAVORITE RADIO HUSBAND-WIFE TEAM • FAVORITE RADIO DAYTIME COMEDY PROGRAM

Time to retire? The Jordans once thought they'd take it easy "after 35"—but it's too much fun keeping busy!

FIBBER and MOLLY

Success and marriage are two

wonderful habits Jim and Marian

Jordan established for life

Their own kitchen, after work, is cosier than the trailer in which they once tried to retire.



TO RADIO's beloved *Fibber McGee And Molly*—known to their friends and family as Jim and Marian Jordan—the answer is quite simple: "Our reaction to middle age? It's inevitable, so why fight it! The secret of staying young is staying busy."

Today, Jim and Marian laugh at their long-ago plan of retiring when they turned thirty-five. "When we were first married," says Marian, brown eyes sparkling, "thirty-five seemed a long way away, and we thought we would be ready."

But thirty-five came—and the Jordans only grew busier. There's an old adage to the effect: "If you want a job done, give it to a busy man." This advice describes the Jordans perfectly. For years, they did thirty-nine shows a year, raised a family, and still had time for their other interests.

For some years now, Jim and Marian Jordan have even done as many as 260 (Continued on page 99)

Jim and Marian Jordan are heard as *Fibber McGee And Molly*, over NBC Radio. (Please check local newspapers for time and station.)

MIRTH and MELODYE



Martha was proud when daughter Melodye made her TV debut but is happiest of all when they're together at home.

THE ROSTER of Martha Raye's guest partners-in-comedy reads like a Who's Who of show business—but the most important of them all joined her this year, when her beloved eleven-year-old daughter, Melodye, made her debut before the TV cameras.

In a happy, spur-of-the-moment decision, Martha arranged it. On that blustery January day, final rehearsals for *The Martha Raye Show* were well under way. She was about to read the lines which would "cue in" Bil and Cora Baird and their delightful puppets, when suddenly she stopped. "I've got an idea," she said, "Melodye should be doing this. Why not let Melodye—who introduced the Baird puppets to me—introduce them to the audience?"

Could Melodye do it? Confirmation of Martha's belief in Melodye's ability came from another vitally interested person, the child's father, Nick Condos. (When, after thirteen years of marriage, Nick and Martha were divorced, she asked him to continue their professional association and stay on as her agent and manager.) Nick, a former dancer himself, has established a reputation for being an astute judge of talent. Now, however, he pleaded prejudice.

"How good is Melodye?" he said. "Don't ask me. I'm her father. You know I think she is wonderful." He did, however, agree that she might go on the show. As he explained, "It was just a little spot—one anybody could do."

Further, Melodye already had shown an interest in following in her parents'—and grandparents'—footsteps. Said Nick proudly, "She has worked up about an hour of entertainment, (*Continued on page 102*)

The Martha Raye Show, seen on NBC-TV, every third Tues. (including April 17), from 8 to 9 P.M. EST, is sponsored by RCA Victor, Sunbeam electrical appliances, Whirlpool washers, dryers, ironers.

*These are the guiding stars
of Martha Raye, queen of clowns
—and proud, happy mother*



FAVORITE TV COMEDIENNE

She herself started young—with her family's act—and has kept America laughing ever since.



FAVORITE TV MUSICAL PROGRAM

Maestro Lawrence Welk has started a new fad—dancing by TV. He demonstrates with Alice Lon, to Myron Florin's lilting accordion.

WHO'S WHO ON The Lawrence Welk Show

EVERYONE was surprised. Everyone, that is, but the viewers. Lawrence Welk has been playing his "Champagne Music" for a long time and people have been flocking to hotels and ballrooms to dance to it. But when, in the age of bop, he refused to let either the beat or the melody get lost, experts shook their heads. Replied Mr. Welk: "Dancing people are happy people." When he went on to play old standards and new favorites for dancing by TV, the ratings rose like champagne bubbles. . . . *The Lawrence Welk Show*, the surprise hit of the season, reflects the warm personality of the band leader from North Dakota. It is frankly sentimental. Its format is simplicity itself and its hallmark is a broad, happy smile for everyone. . . . "We play music that is softer," Lawrence explains, "and fits better into the home." The arrangements are clean-cut, "sweet" and varied. And the musicians are as versatile as their music. . . . The first accordion maestro Welk played, as a toddler, had been in the family three generations. "Music was handed down to me on my family (Continued on page 78)"

The Lawrence Welk Show is seen on ABC-TV, Sat., 9 to 10 P.M. EST. for the Dodge Dealers of America.



Everyone would chorus with Old King Cole if he called for these "fiddlers three"—Bob Lido, Dick Kesner and Aladdin. And the merriest old soul, in point of service, is Jerry Burke, who plays "Champagne Music" on the organ.



Nineteen and the talk of the teens, Buddy Merrill won his job in a nationwide contest.





Rehearsals are fun for host Donald Woods, guest star Nancy Walker, Faith, and producer-director Bruno Zirato, Jr.

THE WOOLWORTH HOUR

Percy Faith sets the mood which makes performers enjoy the musicale as much as listeners themselves.

*Composer-conductor Percy Faith
has the ideal showcase for
airing "What's New in Music"*

By LILLA ANDERSON

A CERTAIN temperamental guest pianist had started to give *The Woolworth Hour* orchestra a hard time. He complained about its interpretation of his music, he complained about the piano, he glared at everyone in sight when he himself hit a clinker. The psychological moment had arrived when the conductor needed to bring the situation under control. . . . In many a rehearsal, the ensuing clash would have rivaled Fourth of July fireworks, but maestro Percy Faith settled down the temperamental one in characteristic low-key fashion. Aiming a companionable (Continued on page 83)

The Woolworth Hour is heard over CBS Radio, every Sunday, from 1 to 2 P.M. EST, as sponsored by The F. W. Woolworth Co.

FAVORITE RADIO MUSICAL PROGRAM



TWO FOR THE MONEY

*Herb Shriner has a couple of
great projects ahead, and he owes it
all to that little harmonica!*

By HELEN BOLSTAD

HERB SHRINER . . . who has led many a contestant down the quiz-show trail toward both loot and fun, on CBS's Award-winning *Two For The Money* . . . has two exciting new projects of his own in store: One marks still further progress in his career . . . for CBS-TV has recognized that audiences want even more of Herb's Hoosier humor than they can sample on *Two For The Money*, where the contestants naturally hold the spotlight. Next fall, they will star Herb in his own hour-long variety show. . . . The second, a personal project, is also an advance toward a long-held Shriner ambition. Having tried out the idea in his own family . . . with his wife Pixie, daughter Indie—and even the little twins—as his first pupils . . . Herb now has begun a campaign to teach youngsters to play the harmonica. "I'd like to see the present crop of kids get as much fun out of it as I have," he explains.

Herb recalls how, when he was growing up in Fort Wayne, Indiana, a small boy's mouth organ rated next in importance to a small boy's dog. Its merry tunes or soulful wails sounded the clue to his innermost joys or sorrows. "But the war changed that," Herb says sadly. "Most of the harmonicas came from Germany and, after the supply was cut off, a whole generation grew up without much chance to tootle a toot."

Herb set out to remedy the situation. He turned his inventiveness to making some changes in the instrument, arranged for the manufacture of Herb Shriner harmonicas, and started giving lessons on the air, in the stores and at meetings—anywhere that boys and girls or their mothers and fathers might look, listen and learn.

"There's a lot to be said for the harmonica," he explains. "There comes a time when any kid with git and gumption wants to stand up and be noticed. He wants to make a noise for himself." Some satisfy this need in the school band. Herb is all for that, but adds: "Trouble (*Continued on page 98*)

Two For The Money is heard on CBS Radio, Sun., at 8:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by P. Lorillard Co. for Old Gold Cigarettes. It is seen on CBS-TV, Sat., 9 P.M. EST, also for Old Gold.



According to Herb, "There comes a time when any kid with gumption . . . wants to make a noise for himself."



Hoosier Herb and his wife Pixie are giving daughter Indie—and even the twins—every chance to do so!

House Party Host



Linkletter's family includes his lovely wife, Lois, and their five lively offspring: Younger son Robert and elder son Jack (who now has a broadcasting career, too!), mid-teen daughter Dawn, "in-between" Sharon, and their "kid sister," Diane.



FAVORITE RADIO DAYTIME MASTER OF CEREMONIES



Art has a unique flair for interviewing children, often gets hilarious answers from them which not only surprise Linkletter but startle their parents!

Art Linkletter treats his guests with a wit and wisdom which come from adventurous experience

By HYATT DOWNING

TODAY, there are few success stories more exciting than that of Art Linkletter, with his daily *House Party* get-togethers over CBS-TV and Radio, his weekly *People Are Funny* capers over NBC-TV and Radio. Art himself reluctantly admits that he has run a \$15 stake in a program idea—then no more than a gleam in his eye, and now familiar even to wandering shepherds in Arabia—into holdings which could be sold for several millions. But Art is a singularly modest man who would rather talk about almost anything except money—unless he's giving away hatfuls of it on one of his shows. Talking to him, a listener quickly gets the impression that he regards cash as a mere "prop" to be used on his programs, something of little value to him personally. It's *people* that count with Linkletter, not bank balances.

Watching Linkletter as he crouches with absorbed, selfless interest before a four-year-old moppet on his daily CBS program, *House Party*, viewers are constantly amazed by his wizard-like perception of the working of a child's mind. He never talks down to children. He treats them with the (Continued on page 90)

Art Linkletter's *House Party*, M-F—on CBS Radio, 3 P.M., as sponsored by Lever Brothers (Lux Liquid, others), Dole Pineapple, Sunsweet Prunes, Kasco Dog Ration—CBS-TV, 2:30 P.M., for Pillsbury Mills, Kellogg, Lever Bros., Dole. His *People Are Funny* is seen over NBC-TV, Sat., 9 P.M., as sponsored by Prom Home Permanent and Paper-Mate Pens—and heard over NBC Radio, Tues., 8 P.M. (All EST)



Grownups also enjoy pitting their wits against his imagination and humor. Above, a glimpse of *House Party's* audience. Below, Art with John Guedel (center)—a most important man in his life.



FAVORITE RADIO DAYTIME VARIETY PROGRAM

ONE MAN'S FAMILY

Bernice Berwin is just as home-loving as Hazel herself, with J. Anthony Smythe and Mary Adams as Father and Mother Barbour. But she can be a "glamour girl," too—as more formal portraits prove.



Twenty-four years together have made Father Barbour and his children more real than the folks next door

ONE MAN'S FAMILY begins its twenty-fifth year on NBC Radio this April, with three of the seven original cast members still at the microphone: J. Anthony Smythe, who plays Father Barbour, Page Gilman as son Jack, and Bernice Berwin as daughter Hazel. . . . Over the years, the Barbours have won unprecedented affection and respect from their devoted listeners—who not only choose *One Man's Family* as their favorite evening drama, but name the warm-hearted "Hazel" as their favorite actress in this field.

Bernice Berwin was actually raised in San Francisco, the Barbour family's home town. Her mother was interested in the theater and, before Bernice was walking, she says—"Mother had me singing." Later, her family gave Bernice a thorough musical education—"hoping," she says, "that I would become a concert pianist." . . . Bernice gave recitals until she was fourteen—"but I had to give them up. It made me too nervous. Besides this, I had a growing interest in the theater. Mother and Father understood. They merely said, 'We only hope you will keep up your interest in music.' Today, I don't think I could live without the classics and symphonies—and the piano is still my pet."

While still in college, and before she joined the beloved "Family," Bernice (Continued on page 79)

One Man's Family, created by Carlton E. Morse, is heard over NBC Radio, M—F, at 7:45 P.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship.

FAVORITE RADIO EVENING DRAMA ACTRESS • FAVORITE RADIO EVENING DRAMA

On TV or off, Miss Young lives many parts—all believable, because they're true to her mind and heart

Sincerely LORETTA



There's infinite variety in the roles Loretta plays, the exciting stories—and actors—she presents. Jock Mahoney (left) has appeared with her several times, is also a TV star in his own right—as *The Range Rider*.

IT HAS long been said in jest that Loretta Young wouldn't walk across the room if she could ride. Having heard this so often, a writer-interviewer visiting the TV set said with surprise, at the end of the day, "Loretta hasn't sat down once. She's walked—if not run—all day!" Standing beside her, Helen Ferguson, Loretta's public relations counsel and close friend, said, "Why, of course not. Loretta is playing a positive character, and action and movement are an integral part of the role. In fact, you can always tell what type of role Loretta is playing each week by the way she acts both on stage and off."

For the third consecutive year, Loretta Young has been voted by the American television audience as their favorite evening dramatic actress. As Helen Ferguson says, "You can't fool an audience. They know a sincere, believable performance when they see one." . . . One reason Loretta has been honored is because she has portrayed

so many different roles so well. From week to week, she is almost chameleon-like in her ability to change from one role to another—even playing two distinct and opposite characters in one teleplay.

How does Loretta achieve this absolute *sincerity* of performance? For one thing, she unconsciously stores up impressions of people and characters, like a squirrel storing up acorns for the winter. For example: In her many years of performing, she has been interviewed by countless newspaper reporters, both men and women. Recently, Loretta played the role of a hard-bitten newspaper gal. The little touch that gave the character three dimensions was a cigarette dangling from her mouth. . . . After the television show was (*Continued on page 97*)

The Loretta Young Show is seen on NBC-TV, Sundays, 10 P.M. EST, sponsored by Procter & Gamble Company for Tide, Gleem, and Lilt.

FAVORITE TV EVENING DRAMA ACTRESS

LIVING LEGEND



Bachelor Hugh says, "If I could find the right girl, I'd settle down tomorrow." Meanwhile, he and "Lady," his collie, enjoy the quiet solitude of a beach home.



FAVORITE TV WESTERN STAR

Hugh had to practice a "quick draw," as Wyatt Earp, but is proud the heroic marshal was never a "killer."

Wyatt Earp brought Hugh O'Brian everything he wanted—except, perhaps, the girl of his dreams

By JERRY ASHER

THIS IS the story of a man who learned to live with a memory and, out of the strange association, found a philosophy that changed the entire course of his life. It's the story of a successful Hollywood star who considered himself a failure as a human being—until a dead man taught him to recognize truth. This is the story of Hugh O'Brian, who is eternally grateful to the greatest of all the famous frontier marshals—Wyatt Earp!

"There comes a time in every man's life when he becomes fed up with himself and his work," reflects the man who plays television's famous peace officer, "and when it happened to me, I was in the fortunate position of being able to do something about it.

"You see, the truth is that—until March of 1954, when I secured (*Continued on page 76*)

The Life And Legend Of Wyatt Earp, seen on ABC-TV, Tues., 8:30 P.M. EST, sponsored alternately by General Mills, Inc. (for Cheerios) and the Parker Pen Company.



FAVORITE RADIO DAYTIME DRAMA ACTOR

Sandy's own warmth and understanding are a perfect match for the character of idealistic Jerry Malone.

*Like Young Dr. Malone himself,
Sandy Becker knows that
love is life's greatest prescription*

By MARY TEMPLE

WATCHING Sandy Becker join the rest of the cast of *Young Dr. Malone*, at the CBS microphone, you can easily believe him to be that idealistic medico. His gray-brown eyes are serious, but behind them lurk fun and humor. He is tall (slightly more than six feet) and slender, with a quick, easy stride and a manner which inspires confidence. A quiet man, but a purposeful one.

Ruth Becker, who listens at home whenever the needs of their three children and the household duties permit, naturally knows all the characters in the absorbing daytime drama and follows the story with interest. It's her belief that her husband's success as Dr. Malone is mostly an inner thing . . . a question of *feeling*, of understanding this earnest young doctor he has been so close to for (Continued on page 100)

Sandy Becker stars as Jerry Malone—also known as *Young Dr. Malone*, heard over CBS Radio, each Mon-thru Fri., at 1:30 P.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship.

HEART'S HAVEN



Wife Ruth speaks volumes as she says, "Our children worship him." But the actions of Annelle, son Curtis and older daughter Joyce speak louder than words.





FAVORITE RADIO WESTERN STAR

Not only a top performer himself, Autry also produces top television shows starring others—like Gail Davis of *Annie Oakley* (below, touring the Colt's Patent Fire Arms Museum with Gene and Colt's president, S. A. Stewart).



Hooray for GENE!

*Autry rides high, wide and handsome
into the hearts of all who
love the West—whether "old" or "new"*

SOME YEARS AGO, in the process of joining his rodeo with another, Gene Autry entered a banker's conference room to sign the papers closing the deal. The bankers, flanked by their lawyers, were surprised to see Gene arrive alone. As Gene later explained, simply, "I trust everybody. . . ." This trust is one of Gene's outstanding character traits, and to a great extent responsible for his ever-continuing success: In 1956, Gene Autry will be celebrating his twenty-sixth year on radio and his sixteenth year for the same sponsor—one of the longest associations of a star and sponsor in the history of show business.

What is there about Gene Autry that wears so well? The answer is to be found in Gene's sincerity, his honesty of heart and manner, simple as one of his Western tunes. Plain folks, it seems, never wear out their welcome. And Gene Autry, with his simplicity, is forever welcome in his listeners' homes.

The love his co-workers have for Gene is well shown in their loyalty and long tenure in his organization—many have been with him twenty years or more. Louise Moraweck, for example, first played viola in Gene's radio orchestra for ten years, and has since worked six more years on the radio staff. She describes good friend Gene as follows: "Gene is consistent and even-tempered. Perhaps I should say he has a complete lack of temperament. So many actors are 'stars.' He's not one of them. He's just Gene. He is so unaffected, you can't help loving him.

"On the other hand, he's full of energy. On the road he doesn't mind a seven-day-a-week schedule, matinee and evening performances, Sunday rehearsal and radio show or visits to the governor, mayor, or city officials. Whenever there is a break in the day, his first stop is the children's hospital. He works best when he has most to do. Yet he never loses his temper—though I can tell you he's had plenty of occasions to do so.

"I remember, when I first went to work for him, I was in charge of his 'original' record collection—relics they were, his first recordings, many out of release and impossible to duplicate. Some already had been destroyed in a fire at his home, so that made the remainder even more valuable in his eyes.

"One day, the arranger came to me asking if he could borrow one of the 'firsts,' saying he needed it for a special job on the air show. My conscience hurt when I handed it over, but I did so only on his promise to return it the very next day. You can imagine how I felt when he came in to say he had dropped and broken the record. Gene (Continued on page 94)

The Gene Autry Show is heard on CBS Radio, Sun., 6 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Wrigley's Doublemint Chewing Gum. See local papers for time and station of *The Gene Autry Show* on television.



FAVORITE RADIO WOMEN'S PROGRAM

"Queen" Mary Cooper got the trip she wanted, new wardrobe and home appliances—emcee Jack Bailey got a kiss! At right, Jack with Raymond R. Morgan, who created the Cinderella program to fit a life-long belief in *giving*.

*Year after year, Queen For a Day
has made fondest dreams
come true for the women of America*



Cheers for the QUEEN

WOULD YOU like to be "queen for a day"? Genial Jack Bailey will ask the intriguing but familiar question for the umpteenth time, one fine day in this month of April, 1956, as *Queen For A Day* celebrates its eleventh anniversary over the Mutual radio network. In Hollywood, the usual vociferous affirmative will be shouted by a thousand women in the audience at Frank Sennes' Moulin Rouge restaurant, where the popular show originates each weekday . . . across the country, millions of listeners and viewers will nod an enthusiastic "yes" to their sets . . . and "Queen," as the program is affectionately called, will once again be on its record-breaking way.

"Queen" is used to acclaim by now, after more than a decade on the airwaves. This is the fourth consecutive year in which TV RADIO MIRROR readers have voted it their favorite women's program in radio. By February, 1956, after only two short months on NBC-TV, "Queen" had also become one of the highest-rated daytime shows in TV. Its devoted fans have made Jack's kick-off question—"Would you like to be 'queen for a day'?"—part of

our American idiom, and thousands of unsolicited letters arriving weekly indicate that "Queen" is one of the highest-rated shows in their hearts.

A great part of the success of "Queen" can be directly attributed to its personable emcee, Jack Bailey. "Jack," says director Harry Mynatt, "doesn't take advantage of 'his girls,' as he affectionately calls them. He is sympathetic. He makes the ladies comfortable. He's like the little guy who lives next door." And Mr. Raymond R. Morgan, originator of "Queen," says, "Jack Bailey . . . is just pure gold, that's all."

But Jack—who is fast becoming one of the most successful and most often seen emcees in TV, with his appearances on *Truth Or Consequences* and the recent expansion of "Queen" to the NBC-TV network—only says bashfully, "G'wan . . . there are sixty people who make 'Queen' come to life every day. (Continued on page 98)

Queen For A Day is heard over the Mutual Broadcasting System, M-F, at 11:30 A.M. EST. It is seen over NBC-TV, M-F, at 4:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Procter & Gamble, Miles Laboratories, and others.

**Childhood and old age both have
their claims to love—but Bertha Bauer
finds that these claims can conflict**



Portrait of a three-time gold medal winner—a tense, true-to-life situation and a fine cast. James Lipton plays Dr. Dick Grant, Theo Goetz is "Papa" Bauer, and Charita Bauer is Bertha Bauer. Lynn Rogers plays the artist Marie Wallace and young Glenn Walken is the troubled Michael.



FAVORITE RADIO DAYTIME DRAMA

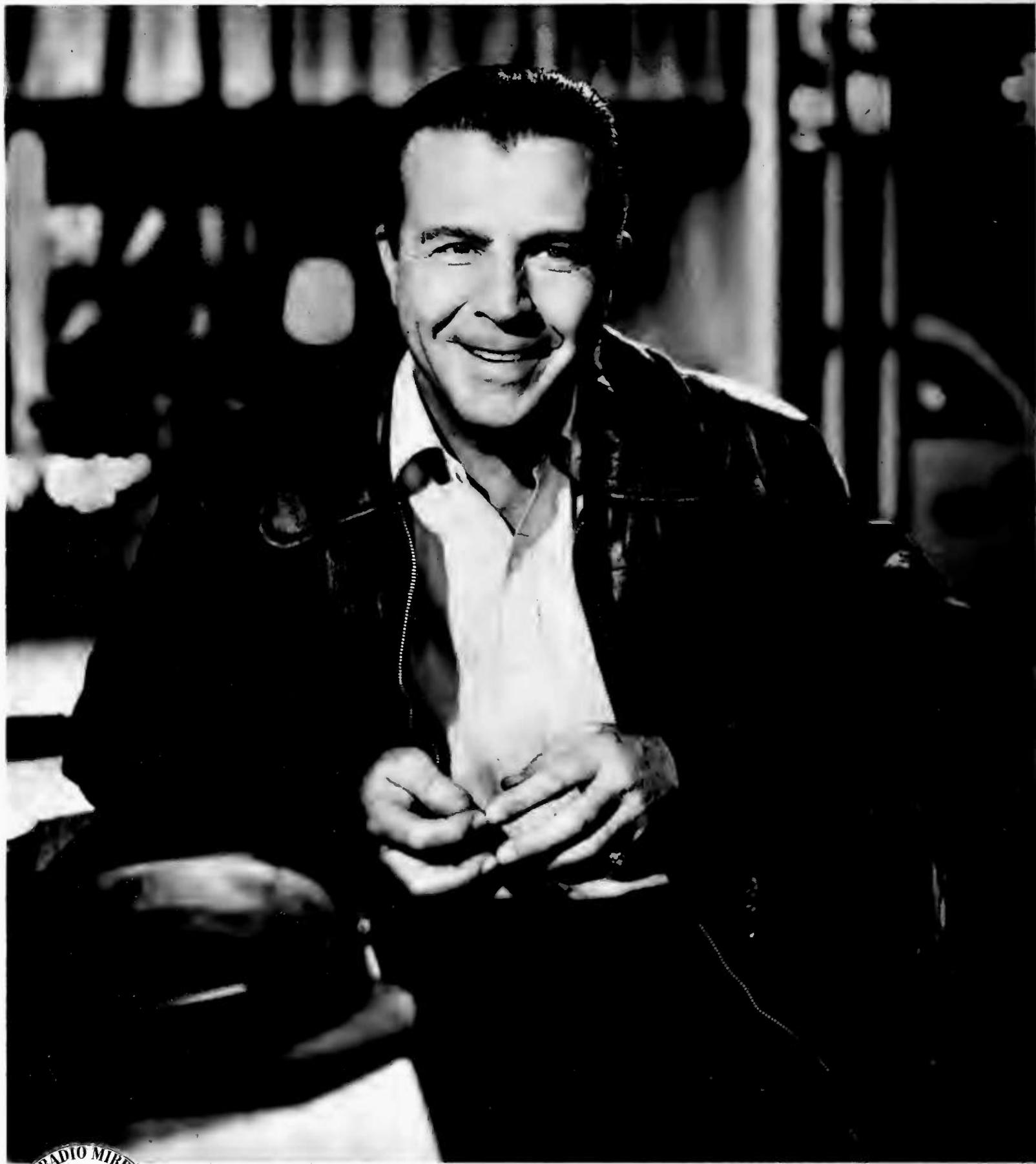
The Guiding Light

A CHILD lives in a small world. Its boundaries are the family, its guiding light is love. When, for any reason, real or imagined, the child feels that light dimming, the carefree, sunny, careless days which should be childhood turn to fretful, perhaps fearful, twilight. . . . For young Michael Bauer, the bewilderment, hurt and loneliness began more than a year ago, with the arrival of Grandmother Elsie in the home of Bertha and Bill Bauer. When his maternal grandmother decided to come to live with them, his paternal grandfather left to live in his daughter Meta's home. To eleven-year-old Mike, it meant the loss of a great ally, a grandfather who had given him a deep sense of being loved and belonging. . . . Michael lost an ally and gained a critic. Unconsciously, his grandmother played favorites. She found fault in all that Michael did, but she had nothing but praise for his two-year-old brother Billy. Mike hit back by resenting his brother. . . . Bill Bauer, his father, also resents his mother-in-law's intrusion. He realizes that, in lavishing her love and favoritism on his younger son Billy, she has made him a "grandma's boy," spoiled and unmanageable by anyone but her. And it is Grandmother who suggests to Mike's mother, Bert, that his hero-worship of an older boy, the basketball star Jock Baker, is bad for him. . . . Artist Marie Wallace senses Mike's deep unhappiness. Marie—who had befriended Dr. Dick Grant in New York, and was repaid for her kindness when Dick brought her to California for eye treatment—is immediately struck by Michael's alert, rather sad eyes and the sensitive, unsmiling mouth. When she asks to paint his portrait, Mike is thrilled that someone has actually singled him out for attention. And, when she says she will call him personally about the sittings, he feels like an individual in his own home again. But his grandmother wonders aloud, in Mike's hearing, why Marie chose to paint Mike rather than his younger brother. . . . In a year's time, his grandmother has made many such remarks, and Mike has waited in vain for a member of his family to come to his aid. Finally, convinced he is unloved and unwanted, Mike decides to run away. . . . The

next morning, Bert and Bill think only that he has left early to watch basketball practice, and his grandmother warns that they are too lenient with the boy and that Mike should be punished. Later that afternoon, when Marie Wallace calls to ask Mike to pose, Bert calls the school and learns that he is on the absent list. Alarmed, she hurries to the school—Mike has never played truant before. . . . The school principal calms her—and warns her. "Well, you have to let go the reins," she tells Bert, "and not let him feel your hands on them. He, like others in his class, is going through a siege of growing pains. There are changes in their bodies . . . they're growing in every way . . . we grownups have to try to understand." As to punishment, she tells Bert, "Yes—but understanding, too." . . . On Bert's suggestion, the principal calls Mike's friend Jock. But Jock reports that he hasn't seen Mike that day, that Mike told him he wasn't allowed to come to basketball practice any more. Later on, Jock reveals that Mike had threatened that, if his grandmother didn't stop meddling, and "picking on him," he would run away. . . . After her interview with the principal, Bert returns home. "Please don't misunderstand," she tells her mother, "but this is Bill's and my responsibility." She asks her mother not to say anything to Mike when he comes home—but Mike doesn't come home. Frantic, the Bauers call the police. A charcoal sketch Marie had done of Mike is published in the papers. Finally, Mike is found. He had intended to run away, he explains, but he had got lost, instead. As in all such cases, a social welfare agency worker is called in. But no clear-cut solution presents itself. . . . Should Bert's widowed mother be forced to leave the home she has found with her daughter? Certainly, her meddling has brought harm—but, just as certainly, there was no harmful intent. Bert Bauer finds herself caught between her duty to her mother and her primary responsibility to her husband and her two sons. All have a claim on her love. . . . But, Bert wonders—if the claims conflict—where then does the answer lie? Where should the guiding light of love lead her now?

