

TV RADIO MIRROR

RADIO MIRROR'S Program Listings

TV • 25¢

NEW!

LARRY DEAN
Sings out for Welk

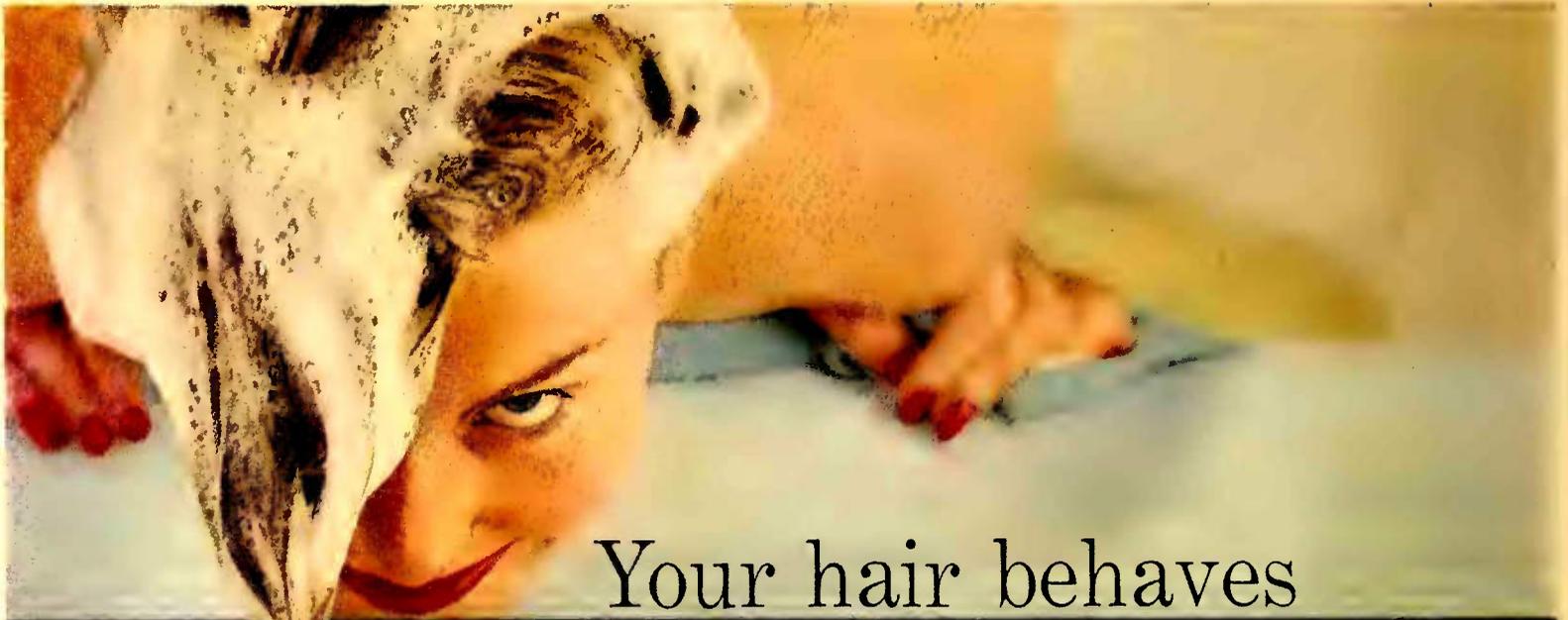
OUR GAL SUNDAY
in England

GENE RAYBURN
of Steve Allen's Shows

Ernie Ford
Molly Bee and Doris Drew



**EXCLUSIVE: GARRY MOORE
AS OTHERS SEE HIM**



Your hair behaves
the **right** way the **first** day



SHASTA
CREAM SHAMPOO



Shasta does not strip away nature's ingredients that give hair "body"! Shasta is different; a luscious cream that does *not* scour your hair. Because it cleans so gently . . . it actually guards your hair against fly-away dryness; leaves it soft, soft, soft. It's sparkled with lanolin; lathers in any kind of water; gives your hair that romantic Shasta sheen!

Now you can shampoo, then comb or set and *you're* all set. No more first-day "wild" hair, drooping curls or flying wisps. With Shasta, your hair behaves the right way right away!

Go to bed, Stubborn . . .

*He's not going
to call!*

Last night at the Blakes', he danced attendance on you. He didn't have eyes for anyone else . . . for a while. But when you said good-night, you'd already lost him. You didn't know, and you couldn't know the reason why. People with halitosis (bad breath) never do.

**The most common cause of bad breath is germs
. . . Listerine kills germs by millions**

Why depend on tooth paste alone? Germs are the most common cause of bad breath . . . they ferment protein always present in the mouth. The more you reduce these germs—the longer your breath stays sweeter. Listerine kills germs on contact . . . by the millions.

**No tooth paste—no non-antiseptic
mouthwash—kills germs
the way Listerine does**

Non-antiseptic tooth pastes and mouthwashes can't kill germs as Listerine does. You need an antiseptic to kill germs. Listerine IS antiseptic—that's why it stops bad breath four times better than any tooth paste. Gargle Listerine full-strength.

**LISTERINE
ANTISEPTIC**



. . . stops bad breath

4 times better than any tooth paste



"Who'd believe I was ever embarrassed by Pimples!"



New! Clearasil Medication 'STARVES' PIMPLES

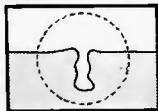
SKIN-COLORED . . . hides pimples while it works.

At last! Science discovers a new-type medication especially for pimples, *that really works*. In skin specialists' tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were *completely cleared up* or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL.

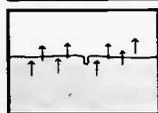
CLEARASIL WORKS FAST TO MAKE PIMPLES DISAPPEAR



1. PENETRATES PIMPLES . . . keratolytic action softens and dissolves affected skin tissue . . . permits medication to penetrate down into any infected area.



2. ISOLATES PIMPLES . . . antiseptic action of this new type medication stops growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples.



3. 'STARVES' PIMPLES . . . CLEARASIL's famous dry-up action 'starves' pimples because it helps to remove the oils that pimples 'feed' on.

SKIN CREAMS CAN 'FEED' PIMPLES CLEARASIL 'STARVES' THEM

Oil in pores helps pimples grow and thrive. So oily skin creams can actually 'feed' pimples. Only an oil-absorbing medication . . . CLEARASIL, helps dry up this oil, 'starves' pimples.

'FLOATS OUT' BLACKHEADS

CLEARASIL's penetrating medical action softens and loosens blackheads from underneath, so they 'float out' with normal washing. So why suffer the misery of pimples or blackheads! CLEARASIL is guaranteed to work for you, as in doctors' tests, or money back. Only 69¢ at all drug counters (economy size 98¢).



Largest-Selling Pimple Medication in America (including Canada)

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2

TV RADIO MIRROR

NOVEMBER, 1956

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

VOL. 46, NO. 6

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Cover portrait of Ernie Ford, Molly Bee and Doris Drew by Bob Perkins

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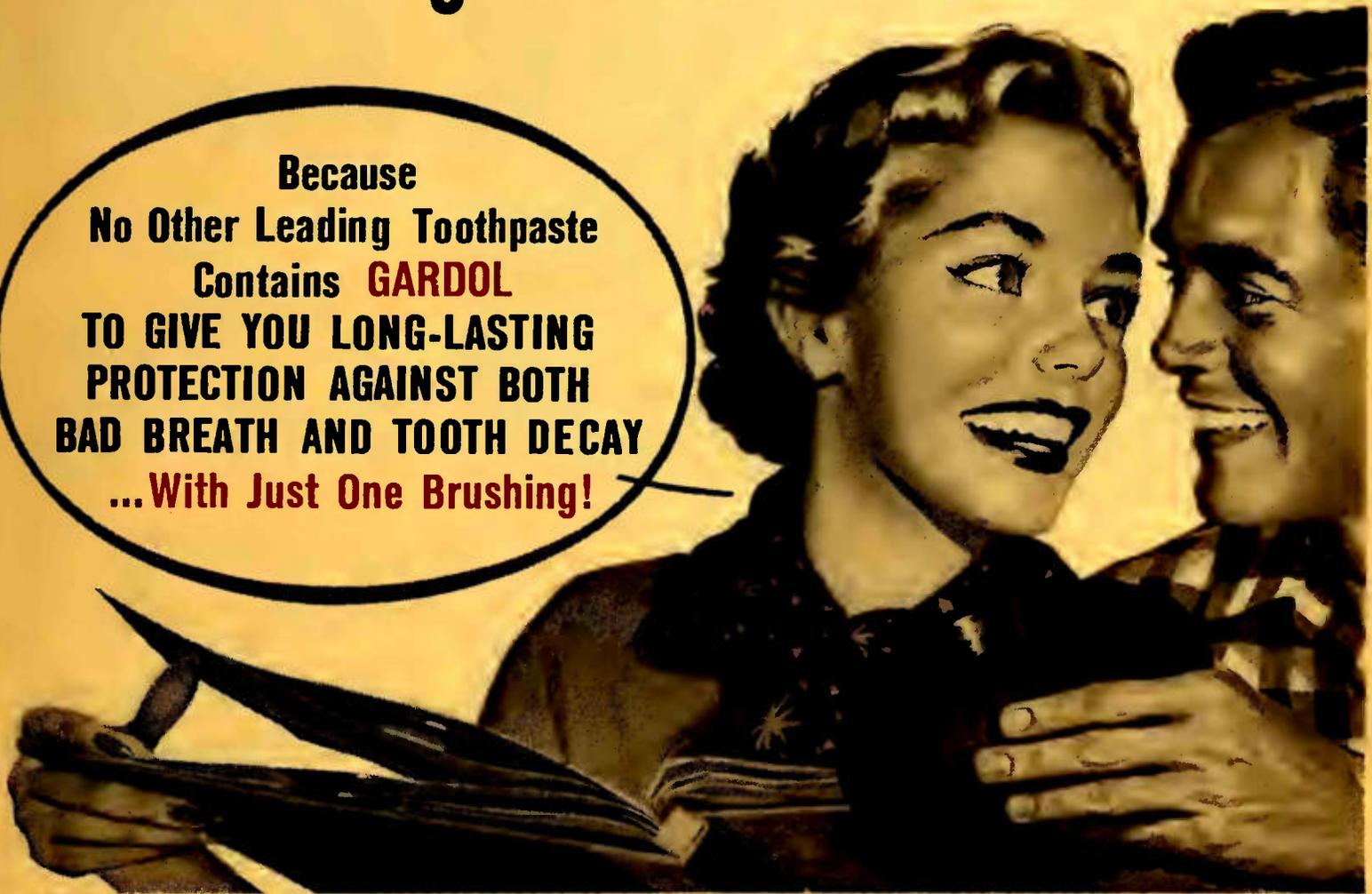
No Other Leading Toothpaste

CLEANS · CLEANS · CLEANS YOUR BREATH

WHILE IT GUARDS · GUARDS · GUARDS YOUR TEETH

Like Colgate Dental Cream!

Because
No Other Leading Toothpaste
Contains **GARDOL**
TO GIVE YOU LONG-LASTING
PROTECTION AGAINST BOTH
BAD BREATH AND TOOTH DECAY
...With Just One Brushing!



SAFE for Children of All Ages!
to Use in All Water Areas!

MAKES TEETH WHITER — CANNOT STAIN OR DISCOLOR!

GARDOL IS COLGATE'S TRADE-MARK
FOR SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE.



Unlike other leading toothpastes, Colgate's forms an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights decay all day . . . with just one brushing! Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. But remember! One Colgate brushing fights decay-causing bacteria 12 hours — or more!

Colgate's with Gardol helps stop bad breath all day for most people with just one brushing! Instantly sweeps away bacteria that cause bad breath originating in the mouth! No other leading toothpaste* cleans your breath while it guards your teeth like Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol!

*THE TOP THREE BRANDS
AFTER COLGATE'S.

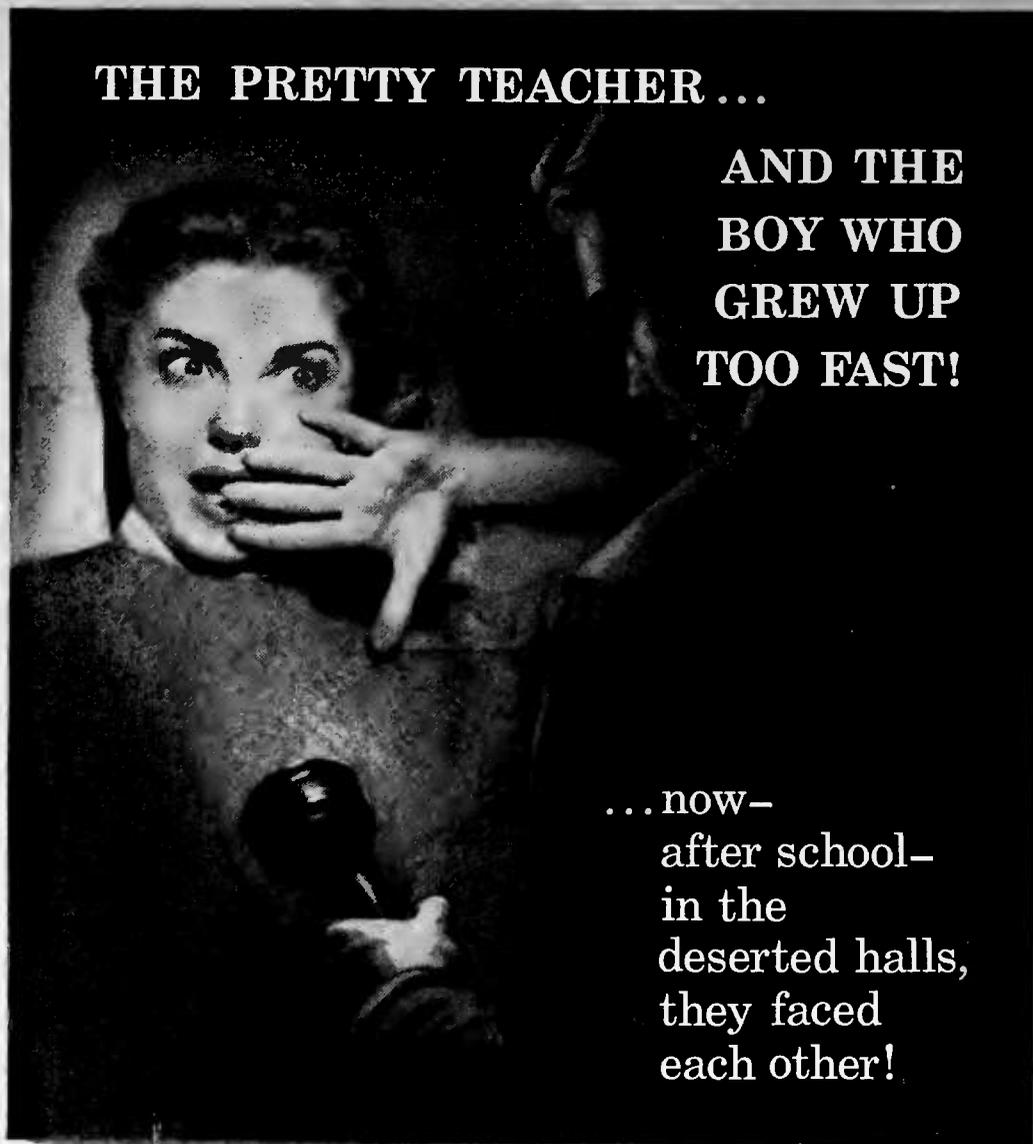
Cleans Your Breath While **It Guards Your Teeth**

T
V
R

THE PRETTY TEACHER ...

AND THE
BOY WHO
GREW UP
TOO FAST!

... now—
after school—
in the
deserted halls,
they faced
each other!



Universal-International presents

ESTHER WILLIAMS
GEORGE NADER



THE
UNGUARDED
MOMENT

and its shocking aftermath!

PRINT BY
TECHNICOLOR



Co-starring the exciting new personality **JOHN SAXON**

with **EDWARD ANDREWS · LES TREMAYNE**

Directed by HARRY KELLER · Screenplay by HERB MEADOW and LARRY MARCUS · Produced by GORDON KAY

COMING SOON TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE

PACK UP YOUR BAG



Crises are part of her *Edge Of Night* role; Teal Ames avoids 'em in travel.

SUMMER vacations may be a thing of the past—and of snapshot albums. Well, it was fun—except perhaps for that packing problem. In a poll of people around our office, we found two kinds of holiday packers: Those who packed twice as much as was needed and those who “under-packed.” To help you stay out of either category, here are some tips for the holiday and business trips ahead:

First, begin by listing the things you'll really need when you get there—then plan on packing them in the right-sized luggage. When you're ready to pack, remember the basic rule: If you jam it in wrinkled, that's how it will come out.

To save folded clothes from creases, insert a few layers of crumpled tissue paper. Wrap frilly things around cardboard from a man's shirt. Stuff men's socks in the shirt collar ring to save space and keep the shirt collars fresh. Pack heavy things first, the smaller pieces last. The corners of your bag are just the place for gloves, a scarf or belt, or a loosely-rolled sweater. Cosmetics take to corners, too, but be sure to fasten bottle caps with adhesive tape.

The best way to fold a jacket is to button it and lay it face down on the bed. Put the sleeves in a “V” across the back, smooth the shoulders, then fold the jacket across the middle, sleeves inside, and place it carefully in the suitcase. Put dresses face down on the bed, too. Then fold flaps on each side in a straight line from the middle of the shoulder to the hem. Arrange the sleeves in a “V” and fold the dress to fit the bag.

Don't forget—a traveling iron, a sewing kit, a shoeshine outfit, a clothes brush, and a few simple first-aid items. Oh, and one more thing, remember that it's much more fun if the luggage is as attractive as its contents.

For more travel tips, with how-to-do-it pictures and sample check-lists, we have arranged for a free “Guide to Packing” that is yours simply by writing to:

Samsonite Travel Bureau
Dept. TVRM, 11-56
1050 South Broadway
Denver 9, Colorado.

600 CHANCES TO WIN

\$55,000.00

\$18,000.00 GRAND AWARD

SEND \$2 DONATION

WITH PUZZLE ANSWER AND QUALIFY TO WIN

\$3,500.00

LETTER VALUES

- A-5
- B-8
- C-6
- D-7
- E-5
- F-8
- G-5
- H-9
- I-5
- J-8
- K-6
- L-9
- M-6
- N-6
- O-6
- P-7
- Q-8
- R-4
- S-6
- T-8
- U-4
- V-9
- W-4
- X-9
- Y-9
- Z-9

IN THIS NEWEST GEMEROY-MANAGED PUZZLE CONTEST

Here's tops in entertainment . . . as well as a chance to win up to \$18,000.00! 600 fabulous prizes in all! And the best part is that everything you need to work this exciting puzzle is right before you! You don't need a dictionary or reference books. The words to use and how to spell them are right on this page! You don't depend on the whim of judges; you don't identify weird pictures; you don't write any jingles or essays. Skill and skill alone will determine the winners. All cash awards are paid promptly and in full (\$495,000 in cash awards have been given by G. F. Gemeroy within the past 10 years!) So, if you've been yearning to increase your earning power, here is your big chance! Enter this novel and exciting NEW puzzle contest right now. Remember, 600 cash awards in all. The first prize will not be less than \$3,500.00 . . . and this sum can be increased to \$18,000.00 at the grand prize winner's option!

WHY THIS AMAZING OFFER?

This important campaign is sponsored by the Greek Community of Seattle, Inc., for the purpose of enlisting your financial support for its newly announced Building Program. Organized in 1921 by Greek-American Veterans upon their return home after serving in the Armed Forces of their adopted country, a Community Center was established in Seattle to serve social and cultural needs. Since that time, the younger element of the Seattle Greek Community has increased 400-fold! The trustees of this Community Center, comprising the most widely known Greek-American citizens of Seattle, find it impossible to maintain progress with the outdated facilities of 35 years ago. A new Community Center to meet the demands of the younger generation is an urgent necessity.

G. F. Gemeroy, America's foremost Contest man, has been appointed by the Committee as director of this Fund-Raising Campaign. The Greek Community of Seattle, Inc., invites your support for this ambitious project which has for its fundamental purpose the making of American Greeks of today into better citizens of tomorrow.

HERE'S HOW TO WORK THE PUZZLE

Place letters to spell suitable words in each name section in such a manner as to obtain the highest possible Grand Total. All blank squares must be filled with letters to spell interlocking words which must be selected from the Master List of 30 words. No word may be used twice, and only one letter to each square. All words must interlock one with another. Spell vertical (upright) words from top to bottom, and horizontal words from left to right. The "key" word SOCRATES and the 8 "key" letters "spotted" on the chart, must remain in the positions shown. To begin, select a 7-letter vertical word that will interlock with the "O" in SOCRATES in which the 7th letter will be "A." Look over the Master List and you will discover that ESTONIA must be the word. Your next step is to choose a 5-letter horizontal word in which the 3rd letter will be "A" to interlock with the "A" in ESTONIA. Likewise, in this same manner, select a vertical 6-letter word whose second letter will interlock with the "E" in SOCRATES. Continue this easy procedure to find the remaining 17 interlocking words to fill all blank squares in the puzzle chart.

HOW TO ADD UP YOUR GRAND TOTAL SCORE

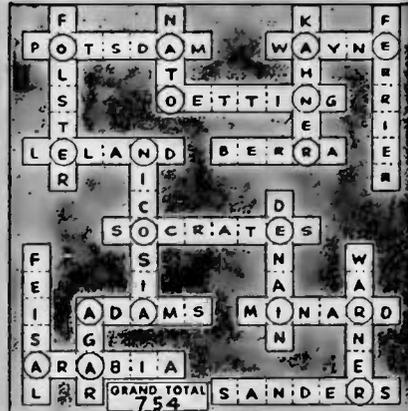
Each letter used in the puzzle has a point value (see letter value chart above puzzle). The 18 interlocking circled letters are given triple (3 times) value. After using suitable connecting words to fill all the squares, add up the Grand Total value of all the letters used in your entire puzzle solution, including the key word "SOCRATES" and the 8 key letters spotted on the chart. Show this Grand Total in the space provided at the bottom of the puzzle. The object is to use words, the total value of whose letters will produce the highest possible grand total when all are added together as though they were in one long single column. Observe specimen chart above the Official Puzzle. Different words are used to illustrate the method to follow. When puzzle is finished, fill in your name and address neatly in the coupon, and mail it with a \$2 donation to G. F. GEMEROY, Contest Director, Mutual Life Bldg., Seattle, Wash. Residents of United States, Canada, Alaska, Hawaii and Puerto Rico are eligible to enter this contest if at least 17 years old.

TIEBREAKERS MAILED IMMEDIATELY

Each contestant who submits a Grand Total to this puzzle within 25 points of the highest score is eligible to "move along" to the Semi-Final Tiebreaker. The day we receive your solution (if qualified under the 25-point rule), your Tiebreaker with rules and Master Word List will be sent you. This Tiebreaker will be similar to the initial puzzle, but will require more word sections and a larger Word List. With this Tiebreaker, you receive a Special Optional Offer whereby you may increase your \$2 donation, and "step-up" your First Prize from \$3,500.00 to as much as \$18,000.00! All contestants who achieve Qualifying Scores in the initial and Semi-Final Tiebreaker Puzzles are eligible to move up to the "Run-off" finals. Such contestants will not be required to send any added donation unless they elect to do so. It is possible to win a First Prize of \$3,500.00 without adding a penny to your original \$2 donation. The popular "Qualifying Score Rule" (a feature of Gemeroy-supervised contests) will continue in the Semi-Final Tiebreaker. By this plan, if you achieve a score within 60 points of the Maximum High for the Semi-Final Tiebreaker, you are eligible to advance to the "Run-off" Tiebreaker. In the event of ties, consecutive "Run-off's" (not to exceed 2 more) will be used to determine the 600 Prize Winners. Please mail all letters and donations to G. F. GEMEROY, Contest Director, Mutual Life Bldg., Seattle 4, Washington.

\$495,000.00 GIVEN TO PUZZLE HOBBYISTS BY G. F. GEMEROY IN PAST 10 YEARS!

EXAMPLE SOLUTION

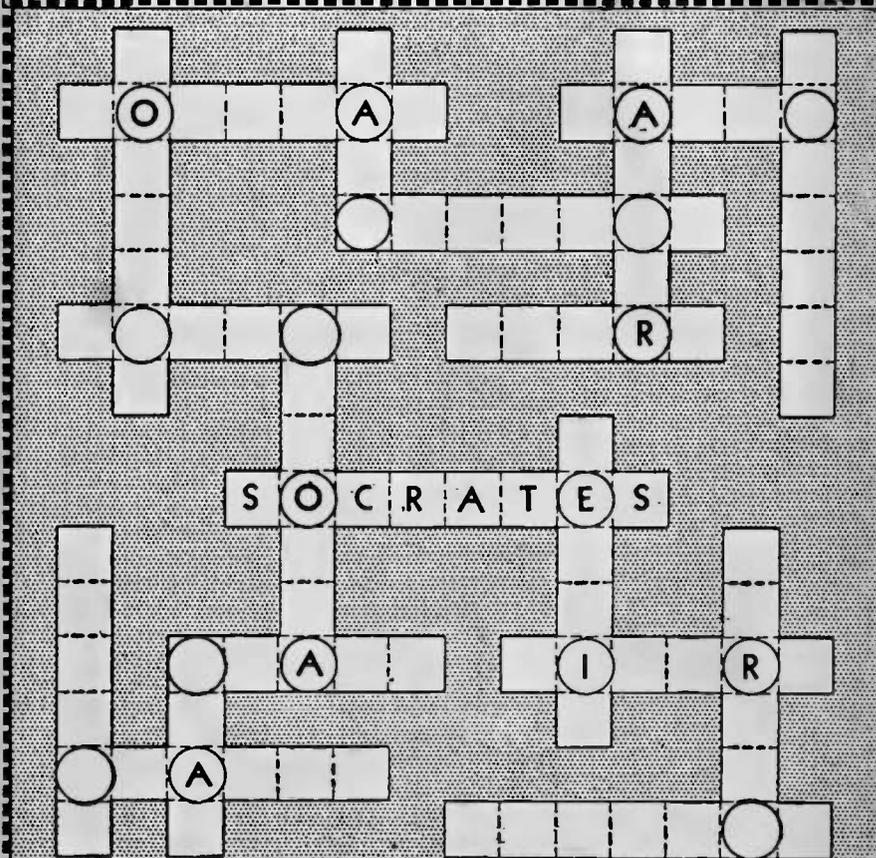


MASTER WORD LIST

- | | | |
|---------|---------|---------|
| Berlin | Jakarta | Pineau |
| Clark | Jenner | Saar |
| Clay | Johnson | Salk |
| Donovan | Kimbro | Skagit |
| Estonia | Lausche | Slavsky |
| Gandhi | Lhasa | Sukarno |
| Graham | Mollet | Vienna |
| Hays | Naples | Wagner |
| Hearst | Nehru | Yamul |
| Italy | Paris | Zurich |

[Extra puzzle charts sent free on request]

NAMES-IN-THE-NEWS CROSSWORD PUZZLE



SEND \$2 DONATION TODAY

GRAND TOTAL

Above is my score for this Crossword Puzzle, and enclosed is my \$2 donation for the Greek Community Building Fund. I understand that my Semi-Final Tiebreaker is to be mailed to me at once provided my answer is within 25 points of the correct total.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY OR P.O..... STATE OR PROV.....

Send cash, M.O. or personal check to
G. F. GEMEROY
MUTUAL LIFE BLDG., SEATTLE, WASH.

DEADLINE for entries is Jan. 31, 1957. We reserve the option of extending this deadline by not more than 90 days.

T
V
R

Sally's BLUE



PERIODIC PAIN

Midol acts three ways to bring faster, more complete relief from menstrual suffering. It relieves cramps, eases headache and it chases the "blues". Sally now takes Midol at the first sign of menstrual distress.

"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW"

a 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dep't B-116, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

Sally's GAY WITH MIDOL



All Drugstores
have Midol

INFORMATION BOOTH



Brian Keith

Ready for Stardom

I would appreciate some information about Brian Keith, who portrays Matt Anders on the TV series, Crusader.

C. V. Harder, Chicago, Ill.

The play, "Out West of 8th," closed quietly in four days, but it helped open the way to a career in films and television for its young leading man, Brian Keith. A Hollywood talent scout spotted him in the play, and offered a contract. Brian was interested, but not ready. "I need more experience," he concluded, "especially in television." . . . Actually Brian had made his movie debut back in 1924 at the age of three in "The Pied Piper of Malone." He reports that temperament almost terminated his career at that time. "What a nasty little brat I was!" . . . Brian's real name is Robert Keith, Jr.—Robert Keith senior, a veteran stage performer and former leading man, is now highly successful as a character actor on stage and in films. Brian's mother, Helena Shipman, was once on the stage, too, although she retired several years ago. . . . The theater was really "home" to Brian, until 1942 when he enlisted and served with the Marines. After the war he played in summer stock, touring companies, and on Broadway in "Mr. Roberts," "Darkness at Noon" and "Out West of 8th." He got the video breaks he was seeking—and appeared on many top TV drama shows. "This is the finest entertainment medium for giving new talent a chance," says Keith enthusiastically. "New actors gain remarkable skill and recognition on television." . . . When Keith did heed the Hollywood call in late 1953, he was ready—and he immediately won starring roles in "Five Against the House" and "Tight Spot." As Matt Anders in the current television series, *Crusader*, he's a popular weekly favorite with viewers everywhere. . . . Brian stands 6 foot 1, weighs 185 pounds, has sandy hair and blue eyes. In Arizona, in June of 1954, he married the former actress and ballet dancer, Judy Landon. They have one son, Michael James Keith, born May 16, 1955.



Annette Funicello

Top-Grade Actress

I would appreciate some information about Annette Funicello, who appears on The Mickey Mouse Club on ABC-TV.

C. McF., Groton, N. Y.

The youthful, alert audience of Walt Disney's children's-repertory company, "The Mouseketeers," lifted this charmer from featured song-and-dance chores to the enviable position of hostess-narrator on the Italian Foreign Correspondent series for the *Mickey Mouse Club*. . . . Annette was born in Utica, New York, on October 22, 1942, of Italian ancestry. Her father, Joseph Edward Funicello, is an automobile mechanic. Mother Virginia Funicello and brothers Joe, 10, and Michael, 4, complete the family scene at their home in Studio City, California. . . . When Annette was five, she prepared for an entertainment career at the Margie Rix School of Dance, in North Hollywood. A part-time modeling career resulted when Annette won a beauty contest as "Miss Willow Lake," at the age of nine. Walt Disney spotted the talented youngster in May, 1955, at the time she was appearing in the "Ballet vs. Jive" amateur show. . . . Now Annette counts her fellow Mouseketeers as "my favorite friends." Annette is a great sportswoman, enjoying swimming, skating, dancing and horseback-riding. Her academic prowess is no less impressive. Currently in Grade 8-A at North Hollywood Junior High, she is a straight-"A" student.

Calling All Fans

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

Lawrence Welk Fan Club, c/o Frances L. Young, 1604 E. Susquehanna St., Allentown, Pa.

Joyce's Revue (Joyce Randolph), Box 171, Alta Vista, Iowa.

Tim Considine Fan Club, c/o Lynn Bowland, 6843 Chantilly, Dallas, Texas.

(Continued on page 71)

One *S-S-S-S-S-TT*
 does more for your hair
 than brushing
 100 strokes a day!



Helene Curtis
Lanolin Discovery[®]

THE NEW **HAIRDRESSING** IN SPRAY FORM

No jars
 no bottles
 no messy
 hands



**Spray on this greaseless hairdressing
 after shampoos—after permanents—
 and whenever your hair is dull or dry**

You know what brushing does. Now give your hair the same beautiful results a quicker, easier way. Spray on **LANOLIN DISCOVERY**—a few quick brush strokes, and this new kind of hairdressing conditions every hair right down to the scalp. Instantly your hair looks youthfully alive with bright sparkling highlights.

Makes your hair naturally soft
 —naturally easy-to-manage
 —naturally shiny... **TODAY**

Available wherever cosmetics are sold
 large size \$1.25
 giant economy size \$1.89 plus tax
 Used and recommended by
 professional beauticians everywhere



Bundle of Joy, title of their co-starring movie, is also a personal forecast for Eddie and Debbie Fisher.

What's New from Coast to Coast

By PETER ABBOTT

●OCTOBER is going to be a raucous, rocking month in radio and TV. The World Series starts October 3rd . . . the presidential campaign booms down the home stretch . . . new shows make their debut and old favorites return. . . . First big musical event of the season will be "You're the Top," in honor of Cole Porter, on CBS-TV's Ford Star Jubilee, Sat., Oct. 6th. Porter, himself, will be in the show and he has laid down the law. No tributes. No bouquets. Positively

no "Cole Porter story." "This will be a revue," he says, "strictly for fun." Among the stars in the 90-minute revue will be Gordon MacRae, Louis Armstrong, George Sanders, Dorothy Dandridge, Dolores Gray and Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy The first big dramatic production of the season will star one of Cole Porter's proteges, Mary Martin, who was an unknown until she scorched Broadway with her sultry delivery of Porter's "My (Continued on page 97)



Next for Mary Martin—here with her "Peter Pan" co-star, daughter Heller Halliday: "Born Yesterday."



Two men least likely to ever meet: Tonight's Steve Allen goes to bed as Today's Dave Garroway rises.



NEW lightly-pressed powder to avoid that "made-up" look!

Puff Magic

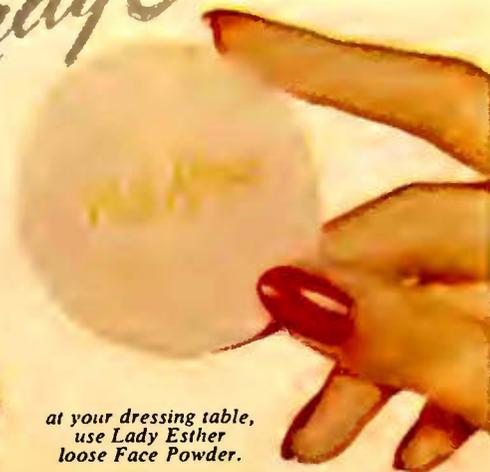
in smart new tortoise shell tone case!

Puff Magic is new! Puff Magic is different! Puff Magic is Lady Esther's famous loose face powder *lightly* pressed in a beautiful new tortoise shell tone case.

Puff Magic covers every flaw, yet never cakes or streaks *even when you re-powder!* That's because Puff Magic is *lightly* pressed powder—pressed just enough to keep it from spilling, but not enough to turn it into a heavy, solid cake that gives you a heavy "made-up" look. Just a light, light puff of Puff Magic is all you need to give your skin the most natural radiance ever. A stunning purse accessory in its smart tortoise shell tone case.

\$1.00 with mirror and puff
and 59¢ plus tax
6 radiant shades

Lady Esther®



at your dressing table,
use Lady Esther
loose Face Powder.

Greatest Movie Season Ever



PIER ANGELI, co-starring in M-G-M's "Somebody Up There Likes Me"



VIVIAN BLAINE, co-starring in "Public Pigeon Number One" An RKO-Radio Picture. Color by Technicolor



CYD CHARISSE, co-starring in M-G-M's "Silk Stockings"



JEANNE CRAIN, co-starring in M-G-M's "The Fastest Gun Alive"



DORIS DAY, co-starring in "Julie"—An Arwin Production for M-G-M Release.

Name your favorite—and you may win Lustre-Creme \$35,000

No skill required! Nothing to buy! No jingles! No sentences to complete!



ANN MILLER, co-starring in M-G-M's "The Opposite Sex" In CinemaScope and Metrocolor.



SHEREE NORTH, starring in "The Best Things In Life Are Free" A 20th Century-Fox Production. In CinemaScope. Color by DeLuxe.



MAUREEN O'HARA, starring in "Everything But The Truth" A Universal-International Picture In Eastman Color.



DEBRA PAGET, co-starring in Cecil B. DeMille's Production of "The Ten Commandments". A Paramount Picture in VistaVision. Color by Technicolor.



ELEANOR PARKER, co-starring in M-G-M's "The Painted Veil"



JANE POWELL, starring in "The Girl Most Likely" An RKO-Radio Picture. Print by Technicolor.



DEBBIE REYNOLDS, starring in "Tammy" A Universal-International Picture. Print by Technicolor in CinemaScope.



GINGER ROGERS, starring in "The First Traveling Saleslady"—An RKO-Radio Picture. Print by Technicolor



JANE RUSSELL, starring in "The Revolt of Mamie Stover" A 20th Century-Fox Production In CinemaScope. Color by DeLuxe.



ELIZABETH TAYLOR, co-starring in M-G-M's "Raintree County" Filmed in M-G-M Camera 65 and Color.



NATALIE WOOD, co-starring in "A Cry in The Night". A Jaguar Production presented by Warner Bros.



DANA WYNTER, starring in "The Sixth of June" A 20th Century-Fox Production. In CinemaScope. Color by DeLuxe.



If your favorite is a star not pictured, send in her name on entry form.

*What are the ANNUAL FAME POLLS?

The FAME POLL was originated 25 years ago by the Quigley Publishing Company, a leading publisher of newspapers and magazines relating to the motion picture world.

Each year, FAME magazine conducts a poll among theatre owners and managers from coast-to-coast to determine the top Hollywood box office stars.

Last year Grace Kelly was Top Screen Actress of the Year in the Fame Poll. Who will get the honor this year? Will it be the star whose name you send in on the entry form on the next page? If so, you may win \$20,000. See details on opposite page.

Presents Many Top Stars!



ANITA EKBERG, co-starring in "Back from Eternity" An RKO-Radio Picture.



RHONDA FLEMING, co-starring in HAL WALLIS' "Gunfight At The O.K. Corral". A Paramount Picture in VistaVision. Color by Technicolor.



GRACE KELLY, co-starring in "High Society"—A Sol C. Siegel Production. An M-G-M Release in VistaVision. Color by Technicolor.



DEBORAH KERR, co-starring in M-G-M's "Tea and Sympathy" In CinemaScope and Metrocolor.



VIRGINIA MAYO, co-starring in "Buffalo Grass". A Jaguar Production. Presented by Warner Bros.

a Great Big Cash Prize in the Movie-Star Sweepstakes!

Here's all you do to enter: Study the faces of the Lustre-Creme Girls pictured here. Decide which one of these stars (or another of your own choice) you would like to see win the Twenty-Fifth Annual FAME POLL*

☆☆☆☆

Send in her name on the entry form at lower right.

