

RADIO-TV **MIRROR**

July

N. Y. radio, TV listings



**Frank Parker
and
Marion Marlowe**

**IN THIS
ISSUE**



**Johnny and Penny Olsen
Two Special People**



**Florence Freeman in
Wendy Warren's adventure**



**Vaughn Monroe
and the home a song built**

**"I fell in love at first sight" says Toni Gilman ·
Young Dr. Malone · Warren Hull Strikes It Rich**

A-14

HE8690
R16

LET CAMAY TAKE YOUR SKIN

"out of the shadows" and into the light of loveliness!



MRS. CHARLES RONALD STATON, this lovely bride, sings Camay's praises: "After I changed to regular care and Camay, I was amazed at the clearer, fresher look my skin had. It came about so quickly."

As this Camay bride proved—a clearer, brighter complexion can be yours with your First Cake of Camay!

A GIRL who has hopes of popularity and romance—of a marriage proposal and all the bliss that it brings—may hope in vain if her complexion wears a mask of dullness!

Never let your complexion be marred by shadows! Camay, The Soap of Beautiful Women, can take your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of new loveliness. Change to regular care—use Camay and Camay alone—and you'll marvel at the fresher, clearer complexion your very *first cake* of Camay will bring!

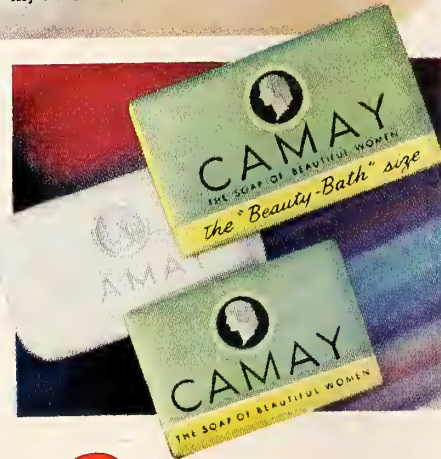
For complexion or bath, there's no

finer beauty soap than Camay. The mildness of Camay is so kind to your skin. And Camay's rich, creamy lather cleanses so gently. Take your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of new loveliness with Camay, The Soap of Beautiful Women.

New beauty awaits all your skin!



The daily Camay Beauty Bath brings all your skin that "beautifully cared-for" look! It touches you with Camay's flattering fragrance. For more lather, more luxury, use big Beauty-Bath size Camay.



Camay

the Soap of Beautiful Women

Rather be "Cut Out" or "Cut In"?



So much depends on You

SOMETIMES a very small thing spells the difference between neglect and popularity. Take Jennie's case. It's typical. It might be *you*. At almost every party the boys simply cut Jennie out . . . danced with her once, if at all, then snubbed and ignored her. And she, poor, bewildered child, never suspected what her trouble* was. Once she found out and corrected it . . . My! . . . how the boys came flocking!

Why Risk It?

Why let *halitosis (bad breath) put you in a bad light when Listerine Antiseptic is such a wonderful, *extra-careful* precaution against it? Listerine Antiseptic

is the proven precaution that countless popular people rely on.

Listerine Antiseptic Stops Bad Breath For Hours

Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic and bad breath is stopped. Instantly! Delightfully! And usually for hours on end. Never, never omit it before any date where you want to be at your best.

You see, Listerine instantly kills millions of the very mouth germs that cause the most common type of bad breath . . . the kind that begins when germs start tiny food particles to fermenting in the mouth and on the teeth.

No Tooth Paste, No Chlorophyll Kills Odor Germs Like Listerine Antiseptic

Although tooth paste is a good method of oral hygiene, no tooth paste . . . no chlorophyll . . . kills odor-producing germs with anything like Listerine's germicidal efficiency.

So, when you want that *extra assurance* about your breath, trust to Listerine Antiseptic, the proven, germ-killing method that so many popular, fastidious people rely on. Make it a part of your passport to popularity. Use it night and morning and before every date. Lambert Pharmacal Company Division of The Lambert Company, St. Louis 6, Missouri.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC . . . stops bad breath for hours

**KILLS BAD-BREATH GERMS BETTER THAN TOOTH PASTE . . .
BETTER THAN CHLOROPHYLL**

Only COLGATE
DENTAL CREAM
 HAS PROVED SO COMPLETELY IT
STOPS BAD
BREATH!

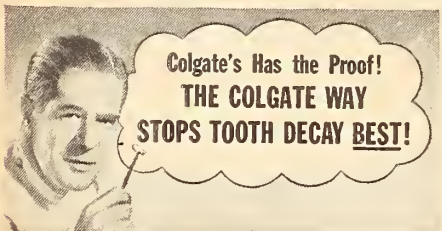
*SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN
 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS
 BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!



For "all day" protection, brush your teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream. Some toothpastes and powders claim to sweeten breath. But only Colgate's has such complete proof it stops bad breath.*



Colgate's wonderful wake-up flavor is the favorite of men, women and children from coast to coast. Nationwide tests of leading toothpastes prove that Colgate's is preferred for flavor over all other brands tested!



Yes, science has proved that brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream stops tooth decay best! The Colgate way is the most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!



No other Toothpaste or Powder
 OF ANY KIND WHATSOEVER
 Offers Such Conclusive Proof!

Get PURE, WHITE, SAFE COLGATE'S Today!

Contents

Keystone Edition

Ann Daggett, Editor

Jack Zasorin, Art Director

Editorial Staff: Teresa Buxton, Betty Freedman, Helen Bolstad (Chicago)

Hollywood: Frances Morrin

Art Staff: Frances Maly, Joan Clarke

Hollywood: Hymie Fink, Betty Jo Rice

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people on the air

What's Spinning?.....by Chris Wilson 6
 What's New from Coast to Coast.....by Jill Warren 8
 Figure for Your Bathing Suit.....by Victor H. Lindlahr 20
 Bob Carroll 23
 Our Precious Years.....by Marion Marlowe 27
 A Song from His Heart (Frank Parker).....by John Ross 28
 We Laugh with Linkletter.....by Charles Correll 30
 All That Glitters Is Not Romance.....by Florence Freeman 32
 Johnny and Penny Olsen—Two Special People.....by Gladys Hall 34
 Prince Charming of the Airwaves (Ralph Edwards).....by Beth Miller 36
 I'm Going to Have a Baby.....by Ros Twohey 40
 Young Dr. Malone 42
 Queen for a Day—and Forever!.....by Betty Mills 44
 I Fell in Love at First Sight (Toni Gilman).....by Helen Bolstad 46
 The Home Vaughn Monroe Picked Up for a Song.....by Jessyca Gaver 48
 Warren Hull Strikes It Rich!.....by Martin Cohen 50
 We'll Never Walk Alone (John Daly).....by Mrs. John Daly 54
 Second Honeymoon (Betty Wragge and Walter Brooke)..... 56
 Bringing Up Bob (Robert Young).....by Fredda Dudley 58
 The Second Mrs. Burton—A Woman Wants to Be Needed..... 60
 Who's Who in Radio-TV..... 64
 "God Gave Me Another Chance" (Walter O'Keefe).....by Maxine Arnold 66
 RTVM Reader Bonus: The Woman in My House.....by Jeff Carter 90

your local station

Food Comes First (WEEI)..... 16
 Capitol Quipmaster (WOL)..... 19
 Nephew with a Nose for News (WIP)..... 22
 He Married the Landlady's Daughter (WJZ)..... 24

inside radio and TV

Information Booth 4
 Daytime Diary 12
 Inside Radio 73
 TV Program Highlights..... 75

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 Member of The TRUE STORY Women's Group

Far Superior...Far More Foolproof...for Every type of Hair!

Procter & Gamble guarantees that

No Other Home Permanent Today

makes hair look..feel..behave so much like the loveliest

Naturally Curly Hair!



Dress from Harvey Berin



Refill.
only \$1.25*
(Use any plastic curlers)

Complete Kit, \$2.25*
*plus tax

Here's why, for your hair, or for children's hair, *Lilt* is far superior!

1. Lilt's one Waving Lotion is far superior . . . safer, surer for every type of hair . . . even for children's hair! No other Home Permanent today has such a *foolproof* Waving Lotion!

2. Only Lilt has such a superior *Neutralizer*! It gives as *long-lasting* a home wave as is possible today. And Lilt leaves your hair *softer, lovelier*!

The only foolproof way to *neutralize* is the sure but easy method Lilt uses!

3. Only Lilt gives such assurance of *no kinky, frizzy look* . . . and the Lilt method is so quick, so easy, so sure!

4. Only a Lilt wave is so *easy-to-manage*. A Lilt requires *less frequent setting* than any other home permanent wave!



Lilt **Home Permanent**
Procter & Gamble's Cream-Oil Cold Wave

Money-back Guarantee: Both the Lilt Refill and Complete Kit are guaranteed by Procter & Gamble to give you the loveliest, softest, easiest-to-manage Home Permanent wave you've ever had — or your money back!

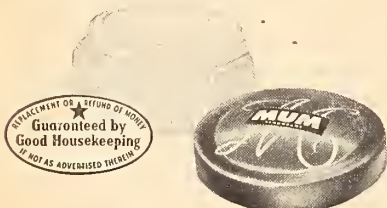
Makes hair look...feel...behave far more like **Naturally Curly Hair!**



New finer MUM stops odor longer!

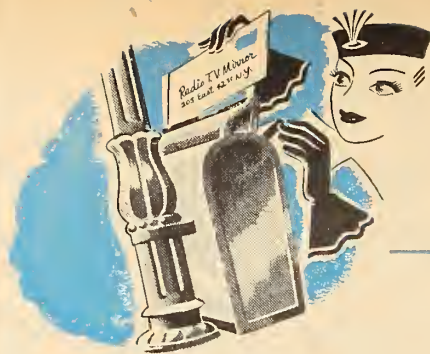
NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW
INGREDIENT M-3 TO PROTECT UNDERARMS
AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

- **Protects better, longer.** New Mum now contains amazing ingredient M-3 for more effective protection. Doesn't give underarm odor a chance to start!
- **Creamier** new Mum is safe for normal skin, contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.
- **The only** leading deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. No waste. No shrinkage.
- **Delicately fragrant** new Mum is useable, *wonderful* right to the bottom of the jar. Get new Mum today.



New MUM[®]
CREAM DEODORANT

A Product of Bristol-Myers



Ask your questions—
we'll try to find the answers

Information Booth

Love of Life

Dear Editor:

Can you please give me some information on Richard Coogan, who appears on Love of Life over TV?

M. S., Norwalk, Conn.

Richard Coogan, whom you see as Paul Raven on the Love of Life program, was born in Short Hills, New Jersey, into a family of ten children. As a child, Dick thought he would like to go into a sports career—but somehow he changed his mind and drifted into theatrical work. He's been in many stage plays, including Leslie Howard's production of "Hamlet," where Dick met his wife, Gay Adams. The Coogans have one son, Ricky, age two. Dick's most exciting moment in radio was acting with Helen Hayes in "Miracle in the Rain."

Miss America

Dear Editor:

When was Bess Myerson, of the Big Payoff show, Miss America?

R. S., Buffalo, N. Y.

Bess was Miss America in 1945.

Rhythm Boys

Dear Editor:

Who were the other two members of the trio Bing Crosby used to be in?

M. L., Ardmore, Okla.

Bing Crosby, Al Rinker and Harry Barris made up "The Rhythm Boys."

Hollywood Reporter

Dear Editor:

Has Louella Parsons been reporting on Hollywood for a long time?

V. J., Wilmington, Del.

Louella certainly has been movie-reporting for a long time. She wrote the world's first motion-picture column, way back in 1913.

Serenade

Dear Editor:

What is the theme music I hear on When A Girl Marries? I think it is beautiful.

R. O., Chattanooga, Tenn.

The theme music is Drigo's "Serenade."

Cerf's Got a Family

Dear Editor:

Does Bennett Cerf, of What's My Line, have a family?

K. H., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Bennett Cerf married the former Phyllis Fraser in 1940. The Cerfs have two sons.

Kate's Maggie

Dear Editor:

Is it true that Kate McComb started her acting career quite late in life?

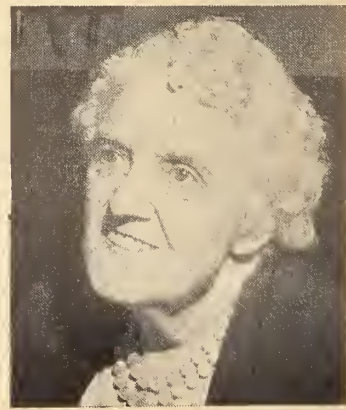
S. C., Bennington, Vt.

Yes, Kate McComb was a forty-four-year-old New England housewife when the "show business bug" bit her.

(Continued on page 18)



Dick Coogan



Kate McComb



Be gay ...



Be at ease ...



Wear what you please!



Invisible

Playtex® Pink-Ice

gives you a look-twice figure

See Playtex Pink-Ice at department stores and specialty shops everywhere. Panty brief—\$3.95. Panty with garters—\$4.50. Garter Girdle—\$4.50. Other Playtex Girdles from \$3.50. Slightly higher in Canada and foreign countries.

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



You'll never know how slim you can look, how free you can feel, how blissfully comfortable you can be in the fun-loving clothes of summer until Playtex Pink-Ice becomes part of your life.

For nothing in the world sleeks you so beautifully, gives you such freedom and ease as this slender sheath of smooth latex. There's not a seam, stitch or bone—and Playtex Pink-Ice is completely invisible, even under your slimmest swim suit.

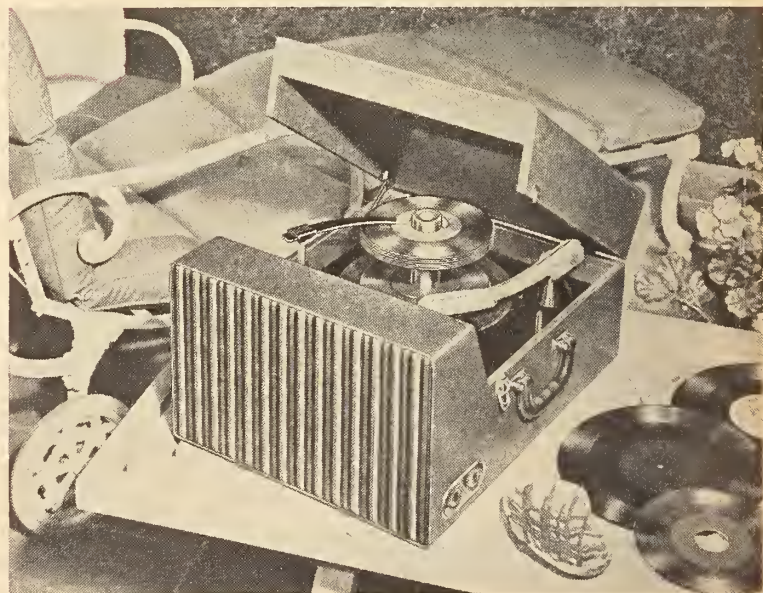
So convenient, too, it washes in seconds, dries with a towel, ready to wear again *immediately*, under all your clothes!

What's Spinning?

A NEW CONTEST.

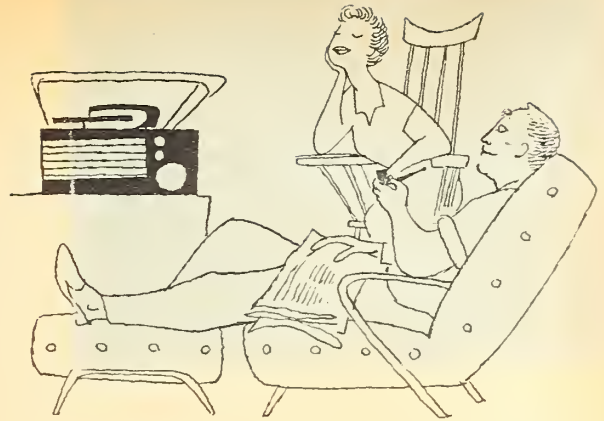
SUMMER is a time when portables compete with the sun for your attention and phonographs spin for patios and living rooms, with popular records getting dated and disappearing quicker than surf into the sand. We'll try and keep you posted on a few numbers which are worth collecting, and a few artists who are worth noting.

Just to start with, we figured there might be someone in our reading audience who'd be interested in winning a new-type three-speed Victrola now being marketed by RCA-Victor. Take pen, pencil or typewriter in hand and complete the sentence: "I like listening to Perry Como because . . ." in twenty-five words or less. The person, who, in our opinion, gives us the most interesting sentence will win the phonograph. There's a



This new RCA-Victor three-speed changer will be given to a Radio-TV Mirror reader winning our Perry Como contest.





By CHRIS WILSON

EXCITING RECORDS TO SET YOUR FEET DANCING, YOUR HEART BEATING

center spindle-gadget on it which slips over the standard spindle and makes the playing of 45's a simpler matter than the inserting of aluminum discs, which you have to do on regular changers. The second most interesting letter will win an album of Perry Como "TV Favorites," which include songs most requested by Perry's TV fans. The songs in the album which Perry sings so well are *Black Moonlight*, *If There Is Someone Lovelier Than You*, *Summertime*, *You'll Never Walk Alone*, *While We're Young*, *My Heart Stood Still*, *I Concentrate on You* and *Over the Rainbow*.

Johnnie Ray

Johnnie has been in New York these past few months recording for Columbia and making personal appearances at the swank Copacabana and the Paramount Theatre. After seeing him perform at the Copacabana, Leland Hayward—who's known and helped more show business people than almost any man we know—characterized Johnnie as "one of the two greatest men in show business (the other being Toscanini)" when Leland was talking over the *Tex and Jinx* TV show. No wonder the C. G. (current generation) is mad about him! Unlike some of the other stars who, once up there, couldn't stand the worshipping public, Johnnie held open house in his dressing room after his Para appearances for all those who could crowd in. He seems to carry over the strong feeling he has for his own family to the larger family of fans he's acquired. His new album (Columbia CL 6199) has two songs that are in the lonesome, pleading vein of *Cry*—*The Lady Drinks Champagne* and *Give Me Time*. The rest of the songs, some old, some new, are worth having for listening pleasure, too. They include *Don't Blame Me*, *Walkin' My Baby Back Home*, *Don't Take Your Love From Me*, *All of Me*, *Out in the Cold Again* and *Coffee and Cigarettes*. Johnnie's single platter of *What's the Use* is going great guns, too.

Disc Data

Giselle MacKenzie, that cute little star of Club 15, has a new one out that does justice (*Continued on page 21*)

Mail before July 11

RADIO-TV MIRROR
Box 1364
Grand Central Station
New York, New York

Name.....

Street or Box Number.....

City or Town..... State.....

I like listening to Perry Como because.....



Second prize in the Perry Como contest is an album of "TV Favorites" Perry just recorded for Victor.



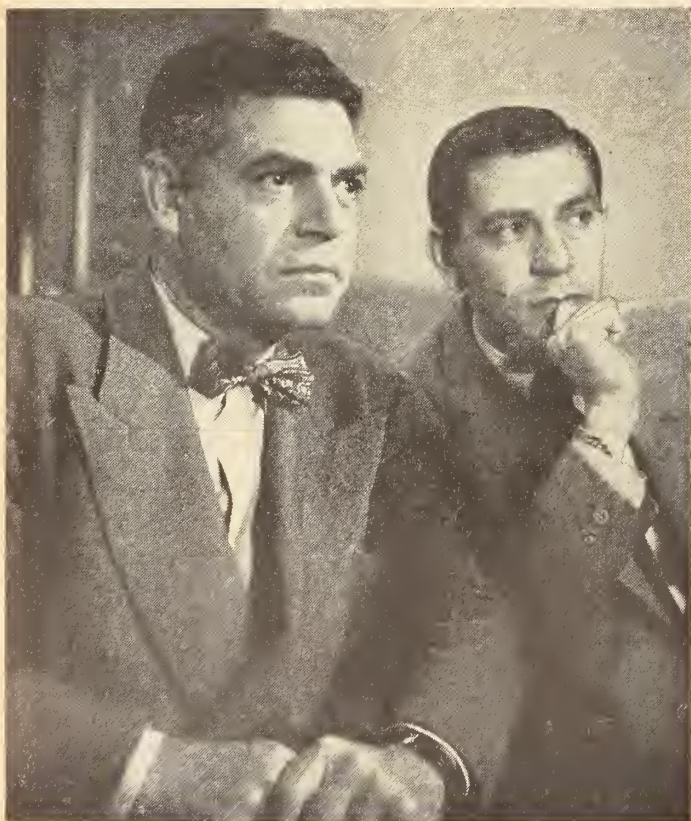
New addition to the Evelyn Winters cast: Jacqueline Billingsley, daughter of the famed Stork Club host.

What's New

from

Coast to Coast

by Jill Warren



New member of the Dragnet police force: Ed Jacobs (played by Barney Phillips) teams up with Joe Friday (Jack Webb).

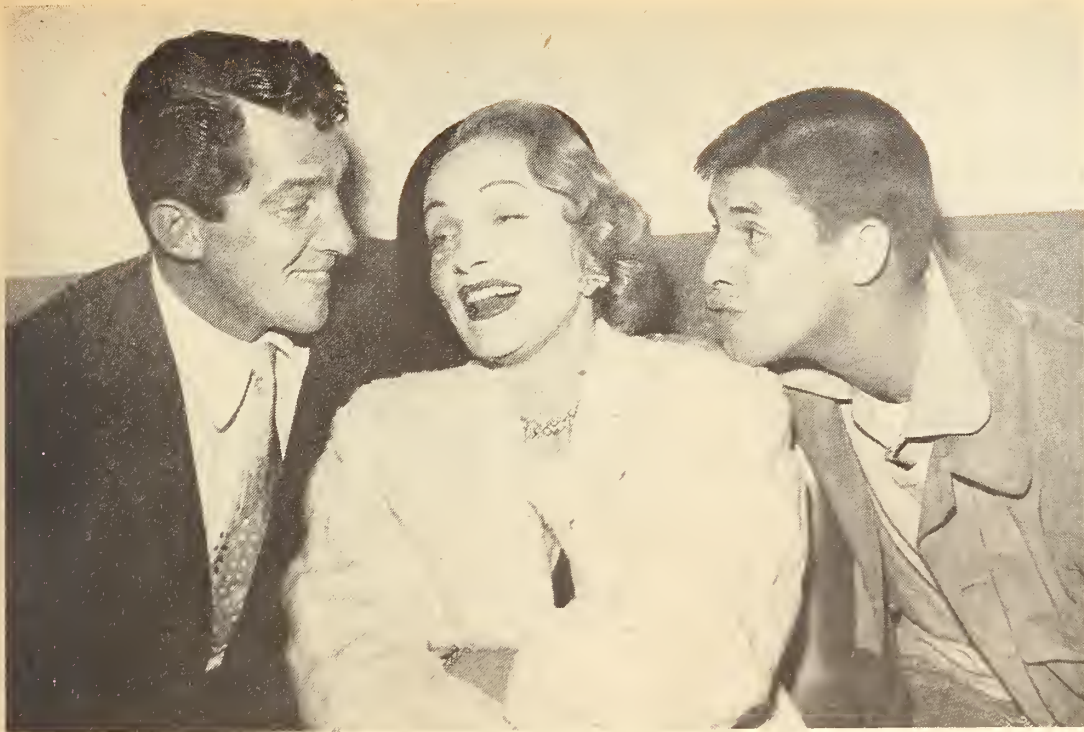
WITH RADIO and television slated to play vital roles in the coming Republican and Democratic conventions in Chicago, the networks will have a fantastic coverage of all important events. Mr. and Mrs. Average Citizen probably will have better ear-and-eye views of what's happening than those who travel to the conventions and can only watch one thing at a time. In addition to the fabulous technical facilities they have set up, the networks have assigned their top news reporters, analysts and personalities from all over the country to cover every single detail of each convention.

Here are just a few of the top news names who will be providing aural and visual information on the exciting events:

For CBS:

Edward R. Murrow, whose reportorial experience has ranged from the coronation of King George VI, through the Anschluss, Munich, the London blitz, the campaigns in North Africa and on the Continent, the election of the Labor government and the re-election of the Churchill regime in Britain, and who has won the Peabody Award twice for "Outstanding Reporting and Interpretation of the News."

Eric Sevareid, CBS radio's chief Washington correspondent, and also a Peabody Award winner, who covered battlefronts on both sides of the globe during World War II.



New stooge (?) for Martin-Lewis antics: Marlene Dietrich finds Dean and Jerry ve-ry funny.

Douglas Edwards, one of the youngest of the major newscasters, and the first newsman to switch from radio to television on a full-time basis. Edwards reported the last war from Europe, also the Presidential conventions in Philadelphia in 1948.

Larry LeSueur, the veteran news analyst, who is now CBS's United Nations correspondent. When LeSueur was a staff man for the United Press he handled some of the biggest stories of the prewar period, including the Lindbergh case and the burning of the airship Hindenburg. He became a war correspondent for CBS in 1939, and was in on many scoops. He was the first correspondent to broadcast from the American beachhead at Normandy in 1944; he also broadcast the first news of the liberation of Paris, speaking from an "underground" radio station, and was chosen official eye witness of the final surrender of the German High Command. LeSueur won the Peabody Award in 1949 for his radio coverage of the United Nations.

Charles Collingwood, the CBS White House correspondent. He was a Rhodes scholar, a United Press man in London, and in 1941 became a war correspondent. Since the war, he has had various top assignments in the United States and has been assigned to the White House since 1949. Mrs. Collingwood is the former movie star, Louise Allbritton, who gave up her career when (Continued on page 10)



New Presidential candidate: Oliver Dragon—supported by Kukla and Frar Allison—backed by writer Burr Tillstrom.

NEW!
a liquid 'LIPSTICK'

Can't Melt!
Can't Smear!



EILEEN CHRISTY
starring in
I Dream of Jeanie
a Republic picture

Swim-proof lips at last!

liquid lipstone

Liquid Lipstone, the miracle lipstick, can't smear anything or anyone. Makes lips beautiful and keeps them beautiful.

Now you can make up your lips before you go out—and no matter what you do—or whether it be in sunlight or in moonlight—they'll stay divinely red until long after you are home again. Sounds impossible, doesn't it? **But it is so true.** Obviously, this miracle couldn't be performed by lipstick made of grease, and it isn't. **A liquid does it . . .**

A heavenly liquid that instantly imparts glamorous color in the most romantic shades! Lips feel delightfully softer, smoother—no dryness or chap. Better shades feature the new liquid lipstone. Get yours today. Price \$1* complete with patent brush.

For lovely natural cheek color get new moist Cheektone \$1*.

*Plus 20% Fed. tax



SEND COUPON for generous Trial Sizes

PRINCESS PAT, Dept. 2147
2709 S. Wells St., Chicago 16, Ill.

Send Trial Sizes of the shades I checked below.
I enclose 25c coin for each one.

- Jewel—Sophisticated ruby brilliance.
- Medium—Natural true red—very flattering.
- Gypsy—Vibrant deep red—ravishing.
- Regal—Glorious rich burgundy.
- Cyclamen—Exotic pink—romantic for evening.
- Orchid—A cool fuchsia pink.
- English Tint—Inviting coral-pink.

CHEEKSTONE—"Magic" natural color for cheeks.

Miss _____
Mrs. _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

her husband was transferred to the capital city.

Robert Trout, the veteran newscaster, Trout really knows his way around political conventions, having covered the ones in 1936, 1940 and 1944. He is famed for his great ability at ad-lib reporting of the on-the-spot news, and is called the "Iron Man of Radio" because he has never been known to miss a cue. Trout covered the on-site atomic explosion test a few weeks ago in Nevada.

Lowell Thomas, who certainly needs no introduction to news listeners. Thomas, who has been on the air for twenty-one years, is famous as a lecturer, world traveler, movie newsreel commentator, and author.

Also representing CBS will be Walter Cronkite, former chief correspondent for the United Press in Moscow; news analysts Allan Jackson and Don Hollenbeck; Edward P. Morgan, David Schoenbrun, Bill Downs—in addition to crack regional reporters from all over the country.

For Mutual:

Cecil Brown, noted radio war correspondent and commentator. A former reporter, Brown began broadcasting in 1937 and, ever since, has managed to be on the scene when world-famous events were happening. In World War II, Brown was on board the *Repulse* when it was sunk by Japanese torpedoes; his story, reported by air from Singapore, made journalistic history.

H. R. Baukhage, one of the deans of newsmen in Washington, who for thirty years has covered Capital affairs for newspapers and radio. One of the most memorable of his Baukhage Talking broadcasts was on December 7, 1941, when he was the first one to broadcast the war news direct from the White House.

Bill Cunningham, a newsman long experienced in national politics. He is a true convention veteran, having covered them consistently since 1928.

Fulton Lewis, Jr., Mutual's ace reporter in Washington. A native of the capital city, he has been broadcasting news from there for many years and also writes a daily syndicated column.

William Hillman, Mutual's White House correspondent, famous in the news field, and well known as a confidant of government officials, including President Truman himself. Hillman's book, *Mr. President*, is on the best-seller list.

Also on hand for Mutual will be Sam Hayes, popular commentator from the Pacific Coast; Robert Hurleigh, Mutual's Chicago news chief; Everett Holles, of the Reporters' Roundup program; Cedric Foster, Frank Singiser, Leslie Nichols, Frank Edwards, Les Higbie.

For NBC:

Bill Henry, popular newscaster, a veteran newspaper man, who did his first news broadcast back in 1923, in the days of the crystal set. He was a famous war correspondent and is columnist and head of the Washington Bureau for the Los Angeles *Times*. Henry will voice the running commentary on the political conventions and has been named chairman of the broadcasting arrangements, as he was in 1948.

H. V. Kaltenborn, who just two months ago celebrated his thirtieth anniversary in broadcasting. Considered the dean of all radio commentators, Kaltenborn is also one of the most colorful. He is still being kidded about his famous "wrong guess" on election night in 1948, but he says he erred in good company.

John Cameron Swayze, popular television personality, an ex-newspaperman who switched to radio in 1940. He was one

of the first newscasters to go into TV and has been one of the most successful in the medium.

W. W. Chaplin, George Hicks and Leon Pearson, each distinguished reporters in their own right, who have been working as the "primaries team," traveling around the country, crossing paths with the candidates, so they'll have first-hand reports for listeners at convention time.

Ben Grauer, long-time special events reporter for NBC, who has described everything from Presidential inaugurations to the total eclipse of the sun in Brazil. This convention will be the fourth Grauer has covered for NBC.

Dave Garroway, the unique radio and television personality, who will lend his relaxed delivery to the proceedings.

Elmo Roper, noted public-opinion pollster, who has been doing a series of radio broadcasts analyzing what is important to voters this election year.

Other well-known NBC news figures will include Morgan Beatty, Richard Harkness, and David Brinkley, of the Washington staff; Leif Eid, Ned Brooks, Ray Henle, Albert Warner, Clifton Utley, Alex Dreier, Bob Letts, Elmer Peterson.

The Meet The Press show will interview important figures on the convention floor and the American Forum of the Air and American Youth Forum programs will be done from Chicago during the convention periods.

For ABC:

John Daly, distinguished commentator and ex-foreign correspondent, who has covered every convention since 1940, except during the war in 1944.

Martin Agronsky, also a former war correspondent, now ABC's Washington man. Agronsky covered the last prewar meeting of the League of Nations at Geneva, was also on hand in New York City when the United Nations Security Council began deliberations in 1946.

Elmer Davis, outstanding Washington news analyst. Davis has won the coveted Peabody Award three times for his news commentaries.