The Guiding Light is sponsored Monday through Friday by the Procter & Gamble Company—on CBS Radio, at 1:45 P.M. EST, for Tide and Gleem—on CBS-TV, 12:45 P.M. EST, for Ivory, Duz, and Cheer.

FOUR STAR Triple Threat



FAVORITE TV EVENING DRAMA ACTOR



Dick has a good head for business and is a very considerate boss but he knows how to take orders, too. Above, with Robert Florey, of the Screen Directors Guild, who directed him in "Fair Trial."



Above, three stars of the same big TV theater: Charles Boyer, David Niven and Powell—they're also producer-owners! Below, two stars in the same happy family: Dick and his noted actress-wife, June Allyson of the films—with their children, Pamela and Ricky.

Actor, producer and director, Dick Powell fought his biggest battles after he'd already won fame

By BUD GOODE

HORATIO ALGER would have admired Dick Powell, for Powell—producer, actor, part-owner of *Four Star Playhouse*, as seen over CBS-TV—is an American success story in the grand style. Currently, he is known to TV audiences as one of *Four Star's* dramatic quartet, comprised of David Niven, Charles Boyer, Ida Lupino and Powell. In climbing America's ladder of success, Dick has collected nickels for the telephone company, sold insurance, emceed, worked as a musician, orchestra leader, singing motion-picture star, radio disc jockey, movie and radio sleuth, motion-picture director, stage director, and a motion-picture and television producer.

Much like the suave Willie Dante character he (Continued on page 74)

Four Star Playhouse, CBS-TV, Thurs., 9:30 P.M. EST, is sponsored by Singer Sewing Machine Company and Bristol-Myers Company.



Four Star Triple Threat

(Continued from page 73)

frequently portrays on *Four Star*, Powell has been willing to gamble his crown—at the peak of each of these careers—to tackle something new in the entertainment industry. As an actor, he is equally willing to tackle almost any role. On *Four Star*, he has played a policeman, pilot, taxi driver, doctor—and night-club proprietor Willie Dante. The hard work has paid off in acclaim. Already voted “best actor in a network series” by the country’s leading TV critics in the annual *Billboard* awards poll, Dick Powell is now the 1955-56 winner of TV RADIO MIRROR’s nationwide balloting, as the favorite TV nighttime dramatic actor of the American TV audience itself.

TV’s *Four Star Playhouse* began four years ago, when Dick Powell found himself among the unemployed, after successfully playing the part of Richard Diamond on the radio series of that name. Dick and his agent, Don Sharpe, had adjoining offices. “Don always wanted me to get into TV,” says Dick. “I was sitting in his office one day when he brought up an old radio idea he had called ‘Four Star Theater.’”

“Joel McCrea and Rosalind Russell, who had done the radio series, were not interested in TV at this time, so we used guest stars for the first year. Then I asked David Niven, an old friend, to do one show—which was such a success that David wanted to become a full-time partner. Charles Boyer, another of Don’s clients, joined us and, with our lawyer, Bill Cruickshank, we were in business.”

In addition to the three producer-actors, there is a fourth weekly guest. This season, it is Ida Lupino. Dick swears by Ida, not only because she is such a fine actress, but because she knows production values so well that she is as “cost-conscious” as producers Niven, Boyer or Powell. *Four Star* would like Ida’s services indefinitely.

It’s just possible that TV RADIO MIRROR readers have a mental picture of Dick living in real life like ‘Willy Dante’, the unemotional gambler—or Powell, the cost-conscious producer. Nothing could be further from the truth. In television, a high-pressure industrial boiler which breathes an exhaust of ulcers and temperament, Dick Powell is a study in contrasts. Betty Burns, a young actress who has worked in the Dante series, says: “Mr. Powell sings on the set. It keeps everybody smiling.”

Kiva, Dick’s make-up man for eleven years, says, “He’s a human being. When he was producing and directing RKO’s ‘The Conqueror’ in New Mexico, the temperature was around 115 degrees. After every difficult scene, he always came over to thank players individually for their hard work. It makes a difference.”

And Leslie Raymaster, Dick’s stand-in for fifteen years, says, “Mr. Powell is that rare combination of administrator-actor. He knows how to get people to work with him—not for him. He plays no favorites. Everybody on the set gets his attention and a sympathetic ear. I’d give up an arm for him.”

Dick’s social life away from the set is confined to his family—wife June Allyson and their children, Pamela, who will soon be eight, and Ricky, who was born Christmas Eve, 1950. Dick reads a lot, usually in bed, has a large record collection, classical and popular, and still tootles a saxophone, an instrument he learned at an early age. He dresses comfortably with jaunty good taste, likes people, and his home (fifty-seven acres in Mandeville

Canyon) is a popular meeting place for the Hollywood elite.

Actress June Allyson and Dick Powell married in 1945. At that time, Dick’s hobbies were flying and his yacht, the *Santana*. “Yachts hold a special fascination for me,” says Dick, “because—at home in Little Rock, Arkansas—the biggest body of water I ever saw was the Saturday-night bath.”

June and Dick spent their honeymoon on the *Santana*. “After the kids came, June wasn’t too happy with the boat,” Dick recalls. “We didn’t want to run off and leave the kids, and we couldn’t take Pam and Ricky along for fear they’d fall over the side.” Dick sold the *Santana* to Humphrey Bogart.

“Then I went back to my first love, flying,” says Dick. “June wasn’t too nervous about my flying—she just wouldn’t get in a plane. Then came my crack-up. I was over Las Vegas one day when the motor literally exploded. I landed in an old cow pasture with the grace of God and a prayer.

“Next week, I put a new motor in the plane and flew home. But, after that, June was a nervous wreck every time I left the house. She would ask, ‘Where are you going?’ I would say I was going to the office, and she would call the airport and there I was. After this happened two or three times, I sold the plane and went back to golf. June loves golf . . . it’s a game that keeps both feet on the ground.”

Dick Powell’s Horatio Alger story began in Mountain View, Arkansas, a town of 900 people and no railroad. When Dick was five, his family moved to Berryville, the county seat, and later to Little Rock. “We had,” Dick says, “a wonderful American family life. My father was head of the International Harvester Company for the five states around Arkansas. We had a musical family. My mother played the piano. She gave lessons to me and my brother, Howard. Howard was so much better than I that I got disgusted and quit, and started studying the clarinet, trumpet, and saxophone. As kids, we spent a lot of time singing around my mother’s piano.

“From sixteen to twenty-one, my brother Luther and I sang in the Jewish Synagogue on Friday night, the Scottish Rite Consistory on Wednesday night, the Episcopal Church Sunday morning, and the Methodist Church on Sunday night. Between the two of us, we had every tenor job in town tied up. Luther is now general freight agent for the Illinois Central Railroad. I don’t know why he went into business—he had a better voice than I did.”

When he was eighteen and in Little Rock College, Dick went to work in the summertime installing the “new” dial telephones. “Next summer I was promoted,” he says. “I collected the nickels out of pay stations.”

He landed his first professional job as vocalist with the dinner orchestra at the Kentucky Hotel in Louisville. Dick sang classical and semi-classical ballads which pleased the hotel patrons, but the young tenor was not flooded with fat offers to go on to bigger and better things. Later, he reached a larger audience over Station WHAS, which carried the dinner music.

Then Dick began adding a little patter between the songs and built a reputation as an emcee. In those days, the best way to get a job as emcee was to have a background as vocalist with a name band. So Dick did considerable angling and finally had his first and only nibble from Charlie Davis, then conducting the orchestra at the Ohio Theater in Indianapolis. There was only one hitch: The sing-

er Davis wanted had to double as banjoist. “I played saxophone, trumpet and clarinet,” Powell says, “but I didn’t know one banjo string from another. So I wired Davis I’d join him in thirty days, went out and bought a banjo—and went to work with Charlie a month later, with the soreset set of finger-tips you ever saw.” A year later, Dick had his own band and played at the Indiana Ballroom.

Dick’s first big-time break came as emcee and vocalist at the Enright Theater in the East Liberty section of Pittsburgh. He was billed as “Richard E. Powell—Tenor.” He was there for a year, and then went to the Stanley Theater in the heart of town, then back again to the Enright. Between the two theaters, he was held over for three years.

Warners’ offered Dick a film contract and he left the Stanley for Hollywood. His screen debut was in “Blessed Event,” starring Lee Tracy and Mary Brian. Powell played a down-and-out band leader. “I got a shock when I read that script,” Dick recalls. “I spoke one word, ‘Hello,’ to Lee Tracy. He didn’t answer.”

But Dick sang three songs in the picture, in a way that set the Brothers Warner scurrying for scripts for movie musicals. That was in 1932, and it saw the start of a cycle of musicals never equalled before or since. By 1935, the tenor from Little Rock was one of the top ten box-office names in movies, and one of the hottest things on radio. “Yet I was in a rut,” he says. “I’d decided I wanted to stay in this business the rest of my life, and, obviously, I couldn’t spend the rest of my life being a young crooner in musicals. So I set my sights on becoming a director, eventually a producer.”

Dick went to work to un-type himself. He asked Warners’ for a dramatic role. His bosses smiled tolerantly, and their manner intimated that a psychiatrist might prove helpful for these spells Powell seemed to be having. Finally, Dick left Warners’ and looked for tough guy roles.

Then RKO studio head Charles Koerner heard of Dick’s quest, called him, and offered him the lead in a fast, tough Raymond Chandler mystery, “Farewell, My Lovely.” The movie version was titled: “Murder, My Sweet.”

The movie and the new Dick Powell were a decided hit. All at once, every film and radio producer in town wanted Dick for tough or dramatic roles. He became a private eye in two highly successful radio series, first as Richard Rogue, then as Richard Diamond.

The movie which marked another milestone in the Powell plan, and finally gave Dick his first chance to direct, was “Split Second,” a taut dramatic thriller which won critical acclaim, made money, and firmly established Powell as a director. Since “Split Second,” Dick has directed and produced RKO’s “The Conqueror” and Columbia’s musical version of “It Happened One Night,” starring his wife, June Allyson. To top his career and climb to success, Powell has just been signed by 20th Century-Fox as producer-director.

Busy as he is, Dick says he will never give up *Four Star*. “I like the people too much,” he says. Besides that fact, hard work has always been a part of Dick’s philosophy of life—it’s part of his Arkansas background. Yes, Horatio Alger would have been proud of the Little Rock boy who grew up to be an internationally famous actor-director-producer.

Says Powell, with a wry grin, “I still haven’t given up the saxophone. In this business, you never can tell.”

Award Winners

(Continued from page 34)

in the daytime category! Garry Moore, whose afternoon show has been a winner or semi-finalist ever since it started on CBS-TV, nosed out his rivals for the second year straight as TV daytime emcee. Meanwhile, *I've Got A Secret*, Garry's Wednesday-night telecast over the same network, topped the balloting as favorite TV panel program for the second time. The radio winner in this latter group was *Make Up Your Mind*, created and produced by Arthur Henley, moderated by Jack Sterling—and now seeking new worlds to conquer on television.

Two For The Money, seen and heard on CBS, wins its third successive quiz-show medal, this time for radio. And Herb Shriner, its Hoosier quipmaster, wins his first one as your favorite radio master of ceremonies. The quiz-show and emcee races are always hotly contested, with Groucho Marx and *You Bet Your Life* always thrusting into a photo finish, along with such well-loved hosts as Warren Hull, Bud Collyer, Bert Parks and their exciting programs.

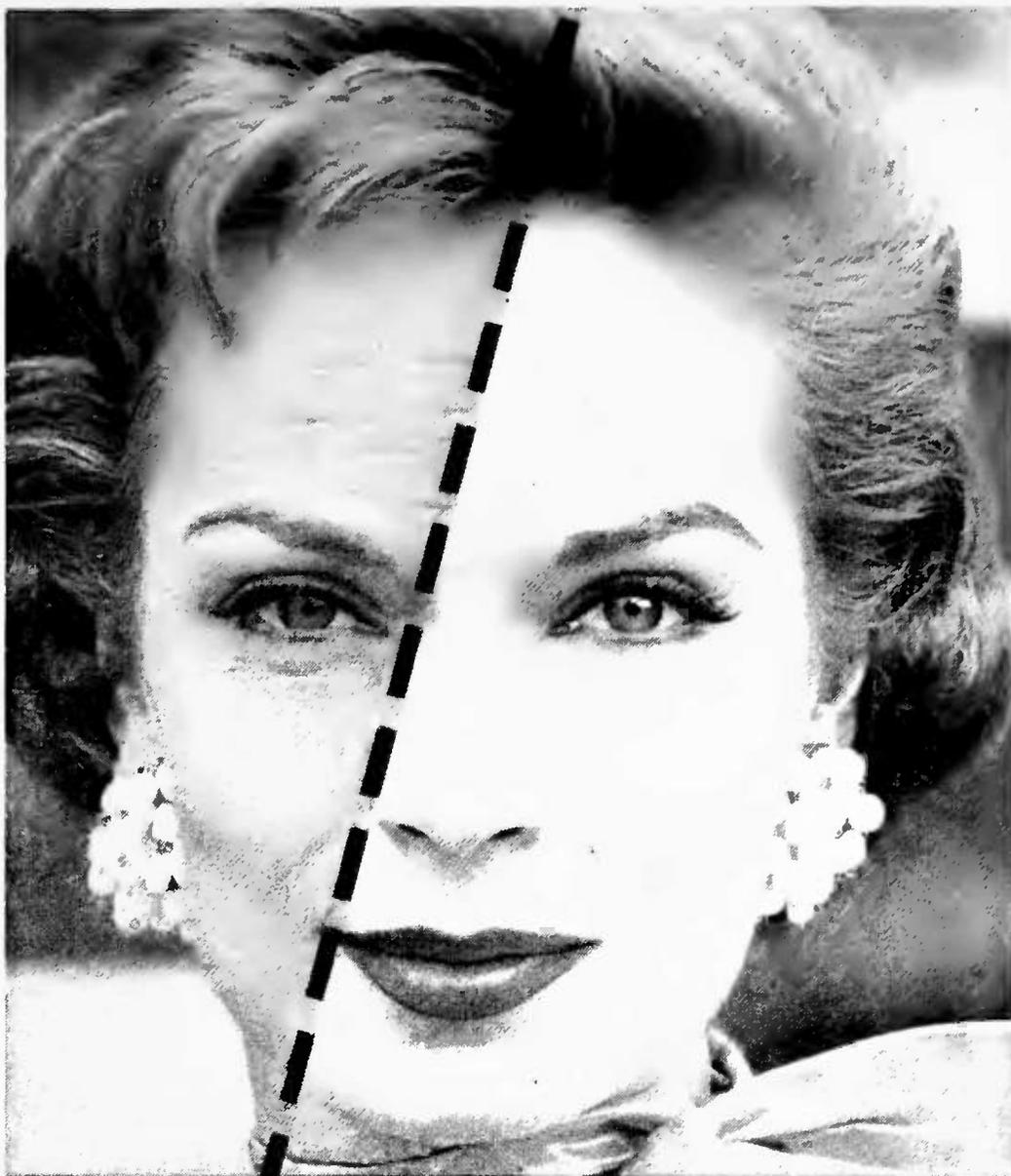
But it was *The \$64,000 Question*, over CBS, which won the TV quiz Award this year, without any doubt, just as it wrested the "best TV program" title from such formidable previous medalists as the great shows staged by Sullivan and Godfrey on the same network. As previously noted, *Talent Scouts* captured the evening variety medal for radio. *The Ed Sullivan Show* again topped all comers in TV evening variety, and Ed himself gained his third TV evening emcee title in a row—in fact, both program and producer-star now have five gold medals apiece!

There was action a-plenty in the field of Westerns and outdoor adventure. For some years, this was only a seesaw battle between Gene Autry and Roy Rogers, who took turns winning star and program medals, on both radio and TV. This year, Gene—who won the first such Award ever given (it was then called "cowboy actor")—more than held his own as your favorite Western star on radio, as heard over CBS. And *The Roy Rogers Show*, as seen over NBC, won the Western program Award for TV. The race was a wild scramble in television (even "Davy Crockett" got into the act!) but, when the dust settled, Hugh O'Brian, title-role hero of ABC-TV's *The Legend Of Wyatt Earp*, had ridden off with TV Western-star honors.

Gunsmoke, which has won steadily growing respect for its adult scripts and true-to-life characterizations, as heard on CBS, topped all radio Westerns. Produced and directed by Norman Macdonnell, written by John Meston, it achieved its first gold medal last year in the mystery-adventure category. This year, the radio mystery-adventure Award went to Mutual's *Gang Busters*—to add to all the other honors amassed during the years by this authentic documentary of the exciting work done by police of the nation.

No newcomer to our Award lists, NBC's *Dragnet*—which has also won on radio—took in its fourth consecutive gold medal in the TV mystery-adventure group. Jack Webb, its creator and star, can now collect his sixth Award as top evening drama actor, this time in the radio category. Dick Powell, who's no stranger to hard-hitting roles himself, won the corresponding TV Award as actor in *Four Star Playhouse*, over CBS-TV.

Compared with other winners in this field, Dick's practically a newcomer to television. Years of devotion and steady followings have paid off for all the other drama champions, day and night. Loretta



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Young's triumph as your favorite TV evening drama actress, in her own show over NBC-TV, is her third in a row, and she has now tied Peggy Wood, the only previous triple-winner in her category—and Loretta's closest rival this year, too. *Mama*, the beloved show starring Peggy Wood, also wins the TV evening drama Award for a third consecutive time. (It also won, back in 1949, its very first season on CBS-TV.)

It's a "first" for *One Man's Family*, on NBC, as your favorite radio evening drama. But Carlton E. Morse's great creation and its fine featured players have long been close rivals for top Awards. And, this year, Bernice Berwin—the only remaining feminine player who was in the cast when *One Man's Family* began, some twenty-four years ago—receives the coveted accolade as radio's favorite evening drama actress.

The Guiding Light has been on daytime radio for almost twenty years. Written by a woman, Irna Phillips, and produced by a woman, Lucy Ferri, it has been equally popular since adding television to its schedule, and has won TV RADIO MIRROR

medals in both categories. This year, it triumphed as the best-loved radio daytime drama, though closely contested by such perennial favorites as *The Romance Of Helen Trent* and *The Second Mrs. Burton*, which are also heard over CBS. It was the star of the latter, Jan Miner, who won as favorite radio daytime actress—for the sixth successive time (a little habit she started when she was Julie Paterno of *Hilltop House*). Jan's husband, Terry O'Sullivan—seen as Elliott Norris in *Valiant Lady* over CBS-TV—has also won his third successive gold medal as your favorite TV daytime actor.

But the real "repeater" in TV daytime drama is Mary Stuart, who has now been named for the fourth time as your favorite actress, in her role as Joanne Tate, in *Search For Tomorrow!* The latter series, produced by Myron Golden over CBS-TV, has also won as favorite TV daytime drama for the second consecutive year—though the votes piled high for *Love Of Life* and *The Secret Storm*, both produced by Richard Dunn, on the same network. Two interesting sidelights from the 1955-56 balloting: Melba Rae, who took such a

prominent part in *Search For Tomorrow* while Mary Stuart was on maternity leave last summer, was one of Mary's closest competitors for the actress Award. And James Lipton, of *The Guiding Light*, was the nearest rival for the actor's Award—on both TV and radio! However, the last-named Award was finally captured by Sandy Becker—a previous winner and always a strong challenger—for his compelling performance in the title role of *Young Dr. Malone*, on CBS Radio.

Puppets were king in the juvenile world, as so often before. It was NBC-TV's *Howdy Doody* that pulled the strings for the TV children's program Award, spirit-ing it away from last year's prize-winning *Kukla, Fran And Ollie*. And Big Jon's delightful little "Sparkie" undoubtedly had much to do with the fact that ABC's *No School Today* won for radio. But there were some very human—and very familiar—faces and voices in the news and sports categories, since the Awards went to commentators John Cameron Swayze of NBC-TV and Lowell Thomas of CBS Radio, to sportscasters Mel ("Voice of the Yankees") Allen and Bill Stern of ABC Radio.

Living Legend

(Continued from page 66)

my release from Universal-International Pictures—my current popularity was directly due to a snarl and a built-in sneer! In other words, I was the deep-dyed-in-the-wool villain with eighteen pictures under my gun belt. But I neither got the girl, nor did I live until the final reel—and I wanted to win, for a change. So I got out!"

In *The Life And Legend Of Wyatt Earp*, over ABC-TV, Hugh O'Brian re-established himself as a hero in the hearts and homes of twelve million weekly viewers. Now when he discusses the metamorphosis in his personal and professional life, something akin to wonderment creeps into Hugh's dark and expressive eyes.

"This may make me sound like a cornball," he says, "but Wyatt Earp proved to be that proverbial 'friend in need.' The influence of this exemplary man came into my life at a time when I needed it most. Hollywood is a lonely town and, when roots are missing, there has to be a bridge between the tangibles and intangibles. Earp's belief in the tremendous power, carefully used, that God gives an individual to change the course of events, was truly inspiring."

Wise as well as witty, Hugh was quite aware that he was gambling with fate and, before he severed studio connections, he carefully considered every aspect. Not to discredit U-I and their pattern, he was sincerely grateful for their training school and all he had learned. Leaving them was like leaving home—and yet, if he remained, he might be relegated to feature roles forever. On the other hand, there was no guarantee of a better break on the outside world.

"If the going got too rough," Hugh recalls, "well, I used to be a good landscape gardener, and I knew I could make a living. Being a bachelor was the reason I could take a chance. My only responsibility was a toy collie that eats thirty-three cents worth of horse meat a day. But, if I had been married, I couldn't have afforded to risk our money."

"Lady Luck didn't desert me. Out of three pictures in a row at 20th Century-Fox, I made enough money to double my year's salary at U-I. However, I kept looking around, because I knew I needed a 'gimmick.' Studios are in business to

make money and no matter how much talent you may have, you must also have 'name value.'

"Each actor has his own way of arriving. For example, Marlon Brando might have had difficulty getting major roles five or six years ago, because he wasn't the type they were looking for *then*. So sometimes you have to go away to gain recognition. Brando went to Broadway. I knew I had to get away from playing 'heavies.'"

It took TV and a hero role to give Hugh O'Brian "name value" and the proof that he could be attractive to audiences. Today, fans who hated him as a movie menace, love him for his character and courage. They send him presents. Three fans named their first babies after him. And, of course, his social life is completely revolutionized.

"I've always had wonderful loyal friends," laughs Hugh, "but, as everyone knows, Hollywood is comprised of individual groups, and certain sets just don't dig you until you've hit the jackpot. I'll never forget one experience last September, when *The Life And Legend Of Wyatt Earp* had its ABC network premiere. The reviews were very rewarding, and the program induced a deluge of enthusiastic fan mail.

"One morning, my telephone rang and the charming voice on the wire belonged to a famous Hollywood hostess. It seems she was giving a plushy party—complete with cellophane tent and hot-and-cold running butlers. The evening's success, my fair informant insisted, depended on my presence. Now, I had never been invited to her fabulous home before—and, in fact, had never even met the lady!"

"I thanked her profusely for such a thoughtful (and sudden!) invitation. But wasn't it a shame, I said, that I wouldn't be able to accept—because I was spending my evenings in the public library! The silence that followed this little bomb was a real gasser!"

"The public library," she finally found her voice. "Now *what* in the name of heaven would you be doing *there*?"

"It must have sounded far-fetched and perfectly ridiculous to her. But I couldn't have been more sincere, because I had already become fascinated with my slight knowledge of Wyatt Earp. If I was to live with his memory sixteen hours each day, I wanted to learn all I could learn about this courageous man who holds

such a high place in the colorful history of the West."

The way Hugh O'Brian and Wyatt Earp converged proves that certain things in life are just meant to be. Hugh believes this with all his warm heart, and yet he's sensible to realize that timing, as well as opportunity, plays a very important part in the scheme of things.

"There were five different TV series on the fire," he says, "but I kept holding out for one which offered that extra-special something. Finally, producers Lew Edelman and Robert Sisk sent me a script. It was the story of a great man who actually lived, a man important to our history and whose appeal had never been brought before the public on TV. It was to be the first adult Western series on a livewire network, ABC. The whole setup appealed to me, but there were other contributing factors, too.

"Age was important, and I was young enough to look twenty-five, yet old enough to look older in future scripts. Wyatt Earp and I were the same weight and we were built alike. The producers had run off movies where I played a heavy and had seen a quality beyond 'meanness' up there on the screen. They were considering several big names, but when the time came for a decision—they wanted me.

"Fortunately, I was in a wonderful spot for this fresh idea. I was available, I had acting experience and, while my name was familiar, I wasn't a big star yet. It's important in this business to be flexible, to be able to move along wherever there is a place for you. So I started working very hard on my 'quick draw,' and made the pilot film in February of 1955. After the premiere, we were in business to the tune of making two films a week, or thirty-five films a year. This gives me five months off for making Hollywood pictures, since, naturally, I never want to walk away from that phase of my career."

With rare exception, a movie "bad man" is lucky to get a gentle pat on the head from his own gray-haired mother. This had been Hugh's fate in the movies. But, in private life, his attraction for the opposite sex suffers no setbacks. Then how come he's still an eligible bachelor at the age of thirty? It isn't a new question—but, since his Wyatt Earp success, Hugh finds it easier to answer.

"I'm guilty of being a confirmed idealist," he admits. "I guess I've been seeking something for a long, long time, and I'll confess that I'm no longer trying to kid myself. Since I've learned more about Wyatt Earp and lived with his memory, I know I am right and it's given me an entirely new perspective on myself.

"Earp was a good man, but not a goody-good man. He suffered the normal amount of temptations, but he had the strength to uphold his belief in what was right. The longevity of his marriage is also an inspiration and, even though my ideals are high, I know I must stick to them. If I could find the right girl, I'd settle down tomorrow. There was a time when it almost worked out, and I was pretty cut up when she died.

"She was a wonderful girl and I was very much in love with her. Having experienced such a relationship, I am very grateful. It taught me not to sell out for anything less than what I know is there to give and receive. So I am going to wait. All I ask is that she loves me, that I love her—that we can spend fifty or sixty years together. If there is a flaw in success, it's starting each day without someone to share your success with. I hope it works out for me soon. When you wait too long, you get too set in your ways—and marriage, I believe, must be a molding on both sides."

Until last year, Hugh O'Brian and "Lady" (his pet collie) occupied bachelor diggings in the hills above the Sunset Strip. However, the news report on a recent robbery disclosed his address, and pandemonium set in. Self-styled relatives of the real Wyatt Earp pounded on his door day and night. One young fellow (feeling no pain) decided to impress his girlfriend by challenging Hugh to show how good he was *without* his gun on his hip. Another misguided character wanted revenge, because he remembered Hugh had once slapped a lady's face in a movie! To keep peace, Hugh and "Lady" finally packed bag and bones and fled to an undisclosed address at the beach.

"The attention was flattering, in a sense," muses Hugh, "but it wasn't so good when I had early-morning calls and needed my sleep. It's really amazing how much interest our show has created in Wyatt Earp, and may I say I still have to get used to being in a gun fight—and remaining alive to the end of the picture!

"People in restaurants even ask me why I don't kill on our TV show. So I explain that we are doing Wyatt Earp's life story and I will only kill when Earp killed. The truth is, he only killed four men in several hundred gun fights. I'm asked another question, too. How come I never get wounded? Earp was never wounded, and obviously he lived through every gun fight—because he died in 1929, at the age of eighty-one.

"This is history and, with rare exception, our show is factual. Earp's life was more dramatic than anything a writer could create—so much so, we have to minimize some of it. For example, in one day, Earp had to face a mob of fifty men with guns—and he lived to tell the tale. We only used *five* men on our TV show—so that it would be *believable!* You'll have to admit this is quite a switch in Westerns. Earp's faith in what was right helps to give our show great general appeal. It's interesting, too, that we have a tremendous audience of women—bless their hearts!"

To know Hugh O'Brian is to be well aware that the life and legend of Wyatt Earp will inspire his own life and legend for as long as he lives. For Hugh, the humbleness and humility of the man most instrumental in bringing law and order to America's frontier is almost a prayer.