Choose the actress you would like to see win the 25th Annual FAME Poll as the "Top Screen Actress of the Year." Simply write the star's name, and your name and address, on the Sweepstakes Entry Blank in the lower right hand corner. Nothing to buy . . . nothing to pay for . . . and you may win the first prize of \$20,000—or one of the many other cash prizes.

Send in as many entries as you want—but use a different entry blank every time. (Ask for extra entry blanks wherever you buy Lustre-Creme, or

send in your entry on a postcard, or use a plain piece of paper—mailing each entry form separately.)

Each of the stars shown here uses Lustre-Creme, Hollywood's favorite shampoo. And there's a good reason why 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars prefer it. Because Lustre-Creme never dries—it beautifies. It's blessed with lanolin—always leaves your hair star-bright, satin-soft, a joy to manage. Use it once—and Hollywood's favorite Lustre-Creme Shampoo will be your favorite, too!

Hollywood's Favorite
Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Never dries
it Beautifies!



Cream
or Lotion

- FIRST PRIZE \$20,000
- SECOND PRIZE 5,000
- 5 THIRD PRIZES OF 1,000 each
- 500 FOURTH PRIZES OF 10 each

Here's all you do:—

1. PRINT on the entry form (or on plain paper or postcard) your name and address plus name of movie star whom you would like to see named "Top Screen Actress of the Year" in the 25th Annual FAME Poll.
2. MAIL YOUR ENTRY TO Lustre-Creme Sweepstakes, P. O. Box 9, New York 46, New York.
3. SEND AS MANY ENTRIES AS YOU WANT—but mail each one separately.
4. ENTRIES MUST BE POSTMARKED on or before November 10, 1956, and received not later than November 17, 1956.

If your entry carries the name of the star who is designated "Top Screen Actress of the Year" by FAME Magazine, your entry will be eligible for the Sweepstakes Drawing.

All prize-winners will be selected by blindfold drawing by executives of Advertising Distributors of America. Only one prize to a winner. Judges' decisions final.

Top winner will be announced on Colgate-Palmolive TV program, "Strike It Rich," December 14. (See local TV listings for time and station.)

This sweepstakes is open to all residents of the continental United States, Hawaii and Alaska, except employees and their immediate families of Colgate-Palmolive Co., its advertising agencies and the Quigley Publishing Co. Void in the State of New Jersey. Subject to all other Federal and State regulations.

(Note: If FAME's "Top Screen Actress of the Year" is named by fewer persons than there are prizes, all entries will be eligible to participate in the Lustre-Creme Sweepstakes.)

USE THIS HANDY ENTRY FORM

(Additional forms at your Lustre-Creme dealer.)

LUSTRE-CRÈME \$35,000 MOVIE-STAR SWEEPSTAKES

Mail to: LUSTRE-CRÈME SWEEPSTAKES T
P. O. Box 9, New York 46, N. Y.

I would like to see Movie Star

(print in star's name clearly)

named as the "Top Screen Actress of the Year" in the 25th Annual FAME Poll.

My Name _____

Address _____

City _____ P.O. Zone _____ State _____

goes to the movies

TV favorites on
your theater screen

By JANET GRAVES

The Best Things in Life Are Free

20TH; CINEMASCOPE. DE LUXE COLOR

Seems as if Gordon MacRae's TV experience has given him a new ease, a breezy manner right in keeping with this free-wheeling movie musical. He plays Buddy De Sylva, with Ernest ("Marty") Borgnine and Dan Dailey joining him as Brown and Henderson, the other two members of the great song-writing trio. Lively, lovely Sheree North shares with Gordon a romance that's overshadowed by the dizzy progress of the boys' cooperative career. In its course, the atmosphere of the 1920's is revived, with sentiment and satire. Laughs and lots of music make it entertaining for all the family.

Tea and Sympathy

M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE. METROCOLOR

Movie-makers have seized on a daring subject here, casting Deborah Kerr as the tender-hearted wife of a college instructor, John Kerr as a student whose masculinity is questioned. Actually, it's a study of the terrible effects of gossip. As Deborah's blustering husband, Leif Erickson has personal reasons for believing the cruel whispers about the boy. Both Kerrs (who aren't related to each other) give fine performances. The TV-to-Hollywood parade, in which Charlton Heston was a leader several years ago, has a notable marcher in John Kerr, whose third movie is his biggest hit. Rich opportunity in varied TV dramas has given him an acting power you wouldn't expect of so youthful-looking a player. Actually, John's in his mid-twenties, happily married, the father of twins.

Attack!

UNITED ARTISTS

Grueling in its impact, this World War II story offers strong fare for adults. It's a striking close-up of men at war, contrasting furious courage (Jack Palance's) with abject cowardice (Eddie Albert's). These two show the extremes. In between are the average men who bear the brunt of battle —like the sturdy sergeant portrayed by Buddy Ebsen (familiar to you as Davy Crockett's side-kick). Young newcomer



Laughs 'n' music with Ernest Borgnine, Gordon MacRae, Sheree North, Dan Dailey.

William Smithers, also with TV training, is the looie who faces a deadly decision.

The Bad Seed

WARNER BROS.

It's for grown-ups only—this shocking, argument-provoking picture of pure evil. Pretty, flaxen-haired little Patty McCormack is the villainess of the piece, a child quite capable of planning and carrying out cold-blooded murder. Nancy Kelly is the distraught mother, realizing slowly and with growing horror what her daughter is. Amid all this woe, it's a pleasure to see the comic touches contributed by Evelyn Varden, doughty veteran of many a TV play. She's the fluttery landlady who is completely taken in by Patty's sugar-sweet wiles—and nearly pays for her gullibility with her life.

At Your Neighborhood Theaters

Away All Boats (U-I; VistaVision, Technicolor): In a stirring war saga, Jeff Chandler (once Professor Boynton on radio's *Our Miss Brooks*) captains a Pacific attack transport. With George Nader, Julie Adams, Richard (Medic) Boone.

The First Traveling Saleslady (RKO, Technicolor): Light-hearted comedy of 1900. Career gal Ginger Rogers is wooed by Barry (once *My Favorite Husband*) Nelson and Jim (Gunsmoke) Arness.

Pardners (Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor): Fun for kids of any age, as Martin and Lewis take horse operas for a ride. Lori Nelson, Jackie Loughery are the girls; TV's John Baragrey, a menace.

Note: For brief reviews of movies on TV, see page 17.

"What have you done to your hair?
It's Lovely!"



"I discovered
New Palmolive Soft Shampoo"

The difference is almost startling—

because Palmolive Soft Shampoo is 100%
non-alkaline, agrees with the normal
healthy condition of hair and scalp.

Removes alkaline film that makes
hair look dull and lifeless.

PALMOLIVE *Soft* **SHAMPOO**



Regular Price 89¢
Get Acquainted Special
Price **59¢**
ON GIANT 12-OZ. SIZE

T
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R

Faith is his life



His sermon: Faith can cure you. "By the time I'm ready to go on, my mind is razor-sharp . . . and I'm feeling like a lion."



Sick and maimed line up to be touched by Roberts' "healing right arm." Some praying at home say they too were cured.

HIS FOLLOWERS call him "God's man for this hour." His critics charge him with being a super-salesman of religion. . . . "God heals, I don't," Oral Roberts answers to the first. "When God gives me the power, I can transmit His healing to those who have faith." But the thirty-eight-year-old Pentecostal Holiness preacher has a "healing right arm." In a revival tent or over radio and television, his supercharged sermons have ended with cripples throwing away their crutches and braces and with victims of cancer, epilepsy and polio marvelously recovered through the "faith that cures" and the "laying on of hands" by Brother Roberts. . . . To his critics, Oral Roberts insists that religion can be sold like other "products," but he denies that he has made it "big business." He is not in conflict with the organized churches, he says, nor is he in conflict with medicine. . . . Says evangelist Roberts: "We estimate that we are winning a soul for Christ with each two dollars we spend. Our goal is a million souls a year for the next ten years." He believes in his "product," a religion of love and not of brimstone, and offers a money-back guarantee on all donations. . . . "If Christ were alive today," he says, "He would use the best means of communication." In his own ministry, Oral Roberts uses close to six hundred radio and television stations, the largest tent of its kind for revival campaigns, a monthly, million circulation magazine, *Abundant Life*, and a steady flow of books—all under the aegis of Healing Waters, an organization located in a "City of Faith" near Tulsa, Oklahoma. Named for a hymn (Roberts uses faith not water), Healing Waters operates with a yearly budget of close to four-million donated



*Oral Roberts has made
his life a strident cry for
the "faith that cures"*

dollars. . . . Oral Roberts' own life is a testimony to the "faith that cures." At seventeen, he was a victim of tuberculosis and had been a stutterer since childhood. At the time, he lived with his parents near Ada, Oklahoma. His father was a preacher and Oral, the youngest of five children, was being taken to a revival meeting. As he lay on a mattress in the back of a car, Oral claims he received a message from God: "Son, I am going to heal you, and you are to take My healing power to your generation." . . . Within two months, he became a preacher and a fluent speaker. Later, when he married, he and his wife Evelyn, a former Texas schoolteacher, were a revival team. Oral would warm up the audience with his guitar. He still likes to play. . . . Mrs. Roberts now devotes most of her time to their four children: Rebecca, 16; Ronald, 12; Richard, 8; and Roberta, 6. They live fourteen miles south of Tulsa, on a 240-acre farm, Robin Hood, where Oral raises Aberdeen Angus cattle. . . . Oral Roberts' "cures" do not always come at will. "When I have the power," he says, "I can feel it surging through my right hand." Oral Roberts stands six-foot-one, weighs 195 pounds, generally loses five of them during a campaign. His dark hair falls over his forehead, his eyes flash, and his hands punctuate the sermon that rushes from him in a fervor that often moves an audience to near-hysteria. When he shouts to his audience, "Put up your hands and tell Him how much you love Him"—every hand in the "Cathedral Tent" goes up. In a rising tide of emotion, the gesture of faith is repeated before countless radio speakers and television screens from coast to coast.



My pulpit is the earth," says Oral Roberts. He traveled to the Holy Land to film the Christmas story near Bethlehem.



During the prayer for the sick, "Brother Roberts" sometimes stops the procession to pray for the television audience.



The Roberts: Rebecca, Evelyn, Roberta, Roland, Richard and Oral, who plays the guitar as well as the piano.

TABOO ON TRIVIA



*An eye-witness to history, WABC-TV's
Cecil Brown reports the
headlines—and sometimes makes them*

AS A LAD, Cecil Brown wanted to write novels. Trouble was, he couldn't think of any plots. Then Earl Biggers, author of the Charlie Chan stories, suggested travel. This sounded like adventure calling, and Cecil accepted Biggers' suggestion with an alacrity that would certainly have flustered Charlie Chan's Oriental calm. . . . Born in Pennsylvania, raised in Ohio, Cecil was covering the police and court beats for a Youngstown newspaper, and gradually coming to the realization that he had a Missourian streak. He wanted to be shown, and to see the news at first hand. A canoe trip down the Ohio River, a stowaway journey to South America, and an able-bodied seaman stint to Russia and west Africa solved the problem of plots. . . . Before, during and since World War II, he has dodged bullets, bombs—and censors. After a series of mishaps, including being aboard the battleship *Repulse* when it was sunk off Singapore, he wired his wife Martha: "The Air Force crashed me, the Army took me over the hill, the Navy tried to sink me. Since no additional branches of the Armed Forces remain, don't worry. I'll be home safe and sound." . . . Continuing his Mutual radio newscasts, Cecil made his video debut this year with *Cecil Brown And The News*, seen weekdays at 11 P.M. on New York's Station WABC-TV. Before going on TV, Cecil gave it much thought, concluded with a goal of "avoiding trivia and relating the news to the lives of the people." Cecil's special knack: A pungent editorial judgment that sums up a news event in twenty seconds. . . . On a more personal note, Cecil Brown can sum up his life by a tour of his apartment. Firstly, there is Martha, grown tall and patrician since, as a teenager, she used to poke her head out the door and "giggle" at Cecil. "He's the first boy I ever kissed," she says. "I chased him to Rome and married him there." They've been married eighteen years and Martha has gone along on almost all of his trips. . . . There is a painting by Madame Chiang Kai-Shek, an ivory junk from Rangoon, a 1729 grandfather's clock Cecil often uses to time his scripts. . . . "My life is my job," Cecil Brown says. "Too many people just go through the motions of working—at jobs they don't like."



**T
V
R** Always a team, Cecil and Martha catalog his 10,000 overseas photos.



Print of the *Repulse* going down (he was aboard) recalls a dramatic story.



Their apartment, filled with treasures, faces Modern and Whitney Museums.

MOVIES on TV
SHOWING THIS MONTH

For your convenience in selecting your favorite movies from those shown on your TV screen in October, we give you these capsule reviews. This will be a continuing feature in TV RADIO MIRROR.

Reviews:

ACTION IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC (Warners): Exciting tribute to the heroism of the World War II Merchant Marine, with Raymond Massey as captain, Humphrey Bogart as mate on hazardous convoy duty.

BORDERTOWN (Warners): Memorable performances by Bette Davis and Paul Muni. Bette's a murderess driven insane by her guilt; Paul, a Mexican-American lawyer involved in Bette's tangled affairs.

BRINGING UP BABY (RKO): Off on a farcical fling, with heiress Katharine Hepburn chasing shy scientist Cary Grant. A stray leopard (and Katie's pretty legs) add to the happy confusion.

CHAMPION, THE (U.A.): Kirk Douglas's first big hit. In a bitter prize-ring expose, he tramples on brother Arthur Kennedy, manager Paul Stewart and sweetheart Ruth Roman as he lunges toward the top.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS (Rank, U-I): Dignified, spectacular British-made version of the great explorer's life, with Fredric March as Chris and Florence Eldridge (Mrs. March) as Queen Isabella.

COURT MARTIAL (Kingsley International): Tense English drama centers on officer David Niven's trial for theft. Selfish wife Margaret Leighton betrays him; a woman-soldier friend stands by him.

CRY THE BELOVED COUNTRY (U.A.): Strong story of tragic South Africa, shot there. Two Negro ministers (Sidney Poitier, the late Canada Lee) seek the older man's slum-corrupted son.

FALLEN SPARROW, THE (RKO): Echoes of the Spanish civil war and the Nazi threat strike a chilling note. The late John Garfield scores as a victim; Maureen O'Hara's a beautiful mystery woman.

FARMER'S DAUGHTER, THE (RKO): Pleasant political comedy casts charming Loretta Young as a Midwestern maid-servant who runs for Congress, romances Joseph Cotten. With Ethel Barrymore.

HOME OF THE BRAVE (U.A.): Powerful study of race prejudice. James Edwards is a Negro GI; Lloyd Bridges and Frank Lovejoy, fellow soldiers on a dangerous Pacific-island mission.

JUNE BRIDE (Warners): Robert Montgomery and Bette Davis team delightfully in a comedy about warring ex-sweethearts who disrupt a small-town family by doing a magazine story on daughter's wedding.

LADIES IN RETIREMENT (Columbia): Grim, splendidly acted suspense film, with Ida Lupino as an English companion
(Continued on page 19)

HOLLYWOOD DISCOVERY!

A non-drying spray-set with
no lacquer at all!

Sets hair to stay
—the softest way!



"Lustre-Net always keeps my hair in place!"
says **JANE POWELL**,
starring in
"THE GIRL MOST LIKELY"
An RKO-Radio Picture.
Print by Technicolor.

New SUPER-SOFT *Lustre-Net*
the spray-set with lanolin esters!

Keeps hair in place the Hollywood way—without stiffness or stickiness, contains no lacquer. Leaves hair soft, shining! Actually helps prevent dryness—helps preserve softness with lanolin esters! Quick-sets pin-curls in damp or dry hair . . . ends sleeping on pins!

Any pin-curl style sets faster, manages easier, lasts longer!



get new Lustre-Net

recommended by Top Hollywood Movie Stars

THERE ARE
2
LUSTRE-NETS



SUPER-SOFT—gentle control for loose, casual hair-do's. Spray on after combing.
REGULAR—extra control for hard-to-manage hair, or curly hair-do's.

5½ oz.—a full ounce more . . . Only \$1.25 plus tax. By the makers of Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Fair 'n' Fashionable

The silver lining on WRCV-TV's weather cloud is lovely Judy Lee—forecaster "Window-shopper" and model wife



Judy puts her modeling background to good use as she presents news from both the weather and fashion fronts.



Looks are secondary on TV, says Judy Lee, who places voice, diction and poise first—and combines them all.

THERE'S not much anybody can do about the weather—but Philadelphia's Station WRCV-TV has done it. First, they hired a forecaster as pretty and rare as a day in June. Then they gave her a new and exotic gown to model each night. The package, *Judy Lee And The Weather*, is delivered each weekday at 11:15 P.M. In just five minutes, la Lee delivers a detailed weathercast, slips in a commercial, and models the latest gown—all with the grace and charm of a hostess who has all evening to spend with her guests. . . . Women like to see the scrumptious clothes, men just like to see—and neither would guess that the eyeful who greets them is, in reality, the mother of four! What's more, she can cook in almost any language, although when husband Charles, son Craig, twins Jane and James, and daughter Vicki go sour on sauces, Judy will fill their request for just plain meat and potatoes. . . . A native Philadelphian, Judy attended the Transfiguration School and West Philadelphia High School. There's nary a show-business skeleton in her family closet. Her mother took Judy to an audition for Philadelphia's famous *Children's Hour* program. Judy went on to win the "Best Philadelphia Model" title, do a chorus stint, then turn down movie offers for marriage to Charles Lee, former literary editor of the now defunct *Philadelphia Record* and currently English and Journalism lecturer at the University of Pennsylvania. In 1952, they teamed up to talk about books, movies and theater on *Charles And Judy Lee At Home*, a summer fill-in program on WRCV-TV. Judy then became the pretty miss who popped into commercial breaks on *Hollywood Playhouse*. She did other commercials and, last season, in addition to her weathercasts, also starred in *Window*, a daily five-minute shopping-by-TV program which may be back by the time you read this. . . . Aside from culling new recipes from her 150 cook-books, Judy likes to spend whatever time she can spare from the homestead and the studio working for the League of Women Voters. . . . Looks, she says, come second. Good voice, diction and poise come first in TV. Judy Lee easily fills both bills.



She's a gourmet cook, but Craig, husband Charles, Jane, James and Vicki sometimes want just meat and potatoes.

MOVIES on TV

SHOWING THIS MONTH

(Continued from page 17)

who resorts to murder to protect her half-mad sisters. Suave Louis Hayward finds her out.

LITTLE CAESAR (Warners): Violence and humor mix in Edward G. Robinson's classic portrayal of a big-shot gangster's rise and fall. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is a good-bad guy; Glenda Farrell his sweetie.

NO MINOR VICES (M-G-M): Wacky, sophisticated comedy. Artist Louis Jourdan slyly sets about breaking up the marriage of his doctor. Dana Andrews and Lilli Palmer are the confused couple.

NOTORIOUS (RKO): In a dandy Hitchcock thriller, Cary Grant and Ingrid Bergman play the Nazi-American spy game in Brazil. With that famous "butterfly kiss" scene!

ONE FOOT IN HEAVEN (Warners): Warmth, wit and inspirational qualities combine as minister Fredric March tries to do his duties, raise his family (with wife Martha Scott) and make ends meet.

ONE TOUCH OF VENUS (U-I): Ava Gardner's cast to type as the Goddess of Love come to earth, captivating department-store employee Dick Haymes. A few songs: wry comedy by Eve Arden.

PARADINE CASE, THE (Selznick): Another Hitchcock special. Lawyer Gregory Peck's defense of accused murderess Valli affects his marriage to Ann Todd. With Charles Laughton, other top-flight players.

PETRIFIED FOREST, THE (Warners): A thoughtful melodrama finds bandit Humphrey Bogart terrorizing a chance-met group in a Western hash-house, including waitress Bette Davis, intellectual Leslie Howard.

SENATOR WAS INDISCREET, THE (U-I): Timely farce kidding politics. As a lovable stuffed shirt, William Powell makes his pitch for the Presidency, aided by publicity man Peter Lind Hayes.

STORY OF LOUIS PASTEUR, THE (Warners): Gripping saga of a medical pioneer, with Paul Muni as the great Frenchman who fought entrenched prejudice and stupidity to save countless lives with his discoveries.

TOM, DICK AND HARRY (RKO): Enchanting fantasy-romance. Working girl Ginger Rogers daydreams about her beaux: Idealist Burgess Meredith, go-getter George Murphy, millionaire Alan Marshal.

TOMORROW IS FOREVER (RKO): Touching drama of two wars. Reported lost in 1917, Orson Welles returns incognito to see wife Claudette Colbert. The child Natalie Wood is a sad World War II refugee.

WHAT A WOMAN (Columbia): Roz Russell has a fine time with her old career bit. As a Hollywood agent, she chooses between magazine writer Brian Aherne and professor-novelist Willard Parker.

Treat your eyes to

Color

new...



in 5 lovely, iridescent, jewel-tone shades \$1

Sapphire Blue ★ Amber Brown ★ Emerald Green ★ Blue Pearl Grey ★ Turquoise
Beautiful Gold-Tone Swivel Case

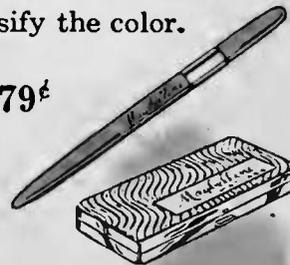
Fashion dictates that your eyes should be your most important feature—and you can bring out the color and clear look of your eyes by giving them a flattering background of eye shadow. It's so easy with the new Maybelline Eye Shadow Stick. The shadow can be the merest whisper, if you so desire—but if you wish a more dramatic effect, especially for evening wear, simply intensify the color.

Maybelline Automatic Eyebrow Pencil

79¢

Never needs sharpening—the only spring-locked crayon that can't fall out—gives soft feather-touch. Natural-tone shades: Velvet Black, Dark Brown, Light Brown, Dove Grey or Auburn. Exquisite turquoise and gold-tone case.

39¢ for two long-lasting refills



Maybelline Solid or Cream Mascara

\$1.25

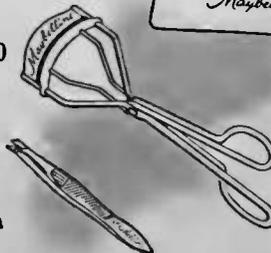
The finest and smoothest mascara for long, velvety-dark lashes in seconds. Solid Form in gorgeous gold-tone vanity case . . . or Cream Form in smart carry-kit.



Maybelline Professional Eyelash Curler

\$1.00

Special soft-cushion method works gentler, quicker, easier. Gold-tone. It's the finest precision-curler made. Cushion Refill, only 10¢.



Maybelline Precision Eyebrow Tweezers 29¢

Tweeze with ease—these silvery tweezers are designed with the "grip that can't slip." Straight or slant-edge.

Choice of smart women the world over

T
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BEAUTY IS HIS BUSINESS



Don't overdo, says Dick, who urges short coifs for women past the pony-tail age.



Ostrid says she'd be glad to take his beauty advice. Dick's comment: None.



Miss Lind and Mr. Willis talk shopping, frankly praise or spoof the fashions. Their joint advice: "Good taste is knowing when to stop."

RICHARD WILLIS has made a career of gilding the lily—and has thus become responsible for more flowery tributes—both literal and complimentary—than any other man about New York. He's also become a husband's, or a beau's, best friend, for Dick can tell women-folk what other men would like to, but don't dare! . . . But it's the ladies who interest Dick—and vice versa. Dick offers them astute advice on matters of facial make-up, coiffure and dress, each weekday at 2 P.M. on *The Richard Willis Show*, seen on New York's Station WRCA-TV. A sense of humor—and a sensitivity to human foibles—makes the advice easy to take, for viewers or for the three women whose beauty problems Dick analyzes on each program. When it's time for his shopping tips, Dick gets an assist from Miss Lind, who also stars on the *Windows* shopping program and who is Dick's wife Ostrid off-camera. . . . Born in Baltimore, Dick was early smitten by the theater. By the time he was fifteen, he was appearing in motion pictures, then went on to vaudeville for two years, and to such Broadway successes as "Hit the Deck," "Garrick Gaieties," "Lady Be Good" and "Kid Boots." Back in Hollywood, Dick pinch-hit when extra make-up help was needed. He was soon giving his full attention to beautifying the stars, has also helped presidents and other politicians to make up for the newsreel or TV cameras. A top make-up consultant for the major film studios for more than ten years, he began his radio and television career sixteen years ago. . . . At times he was doing as many as sixteen shows a week, but, as Dick says, "I've always worked very hard. I don't know how to relax particularly." Thus, he also tours the women's clubs, once contributed time teaching at New York's Neighborhood Playhouse, his star pupil being the girl he married. Ostrid, who sang in "Annie Get Your Gun" on Broadway, and then in swank supper clubs, still contributes a weekly song as her husband's TV partner. . . . The Willises are avid interior decorators, either at their East End Avenue apartment or their weekend retreat in Connecticut. Dick likes to re-frame pictures, is proud of his valuable collection of antique glass lamp shades. His favorite period is early Victorian, "before it got too ornate." Whether he's decorating a woman or a house, Dick Willis's maxim is "Don't overdo it." To which viewers might respond with an old Willis show title: "Here's looking at you."

N

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Breck Hair Set Mist

A GENTLE, FRAGRANT SPRAY THAT HOLDS HAIR SOFTLY, BEAUTIFULLY IN PLACE FOR HOURS



Breck Hair Set Mist is a fragrant spray which delicately holds your hair softly in place for hours. After combing, a few brief sprays keep the hair beautifully arranged.

When freshening, a damp comb renews your waves - no respraying is necessary.

Breck Hair Set Mist also provides a quick, easy way to make lasting pin curls.

Fragrant as a bouquet, Breck Hair Set Mist contains lanolin, which leaves the hair soft to touch and brings out the natural lustre and beauty of your hair.

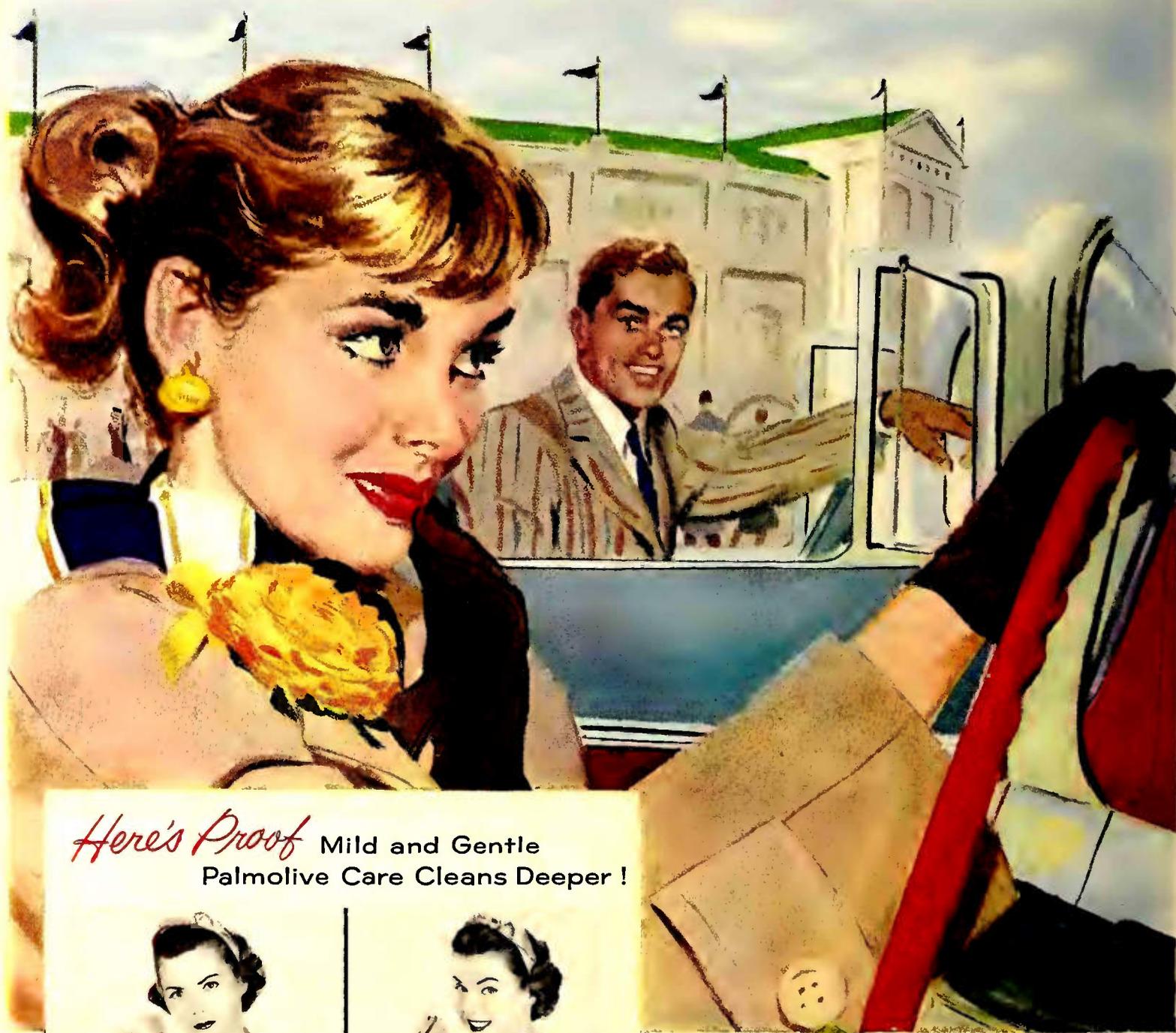
Beautiful Hair

B R E C K

Available at Beauty Shops, Drug Stores, Department Stores and wherever cosmetics are sold. 4½ oz. \$1.25; 11 oz. \$2.00. Plus tax.

You're *Prettier* than you think you are!

...and you can prove it with a Palmolive bar!



Here's Proof Mild and Gentle
Palmolive Care Cleans Deeper!



1. Hidden dirt is a beauty thief! After ordinary, casual cleansing with your regular soap or face cream, rub your face hard with a cotton pad. Smudge on pad is hidden dirt you've left behind. It hides your natural prettiness!



2. Beautifully clean after washing the Palmolive facial! Test again after washing the Palmolive way. Pad stays snowy-white . . . proving that mild and gentle Palmolive care cleans cleaner, deeper . . . without irritation!



And Wonderful for Bath, too!



New complexion beauty in just one minute? Yes, fair lady, yes! Because Palmolive care removes beauty-robbing hidden dirt that casual cleansing misses. And only a soap as mild as Palmolive can cleanse so deeply without irritation. Start Palmolive care today, and see your true complexion beauty come through!

ERNIE FORD & CO.

Tennessee's singing philosopher says it's the little apples that keep the big ones on top!



Regulars on his daytime show are anything but "little" apples in Ernie's eyes. Left to right, Jack Fascinato (also music director of the Ford Thursday-night show), Skip Farrell, Doris Drew, Ernie himself, Molly Bee, and Dick Williams.

By **BUD GOODE**

IT'S BEEN a great year for Tennessee Ernie Ford and company! By the end of 1955, the captivat' peapicker had celebrated the first anniversary of his highly successful *Tennessee Ernie Ford Show*, as seen daily over NBC-TV. He'd zoomed to record heights with his song, "Sixteen Tons." Ernie was red-hot in show business. . . . To all this, in the fall of '56, he has

just added *The Ernie Ford Show*, Thursday nights on NBC-TV, for the Ford (no relation to Ernie) Motor Company. As his wife, Betty Ford (definitely related to Ernie by marriage), says succinctly, "I've always told Ernie that his last name makes him the greatest Ford commercial on two legs. The new show has made it come true." Today, he's definitely a white-hot enter-

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ERNIE FORD & CO.

(Continued)



Heaven on earth for Ernie: Home with his wife, Betty . . . their sons, Buck, 7, and Brion, 3½ . . . and "Bubbles," the family pet who inspired a get-even gift which backfired!



The Tennessee Ernie Ford Show, with Molly Bee and Doris Drew (see following pages), is seen on NBC-TV, M-F, 2:30 P.M. EDT, under multiple sponsorship. The Ford Show, NBC-TV, Thursday, at 9:30 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by the Ford Dealers of America.

tainment personality. . . . But, no matter how high his success may carry him along TV's celestial airways, Ernie's feet will never leave the ground. His own humble attitude toward his present achievements is summed up in a typical "Ernie-ism." Says the former farm-boy from Tennessee: "The reason the big apples are at the top of the barrel is because there are a lot of little apples keepin' 'em up there."

Ernie's down-to-earth philosophy is a reflection of his early life. Born Ernest Jennings Ford, August 13, 1919, on a farm near Bristol, Tennessee, he was "raised up" on a diet of horse sense and the teachings of the Good Book—hard work was its own reward and happy times were thought of in terms of 'possum hunts, roast corn and catfish fries. His favorite food is still fried catfish.

Ernie got into television by way of radio in 1938. "I had a teacher back in Bristol who thought I could read right well," he says. "Her husband worked for radio station WOPI and she persuaded me to audition for an announcer's job." At the time, it was fashionable for radio announcers to study singing as a form of voice improvement, and Ernie left Bristol to study at the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music. His father, by then a Bristol postal clerk, helped Ernie pay the expenses. "Lean years," Ernie remembers. "We used to eat at the Horn Inn—cheeseburgers and root beer, 15¢."

On a vacation home, Ernie received a telegram inviting him to come to Station WATL, Atlanta, as staff announcer. The pay was \$21.50 a week. Says Ernie, still loyal to the South, "Not much money, but there were other advantages. You could stand on Peachtree Street and watch coveys of pretty girls go by." His first job at the station: Interviewing Georgia beauty-contest winners.

Working in Atlanta, Ernie made friends with one of the radio engineers. The two of them, remembering the outdoor days of their boyhood, spent the weekends hunting together. They drove a dilapidated 1929 school bus and slept overnight in sleeping bags in the aisle. "We were in the hills outside of Atlanta one night," says Ernie, "when we stumbled onto a still. We raced out of there like a mule with a burr under its tail. I was afraid those revenuers might be close by and take us for bootleggers—or worse, to have the bootleggers come back and take us for revenuers!"

At the outbreak of World War II, Ernie left Atlanta to go to Station WROL, Knoxville. After a short time there, he joined the Air Force as a flight instructor. Ernie met his wife, Betty, while stationed in Victorville, California. ("She was the prettiest gal at the PX.")

Though Ernie had left his parents' farm when he was fifteen, the feeling for the farm life hadn't left him. While at Victorville, he made friends with a nearby farmer, and spent as much time on the farm as possible. Betty and Ernie were married in 1942 and later, when he was discharged from the service, they agreed that a farm was a good place to bring up a family.

In their second-hand automobile, the Fords started off for Alaska, to take advantage of the Government's free-land offer under the Homestead Act. Ernie says, "We figured in (Continued on page 93)



Treasures in paradise: The pool—adjacent to that all-important barbecue . . . the "Thunderboard" which the boys love—though they can't pronounce it . . . and all the Fords in a row—Betty, Buck, Brion, and that lucky guy from Tennessee.

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From their new-style hammock, the Allens proudly survey the patio flooring—done by "handyman" Larry himself.



Mama Doris and bossman Ford can count on Danny to ham it up as guest on Tennessee Ernie's daytime show!

Home Girl

By ELSA MOLINA

IN THE first morning of her summer vacation, Doris Drew—pert, hazel-eyed songstress on Tennessee Ernie's daytime show—hummed a happy melody as she finished packing for the family's vacation. Doris, her comedian husband, Larry Allen, and their four-year-old son, Danny, were intending to beat the heat in a desert-spa swimming pool. Of all their common interests, both Doris and Larry most love to swim. "We're part fish," says Doris. "As for Danny—if we let him, he'd stay in the water until he was as wrinkled as a prune." As Doris closed the lid on the last of Danny's swim trunks, she was happily looking forward to fourteen days beside a cool blue pool.

Then Larry poked his dark head in the door saying, "Doris . . ." with a slight quake in his voice. No matter how sad the (Continued on page 94)

ERNIE FORD & CO.

Three loves has Doris Drew . . . music . . . her husband, Larry Allen . . . and lively young Danny



Devoted wife and mother, Doris spent all her hard-earned "vacation" keeping Danny smiling through the mumps.



Great cook, too—though Larry didn't know it until they'd moved into the home they chose because of its kitchen space.



Doris and Larry dote on the chance to be real homemakers, after all the touring they did when they were first married.



They're both enthusiastic gardeners—though their son's only contribution is digging up the bulbs they've just planted.

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Talented Teenager

All mothers are proud of their daughters—but I can't help feeling my Molly Bee is extra-special!

By MRS. LOU ADAMS



Molly loves her guitar, hopes practice with a tape recorder will "make perfect." Her favorite pastime is dancing—even informally, with her kid brother, Joe, while her girlfriend, Beverly, acts as disc jockey.



Off to work—and I live for the moment she comes home!

WHEN MY DAUGHTER, Molly Bee, was a baby, she was just as cute and bubbly as she is now. In fact, I've often wondered how, day after day, Molly can continue to grow more like herself! But—as bouncy and enthusiastic as she is (I've called her "flighty" myself)—Molly has another side which the millions in Tennessee Ernie's daytime audiences don't see, over NBC-TV. There are times when Molly is quiet and subdued. And she has a mind of her own.

Molly has two brothers, Bobby and Joe. But Molly was my first little girl. Fathers, I think, want little boys they can romp and play with. Mothers want little girls they can dress like dolls. That's how I wanted to dress Molly—like a doll. Molly had other ideas. Since her brother Bobby was eighteen months older, he became something of an idol—a hero she could look up to. Molly always wanted to copy Bobby. Though I filled her bedroom with dolls, Molly (*Continued on page 84*)

In addition to *The Tennessee Ernie Ford Show*, NBC-TV, M-F, 2:30 P.M. EDT, Molly Bee is also seen and heard on the West Coast in Cliffie Stone's *Hometown Jamboree*, over Station KTLA, Sat., at 7 P.M. PST.

ERNIE FORD & CO.



Once a tomboy, Molly's now surrounded by dolls. She keeps a diary, hides it from her brothers.

She has her own clothes budget, but can talk me out of anything.

At 13, she said goodbye to braids, as Mr. Frank cut her long tresses.

Like all teens, Molly and Beverly can spend hours experimenting with mirrors.



Heart's Desire



Music—and the great outdoors—frame a magical home for the Florian ZaBachs



Florian set aside his prized Guarnerius for tools and trowels, when the ZaBochs built their ranch house near Pound Ridge, N. Y.



Woods and streams—fresh trout for breakfast!—lure Florian and "Prince Florazell."