Walter Kiernan, whose column, "One Man's Opinion," is widely syndicated. Kiernan is known for his keen and incisive wit on the air, can certainly be counted on to catch the humorous side of convention happenings.

Pauline Frederick, who is the only woman network news analyst and diplomatic correspondent on the air.

ABC's convention roster will also include Drew Pearson, famous Washington columnist and radio commentator; Ted Malone, human interest reporter; George Sokolsky, noted columnist and syndicate writer; Quincy Howe, Mary Margaret McBride, Taylor Grant, Paul Harvey, others.

* * *

Now that many movie stars are deserting films for television, Lloyd Nolan has done the reverse and given up his radio and video jobs as Martin Kane, Private Eye. Nolan decided to return to Hollywood and his picture career, so Lee Tracy has taken over as the new Martin Kane.

The Ralph Edwards radio show is back on the air on Saturday nights over NBC, with all its gags, gimmicks, audience-participation stunts and nationwide contests. Edwards' daytime television show is now off the air for the summer, but will return again in the fall.

Patsy Lee, who has been the vocalist on Breakfast Club since 1947, resigned from the Don McNeill radio family to become a bride. Patsy was married to Rick Lifvendahl, of the United States Naval Intelligence Department, on May 24, in her

home town, Oakland, California. Patsy became the fifth songstress to leave the Breakfast Club for marriage during the program's nineteen-year broadcasting history—Annette King (1936-39), Evelyn Lynne (1939-41), Nancy Martin (1939-46), and Marion Mann (1941-46).

Even though her daddy probably won't have the same job next year, Margaret Truman is all set, at least as far as radio and television are concerned. She recently renewed her contract with NBC for guest appearances during the 1952-53 season. She is signed for a minimum of nine spots on major shows and will receive from \$2500 to \$4000 a performance, depending on the budget for each show.

Remember the old radio program, Ladies Be Seated? Well, it's back on the air in the afternoons, Monday through Friday, over ABC. Singer Jimmy Blaine is the new master of ceremonies, and for musical company he has the Buddy Weed trio and vocalist Gloria Parker.

This 'n' That:

Jacqueline Billingsley, daughter of Sherman Billingsley, host of New York's famous Stork Club, has joined the cast of *The Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters*. She is playing the part of Carla Perry, assistant stage manager of the play-within-a-play in which Evelyn is the understudy. . . . Comedian Allan Young and his wife are expecting a visit from the stork in September. . . . Kay Armen says she is radio's most disappointed girl singer. After traveling all the way to Hollywood to make a guest appearance on Mario Lanza's show, Kay—who had been an ardent fan of his—never even got to meet him. She did her song with the orchestra and, through the magic of tape recording, "chatted" with Lanza, though he wasn't there. Later, from cue sheets, Lanza filled in his portion of the broadcast. The two tape recordings were fused and the show went on the air. . . . Kay has yet to meet Mr. L. . . . Incidentally, a few weeks ago Lanza bet on a horse called Caruso II and the horse won, so he got interested in horses and thought maybe he'd like to own one of his own. He began making inquiries as to price, upkeep, etc., wound up buying a pony—which Betty Hutton's children had outgrown—and presented it to his three-year-old daughter, Colleen.

Charles Boyer, Rosalind Russell, Dick Powell and Joel McCrea have signed with Official Films to star in a series of half-hour television movies to be produced in Hollywood. The series will be called *Four Star Playhouse*, with the stars rotating each week in original screen plays, and the first two shows have already been shot. Official Films is a company which will produce and distribute TV films exclusively, and among the prominent stockholders are such radio personalities as Jack Benny, Dinah Shore, Jo Stafford and Frank Sinatra.

Nat Polen, who plays Michael Dalton in *The Second Mrs. Burton* (see, page 61), is also a director in his spare time. He has organized a children's theatre in Hicksville, Long Island, where he lives, and he spends every Saturday working with a hundred children between the ages of seven and fourteen, teaching them dramatics.

Joel Kupperman, the oldest member of the radio panel of the Quiz Kids, is now fifteen years old and will "graduate" from the program shortly, the age limit on the show being sixteen. Joel joined the "junior geniuses" when he was five, and through the years he has received a one-hundred-dollar bond each time he appeared. His parents have never touched
(Continued on page 25)

Now you can be sure of your shampoo

"Airline Hostesses Have To Be Sure"

Says Marilyn Norton,
TWA Air Hostess

"I use Helene Curtis Creme Shampoo everywhere I go, with all types of water, in all kinds of climate. And it always leaves my hair softer, more lustrous, more manageable than any other shampoo I've ever used."



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Large Tube 49c

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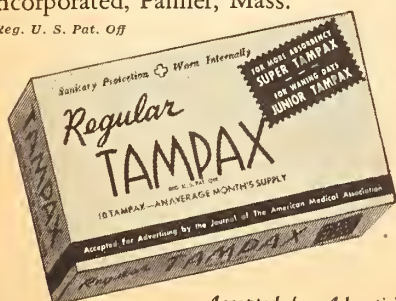
*Tampax takes care
of vacations
and week-ends

Believe the Tampax user who says "I can go in swimming *any day of the month* I want to." She can also picnic in a brief play-suit—on those particular days in question—or go jaunting here and there in clinging slacks. That's because Tampax sanitary protection discards the bulky external pad with its belt-and-pin harness. It is worn internally. There is nothing outside to "show."

A doctor invented Tampax for this special use by women. Made of pure, highly absorbent cotton, each Tampax is compressed into its own dainty applicator....With Tampax there's no bulk to bind or chafe or induce perspiration. No need for a deodorant. (Odor does not form.) And no need to remove the Tampax for tub or shower. Changing is quick. Disposal easy.

Millions of women are now using Tampax. Why don't you try it? Buy at drug or notion counter. Three absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Average month's supply can be carried in your purse. Or get the economy package with four months' average supply. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off



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by the Journal of the American Medical Association

Daytime diary



AGAINST THE STORM Just as she was about to put behind her the unsuccessful marriage with Hal Thomas and start a new chapter of her life, Siri was stunned by Hal's death in an accident. Her unreasonable feeling of guilt toward Hal is strengthened by the furious accusations of Hal's mother, and Siri finds herself more bound to Hal in death than she had been while he was alive. How will these events affect Julian Browning and his bride? M-F, 10:45 A.M. EDT, ABC.

AUNT JENNY How much chance is there for a romance between a girl of twenty-one and a man in his forties? Meg Saunders was convinced that she loved her boss, Steven Lewis, enough to compensate for the difference in their ages—enough to give up her boy friend, Bob Friesen. In her recent story about Meg, Aunt Jenny told what happened when Steven Lewis himself finally brought the situation to a climax. M-F, 12:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Neither Mary Noble nor her actor-husband Larry realize that their estrangement is the product of a well-laid plan by which wealthy Rupert Barlow hopes to win Mary for himself. With Mary in the Virgin Islands ready to institute divorce proceedings, Larry is stunned to hear from his old friend, Tom Bryson, that if there is no reconciliation he, Tom, will ask Mary to marry him. Is Tom serious—or has he a plan of his own? M-F, 4 P.M. EDT, NBC.

BIG SISTER Ruth Wayne can hardly believe that her long, bitter battle with millionaire Millard Parker has finally ended. Parker's death causes many changes in the lives of Ruth's friends in Glen Falls, and strongly affects her own future and that of her husband, Dr. John Wayne. But it is a long time before she gets over her grief at the almost simultaneous death of Selena, who was once Parker's wife. M-F, 1 P.M. EDT, CBS.

THE BRIGHTER DAY For the first time in her life, Althea Dennis indulges in some serious self-examination when her

four-year-old daughter Spring returns from New York. Spoiled and over-sure of herself, Spring is a small copy of what Althea knows herself to be. Will she continue to use her invalidism as a weapon to hold Larry Race, in spite of what she cannot help knowing about Larry and his brother's widow Vicki? M-F, 2:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE Dr. Dan Palmer is in the strange position of causing unhappiness to one of the people he is most fond of—his young brother Ned. Dan's success has given Ned such an inferiority complex that he can't get started on a career of his own. Whenever Dan tries to help, it somehow results in more trouble, until Julie, Dan's capable young wife, takes a hand. Have Julie's tactful arrangements really started Ned on his way? M-F, 5:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL When reporter David Farrell is assigned to cover The Family Secret Murder Case, he finds that the wealthy Winship family has its secrets by the dozen. The murder of an attractive young maid is the starting gun for a series of astonishing revelations about Winship family affairs. David and his wife Sally, helping the police, are confused by the number of suspects—but not too confused to arrive at the truth. M-F, 5:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

GUIDING LIGHT Young Cathy Roberts, bitter and confused over her father's marriage to Meta White, is determined to escape from a home she can no longer be happy in. Can Meta feel herself partly to blame for the tragic mistake Cathy makes—a mistake that frighteningly parallels the one Meta herself made when she was a young, romantic girl? And now that Cathy, through her own experience, begins to understand Meta better—is it too late? M-F, 1:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

HILLTOP HOUSE Julie Paterno, supervisor of Hilltop House, faces a problem she has not encountered before in twelve-year-old Marcia, adopted daughter of her

“You can be prettier...
if you're not 'two-faced'!”

says Kim Hunter

friend Reed Nixon. Shrewd and devious far beyond her age, Marcia engages in an active campaign to discredit and persecute Julie, whom she hates. Meanwhile, Julie shares the emotional strain of Jeff Browning as they wait for his wife Nina to regain her mental balance. M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, CBS.

JUST PLAIN BILL The accidental death of Leslie Palmer proves what Bill Davidson suspected—that Palmer was guilty of the stabbing of Barbara Moore's mother. Palmer's death has led to a dramatic situation involving Hannah Brooks and her strange young daughter, Amy, with Sidney Chadwick, of the wealthy Chadwick family. Bill, puzzled by the contact between the humble Brookses and the powerful Chadwicks, wonders just what is behind it. M-F, 5 P.M. EDT, NBC.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL Chichi and Papa David have many times observed that money has a way of complicating any human situation. Is the weak Paul Vandebush going to become dangerous as he sees the possibility of losing his right to the fortune of his aunt, the wealthy Victoria Vandebush? Is Chichi being too romantic and naive when she decides that Martin Walker is telling the truth about himself? M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, NBC.

LONE JOURNEY Can a woman like Sidney live a lie—convince a man she loves him when in reality she loves another man? Motivated by loyalty, Sidney tries hard to make a success of her life with Lansing MacKenzie, but Lansing, undecieved, bows out, asking her to divorce him. Does Lansing's renunciation free Sidney for happiness with Wolf Bennet, or is it, perhaps, not going to be quite that simple? M-F, 11 P.M. EDT, ABC.

LORENZO JONES When wealthy Mrs. Carmichael asks Lorenzo to help remove a picture cemented to the wall of the Carmichael residence, Lorenzo walks into one of his most exciting adventures. There is an old legend about buried treasure in connection with the Carmichaels, and when Lorenzo stumbles on a secret passageway he and Mrs. Carmichael are certain they are on the verge of a great discovery. But—are they? M-F, 5:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.

MA PERKINS Ma Perkins is shocked and dismayed when Mathilda Pendleton announces her intention of divorcing banker Augustus Pendleton because of a woman named Mrs. McKenzie. Pity for all the Pendletons, including the daughter, Gladys, leads Ma to try to help, and she learns that Mrs. McKenzie is far from being the kind of “other woman” Mathilda has accused her of being. Can Mathilda be made to understand what she has done to her own marriage? M-F, 1:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

MARY MARLIN As Mary Marlin's experience in marriage grows and deepens, she comes to appreciate more than most women the true meaning of the phrase: for better, for worse. For as the wife of



clean deeper
with Woodbury
Cold Cream

“Even the best make-up will only look colorless and lifeless if you put one ‘face’ on top of another,” says lovely Kim Hunter, co-star of Paramount's “ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN”, a Perlberg-Seaton Production. So, get to the bottom of yesterday's make-up and grime; try Woodbury Cold Cream, with *Penaten*.



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**THE FOREMOST
NAME IN HAIR BEAUTY**

Daytime Diary

politician Joe Marlin, Mary's marriage is subject not only to all the ordinary strains of living but to certain special trials whose results have significance for others as well as for Mary and Joe themselves. How will she help Joe against his enemies? M-F, 3:15 P.M. EDT, ABC.

OUR GAL SUNDAY Why has famous actress Rosalind West given up her career and retired to Fairbrooke with her crippled husband, Alec, and their attractive daughter, Audrey? Sunday Brinthrope and her husband, Lord Henry, sense something peculiar about the West family's relationships with each other. How was Alec really crippled? What is the hidden tension under which Audrey is obviously suffering? M-F, 12:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY Wealthy recluse Ellen Springer has long lived a quiet, orderly life in Elmdale, and the last thing Pepper or anyone else expected was to find Miss Springer at the very storm center of the most peculiar events that have stirred up the town in many months. What will happen to Sadie, Miss Springer's maid? And how is industrialist Dwight Davenport connected with Miss Springer, who as far as is known has no past at all? M-F, 3:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.

PERRY MASON Determined to save his client, May Grant, from paying for a crime she did not commit, Perry Mason risks a daring gesture—and becomes a fugitive from the law himself. The police aren't the only pursuers Perry has to evade as he tracks down the evasive bit of evidence that will prove his case. Anna B. Hurley is also on his trail—the ingenious, relentless woman who knows all the answers Perry wants, and is determined to keep him from learning them. M-F, 2:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS The plot to ruin Governor Miles Nelson at last takes shape when he is forced to answer certain definite charges reflecting on his conduct of his duties. Carolyn, in a desperate gamble to prove Miles innocent, undertakes a masquerade at the state reformatory, hoping to collect evidence to show Neil Prescott's complicity in the false accusation against Miles. Will Carolyn be discovered? M-F, 3:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

ROAD OF LIFE In forcing the resignation of Dr. Jim Brent from Wheelcock Hospital, Conrad Overton and Gordon Fuller may have brought about not the victory they are congratulating themselves on, but the eventual defeat of their entire malevolent plan. For when Jim's friend, Frank Dana, becomes head of the Jericho County Commission, he appoints Jim county medical examiner. Jim's new power means trouble for his enemies. M-F, 3:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

ROSEMARY Whatever happens to Bill and Rosemary Roberts as a result of his trial for the murder of Blanche Weatherby, certainly the lives of all who know them will be permanently affected. Although Rosemary's stepfather, Dr. Jim Cotter, is happy with his new hospital in Springdale, neither he nor Rosemary's mother will ever forget that for a time the friendly town turned against them because of Bill. And for Blanche's parents, the future is unforeseeable, M-F, 11:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

SECOND MRS. BURTON Terry's worst fears for the health of her husband, Stan, are finally justified when Stan's collapse ends in his paralysis. Desperate, Terry surveys the situation, and although she is a courageous woman she wonders just how she can plan a future which will keep her family independent of Stan's mother, the demanding and possessive woman who has almost ruined her marriage already. Can Terry find a way of supporting herself, Brad, Wendy . . . and Stan? M-F, 2 P.M. EDT, CBS.

STELLA DALLAS Once again Stella's neighbor, the wealthy, eccentric Jared Stone, draws Stella's attention when she becomes interested in his secretary, Emily Calvert. Emily, a former schoolmate of Stella's daughter Laurel, has fallen in love with her employer. But the perverse Jared seems to enjoy treating Emily meanly. Does he know her feeling toward him? What can Stella do to help her young friend? M-F, 4:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

STRANGE ROMANCE OF EVELYN WINTERS The feud between playwright Gary Bennett and producer Nigel Forrest is finally made clear to Gary's ward, Evelyn, when she learns that the mysterious woman at the bottom of it is Nigel's sister, who was once in love with Gary. Nigel claims that Gary jilted his sister, but told Gary that she was dead. What effect will her reappearance in Gary's life have on Evelyn, who is in love with her guardian? M-F, 3:45 P.M. EDT, ABC.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT The wealthy parents of Barclay Bailey are waging real war against Hollywood designer Helen Trent, determined to prevent Barclay from making plans to marry her. The Baileys may succeed in destroying more than Helen's friendship with Barclay, for they are planting so many damaging stories about her in so many places that her reputation may be irrevocably ruined. M-F, 12:30 P.M. EDT.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE The tragic, sudden death of her friend Peg Martinson is a great shock to Nora, who cannot help feeling that if she had tried just a little harder to understand Peg the accident that killed her might never have occurred . . . if it was an accident. But gradually as the

B
M

GRETA GRAY FASHIONS the BEST

SKIRTS

in the WHIRL

emotional strain lessens, Nora realizes that Peg's death in a way marked the end of a long chapter in her own life. What is ahead for Nora? M-F, 2:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

WENDY WARREN Although Wendy has been a successful newspaperwoman and radio commentator, she never envisioned for herself a Hollywood career. But the young producer working on the documentary Wendy contracted to make becomes so enthusiastic that to her own surprise Wendy finds it not so difficult to keep her mind off her emotional troubles—the troubles engendered by dynamic actress Maggie Fallon, who has fallen in love with Mark Douglas, Wendy's fiance. M-F, 12 Noon EDT, CBS.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES Claire O'Brien was determined from the beginning to break up the marriage of Joan and Harry Davis, and Harry is only now beginning to see how well she played her cards. Will his career and his marriage be devastated because of Claire's passion for him? How can Joan ever rebuild her own happiness as she faces the facts of Harry's involvement with the predatory Claire? M-F, 11:15 A.M. EDT, ABC.

WOMAN IN MY HOUSE When young Sandy Carter eloped with Dave Elliott, her family immediately set out to help the two young people get started on married life. But Sandy and Dave ran into some problems with which no outsider could help, and the infant marriage was on shaky ground when Dave was sent to fight in Korea. The tragic news of his death has affected Sandy in a strange way. Does she feel guilty toward Dave? Or is it something else? M-F, 4:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

YOUNG DR. MALONE When Mary Browne finally agreed to marry Ernest Horton, Dr. Jerry Malone thought he was seeing two young people off to a happy future. But when Ernest begins to work off his frustrations as a writer on Mary, the infant marriage runs into serious difficulties. Meanwhile, in Three Oaks, Anne Malone is concerned as business troubles bring out an unexpected and frightening facet in Sam Williams' personality. M-F, 1:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN Chivalry halts the fight of Dr. Anthony Loring to free himself from his long-estranged wife, Ruth, when this woman, who has suddenly reappeared to disrupt his life, suffers a mental breakdown. Ellen Brown, who hopes to marry Anthony when it can be proved that his marriage to Ruth was annulled a long time ago, realizes that Ruth's illness has held up her own happiness for what might be a long time. Will Ellen be willing to wait for Anthony? M-F, 4:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.



A—Bold checkerboard cotton gingham—all-round deep unpressed pleats—matching belt—zipper closing. Waist: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30. Brown, Green, Red, Black with White. \$3.88

B—Crisp embossed cotton-wide swing hemline tapered to snug fitting waist—two large, flapped pockets—zipper closing. Waist: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30. Aqua, Pink, Lilac, Cinnamon, Navy, Maize. \$3.88

C—Rustling taffeta in pin check—extremely full-gathered—cinch waist—simulated leather 2" belt run thru taffeta loops—zipper closing. Waist: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30. Black and White—Red Belt, Brown and White—Brown Belt. \$4.88

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RM



Swapping recipes and exchanging chitchat with Mother Parker on WEEI's Food Fair in Boston—the majestic Sardar Dewa Sarna and popular cowboy Gene Autry.



Mother Parker says

Food comes first

THREE MILLION people call her mother, and Heloise Parker Broeg has a heart big enough for at least three million more. Mother Parker, as she is known to listeners, invites her audience right into her friendly kitchen via WEEI, Boston, every morning except Sunday.

Food Fair has become a must-listen in Boston ever since Mother Parker started the show twelve years ago. Her listeners know that her advice on home problems, the food tips she gives and the products she sells, are completely reliable. They should be—because Heloise got her basic training in her grandmother's farm kitchen back in Crawford County, Illinois, then turned her practical experience into a successful chain of bakeries and a biscuit-mix factory. She got along for a spell as a housewife on a strict budget, too.

Home for Mother Parker is a warm, sunny house near Boston with a garden inside and out. The inside garden is really the leafy design which dominates drapery, slip-covers, and wall paper. Leaves have become the symbol of good living for the Illinois farm girl. "The magnolia, huckleberry and rhododendron leaves in my house," explains Mother Parker, "give me a feeling that I, too, am a part of nature, that each new day offers me the chance to make a fresh start."

If you want to borrow a cook-book, drop in at Mother Parker's—she has collected more than one thousand, dating back to 1663. Knitting, sewing, and cookery are her favorite hobbies. She feels that mothers would do well to spend more time teaching their daughters to do these things, as part of a happy, active life.

Although cooking and home economics have always been her first love, Mother Parker also had a varied career as a school teacher, telephone operator, orange packer and cost accountant before her travels led her to Boston and Food Fair. She edited a magazine and was a newspaper food columnist, too.

Her loyal listeners are not alone in recognizing the healthy influence Mother Parker has brought to New England homes. She has won numerous awards from food associations and home economics groups. Among them—the Life Line of America Trophy awarded to her in 1948 and 1950, and a citation from New England's grocery industry for "distinguished public service to the food industry of New England."

But, despite the honors won and the reputation earned, Mother Parker retains the warm, human qualities which endear her to WEEI audiences. Stacks of mail attest to the fact that they have learned to believe in her and trust her judgment.

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AND you get an *extra-mild* and soothing smoke...*plus* the added protection of

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QUALITY



* Compare Fatima with any other King-Size cigarette. If you're not convinced Fatima is better, return pack and unsmoked Fatimas by Aug. 1, '52 for money back plus postage. Fatima, Box 37, New York 1, N. Y.

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KATHRYN GRAYSON... Lustre-Creme presents one of Hollywood's most glamorous stars. Like the majority of top Hollywood stars, Miss Grayson uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo to care for her beautiful hair.

The Most Beautiful Hair in the World is kept at its loveliest ... with Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Kathryn Grayson uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo to keep her hair always alluring. The care of her beautiful hair is vital to her glamour-career.

You, too, like Kathryn Grayson, will notice a glorious difference in your hair after a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Under the spell of its lanolin-blessed lather, your hair shines, behaves, is eager to curl. Hair dulled by soap abuse... dusty with dandruff, now is fragrantly clean. Hair robbed of its natural sheen now glows with renewed highlights.

Lathers lavishly in hardest water... needs no special after-rinse.

No other cream shampoo in all the world is as popular as Lustre-Creme. For hair that behaves like the angels and shines like the stars... ask for Lustre-Creme Shampoo.



The beauty-blend cream shampoo with LANOLIN. Jars or tubes, 27¢ to \$2.

Information Booth

(Continued)

Mystery Gal

Dear Editor:

Can you tell me who it is Jimmy Durante refers to when he says, "Good night, Mrs. Calabash, wherever you are?"

P. M., Wellesley, Mass.

People are always asking Jimmy about Mrs. Calabash, but his reply is: "Ain't a fella got a right to have any secrets?" It looks like Mrs. Calabash will just have to remain his mystery woman.

He's Pop

Dear Editor:

Who is the native of Boston referred to as "Pop" of the Boston Pops Orchestra?

A. R., East Liverpool, Ohio

Maestro Arthur Fiedler is the famed "Pop" of the Boston Pops. The conductor was born in Boston into a family of musicians. His father was a violinist for the Boston Symphony Orchestra, his grandfather was a violinist in Europe, and his three sisters are all musicians. He has been conducting the Pops since 1930.

Foreign Correspondent

Dear Editor:

Is Jerome Thor, star of Foreign Intrigue, married, and does he have any children? Also, where was he born?

L. B., White Plains, N. Y.

Jerome Thor, the foreign correspondent in Foreign Intrigue, is married to his leading lady, Sydna Scott. The Thors have no children. Jerome was born in Brooklyn, New York.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, RADIO-TV 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.



Jerome Thor

Famous Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo for Glamorous Hair

Capital quipmaster



WOL's Mike Hunnicutt and guest star—Mrs. Mike

MIKE HUNNICUTT'S a natural "morning man." Soon as Washington station WOL realized it, they asked him to share this rare quality with listeners on a 6-9:30 A.M. program. The result: Hunnicutt's Hassle, which starts District of Columbia folks off with a smile.

Give Mike a rinky-dink piano, a song to sing, his wife Polly by his side singing and joshing along with him—and you've got entertainment which would make anybody glad to be awake. Mike doesn't reserve his earthy wit and musical talent for the times when he's paid to give out, though. His two boys, Michael, Jr., eleven, and Robert, six, get the benefit of Mike at his funniest and most relaxed—at home. The boys, by the way, are frequent guests on the program. As they put it, "We've been helping the ol' man out with the show for quite a while now." That's putting it mildly—they've been doing it ever since they could talk. And, of his two sons, Mike raves, "Those boys are the greatest things since Whitney invented the cotton gin."

In radio (and more recently TV) for nineteen years, Mike and Polly were one of the first husband-and-wife teams back when radio was just a baby. Washingtonians heard them singing and plunking the keys in 1933, and liked the combine so much, the two were booked into a four-year morning spot.



What with Hopalong Cossidy standing by and pop Mike rigged up in a fancy cowboy suit, Mike, Jr. and Bob are the happiest kids in Washington, D. C.

But, when little Mike was born, Polly decided to bow out of active radio work. Meanwhile, other Washington stations were bidding for big Mike's talent. Any guy who could wake folks up and make them happy at the same time—especially in taut-nerved D.C.—was worth hiring. In 1946, Mike went to work for WOL. He and organist Charlie Keaton joined forces in the capital's Neptune restaurant. Everybody who was anybody dropped in for Brunch with Mike.

Early in 1951, Mike got the urge to try his luck in television and journeyed to Cincinnati, where he did a stint on WCPO. But the pianist-singer's heart was in Washington. After six months, he just couldn't squelch his homesickness any longer. So back he went to WOL, where—in addition to his morning show—he also emcees The Federal Quiz three nights a week.

Gusti, a local restaurateur, recently summed up the reason for Mike's appeal: "Somehow, if his listeners wake up with ice packs where their heads should be, all they do is tune in Mike—he fixes 'em up in a jiffy. What I mean is, he's always with the audience." Mike is a friendly, human person—and his personality reaches across the airwaves into Washington homes, where as in his own home, Mike is considered a real pal.

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ASSURES CONTINUOUS
ACTION for HOURS
in
INTIMATE FEMININE
HYGIENE



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Zonitors offer womankind a far more satisfactory method for internal feminine cleanliness, which is so necessary for health, married happiness and to guard against unmentionable odors. Zonitors are more convenient to use, easy to carry in your purse and provide a *powerfully effective* yet absolutely harmless method for hygiene.

One of the *many* advantages of Zonitors is they're *greaseless*, stainless vaginal suppositories. Only a greaseless suppository can be easily removed with water.

When inserted, Zonitors release the same powerful type of germ-killing and deodorizing properties as famous ZONITE liquid. They assure *continuous* action for *hours*. Positively non-poisonous, non-irritating!

Zonitors completely deodorize and help guard against infection. They kill every germ they touch. It's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but you can be *sure* Zonitors *instantly* kill every reachable germ. Enjoy Zonitors' extra protection and convenience at small cost!

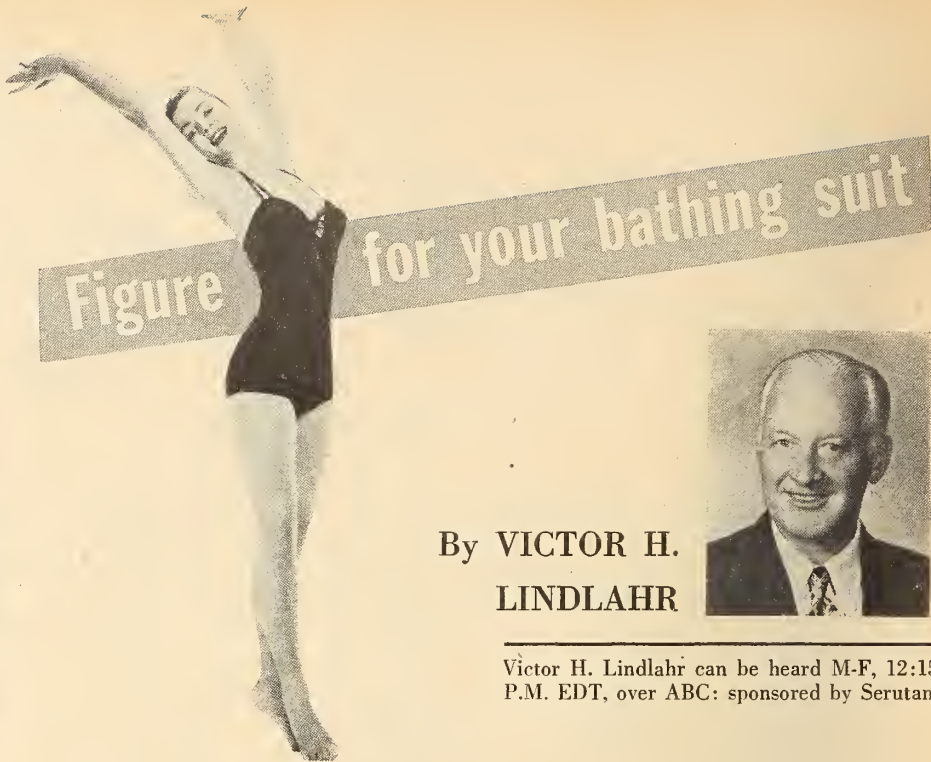


Each in separate glass vial



Send coupon for new book revealing all about these intimate physical facts. Zonitors, Dept. ZRM-72, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.*

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 *Offer good only in U. S. and Canada.



By **VICTOR H. LINDLAHR**



Victor H. Lindlahr can be heard M-F, 12:15 P.M. EDT, over ABC: sponsored by Serutan.

VACATION DAYS are here! That means thin, light clothes, backless and perhaps strapless dresses, slacks and shorts, and finally the all-revealing swim suit. The woman who has been hiding excess fat behind fuller-cut, darker clothes is in for trouble.

Appearance isn't the only reason for being concerned with summer overweight. Everyone wants to take advantage of the summer season to get out more and play. You may want to play a game of tennis, golf, take walks along a beach, or hike, or go on a picnic. If you are overweight, you will let your husband or friend go it alone. If you try to keep up with slender, active members of the family, your heart will beat like a trip-hammer, and you'll all but hear the siren of an ambulance. Now's the time to think of your appearance and physical condition, for usually a slender figure goes hand in hand with good health.

It's not too late to get in shape for summer. The torrid sun of mid-summer is still weeks away. It's possible to lose as much as a pound a day, but you can't do it by fasting. You must eat to reduce. That is the big secret of losing weight quickly and safely. Certain foods that give you the strength and verve to make your day a good one also serve the double purpose of helping you turn that worthless, stored body fat into energy.

Certainly you must cut down to three meals a day. Avoid rich foods and desserts as if they were poison.

You can be sure that all sweet things will add fat where you don't want it.

Here are the basic foods an adult must have every day: An egg, two glasses of milk (skimmed, if you're dieting), two servings of green or yellow vegetables, a fresh salad, a citrus fruit or juice, generous helpings of lean meat or fish, one or two slices of an enriched or whole-grain bread.

If you memorize the above paragraph and apply it every day of your life, you will be assured of fine health and a good figure. An underweight or slender person can afford to add extras. But, if you want to lose fat, your meats and fish must be lean to begin with and then broiled, your cooked vegetables must be prepared without butter or sauce.