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The Lawrence Welk Show

(Continued from page 59)

tree," he smiles. The only music lesson he ever took was a mail order course, but Lawrence does have a certificate as a piano tuner—although he's never tuned a piano. His first band was known as "The Biggest Little Band in America." It became something of an institution in the Midwest, playing everywhere, including Yankton, South Dakota, where Lawrence underwent a tonsillectomy to woo nurse Fern Renner. The Welks have three children, Shirley, Donna and Lawrence, Jr., and are happily at home, after years of touring, in a Los Angeles suburb. . . . The "Champagne Lady" is Alice from Dallas—Alice Lon, of course—and she was the public's choice in a national contest to find a suitable songbird for the title. She comes from a musical family and has been warbling since the age of six. Her first big break came when an agent sent her picture and a recording to Don McNeill and he hired her as a *Breakfast Club* vocalist. Alice is married to Bob Waterman, the well-known football player and aspiring playwright, and they have three sons. Oh, Alice's hobby? Collecting bouffant petticoats. . . . Like Lawrence Welk, Myron Floren lost his heart to the accordion early in life when, at the age of seven, he fell in love with one he saw in a mail-order catalog. Myron met his fellow Dakotan and present boss in St. Louis, in 1950. He met his wife Berdyne when she became a student of his. There are now three co-eds at their Westchester, Los Angeles home. . . . When most four-year-olds were tugging at apron strings, Buddy Merrill was plucking at a Spanish guitar. At eleven, the lad from Cainville, Utah, took up the more complex steel guitar. He won his present job in a national vocal and instrumental contest sponsored by Lawrence Welk, who proudly accuses his nineteen-year-old discovery of "practically stealing the show from all of us." . . . Senior member, in point of service, is genial Jerry Burke, who joined the Welk orchestra when it was first organized in 1934. His agile fingers can skip with equal zest over a Hammond organ, piano, accordion or Novachord. He's an expert amateur cook, specializing in Hungarian goulash, is equally enthusiastic about the New York Philharmonic and Bing Crosby, and will drive miles to catch a Spencer Tracy movie. . . . Violinist and vocalist Bob Lido, of Jersey City, charms the femmes with a double-barrelled talent and a continental air. He led his own band at New York's Savoy-

Plaza, once understudied Perry Como. A bachelor, he lives in North Hollywood and his heart belongs to jazz and a cocker spaniel. . . . Gypsy tunes hold the musical heart of Dick Kesner, but the Iowa violinist ranges with equal deftness from symphonies to jazz. He has an impressive background with the San Francisco and Chicago Symphonies and the ABC orchestra. Dick, his wife and two daughters make their home in Roseda, and Dick's hobbies include model railroads, gardening and astronomy. . . . Aladdin not only plays violin, but sings—in ten different languages. Born in New York, he began his professional career at three, as a dancer and mimic. But a fall which temporarily paralyzed him forced him to turn his talents in an instrumental and vocal direction. The father of two, he's been featured with such notables as Rudy Vallee, Carmen Cavallaro, Xavier Cugat and Ray Noble. His full name: Aladdin Abdullah Achmed Anthony Pallante. . . . If it hadn't been for Lawrence Welk, Larry Hooper's singing might still be confined to the shower. But maestro Welk heard Larry clowning at rehearsals and prodded and needled the tall, slim, easygoing pianist until he agreed to give it a try. He's been singing a resonant bass ever since. Happily married, Larry hails from Santa Monica. . . . Jack Martin, who also sings, took to playing the saxophone as a youngster in Nelsonville, Ohio. By the time he was graduated from Ohio University, he and the sax were so well acquainted that Jack gave up plans for an advertising career to take a musical road. There are two junior Martins. . . . When Jim Roberts wanted a vocal job with Lawrence Welk, he simply walked up to the bandstand during rehearsal and asked for an audition. The Irish tenor from Kentucky was hired on the spot. Jim's story is "The Army Made a Singer Out of Me." He made his first hit in a GI show, went on to join the Earl Carroll organization, where he met his wife, the former Jane Silk, who gave up show business for a career as Jim's wife and the mother of young Steven James. . . . Dick Dale's convincing vocal duets with Alice Lon have romantic rumors flying. But Dick's three loves are his wife, their child—and the saxophone. He began tooting the sax in 1936, played with local bands after graduating from high school in Algona, Iowa. After two years in the Navy, Dick joined the famous Six Fat Dutchmen of Minnesota, started playing "Champagne Music" in 1951.

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One Man's Family

(Continued from page 64)

worked for Carlton E. Morse in his radio series, *Jack And Ethel*, which she describes as: "Exquisite scripts, filled with Mr. Morse's minute research, based on true dramatic episodes in California's history. I remember three especially—the Marcus Whitman, Lotta Crabtree and Lola Montez series. Each was done in five weekly episodes. They were classics."

Then "Family" was born. On her way home from NBC, one spring afternoon in 1932, Bernice was coming out of Clark's market, when she ran into Carlton E. Morse—hands in pockets, walking down a San Francisco street. Bernice says, "We fell in step, and he told me about a new radio show called *One Man's Family*. He said he hadn't put the idea on paper yet, and asked me what I thought of it. I said, 'I think it's grand—do it.' . . . Within the next day or two, my husband and I were planning a trip to New York. But, before I could pack my bags, Mr. Morse finished the first script and asked me to play Hazel."

"At first, Mr. Morse wrote the individuals pretty much as he felt he saw them in real life—at least, if you were to ask him, 'Are Father Barbour and J. Anthony Smythe the same person?'—he probably would have said, 'Why, certainly.' I rebelled at this at first, because I didn't think Hazel was myself at all!" . . . In the many years that Bernice has been playing Hazel, she has seen the character develop from a neurotic, frustrated young woman into a happy wife and mother. It is a tribute to her acting ability that she has made each phase of Hazel's life completely convincing and understanding.

In real life, Bernice is married to A. Brooks Berlin, prominent San Francisco

attorney. They have a son, Berwin Brooks Berlin, twenty-one, a law student at the University of California. "Sometimes," says Bernice, "in the script, Hazel tells Pinky what she thinks he should do in a given situation. At home, I find that a young man of twenty-one doesn't want to be told—one doesn't give advice unless one is really asked." . . . However, Miss Berwin feels the show has had a helpful effect in rearing her own son, and her experience in being a real mother has enabled her to give reality to the character of Hazel.

Bernice has always considered her radio children as part of her own family. Dawn

GIVE— Strike back at CANCER

Bender, who came on the show at the age of seven, plays her daughter, Margaret, and has always sent Bernice Christmas gifts addressed to "Mommy." Bernice returns the favor in kind. When Dawn married a few years ago, Bernice and Barbara Fuller (Claudia) gave Dawn a shower. . . . Bernice says: "Dawn, of course, had a very devoted real-life mother. But I feel as if I were blessed in a way. It has been a great experience for me, for Dawn—in a make-believe sort of way—became the daughter I was never able to have."

Today, Bernice lives in Oakland with her husband and son, in a home with a panoramic view of the San Francisco Bay. "We can see both bridges," she says, "and on the right, as far as Mt. Tamalpais—and on the left, all the way down the peninsula. On a clear day, it's absolutely breathtaking." The Berlins redecorated their

home six months ago and, in January, had a large party to celebrate Mr. Berlin's election to the Bar Presidency. Says Bernice, "We couldn't get our guests away from the windows!"

Miss Berwin now commutes via United Airlines from her home in Oakland to the NBC recording studios in Hollywood. She is the airline's most popular passenger. United soon will be presenting Bernice with a gold plaque to commemorate her 100,000th mile. While not commuting, Bernice is an avid reader, concentrating on current events in magazines—"We live in such exciting times" . . . listens to classical records—"Piano is still my favorite" . . . visits the theater and ballet with Mr. Morse's wife, Pat—"I feel television is making ballet popular in America" . . . and encourages her son Berwin with his law studies at the University of California.

It will soon be a quarter of a century since Carlton E. Morse wrote his first line of dialogue for *One Man's Family*. In that time, "Family" has grown through marriages and births, deaths and tragedies. Mail still pours in, whenever a crisis or high point is reached in the script. In the past, when the program offered a Mother Barbour cookbook—and, later, a Father Barbour family history—the requests came in by hundreds of thousands.

Today, *One Man's Family* remains Carlton E. Morse's favorite show. "I hope we can continue to occupy our niche in the very important radio field," he says. "So long as the public continues to listen—and to let us know—we will stay on the air. I can only say that I trust the public feels we have contributed something to better living and better family ties . . . that is the purpose of *One Man's Family*."

It takes two to romance



Try sensational new Cuticura Shampoo—better than soap shampoo, better than soapless shampoo—combines the best features of both. Now in a plastic squeeze bottle! Only 79¢ at leading drug counters.



And two to give you an alluring, blemish-free skin—Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment!

First—Cuticura Soap. Many skin specialists say it takes a superfatted soap to help preserve the natural moisture and normal, healthy acidity of the skin. And Cuticura Soap—*alone of all leading soaps*—is superfatted and mildly medicated to help you maintain the clean, clear, fresh, baby-soft skin men love.

Next—Cuticura Ointment. This emollient does more than help clear up externally caused pimples. Along with modern, scientific medication it contains effective softening elements—goes after hateful blackheads, flaky dryness, oily shine—softens and stimulates as it helps heal. Do try Cuticura Soap and Ointment.



Cuticura

Inside Radio

All Times Listed Are Eastern Standard Time.

Monday through Friday

| | NBC | MBS | ABC | CBS |
|-------------------------|-------------------|--|---|--|
| Morning Programs | | | | |
| 8:30 8:45 | | Local Program | | |
| 9:00 9:15 9:30 | Alex Dreier, News | Robert Hurlleigh Easy Does It Mutual Magazine | Breakfast Club | News Of America |
| 10:00 10:15 | Weekday | Cecil Brown Footnotes to Medical History News | My True Story | Arthur Godfrey Time |
| 10:30 10:45 | | 10:35 Johnny Olsen | When A Girl Marries Whispering Streets | |
| 11:00 11:15 11:30 | Weekday | Story Time Queen For A Day | Walt Disney's Magic Kingdom News, Les Griffith 11:35 Franchot Tone Presenting Constance Bennett | Arthur Godfrey (con.) Howard Miller Show |
| 11:45 | | | | |

Afternoon Programs

| | | | | |
|------------------------------|---|--|---|---|
| 12:00 | Weekday | Noon News 12:05 Here's Hollywood 12:10 Ed Ladd's Music Box | Valentino Frank Farrell 12:25 Sunshine Boys | Wendy Warren & The News Backstage Wife Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday |
| 12:15 12:30 | | | | |
| 12:45 | | | | |
| 1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45 | Weekday | News, Cedric Foster Music Luncheon With Lopez | Paul Harvey, News Ted Malone | Road Of Life Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light |
| 2:00 2:15 | Weekday | News, Sam Hayes 2:05 Letter To Lee Graham Bandstand, U.S.A. | Martin Block | Second Mrs. Burton Brighter Day This Is Nora Drake Aunt Jenny |
| 2:30 2:45 | | | | |
| 3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45 | Weekday | News 3:05 Matinee With Dan McCullough | Martin Block (con.) | Linkletter's House Party |
| 4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45 | Hotel For Pets Doctor's Wife | News 4:05 Matinee With Dick Willard | Broadway Matinee Treasury Band- stand | |
| 5:00 5:15 | Right To Happiness Young Widder Brown Pepper Young's Family Woman In My House | Bob And Ray | Musical Express | |
| 5:30 5:45 | World Of Nordine Norman Vincent Peale Lone Ranger | 5:50 Wismer, Sports 5:55 Cecil Brown | Ebony & Ivory Gloria Parker Vincent Lopez 5:55 Wall Street Final | |
| 5:55 | Production Five | | | |

Monday 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 | Alex Dreier, Man On The Go | Fulton Lewis, Jr. America's Business 7:20 Dinner Date 7:25 Men Of Action Gabriel Heatter Special Edition | Ed Morgan, News Quincy Howe | News Analysis, LeSeuer 7:05 Curt Massey |
| 7:30 7:45 | News Of The World One Man's Family | | Events Of The Day 7:55 News | Bing Crosby Edward R. Murrow |
| 8:00 8:15 | Henry Taylor Boston Symphony Orchestra | True Detective | The World And You 8:25 News Voice Of Firestone | My Son, Jeep Johnny Dollar Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts |
| 8:30 8:45 | | John Steele, Adventurer | | |
| 9:00 9:15 | Telephone Hour | News, Lyle Van 9:05 World Of Sports Behind The Iron Curtain Reporters' Roundup | News 9:05 Sound Mirror | News, Collingwood 9:05 Jack Carson |
| 9:30 9:45 | Eastman School Of Music Orchestra | | 9:25 News Offbeat 9:55 News | Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News, Trout |
| 10:00 | | Virgil Pinkley | Vandercook, News 10:05 Franchot Tone Three Suns | The World Tonight 10:05 Orchestra |
| 10:15 | News, Pauline Frederick 10:20 Heart Of The News | Soundstage | | |
| 10:30 | Parade Of Bands | Music | 10:25 News | Martha Lou Harp |

Tuesday Evening Programs

| | NBC | MBS | ABC | CBS |
|----------------------|---|--|---|--|
| 6:00 6:30 6:45 | Three Star Extra | Local Program | Bill Stern, Sports | Jackson & The News Lowell Thomas |
| 7:00 7:15 | Alex Dreier, Man On The Go | Fulton Lewis, Jr. America's Business 7:20 Dinner Date 7:25 Men Of Action Gabriel Heatter Eddie Fisher | Ed Morgan, News Quincy Howe | News Analysis LeSeuer 7:05 Curt Massey |
| 7:30 7:45 | News Of The World One Man's Family | | Events Of The Day 7:55 News | Bing Crosby Edward R. Murrow |
| 8:00 8:15 8:30 | People Are Funny Oragnet | Treasury Agent Squad Room | The World And You 8:25 News YourBetterTomorrow | My Son, Jeep Johnny Dollar Suspense |
| 9:00 | News 9:05 Biographies In Sound | News, Lyle Van 9:05 World Of Sports | Sound Mirror | News, Herman 9:05 Jack Carson |
| 9:15 9:30 9:45 | | Dateline Defense Army Hour | 9:25 News Offbeat 9:55 News | Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall |
| 10:00 | | Virgil Pinkley | Vandercook, News 10:05 Franchot Tone Three Suns | The World Tonight 10:05 Campaign '56 |
| 10:15 | News, Pauline Frederick 10:20 J. C. Harsch Ken Nordine | Soundstage | | |
| 10:30 | | Dance Music | 10:25 News Take Thirty | |

Wednesday 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 | Alex Dreier, Man On The Go | Fulton Lewis, Jr. America's Business 7:20 Dinner Date 7:25 Men Of Action Gabriel Heatter Special Edition | Ed Morgan News Quincy Howe | News, LeSeuer 7:05 Curt Massey |
| 7:30 7:45 | News Of The World One Man's Family | | Events Of The Day 7:55 News | Bing Crosby Edward R. Murrow |
| 8:00 8:15 8:30 | Truth Or Consequences Radio Specials 8:55 News | Gangbusters Public Prosecutor | The World And You 8:25 News High Moment | My Son, Jeep Johnny Dollar FBI In Peace And War |
| 9:00 | You Bet Your Life —Groucho Marx | News, Lyle Van 9:05 World Of Sports Success Story, U.S.A. Family Theater | Sound Mirror 9:25 News | News, Collingwood 9:05 Jack Carson |
| 9:15 9:30 9:45 | Those Fabulous Dorseys | | Offbeat 9:55 News | Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall |
| 10:00 | | Virgil Pinkley | Vandercook, News 10:05 Pabst Fights | The World Tonight 10:05 Newsmakers Presidential Report |
| 10:15 | News, Wilson 10:20 This Is Moscow Today & Tomorrow | Soundstage | | |
| 10:30 | | Sounding Board | 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 | Alex Dreier, Man On The Go | Fulton Lewis, Jr. America's Business 7:20 Dinner Date 7:25 Men Of Action Gabriel Heatter Eddie Fisher | Ed Morgan, News Quincy Howe | News Analysis, LeSeuer 7:05 Curt Massey |
| 7:30 7:45 | News Of The World One Man's Family | | Events Of The Day 7:55 News | Bing Crosby Edward R. Murrow |
| 8:00 8:15 8:30 | Great Gildersleeve The Goon Show | Official Detective Crime Fighter | The World And You 8:25 News YourBetterTomorrow | My Son, Jeep Johnny Dollar 21st Precinct |
| 9:00 | News 9:05 American Adventure Conversation | News, Lyle Van 9:05 World Of Sports Book Hunter State Of The Nation | Sound Mirror 9:25 News Offbeat 9:55 News | News, Herman 9:05 Jack Carson Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall |
| 9:15 9:30 9:45 | | | | |
| 10:00 | | Virgil Pinkley | Vandercook, News 10:05 Franchot Tone Three Suns | The World Tonight 10:05 Dance Music |
| 10:15 | News, Pauline Frederick Jane Pickens Show | Soundstage | | |
| 10:30 | | Music For You | Platterbrains | |

Friday Evening Programs

| | | | | |
|------------------------------|---|---|---|---|
| 6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45 | Joseph C. Harsch Three Star Extra | Local Program | Bill Stern, Sports | Jackson & The News Lowell Thomas |
| 7:00 7:15 | Alex Dreier, Man On The Go | Fulton Lewis, Jr. America's Business 7:20 Dinner Date 7:25 Men Of Action Gabriel Heatter Special Edition | Ed Morgan, News Quincy Howe | News Analysis, LeSeuer 7:05 Curt Massey |
| 7:30 7:45 | News Of The World One Man's Family | | Events Of The Day 7:55 News | Bing Crosby Edward R. Murrow |
| 8:00 8:15 8:30 | National Radio Fan Club | Counter-Spy City Editor | The World And You 8:25 News YourBetterTomorrow | My Son, Jeep Johnny Dollar CBS Radio Workshop |
| 9:00 | NBC Job Clinic 9:05 Radio Fan Club (con.) | News, Lyle Van 9:05 World Of Sports American Travel Guide Double Date | Sound Mirror | News, Collingwood 9:05 Jack Carson |
| 9:15 | | | | |
| 9:30 9:45 | 9:55 News | | Listen 9:55 News | Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall |
| 10:00 10:15 | Cavalcade Of Sports | Virgil Pinkley Soundstage | Vandercook, News Three Suns 10:25 News Vincent Lopez | The World Tonight 10:05 Capitol Cloakroom |
| 10:30 | | Music | | |

Inside Radio

Saturday

| | NBC | MBS | ABC | CBS |
|----------------------------------|----------------------------------|---|--|---|
| Morning Programs | | | | |
| 8:30 8:45 | World News Roundup | Local Program | 8:55 News | News |
| 9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45 | Monitor This Farming Business | | No School Today | News Of America Farm News Garden Gate |
| 10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45 | Monitor | Good News | No School Today (con.) News 10:35 Moppets & Melody 10:55 News | News, Jackson 10:05 Galen Drake Show |
| 11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45 | Monitor | Lucky Pierre Musical Wheel Of Chance 11:55 Les Paul & Mary Ford | News 11:05 Franchot Tone Presenting Constance Bennett News 11:35 All League Clubhouse | News, Calmer 11:05 Robert Q. Lewis Show |

Afternoon Programs

| | | | | |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------------------|--|--|---|
| 12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45 | National Farm & Home Hour Monitor | Here's Hollywood 12:05 Teenagers, USA | News 12:05 World Tourist 101 Ranch Boys News 12:35 American Farmer | News, Jackson 12:05 Romance Gunsmoke 12:55 True Theater |
| 1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45 | Monitor | Magic Of Music, Doris Day 1:25 Men's Corner Symphonies For Youth | News 1:05 Navy Hour Features 1:35 Shake The Maracas 1:55 News | News, Jackson 1:05 City Hospital Kathy Godfrey |
| 2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45 | Monitor | Youth Symphonies (con.) Fifth Army Band | Festival | News, Townsend 2:05 Adventures in Science |
| 3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45 | Monitor | Country Jamboree | Festival (con.) | News, Bancroft 3:05 Richard Hayes Show Treasury Show |
| 4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45 | Monitor | Standby Sports, with Harry Wismer | Festival (con.) | News, Cochran 4:05 Treasury Show (con.) Make Way For Youth |
| 5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45 | Monitor | Standby Sports with Harry Wismer (Con.) 5:55 Les Paul & Mary Ford | News 5:05 Pop Concert News 5:35 Dinner At The Green Room | News, Cochran 5:05 New Orleans Jazz Band Ball Saturday At The Chase |

Evening Programs

| | | | | |
|------------------------------|-----------------------------|--|---|---|
| 6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45 | Monitor | John T. Flynn Report From Washington Sports, Neal | News 6:05 Pan-American Union 6:25 Features Sports Kaleidoscope Bob Edge, Sports Afield | News, Cioffi 6:05 Music By Antonini Young Ideas |
| 7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45 | Monitor The Big Surprise | Pop The Question Inspiration Please | News 7:05 At Ease 7:25 Features It's Your Business As We See It | News, LeSeuer 7:05 Juke Box Jury |
| 8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45 | Monitor | True or False Quaker City Capers | News 8:10 Dance Party News 8:40 Dance Party (con.) | News, Jackson 8:05 Country Style 8:55 Sports |
| 9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45 | Monitor Grand Ole Opry | I Ask You Lombardoland, U.S.A. | News 9:05 Dance Party (con.) News 9:35 National Jukebox | News, Collingwood 9:05 Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy |
| 10:00 10:15 10:30 | Monitor | Oklahoma City Symphony | News 10:05 Hotel Edison Orch. News 10:35 Lawrence Welk | News 10:05 Basin Street Jazz Orchestra |

Sunday

| | NBC | MBS | ABC | CBS |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------------|---|--|---|
| Morning Programs | | | | |
| 8:30 8:45 | Monitor | | Light & Life Hour | Renfro Valley 8:55 Galen Drake |
| 9:00 9:15 | World News Roundup Monitor | Wings Of Healing | News 9:05 Great Composers | World News Roundup Sidney Walton Show |
| 9:30 9:45 | Art Of Living | Back To God | Voice of Prophecy | Church Of The Air |
| 10:00 10:15 | National Radio Pulpit | Radio Bible Class | News 10:05 Message Of Israel News 10:35 College Choir | News 10:05 Invitation To Learning The Leading Question |
| 10:30 10:45 | Monitor | Voice Of Prophecy | | |
| 11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45 | Monitor 11:35 New World | Frank And Ernest Christian Science Monitor Northwestern Reviewing Stand | News 11:05 Marines On Review News 11:35 Christian In Action | News 11:05 E. Power Biggs UN Report Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir |

Afternoon Programs

| | | | | |
|----------------------------------|---|--|--|---|
| 12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45 | Monitor The Eternal Light | As I See It News, Bill Cunningham Christian Science | Management Show As We See It Herald Of Truth | News, Robert Trout 12:05 Washington Week World Affairs Guy Lombardo Time |
| 1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45 | Monitor | Les Paul & Mary Ford 1:05 Front Page Exclusive Men's Corner Lutheran Hour | Or. Wm. Ward Ayer News 1:35 Pilgrimage | Woolworth Hour- Percy Faith, Donald Woods |
| 2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45 | The Catholic Hour Monitor | Festival Of Opera | Or. Oral Roberts Wings Of Healing | Symphonette New York Philharmonic-Symphony |
| 3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45 | Monitor | Opera (con.) | Or. James McGinlay Billy Graham | Symphony (con.) |
| 4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45 | Monitor | Opera (con.) Wisner, World Of Sports 4:55 Here's Hollywood | Old-Fashioned Revival Hour | News 4:05 Music On A Sunday Afternoon |
| 5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45 | Monitor 5:05 Your Nutrilite Radio Theater | Wisner, World Of Sports (con.) Bosman's Bandstand 5:55 Tomorrow's World | Holiday For Strings 5:25 Van Voorhis, News Greatest Story Ever Told | News 5:05 Indictment Fort Laramie |

Evening Programs

| | | | | |
|------------------------------|---------------------------|--|---|--|
| 6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45 | Meet The Press Monitor | Walter Winchell Tomorrow's Headlines On The Line, Bob Considine Les Paul & Mary Ford 6:50 Sports | Monday Morning Headlines Paul Harvey, News News 6:35 Evening Comes | News 6:05 Gene Autry Gunsmoke 6:55 Tremendous Triffes |
| 7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45 | Monitor | By The People Pan-American Panorama | News 7:05 Showtime Revue George E. Sokolsky News Travel Talk | News Analysis 7:05 Bergen-McCarthy Show |
| 8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45 | Monitor | Hawaii Calls Bonsoir Paris | America's Town Meeting | News 8:05 Our Miss Brooks Two For The Money |
| 9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45 | Monitor | Wm. Hillman, News Dick Joseph, World Traveler Manion Forum Keep Healthy | Overseas Assignment Lifetime Living Van Voorhis, News 9:35 Sammy Kaye 9:55 News | News 9:05 Music Hall, Mitch Miller 9:55 Jim McKay |
| 10:00 10:15 10:30 | Monitor American Forum | Billy Graham Global Frontiers | News, E. O. Canham Richard Hayes Sings Revival Time | News 10:05 Face The Nation Church Of The Air |

See Next Page →

TV program highlights

NEW YORK CITY AND SUBURBS AND NEW HAVEN, CHANNEL 8, APRIL 5—MAY 7

Baseball on TV

| DATE | TIME | CH. | GAME | DATE | TIME | CH. | GAME |
|----------|------|-------|----------------------|----------|-------|-------|----------------------|
| APRIL | | | | | | | |
| 14, Sat. | 2:00 | 8, 9 | Yanks vs. Dodgers—E | 28, Sat. | 2:00 | 8, 9 | Pgh. vs. Dodgers |
| 15, Sun. | 2:00 | 8, 11 | Dodgers vs. Yanks—E | | 2:00 | 11 | Phila. vs. Giants |
| 17, Tue. | 1:30 | 9 | Phila. vs. Dodgers | 29, Sun. | 2:00 | 8, 9 | Pgh. vs. Dodgers—D |
| | 1:30 | 11 | Pgh. vs. Giants | | 2:00 | 11 | Phila. vs. Giants—D |
| 18, Wed. | 1:30 | 11 | Pgh. vs. Giants | MAY | | | |
| 19, Thu. | 1:30 | 9 | Phila. vs. Dodgers | 1, Tue. | 2:00 | 11 | Detroit vs. Yanks |
| | 1:30 | 11 | Pgh. vs. Giants | | 8:00 | 9 | Dodgers vs. Cinc.—R |
| 20, Fri. | 2:00 | 11 | Boston vs. Yanks | 2, Wed. | 2:00 | 11 | Detroit vs. Yanks |
| 21, Sat. | 2:00 | 8, 11 | Boston vs. Yanks | | 8:00 | 9 | Dodgers vs. Cinc.—R |
| 22, Sun. | 2:00 | 8, 11 | Boston vs. Yanks | 3, Thu. | 2:00 | 11 | Kansas vs. Yanks |
| 23, Mon. | 8:00 | 9 | Dodgers vs. Phila.—R | | 9:00 | 9 | Dodgers vs. St. L.—R |
| 24, Tue. | 2:00 | 11 | Wash. vs. Yanks | 4, Fri. | 2:00 | 11 | Kansas vs. Yanks |
| | 8:00 | 9 | Dodgers vs. Phila.—R | | 9:00 | 9 | Dodgers vs. St. L.—R |
| 25, Wed. | 8:00 | 11 | Dodgers vs. Giants | 5, Sat. | 2:00 | 8, 11 | Kansas vs. Yanks |
| 26, Thu. | 8:00 | 11 | Dodgers vs. Giants | 6, Sun. | 2:00 | 8, 11 | Chicago vs. Yanks—D |
| 27, Fri. | 8:00 | 9 | Pgh. vs. Dodgers | 7, Mon. | 10:00 | 9 | Dodgers vs. Mil.—R |

E—Exhibition game

D—Doubleheader

R—Road game

Monday through Friday

- 7:00 **2** **Good Morning!**—Will Rogers, Jr.
- 4** **Today**—Rise and shine with Garraway
- 7:45 **7** **News**—George Hamilton Caombs
- 8:00 **2** **Captain Kangaroo**—Fun for kids
- 8:55 **2** **George Skinner Show**—Variety
- 9:00 **4** **Herb Sheldon**—Nice 'n' easy-gain'
- 7** **Romper Room**—Hour kindergarten
- 10:00 **2** **Garry Moore**—Get happy
- 4** **Ding Dang School**—For kids 3 to 5
- 5** **Tune In Any Time**—3 continuous showings of feature films to 4 p.m.
- 10:30 **2** **Gadfrey Time**—Simulcast except Fri.
- 4** **Ernie Kovacs**—Subtle like a volcano
- 11:00 **4** **Hame**—Arlene Francis, femcee
- 11:30 **2** **8** **Strike It Rich**—Hull-hearted quiz
- 12:00 **2** **Valiant Lady**—Flora Campbell stars
- 4** **Tennessee Ernie**—Pea pickin' time
- 12:15 **2** **8** **Lave Of Life**—Stars Jean McBride
- 12:30 **2** **8** **Search For Tamaraw**—Serial
- 4** **Feather Your Nest**—Bud Callyer
- 12:45 **2** **8** **Guiding Light**—Daily story
- 1:00 **2** **Jack Paar Show**—Nimble & quick
- 4** **One Far Sheldon**—Herbie's happy
- 1:30 **2** **Lave Story**—Jack Smith emcee
- 4** **Sky's The Limit**—Hi-flyin' quiz
- 2:30 **2** **8** **Art Linkletter's House Party**
- 4** **Jinx Falkenburg**—Interviews
- 3:00 **2** **8** **Big Payoff**—Randy Merriman
- 4** **Matinee Theater**—Excellent dramas
- 7** **8** **Film Festival**—British films
- 9** **Ted Steele**—Latsa music & laffs
- 11** **Diane Lucas**—Queen of the kitchen
- 3:30 **2** **Bab Crosby Show**—Let's swing, gates
- 11** **Candid Camera**—Off-guard maments
- 4:00 **2** **8** **Brighter Day**—With Jayne Heller
- 4** **Date With Life**—Dramatic stories
- 5** **Wendy Barrie**—Sunny but Wendy
- 4:15 **2** **8** **Secret Storm**—Peter Habbs stars
- 4:30 **2** **On Yaur Account**—Dennis James
- 4** **Queen Far A Day**—With Jack Bailey
- 5** **Life With Elizabeth**—Jally

EVENING

- 6:30 **4** **Patti Page**—Tues. & Thurs. only
- 7:00 **7** **Kukla, Fran & Ollie**—Delightful
- 7:30 **4** **8** **Sangs**—Gardan MacRae, M., Dinah Share, Tu., Th.; Ed Fisher, W., F.
- 9** **Millian Dallar Movie**—Apr. 2-8, "Crack-Up," Pat O'Brien; Apr. 9-15, "Bride by Mistake," Laraine Day; Apr. 16-22, "Mourning Becomes Electra," Raz Russell; Apr. 23-29, "Betrayed From the East," Lee Tracy; Apr. 30-May 6, "Velvet Touch," Raz Russell, Lea Genn.
- 10:00 **9** **Millian Dallar Movie**—See 7:30 P.M.
- 11:15 **2** **Late Show**—Feature films

- 11:20 **4** **Steve Allen**—Friend to insamniacs
- 11:30 **7** **The Night Show**—British films

Monday P.M.