By HELEN BOLSTAD

WHEN holiday hearth fires are lighted at the Florian ZaBach home this year, the event will be as bright in significance as it is in cheer. "For the first time, I'll be using my own wood, cut from my own land—with my own blisters," says Florian. His pretty wife, Helen, smiles. "You'd think he was a lumberjack instead of a fiddler. There's no 'double-stopping' on that attack."

There has been no stopping of any kind, for either of them, since they purchased the land, supervised the building of the house, and moved in last July. Helen may say lightly, "We've turned into the original do-it-yourself-ers." And Florian may add, "We've even found out what to do about it after you've done it yourself." But their deeper thoughts are expressed by Helen's (Continued on page 66)

The Florian ZaBach Show, produced by Guild Films, is seen throughout the United States and in other countries: see local papers for time and station.



Family "switch": Florian of drums, Helen of piano—and her daughter Julio fiddling.

Below, wife Helen supervises picture-hanging in the living room. Lower right, the snack bar which divides kitchen from dining area.



Sunday in England



Across the Thames, Big Ben and the Houses of Parliament—and, in the foreground, Alastair (Lord Henry), Vivian (Sunday herself), Cathleen Cordell (Cora Harwood).

“Our gal” Vivian Smolen had a wonderful time seeing London with “Lord Henry” Alastair Duncan

By LILLA ANDERSON

THE HEROINE of *Our Gal Sunday*—herself an orphan from Colorado—has always dreaded meeting the elegant English friends of her titled husband, Lord Henry Brinthrope, and feared that she would “feel out of place” in London. In real life, however, Vivian Smolen—who stars as Sunday—found London: “History brought to life; a fairy tale come true.” Suitably, her guide was Lord Henry himself in the person of her co-star, English-born Alastair Duncan, who has since commented: “Lady Brinthrope was utterly at home and quite the social (*Continued on page 98*)”

Our Gal Sunday is heard on CBS Radio, Mon. thru Fri., at 12:45 P.M. EDT.



English differs from American: "It's a pillar box, Vivian, not a mail box," Alastair advised.



Yet some things are the same. To Vivian, London's Sphinx was "just like the one back in Central Park."



And Piccadilly Circus was the Times Square of London—but the left-side traffic made American heads whirl.



Colorful in scarlet tunics and black bearskin busbies, the Scots Guards had just been reviewed by Her Majesty. At the Palace of Whitehall (below), the Horse Guards stood sentry.



Alastair knew the signs that showed the Queen was "at home" in Buckingham Palace (above). However, Vivian's questions, in the Royal Court of St. James (below), made him wish he'd studied more history!



The Spirit of Romance



Two soaring careers mean frequent separations for Nina Foch and Jim Lipton—but cannot dim their love.

By **CONRAD MORTON**

THE WAITRESSES at the commissary on the Warner Bros. lot are used to seeing stars. They've served some of the most gorgeous women and men in the world, and they just don't lose their composure—or hadn't, until this particular young man sat down to lunch with Edward G. Robinson and Nina Foch. He was handsome, about five-ten, with green eyes and dark brown hair. He had the physique and aura about him you might associate with Montgomery Clift—but it wasn't Monty. This young man was pretty much of a stranger in Hollywood. But, when one of the blase waitresses caught sight of him, she stood gaping.

"Are you," she asked, "*Dick Grant?*" Then, as he smiled an affirmative . . . "*Dr. Dick Grant?*" When the young man nodded again, she gasped, "Oh, my. Don't go away." And she ran back to the kitchen to pass the word so that the others could see Dr. Grant before he finished dessert. Dr. Dick Grant, of course, is the young plastic surgeon on *The Guiding Light*, over CBS-TV and Radio. The young man who causes such excitement playing this part is James Lipton. And, in his own right, Jim is an unusual and exciting person. He is very intelligent and especially thoughtful of others. He is also sensitive, serious and complex.

James Lipton has it—whether as
The Guiding Light's Dr. Dick Grant,
or as lovely Nina Foch's husband



Rewards: Marriage has been good for them both—Nina laughs him out of his too-serious, other-world moods, Jim has helped her know her own mind and speak out.



Jim wears an unusual ring. It's a simple signet ring, but instead of initials on the flat top, there is an arrow which points away from him. "The idea is to remind me to think objectively," Jim explains. "To come out of my shell. For years, I was kind of a lone wolf. I'd be sitting at a dinner party or around a coffee table and I'd disappear. Go off with my mind into outer space. I've changed in the (Continued on page 91)

The Guiding Light is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 12:45 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Procter & Gamble Company for Ivory, Duz, and Cheer.



Wherever Jim goes, everyone recognizes Dick Grant, of TV and radio's *The Guiding Light*.



Problems: "We make a conscious effort," says Jim, "to live equally and share the burdens."



WHAT'S THE WORD FOR



What's the secret about Garry? For one thing—Bill Cullen will tell you—he has a sixth sense . . .



Charm is just one of the words Jayne Meadows has for Garry—that true "Rock of Gibraltar" . . .



Not "the life of the party"—in Henry Morgan's view—but someone much nicer to have around . . .

By **ELIZABETH BALL**

EACH WEDNESDAY NIGHT on *I've Got A Secret*, over CBS-TV, Garry Moore and his panel of four have themselves—and give the viewers—a hilarious half hour. Five gayer, more relaxed and refreshing, good-humored, antic and seemingly congenial people you could not hope to find anywhere on the earth or on the air. They're so congenial that those who doubt the evidence of their eyes and ears have been known to voice such questions as: Are they really as jolly

together off camera as on? What, do you suppose, goes on behind the scenes? What, in private, do panelists Emerson, Meadows, Morgan and Cullen think of ringmaster Moore? If they could use only one word for him, what would it be? Or let's suppose they were obliged to analyze Garry Moore . . . what would be their findings? . . . Intrigued by the unlikely idea of the blithe and breezy Mr. Moore as subject for analysis, the panel agreed to place (*Continued on page 76*)

I've Got A Secret is seen on CBS-TV, Wed., 9:30 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company for Winston Cigarettes. *The Garry Moore Show* is seen on CBS-TV, Mon. thru Th., 10 to 10:30 A.M. EDT, Fri., 10 to 11:30 A.M., under multiple sponsorship.



Jealous is the word for Bill. It seems that crew cut makes Faye want to run her hands through Garry's hair!



Brother's name is Dr. Mason Morfit (left). Garry and his family still use "Morfit" in their very private life.

GARRY?



Good, lovable and tenderhearted, says Faye Emerson—yet definitely *not* a "Caspar Milquetoast". . .

Mr. Moore unwittingly jumps out of the frying pan into the fire—of his own panel on *I've Got A Secret!*



Such a simple guy, really—until they start to analyze him. Just two things Cullen, Meadows, Morgan and Emerson agree upon: Garry's a much deeper person than he appears. And they can't help liking him—though their reasons differ.



Moore and Morfit join Faye and the others for after-show gabfest.





Janet, happy in the Mayos' own penthouse, beams: "We hardly knew what a seed looked like. Now look!"



Sid Caesar, her TV husband, doesn't look quite so happy here with "wife" Janet. But that's marriage—comedy version.



Nick and Janet couldn't be more at home in their rooftop garden, after living in hotels on the road.



Meeting of two lives: Mrs. Mayo, city-dweller, studies her lines as "Mrs. Commuter" for the Saturday-eve *Caesar's Hour*.



By GREGORY MERWIN

THERE have been spectacular movies and TV spectaculars. Now meet a "gal spectacular." She can dance anything—ballet to the bunny hop. She sings bop, ballads or arias. She acts, or clowns. She's five-four, with hazel eyes—a strawberry blonde with a raspberry personality. She is Sid Caesar's third TV wife . . . privately Mrs. Nick Mayo, born Martha Janet Lafferty . . . but best known as Janet Blair, star of everything in show business except opera.

"A man sees so many facets of his wife's personality that it's almost impossible to (Continued on page 85)

Caesar's Hour is seen on NBC-TV, three Sat. out of four, 9 to 10 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Esquire Shoe Polishes, Quaker Oats, Bab-O, others.

CAESAR'S NEW "WIFE"

It's a great TV act—but, in private life, Janet Blair calls Nick Mayo "husband"



"a Guy like Gene"



Thirty minutes from Broadway—and *Tonight* and the *Steve Allen Show*—Gene shares a real "country-type" home and lawn with Lynn, Helen, and the family pets.



People love our Mr. Rayburn on Steve Allen's show—but his most devoted fans are his own family

By MARTIN COHEN

THOSE who know best prefer Rayburn ten to one. Gene is a gentleman, sans push-pull. He exists in the dazzling delirium of TV without pull, without being pushy. Gene comes in a king-size package, measuring six-foot-one. He has brown hair, brown eyes and brown shoes. He's a pixilated package. With him, the unexpected is just what to expect. But he doesn't bite. "Married sixteen years," says satisfied customer Helen Rayburn, "and he hasn't scratched yet. I wouldn't use any other product."

He is a clown, but a gentle clown. And he works hard. During the whole of last winter he had only four days off. Currently, his regularly scheduled appearances with Steve Allen alone count up to four nights a week on the air—Wednesday, Thursday and Friday on *Tonight*, and the big variety show on Sunday. Although his home is in lower Westchester County, thirty minutes from Manhattan, his days are so hectic that he had to take an apartment to catch his sleep. This sometimes robs him of seeing his family during the week. Recently, he was stopped in the foyer of his own home by a pretty brownette. "Yes, sir," the girl said, "who shall

Continued →

Barbecue snack in his own back yard tastes better to Rayburn than those bachelor "breakfasts" in town.





Show-business life would be lonely for Helen—without a husband like Gene, a daughter like Lynn!



Gene was "top chef," when the Rayburns were first married, but now Helen is the queen of the kitchen.



He's a real handyman around the house, built many units himself, turns out ornate rungs on his lathe.



"a Guy like Gene"

(Continued)

I say is calling?" It was Gene's thirteen-year-old daughter, Lynn. She was kidding, but many a truth is spoken in jest. More often than not, Gene calls his one-room apartment—just east of Central Park in the seventies—"home." The only personal items in the room are his clothes, a small radio and record-player, TV and a cigarette holder. Tacked to the walls are a half-dozen unframed, giant-sized travel posters. The furniture is used-modern. "It came with the apartment," Gene explains. "I don't like modern. I don't mean anything personal by this, but I think modern furniture is sterile."

Main reason for the one-room apartment is that almost nightly schedule of shows on which Gene is "second banana" to "top banana" Steve Allen. The two are on the air together until one A.M. at least three nights a week. So, if Mr. Rayburn has a call at ten in the morning, the only way he gets a bit of rest is by staying in town. "You're beat, yet you're all wound up," he says. "You even have to work at unwinding. I know Steve doesn't get to sleep until four. I've got it down to about forty-five minutes. Sometimes I can get to sleep by two."

He goes back to a neat apartment, for Gene does his own housekeeping. His wife testifies, "Gene is an excellent housewife." He puts about an hour one evening a week into putting things right and clean. In the mornings, he stirs some cereal into milk and calls it breakfast. If he wants something more elaborate, he phones out to (Continued on page 88)

Gene Rayburn is seen on *The Steve Allen Show*, on NBC-TV, Sun., from 8 to 9 P.M., as sponsored by Brown and Williamson Tobacco Corp. (Viceroy Cigarettes), Andrew Jergens Co. (Jergens Lotion, Woodbury Soap), and others. He is also seen Wed., Thurs., Fri., on *Tonight*, over NBC-TV, 11:30 P.M. to 1 A.M. (All times EDT)

Helen is used to working side by side with Gene, finds that helping with his fan mail is truly fun.





They're a great family for doing things together, from sports to fine arts. Gene strums a guitar for home songfests, and both Lynn and Helen are studying piano. Lynn also draws very well, with Dad as a favorite subject—and it was he who made the wall-to-wall vanity unit in her room.







David's there with Daddy . . . while Larry studies at breakfast . . . listens to his records . . . and joins in junior frolics.

Triumph at Twenty

Larry Dean took a gamble for the sake of his wife and baby—and won fame on the Lawrence Welk shows

By GORDON BUDGE

From first tryout to new Monday-night show, Larry has fulfilled all Lawrence Welk's hopes for the young singer.

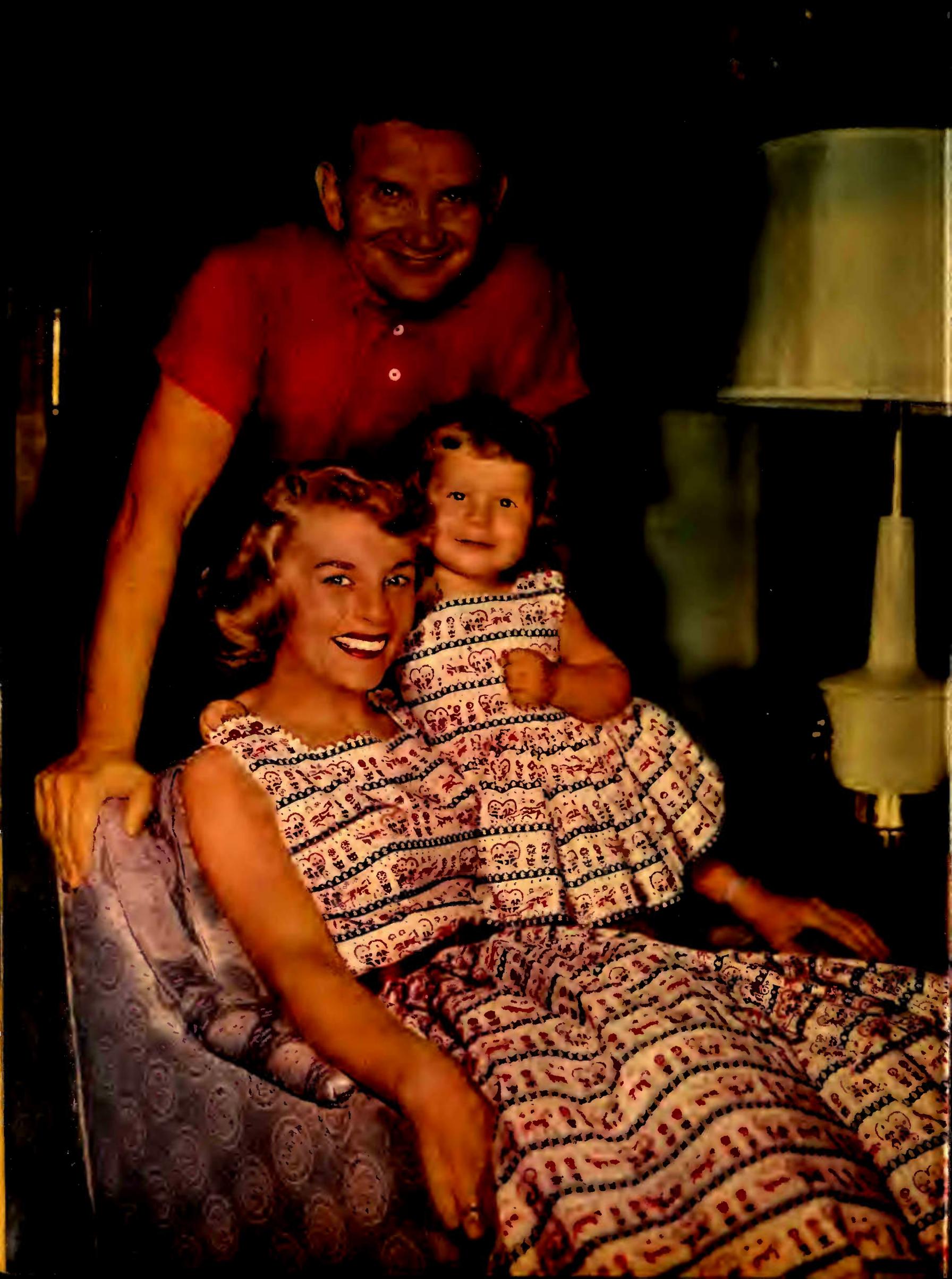


Larry literally pursues Alice and David with his camera, recording every step in baby's development.

THE FIRST DAY Larry Dean, Lawrence Welk's handsome twenty-year-old vocalist, joined the Welk band, he stood around the bandstand, hands in pockets, bashful and shy. As with every new meeting, there was still distance between the old established bandmen and the new young vocalist. On the faces of the musicians there was a wait-and-see expression, and in Larry's mind there was a prayerful thought: *I hope I'm good enough for them. . . .* But, after he'd run through his first song, the long-experienced musicians were unanimous in their applause. (Continued on page 74)

Larry Dean is seen on the hour-long Lawrence Welk shows, ABC-TV, Sat., 9 P.M., and Mon., 9:30 P.M., sponsored by the Dodge Dealers of America. Lawrence Welk programs are also heard over ABC Radio, at varying times in different areas (see local papers), including Sat., 10:35 P.M., and *Best Bands In The Land*, Mon., 9:30 P.M. (All times EDT)





the Most Happy Little Girl



Raymond, Dorothy and Debbie Scott form a joyful trio, indoors or outside their beautiful Long Island estate.

By GLADYS HALL

WHAT ARE little girls made of? We all know, from the old familiar jingle: "Sugar and spice and everything nice." . . . But—what are little girls' lives made of? . . . That can be a sweet refrain, too: A husband named Raymond. A baby called Debbie. Hope of another Debbie. And another. A thirty-two-room country house. Diamonds. Song. A peat-moss bog. A hospital. Rumors. Adventures . . . in the air . . . on the air. At Las Vegas. In Red Rocks, Colorado. In New York. Space ships. Disc jockeys. A trip to Europe. The first trip, breathlessly exciting. A career, ever growing. . . . These are the ingredients one little girl's life is made of. Or has been, during the past year.

The "one little girl" is obviously *Your Hit Parade's* singing star, Dorothy Collins . . . known to her household and her neighbors in North Hills, Long Island—and thought of, in her own mind and heart—as Mrs. Raymond Scott. To Dorothy, four years married, "Everything revolves around Raymond. The house. Debbie. The career. Me. Our marriage has been such a wonderful thing," she says, "basically wonderful, in that we are such friends.

Daily, Dorothy Collins counts her blessings: Raymond Scott and Debbie, their home—and Your Hit Parade



The moment Naka opens the door, the Scotts step into a world that contains space for all they love best . . . from Debbie's playroom to their own recording studio.



See Next Page ▶

the Most Happy Little Girl

(Continued)



It gets better all the time, too. A baby makes it better. And time . . . each hour of each day of my marriage to Raymond. *I couldn't think of life without him.* . . . As for Raymond, you have only to look at him when he is looking at little Miss Collins to know that he couldn't and doesn't think of life without her.

In a relationship as richly realized as that of the Scotts, a house is not the most precious thing. But, in terms of the concrete and the tangible, a house—their house—is certainly the biggest! So let's start with the house as one of the ingredients in the many-faceted life of two profoundly happy people.

The name of Scott is on the mailbox at the entrance to the driveway. The driveway winds through the sun-pierced shade of dogwood trees, magnolia trees . . . giant oak and maple and dark conifers . . . to the house. A massive house, and beautifully proportioned, built (to endure) of weathered brick, faced with white, many-chimneyed, many-windowed. A classic and gracious facade with the spreading skirts of eleven acres around it. Fields and formal gardens. Woodland. Apple trees. A peat-moss bog covering approximately one of the eleven acres. ("If ever I should decide to do my singing in the nursery at home, instead of on mike," Dorothy observes, "a peat-moss bog could mean a lot of money. A peat-moss bog as a business—now that would be glamorous! But," she adds reflectively, "substantial. For, unlike a song, peat moss never comes to an end. The more you take out, the more there is. It is never-ending. Eternal. Of what else, as a means of security, can you say the same?")

By now, you have arrived at the door. It opens, and Naka, the Scotts' gentle-mannered Japanese houseman, bids you enter. You step into a spacious hall, wood-paneled. To the right, a carved and curving stairway—down which, imaginably, English royalty and en-

Gracious home, charming family . . . and a trip to Europe, too! Below, Dorothy Collins Scott gazes dreamily at the blue Mediterranean near Amalfi.



Dorothy Collins and Raymond Scott are seen and heard on *Your Hit Parade*, NBC-TV, Saturdays, 10:30 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Lucky Strike Cigarettes and Hudnut Quick Home Permanent.



Driving with Daddy Raymand is Debbie's idea of the very biggest happiness for very little girls.

tourage might descend. To the left, an elevator to take you to the floors above, if you are of a mind to save steps. Facing you there is a high-ceilinged, nobly proportioned living room, so vast it dwarfs the concert grand piano.

Naka, meantime, has gone in search of Mrs. Scott. For a fleeting moment, you wonder if he will find her. In a house like this, such a small girl could easily get lost . . . or be mistaken for a Dresden figurine adding its inanimate beauty to the whole. . . . Then, from out of Inner Space, Dorothy appears—not lost, nor inanimate, but very much alive and very much at home—wearing a pale pink tailored shirt, black velveteen slacks, her bright tan hair in its customary smooth and shining bob slightly curled at the ends.

Looking about you, you're tempted to ask: "Doesn't it sort of frighten you?"

"Funny, but it doesn't," Dorothy laughs, "and I'm used to small houses, too. . . . Remember our first home in near-by Babylon on the Great South Bay, the house with the nautical atmosphere—even to the ship's-cabin bedrooms complete with built-in bunks? And the house we rented in Brightwaters, after the baby came—small, too, cosy and chintzy.

"Yet it was I who fell in love with this house when, on a Saturday morning, a year ago last May, we first saw it. Raymond had mental reservations. 'No house which isn't on the water,' he said as we drove away, 'has any atmosphere.' He wanted high ceilings, however . . . we both did, because the acoustics are so much better for our recordings, which we do at home . . . and none of the other houses we'd seen had high ceilings. So, in the afternoon, we came back and signed on the dotted line. And, a few days later, Debbie, Cathy—our wonderful nurse who has been with us since Debbie was born—Raymond and I moved in, bag and baggage. Bag and baggage," Dorothy laughs, "and virtually nothing else! Practically no furniture. Not even a bed on which to lay our heads. We'd never bought a bed . . . what with the built-in bunks in the first house, and renting the second one furnished.

"Accustomed as I am to small houses, the size of this one still didn't frighten me . . . nor the bareness—I knew Raymond had a hobby for every room! After (Continued on page 81)



Raymond shows his father-in-law that there's room for all the family hobbies, from machines to music. Below, the Scatts pose informally with Dorothy's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Chandler.



Happiest nights of all are those when Raymond and Dorothy can have dinner early enough to eat "grown-up style" with Debbie and her beloved Cathy Caruthers, as Naka serves in his deft manner.



Pepper Young's Family

OIL DISCOVERED IN ELMWOOD! The local paper played it in banner headlines. The story was big. The news spread. And when Samuel Young, on whose property the oil strike was made, turned over part of his royalties to the town and to his son and daughter-in-law, Pepper and Linda, the press went wild! Here was a small-town story with human interest, with elements of civic pride. First the big city papers, then the news magazines, sent men. The reporters arrived, the photographers. Elmwood became famous, and Pepper and Linda were caught in the spotlight. And yet, to them, the publicity was to offer—not joy—but a grim threat to the marriage which they value over fame or fortune.

Coincidence set off the sequence of events which was to haunt Pepper and Linda for many weeks to come. William Hackett, news photographer, visited Linda at home to do pictures for a story. On the table in her living room stood the picture of Jeffrey Taylor, the young doctor Linda had married in a hasty wartime romance. For Linda, the marriage had been a brief interlude, now lost in the dim shadows of the past. That early happiness had ended with a wire from the War Department: "The Secretary of War has asked me to express his deep regret that your husband Jeffrey Taylor was killed in action. . . ." The wound healed . . . as all sorrow passes, so did this. And, with her second marriage to Pepper, Linda had found herself as a woman and as a mother.

It took only a few sentences to shatter Linda's serenity. "Who is this man?" said the strange photographer, picking up the portrait of Jeff Taylor. "I'm sure he's a man I knew during the war. He made a parachute jump with me into enemy territory, but he was injured and suffered amnesia. The enemy took him prisoner. But I heard only recently, from a friend of mine who escaped from behind the Iron Curtain, that Taylor's alive somewhere in Europe."

The words shocked Linda. If what Hackett, the photographer, said was true, her marriage to Pepper Young was bigamous. Torn by anxiety, and without Pepper's knowledge, she borrowed \$5,000 and sent Hackett to Europe to see if he could find Jeff or bring back proof that he died in combat.

Preyed upon by doubts about the legality of her marriage, Linda nearly suffered a nervous breakdown. Pepper, much concerned about her strange behavior, finally persuaded her to confess what was troubling her. Then, to find the truth, Pepper and the elder Mr. Young made a trip to Washington to check with the War Department about Jeff Taylor's death. The official records confirmed the death, but Linda remained unconvinced. She assured Pepper, however, that, even though Jeff might be alive, her present marriage was all she valued in life.

So matters stand—until the terrifying day when a long-distance call comes to Linda from New York. In a hesitant voice, a man says, "Linda, this is Jeff."

Linda is shocked—even though she has been more or less prepared for Jeff's possible return. When she

A strange shadow from the past menaces the happy marriage of Linda and Pepper



1. For Linda, the nightmare began when news cameraman William Hackett saw a photograph of her first husband, Jeff Taylor, and told her Jeff was still alive!

asks him to give her some further identification, he calls her by a pet name which had been a joke between them—a tender, secret name unknown to any other person. Linda is thus convinced that her first husband lives, and becomes hysterical. A doctor is called to quiet her.

Pepper and his father, determined to run down the man who telephoned, trace the call to a bar in New York City. They go there, but are unsuccessful in finding him.

Meanwhile, Jeffrey Taylor is on his way to Elmwood. He seeks out Linda, who is at first frightened, but soon becomes fascinated by Jeff's startling story. Jeff says that his memory has returned in part. He has remembered his marriage to her. "But there are so many gaps," Jeff says, "you'll have to forgive me if there are some things I can't recall."



2. Linda tries to keep her fears from Pepper, but the ties of love are too strong. Heartbroken, she tells him she has sent Hackett to Europe—and that Hackett reports he has succeeded in tracing Jeff.

See Next Page ▶



3. First, Hackett's cable, then a phone call from a man who successfully identifies himself to Linda as Jeff.



4. Pepper and his father are not convinced. They trace the call to a New York bar—but can't find the caller.



5. Pepper comes home to find the man who calls himself Jeff Taylor already there. Linda's sure he is Jeff, despite gaps in his memory, but Pepper has grave doubts.



6. He tells Sadie Barker, his father's secretary, that Jeff can't even remember having been a doctor. She suggests a meeting with Jeff's old hospital friends.

Linda is convinced. This *must* be Jeff. And she cannot help but feel the greatest sympathy for him, even though his very presence in her house is a horrible threat to herself and those she loves.

When Pepper returns, he is confronted with the fact that he may be facing an emotional and unpredictable situation—most deeply involving himself and Linda. He is still convinced that the man who calls himself Jeff is *not* Jeff. But how can he prove it? He invites the intruder to stay with them, and the invitation is accepted. In this way, perhaps the stranger will reveal himself as the impostor Pepper suspects him to be. But how to prove it?

The elder Mr. Young's secretary, Sadie Barker, is the first to come up with a practical suggestion for Pepper. She proposes that, inasmuch as Jeff had been a doctor at the hospital before he left for war service, some of his hospital colleagues go to see him and test him out. Surely, if they recall various happenings among themselves, they may be able to arrive at reasonable proof—or doubt—of his identity.

When the meeting comes about, the man called Jeff is visibly disturbed. The young doctors recognize Jeff at once—he has not changed much physically. But they are astounded when he doesn't recognize them. He claims that he has never been a doctor! Under

Pepper Young's Family

(Continued)



7. Friends at the hospital identify Jeff—but he can't remember them, nor answer their questions. Linda sees his anguished confusion and springs to his defense. Pepper may have her heart, but Jeff has her sympathy. *Which one is her husband?*

their probing questions, Jeff nearly breaks down. And, at this point, Linda flares up at the tormentors. "Leave him alone! Leave him alone!" Linda cries. "Can't you see he's forgotten all about having been a doctor? His memory's not completely restored. No wonder, after the terrible experiences Jeff had."

In this moment, Pepper Young realizes, for the first time, that the emotional stress Linda is undergoing may leave her the victim of a situation in which she is actually blameless. All his loyalty rises to Linda's defense. He will not let this crisis ruin them. But what can he do next, to insure the future peace and happiness of Pepper Young's family?

Pictured here, as heard on the air, are:

Pepper YoungMason Adams
Linda Young.....Margaret Draper
Sam YoungBill Johnstone
Jeff TaylorStaats Cotsworth
William Hackett.....John Larkin
Sadie BarkerMarie DeWolfe

Pepper Young's Family—heard over NBC Radio, M-F, at 3:45 P.M. EDT—was created and is written by Elaine Carrington.



Buddy got his first break in the Catskills, often returns to the Concord (above, with Betty and Jane Kean, famous sister team).



Big Hackett projects: Golf (his New Jersey home is next to the Englewood course)—and kitchen (he's planning the most modern ever).



FULL STEAM AHEAD FOR Stanley

By ED MEYERSON

LEONIA, NEW JERSEY, is just across the river from New York City. There, only twenty minutes from Manhattan, is an old-fashioned residential community where the houses are not all alike. The streets are still lined with shade trees, some of the porches still have swings on them, and practically everyone still mows his own lawn. . . . To many ex-New Yorkers, Leonia is the best place in the world to bring up children. But, to other New Yorkers—who wouldn't leave Manhattan on a bet—it's the last place in the world they would ever expect to find Buddy Hackett. And in a six-room ranch house, at that! However, these are the ones who still remember Buddy from his bachelor days, when he was cutting capers in night clubs from Broadway to Hollywood, from the Catskills to Miami Beach. . . . These are the ones who don't know there's a *new* Buddy Hackett, who has not only changed his professional status but his personal status, as well. Married a little over a year now, he has—all in short order—acquired a new home, a new baby, and a brand-new career as star of *Stanley*, NBC-TV's new Monday-night comedy series, produced by Max Liebman.

The Hacketts' new home is on top of a hill, and its lawn runs right into the golf course of the Englewood Golf Club. And there, if he isn't out playing on the links, you can find Buddy Hackett, Esq., at home. He (Continued on page 63)

Buddy Hackett stars in *Stanley*, NBC-TV, three Mon. out of four, at 8:30 P.M. EDT, for Pall Mall Cigarettes and Bobbi Pin-Curl Home Permanent.





Buddy Hackett proves a "funny fat man from Brooklyn"

can have his dreams—and make them come true, too

Who's Who on the GALEN DRAKE SHOW

*Conversation is the art,
Galen Drake the curator in
a words-and-music exhibit*



Galen and Anne met in a doctor's office, where he was paying a professional call, she a social one. They've lived happily—and healthily afterwards, enjoy four-way talkfests with Linda Anne and Galen, Jr.

A JACK of all trades, Galen Drake is master of most of them. His particular forte is conversation, of which he is reviving the lost art. Galen's brand is pithy, pungent and provocative. But before winning such epithets as "radio's most convincing voice," "the homemakers' best friend," and president of the Relaxation Club of America, Galen was, among other things, a medical student, a law student, an amateur boxer, a director of plays and, at nineteen, the conductor of the Southern California Symphony Orchestra. All these experiences—peppered with voracious and varied reading—are grist for the mill of Galen's Saturday variety show on the CBS Radio network and his daily service program on WCBS in New York. . . . Born in Indiana, reared in California, Galen grew up in a family who "enjoyed talking with each other." At eighteen, Galen was a full-fledged singing favorite on KFOX in California, when the sponsor decided he wanted some wordage mixed in with the music. "Our boy can talk, too," said the station manager—and Galen was launched as a raconteur and pundit. . . . Last year, the cycle came full circle. Producer Lou Melamed overheard Galen humming, discovered that "our boy can sing, too," and introduced a "new" vocalist to the radio audience. Galen's comment: "No one sent in any threatening letters." . . . A doctor's office was the scene for Galen's first meeting with his wife Anne, a model. They started a conversation that has grown into roundtable discussions with daughter Linda Anne, five-and-a-half, and son Galen, Jr., four. The current topic: Their new three-story Tudor home in Riverdale, New York. . . . The feeling of a family extends to the cast of the *Galen Drake Show*. Stuart

Continued 



A Hoosier love of conversation and cracker-barrel common sense carry over to the Drakes' new home in Riverdale. Two gals, redheaded Anne and young Linda Anne, and two guys, Galen and Galen, Jr., plan to make good use of a two-storey library of 100,000 books as source material for talk.



Who's Who on the GALEN DRAKE SHOW

(Continued)



Young and old enjoy the od-lib chotter of "the highest-priced copywriter in America." Golen uses no scripts, even on commercials. "You wouldn't diogram o conversation with o friend, would you?" asks the radio pundit.



Pianist Bernie Leighton runs the gamut from long-hair concerts of Carnegie . . . to top-flight jazz . . . to his six-man group on Golen's show—where he accompanies all singers, including the new vocal "discovery," Galen himself.



Show biz tinsel gets the go-by from Stuart Foster, who sings the joys of being o husband ond o dad.

Foster, a black-haired, lithe-looking lad, is quietly but unquenchably exuberant. He started singing in a Binghamton, New York, church choir, then went on to fancy bistros and radio. Still grass roots at heart, he enjoys life with wife Patricia and son James, now six. . . . Orchestra leader and pianist Bernie Leighton was a child prodigy in New Haven, Connecticut, but claims it's still too early to tell about his two-year-old daughter, Nina Robin. When not making music, his hobby is "listening to music, all kinds. I'm afraid I'm music from beginning to end." . . . Five-foot-two, eyes of green-blue, Sandy Stewart wound up a Philadelphia high-school romance last December, when she married Saul Kane. The young bride, born July 10, 1937, is a radio veteran. She debuted at nine, won a recording contract at fifteen. Sandy likes painting, ice skating, knitting, and sports. She's a good cook—but hates cleaning up afterward. . . . The Three Beaus and a Peep—Les Brush, Jimmy Leyden and Phil Scott are the Beaus, Darlene Zito is the Peep—have sung together on every network—and most major record labels. Darlene was introduced to radio at

Producer Lou Melomed overheard Galen humming, completed o cycle by finding "our boy con sing too."





Newlywed Sandy Stewart had no fiascos with bride's biscuits. She loves cooking—but not cleaning up.

the age of four. She had her own show in her home town of New Haven, Connecticut, then went directly from high school into a pro engagement at New York's swank Versailles night club. The brown-eyed brunette serves Italian cookery to her best beau, Les Brush, her husband as of October 6. . . . Les, the tenor, is another early starter. At ten, he starred on his own radio show. Then the Brooklyn lad decided to be an M.D., studied at Brooklyn Prep and St. John's University—until the lure of music proved too great. He joined the Vocatones, then, after war service in Europe, became a "Beau." . . . Jimmy Leyden, the second baritone and arranger, hails from Springfield, Massachusetts, sang his way through Penn State, where he was also drum major, marching band member and leader of the "Collegians" university band. He took four years out to serve in the Marines, then returned to music with the Beaus. . . . Like the other Brooklynite in the group, Phil Scott, the low baritone, is also an ex-Vocatone. A stint at the World's Fair led to radio appearances and a tour of Southern states and theaters. Last stop on the tour was the Army, wherein he entertained GI's. First stop out of the Army was the Three Beaus and a Peep. . . . When the *Galen Drake Show* goes off, the *Slenderella Show* comes on, with Eloise English as the first woman to swap Galen his own kind of talk. Eloise, who originated the name "Slenderella" and who travels 100,000 miles a year to supervise management of the salons, debuted on radio when she covered the Prince Ranier-Grace Kelly nuptials.

The Galen Drake Show, CBS Radio, Sat. at 10:05 A.M., sponsored by Slenderella International, D-Con Company and others, is followed by *The Slenderella Show* at 10:50 A.M. Galen's heard over WCBS Radio (N.Y.) on *The Housewives' Protective League*, a program service of CBS Radio, M-F, 3:30 P.M., and Sat., 9:30 A.M. (All times EDT)



Two boys from Brooklyn, baritone Phil Scott and tenor Les Brush . . . a gal from New Haven, Darlene Zito . . . and a guy from Springfield, baritone Jimmy Leyden . . . harmonize every Saturday morning as the Three Beaus and a Peep.



Co-starring on *The Slenderella Show*, Eloise English draws on a background as schoolteacher, phone company executive, and lieutenant commander in the Waves to become the first woman to match conversational wits with Galen.

Waiting for Baby





Julie Stevens' first child,
Nancy, looks forward
with as much love and joy as
her own Mommy and Daddy

By
FRANCES KISH

Knowing her own place is secure in the hearts of parents Julie and Charles Underhill, little Nancy practices her future part as "older sister"—with the same devotion Julie gives to her starring role in *The Romance Of Helen Trent*.

JULIE STEVENS—in person, not on the air as star of CBS Radio's *The Romance of Helen Trent*—left a doctor's office one day last spring, her blue-green eyes alight with a special glow, her blonde head held high, her slim body lightly braced against the wind. It was a day when the last clutching fingers of winter's cold struggled to hold back the warming sun, but Julie was aware of only one thing—the miracle of new life to be, the springtime and summer, and then the autumn of fruition. The doctor had just told her she was going to have a second child, probably early in November. Before another winter set in, there would be the little brother or sister for Nancy Elizabeth that she and Charles had been hoping for with all their hearts.

Nancy was almost five at this time. She was born in June, 1951, during Julie's seventh year as star of *The Romance Of Helen Trent*, and during the seventh year of Julie's marriage to Charles Underhill, now an executive of a large industrial organization. Julie often thought that, because they had waited so long for Nancy to come, this beautiful little girl of theirs seemed even extra-dear. And now—she was saying, over and over, to herself—there would be another child, just as dear to them both, and to Nancy herself. She could hardly wait to see her daughter's great blue eyes shine with amazement when she broke the news.

Julie had read books that help mothers of young children meet situations which arise in their daily living, and she knew that many experts advise waiting a while before telling a young child that another baby is coming, so the long preparation and the months of planning will not seem so interminable to the child. "For some mothers, I am sure that is excellent advice, but those authorities



Nancy will know how to feed the new baby. (She has already warned Julie about an expectant mama's diet!)

See Next Page ►

Waiting for Baby

(Continued)



Julie says proudly: "Charles has done some very smart things to help. Fathers can—and should—at this time."

didn't happen to know me, Julie Stevens Underhill. I'm the kind who simply can't keep such wonderful news to myself. As soon as Charles knew it, I wanted everyone else to know—and certainly Nancy.

"We have always treated Nancy rather like a grown-up," Julie explains, "and told her the truth about things, within the limits of her understanding. There has been no mystery about where babies come from . . . I believe that a mother who makes a mystery of it is building a wall between herself and her child, and when the day comes that she wants to topple it over, it will have grown too high and too heavy. Even young children sense it when you continue to evade their perfectly natural questioning. I have seen that happen so often, as I have watched some of my friends and their children. I promised myself there would be only frankness between my children and me."