The average, healthy person can usually lose weight successfully on a daily diet of 1,200 calories made up of the stated basic foods. If, after ten days, you find that you are not losing fat rapidly enough, you can reduce your calorie intake further but you must be certain that the body gets all the vitamins, proteins and minerals it needs. Before going on a strenuous diet, consult your family physician.

To get in the mood for slenderizing, here's a suggestion. Get out those playclothes you stored away after last summer's vacation. Put on your swim suit, then stand in front of a mirror. Look at your arms and your waist, your hips and thighs. Look and look and look. Then let what you see guide your appetite.

What's Spinning?

(Continued from page 7)

to her lovely, throaty voice—I'm So Easy to Satisfy, backed by What'll I Do. It's a Capitol record. Don Estes, who's out with Victor's Be Anything (But Be Mine) and Ev'rytime is still at his disc-jockey stand in Nashville, Tennessee. He's also star of radio shows Sunday Down South and Tin Pan Valley. Tony Bennett, Columbia singing star, is now writing TV film material. We love the way recording companies are using folk-song material as material for popular artists. From South Africa, Around the Corner is now successful. We like Jo Stafford's singing of it the best. The Bell Sisters, after recording Hambone with Phil Harris, are now busy at their usual interests. Sixteen-year-old Cynthia is busy swimming the summer away as a member of the Huntington Beach Swimming and Diving Club. Kay is back with the Girl Scout Seal Beach troop now working hard for some more service badges. Cynthia's still got quite a library of unpublished songs, so perhaps before long there will be some more of her selections on the way.

Check the following hits and if you have every one in your library, you're a Collector; all but two, you're Hep; less than that, you'd better start buying.

1. Don Cornell's recording by Coral of I'll Walk Alone.
2. Merv Griffin's refrain with Freddie Martin of Am I In Love?
3. Idaho State Fair with Victor's Vaughn Monroe.
4. Junco Partner with Richard Hayes, on the Mercury label.
5. Mercury's Goodbye For Awhile with Vic Damone, who'll be recording again this summer.
6. Rugged But Right with Phil Harris for Victor.
7. The Wild Side of Life with Mercury's Tiny Hill. Real corny but good.
8. MGM label's Tommy Edwards' My Girl.
9. Betty Clark singing Funny Melody for MGM.
10. Of course, Doris Day's Columbia record of A Guy Is a Guy.



Johnnie Ray, the sensational new singing star, will be on the cover of August Radio-TV Mirror. On sale July 11.

Only Suave makes hair obey... new soft way!

**"Sparkles" the hair
—controls it with miracle Curtisol**

Now...try the *only* hairdressing that makes hair obey the new *soft way*...With miracle Curtisol—so amazingly light, so penetrating it *never* leaves oily "after-film"! Just a few delicate drops of Suave "sparkles" hair, prevents dryness and split ends, frizziness after a permanent. Gives you "easy-do" hair instantly. Even after shampoo!
No wonder women prefer Suave 5 to 1.

**ENDS DRY HAIR WORRIES
...NO OILY "AFTER-FILM"**



Recommended by beauty experts everywhere. In two forms—liquid, or new "solid" Suave Creme Hairdressing. At beauty salons, cosmetic and drug counters.

NOW! MEN'S SUAVE, TOO!

LIQUID 50¢ - \$1 CREME 60¢

created by *Helene Curtis* foremost name in hair beauty

Nephew with a nose for news

WIP's John Facenda is a real on-the-spot reporter



John gives facts a human interest flavor.



Dorothy Facenda surveys her two men-folk with loving pride. Jackie likes to be in on everything Dad does—from practicing golf to reading the morning paper.



UNCLES RALPH, Augustine, and James never suspected that their nephew John Thomas Ralph Augustine James Facenda would make his career in radio. As a matter of fact, neither did John or anyone else in his family. Philadelphia's most popular newsman, on both radio and TV, started out with full intentions of becoming an engineer. But when he was graduated from Villanova College, jobs were all too scarce, and John took a temporary job as a reporter on the old *Evening Public Ledger*.

One day the paper's scholastic sports reporter became ill, and John was assigned to replace him on a sports broadcast for the paper's own radio station. From that moment, seventeen years ago, John knew that he had been officially bitten by the "radio bug." The next two years meant a hectic tour of radio from New York to Philadelphia. Freelance announcing, program direction, and copywriting.

In 1937, Facenda went to work for WIP as a newscaster, and since then has been reporting the news four times daily. He injects a warm, friendly quality into his newscasting, and tops it off with human interest anecdotes. As an on-the-spot reporter, Facenda is full of ideas and maneuvers which help him to get difficult stories. During his career he has been into the sea in a diving bell, flat on his stomach in a cathedral, and atop a grand piano. Object: to get the news no matter what!

John admits that his busy routine as a newshound doesn't give him much time to relax, but he manages to spend his mornings with his family. He always gets up in time to have breakfast with his son, twelve-year-old Jackie, before he goes off to school. Mrs. Facenda usually has a few chores for John to do before he goes to the studio.

Although his job is a demanding one, John Facenda couldn't be talked out of radio.

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



Bob Carroll

ALTHOUGH Robert Carroll, who plays Inspector Mark Saber on ABC's Mystery Theatre, has never palled with policemen or detectives, has never been on the scene of a crime, and has never been involved with any real-life lawbreakers, the actor does a very convincing job each Wednesday evening as the suave sleuth. Bob is used to this sort of thing, as he points out: "I once portrayed an ichneumon fly (in Kapek's 'The Insect Comedy'), and I never even heard of such an animal."

Bob was born in Hamlet, North Carolina, on March 22, 1920. He dreamed of becoming a pianist during his boyhood, but at eighteen, while taking a summer course at the University of North Carolina's Chapel Hill, he changed his mind and decided to act. Paul Green had watched him on the stage, and featured him in "The Lost Colony" and "Highland Call." His theatrical career was interrupted in 1942-1946, when he served with the U. S. Army Signal Corps in England. He was mustered out a field-commissioned second lieutenant.

Back in the States, Bob determined to try his luck on Broadway. The amazing thing about his story is that he was successful in his first attempt to crash the Big Street. He had read in a newspaper that Jose Ferrer was casting for a production of "Cyrano de Bergerac" and decided to play a hunch and try out for a part. He got the part, and became a personal friend of Mr. Ferrer's.

Since then, Bob has been seen in the stage plays, "Music in My Heart," "The Silver Whistle," "The Glass Menagerie," and "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." His last Broadway role was as Gloria Swanson's lover in "Twentieth Century." Last October he was cast in the role of Mark Saber on Mystery Theatre. Aside from this regular radio stint, Bob also appears on TV frequently.

When not busy acting, which is rarely, Bob likes to travel—on tramp steamers and freighters. His other hobbies are composing and playing the piano and pipe organ. A Manhattan dweller, Bob is six feet tall, has dark hair and brown eyes, and still maintains a bachelor apartment.

Mystery Theater is heard Wed., 8 P.M. EDT, on ABC, for Sterling Drug Inc.

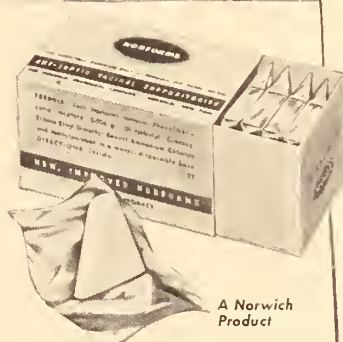


1. ANTISEPTIC (Protection from germs)
Norforms are now *safer and surer than ever!* A highly perfected new formula actually combats germs *right in the vaginal tract.* The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful, protective film that permits effective, long-lasting action. Will not harm delicate tissues.

2. DEODORANT (Protection from odor)
Norforms were tested in a hospital clinic and found to be more effective than anything it had ever used. Norforms are powerfully deodorant—they *eliminate* (rather than *cover up*) unpleasant or embarrassing odors, and yet have no "medicine" or "disinfectant" odor themselves.

3. CONVENIENT (So easy to use)
Norforms are small vaginal suppositories that are so easy and convenient to use. Just insert—no apparatus, no mixing or measuring. They're greaseless and they keep in any climate. Your druggist has them in boxes of 12 and 24.

ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA



A Norwich Product

✓ TESTED by Doctors
✓ TRUSTED by Women

NEW IMPROVED

NORFORMS

VAGINAL SUPPOSITORIES

FREE informative Norforms booklet

Just mail this coupon to: Dept. RT-27
Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y.
Please send me the new Norforms booklet, in a plain envelope.

Name _____
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Tom Reddy shares the WJZ kilocycles with three of his sons: Tom, 12, Terry, 10, and Mike, 14.

he married the landlady's **D**aughter

YOU WON'T find Tom Reddy, WJZ's newest personality, hanging around with the boys after his radio chores are done. With five children at home, Tom just doesn't have the time to sip coffee on into the evening. His programs—The Tom Reddy Show, heard five days a week at 6:30 A.M., and Tom's Tabloid, another five-day program on at 2 P.M.—keep Tom on the go.

As soon as Tom's Tabloid is off the air, the versatile emcee can be seen flying toward the commuters' train bound for Plandome, Long Island. At least two of the kids tag along with Mrs. Reddy when she picks Tom up at the station and—from that time until the five lively young-uns get to bed—Tom and Mary are pretty busy people. The Reddy household is kids' paradise, with plenty of garden to get muddy in, and plenty of Poppa to romp with.

Tom has his fun after dinner, when he can get down to his workshop basement. There he really enjoys himself, remaking old dining-room tables into coffee tables and just puttering.

Born in Omaha, Nebraska, Tom attended Wayne Teachers' College. It was during his student days at Wayne that he met Mary. She was the daughter of the lady who owned the house where Tom boarded. They were married when he was eighteen. From Wayne, Tom went to Notre Dame University, where he majored in journalism. After he was graduated, he worked as a radio man for various stations in the Midwest.

One night at a party, Tom met Mr. Fitch, and several weeks later he was signed for the Fitch Band Wagon, originating from Hollywood. In addition to many radio appearances, and one movie, Tom has recorded a few very popular children's records, including "Destination Moon" and "The Ants' Picnic."

His Tabloid program has most of the features of a miniature newspaper—book and movie reviews, letters to the editor, a "best male singer or orchestra leader of the week" spot.

Though Tom is a relatively new voice on WJZ, he's made many friends.

What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 11)

a single one, so when he finishes high school next year he won't have to worry about money for his college education.

Comedian Danny Thomas sincerely believes that St. Jude, the patron saint of the theatre, watched over him during the dark days B.B.B. (Before Big Break). Now that he is on top, he wants to build a shrine to his venerable Saint—a Saint Jude Hospital for the poor. To date, through his friends in show business, he has raised \$53,000 of the million dollars which will be needed.

Now that he's permanently settled in New York, Gabby Hayes is sponsoring a summer ranch camp for boys in East Jewett, New York, in the Catskill Mountains. Gabby has arranged for underprivileged youths from heavily-populated Manhattan to be his special guests for the summer.

Oliver J. Dragon, well-known statesman of the Kukla, Fran and Ollie troupe, has definitely announced his candidacy for President. Ollie says, "The man of the hour is the man with the tooth," and he's even got a rousing campaign song, "Get On The Dragon Wagon." Well, he'd get the kids' votes, anyway.

What Ever Happened To . . .

Margaret "Mug" Richardson, Arthur Godfrey's former assistant and "right hand"? When Mug resigned her job with Godfrey, she returned to her home in Washington, and for a while had her own television show there. Now she is handling radio and television promotion for the Federal Civil Defense Administration branch of the Government, and spends most of her time in the capital.

Mary Marlowe, who formerly sang with Sammy Kaye's orchestra? After leaving Kaye, Mary continued singing professionally for a short time, but has since retired from show business completely.

Michael Raffetto, who played Paul Barbour, the eldest son on One Man's Family, and who also used to direct the program? Raffetto, who had been on the show since 1932, had to give up the role towards the end of last year because of a serious throat ailment. However, up until a few months ago, he did continue to direct the program. Unfortunately, because of his illness, he also had to relinquish that job. Raffetto's many fans and friends in radio are hoping he will be able to return to the show before too many months have passed.

Roberta Quinlan, who used to star on her own musical television show over NBC? At the moment, Roberta has no regular radio or television program on the air, but she has appeared as a guest singer on some of the major TV variety shows. She has also formed a night-club act and has been playing some of the supper spots in the East. Roberta hopes to be back before the video cameras this fall.

These are personalities readers have inquired about. If you have wondered what happened to one of your favorites on radio or television, drop me a line—Jill Warren, RADIO-TV MIRROR Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City, 17, and I'll do my best to find out for you and put the information in the column.

(NOTE: On all shows, both radio and television, be sure to check your local papers for time, station and channel).

a perfect solution to a woman's most intimate problem

Spectacular

Rabbit's Eye Tests prove ZONITE'S
Absolute Safety to body tissues

Many women who've been married for quite a number of years are still worried and confused about feminine hygiene. They *do* realize the absolute necessity of intimate feminine cleanliness for health, married happiness and to protect against offensive odors. But they're doubtful about *what* antiseptic to use in their douche. Doctors repeatedly warn against the use of overstrong solutions of *poisonous* and *caustic* antiseptics because they've seen the serious injuries resulting from their continued use.

A foolproof rule is to use no germicide that cannot be accidentally SWALLOWED WITH SAFETY. To what germicide, then, can a woman turn with confidence that it's *powerful enough yet not a poison—not harmful*? A perfect solution is ZONITE! It is a powerful germicide yet positively non-poisonous, non-irritating.

Proof of ZONITE'S ABSOLUTE SAFETY to Tissues

As any doctor or nurse will tell you, before the discovery of ZONITE, there really was no antiseptic powerful enough except poisons. Then the great ZONITE antiseptic principle was developed by a world-famous surgeon and scientist. And what a blessing to womankind! At last they had

a *powerful germ killer—one absolutely safe* to delicate tissues.

Laboratory tests show that ZONITE, as used in the douche, was put twice daily for three months in rabbits' eyes (whose membranes are far more delicate than any in the vaginal tract). Not the slightest irritation appeared at any time. You can be assured: *no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is so powerful yet safe to tissues.*

Warns Against Use of Vinegar

Would you use vinegar as a deodorant? Of course you wouldn't! Would you pour vinegar over an open cut and expect germicidal protection? Of course not! Vinegar and other preparations have valuable uses for the household, but no intelligent woman should use such homemade makeshift solutions for the most intimate concern in her life.

ZONITE'S Miracle-Action

ZONITE completely deodorizes. It cleanses and flushes away odor-causing waste substances and deposits. ZONITE helps prevent infection and kills every germ it reaches. It's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but you can be *sure* ZONITE kills every reachable germ. Always use as directed.

Zonite

THIS IDEAL 'ALL PURPOSE' ANTISEPTIC-GERMIDICIDE SHOULD BE IN EVERY MEDICINE CHEST

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FREE! Mail coupon for FREE book. Reveals intimate facts and gives complete information on feminine hygiene. Write Zonite Products Corp., Dept. RM-72, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.*

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City State

*Offer good only in U.S. and Canada

"I LOST 45 POUNDS... THANKS TO YOUR NEW REDUCING PLAN," SAYS MINETTE DIXON



Ann Delafield
has helped more people to lose weight than any other woman in the world.

Woman Editor Writes Ann Delafield of Amazing Results with Famous Beauty Consultant's Easy Way to Lose Weight

Minette Dixon's enthusiastic letter to the renowned beauty authority, Ann Delafield, is typical of the grateful thanks she has received from hundreds of thousands of pupils whom she has helped lose weight.

"With the aid of the Ann Delafield Appetite Reducer I was able to carry a full time job, and do all my housework as well. It seemed no time at all that I dropped from 170 to 125 pounds!"

BE HAPPY — BE SLENDER

If your story is like Miss Dixon's...and thousands of other women (and men) who have been struggling for years with a problem of overweight...the Ann Delafield Appetite Reducing Plan was designed for *you*. You'll be amazed how soon...how easily...you will find slender beauty and new happiness!

During Miss Delafield's forty years of experience in helping people to lose weight, she has had pupils from all over the world...and most of them have been recommended by personal physicians. Based on her accumulated knowledge of the problem, she has developed for you the Ann Delafield Reducing Plan...*an easy way to reduce that doesn't take the fun out of life.*

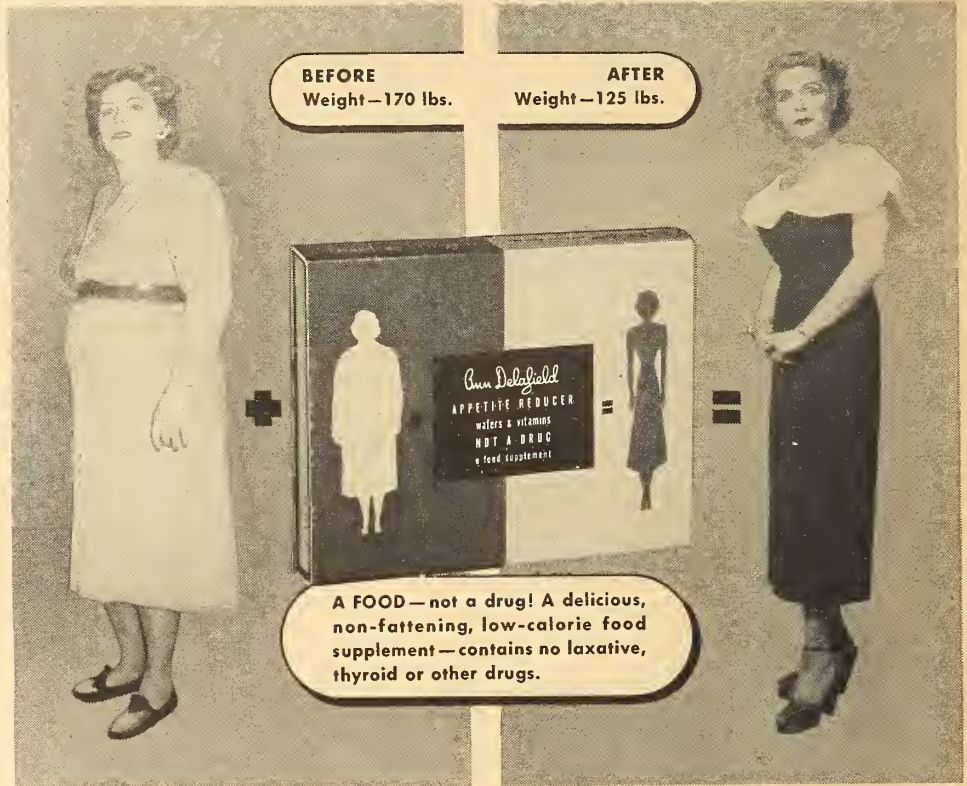
YOU CAN EAT YOUR CAKE AND HAVE "IT" TOO

Included in the Ann Delafield Reducing Plan are generous, appetizing—yet low-calorie—menus. (You even have a piece of cake for dessert!) The secret of the amazing success of her plan is a scientifically produced...and *delicious*... wafer called the Ann Delafield Appetite Reducer. This pharmaceutically approved food supplement satisfies that hungry urge between meals... *without adding any ugly pounds*. This wafer was conceived after years of practical experience and endless hours of consultation with physicians and dieticians.

In addition, your diet is supplemented by Ann Delafield Vitamin Capsules... carefully prepared by expert chemists to conform to the recommended dietary allowances of the Food and Nutrition Board of the National Research Council for the contained vitamins.

DON'T PUT IT OFF

Begin this easy way to a richer, fuller life *now!* If your doctor has told you that your excess weight is not due to a glandular disturbance or organic causes, start on your Ann Delafield Reducing Plan *today*. The complete package... containing a book with suggested menus and helpful beauty tips, a 30-day supply of your Ann Delafield Appetite Reducer Wafers and Vitamins costs just \$6.95; the repeat package just \$5.95.



Before Minette Dixon tried the Ann Delafield Appetite Reducing Plan she weighed 170 pounds. Every attempt to lose weight was an unhappy failure... but it was a different story after trying Miss Delafield's easy, natural way to reduce.

"Dear Miss Delafield," she wrote. "A wonderful thing has been accomplished with me.

WITH THE HELP OF THE ANN DELAFIELD APPETITE REDUCER, I have lost 45 horrible pounds rapidly and becomingly. I was able not only to carry on a full time job, but to do all of my own housework as well. All of which goes to prove that reducing with the Ann Delafield Appetite Reducers is truly the vital way to beauty."

*Minette Dixon, New York City**



BEFORE Weight—150 lbs. **AFTER** Weight—119 lbs.

Mary Ann Llewellyn Looks Ten Years Younger!

When Mary Ann Llewellyn tried the Ann Delafield Reducing Plan she discovered one of the magical results of losing weight a natural, healthy way. She maintained her vital energy and even slept better than she had for months. *She looked and felt younger!* Reporting her happy achievement to Miss Delafield, Mrs. Llewellyn wrote this...

"My friends say *I look ten years younger since I lost those thirty ugly pounds!* Whenever I've tried to reduce in the past, I've always felt hungry, but the 'Ann Delafield Appetite Reducer Wafer' kept me so well satisfied that I was never tempted to take extra food. Thanks for giving us women *an easy way to reduce!*"

*Mary Ann Llewellyn, New York City**

**Address on request from Rexall, Los Angeles.*



SOLD AT REXALL DRUG STORES EVERYWHERE

They thought I was
snobbish and
stuck-up because
I was wrapped
in a solitary dream

by
Marion
Marlowe



When I have daughters of my own, I'll tell them many things I myself learned—too late.

our Precious years

IF I WERE a high school girl today, I would use those precious four years quite differently. Not that I don't think I'm the luckiest girl in the world, because I am, and everything has turned out wonderfully. But it could have been difficult for me, because through my own short-

sightedness I missed some of the happiest experiences that belong to the teen years and now, at twenty-two, I am still learning some of the lessons I should have learned then.

In my case, however, my adored home folks—my mother and my grandparents—kept my feet on the



See Next Page—

OUR PRECIOUS YEARS

ground, even though my head was always in the clouds of the musical career I so much wanted. They made up to me for the friendships I missed because shyness and self-consciousness held me back from the boys and girls in my own age group. They were my consolation when I was picked last for the girls' teams, and when one of my schoolmates got a boy's fraternity pin and I didn't. But I don't think that even my family, understanding as they were, realized how many normal teen-age interests and how much fun I was deliberately turning away from and how wrapped up I was in my own solitary dreams.

I began to entertain when I was only three. My mother, who was a widow, and I lived with my grandparents and, when they noticed that I sang and danced all the time for the sheer joy of doing it, they showed me off proudly to everyone who came. My first "public performance" was when I sang "Ave Maria" at the Scottish Rite Cathedral in St. Louis. All through my grade school and high school days, I was not only studying music and taking dancing lessons, but I was singing on radio and in light opera and working with local dramatic groups, and dreaming of the time when arithmetic and grammar would no longer have to be learned. History, languages and English literature I loved, because they helped me to understand the grown-up world I was going to conquer when my schooldays were over. All my marks were good, for I was a (Continued on page 88)

Poised and confident now, Marion can smile with happiness as she duets with tenor Frank Parker.



a Song from his HEART

By JOHN ROSS

Frank Parker found, by

FRANK PARKER sat at his desk going over his fan mail. He sorted the requests for pictures into one pile to be handled as soon as he could get around to autographing the photos. Into another stack, he put the letters which required an answer giving information about himself or the Cities Service program on which he was then working. Sighing a little at the fact that, working as hard as he could, the pile of letters just didn't seem to decrease much and there was still a huge stack to go, he picked up the next one, a letter written on hospital stationery.

"Dear Mr. Parker: I listen faithfully to your program every week and enjoy it very much," the letter began, much as had most fan mail before it. "I am only ten years old, but sometimes your singing touches me so deeply, I cry. Two weeks from now I'm going to have an operation. The operation will be performed

No fan mail could mean more to Frank Parker than those through-the-years letters—with that musical signature.



sharing his lucky song, he brought hope and happiness to a girl who desperately needed it

the day after your program and I have a special favor to ask. Would you sing just one song, especially for me? I'd like to take that song with me into the operating room to give me the courage to go on." The letter was signed "Patricia."

Frank carefully folded the letter and put it in his pocket. Sing her a song? Of course he would! But, in the meantime, he'd go and see her at the hospital.

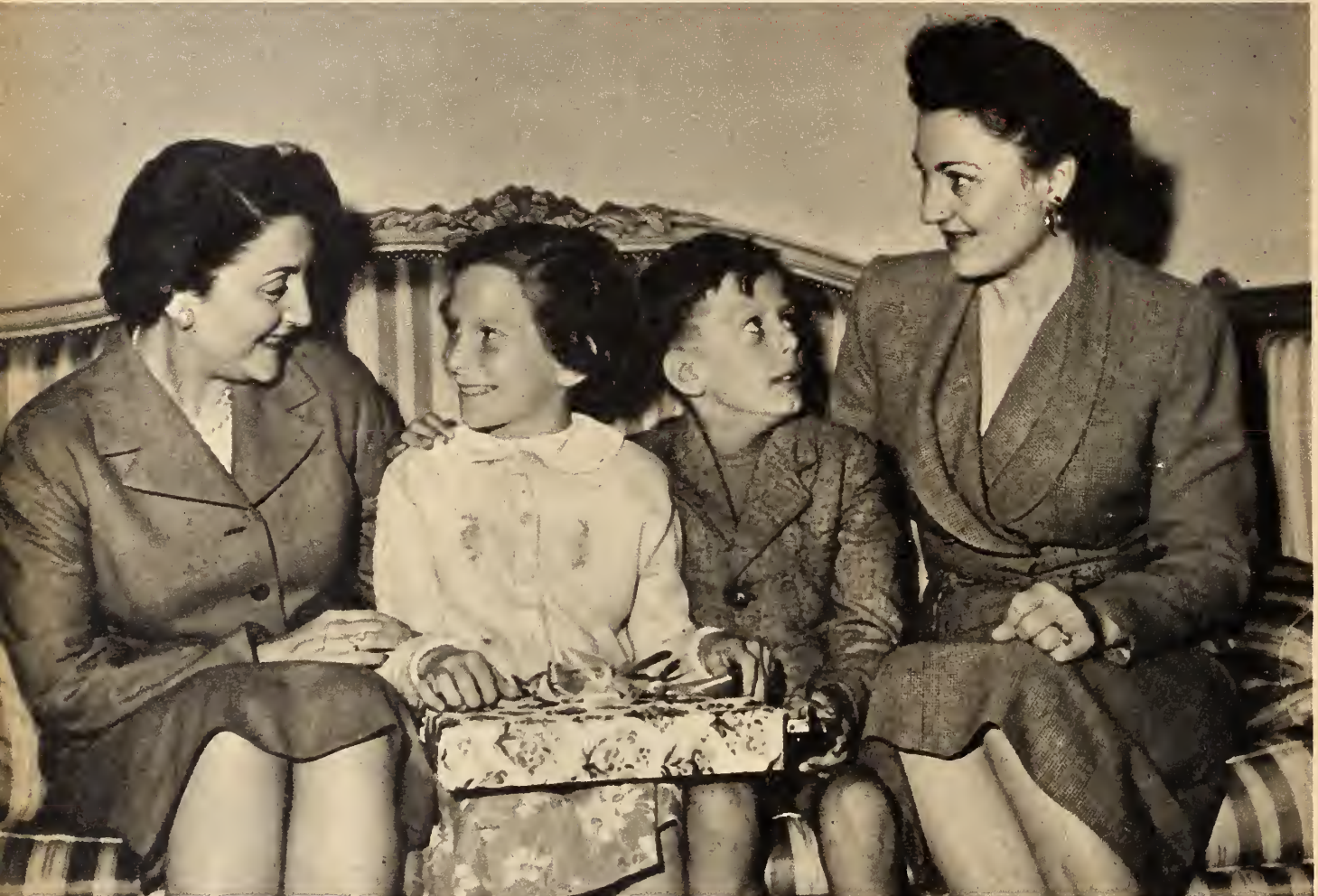
On his way to St. Clare's Hospital the next day, Frank thought about the power of a song. Everyone has a favorite song. Some are chosen for their melody, others for the eloquence of their lyrics, lyrics which may remind someone of a person who is near and dear. Songs can represent a sentimental keepsake, a memory of an evening kept close in the recesses of the heart, of a dance—or perhaps of a dream. Frank remembered back to the twenties when he first

realized that one song was his favorite, one song his musical four-leaf clover.

It was the night that the producers of Frank's Broadway musical, "My Princess," had decided the show must be closed after a very brief run. Sitting in his dressing room, Frank was aware that he now faced, once again, the round of the theatrical agencies, the auditions, the rehearsals, (*Continued on page 89*)

Marion Marlowe and Frank Parker are heard on Arthur Godfrey Time, M-F, 10-11:30 A.M., CBS, for Chesterfield, Nabisco, Pillsbury, Pepsodent, Rinso, ReaLemon and Toni (simulcast Mon. through Thurs., 10:15-10:30, on CBS-TV); King Arthur Godfrey's Round Table, Sun., 5 P.M., on CBS, for Kingan & Co.; Arthur Godfrey and His Friends, Wed., 8 P.M., CBS-TV, for Toni, Pillsbury and Chesterfield. All times are EDT.

WE *Laugh* WITH



Our wives even look like twins—that's my Alyce at left, Lois Linkletter at right, with Marybelle and Roland, two of the little French war orphans our families have "adopted."

IT HAPPENS every other day, in a market or at a kid's shoe store or some other well-trafficked stopover on a busy woman's itinerary.

An acquaintance comes up to my wife, Alyce, smiles, and a conversation ensues:

"How's your husband?"

"Just fine."

"Must keep him busy . . . with TV now, on top of all those radio shows."

"It does indeed."

"Still just five children?" (This is a laugh line, I think.)

"So far." (Polite laughter.)

"Still living in Holmby Hills?"

"Of course. Charlie loves that location too much ever to move."

"Charlie?"

"Yes, my husband."

"But aren't you Lois Linkletter?"

"No, I'm Alyce Correll."

In some other store, on some other street, Lois probably is playing out the same little scene in reverse with some other old friend.

Amusingly enough, although they hail from the opposite ends of the country, and met only seven years ago at one of those big soirees Sid Strotz used to throw every now and then for everybody in radio, my wife and Lois Linkletter, except upon *very* close inspection—

LINKLETTER

You really get to
know a man when you have
him for a friend

by
Charles Correll

(Andy of Amos 'n' Andy)



Alyce's eyes are brown, Lois's blue—are identical twins.

Which is only one of the many, many things Art Linkletter and I (see above) have in common.

We met twelve years ago, have been the closest friends—and our wives and children have been friends for the past seven. I'd have to ask the doc for a *(Continued on page 84)*

Art Linkletter's House Party heard M-F, 3:15 P.M., CBS, for Pillsbury and Lever Bros. Charles Correll, on Amos 'n' Andy, Sun., 7:30 P.M., CBS, for Rexall Drug Co. The TV version of Amos 'n' Andy is seen Thurs., 8:30 P.M., for Blatz Beer. All times EDT.

No one can say I look like Link! But we have many interests in common, like to go the same places—very often together.

All that glitters is not romance

by Florence Freeman

IS TELLING a lie ever justified? Well . . . that's one of those questions you hope nobody will ever ask you pointblank. Of course, as newspaperwoman Wendy Warren—the part I play on CBS every weekday—my answer isn't a problem. It's a straight, unqualified *no*. There's no earthly justification for printing a newspaper unless it brings nothing but absolute factual truth before the reading public. But as Florence Freeman, woman . . . well, let me put it this way. Is there a single one of us who can't remember a time when a little white lie did more good than otherwise?