- 7:30 **7** **Topper**—Hacus-Pacus comedy
- 11** **Susie**—Private Secretary reruns
- 8:00 **2** **Burns & Allen**—Georgie Burns up
- 4** **Caesar's Hour**—Except Apr. 30, **Producers' Showcase**, "Dadswarth"
- 7** **8** **Digest Drama**—Gene Raymond
- 11** **Public Defender**—Reed Hadley stars
- 8:30 **2** **Gadfrey's Talent Scouts**—Variety
- 7** **8** **Voice Of Firestone**—Concerts
- 9:00 **2** **8** **I Love Lucy**—Very Desi show
- 4** **Medic**—Documentaries about docs.
- 5** **Baxing**—2 hrs. from St. Nicholas
- 7** **J. Arthur Rank Films**—2-hr. features
- 9:30 **2** **December Bride**—Spring's here
- 4** **Robert Mantgamery Presents**
- 10:00 **2** **8** **Studia One**—Hour-lang dramas
- 10:30 **4** **Doug Fairbanks Presents**—Stories

Tuesday

- 7:00 **4** **Gildersleeve**—Willie Waterman
- 7:30 **2** **Name That Tune**—Stap that tune
- 5** **Waterfront**—Prestan Faster stars
- 8:00 **2** **Phil Silvers Show**—Season's hit
- 4** **Dinah Shore**, Apr. 10; **Martha Raye**, Apr. 17; **Milton Berle**, Apr. 24; **Bab Hape**, May 1.
- 9:00 **2** **Meet Millie**—A silly filly
- 4** **Jane Wyman's Fireside Theater**
- 7** **8** **Danny Thomas Show**—Grand
- 9:30 **2** **Red Skelton Show**—Slam-bang fun
- 4** **Playwrights '56-Circle Theater**
- 10:00 **2** **8** **\$64,000 Question**—Hal March
- 10:30 **2** **Da Yaur Trust Yaur Wife?**—Hmm?
- 4** **Big Town**—Mark Stevens, reporter

Wednesday

- 7:30 **7** **8** **Disneyland**—Fantasy hour
- 8:00 **2** **Gadfrey & Friends**—Fun hour
- 4** **Screen Directors' Playhouse**
- 8:30 **4** **Father Knows Best**—???
- 11** **Badge 714**—Vintage Jack Webb
- 9:00 **2** **The Millionaire**—\$tories
- 4** **Kraft Theater**—Live hour-plays
- 7** **Masquerade Party**—Peter Danald
- 9:30 **2** **I've Got A Secret**—Mare of Maare
- 7** **8** **Break The Bank**—Cash quiz
- 10:00 **4** **This Is Yaur Life**—Surprise bias
- 7** **8** **Wednesday Night Fights**

Thursday

- 7:30 **5** **The Galdbergs**—Merry with Mally
- 8:00 **2** **Bab Cummings Show**—Faalish fun

- 4** **Graucha Marx**—King of quip
- 8:30 **2** **Climax**—Suspense. Except Apr. 12, **Shaver Of Stars**, music & comedy.
- 4** **Dragnet**—L.A. police at work
- 7** **8** **Stap The Music**—Bert Parks, emcee
- 9:00 **4** **People's Choice**—Jackie Caaper
- 7** **8** **Star Tonight**—Dramatic series
- 9:30 **2** **Faur Star Playhouse**—Stories
- 4** **(8 at 10:00) Ford Theater**
- 7** **8** **Dawn Yau Ga**—Dr. Bergen Evans
- 10:00 **4** **Lux Video Theater**—Hour dramas
- 7** **Music Fram Meadawbraak**
- 10:30 **2** **Quiz Kids**—Clifton Fadiman, host
- 7** **Racket Squad**—Handsome Hadley

Friday

- 7:30 **2** **My Friend Flicka**—Jahn Washbraak
- 5** **I Spy**—Raymond Massey stars
- 8:00 **2** **Mama**—Graciously, Peggy Waad
- 4** **Truth Or Consequences**—Fun
- 7** **8** **Ozzie & Harriet**—Hilarious
- 8:30 **2** **Our Miss Braaks**—Cannie's comedy
- 4** **Life Of Riley**—Bunglin' Bill Bendix
- 9:00 **4** **Big Stary**—Real staries of reporters
- 7** **Dallar A Secand**—Quiz far cash
- 9:30 **2** **Playhouse Of Stars**—On film
- 4** **Star Stage**—Half-hour play series
- 10:00 **2** **The Line-Up**—Frisca police in action
- 4** **Baxing**—With Jimmy, the Powerhouse
- 7** **Ethel & Albert**—Male vs. female
- 10:30 **2** **Persan Ta Persan**—Visit the famed

Saturday

- 7:30 **2** **Beat The Clack**—Couples compete
- 4** **The Big Surprise**—100-grand quiz
- 8:00 **2** **8** **Haneymaners**—Jackie Gleason
- 4** **Perry Cama Shaw**—Hour revue
- 8:30 **2** **Stage Show**—The Darseys & guests
- 9:00 **2** **Twa Far The Maney**—Shriner quiz
- 4** **People Are Funny**—Except Apr. 14, 9-10:30, **Max Liebman Presents**
- 7** **8** **Lawrence Welk**—Bubbly melodies
- 9:30 **2** **It's Always Jan**—Except Apr. 7, **Star Jubilee**, "Twentieth Century," Orsan Welles, Betty Grable
- 4** **Jimmy Durante Show**—Comedy
- 10:00 **2** **Gunsmake**—Western drama
- 4** **George Gabel Shaw**—& Peggy King
- 7** **8** **Chance Of A Lifetime**—Variety
- 10:30 **2** **Daman Runyan Theater**—Stories
- 4** **Yaur Hit Parade**—Tap tunes

Sunday

- 3:00 **4** **NBC Opera**—Apr. 8 only
- 4:00 **2** **Frant Raw Center**—Live, hour-dramas
- 4** **Maurice Evans Presents**—May 6, "Cradle Sang," Helen Hayes, Judith Anderson, Susan Strasberg; Apr. 15 & 29, **Wide Wide World**
- 6:00 **4** **Meet The Press**—Verbal mayhem
- 6:30 **2** **8** **Yau Are There**—History alive
- 11** **New Yark Times Yauth Forum**
- 11** **Life With Father**—Lean Ames stars
- 7:00 **2** **Lassie**—High-rating dog drama
- 4** **It's A Great Life**—Dunn's fun
- 7** **8** **Yau Asked Far It**—Art Baker
- 7:30 **2** **8** **Jack Benny**—Alternates with Ann Sathern's **Private Secretary**
- 4** **Frontier**—Except Apr. 15, **Sunday Spectacular**, "Baseball," with Lea Duracher
- 7** **Famous Film Festival**—English hits
- 8:00 **2** **8** **Ed Sullivan Show**—Great
- 8:30 **11** **Foreign Intrigue**—With Gerald Mahr
- 9:00 **2** **G-E Theater**—Ronald Reagan, host
- 4** **Television Theater**—Live hour-plays
- 9:30 **2** **Alfred Hitchcack Presents**—Drama
- 7** **8** **Original Amateur Hour**
- 10:00 **4** **Laretta Young Shaw**—Drama
- 10:30 **2** **8** **What's My Line?**—Jab game
- 4** **Justice**—From Legal Aid files

The Woolworth Hour

(Continued from page 60)
 grin in the pianist's direction, he advised: "Relax. No one will hear you. No one ever listens to this show, anyway."

Quite the opposite is true, as every radio listener knows. Under the leadership of Faith—the man who earned his first fame conducting the old *Contented Hour* and who continues to make a certain deep contentment the keynote of his daily life—*The Woolworth Hour*, CBS Radio's big musicale, scored the year's highest ratings.

One of the secrets of its success was revealed by its producer, Bruno Zirato Jr., when he said, "On this show, all of us always have a ball." The program thus becomes a direct communication of enjoyment.

Watching their rehearsal is a great show in itself. The thirty-six musicians are spread out across CBS's big Studio 22, strings at the front, brass divided and set at the center and rear, with the rhythm section sandwiched in between. Among them, there is an easy feeling of unity, mutual respect and good humor.

At the drums, young Specs Powell and Marty Grupp gallop along like a pair of well-matched *dressage* riders. They pace each other and turn out a more brilliant performance because of their friendly rivalry. Tall Sammy Fiedel, who dangles a huge, briar pipe from the corner of his mouth as he strums or bows his bass fiddle, aims his comments at twinkly-eyed Mike Collicchio, the piano player, but they often carry across the studio.

For example: As the chorus—Miriam Workman, Marjorie Miller, Kathleen Wallace, Bob Miller, Jimmy Polack, Artie Malvin and Michael Stewert—sang, producer Zirato was in the control room.

Seeking the best balance of voices, he called out, "Let's have less men, more girls." Muttered Sammy, "That's the trouble with this place. Not enough girls."

Percy Faith set the mood for this happy crew at the first rehearsal when, at a rest period, he called out the usual, "Take five" and—with a nod toward the Woolworth Company rep—added, "and ten."

Even a fluff can turn into a little joke. The program's host, Donald Woods, remembers one of his own: "I worried because it is much too easy to say 'Percy Faith' instead of 'Percy Faith'—so, of course, I did it. Then our announcer, Jack Brand, also tripped. So the two of us agreed that the next guy who did it had to pay the other a quarter. We've never done it again."

Laughter, when it ripples across the orchestra, is uninhibited but brief. A moment later, everyone has returned to serious concentration, for Percy Faith is even more a hero to his orchestra than he is to his fans. Always, in complete command, he has his men's respect and affection.

His authority sits easy on his shoulders. Up on his little box of a podium, he perches on the edge of a high stool, his music spread out in front of him. If a difficult passage has required him to make a memo on the score, he hits the downbeat with his yellow pencil—but he is just as likely to conduct with his cigarette.

He takes his orchestra into his confidence. Halting one number, he indicated a passage ahead and confessed, "I'm stuck. Those half-notes are going to fall after the beat. Let's change it here."

He is unfailingly courteous. At one typical rehearsal, he tapped for attention and carefully introduced his guest vocalist:

"Fellows—Donald Dickson." As Dickson, a Metropolitan Opera baritone now winning new laurels as a tenor, went into the demanding aria, "Vesti la Giubba," a difference in interpretation brought an ear-piercing big shriek from the strings. Faith merely grinned and remarked, "Well, well, well." He went into a huddle with Dickson and resolved the problem: "You'd better sort of 'grate' that C." Instantly, there was understanding. When Dickson, singing magnificently, had soared out to the climax, Faith and the whole orchestra stood up and applauded.

At the edge of the set, Donald Woods remarked, "Every one who comes in seems to catch the spirit of this outfit. Usually, on a show, a guest star does his part and leaves. Here, they stay to the end of each rehearsal—simply because they, too, are enjoying it."

Percy Faith believes that, of all the people who find *The Woolworth Hour* a delight, he himself derives the most enjoyment. "I'm doing exactly what I want most to do—creating music. It's a wonderful thing to be able to pick up a piece of 'raw' music, take it home, dream about it, orchestrate it and work it up to a full and perfect thing.

"It is wonderful, too, to know that people are listening, for music belongs to those who hear it. I like to picture a romantic young couple hearing the program on a car radio—or a family sitting around after Sunday dinner—or a husband and wife, who have had many years together, hearing a song from their courtship. We try to have something for everyone. We're scheduled into the perfect time of the day and week to reach the people who like to listen to our music."

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T
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Loyal and True

(Continued from page 39)

happiness, in equal parts. . . . When Terry was told that, for the third consecutive year, he'd won TV RADIO MIRROR's Award as favorite dramatic actor on daytime TV, he only said, "Isn't that great!" But any wife would have known what his broad smile meant. . . .

"It's astonishing to me," Jan continues, "truly astonishing, the loyalty of the fans over the years—the seven years since I first played Julie Paterno on CBS Radio's *Hilltop House*. It's particularly astonishing this year, because I've always felt that it was the warm, maternal Julie the fans were devoted to. But now, with *Hilltop House* off the air, I'm playing Terry Burton in *The Second Mrs. Burton*—a quite different part from that of Julie. A little more sophisticated than Julie was, more modern. And the fans love her, too.

"Come to think of it, I should have realized this right along—for, ever since I began doing character work on TV, letters from the 'regulars' have come in after every show. Wonderful letters. Thoughtful letters. And perceptive ones . . . not caring how I looked—and as a Boston spinster, a Polish farm woman and a number of other character parts I've done on the Bob Montgomery show and on *Studio One*, I haven't been an 'eyeful'! . . . but seeming to understand what I was trying to do, to sense a quality I hoped they would find in each of the characters.

"I know they still miss Julie, as I do—and why not, after seven years of identification with her? But I love doing *The Second Mrs. Burton*—and again, why not? Our writer is Hector Chevigny, who has done so many memorable scripts through the years, and the cast is wonderful. . . . Ethel Owen, Alice Frost, Dwight Weist, Ted Osborne, Ethel Wilson, Larry Haines! . . . And it's Stan Davis who directs and produces the show," Jan smiles, "but the 'icing on my cake,' in this new and different-from-Julie part, is the proof that the fans are loyal.

"Nor am I the only member of the O'Sullivan family to whose standard the fans rallied, when a change was made," Jan observes, with wifely pride. "Terry changed shows this year, too . . . from *Search for Tomorrow*, on which he played the male lead, to the role of reporter Elliott Norris on *Valiant Lady* . . . and he still got the fans' award!"

Jan and Terry are deserving of such devotion. First, because it is impossible not to feel good when you are with them. They love their jobs, love acting, love to talk about acting and about themselves . . . but they are interested in you and what you are doing, as well.

They are "fun" people . . . love parties, first nights at the theater, good talk, good food, good wine, good companions. They are earthy people, too, and hard-working—in the fields at Morrow Farm, as well as on mike in a broadcasting studio. And they are family people . . . folksy, never more richly content than when they're at the farm with Terry's three daughters, Jan's mother and father, three brothers and their wives and young 'uns—all of them together.

Now in its fourth year, the O'Sullivan's marriage is a good and mutually rewarding relationship . . . a happy state which both Terry and Jan believe stems, in great part, from the fact that they are "alikes." Jan says, "Think how a husband and wife with different faults must get on each other's nerves . . . whereas, if you have the same faults, one can't very well find fault with the other. As Terry and I, who have the same faults, have discovered.

Take our crazy, mixed-up desks, for instance. Neither of us is ever able to find pen, pencil, checkbooks, receipts, tomorrow's script, et cetera! Now, if it were only one of us . . .

"Not that husband or wife need be an echo, one of the other, to live in harmony. Or that they need never have a difference of opinion, as Terry and I have—about working together, for one thing. We did work together last year—for the first time, by the way—when we were cast as husband and wife in a play called 'Julia' on *Studio One*, for Paul Nickell. It was a very rewarding experience for both of us . . . thanks again to the fans. But Terry doesn't think it's a good idea for us to work together. He says that our marriage is good, so why put this extra twenty-four-hour-a-day strain upon it?"

"But we did have fun on *Studio One*," she recalls. "During the first day of rehearsals for 'Julia,' Terry announced that, to get away from his wife, he was going to McSorley's Saloon, right around the corner from the Central Palace where we were rehearsing. For those who've never heard of it, McSorley's Saloon is a famous old New York landmark—at least a hundred years old—where they don't permit women! Everyone thought this was a great joke. But, in next morning's papers, the story had been slightly re-worded. One columnist reported that Jan and Terry O'Sullivan were living apart during *Studio One* rehearsals, so they wouldn't get on each other's nerves. We couldn't have read anything more surprising, over our own breakfast table!

"In most things," Jan observes, "emotionally and temperamentally, Terry and I are very much alike . . . and this is the likeness that matters. We react in the same way to practically any given situation. We laugh at the same things, are depressed by the same things, get tired of the same things and hungry for the same things—such as, most often, sunlight and fresh air and doing things. We like activity . . . and activities."

Activities, yes indeed! As a sample of the O'Sullivan's activities over a period of approximately one week, Terry gives the following run-down, with obvious relish: "Last January," he recalls, "I had a few days off from *Valiant Lady*. Five days, to be exact. 'Let's go to Florida,' I suggested to Jan. 'We're the only New Yorkers who've never been there!'

"The reservations were barely confirmed, when I had a call from Mr. Jim Rick, Chairman of the Jackson County, Missouri Chapter of Infantile Paralysis, saying that they were to have a telethon in Kansas City—my home town—to promote the March of Dimes, and they would very much like to have Jan and me participate . . . do a sketch, answer calls, and so on. As luck would have it, the date set for our arrival in Kansas City made it just possible for us to have our five days in Florida, too. And away we went!

"Our primary motive in going to Florida was to relax, devote our time—all five days of it—to 'recharging our batteries' . . . which is something we both believe strongly in doing. Going down on the plane, however, we roughed out a sketch for the telethon. The idea was based on the thought of what would happen if Edward R. Murrow came—*Person To Person*—into the home of a couple who didn't have any hobbies . . . who didn't collect recordings, like Bing Crosby . . . or totem poles, like Robert Q. Lewis . . . or rare books, like Mary Margaret McBride.

"Once registered at the Hotel Sorrento in Miami, however," says Terry, "we be-

gan 'recharging.' Other than an early dinner at a different place each night, with each different place famous for some gourmet specialty, we didn't go for any night-life at all. To bed at eight. Nine to ten hours of sleep, the five nights running, just as we'd planned. Mornings, we'd drift into one or another of the big hotels for breakfast, then get out on that beach and do a little sun-worshipping. Plenty of swimming in the ocean, too.

"Oh, by the way," he recalls, "I got roped into taking mambo lessons—and made great progress. Must remember to get a mambo record and do some homework. . . . We went fishing, too. And, when I tell you I caught an eighteen-and-a-half-pound kingfish—and Jan hauled in a nine-an-a-half-pounder—it's a true fish story. Though, after John Callan, the captain of our fishing boat, had it smoked, the net weight was a scant twelve pounds. . . .

"And so, idyllically, went our five days—at the end of which, on a Wednesday, we were airborne to New York. On Thursday, I did my show, *Valiant Lady*. On Friday, we were off again, arriving in Kansas City on Saturday at four-thirty A.M. . . ."

For the O'Sullivan's, then, there followed two crowded days, the first event taking place at the WDAF-TV studios, where Mayor H. Roe Bartle presented "television personalities Jan Miner, Terry O'Sullivan, Jackie Cooper and Patricia Breslin" with the Keys of the City. . . . "Golden keys," Jan describes them, "lovely things, and so delicately wrought that I'm having them made into earrings."

Seriously speaking, the O'Sullivan's both agree that it was a very rewarding trip. A fleet of Jaguar cars, lent by the local citizens, took the stars who appeared on the telethon from hotel to studio and back again. Best of all, from their point of view, was the support given for the greatly needed March of Dimes telethon. "During the telethon," says Terry, "I asked whether any of my old school buddies were listening—and from guys I hadn't seen or heard from, since Southwest High School or Rockhurst College days, came more calls than I had time to take! . . . We also had a brief but nice visit with my folks—my mother and father, and sister Kathleen and her husband, Joe Kelly, and little Joe Kelly, Jr. Then, on Sunday afternoon, after breakfast with my mother and dad in the old home—which always looks so wonderful each time I return to it—Jan and I were on the plane for our New York home."

"And the next day," Jan laughs, "Terry Burton and Elliott Norris were working again." Then, some time later, came the day when TV RADIO MIRROR called to tell Jan and Terry O'Sullivan that they had won the awards—again. So now Jan's fast-growing collection of gold medals dangle from her charm bracelet. And three other gold medals are stashed away in the cabinet which holds Terry's special treasures. But the thought behind those medals is more precious still. Their gratitude, pride and happiness have not passed, and never will. Nor their sense of astonishment.

But Mr. and Mrs. Average American, who voted for them, are not astonished. They know that Jan and Terry—for all their good looks and the conspicuous talent which focuses the spotlight upon them—are Mr. and Mrs. Average American, too. Knowing this, knowing the kind of people the O'Sullivan's are . . . real and warm and winning . . . the fans remain loyal and true, like the O'Sullivan's.

Sparkie's Big Pal

(Continued from page 7)

this population and, at the same time, house all the facilities for creating and producing *No School Today*.

No School Today is a delightful round-up of children's song and story record albums, liberally interspersed with chats on nonsense, suspense and common sense between Sparkie and Big Jon. In the course of its seven years, some two hundred other characters have been heard from, mostly through the device of Jon's talented vocal chords. Regulars include Mayor Plumpfront, the mythical mayor of Cincinnati, from whence the program first originated, and Ukey Butcha, the unpredictable, comic taxi driver. They are as real as a sound wave.

There is also "the little girl next door," who is actually Jon's daughter, Debbie. Three-year-old Debbie believes in the reality of Mayor and Ukey and often chats with them on the air. Off the air, when Jon's own voice can't convince Debbie it's bedtime, the voice of Mayor or Ukey can do the trick. But when, in Mayor's voice, Jon asks about "the baby brother next door," blonde Debbie says, with knowing recognition, "Oh Daddy!" For the baby brother next door is her own brother Danny, born January 16, 1956.

Debbie is the inspiration for many of Sparkie's radio antics. So, too, is Lloyd, aged twelve-going-on-thirteen. "Everything that happens to Sparkie actually happens to someone," Jon says, "either to my own children or their friends or the youngsters who write to us."

Daughter Kathy, almost fifteen, is a pert, slender teenager. Kathy wants to be an airline hostess when she gets to be a little older. Lloyd is the one most likely to go into show business, according to Jon.

On the air, Jon has always tried to create the illusion that he was broadcasting from home. "Now we actually are," he grins. "Being at home constantly has given me more patience and understanding," Jon says. "Now I am not a father who comes home after all the day's frictions and problems are over. I'm right in the midst of them."

Jon's wife Rosalie is a hearty, vivacious and charming brunette who manages a large home and bustling, growing family with aplomb. She teases Jon about "puttering about the house like an old lady," but he loves it. He's up about seven in the morning and usually gets breakfast for the youngsters—"just because I enjoy it."

Delighted with the size of his own family, Jon Arthur is the eldest of six children. He recalls that his father, a Lutheran minister in Pitcairn, Pennsylvania, was glad at least one of them was a boy. After graduation from high school, Jon went to work as a printer's devil and also wrote a humorous weekly column. Local dramatic experience helped "bring out the ham" and it wasn't long before Jon knew that show business in some form was his goal.

The form jelled when Jon landed a staff announcing job at a radio station in Beckley, West Virginia. Then, one day, a scheduled performer failed to appear. Jon was called on to fill-in and, when he spied a couple of youngsters in the studio observation booth, he ad-libbed his own version of "The Three Little Pigs." Instead of the conventional fairy-tale vernacular, Jon enraptured the youngsters with a modern-day interpretation. The next day, "Uncle Jon," was on the air.

Now, with a solid twenty years in radio behind him, "Uncle Jon" is "Big Jon," the best friend little Sparkie—or the real little boy he'd like to be—ever had.



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Old Fashioned Love, Modern Style

(Continued from page 44)

morning, when the news broke that Candy had finally filed suit to divorce Mel Torme, Hal had phoned to say, "Poor Candy. Is she all right? She must be all broken up about this. Let's take her to dinner."

Taking Candy to dinner was a friendly gesture a number of Hollywood people had been making frequently, for everyone likes her. Shirley and Johnny Johnston, Keenan Wynn and his Sharlee, Eddie and Olga O'Brien were a few who had been particularly kind about dropping in or seeing that she was included in parties during those days when she had been increasingly alone.

As for me—well, Candy had been my best friend ever since the days when she and Mel Torme and Jack Carter and I had been known as two of the happiest young couples around New York television. After Jack and I admitted we couldn't make a go of our marriage and secured a legal separation, I decided to go to the Coast. Candy invited me to be her house guest until I found an apartment. Later, she spoke to friends, in flattering terms, about my work as a decorator. It brought me some of my first California clients.

As her frequent companion and confidante, I had been in a position to see that the real problem for her and for Mel, too, was loneliness. Night-club and theater engagements were his most profitable bookings as a starred vocalist, and he was almost always out on the road. That tour he made through Australia became the real heart-breaker. He was gone so long that he and Candy were virtual strangers when he returned. It was tough for both of them—but, I think, worse for Candy because she is warm and tender, a woman who, while she enjoys her children and cares for them beautifully, is always more the wife than the mother. She needs to be with her husband.

Watching their problems intensify, I used to think there was a great deal to be said for the old days when a show-business family went on the road together, taking their luck, both the good and the bad, as it came. That had been my life as a child. In the traditional phrase, I had been born in a trunk and, while the going had sometimes been rugged and a theatrical boarding house does not com-

pare with a Hollywood home, it had kept us a happy-go-lucky family unit.

But the day of the theatrical boarding house is past, the cost of moving a family from one big hotel to another is prohibitive and ideas about child care have changed. Show business imposes so heavy a weight of separation and loneliness that many marriages break under it. Mel and Candy were only two of many persons I know who couldn't take it. I grieved over it every time I saw it happen, and I know Hal March did, too.