Nancy must have felt the happiness radiating from her mother, when Julie drew the little girl to her. The small face lighted up in anticipation of what must undoubtedly be wonderful news, if it made Mommy look so extra-sparkly, so extra-gay. "The most exciting thing has happened, and I could hardly wait to tell you," Julie began. "We are going to have a baby!" She hugged the little girl closer, as the impact of the announcement sank into the child's mind.

"Nancy was just as pleased and excited as I knew she would be," Julie recalls, "although I realized it was going to be a while before the full force of this new idea could take hold. My (Continued on page 72)

Julie Stevens stars as Helen, in *The Romance Of Helen Trent*, as heard over CBS Radio, Monday through Friday, at 12:30 P.M. EDT.



Mommy was quieter, during family romps in the pond this summer. But Nancy knew why, and was more careful, too!

Full Steam Ahead for Stanley

(Continued from page 54)

ushers you into an enormous room—actually, it's two rooms (living room and dining room), except that there's no division between them. "We've a large play room downstairs," he explains, "but I don't believe in inviting people to the house and then taking them down to the cellar." Nor does he take you into his den. And, as you watch him pacing, you understand why. He's just had it enlarged, but even so—there isn't room enough for him to be restless in the den. Buddy can't sit still. Talking to him is a little like watching a merry-go-round—and, every time the elephant goes by, you try to get in a word.

"Why did I go into show business?" Buddy picks up the question as though reaching for the brass ring. "I was fat and I was from Brooklyn," he replies. "That made me a funny man." But Brooklyn is full of fat men. And, while many are undoubtedly funny, how many end up with their own television shows? What's more, for all his two-hundred-and-twenty pounds, one doesn't think of Buddy as being fat. He's as solidly packed as a subway express train, and just about as speedy. He talks with his whole body—his eyes, his hands—dancing, clowning, acting out everything he has to say. Buddy manages to transform any room he enters into a stage where he knocks himself out putting on a show. But this is more than being a comedian. This is a one-man crusade to make everyone he meets feel good. He isn't so much trying to make people laugh as he is trying to make them happy. And he's not playing for applause alone. He's playing for love. Far from being just a fat, funny man from Brooklyn, Buddy Hackett is a big overgrown kewpie-doll you want to hug . . .

Philip Hacker, Buddy's father, was born in Palermo, Sicily. A skilled upholsterer, he invented the first daybed—a precursor to the modern studio couch. Not that it ever brought him fame or fortune. "He wouldn't take out patents," Buddy complains. "He never made a quarter on it. It was wonderful the way it was, but he kept saying: 'I can make a better one.'" Buddy sighs, shaking his head, then smiles—in spite of himself—at his father's incorrigibility. "He was always tinkering. He was up at four every morning, but he just made enough in the store to get by. He was the worst businessman."

As a boy, Buddy was quick to escape the confines of his home into the happy atmosphere of the neighborhood, and there he found "warmth all around." He could make people laugh. He could tell by the way their faces lit up when they saw him, that it was a good way to make people like him. "Even adults," he recalls, "used to stop to talk to me. I guess it was the nutty things I said."

"I was only four when I wanted to be a comedian," he says—and he means a professional comedian. The first time he saw Buster Keaton in the movies, Buddy knew that's what he wanted to do, too. He watched the Abbott and Costello pictures and studied them for their slapstick. Then he discovered W. C. Fields! "He had such disdain for the human race," Buddy sighs in happy recollection. But Buddy also appreciated the old master's "suave, debonair quality—when, all the while, he lived in a vacuum. He was the dashing knight in armor, the Great Lover, the Walter Mitty of his day—but only in his own mind."

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T
V
R

Life, however, can be funny in its own right. It was all very well to go to the movies and dream of being the funniest comedian of them all. But, in the meantime, he had to work. "My family met the bills every month," Buddy explains. "We weren't on relief, and there was always enough to eat. There might not be meat sometimes, so—" he shrugs, "we ate bread." Nevertheless, Buddy started to work at eleven. He got part-time jobs in a grocery store, a drugstore—and, every night, he made twenty-five cents by sitting in a doctor's office, from eight until nine, answering the telephone while the doctor took his (the doctor's) mother out for a ride. Buddy used to read all the medical journals in the office and dream of becoming a doctor himself one day. "But I had no funds," he points out. He also had no grades. "School was too easy for me. I always passed, but I wasn't working for high marks. I knew I'd never really go to college."

Suddenly, he thinks of all the young people who have come to him for advice, asking how they can become comedians, too. "I always tell them to go to college," Buddy says. "People only laugh when you say something *they* know, not something *you* know. And, to reach all kinds of people, you've got to know every field. How else are you going to be able to tell jokes in every field?"

As for Buddy himself, he never went to college, but he took a four-year course of his own where he "lived everything and did research in every field." He was not only surprised but gratified to learn, when he went to Hollywood to make pictures, that he could "talk to anyone"—and on their own terms, regardless of how much formal education they had had.

But that was all in the future. At fifteen, Buddy—having learned the trade from his father—opened up his own furniture store. "Rent was twenty dollars a month," he recalls. "I had my father and my uncle working for me." As he explains, "My father was a great mechanic, but someone had to be the boss." Buddy was contact man, and apparently the store prospered: "Three families ate out of it"—the third family belonging to a refugee the Hackers took into the store with them. "But then I had a big decision to make," Buddy remembers. "Should I be a successful businessman or an all-American hero?" He had made the football team at New Utrecht High School, but it would interfere with his extracurricular activi-

ties as proprietor of the store. That was when he gave it all up for the glory of being "a football hero." If Buddy can't help but sigh nostalgically, it's because "that was over sixty pounds ago." He also became a coach, with about twenty boys—aged eleven—under his guidance. "My three teams never lost a game," he announces proudly. Then, nostalgically, he recalls that all of them got married—most of them before their coach.

After graduation from high school, Buddy was a truck driver, a lumber salesman, an upholsterer, and then—in 1942—a gun mechanic in an Army aircraft unit. He was discharged in 1945 because . . . well, in his own words, as transcribed phonetically by an interviewer who tried to capture his "true Broadwayese" with a touch of Brooklyn in it: "I got a medical discharge on account of bronkal azma, which I had when I first went in. I didn't even have to go in. The doctor told me that this azma comes from a lot of things—allergies and that kind of thing."

Obviously, Buddy speaks the same off-stage as on. But he doesn't think the same. In real life, he knows exactly what he's doing and why, and he had come out of the Army with a plan. He was going to be a professional comedian, working up until he was what is known as a "standard act," making from five hundred to eight hundred a week. ("Nowadays," Buddy points out, "such acts make more.") In order to do this, he was willing to spend a four-year apprenticeship. The four-year period was arbitrary, but that's how long it would have taken him to get a degree from a university. And, to Buddy, this was like going to college . . . only his classrooms were to be rehearsal halls and audition rooms, studying how other performers did it. And each year, he was determined, he would do better.

Like so many other present-day comedians, Buddy got his start in the Catskills. "I started right at the top," he recalls, "at the Concord." But he started at the bottom of the top—for, while he was "an outdoor entertainer," his chief duties were to take care of skates, skis and toboggans. Nevertheless, he put together a little night-club act and was ready to tackle the big city: "I walked right into an agent's office and told him: 'I'm a comedian.' 'I believe you,' the agent replied"—Buddy smiles as he tells it, but it's a smile of incredulity, not amusement—"and I've worked ever since."

In June, 1945, he made his debut at the Pink Elephant, a Brooklyn night club. He

did impersonations of Peter Lorre, Sidney Greenstreet, and James Cagney, and satirized radio programs—"Jack Armbruster, All-American Boy" and "Judge John J. Agony." He made forty dollars a week-end. Then he went from one cellar club to another, and from one "borscht circuit" hotel to another, until the end of 1946, when he started touring in the road company of the Broadway musical, "Call Me Mister." He was making two hundred dollars a week . . . but a year later, when the tour ended, he took a job in a Boston night club for one hundred dollars. "As far as I was concerned," Buddy says, "I was still in school. I was going ahead faster than I had expected, but I still had an apprenticeship to serve. After all, you've got to put in ten years before you really know how to walk on."

He learned not to tell "esoteric jokes," because "real humor shouldn't be selfish." When you *share* a joke, people "laugh because they feel good." And, though he had heard much about the mysterious business of timing, he learned that it was nothing more than "being polite and being aware . . . not telling jokes one after another, but where they fit—and when the audience is ready for them."

He got his diploma. He moved from the cellar clubs to the ground-floor bistros, making as high as four thousand dollars a week. And, only five years after making his Brooklyn debut, he was signed to a motion-picture contract. He made "Walking My Baby Back Home," starring Donald O'Connor and Janet Leigh, and "Fireman, Save My Child," with Hugh O'Brian. "But then, one day, they called me into the studio," Buddy recalls. "They said, 'You're a fine comedian.' Then they said, 'But we don't know what to do with you.' So I left."

It was in March of 1953 that Sidney Kingsley, the well known playwright, caught Buddy's act in a Miami Beach night club. He thought Buddy would be perfect for the role of "Kewpie" in his new play, "Lunatics and Lovers." The part called for a man with "a round, fat face with beady brown eyes, wearing pink polka-dot shorts, eating breakfast toward evening." Buddy had no sooner read this description of the character than he grabbed the chance to play his first dramatic role. "That's me," he cried. "I live this way. How could I miss?"

That December, the play opened on Broadway, and Buddy was hailed as the bright new comedy discovery of the season—and won the coveted Donaldson Award. What's more, he was on Broadway long enough to be discovered by television, too. Max Liebman featured him in two color spectaculars, and Perry Como had him as a guest star on several shows. And, last September, when *Stanley* made its debut on the NBC Television Network, Buddy really came into his own—with a comedy series which Max Liebman built around Buddy's distinct personality. . . . In less than ten years, Buddy had become a star. He had served his apprenticeship and reaped his success.

When it came to his own personal life, however, he was just plain lucky. All the wonderful things that happened were a happy accident. Every year, Buddy plays an engagement at the Concord—the biggest hotel in the Catskills. He had met Sherry Cohen, the mambo teacher there, but—"I was too busy," he confesses. "I had other things on my mind." He knew her a year and a half before he ever dated her.

It happened at the indoor swimming pool. "I was sitting there with a friend of mine," he recalls, "and Sherry came over and sat down and we started talk-

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ing. She said she was going to the city next day, and I happened to be going, too, so I said let's meet. Next day, we met and had a cup of coffee. Then we made a date for the next day. 'I'll pick you up,' I said. 'I teach in Yonkers,' she replied."

And so, as naturally as that, they started seeing each other every day. Seven weeks later, just as naturally, they were married. Last June—just missing Father's Day by six hours—little Sandy Zade was born. "He weighed seven pounds, five ounces," the proud but weight-conscious father points out.

When they first knew they would wed, the Hacketts started hunting for an apartment. They had even rented one on Manhattan's Central Park West, but then Buddy happened to go with his friend, comedian Dick Shawn, to play golf at the country club in Leonia. Riding past a six-room ranch house, Dick pointed it out to Buddy as the home he and his wife once intended to buy, but had finally decided wasn't big enough for them. That's all Buddy needed to know. "I rang the doorbell," he recalls. "I didn't even bother to see the inside of the house. I just gave the woman a check. Then I had to 'con' Sherry into giving up the new apartment and going to live in Leonia."

From the very start, Buddy liked everything about the house. "It's very distinctive," he points out. "The guy who built it didn't know what he was doing too good. There's no definite style. The architecture—it's like me." But the main advantage is that it's "right off the golf course . . . I can play nine holes right into the house," Buddy says. And then, he owns a piece of the adjoining country club. When they're using a tractor to cut the grass on the links, they also cut the grass on the Hacketts' lawn.

But Buddy's main reason for moving was that, suddenly, he "couldn't live in the city any more." It may be that he had succeeded too well in what he started out to do. He wanted to make people laugh. He wanted love—"warmth all around." And he had found it, first in his own neighborhood—then in a nationwide success. But now, something new had happened. Something more wonderful than anything he had ever dreamed of. He didn't have to go out to find his warmth. It was right there in his own house. And he didn't have to make jokes for it. All he had to do was share it.

Is it any wonder, then, that Buddy feels the need to live with his family apart from the world he used to know—the world of show business? He is even doing his best to keep his wife and child out of any publicity pertaining to himself. And, once again, Buddy's busy with a plan. He's enlarging the house, installing "a new modern kitchen," adding a bedroom.

"You see," he explains, "we're going to have two more children." And he says it with all the assurance of a man who has made all his plans come true.

SEASON'S GREETINGS

from your all-season favorites!

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DECEMBER

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Heart's Desire

(Continued from page 31)

quiet statement, "At last we have a home which we feel is really our own."

Putting down roots has been an elusive goal for this handsome pair to whom music and marriage have brought considerable gypsying. When they met in Washington, D.C., in 1948, dark-haired Helen was the petite young woman with the big career—a manufacturer's agent representing heavy-industry accounts. Blond, athletic Florian was starred at the Mayflower Hotel. Born in Chicago, the son of a musician who had emigrated from Austria, he had been guest soloist with the Chicago Symphony at the age of twelve, had toured Europe at fourteen and, at sixteen—in a revolutionary-turn around—had played country fiddler in the same *National Barn Dance* unit which featured boy-soprano George Gobel.

After four years in the Army Medical Corps—where, he says, "I didn't touch a violin four times"—he joined the NBC staff orchestra in Chicago. Striking out on his own, he first got his name in lights—and almost lost his life—at the LaSalle Hotel. When a disastrous fire swept through it, Florian plunged through flame to rescue his precious Guarnerius violin—and was so seriously burned he spent two months in the hospital.

Following their marriage in 1949, Florian and Helen chose to storm New York—and were flat broke before Florian got his spotlight chance, appearing on *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts* in 1950. That led to thirty-three weeks as star and master of ceremonies at the Strand Theater on Broadway—and eventually to his own television program for Guild Films.

"We moved out to Hollywood with 7,000 pounds of stuff, and came back with 10,200 pounds, mostly music and books," says Helen. . . . "And fishing tackle," Florian adds. "Those are my hobbies, fishing and music. I'm writing two books. One is on violins and violinists, and the other is on spin fishing."

It was the fishing which brought the ZaBachs to their present location on the New York-Connecticut border. Says Helen, "We like the casualness of country living—and we also had too much household for Manhattan to be comfortable. My daughter Julia is just at the age where a girl wants some space which she feels is her very own. And our dogs like to scamper." They have two miniature Schnauzers. Helen explains their names: "Prince Florazell sounded as though he should belong to Florian—and we called the second one McCollam in honor of my father."

Any site they chose must include a place to fish, they decided. Helen located one: "I had stayed home that Sunday, saying I had to check the classified ads. Florian was sure that was no way to find our kind of place. But an ad caught my eye because, after describing the house, it also read, 'Additional six acres available with fish pond.' That place didn't quite suit us. But, going to look at it, we found one in the neighborhood which did."

Almost as soon as they moved in last fall, they planned to move again—for, down the road, they found their heart's desire. "The foundations of this new house were already in," Helen explains, "but we were able to revise the plans to make it just what we've always wanted."

Their enthusiasm for the place is infectious. A guest begins to feel a sense of excitement as soon as Helen gives road directions for the drive from Manhattan. The complicated list of landmarks and

turns makes the whole trip like a treasure hunt, and the way leads past platinum-plated estates and through lovely old villages. Pound Ridge, New York, is their post office, but there is still some distance to drive. "Go clear to the end of the road," Helen says. "You'll find a split-level ranch house. That's ours."

You'll also find a view. The site has been carved in a broad, flattened sweep from the side of a curving hill. Along the front and one end of the lot, the hill drops down so sharply that lawn and treetops seem to merge. Through their feathery branches, you look out across a miles-wide valley. At the rear of the house, the upward slope is wooded, too. A path winding through this forest leads to Florian's favorite stream. "If I fish an hour or so just before dark," he boasts, "we're sure to have brook trout for breakfast."

Helen's comment on the architectural design is strictly housewifely: "We never realized how split-level this was going to be—until we moved in. Actually, there are five levels, three opening directly outdoors. First, there is the garage and basement. Next, the patio, recreation room

and Julia's room. And, on the front-entrance level, there's the living room, dining room-kitchen and Florian's studio. Above them are the bedrooms and attic. It makes a lot of steps, but we love it. Each of us has privacy, yet we're all together."

In the living room, the keynote is set by sea-blue walls on three sides. On the fourth, a rough stone fireplace is flanked by highly polished blond Samara mahogany panelling. A huge picture-window opens the house to the view of the valley. Rugs are a soft grayed-rose, and major pieces are upholstered in dark red tweed. It's a gracious room of pleasant contrasts.

Julia's personal quarters, too, would fulfill any teenager's rosiest daydream, for adjoining her dainty French Provencal bedroom and bath is the recreation room and patio. Florian is claiming one corner for his billiard table, but—with a television set, a record player, a floor which no amount of dancing can scuff, and a huge sofa in front of the fireplace—it is bound to become a place which the kids feel is the absolute most.

Florian's own studio is set up both for work and enjoyment. Again, there is a huge picture-window, bringing in the scenic wonder of the valley. On the shelf below it, music lies adjacent to outdoor magazines. "I subscribe to most fishing publications printed," Florian says. Cabinets hold his tape recorder and violins. His music rack stands close. "If I get an idea while I'm fishing—and I often do," he explains, "it's handy for me to transcribe a musical note to myself as soon as I come in." The Haitian drums he collects stand along the wall, and he plans cases to hold his fishing gear. A desk and deep lounge chairs complete the picture of a place where a man can work, think, or just plain loaf.

The heart of the house, however, is the combined dining room and kitchen. "This is where we really changed the architect's plans," Helen says. "Instead of having the conventional two rooms, we threw them together." She had a reason: "Dinner at our house can be at five o'clock one night and ten the next, depending on Florian's schedule. I do all the cooking, and it's no fun to have either family or guests in the living room when I'm shut up alone in the kitchen."

The snack bar, which also serves as a room divider, is Florian's particular pride. "It's built just like a butcher's block," he says. "These are three-inch strips of laminated maple." Here, while Helen prepares the main dishes, Florian constructs his special salads.

Theirs is a house where the coffee pot is always on the warmer. "It just seems to go with good conversation," says Helen. And the conversation was good as Florian, cup in hand, talked of his music and what it means to him. He recalled, with a laugh, how he first met George Gobel in Chicago: "I'd just returned from a recital tour of Europe and I thought I was something akin to the young Paganini. I was expecting concert bookings when I got a call from a fellow who announced, 'My name is George. Are you working Saturday night? Well, do you want to?'"

It was like a Gobel TV script. When Florian asked if he should be prepared with concert music, he was told they did not play classics. When he asked if they played popular tunes, he was told, "Not exactly." When, in desperation, he asked, "What do you do?"—the then-unknown George at the end of the line replied, "Well, I guess we just play. We'll pick

AN OPEN LETTER TO OUR READERS OUR ADVERTISERS

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THE EDITORS

you up by car at Diversey and Sheridan."

When Florian, in his London-tailored pin stripe suit, noticed the exceedingly casual attire of the young men in the car, he worried about whether he should have brought his tail coat. Anxiously, he asked, "Are you going to change?" He laughs at the recollection: "They changed all right—into dungarees. And they also rehearsed—in front of the audience, which included the governor of Illinois. That's how I learned to play hillbilly. It was a *National Barn Dance* unit, with George as boy soprano. I worked with them for more than a year."

Their play-for-fun attitude, plus his father's teaching, had a lasting effect on Florian. "My father was a strict disciplinarian," he remarks, "but he also had the idea music was for the enjoyment of all who listen. Although Heifetz is my idol, I don't think every violinist should try to be a Heifetz. The violin has been held up as a much too serious instrument."

Florian makes the most of what he calls "the violin's great advantage—it's a mobile instrument. You can make it *personal* music." Although he has won the reputation of playing "hot violin," he does not consider himself a jazz man: "At least not like some of those in Chicago. George and the gang of us, on our nights off, used to go over to Isbell's and sit for hours listening to Chet Roble and his crew. I absorbed some of it by osmosis."

That "osmosis" influenced his first big record: "I made six for Decca, and the only one in the group that we argued over—that they didn't want, but I insisted on playing—was a fifty-year-old violin exercise called 'Hot Canary.' And that was the only one which turned out to be a hit." Pleased as he is with what that canary did for him, he has grown a little tired of its song: "I never program it any more, but, at every theater, night club and concert, people call for it and I do it as an encore."

He is proudest that after nearly every show someone always says, "I never liked the violin until I heard you play." Says Florian, "When the day of the little string ensemble passed, the violin became the most easily left-out instrument in any small orchestra. In school music classes, perhaps two out of a hundred kids wanted to learn it. That seems to be changing."

One evidence of the change is the fact that Peter J. Wilhouski, director of music for the Board of Education of the City of New York, rotates a ZaBach film—spliced from four television shows—through all public schools. Besides supplying entertainment in assemblies, it is also used for instruction in music classes. Other schools have awarded plaques and scrolls to mark their appreciation of what ZaBach has done to re-popularize the violin. These are to hang in his studio.

Busy as Florian is, with television and personal appearances, the concert of the year which means the most to him is played right in his own living room. As Helen says, "We're never sure whether Florian will be home or on the road on our anniversary, birthdays, or Thanksgiving—such days that families usually celebrate—so we concentrate everything on Christmas. His mother comes to visit us—his father died in 1951—and, on Christmas Eve, we have our music. Florian is teaching Julia to play the violin. And although I'm not much of a pianist, I manage a few notes. We sing all the Christmas songs, and our little musicale always ends with Florian playing 'Ave Maria.' It makes the tears just roll down my cheeks, it's so beautiful. That's when I, too, feel that Florian's right when he calls the violin, 'personal music.'"



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AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

All times listed are Eastern Daylight Time. These are network programs. Local stations may substitute or re-schedule.

Inside Radio

NOTE: World Series Baseball starts October 3rd on Mutual Broadcasting System, pre-empting regularly scheduled programs.

Monday through Friday

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs				
8:30 8:45		Local Program		
9:00 9:15 9:30		Robert Hurleigh Easy Does It	Breakfast Club	News Of America
10:00 10:15	Bandstand, with Bert Parks	Cecil Brown Footnotes To Medical History	My True Story	Arthur Godfrey Time
10:30 10:45		Five-Star News 10:35 Johnny Olsen	When A Girl Marries Whispering Streets	
11:00	Bandstand (con.)	News 11:05 Story Time	Grand Central Station Jack Paar Show	Arthur Godfrey (con.)
11:15 11:30		Holland Engle Queen For A Day	News 11:35 Your Happy Holiday	This Is Kathy Godfrey Howard Miller Show
11:45				

Afternoon Programs

12:00		Noon News 12:05 Story Time	Valentino	Wendy Warren & The News
12:15 12:30 12:45		Constance Bennett	Frank Farrell	Backstage Wife Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15		News, Cedric Foster A Ladd's Modern Moods	Paul Harvey, News Ted Malone	Road Of Life Aunt Jenny
1:30 1:45		Luncheon With Lopez		Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00		News, Sam Hayes 2:05 Jazz Roost		News, Bill Downs 2:05 Right To Happi- ness
2:15 2:30 2:45		Mutual Matinee	Martin Block	Second Mrs. Burton This Is Nora Drake Just Entertainment, Pat Buttram
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Five Star Matinee Hilltop House Pepper Young's Family	Bandstand, U.S.A.	Martin Block (con.)	Linkletter's House Party Sunshine Sue
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Woman In My House Mary Margaret McBride Fred Waring Show	News 4:05 Matinee With Dick Willard U.S. Military Band	Treasury Bandstand	
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Cafe Lounge It's New 5:35 Business World Sportarama	Bob And Ray		
5:55	George Gallup	Here's Hollywood 5:50 Sports Time 5:55 News		

Monday Evening Programs

6:00 6:30		Local Program		Jackson & The News
6:45	Three Star Extra			Lowell Thomas
7:00	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Ed Morgan, News	News Analysis, LeSeuer
7:15 7:30 7:45	News Of The World One Man's Family	Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter What's Your Opin- ion?	Quincy Howe Mike Malloy, Private Eye 7:55 News	7:05 Amos 'n' Andy 7:25 Dr. Baxter Bing Crosby Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15	Henry Taylor Boston Symphony	True Detective Mysteries	American Music Hall 8:25 News	Robert Q. Lewis Show
8:30 8:45		Danger With Granger	Voice of Firestone*	Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts
9:00	Telephone Hour	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Bob And Ray	News 9:05 American Music Hall	News, Collingwood 9:05 My Son, Jeep Johnny Dollar
9:15 9:30 9:45	Contrasts In Music	Behind The Iron Curtain Reporters' Roundup	9:25 News Best Bands In The Land 9:55 News Personality	Capitol Cloakroom 9:55 News, Trout
10:00	NBC News 10:05 Chet Huntley This World of Music	Music From Studio X	News 10:05 Imagination, With Milton Cross	The World Tonight 10:05 Orchestra
10:15 10:30	Operation Entertainment		10:25 News Imagination (con.)	

*Oct. 8, Thomas L. Thomas; Oct. 15, Dorothy War-
enskjold; Oct. 22, Jerome Hines.

Tuesday Evening Programs

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
6:00 6:30 6:45	Three Star Extra	Local Program	News 6:35 Mel Allen	Jackson & The News Lowell Thomas
7:00	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Ed Morgan, News	News Analysis, LeSeuer
7:15		Dinner Date	Quincy Howe	7:05 Amos 'n' Andy 7:25 Dr. Baxter Bing Crosby Edward R. Murrow
7:30 7:45	News Of The World One Man's Family	Gabriel Heatter Eddie Fisher	Sherlock Holmes 7:55 News	
8:00 8:15 8:30	Dragnet X Minus One	Treasury Agent Big City	American Music Hall 8:25 News American Music Hall	Robert Q. Lewis Show Suspense
9:00	Biographies In Sound	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Bob And Ray	American Music Hall	News, Herman 9:05 My Son, Jeep Johnny Dollar Campaign '56 9:55 News
9:15 9:30		Oatline Defense Army Hour	9:25 News Best Bands Of The Land	
10:00	NBC News 10:05 Chet Huntley	Music From Studio X	News 10:05 Imagination	The World Tonight 10:05 Dance Music
10:15 10:30	This World Of Music Ken Nordine		10:25 News Imagination (con.)	

Wednesday Evening Programs

6:00 6:30 6:45	Three Star Extra	Local Program	News 6:35 Mel Allen	Jackson & The News Lowell Thomas
7:00	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Ed Morgan News Quincy Howe	News, LeSeuer 7:05 Amos 'n' Andy 7:25 Dr. Baxter Bing Crosby Edward R. Murrow
7:15		Dinner Date	Masters Of Mystery 7:55 News	
7:30 7:45	News Of The World One Man's Family	Gabriel Heatter What's Your Opinion?		
8:00 8:15 8:30	Great Gildersleeve Recollections At 30 8:55 News	Gang Busters Crime Files of Flamond	American Music Hall 8:25 News American Music Hall	Robert Q. Lewis Show Pick The Winner
9:00		Press Conference	American Music Hall	News, Collingwood 9:05 My Son, Jeep Johnny Dollar Washington & The World 9:55 News
9:15 9:30 9:45	Sound Flight	Family Theater	9:25 News Best Bands Of The Land	
10:00	NBC News 10:05 Chet Huntley	Music From Studio X	News 10:05 Imagination	The World Tonight 10:05 Music
10:15 10:30	This Is Moscow		10:25 News Imagination (con.)	

Thursday Evening Programs

6:00 6:30 6:45	Three Star Extra	Local Program	News 6:35 Mel Allen	Jackson & The News Lowell Thomas
7:00	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Ed Morgan, News	News Analysis, LeSeuer
7:15		Dinner Date	Quincy Howe	7:05 Amos 'n' Andy 7:25 Dr. Baxter Bing Crosby Edward R. Murrow
7:30 7:45	News Of The World One Man's Family	Gabriel Heatter Eddie Fisher	Mystery Classic 7:55 News	
8:00 8:15 8:30	People Are Funny Conversation	Official Detective It's A Crime, Mr. Collins	American Music Hall 8:25 News American Music Hall	Robert Q. Lewis Show 21st Precinct
9:00	News	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Bob And Ray	American Music Hall	News, Herman 9:05 My Son, Jeep Johnny Dollar The Leading Question
9:15 9:30 9:45	Stars In Action	U.N. Radio Review State Of The Nation	9:25 News Best Bands Of The Land	
10:00	NBC News 10:05 Chet Huntley	Music From Studio X	News 10:05 Imagination	The World Tonight 10:05 Dance Music
10:15 10:30	Carling Conserva- tion Club Jane Pickens Show		10:25 News Imagination (con.)	

Friday Evening Programs

6:00 6:30 6:45	Three Star Extra	Local Program	News 6:35 Mel Allen	Jackson & The News Lowell Thomas
7:00	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Ed Morgan, News	News Analysis, LeSeuer
7:15		Dinner Date	Quincy Howe	7:05 Amos 'n' Andy 7:25 Dr. Baxter Bing Crosby Edward R. Murrow
7:30 7:45	News Of The World One Man's Family	Gabriel Heatter What's Your Opin- ion?	Police Blotter 7:55 News	
8:00 8:15 8:30	National Radio Fan Club	Counter-Spy City Editor	American Music Hall 8:25 News American Music Hall	Robert Q. Lewis Show CBS Radio Worksho
9:00	NBC Job Clinic 9:05 Radio Fan Club (con.)	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Bob and Ray	American Music Hall	News, Collingwood 9:05 My Son, Jeep Johnny Dollar So They Say
9:15 9:30 9:45	Victor Riesel, Inside Story	UN Radio Review True Or False	9:25 News Best Bands Of The Land	9:55 News
10:00	Cavalcade Of Sports	Music From Studio X	News 10:05 Imagination	The World Tonight 10:05 Dance Music
10:15 10:30	Sports Highlights		10:25 News Imagination (con.)	

Inside Radio

Saturday

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs				
8:30 8:45		Local Program		News
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Monitor		8:55 News	
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Monitor	News I've Been Reading	No School Today All League Clubhouse	News Of America Farm News Garden Gate News, Jackson 10:05 Galen Drake Show 10:50 Slenderella Show
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Monitor	News 11:05 I Ask You Musical Wheel Of Chance	News 11:05 Charley Applewhite Platterbrains	News, Calmer 11:05 Robert Q. Lewis Show

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	National Farm & Home Hour Groucho Marx—You Bet Your Life	News 12:05 Magic of Music American Living	News 12:05 World Tourist 101 Ranch Boys American Farmer	News, Jackson 12:05 Romance Gunsmoke 12:55 Weather Along The Highways
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Monitor	For Teens Only	News 1:05 Navy Hour Shake The Maracas	News, Jackson 1:05 City Hospital Man About The House Adventures In Science
2:00 2:15 2:30	Monitor	News 2:05 Fifth Army Band Lucky Pierre	College Football	College Football
3:00 3:15 3:30	Monitor	Notre Dame—Football Schedule: 10/6 Indiana; 10/13 Purdue; 10/20 Michigan State; 10/27 Oklahoma; 11/3 Navy. (Note: Navy game comes on at 2:00 P.M.)	College Football (con.)	College Football (con.)
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Monitor		News 4:05 Festival	News, Cochran 4:05 Treasury Show (con.) Larry Faith Orch.
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Monitor	News 5:05 All-Sports Quiz 5:55 Cecil Brown	News 5:05 Dinner At The Green Room	News, Cochran Make Way For Youth

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Monitor	John T. Flynn World Traveler Report From Washington Dinner Date 6:55 News	News 6:05 Pan-American Union Sports Kaleidoscope Basil Rathbone	News 6:05 New Orleans Jazz Band Ball Saturday At The Chase
7:00 7:15 7:30	Monitor	Pop The Question Hawaii Calls	News 7:05 At Ease Unit 99	News 7:05 Juke Box Jury 7:55 Weather Along The Highways
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Monitor	Bandstand, U.S.A.	News 8:05 Vincent Lopez It's Your Business As We See It	News, Jackson 8:05 Treasury Of Music Upbeat Saturday Night
9:00 9:15 9:30	Monitor	Bandstand (con.) Grand Ole Opry	News 9:05 National Juke Box Sports 9:35 Best Bands	News 9:05 Saturday Night, Country Style
10:00 10:15 10:30	Monitor	Renfro Valley Barn Dance	News 10:05 Lawrence Welk Army Show Sports 10:35 Rhythm On Parade	News 10:05 Oance Band Basin Street Jazz

Sunday

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs				
8:30 8:45	Bible Study Hour	Oral Roberts	Light & Life Hour	Renfro Valley 8:55 Galen Drake
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	World News Roundup Art Of Living Voice Of Prophecy	Wings Of Healing Back To God	News 9:05 Great Composers Voice of Prophecy	World News Roundup The Music Room Church Of The Air
10:00 10:15	National Radio Pulpit	Radio Bible Class	News 10:05 Message Of Israel	News, Trout 10:05 E. Power Biggs Invitation To Learning
10:30 10:45	Monitor	Voice Of Prophecy	News 10:35 College Choir	
11:00 11:15	Monitor	Frank And Ernest How Christian Science Heals Northwestern Reviewing Stand	Sunday Melodies 11:05 Marines On Review	News 11:05 Washington Week
11:30 11:45	11:35 New World		News 11:35 Christian In Action	Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15	Monitor	As I See It		News, Robert Trout 12:05 The Fabulous Dorseys World Affairs
12:30 12:45	The Eternal Light	News, Bill Cunningham How Christian Science Heals	12:20 Basil Rathbone Front And Center	Guy Lombardo Time 12:55 Weather Along The Highways
1:00 1:15	Monitor	Front Page Exclusive American Travel Guide	Herald Of Truth	Woolworth Hour—Percy Faith, Donald Woods
1:30 1:45	Lutheran Hour	Lutheran Hour	News 1:35 Pilgrimage	
2:00 2:15 2:30	Monitor	Music From Britain Band Concert	Or. Oral Roberts Wings Of Healing	News 2:05 World Music Festivals*
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Monitor	Bands For Bonds	News 3:05 Sammy Kaye Billy Graham	Music Festival (con.) Music On A Sunday Afternoon
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Monitor	Bands For Bonds (con.)	Old-Fashioned Revival Hour	News 4:05 Music On A Sunday Afternoon (con.)
5:00 5:15	Monitor	Lombardoland, U.S.A.	Disaster 5:25 Van Voorhis, News Greatest Story Ever Told	News 5:05 Indictment Fort Laramie

*Oct. 7 & 14, Stagione Simfonica, Italy; beginning Oct. 21, New York Philharmonic-Symphony

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15	Monitor	Walter Winchell Tomorrow's Headlines William Hillman	Don Gardner, News Paul Harvey	News 6:05 FBI In Peace And War Gunsmoke
6:30 6:45	News 6:35 Meet The Press	Sports. Wismer 6:55 The Fabled World	Quincy Howe George Sokolsky	
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Monitor	By The People Pan-American Panorama	News 7:05 Bryson Rash Overseas Assignment Sports 7:35 All Star Country Show	News Analysis 7:05 Mitch Miller Show 7:55 Weather Along The Highways
8:00 8:15 8:30	Monitor	Hour Of Decision Lutheran Hour	News 8:05 All Star Country Show (con.) Sports	News, George Herman 8:05 Meet Corliss Archer
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Monitor	Sounding Board Tomorrow's Headlines Manion Forum Keep Healthy	News 9:05 Country Show (con.) Sports 9:35 Country Show (con.)	News 9:55 Jim McKay
10:00 10:15 10:30	Billy Graham American Forum	Wings Of Healing Bonsoir Paris	News, E. O. Canham Travel Talk Revival Time	News 10:05 Face The Nation Church Of The Air

See Next Page →

TV program highlights

NETWORKS

- 2 CBS flagship station
- 4 NBC flagship station
- 7 ABC flagship station

NEW YORK CITY AND SUBURBS AND NEW HAVEN CHANNEL 8, OCTOBER 4—NOVEMBER 5

Note: World Series starts October 3 on NBC 4 and takes precedence over regularly scheduled programs.

Monday through Friday

- 7:00 2 Good Morning—Will Rogers, Jr.
- 4 Today—Gargle with Garroway
- 8:00 2 Captain Kangaroo—Kiddie Kapers
- 8:30 5 It's Fun To Reduce—Figure control
- 9:00 4 Romper Room—For pre-schoolers
- 10:00 4 Garry Moore—and merrier
- 2 Ding Dong School—TV Nursery
- 10:30 2 Godfrey Time—Mon. thru Thurs.
- 4 Bondstond—Bert Parks, emcee
- 7 Rood Of Romance
- 4 Home—Arlene Francis, femcee
- 11:00 2 Strike It Rich—Hull's here
- 7 Martin Block Show—Platter-chatter
- 12:00 2 Valiant Lady—Flora Campbell stars
- 4 Tic Toc Dough—Jack Barry quiz
- 12:15 2 8 Love Of Life—Stars Jean McBride
- 12:30 2 8 Search For Tomorrow—Serial
- 4 It Could Be You—Bill Leyden emcee
- 7 Joe Franklin's Memory Lane
- 12:45 2 8 Guiding Light—Jim Liptan stars
- 1:00 2 Charles Collingwood—News
- 1:10 2 Stood Up & Be Counted—Panel
- 1:30 2 As The World Turns—Serial
- 4 Jinx Falkenburg—Pretty & pertinent
- 2:00 2 Johnny Corson Show—Variety
- 4 Richard Willis—Beauty advice
- 9 Ted Steele—Cheerfully yours
- 2:30 2 8 Art Linkletter's House Party
- 3:00 2 Big Poyoff—Randy Merriman quiz
- 4 Motinee Theater—Hour teleplays
- 7 8 Film Festival—British movies
- 9 Ted Steele—Happy-go-lucky variety
- 3:30 2 Bob Crosby—Swing & sing
- 4:00 2 Brighter Day—Sunny serial
- 4 Queen For A Day—Royal fun
- 5 Wendy Borrie—Fair & breezy
- 4:15 2 Secret Storm—Peter Hobbs stars
- 4:30 2 Edge Of Night—John Larkin stars
- 5:00 4 I Morried Joon—Joan Davis comedy
- 5 Virginio Graham—Tic-talk for gals
- 7 8 Mickey Mouse Club
- 4 Ted Steele Bondstond—For teenagers
- 7:15 4 Herb Sheldon—Family show
- 7 John Doly's Comments—News
- 7:30 9 Million Dollor Movie
- 7:45 4 News Corovon
- 11:00 7 Cecil Brown—News
- 9 Million Dollor Movie
- 11:10 7 Night Show—Feature Films
- 11:15 2 The Lote Show—Feature films
- 11:30 4 Tonight—Steve Allen-Wed., Th., Fri.