It was a cocktail party that put me in the way of doing this particular kind of good. A cocktail party I had completely forgotten about that spring afternoon when, on my way out of the CBS building after a broadcast and a script conference, I was eagerly looking forward to a nice pre-dinner rest. Just to be sure, though, I stopped and checked my little pocket diary to see if there were any errands or appointments I had overlooked—and there it was. *M.S.*—that was a writer I knew—*cocktails, try for 4:30*. I groaned aloud. Marcia Selden was an old, old friend, and I simply had to put in an appearance. She was leaving that night for Europe. That's probably why I forgot about the party, I thought dryly. I'm so envious of her vacation I can't bear to think about it—what the psychiatrists call a mental block.

Mental! Head! I put my hand up to my hatless topknot and groaned again. That would teach me to be so busy I skipped the hairdresser. My hair had needed cutting and shaping since the middle of last week, but things had been just too hectic . . . and *now!* Marcia's

friends were always so very, very well groomed—I just couldn't turn up this way. I ruffled my hair and thought. Wasn't there a delightful little hat shop right near our building, on Madison? I went out and turned and, sure enough, there it was. I paused before the window. That little straw, with the single lovely flower—perhaps. Thank heaven, I had on my blue silk suit. With that little hat, I'd be more or less equal to Marcia's crowd.

There were three or four customers already in the shop, and I wandered around for a moment, afraid time would crowd up on me. Then a tall, slender girl approached from the back, and in a few moments we were under way, at a mirrored table, with a little group of hats from which I was sure I could make a selection. As I was trying on the straw I'd seen in the window, the girl leaned forward toward the mirror and said suddenly, "Of course, I knew I'd seen you—you're Wendy Warren, aren't you? I mean—Florence Freeman." She laughed and blushed, and I saw that she was very pretty when she sparkled like that. I smiled back.

"Oh, 'Wendy' is good enough," I said. "Sometimes I have the most dreadful time disentangling myself from that girl after a broadcast."

"I don't blame you. I used to listen all the time, back home. When I came home from school for lunch, I'd put the kitchen radio on just at twelve. . . ." She stopped smiling and held up a little pink (*Continued on page 102*)

Wendy Warren and the News is heard M-F, 12 noon EDT, on CBS; sponsored by Maxwell House Coffee.



WOMAN—EVEN A STRANGER—GET THE BEAUTY SHE DESERVES FROM LIFE



The abrupt change in her manner caught my attention. I found out she was in love with the boy back home, yet here she was lonely, unhappy, unwilling to give up her dreams of a shining life. What could I do to help?

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Hold up a fine pen (Continued on page 7)

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The abrupt change in her manner caught my attention. I found out she was in love with the boy back home, yet here she was lonely, unhappy, unwilling to give up her dreams of a shining life. What could I do to help?



Johnny and Penny Olsen -



Penny's a born collector of items old or new, simply dates an keeping house.

By GLADYS HALL

YOU HAVE fun when you look at—and listen to—Johnny Olsen's Rumpus Room over Du Mont TV?

You like the Olsens, Penny and Johnny?

Sometimes they make you laugh like a loon. Now and again, they give your heartstrings a tug. They're that kind. Both before the cameras and off stage. Take the day they were reminiscing. The first thing you know, the Olsens were telling tales out of school. On each other. Just like every other husband and wife. And there they were, holding hands right in plain view on the table, all the while!

It all began when Penny said yes, she'd had a great adjustment to make in the first year of marriage. But, before she could say what the adjustment was, Johnny was right in there with the information that he'd had an adjustment to make *before* marriage—in short, while he was courting Penny.

"I had to make a 320-mile drive every weekend to see her," said Johnny, "160 miles each way. She lived in Stevens Point, Wisconsin. I lived in Milwaukee. I decided it was cheaper to get married. The phone calls and all. (Continued on page 85)

Rumpus Room is seen weekdays, 1 P.M.; sponsored Mon., Wed., Fri. by Sauce Arturo (Premier Foods). Kids and Company seen Sat., 11 A.M., for Red Goose Shoes. Both EDT, on Du Mont.

This husband-wife team fills the Rumpus Room with laughter and love because that's the way they are—particularly about each other



The Olsen dream home is a symbol of hopes and heartaches shared since a certain fateful day.

Two Special People

BARBARA DREAMED OF A STAR-TOUCHED ROMANCE, AND TO HER



Five busy students of basket-weaving, all named Edwards: Garry, Barbara, Laurie, Ralph, and Christine.

AMAZEMENT HER DREAM CAME TRUE!



Trixie, the poodle, is also a member of the family (left). Barbara and Ralph have passed a number of notable milestones since their marriage—such as cutting a cake, some years back, for his fabulous *Truth or Consequences*.



Ralph Edwards

Prince charming of the airwaves

• By BETH MILLER

Laurie thinks Dad's perfect as a barbecue chef.



SUNDAY AFTERNOON at the Sheldons' family home in Westchester County, New York, was passing in its usual peaceful way, with the parents and grandparents reading the Sunday papers and with Barbara Sheldon, brown-eyed, dark-curly-haired teenager, whiling away the hours until dinner time by strumming away at the piano. It was much like the Sunday afternoons that had gone before, and there was no premonition on Barbara's part that these Sunday afternoons would change their pattern much in the years to come. As the sunset faded, her family would gather around the dinner table, along with several friends Barbara had invited and, after a good full meal, they would all spend a Sunday evening talking quietly around the family fireplace.

The Ralph Edwards Show can be heard every Saturday at 8:30 P.M. EDT, over the National Broadcasting Company network.



Outdoors, Ralph joins the youngsters in a bit of miniature home-building. Indoors, Barbara teaches Christine real grown-up housekeeping and cooking.

RALPH EDWARDS

Prince charming of the airwaves

When Barbara went to the door to let her friends in, however, she found herself looking into the blue eyes of a stranger, fleetingly glimpsed the reddest hair she'd ever seen on a man. Her friends introduced the stranger as Ralph Edwards, a young radio announcer who had come out from New York to spend Sunday with them.

"All I remember thinking was, 'He's an older man!'" Barbara says today.

Barbara was a freshman in the Sarah Lawrence College for girls, and anyone four years her senior would have seemed practically ancient. But, before the evening was over, the simple front parlor of her home had been touched by enchantment. Revived were the dreams of Barbara's girlhood when she thought of the land of silver screens and magic microphones, where young men all had the aura of Prince Charmings. For, with words, Ralph Edwards was bringing into the Westchester County home the whole magic society of show business.

Ralph made the whole family laugh as he recounted his adventures. Just recently he'd left his California home and successful radio career to try his hand at the theatre which had been his first love. While he was en route from the West Coast, the play in which he was to have had a small but introductory part folded, and he landed in New York with slim savings to see him through the next few weeks of tramping from one theatrical agency to another. All the time Ralph was telling this story, Grandfather Sheldon was hanging on every word. And, when Ralph came to the last part, which was his re-entrance into radio with some forty-five announcing jobs a week, Grandfather Sheldon laughed out loud.

"Son, I knew that voice of yours—I'm one of your most ardent fans!"

"All evening the two of them talked," said Bar-



bara. "Grandfather was enthralled and I must say I listened, too—fascinated with this older man."

When Ralph left that evening, Grandfather Sheldon had managed to extract a promise from Ralph that he would get some tickets to Ralph's radio shows. Because Ralph is the kind of man who keeps his promises, he showered Grandfather Sheldon with tickets to radio shows following the Sunday spent at their home. Barbara suspected (and her suspicions were not far wrong) that Ralph was hoping Grandfather Sheldon just might invite Barbara to accompany him to one of the shows.

But Barbara was busy studying child psychology at college, and she and her mother were concerned with a career for her. Barbara and her mother had often spoken about a life work. "I was so interested in young children that I was convinced that this was the proper field for me to be studying," Barbara says. "Now, of course, I find it so difficult to apply what I learned to my own children. But it would have been fun to be a teacher and tell other parents what to do." Interested in her career, as she was, it was four sets of tickets and a month later before Barbara found time from her busy schedule to go with Grandfather Sheldon to one of Ralph's shows.

"It was as fascinating as Ralph had made it sound. I loved every thrilling moment of it, but I was the one who suffered stage fright, never Ralph! He was as easygoing before the microphone then, as unruffled, as he is today."

DURING the year-and-a-half courtship that followed, Barbara found she was still suffering nervous pangs every time she would go to Ralph's performances. But the nervousness Barbara suffered was far outweighed by the glamour of Ralph's jobs. His night announcing chores were from glamorous New York night spots which featured half-hour dance music broadcasts.

"Our evenings were spent in some of the city's swankiest clubs," Barbara recalls. "I can just imagine how I must have sounded to my girl friends at college when I was recalling Ralph's dates. A bit more blase, I'm sure, than I really felt! Here was a whole new world opening up for me. Show business with its spontaneous thrills, laughs and excitement. After we began casually dating, we started going steady. I was filled with happiness—and, I must say, I was made less interested in child psychology and a career."

When it became apparent to the family that Barbara was becoming seriously interested in this young red-headed radio man, Barbara's grandmother—"A member of the old school who thought anyone in show business was not reliable"—took her aside for some common-sense advice. "Now, Barbara," she said seriously, "take heed, show folks aren't for the front parlor!"

But Ralph was as at home in the front parlor as he was on the stage, and he had a stout ally in Grandfather (and his radio show tickets). Even Grandmother came around to (Continued on page 98)



Barbara goes where Ralph goes—including Truth or Consequences, the New Mexico resort town named after his program. There she is, parading on horseback, and there's Ralph enjoying the fish fry which followed.



On the show, my make-believe husband, Laif Flagle (Win Stracke), was flabbergasted by the news which I, as Millie, broke to him. In reality, my own husband, John, guessed the happy truth before I knew it myself!



I'm going

Before the cameras filming

Hawkins Falls, my dramatic announcement

I was going to have a baby was brief,

intense, explosive. In real life

the drama was even greater—

By ROS TWOHEY

SINCE I grew old enough to be told the facts of life, I've heard women say, "Having a baby is the most wonderful thing in the world."

My own reaction to that phrase has varied and, in the changes of my attitude, I can trace the stages of my own growth.

When I was a youngster, it fell meaningless on my ears. People always had babies and so what? Later, at the smarty age, I dismissed it as pure corn.

Living a little longer, I began to suspect so oft-repeated a statement might possibly reflect a deep, moving, fundamental truth. Like belief in God, it might be one of those emotions people find so difficult to express that they don't try merely taking refuge in well-used words.

As I write this, I can only say, "I don't know. I don't yet know. I won't know before the actual moment of birth."

That moment is very near. In fact, our baby will have been born by the time you read this. But what John and I have already discovered has been so precious to us that I want to set it down now, so we can read it later and remember: "This is the way it was. This is what the coming of our baby meant to us, even before we *knew*."

Already, the entire experience has been so *wonder-filled* that old labels no longer fit any part of it. While I have carried another life

to have a BABY



Life looks different and everyone's been wonderful—like Bernordine Flynn (with orchid), who gave a shower for me.

within my own body, many things which have been going on ever since the human race began have become, for me, direct, personal and brand-new.

This encompassing emotion of simple, honest wonder surprises both John and me. We did not expect to feel this way about having a baby. In the beginning, we were quite matter-of-fact about it.

Married five years, we took pride in having learned to be very practical people. We met overseas, when John was the G.I. technician

assigned to make arrangements for the play put on by my U.S.O. unit. We married soon after his return to the States and moved immediately to Chicago, where he enrolled at Illinois Tech and I, to bolster the family budget, sought radio and television parts.

I continued to work after he left school for a job in the claims department of an insurance company, and our *(Continued on page 99)*

Hawkins Falls, Pop. 6200 is seen M-F, 5 P.M. EDT, NBC-TV; sponsored by Lever Brothers Co. for Surf.

Young Dr. Malone

YOUNG Dr. Malone sat on a park bench in New York City trying to think out a solution to his problem. All around him the city hummed with a desultory summer pace. Life would be so good if only he had Anne and little Jill with him—the wife he loved, and didn't dare possess, the daughter whose very life he had once helped to save. But—was it fair, was it honest, was it right, to accept Anne back as his wife, integrate his daughter into his new-found life? A deep sense of pride and an overwhelming shame enveloped him as he sat reviewing the events of the last few years. Three years, to be exact. It was three years ago that Dr. Jerry Malone had come to live in New York, while Anne and Jill remained in the small town of Three Oaks. Jerry loved his family, needed his family, but because of his blindness, his lack of trust in their love, he had become involved in one situation after another. In New York, Jerry was to take a position with the Institute for Rural Research. Anne and Jill were to follow after Jerry had made plans for their living arrangements. But, almost immediately, Lucia—beautiful, proud, wealthy Lucia, principal stockholder in the institute—had met and decided she wanted Jerry. By the time Anne arrived in New York, Lucia had succeeded in placing her in such an unfortunate position that Jerry had thought Anne was jealous of his success. Even in his heart of hearts, Jerry couldn't yet believe that Lucia had maneuvered for almost two years to keep him bound to her. It wasn't until Dr. Paul Browne, one of the staff members and Jerry's closest friend, had been driven to a nervous breakdown by Lucia that Jerry found insight into Lucia's true character. Jerry let his head fall into his hands in shame. Everything he touched had seemed to cause harm—always unintentional, but always hurting those he loved. There was Mary, too, sweet innocent Mary, Dr. Browne's daughter, who loved Jerry. When he removed himself from her immediate sphere, in order to save her pride, Mary had married young Ernest Horton, certainly not as the result of mature love, but rather as a rebound from her love for Jerry. Back in Three Oaks, Anne, too, seemed to have found a man to love her—Sam Williams, a fine man and perhaps he had within him the makings of a fine husband and a wonderful father. Jerry tried to be objective about the situation in which he found himself. Should he return to Anne and Jill? Or is it better that Anne be allowed to forget him and, even though it means facing a lonely future, should he go on without his family? And if he makes this decision—could it be that Jerry will once more unintentionally bring harm to those he loves?

Young Dr. Malone is heard M-F, 1:30 P.M. EDT, on CBS, for Crisco. The cast, as pictured here, includes: Dr. Jerry Malone, played by Sandy Becker; Anne Malone, Barbara Weeks; and Sam Williams, Martin Blaine.

Sam Williams might make a wonderful husband for Anne and father for Jill. Or so Jerry thought, alone in New York.



SHOULD A MAN'S PAST BE

ALLOWED TO STAND

BETWEEN HIMSELF AND

THE WOMAN HE LOVES?



Queen for a Day— and forever!



It was the blindest of blind dates when Janet was met by a certain shy lieutenant at the airport in Tucson.

Two tickets for Jack Bailey's program won Janet a lifetime of love and happiness

By BETTY MILLS

PRETTY, vivacious, dark-haired Janet Brier and her mother sat in the studio audience of Queen For a Day. Master of ceremonies Jack Bailey was making the two women laugh, but seventeen-year-old Janet's laughter had a high-pitched, nervous quality. A few minutes before, she had bitten her lip in concentration, trying to think of an interesting way of expressing her lifetime wish in a few words, words she was writing on a slip of paper to be collected by studio ushers and shown to Mr. Bailey. For she (Continued on page 83)

Queen for a Day is heard M-F, 11:30 A.M. EDT, MBS, under the sponsorship of Old Gold (P. Lorillard) and Kraft Foods.



Now Janet has three marvelous prizes the program never planned—a husband, a son, and a cosy home. Her albums tell the whole fabulous story, starting from the moment Jack Bailey crowned her Queen.



I fell in love at first sight

“My mother said I was too young to know my heart,
but I was not too young at all . . .” says Toni Gilman

Toni grew up—but never outgrew her dream—now has daughters of her own, Mary Jean and Susann.





Buzz Immerman was "so romantic," but Toni never guessed how very much so—till his scrapbooks revealed a wonderful secret.



By HELEN BOLSTAD

WITH HIS most skeptical stare, Moderator Bergen Evans pinioned the Down You Go panel. "Your answer, 'Love at first sight,' was reached in record time. Surely you don't believe it actually happens."

Toni Gilman's dark eyes flashed. "I certainly do. I fell in love at first sight. What's more, I married the man."

The story she could have told, if TV time permitted, began in story-book style on the Lunt Avenue bus, a vehicle which lumbers leisurely across town near the boundary where Evanston merges with Chicago.

Few persons were in transit the afternoon of that spring-promising March eleventh, and Toni, although making an elaborate pretense of studying a textbook, couldn't resist stealing glances at the boy who had pelted down the steps of the elevated and flung himself into the seat opposite hers. His shoulders were broad, his hair was curly, he was more than six feet tall, and of course he was handsome. So handsome, in fact, that Toni just plain stared.

Inevitably, she got caught at it. Their eyes met and, as she felt a blush burn up her throat, he checked her embarrassment with a grin. *Leaning (Continued on page 104)*

Down You Go is seen Fri., 9 P.M. EDT, Du Mont, for Old Gold; it is heard Sat., 7:30 P.M. EDT, Mutual.



When the youngsters say their prayers at bedtime, Toni adds her own silent thanks for the blessings true love brought her.

the home

“Comfortable American”
is the Monroe description
of their home and family

By

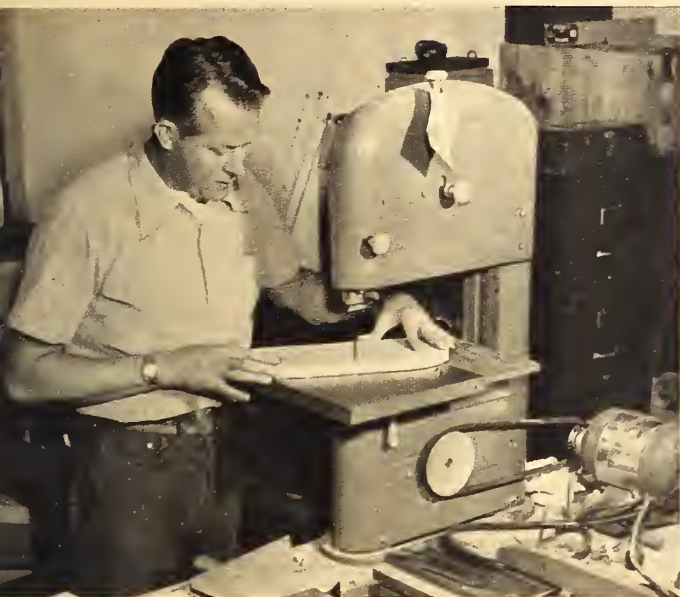
JESSYCA GAVER



The master bedroom is a cozy "extra parlor" where Vaughn and Marian chat after Candy and Christy go to bed.



Vaughn picked up for a song



Vaughn's a man of many hobbies, has a special workshop in the basement where he wood-works gifts for friends.



The house has everything four Monroes could dream of—breakfast nook, patio, outdoor barbecue, tennis courts.

ON A CERTAIN U-shaped street in a certain Boston suburb, there's a house as pretty as a melody—a harmonious blending of red and black brick, based on a Georgian colonial theme, with rhythm in every line. And why shouldn't it look like lovely music? It's the happy home of Vaughn Monroe, his pretty wife, Marian, and their two daughters, Candy and Christy.

"I picked it up for a song," quips the star of NBC's Saturday night Vaughn Monroe show. "One that had to sell a million records first!" Marian chimes in, completing the little family joke they use to "explain" the special treasures Vaughn's well-loved voice has brought them.

When the singing bandleader isn't touring with his show, or making a movie out Hollywood way, a typical summer day will find him back of the house in New Weston, Massachusetts. He'll be playing tennis with his daughters on one of the two courts beyond the arch of arborvitae. Or spraying his prized apple trees, while some of Chris's and Candy's friends join them at the kiddy gym and swings Vaughn set up. Or romping with Penny, the family's large brown-and-white shepherd collie, with an occasional longing look at the almost-private golf course which belongs to a club but closely (Continued on page 67)

Vaughn Monroe stars on the Camel Caravan, Saturday at 10 P.M. EDT, NBC; sponsored by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.





It's a giant jackpot of a family Sue and Warren Hull have these days: Flanking the happy pair on the sofa—the two girls, Sally and Buffy; forming the honor guard—four stalwart boys, Bud, George, Paul and John.

Warren always wanted a daughter, enjoys playing proud papa as Buffy starts off on a date.



Warren Hull

Strikes it rich!

A man may have his work and his sons, but he still needs a mate to make life perfect

By MARTIN COHEN

THE FOUR MUSKETEERS of Westchester County—Warren Hull and his three sons, John, George and Paul—have disbanded. No longer does the sign *For Men Only* hang on the door of their Scarsdale home. For Warren, like many fortunate contestants on his famous show, has struck it rich himself: Warren won himself a bride.

To his neighbors as well as his enormous radio and TV audience, Warren's spontaneous smile and cheerful warmth may have been deceiving. Because he dealt with heart-rending problems of others, everyone took for granted that here was a man untouched by loneliness.

No one examined the facts: Warren was a mature, handsome man living a bachelor's life with three sons. Because he liked it? Hardly, when



Candidly, a happy pair: Sue and Warren treasure their "alone-together" moments.

Strike It Rich is heard on NBC at 11 A.M., Monday through Friday. It is seen on CBS-TV, 11:30 A.M., M-F, and 9 P.M., Wed. All times EDT. Sponsored by Colgate-Palmolive-Peet.

Warren Hull

— Strikes it rich



With Warren helping at the chores, Sue learns how really nice it is to have a man around the house—still takes pleasure in such motherly missions as helping Sally wrap a birthday present for a friend.



he frequently reminisced about the marital happiness his parents and grandparents enjoyed. Then there were his three sons, not so old that they didn't require the guidance of a mother and not so young that they didn't know what they were missing.

"Considering the circumstances, the boys and myself got along famously in our 'fraternity,'" Warren says. "But it wasn't good and far from easy, being mother and father to the kids."

Parental responsibility had never been taken as matter of course by any Hull. Warren remembers his father's guidance, the long hours of talk, the incredible patience. He has heard stories of his grandfather, a Quaker minister, grouping his children at the head of the stairs before bedtime each night for discussion and Bible readings. But Warren, trying to be mother and father to three bright, active boys, encountered difficulties that were insurmountable. If he wanted to help them on a long project or even follow through on some necessary discipline, his work interfered. His job might take him away from the house for twenty-four hours or a week. Because kids need affection as well as discipline, it was impossible for Warren to be stern when, on the other hand, there was no one left to comfort the boys.

"It seems to me that in most families when one parent lays down the law, the other softens the blow," he says.



No longer a widow, Sue finds it's twice as much fun getting Buffy all spruced up for her teen-age dates.



Paul's beloved Green Dragon—the car he bought out of his own savings—is a center of activity and discussion for the masculine wing of the family, assisted by the dog, Brandy, and sidewalk-supervised by Leolia, who runs the household.

"I had to do both and therefore took a middle course."

That the Hull boys were quite happy to give up their fraternity life is a matter of record. They take a good part of the credit for getting Warren and Sue Stevens married.

Both the Hulls and Stevens have lived in Scarsdale for years, but it was only one year before their marriage that Warren and Sue met. Eddie Dunn, the radio and TV star, another Scarsdale neighbor, arranged that.

While visiting Eddie one day, Warren said, "Why don't you help me find a nice girl?"

"I know just the person," Eddie's wife said. "Sue Stevens."

"Never met her."

"We'll have to correct that."

The next time Eddie threw a "black-eyed pea party," in honor of his native state of Texas, he invited both Sue and Warren. It wasn't very successful, for Sue stayed only five minutes.

"But it was a beginning, small as it was," Warren remembers.

Sue lived only a stone's throw from Warren. She had been a widow for five years, bright, gracious, and so

pretty that it was hard to believe she had three children, Buffy, sixteen, Bud, thirteen, and Sally, nine. Warren began to make neighborly calls and at once got along wonderfully with her children.

The courting period, if it could be called such, was probably the most unromantic in the annals of love. Warren and Sue were never in a night club together before they were married. Not once did they take the forty-five-minute drive into fabulous Manhattan to see a show or dine and dance.

Instead of appearing at Sue's door in black tie with an orchid in hand, Warren dropped around in his moccasins, wearing slacks and a plaid wool shirt. He showed up around five and stayed for an hour.

"I thought of Warren only as a friend and a good neighbor," so Sue recalls.

During the summer, Warren and his boys do a lot of swimming. Many times the Stevens children went along to the beach. If Sue had no other plans, she joined them. Every once in a while, Warren, whose hobby is cooking, would drop over and make a meal for the Stevens. He generally left in time for chow at his own home.

Of course, Sue and Warren did (Continued on page 70)



ORPHAN JOHN DALY VOWED

The moment we saw that house, we knew it was our home.

By MRS. JOHN DALY

TO US DALYS the family is all-important, and it seems altogether fitting that John's favorite song should be "You'll Never Walk Alone."

Each of us leads a distinct individual life—even our youngest, Buncy, who at seven has a definite personality of her own—but we "walk together" in family love and sharing, which is the way we hope it will be for many years to come.

As a newsman and radio-television commentator and moderator, my husband's interests take in the whole range of national and international affairs, and his life must necessarily extend far beyond the home circle, no matter how close he remains to it in spirit. I, of course, am first and foremost a homemaker, engrossed with domestic problems and the happiness of my family. Our older boy, John Neal, fourteen, is planning an engineering career, probably in some phase of aeronautics. John Charles, eleven-and-a-half, is mad about planes, but he has political ambitions. In fact, he has *(Continued on page 106)*

John Daly is seen on CBS-TV: It's News to Me, Fri., 9:30 P.M., for Instant Sanka, and What's My Line?, Sun., 10:30 P.M., for Stopette. He is also seen on America's Town Meeting, Sun., 6:30 P.M., ABC-TV, and World News, M-F, 7 P.M., WJZ-TV. He is heard on This Week Around the World, Sun., 3 P.M., ABC (except WJZ). All times EDT.

In our household, "to each his (or her) own" hobby! Young Buncy loves her dolls, and I enjoy them, too. The boys and their friends practice basketball. For John, it's golf—when he finds the time.

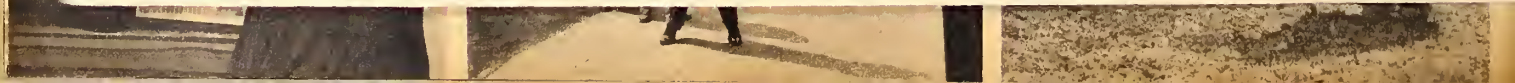


We'll never walk alone

HIS HOME WOULD BE A CASTLE AND EVERYONE IN IT, A KING



There's more than one "John Daly" in our family! Hence, reading from the left: John Charles, Junior; Margaret (myself); Buncy (on the floor); John Charles, Senior; and John Neal (leaning on the piano).





The moment we saw that house, we knew it was our home.

ORPHAN JOHN DALY VOWED

By MRS. JOHN DALY

TO US DALYS the family is all-important, and it seems altogether fitting that John's favorite song should be "You'll Never Walk Alone." Each of us leads a distinct individual life—even our youngest, Buncy, who at seven has a definite personality of her own—but we "walk together" in family love and sharing, which is the way we hope it will be for many years to come.

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a vacation can be a

SECOND HONEYMOON



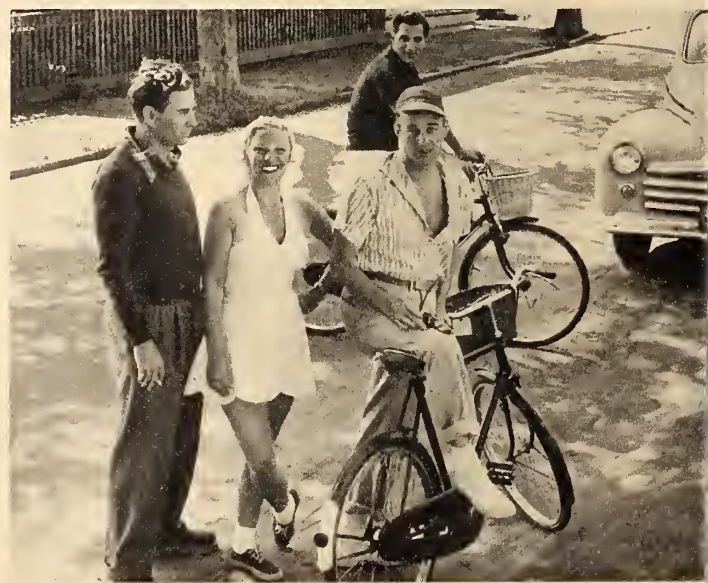
IF BETTY WRAGGE BROOKE had been playing the part of Peggy Young in *Pepper Young's Family*, in her most ecstatic moments she couldn't have had a happier grin on her face or more bounce to her voice than when her husband, Walter, told her he'd at last arranged his television acting schedule to include a two-week summer vacation. Betty and Walter's honeymoon the winter before had been spent in the Pocono Mountains and Betty had since dreamed of a second honeymoon by the seashore where she and Walter could spend hours together in the warm sun. They rented a small cottage at Nantucket on the island of the same name off the coast of Massachusetts—a cottage without a telephone, just in case any of the radio or TV people should change their

minds about wanting them back for work. They packed a wardrobe consisting of several bathing suits, several pairs of shorts, one dress-up outfit, beach shoes and sun glasses. Highlight of their trip was a bicycle trip from Nantucket to the romantic coast town of Siasconset on the other side of the windswept island. Planning a vacation is like anything else in married life, Betty maintains. It doesn't much matter how you spend your time as long as you are just enjoying being together.

Betty Wragge is heard in *Pepper Young's Family*, M-F, at 3:30 P.M. EDT, on NBC; sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Camay. Walter Brooke is seen in *One Man's Family*, Sat., 7:30 P.M. EDT, NBC-TV; sponsored by Miles Laboratories.