I also knew this was why he had remained a bachelor. Often I have heard him say, "I've met many girls who would make wonderful wives, but I'm not going to marry until I know I have achieved sufficient stability so that I can care for a family properly and be a good husband."

Consequently, in our little group, Hal had turned into everyone's family friend. He was the adoptive "uncle" to everyone's children—the man who remembered birthdays and showered the kids with so many presents that their mothers had to hide some away and ration them back to the children, week after week.

He had dated many a pretty girl, but never gotten serious with any of them. Yet now at dinner, as I noticed those smiles Candy and Hal were exchanging across the table, I began to wonder. Wonder so much that eventually I told myself, "Stop it, Joan. You're just an incurable match-making romantic. This isn't going to happen. He's just being Uncle Hal again, being pleasant to someone who is unhappy."

And Candy—well, even after I put the thought of romance out of my head, I realized this was just such an evening as Candy needed. However long a woman may have known a divorce is inevitable, there's something about taking the final, legal steps to secure it that licks you completely. You can't help feeling you have failed in your most important job. Nothing any of us might do could heal Candy's wound, but this pleasant evening with good friends was certainly helping to restore her confidence.

For Hal was the perfect host, attentive and deft at keeping the conversation light and happy. He was full of stories about the interesting contestants on *The \$64,000 Question*. When we left the restaurant, he

was proud to show off the new convertible which had been his one big extravagance after the show so swiftly turned into a hit. It was very pleasant to ride along through the early evening and, when we reached Candy's house, we stopped to look in on the sleeping children—Stephen, who is three, and tiny Melissa, then only a few months old.

As Hal and I drove toward our own neighborhood—we lived only two blocks apart—he made a significant remark, "Do you know, Candy is a girl I've always admired. And those children—they're just plain wonderful."

Again the thought flashed through my mind, "Is this actually going to turn into a romance?" but I didn't question him. Instead, I spoke of how, during the past summer, Candy had often brought Stephen over to swim in the pool at my apartment house.

Our next meeting, I believe, was at one of Hal's fabulous Saturday-night dinners. As he says it, he likes "to cook up a storm," and will often have as many as a dozen people in to dinner. That night, the dinner he served surpassed anything you could find in even the best of restaurants.

As everyone was sitting around listening to his records collection, I again admired the way he had decorated his apartment, blending the autumn colors of rust, green and gold. It was his furniture, however, which truly won my professional admiration.

He had told me the story. "I got it that year I was doing very well in radio in New York. But you know the way this business is. Feast one season, famine the next. So, while it lasted, I decided I would live the way I chose. I forgot about cost, designed this stuff myself and had it made. I wanted something more simple than the 'traditional' furniture, and warmer in feeling than most of the 'modern' which was then in the stores."

On leaving, as I thanked him for his hospitality, I ventured a sort of trial balloon, for I had noticed the way his glance had always followed Candy, whenever she moved across the room. "Hal," I said, "I believe you really are a family man at heart. You're one of those few bachelors who can turn an apartment into a home."

"Maybe I am," Hal replied glumly, "but now I'm going to have to decorate all over again. I need to move to New York. I can't keep up this transcontinental commuting. That's too much for any man. I like to feel settled down."

Brief as his leisure hours were, I found he devoted many of them to Candy. When she and I lunched together, her conversation centered around him. It was "Hal says . . . Hal thinks . . . Hal and I went here or there."

By now, I was beginning to feel as if I were watching the most tense movie ever filmed. Was Candy, who recently had announced she would never love again, now beginning to fall in love with Hal? Was Hal seriously interested in Candy, or was he again being merely the charming companion who was scrupulously careful not to let a girl think he had marriage in mind?

I'll never forget the night I learned the answer. I was just dozing off when my phone shrilled, as it always seems to do so late at night. Candy was on the line, so excited she could scarcely speak. "Joan," she cried, "the most wonderful thing has just happened. Hal asked me to marry him."

"What did you say?" I demanded. Candy's tone indicated she had never



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had any doubt about it. "I said yes, of course."

For at least half an hour, both of us went completely girlish. Candy said Hal was wonderful, and I agreed. I added that I thought she was pretty nice herself and that I felt they belonged together. It wasn't until the next day, at lunch, that I received any coherent account of just how it happened.

Candy's eyes sparkled as she told me. "We were at the Villanova . . ." I knew the restaurant. It's a little, out-of-the-way place where there is good food and candle-light, a place where a young couple in love could linger all evening over their coffee. Candy went on, "Hal said that he thought he at last had the kind of security he wanted to offer a girl. So he asked me to marry him and—well, that was it."

Never have I seen Candy look so happy. But, a moment later, her face clouded. "Oh, Joan," she wailed, "I just don't know how I'm going to stand it. Hal has to be in New York and I have to be here. Darn it, what are we going to do?"

As it turned out, I was able to help with that problem. I was then contemplating a return to New York. I planned first to visit there to scout for a place to live and to work. Fortunately for me, even after our separation, Jack Carter and I have remained on friendly terms. He was going out on the road and he offered to lend me his apartment.

Soon after my arrival, I had dinner with Hal. It was obvious that he missed Candy intensely. All evening, he talked about nothing but Candy. Then I had an inspiration. "Do you suppose she would like to come here to visit me?"

Hal got that same look you see when someone wins *The \$64,000 Question*. "Oh, Joan, would you invite her?"

It took a little doing. Candy's mother was the one who really made it possible, for she went to help the maid with the children. For a solid month, the two of us, carefree as a couple of schoolgirls, shopped during the day, went to plays with Hal during the evening and spent hours planning their future life together. Theirs was the kind of loving happiness which leaves you a little in awe.

It practically killed me not to be able to go to their wedding in Las Vegas, but I made up for it by having fun helping to decorate their apartment. They bought into a "cooperative" on Fifth Avenue, in the Eighties. The place is gorgeous, with a dream of a living room, a model kitchen and three bedrooms, one of which becomes a nursery. Hal likes the location. He says, "We're right across from Central Park. That's fine for Stephen and Melissa."

That is characteristic of him. His first thought is always of Candy and the children. Some men marry their careers, but not Hal. He will keep the career going nicely, but his family comes first. He has a new air of deep contentment. Thanks to his attention and consideration, Candy is blossoming out into a real beauty. She knows how much she matters to him and she looks positively beatific.

They are settling down. That March-designed, much-traveled furniture has made the return trip to New York and, in decorating, we are adding new pieces which are in harmony with it.

But I am having one problem. Because I am so thrilled about two of my favorite people being married and happy together, I feel a bit romantic about it myself and my work tends to show it. Only by reminding myself firmly that it would be utterly ridiculous to do so, am I able to refrain from painting a frieze of smiling little pink cupids clear around every single room.



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T
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R

The Peaceful Pastoral Panic

(Continued from page 48)

in front of the manse. Eve and Brooks were accumulating a social life which reflected their nearness to Hollywood and Vine. Propinquity brings all manner of invitations, beginning with B for benefit.

And so the Wests toured the countryside for several months, until they found every city-dweller's dream of the perfect situation: A rambling, multi-bedroomed white farmhouse set in the midst of thirty-eight rolling acres of pasture land. There were stables for saddle horses, barns for the burros the Wests hoped to breed, ample space for the herd of sheep they planned to run, vast horizons to be explored by children—without danger of traffic hazards. There was fresh air (smogless). There was sunshine. And it was an hour's drive from Hollywood—not too long a trip for *Our Miss Brooks*, yet representing enough distance to give a sense of separation from the daily grind. In brief: Here was spaciousness.

Mr. and Mrs. West clasped hands and strolled to the top of a breeze-ruffled hill that lay dappled in sunlight and spattered by the colors of wild flowers and the misty green of native oaks. "Here," they agreed, "we shall build a calm, orderly, restful way of life."

Recently, a long-time friend of the family decided to make the trip from Los Angeles to Thousand Oaks to discover for himself how the plan had worked out for the Wests. He arrived on a mid-Sunday morning—to note evidence of vast activity, but no sign of life.

The evidence consisted of logs which someone had been splitting to create a three-stretcher fence, and a can of white paint with an assortment of brushes which someone else had been using on the completed portions of the fence. It looked like hard work. The friend shook his head and wondered whether an entire family could expire simultaneously from over-exertion.

At about that time, he heard shouts of jubilation from the barn, so he made haste in that general direction. Gathered around a straw-filled enclosure was the West clan: Eve, Brooks, Liza (aged eleven), Connie (aged nine), Duncan (aged almost three), and Doug (not quite two). The source of their delight was a pair of new-born twin lambs.

After proper admiration had been lavished upon the babies by the guest, a tour of the animal kingdom was suggested and the following statistics compiled: The Wests own one pinto pony named "Patches," two American saddle horses, two heifers, one burro who is to be associated soon with others of appropriate sex to assure issue, two young goats, ten Suffolk sheep, and three flocks of chickens. The Hampshire chickens are permitted to forage around the immediate vicinity of the house and gardens. Eve still can't understand why the eggs aren't perfumed, considering no bloom is rejected by the Hampshires. And the children don't understand why the lotus-eaters don't lay Easter eggs the year around.

Living in the barn and stable area is a pair of silver bantams which represent the beginning of a flock of dwarf poultry. Living in the south end of the field is a flock of Hamburgs—which are handsome fowl, being black with dramatic white markings. Because the Hamburgs are reliable setters, they are entrusted with the business of hatching eggs laid by the Hampshires. Confessed Eve, "The expression on the Hamburgs' faces when they hatch Hampshires, is something to see."

The animal inspection completed, the Wests returned to the house. En route, Eve outlined her current weekly routine. She and Brooks drive into town on Monday morning, report to the studio and are on the set from ten until six, preparing *Our Miss Brooks* for TV. Monday night they remain in town, and Tuesday morning Eve has her hair done. From one P.M. until the show is over at 9:30, she is busy with the program. That completed, she and Brooks start homeward.

Wednesdays and Thursdays are "leisure days" spent merely in shopping, taking one or more children to the doctor for shots, or to the dentist, and then marketing for themselves and their stock. Friday, the Wests return to "the city" for an early rehearsal of the next week's TV show, and in the afternoon Eve tapes two radio shows.

Saturday and Sunday are again "leisure days," spent only in helping twin lambs into the world, building and painting log fences, scouting antique shops for additions to Eve's collection of individualized shaving mugs, rounding up the donkey (he has a roving nature), heckling Liza to practice her piano lessons, and encouraging Connie to continue her modeling of clay figures. . . . "When I run out of things to do, I can always work on the rug I'm hooking," Eve has said wryly.

Her guest wanted to know how the pastoral plan was working out. Had the Wests found the serenity of the wide open spaces, the ease, the peace, the still remoteness . . . ?

From Liza's room came the blast of a rock 'n' roll tune. Eve's eyes peeled back and she arose with speed to ask her musical daughter to throttle the volume being devoted to "Daddy-O." "Dear," she said in her best Miss Brooks tone, "why don't you play something else?"

"Sure," said Liza, an agreeable type. A few seconds later the lazy air was being stimulated by something entitled, "See You Later, Alligator."

"Serenity—that's what we were talking about, wasn't it?" inquired Eve.

The doorbell rang. The caller was the representative of a charitable organization which collects battered dolls and refurbishes them as gifts for children who might not otherwise be remembered when Christmas comes. "I'm sure we have something for you," Eve said, calling to the girls. Both Liza and Connie, having been introduced to the routine several years ago, had contributions.

At that point, Señor Doug (not quite two, you will remember) suffered a moment of violent emotion. He decided that he was as suitable an object for charity as anybody and loudly protested giving up a doll which he thought he might be able to use in Indian massacres without argument, at long last. "Gug's doll," he shouted. "Gug's doll." (He's having trouble with the letter "D.")

"Okay," said his mother. "Then I suppose we'll just have to give up one of the twin lambs." That produced the first crease ever to line a forehead as smooth as a ripe apricot. Trying to shrug off concern, he said, "Gunk's"—his way of giving the lambs to his older brother, Duncan, and thereby relieving himself of regret for any loss suffered.

An unfamiliar silence settled upon the family group for something like ten ticks—before Doug passed over the doll and scampered out of the house toward the lamb pen, obviously intending to stand guard against all comers.

The doll problem solved, Liza decided to practice her music lesson. She is work-

ing on "Rhapsody in Blue" and her teacher thinks she has shown remarkable progress. She has agile, decisive hands which control the keys with a knowing touch.

These same hands, incidentally, manage a horse with the same authority. Eve said, "Perhaps I've been mistaken. Perhaps she isn't going to be a pianist at all, but a jockey."

Eve has long been a camera fan, having started with a Stereo-Realist and now focussing on a Rolleiflex. A pair of her cherished snapshots picture Liza in contrasting situations that took place two months apart. The first snap shows her as a slim, rather pale-faced youngster timidly extending two fingers over the manger to pet the nose of "Bright Lady," Eve's saddle horse. The second picture, taken after an elapse of sixty days, shows a brown, round-faced Liza tossing her saddle over the back of her own pinto, "Patches."

In the midst of this discussion of horsemanship, Duncan edged into the room and announced in the manner of a race caller, "I'm not going to school." As this problem was some two years distant in his life, no particular chagrin was provoked by the announcement. Eve said quietly, "Of course you will go to school," and went on with the general conversation.

"No," said Duncan, "I'm not going to school." Catching his mother's eye, he amended the statement, "Well, then, I'm not going until the very last day." He departed with alacrity.

Eve had launched upon a discussion of primitive paintings (she owns a priceless Grandma Moses canvas, a Doris Lee skating scene, and a Camille Bombois) when Duncan returned. "Okay, Mommy," he announced, "I'm Mr. Conklin and you're Mommy." Considering that he has been permitted to see the *Our Miss Brooks* show only once, Eve was startled.

"You're who?" she asked.

"Mr. Conklin. Listen. Can you spell this? D-u-n-k-a-n. It spells 'Duncan.'" When everyone laughed, he lifted an eyebrow and inquired in a slightly stringent tone, "Now, what have I said?"

"Can you spell n-a-p?" Eve wanted to know. Duncan figured a way out of that one. "I'll go tell my brudder-dear. He needs a nap," and he escaped.

The talk settled to antiques and the Wests' plans for the summer, which include loading the entire family into the station wagon and driving to Shelton, Connecticut, where close friends of Eve's and Brooks' have a farm consisting of fifty glorious acres of birch forest.

Peace had settled upon the afternoon. The country stillness hummed with the chorus of bees, an occasional bird call, and the movement of wind through the trees. The visitor was thinking that the Wests had, indeed, settled deeply into the eiderdown of a pastoral life—when bedlam broke loose outside.

All four youngsters came charging in to announce that the donkey was missing. Mommy had to get into the station wagon and start a search; there was no telling what had happened.

The telephone started to ring. A car came churning up the driveway, its occupants inquiring about a pair of children out on some adventure. The maid came in to say that she had seen a rattle-snake near the stables . . .

"Ah, life in the country," said Eve. "That city-type, that Miss Brooks, thinks she has problems. . . ."

"What we have here," opined her husband, "is best classified as pastoral panic." They grinned at each other and said in unison, "But we love it."

Nice Gal

(Continued from page 53)

the fact that she is, at this writing, unmarried, her repeated "we" grows confusing, until others explain that this is her way of including her close associates—her partner-manager-discover, Jack Rael; her press agent, Frances Kaye; her secretary and others of her staff—in her personal as well as her professional activities. They play bridge together, dine together, sail together. They are her "family."

For Patti is the kind of girl who must have a family. She was reared in a large one. There were eight daughters, three sons, in the Benjamin Fowler household in Tulsa, Oklahoma, where the future songstress was christened Clara Ann. At the request of a sponsor, she assumed the name "Patti Page" when she went on a local radio show. There by chance, band manager Jack Rael, who is Benny Goodman's cousin, heard her and signed her to a contract. Her first big job was working with Frankie Laine—and her important television break came when she became the summer replacement for Perry Como.

Patti's first big hit record was "Tennessee Waltz," the lament of a girl whose friend stole her sweetheart. Musically, she later attended the finals of this two-faced friend with another hit, "I Went to Your Wedding." With many a best-seller in between, she continued this musical serial with a top hit which also had a touch of brave loneliness, "Doggie in the Window." Her current record, "Go on With the Wedding," should—in Patti's words—"wrap up this little cliff-hanger for good. There our girl starts up the aisle to the altar, sees an old beau among the wedding guests, and can't decide which man to marry!"

In her personal life, Patti made that most important decision during the past year. She announced her engagement to Charles O'Curran, a Hollywood dance director whom she met when he helped her stage the act she was presenting at a night club.

Distance and time have been the dastardly villains these two must conquer before they can be together. Charles' work keeps him on the West Coast. Patti films her television show in New York, then tours all over the map. The telephone had proved an expensive substitute for personal meetings: "At the rate we run up tolls, you'd think we were buying A.T.&T. on the installment plan," says Patti.

The situation promises to get worse instead of better, for Patti, during the spring and early summer, is committed to a tour which will take her to the Orient—Japan, Hong Kong, possibly Korea, possibly Australia. Perhaps there will also be some bookings in Europe. She would love it, if Charles could arrange his work so that he could come along. Might they elope? Patti says tersely, "We just might."

In the meantime, she has a new companion in her New York apartment. As his birthday gift to Patti, Charles sent what she calls "the darlinest dog." It is a miniature Yorkshire terrier which, on arrival, wasn't much bigger than a kitten.

It's name? You've guessed it. Of course, he is "Window!"



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House Party Host

(Continued from page 63)

gentlest and most exquisite consideration. The child knows Art is a friend and, thus assured, gives forth with statements which must sometimes send parents into a state of chagrin, if not downright despair.

Recently, on *House Party*, Art was on his heels before a chubby girl of four, who was dressed like a lovely doll, her hair a cascade of curls. "What does your mummy do at home?" he asked, never taking his eyes from her cute, screwed-up little face.

"Oh," the tot replied, without a moment's hesitation, "she just sits around the house all day nibbling jack-cheese and stuff." Art went hurriedly to the next youngster—with a safely different question.

Innocence and the utter candor of childhood are the means by which Linkletter, on the *House Party* show, draws forth answers which are often the very essence of pure comedy. Recently, he asked a seven-year-old boy—who, in his eagerness to get into things, had been twisting on his chair as if it were a hot stove—how his parents happened to meet and fall in love.

"I'm not sure how they met," the little man replied thoughtfully, "but I do know they were roommates in college."

While Linkletter is the very core of kindness when dealing with children, his rapier-like wit sometimes flashes when he's confronted by a self-assured adult of the know-it-all variety. "I am pitiless when I find some show-off who seems bent on disrupting my show," he admits. "When that happens, the individual gets short shrift from me."

People, he says, are gregarious and will do almost anything to get into the limelight. Knowing that his two principal shows, *House Party* and *People Are Funny*, are seen by more than 75,000,000 viewers each week, they seem to lose all natural inhibitions when the camera's all-seeing eye is upon them. Added to this, of course, is the immemorial urge to get something for nothing. When people allow themselves, not at all reluctantly, to become a part of these performances, they are certain of a gift, generally substantial—and there is always the possibility of hitting the jackpot, such as a new automobile. "Repeaters" are a constant problem, but Art has become so expert at picking them out of the crowd that he is seldom fooled. "I can generally spot them as soon as they put their hands up," he says.

The ideas used on his *People Are Funny* show are the result of much head-cudgeling by himself and his producer and partner, John Guedel. Linkletter reads two daily papers thoroughly, and as many as ten magazines a week. But his best japeries come from a shrewd observance of life itself. Once in a blue moon, however, the best of these will backfire. The one which he calls his "arsenic and old lace story" certainly did!

"It was during a Community Chest drive," he recalls. "I wanted to make a contribution from the show and, at the same time, test out one of my theories—namely, that people will actually pay good money for the opportunity of giving vent to a long-suppressed desire. Accordingly, I announced on the *People Are Funny* show that I believed there were many individuals who harbored a frustrated desire to hit me in the face with something. I would, therefore, auction off the privilege—the money going to the Community Chest—and the highest bidder

would be given a huge custard pie which he or she could, without let or hindrance, slam smack-dab into my mug.

"The bidding was spirited. The amounts rose from \$50 to \$75, to \$100 and, from then on, by slower jumps to \$200. Good heavens, I thought, there must be a lot of people in the world who really hate me! I noticed one bidder particularly. She was a sweet-appearing little old lady with a gentle, almost angelic face. It was much easier to imagine her singing lullabies to a golden-haired grandchild than vying for the privilege of bashing a kindly, inoffensive guy like me in the face with a custard pie. Nevertheless, each time some tough-looking fellow in the audience named a figure, her reedy, quavering old voice upped it. She won, at last, with a bid of \$225.

"I asked her to come up on the platform and, without a word, she sat down, wrote out a check and handed it to me. I put the check in my pocket, gave her the pie, straightened up, with my hands rigid at my sides, shut my eyes and said: 'All right, dear lady, shoot if you must.' The words were hardly out of my mouth when wham! I got it. A bull's eye.

"When I wiped off the goo and looked around, she was gone. I have never seen

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her since. But, two days later, the check bounced. The bank told me they had never heard of her."

Many of Linkletter's stunts are spur-of-the-moment affairs, strictly off the cuff. Others are as intricately planned and coolly calculated as the movement of a regiment of infantry from the rear echelons to the front lines under heavy fire. These are likely to run into considerable sums of money.

One such was prompted by the thought: What would a young couple do if they returned home, after an absence of a day or so, to find their house gone—vanished without a trace? Would they yell for the police, doubt their own senses, give way to anger and tears? Or would they, if offered a sufficient reward, agree to hold off the authorities and hunt their house themselves?

Link decided to find out, and at once ran into a gaggle of difficulties. It was necessary that the couple be young and childless, and that both be employed. The next problem was to find a landlord who would consent to having his house moved away.

With the aid of Lou Schor, a staff man, the proper house and landlord were found. Then Schor, posing as a real-estate agent, stationed himself in the house, awaiting prospective renters. Couple after couple was turned away and the days went by. At last, young Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Hunter appeared and everything seemed serene. He was employed at the Douglas Aircraft plant, she at the Broadway Hollywood Department Store. The rent, \$82.50 a month, was within their means and the house satisfactory. They moved in.

At this point, it was necessary to get the cooperation of Douglas officials. Working through the personnel office, an arrangement was made whereby Hunter would be sent to Dallas, Texas, on a hastily arranged mission, together with his wife, as a bonus for good services rendered. Everything now seemed ready for the big climax—when, suddenly, a vice president vetoed the entire scheme. The only hope now was to work through Mrs. Hunter at the Broadway Hollywood.

Under the pretext that a campaign was being conducted to discover the most photogenic girl in the store, Sid Avery, staff photographer, began taking pictures which, strangely enough, resulted in Mrs. Hunter being chosen. A trip was arranged to San Francisco, where she and her husband were promised royal entertainment, as a reward. The young couple left the next day, happy in their delusion, and accompanied by a photographer. That same night, the house movers went into action.

When the Hunters returned to Los Angeles, they were met at the airport by Sid Avery. He told them that this was the "Broadway Hollywood night" on *People Are Funny*. They were driven at once to the studio—where, by a strange coincidence, they were selected as participants in the program. On the stage, Linkletter announced that he wished to test their powers of observation and asked them to tell him the number of windows in their house. They gave an uncertain answer, and Linkletter informed them that they would be driven to their home to check on the accuracy of their statement. He also assured them that a valuable prize would be awarded them if they were correct.

Arriving at the place where their house had formerly stood—having been driven there in a limousine the windows of which had been thoroughly soaped to prevent them from seeing what had happened to their home before stepping from the car—they stood in slack-jawed disbelief while television cameras, concealed in a truck, revealed their stunned expressions to the audience in the studio. Then they were whisked back to the studio, where they were shown the film which revealed to them how their house had disappeared.

At this point, Linkletter—the very incarnation of sweet benevolence—told them that if they could find their house, without aid from the police, he would not only make a down payment on a new house, but would continue the installments for a period of two years. The ensuing search, by helicopter and on foot, consumed four weeks of time, titillated millions of viewers and listeners, and furnished top-drawer material for *People Are Funny*. Art still regards the affair as one of his more satisfactory ventures into frenzy, frustration and flub-dub, with the traditional happy ending which his "victims" always find.

What keeps the Linkletter shows from falling into the pit of crass insensitiveness is the underlying kindness which sweetens his most insane tomfoolery. He refuses to plunge any of his audience participants into a position where they appear, at least in the end, as witlessly ridiculous. A hilarious case in point came up one evening on his *People Are Funny* show. He picked a young bachelor, who prided himself on his reputation as a cook, and told him: "You really must be something of a genius. Now, I'll tell you. I'm going to take you down among the ladies in the audience and let them ask you questions about the culinary

art. If you can correctly answer five out of seven questions, you'll win a big prize. But, for every one you miss, that woman will get her female revenge by selecting an ingredient which will be made into a new recipe by Prudence Penny, head of the Home Economics Department of the Los Angeles Examiner. And you, my friend, will have to eat it!"

The bachelor missed five out of the seven questions asked, and the culinary results were appalling! Prudence Penny mixed the prescribed raw oysters, clams, catsup, tabasco sauce and blackstrap molasses into a huge salad bowl—surreptitiously adding a little chopped meat—and handed it to the young man. Holding the bowl with shaking hands, the self-fancied cook began to grow pale, and Linkletter quickly intervened. Taking the spoon in his own hand, he dipped it into the revolting mess and put it in his mouth.

"I've never hated anything so much!" Art admits. "But I couldn't let that fellow make an irretrievable spectacle of himself. After I'd swallowed the awful stuff—and it was awful—my friend brightened considerably and managed to get down a couple of spoonfuls before gagging. The audience cheered him to the rafters and his dignity was saved."

Art's uncanny ability to get along with children of all ages is no mystery to those who know him. He had a tough childhood and, from his own bitter experience, he understands now that the paramount secrets of dealing with the juvenile mind are honesty, sincerity, and kindness. The most tragic mistake that an adult can make with a child is to lie to him, according to Art. Sooner or later, the falsehood—implied or uttered—is revealed and trust is forever lost. He recalls his own first great disillusionment as an illustration of this.

Born in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, July 17, 1912, Art was orphaned in babyhood and put into a foundling institution. Taken from there at the age of one, he was adopted by the F. J. Linkletters and, when he was five, brought to San Diego, California, where he grew up. His foster father—a man of passionate religious fervor—became an evangelistic preacher, and Art's early recollections are highlighted by memory pictures of himself standing on street corners whacking a steel triangle while the senior Linkletter pleaded with grinning onlookers to confess their sins. Another and more searing memory is of the constant, aching poverty in which the family existed. But the discovery that he was not, actually, the natural son of the Linkletters hurt him more than any misfortune he has ever known.

At a very tender age, he began to run wild on the streets with a group of boys just a little older, tougher and more maliciously wise than himself. He was saved from downright delinquency by the YMCA, where a kindly individual revealed to him the blessings of clean living and the ultimate value of an education. Impressed, Art got into high school, stuck to it and managed to finish with creditable grades. After graduation, he hitchhiked all over the United States, riding freights, sleeping under railroad trestles, eating in jungle camps with other itinerants. He worked as a busboy in Chicago, a harvest hand in North Dakota, a forest fire-fighter in Washington, a stevedore in New Orleans, a meat packer in Minneapolis, and a coupon clerk in a Wall Street bank. While in New York, he signed on as a deckhand with a ship plying the coastal trade ports of South America.

Returning to San Diego and remembering the advice of his YMCA friend, he decided to enter San Diego State Col-

lege, with the thought of becoming a teacher. There still remained, however, the problem of financing his way through the ensuing four years. His best job came in his junior year, when he was hired as an announcer at KGB, San Diego. It was about this time, also, that he met Lois Foerster, a spirited young lady who gave every evidence that the wildly unpredictable young Linkletter was someone in whom she could become permanently interested. Such naive trustfulness was vaguely disturbing and presently, to his own astonishment, he found himself in love. Ever one to take opportunity on the wing, he proposed and, a year later, they were married. This was in 1935 and, not long after, Art was appointed radio program manager for the Texas Centennial in Dallas.

When the Texas Centennial had blown itself out (not even Texas can keep a celebration going indefinitely), Art took his foot in hand and came to earth in San Francisco, where the World's Fair of 1939 was attracting the foremost ballyhoo artists in the country. Modestly considering himself to be one of these, he became the official radio announcer. A political free-for-all among the management developed, however, and he turned to free-lance broadcasting, where he was soon making more money than he had received as salary. It was then that he met John Guedel, who had long been waiting for a brash young man with plenty of ideas, crust and ability. Together they designed a show to be called "Meet Yourself," which finally crystalized into the audience-participation spectacle now famous as *People Are Funny*. They have been together ever since.