Monday P.M.

- 7:30 2 Robin Hood—From Sherwood Forest
- 7 8 Bold Journey—True-life adventures
- 8:00 2 Burns & Allen—New series
- 4 Adventures Of Sir Lancelot—Except Oct. 15, "The Letter," on Producers' Showcase
- 7 8 Danny Thomas—Family comedy
- 8:30 2 Tolent Scouts—Godfrey's show
- 4 Stanley—Buddy Hackett comedy
- 7 8 Voice Of Firestone—Oct. 8, Thomas L. Thomas; Oct. 15, Dorothy Wareskjold; Oct. 22, Jerome Hines.
- 9:00 2 8 I Love Lucy—New season of laffs
- 4 The Most Beautiful Girl In The World—Shapely show
- 7 Bishop Fulton Sheen—Begins 10/15
- 9:30 2 December Bride—It's Spring Byington
- 4 Lawrence Welk—Hour for teenagers
- 10:00 2 8 Studio One—Fine hour
- 10:30 4 Doug Fairbanks Presents
- 7 Dr. Christian—Stars MacDonald Carey

Tuesday

- 7:30 2 Nome That Tune—Musical quiz
- 5 Waterfront—Preston Foster stars
- 7 Cheyenne—Oct. 9 & 23; Conflict, Oct. 16 & 30.
- 8:00 2 Phil Silvers Show—Bilko's best
- 4 Big Surprise—\$100,000 Quiz
- 8:30 2 The Brothers—Bob Sweeney Comedy
- 4 Nooh's Ark—Life of a veterinarian
- 7 8 Wyatt Eorp—From Dodge City
- 9:00 2 Herb Shriner Show—Variety
- 4 Jone Wyman Show—Oct. 9, "No Mare Tears"; Oct. 16, "Two Sides to Everything"; Oct. 23, "Between Jobs."
- 7 8 Broken Arrow—Indian agent's life
- 9:30 2 Red Skelton—Great clown
- 4 Kaiser Theater—Circle Theater
- 7 8 Covalcode Theater—Factual
- 10:00 2 8 \$64,000 Question—Hal March
- 7 The Big Picture—Army documentary
- 10:30 2 Do You Trust Your Wife?—Bergen
- 4 Break The \$25,000 Bank—Porks

Wednesday

- 7:30 2 Pick The Winner—Political debate
- 5 Mickey Rooney Show—Laffs
- 7 8 Disneyland—Fun & fantasy
- 11 Queen Of The Jungle—Shena
- 8:00 2 The Arthur Godfrey Show—Variety
- 4 Adventures Of Hiram Holliday—New Wally Cox comedy
- 5 Gildersleeve—Willard Waterman
- 8:30 4 Fother Knows Best—Bob Young stars
- 5 Roy Millond Show—Comedy
- 7 8 Navy Log—Dramatic documentaries
- 9:00 2 The Millionaire—Stories
- 4 Kroft Theater—Live, hour plays
- 5 Beulah—Ethel Waters stars
- 7 8 Ozzie & Horriet—Always great
- 9:30 2 I've Got A Secret—Moore's back
- 7 8 Ford Theater—Fine stories
- 10:00 2 U.S. Steel Hour—20th Century-Fox Hour—Oct. 10, "The Long Boat of the William Brown"; Oct. 24, "A Far Star."
- 4 This Is Your Life—Always dramatic
- 7 8 Boxing—Headline events
- 10:30 4 Twenty-one—Jack Barry quiz

Thursday

- 7:30 5 The Goldbergs—Molly's merry
- 7 The Lone Ranger—Horse opera
- 8:00 2 Bob Cummings Show—Farceful
- 4 You Bet Your Life—The Marxman
- 7 Internotional Ployhouse—Drama
- 8:30 2 Climox—Suspense. Except 10/4, Shower Of Stars—Musical revue
- 4 Dragnet—Jack Webb's new series
- 5 Liberoce—Pianist
- 11 Florian ZoBoch—Fiddle-fiddle
- 9:00 4 People's Choice—Cooper comedy
- 5 Pro Wrestling—Live with grunts
- 7 Wire Service—Fine, hour drama about reporters
- 9:30 2 Ployhouse 90—New 90-minute theater premieres Oct. 11 with Pat Frank's "Forbidden Area"
- 4 (8 of 10) Tennessee Ernie Ford
- 10:00 4 Lux Video Theater—Hour drama
- 7 Ozork Jubilee—Red Foley stars
- 10:30 7 Racket Squad—Reed Hadley stars

Friday

- 7:30 2 My Friend Flicko—About a filly
- 7 Rin Tin Tin—Arf & arf
- 8:00 2 West Point—Drama of the Academy

- 4 Life Of Riley—Oct. 5, "The New Job"; Oct. 12, "Destination De Mar Vista"; Oct. 19, "Uncle Bixby Takes Over"; Oct. 26, "Friends"; Nov. 2, "Juvenile Delinquent."

- 5 Sherlock Holmes—Vintoge Drognet
- 7 8 Adventures Of Jim Bowie—Scott Forbes as frontier hero
- 8:30 2 Zone Grey Theater
- 4 Wolter Winchell Show—Voriety
- 9:00 4 On Triol—Joseph Cotten narrates. Except Oct. 5, Chevy Hour, starring Dinah Shore.
- 2 Crusoder—Melodramas
- 7 8 Treasure Hunt—Jan Murray quiz
- 9:30 2 Schlitz Ployhouse—Dromas
- 4 Big Story—Headline drama
- 10:00 2 The Line-Up—Police drama
- 4 Boxing—With Jimmy, the Powerhouse
- 7 8 Polko Time—Live and lively
- 10:30 2 Person To Person—Ed Murrow's interviews

Saturday

- 11:00 7 Kiddie Spectacular—90-minute show Oct. 6.
- 2:30-4:15 4 NCCA Football—4:15, Oct. 6, Texas Christian vs. Arkansas; 2:45, Oct. 27, Notre Dame vs. Oklahoma.
- 6:00 2 Telephone Time—John Nesbitt
- 6:15 4 Patti Page—Sings on film
- 6:30 2 Beat The Clock—Bud Collyer emcees
- 7:00 2 Saturday Sports Mirror
- 4 Open Mind—Provocative
- 7:30 2 Buccaneer—Adventures
- 4 People Are Funny—Linkletter
- 8:00 2 8 Jackie Gleason Show—Full hour
- 4 Perry Como Show—Variety
- 9:00 2 Oh! Susonno—Gale Storm comedy
- 4 Coesor's Hour—Sid with Janet Blair; Spectacular, 10/27
- 7 8 Lawrence Welk—Family favorite
- 9:30 2 Hey, Jeannie—Jeannie Carson. Except Oct. 6, Ford Star Jubilee, "You're the Top," with Cole Porter, Louis Armstrong, Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones, Dorothy Dondridge, George Sanders.
- 10:00 2 Gunsmoke—Adult Westerns
- 4 George Gobel—Gobs of George
- 5 Passport To Adventure—via Romera
- 10:30 2 High Finance—Dennis James quiz
- 4 Your Hit Parade—Musical fun

Sunday

- 2:00 2 Pro Football—Oct. 7, Giants vs. Chicago; Oct. 14, Giants vs. Cleveland; Nov. 4, Giants vs. Pittsburgh.
- 4:30 7 Medical Horizons—Documentary
- 5:00 2 See It Now—Ed Murrow's essay
- 6:30 2 You Are There—History alive
- 7:00 4 Tales of the 77th Bengal Lancers
- 7:30 2 8 Jock Benny—alternates with Pri-vote Secretary
- 4 Circus Boy—Except Oct. 28, Hall-mark Hall Of Fame presents "Born Yesterday," Mary Martin, Paul Douglas
- 7 Original Amoteur Hour—Ted Mack
- 8:00 2 8 Ed Sullivan Show
- 4 Steve Allen Show—Variety
- 9:00 2 G-E Theater—Half-hour dramas
- 4 Goodyear-Alcoo Playhouse—Live dramatic hour except Oct. 21, Chevy Show starring Bob Hope
- 7 8 Omnibus—90 minutes of culture
- 9:30 2 Alfred Hitchcock Presents—Suspense
- 10:00 2 \$64,000 Challenge—Ralph Story
- 4 Loretto Young Show—Oct. 7, "The Years Between"; Oct. 14, "New Slant"; Oct. 21, "Imperfect Balance"; Oct. 28, "Great Divide."
- 10:30 2 8 What's My Line?—Job game

INFORMATION BOOTH

(Continued from page 6)

Deejays on Rock 'n' Roll

Following are excerpts from letters received from disk jockeys in response to the Rock 'n' Roll article in the September issue of TV RADIO MIRROR:

I'll have to give some credit to R 'n' R . . . for one thing, and only: It has drawn a goodly number of kids to the dance floor. And, it shouldn't be too hard to switch 'em from the monotonous after-sock of two beat to a swingin' four beat.

Dick Martin, WFL, New Orleans, La.

I like rock 'n' roll . . . but there's just too much of it at the present. I feel it hasn't been a bad influence. . . . It's healthy for the entire music biz, and is a part of growing up.

Howie Leonard, WPOR, Portland, Me.

We're one of the stations keeping rock 'n' roll to a minimum . . . although we play some of it. Actually this music isn't new.

Ed Mullinax, WLAG, Lagrange, Ga.

We have been playing almost entirely rock 'n' roll. I agree with TV RADIO MIRROR that Elvis Presley will not cause so much grief to our teenagers. A few years ago it was Frank Sinatra—and now those people are young adults and they seem to have lived through the craze.

Ann Cannady, KWBB, Wichita, Kan.

Girl Friday

Please tell us about the delightful young comedienne, Ann B. Davis, who plays Schultzzy on The Bob Cummings Show.

M. Pim., Little Rock, Ark.

Ann B. Davis made her theatrical debut at the age of six, when she earned two dollars in a puppet show and, as she puts it, "I was impossible to live with for weeks!" . . . Born in Schenectady, New York, and raised in Erie, Pennsylvania, Ann enrolled at the University of Michigan intending to study medicine. A fascinating glimpse "inside show business," furnished her by her brother (a professional dancer) soon convinced Ann that she'd rather act than operate. . . . Ann lives in a modest apartment in Hollywood, with a French poodle, Bijou, and a parakeet, Westly Wethercock. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 125 pounds, has brown hair and hazel eyes. A bun hair-do and Gibson-girl clothes are her special trademark—on and off screen—because Ann feels they express her personality. "I'm not glamorous, and I'm glad," she explains. "As the lovable, laughable, but plain Miss Schultz, I stay while the beauties come and go. In this case it pays to be a girl Friday rather than a Sunday special."

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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- | | | | |
|----------------------|-------------------------------|----------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Lana Turner | 103. Scott Brady | 187. Jeff Richards | 225. Elvis Presley |
| 2. Betty Grable | 105. Vic Damone | 190. Pat Crowley | 226. Victoria Shaw |
| 3. Ava Gardner | 106. Shelley Winters | 191. Robert Taylor | 227. Tony Perkins |
| 5. Alan Ladd | 107. Richard Todd | 192. Jean Simmons | 228. Clint Walker |
| 6. Tyrone Power | 109. Dean Martin | 194. Audrey Hepburn | 229. Pat Boone |
| 7. Gregory Peck | 110. Jerry Lewis | 198. Gale Storm | 230. Paul Newman |
| 9. Esther Williams | 112. Susan Hayward | 202. George Nader | 231. Don Murray |
| 11. Elizabeth Taylor | 117. Terry Moore | 205. Ann Sothern | 232. Don Cherry |
| 14. Cornel Wilde | 121. Tony Curtis | 207. Eddie Fisher | 233. Pat Wayne |
| 15. Frank Sinatra | 124. Gail Davis | 209. Liberace | 234. Carroll Baker |
| 18. Rory Calhoun | 127. Piper Laurie | 211. Bob Francis | 235. Anita Ekberg |
| 19. Peter Lawford | 128. Debbie Reynolds | 212. Grace Kelly | 236. Corey Allen |
| 21. Bob Mitchum | 135. Jeff Chandler | 213. James Dean | 237. Larry Dean |
| 22. Burt Lancaster | 136. Rock Hudson | 214. Sheree North | 240. Patti Page |
| 23. Bing Crosby | 137. Stewart Granger | 215. Kim Novak | 241. Lawrence Welk |
| 25. Dale Evans | 139. Debra Paget | 216. Richard Davalos | 242. Alice Lon |
| 27. June Allyson | 140. Dale Robertson | 217. Julie Adams | 243. Larry Dean |
| 33. Gene Autry | 141. Marilyn Monroe | 218. Eva Marie Saint | 244. Buddy Merrill |
| 34. Roy Rogers | 142. Leslie Caron | 219. Natalie Wood | 245. Hugh O'Brian |
| 35. Sunset Carson | 143. Pier Angeli | 220. Dewey Martin | 246. Jim Arness |
| 50. Diana Lynn | 144. Mitzi Gaynor | 221. Joan Collins | 247. Sanford Clark |
| 51. Doris Day | 145. Marlon Brando | 222. Jayne Mansfield | |
| 52. Montgomery Clift | 146. Aldo Ray | 223. Sal Mineo | |
| 53. Richard Widmark | 147. Tab Hunter | 224. Shirley Jones | |
| 56. Perry Como | 148. Robert Wagner | | |
| 57. Bill Holden | 149. Russ Tamblyn | | |
| 66. Gordon MacRae | 150. Jeff Hunter | | |
| 67. Ann Blyth | 152. Marge and Gower Champion | | |
| 68. Jeanne Crain | | | |
| 69. Jane Russell | 153. Fernando Lamas | | |
| 74. John Wayne | 161. Lori Nelson | | |
| 75. Yvonne de Carlo | 174. Rita Gam | | |
| 78. Audie Murphy | 175. Charlton Heston | | |
| 84. Janet Leigh | 176. Steve Cochran | | |
| 86. Farley Granger | 177. Richard Burton | | |
| 91. John Derek | 179. Julius La Rosa | | |
| 92. Guy Madisoo | 180. Lucille Ball | | |
| 94. Mario Lanza | 182. Jack Webb | | |
| 97. Kirk Douglas | 185. Richard Egan | | |

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Waiting for Baby

(Continued from page 62)

sister, Travis Rogers—already the mother of Betsy, who is a year younger than Nancy—had her second child, Suzanne, last December, and Nancy had seen a little of what it means to have a new baby come into the home. Now this wonderful thing was happening to us. To her. She wanted to know all about *our* baby. Where was it now? When would we see it?

"I reminded her—as I had on other occasions when she had asked questions about babies—that, although she was now a big girl, it was amazing to think she had once been just a baby, small enough to be carried inside me until the time came to be born. She always thought the whole idea was simply hilarious and was fascinated to learn she had ever been tiny enough to fit into 'Mommy's tummy.' Then she would be struck by the wonder of it all—which was the impression I had wanted to leave with her, before she dropped the subject and went back to her play. This time she was even more wondering, and more fascinated."

Because the Underhills live out in the country, in a wooded section near New York, the doctor had suggested an obstetrician in a town near them, with hospital affiliations near by. On Julie's first visit to the obstetrician, Charles and Nancy went with her.

"They both came into the office after the examination," says Julie, "and Nancy was right there when we discussed the baby and the hospital arrangements. She informed me that she wanted to go to the hospital with me, and I forestalled any trouble later by making it clear right away that she was too young. She was told that children aren't allowed to visit hospitals, and so I simply couldn't take her, but she would have her daddy at home with her at night, as he always was. And our wonderful Pearl would be there to take care of her, just the same as always. Pearl took care of my apartment and of me before I was married, and Nancy has had her love and care from the beginning."

Perhaps because Nancy has become a partner in all the plans for the baby, the waiting period has not seemed over-long to her. She forgets it for a while, at times becomes greatly interested. She has understood that, when they went swimming in their own acre-and-a-half pond this summer, her Mommy couldn't lift her up in the water and toss her around as she used to do, and that other such joys have been forfeited temporarily—because these things would not be good for the baby, who has to grow big and strong enough to be born before the snow comes again. "This knowledge has made everything simpler," Julie says, "requiring only a reminder now and then."

"Also, Charles has done some very smart things to help. Fathers can, and should, at this time. He has made a *partner* of Nancy in all this. Together, they look after me."

"I have seen small children grow quite resentful and begin to blame the little newcomer—a feeling it is hard to counteract later on—so I am grateful to Charles for not letting this happen with Nancy. Most of the time, she has been so cute. When I didn't feel well, one morning after breakfast, she informed me solemnly that the coffee had not agreed with the baby and suggested I might leave it out next morning."

Because the baby has been a part of their lives now for what to Nancy seems a long, long time, Julie feels there will not be any problem of jealousy to meet

after the baby comes. Haven't they planned and waited together for just that very result? Nancy helped shop for maternity clothes. She has selected some of the baby's first toys, to present personally when the time comes. She talks of sharing her own cherished toys—something she has been learning about at nursery school this year, where she has also learned what it means to "take turns" and be unselfish. She has been building up a great deal of love for this child who will soon be part of their family circle, and her parents have impressed upon her that they waited for her arrival just as lovingly.

The feeling that Nancy has about this being not merely a baby, but *her* baby, may bring future problems, Julie realizes. Already it has been explained that a small baby needs careful handling, and at first only a nurse or a Mommy or a Daddy can do this. This summer Nancy spent a month with Julie's mother on Cape Cod, where she had her little cousins as playmates, and she helped with little Suzanne, bringing things for her bath and watching her be fed. Now these are the things she looks forward to doing for "her" baby.

"I know, however," Julie smiles, "that I shall have to be quite firm about explaining the things a child cannot do, even when she sees the adults doing it, and about the care an infant needs. I have always made it clear to Nancy that little girls must wait for certain privileges until they are grown-up, and I think she understands this—to some degree, at least. It has already saved a lot of begging and pleading and tears, and I expect it to help even more in the next months."

"Charles and I laugh, sometimes—and I even get a little scared—thinking that, in her childish mind, our daughter is really expecting this baby to rise full-blown on arrival from the hospital and be ready to take off and go romping through the woods with her, the perfect playmate from the beginning! I suppose there is just no way to prevent that image from growing, in spite of all we say, and it may be a shock when she sees what a helpless little thing a newborn baby is. I can only hope its tiny cuteness and her tenderness for it, will bridge the gap in the beginning."

Unlike the problem in some families, where bedroom space is more limited, Nancy will not have to be dispossessed from her own room to make room for the baby, a fact which Julie feels is quite important. The Underhills do not believe an infant should sleep in a room where there is no adult close by, so for the present, the nursery will be a "share" in Pearl's room. The only special preparations are an adorably decorated bassinet, with a bright mobile strung across, with beads and ribbons to pull on. This bassinet can be placed on the long, red-bricked terrace on sunny days.

As the months go by, and the need for an extra room becomes acute, the Underhills have a plan to break through a couple of walls in their small, snug little house, enlarge the present bedrooms, and add an extension of two bedrooms and a separate playroom for the children. "If we can afford it," Julie always adds—wise in the ways of building costs since she and Charles put up their house about five years ago. "It would work out well, because then Nancy would not mind moving from that cherished 'room of her own' into one next to the baby's, with their own playroom to share."

Nancy's daddy has been working on a combination storage shed for tools and

playhouse-bunkhouse for Nancy, just a stone's throw from the house. One side of the small structure will have space for tools and such things. The other will be equipped with bunks for visitors, a table and chairs for afternoon tea parties for Nancy's friends, and enough floor space for games when it's raining outside. This will be the little girl's own domain—but Nancy has decided that the baby can come in whenever she wants to.

The baby has been "her" and "she" to Nancy, from the first. Neither Julie or Charles has cared, nor do they now, whether there is another daughter or a son—either being equally welcome—but Nancy has stated unequivocally that this will be a little sister. Julie thinks it's because the boys at nursery school and around the neighborhood seem to be less satisfactory to Nancy as playmates than are the girls. There is a tendency for boys to pull hair and tease and be rough, and Nancy sees no reason for having this kind of thing go on at home, too. Therefore, she has decided she does not like boys—although Julie has prepared her mind for a brother by reminding her their little boy would be "different."

As part of the preparation for cherishing the child to come, her parents have discussed possible names with her. It is pretty well established that a boy must be either Edward Charles or Charles Edward, for his own daddy and for Julie's father. Nancy approves of this, while not conceding too much possibility of the need to discuss male names. Her daddy favors the old Quaker names for a girl—perhaps Prudence or Sarah—but Julie isn't sure about these, although Nancy thinks they are quite cute. They want a name that will go well with Underhill and can't be changed into any nickname that isn't pretty. Virginia and Margaret have been mentioned, but none settled upon, and Nancy comes up with new ones frequently—mostly names of little girls she plays with or the ones in her storybooks—and they discuss her choices solemnly.

For a five-year-old, Nancy has a fine knowledge of the woods and waters, the flowers and trees, the animals and insects and birds on their eighteen acres in the country. She has informed her parents that she expects to pass on this outdoor lore to her baby, and teach it everything her daddy has taught her. Charles Underhill's father was a well-known educator, a superintendent of schools in Scarsdale, New York, famous for its fine school system, and Charles was a student at his father's summer camp in Maine and later a counselor there. All this knowledge is gradually being passed along to Nancy. This summer, she learned how to swim the Australian crawl in their pond, and she is sure the baby will be ready to join her as soon as summer comes again, when she can take her turn at being teacher.

"Having another child in the house will be good for all of us, and especially good for Nancy," says Julie. "Already I am less tense about her, and will not be keeping her under such strict surveillance as she gets older and more independent. She is beginning to enjoy doing things by herself and for herself, and this is right and good. She sometimes resents it just a little when I say she is my baby, and insists instead that she is my sister. I am quite prepared, however, to have her decide she wants to be my baby again when that newcomer arrives, that interloper who will take its share of my time and love. I shall have to repeat frequently that she is still her Mommy's

and Daddy's baby, now and for always. I am prepared also to give her as much time as I possibly can, no matter how busy I am, during those important first weeks when there is a demanding infant in the house who cries and upsets everything—and yet doesn't get scolded for it as Nancy would. Then I shall have to be very wise—and I hope I can be!—in explaining the difference between a baby's misbehavior and the naughtiness of a big girl of five who already knows better!"

As Helen Trent, Julie's hours are pleasant for a mother and homemaker. Although she played the role of Lorelei in *Big Town* for six months on television, doing a live show, she feels now that TV is not for her. "All my dreams of being a big Broadway stage star are gone," she says, and laughs a little about the burning ambitions she once had. "Not that I'd turn the chance down, perhaps, but I wouldn't seek it. Not now.

"Our lives take unexpected turns, and mine has turned the way I really prefer. I was in plays, mostly ones that didn't last too long. (She was playing the part of Rosemary in the long-run play *Abie's Irish Rose* when she married Charles, but usually she got good notices—and the plays didn't.) I made some motion pictures, with no great success. I loved radio, and it was good to me. I played *Kitty Foyle* on radio for two years, although it was originally scheduled for only thirteen weeks. Right after it left the air, I got the chance to go into the lead role of *The Romance Of Helen Trent*. Last June, I began my thirteenth year as Helen, happy years of work with people of whom I am fond, happy years in which Charles and I began our life together, in which we established a home and family.

"When I met Charles, the whole background of my life changed, but I still did two plays after that and was away part of the time. Suddenly I knew it was Charles, and the things he brought into my life, that I really wanted. The chance to go on in radio was that extra something, but it wasn't all of life.

"I can be home, after the *Helen Trent* broadcast, by mid-afternoon, usually before Nancy gets up from her nap. I can give her the time and attention she will need, especially for a while, to avoid any injured feelings. Later on this winter she will be going to school a large part of the day, instead of half-days, and she will feel more independent about the time she has left and want to be with her friends and join in things that interest her.

"Until that time, I am trying to be as wise as I can be, trying to give her all the love and tenderness and understanding I possibly can. Charles, of course, feels the same way. Nancy's daddy is very dear to her and she would weep bitterly if she felt she was losing any little part of him. We have the feeling that we have fostered this idea of a partnership in all that pertains to the new baby, and that it has been successful. Everything has been measured in terms of what is best for baby, and Nancy's cooperation has been just as important as ours.

"I am fascinated, just watching my little girl, watching the way her mind is developing now, the way she has assumed responsibility in these past months, knowing that it will be only a few years until she can be a real companion to Charles and me. I know the same pattern will unfold in the new baby, and sometimes the waiting has been hard to bear.

"Sometimes it has been hard for Nancy, too. She wants to look upon her baby—this child we have prepared her to welcome with all her heart and to love for always. As we shall love them both," vows Julie Stevens Underhill.



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Triumph at Twenty

(Continued from page 45)

Larry grinned shyly. "Gee, thanks," he mumbled, kicked an imaginary speck of dust on the floor, and then plunged his hands back again into his pockets. Five minutes later, he was proudly displaying his pocket portrait of Alice, his bride of one year, and their three-month-old baby, David. The violinist and pianist made properly appreciative noises. At first meeting, Larry had been accepted by the band.

Joining Lawrence's band had been a big gamble for Larry. He had left a sure position with Jan Garber and joined Welk, on a week-to-week trial basis, in the hope that he would be able to settle down and establish a permanent home for his wife and child. One-nighters on the road were not Larry's idea of the best way to raise a family. . . . Now, after Larry's first few days with the new orchestra, it was rapidly apparent to Welk, the musicians and the Dodge people that Larry filled the bill very well. "We all like Larry," says Welk. "He fits right in. He is so stable, so reliable and sensible. For such a young man, he shoulders lots of responsibilities, and we think the world of him."

But it was a long climb from his home town of Bridgewater, Iowa—pop. 308—to his spot as featured vocalist on *The Lawrence Welk Show*. And, on the road up, Larry worked in a steel foundry and a department store, as a dance instructor and as a carpenter's apprentice.

Larry Dean Bauer was born to Mr. and Mrs. Loren Bauer, June 4, 1936, on his grandparents' farm in Cass County, about sixty miles from Omaha, Nebraska. "I like small towns," says Larry, "and not only because my parents and grandparents lived in one. In a small town, you know that everybody you meet on the street is a friend. Besides that, it's easier to get away to go fishing."

Larry's father, a carpenter, sang with a high-school quartet and in the choir at Bridgewater's Church of Christ. Larry sang his first song so long ago that he can't even remember how old he was. "We sang in the choir," he says, "and I was still small enough for my dad to hold me in his arms." Later, throughout his school life, Larry sang at commencement exercises, in junior and senior high-school plays, and at Christmas programs.

But Larry never planned on becoming a vocalist. He intended to go to business college after high school. Then fate stepped in: "I was playing on the varsity basketball team," Larry recalls, "and practicing in the gym, when I walked Miss Jones, our high-school music teacher. She said, 'I need a volunteer to enter the state music contest.' I volunteered.

"I was still in my gym trunks, but we went over to the music room and practiced for the next day's contest. I sang 'Bless This House' and won in the district finals, then went to sub-state finals and—finally—to the state finals, where we won a number-one rating. That's when dreams of business college began fading and singing became all important."

During the following months, Larry won a contest over one hundred entrants at the Adair County Fair. The prize: A three-day trip to Chicago with his mother and an appearance on ABC's *Breakfast Club* with Don McNeill.

When Larry left high school and began working with his father as a carpenter's helper, he still had every intention of going to business college. He had enrolled, taken preliminary tests and was only working with his father to save money. Pay: \$80 weekly. Then he suddenly received an offer to go with Ray Palmer's Tri-State

Band. Palmer offered Larry \$40 a week—and travel. "All my friends laughed at me," says Larry, "because I was giving up \$80 a week for \$40. But, by then, I had been bitten by the singing bug and nothing they said would dissuade me."

At the end of three months, Larry felt the one-nighters were leading nowhere and he returned home disappointed. "My aunt encouraged me," he says, "and offered to help by sending me to MacPhail School of Music in Minneapolis. There I lived in a little room my aunt had set up for me with a friend of hers, and began lessons with Professor Harold Keyes at MacPhail. After a while, funds began running low and I had to start working again. I spent one Christmas rush in a department store, did some radio work, taught dancing at the Fred Astaire studio, and worked as an inspector of precision parts in a foundry."

Larry's dance job came by accident. He went in for one lesson—but he learned so fast, they offered him a job teaching. Since he felt dancing might come in handy in his future, he accepted. "At the time, I had three jobs going: Teaching at the dance studio in the evening; working at the foundry during the day; and on weekends I sang with Larry Elliott's band."

Again, Larry found he was working more than singing and returned home to Bridgewater—more for a rest from the three jobs than from any disappointment. He told his parents that he felt he should make a try for a singing spot on the West Coast. They disapproved, saying that, since he hadn't been able to make the grade around home, they felt he ought to give up and start his business career.

But Larry was persistent. He was determined to make one more try, and returned to his aunt's friend's place in Minneapolis. When he arrived, there was a call waiting for him from orchestra leader Jules Herman. . . . For some years before going out on his own, Herman had played lead trumpet for Lawrence Welk. He is a good musician and—having heard Larry sing once while he was with Elliott's weekend band—he recognized Larry's talent and asked him to join his band on a regular basis.

Larry stayed with Jules for four months, at the end of which time, Jules—confident of Larry's ability—wanted him to try for a spot with Welk. He praised Larry's virtues to Welk by phone and letter. Welk was convinced. It seemed that Larry's dream of a secure future was glowing hot. But, in order to sing with Welk, Larry had to be at least eighteen years of age—he was only seventeen years and ten months. So . . . the next three months were spent with Jimmy Palmer's band in New Orleans. Larry auditioned for Palmer in Chicago, was immediately accepted and, the next day, started by car to New Orleans, where he opened in the Roosevelt Hotel's Blue Room.

Larry met his wife, Alice, a lovely Southern belle, while singing in the Blue Room. "My mother and I," says Alice with her charming Southern drawl, "came in to have a dessert the Roosevelt is famous for—Cherries Jubilee. And then I saw Larry on the bandstand singing 'Hold My Hand.' He was the cutest thing I'd ever seen! I said so to my mother. She agreed. I asked permission to have Larry join us. She said all right. I was so thrilled I ordered three servings of Cherries Jubilee without even looking at the price. Larry arrived at the table, proceeded to charm us both. The Cherries Jubilee arrived also—and, shortly thereafter, so did the check. Cherries Jubilee, it seems, were the most expensive dish on the menu!"

Two nights later, Alice and Larry went on their first date: An early movie, after which Larry introduced Alice to the romantic city of New Orleans—and the joys of eating pizza. To Alice, born and raised in Kentucky, pizza was a novelty. "Now," says Larry, "we have it twice a week."

Following their first date, Alice waited for Larry every evening after work and they walked to her home together, hand in hand. "Walking can be so much more romantic than riding in a cab," says Alice, "especially in beautiful New Orleans. Besides, after the first two weeks, we were already thinking of marriage—and saving money."

Without telling a soul, he and Alice eloped to Mississippi one Monday night when Larry didn't have to work. Alice's mother was somewhat upset when Larry went on the road two weeks later and Alice, in order to go along, was forced to tell her about the marriage. But Alice's mother soon accepted the situation, when she saw how much in love the two young people were.

Larry was doing one-nighters in Ames, Iowa, when he realized it was no way to raise a future family—he wanted something more secure. A friend, Julio Mario, told him that Jan Garber was looking for a vocalist, and Larry called him in Beaumont, Texas, on the spur of the moment.

"Mr. Garber?"

"Yes . . ."

"My name is Dean. I'm a vocalist. I've sung with five bands, understand you need a singer, and I would like to audition for you."

"Sure," said Garber. "Fact is, Mario has already given you quite a buildup . . . so go ahead and sing."

Larry was surprised at the suddenness of the reception, and he certainly had never before heard of anyone auditioning over long-distance telephone for a singing spot with a nationally known band. But he sang, "Hold My Hand" . . . thinking it had brought him a bride in New Orleans, so maybe it would bring him a job in Ames, Iowa.

"After the song," Larry recalls, "there was a dead silence on the other end of the line. I was dying to know what Mr. Garber thought. He started asking me questions. For forty-five minutes, he talked and I worried about the phone bill—I was going to need two jobs to pay it off, at the rate we were yakking. He was hesitant about hiring someone who had just turned eighteen. Finally, Mr. Garber said, 'Well, son, you've got good pitch, even over the phone—we'll take a chance. Join us next week.'"

Larry was singing with Garber in Louisville, Kentucky, when Alice wrote from New Orleans that she was going to have a baby. When David arrived he arrived in a hurry. "I was shopping downtown in a department store," says Alice, "when suddenly I realized David was on the way. I was on the escalator going up to buy some baby clothes, and I knew I had better get right to the hospital. When I turned around at the top of the escalator on the second floor, the girl with me said, 'Alice, baby clothes are on three! Where on earth are you rushing to?' 'I'm going to the hospital to have my baby,' I replied, as if that were the latest thing to do."

And Larry still had to work that night! But, when he heard the baby had arrived suddenly, he asked Jan to let him off early. "It was about 10:40," he now says nonchalantly—knowing full well that it was exactly 10:44 when he left the ballroom in Eldorado, Arkansas, for New Orleans, 386 miles away. He drove non-stop and

ran into Alice's room bearing two dozen fragrant red roses—her favorite flower. Alice spent Christmas in the hospital, and she and Larry and new baby David celebrated Christmas on New Year's, when Alice and the baby had returned home. "Larry brought the baby more toys than we had room for in our small apartment," Alice laughs, "and some are so big David won't be able to use them for years!"

With a family to support, Larry knew more than ever that he would have to give up one-night stands on the road with Garber. He had been in touch with Lawrence Welk for some time, but Welk told him that, if he came to audition, he would have to come on his own. It was a tough decision to make. But, thinking of the welfare of his family, Larry decided to gamble, giving up a sure spot with Garber for an uncertain spot with Welk.

The gamble paid off. Today, Larry, Alice and David live in a small though comfortable, one-bedroom apartment in Santa Monica, California, near the Aragon Ballroom, where he sings nightly from 9:00 P.M. to 2:00 A.M. with Welk. Thursdays are devoted to ballroom rehearsal, and Fridays to the Saturday ABC-TV show rehearsal. During the summer, instead of taking a vacation, the band had Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday afternoons off. "But," Larry grins, "we do so many benefits that the most frequent saying around our house has been: 'Okay, Davey, kiss Daddy goodbye . . .!'"

Larry and Alice have filled the apartment with furniture shipped from New Orleans. But they are handicapped by the lack of space in the tiny apartment. "We have three rooms of furniture in the house and three rooms of furniture stored in the garage," Alice says. "And no curtains—the sewing machine is still in transit." Besides that, Alice cooks on a hot-plate and

an electric fryer—her stove hasn't arrived, either. About the furniture: Larry, a handy man (having been raised a carpenter's son), made their couch—a slab door with iron hairpin legs. And Alice reports that, whenever a faucet leaks or a light switch needs fixing, Larry's adept fingers are what she calls "jiffy-fixers."

Like all young-marrieds, Alice and Larry argue about some things: Placing the furniture, for example—or about the way Larry sings a song. "He generally ends up being right about the songs he sings," Alice observes, "and I end up being right about the furniture. But you know," she says as an afterthought, "Larry is so handsome that, if he should smile in the middle of an argument, I know I'd lose them all!"

Alice continues, more soberly, "Larry knows he's not perfect. He's not temperamental—though when he's right about something, he can be awfully stubborn. But he hasn't let his success go to his head. He isn't ostentatious. He has only four suits—two brown and two grey for work—and lives in sports clothes at home. He likes shirts with the new Italian collar because of their comfort.

"Except for his graduation watch and gold wedding band, Larry doesn't wear any jewelry—though he likes the cuff links his fans send. I think he wears a different pair to work every night. They're his only indulgence. And, like every man, he has some one item of apparel he won't part with—in Larry's case, it's a pair of faded old gray swim trunks, nearly white with age, which his dad sent to him from Hawaii. He wouldn't give them up for the world!

"The only thing Larry worries about is his lack of time. He's extremely conscientious about his work. As the schedule with the new Welk show becomes more demanding, he's afraid he won't be able to

answer the increasing number of letters from fans—and he's honest with every answer. In addition, he writes to his mother and grandparents twice weekly.

"About our baby, David," continues Alice, "the doctor says he's perfect. Larry thinks so, too. Every time David makes a new sound or does something for the first time, Larry pulls out his camera and shoots a picture.

"And Larry's a thoughtful husband: He insisted on celebrating David's birthday when he was only six months old. He bought toys for the occasion five weeks early, in anticipation of the event—all of which, I might add, David will have to grow up to. And he's always bringing home gifts for me—from flowers to a dress or a new lamp. Last week, it was a red petticoat that was so voluminous I could barely get it through the front door! And he's co-operative around the house. Even with his busy schedule, he helps with the dishes."

So . . . after four years of trying . . . it seems that the dark-haired, hazel-eyed, earnest young man with a heart throb in his voice has found a secure home for his baby and wife. It only took the Deans a brief moment to be accepted into the Welk family. Larry merely had to sing to be accepted. And Alice reports how she ingeniously made her first friend: "I went to a party the first week after Larry joined Welk. He has the happy faculty of picking performers who are congenial. This I soon learned. For example, Muriel Kesner, violinist Dick's wife, came over and sat down beside me the moment I came in. We've been fast friends ever since!"

But, best of all, Larry—happy and settled on both the Saturday and Monday Lawrence Welk shows over ABC-TV—is making thousands of new friends every day.

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What's the Word for Garry?

(Continued from page 36)

Mr. Moore, "in absentia," upon that piece of furniture indispensable to all analysts—the couch. With Jayne Meadows the first to speak about "what goes on with us behind the scenes," Mr. Allen's Mrs. Steve said briskly, "Nothing, really! Since we, the panel, seldom get to the theater where *I've Got A Secret* is telecast until nine o'clock, at the earliest, there isn't time. Even if there were, everything would be the same with us as it is on camera. Couldn't be otherwise, simply because Garry is a bright, up-high, gay personality . . . Faye is a vital, life-loving, kind-hearted, gay personality . . . Bill is a very gay—pixie-gay—personality . . . Henry is a chuckling, quiet, deep-amusement-within-him gay personality . . . and I am an emotionally up-high, gay personality. Since gaiety is a common-denominator quality with all of us, it follows that we are the happiest blend of panel and star . . . 'You look,' a fan once wrote us, 'as if you would like to be in each other's living room.' So we would. And often are. That we all like each other as we genuinely do, however, is a rare thing, believe me . . .