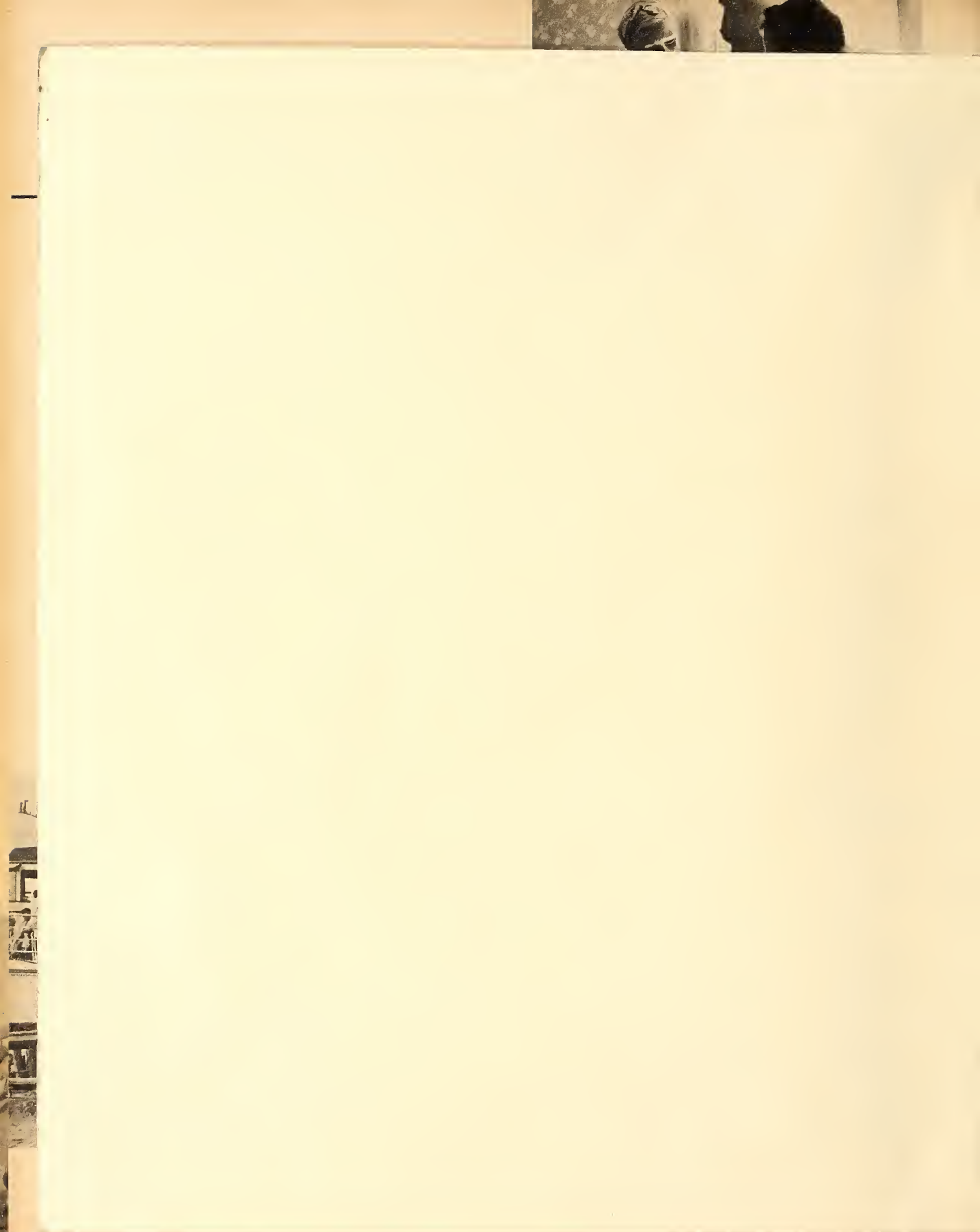
Nantucket suited Betty and Walter perfectly. Its only connection with the workaday world was by boat!



Cycling to 'Sconset, they met old friends—producer Richard Clemmer, designer John Di Iorio (in rear).

JUST ASK BETTY WRAGGE AND HER HUSBAND, WALTER BROOKE





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JUST ASK BETTY WRAGGE AND HER HUSBAND, WALTER BROOKE





bringing up Bob

The four Young daughters have quite a time with Dad, trying to prove Father doesn't always "know best"

By FREDDA DUDLEY

The sensible attitude of Bob's two oldest daughters made Bob active in national safe-driving campaigns.



A father's just a human. This Bob Young's wife, Betty, knows. So do his daughters Kathleen, Barbara and winsome Betty Lou.

ROBERT YOUNG, radio father par excellence and real-life parent of four beautiful daughters, was playing an ardent although ill-starred game of golf one afternoon. His opponent was Mrs. Young, and their gallery consisted of daughter Betty Lou, aged eight.

It was one of those days when Bob's clubs, which he describes wryly as having built-in slices, were behaving oddly. Mr. Young was finally driven to expressing himself strongly on the idiocy of golf club manufacturers who lack the sense to cross a slicing club with a hooking club in order to breed an instrument which would automatically drive a golf ball where you intended it to go.

He also mentioned (unfavorably) the breeze, the length of the grass, the extent of moisture in same, and other crosses borne by the innocent golfer.

At this point, Betty Lou—who had been playing her own game in what she seemed to feel was a satisfactory manner—approached her mother to ask, "Does Daddy really know how to play right?"

Mrs. Young allowed as how he did.

"Then why doesn't he do it?" demanded Betty Lou.

This simple query illustrates, as sharply as any example could, the handicaps imposed upon a parent by his professional status as wiseacre. In the radio show, *Father Knows Best*, Robert Young is one of those genial, resourceful figments (*Continued on page 96*)

Robert Young is heard in *Father Knows Best*, Thursdays, at 8 P.M. EDT, over NBC network.

the SECOND Mrs. BURTON-



Terry stood, uncertain and alone, feeling like a stranger at her own husband's bedside. Stan was so ill—perhaps he would never walk again! He needed all the medical skill his mother's money could buy, and Terry was grateful for what Mother Burton had done. But there was hostility in every glance the older woman gave her unwanted daughter-in-law.

a woman wants to be needed

TERRY FACES "THE OTHER WOMAN" AND HER MOTHER-IN-LAW IN HER DESPERATE STRUGGLE TO SAVE HER MARRIAGE

RIDING BACK to Dickston from New York, Terry's thoughts matched the gloomy day she could see from the train window. Terry felt battered and torn by the events that had transpired during the past few months. Stan's sudden illness hadn't really been the start of it all—but it had brought to the surface all the antagonisms, all the currents that had been touching Terry's life. In a way, Terry was grateful to Mother Burton for all she'd done. When Stan had been stricken with his heart attack, it was Mother Burton who had refused to let him go to the hospital or even to his own home, instead insisting upon turning Burton Towers into a complete hospital with nurses around-the-clock. Then Stan's illness took a sudden turn for the worse, when a bloodclot settled at the juncture of the nerves which controlled action in his lower limbs. Certainly then, Mother Burton's financial resources were more necessary than ever for treatment and cure.

Yes, Terry was grateful for those funds, but at the same time for months now she had felt that some semblance of independence should be maintained. In spite of Mother Burton's ridicule, she had managed all right, especially when she started working in the store herself. Terry hadn't realized, nor did she now, that Michael Dalton had been

2 Terry wanted to do a good job in the store. Michael Dalton was "helping," but she didn't guess he was really just helping himself—to a share of the daily receipts.



3 In her zeal to show a better sales profit, she arranged an exciting window display—unwittingly using a spotlight which was dangerously defective.



See Next Page —



4 Sparked by the defective spotlight, the store burned to the ground—and Terry could only blame herself for the loss.

milking the store's receipts in order to provide himself with money to entertain and pay court to Marcia Kirkland, Stan's sister, so that eventually he could marry Marcia and lay his hands on the Burton money. Terry would have no way of knowing this now, for, in her zeal to make the store a success, Terry had unwittingly brought about its end. In her mind's eye she could still picture the wonderful window display she'd arranged, carefully placing the spotlights so that the greatest value was gotten from the merchandise. And then the horror, later that night, when she realized she had been the cause of the store's burning to the ground. The spotlight she'd used had a defective wire. In the days that followed,

Terry found herself turning in desperation to Page Sandry, the theatrical producer in New York who had been so impressed with her costume designs the summer before. Stan didn't much care whether she took the job Page offered her or not. In fact, these days Stan didn't much care what happened to anyone. Terry thought back on all the influences that had come to bear on Stan's life and on her own. Besides Mother Burton, there was Karen Sinclair, friendly, reassuring with her daily contact with Stan, the one person who seemed to be able to keep up Stan's flagging spirits.

And then, too, there was Page. The more Terry worked with him, the more apparent it had become that Page was in love with her. An attractive and worldly man in his forties, Page had been showing Terry all the consideration and thoughtfulness Stan rarely did. Leaning back against the car seat, Terry found herself deliberately toying with the idea of suddenly having the burdens and responsibilities of life taken from her. And then, with equal sharpness, she realized her disloyalty to Stan in her thoughts. Her discovery a few nights before that Karen, taking her cue from Mother Burton, is convincing Stan that he will never walk again, has made Terry realize that she must fight, not just for Stan's love, but for his health and his very existence as a normal man. Terry sighed. Yes, the dream of Page Sandry caring for her, protecting her, was only a dream. For a woman goes where she is needed—for, above all, Terry's heart whispered, a woman *wants* to be needed.

Pictured here, as on the air, are:

Terry Burton.....Patsy Campbell
 Stan Burton.....Dwight Weist
 Mother Burton.....Ethel Owen
 Marcia Kirkland.....Alice Frost
 Michael Dalton.....Nat Polen
 Karen Sinclair..... Cathleen Cordell
 Page Sandry.....Larry Fletcher

The Second Mrs. Burton is heard M-F, 2 P.M. EDT, CBS; sponsor, General Foods for Swansdown and Maxwell House.



5 There was a purpose behind Michael's thefts from the store. The extra cash helped to finance his ardent courtship of Stan Burton's sister, Marcio Kirkland.



6 Michael had a partner in the devious plot to marry into the Burton family fortune. Pretty Koren Sinclair also had a clever scheme to win Stan away from Terry!



7 Innocently pleased by Karen's "kindness" to Stan, Terry only thought what good care he would get if she left to take the job she'd been offered in New York.



8 Sharp suspicion struck Terry, as she said goodbye and started out the door. Could her sudden instinct be right—was Koren really trying to poison Stan's mind?



9 But New York still beckoned. Poge Sondry, charming and successful theatrical producer, had shown such an interest in her costume designs—and in Terry herself.



10 Should she go—or stay? Doesn't every woman have a right to security, devotion, and a place all her own—a place in the heart of some man who truly needs her?

Who's who in

RADIO-TV



Jack Mahoney

HARD-ridin' 'straight-shootin', tough-fightin', soft-talkin' gunslinger, Jack Mahoney, is TV's newest Western star, better known to his fans as the Range Rider.

Ten years ago, Jack went out to Hollywood bent on becoming a movie actor. He thought it would be a lead-pipe cinch to land an acting job. But, believe it or not, the six-foot-four two-hundred-pounder got plumb scared in front of the camera, couldn't mumble a line of dialogue, much less make any gestures. Jack was kind of discouraged at that point, and found that the only jobs he could get were stunt parts for other actors less athletic than Mahoney.

Jack was an expert rider and swimmer, so Hollywood put him to work doing difficult scenes for the stars. He felt right at home doing

film stunts, because in his native Davenport, Iowa, Jack had been an all-around athlete ever since he climbed his first tree. Matter of fact, Jack had spent so much time at athletics that he was forced to drop out of his pre-medical course at college—games were taking too much of the time he should have been plugging away at books.

When Gene Autry first saw Jack, he figured the lean Iowan would be a natural for the character, Range Rider—especially since TV budgets make it necessary for the leading man to do all his own stunts. By this time, Jack had overcome his fear of the camera and, when Gene asked him to try out for the part, he came through better than he ever dreamed of doing ten years before.

He is still a single man.



Lucy Knoch

LUCY KNOCH, currently playing straight girl to Red Skelton on TV, is the kind of girl things just happen to. The lovely blue-eyed blonde from Nashville, Tennessee, is always in the right place at the right time.

The first right place Lucy went to was Tucson, Arizona. She and her sister visited friends there just after Lucy was graduated from high school. It was the right time, because actress Paulette Goddard was in Tucson then, too. Through mutual friends, Lucy met the film star, who invited the sisters to come on a grand tour of Paramount studios if they ever stopped in Hollywood.

Well, Lucy managed to get out film-capital way, and sure enough found a note from Paulette at the studio instructing the powers that

be to give Lucy a "grand tour." Once again Lucy just happened to meet up with a company executive, who just happened to notice how pretty she was, and the next thing she knew, Lucy Knoch was taking a screen test.

The screen test was successful and Paramount signed her, turning Lucy's brief visit into a permanent stay. The young actress credits Hollywood with teaching her how to work before cameras, use make-up, and wardrobe tricks—a great help to her in TV. After completing her first picture, Lucy was feeling kind of blue, and considered going back home. But, at that moment, Red Skelton and his manager just happened to see Lucy sitting in a restaurant. They needed a pretty girl to dress up Red's TV show. Lucy got the job.

ON ONE of Max Reinhardt's trips to Budapest, Hungary, the famous producer-director discovered a new young actress. Her name was Lili Darvas. Up to the time of their meeting, Lili had been working hard to perfect her acting technique, but never dreamed that the great Reinhardt, himself, would be so impressed that he would engage her for his company in Vienna and Berlin.

Lili, who was both beautiful and talented—a happy combination in the theatre—left her native land, and went to Vienna with Reinhardt. There she studied hard, spending much of her time learning German. From the beginning, the director knew he had a star in Lili. It wasn't long before she was the crown princess of the company.

Europe, in those days, was in its theatrical heyday, and Lili toured the continent, playing regularly at the Salzburg festivals. The great Ferenc Molnar wrote plays especially for her, and eventually Lili became Mrs. Molnar.

During March, 1938, Adolf Hitler marched into Vienna while Lili was playing an engagement there. The Molnars fled to America. Here they forged a new life for themselves. Lili became a familiar actress on the stage of her adopted country, appearing in many Broadway productions. More recently, she has been acclaimed by critics for performances on TV's top dramas.

On radio, Lili is currently heard as Hannah on Hilltop House, and acts on several other daytime serial programs.



Lili Darvas

WHEN Meredith Willson hopped to the piano at the age of seven back in Mason City, Iowa, his mother's immediate reaction was: "There are too many pianists in this town." So Meredith, always agreeable, took to the flute.

As Mason City's one and only flutist, Willson was in great demand. He was immediately grabbed up by the high school band. After graduation, Meredith came to New York, where he studied at the Damrosch Institute of Musical Art. While still there, he became a member of John Philip Sousa's famous band, and played and studied with Sousa for three years.

Next he joined Dr. Hugo Reisenfeld at New York's Rialto Theater. During his two years with the doctor, the young flutist composed his first serious work, "Parade

Fantastique." In 1924 the work was premiered, and in the same year Meredith joined the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. He filled the first flutist's chair for five years before resigning and turning to radio.

Meredith Willson has the kind of personality which appeals to long-hairs and short-hairs alike. Always a serious musician, Meredith still manages to give his audiences the feeling that he's just having a lot of fun. His programs are usually a combination of the best in both classical and popular music. He spoofs the old masters affectionately—and somehow you know they wouldn't mind at all.

With his radio chores going full blast, Meredith still finds time to compose and do personal appearances, too.



Meredith Willson

“God gave me ANOTHER CHANCE”



Now Walter's life is full of sunbeams—like Jennifer, his niece.

The one thing Walter O'Keefe wanted was to stand on his own feet.

Then the doctors told him, “Polio. . . .”

By MAXINE ARNOLD

WITH ANXIOUS, questioning eyes, Walter O'Keefe watched the doctor complete his examination. Watched him straighten up slowly, then hesitate, as though groping for some way to soften the tragic words he knew he must speak.

“Young man,” he began slowly, “I'm going to say something which will shock you. And you're probably not going to believe me. . . .”

Then he told him. And for a few horrified

moments—Walter couldn't believe him. To this good-looking, vigorous, twenty-four-year-old ex-Marine, three years out of Notre Dame and already on his way to a successful business career, the words had a paralyzing impact. He felt his whole world crashing down on him—and on a leg which couldn't feel, which might never feel again. And he asked himself, as so many others had before him, as so many others will again, “What (Continued on page 72)

Walter O'Keefe emcees Double Or Nothing, M-F, 10:30 A.M. EDT, over NBC, for the Campbell Soup Co.

The Home Vaughn Picked Up for a Song

(Continued from page 49)

adjoins the Monroes' 33,000 square feet of lawn.

"If their eighteenth hole weren't so close to our dining-room window," laughs Marian, "I wonder if Vaughn would be so eager to hurry home every moment he's not working!"

For a last-minute inspection, she glances around the patio—which Vaughn built of flagstone, complete with barbecue equipment—then hurries indoors to see, quite literally "what's cooking." They're expecting company for dinner, and the beef is roasting fragrantly. The Monroes don't have as many chances for home entertaining as they'd like, so when Vaughn's there they make an occasion of it.

Actually, practically anything is the occasion for a party with the Monroes, complete with paper cloth, fancy decorations and gifts from the girls. Candy (short for Candace), ten, and Christy (short for Christina), seven, are allowed fifty cents each for such gifts and shop diligently in the local five-and-dime for the special somethings they always select. One Father's Day, Candy gave Vaughn a leatherette pad with pencil attached—a pointed reminder of the way he yells for pad and pencil when he's on the phone. Chris, knowing how her father likes roasted ears of corn with his barbecues, gave him a pair of corn holders. Even four-footed Penny comes in for her fifty cents' worth, such as a new kind of soap the girls were told would do wonders in keeping flies away from her sensitive nose.

All the Monroes are great on sharing—gifts, hobbies, jokes—and their house reveals it clearly. Everything in it is a key to the individuality of each member but also to their community of interests. An open-front cabinet in the living room holds the lovely pieces of antique china Marian has collected in their travels, and the dining room has the many silver pieces she's gathered. In the children's room are the china horses and dogs the girls are accumulating—Vaughn always buys one for each on his various trips—and in the master's den are the guns he has found in out-of-the-way shops.

Downstairs in the playroom are assorted curios bought by the entire family in its travels, as well as the girls' record collection. Even the sides of the stairway leading down to the basement are covered with framed mementos of Vaughn's career—the first sheet music he ever recorded, covers of the first trade magazines which mentioned him, all the landmarks of his progress which could be kept in permanent form—the family calls it "Monroe's Alley."

Because the children are being raised as average young girls, they are allowed a fair amount of freedom of expression. They joke about their parents' foibles such as Vaughn and Marian kid them—and each other—about some of their traits. Conversation is usually lighthearted banter. Vaughn says the reason Marian loves him is because he shows such proper appreciation for her cooking. She says it's his absent-mindedness which keeps her permanently his slave, and she adores it. And they both say the only way to describe their household decorating scheme is "comfortable American!"

Marian insists that the entire main floor is a monotone of gray, but actually it's highlighted with many flashes of color and the gray tones themselves are blended and contrasted with amazing variety. There is gray broadloom carpeting from wall to



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Samsonite



Luggage

Shwayder Bras., Inc., Luggage Division, Denver 9, Colorado.

Also makers of Samson Folding Tables and Chairs, Folding Furniture Division, Detroit 29, Michigan.

wall on all the floors except the kitchen and breakfast nook, gray wallpaper and pink ceilings in both the hallway and the thirty-foot living room, where the gray slipcovers are trimmed with coral. In the dining room, it's a gunmetal ceiling and gunmetal wallpaper with flowery splashes of yellow and red, while the eighteenth-century mahogany furniture has chair seats of hunter green leather.

In the breakfast nook, gray is the background of a splashy country-style wallpaper picturing green trees and orange carts as color relief for the ebony-finished table and chairs painted by Marian and Vaughn. Even a small powder room goes gray in effect with silver gazelles on lipstick-red wallpaper. The only room on the main floor which entirely eliminates the gray motif is the big kitchen, which is truly colorful with its yellow tile walls, brick-red ceiling and matching linoleum.

When the Monroes moved into the house, in 1948, they discarded all the old kitchen equipment and put in everything electrical. But more noticeable than the gleaming cabinets—or even the long counter running across one wall for quick snacks—is a huge blackboard facing the inside doorway. There all grocery orders, day-by-day reminders, phone calls and loving messages are noted. The children particularly like it for rainy-day drawing. And who is the main subject for their art work? Not Vaughn—their beautiful dog, Penny!

There are wood-burning fireplaces in all the main rooms, including the master bedroom upstairs. Above the one in the living room are two oil paintings of the children, done when each was a year and a half old. Above the one in the master bedroom hangs a large photograph of Vaughn and his favorite cigarette. Here Marian has acceded to masculine taste by having the walls papered in white with a blue spruce design, and blue carpeting on the floor.

"We aren't waiting until the girls have romances to be relegated to the back parlor," Vaughn laughs, pointing to the furniture arranged in front of the upstairs fireplace.

"You bet we aren't!" Marian agrees. "We decided that a love seat . . ." here Vaughn interrupts to point out that it's large enough to actually seat two, "an upholstered chair with ottoman and a coffee table would make a good spot to run to when Candy and Chris start entertaining their beaux."

"But it sure gets used now," Vaughn explains. "You should see how many cold winter mornings the girls plug in the electric coffee maker and bring up the toaster and fixings for a light breakfast, so we can talk about the night or week I've been away. It sure beats getting up early to eat downstairs."

When Marian and Vaughn talk about the girls, it's easy to see they consider the long hard years behind them well worth the struggle. Marian, as Vaughn's high-school sweetheart, shared all his struggles. Born in Akron, Ohio, on October 7, 1911, Vaughn finally settled in Jeannette, Pennsylvania, where Marian lived. For quite a while he veered between trumpet playing and vocal work, finally gave up the idea of concert singing to work with orchestras. In addition to his trumpet playing, he served as driver of the instrument truck and treasurer of the band. Finally, a couple of music business greats, Jack Marshard and Willard Alexander—the former is now a partner with Vaughn in all his enterprises, the latter is the present band's booking manager—decided that Vaughn could be a singing bandleader personality and the present Monroe organization was

born, with results we all know so well. From 1940 until 1945, things were touch and go. Vaughn's weekly income was small and Marian, not married too long, suddenly found herself traveling with the band in the capacity of bookkeeper and general assistant. Then without warning, RCA Victor had Vaughn record "There, I've Said It Again," and with nobody quite understanding why, it became a national sensation, selling a million and a quarter discs. He followed this with many other hits—the most recent, "Tenderly," "Mountain Laurel" and "Lady Love."

Vaughn is the first to insist that Marian's fortune has been his strength. Marian is no shy little wallflower hiding behind her big man. She's just a couple of inches shorter than Vaughn, with a slender figure. She wears clothes well—preferring casual ones—but her own grooming takes second place to worries about him and the children. She often knits herself dresses that other women envy, although she limits the use of their sewing machine to curtains and draperies for the house, feeling her knack with a needle is strictly on the knitting side. Vaughn's many slip-over sweaters and matching socks are products of Marian's industry during train, bus or plane rides; and the children boast a supply of sweaters as varied as their father's repertoire of songs.

What might make another man sensitive is amusing to Vaughn. His inability to manage his personal finances, for one thing. Marian kids him about the time he and his co-pilot flew in Vaughn's private airplane to New York and had to wait at the field until Marian arrived with the seventeen-dollar landing fee. Vaughn gets a sizable allowance, but often forgets to take it with him, or lends it to someone else. One time on the road he needed a check cashed, walked into a bar and showed his identification. Unfortunately, he needed a shave and was wearing his oldest clothes, as he usually does while driving. The bartender said: "Aw right. If you're Vaughn Monroe, sing 'Ballerina,' brother."

Vaughn warbled a few notes. Then the bartender put a nickel in the jukebox. The same vocal tones came out. Without another word, he cashed Vaughn's check. For once, Vaughn didn't mind having to sing for his supper. Without that money, he'd have had a tough time eating along the road.

Vaughn has a number of hobbies—pipe-collecting, photography, motorcycling, flying—but samples of his greatest are little seen at home. That's his wood-working, for when he does his cabinet-making, it's usually as a present for a friend. What cabinets and such Marian needs often can't wait for Vaughn's free time, so they're bought or made elsewhere. One thing he did manage, however, was to build the inset cabinets in the basement playroom, which not only double as seats but hold all the toys or equipment used for indoor recreation.

The basement room where Vaughn does his wood-working has an invisible keep-out sign for everyone, except by special invitation. In it is as much equipment as you'd find in the finest cabinet shop anywhere—a bulwark, Marian claims, against the time when Vaughn may no longer care to sing or go on band-tooting one-night stands. Vaughn's delight in new equipment for the shop, however, sometimes takes comical turns. Marian recalls the time she asked Vaughn to sharpen a pencil for her. Instead of using something easy, he insisted on demonstrating how this could be accomplished with his newest lathe. Two boxes of pencils later, he triumphantly demonstrated a perfect point.

The two girls attend Tenacre School in

Wellesley, a primary school which is part of the Dana Hall School. A school bus calls for them at eight each morning—with Marian to see them off. This is because Candy will eat a good breakfast without supervision, but Christy likes to be coaxed.

Marian's idea of delight has nothing to do with food. It's the chance to slip on one of the many negligees Vaughn has personally selected for her on his travels. He feels slighted if she doesn't wear his gifts, so she makes sure to have a different one on each time they can spend an evening alone. She wishes his memory were as good when it comes to putting on the clothes he should wear for an evening on the bandstand. Usually she packs a suitcase for him, but one particular evening he dressed to take her to dinner, then brought her home early and she decided that the outfit he was wearing was fine for his band assignment that night, at a school dance not too many miles away. She kissed him good night and went upstairs. Coming down a few moments later, she noticed his entire outfit draped on a living-room chair. He had absent-mindedly changed into his driving clothes and forgotten to pack the other things. She had to get a "ham" operator of a short-wave sending set to broadcast an appeal to Vaughn to please come home for his clothes. Luckily, the set in the car was working and Vaughn heard the message in time.

One thing Vaughn never forgets, however, is the family. They do many things together such as ice-skating and skiing in the winter, tennis and barbecuing and rides on his motorcycle in the summer. He manages to get in a round of golf once a week, as a rule, and they have musical family evenings when he's not on the road. The children are his special delight, mainly because they are each so individual. Christina, a true blonde, looks like an angel—but acts like a fiend, her mother observes. Vaughn adds, "She looks like me, so I don't know where the angel part comes in. . . ." Candace resembles her mother, with ash-blonde hair and what Marian describes as the stubbornness and determination of her mom and the charm of her pop. This shuts up Vaughn's jibes entirely. He insists if there are any wings around they're not on Pop—they're on Mom!

Give the girls a chance to be around Vaughn and they're in seventh heaven. He'll never forget how long Candy waited to be taken to The Meadows, the restaurant Vaughn owns in Framingham, Massachusetts, to dance with her father after dinner. The night he finally took her, some of her dessert accidentally fell in her lap. She was so ashamed of her spoiled dress that she insisted on going home without the dance. She didn't want to disgrace Daddy.

This business of being children of a famous bandleader has in no way gone to the girls' heads, however. Marian and Vaughn have explained to them that singing and leading a band are jobs, just like the jobs their friends' fathers have. It's taught them to respect Vaughn as a hard worker but not to boast about him to improve their own social positions.

Any visit with the Vaughn Monroes is filled with their reminiscences, their family jokes and their closeness. To his wife and daughters, Vaughn isn't just a man who's built up a two-million-dollar business around himself. Even if he were still only a trumpet-tooting musician, he'd have "arrived" as far as his family's concerned. Because to them—and to everyone who's met him—there's only one way to describe Monroe . . . he's simply Vaughnderful!

Warren Hull Strikes It Rich!

(Continued from page 53)

a lot of talking. They covered most adult topics, but they might discuss what he planned that evening for his date (not with Sue) and she might describe a party she had attended the night before (not with Warren).

"There wasn't any courting," Warren notes: "Actually, we didn't have any idea of where we were headed."

His sons believed differently.

"Why don't you take your own advice?" they asked him.

Warren had discussed marriage with them. As a man who has lived in the movie colony, worked with the Broadway crowd in musical shows and traveled widely in the famous Vox Pop radio show, he knew from observation and experience that marriage with all of its ramifications is not to be taken lightly.

"When you're thinking of marrying, look for a woman who is beautiful inside," he had counseled. "Physical beauty is strictly a bonus."

"Mrs. Stevens has all the qualifications," they noted, "plus the bonus."

"I don't deny that," Warren said, "but we're just good friends."

But the Hull boys take seriously the job of bringing up father. Warren had always talked freely with them. They met the women he knew socially. They discussed his "dishes," as they called them, and the boys made no bones about their admiration for Sue.

"And then one day—I don't know how, when or why—Warren and I knew we were in love and wanted to get married," Sue says. "We decided to tell Warren's son John first, since he was the oldest."

John Hull, twenty-one, now a Journalist Seaman in the Navy, grinned at the news.

"Maybe we'll get married in a year or so," Sue concluded.

John didn't like that.

"Paul and George and I have been putting up with this dillydallying long enough," he said. "Another year would be too hard on us. How about getting hitched next week?"

Warren and Sue thought this over. Exactly what were they wasting a year for? There was really no obstacle. They had only one problem to solve: Whose house to live in? And that was easy. The answer was Sue's house, since hers was the larger. The following Saturday, November 3, 1951, was set for the wedding.

"We chose Saturday for it was the one

day all the children could make it," Sue says. "We not only wanted them to know and approve of the marriage but to be at the ceremony."

They were married at Warren's sister's home in Connecticut and had less than a twenty-four-hour honeymoon. Sunday morning they returned, for Warren's son had moved in and Sue wanted to make sure he didn't feel awkward.

"The first person I met as we walked in was a strange boy," she said. "He turned out to be Paul's first house guest. After that, I realized I'd never have to worry about the boys feeling strange."

The home is beautiful, a large, Colonial house with a deep green lawn in the front and an expansive terrace in the back, complete with a small summer house, a barbecue pit and picnic table. But even with four bedrooms, there wasn't much chance of anyone getting lonely, with six children instead of three, as well as a man around the house. Sue's two daughters shared one bedroom. Sue converted a guest room into a combination social and sleeping room with a double-decker bunk bed and a studio couch—for Warren's sons. Bud kept his small room.

Allotment of space wasn't the biggest headache. Warren had a houseful of furniture and so did Sue. Sue learned quickly that Warren was a "saver." He had mementos that went back thirty years. He could reach into a box and pull out his original musical score from "My Maryland," dated 1927.

"You're not giving up anything that's important to you," Sue told him. "Some of my things will go."

Warren had furniture dating back for three or more generations, pieces which had long belonged to the family. These came over to Sue's house, along with fine steel engravings of his ancestors.

"Actually, the furnishings are primarily Regency and Victorian," Sue notes, "but like most homes there is still a little bit of everything and it all fits very well."

The question at the top of their minds, of course, was always the children. How would they hit it off? How would they react to this sudden consolidation? Actually, Sue's older daughter, Buffy, was away at school and so was George Hull. John was just starting his Naval training.

"Everything ran smoothly in the beginning," Sue will tell you. "It was the Christmas holiday that I feared."

Not only were all the children to be

home but Sue's parents were to come. That made a total of ten people who would be living together for the first time.

John, arriving home in uniform, still flushed with pride at helping to bring the newlyweds together, looked the situation over and said, "We have to get organized, that's all."

As self-appointed chairman, he tackled the biggest problem first: Ten people versus two bathrooms. He immediately drew up a schedule. The boys would alleviate the situation to some extent by doing their shaving in the powder room downstairs. Parents got their choice of hours and the children came before and after. The women, in gallant acknowledgment of their fastidiousness, were granted the most time for dressing and bathing.

"These were the superficial things," Warren notes. "Sue made the boys feel at ease instantly. From the first day, they were calling her 'Mom' and asking her advice."

They were just a little concerned with Buffy, at sixteen, coming home from school to live with her newly-acquired older and rather glamorous brothers. The boys, however, refused to be shy. They insisted on discussing her dates just as they would have if they'd lived together for years. Sue's success in making the boys feel at ease worked fine both ways.

Sue has quite definite ideas about raising children. Intelligent discipline, she feels, is important. It teaches moderation and consideration, a respect for the rights of others. But she knows that a child's security is found in genuine love. The effortless adjustment of her children to the new family proved they had that security.

Warren's feelings about Buffy and Sally are perhaps a lot deeper than even the girls realize. There was an incident on Strike It Rich one morning which illustrates this.

Walt Framer, producer of the program, was standing offstage as Warren interviewed an orphan. The girl was alone and penniless, but she explained that she didn't care about making a lot of money on the show.

"All I want," she said, "is the opportunity to do something for myself, to find my own way."

Warren choked up as he talked to her. Afterwards, he rushed off the stage, tears welling from his eyes.

"You know, Walt," he said, "I was thinking all of the time I was out there that she could have been the daughter I never had."