"Art seems to have been born for radio and television," says one of his associates. "Benny, Hope and Allen all came from other successes, but not Art. He began his public career on radio and, from the start, conducted himself before the mike with all the *sang froid* of a small boy spearing a hot grounder in the sandlot league. Where other professionals fight butterflies in their stomachs just before air time, Linkletter can hardly wait for the clock."

A few of his audience participants who have won prizes, Art has discovered, are inclined to look a gift horse in the mouth and almost stoop to examine its feet. Occasionally, one who has received a valuable award, such as a diamond ring or a set of sterling silverware, will rush to a jeweler to have the prize appraised. But money seems to concern Art himself very little. Talking to him recently, I noticed something peeping out of his breast pocket which looked suspiciously like the lovely green stuff which most of us treat with such respect. "What's that?" I asked, pointing.

"Oh, this?" he said, plucking out five \$100 bills and tossing them carelessly to the table. "I was going to give them away today on my show, but the right situation just didn't come up."

The Linkletters themselves live in an unostentatious house in Holmby Hills, Los Angeles, with their five children: Jack, 18; Dawn, 16; Robert, 11; Sharon, 9; and Diane, 7. Mrs. Linkletter—who has endured commotion, crises and catastrophe for twenty-one years, with the imperturbable serenity of an early Christian martyr—now finds existence on the edge of a volcano a rewarding experience and is wholly unable to imagine a quiet, uneventful life. Like the New Yorker who couldn't sleep after the clattering elevated railways were torn down, she finds tranquility in turmoil, peace in pandemonium.

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They're Real Characters

(Continued from page 50)

based on believable situations and characters. We have an array of regular characters that includes a stage manager and a stagehand, a schoolteacher and a secretary, a delivery boy and a singer. These people represent a wealth of talent and a wealth of warmth. They are nice and good people, and I'd like to tell you about them. On the show, we use their real names. But, in most cases, their TV and radio personalities have positively no resemblance to their real selves.

Take Al Rafkin first. He's performing double-duty, for he's on both the daily TV and our Saturday radio shows. He comes on in one of those satin jackets lettered COBRA, wears a baseball cap, a sloppy apron and delivers such unappetizing sandwiches as creamed liverwurst or marmalade with shrimp . . . on pound cake. And viewers—some of them—take Al so seriously that they write: "Bob, please don't eat the food that boy brings in. He looks so dirty." So let's give Al a fair shake. Off the show, he stands a neat five-seven in Brooks Brothers clothes. And, off the show, he is an associate director for CBS.

"Right now," Al tells you, "I don't know whether my future career will be in front of the camera or behind it. It could be either, depending on the breaks."

A few years ago, he was a beginner. Out of the armed services in 1952, he worked in some night clubs and the USO circuit, but decided there was no future for him as an entertainer. He got a job at CBS and was assigned to us as program assistant. A program assistant is low man on the totem pole. While on this job, Al heard us discussing a new character. He spoke up and asked if he could read for the part of the delivery boy. He read and he was great.

Al is twenty-seven and a bachelor, but, as one bachelor speaking of another, I don't have much hope for him. He's already getting tired of eating in restaurants and of cooking his own meals.

"It's true and it's a pain in the neck—particular making dinner," he says. "It's a terrible thing, but today it seems if a bachelor can't serve up a dreamy eight-course dinner, he's not charming. You invite some of your friends up to the apartment and you just can't serve them crackers and cheese. You've got to give them a meal. I cook well enough, but everything gets on the walls—the kitchen walls, the hall walls and the living-room walls. Everywhere. It takes me four days after, just to clean up."

Al's family never encouraged him to be an entertainer. "The family has lived in Woodmere, Long Island, since I was born," Al says. "I get home once a week, or every ten days at the least. I go home first thing and pick up my parents, and then we drive over to my sister Claire's to play with my nephews."

To find and work with new talents like Al is a great satisfaction to me. I've said it before, and I mean this sincerely—some day, when I retire from this end of show business, I hope to be an agent and devote myself to finding and developing new talent. Of course, I don't mean to imply that everyone on the show is new at the business. We have actors with a great deal of experience. Take Doro Merande, who plays my prim, proper and sarcastic schoolteacher. Doro has played in twenty-five Broadway shows, many radio and TV dramas and movies. Two of the films are currently in theaters. In "Man With the Golden Arm," she plays Vi, and in "The Seven Year Itch," she plays the waitress-owner of a vegetarian restaurant.

When Doro went to Hollywood to make the latter picture, she drove out and back alone—because she wanted to see the country. She's that kind of a woman, keen and active. She has a house in Connecticut and an apartment in Murray Hill, and a piano both places. Music is her first interest outside the theater and she is a fine pianist. For sports, she prefers amateur picnics, gets out her basket in early spring and doesn't put it down until the first frost, when she digs out her ice skates. Doro, whose forebears were New Englanders, was raised in Kansas. She is five-six, slender, with brown hair.

Now, Doro is very much a professional actress. At the other extreme is Carol Bushman, who makes no pretensions of being either actress or comedienne. Carol, of course, is one of the Chordettes. The Chordettes have been singing on my show a long, long time. How Carol got to doing a comedy bit is hard to remember, but I think she kind of grew into it. She and the other Chordettes had occasional lines, and then Carol was doing the funny lines. Soon we decided that Carol had just the right voice to read the letter from a sister in Snellfax, Ohio. Actually, Carol's only sister lives in Plaster City, California, which is even funnier—and Carol herself is from Sheboygan, Wisconsin, which is funnier yet. Carol's married to Bob Bushman, who is the brother of Janet Bleyer, the "bass" in the Chordettes.

"Back in Wisconsin we used to rehearse at the Bushman house," Carol recalls, "I used to see Bob, but nothing ever happened in Sheboygan."

Bob came down to say hello to his sister five years ago, and never went back home. Bob and Carol live in Oceanside, Long Island. Bob owns and runs a restaurant.

Carol doesn't consider herself a comedienne, but you never know. Last year, for example, she and the other Chordettes had been working so hard with TV and radio and out-of-town appearances that they hadn't a single day's rest in three months. Finally, they got one day off, a Sunday. So Carol went skiing and broke her leg. A thing like that usually happens only to a comic.

Tom Mahoney is a comic, and things happen to him. When he mimics the boss, the boss catches him. And once he expected to have only one child, and now he has almost four. Tom describes himself as being skinny, and he is. Tom is six-three and weighs just one-fifty. He plays the bungling stage manager and has had the part for two years. Before he joined us, he played with Red Buttons. When Tom first read for the part, I told him that he looked familiar and he told me that he had worked as theater manager at Studio 60 several years previously, when I did the matinee show there with Rosie Clooney and Loman and Fields.

Tom, like me, is a native New Yorker. He was born in 1923, and, after high school, got a job as a messenger for a railroad. One day, he was choo-chooing past the CBS building and applied for a job. He was hired as a mail boy. He then went to work in the press relations department, and it was there that the boss caught Tom mimicking him. But the boss laughed and sent Tom over to Major Bowes for an audition.

"I was just budding out as a character," Tom says, "when war broke out and Uncle Sam plucked me and cast me in World War II."

After the war, he came back to CBS and began to work in their studios as a theater manager until his breaks came along. During the past season, he has worked

with Red Skelton as well as on my show. Tom lives on Staten Island with his pretty, petite wife, an Irish Setter and almost four children. Tom's oldest is Leslie, and she is five and a half. His second is Claire, two and a half.

"Claire's adopted," Tom explains. "We were at the point where we had just about given up hope of having another child ourselves, and wanted a bigger family." Now, however, it looks as if nature is about to deal Tom a full house for, since Claire, they have had their first son, Paul, who is eleven months old, and their fourth is expected in August.

You may think it strange that we call Tom Mahoney by his real name, although he is playing a part. It is to make the role as believable as possible to Tom and the rest of us and you. But sometimes we almost outfox ourselves.

Now, Cam Andrews has been the old stagehand four years and getting a goodly share of laughs. Recently, however, he came on the stage in costume and make-up and crawled under the table, supposedly to fix something while I acted irritated. In character, he was to exaggerate, and thus announced, "You know, I'm eighty-three years old." Instead of snickering the studio audience began to applaud. They thought it was just wonderful that this elderly man was still working. That gives you an idea of the authentic performance Cam gives.

Cameron is actually forty-five. He came over to New York from Philadelphia twenty-three years ago. Since then he has done thousands of radio and television shows. He first worked with Phil Lord in *Seth Parker* and had a regular berth in radio's equally famed *Showboat*. Recently, he has played on *Robert Montgomery Presents*, *Ethel And Albert*, *Love Of Life*, *Golden Windows*, a Broadway musical. At present he has a running part in the CBS Radio show, *My Son Jeep*. He plays Mr. Mooney.

Cam is handsome. He is slight of build and slim-faced, with brown eyes and brown hair. He's given up a putter for a lawnmower and has thirty-two acres outside of Suffern, New York. He's married but has no children. "I'm a happy uncle in the summer," he says. "That's when all of my nieces and nephews visit. We have a ball."

He lives in a modernized farmhouse with three cats and boasts a red barn that boasts an Arabian stallion. Cam likes to ride and does some gardening. He was cast to the part of the stagehand.

"I usually play very young or very old parts," he tells you. "I've done a lot of dramatic things, but I'm most comfortable as a character. My father was a character actor but gave it up to go into business. I enjoy acting. I don't see how I could ever give it up."

No one has ever suggested to Cam that he should.

Perhaps one of the best things that can happen to a man at work is to have a secretary who is dependable, intelligent and capable. I have such a real-life secretary in Nancy Robinson, but she gets Saturday off. Julann Wright was hired to take over Saturday's chores. Thus a wit was born.

Julann is five-six. She has red hair that is so long she can sit on it, although she usually uses a chair. She has brown eyes and pink, pierced ears. The ears were pierced when she was thirteen. She was with an aunt who was looking for a maid, and they called on a woman who announced she had pierced twelve sets of ears that day and wanted to make it an even baker's dozen—so Julann lent hers.

Julann has raised herself to be an actress. She is from Ironwoods, Michigan, and her father is a probate judge. Julann

is one of four daughters. "With five females in the house, something was always happening," Julann says, "and we all double-dated—except for mother." Julann goes on, "Once I remember catching my sister wearing my sweater when I wanted it. She was scrubbing her teeth, so I poured water on just one side of her head and she went to school with one side of her hair in curls and the other side limp as string."

No one thought of thwarting Julann's ambition for the stage, but her mother insisted that she spend a year at the University of Michigan and learn to type. Julann did. "One sister stayed in Michigan and the other three of us came down to New York," she says. "I wanted to be an actress, and one sister wanted to be a nurse, and the third of us wanted to be a secretary for the FBI."

Each of the sisters has realized her ambition. Julann has worked with several good stock companies and has played in an off-Broadway production, where the competition is just as keen as it is on Broadway. And she has made good use of her mother's advice. She got a job doing stenographic work in my office, working only mornings so that she would be free to make the rounds of casting offices in the afternoons. One of her duties as a Saturday secretary was to come to the broadcast and, among other things, to serve me coffee during the show. Now, the radio show—outside of the musical numbers—is unrehearsed. We talk informally and just have a good time. So one morning, when Julann brought my coffee, I said innocently, "How are you this morning?" She answered in a couple of hundred unusual words, and another character was born.

If I recall accurately, Julann once said that she had been up most of the night losing a couple of pounds. She explained that she had been two pounds overweight at bedtime, so she slept without blankets or pajamas. This raised her metabolism and her body burned up two pounds of fat. Unfortunately, she was so cold that she stayed up most of the time rubbing her hands and blowing on her toes.

I was to learn that, by asking Julann how she felt any Saturday morning I would get intriguing answers. Before Christmas, she started to can turnips as gifts for her friends—until a couple of cans exploded. We discovered that she prefers the old-fashioned, homespun life and cooks most of her meals, bakes cakes and pies and even bakes bread by her great grandfather's recipe. She sews, paints pictures or walls, and repairs and upholsters furniture when necessary. She dates, but no one man steady.

"I don't restrict myself to one kind of man. I like many different kinds," she says, "but mostly I like a steady, dependable man with a good sense of humor."

Julann and her sisters lived together in a West Side apartment, until one of the sisters got married. She was replaced by an operatic trainee, a forty-dollar piano, and a cat named Wendell Ambrose.

"I think of myself as an actress and not as a comedienne," Julann says, "but I remember that, back home, whenever I went to picnics, I wore old clothes—because I was the one they always threw into the creek for laughs."

And so it goes. These are the people—Carol, Doro and Julann, Al, Cam, and Tom. Aided and abetted by a couple of dozen other people (including some wonderful fellows known as "writers") they make the show. To them I owe my thanks, and to you we owe our thanks. We hope you always like *The Robert Q. Lewis Show*—because when you like it, we love you—and when you don't like it, we hate ourselves.

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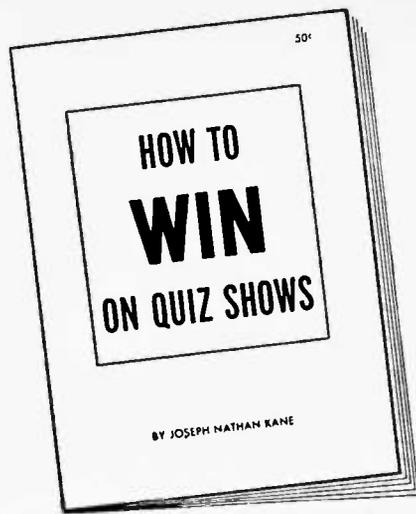
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Nice Guy

(Continued from page 52)

with an hour-long program on Saturday evening.

All summer long, critics and experts wondered whether he would get away with it. This new booking put him squarely under the big guns of "Mr. Saturday Night"—Jackie Gleason, the man whose high-power comedy had first uprooted the entrenched opposition and then mowed down each new program almost as soon as it was put on the air. Perry was pleasant, said the experts, but could he even get a foothold in this new battle for ratings?

Perry met the problem by being just Perry. He invited people whom he liked to appear with him, and raised the curtain on some of the good-natured clowning which has always gone on backstage during his rehearsals. He sang the songs he liked and they also proved to be the songs the audience liked.

Before many weeks had gone by, the answer was in. Part of it was discovered to be in the letters. Where previously, he had received between three and four thousand pieces of mail a week, the count now jumped to nearly seven thousand. "And," says Lee Cooley, his producer, "when we analyze them, it's almost unbelievable. People who object to something are the ones who first take pen in hand—everyone in broadcasting knows that. Yet, out of every hundred letters which Perry receives, we seldom find as many as five which are unfavorable."

The ratings told the official story. Perry's audience climbed steadily, equalled that of his opposition, then forged a bit ahead. Como clearly had succeeded in giving the majority of television viewers just what they wanted.

Such acclaim often brings a new danger.

It has been known to alter the perspective and personality of a star. A few of the professional viewers-with-alarm have raised the classic question: "Will this new success spoil Perry Como?"

Again the answer has come from two directions. In the Como home at Sands Point, Long Island, the only change has been that the children, Ronnie, Terri and David grew an inch or two and were interested in more activities. Their parents were a little busier driving them to Boy Scout, Girl Scout, school and church meetings. But the bond between Perry and his Roselle was even closer than it was that day they were married in 1933.

Producer Lee Cooley reported on the effect of this new success in the studio. "We're all working harder, of course, but when the rating went up, there wasn't a word out of Perry. Had they gone down, I know that he, like the rest of us, would have been disappointed, but he wouldn't have said anything then, either. He's still the same nice guy."

Now, "nice" is a word which no advertising manager would ever blazon on a billboard. Probably it has never sold a theater ticket. Yet—in that backstage world where cast, staff and crew can pay for a star's bursts of temperament with personal ulcers, nervous exhaustion and heart attacks—when his associates call a star "nice" it's darned near the highest accolade. If he can master the difficult art of self-discipline, if he breaks the strain with a touch of humor, and if he is, at all times, a considerate human being, he becomes to them the greatest of heroes.

That's why Perry Como is the "favorite TV male singer of 1955-56" to those behind the scenes of broadcasting—as well as to all the viewers who voted him TV RADIO MIRROR's medal of honor.

Hooray for Gene!

(Continued from page 68)

had every right in the world to lose his temper. But, when I told him, he smiled and said, "Forget it, Louise, you can't cry over spilled records. . . ."

The people who work with Gene, his friends who know him best, can tell you that there is no one in Hollywood who is more a "real person" than Gene Autry. "One of Gene's most wonderful qualities," says his long-time friend and TV producer, Lou Gray, "is the fact that Gene never changes. He's the same quiet, unassuming man today that he was twenty-five years ago when I first met him. . . ."

When we go on location to Joshua Tree, Gene is just one of the cowboys. If a call goes out for a crack-of-dawn scene, he's there—and he's still there when the sun goes down. If a hard-riding scene comes up, something that might demand a stunt man, Gene says, "Aw, come on, now, let's don't make a big thing of this,"—and we go ahead and do it.

"To go back twenty-five years: I first heard of Gene when I worked in a New York agency. Each month the record-sales report came across my desk. Gene's records for Sears & Roebuck were beginning to hit the top ten. People in the office began asking, 'Who's Gene Autry?'"

"One day Gene finally got to the New York office. He came clumping in, wearing boots and a big white hat, and said, 'Howdy,' to all the girls. They just gaped. You just didn't see many boots on Madison Avenue in those days. Well, from then on, Gene was referred to as the 'boy in the big white hat.' Of course, he's

a big man now—point is, as far as I can see, Gene hasn't changed. I still call him 'the man in the big white hat,' and he still says, 'Howdy.'"

Says his wife Ina, "Gene talks plain United States, and I mean just the plainest. In fact, he spoke so 'easy' it made an impression on me the first day we met. Gene had known my aunt and uncle for some years, and I was staying with them while going to college in Springfield, Missouri. They talked about him and how he was playing on Station WLS. To a kid in college, like me, anybody in Chicago radio was really big.

"I was in a dither, when Gene stepped off the train for a visit that morning in 1931, but he spoke more 'Missouri' than my uncle and aunt! And I thought, *Now, here's a person whose head will never be turned by success, no matter what.* I think I decided, then and there, 'Here's the man for me.' We went back to the house, visited for a spell, and then he took me to a movie. When he left, we wrote. Then he visited again, three or four times, and finally he wrote to me from St. Louis to come and get married. I did, and I've never been unhappy about it a day in my life—and, before long, we'll have been married a quarter of a century."

With nearly twenty-five years of marriage, twenty-six years of radio, and a record of sixteen years association with the same sponsor, TV RADIO MIRROR salutes Gene Autry. For—as his many faithful listeners long ago agreed—to know Gene is to love him . . . plain folks, it seems, never wear out their welcome.

Always for the Home Team

(Continued from page 41)

within the security of their togetherness. To maintain that balance of happiness takes work. No lazy parents need apply for a position in this household.

Harriet is, to a degree, in much the same position as many other women today who must be three-dimensional. They are wives-mothers-and-career women, through economic necessity, desire or circumstances. Harriet's approach to her triple-duty life is much the same as that of any other conscientious woman whose family comes first. Although she winces at the phrase, "model woman," she has come as close to the target as possible without becoming a stuffy paragon of virtue.

"Fortunately, I have a background of show business," Harriet muses, reflecting on the unusual nature of the Nelson activities. "I've always been so amazed when people say 'Poor child, her parents were show people and she didn't have the things a child needs.' You see, I made my first professional appearance at the age of six weeks. But I was slow—I didn't get my first speaking part until I was three. As Dad was a director and Mother leading lady of the stock company, it was only natural that I teathed on scripts and acting. The happiest days of my life were moving from town to town, hotel to hotel, meeting new people, experiencing the thrill of being with happy, 'doing' people. And if you think it's a gay carefree life, don't you believe it. I had fourteen mothers and fathers of the cast surrounding me at all times. They felt it was their bounden duty to make me a good citizen. And believe me when I say that my most wonderful Christmases were in highly decorated hotel rooms. Christmas was a big thing on the road. Every member of the troupe had fabulous decorations, trees and gifts. I loved it all. I was loved, secure and happy."

Because of her own remembering, Harriet felt no qualms when she toured with Ozzie and his band while David was a baby. In fact, David made a rather impromptu appearance on the stage at the age of two. Harriet used to sing one number, "The Kid in the Three-Cornered Pants," just for him every night. One night, she realized the applause and reaction was heavier and filled with hilarity. Glancing down, way down, she understood. She was sharing the spotlight with her young son, who had slipped away from his nurse, and was standing by her side applauding her and taking a few theatrical bows on his own. This was an omen of things to come.

"Actually, Linny Crosby was the reason the boys got into the act," Harriet smiles. "David was eleven and Ricky eight, and they both wanted terribly to take their own parts on our radio show. The two boys doing the roles were rapidly growing out of them. We didn't even consider letting David and Ricky do it. Then we asked Bing Crosby to be on the show. Bing agreed and asked if he could bring his young son, Linny. We agreed. Linny and David and Ricky were friends. When they heard that Linny would be on, you could have heard the scream of protest throughout Hollywood. So Ozzie decided to write them in with Linny. He wrote a whole story around them, but gave them very little to do. We decided to do a preview a day before the radio show. The response amazed us. Ricky, at eight, was so little he couldn't keep his chin up over the table, and the audience loved it. Both of them punched their lines across like old pros and, when the audience went into gales of laughter, the Nelson family became an acting team. The boys had tasted blood . . . and they wanted more.

"Ozzie and I had a long talk about it. Ozzie said, 'I can't see where it's done us any harm. Let's try it.' Perhaps because of my own childhood, I was and still am adamant about their acting only within the family circle. They are not child actors in the usual sense of the word. Their work (which they think is fun) is always with Ozzie and me. At the studio they are treated like regular kids and have never had the phony sense of being a celebrity that can ruin a growing child. They are part of our team and enjoy themselves immensely."

It was then that Harriet, the mother, sat down and tried to anticipate the possibilities this change of living would have on them all. She recognized the pitfalls ahead for two young boys if the attitudes, securities and home life were not thoroughly explored by the parents responsible for the change. As usual, Ozzie had realized the same necessities, and their talk was constructive and to the point.

"We agreed that business must never become more important than the living so very important to boys," says Harriet. "If they didn't work outside the family circle, then they'd never be outside our knowledge and control. We agreed to try for a balance of control and discipline so that they might be able to experience, explore and learn. And they certainly have," she continues with a smile. "David is thoughtful and methodical and, through the years, he has learned cameras, settings, cutting and every facet of motion picture making. Rickey, on the other hand, is quick, impulsive and given to snap judgments. He disappears between takes and has to be called at least three times. Once, when he was thirteen, I asked where he was and someone said he was doing some splicing in the cutting room. 'Splicing?' I gasped, 'He doesn't know how to splice.' 'Don't fool yourself, Harriet,' my friend answered. 'That kid's splicing film right now so you couldn't tear it apart. He's as good as the cutters.'"

So the Nelsons settled down to the regime of twenty-four hours a day together. The boys continued their other activities, and filming was centered around the idea of allowing them the freedom they needed. David, like Ozzie, is a fine football player. At Hollywood High he was a varsity star. He also managed to get in a little swimming, basketball, tennis and water-skiing, while doing double-duty as a boy and as an actor. Ricky, another natural athlete, is playing football and tennis, but also has a bent for music in the form of clarinet or drums.

"Ozzie is so wonderful with the boys," Harriet says with a note of pride. "Maybe they get their ability to do so many things at the same time, fully and well, from Ozzie. He understands them, because he was full of activity when he was a boy (and he's never stopped). Even when he was a star quarterback and honor student at Rutgers, show business and music were uppermost in his mind. Ozzie didn't start in show business quickly. He took his time—he was four when he first appeared in one of his father's amateur theatricals. At thirteen, he was the nation's youngest Eagle Scout and did a lot of counseling at summer camps. If I sound immodest about my husband, it's because I think it's always been obvious that Ozzie was going to be a fine man. But, along with his other activities at Rutgers, Ozzie was art editor of the school humor magazine and organized a band to play for local dances. When



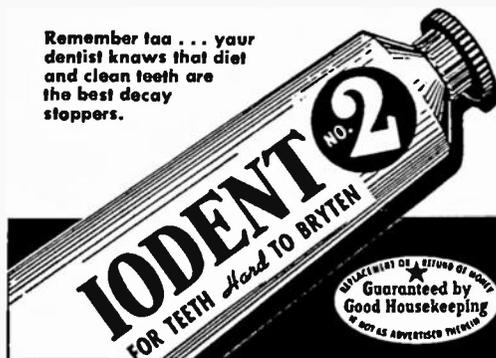
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he was graduated from law school, he immediately formed a band that almost as immediately became a 'name band.' I'm pointing this out because I think it explains the boys' terrific ability to organize themselves and do so many things so well."

It is to be noted that Harriet has had her full share of heavy organization and pressure, too. She manages her home with its million-and-one demands with one hand, while she plows through scripts, runs to the studio, does her role and works at being a wife and mother at the same time. If it weren't for the occasional two-month respites from this constant pressure, it is possible that Mrs. Nelson might pop her cork.

"It is heaven to have pressure off," Harriet admits. "Yesterday was the beginning of a free period. I was in seventh heaven just doing what I wanted. I did a lot of needed things . . . but I didn't have to do them. I wanted to. It makes quite a difference. Everybody has to be careful to avoid getting caught up in a tinge of self-pity occasionally, I think. Particularly when you can see no way out of a set routine. The boys in the band used to call it the SPS—'self-pity society.' They also had a sure cure for it—a swift kick in the pants. Fortunately, I learned this early and the boys have learned it too. Invariably, we can trace hurt feelings back to ourselves. Something we have or haven't done is quite often responsible for the feeling of 'poor little me.'"

A sense of humor helps, too, and the Nelsons are long on that commodity. "We all have the ability to laugh at ourselves. And we have to, with the heavy schedules in our house. For Ozzie, as husband, father, producer, director, chief writer and star of our show, is one of the busiest men in Hollywood. We all do so many things, but happily most of it is together."

The Nelsons seem to be thriving on the system they've set up. David, now nineteen, has entered into the activities of college life at USC with a vengeance. He joined the Kappa Sigma fraternity, and last fall played quarterback on the Freshman football team. Loving show business, David wants to do what Ozzie did—go to law school, and then apply his knowledge to the now enmeshed mechanism of television. Ozzie has not hidden the working facets of show business from his sons. They have discussed the financial, production and technical ends of the show since they started. Both boys are fully aware that one does not "just act" any more. Today, an actor must have the ability to fend for himself in all phases of production.

In many ways, they have had an education unsurpassed. They know automatically many areas of theater which some of our new producers and directors are just discovering. While they were making "Here Come the Nelsons" at Universal-International, Jesse Hibbs, the director, immediately tabbed Ricky "Mile-Away Nelson." For Ricky's in-

quisitive nose led him far afield on the studio lot. The minute he heard the word "cut," he was off investigating the Indians on the next set or trailing the musicians around the lot. Ricky is an excellent drummer, incidentally, and he loves and knows his music.

"When we were going to Sweden last summer, Ricky had the time of his life," Harriet says proudly. "We went on a Swedish ship, the Kungsholm, and had one friend on board, Mr. Jansen, who could speak both Swedish and English. The band didn't speak a word of English. One night, we noticed that the drummer was missing. Instantly Ricky was on the alert. He asked Mr. Jansen where the drummer was. It seemed he was sick. Ricky asked Mr. Jansen to ask the leader to allow him to play a set. Being used to the eccentricities of Americans and also feeling polite toward the paying guests, the musicians gave a reserved approval. When little Ricky got up and started for the bandstand their dismay was obvious. Halfway through the first number they started perking up and looked real pleased. Ricky played his beloved drums to his heart's content.

"The next night, they asked him to join them, and a prouder boy you never saw. The third night, I missed Ricky after dinner. When I asked where he was, Ozzie informed me that he was playing with the band in the cabin section. After that, every other night, Ricky would dress for dinner, sit through politely with us and then go change again and take his turn with the band. I don't think a boy with an addiction to drumming could have been closer to heaven than Ricky was during that trip!"