As to what we think of Garry, in private . . . one and all, we think of him as a Rock of Gibraltar! When the clock strikes the half hour of 9:30 on Wednesday nights, we don't know *what* may happen to us . . . except that the most embarrassing things *can*. Garry gives the contestants a quick run-through just before air time, but we have never laid eyes on them until we are *on*. Most of them are charming, predictable people with know-how. But, now and again, you get an amateur from outer space, and you don't know *what* he's going to say. Or a contestant gets a little klieg-happy, and therein danger lies. Or one of the questions we ask a contestant, in all innocence, evokes the kind of laughter from the studio audience that reddens our little faces. The very premise of the show—a public airing of personal secrets—has a potential of becoming risqué. But we are unafraid . . . *Garry's there*. Garry always has to know what to say—and, because of his alertness and innate good taste, always does know what to say. Whenever necessary, he gets the contestant (and us) off the hook, goes right on, bland as butter, never lets the show sag. We always know that he's behind us, whether we're right or wrong.

"To find the one word for Garry presents a problem," Jayne admitted. "There are so many: Endearing. Ingratating. Gentlemanly. Talented. Versatile. Considerate. Understanding. And gay. *Trés, très gaie!* But, if only one word were allowed me, I would say 'charm'—charm is the word for Garry. Not the acquired brand, nor show business-y. Inborn charm, the genuine article—which includes, actually, all the other qualities—and the quality most lacking in the performers of today!

"Considerate and understanding Garry certainly, and unflinchingly, is. When I decided to leave the show for a month last summer, to go on tour with 'Tea and Sympathy,' Garry—although faced with the alternative of finding a substitute or facing an empty chair—was all in favor of my having the experience. He really *cares*, so to speak, about you and me. . . .

"Nor is Garry the least bit self- or glamour-conscious. He doesn't have a high-powered press agent. No big racing cars. One of the most conservatively dressed men in show business—no padded shoulders, et cetera. He's the *least* concerned," Jayne laughed, "with putting his best profile forward! Recently we—the

panel and Garry—were photographed for a magazine layout. Garry said, "Take it in four minutes, huh?" It was taken in four minutes. You may imagine the result. Garry didn't care.

"Actually," Jayne pointed out, "Garry doesn't need to care. He doesn't need pseudo-glamour. *He knows his place*—and this, to me, is the most important thing about Garry—in *show business*. He doesn't lift his little finger to be something he isn't. You never see him in dramatic shows, or knocking himself out making personal appearances. One reason, of course, is his own busy schedule, with six shows a week, both day and night, as well as his record contract. But the most important reason is his healthy ego.

"In his private world, as in show business," Jayne explained, "Garry has his niche and knows it. His home life is as normal as that lived by Mr. Average American anywhere in the U.S.A. He keeps his home and his 'business' separate and apart. He rarely does home interviews. Nell, his wife, a very charming woman, is no part of show business nor has she any wish to be. Garry's real name is Thomas Garrison Morfit—and in their home town, and at school, his two sons, Mason, who is sixteen, and Garry, Jr., thirteen, are known as Mason and Garry Morfit.

"At Garry's home in the country, one evening with Steve, Henry Morgan, Gene Rayburn and his wife—among other guests—I remember thinking: *How home-like this is. Very like my mother's home, very comfortable New England, very backbone-of-America living. Everything beautifully done, nothing overdone. Nothing dramatic.* . . . With the fine and social background to which Garry was born in Baltimore, and with the background he and Nell have today, no wonder he is securely without need of the gimmicks of glamour. . . ."

The one word for Moore, the key word," said Henry Morgan, "is *thoughtful*. He really does know how the cameraman feels today. He is aware, very much aware, of the personalities around him. This man. That woman. Everybody. He's rigged with antennae. And, because he is, Gar—as I call him—has an interesting weakness . . . or is it a weakness? He is practically incapable of firing anyone. Some of the people around him may be excess baggage, of no use to him, a drag. *They stay*.

"Garry is a man of extreme sensitivity. He *levels* the same way all of us on the panel level—which is why we get along so well—but Garry is not an easy man to know. He isn't the guy I would invite to liven up a party. In a sense, he's an introvert. Considering his manifestly extrovert personality," Henry admitted, "to say he's an introvert seems a contradiction in terms. But any man with a forty-five-foot yawl, rigged so he can take it out himself—which Garry does—is an introvert.

"I go sailing with Gar. Last time," Morgan recalled, "we were out five days. At sea, you get to know a man. Over a period of time, I've come to know that this kid is nobody's 'creation.' No press agent's dream. A personality of his own, an *original*, he 'borrows' from no man. He doesn't need to.

"A few years ago, the late Fred Allen was deploring the lack of comics in the business. 'Take Garry Moore,' Fred said. 'He doesn't want to be funny—he wants to be lovable. You know, he's going to be the oldest "boy" on TV!' Gar probably is . . . and that's money in the bank, too. The man who plays closest to the boy gets the most response from women, who think of all men—or want to think of them—as grown-up boys.

"Children like him, too. There's a side of him that little boys also have, that they have in common. A kid always knows when you don't take yourself too seriously. With an appeal to women, who are the fervent fans, and to children, who are the future as well as the present audience—what can you lose?

"What's so good about Gar is that his appeal is genuine. He's never 'on,' in theatrical parlance, even when he is on. He doesn't take himself too seriously, because he's too interested in too many other people and things. He's interested, in fact, in anything you can think of. And anybody. He reads a lot. The newspapers. The magazines. The latest books. *Lincolniana*. A commuter, he does most of his reading on the train. And his memory is fantastic. Ask him what he thought about the middle part of 'Bridey Murphy' (I couldn't read the cover), and he quotes you pages to explain what he thought.

"Speaking of 'Bridey Murphy,'" Henry grinned, "I know what I would be, if I were to be 'regressed'! I'd be a wealthy French nobleman, about 18th-century, quite a fop—lace cuffs and jabot, silver snuff box, buskins (I have only one good feature and that's my legs!). I'd write monographs, very smug, very pleased with myself. . . . But, if Garry were to be regressed, he'd find that he had been the ruler of some minor principality like Monaco . . . beloved of his people, both rich and poor, and known to his people as 'Garry, the Just.'"

Good," said Faye Emerson, "is the one, the perfect word for Garry. He's good, good as new-baked bread. Just good. What his religion is, I don't know. That's just it. He doesn't wear it like a banner, as many people do. But the wonderful spiritual values in Garry which he doesn't air, or use on the air, he does use in his day-by-day life. Nor do they come out by rote. When he signs off the air—saying, 'Be very kind to each other, won't you?'—he *really* means it. And he practices it.

"He's loyal beyond belief. On his morning show and the panel show, Garry works with many people. Now and again, the sponsor will say of someone: 'I don't know about him.' Whoever the individual, whether a bit player or a 'name' player, Garry goes to the mat for him. He not only cannot fire anyone, as Henry points out—he can't abide the sight of anyone else dropping the ax, either.

"I sometimes imagine," said Faye, "that audiences tend to think of Garry—so palpably good—as sort of a son of Pollyanna. Writing about him in my newspaper column is something of a hazard, I'll admit, not to make him come out sort of a Caspar Milquetoast. Actually, nothing could be more misleading. As long as I've known Garry, I have never seen him do anything rude. Or unkind. But he can be quite crisp about the show, if occasion warrants. Too much fooling and—with a snap of the whip—he'll say, 'We haven't much time.'

"He's a wonderful family man. With the exception of Wednesday nights, he works in New York from nine to five, like a proper businessman. And, on Wednesday nights, he always calls Nell directly after the show to ask her how she thinks it went. If *okay*, we all feel better! But Garry also loves parties, likes to sit around a pub after the show—as we usually do—yak it up, have a bite to eat or a drink. And, although he's definitely *not* a 'ladies' man,' he always has a charming turn of phrase, a compliment. A regular guy, in short, all the way down the line.

"This is a man with a wide range of

interests," Faye continued. "I suspect he reads a great deal. Judging from his versatility as a conversationalist, he must. He loves jazz music, plays the drums, and has a new album out called 'My Kind of Music,' a special album of, obviously, the things he likes the best. He likes to discuss politics, but always very calmly and wisely. Not that he couldn't have a tremendous temper—I suspect he could, but only against injustice to man or cruelty to animals. I rather imagine, too, that he'd still like to write, which was his original ambition. The commercials on his shows (which I know he writes himself) are just elegant.

"Because of his varied interests, men like him enormously. Women, of course, adore him. Combination of the teenager crush and the maternal instinct. I speak with authority because I," Faye laughed, "feel the same. Always want to run my hands through his hair—it's that crew cut! And I'd call him a terribly natty dresser. Never loud. Casual, as Jayne says. But sort of Ivy-League casual. Conservative, that is—although he's the only man on TV who wears Bermuda shorts, come the dog days. But they're beautifully cut, beautifully pressed, and to-the-knees Bermuda shorts. The only other trademark he has is that ubiquitous bow tie!

"His staff adores him. Once a year, on a special show, all the people behind the scenes come out and take a bow—stagehands, 'props,' script girl, musicians, writers—all the people you don't usually see on TV, except on Garry's shows.

"Animals love him," Faye added. "And this—the love between Garry and animals—is deeply mutual. And to me, also a lover of animals and the owner of two Scotch terriers, a poodle and two cats—a Siamese and a cat cat—it's deeply significant. As his viewers know, animals are

a regular part of Garry's daytime show. He handles animals beautifully, too, and sees to it that others do likewise. Once he had some rabbits on the daytime show and directed most of his talk to children, explaining to them the proper, painless way to pick rabbits up. And, when Zippy the Chimp is a guest on our show, he is accorded all the courtesy and consideration due an honored guest. I'm not sure what kind, or how many animals Garry has at home, as of now, except that he has a lot of tropical fish.

"Lovable as he is, and tender-hearted," Faye emphasized, "Garry is never maudlin in his sympathies. He's touched only by the right things. For instance, one time, when Garry had been away, on the first show after his return, we, the panel, had a secret! The secret was that Nell and the two boys, his sisters and their husbands, all his best friends—everyone who loved him best—were backstage. You could tell, by the way he choked up, that he was touched."

In between pulse-beats, so to speak, Bill Cullen—moderator of the big morning show, *Pulse*, on WRCA, New York station of NBC Radio, as well as a panel member on *I've Got A Secret*, plus other commitments—took time off the air to say that "aware" is the one word, *his* one word, for Garry Moore.

"According to Mr. Webster," said Bill, "the word *aware* implies the operation of something like a sixth sense. Garry has the sixth sense. Because he has, he knows what's going on, all the time, at any time. It gives him the 'feel' of people, the ability to understand them and to be of help in any given situation. If ever he is at a loss—and isn't everyone, at one time or another?—he manages to keep it from us on the show. And that is one answer to the question I'm often asked: 'How can you

all be so easy-does-it and so relaxed?" "As to what goes on behind the scenes," Bill grinned, "it's much the same, as Jayne points out, as when we're part of the scenery on camera. Being gay of spirit, as we all are, is—as Jayne also remarks—one reason for our being so *sympatica*. But it's also because we are all 'pro' TV and radio people. When you're doing a show—not because you're a wrestler, or a columnist, or a jet pilot, or terribly pretty—but because it's your trade, and you're all plying the same trade, there is a common bond, a fraternal spirit, so to speak. Also, it's a nice, pleasant show, a nice pleasant check, a top-rated show . . . with none of the sort of competition that creates strain . . . so what *should* we be but gay of heart?"

"As for analyzing Moore, dredging up secrets about him," Bill laughed, "if I had a secret about him, I probably wouldn't tell it. You can't, however, have a secret about a man who so obviously doesn't have one about himself! Garry is, more than any man I know, just what he seems to be. He is interested in fishing, in his boat, in animals. He's interested in contemporary things. He is a student of Lincoln—very serious about that. He is very active in his community, not as a star, just as a fellow citizen. About the things that matter, he is very serious, period. About the relatively unimportant things, he is casual.

"I would say of Garry that he goes through life the best way. Never depressed or nervous or irritable. Not concentrated on the personal pronoun, *I*. Healthy-minded, happy-hearted—you'd have to be hard-pressed not to like him.

"We, the panel, do like him. And that's our secret, now made public," solemnly averred Bill Cullen, speaking for the whole panel—and for viewers everywhere. They all have a good word for Garry.



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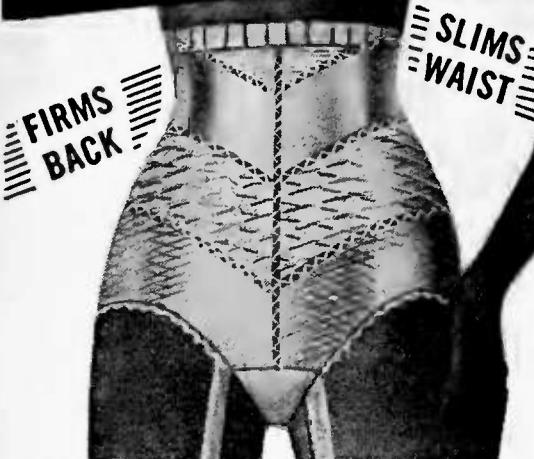
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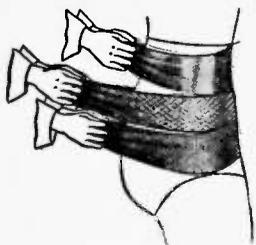
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By **JOAN DAVIS**
of "When A Girl Marries"

Dear Joan:

Both my husband and myself grew up in this little town where fishing is the main means of livelihood, and both of our families have gone out on the boats since I can't remember when. But having seen the tragedy brought into my mother's life when my own father was badly hurt in an accident at sea, I made my husband promise when we got married that he would earn his living some other way—although he had already started following in his father's steps. He worked at the cannery for a time but was very unhappy, and now he wants to go back on the boats. We have a little boy of two and I know I would go out of my mind with loneliness and worry if my husband were to be gone for long periods at a time, as fishermen have to be. Yet he says it is the only way he knows of making a good living, and I know he secretly loves the life. What can I do?

E. J. F.

Dear E. J. F.:

You can shoulder your half of the job, my friend, and stop complaining. Your husband tried things your way, and you yourself realized he was most unhappy. He is evidently an ambitious, responsible young man, eager to do his best at work he understands and loves, and it speaks well for his attitude toward your marriage that he agreed to give something else a try because you wished it so much. Now you will have to submit to his judgment, I think. It is true that women whose husbands have nine-to-five jobs are in a more fortunate position in certain obvious ways. But no family can be truly well-founded if the breadwinner is forced to earn a dreary, mediocre living at work he dislikes. You have your home, your son, your place in the community, and the knowledge of your husband's pleasure in his work, to sustain you even through those long periods of separation you so much dread. Surely there are other wives in your town in exactly the same position—and surely, within this framework of mutual problems, you can find enough companionship and constructive community activity to furnish the life of your own that not only you but every wife ought to

IF YOU HAVE a problem you can't discuss with somebody close to you, TV RADIO MIRROR offers the opportunity to "talk things over" with Joan Davis on these pages. Joan, who is Mary Jane Higby in private life, has long proved a wise and sympathetic friend to ABC Radio listeners in the daily course of *When a Girl Marries*, and she's often received letters asking for advice on personal problems. We hope that her suggested solutions to the problems printed here may be of help to many readers. Letters can't be returned or answered personally by mail, but if you wish to write to Joan, your letter may be among those answered each month. Address letters to: Joan Davis, TV RADIO MIRROR, Box 1719, Grand Central Station, N. Y. 17, N. Y.

have. Perhaps you don't share your husband's love of the sea; but you owe it to him and your child to swallow your personal fears and create a family life as cheerful and rounded as though you were in the enviable position—which nobody in the world can be in!—of having your loved ones under your eye and protection every moment of their lives. For better or worse, you belong to a whole world of wives whose men will not turn up the walk at five, or six, or even seven in the evening—the wives of truck drivers and airline pilots and ships' captains and traveling salesmen. They have a special set of problems, but nobody in the world is without some problems of adjustment and self-control. I believe the best way for you to settle into a happy marriage is to find your own adjustment to the man and the problems you have chosen, not to seek to force them into a shape so alien that a worse set of problems cannot help but result.

Dear Joan Davis:

I am twenty-eight and have never been in love before. About six months ago I started going out with a man I met through a man in my office, and the truth is I think I have fallen in love with him. He has taken me out at least twice a week since our first date and is everything one could want—kind, thoughtful and good company. But about a month or so ago, he failed to phone me one Saturday, though we had arranged it, and when he did call on Sunday night he seemed confused and apologetic and gave a mixed-up explanation of working late and oversleeping which was not convincing. This has happened three other times since then. At first I thought he was taking out someone else, but now I am afraid it is even worse. The friend who introduced us told me this man's problem has always been drinking. I believe it, since I have seen enough occasions when he took too many, although each time nothing serious occurred and I was able to tell myself it was just that particular time. But he is a fine man, and I know with God's help, and someone who loved him, he could fight his problem. I would feel miserable if I didn't help.

L. McF.

HELP YOU?

Dear L. McF.:

You must try to make absolutely certain that what you are dealing with is not rumor and suspicion but hard fact. Taking "a few too many" from time to time is worlds away from the complex problem of the real alcoholic. If your friend belongs in the latter category, your next step is also fairly clear. You must examine your own mind and heart with ruthless honesty to determine whether or not you are willing and able to take on one of the most distressing, heartbreaking problems a human being can be asked to deal with. Do not allow a praiseworthy but vague desire to help mislead you into tripping into waters so deep you will need help yourself. It is true that the present-day medical and psychological approach to the problem of drinking has had inspiring results in thousands of cases. With God's help and yours, this man may certainly be among the fortunate. But are you prepared for what this fight may mean to you in terms of everyday living? It may prove to be an uphill struggle with victory at the end, or you may find yourself caught in the sordid, often horrifying treadmill of defeat and despair that any drinker's wife could tell you about in enough detail to give you pause. Do you love this man overwhelmingly enough to make it immaterial what your life is like, so long as he is part of it? In that case, your dilemma has answered itself and your next intelligent step would be to consult your family doctor or his, to work out an attack upon this problem. But think very carefully! It may seem cruel to withdraw when you feel you might be able to do some good—but it would be criminally unfair to walk open-eyed into a situation like this and then complain and bemoan that it has not magically become different. You can perhaps remain a helpful, sympathetic friend—but if you are not sure of your very deep love for this man, you might be better advised to take your emotional life safely out of his reach.

Dear Joan Davis:

I will be eighteen in a few months, and like plenty of girls I am in love with a boy who is going into the Army. My folks are very much against my seeing him, let alone marrying him, and say they will not accept him as a son-in-law. There is nothing against him except that they think I am too young to be serious. This boy loves me, but he also refuses to get married, or at least is reluctant to marry until he gets out. Do you think he is right, or should I defy my parents and insist on getting married so I can be with him as long as possible?

H. H.

Dear H. H.:

It's a confused world for people your age, H. H., and if you'll forgive me for saying so, your letter sounds as if you were pretty well confused along with the rest of it. It's romantic and exciting to be in love; it's dramatic to defy one's parents. But it's also rather childish when measured against the realities and necessities of a grown-up, bona fide marriage. Both your parents and your young man appear to share the opinion that you are not mature enough for marriage—or perhaps your young man knows that he himself is not. If you were certain of your own needs and desires. I think

you might be able to convince them that they misjudged you. But, from the tone of your letter, I would suspect secretly you agree with them. Wouldn't it be better to admit this before you force what might be a serious mistake on yourself and those who care for you? I am sure that if your parents no longer fear a run-away marriage they will not object to your continuing to see this young man until he goes into the Army. Write to each other; see him when you can; get to know him better. But, more important, get to know yourself. Then you will not need to question and hesitate over the most important decision of your life. You will know the answer.

Dear Miss Davis:

I have a problem you might not think is important, but to me it is terrible. Last year, when I was fourteen, we moved to this little town which I like very much. But I do not seem able to make friends because of my parents. Now I am not ashamed of being poor but both of my folks do not speak very good English and my mother does not keep her house the way others in this town seem to do. Our furniture is different, old-fashioned and worn out. And our food is different, too. When I bring friends home with me I am always sorry. If my mother tries to talk to them, they cannot understand her well. If she does not, it is worse because they think she does not feel friendly. So I have stopped trying to make friends, but I am not happy.

C. N.

Dear C. N.:

Of course you have a problem, and I wouldn't dream of calling it trivial. It's a problem we all share—the common human need for friends, for belonging, for admiration. I know it's hard to believe that the others in your class who seem to you so fortunate, confident and successful have suffered pangs of anxiety and uncertainty just like yours—but if you can take my word for it, you'll be half-way to solving your problem.

And there is another aspect of your problem that I think you would find practically everyone around you suffering from, in one form or another. It's a most unusual youngster indeed who feels that his parents are precisely what he would have ordered, in every particular, if he'd been asked! The girl next door or the one across the street may not find the same faults in her home as you do, but you can be pretty sure she finds something to criticize. To sit at home brooding about your family's shortcomings is merely a way of shifting a responsibility that is very definitely yours. Your mother cannot make your friends for you, C. N., and neither can your living-room furniture. If you like people and want to be liked by them, if you are cheerful and easy to talk to, if you're willing to hear about other people's problems and share your own, then you're capable of giving and receiving friendship. Don't blame your parents until you've investigated pretty thoroughly and honestly what you yourself can do to make things more the way you want them. Concentrate on making yourself the kind of person it's a pleasure to know, and you won't have time to feel sorry for yourself because your family doesn't happen to be perfect. No family is, or ever was, or ever will be!

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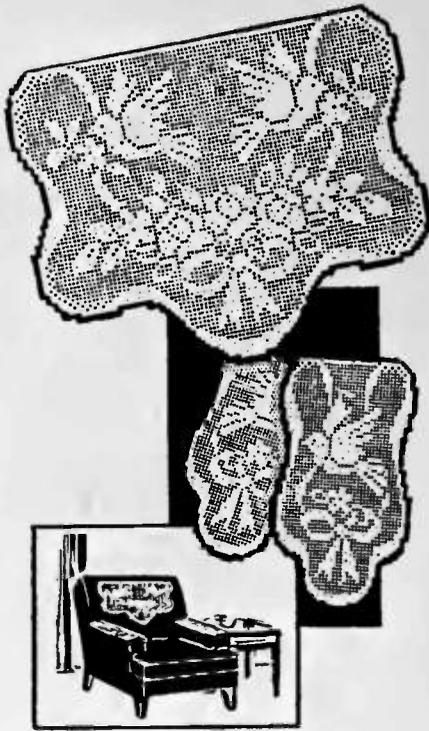
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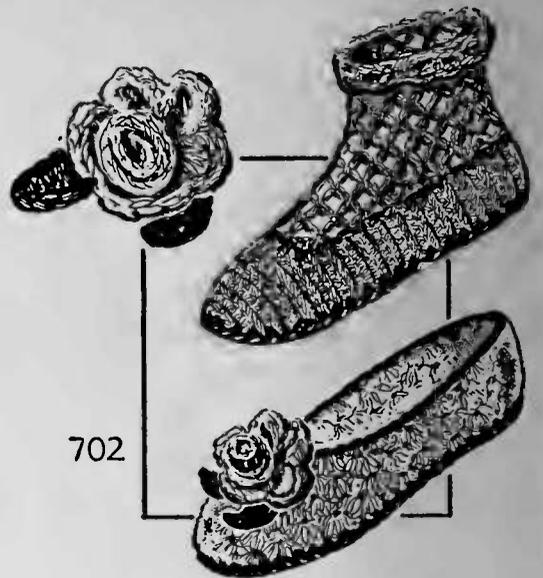
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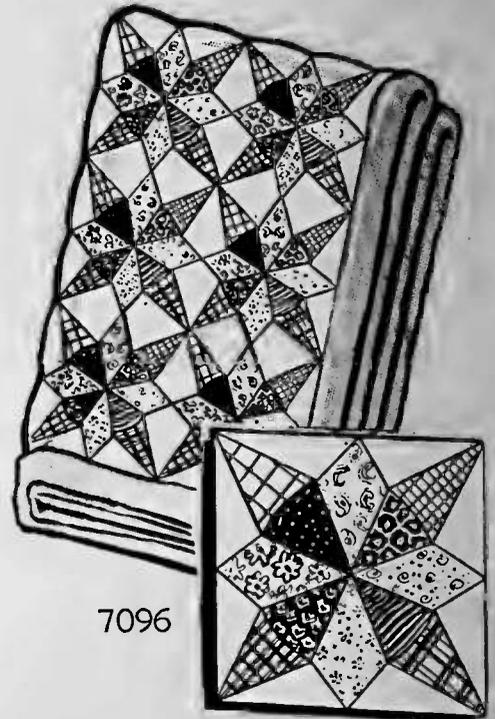
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594

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Most Happy Little Girl

(Continued from page 49)

tea I'll take you around, and prove it," says Miss Collins crisply. Tea is served in a beautiful room with an almost cathedral-like atmosphere. The walls are paneled in satiny walnut, and one entire end is a built-in, intricately carved credenza (or Renaissance sideboard). A fireplace of veined Italian marble dominates one side of the room. A tremendous wall safe—"that we don't have the combination of!"—dominates the other. Against this wall, too, there is an oval-shaped walnut dining-table and chairs, the seats upholstered in a dull yellow damask. By the tall windows, there is a small sofa and three or four easy chairs in the same yellow damask. A pale-hued Oriental rug covers the dark polished floor almost wall-to-wall.

"The reason for the odd combination of dining-room and living-room furniture," Dorothy explains, "is that Raymond thinks this room should be the living room, because of the fireplace . . . and I think it should be the dining room, because of the credenza. As of today, we are using it as both. As of tomorrow, who knows?"

Interior decorating should have been mentioned as one of the ingredients making young Mrs. Scott's life what it has been this past year . . . for, without benefit of professional help, she has done, and is still doing, the whole huge place herself. "And my own shopping, too—and small thanks did I get for it, in the beginning!" Dorothy laughs.

"As each piece came in," she explains, "Raymond hated it. 'Worst looking furniture he ever saw.' Colors all wrong. In our bedroom, for instance, with its pale blue walls and woodwork, I wanted a slightly deeper blue carpet. Raymond wanted gray. Now that he sees it all together, he loves it . . . including the slightly deeper blue carpet in the bedroom!"

"We're taking it very slowly, though—only about half finished now, as is plain to be seen. And we are not attempting to live in it as, I'm sure in the past, this house has been lived in. We have, for instance, reduced the cost of furnishing, care and upkeep appreciably by closing off the top—or third—floor. As far as we're concerned, it isn't there. Also, of the thirty-two rooms, six are in the basement—Raymond's darkroom, woodworking shop, the deep-freeze room and so on—which further reduces the cost of care and furnishing. Nor do we maintain a 'staff' such as you might suppose a house of this size would require. Once every two weeks, we have a cleaning service, a crew of three men, and they really do it—wash all the tiles, the windows, wax and polish the floors, everything. So much cheaper, too, then keeping a couple, let alone a staff! Otherwise, we have only Naka inside, a gardener outside. Cathy, of course, 'does' only Debbie. On Cathy's day off, I have Debbie all day . . . do everything for her and with her, even to getting down on the floor to play! It's my nicest day. But, at the end of it," Dorothy laughs, "I'm whipped!"

"Actually, except for the two days a week I rehearse in town for *Your Hit Parade*, I'm with Debbie most of the time, have my lunch with her, spend an hour or so in the nursery with her before her bedtime. And, when we have an early dinner, Debbie has hers downstairs with Mommy and Daddy and Cathy. Whenever possible, Raymond takes her for a drive in his car, just the two of them, which is her favorite thing in the world to do! She adores TV—comes by it nat-



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urally, could be—loves the cowboys like Guy Madison and Andy Devine. Loves *Howdy Doody*, too, and Pinky Lee, and starts her day with *Captain Kangaroo*.

"But let Raymond appear, and neither the cowboys nor *Howdy Doody*—nor I—can compete. I've heard of little girls having crushes on their daddies, but this is a big romance between the two of them, a real love affair. Raymond walks in, and Debbie goes 'Ah-h-h!' Keeps patting his arm and saying—her voice all soft and silky—'Da-da, my Da-da!'"

"Cathy is after me to have another baby," Dorothy smiles, "and, God willing, I'll have another . . . others (plural), I hope. I want more children, at least three more. We both do. Definitely."

At this moment, Naka appears, wheeling the teacart . . . and—as if on cue (there is a smell of warm, fresh-baked cookies in the air)—Debbie also appears, accompanied by Cathy. At sight of Debbie you understand why, at eighteen months, it's a "big romance." Her hair is golden-brown. Her blue eyes are deep-set, like Raymond's. She has a flushed-with-rosy-health complexion, a sweet and sturdy little body, a look of Dorothy about the mouth . . . especially when she smiles. "There is only one girl in the world with a smile like Dorothy's," Raymond once said. Now there are two. She has her mother's gaiety, too, the same winsomeness and brightness of personality. And she is a singing child, with a song to sing . . . just as her mother sang at home in Windsor, Ontario, when she was just two years old.

When Debbie—well fortified by cookies—leaves for some play in the garden with Cathy, Dorothy's eyes follow the small departing figure. "I only wish that each day had more hours," she says. "I've needed them especially this past year, during which I've done so many sort of extra things. . . . Last summer, I played *The Thunderbird* in Las Vegas—as I did in '54 and '55. Raymond goes with me to Vegas, and Debbie and Cathy, too. At Vegas last summer, I did a medley of *Hit Parade* songs, of which 'Dance With Me, Honey' was, I think, the most popular. All the songs must have gone over well, though, because I broke some sort of a record and (here's where the diamonds came in!) the owner of *The Thunderbird* gave me (look!) this wonderful diamond wristwatch. Whereupon Raymond, not to be out-diamonded, pre-

sented me with this diamond wedding ring (look!) as a fourth-anniversary present. Can you see me in diamonds?" doll-sized Dorothy demands. "You can? Well, I can't. That is, I couldn't. I am not, I always said—and believed—the 'diamond type.' Now that I have them, I love them!"

"We were in Vegas last summer from July 7 to August 6. Then on to Denver, Colorado—where Raymond would like to retire someday . . . and, on the twenty-second, Nat 'King' Cole and I gave a concert at Red Rocks, a few miles out of Denver. We were hired for two nights as a margin of safety against rain—which, since you sing out-of-doors at fabulous Red Rocks, would have been a disaster. As it turned out, we had the most glorious night. Moonlight. Starlight. Cars parked for six miles, or as far as eye could reach.

"Then, at Christmas and through New Year's—two weeks in all—I played New York's famed Copacabana for the first time. The number the Copa audience seemed to like the best was 'When My Baby Smiles at Me' . . . perhaps because they felt it was an appropriate song for me—practically a brand-new mother—to sing. Quite a thing for me, though, playing three shows a day at the Copa, since I had never before done anything in addition to *Hit Parade*, during the months *Hit Parade* is on the air.

"There is a great deal of preliminary work, too, for such engagements," Dorothy observes. "Raymond and I go through dozens and dozens of songs—all the standards we can think of—and record them, so we'll know how they sound and which are the right ones for me.

"I was also on Eddie Fisher's show a couple of times last year, and Raymond and I were on *Person To Person* and on *Masquerade Party*," Dorothy smiles. "Eddie is cute. He'd never been sung to before . . . as, on *Hit Parade*, Gisele MacKenzie and I sometimes sing to Snooky Lanson or Russell Arms. *Person To Person* was very exciting, too. You should have seen Raymond and me getting ready for Edward R. Murrow's visit to us—we had the cleaning service in that day, you may be sure!"

"All this, and quite a bit of travelling this year, too—overnight trips to various cities for the purpose of visiting with, and getting to know, the local disk jockeys . . . in each town, all the disk jockeys you can meet, to thank them personally for play-

ing your records on the air. . . . On one of these jaunts, we had a rather close brush. Not long after the take-off from La Guardia Field—destination, Detroit—one of our motors conked out. The hostess was running up and down. The passengers—including this one—were fidgeting with their safety-belts. We came down in Washington, unscathed. But, although all the others went on, after a slight delay, to Detroit, I stayed down . . . and visited with the disk jockeys in Washington!"

Speaking of the "close brush" reminds Dorothy of the one unpalatable ingredient in an otherwise happy and rewarding year: The rumors. "Early last winter," she recalls, "I was in the hospital for several weeks with a severe attack of glandular fever. While there, the rumor got around that I had died. One newspaper called NBC and informed them—can you imagine!—Dorothy Collins is dead. Russell Arms was called with the same grim news. Russell called Paul Barnes, our set designer on *Hit Parade*, who called me. I answered the phone and was startled to hear a resounding 'Thank God!' from Paul.

"Other rumors, equally bizarre, were circulated . . . that I was in a mental home . . . that I was an alcoholic and, 'if I didn't stop drinking,' would soon be off *Your Hit Parade* . . . that I never wear décolleté dresses because of an unphotogenic skin allergy. Another explanation of why I do not wear low-cut gowns was in the form of the quaintest question: 'Is it true that Dorothy Collins has a battleship tattooed on her chest?' Isn't that wild! A submarine, maybe," Dorothy laughs, "but a battleship!"

"How," Dorothy demands, "do these rumors start? Who originates them? Out of what fantastic material are they fabricated? The report of my death was ever so slightly—wouldn't you say?—exaggerated! And have you ever seen me take anything stronger than a Coke? I'm far too normal, dull though it may sound, to be eligible for a mental home. And, although it's true—the one grain of truth in the whole silly gibble-gabble—that I never wear décolleté dresses, I am just not the type for décolleté dresses. I like high-necked dresses, they become me—that's all there is to that.

"A more recent rumor, equally without the slightest foundation in fact, is the only one I regret being obliged to deny. 'Is it true,' a columnist asked, out of the ether (or maybe she was under it), 'that the Raymond Scotts (Dorothy Collins) are expecting a baby?' No, it is not true. Sorry. Genuinely sorry."

Rumors such as these buzz like gnats around the head of every star in the entertainment world. To the seasoned and sensible ones, however, they are literally gnats to be brushed away, and forgotten. As Dorothy does: "So many more important things to think about and talk about—Flying Saucers, for one. Raymond is on a Flying Saucers kick. Since he goes very deeply into anything that interests him, he has read every book printed on the subject and has talked to everyone in a position to have a responsible opinion on the subject. The net result of all this research is that he believes in Flying Saucers and that they are from another planet, from Outer Space.

"I always believe, he'll tell you, half in fun, but much more than half in earnest, 'in things like that.' He talks about 'things like that' to me, tells me about them. And I, being a romanticist, am prone to believe them. All the more so because Raymond—although a romanticist, too—is also a realist . . . a mathema-

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tician, a wizard in the field of electronics, a thoroughgoing researcher whose beliefs are based on proof.

"Always, with Raymond, there's something exciting and stimulating," Dorothy sparkles, "something to quicken the pulse and the imagination . . . like our trip this summer, the first one to Europe for both of us—and I couldn't be more excited than I am! We're flying and we'll spend two to six days each in London, Paris, Rome, Amalfi, Majorca, Zermetz—all the places we've most wanted to see. . ."

The small chatelaine of the great house takes you around to prove that, as she'd said, Raymond really has a hobby for every room. A slight exaggeration. But, considering the number of hobbies *Your Hit Parade* bandleader Scott does have, and the number of rooms it takes to house them, a pardonable one. In the basement, where the guided tour begins, are Raymond's darkroom, wood-working shop, room for his filing cabinets and his machine shop, a lavish and latter-day "cabinet of Dr. Caligari," in which he performs his mystic rites in the field of electronics. In the basement, also, a room-sized deep-freeze, and a wine cellar in which four could do the samba!

Since Dorothy was born in Windsor, Ontario, it has been suggested that the Scotts name the house "Windsor Castle." Whoever made the suggestion must have tried to describe it all. You can't. At least, not after one visit. Only certain things stand out. . . In the master bedroom upstairs, with its adjoining dressing-room and bath, the huge walnut bureau. The early American screen. The TV set facing the king-sized bed. The bed-table lamps, with their milk-glass bases and white shades. The bureau lamps with their Wedgwood bases and white shades. The draperies, a scarlet and blue design against a white background. The pair of scarlet chairs by the white marble fireplace.

Across the hall, the nursery suite—bedroom, playroom and bath. Debbie's domain. Pale pink walls, hooked rugs. White net curtains. In the playroom, a TV set, pianos, a hobbyhorse. Shelves of toys. Stuffed animals by the herd. Dolls of every sort, size and nationality. Most of them gifts. "Gisele sent her the funny-looking one," Dorothy laughs, "the one that looks like Raggedy Ann, but isn't. Russell Arms and his wife sent the little Swiss doll. If all these toys confused her, we wouldn't allow her to have so many. But they don't. She loves each and every one of them, plays with each in turn."

Down the hall is Raymond's "ham" radio room (here we go again!) half a mile of ham radio equipment in a setting of coral and white. White walls. Coral rug. Bamboo shades and furniture. On this floor, too, a fully equipped projection room. A full-sized movie screen. Projector. Overhead lighting. Built-in banquettes of dark green leather. "The projection room was here, just as you see it," Dorothy explains, "when we moved in. Whoever put it in must have spent thousands of dollars on the equipment alone."

Of the guest rooms, Dorothy says that only one has been done up "real sharp." And the linen closet is so large, she laughs, "that I've put a pillow case on each shelf! . . . But we do not intend, regardless of size," she adds, "to have 'Windsor Castle' engraved on our stationery. When we come in, from wherever we may have been, after whatever problems or worries, or parties and fun . . . and there is Debbie upstairs . . . all the other things—gay or grave—what are they? We know what is important and what isn't. So, when we get around to engraving our stationery, the name will simply be . . . Home."

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Talented Teenager

(Continued from page 28)

pushed them aside and ran outside with Bobby to play cowboys and Indians.

I distinctly remember Molly's first birthday I bought her the biggest doll I could find in the Oklahoma City toy store. You know what she did? When I presented her with the doll, she tossed it aside and picked up her older brother's cap gun. I was so disappointed I could have cried. But Molly knew what she wanted.

My biggest problem with Molly, when she was a baby, was the trouble I had taking her to church. Not that I had any difficulty getting her there, because I didn't—she loved the people. But, somehow, she always managed to be the center of attention. She never talked out of turn, but sometimes she laughed too loudly—and she usually sang off key. It could be a bit embarrassing.

When Molly was nine, we moved to a ranch near Tucson, Arizona. She says that is the one year of her childhood she remembers most fondly. Why? Because of Jennie, I imagine. Jennie was a burro I bought the children to play with. Bobby and Molly used to sit astride Jennie, riding around and around the ranch house, yodeling at the top of their lungs.