Warren has daughters now, and he couldn't want for better. Sally, a high-spirited nine-year-old, is getting her first riding instructions from Warren. Buffy, a winsome young lady, has a great trait in common with Warren. Sue describes it.

"They both have empathy. I think it's one of the things that has endeared Warren to the audience of Strike It Rich."

Empathy, defined loosely, is the ability to put yourself into another fellow's shoes. Buffy's friends know she has this quality. They come to her with their problems. They talk with her about their ambitions and plans.

"You know, mother," Buffy has told Sue. "I feel as if I want to help and, if it's a problem, I suffer as much as they do."

Radio associates see the same quality in Warren's make-up. Contestants will talk to him when they're so jumbled up inside that no one else can get them to tell the time of day. They sense that Warren is reliving the incident for them. They sense the real humility Warren feels.

Warren's compassion is no act. Being

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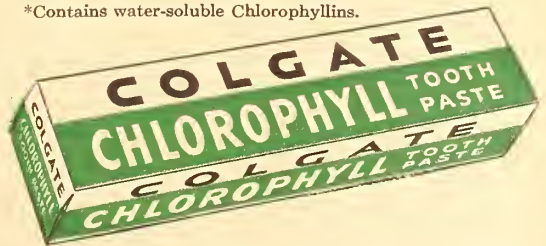


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down and out is not uncommon to actors and singers, so Warren knows about that. And being helpful is not something Warren recently learned. The religious tradition of his family is based on a pledge to tireless improvement of mankind. He tells stories of his ancestors not being heroic but being helpful. The children know that his great-grandmother, called Aunt Hannah—whose picture hangs in the foyer—was a frontier midwife and nurse who made many long treks through the woods to comfort and aid the sick.

"Some nights when Warren is tired and still absorbed with the day's work," Sue relates, "I'll find him in the living room patiently listening to one of the children pour out their problems. He'll sit there for an hour, attentive, in spite of the fact that he's completely spent."

Warren puts in business-man hours during the week, except Wednesday, when he works late. He's in the studio at nine. After the show, he goes to his office to answer mail and conduct interviews.

Generally, he can relax in the evening. One of his greatest pleasures is cooking

and this he will do at home or when he and Sue visit friends.

The family has frequent musical evenings, such as Warren enjoyed as a child. In the living room there is a tremendous collection of records. When they aren't listening and reading, they gather around the piano and sing. Sue plays and so do Buffy and Paul. Warren plays trumpet—not so often these days—but, as you know, he has an excellent voice and once sang in Broadway musicals.

Sue and Warren have been in a night club since their marriage, but only at the insistence of his friends. The moment he steps into a smoke-filled club, his eyes start to water and he gets restless. They prefer visiting with friends and they like walking.

"Weather permitting, we go for a lot of walks," Sue says. "Any time. Nights when we get home from a party. Sunday afternoons. And especially Wednesday nights."

Wednesday is Warren's roughest day. He does the usual morning show on Strike It Rich and then there is the nighttime edition. He comes home feeling depressed.

Anyone who has seen or heard the show doesn't have to ask why—the tragedies that hit some lives are almost unbelievable. Big, strong men confess they bawl like babies watching the show. They often ask, too, how Warren can stand the strain.

"He just manages to bear up through the program," Sue admits. "He takes hours afterwards to pull himself together."

Sue and Warren return to Scarsdale immediately and take a long walk. And there is something about the night, the quiet of the streets, the glow of the stars, which helps them get back their perspective. And they talk. Warren believes in the dignity of man and that there's something of God in everyone. He knows that people don't expect riches. They merely want, like the orphan girl, the chance to help themselves.

Warren has led a full life. He knows the ups and the downs. Now, with Sue and his bigger and better family, he has a great deal more happiness than ever before. It only makes him better able to understand what unfortunate people are missing. Yes, Warren Hull has struck it rich and, as everyone agrees, no one deserves it more.

"God Gave Me Another Chance"

(Continued from page 66)

can a man do . . . without his legs?"

His thoughts churned over and over—and came out nowhere. How could this be? He'd been a top athlete and tennis champ. He'd worked since he was fourteen years old. Always carried his own weight. Now he had a great start in the outdoor advertising business, covering a great deal of territory, and working out of Hartford, Connecticut, his home town. This was something that happened to other unfortunate persons—too many of them. Something one read about in the newspapers, read with sympathy—yet secure in the knowledge it could never happen to you. But it had.

This couldn't be true. Why, only a few days before, he'd been *swimming*, scissoring those legs at the seashore. This was a busy summer, and he'd taken a short vacation trip . . . which was to change the whole course of his life and, although he had no way of knowing it then, would some day take him to a glittering future.

On the last day of his vacation at New London, Connecticut, he'd met a fellow who had a red Buick touring car and was driving to New Haven. Walter, assuring him he was an old hand in that country and knew the road well, offered to drive him there. He'd arrived strangely chilled, and not just from the fog that was closing in. The next morning, Sunday—he would never forget the day—he'd gone to the Taft Hotel coffee shop. He was having his first cup of coffee, when his hand began shaking. Shaking hard. So hard he spilled the coffee all over the front of his light summer suit.

There was, Walter remembered, a train leaving for Hartford about that time. He managed to make it. Every jolt of the train, for some reason, was a staggering shock to his stiffening neck, the back of his head.

He got home, only to find his whole family—his father, Michael, his sisters, Mary and Teresa, and his brother, Jack—had gone away for the weekend. He went to a doctor, who told him there was nothing seriously wrong with him. "You just have an upset stomach," he said.

But, by the time Walter got home, he was losing his equilibrium. He started to fall down, he caught himself, holding onto the couch—and he remembered another doctor, an osteopath, he'd known. His left leg had begun to bother him—very much.

Then the osteopath told him. He had infantile paralysis. Polio. To be specific, "Anterior poliomyelitis, from the hip to the knee. . . ."

In St. Francis' hospital, Walter O'Keefe, with the help of all that day's science could offer—mostly diathermy and rub-downs from the osteopath three times a week—began his fight for a future that seemed so dark. A lonely fight. In the dark hours of night, when a man is alone with himself and his thoughts, his prayers and his God. His father, Michael, with his ready Irish wit, was an incurable optimist and a great help. So were the Fathers, the priests he'd known so long, who visited him and exhorted that—above all—he must have faith.

Then one day, he felt life in his left leg. From that magic moment, his whole psychology changed from despair to hope. He felt sure he would recover. And, once this mental adjustment was made, recovery came faster for him—and he started planning a future again. As his leg gradually began to live again, during the months—long months—to wheel chair, to crutches, to cane . . . and thereafter . . . he was reminded that man's dire need can indeed be God's opportunity. That out of tragedy often comes triumph. Polio was to prove the turning point in Walter O'Keefe's whole life—and for the better. . . .

The long months of recuperation provided time for introspective planning for the future. To think things out. And to realize that his past profession as a traveling advertising man might prove too strenuous now. He couldn't go running around the country on even a half-bum leg. But he could walk as far as the proscenium of a stage. This he could manage. And it wasn't as though he hadn't had some measure of experience as an amateur entertainer. From the age of five, when he'd seen his father standing in front of a gaslight at the parish socials, singing and telling jokes and commanding an audience, he'd been agreeably impressed. He'd participated in amateur shows as a kid. He'd worked his way through Notre Dame entertaining at various civic meetings and club functions.

Then, one day, he found a clipping from an old newspaper which cinched his decision to turn to show business for a career. It was from the Worcester (Massachusetts) *Telegram*, written some ten

years before—magic words he was to remember for all time. A news account which announced he'd won the amateur contest at the Poli Theatre there, with the added prediction from the theatre-owner's son, Edward Poli; "If O'Keefe takes up the stage for his career—his path will be a rosy one."

During the next months, he almost wore the clipping out, fingering it. Reading and re-reading it. The words had a comforting ring. He wrote songs, among them ditties like "You Should Hear Me Sing When I'm In The Bathroom," worked up some patter—and decided to take that path which led to show business . . . a gamble which was to pay off one day on NBC's *Double Or Nothing*.

When he could walk well enough with a cane, Walter went back to Worcester, having decided to put on his first professional performance there. Upon arrival, he went immediately to the newspaper office, dug ten years back into the old files, and found the issue with the treasured review. He took it to the current manager of the Poli Theatre, saying, "Back in 1914, Mr. Poli's son predicted I'd have a rosy path." The manager agreed to put him on that Sunday night. "If you click—" he said speculatively. Walter went on in the number two spot: "Walter O'Keefe—Songs, Jokes, and Nifty Sayings." Using his cane, and with only a slight limp, he made his way to the center of the stage. And he clicked. . . .

As he later clicked on the stage, in night clubs, and on radio. And if the path wasn't always "rosy," it had its ample recompense. Twenty-seven years in show business have convinced him that to touch another human being's life with laughter, to cause a worn face to light up, to provide an escape by taking others out of their own lives and helping them forget for even a few moments their own discouragements—and perhaps gain new strength to meet them—is a job of which any man could be proud.

Today he can be thankful for the tragedy which changed his life, which afforded him this opportunity. And which enables him to help instill hope in the hearts of others afflicted with the same dreaded disease. To visit the polio-stricken and tell his story, saying, "I had it. I whipped it. And so—with God's help, your doctor's and your own—can you."

Inside Radio

All Times Listed Are Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

Monday through Friday

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs				
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember?	Local Program	Local Program Pauline Frederick 8:55 John Conte	Renfro Valley Country Store
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Alex Dreier, News Young Dr. Malone Brighter Day	Robert Hurlleigh Tell Your Neighbor Harmony Rangers	Breakfast Club	Views of America Barnyard Follies Joan Edwards Show
10:00 10:15 10:25	Welcome Travelers	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time News, Frank Singiser	My True Story Whispering Streets	Arthur Godfrey
10:30 10:45	Double or Nothing	Take A Number	Against the Storm	
11:00 11:15	Strike It Rich	Ladies Fair 11:25 News, Les Nichols	Lone Journey When A Girl Marries	Grand Slam Rosemary
11:30 11:45	Bob and Ray Dave Garroway	Queen For A Day	Break the Bank	

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15	News Kate Smith Show	Curt Massey Time Capital Commentary with Baukhage	Jack Berch Victor Lindlahr	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
12:30		12:25 News, Frank Singiser	Local Program	Helen Trent
12:45	Luncheon with Lopez	Bob Poole		Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	George Hicks Songs, Eve Young	Cedric Foster Luncheon with Lopez 1:55 News	Paul Harvey, News Ted Malone	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:25 2:30 2:45	Pickens Party Meredith Willson Live Like A Millionaire	Dixieland Matinee News, Sam Hayes Say It With Music	Mary Margaret McBride	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Pooler's Paradise	Ladies Be Seated	Hilltop House
3:15 3:30 3:45	Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness		Mary Marlin Evelyn Winters	House Party 3:40 Cedric Adams Carl Smith Sings 3:50 Radie Harris
4:00 4:15	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas	Local Program 4:25 News, Frank Singiser	Betty Crocker	Johnson Family The Chicagoans
4:30 4:45	Young Widder Brown Woman In My House	Mert's Record Ad- ventures	Dean Cameron Manhattan Maharajah	Treasury Bandstand 4:55 News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell Lorenzo Jones The Doctor's Wife	Bobby Benson 1. Wild Bill Hickok 2. 5:55 News, Cecil Brown	Big Jon and Sparky Mark Trail Fun Factory 3. 5:55 World Flight Reporter	Barnyard Follies Hits and Misses This I Believe

1. T-Th, Sgt. Preston of the Yukon; W-F, Green Hornet
2. Sky King (T, Th)
3. Tom Corbett Soace Cadet (T, Th)

Monday

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren 6:05 Petite Concert Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter	Jackson & the News You and the World Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15	Richard Harkness Echoes from the Tropics	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis	Beulah Jack Smith Show
7:30 7:45	News of the World One Man's Family	Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	The Lone Ranger	Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	The Railroad Hour Voice of Firestone	Woman of the Year — Bette Davis Crime Does Not Pay	Henry J. Taylor World Wide Flashes The Big Hand	Suspense Talent Scouts
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Telephone Hour Band of America	News, Bill Henry Crime Fighters War Front-Home Front	Paul Whiteman Teen Club	Lux Radio Theatre
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Al Goodman's Musical Album Robert Montgomery Dangerous Assign- ment	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Bands for Bonds	News of Tomorrow Dream Harbor Time For Defense	Bob Hawk Show Rex Allen Show

Tuesday

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren 6:05 Petite Concert Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter	Jackson & the News You and the World Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15	Richard Harkness Echoes from the Tropics	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis	Beulah Jack Smith Show
7:30 7:45	News of the World One Man's Family	Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	Silver Eagle	Peggy Lee Show Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Scarlet Pimpernel Barrie Craig, Investigator	Black Museum— Orson Welles Dr. Kildare—Lew Ayres & Lionel Barrymore	Newsstand Theatre Escape With Me	People Are Funny Mr. & Mrs. North
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Bob Hope Show Summer Show	News, Bill Henry Official Detective Mysterious Traveler	America's Town Meeting of the Air E. D. Canham, News	Life With Luigi Louella Parsons 9:35 Pursuit 9:55 The Line Up
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Summer Show Robert Montgomery Man called X—	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Dance Bands	News of Tomorrow United or Not	Candidates & Issues Robert O's Wax- works

Wednesday

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren 6:05 Petite Concert Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter	Jackson & the News You and the World Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Richard Harkness The Playboys News of the World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Halls of Ivy Great Gildersleeve	MGM Theatre of the Air	Mystery Theatre Top Guy	Big Town with Walter Greaza Dr. Christian
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Groucho Marx, You Bet Your Life Big Story	News, Bill Henry Out of the Thunder Family Theatre	Mr. President Crossfire	Red Skelton Bing Crosby
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Silent Men, Doug Fairbanks, Jr. Robert Montgomery Music Room	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Dance Bands	News of Tomorrow Dream Harbor Latin Quarter Orchestra	Boxing Bouts News, Charles Col- lingwood

Thursday

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Lionel Ricau 6:05 Petite Concert Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter	Jackson & the News You and the World Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Richard Harkness The Playboys News of the World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Rukeyser Reports Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Silver Eagle	Beulah Jack Smith Show Peggy Lee Show Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Father Knows Best Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons	Modern Casanova— Errol Flynn Hardy Family with Mickey Rooney Lewis Stone	Cafe Istanbul, Marlene Dietrich Defense Attorney with Mercedes McCambridge	Summer Show Hallmark Playhouse
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Dragnet Counter Spy	News, Bill Henry Rod & Gun Club Reporters' Roundup	Ted Mack's Original Amateur Hour Foreign Reporter	Mr. Chameleon 9:25 News Mr. Keen Tracer of Lost Persons
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Your Hit Parade Robert Montgomery Music Box	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Dance Bands	News of Tomorrow Club Can-Do	Hollywood Sound- Stage Presidential Profiles

Friday

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Lionel Ricau 6:05 Petite Concert Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter	Jackson & the News Dwight Cooke Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Richard Harkness The Playboys News of the World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Mr. Mystery Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Roy Rogers Bob & Ray Show	Maisie with Ann Sothern Gracie Fields Show	Richard Diamond with Dick Powell This Is Your F.B.I.	Musicaland, U.S.A.— Earl Wrightson Big Time with Georgie Price
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Mario Lanza Show Screen Directors' Playhouse	News, Bill Henry Magazine Theatre Armed Forces Review	Ozzie & Harriet Mr. District Attorney 9:55 News, Win Elliot	Doris Day Show Robert O's Wax- works
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Tin Pan Valley Robert Montgomery Portraits in Sports	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Dance Bands	Boxing Bouts Sports Page	Robert Trout, News 10:05 Capitol Cloak- room

Inside Radio

Saturday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

Morning Programs

8:30	Howdy Doody	Local Program	No School Today	Renfro Valley
9:00				News of America
9:15				
9:30	Anybody Home			Garden Gate
9:45				
10:00	Archie Andrews	Local Program		St. Louis Melodies
10:15				Galen Drake
10:30	Mary Lee Taylor Show	Bruce MacFarlane, News Helen Hall	Space Patrol	Quiz Kids
10:45				
11:00	My Secret Story News, Earl Godwin	Adventure on Thunder Hill	New Junior Junction	News, Bill Shadel
11:15		U. S. Marine Band		11:05 Let's Pretend
11:30	Hollywood Love Story		At Ease, with P.F.C. Eddie Fischer	Give and Take
11:45				

Afternoon Programs

12:00	News		101 Ranch Boys	Theatre of Today
12:15	Public Affairs			
12:30	U. S. Marine Band	Fifth Army Band	American Farmer	Stars Over Hollywood
				12:55 Cedric Adams
12:45				
1:00	National Farm and Home Hour	Music	Navy Hour	Grand Central
1:15				1:25 It Happens
1:30	U. S. Coast Guard Cadets on Parade	Dunn on Discs	Vincent Lopez Show	Every Day
1:45				City Hospital
2:00	Coffee in Washington		Front and Center	Music With the Girls
2:15				
2:30	Big City Serenade	Georgia Crackers	Treasury Band	Make Way For Youth
2:45				
3:00	Down Homers	Bandstand, U. S. A.	Pan American Union	Report From Overseas
3:15		3:25 News		Adventures in Science
3:30	U. S. Army Band	Sport Parade	Treasury Band	Farm News
3:45				Correspondents' Scratch Pad
4:00	Win, Place or Show	Caribbean Crossroads	News and Sports	Stan Dougherty
4:15	Horse Racing	Hawaii Calls	Lone Pine Mountaineers	Presents
4:30	Musicana			Cross Section, U.S.A.
4:45				
5:00	Mind Your Manners	Harmony Rangers	Roseland	Music Festival
5:15				
5:30	Helping Hand	Bands For Bonds	At Home With Music	Treasury Bandstand
5:45	Terrea Lea	Dizzy Dean	Club Time	

Evening Programs

6:00	Bob Warren News, H. V. Kaltborn	Smiley Whitley	Una Mae Carlisle Bible Message	News, Ed Morgan
6:15				U.N. On Record
6:30	Summer Concert	Pentagon Report	Harry Wismer Talking It Over	Sports Roundup
6:45				Larry LeSueur, News
7:00		Al Helfer, Sports	As We See It	This I Believe
7:15		Twin Views of the News	Bert Andrews	7:05 At the Chase
7:30	Public Affairs	Down You Go	Dinner at the Green House	Gunsmoke
7:45		7:55 Cecil Brown		
8:00	Jane Ace, Disc Jockey	20 Questions	Saturday Night	Gene Autry Show
8:15			Dancing Party	
8:30	Ralph Edwards Show	MGM Theatre of the Air		Tarzan
8:45				
9:00	Meet Your Match			Gangbusters
9:15				9:25 Win Elliot
9:30	Grand Ole Opry	Lombardo Land		Broadway's My Beat
9:45				
10:00	Vaughn Monroe Show	Chicago Theatre of the Air	At the Shamrock	Stars in the Air
10:15				
10:30	Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street		Dance Music	Robert Q's Waxworks

Sunday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

Morning Programs

8:30	String Quartet		Lyrical Speaking	Renfro Valley Sunday Gathering
9:00	World News Roundup	Elder Michaux	Milton Cross Album	Trinity Choir
9:15	We Hold These Truths			World News Roundup
9:30	Carnival of Books	Back to God	Voice of Prophecy	Organ Concert
9:45	Faith in Action			
10:00	National Radio	Radio Bible Class	Message of Israel	Church of the Air
10:15	Pulpit			
10:30	Art of Living	Voice of Prophecy	College Choir	
10:45	News, Peter Roberts			
11:00	Faultless Starch Time	William Hillman	Fine Arts Quartet	Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir
11:15	Morning Serenade	Health Quiz	Christian in Action	Bill Shadel, News
11:30	UN is My Beat	Reviewing Stand		11:35 Invitation to Learning
11:45	The Author Speaks			

Afternoon Programs

12:00	Viewpoint, U. S. A.	College Choirs	Brunch Time	People's Platform
12:15	Latin American Music			
12:30	The Eternal Light	News, Bill Cunningham	Piano Playhouse	Howard K. Smith
		Frank and Ernest		Bill Costello, News
12:45				
1:00	Critic at Large	Fred Van Deventer	Herald of Truth	Syncopation, Please!
1:15	"Mike 95"	Health Quiz	National Vespers	
1:30	Univ. of Chicago	Lutheran Hour		
1:45	Roundtable			
2:00	The Catholic Hour	Top Tunes with Trendler	Marines in Review	The Symphonette
2:15		Dixie Quartet	San Francisco Sketchbook	N. Y. Philharmonic
2:30	Hats in the Ring	Health Quiz		Symphony, Dmitri Mitropoulos
2:45				
3:00	Elmo Roper	Bandstand, U. S. A.	This Week Around the World	
3:15	America's Music		Billy Graham	
3:30	Bob Considine	Air Force Hour		
3:45	John Cameron			
	Swayze, News			
4:00	The Falcon with Les Damon	Under Arrest	Old Fashioned Revival Hour	Music For You
4:15				
4:30	Martin Kane with Lee Tracy	Matthew Bell with Joseph Cotten		This Black Book
4:45		4:55 Bobby Benson		Hearthstone of the Death Squad
5:00	Hollywood Star	The Shadow	Sammy Kaye Serenade	King Arthur Godfrey's Round Table
5:15	Playhouse	True Detective		World News, Robert Trout
5:30	Whitehall 1212	Mysteries		5:55 News, Larry LeSueur
5:45				

Evening Programs

6:00	Tales of Texas	Gabby Hayes	George E. Sokolsky	Inner Sanctum
6:15	Rangers		Don Gardner	
6:30	The Chase	Nick Carter	Here Comes The Band	Our Miss Brooks
6:45		6:55 Cecil Brown		with Eve Arden
7:00	Best Plays	Affairs of Peter Salem	Concert From Canada	F.B.I. in War and Peace
7:15		Little Symphonies	Great Adventure	Amos 'n' Andy
7:30				
7:45				
8:00	Meet Your Match	Great Day Show	Stop the Music	Edgar Bergen Show
8:15				
8:30	Summer Symphony	Enchanted Hour		Playhouse on Broadway
8:45				
9:00		Opera Concert	Drew Pearson	Screen Guild Theatre
9:15			Meet Corliss Archer	
9:30	Stars in Khaki & Blue	John J. Anthony	Three Suns Trio	Meet Millie
9:45				
10:00	Meet the Press	This is Free Europe	Paul Harvey	Robert Trout, News
10:15			Gloria Parker	10:05 The People Act
10:30	American Forum		Bill Tusher in Hollywood	The Choraliers

TV program highlights

NEW YORK CITY AND SUBURBS AND NEW HAVEN CHANNEL 6 JUNE 11—JULY 10

Baseball on Television

Before the game:

Day with the Giants with Laraine Day 11
Knothole Gang with Happy Felton 9
Yankee Preview with Joe DiMaggio 11

DATE	TIME	GAME	CHANNEL
Wed.-Thurs., June 11, 12	2:25 P.M.	Detroit vs. Yanks	11
Sat., June 14	1:20 P.M.	St. Louis vs. Giants	11
	6:00 P.M.	*Cinc. vs. Dodgers	9
Sun., June 15	1:50 P.M.	*S. Louis vs. Giants	11
	2:05 P.M.	Cinc. vs. Dodgers	9
Mon., June 16	1:20 P.M.	S. Louis vs. Giants	11
Tues., June 17	8:20 P.M.	Pitts. vs. Giants	11
	8:30 P.M.	Chi'go vs. Dodgers	9
Wed., June 18	1:30 P.M.	Chi'go vs. Dodgers	9
Thurs., June 19	1:20 P.M.	Pitts. vs. Giants	11
	1:30 P.M.	Chi'go vs. Dodgers	9
Fri., June 20	1:30 P.M.	Pitts. vs. Dodgers	9
	8:20 P.M.	Chicago vs. Giants	11
Sat., June 21	1:20 P.M.	Chicago vs. Giants	11
	8:30 P.M.	Pitts. vs. Dodgers	9
Sun., June 22	1:50 P.M.	*Chi'go vs. Giants	11
	2:05 P.M.	Pitts. vs. Dodgers	9
Mon., June 23	1:20 P.M.	Cinc. vs. Giants	11
	8:30 P.M.	S. Louis vs. D'gers	9
Tues., June 24	1:30 P.M.	S. Louis vs. D'gers	9
	8:30 P.M.	Cinc. vs. Giants	11
Wed., June 25	1:20 P.M.	Cinc. vs. Giants	11
	1:30 P.M.	S. Louis vs. D'gers	9
Fri., June 27	8:20 P.M.	Phila. vs. Yanks	11
	8:30 P.M.	Boston vs. Dodgers	9
Sat., June 28	1:55 P.M.	Phila. vs. Yankees	11
	8:30 P.M.	Boston vs. Dodgers	9
Sun., June 29	2:00 P.M.	*Wash. vs. Yanks	11
	2:05 P.M.	Boston vs. Dodgers	9
Mon., June 30	2:25 P.M.	Boston vs. Yankees	11
	8:30 P.M.	Phila. vs. Dodgers	9
Tues., July 1	1:30 P.M.	Phila. vs. Dodgers	9
	8:20 P.M.	Boston vs. Yankees	11
Wed., July 2	1:30 P.M.	Phila. vs. Dodgers	9
	2:25 P.M.	Boston vs. Yankees	11
Thurs., July 3	1:30 P.M.	Giants vs. Yankees	9
Fri., July 4	1:50 P.M.	*D'gers vs. Giants	11
Sat., July 5	1:20 P.M.	Phila. vs. Giants	11
Sun., July 6	1:50 P.M.	*Phila. vs. Giants	11
Thurs., July 10	8:20 P.M.	S. Louis vs. Yanks	11
*Double Header			

12:00 Noon Ruth Lyons' 50 Club • 4 & 6

Fun and music with Ruth and her fifty studio guests.

12:15 P.M. Love of Life • 2 & 6

Lovely Peggy McCay stars in this daytime dramatic serial.

1:30 P.M. Garry Moore Show • 2 & 6

Big names guest in variety with Garry, Denise, Ken, Durward.

2:30 P.M. The First Hundred Years • 2 & 6

The mistakes and adventures of a young, married couple.

3:00 P.M. The Big Payoff • 4 & 6

Glamorous undies to mink wraps are the prizes on this quiz

show, co-emceed by Randy Merriman and beautiful Bess Myerson.

3:30 P.M. Bert Parks Show • 2 & 6 (M,W,F)

Bobby Sherwood and Betty Ann Grove cut up with the Dixie Dynamo.

4:00 P.M. Kate Smith Show • 4 & 6

An hour of solid variety, beamed right at the housewife, with Kate as your gracious hostess, assisted by Ted Collins, featuring Bill Goodwin, Robin Chandler and fifteen minutes of Winner Take All.

5:00 P.M. Hawkins Falls, Pop. 6,200 • 4

The drama and philosophy of a small town in America.

7:30 P.M. Broadway TV Theatre • 9

Broadway hit plays of past years presented full-length in original format. Play repeated five nights. New show each week.

Monday P.M.

7:30 P.M. Hollywood Screen Test • 7

TV's second oldest dramatic show featuring Neil Hamilton as host and "test director" to ambitious, young actors.

8:00 P.M. Winchell-Mahoney Show • 4

Paul and his not-so-dummy Jerry in variety-quiz.

8:30 P.M. Godfrey's Talent Scouts • 2

Unknown professionals get a helping hand from King Arthur.

9:00 P.M. I Love Lucy • 2 & 6

Lucille balls up the works in comedy with husband Desi Arnaz.

9:30 P.M. Claudia • 2 & 6

Series starring Joan McCracken in domestic complications.

10:00 P.M. Summer Theatre • 2 & 6

The tradition of Studio One continues but with lighter drama and some repeats of winter successes for the summer.

Tuesday

7:30 P.M. Beulah • 7

Louise Beavers, in title role, keeps the Henderson family happy in spite of minor crises and mistakes.

8:00 P.M. Juvenile Jury • 4 & 6

Jack Barry and his moppets cut up some humorous questions.

9:00 P.M. Fireside Theatre • 4

New, thirty-minute dramatic plays, filmed in Hollywood, replaced by Boss Lady, July 1.

9:30 P.M. Suspense • 2 & 6

Melodrama plotted to keep you on the edge of your chair.

9:30 P.M. Circle Theatre • 4

Popular dramatic series ranging from romance to murder.

10:00 P.M. Danger • 2

Highly and deservedly praised plays of suspense and mystery.

10:00 P.M. Original Amateur Hour • 4 & 6

Soft-spoken Ted Mack introduces hopefuls of all ages, who strive for applause and entry into the world of show business.

Monday through Friday

7:00 A.M. Today • 4 & 6

Garroway rides the rising sun with two hours of headline news as WNBT begins its full day of TV programming.

10:15 A.M. Arthur Godfrey Time • 2

Simulcast of Art's radio show so you can peek behind the scene.

10:30 A.M. Bride and Groom • 2

John Nelson emcees as the early bird catches the bride.

10:45 A.M. Super Store • 2

The bargain counter is stacked with laughs and music. The proprietor is popular comedian, Lew Parker.

11:30 A.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 6

Sympathetic interviews by Warren Hull as contestants in need of assistance try to earn as much as \$500 in cash.

12:00 Noon The Egg and I • 2

The scrambled problems of a couple in the egg business.

TV program highlights

Wednesday

8:00 P.M. Godfrey and His Friends • 2 & 6

Frank Parker takes over emcee chore in July.

9:00 P.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 6

Warren Hull plugs in the heart line to the nation.

9:00 P.M. Kraft Theatre • 4

Video's oldest dramatic show with superbly produced plays.

9:00 P.M. Ellery Queen • 7

Exciting crime adventure with the suave criminologist, played by screen actor Lee Bowman. Florenz Ames as his father.

9:30 P.M. The Web • 2

Spine-tingling melodramas adapted from mystery fiction.

10:00 P.M. International Boxing Club • 2 & 6

Bouts continue through the summer from outdoor arenas.

10:00 P.M. Celanese Theatre • 7

The lauded dramatic series closes a brilliant season with two fine plays: June 11, "When Ladies Meet," by Rachel Crothers; June 25, "On Borrowed Time," by Paul Osborn. Alternate weeks finds Pulitzer Prize Playhouse adapting works by noted writers.

Thursday

8:00 P.M. You Bet Your Life • 4

Beetle-browed Groucho Marx browbeats contestants.

8:30 P.M. Chance of a Lifetime • 7

Dennis James in the role of quiz and pay master.

8:30 P.M. Amos 'n' Andy • 2 (& 6 at 9:30 P.M.)

Tim Moore, Alvin Childress, and Spencer Williams in the great Harlem comedy show.

9:00 P.M. Man Against Crime • 2

Ralph Bellamy as the rough-and-ready, crime-busting sleuth.

9:00 P.M. Gangbusters • 4

Action-packed crime series biweekly. Alternate weeks: Dragnet starring Jack Webb.

9:00 P.M. The Ruggles • 7

Charley Ruggles, himself, in this domestic-comedy series.

9:30 P.M. Big Town • 2

Pat McVey stars as crusading reporter Steve Wilson.

Friday

7:30 P.M. Stu Erwin • 7

Delightful episodes of a typical family's daily life.

8:00 P.M. Mama • 2 & 6

Charming Peggy Woods in title role on this weekly series, describing heartwarming family life of Norwegian immigrants.

8:00 P.M. RCA Victor Show • 4

Comedian-singer Dennis Day in a comedy show June 13 followed by actor-singer Ezio Pinza in a musical revue on the 20th.

8:30 P.M. My Friend Irma • 2

Laugh-getting Marie Wilson as the nonsensical, sweet steno.