Ricky, at fifteen, is also serious about show business for a future, enjoys his life as it is, and looks upon girls as good tennis partners. A forehand is more important to him than a forearm at this time. But he is teetering on the edge of girls-for-girls' sake. And Harriet and Ozzie are pleased. Both boys have evidenced excellent taste in their choice of girls.

But, however pleased Harriet is about her boys, she is not smug about them. Her attitude toward raising her children is pretty much the way she feels about her own growth—it is a continuing experience. "I try never to forget that David and Ricky are people. They are so individual that their needs are often different. Ozzie has the fine habit of honestly being interested in the things they do. When David has played a football game, or Rickey a tennis match, Ozzie must hear every detail. He really relishes the constant contact with his growing sons. We have an easygoing yet respectful relationship all around . . . albeit rather informal. The boys quite often address Ozzie and me as 'you guys.'

"The other night," Harriet recalls, "we asked David if he'd like to go to a movie with us. He looked at us quietly for a moment and then said, 'No, I think you

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guys ought to go out alone more. You're always with Rick and me. You should have a chance to go out by yourselves.' Both Ozzie and I protested. But David was adamant. 'No,' he answered with the wisdom of nineteen, 'I think it's good for you to be alone.' So Ozzie and I meekly accepted his ultimatum, and went to the movie alone. David is our movie mentor. If he says we'll like a picture, we go see it. If he says it's no good, we skip it. Once we ignored his advice and went to a bad one. We left in the middle and have never doubted his judgment since."

Because the Nelsons live, eat, sleep, and work together, they are aware of the extra need for not getting in each other's hair. They know one another very well, as most close families do, and can spot a phony reaction from each other quickly.

"I have a bad habit," Harriet grins, "in a difficult piece of acting, of reverting to the coy cute boop-boopie-doop when I'm unsure of myself or off-balance. I have begged them all to stop me . . . and they do. I am also trying to learn to become void of anger. Not a Mrs. Milquetoast, but devoid of the need for anger. I am learning to hold my tongue. If I can keep my mouth shut for ten minutes, I find the need to lash out or hurt someone is gone. If I can think, 'How would I feel if he said that to me?' . . . that usually manages to stop me.

"When I was eighteen, I was the reasonable facsimile of the terrible-tempered Mrs. Bang," Harriet admits ruefully. "One night, I was in my dressing room waiting to go on with my act. I don't know what happened, but I got so mad

I actually kicked a hole in the wall of the room. And immediately burst out all over with a bad case of hives. I was a dancer then. While I was going through my act, the pain was killing me. Right in the middle of a step, I suddenly thought to myself, 'This serves you right. You deserve hives for losing your temper.' Between numbers I had to sit in a bath tub of hot water and soda and look at those angry welts. It cured me of the physical part of temper. But to become completely devoid of anger is something to be worked toward all one's life."

Self-control and belief in human dignity are very deep parts of Harriet Nelson's personality. Basically, she is the same fine woman seen weekly on television. No one can play a part completely unlike themselves so consistently without showing through. Women like Harriet instinctively, and that is a compliment. She is warm, outgoing and interested in those she meets. Her response to others is a constant, searching, working growth. For, to Harriet Nelson, raising good boys, good athletes, is a part of life, not all of it. Sometimes she learns from them, sometimes from Ozzie. And, quite often, they learn from her.

The living proof of her success as a three-dimensional woman—wife, mother and actress—is when the front door opens and one of the Nelson boys comes in yelling, "Hey, you guys, what you doing?" No one can manufacture the aura of love, affection and warmth in this family. Anyone who sees them together knows that Ozzie and Harriet have practiced the theory of "loving with open hands" with excellent results.

Sincerely Loretta

(Continued from page 65)

seen, a number of letters arrived at Lew-Isor Productions protesting the cigarette. The important thing to remember is simply that the cigarette was a touch of the character she played—and not of Loretta.

The second thing which establishes Loretta as an award-winning actress is her unconscious *creativity*. For example, the day she was playing the part of a Japanese wife in the teleplay, "The Pearl," the same writer-interviewer was present on the set. She was surprised during this visit to see Loretta, hands folded, seated quietly in a corner with a Japanese war bride there as adviser. At the end of the day, Loretta left the set with the same deferential demeanor as the Japanese girl herself.

"In contrast to this," says Helen Ferguson, "I remember when Loretta was making the movie, 'Mother Is a Freshman,' in which she played the role of a teen-age daughter's mother who went to college. One evening after work, she dropped in at my house—and stayed for dinner—just as a teenager would. She was simply filled with a contagious, bouncy enthusiasm which had us both in giggles before the evening was out."

Loretta is unaware of this unconscious creativity. She doesn't realize, when she leaves the set each day, that she is thinking deferentially as a Japanese wife—or objectively as a newspaper woman. But *thinking* she is.

This unconscious thinking trait shows up in the detailed perfection of every mechanical movement which Loretta is called on to perform. As Inga, the Swedish farm girl, for example, she steps aboard the tractor as Inga would—not as Loretta. If she plays a nurse's role, Loretta administers a hypodermic as though she had spent her adult life in a hospital.

An important thing to remember in this regard is that she does not practice these

mechanical duties before a mirror. Instead, Loretta spends her off-stage moments contemplating her behavior, practicing her gestures mentally, and thinking like the farm girl—or Japanese wife—or nurse. When the time comes for the performance, it is as real as though she'd been doing these things all her life.

A third and final explanation for Loretta's 100% perfection as a performer is her *objectivity* about herself as an actress, her willingness to accept criticism. For example, when she was making the picture, "Rachel and the Stranger," she was visited on the Eugene, Oregon location by Helen Ferguson. After a scene, Loretta came over to show Helen some still pictures from the production. Helen looked at them and said, "I have a suggestion."

Loretta asked, "What's that?"

"The pictures show your lovely fingernails, but I think they should be trimmed while playing 'Rachel, the bondswoman.' If your nails were shorter, you would use your hands differently while feeding chickens and milking cows."

Loretta looked at her nails—and at the still pictures—without saying anything. Later, at lunch, Helen saw her examining her nails again. When they returned to the set, Loretta called for nail clippers. . . . Says Helen Ferguson, "You can discuss Loretta's performance as if you were discussing another person."

Loretta Young has always believed in giving her best . . . and in relation to television, especially, for she thinks it's the greatest invention man has made. When television was new, Loretta immediately became devoted to warm, sincere personalities like Arthur Godfrey and Kate Smith. "They bring so much enjoyment into my home and are such welcome visitors," she says. That's why Loretta herself went into television with all her heart . . . for she wanted to "go visiting," too!

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Two For The Money

(Continued from page 61)

is, not all kids are musicians. You can't wreck a band to make room for a fellow who's got the spirit but not the talent."

Cost, too, is a factor. "Some kids haven't the money for a sax or a trumpet. Can't afford the lessons, either. It takes a long time to learn to play an instrument." But a harmonica, he points out, is within everyone's reach. "It costs only a few dollars, and almost anyone can play it. You get to hear a tune right away. If a kid is interested, then there's no telling how far it might lead."

Herb himself is the shining example of "how far it might lead," for his childhood harmonica eventually proved to be his passport to show business. He credits a high-school teacher with providing the same kind of help he would now like to pass along to other kids. "I've forgotten this man's first name," he confesses, "and I probably misspell his last name, but I'll never forget what Mr. Moreaux did."

Red-headed Herb—who, even today, looks like Tom Sawyer grown up—was one of a group of boys who sometimes got together to try a tune on their harmonicas. "That's all most of us could afford," he explains. "Things were kind of miserable back in Indiana during the Depression." Their early efforts drew few plaudits. "Then Mr. Moreaux offered to teach us—he was the biology teacher at Central High School and it was sure nice of him to take time off from his bugs and frogs. He turned our defender. He made us respectable. We formed a harmonica band and they let us play at pep rallies and football games and thinks like that."

Radio was their next objective: "There was hardly any network, disc jockeys hadn't been heard of, and so there'd be a man playing the organ. Then they would have

organ and birds, or piano and birds. Right after school, we'd tear over to the station and sometimes, if the fellow who was playing got tired, they'd let us go on."

A harmonica quintet evolved which played for barn dances, theaters, little night clubs. Herb took to making a few remarks between numbers. "Nobody paid much attention," he says, "Back home, guys just standing around talking to each other were funnier than I was."

His solo venture into Chicago nearly ended in oblivion: "I rigged up neon lights on my harmonica and a booker figured it was a good gimmick. He asked if I wanted to play Sydney. I thought he meant Sidney, Ohio, and said sure. When it turned out to be Sydney, Australia, I wondered if I'd ever get back home."

But his homespun humor and trusty harmonica proved equal to the task. They eventually brought him to Broadway, radio and television. Now Herb hopes to open the same route to other young enthusiasts: "We're going to try to have some regional contests and award scholarships and prizes. That will give kids something to work for."

Already his idea is catching fire. "It's kind of nice," Herb smiles, "the way people who remember how to play harmonicas are writing in to say they want to organize bands."

This happy Pied Piper has set an impressive goal for his young followers: "If they don't tear it down before we get there, we're going to have a big concert in Carnegie Hall. Bring in the contest winners from all over the country. That will do what Mr. Moreaux did for us back home—make harmonica-playing respectable, and make kids proud to belong to a harmonica band."

Cheers for the Queen

(Continued from page 69)

And if you want the *real* story about the 'Queen,' talk to Ray Morgan. He's the man who created her, and he's the man who really gives her heart."

Mr. Raymond Morgan, tall, gray-haired and distinguished, has piercing yet kindly blue eyes. When he talks of his "Queen," it is plain to see that he is a man in love. Mr. Morgan has had thirty years experience as a producer, but "Queen" is his favorite. His first big success was *Chandu, The Magician*, followed by *Detectives Black And Blue*, then *Breakfast In Hollywood*, with the late Tom Breneman.

"The ladies who came to our *Breakfast In Hollywood* show gave me the idea for 'Queen,'" says Mr. Morgan modestly. "They were so appreciative of even the small things we gave them. For example, they were more impressed with a kiss from Tom Breneman than with an electric range. It occurred to me then that the average woman hasn't quite enough of anything—never enough love, affection or household appliances—never enough money to do the little things she'd like to do. . . . I thought if we could take an average housewife, glamorize her, show her Hollywood, and perhaps solve some of her problems, women throughout the country could share her experience."

Raymond Morgan learned his basic philosophy of life, "Give to the world the best you have, the best will come back to you," at an early age. When he was a child of nine, he sold magazines to help out his family. The magazines gave away prizes as an added sales incentive.

Later he earned his way by selling auto-

mobiles. He soon discovered he could set records by selling a *trip* and giving away the car. Between magazines and motor cars, Ray Morgan caught the give-away habit. . . . Today, *Queen For A Day* has an office staff of twenty-one dedicated to the task of giving away about \$1500 worth of merchandise each show day. In the eleven years the show has been on the air, \$13,000,000 in gifts have been distributed.

With the growing success of "Queen," Morgan's generosity has been returned to him tenfold. The riches that he and his entire staff of sixty derive from "Queen" come in great measure from their relationship with the show. "Becoming Queen," he says, "changes every woman's life instantly."

"When the Queen comes home that night she generally finds her yard filled with waiting neighbors—they have heard the show and want to know if it is true!

"Her Majesty will come into her room a more confident woman than when she left. Ultimately, she will have a completely new wardrobe. In addition, her looks will be enhanced by a new coiffure and make-up. She'll find her husband more affectionate. He will most likely insist they go out to dinner and dancing—perhaps for the first time since their children came.

"And her children are all around her—in awe. After all, 'Mommy' is now a TV star in the eyes of the neighbors!"

Yes, all who are associated with Mr. Raymond Morgan, agree that his "Queen" is a queen of hearts. Letters telling of the happiness the "Queen" has brought to viewers across the country are sure proof that "If you give to the world the best you have, the best will come back to you."

Fibber and Molly

(Continued from page 56)

shows a year and still luxuriated in the fascinating business of being grandparents. However, before grandchildren came, Jim and Marian Jordan had other interests: Their Valley home, Jim's ivy, Marian's African violets, their cattle-ranch and trailer life.

As a matter of fact, the trailer life came as a result of the Jordans' again contemplating retirement. It was pointed out to them by friends that they could rent or buy a trailer . . . that they didn't have to go into real retirement—but their trailer trip could be a vacation . . . and, at the same time, the quiet of Mother Nature would be conducive to clear thinking—and "Fibber" could make up his mind which one of a hundred areas of interest he would tackle next.

Jim and Marian accepted the idea, for it was then 1944 and traveling by trailer was practically a national hobby. Their friends had described the beauty of roadside resting places, ferry dells, the wonder of living in a trailer in the midst of nature. But Jim says, "I liked the part about taxes—there were none!"

The Jordans' trailer trip was full of surprises—just like Fibber McGee's closet. The first day, Jim and Marian traveled as far as the front gate when Jim discovered the trailer was too big for the car, which wouldn't pull it up the hill outside the house. Next, the hitch had to be changed so they could go around curves.

"We did get started," says Jim, "but in 1944 there were no elegant trailer parks. I believe we had to drive to the end of the coastline before we could find a place to turn around."

The Jordans camped on the Wall River in Oregon to fish for trout. "We had a very small kitchen in the trailer," says Jim, "and not much variety. If we stored too many foods there was no place to cook. So we were eating in this restaurant when in came a local camper with the biggest trout I'd ever seen."

The lucky fisherman wanted the patrons to sign a certificate attesting to the size of his fish—fourteen pounds, six ounces. Jim agreed, and signed, "Fibber McGee." The fisherman was furious because Fibber's signature had made the testimonial a big lie. He was finally placated when Marian

did her little-girl "Tweeney" routine to prove that Fibber was really Fibber.

On the way home, Jim and Marian decided to rest up in San Francisco. "And," says Jim, "to get some more variety in our diet. There was a trailer court in south San Francisco, but we thought we could find a place closer to town. We drove up one hill and down another—naturally, we couldn't leave our trailer on one of those hills. Finally, we drove back to south San Francisco to park."

The Jordans then drove back into San Francisco. "We couldn't check into a hotel," says Jim, "because we didn't have any bags. So Marian bought two dollar suitcases in an inexpensive store and we drove up to the St. Francis Hotel." The bellhop came rushing out to the big new car, and Jim reports he gave them—with their unkempt, bearded looks and their empty, inexpensive suitcases—the most suspicious look he's ever seen.

"After a few days of shopping, clean clothes, and some San Francisco cooking," recalls Jim, "I felt we had enough strength to hitch up the trailer and return home. Two days of living in San Francisco also told me we had had enough of 'retiring' to our trailer and communing with nature."

Back in Hollywood in 1944, Jim and Marian parked the trailer in back of their big house. They later sold the house, bought a small ranch home—which they remodeled by taking off the roof—and lived in the trailer for six months before the house was finished.

Later, Jim and Marian's gardener lived in the trailer. The gardener helped Jim with the ivy and Marian with her African violets. Eventually, the trailer was sold—and with it went their idea of retiring.

Today—still in love with radio—Jim and Marian are busier than ever. In addition to this, they have since moved back into their big home—to make room for their grandchildren—and bought and sold one cattle ranch and purchased another near Agoura, California, where they yearly raise two-hundred head of Black Angus cattle.

Say Jim and Marian Jordan, surrounded by their six grandchildren and their many other interests: "Keep busy, you'll keep happy—and you'll never want to retire." The Jordans are keeping busy!

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(Continued from page 67)

the past eight years . . . and of understanding the people and situations with which Jerry Maloney has to deal.

"There was a time," she says, "back in the beginning months of the program, when Sandy's daughter on the show—Jill, played by Rosemary Rice—was about the age our Joyce is now, eleven," Ruth says. "One day, I was listening and I heard Sandy talking so calmly and understandingly to Jill about something she had done which he didn't like. I started to laugh, because just that morning, our Joycie, who was only a little thing then, had been particularly trying about something she wanted to do which neither of us approved—not unusual, of course, with kids! Sandy had tried to explain but finally had to give up, without too much calmness.

"Most of the time, however, Sandy is as quiet and calm at home as he is on the show. Our children worship him. Sometimes I think I should start being home with them less," she laughs, "so they will make as much fuss about me when I come in! They never want anyone to tell their father if they have been naughty, and his displeasure is punishment enough. But they are very good children, and Sandy and I are proud of them."

Besides Joyce, there are Curtis, six, who helps Sandy uphold the male viewpoint in the family, and Annelle, five. All three are used to the odd situation of having a daddy who is many people, not just one person. They know he is also Dr. Jerry Maloney, listened to and loved all over the United States. They know he is the Sandy Becker who does several children's programs on television which they and their friends adore, and that he is a host on *The Adventures Of Robin Hood*, over CBS-TV, and does commercials on many important shows.

The kids also know that Sandy is a daddy who can make all sorts of interesting things in his basement workshop, in the big, white colonial house on Long Island where they live. He can sculpture the puppets he uses on his children's programs (one—called Marvin Mouse—that he created recently for a show is now being produced in quantity and sold for children everywhere). Sandy can build wonderful things, tables and cabinets, shelves and toys. He can repair and paint, he understands about the insides of automobiles and is excited about the beautiful white Mercedes-Benz sports car they love to ride in. They have watched him build hi-fi sets, one for the big house and one for the little place in Manhattan which he uses as combination office apartment when his work keeps him running back and forth from studio to studio, as it does so much of the time now. And they think he's the best sketcher and cartoonist in the whole world. In short, Sandy's a daddy who is quite a fellow!

Sandy himself takes a more modest view of the situation. "To the kids," he says, "acting is something I happen to do. Just as the fathers of other kids in our town go off to work in the morning, I go off to my job. Mostly, I guess I'm just the fellow who plays games with them, goes sledding in winter and swimming in summer—we hope to have our own pool built, back of the house, in time to enjoy it this year. The kids know I love animals, as they do, and we always have a lot of them around the place. In fact, we are practically living in a combination aviary-zoo right now, with a cuckoo, a cockatoo, parrot and parakeets as regular members of the family, and others being added from time to time. There are my own tanks of tropical fish,

and those belonging to the children. And there's always Jocko, our wonderful German shepherd. It's quite a collection."

There was another bird in the Becker household last year, a saucy little green dwarf parrot named Hajji Baba, who was always on one of Sandy's morning shows for kids. One morning, someone left the window open in Sandy's office while Hajji was strutting about outside the little house his master had made for him. Hajji smelled freedom, and flew off into the wild blue. But no one doubts that he misses the morning coffee he used to have with Sandy, as he perched on the rim of his own special cup and scolded at Ruth if the toast was either underdone or too brown. The Beckers admit to missing Hajji, too.

The new swimming pool promises to be one of the biggest happenings in the family's life this year. Sandy's good friend and neighbor, police captain Fred Blahnik, put in a claim for the backyard "hot dog concession" while the pool was still in the planning stage. "Smart fellow," Sandy grins. "He knows that pool will be one of the busiest spots in the neighborhood."

The children for blocks around are Sandy's friends. They form fan clubs, send him the lists of members and rules and copies of important club documents. "My husband really likes kids," Ruth comments. "He knows they are hungry for knowledge and believes it can be made entertaining, too. Sandy always has a lot of new ideas about the way to give children the information they want without their realizing they are learning important things. He knows how to make a game out of learning, how to keep it interesting and fun. I think he is at his very best when he can do things his own way and inspire others to use their creative talents."

This need to express himself kept Sandy turned toward acting and toward building some shows of his own, at a time when he might have branched off permanently into newscasting. He was doing some work on special events and special news broadcasts and had been singled out by some of the top network brass for a build-up, after they heard him do a couple of extra-fine on-the-spot news commentaries. "I asked myself—first, if I had the necessary background of good, solid news training—second, if it was what I really wanted to do, even if I got over that first hurdle. I decided it wasn't. I reminded myself that I was an actor, happy being Jerry Maloney, and with all those ideas in my head about future shows. So I stayed with the work that was giving me so much satisfaction."

There are amusing incidents in connection with being Jerry Maloney. In the early days of the show, one of Sandy's good friends, Dr. Keyne Monson, was interning in a New York hospital, on his way up to becoming a prominent surgeon-specialist. Sometimes Sandy would want to see his friend at the hospital and would call to make the appointment. When the switchboard operator at the hospital asked who was calling, he would say "Dr. Maloney." "Yes, doctor," the girl would answer and put the call through as quickly as possible. Arriving later, Sandy would announce himself again as "Dr. Maloney," keeping up the joke.

It worked fine—until once or twice, it backfired. "I was waiting in a corridor for my friend one day," Sandy recalls, "when a nurse began to tell me about a particularly difficult case they had, and asked if I had ever run into anything like it in my experience. I did a fast bit of double-talk—because the pre-medical course I had

once taken, when I thought of being a doctor, was of no use to me at that point—and I got out fast.

"Another time, my friend was in surgery when I arrived, and the nurse ushered me in before I realized where she was taking me. As 'Dr. Malone,' she concluded that either I was on the case or at least there as an observer. I backed out with some lame excuse—and decided my little joke had gone far enough."

Sandy's friends often refer to him as "Doctor," and sometimes, when Ruth calls their own family physician on the phone to ask some advice, he will chuckle and ask why she doesn't consult her husband. But, all joking aside, Sandy has great respect for this unselfish medico he plays.

"I admire his strength of character," says Sandy, "and the fact that he will never sacrifice his own rigid code of ethics to advance himself, or for any monetary gain. Jerry Malone is an idealist who makes no compromises, and the world has need of his kind. It is a gratifying part to play. Everyone on the program helps make it stimulating. Most of us on the show started together, or have been together a

long time, and even the newcomers soon become part of a closely-knit group.

"To name just a few, there is Jane Allison, who is my wife, Tracey. Rosemary Rice, who is my daughter, Jill. Bill Smith, one of my friends in real life, who is Dr. Brown. Bob Readick is Dr. Mason, and his wife, Marcia, is Elspeth Eric.

"Our director, Ira Ashley, is just great. We all have a lot of fun together. We're a happy gang. If I have done a good job, it's because these people made it possible."

What does he look forward to now, this good-looking fellow of thirty-four who has already achieved so much and had such a good time doing it? "Just more of the same," Sandy says emphatically. "The chance to continue with all that I am doing, trying to get a little better at it all the time, adding new things whenever the time is ripe for them. Looking ahead to the kids growing up happy and healthy and useful, to the continuation of all the happiness Ruth and I have shared throughout our marriage. What could any man want more than this?"

And young Jerry Malone would undoubtedly agree with Sandy Becker.

New Look, Old Favorite

(Continued from page 55)

on the radio version of the show. This makes an even dozen TV RADIO MIRROR Awards that Jack Webb and *Dragnet* have divided up between them.

Creator, producer, director and star of the series, Jack Webb keeps his feet firmly planted on the high road by the simple device of moving with the times. Take, for example, the "new look" on the TV *Dragnet*.

The most eye-catching part of the new look is Marjie Millar, a pert blonde who turned up on TV this year as Sharon Maxwell, a secretary at the Los Angeles Police Department, on whose official files the documentary series bases its hard-hitting, realistic dramas. In the role of Miss Maxwell, Marjie has caused a noticeable thaw in the official demeanor of Sgt. Friday.

Devising a TV program is very much like making a cake—you mix and blend a variety of ingredients. But, if you've a recipe that's become a family favorite, why deviate from it? This sort of thinking may work in the kitchen, but it has meant indigestion for many a radio and television program. Not so with *Dragnet*. Jack Webb constantly adds new ingredients to his tried and true-to-life formula. And when he decided to spice his TV show with a dash of romance, everybody ate it up.

Another part of *Dragnet's* new look is also an eye-filler. Not quite so curvaceous as Miss Millar, it is more monumental. When the Los Angeles Police Department built itself a new, ultra-modern headquarters, Jack Webb plunked down \$40,000 to duplicate the building in a new *Dragnet* set. Completely authentic, as was the earlier one, the new set duplicates everything down to the actual phone extension numbers and up-to-date crime-lab equipment. The dimensions are exact and there's even a working candy-vending machine for Friday's food-loving partner, Frank Smith—played by Ben Alexander.

Authenticity keynotes each edition of this series. In point of fact, it was a real-life cop's gripe about far-fetched police yarns that inspired the series.

It happened while Jack was appearing in the film, "He Walked By Night," and Detective Sergeant Marty Wynn was acting as a technical advisor. One day, between takes, Wynn asked, "Why don't you do a real story about policemen?"

Wynn forgot all about the conversation. Webb remembered, mullied it over and, three weeks later, turned up at police

headquarters to ask to ride along with Wynn and his partner on their calls. Night after night, Jack rode in the back of the police car, listening to the radio's unemotional reports of crime and human weakness, observing every word and gesture of the two officers and both the victims and culprits they met.

On June 3, 1949, Jack translated what he had learned into the first *Dragnet* program. The snowball that had started rolling in a casual conversation grew to an avalanche of TV and radio success, gathered momentum with recordings, both straight and parodies, of the *Dragnet* theme, and with a movie of "Dragnet" and later of "Pete Kelly's Blues."

"Today," says Jack, "people are looking for more realism in television. They want to be entertained, but they also want to learn, to benefit and to become better citizens as a result of it. You might call it entertainment with an ulterior motive."

Webb's own motive is ambition. And, if it's a crime, Jack was an early offender. A sickly youngster, he spent a poverty-ridden boyhood in a shabby Los Angeles apartment. "He was always searching for something," his mother recalls, "but he didn't know what."

But, by the time Jack entered Los Angeles Belmont High School, he was no longer groping. The search had led him to amateur dramatics. Jack also drew cartoons for the school yearbook and, in his senior year, edged out the football captain to become president of the student body.

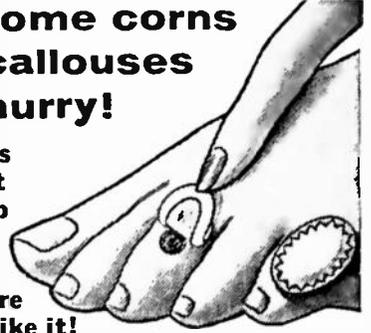
Acting was Jack's answer. He worked with local California radio stations until he joined the Air Force in 1942. After his discharge, he returned to radio, and, wherever he worked, engineers and other technicians were flattered by the constant stream of questions Jack threw at them. In San Francisco, he finally landed the title role in *Pat Novak For Hire*. From there he went to small film roles and to more questions, this time of film technicians. Years later, he returned to the same studio to produce and star in a feature film based on his own creation, *Dragnet*.

If anyone is a victim of Jack Webb's ambition, it is himself. Certainly, the long hours and complete absorption in his career have caused marital difficulties, and Jack has often been criticized for "driving too hard." But the proof lies in the product. Sergeant Friday is an honest cop and the facts are, ma'am, that Jack Webb is an honest actor—and an honest man.

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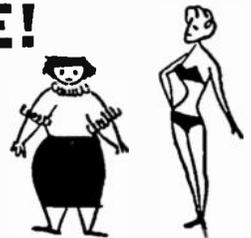
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Mirth and Melodye

(Continued from page 57)

all by herself. Records, dances, songs and jokes. She has never done this act in public, but she tries it out on some of her friends when they come over to visit. Once in a while, when Martha, too, has guests, Melodye will take a notion she wants to perform. But you know how kids are about such things."

As the writers and producer made the necessary changes in the script, Nick dispatched a car to Connecticut to pick up Melodye. Melodye and Martha live near Westport, about an hour's commuting time from New York. Theirs is an English-style house with a big living room and ample grounds—a fine place for Melodye's young friends to drop in. Their lives there are as far from show business as Martha Raye can ever get, for here she is the suburban mother, rather than the nation's highest-paid comedienne. "It's as much fun for me to work on a PTA project as it is to start a new show," Martha says.

Good PTA-er that she is, she specified when the plan to put Melodye on the program was being worked out, "Don't take her out of class. Go to the house first and pick up her dress and things, then meet her when school lets out. She'll have time enough to come in on dress rehearsal. She won't need more than that."

Martha herself had needed less for her own debut. That, in fact, had been a strictly ad-lib performance. Her parents, Pete Reed and Peggy Hopper, were appearing in a tab show—a miniature musical comedy—and playing at Butte, Montana, when Martha was born on August 27, 1916—"with my mouth wide open and singing loud," she claims.

Although almost born on stage, she waited until the venerable age of three to face an audience. Tired of being left in the dressing room, she slipped out to the wings while her parents were doing their act. She was not amused, and indicated as much in a penetrating treble. "But my folks knew what to do," she confides. "In self-defense, they took me into the act."