In a relatively small place like Tucson, when a youngster can entertain, the Chamber of Commerce and fraternal organizations give them a big break. In Molly's case, they continually offered her opportunities to perform. For her first job—I believe it was at a benefit for the Veterans of Foreign Wars—Molly insisted on having a real Western costume. When we couldn't find anything to suit her fancy in Tucson, we drove all the way to Nogales, in old Mexico, to shop. There, in an old-time Mexican shop window, Molly spied "just the one!" Because we had bought it in old Mexico, after that trip, Molly referred to the costume as her "real Western outfit."

When Molly was about nine, she worked in her first motion picture as an extra. But she was not to work for the company a second time. The picture, a Western starring Jimmy Stewart, was being shot in old Tucson. One particular scene gave the director problems: Jimmy Stewart and his partner were supposed to ride down the street on horseback—but, on the first "take," the back end of a new car was in the camera's eye. And then the sun was too high, after which the crew broke for lunch. Finally, after what seemed to be half-a-day's trying, Mr. Stewart and his partner once again mounted their horses and rode into view. As they approached the camera the director yelled "Cut!" sadly shaking his head. Somebody had braided the horses' manes! You know who . . . the director didn't have to look far before he spotted Molly's own braids. It's no wonder she wasn't asked to work for them a second time.

Because of the motion-picture extra work, Molly became interested in pictures in general. But she didn't like to have her picture taken because she was afraid she didn't photograph well, and she was shy. Then, at a dance recital, Molly won a diamond ring. After that, she didn't mind the pictures: She always posed with her hand alongside her cheek—so the viewers of the finished print would be sure to see the ring!

One picture the ring didn't show up in was taken at the Masonic Temple, in Tucson, where Molly did an orphans' Christmas benefit. The newspaper photographer asked Molly to hold a doll appropriate to the occasion. Molly said she didn't like

dolls and didn't know how to hold one properly. This conversation went on for about five minutes while the newspaper photographer adjusted to the fact that there are little girls who don't like dolls. He finally gave up, saying, "All right, then, just hold it like your guitar!" So Molly tucked the doll under her arm—and the ring didn't show.

But today I think Molly's lost "doll days" are coming to life. Her room is full of animal dolls—and all of them have names.

Besides her pride in her ring, Molly had a favorite dress: It was white tissue gingham with pink flowers and a lace-yolk collar. It was made for her, one Easter, by a neighbor of ours down the street, who loved Molly and also loved to sew. Molly called it her "Easter dress" and only wore it on special occasions. One of these was in the 1949 Little Miss America contest, where Molly won honorable mention. ("I guess that makes me about fifth," she says now.)

Molly was one of Tucson's top entertainers—there was hardly a function at which she didn't appear. I was beginning to be told that Molly ought to take a crack at Hollywood. But there is so much good talent out there that it was difficult for me to build up courage. I was afraid, for both myself and Molly, to take the chance. Then, on Air Force Day, when Molly was entertaining at near-by Davis Monathan Airbase, we met William Holden, who was there as a guest. Molly performed and, after the show, he spoke to us. I told him I was worried about giving up Tucson and moving to Hollywood. He suggested we compromise—make a vacation trip to California, at the same time letting Molly try out to see how she would be accepted.

So we took our vacation in Hollywood, where Molly appeared on *Hollywood Opportunities*, a talent show emceed by Richard Arlen. She sang "Love Sick Blues," and won. The next week, she was on Cliffie Stone's *Hometown Jamboree*, over Station KTLA, and has been ever since. Molly celebrated her twelfth birthday on Cliffie Stone's show, and she looked forward eagerly to her thirteenth birthday—that was the day she would be a "teenager" and, therefore, "grown up." To symbolize this new adult status, Molly wanted her braids cut off.

At the same time, Molly hated the thought of having her blond hair cut. It was lovely and long, shining and full of life—made so by hours of careful brushing. I know I brushed until my arm hurt, and Molly says she brushed it until she thought her head was going to fall off. So, as the day approached for the cutting, Molly grew more hesitant. "I'm not so sure," she said, "I'm as crazy over this idea as I first thought. I'm thirteen years old now, but with my braids I can still go to the movies for twenty-five cents—the braids make me look so young!" Thus, she tried to rationalize her way out of the cutting. (Molly says she wishes she could get into the movies for twenty-five cents now because she goes to so many—and her dates wish she could, too!)

The day finally arrived, and Molly and I trooped off to Frank and Joseph's Salon

here in Hollywood. Molly never thought about setting her hair. She used to curl it with an iron, and she had a white streak right on top of the bangs from the hot metal. When Mr. Frank came in, he was surprised at the length and beauty of Molly's hair, but he was more surprised at the white streak. He exclaimed, "What's this strange white mop up here in front?"

Mr. Frank told Molly he was going to cut her hair in a very special way. And I know he took a great deal of trouble to do an extra special job. (After the first clip of the scissors, Molly let out a plaintive peep, but she was brave for the rest of the sitting.) Then she rushed home, took Mr. Frank's very special cut and tried it in half-a-dozen different styles. The last one was a pony-tail, and she hasn't taken it down since.

Today, Molly's life is filled with her work and her beaux. What little free time she has, she spends telephoning. She's on that phone the first minute she comes in the door. If anyone has tried to call this number after four o'clock, I'm sure they know what I mean. Many times I've tried to call in, and haven't been able to get through—and, when I got home, she would still be on the phone. Also, many of Molly's fans ask, when they meet her, "Can I call you up some time?" She says *sure, why not*—and, the next week, the line is even busier. Since everybody knows the number anyway, it might as well be listed!

If she has half an hour when she's not on the phone, Molly will head for the kitchen. She's a good cook, and has been under my feet in the kitchen ever since she was a baby. The only problem is that she has never liked to clean up—and she uses every dish available. Molly's favorite foods are salads and spaghetti and pizza. At least once a week, we have an Italian dinner. When she was a baby, she would eat anything—it wasn't safe to leave a morsel of food around the house. Today, she is fortunate because she does not have to watch her weight. In fact, she is proud of her waistline. She wears treader pants very often. Like all girls, she thinks she never has enough clothes. And, of all the clothes she buys, she has more treader pants than anything else. She has at least one pair of each model that has ever been on display—if she doesn't have them, then she just missed seeing them.

Molly's weekly schedule begins with rehearsal fairly early Monday morning, for the *Tennessee Ernie Ford Show*. Then the show itself later on, and rehearsal for two hours afterward every day. Monday afternoon, she has dance class; Tuesday and Thursday, she has her hair fixed; Wednesday, she has dramatic class; Thursday, voice; and Friday is devoted to interviews. Friday is also "date night." She rehearses with Cliffie Stone's *Hometown Jamboree* Saturday afternoon, for the Saturday-night show. Sunday, she rests, has an early date and prepares for her daily lessons at the Hollywood Professional School. I try to see that Molly gets as much rest as she can.

Each day, when Molly comes in, we plunk down on the bed in her room and I say, "Well, what happened today?" While she is changing, I get a full report—if I don't get it, my day is a loss! And, when she comes home from a date, I ask her, "Did you have fun? What did you do . . .?"

Today—finally surrounded by her dolls—it's kind of sad to see my little girl growing up.

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Caesar's New "Wife"

(Continued from page 38)

describe her in a few words," says husband Nick Mayo, a theatrical producer-director, "but Janet is the most versatile woman I've ever known. There's hardly a subject brought up that she doesn't know something about—or want to know. She's interested in everything from baking bread to modern art. I could say to her at breakfast, 'Let's go to the Statue of Liberty this morning'—and she'd be ready. But, as versatile as she is as a woman, she is even more so professionally."

A singer - actress - dancer - comedienne, Janet has worked on the stage, in movies, night clubs, radio and television. When she made a guest appearance with Jimmy Durante, his writers asked what she would do. "She can do anything," said Durante. Janet decided to take off her shoes and do a song and dance on top of Jimmy's piano. When she starred on the TV spectacular, "One Touch of Venus," she was cast as the most beautiful woman in the world. In one of her many guest appearances with Milton Berle, she did a funny dance in baggy pants. When Rodgers and Hammerstein saw her in the baggy-pants routine, they chose her to star in the national company of "South Pacific." But, in private life, you'll never find her in baggy pants—although you may find her in jeans and gardener's gloves.

"When we moved into this penthouse," says Janet, "we hardly knew what a seed looked like. Now look!" The garden has been planted next to the sky. The Mayos make their home in a penthouse apartment surrounded by a tenth-acre of rooftop terrace. They brought up soil, banked it off with bricks, painted the bricks white, and put in flowers, shrubs, vines and trees. There is a twelve-foot weeping willow which was brought up to the penthouse on top of an elevator. There are also pear, apple and dogwood trees. They have planted wisteria, rosebushes and a variety of flowers. There is even a grapevine. "Last season, we harvested twenty bunches," Janet says. "Next year, Nick is going to put out some tomato plants."

Their penthouse is in Manhattan's East 50's, overhanging a cliff which overhangs the East River. The decorations of the apartment take their cue from Janet. Her hairdo is Roman (she created it for her role of Venus), but her architecture is quite modern. The furnishings, too, are classical modern, with contrasts in warm and light colors, with rich woods and touches of highly polished brass and glass for sparkle.

"It's real nice to come home to," says Janet. "The luckiest thing that can happen to Nick and me is to be home together. So often we've been separated, I in Hollywood and Nick in New York. Or I've been in New York and Nick's been on the road. Or each of us on the road with different shows."

The first year of their marriage, they lived in one hotel after another, a different one every week. Nick was stage manager of the national company of "South Pacific." Janet was starred as Nellie Forbush. Besides winning a husband, she set a record. In three-and-a-half years, she did 1,263 performances—without missing a single one. "She went through five disappointed understudies," Nick recalls.

The company traveled all over the country, surviving storms, train wrecks and romance. The romance between Nick and Janet was without precedent. Nick explains, "The stage manager is the director on the road and also the taskmaster. For that reason—and others—it's not cus-

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tomary for the stage manager to fall in love with the leading lady. Usually, the leading man has that privilege. But love can make a monkey out of privilege. Anyway, as stage manager and director, I got to know Janet well and we kind of eased into love."

As a wedding gift, Rodgers and Hammerstein presented the Mayos with a silver cigarette box. "Later, as it happened," Nick observes, "they did 'Me and Juliet,' a show about a stage manager falling in love with the star. Actually, Janet and I established a contagious custom. When we left the company, the Nellie Forbush and stage manager who followed fell in love and married. And, when they left, their successors did the same."

Nick's and Janet's wedding was in itself something less than a smooth production. They were married on October 5, 1952, during a "split week." The first three days of the week, "South Pacific" appeared in Berkeley and, the last half, in Richmond, California. Nick and Janet were to wed en route, in San Francisco.

"The train which was carrying best man and wedding ring, maid of honor and invited guests, broke down," Janet recalls, "and it was muggy and raining. I showered and dressed for the wedding three times. Nick complained that he had a three-day beard by the time the ceremony took place. The ceremony was several hours late, but dependable Janet kept up her record and didn't miss the show performance. The whole cast attended, and then went on to Richmond. "Although it's very romantic," says Janet, "there's nothing domesticated about a marriage when you're on tour. You live out of trunks. You save up your soiled clothes until Monday, when you're in a new town, then send them right out to a one-day laundry—and hope it'll get back by the end of the week. You do all of your eating in restaurants. It was thirteen months before I gave Nick his first home-made meal."

The discomforts were not a novelty to either Nick or Janet. Nick started in show business when he was eighteen and a student of drama at Los Angeles City College. He and some classmates operated a successful year-round stock company at the Hollytown Theater in Hollywood. After graduation he wrote and directed the original radio series, *The Dream Doctor*. He worked for a time at Station KIDO in Boise, Idaho. On to Broadway, where he got established as an actor, but suffered through thirteen consecutive flops in a row. However, Rodgers and Hammerstein and producers Logan and Hayward were more impressed by his ability than his bad luck, and signed him on as stage manager for "South Pacific."

Nick was born in Philadelphia. Janet was born on the other side of Pennsylvania—in Altoona. Her family lived music. Her mother was organist for the Lutheran Church and her father, Fred Blair Lafferty, was the baritone lead in the choir. "Well, everyone in the choir was a Lafferty," says Janet. "If you wanted to sing in the choir, and your name wasn't Lafferty, you just had to join another church—for, as the Lafferty children came of singing age, they joined the choir, too. Actually, the Laffertys never stop singing. They sing when they're eating, driving, cooking and talking. They're the biggest hams I've ever known. When I get home, they'll never ask me to sing—because they're too busy listening to themselves."

Janet is the first Lafferty to turn professional. Her training actually began at the age of four, as a ballet student. "I was the worst," she remembers. "My feet

were in the air more often than my head, but it made me work even harder. And then I was homely, as well as clumsy, and what's worse for a growing girl? I even wore braces on my teeth for seven years. All these things made me work extra hard to be good."

She became a prize ballet student and was chosen to audition for a famous New York teacher, although her parents vetoed the idea of her going away from home to study. But she didn't give up ballet until high school, when her father insisted that she study voice. "I had a deep voice," Janet recalls. "Sounded like a man. I even did imitations of Bing Crosby. But my father worried about my fondness for popular music, so he insisted that I study serious music."

Within four months, Janet had developed a range of three octaves, topped off at high C. She was designated a contralto and became soloist with the school's *A Capella* choir, which won many prizes. She was singing operatic arias, and progressing so rapidly that she was hauled off to New York again—this time to sing for a Juilliard School of Music teacher who decided Janet was not a contralto but a dramatic soprano.

"I enjoyed all of it," says Janet, "and, to this day, study opera. But, during high school, I had an especially strong feeling for pop music. During those years, there was a friend of the family, Alex Holden, who was business manager for Hal Kemp. Alex used to pat my head and say, 'When you grow up, you can sing with the band.' Well, I took him seriously and used to dream of the day I'd sing with the Kemp band."

It shouldn't have happened—but it did. The day after Janet was graduated from high school, she had a phone call from Alex Holden. The Kemp band was playing the Stanley Theater in Pittsburgh, just ninety miles away from Altoona. The band was without a singer, and Janet was invited to come down and audition. "I was a fright," she recalls, "dressed in typical Joe College clothes. I wore crepe-soled shoes, bobby-socks, a bunny jacket, and a hat with a Robin Hood feather." That was the way she walked on the Stanley stage to audition before a regular audience—and she was a smash.

"There was a family conference then," Janet says. "Dad didn't like the idea of my singing with a band. He thought I should concentrate on serious music. Mother was on the other side. She thought there was too much sacrifice, and too many years of waiting for success, on the serious side. I'd say it was she who decided me."

She became the band vocalist and, when Kemp opened at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles, he was featuring Janet in the floor show. She drew the attention of the picture studios, but turned down all screen offers. She had decided to stay with the band for at least another season. When the band moved on to San Francisco, Hal Kemp lost his life in a motor accident. Janet returned to Hollywood and was tested and signed to a long contract by Columbia Pictures. She became a film star with her appearance in "My Sister Eileen," co-starred with Rosalind Russell. Janet then starred in many movies, with such well-known actors and actresses as Cary Grant, Rita Hayworth, Louis Hayward and Red Skelton. In 1946, she made a picture whose cast included Sid Caesar.

The picture was "Tars and Spars" and Sid, Janet recalls, "like most of the others in the cast, was in the service. I remember he was gangling and shy. Everyone on the set was crazy about him. We used to coax him to perform during lulls in

shooting the picture. He had a great talent even then. We would talk about him and predict that, if he got the right breaks, he'd develop into a great entertainer. Obviously, he did."

In 1948, Janet refused to sign her movie contract when it came up for renewal. She had tired of playing pretty, bland ingenue roles. Instead, she invited the Blackburn Twins to join her in a new act, spent \$25,000 for costumes, material and special arrangements. Then they toured the top night-club circuits—and were voted the *Billboard* award as the number-one act of 1950. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II caught her act at the Waldorf-Astoria, and persuaded her to take the Nellie Forbush role in the national company of "South Pacific". Since then, she has been seen on stage and television in a variety of roles. This past spring, she returned to Hollywood to make the RKO movie, "Public Pigeon No. 1," with Red Skelton.

It was also this past spring that she made another important decision in her career. She chose between joining Sid Caesar on TV or accepting the lead in a new Broadway musical this fall. Her decision, of course, is TV history. And it will be a memorable fall for husband Nick, too. He will produce his first Broadway play, F. Hugh Herbert's "The Best House in Naples," which will star Mexican actress Katy Jurado.

"We consider ourselves pretty lucky people," says Nick. "We have our health and our work—and, this year, since we'll both be in New York, we should see a lot more of each other."

They moved into their present home a few months after leaving "South Pacific." They moved in without a stick of furniture. Says Janet, "We had to furnish from a teaspoon on up. When I made Nick his first meal here—it was a Pennsylvania dish of sauerkraut, pork and wieners with dumplings (and the dumplings didn't turn out right)—we used a trunk for a table and sat on boxes. It took us two years to get this place furnished."

The apartment has a full kitchen, a living room and bedroom. The bedroom is to the left of the foyer and is dominated by an enormous, seven-by-seven bed covered in red velvet. The headboard, also in red velvet, was designed by Janet. A piece of gold scroll hangs above the headboard, in sharp contrast to the charcoal walls. Nick has suspended a large, white Japanese lantern over the foot of the bed. The drapes, from ceiling to floor, are white with a Grecian-key border. There is an alcove at the far end of the room that holds Janet's vanity and serves as a dressing room. The bathroom has wallpaper illustrated with Grecian architectural designs, and on the floor there is wall-to-wall string carpeting. "Carpeting is very practical here," Janet says. "You figure a tile floor has to be scrubbed two or three times a week. All you have to do is vacuum this."

"Our living room is six rooms in one," Nick says. "We have here a den, office, dining area, television, music and rehearsal hall—as well as the living room itself." It is long with a high ceiling. The drapes are of Italian silk in beige and charcoal. The walls are pearl gray, and the carpet sand-colored. The den part of the room consists of a big corner fireplace with a mirrored mantel, over which is a statue of Alexander the Great. Part-way down the room is a desk, set at right-angles to the

wall. This has served as Nick's office. Beyond the desk is the dining area. The dining set is made of wrought iron, and the chairs are covered with a pink melon fabric. To the other side of the room is a television set, a club-size piano, and a filing cabinet. The corner was a problem to set up: "We must have a filing cabinet for music and scripts—but, of course, it looks out of place."

Nick painted the piano and cabinet and TV set white, then touched them off with sprinklings of gold paint. Above the piano he set in bookshelves with brass standards and shelving of white glass. The door to the terrace opens off this corner. Besides plants and trees, the Mayos keep on the terrace comfortable summer furniture and a charcoal brazier to broil steaks. On summer days, they bring out a circular, twelve-foot plastic pool for paddling. The terrace is actually so large that part has been fenced off! "We thought we could use all that extra space for overflows at parties—but we haven't yet got around to giving a big party."

The Mayos entertain informally and casually. For instance, when friends showed up on a hot summer evening, they found the front door open—but no Mayos. They called and were answered from the terrace. There they found Janet and Nick—in swim suits, with cold drinks—immersed in their pool. "And that's where we had our party," says Janet. "All six of us dunking in the circular pool, toe to toe."

During cooler weather, they spend up to fifteen hours a week watching television. They like conversation about the theater, and there is an authority in the home to settle arguments. Ethel Sayles, whom Janet and Nick call their "house-mother," dates her theatrical experience back to Ziegfeld. Ethel has been with Janet since "South Pacific," and takes over most of the household chores—for Janet's housework is limited to the wee hours of the morning.

"This comes about because I'm out most of the day," Janet explains. "But when night falls I have a terrible time unwinding. At two or three in the morning I'm still walking and walking, reading and reading. That's when I begin to make fudge, clean up ashtrays, or put my closet in order."

As noted earlier, in private life you will never find Janet in baggy pants. She is a comely, chic gal whose taste in clothes has changed considerably since her debut with Hal Kemp. "To be honest about it," she notes, "I have very expensive tastes. I like very good clothes, very simply tailored but very feminine. And what I do buy I wear three times as long as an ordinary dress, so I'm not a spendthrift."

Her jewelry seems to go with the Venus hairdo. She is particularly proud of a diamond and pearl bracelet which was a gift from Rodgers and Hammerstein. Nick gave her earrings to match the bracelet—on his birthday. "Janet always gives me such wonderful things," he explains, "that I don't feel right about opening a package myself unless she has one to open, too."

"We don't believe in gifts for just anniversaries and birthdays," says Janet. "We give presents because it's Wednesday, or because the sun's shining—or because it isn't." It can be expected that the Mayos will have much occasion for real celebration this year, when the viewing public has had a good chance to appraise Janet Blair as Sid Caesar's new "wife" on television!

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A Guy Like Gene

(Continued from page 42)

Schrafft's. "I wake up slow," he says, "and as I look out the window onto the concrete court, I think I must be nuts to be sleeping in a one-room apartment when I could be home with my family and trees."

Gene really lives in a ten-room, Dutch Colonial house on a shaded street in Mamaroneck. The house is white, with turquoise shutters. It is thirty years old and has belonged to the Rayburns for five. In the front yard there are fine old silver maples. In back of the house are two giants, a sixty-foot sassafras and an eighty-five-foot pine. Azaleas and rhododendron and laurel frame the house. There are lilac bushes along the driveway which leads into a two-car, three-bicycle garage. The Rayburns are an ingenious family. They ride bicycles, fly airplanes, renovate homes, paint china, and study piano, voice and guitar. Some of these things they do separately; some they do as a family. Gene and Helen have made a good thing of their marriage. They fell in love when Gene was a page boy at NBC and was making \$15 a week. Helen Ticknor, a very pretty brownette, was then a model.

She was a Texas beauty, even though she was born in Calgary, Canada, and raised in Gary, Indiana—her family moved to Texas when she was in her teens. She had been in New York a year when she met Gene. Helen recalls: "I had a friend at NBC—matter of fact, he was Gene's boss. I went by to pick up some tickets for a Toscanini concert. I didn't even meet Gene."

Gene, an innocent onlooker, was side-swiped by her eyelashes and asked his boss to get him a date. It was set up, and then Gene dated her for thirty times in a row. The second month of dating, they began to shop for furniture—at which point, Helen observed, "You haven't asked me to marry you yet." He did, and she accepted immediately. "It was practically love at first sight," she says. "His sense of humor intrigued me. He was and is gay and great fun. And then there was that gentleness of his."

Three months after they met, January 1, 1940, they were married at The Little Church Around the Corner, the favorite church of many New York actors and actresses. Gene was earning \$25 a week. It wasn't much money, but Gene knew how to get by. He had been on his own in New York for three years.

Gene was born December 22, 1917, in Christopher, Illinois. He grew up in Chicago. His father died when he was just eight months old. His mother remarried two years later. His stepfather was a machinist. "No one in the family had anything to do with show business," Gene recalls, "but I had a yen for the theater. I was in all school plays from kindergarten on. I was Robin Hood, George Washington—and I got rave notices as Mr. Stubbs in 'Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.'"

The weird Rayburn mishaps began when Gene was four years old. A car ran right across his stomach. He was in the hospital for two days and was then discharged. Another typical Gene Rayburn incident occurred when he starred as Robin Hood. He had to shoot an arrow into the air. But he aimed low. One version has it that he hit a teacher, who pitched forward and knocked over a bottle of hair lotion. Another version, rather on the tame side, goes that he put the arrow through a bass drum. History may

decide among these divergent rumors.

At home, Gene heard his mother sing as she cooked. That's where he developed a liking for both operatic music and chicken paprika. From his stepfather, he learned to work with tools. He had a younger stepbrother and stepsister and so, as the oldest child, Gene developed a sense of responsibility.

In Lindbloom High School, though he also learned to take a car apart, his chief pursuit was dramatics—he wanted to go on to a university which had a good dramatic school, but he had no money. He had a fine reputation in high school and his popularity won him the class presidency. He got a part-scholarship to Knox College in Galesburg, and he was there briefly. He registered late and was scheduled into some advanced courses. This, along with the necessity of finding jobs to pay for his room and board and other necessities, just about drove him into the ground. He passed all his subjects, but lost his part-scholarship.

At eighteen, on his own, he went to New York to become an actor. Just last February, Gene Rayburn starred in a Robert Montgomery Presents teleplay, "The Man Who Vanished." He received good reviews—so, the following week, when he was toastmaster at his high-school reunion, he led off by saying, "Twenty years ago, I went down to New York to get a job as an actor. Last week, I got it."

But, twenty years ago, it was considered quite an achievement for a youngster to get a job as page boy at NBC. It was an auspicious beginning for many careers. Others serving at the same time with Gene were Dave Garroway and Earl Wrightson—but none was more memorable than Gene. He achieved many "first and only's." Gene is the first and only person to go swimming in the Rockefeller Plaza fountain. In his shorts. And under the shadow of the statue of Prometheus, a Greek Titan without shorts. It happened early on a summer morning: "We had been celebrating. We had been celebrating payday. As I said, we got \$15 a week, and got paid every two weeks. So, when payday came, it was really a cause to celebrate. Anyway, we were up most of the night. Youth, you know. And I didn't have time to go back to my apartment for a shower. There was the pool of water. No one using it. No one around. It was perfectly logical, so I stepped in and went for a swim."

He was pulled out by a guard, but the guard didn't report him. This is one of Gene's fortunate characteristics: His charm is such that seldom does anyone take offense at his outrageous stunts.

About the time Gene married Helen, he graduated into an announcing job with WGN in Newburgh, New York. A year and a half later, he went to WITH in Baltimore and then to WFIL in Philadelphia, stealthily working his way back to Manhattan. "We had fun in those days. Never much money, but lots of fun. We ate whatever was on sale. If pork were on sale, we bought enough pork for a month. If it were coffee, we drank coffee."

Gene and Helen were doing-it-themselves when many people still thought nuts and bolts were a vaudeville team. When their car needed overhauling, Gene decided he would show Helen how to grind the valves yourself. And he almost did. He got the car apart, then discovered he didn't have the tools to put it back together. A garage had to pick up the car, piece by piece, and take it back to the

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service station for professional assembly. Gene had arrived at WNEW in New York when his daughter was born. That was October 5, 1942. Shortly after, he decided to enlist in the air cadets. He sold his furniture, car, bicycle, books, but decided to keep his wife and infant. Helen, for the course of the war, chose to live with her mother in San Antonio. Gene went into the Air Force, as he recalls, "with a radio slouch—my feet pointed out and my nose pointed down. I was a perfect example of un-military posture."

At graduation from cadet training, his wife and an old friend, Bill Patterson, were on hand. They have never forgotten the ceremony. Some of the cadets were graduated with special honors in various courses—but Gene was cited for "best military record." In the graduation audience, two people exploded with laughter. They were, of course, Gene's wife and friend. He graduated a bombardier-navigator. He was at B-29 Gunnery School, preparing for overseas assignment, when the Japanese got word that Rayburn was coming and gave up.

As a civilian again—and again with the best radio slouch—Gene became quite famous in New York. As host on an early-morning show, his off-beat humor had New Yorkers choking on their coffee. Jack Lescoulie worked as his partner on WNEW. "It was a ball," Jack recalls. "Gene, like any really funny man, is unpredictable. And a screwball. I remember one morning he came in, complained of being tired, and lay down on the floor. He refused to get up. For two hours, he did the show from a prone position." Subsequently, Lescoulie left WNEW. Gene took on a new partner and continued with *The Rayburn And Finch Show*.

When Gene went to WRCA, NBC's flagship station, to do *The Gene Rayburn Show*, three Scotch bagpipers marched around Rockefeller Center in his honor and the NBC page staff turned out in military formation to welcome him back.

During these years, Gene lived in Manhattan. He prefers Manhattan to any other place in the world and would prefer to live there. He moved to the country mainly for the sake of his daughter Lynn: "Lynn had been in a half-dozen different schools, and seldom did any of her classmates live within a mile of us. It was a question of finding a home where she could settle down for a while."

Lynn is bright, cheerful, and tall for her age. She stands five-seven. She takes after both her father and mother, personality-wise, for Helen Rayburn not only appreciates Gene's humor but can dish it out, too. During a summer vacation at Nantucket, the Rayburns and Burr Tillstrom were neighbors. Helen and Tillstrom clowned around with the voices, and Helen came up with a funny character by the name of Polly Bradford. That fall, she came on Gene's show once a week to do the part.

"During those years, I got up at four A.M.," Gene says. "The great thing about Helen was that she got up with me." Helen says simply, "I thought we wouldn't have any life together unless we kept the same hours. I'll bet I was the only woman in New York who had all her housework finished by seven in the morning."

Helen is very interested in art. She studies textiles and China painting. She has done much of the decorating of her home, although she and Gene agree on a love of old furniture and fine woods. She is particularly fond of cheerful colors, and uses a lot of yellow. The walls of the living room and sunroom are lemon-yellow. The living room runs the full length of the house. It is furnished like a French

country house—or in "Rayburn Provençal." There are some very fine old pieces, including a three-tier 18th-century English bookcase. There is a fireplace in one wall and the room itself is handsome, but the Rayburns spend most of their time on the sun porch, which is glassed-in for year-around use. Here is a piano. Both Lynn and Helen take lessons. The piano is placed in the middle of the sunroom against a divider which Gene made. The divider runs ceiling-high, with open shelves. The base is a huge cabinet holding their television and phonograph and radio.

Gene has contributed both labor and skill to the task of home decoration. He is a very good carpenter. There was a "corny Spanish" archway leading into the living room, but Gene removed it and squared it off. He has lathe-turned ornate rungs to replace broken rungs on their fine dining chairs. The furniture in the dining room is Jacobean.

Behind the dining room is an extra-large kitchen. When the Rayburns first married, Gene was the better cook, but now Helen has surpassed him. He has two favorite dishes, kidney stew and devil's-food cake. But, generally, he doesn't pay too much attention to the table. He explains, "I'm a firm believer that people eat too much. I don't overdo it."

Their master bedroom is large and serves as a combination living-bedroom. There is a TV receiver there and a couple of chairs for reading. The chairs are covered in bright yellow and the walls are pale green. The chests, high and low, and the side tables are in fruit wood. Daughter Lynn's room, down the hall, is in "Rayburn Do-It-Yourself." Gene built in a wall-to-wall vanity complete with drawers, and a special cabinet-shelf near Lynn's bed. She has her own desk and a huge bulletin board. There is pink-striped wallpaper. Many of Lynn's own drawings have been framed and hung. Among her souvenirs, on her vanity table, is a typical fan picture of Gene which he autographed to her in fun and which she obviously treasures.

Lynn and Helen and Gene enjoy being together. They bicycle and swim together in the summer. They ski together—although Helen describes herself as "the Queen of the Lower Slopes." Both Gene and Helen can fly a plane, and Lynn hopes to do so. The Rayburns don't deny that they have a lot of fun, but they have their troubles, too. Gene was very ill with hepatitis for three months last year. For a man whose motor is usually racing, the illness was murder. That was when his fans tried to repay him for the laughs he had given them. He got thousands of get-well cards and gifts. One admirer even sent him a live snake for a laugh. (And Gene laughed.) Gene spent two-and-a-half of the three months in his own bedroom. He figures Helen must have brought up a thousand trays to him. He continued to do his weather forecast on *Tonight* by radio "remote," while a couple of show girls chalked up the map in the studio.

This past Spring, Helen went to the hospital for a minor operation. Gene visited her every day for several hours and, before she got home, arranged to have new drapes hung in the living room and arranged bouquets of flowers all over the house. "I'm Gene's best fan," says Helen. "I think he's wonderful. He's immaculately honest. His aims are high. He reveres a greatness of spirit in people." She concludes, "The public labels show business as 'glamorous,' but it's lonely, too. I would be pretty desperate—if I weren't married to a guy like Gene."

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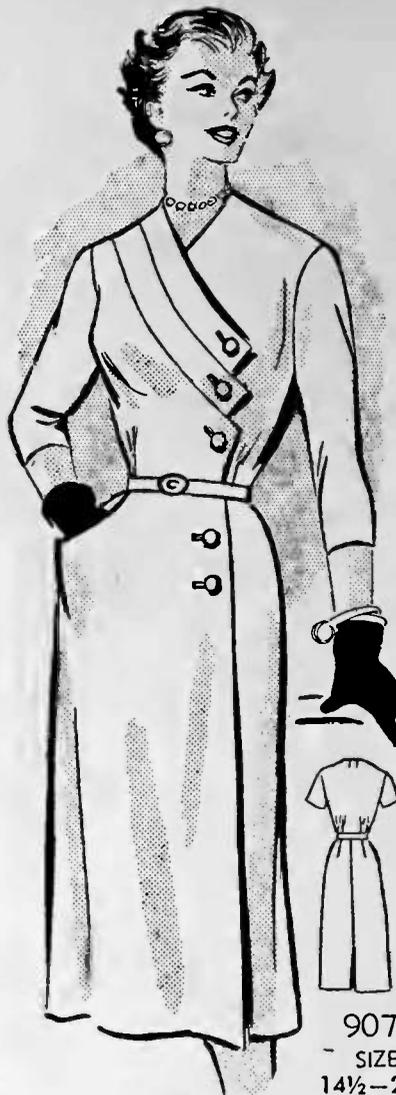
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The Spirit of Romance

(Continued from page 35)

past few years. Nina has helped greatly."

Mrs. Lipton is the former Nina Foch—and still Nina Foch, the actress. When she catches Jim disappearing, she laughs him right out of it. He says, "I have an insincere smile that I use when I'm lost—you know I'm thinking about something else. Maybe Nina says something and I give her this smile. Well, she knows what it means and she mimics me. And she won't quit. I gave up smoking for gum-chewing and, when I get lost, I get to chewing pretty hard—and she mimics this, too. She keeps it up for ten minutes or more. Until she gets me laughing. And then she mimics my laugh!"

The Liptons have been married since June 12, 1954, and they have a good marriage. Both are artists and individualists, but they make a successful go of their marriage. "Nina has her day, too," Jim notes. "She doesn't get lost as I do, but she can blow up like a summer storm. She can have an emotional explosion which stuns me—and then, a minute later, be as happy as a lark. Of course, I'm in favor of the explosion. Nina was too shy when we first married. She gave in too easily. I was always saying, 'Now are you sure you want to go there?'"

Jim puts as much thought into his marriage as he does into his career. And most of the time his motor is running. He usually has a half-dozen projects going. During the past year, he continued his studies, finished an original play, adapted a Moliere play and then directed it. He's been Dick Grant in both the radio and TV versions of *The Guiding Light*. Nina also leads a hectic life. "Sometimes we don't see each other to talk to until weekends," Jim says ruefully. "Or we may meet at a class in the evening and say 'good morning' for the first time."

Jim's schedule is a full one. He is at the TV studio at 8:45 A.M. for *The Guiding Light* rehearsals. The show goes on at 12:45. He's off the air at one, of course. But, until just recently, there was then a mad dash to rehearse and broadcast the radio version of *The Guiding Light*. At this writing, a good part of his afternoon is still devoted to TV rehearsals for the next day's show. In the evenings, there are voice lessons with Arthur Lessac, fencing lessons, ballet, gymnastics, and modern dance. He will probably run into Nina at the ballet class, or at 11:30 P.M. in Harold Clurman's acting workshop. They are at Clurman's until two in the morning. It makes for a frenetic life, but things are accomplished—and the marriage works.

"I figure a good marriage has two possibilities," he says. "There is one in which one person, usually the man, calls all the turns and the wife keeps up the home. Or there is our kind, where we are making a continual and conscious effort to live equally and share the burdens. What I mean is: Whoever gets out of bed last in the morning makes it. At dinner time, we work together in the kitchen, eat and clean up together."

They have been living in a two-and-a-half-room apartment at Seventy-second Street and Park Avenue. Any way you look at it, Park Avenue is a far cry from Jim's beginning. "As a kid," Jim recalls, "I lived in a tough neighborhood. The school I went to was the second toughest in all of Detroit. We had thievery. Sluggings. Knifings. It was tough."

Jim was born in Detroit, September 9, 1926. His parents separated when he was three. He was raised wholly by his mother. She is a college graduate who then taught

grade school and worked as a librarian. "She is a splendid woman," Jim says. "I am very indebted to her. She was the good influence in my life."

Because his mother worked, Jim was alone much of the time. She provided him with books, but it didn't keep him out of the streets. "The gangs did a lot of fighting," he remembers. "My behavior wasn't the best. However, I drew the line at dishonesty." This wasn't easy during Depression days, for Mrs. Lipton and son were poor as church mice. They lived on skimpy rations. They had no luxuries.

The summer he was thirteen, Jim Lipton got his first job. He worked in a photo-engraving plant at twelve dollars a week. He washed photographic glass in nitric acid. This turned his hands yellow—but that was nothing compared to the pain when he frequently cut his hands on chipped or broken plates of glass and the acid got into the wound. Another chore was to sweep up. He was at this job, near the end of the summer, when his job vanished. He was sweeping up the floor—and suddenly there was no floor. The plant had blown up. Luckily for Jim, he wasn't hurt.

"That was the year we moved, too," he recalls. "To a very small apartment, but in a better neighborhood. We had been living with my grandparents, and it was the first year my mother and I had any kind of privacy. When Christmas came, I insisted that we had to have a tree. Well, there was only a quarter for the tree, so I put off shopping until late Christmas Eve, when prices come down."

He had acquired one string of six lights, one box of small colored balls and one box of icicles. What Jim got for his quarter was a tree that stood about six-foot high with five or six branches—and about as many needles to each branch. This he took home and, together with his mother, he hung the balls and draped the tinsel. They strung the lights vertically, straight up the trunk.

"Mother and I played it straight, too. We both admired the tree and said, 'How wonderful!' Christmas morning, one of my uncles came over and we showed him the ridiculous-looking tree. He said nothing. He sat down. His mouth was working and he was trying to control himself, but he couldn't. He burst out laughing. He was staring at the tree and laughing. Then I laughed and so did Mother. We laughed till we fell out of our chairs."

From the age of ten, Jim's ambition was to be a lawyer. That year, his mother had been ill. He was sent away, to spend the summer with an uncle in California. The uncle was an attorney and—compared with Jim's Detroit home—lived in great luxury. So Jim decided he, too, would study law. In grade and high schools, however, he worked in dramatic productions. Ernie Ricca, now a New Yorker and director of *The Romance Of Helen Trent*, was head of production at Detroit's Station WWJ. He heard Jim, who was sixteen, on a high-school radio show and invited him to audition for professional work. Within a year, Jim was making about sixty dollars a week as the nephew of *The Lone Ranger*.

Continuing his radio work, Jim enrolled in an accelerated pre-legal course at Wayne University and was a sophomore when he enlisted as an air cadet. That was during World War II. Jim was still a cadet when the war ended a year later, and he was discharged before winning his wings. "I went back to Detroit for a week," he remembers. "Just one week. I couldn't

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stay there much longer. There were too many unpleasant memories. So I went on to New York." That was in December of 1945. He auditioned for radio work and tried to enroll at Columbia University in a pre-law course. Columbia, overcrowded with New York veterans, turned him down. But, within two weeks, he had three substantial roles in network daytime dramas. He had a part in *Just Plain Bill* and the romantic lead in both *David Harum* and *The Strange Romance Of Evelyn Winters*.