8:30 P.M. We, the People • 4 & 6

For the duration of the Presidential campaign, this show will dramatically present all sides of the race to the White House.

9:00 P.M. Playhouse of Stars • 2

Half-hour drama billing many of our most celebrated actors.

9:00 P.M. Big Story • 4 & 6

Actual dramatized experiences of reporters making headlines.

9:00 P.M. Down You Go • 5

Popular panel quiz presided over by Dr. Bergen Evans.

9:30 P.M. Aldrich Family • 4 & 6

For many years, one of the country's favorite comedy series.

10:00 P.M. Cavaleade of Stars • 5

Comedian Larry Storch takes over emcee chore of this big TVariety on July 4th when Jackie Gleason bows out and moves to CBS.

Saturday

12:00 Noon Big Top • 2 & 6

Ringmaster Jack Sterling with exciting, circus variety.

5:00 P.M. Italian Feature Film • 9

The best of excellent Italian celluloid: June 14, "King of the Circus," starring Clara Calami; June 21, "Sin of Poppa Martin," Ruggero Ruggeri; June 28, "Eternal Melody," Gino Cervi; July 5, "A Yank in Rome," Valentina Cortesa and Leo Dale.

7:30 P.M. Beat the Clock • 2

Contestants beat their brains to perform tricky stunts in limited time. Bud Collyer is timekeeper and judge.

7:30 P.M. One Man's Family • 4 & 6

The Barbour family, as always, stimulating and entertaining.

8:00 P.M. Ken Murray • 2 & 6

Hollywood's Ambassador replete with lovely show girls, gags, dramatic sketches, dance and song in a great big revue.

8:00 P.M. All Star Revue • 4

This big comedy show closes out its season with four big stars: June 14, Jimmy Durante; June 21, Spike Jones; June 28, Jack Carson; July 5, Danny Thomas.

10:30 P.M. Your Hit Parade • 4 & 6

From one to ten, the most popular ballads in the country, sung by Snooky Lanson, Dorothy Collins and Eileen Wilson, replaced by Assignment Manhunt, crime series, July 2.

Sunday

1:45 P.M. Joe DiMaggio's Dugout • 4

The pride of the Yanks interviews stars of the diamond.

4:30 P.M. Greatest Story Ever Told • 2

Once a month feature, June 22nd in this period, of dramatized Biblical stories, similar to the well-known radio show.

5:00 P.M. Super Circus • 7 (& 6 at 5:30 P.M.)

The dazzling center ring with breathtaking performances.

6:30 P.M. Draw to Win • 2

Henry Morgan emcees this cartoon comedy-quiz.

7:30 P.M. Lucky Clues • 2 & 6

A brand-new mystery panel show filling in for This is Show Biz.

7:30 P.M. Four Square Court • 7

Two workers in criminal rehabilitation and two ex-convicts make up a panel to discuss problems of individual lawbreakers.

8:00 P.M. Toast of the Town • 2 & 6

Broadway columnist and showman, Ed Sullivan, presents, week in, week out, the very best variety entertainment in the country.

8:00 P.M. Comedy Hour • 4

Replaced on June 22 by the Big Payoff.

9:00 P.M. Information Please • 2 (& 6 at 6:00 P.M.)

Erudite Clifton Fadiman is back at the old stand with the TV version of the long-time radio favorite. John Kiernan and Franklin P. Adams will be on hand with their encyclopedic brains.

9:00 P.M. Television Playhouse • 4 & 6

Full-hour teleplays produced and originating from NYC studios.

9:30 P.M. Break the Bank • 2

Handsome hosts, Bud Collyer and Bert Parks, with the famous quiz show that has paid over \$10,000 in cash to individuals.

10:00 P.M. Celebrity Time • 2 & 6

Panel quiz emceed by one-time matinee idol, Conrad Nagel.

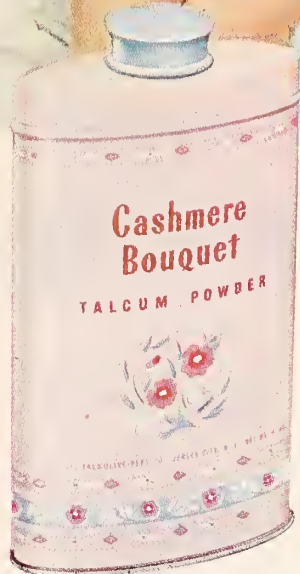
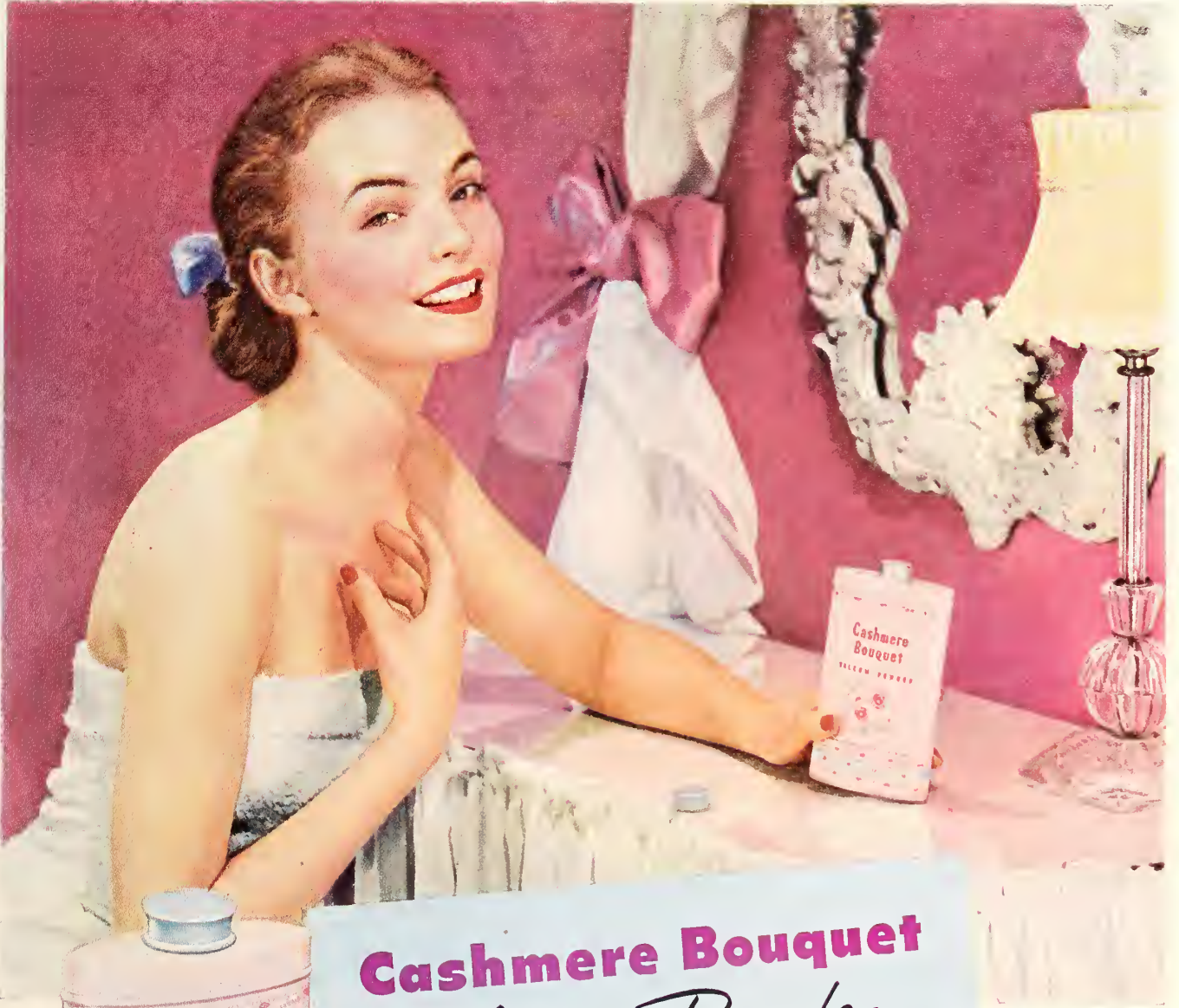
10:30 P.M. What's My Line? • 2

John Daly holds firm but polite reins on panelists Kilgallen, Cerf, Francis and Block who guess at contestants' occupations.

11:00 P.M. Drew Pearson • 7

Mr. Pearson gives sharp analyses of world events and predictions of future happenings.

Refreshing as a morning shower!
Daintiness that lingers for hours!



Cashmere Bouquet
Talcum Powder
 —with the fragrance men love!

What a wonderful sensation when you sprinkle on Cashmere Bouquet Talc! Your body feels so relaxed . . . clean and fresh and good all over! And that pleasant feeling of daintiness lingers and lingers for hours! Use silky-smooth Cashmere Bouquet Talc after towelling when you step out of a shower. It helps absorb every drop of moisture quickly . . . delightfully! Use it when you change clothes or before you go out on a date. Cashmere Bouquet is so refreshing . . . and most exciting of all, it surrounds you with a delicate, haunting mist of the famous "fragrance men love"!

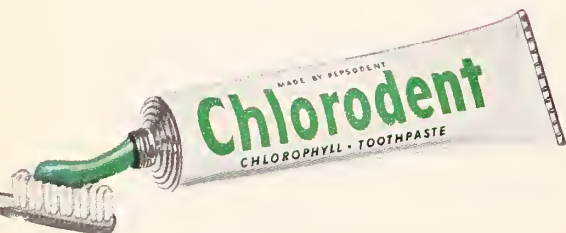
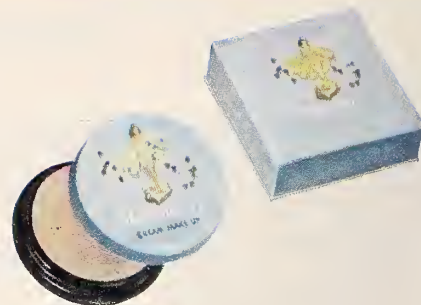


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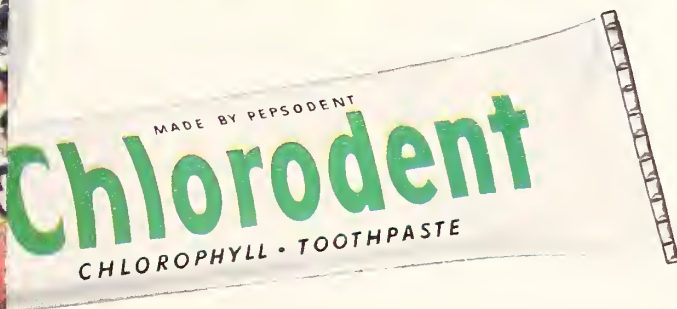


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the new green toothpaste
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- Destroys **MOUTH ODOR**
- Fights **TOOTH DECAY**
- Combats Common **GUM TROUBLES**

Use it after meals

* Water-soluble chlorophyllins

Sh Mouth All Day Long!

NEW

Tan

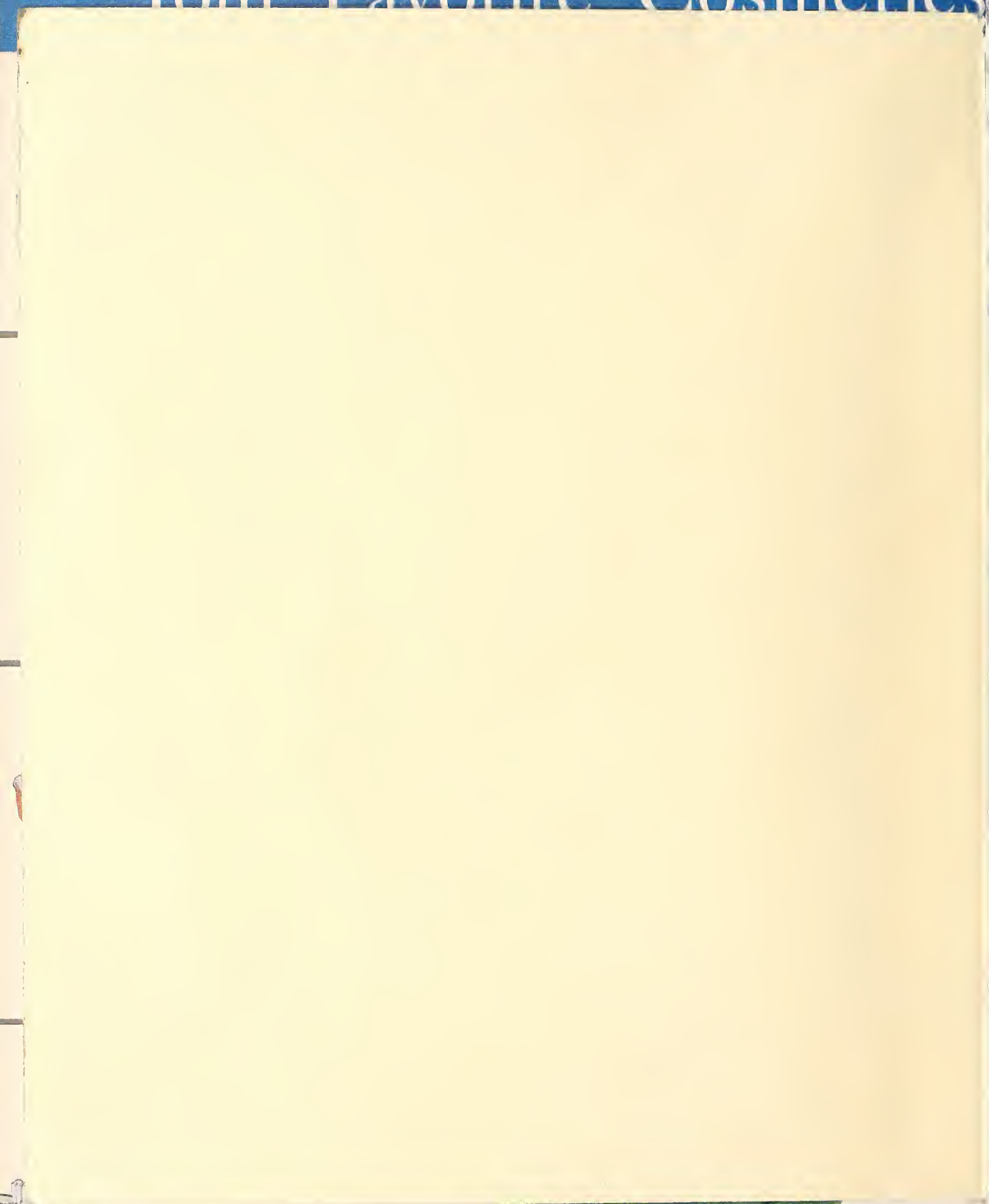
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all day long!

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Look glamorous all summer long! Exciting alone . . . breath-taking together — in matching, fashionable, summer shades.

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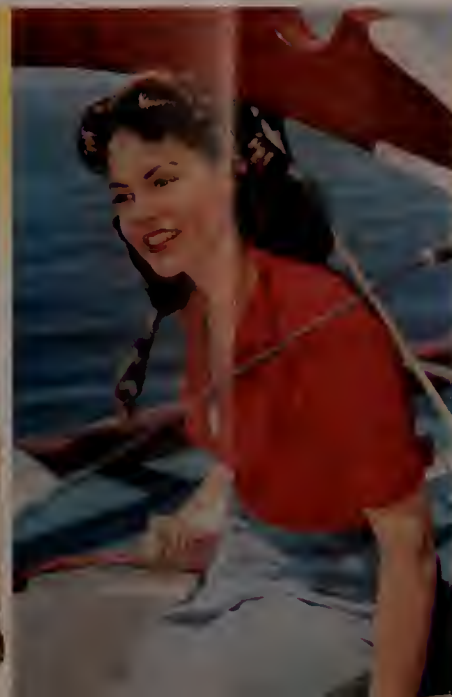
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At last! A lanolin-base, non-smear lipstick that won't dry your lips — stays dewy fresh all day long!

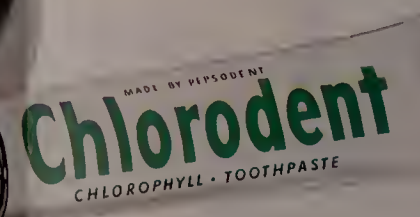
IN 8 FASHIONED-KEYED SHADES



HERE'S the new green toothpaste with miracle chlorophyll*



you read about in **Reader's Digest!**



- Destroys **MOUTH ODOR**
- Fights **TOOTH DECAY**
- Combats Common **GUM TROUBLES**

Use it after meals
*Water-soluble chlorophyllins

Clean Fresh Mouth All Day Long!

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For a limited time only . . . Free! 25¢ Jergens Shampoo with purchase of 50¢ Jergens Lotion.



75c value . . . both only 49c, plus tax

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Queen For a Day

(Continued from page 44) was one of hundreds of teen-agers who had crowded the studio each day in the hopes that she would be crowned Queen. Janet had written that she wished she might have an opportunity to take dramatic lessons at some good school. Putting her dream down in black and white had somehow made it ordinary, somehow made it a foolish fancy and she was thinking that perhaps the studio audience, which was to vote by its applause, would think it just another silly figment of a teen-ager's imagination.

Halfway through the program, Janet found herself up on the stage with a lot of other girls who had wishes they wanted granted. And the applause was deafening, it seemed to Janet, for each and every one of them. Then, in one breathless second, everything changed and there was Jack Bailey coming toward her, coming toward Janet with the crown that meant she was won! Getting into the scarlet robe, adjusting the crown on her head, Janet heard Jack Bailey reading off the list of prizes which she had won:

Dramatic lessons at the Geller Workshop in Hollywood

A dress with hat, matching gloves and purse

A cosmetic set

A trip to Tucson, Arizona, in an airplane with her mother

And in Tucson, dream of all dreams, a date with a different escort every six hours.

"I was so excited my seventeen-year-old toes curled!" Janet exclaims. "Since the plane was to leave shortly after the broadcast, I had the clothes that I'd worn to the show. I'm sure my dad was as excited as I, because he bought me everything I needed for staying overnight. A traveling bag, which I shared with mother, nice pajamas, stockings, just everything. For once, he didn't mind paying the bills.

"Harry Mynatt, the program's official host, took us to lunch and then Mother and I and Mr. Mynatt went to the airport. It was only three hours since the program had first called my name, but already two tickets to Queen for a Day had done so much!

"When the plane landed at Tucson, Mayor Nick Hall and Tucson's Vigilantes were there on horseback to welcome us. Imagine being met by horses! Lieutenant Ray Yatuni, the first of the Army's official escort, was also there. After seeing the horses, I noticed the Lieutenant. He had nice eyes and wavy dark hair and he was quiet. At least, compared to the crowd of photographers and the Mayor and everyone else, he seemed quiet. And there was good reason, I discovered later, for me to think that he appeared quiet. He was. He was there—under protest—just doing a favor!

"Mother and I and Mr. Mynatt were whisked off to the lovely Santa Rita Hotel where we were to stay. I didn't get a chance to think much of anything about anybody. My escort for dinner was Lieutenant Yatuni, but it was the wild rice that impressed me—it was so exotic!"

After dinner, the Queen's party traveled from one end of Tucson to another, seeing the sights, not missing a spot. Then, at the end of the evening, Lieutenant Yatuni suggested a trip to "A" mountain for a view of Tucson at night.

"I thought it a strange name for a mountain but even stranger was the fact that our entire party was parked there looking down over the city. This, I was told, was Tucson's lover's lane."

Janet didn't dare look at Ray, although

she could feel his eyes upon her. And when they all went back to the hotel, she thought it odd that Ray didn't say goodbye. He just sort of disappeared from the party.

At breakfast the next morning, a new lieutenant arrived. But, to this day, Janet cannot tell what he looked like, for hovering in the background was Lieutenant Yatuni, grinning as much as to say he was there to keep his eye on her. The rest of the day saw Janet being fitted for a new Western outfit, then riding through giant saguaro cactus where she and her party had a picnic lunch. Lieutenant Yatuni was there, not saying anything, just watching and grinning. His grin widened when she was made a deputy sheriff and an honorary member of the Vigilantes and then given a huge six-shooter to fire. Janet had never seen anything bigger than a BB gun and was frightened to death of handling the firearm.

Like all wonderful things, an ending had to come and Janet found herself beside Lieutenant Yatuni riding with the rest of her party to the Tucson airport. The rest of the people alighted from the car, leaving the Lieutenant to say goodbye.

"And suddenly we had so much to talk about, so much to say that we were keeping Harry Mynatt holding the plane for me. As I dashed for the open door, Ray yelled that he'd write."

Then all at once, as if awakening from a beautiful dream, Janet found herself home again, with a cowboy outfit, wonderful memories and the excitement of enrolling in the Geller Workshop to remind her of the lucky day she had two tickets to Queen for a Day.

"The theatre work was my dream come true and you can't blame me for overlooking the letter from the very nice Lieutenant—just left it unopened—in the excitement of my first few days at school. Imagine my embarrassment when I arrived home one evening from going to a play and I found the Lieutenant had flown all the way over from Arizona—and I wasn't home to see him. The next time a letter from him came, I opened it. He asked me for a date and told me he would be driving over and we would go to a dance in Long Beach, several miles from my home."

Janet dressed herself in her nicest summer outfit and set out for the dance with Ray, only to find him driving through the first red light, with his eyes shut. A little frightened and not quite knowing what to do, she told Ray to pull over to the curb and take a nap. Their first date and Ray was asleep! Ray slept until midnight, when Janet had to awaken him to drive her home. Practically without a word spoken, Ray drove Janet home and kept right on driving—to Tucson. The fates were truly against the two ever having their talk together.

But Lieutenant Ray Yatuni was a determined fellow.

"He wrote practically every day. Every few weeks he flew or drove over. I was being courted from Arizona," Janet says, her voice breaking as excitement keys its pitch. And just two months later, September 30, 1945, Lieutenant Ray Yatuni arrived from Arizona with a present for Janet—an engagement ring and the words to go with it.

"That evening we talked, and talked, and talked. Ray did a real 'selling job.' He said he'd wait a year before we married. And I said yes. My folks were delighted as long as we were being so sensible about it. Then, four months later, Ray was discharged from the Army and took a job in Los Angeles—as a salesman. He had no sooner

settled down when he convinced my folks there was no sense in waiting and so on February 23, 1946, we were married in the Cathedral Chapel in Los Angeles. It was six months, to the day, from the time Mother and I walked into the Queen for a Day radio show.

"On our honeymoon, we went to Ray's home in Gardner, Illinois," continued Janet. "It's a small town and I was kind of scared since it was really the first time I'd been away from home.

"There were times when the electricity failed. The town had no motion picture theatre. After living in a modern suburb of California, this seemed strange to me. Yet, the family relationship in a small town is close, and the people learn to rely on themselves. I'm glad we were able to go there."

After a year of Janet's learning the good and the bad about small-town life, Ray went on the road as a traveling salesman. "I'll bet he was the only traveling salesman with a wife on his arm—because you can bet that I went along!" Then Janet was pregnant and, after seven months, she returned to California to have the baby.

David was born December 29, 1947. In February, 1948, Ray rejoined Janet, after getting a job as salesman for an ice cream firm. They bought a house in Whittier, California, a picturesque community at the foot of the San Bernadino Mountains.

Janet feels that a woman should have interests outside her home. After settling in Whittier, which is near her own family home in Orange, Janet joined the Junior Women's Club, sponsored by a girl's church group, and became active in the Presbyterian Church's dramatic department. Her Geller Workshop training came in handy.

When Janet rehearses for a play, Ray does the baby-sitting. One night, he took young David to the dress rehearsal of Janet's first starring role, in the Whittier Community Theatre's production of "Guest in the House."

"Play too short," said baby David.

When Janet is practicing her lines, baby David comes and sits at her feet and repeats the lines after her. Later on, he can be heard muttering the lines to himself—obviously playing all the parts in his own little playland. Though he can be a problem at times, Janet says, "Show me one that isn't at four years!"

"David's crazy about cowboys. When he acts up, I just show him the pictures of me in Western riding clothes that were taken at Tucson, and he looks at the pictures and says, 'Ow, Mommy's a cowboy!' and then does everything I tell him—until the next time, of course."

Since "Guest in the House" was such a success, Ray treated the family to a vacation. Three days and 2,000 miles of driving took them to Mexico and back by way of the Grand Canyon, Zion National Park and Las Vegas, Nevada. Sentimentally, they passed through Tucson, Arizona.

"I guess that brings us full circle," said Janet, "because it was the two radio tickets that took me to Tucson where we first met."

Those same two tickets, to someone else, might have meant but one wish, fulfilled, one dream come true, but to Janet those two tickets were a beginning. The tickets brought her wonderful prizes and an exciting trip. Then came a whirlwind courtship by air, followed by marriage. And last and best of all, the tickets brought her a flower-bordered home—and her baby. Surely those were two tickets to a lifetime of happiness.

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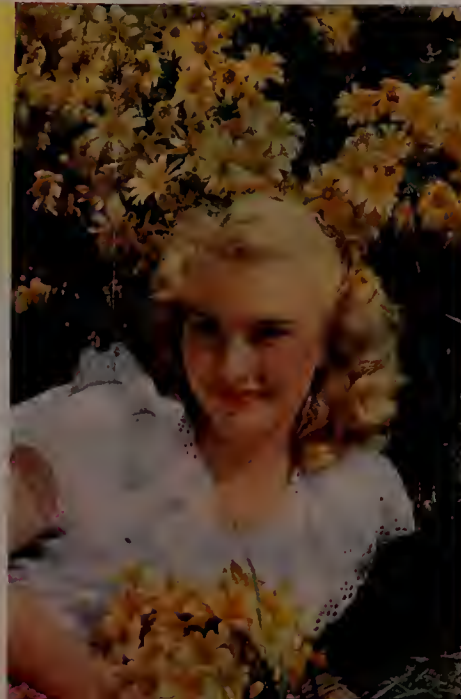
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Queen For a Day

(Continued from page 44) was one of hundreds of teen-agers who had crowded the studio each day in the hopes that she would

she could feel his eyes upon her. And when they all went back to the hotel, she thought it odd that Ray didn't say good

settled down when he convinced my folks there was no sense in waiting and so on

We Laugh With Linkletter

(Continued from page 31)
 hefty vitamin prescription if I ever had to lose out on my daily dosage of laughs with Link.

It must seem odd, I suppose, to an outsider, that we should be such pals. I could, if I had gotten around to that sort of thing early enough in life, have been Art's father. We don't let that worry us. I may be twenty years older than Link, but in another department I have a few years' edge on him. My oldest daughter, Dorothy, is three years younger than Link's son, Jack!

Ours is a friendship which stands up because—as in most really good friendships—we are interested in the same things: Our families, chiefly, and our jobs. We have fun at the same things—travel, for instance. The four of us have visited Europe together for two summers now; this summer we'll have adjoining lanais on the *Lurline* for a trip to Hawaii, and each of us will take along our two oldest kids.

We're typical tourists.

Link will go anywhere, do anything, at the drop of a hat. Me, too. We think the Eiffel Tower is more interesting than the inside of the Ritz bar.

We take pictures—of the same places, from the same angles—and we enter them regularly in the contests of the Stereo Realist club. We never win.

All right. The pictures could be better. But it's fun.

Some people, I notice, seem to think that fun is just a little sinful, and should be indulged in, if at all, in carefully rationed amounts.

I never could see that. When I was a bricklayer, I had fun laying bricks. That was a long time ago, I'll admit. But the point stands. I've been in show business for thirty-three years and had a picnic every day of every one of them.

I warmed up to Art Linkletter the first time I saw him—it was in 1942, at a dinner given at Somerset House by the Aviation Country Club. I was a flyer then, so I was a guest, and having a romp. All of the guests, to put it mildly, were feeling no pain. But Art Linkletter was *working*, covering the event as a roving radio reporter, and he was having a romp, too. Which was quite some trick.

He got me up at the mike, and pounded me with those fast, sensible, interesting questions he's now famous for. He couldn't have been more considerate, and I couldn't have felt more comfortable—and ad-libbing is his forte, not mine.

"This guy is good," I found myself thinking, and so I pitched in and dug him up some more of the temporarily grounded eagles. As it turned out, Art came through with a fast, funny program. He told me later that he had been on a spot. It was his first show, in a new series, for a sponsor noted for impatience. But it sure didn't show.

I found myself looking for Art's programs on the air, and hauling Alyce away from the kids to listen to him.

She agreed that Link had the makings of one of the greatest m.c.'s in the country. The Corrells knew what it took, as I'll bet every one of the twenty-five thousand people Link has interviewed—on his House Party, People are Funny and Life with Linkletter shows—would agree. He's the one m.c., to my mind, who really likes his "funny people." You'll notice, he'll never let one of them make a goof of himself—to him, no laugh is worth it.

It still took five years for us all to get

together socially, and that happened, as I've said, at a big, big party when we had very little chance really to get acquainted.

But we did remark the odd coincidence of our "twin" wives . . . not just their appearance, but everything about them—their smiles, their expressions, their dispositions (bless 'em)—were alike as two peas.

When you would like a casual acquaintance to become a friend, leave it to the girls. After that first meeting, Alyce asked the Linkletters to our house for dinner. The next week, Lois Linkletter invited us.

With that passel of children to compare notes about, the girls couldn't have been happier. And Link and I found more than The Business to gab about. Not long after that, a radio time switch put Link on the network directly following our own show—and we gabbed in our adjoining dressing rooms. A few years ago, the Linkletters bought a house a stone's throw from ours, so our families, too, were friendly neighbors.

If our friendship is more solid than most show-business friendships, and I think it is, I think it's due to the fact that Link and I—while we make our living in the entertainment business—do our living, for the most part, outside of it. Link has been all over the country and met all kinds of people, who do all kinds of things. So have I. They bring the big, big world into the little world of Hollywood—and they let us look at it through their eyes.

One of Link's great gifts, I think, is to think and *feel* from the other fellow's point of view. It moved him, among other things, to accept the West Coast chairmanship of the Foster Parents' Plan. He promptly "adopted" three little war orphans of his own, and got such a kick out of it that Alyce and I adopted one, too, a little French girl, Marybelle Benneaux. It gave us one of the great experiences of our lives.

We met Marybelle when we were in Paris last year. She came up to our suite at the Georges Cinq for lunch. I knew it was a big, fancy lunch, but I didn't realize that the big-eyed little kid had never seen that much food on one table in her life. She ate until she was groggy. And then she said she wanted to see the Eiffel Tower. A Parisian kid who hadn't seen the Eiffel Tower! (Who am I kidding? I've lived in California for twenty years and never have seen Catalina Island.)

I gave another party in Paris, one of those "must" affairs. I had pockets full of notes to V.I.P. Americans in Paris whom I had promised to look up, so, with time growing short I borrowed Link's suite—with a spectacular view of all Paris—one afternoon, and invited them all for cocktails.

I told Link, since he gave me the hall, to invite anybody *he* wanted.

And this is a thumbnail character sketch of my friend, Link. He invited a half-dozen people—all old, old friends of mine whom he had dug up from every corner of Paris. Then, like the real pal he is, he spent the afternoon making polite faces at all of my V.I.P.'s while I hashed over old times with my old cronies.

Link, as you've probably read in the papers by now, has just landed a big, new deal which will make him one of the biggest simulcast stars (simulcast is a new method of releasing radio and TV shows simultaneously). Link's House Party will be simulcast on CBS beginning next autumn for very important sponsorship.

And he had it coming.

It couldn't happen to a nicer guy.