At fifteen, she had cut the apron strings. She sang, danced and did the comedy lead in a six-year-old act. The others were

Jackie Heller, Sonny O'Day, Hal LeRoy and Buddy and Vilma Ebsen. All became headliners.

There have been headlines of many sorts in Martha's life since that day, some turbulent, many others marking great achievement. But, when one watches her in rehearsal, it is difficult to realize that, this year, she is celebrating her official thirtieth year in show business—and adding, "Somebody skipped a couple of years somewhere. It's actually thirty-six!"

Whatever the correct figure, Martha looks like a teenager in her rehearsal outfit of well-washed blue jeans and light sports shirt. Lithe, limber and quick, she seems to be everywhere at once, the same dynamo of energy that she is on screen. There's no walk-through of a part for Martha. She plays every bit at full pitch.

But one could see her tension mount, that day she waited for Melodye. Her eyes—and Nick's too—were always turning toward the door. The return trip from Westport took longer than they had estimated. Dress rehearsal was over, before Melodye, glowing with excitement, burst through the door and ran straight for her mother's arms.

There was time only for Martha to show the child where she was to stand, but few—if any—TV viewers realized that Melodye, in show business parlance, was "going on cold."

For Melodye, that evening, claimed her birthright as a trouper from a family of troupers. Her happy smile matched her mother's wide one and, as smoothly as a veteran, she took her own cue when Martha spoke the proudest line she has ever spoken on any stage: "My daughter, Melodye Condos."

Does this mark young Melodye's official entry into show business? Perhaps, for she made such a hit that she was invited back for a repeat performance. Concerning the future, Nick states her parents' official position: "If Melodye wants to go into show business, Martha and I will help her, of course. But whether she does depends strictly on Melodye herself. All we want for her right now is to continue to have a happy childhood."

A Champ Named Sullivan

(Continued from page 37)

would have said it was fantastic. It isn't. The ratings prove that. The overwhelming mail and the personal response. And now, once more, TV RADIO MIRROR's own annual poll of its readers, who continue to award Ed and his show top honors and gold medals for solid achievement.

Talking to Ed about the show, about the things the past eight years have taught him, about himself and his family, his wife Sylvia and their daughter Betty, isn't very different these days from the way it was, back in the beginning days of the show—except that now Betty is a young matron, instead of the schoolgirl she was then, with a Navy husband, Robert Precht, and two children, Robbie, two years old, and Carla, born last September 24.

"Boje," the lovable miniature French poodle, still barks you noisily into the apartment at the midtown New York hotel where the Sullivans live and where Ed has turned one room into an office. "Boje" is short for "Bojangles," and "Bojangles" is short for Bill "Bojangles" Robinson, the late great dancer whom Ed called good friend. Even on a Saturday morning—

normally a quiet day in New York's business life—the telephones in all four rooms of the apartment never stop ringing, the several connected with the hotel switchboard, and the private phones.

In the absence of Carmine Santullo, the man who has been Ed's trusted, efficient "right hand" for about twenty years, and Jean Bombard, Ed's secretary for the past six years, Sylvia—and any visitors who can be pressed into service—answer calls from California, from Florida, from Washington and local calls from Ed's associates, from managers with acts to suggest, from friends old and new. The phrases, "Ed's on another phone—will you hold the wire, please," echo through the apartment. And Ed picks up phone after phone in quick succession, puts in necessary calls of his own in between, comes back and takes up an interrupted conversation without faltering. Somehow, the atmosphere never seems too confused. Ed is used to all this. So is Sylvia.

Sylvia's stunning portrait, painted in oils, still hangs in the living room. But added to family photos strewn about are pictures now of their son-in-law and the grandchildren, as well as of daughter

Betty. The books are still placed in casual rows on their shelves, looking as if they were picked up frequently and not merely part of the decor. A toy belonging to Boje lies in the hollow he has made in a sofa cushion, and his rubber bone is near by on the carpet, where he hopes you will notice it and throw it across the room and let him bring it back to you, endlessly. (You remember how tired of the game you got before Boje did, the last time you were there, so you don't get involved, even when he looks at you pleadingly.)

The walls of Ed's office are covered with plaques, citations, photographs taken with most of the famous entertainment personalities and the leading sports figures. There are portrait photos autographed to Ed from the men and women he admires—one of Cardinal Spellman, for instance. There are keys to cities, awards for good work done for youth organizations of many races and religions, citations from all branches of the armed services. There are two desks, two typewriters, stacks of mail just come in to be gone over and answered, lists of appointments, records of eight years of producing a major television show.

The things that are not in any of the records are as revealing as the mass of data they contain. As revealing as the awards and citations, the scrolls and the complimentary autographs. You remember stories, like the one Marion Marlowe told you, about the first time she appeared on Ed's show, after she was let out by Godfrey.

"I knew everybody would be watching to see if I was going to do a good or a bad job," Marion had said. "I had a great deal to live up to—not the least being Ed's own confidence in me. It made me scared. Everyone connected with the show was being extra-nice—you never saw so many people bringing cups of coffee or finding some reason to do some little service for me. But it was Ed himself who put me at ease. Just before the show, he brought an old, droopy rose, with just about two petals left hanging on the stem. He must have found it somewhere backstage, left over from another performance. He handed me the poor, dead flower as if it were a beautiful fresh bouquet. 'Good luck,' he said. I laughed, and that broke the tension for me. I knew then I would be all right."

One of those on Ed's staff says of him: "Ed is friendly, sincerely friendly. Not the cold, reserved newspaperman-type some people have thought. He wants people to like him, but he is never phony about it. His guests will tell you that. He puts himself out to take good care of everyone, to present talent in the best possible light—no smallest detail of camera work or lighting, or costuming, is too much for him to plan, if it will help the performer. And he has a great streak of fun that helps reduce tension at rehearsals."

Everyone is nice to everyone else at an Ed Sullivan Show rehearsal. Co-producer Marlo Lewis and director Johnny Wray put the show on, and Ed comes in later. But he has already approved all the talent and all the numbers they are going to do, and is completely familiar with everything that is going on. Now he watches the monitor, concentrates completely on how the show will come over on millions of TV sets.

It is interesting to note that Marlo has been with Ed since the show began, that Johnny joined them after the first seven or eight shows, that Ray Bloch has been responsible for the music and an integral part of the program since its inception, and that most of the gang date back to those early days. Eddie Brinkman is still stage manager, Bob Daly is in charge of technicians, Bob Tamplin is general as-

sistant who stop-watches the show and brings about that miracle of ending on the split-second, Mark Leddy still takes care of all the circus acts. Jack Babb, of Kenyon & Eckardt, the advertising agency, is still liaison man between the show and the sponsor—the same sponsor, too, by the way. And, of course, Carmine Santullo and Jean Bombard are still in there pitching for Sullivan. Ed is understandably proud of the way the combination has stayed together: "It's a great, smooth-working team, one of the best and most unusual in this business."

Ed himself was always sure that vaudeville had not "died" because of lack of public interest, as some said. He loved vaudeville as a kid, saw the shows year in and year out as he was growing up, knew the great old acts. "Then," he recalls, "motion pictures became more and more important, and competed heavily with vaudeville. The movies could publicize their stars and their stories, and they could pay huge amounts of money because they played to almost unlimited audiences."

"In those days, too, vaudeville was apt to be a slow process. Each performer did his full act, and one act might consume fifteen minutes. Audiences went into theaters to spend the afternoon or the evening. They sat and watched for a long time and waited for the really big acts to come on, and those terrific ones that were always billed next-to-closing.

"For TV," says Ed, "I knew that every act would have to be exciting, fast, streamlined, cut down to its very core. I have flown-in acts for our show from Europe, taken out everything but the real essence of the act, put it on for two-and-a-half or three minutes only. Really great acts, that came over just great."

Another thing changed by the Sullivan technique is the slow, weak starter. "Always start the show with strength," is an Ed Sullivan maxim (and this divulges no trade secret, because everyone looking in can confirm this for himself). He doesn't believe in stereotyped openings, thinks audiences don't want to know ahead what will be coming first, middle or last. When Julius La Rosa was billed to be on the show, soon after the famous on-the-air firing, Ed knew a lot of excitement had been generated before the young singer's appearance. He came out on the stage at the beginning of the program, said, "I know what you want to see—it's Julius La Rosa," and waved Julie on. No teasers, no big buildup, but a real surprise opener.

Sullivan TV "firsts" are far too numerous to list, but a few might be noted here. When movies and TV were still warring, Ed was the first to make an alliance with motion pictures, to show scenes from new films of major studios, to present their stars in "live" appearances. He was the first to do scenes from current Broadway hits, played by the actors appearing in them (with excellent effect upon the box-office and tremendous viewer response) . . . first to pan across the audience and introduce celebrities . . . first to do the big biographical shows, of people, projects, organizations (such as ASCAP), of film studios . . . first to do a Walt Disney show, with Walt playing himself (he had a whole show on Disney four years ago) . . . first with the Sadler's Wells Ballet and the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company on television.

Other TV debuts on Ed's show include Humphrey Bogart, Bob Hope, Charles Laughton, Rudy Vallee, Jimmy Durante, Phil Silvers, Rita Hayworth, Hedy Lamarr and Lana Turner—and scores of others, perhaps hundreds. Also included is Margaret Truman, at the time she was a White House daughter and the Secret Service men swarmed all over the theater during rehearsals and the broadcast. Shirley

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Booth made her first appearance on television in a scene from her Broadway comedy hit, "The Desk Set." Joyce Grenfell, British comedienne-monologist, made her American debut on Ed's show. A highlight of this season, too, was the appearance of Lily Pons, in a *Sullivan Show* tribute on her twenty-fifth show business anniversary—in an unusual teaming-up with songstress Pearl Bailey, which only a Sullivan could have dreamed up. Orson Welles guested, and also emceed shows in Ed's absence. Kate Smith came out of temporary retirement to be Ed's guest. Pinky Lee came on five years ago, and got good advice from Ed: To start a show for kids. "You'd be a natural with them," Ed told him, prophetically.

Sullivan likes to quote from a letter Bing Crosby wrote him a few years ago, which helps prove the point about the durability of vaudeville and variety, when it really is variety. Bing wrote how he had often told his kids about vaudeville, about the great old performers and acts, the really terrific comedians, the excitement of the whole business. He said he always had the feeling that the kids listened to him indulgently and were secretly thinking: "This is just the Old Man talking about the days of his youth." Now they were seeing Ed's show every week and had found out what the "Old Man" meant. They were learning the thrill of vaudeville for themselves. They understood what he was talking about when he described some of the wonderful acts that drew people back into the theater, year after year. Pops had been proved smarter than they thought.

Sylvia Sullivan, who married Ed some twenty-five years or so ago, has ideas of her own about some special reasons for Ed's success—first as a sports writer, then as a newspaper columnist, and now as TV impresario and performer.

"Even if Ed doesn't happen to like someone personally," Sylvia observes, "he can remain objective about that person's work and say it is great. My own criticisms are much more apt to be tied up with my feelings about people, but not Ed's. He can violently disagree with a performer, for instance, and still respect his work. Occasionally, he gets angry and will say that such-and-such a person will not be on the show again. But, unless there is a matter of integrity involved, or something equally important, his anger is quickly forgotten. There is nothing petty about him. Added to all this, he has excellent taste and judgment, works very hard—and more rapidly than anyone else I know."

The success of the *Ed Sullivan Show* is undoubtedly due, in part, to the fact that there is something in it for everyone, even for the kids. Nobody has to be crazy about everything in it to enjoy most of it. Ed gets a kick out of his own shows, enjoys them a second time over dinner with Sylvia after the Sunday-night programs. He will remember the funny line someone said on the show and suddenly go off into gales of laughter, or get a little sentimental over some nostalgic bit from an old-timer's routine. For a time, he and Sylvia called each other "Oiving" and "Zelda"—because ventriloquist Ricky Layne's dummy on the show (an enormously droll, original little fellow) had decided he would imitate Ed and introduce some celebrities from the audience. He had then called on "Oiving" MacMurray and "Zelda" Haver (Fred MacMurray and his wife, June Haver), insisting that those were the right names. Ed found this highly amusing.

"We have had a long session of after-the-show dinners, eight years of them," Ed says. "The show is done and over,

and I can sit back and relax. I'm not even thinking of next week's program at this particular time. That starts the next day—or, rather, it continues, because I have been thinking and planning 'way ahead, of course, as you always must in this business.

"Usually," he says of these Sunday-night suppers, "I have talked to Sylvia over the phone and had her reaction before meeting her. If there's something she didn't think quite came off, she tells me. Little things she holds back until later, so as not to spoil my feeling about the show as a whole. Things like my tie not being just right, or my over-using one word, like the word 'wonderful' or 'tremendous'—which are the first ones that come to mind when a performance has been extra-good. Sylvia's criticism is always careful, thoughtful, and constructive, and I can always trust it to be honest."

The whole thing really works this way: First, there are the reactions Ed gets while he is still at the theater—from his associates, from everyone who comes backstage. His conversation with Sylvia. A telephone talk with Joe Moore, Olympic skating champion back around 1920—when Ed was still a sports writer—and his close friend ever since. "A very hep guy," Ed describes Joe. Joe gives Ed his opinion, and around 2 A.M. he calls Ed from Lindy's, where he has been taking his own "Gallup poll." Then, there's what Ed calls "the real test"—at about 9:30 Monday morning, when he calls Mary Smith at Trendex to get their official rating of the program.

The Hollywood motion picture Ed was planning to make is off, for the present at least. "Too many other commitments, too many complexities," he says about it. "In addition, I'm scared to death that I'd be awful." With summer ahead, he will be taking more time out to play tournament golf and will be out there practicing to improve his game—a good one, when he's in practice. He drops it almost completely during the winter months, brushes up madly come spring. He and the family will be spending some time in the big house on one of their three parcels of farmland, about 200-odd acres, in Southbury, Connecticut. They are all looking forward to having the Bob Precht family in New York sometime after July, when son-in-law Bob gets out of the Navy.

Bob is interested in television, but in the news end—in news commentary and in documentaries. But, for Ed, there's nothing like a variety show. Good old vaudeville, streamlined, changed, vastly quickened in tempo, with all sorts of new ideas for it simmering in Ed's mind at any given moment. With all its nostalgia, its many-fabled facets, its excitements for the old-timers—and for the young, too, who had never known its unique flavor. With all the fun of finding the biggest, brightest, and finest acts, the best performers, and of editing them into a fascinating hour of entertainment. Thus, once a week, every Sunday, Ed Sullivan becomes a welcomed guest in millions and millions of homes.

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The Secret Passion of Garry Moore

(Continued from page 47)

breast soothed only by the blues and bleat. Here's a man, a hipster at heart, who rocks deceptively in an old-fashioned rocker in his office. He rocks back and forth, so quietly, with a gentle twinkle—one to an eye, but beware of the twinkle in either one. Garry's full of surprises and spectacular enthusiasms. And he shares his enthusiasms with his audience. Recently, he produced an album of jazz for Columbia Records and he's just as excited as Father Dionne was, once upon a time.

"The album's called 'My Kind of Music,'" he says, "and that's exactly what it is. It's music and musicians that I've heard in a lifetime, music I love—blues, swing."

For Garry, a "night out" usually means a table down at Eddie Condon's or some other club noted for jazz. That would happen two or three nights a month. Most evenings, after work, he retires to his family and boat. And, many evenings, he carries home a slim, square cardboard envelope containing a grooved, plastic disc: "As I approach the front door it's almost as if I can hear them scurrying and shouting, 'Here he comes with another jazz record. To the woods!'"

Everyone knows about Garry's wife Eleanor, nicknamed Nell. Garry talks about her so often, but she is seen so seldom. Every couple of years, she makes a "farewell" television appearance. About three years ago, when *I've Got A Secret* premiered, Nell came on. Ed Murrow got her on camera for *Person To Person* last year. And that's all. And that's too bad, for she is a pretty brunette with lovely brown eyes and one of those memorable, sweet-shy smiles. But Nell prefers symphonic and classical music. Actually, that wouldn't seem much of a problem, for Garry has his hi-fi equipment set up in the den, a small room—he could go into the den, close the door and play his records. But: "I like to use the den as a sound box," he explains. "I get the volume 'way up, and then go into the living room to listen. Of course, Nell doesn't have to listen. There's always the roof or garage."

Nell isn't quite a cat—nor is Garry, Jr., who belongs to the rock-and-rattle set—but Mason, the first born, takes after father. He plays drums in a jazz quartet at school, and joins Garry in the sit-me-down-and-listen sessions at home.

"To me, a phonograph is as much a necessity in a home as a dining table," Garry says. "When I was a kid, it was different. My parents weren't musical. They didn't play instruments and they weren't concert-goers, but my brother and I liked jazz. I began to collect records at twelve and, by the time I was sixteen, I had a pretty fair collection."

Garry—then Thomas Garrison Morfit—was born and raised in Baltimore. He was one of three children, and his bedroom was on the third floor of the house and on the street side. Up in his bedroom, he had a phonograph and an old trumpet that was good for nothing. Garry would put on a Louis Armstrong record and put the trumpet to his lips and make believe. He was about fourteen then, and it's pretty easy for a kid to pretend he's blowing the high ones.

"One day," he recalls, "I was standing by the window with the trumpet and playing a record. I glanced down at the street and there were a couple of men—well, they were about eighteen years old, anyway—staring and listening. When the record ran out, I put on another, and they

didn't move. Just listened. Next day there were three or four outside for the concert—and, the third day, enough for a whole orchestra. I put on some records and 'played the trumpet' some more for them, then Dad called upstairs and said some boys were asking for me and would I come on down. They wanted me to play in their orchestra. I told them that I was sorry but I couldn't, because I was studying to be a doctor. They went away unhappy, and you couldn't blame them—after all, they had almost got Louis Armstrong in their band."

A fitting conclusion to this story might have been that the young Baltimore boy grew up to be Bix Belderbecke, but—Hollywood, go away—Thomas Garrison Morfit grew up to be Garry Moore. At eighteen, he had a burning ambition to write up the world, and was encouraged by rubbing up against such Baltimore notables as H. L. Mencken and in collaborating with F. Scott Fitzgerald. At eighteen, Garry went to work at WBAL in Baltimore: "I was hired as a continuity writer and, when I'd dry up at the typewriter, I'd go up to the studio and fool around with the drums."

One day, the station's comedian failed to turn up for a variety show. If they had asked the drummer to take over the mike and Garry to take over the drums, everything would have turned out all right. Instead, Garry was asked to do the comic's spot. He did. Did very well. And, once again, he was frustrated. For many years, the story of Garry's life was a case of push-pull, click-click. Click he did, and shot up into national stardom—first, as a comedian on *Club Matinee* and then with his five-year co-billing with Jimmy Durante. But it was push-pull, too, for Garry resisted the idea of being a comedian. One day, he decided he wasn't going to be a comedian anymore, no matter what anyone tried to call him. He puts it this way: "If you think of Jimmy Durante as a comedian, then Garry Moore is not. It's that simple."

Garry Moore is a good-humored, full-witted showman. The fact that he is so good-hearted has much to do with his being nationally loved, but the fact that his show is wonderful and well-liked has a lot to do with his being a fine showman. People don't stop to think of it as often as they might, because even around his office the atmosphere is non-hectic. There is no star-pressure. Garry is conscious of everyone's dignity and is dedicated to preserving it. He makes people feel at ease. An assistant put it this way: "Most of the time you forget that you're working."

There's nothing exceptional about Garry's offices. He's in a CBS building which is on a street mostly lined with warehouses and service buildings. The Moore staff shares the third floor of the building with *Studio One* personnel. On the Moore side, there is a big television set in the outer office where the staff can watch his show. When Garry is out of his office, his door is left open and people go in and out for paper clips, cigarettes or a book. When he is there, the door may be closed—but never for long, since he is continually walking out to read a letter aloud, or just to talk.

Garry's office, about fifteen-by-fifteen, represents the taste of Nell and a little bit of CBS. CBS furnished the big desk and the paint on the walls. The walls are green and, in deference to Garry's love of boats, the color is referred to as "aquamarine." Wife Nell came into the aquamarine and hung drapes of mixed cocoa and gold and aquamarine. She rugged the floor with a

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kind of half-and-half creamed shag. Just fore of the desk, she put in an oblong coffee table and a sofa with brown scribbles but predominantly gold. Rigged above the sofa is a color print of fishing boats.

On another wall there is a painting of jazz musicians and a model of one of Garry's ex-sailboats. Alongside his desk is an old print of Abraham Lincoln in an old-fashioned frame. In front of the desk there is the famous rocking chair where he "sits, stares and thinks." Once, in the corner, there was a life-sized, make-believe bulldog that barked and chomped its jaws, but Blondie got fond of the bull and took it home.

Blondie is one of the many exotic creatures that have visited Garry in his office. She stayed for the night. She weighs maybe a couple hundred pounds more than Garry and crowded him a bit in bed, but she was friendly and meant well. Actually, Blondie is a lion owned by Mr. Charles Hipp, of Texas, who has domesticated her. The lion was brought to New York to be on Garry's daytime show and *I've Got A Secret*: "The thought was that, if I slept with Blondie that night, it would make a swell 'secret.' After all, how many people are lucky enough to sleep in the same bed with a lion?"

Blondie and Garry had dinner at a hotel, with Mr. Hipp chaperoning. Blondie ate very well, for her teeth measure about three inches each and she has no trouble crunching bones. That night, Garry Moore, man among men, crawled into bed and the lion snuggled alongside. "Blondie woke me maybe two or three times," he recalls. "You know the lion is a nocturnal animal. She just wanted to play. Kept grabbing for the pillow or blanket."

Another visitor to Garry's office was Irving Townsend, of Columbia Records. He wanted to talk to Garry about recording some children's stories. Garry thought that maybe sometime he would, but he began to talk about music and the kind he liked.

"I think most people could get together an album of their favorite songs and musicians and singers if they were asked," says Garry. "My favorites—rather, among them, are Wild Bill Davison; Randy Hall, who is a personal friend of mine and blows a dime whistle; Ernie Caceres, who plays clarinet in the studio band; Mel Henke and George Barnes, whom I got to know during my Chicago days. The kind of music I wanted to hear them play wasn't even on records."

The project was put into the works immediately. Recording sessions were held on the West and East Coasts. By mid-summer of last year, Garry had acetate recordings of the sessions. "I was so thrilled by the music," he recalls, "I wore out the records and had to ask Columbia for another set."

The album has built into one of Columbia's best-sellers—and with good reason, for it is a happy collection of sounds. It rides and swings from beginning to end. One exception, perhaps, is the trumpet tribulation by Wild Willie. Davison blows the blues against the tasteful strings of Percy Faith, and it comes out a powerful and beautiful blue mood. There's a man in the album who was a college roommate of Garry's producer, Herb Sanford. Randy Hall is his name, and he makes a five-and-ten whistle literally dance with delight. The other musicians—Caceres, Henke and Barnes—bust out brightly all over.

Garry is featured on the last number of the album. He shouts the blues. So far as he's concerned, this is incidental, but he's so effective that he's almost beyond recognition. He refused to play drums although he does play occasionally on his daytime show—and even, one night,

on *I've Got A Secret*. "I'm not a good enough drummer to actually record with these men," he says.

As noted before, there is a painting above the sofa in his office. There is an award on either side of the painting. One is an Award from TV RADIO MIRROR Magazine. The other is an award from *Metronome* Magazine designating Garry as "TV's Best Sit-in Drummer." Garry is pleased with the award but doesn't think it signifies that he's a professional, and he tells a little story on himself.

The *Durante-Moore* or *Moore-Durante Show* (they alternated billings each week) came from the West Coast. Garry, as one of the stars, used his influence to see that there were a few jazz men in the studio orchestra, and there were such as Eddie Miller and Joe Venuti. There was also Alvie West, saxophonist, who came to the studio early to play piano while Garry got on drums. They would work out maybe forty-five or thirty minutes before the immediate preparations began for the show. Once, Garry and Alvie were off and running, when Jimmy Durante came in for a special rehearsal. Garry put down the sticks.

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Alvie West said, "What's going on here?" "We'll have to knock off," Garry said. "Jimmy's going to need the studio." "Why don't you tell Durante to move the microphone into the dressing room and rehearse?"

"That wouldn't be right," said Garry. "Well, I don't know," said Alvie, "I've been telling people you were a pretty good drummer—for a big shot. But now I find out you're not a big shot."

Garry is actually a good amateur drummer. He's got a fine sense of rhythm. Any one of the boys in his band will go along with that, and he's got some fine musicians there. Among them are Ed Shaugnessy, who drummed for Benny Goodman, bassman Trigger Alpert and clarinetist Ernie Caceres, who worked with Glenn Miller, and guitarist Carl Kress, who has played with just about every big name in the business. The leader and arranger of Garry's studio band is Howard Smith, who was pianist and arranger for Tommy Dorsey. And, while on the subject of awards, it should be noted that Howard Smith, too, received a *Metronome* Music Award for his good music on Garry's show.

Although Garry is personally fond and publicly proud of Howard, he has done some devilish things to him—and to Ken Carson and Denise Lor and Durward Kirby, as well. Every once in a while, Garry, the gourmand, brings on some exotic foods like French-fried eel or maybe buttered worms. And inevitably he invites Howard to help himself.

"Howard takes it hard," Garry says. "I think he's got a nervous stomach, or else he's getting one. Those fine delicacies, those gourmet's delights, always make him sweat."

One store recently served the cast with canapes. This particular species was a

cracker spread with cream cheese and topped off with fried grasshoppers. Howard Smith tried to make it a color telecast by turning green. Ken Carson turned violent, picked up his fork and beat the defenseless *hors d'oeuvre*, screaming: "I'll kill it." But it didn't bother Garry.

"Basically, I'm a meat or peanut-butter man," he says, "but I can eat anything. I just eat those exotic things to be sociable. I want Howard and Ken to have company."

He's lucky with snakes, too, and every once in a while gets cozy with one. He had on—literally, like a neck tie—the Indian Rock snake, a white python eight feet long with navy-blue eyes. Garry wasn't afraid of its biting. Pythons don't bite. They're constrictors. They just choke you to death.

In fairness to Garry, it should be noted that not everything on the show is done for laughs. The animals are fascinating. This stems from Garry's personal interest in zoology. There have been some great people, too. Carl Sandburg has read on the show. Thomas Mitchell has read from the Bible. With outstanding authorities, Garry has discussed juvenile delinquency and the problems of teachers.

Even more important is the warmth of the show—the hope to leave the audience with something more than a laugh. This is the very nature of Garry, but he is sick of hearing people talk about him as being "exceptional." He just doesn't think that he's got a corner on the world's goodness, and he proves it with something that happened in his own office.

Recently, a request came through asking for a "plug" for the Foster Parents Plan for War Children. The organization adopts homeless children who have been victims of a war, and sent over biographies of many children. Garry read through them and called in his secretary, Joan Madeo, who has been with him nearly five years.

"Look," he said, "I can't pick one out of this bunch. It'll break my heart. You pick one for me."

Well, to make a long story short and sweet, the girls in the office and the writers and Denise and Ken and Durward—everyone got in on it. This is what happened: Garry adopted a Greek child; Durward, an Italian; Denise, a German; Ken, a Korean; Herb Sanford, an Italian; the orchestra, a French girl; the girls in the office and the writers, a French boy. And it was all spontaneous.

"That's the human side," Garry says, "but that, basically, is what entertainment is all about—humanity. Laughs are part of it, and so is music and sentiment and the big cry. Our life is noisy, full of talk and songs and yaks—most times, at the end of the day, you just want to crawl into a quiet, dark closet to recover. So it's fun. But, some days, you can't help feeling down in the mouth—something has happened, or maybe it's just the weather. So you go down to the studio, feeling down in the dumps and you can't afford it. You walk in for rehearsal, and maybe Denise is singing nice and bright and the band has a good beat. You feel better.

"Or, when you walk out on the stage, in front of a studio audience, you begin to feel real good. The warmth and life of six hundred people just comes up at you. You feel good all over, even though you were crabby a few minutes before. Well, I think that's what we hope to do in our way—get that same feeling back through the coaxial cable—just the warmth of people being happy and together. It's like getting in time with the heartbeat of the man sitting next to you. And I think that's what I like about jazz, too: It's got emotion and warmth and a very strong beat."



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