"It was another year," Jim says, "before I completely gave up the idea of studying law. It was about 1947 that I became earnest about the theater. I began to cut down on my radio work so that I could study acting. I studied with Stella Adler, a wonderful teacher. I studied French three evenings a week for two years. The study still goes on and I've been getting the equivalent of a college education. For example, I have a list of classics to be read. I'm working down that list. I haven't read a contemporary book in a couple of years."

Jim Lipton has been succeeding as an actor. He has also made two movies. In 1950, he went to Greece to play the lead in the film, "Wheel of Fire," and followed this up with another, "The Big Break"—in which he was on the screen for all but three minutes. On Broadway, he has played in Lillian Hellman's "The Autumn Garden" and has held the lead in "Dark Legend." He has been Dr. Grant in *The Guiding Light* for four years. He's played in about every night-time TV dramatic show.

He met Nina on a TV set. "That was the production of 'The Skin of Our Teeth.' Of course, I couldn't help noting the particulars about Nina. She's a beauty. Blue-eyed. Blond. Pale skin. A beautiful figure. But she's a fine actress, and then it was all business. We just worked together."

It was thirteen months before they met again. Nina was out of the city frequently. When Jim finally got through on the phone, she had a bad cold. A few days later, he phoned again. She still had the cold but allowed Jim to call. Another couple of dates and there was a spark. Time passed and the spark flamed and they married. The double-ring ceremony took place on a Saturday in Brooklyn.

"I was working on *The Guiding Light* until late Friday," Jim recalls, "and then I had five days off. We wanted to marry on Saturday but couldn't find a judge to perform the ceremony. Most of them seem to play golf on Saturday. Finally, our attorney found a judge in Brooklyn who had a late date to tee off."

Nina has said that Jim impressed her from the very beginning with his thoughtfulness. He didn't merely bring flowers. He first spun them into a gilded bird cage which held a colorful toy bird. And usually there was a reason behind the gift. Nina, although she has lived in the United States since she was eight, was born in Leyden, Holland. Her mother was an American actress and musical comedy star; her father, a distinguished Dutch musical conductor. In tribute to Nina's Dutch ancestry, Jim gave her colorful old Dutch maps.

It's impossible to move a foot, anywhere in the apartment, without finding something intriguing to catch the eye. For example, in the living room there are a fork and spoon framed behind glass and hung on the wall—the utensils came from the personal table of George Bernard Shaw. The fork and spoon are ringed by original Daumier lithographs. There are a couple of plaques. One is Nina's Academy Award nomination. The other belongs to Jim and

is the TV RADIO MIRROR Award for Favorite Daytime Actor. (Nina wears the gold medal which came with this Award, on her bracelet.) There is a scrawny but beautiful candelabra which holds fifteen candles. There is a Venetian map which is 400 years old. The walls are covered with maps, prints, mementoes and paintings—some by Nina. Jim brought a vase from Greece that is 2500 years old and it is on the shelf of a French cabinet which dates back to 1640. In the casement of the window above the cabinet is a plant that stands better than five feet tall.

"That's a *fatshedera*—and Nina's pride," Jim explains. "When she goes away for a time, she makes me solemnly swear that I will water it daily. You see, Nina has never had luck with plants. This is the first that insisted on growing, and she has become close to it. Once there was soil lice in the plant, and as much as the lice upset her, she stood by the plant and refused to throw it out. We finally killed the lice without harming the plant."

Their apartment is about six floors above the street. The walls are white with a touch of pink. The carpeting is green. Generally speaking, the apartment is furnished with antiques—English, Italian, French. Although it is as handsome as it is intriguing, the Liptons are getting crowded. In the bedroom, for example, is a stack of cartons that reaches to the ceiling.

"That was my Christmas gift to Nina," Jim explains. "I gave her a complete dark-room. Rather the *equipment* for a dark-room. It's never been unpacked except to look at, for there's no place to set it up."

Because they are crowded, they will be moving into a larger apartment—in a building now nearing completion. It will have an extra bedroom which Jim will use for his writing. And it will have a larger kitchen, important for Nina.

"She is an excellent cook," Jim says. "You can tell that with just a glance at her spice and condiment shelf. I like to help in the kitchen and she is teaching me. She calls me her second chef. I'm allowed to slice onions, shell peas, stir things, turn the meat over and baste. I am permitted to make only mashed potatoes by myself."

On Nina's recent Hollywood trip, she spent four months working in Cecil B. DeMille's "The Ten Commandments." Jim was home on the range alone. As a matter of fact, the day after Nina flew out, a delivery boy came calling with a gift from her. It was a cookbook for Jim, inscribed, "Now you're on your own." And he did prepare many of his own meals while she was away. He even invented a few recipes involving peanut butter—peanut butter spread over a steak before broiling, or peanut butter baked on corn on the cob. Nina was a little horrified at some of these experiments.

"We used to talk to each other every night," Jim says. "We always try to, wherever we are. When Nina was in California, we talked an hour to an hour-and-a-half every evening. Came to hundreds of dollars each month. But, after all, if a marriage is going to succeed, you can't let distance keep you apart."

This is one aspect of their lives which makes for problems. Jim stays close to New York, but Nina must go out of the city for weeks or months at a time—with a show, to make a picture or a personal appearance, to work in a summer theater. So it's hard to plan for the larger home they want, the children they hope to have. But anyone who knows Jim and Nina Lipton also knows that these problems will be worked out, too—in the same spirit of romance and understanding which has already marked their courtship and marriage in the hectic world of show business.

Ernie Ford & Co.

(Continued from page 24)

five years the land would be ours." But the car broke down in Betty's home town of San Bernardino, California. Using his past experience, Ernie sold himself to the local radio station as a hillbilly disc jockey.

Shortly thereafter, Station KXLA in near-by Pasadena offered him a better salary. KXLA was Ernie's big break—for there he met his manager and present producer, Cliffie Stone. Cliffie had a show called *Hometown Jamboree*. Just for the fun of it, Ernie frequently dropped in on Cliffie to clown around and sing a song or two.

It had been a short six months since Ernie's discharge from the Army—and since the Fords' homesteading trip to Alaska had been interrupted.

Today, more than six years later, Ernie's career has taken off like a 'possum up a tree—the pea-picker with a smile as warm and welcome as a fireplace on a cold winter's night has become a familiar TV guest in 40,000,000 homes across the country. Though "Ernie-isms" are not yet being included in Webster's dictionary, they certainly have become a part of the American language.

Today, too, Betty's and Ernie's goal of a ranch on which to raise their two boys, Buck, 7, and Brion, 3½, has been realized. The ranch, though not in Alaska, is situated in Clear Lake, California, a 540-acre spread of lush meadow and trees, filled with deer and quail, a Government-engineered dam and lake stocked with fish, a new barn filled with registered Hereford cattle, a fieldstone house with a thirty-foot living room, and a "south 40" filled with alfalfa—on which the deer come nightly to feed.

The problem that faces Ernie is this: Although television has given him the wherewithal to buy and stock such a ranch, it is also television's demands which keep him from spending as much time there with his sons as he'd like. To meet this problem, Ernie has set a schedule for himself that fills his life like a three-decker sandwich. He feels that five 12-hour days a week are enough to devote to any career; the rest of the time he has definitely set aside for his family. Summer vacations, for example, are spent on the ranch with Betty and the boys. When Ernie's son Buck was asked recently what the family did all summer, he replied, "We swam and fished. The first day I caught four blue-gill and a catfish. Daddy didn't catch nothin'."

Betty reports that 3½-year-old Brion wanted to go fishing with his older brother Buck and Daddy, too. "But half the morning had gone by," she says, "and Buck had four blue-gill on the landing and Brion didn't have anything—and his face began to grow as long and sad as one of our cows. Then Ford whispered to Buck that the next fish he caught ought to be put on Brion's line. That's when the big catfish came along. Ernie held Brion's attention for a few minutes while Buck switched the catch. Brion, suddenly aware of the tugging, reeled in 'his' fish. Landing it on the dock, he exclaimed 'Boy! Look at this one. It's got Santa Claus whiskers.'

"As for myself," continues Betty, "this is my fourth year at trying to water ski—or should I say the fourth year of being dragged through the water head-first?"

During the early part of the summer, Gene Cooper, foreman of the Ford ranch, went down into the city for a few days, to shop for ranch necessities, and Ernie

was left to look after the stock. "All except the cow," he says. "Gene took her down to the neighbors and they milked her when they got up at 5 A.M. For the past year, I've been getting up at 5 A.M. for my early-morning show—and that milk call didn't seem right somehow.

"But I did spend my days feeding and watering the horses, chickens and pigs," Ernie continues. "We have two sows—Tinker Bell and Miss Pea Picker, the boys named them—and they just go crazy when you sprinkle 'em down. I can say one thing about ranching and farming today: The tools we have to work with make it a lot more modernistic than when I was on my Daddy's farm as a boy. We have tractors and all new-fangled equipment. When I was a boy, we hauled logs with a yoke and two oxen."

Ernie and his sons find pleasure in something as simple as watching a young fawn cautiously steal out of the woods at dusk to enjoy an appetizing dinner in Ernie's alfalfa field. "I took Buck and Brion down into the pine grove one evening," says Ernie, "and we waited for about twenty minutes—when out came a fawn, ears up and eyes wide. I think I can safely say Buck's eyes were wider than the fawn's, and Brion's wider still."

Even during the season when they're not on the ranch, Ernie and the boys spend their Saturday afternoons down at Fisherman's Corner, a sporting goods store run by Ernie's friends, Dusty Rhodes and Paul Niester. They walk around picking out lead sinkers and colorful new fishing plugs. The two owners grow crickets for bait, and this glassed-in enclosure keeps the boys entranced for hours. It's a well-spent afternoon for them, and Ernie, too. The boys' reaction when they come home every Saturday evening is: "Boy, did we have some fun today." Ernie carbon-copies these sentiments.

The family spends as much time as they can in outdoor living at their ranch-type house in Whittier, California. Ernie is a good cook—in fact, a specialist in the field of barbecuing (one of his favorite well-thumbed books is "Chefs of the West"). He's such an expert that, when he goes hunting with his friends in Utah, he's elected camp cook. And, at home, both Buck and Brion love to barbecue. Their first question, Saturday and Sunday mornings, is: "When are we going to make the fire?"

Brion, getting hungry toward evening, said to Ernie recently, "Daddy, I want a cookie."

"It's to close to dinner," Ernie said.

"What we gonna have?"

"Barbecued chicken."

Said Brion, "I'll wait!"

When they aren't at the ranch, Betty, Ernie and the boys spend weekends touring Southern California. The boys especially look forward to this, because it means a ride in Ernie's new Thunderbird or Ford convertible. If the barbecue hasn't been set up for the day, Brion asks, "Daddy, do we get a ride in the Fode?" And Buck calls the racy little sportster a "Thunderboard."

On a recent weekend trip to Santa Barbara, Betty and Ernie made a new addition to the family, in the form of Bubbles, a purebred English bulldog. "Bubbles' grandfather," says Betty, "was champion Honest John. When I saw her in the kennel, I couldn't resist her, so I bought her. Ernie's always said he didn't want any dogs in the house until the children were a little older—but Bubbles, in spite of her face, is as gentle as she is ugly.

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Besides, she's big enough to take care of herself with the kids. However, Ernie has been won over. He always puts a special bone on the fire for the dog—Bubbles is as big a fan of the barbecue as the kids are. Ernie's only objection to the dog now is that, when her stomach's full, Bubbles snores."

Because Ernie originally had not wanted a dog, he thought he'd "get even" with Betty and, at Christmas, presented her with a gag gift—a baby burro by the name of Jewel. The gag was on Ernie, because Jewel ate the oranges off his six orange trees and devoured all the foliage and shrubs around the house—including Ernie's prized imported Hawaiian tree fern, which Jewel ate right down to the roots. Jewel has since moved to the wide open spaces on a friend's Palm Springs ranch, leaving Bubbles the unquestioned queen of the household.

Given a free moment in the summer, Ernie would spend it swimming in the family pool. When the weather turns cold, he'll take out one of his deer guns and give it a good cleaning with a promise for use. "Or," says Betty, "Ford and I will talk about the ranch . . . that seems to be our main preoccupation."

But whether he's at the ranch or plan-

ning with Betty how it will continue to play a growing part in their future, Ernie's thoughts revolve around the day he will be able to spend full-time on his 540 acres with the boys.

If you were to draw a personality picture of Tennessee Ernie Ford, you'd find he fits the role of down-to-earth rancher as well as that of a Hollywood television star. His first thoughts in the morning are more concerned with the going price of hogs than with his own TV rating. It's almost more important to him to find that a new calf has been born than to know that his sponsors renewed his contract. And the fact that his young bull recently had a fever was more of a catastrophe to Ernie than that his morning TV show was pre-empted by the political conventions.

To Tennessee Ernie, a handful of rich earth is just as important—if not more so—than a fistful of nice, green paper money. In fact, every morning, as he drives to work down the Hollywood Freeway in his new Ford, listening to the Farm Reporter on the car radio, he thinks to himself that he's going down the long road that will ultimately take him home . . . to the little bit of Tennessee he's planted on his Clear Lake ranch in Northern California.

Home Girl

(Continued from page 26)

occasion, Doris's husband Larry has the kind of handsomely happy face that always looks comically pleasant. Larry couldn't look glum if he tried. "Doris," he repeated, with a worried note in his voice, "I think Danny's got the mumps." Doris's happy humming stopped. "Oh, no!"

"Yes . . . look." And Danny—with Larry's hand on top of his head—peeked around the side of his father's leg, blinking at his mother. His jaws, just beginning to puff, gave him the look of a pale-faced chipmunk.

Doris's thoughts of a vacation flew. Rushing to his side, she exclaimed, "Oh, Danny!" Kneeling beside him, she gently placed one long, delicate hand against his now-round cheek. "Does it hurt?"

"No," said Danny. Having never heard of mumps, he was rather pleased he had something nobody else in the house could lay claim to.

"How do you feel?" asked Doris. "Fine—can I have a peanut-butter sandwich?" Oblivious to the fact that he was suffering from his first childhood disease, Danny still had a growing boy's appetite.

An hour later, the doctor had come and gone, verified the diagnosis, and emphatically told Doris and Larry that Danny had to stay in bed from five to ten days. There went the poolside vacation. Ten minutes after the doctor left, Danny was propped up in bed, peanut-butter sandwich in hand, his automatic record-player on one side, his teddy-bear in arms, a portable TV set blaring in front of him . . . and Doris beside him reading Pogo, the family's favorite comic strip. It was then 11:30 A.M. Doris could be seen singing on the kinescoped Tennessee Ernie Ford Show.

After her last number, it was plain to see that Ernie enjoyed Doris's singing. "Thank you, Doris," he said, his voice booming into Danny's bedroom—as Doris continued recounting Pogo's exploits. "Thank you, that was wonderful."

Doris is, in fact, as sweet, simple and charming on Ernie's daytime show as she is at home with her young son Danny. So often, the star of a show like Tennessee Ernie's will thank his featured performers simply out of habit. But Ernie's daily program, though it is relaxed and easygoing,

is not entirely an ad-lib show. So, when Ernie takes an extra few seconds to introduce Doris—and then, at the end of her number, to thank her for the way she has moved him with her song—you know he is sincere.

"Wholesome' is the word for Doris," says executive producer Cliffie Stone. "Just like Ernie, she is one of the most unaffected performers I've ever met. And that's not an easy quality to find in professionals—we auditioned fifty girls before we found Doris. I knew, the minute she started singing, that she was the one for us. . . . Besides her wonderful personality, Doris is a more than capable singer. She can deliver a ballad as well as a novelty tune. And, because she's taken the trouble to learn how to read music, Doris is a quick study. You'd be surprised at the number of professional singers who can't read music, relying on their ear to pick out the tune. Not Doris—and she therefore saves us rehearsal time.

"Most important," Stone continues, "Doris is one of the most cooperative people I've ever worked with. Take our novelty numbers, for example. Once we did a tune called 'Mississippi Mud,' where we opened on Doris and Molly Bee sitting on a mock levee with their bare feet in a tray of mud. Some singers might hesitate to go along with this because they feel it makes them look unglamorous. Not Molly nor Doris. Another time, we asked Doris to sing a farm song while milking a cow on stage. Doris milked and sang. . . . We even had her sing a duet with Ernie while holding a squealing piglet! As executive producer, I think I can safely say: If you want to know how cooperative a performer can be, just once ask him or her to sing a duet while holding a pig. . . . Doris never complains. She just smiles—and sings."

Larry, her handsome husband, says, "It's hard for me to describe Doris's personality in one word. But, if I had to, I'd say she is warmhearted. Take our vacation with the mumps, for example . . . she was disappointed, sure—but you'd never guess it by watching her. She spent every minute with Danny. . . . And it wasn't easy—because Danny never knew he was sick. He still had plenty of energy, and keeping him in bed for five days took ingenuity.

T
V
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"I only learned, after it was all over, that Doris had never had the mumps! But it didn't faze her—she was with Danny every second because he needed her attention. . . . She always has great patience with Danny, who is now going through the 'Why, why, why?' stage. I have to admit that sometimes when he asks me, 'Why?'—I simply say, 'Because. . .' and let it go at that. But not Doris. She gives him an answer. It may be over his head, but she says that what he doesn't understand won't hurt him."

Tennessee Ernie's popular songstress was born in San Antonio, Texas, August 23, 1930. Doris recalls her family as the happiest in town, and attributes it to music. Both her brothers were interested in music, and her mother was a competent pianist. "When I was about four," Doris recalls, "my brother Henry brought all the musicians in town to our place on week-ends for jam sessions. My mother encouraged Henry's interest—feeling, I imagine, that it was best to have her son in sight. I well remember those summer Sundays in the big living room, with my brother and his friends beating out a jazz classic—and Mother at the piano."

"Saturdays and Sundays, my mother had open house for San Antonio's musicmakers, and I'm sure I absorbed a great deal of musical knowledge sitting by her piano, with my brother Henry—and the famous Mel Winters of Henry Busse's orchestra—all stomping out a jazz tempo . . . and my little four-year-old foot stomping in time along with them."

Doris' father, an architect, died when she was still quite young and, in later summers, she was sent to live with her uncles and aunts on their near-by ranches. "My grandmother had ten children," Doris says with a smile, "so there were always plenty of ranches." Her fondest memories of those early days are going swimming, in the swimmin' hole, and fishing. "We used to seine for 'minnahs,'" Doris says with her graceful Texas drawl, "and, at night, my uncle and I set hand lines for catfish. I was so eager to see how many we caught I could hardly sleep. We would get up at five A.M., just as it grew light, to pull in the lines—and have fresh catfish for breakfast."

"I still love catfish—fish of any kind for that matter," she adds, "and I still love to fish. I like to go barefoot, too. When we moved to California, I was afraid I'd have to wear shoes—even in the house. But Californians are just as relaxed as Texans. Isn't that wonderful?"

The first time Doris had an audience—bigger than the gang gathered at the jam session in her living room—was in elementary school. She sang at every assembly and auditorium call. But the first big reaction to her singing ability came when she entered Brackenridge High School. "When I first transferred over from junior high," says Doris, "the teachers asked us if we had any special talents. I told someone I could sing. Later, I was called on to sing for the first general assembly."

"None of my classmates had heard me before, because we had come from different schools. I was a little bit nervous when I first stepped out on the stage—after all, this was the first time I'd sung for such a large group of 'adults' (I considered the seniors to be grown-up), and I wanted very much to please them. When I finished my song, the kids cheered. And, the next day, my picture was on the front page of the school paper. The caption read: 'Brackenridge High School's own Dinah Shore!' I was never more thrilled or proud."

Doris's first professional job came as a result of a beauty contest—she won the title of "Miss Arthur Murray" and was

offered a job teaching dancing in the local studio. But Doris didn't want to dance, she wanted to sing, so she turned the offer down. Shortly after that, the owner of the Kit Kat Club in San Antonio—remembering Doris from the contest—asked her if she would like to sing part-time in his club. She accepted. When Doris was graduated from high school in 1945, she sang for the officers' club at the Gunther Hotel in San Antonio. Then the urge to get closer to show business brought her for the first time to Hollywood . . . where she promptly won first prize in a talent contest, competing against 3,000 other girls—and winning an engagement with the famous "Mr. Music," Frankie Laine.

For one so new to show business, this was a quick beginning of bigtime success: Laine's managers immediately recognized Doris's talent and began to build her up with bookings in the major Southland clubs and dining spots. Doris sang at Bimbo's in San Francisco, the Chi Chi in Palm Springs, Mapes Hotel in Reno—and her fifth engagement was at the world-famous Ciro's in Hollywood.

"I was frightened over the fact that I would be singing for an audience full of entertainers," says Doris. "I felt it was still too soon for me. I was afraid they'd think I was corny." But Doris's fears were unjustified. She had a simple act, based on ever-popular and well-loved standards which she sang from her heart. A Hollywood maxim says that true talent can be judged on how well you do the simple things. Doris obviously had talent, and the opening-night show-business audience responded with cheers.

Overnight, Doris became an entertainer's entertainer. Wherever she was booked in the Los Angeles area, well-known "names"—like Peter Lawford, Hugh O'Brian, the late Robert Walker—all used to drive across town just to hear Doris sing. Doris, with a fan following of stars, was fast arriving.

Then—on a booking at the Schroeder Hotel in Chicago—Doris met her husband-to-be . . . comedian Larry Allen, who was appearing across the street at the Tick Tock Club. "All the entertainers used to gather for breakfast at the Schroeder," says Larry, "and I was first struck with Doris's beauty—she did win a beauty contest, you know—but more important, she turned out to have such a wonderful sense of humor."

"Every night or so," Larry continues, "Doris and some of her friends came into the back of the Tick Tock for the last show. Even Doris, sitting in the last row, laughed at my jokes. So, naturally—being a comedian—I thought she was pretty terrific. We've been married five years now, and when she comes to a club where I'm playing, she still sits in the back row . . . but, instead of laughing, she whispers the punch lines before I get to them!"

Immediately after their first date, Larry and Doris realized they had a great deal in common. They both loved music, show business was their life, and they loved children. Their one basic difference was their religion. Larry was Jewish, Doris Protestant. "But all major religions are based on love," says Doris. "We knew, if we had love in our marriage, we'd be off to a good start."

Doris and Larry were married in Chicago by a rabbi of the reformed church. They had a small wedding and left immediately for St. Louis, where Larry was to open the next night. Their next year was practically a honeymoon for the Allens, since they frequently worked together on the same bill, she as a singer, he as a comedian. In the spring of 1952, Larry worked at a Wisconsin job, primarily because he didn't want Doris, now pregnant,

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to have to travel. They lived in a cottage on the grounds, ate in the dining room, and Larry, having to work only three shows a week, was the most doting young husband in the north woods.

Danny Allen was born in Chicago, September 23, 1952. "I was nervous," Larry recalls, "as only a new father can be! I was so scared, I found myself praying, 'Dear God, if anything has to happen, let it happen to me.'"

After Danny's birth, the family moved to California, where both Larry and Doris were kept busy for a full year—she on the *Jack Carson Show*, and he on club dates throughout the Southwest. It was during this time that the Tennessee Ernie audition came along, and producer Cliffie Stone—already having interviewed fifty girls—heard Doris.

"When Ernie's show was being seen at nine A.M.," says Larry, "Doris got up at five A.M. to be at rehearsals. At an hour like that, one might have expected her to be a little edgy. But I can't remember Doris ever being anything but her generous self. She has no artistic temperament."

Today, the two things Doris thinks about most are her new house and son Danny. Now that the *Tennessee Ernie Ford Show* is seen at a later hour, Mondays through Fridays, she has more time to spend with both her loves. "She's even a good gardener," says Larry. "There's nothing Doris can't do. Honestly, I didn't know I'd married a good cook, until we finally moved into our new place. Before that, we'd been living in apartment hotels, eating our meals out. Now I learn my wife has a secret recipe for spaghetti—got it from a friend who had been to Italy—and, unless she does the shopping, I automatically bring home spaghetti for dinner."

The new schedule also has given Doris a chance to spend some of her free time on her hobby—sewing. She's made drapes and curtains for the new house, and also many of her own clothes. On the fashion side, Doris is torrid over treader pants, has thirty pairs of slacks in one form or another, loves casual clothes, and runs around the house in sandals—or, better still, barefoot.

Larry found their rustic North Hollywood home when he discovered its foundation across the street from a house he had come to inspect. "Doris and I walked over to the concrete outline," says Larry, "and I figured where the pipes stuck out of the ground must be the kitchen. 'Big kitchen,' I said to Doris. She agreed, and we both wanted a big kitchen. And there was one large slab of concrete with nothing sticking out of it. Doris pointed, saying quizzically, 'The living room?' 'Yes,' I said. We visualized a big living room. Agreeing that the foundation was our idea of a perfect house, we contacted the contractor and bought same."

"When it came to furnishings," says Doris, "Larry and I discovered we were 'sway' buyers. Most of the furnishings came from Studio Furniture in North Hollywood. It's Swedish modern. Since we have the same tastes, we picked it out together. However, sometimes when we went into the store, I'd exclaim over a chair—and Larry's reaction was a grunt or a raised eyebrow. That meant: 'I think you are crazy—but, if you want it, you are welcome to it.' Naturally, I didn't commit myself. After a few minutes, I'd exclaim over another chair. If Larry exclaimed back, I knew we had 'swayed' each other."

Doris and Larry are gadget-crazy. Since they were able to work with the contractor from the ground up, they have every

gadget available for modern living—a built-in oven, table-top stove, inter-coms in every room, special tile in the kitchen for easy cleaning. "If there is a new fangled can opener or bottle opener on the market," says Larry, "we have it." And Doris proudly points out that Larry is a handyman. He has built a three by four by three-foot four-speaker hi-fi set, a cabinet for the TV set, and a built-in wall desk. But, Larry smiles, "when we entertain guests (usually doctors—they are a wonderful gag source), we're forever broiling steaks on the outdoor barbecue."

Larry says that, given a free moment, Doris would spend it first with Danny—and second in trying to keep the house neat. "Doris has to pick up after me. She says she always knows where I am, because I leave a trail of records and photographic equipment behind."

"And besides being a wonderful housekeeper," continues Larry, "Doris is the most devoted mother in the world. Though Danny's not quite four, he has a tremendous vocabulary. In fact, we have a game we play. Every afternoon, when Doris comes in, we ask Danny what new words he's learned from television."

"Danny's vocabulary is also built by Doris's constant reading to him. And, when she leaves for work, she has supplied Danny with a stack of 45 rpm storybook records to play on his own machine. Even at four, Danny takes good care of the records. He has about sixty and has only broken two. So far, Danny's favorites are 'The Bible Tells Me So,' by Don Cornell, and a copy of Tennessee Ernie's 'Sixteen Tons' which Ernie gave to Doris—Doris gave to Danny—and which he's played to death. Doris wanted to borrow it back one night for some guests, but Danny said, 'No, it's my best record,' and wouldn't give it up!

"Doris and I both agree that Danny's a ham. He's been on Ernie's show about ten times, because my parents in Chicago keep writing letters asking, 'When are we going to see Danny?' So Ernie obliges by putting him in the commercials, and Doris uses him as the main prop when she sings, 'It's So Nice To Have a Man Around the House.' . . . When she is finished, Danny pipes up with 'How about that!' He's the only one in the Ernie cast I know of who marches off stage singing, 'Mickey Mouse!' Yes," Larry says facetiously, "Danny worries me. I didn't get that way until I was six."

Doris continues, on a more serious note, "Some days just don't go right for Danny—he tramps mud through the house, and brings in a stray cat or two. Or I'll come home from work to find the spring bulbs I planted last weekend dug up and lying on the kitchen table. On days like these, when Danny is 'bad'—that's when he needs our love, and that's when we love him most."

Weekends, after her daily show, Doris still surrounds herself with music. Their hi-fi is going constantly, or Danny's record-player is crooning to him by his bed. Memories of her own early childhood in San Antonio come flooding back when Doris sees her own son—so much like herself—tapping his little four-year-old foot in rhythm to a tune. At rare moments like these, Doris and Danny play their special game: "Danny, do you love your mother?"

"Yes," says Danny.

"And your daddy . . ."

"Yes," says Danny, brown eyes smiling.

"Do you and Daddy love me?"

"Oh, yes!" replies Doris.

Says Danny, "Well, how about that!"

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What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 8)

Heart Belongs to Daddy." So much for history. This coming Sunday, October 28th, Mary Martin and Paul Douglas co-star in the great comedy, "Born Yesterday." Mary plays the sexy ex-chorine, Billie Dawn. To viewers this is a radical contrast to her performance as Peter Pan, but maybe Pan is a better clue to the real Mary Martin. Last year, when NBC wanted to fete Peter Pan with its usual cocktail party, Miss Martin refused to attend—until they agreed on only ice cream sodas and milk shakes.

Two men who will never meet: Steve Allen hits the sack at 4 A.M.—Dave Garroway gets up at 4 A.M. . . . Two men who should meet: Bob Cummings expects to be a father for the fifth time—Eddie Fisher for the first. And here's the stuff on Eddie. He's postponed his November trip to New York, for it's the middle of November that Debbie is expecting. If it's a girl, Debbie would like to call the baby "Kathy"; a boy, "Kevin." Eddie says, "Maybe we'll just call it, 'Hey'."

Real romance on *Valiant Lady*: Assistant Director John Desmond dates Sue Randall, who plays Diane Emerson. Or maybe it's Marion Randall. She started out Sue Randall, her real name, but Equity told her someone else already held the handle. So Sue had to use her middle name, Marion, but she's still Sue to friends—Sweet Sue to John Desmond. . . . Mrs. Ernie Kovacs (Eddie Adams) gets star billing in the new Broadway musical, "Lil Abner." Eddie plays darling Daisy Mae. Says Mr. Eddie Adams (Ernie Kovacs), "Few people appreciate how much wonderful talent this gal has."

. . . Joni James continues to deny there is any serious romance in her life. . . . You'll be seeing Margaret Truman exclusively on NBC-TV this season. She signed a year's contract. . . . Groucho Marx is bitter over rumors that he wears falsies—those eyebrows are his own.

Love & Marriage: Julie and Rory LaRosa are still on their honeymoon. Although married last April, they still eat off a trunk in their dining room. Why? Well, wife Rory, who travels with Julie, hasn't had time to shop, but she has been learning to cook. Observed a friend, "He's so much in love he doesn't know what he's eating anyway." . . . And For People With Ears: RCA Victor's first album of Julie, aptly titled "Julius LaRosa," is a work of joy. Julie swing-sings such fine standards as "Candy," "But Not for Me," "If I Had You," nine others. . . . Herb Shriner is godfather to Randall Crawford James, son of Dennis. Crawford is mommy's maiden name. . . . October babies for Gale Storm, Julie Stevens of *Helen Trent*, and Mary Stuart of *Search For Tomorrow*. . . . Ditto stork for Marge and Gower Champion. Then, come about the end of November, when Marge is up on her toes again, the Champs go into rehearsal for a weekly TV show that will be live three weeks and on film the fourth. The show is posted for a January start and Jack Benny is to be one of its godfathers.

. . . Jimmy Kirkwood of *Valiant Lady* is readying for a movie with Carol Channing. . . . Hollywood Bulletin: "Red Skelton is writing the first fairy tale about outer space." Maybe to be titled, "With Mother Goose to the Moon."

Predict the TV love of the year will be Ricky, Jr., new character in this season's *I Love Lucy*. Ricky, Jr. is played by five-year-old Richard Keith, whose family name is Thibodeaux. Richard was born in

Lafayette, Louisiana, where his father sold insurance. As a toddler, Richard had a natural affinity for drums. Horace Heidt was so impressed by the lad's drumming that he made Richard a regular on his show. But it turned out he had an affinity for acting, too. Two hundred kids had auditioned before him, but Richard won the part of Ricky, Jr. In private life, Richard has a younger brother and sister. Says his father, "Richard eats cereal in the morning, gets dirty right after he's dressed and gets into an occasional fight." Says dad, "Richard gets away with just so much, before he winds up with a spanking."

You can reassure your kids that "Spin and Marty" will be back with MM (Mickey Mouse) later in the season. MM has become the most important entertainment in the lives of kids from three to thirteen and "Spin and Marty" is its most successful feature. . . . And speaking of initials, there is WW, who makes his first real TV bid on choice Friday time this month. Walter Winchell will do a variety show and to this he is no stranger. The first dozen years of his working life were spent in vaudeville with such as Cantor and Jessel. When Walter turned to the typewriter, his love of show-biz continued not only in his reporting on its affairs but by participating in the build-up of many of our greatest entertainers—from Ruth Etting to Arthur Godfrey. About his new show, he says, "All I promise is that it will be good."

Always exciting to watch, Barbara Stanwyck makes a rare TV appearance, October 10th, on ABC-TV's *Ford Theater* drama, "Sudden Silence." . . . Except for video guest shots, Martha Raye will be pretty busy this season in a new Broadway musical. . . . Did you know that Jackie Gleason is an amateur hypnotist? . . . It Was Inevitable Dept.: Tarzan will be swinging onto your antenna after the first of the year in the physique of Gordon Scott. . . . The only woman mask-maker in the country makes those disguises for *Masquerade Party*. Kari Hunt puts about a hundred hours of work into each mask.

And speaking of the impact of TV (and sometimes people do speak of it), take the case of handsome actor Jack Lord, born Joe Ryan. Well, Jack was getting nowhere. All he had to his credit was a lead in the Broadway hit, "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," and another lead in "The Traveling Lady." He had made a few movies, too, like "The Court Martial of Billy Mitchell" and the currently-showing film, "Vagabond King." The producers and directors and the critics thought he was great, but the public was playing it cosy. Until this summer. He played a blind man on *Studio One* in July, and for three days his telephone and that of the show's producer were tied up with inquiries about him. Hundreds of letters came in, and come fall they were still coming. His services are now sought by two major picture studios and he will be nominated for the TV Emmy award. In private life, Jack is wed to a former French dress designer.

There will be a terrific lot of new shows coming on this month: Herb Shriner's variety, *The Most Beautiful Girl In The World*; *Playhouse 90*; *Zane Grey Theater*; *On Trial* with Joseph Cotten; *Dinah Shore*. . . . These are some of them and October can use them all. . . . October has to watch its rating. This is the month that started out in eighth place and slipped to tenth.



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Sunday in England



Alastair took Vivian and Cathleen to Soho, to hear real Cockney accents. The barrow boys' cry translated: "Apples, a pound, pears!" And the fruits' high quality was even more eloquent than the chant.



Vivian found "the Bobbies" as helpful as Alastair predicted, and relied on them for her own solo sightseeing. Below, it wouldn't be London—if all three hadn't gathered for the usual "spot of tea"!



(Continued from page 32)

success. People loved Vivian." Another vacationer from the CBS Radio serial—Cathleen Cordell who is heard as Cora Harwood—was also in a whirl, for, while she's American-born, she was European-educated, appeared on BBC, and had many friends to see.

The vacation was Alastair's first trip home in five years, and his first sight of a new home. "We had always lived in London," he said, "but now we live in Hampshire." During the period when Alastair was moving about—he saw quite a bit of the world before settling down in New York—his father, the master of a merchant liner, had retired. Alastair described the new location: "Highcliffe is a very old village, in an old part of England. It has charming old white houses and is really a picture-postcard sort of place, for the horses, which run wild in the near-by New Forest, come into the town and saunter down the main street. All traffic must stop until they get out of the way."

For Vivian, who is a native New Yorker, this was the second trip to Europe, but her first visit to London. Vacationing, she had "seen America first" by going to Yellowstone, and had spent subsequent holidays touring the Caribbean. Last year, she went to Italy and fell in love with it, so this season she again planned to spend a week in Paris, then go on to Florence and Venice. Alastair, on hearing her itinerary, protested—with all of Lord Henry's positiveness—"Surely you can't skip London. I'll come up and show you around." Later, he was to say, as do all natives who entertain out-of-town guests, "It was an education, to me, too. A Londoner, like a New Yorker, just doesn't bother to go to points of interest unless he has a guest who wants to see them."

Their stop at Buckingham Palace had, to Vivian, been a bit disappointing. The flag flying and the gates open indicated that Her Majesty was in residence and an affair of state was in progress. She said, "Crowds lined the sidewalks, twenty-five deep, so we waited, too, hoping for a glimpse of Elizabeth, but we never saw her." The next day, however, luck was with her. With friends, she was driving down the street when a police officer asked them to pull over to the curb. "If you don't," he stated pleasantly, "you'll impede Her Majesty's way to the theater."

"We parked and stood on the corner," says Vivian, "and she passed within ten feet of us. There was no crowd to block the view. She's a lovely, beautiful woman, much prettier than her pictures. I was thrilled to see her."

Commenting on Our Gal Sunday's fear of visiting her husband's homeland, Vivian said, "I don't think she needs to worry. I didn't find the English people cold; I did find them a bit more reserved. But, once I understood this was just a more formal code of manners, I found they were warm, hospitable and charming. Of all the places I visited, I had my best time in London."



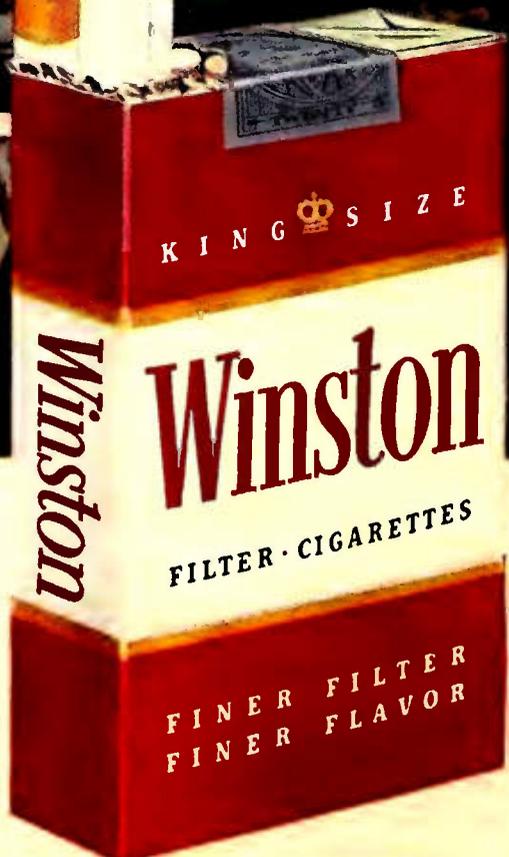
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