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Johnny and Penny Olsen

(Continued from page 35)

Besides that, I didn't have a heater in my car."

"He still owes me seven dollars," Penny cut in, with the broody air of one who nurtures an old grievance. "One snowy night—so all right, it was a blizzard—he was calling on me in Stevens Point and I let him have my railway ticket to get back to Milwaukee. I never got it back. It cost me seven pieces of folding money."

"When we got married, I was really broke," said Johnny—was it defensively? "I was an announcer at the time—the chief announcer, in fact, on station WTMJ—the biggest station in Milwaukee, too. But I had a car and, in the order given, a girl. And both take a lot of gas. Besides, this was thirteen years ago, when salaries were not what they are today."

"Neither was the dollar," Penny said remindfully. "What it is today, I mean, the poor little thing. And, anyway, you weren't an announcer while we were courting. When we first met, Johnny had an orchestra," Penny explained, "which he directed and with which he sang. And I had a father and a stepmother who were very fond of Johnny. Real dyed-in-the-wool radio fans, they wouldn't have missed a Johnny Olsen broadcast to save their souls alive. Hilda, my stepmother, even kept a Johnny Olsen scrapbook, and that's how it all began—our courtship, I mean. When my folks heard that Johnny and his band were playing Iola, a small town about forty miles from Stevens Point, nothing, for goodness' sake, could have kept them from Iola. They insisted that I go along, too. I went along, none too willing, and here was this Johnny, hair glued down, slick as a whistle, from the Big City! When we walked into the pavilion where Johnny's band was playing—it was a Fourth of July celebration and dance—Johnny said, 'Hello,' as he passed us. It was almost the undoing of Hilda.

"That's Johnny Olsen," she said, her voice cracking, her cup running over.

"Is it?" I asked, real indifferent.

"And did you see," Hilda asked, all a-twitter, 'how he looked at you?'"

"No," I said.

"A little later Johnny singled me out and asked me if there was any particular song I'd like him to play. I said that I'd choose 'I'll Be Seein' You.' Which was real mean of me, flirty-mean, because I wasn't particularly interested, being too much involved," Penny laughed, "with another Johnny!

"As my parents were preparing to leave for home, Johnny Never-Miss-A-Trick spotted them, came down, said, 'You're not leaving so soon?' Then: 'Well, tell you what—you two go ahead and I'll see that your daughter gets home as soon as the dance is over.'

"After the last dance, Johnny asked me, 'You live right here in Iola, don't you?' 'Oh no, I don't,' I replied gleefully and in a serve-you-right tone of voice. When I told him where I lived, Johnny took the prospect of the eighty-mile round-trip as well as could be expected, and presently he and his friend, Jack Hill—who has been our close friend all these years since—and I started out. Jack and I sang all the way home, and, eventually, Johnny came out of shock in time to sing with us and was quite perturbed when we got to my home and I didn't ask him in.

"A few days later, I got a card from



When leaving an upper berth, should you—

- Dress completely Wear a robe
 Ring a bell

To save your neck, you can't get down—unless you ring the bell that fetches the porter (with a ladder)! It's okay to dress in the ladies' room. So wear your robe without feeling self-conscious. In any situation—at certain times, Kotex keeps you self-assured. Those flat pressed ends banish telltale outlines. And for extra comfort, there's your new Kotex belt, made with soft-stretch elastic. Non-twisting. Non-curling. Washable; dries pronto!



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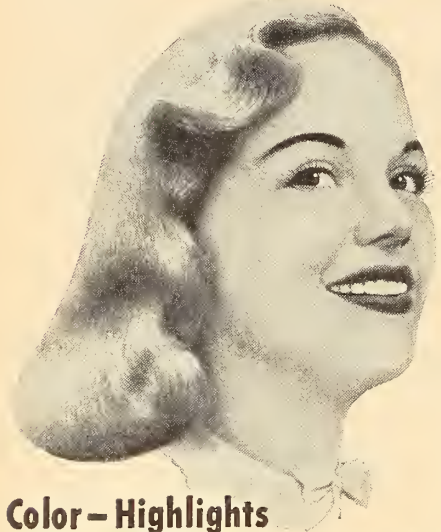
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Johnny saying that he would soon be driving through Stevens Point on business and hoped I would be at home, as he'd like to drop by. He dropped by. He and Jack. Jack was our Miles Standish all the way through."

The path of his true love, Johnny here remarked, could best be described as the sharp reverse of smooth. "Blocked as it was," he said, "by the lady's indifference because of the 'other Johnny.' But I worked." Johnny grinned, "through her father."

"Johnny was, at that time, on a daily program," Penny explained, "for a tobacco sponsor. So he wooed my father with tobacco—and with keeping our radio antenna in order, too—my step-mother with a cookie jar, which is still her chief treasure—and me with words. . . ."

"As I wrote my own songs for that show, I'd send her messages," Johnny laughed, "in the theme songs. The only one I can remember right off the cuff:

"Man, oh man, oh man alive,
I'll be there at half-past five!
Get the coffee pot to brew,
Don't you know that I love
you?"

"One time I didn't get the message," Penny recalled, "so the other Johnny was there, at 'half-past five!'"

"We met July Fourth. It took me from then until October a year later, about a year and a half in all," said Johnny, "before she. . . ."

"Before I knew what you had known from the beginning," said Penny and, this time, she reached for his hand.

"I think I fell in love, at first sight, with her dimples," Johnny said, reflectively, "and her youth, of course, and her pretty eyes. . . ."

And Johnny had good reason for falling in love with Penny's eyes. Penny is prettier, very much prettier, off TV than on. TV takes away from the appearance of some people, adds to that of others. It takes away from Penny. The dimples that were Johnny's undoing, the blue eyes, the fine-textured white skin, the light brown hair worn pompadour—Penny's trade-mark—the slender figure add up, in the flesh, to more than the TV cameras give her.

"I have a very vivid memory," Penny went on, "of the very moment when I knew that this Johnny was *the* Johnny. I was in the hospital following surgery. Major surgery, and serious. Johnny proposed to me as I was coming out of the ether. Then I knew. Pretty nice guy, I remember, thinking, foggy as I was, to propose to a girl who—well, who didn't have everything. Pretty nice? Pretty wonderful. I said 'Yes' there and then."

About a year after Penny and Johnny became Mr. and Mrs., they went to California, where the Rumpus Room originated as a disc jockey show.

"We had to give that up," Penny said, "because of the war. So it was back to Milwaukee for a year or two, then to New York and eventually to the Rumpus Room again, by day, and to our dearly loved Norman-style fieldstone house in Greenwich, Connecticut, by night and every work-filled wonderful weekend. Which brings me back, by circuitous route," Penny laughed, "to the 'great adjustment' I tried, and failed—" she squeezed Johnny's hand—"to tell you about. My biggest adjustment—which was that I had been, before I married, an independent girl. I had danced and sung ever since I was about five years old. I'd done a lot of summer stock, with Charles Winninger and his brother, among others. I was accustomed to making my own money and—to spending it. Now I was married and Johnny handled the money—he still does—and

somehow none of it got into my hands. And such was my pride that I'd go along without something rather than ask him for cash! It took a bit of doing, it's still taking a bit of doing," Penny laughed again, "to undo that situation!"

"I've saved quite a bit of money," Johnny put in, "while the saving was good. Meantime I, too, have had adjustments to make, and still have. Some of them, I fear, are non-adjustable. One thing I can't stand, for instance—it takes me a good full hour and a half to wake up in the morning. For that hour and a half, I do not want to be looked at or spoken to. Not so Penny. She talks the ear off me even as her eyes are opening. . . ."

"I spring right up," Penny said, with modest pride, "swing from the bar in the hall, turn on a record show to give me the bounce, and put the coffee on. . . ."

"After my ear is talked off and I cease to be of further use, she talks the ear off our French poodles, Sheba and Lena," Johnny groaned,

"Oh, do you know," Penny then exclaimed delightedly, "what I hate about Johnny? He wears one-piece underwear which went out with buggy whips!"

"I can't stand anything that constricts me," Johnny spoke with immense dignity, "especially around the waist."

"Women wear girdles," said Penny stoutly, "and they can breathe! With Johnny," she added, "freedom to breathe is a sclerosis!"

"Neurosis," said Johnny patiently, "is what Penny means, no doubt. The one thing Penny cannot do," he then explained, "she cannot remember names, places or things. On one occasion, we were going to St. Louis for a few days and Penny made a reservation in an hotel in Cincinnati!"

"I'd been there before. It was," Penny said dreamily, "such a beautiful hotel. . . ."

"Cannot remember names or associations," Johnny persisted against odds. "We once had Roland Young and Cornelia Otis Skinner as guests on our show and I was taking Penny over to meet them. Before I could even get out the first word of introduction, 'Oh, Mr. Ruggles,' gushed the Missus, 'I'm so happy to meet you!' The only resemblance, real or fancied, between actors Roland Young and Charles Ruggles is that they both have mustaches. A pretty Penny, that was! But her words are always mixed up. Also her sense of direction. When walking, if I want her to turn to the left, I tell her to turn to the right and she turns to the left! She's a cross between Jane Ace and Gracie Allen."

"Another thing he doesn't like about me," Penny vouchsafed, "I never squeeze the toothpaste tube right—don't start at the bottom, that is, and pinch my way up to the top. Also, he says I never clean my handbags out, never can find anything in them, grope until he's groggy!"

"He has to have everything perfect in his room, in his closets, in his bureau drawers. My shelves—anyone snooping around in them wouldn't muss up a thing because they've been mussed up, by a mastermind, already!"

"Speaking of snooping reminds me of yet another thing I don't like about Mr. O. He's a detective. If I snoop on Saturday, for instance, when he's in New York doing his Red Goose Shoes TV show—and I'm at home enjoying my cleaning and cooking, with maybe just a spot of snooping for variety—he won't say anything that night. But a day later, maybe three or four days later, he'll ask me how I enjoyed moving his blue shirt to where the white one had been. It comes from his Boy Scout training—that routine they go through of looking at all the articles in a window and then naming them!"

"I'm very fussy with clothes," Johnny

admitted, "have a very large wardrobe. One of the largest, I daresay, of anyone in the profession."

"I haven't," Penny said promptly. "One thing I let audiences know right away, I wasn't going to be a clothes-horse, a glamour-girl. I'm not on as a beauty," I told them, "but if you like me. . . ." I am very color-conscious, though, where my clothes are concerned. Very conscious of harmony of color. That comes, I suspect, from working with flowers. And I love to collect linens, china, glassware. . . ."

"She shines them up," laughed Johnny. "The china and the glassware, I mean, and just looks at them! She's a hoarder. She'll keep a new coat, a new pocketbook or pair of shoes, for over a year, unworn, untouched. About a year ago I bought her a powder blue quilted satin bathrobe. Once she's worn it, just once!"

"Do I want it to trail all over the kitchen floor?" Penny demanded.

At the word "kitchen," Johnny's eyes glittered. "Penny cooks," he said, as one would say "God's in His Heaven," or "Excelsior!" "That's the thing I like—a tepid word for it—about her!"

"I wouldn't recommend it to any woman," Penny sniffed. "A husband never takes you out!"

"She's spoiled me," Johnny said, all but singing, "not for nothing are we sponsored by Premier Foods; not for nothing is our theme song 'Penny's In the Pantry, Penny's In The Pantry!' Penny in the Pantry is sheer poetry. . . . her roast beef, her southern-fried chicken, her gravy, won-der-ful gravy!"

"Johnny has talents, too, home talents, I mean," said Penny, not to be outdone in giving tribute. "He's oh, very practical! He's a bricklayer, an electrician, a carpenter. A farmer, too. We've just bought a baby tractor—christened Buster—the better to plough and harrow the fourteen acres of our Sunny Ridge Farm."

"I could spend all my time in doing things around the place," Johnny sighed. "When spring comes, it comes to me, to us both, as an occasion. Makes it tough to leave the farm, even for the Rumpus Room—"

"Which we also love," Penny said, "very much indeed. Love the people we work with; love the children on our show. Having no children of our own, they are our children. . . ."

"We're ambitious professionally, too," said Johnny. "We want to expand to the fullest. Broadway some day, perhaps, we're looking forward to that—"

"I'm not really looking forward to anything," Penny said, her voice gentle, warm. "I'm having such a wonderful time now. I only live for the day, and each day is worth living for and never mind tomorrow. . . ."

"About three years ago, I had a second operation," Penny explained then, "an exploratory. It could have been cancer. It wasn't. But when something like that happens to you, when you have been living—or believe you've been living—on borrowed time and then find that, after all, you've got your whole life to live, you can't be upset by trivial things. You know what are the real things, the true and only things. I know what they are—Johnny. Johnny and me, together."

There was that little silence which comes in deeply moving moments.

Then: "Must get going now and make our train," Johnny said, as he and Penny unclasped hands, "or Buster will be there before us!"

They make you laugh like a loon. Now and then, they give your heartstrings a tug. They're that kind. Johnny and Penny Olsen are pretty special.



LANA TURNER



HOWARD KEEL

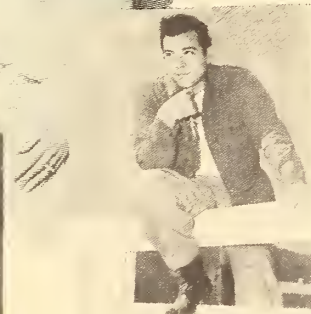


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14. Carol Wilde
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17. Van Johnson
18. Rary Calhoun
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20. Howard Duff
21. Bob Mitchum
22. Burt Lancaster
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27. June Allyson
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38. Bill Elliott
39. Johnny Mack Brown
40. Al "Lash" LaRue
41. Jimmy Wakely

(Continued from page 28)

conscientious student, but school itself was only something to be gotten through as well and as fast as I could.

As a result of my own experience, I know how important it is to make as many friends as possible during a teen-ager's high-school days, and to have as much fun as you can with your own age group. I had one really close pal all through school, and Lois and I are still friends, although we see each other seldom. She married and stayed in St. Louis and I am in television and radio in New York. When we do get together, we have wonderful visits.

In general, however, I held back from the usual schoolgirl friendships and confidences. I was always overweight, which made me self-conscious, and I was very shy. It was easier for me to sing for hundreds of strangers than to join the girls who were my own age. Even at lunch-time, I would go off by myself to read or study while I ate. I was consumed with a great desire to learn as much as I could, and I wanted all my time away from school for my music.

Naturally, my schoolmates misunderstood my bashfulness and thought I was snobbish and stuck-up, and I in turn felt even more keenly that they were being critical of me.

Perhaps because I was thrown so much with older people in my work, I felt that the boys at school were too young for me, and I made my dates with boys who were older. That, too, seems like a mistake now. At fifteen, I thought I was deeply in love with a boy of nineteen who was out of school, but after six months he began to date an "older woman" around twenty and my heart was broken.

Knowing what I do now, I think a teen-ager is unfair to herself if she gets too interested in one boy while still in high school, because this is a period of changing ideas and emotions, and the boy who seems perfect to you today may not be your dream man at all six months from now. If it is really love, then it will still be love—six months later, a year later, even four years later—so a girl can afford to wait and see. It's better to double-date or go out with groups of kids. It is much too easy to get serious about one boy, if you see him alone constantly and grow dependent upon him for companionship. In my case, I missed a lot of the parties and group get-togethers, not because I paired off with a boy, but because I thought I didn't have time for them.

Competitive sports were something else I shied away from. I wasn't very good at games and I didn't even try to be. For the sports that were a "must" I was always picked last, because no one wanted a girl on a team who didn't care whether they won or lost. I secretly envied the girls who played well and had boy friends on the football and basketball teams who let them wear their sweaters. I told myself it didn't matter, yet of course it did.

Clubs and other groups are important, too. I belonged to the Spanish club, because I spoke the language, and the Latin club, because I got interested in medicine for a while and thought an early start in Latin would help me become a doctor. I even joined a History club, but I thought social clubs were a waste of time!

How I've wished at times I'd had a taste of responsibility in those years! The more responsibility you take on as a teen-ager, the easier it is to take responsibility later,

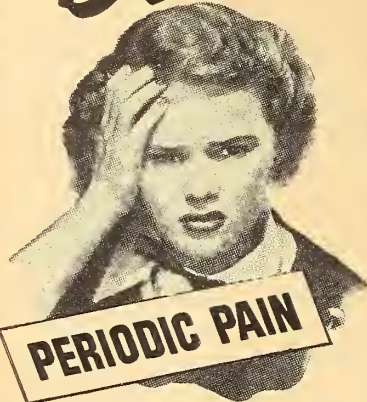
and to grow stronger, more self-reliant and more of a leader. This question of self-reliance is very important all through school years. You need to respect your parents' feelings and their authority, and yet you must learn to stand on your own feet. Parents can help by treating their young one as a person instead of a child and by realizing that she now begins to face grown-up problems and will have to make some decisions of her own before long. My family were so devoted to me, and so proud of me, that they thought everything I did was right, and even now I can't be sure when they tell me I have given a good performance. As far as they are concerned, every performance is good, because love blinds them to any faults. Fortunately, other people are not so generous, and I have learned to take criticism and to benefit by it.

An only child, such as I was, is apt to be over-protected. At seventeen, when I had an opportunity to go to Hollywood for a screen test, it was the first time I had been away from home for a night. My folks put me on the train in St. Louis and my aunt and uncle, with whom I was going to stay, met me, but it must have been very hard for the family to see their "baby," as they still called me, go off so far alone. When I went to London a little later to star in a musical, I was really alone in a world of strangers. I had not learned at school how to get along with new people and new conditions, and it was very difficult until I did learn. Everything had always been done for me at home, to save my time for my music, and I had to learn to press my clothes, to mend, and to cook a little. I think every girl should do these things while she is still going to school.

Learning to share is another great thing that high school years can teach you. I was too reticent to give my confidence to or get confidences from anyone except Lois. No one borrowed my socks or my books, because I didn't let them get close enough to me for that. I lived through my little disappointments and triumphs alone, except when they were important enough to tell about them at home. Only when I got to London did I realize how bitter the greatest triumph can be when it isn't shared. I sang in concert one night and the King and Queen attended, but after the applause and the encores were over I was alone in my dressing room, taking off my make-up. Suddenly I realized that this was a great day in my life and everyone who could really rejoice with me was thousands of miles away, back in America. I hurried out to hide my tears. The doorman bowed me into the car, and only a waiter stayed near while I ate a lonely supper. When I put my head down on the pillow in a strange hotel, I cried myself to sleep. That one experience taught me more than any other that unshared joys can be pretty hollow, a thing I had not realized while I was growing up.

My study and my hard work did help me to get started on a career, but the point is that I could have been just as far and still had more fun. I could have had more friendships in my schooldays, more understanding of other people, and more self-confidence, and still had my career. Someday, when I have better learned these lessons of understanding and cooperation which all must finally learn, I want to marry—this time for keeps—and have a family. When my daughters go to high school, I shall tell them exactly what I have said here and hope that it will help them to be happy and successful—and to have a wonderful time all through their precious teen years.

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A Song from His Heart

(Continued from page 29)

and he felt like all singers and actors at moments like this—discouraged, unhappy, a failure. A friend of his came bursting into his dressing room, acting like a man seized by panic, and immediately started pouring out a string of words, most of which did not make sense. After several minutes of trying to piece the conversation together, Frank realized his friend was trying to tell him that he'd arranged an audition for a new radio show. The producers were looking for a tenor and Frank had every chance of getting the job if he'd hurry over to the radio station for an audition, but right now!

Frank was in no mood to rush off to anything—especially radio. Radio, at that time, was something no self-respecting artist could tolerate. However, Frank had gotten pretty discouraged with show business. He had rehearsed "My Princess" with Hope Hampton for five strenuous weeks, and it was rather disappointing to realize that all his work—and the work of a hundred others—had produced nothing more than a flop. Under the circumstances, any chance to land a job would have been attractive, but radio—well, that was something else again. Frank's friend, however, wasn't having any part of the reasoning which Frank was expressing out loud. Instead of arguing, he was pulling Frank into his coat, rushing him into a cab and before there was much more to be said, Frank was in the studio of station WEAF (now WNBC).

Introductions were made all around and Frank was told he was late. To add to his embarrassment, he realized that he had been expected to bring songs which would show off his repertoire. He glanced around the studio and there, on a chair beside the

piano, was a stack of sheet music. Desperately, because by this time it was a matter of pride which made him feel he couldn't fail in front of these radio people, he grabbed the first piece off the top.

It was the Rodgers-and-Hart tune, "With a Song In My Heart," which Frank had never sung before but which he had heard many times. He handed the music to a rather bored accompanist and began the song. Its melody soared straight and true and, after the song, there was a brief silence. Then spontaneous applause in the studio. Frank had a job. He was to be starred as the singer on the Ever-Ready Hour. But more than that, this song was to set Frank's foot on the path of one of the most wonderful careers in radio. It was the turning point of his life and, whenever he auditioned after that, "With a Song In My Heart" was the song he used. He had moved along from the Ever-Ready Hour to the La Palina program, to the A&P Gypsies, General Electric, General Motors—and now to Cities Service.

The taxi halted at the hospital and Frank made his way to Patricia's room. She was a little dark-haired youngster whose face was white against the pillow. For years she had been crippled with a rare bone disease, but she told Frank—with hope shining forth from her large brown eyes—that, if this operation was successful, she would never have to worry about walking again. If it wasn't successful, she shrugged her shoulders and whispered, "God will find a way."

Frank asked Patricia what she would like him to sing.

"You sing your favorite song and it will be my favorite, too," she laughed. "I know that whatever you sing will be beautiful,

and I will take it with me into the operating room."

When Frank stood in front of the microphone, the night before the operation, he whispered the words, "To Patricia," and with them went a silent prayer for her success. He sang "With a Song In My Heart" as he'd sung it many times before, but this time with a special wish that it would bring luck to someone who needed it worse than he ever had.

The next afternoon, he phoned the hospital and found that Patricia had come through the operation with flying colors. He wrote her a note and from then on received reports on Patricia's progress. Through the months that followed, her legs healed. And, in the years that followed, she was graduated from grammar school and high school, then went into college. Each letter would be signed, "Patricia—With a Song In My Heart," and Frank came to think of it as much Patricia's song as his.

The years passed and Frank moved to the Good Gulf, Chesterfield and Coca-Cola shows and reached the pinnacle of his success as the fresh-guy tenor on the Jack Benny program. Then in 1950, after a retirement, he joined the Godfrey troupe.

"Recently, I had another letter from Patricia," Frank said, as he concluded the story, "but this one was signed a little differently. At the bottom she wrote, 'With a Song In My Heart' and then she had penned another line of the lyrics—'Heaven opened its portals to me. . . .' For a moment the significance escaped me until I picked up the second envelope that had fallen out of the letter. Opening it and unfolding the heavy note-paper inside, I found an invitation to Patricia's wedding. A perfect ending, a wonderful experience for both of us."

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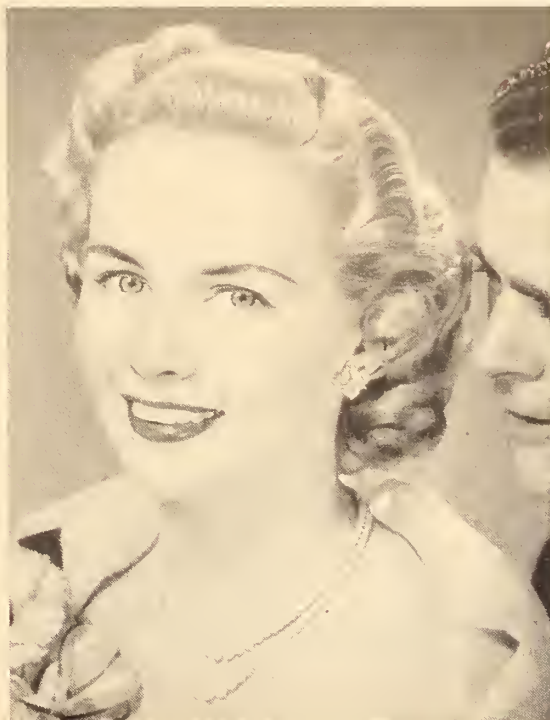
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Bonus
novel



I felt the decision was up to Sandy. So did Mother. But events wrote

BEING an older man, I was probably the only member of the Carter family who came close to feeling relieved when my kid sister Sandy went off and married Dave Elliott. Being the oldest of a fairly large tribe—young Peter, Sandy herself, Clay, Virginia and myself—I suspected Mother and Father were getting a bit restless about the scarcity of weddings around our place. Peter, of course, was still in school, and Clay struggling with classes at the university; but Ginny and I were certainly eligible. I don't think Mother and Dad considered Sandy ready for marriage. Since Ginny had just started on a new job and I had various other matters on my mind, I welcomed the pleasant fuss that Sandy's elopement gave rise to. We all agreed Dave was a very nice boy. Truthfully, there wasn't a lot more any of us knew about him . . . except his family. The fact that Dad knew Mr. Elliott, business-wise, certainly saved Sandy a lot of trouble.

I guess in a way it was Dad's feeling that he wanted to do something important, something especially wonderful for Sandy that started the trouble. It would certainly have come up, anyway, being the kind of

trouble it was . . . but it just happened to be Dad who started the ball rolling.

The morning I first heard about Dad's plan I knew before I sat down to breakfast that something was up. I know what it portends when Dad sits frowning over his coffee, and Mother's forehead gets slightly ruffled. It's true that, since I've started working on my book, my ear hasn't been as close to the family ground as it used to be, but I haven't lost the knack of smelling disturbance in the household air. I knew if I just waited, sooner or later one of them would bring up the problem. I ate my eggs and, sure enough, before I began on my coffee, Mother said placatingly, "But, James dear, I'm not arguing about it. All I said was that I believe Dave has certain—well, feelings, strong feelings, about independence."

"Well," Dad said argumentatively, "I fail to see how I'm interfering with his independence by making him a wedding present."

"A rather substantial present." Mother caught my eye. "Your father is thinking of giving Dave and Sandy the lot next door, dear, to build on, and Mr.

the WOMAN in my house



their own incredible solution. . . .

Elliott is going to give them the house. Have it built for them.”

I whistled. Building lots in Evanston, the Chicago suburb where we live, do not usually come in Christmas stockings. To say nothing of the house.

“Nonsense!” Dad said. “After all, they’re young—too young in my opinion, but that’s water under the bridge, we won’t go over that again—and it’s my belief that parents must do what they can to help out. Mr. Elliott and I are fortunate to be able to do so much for our children. That’s the way I look at it.”

“They seem quite fond of their little apartment,” Mother said. But she had to admit, when Dad pressed her, that it really would be nice to have Sandy right next door. Almost like having her home again. . . .

Not having thought much about it one way or the other, I was surprised to find that I seconded Mother’s doubts. I felt a bit tentative about Dave Elliott myself. He was a nice guy, rather sweet and so much in love you warmed to him for that alone . . . but it had once or twice occurred to me that perhaps he was too much in love. He seemed to clutch at Sandy. He

Sandy was in real trouble—
the kind of trouble only a young
bride can create. Was her love
strong enough to win the fight?

By JEFF CARTER

was always acutely aware of what she was doing, to whom she was talking, even when it was just us—the family. Clay, grumbling over the loss of his beloved Sandy, to whom he’d been very close, had complained to me that he thought Dave was actually jealous of the family. “Honest, Jeff,” he’d said, “the guy doesn’t look as though he likes it when I drop in just to say hello. Sandy’s own brother. Can you beat that?”

And something told me Dad’s princely presentation wasn’t going to get the reception he expected.

It was a couple of days later that Sandy came to see me in my workroom up at the top of the house.

“Busy? I’ll go away if I have to,” she said. “But I haven’t been up in quite a while—”

“I’m flattered you’d toil up all those stairs to see me.” Sweeping some books off the studio couch, I made a place for her. “There you are. How’ve you been—and Dave?”

Woman in My House is heard M-F, 4:45 P.M. EDT, over NBC: for Sweetheart Soap. Members of the cast, as pictured here, include: Les Tremayne as Jeff Carter. Shirley Mitchell as Sandy, and Janet Scott as their mother, Jessie Carter.

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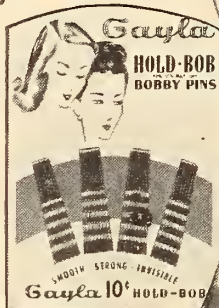
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"Oh, pretty well." Little-girl-wise, she tucked one long slim leg beneath her and swung the other idly, and I filled my pipe and waited. Sandy had a faintly discontented, puzzled expression.

"Trouble, Sandy?"

She sighed. "I don't know. I guess people can be an awful problem to— to other people. To the people they're married to, or the parents of. And vice versa."

"So I gather," I said. "What's up, dear? The world breathing hot on your neck these days? Some one named James Carter, perhaps?"

"And someone named Dave Elliott. I mean—every marriage has its problems, I guess. Dave and I are getting alone fine. It's just this house business coming up now. Dave's so horribly stiff-necked and funny about it, and I don't want to hurt Dad for the world—and anyway, Jeff, why should I? I'm crazy to have a wonderful house like that, right next door to us here." She pleaded her cotton skirt with nervous fingers. "But the minute they told us, I just knew how it would hit Dave. At least I've learned that much, anyway. I don't always know just why a thing's going to upset Dave, or how he'll show it—but, by gosh, I can tell *what's* going to do it. See it coming a mile away. That's not bad for such a new wife, is it?"

Genuinely impressed, I said, "It's better than that, Sandy. From what I hear, plenty of wives never get that far by their golden anniversaries."

"Oh, but Dave's complicated, Jeff." She shook her head. "Not like us. He's always searching around for hidden motives and seeing things that just aren't." I said nothing.

"He thinks I'll still be too much part of the Carter family if we live next door." Sandy stood up and shook her skirt into place. Coming close, she put her hands on my lapels and pleaded down into my eyes. Why does a woman always take you by the collar when she's going to ask you to do her a favor? I've never seen it fail.

"Jeff," she said, "Dave thinks you're the best. Would you . . . could you talk to him?"

I wanted to laugh, but I was careful not to. After all, this was genuinely a big problem in Sandy's life. I knew Dad, and he just would not be able to understand it if Dave stood up for his point of view. Dad would never feel quite the same toward his new son-in-law . . . and Sandy was awfully young. A little stiffness between Dad and Dave, and Sandy would never rest. She'd begin to feel that one or the other of them was responsible for making her unhappy. And, whichever one she turned against, it couldn't be good. Dad

loved her deeply. We were an unusually close family. And Dave . . . Dave was the man she had chosen. The kids deserved a chance. It was too bad, in a way, that Dad and Mr. Elliott felt so helpful toward them. . . . But what tickled me was my young sister's purely instinctive guile. The hands creeping up my lapels—the pleading, hopeful eyes. . . .

Just what I was going to say to Dave I didn't know. As a matter of fact, to this day nobody knows about the time I "accidentally" bumped into Dave and had lunch with him downtown. He was a nice boy, my brother-in-law—quiet, serious, and pretty obviously emotional. His disturbance over the house-and-lot proposition was so urgent in his mind that it wasn't hard to get him to talk about it.

"I know your father means to be helpful, Jeff," Dave said. "Helpful! That's a weak word for it! It's a royal gesture, no mistake—from my father, too. But that's just it! Sandy's my wife now." His fresh color deepened a little; the words still couldn't be uttered without self-consciousness. "My wife. Look, Jeff—if you had one, wouldn't it mean that it was up to you to give her things? Whatever she gets ought to come from me, from my work and abilities. It oughtn't to be handed her on a silver platter."

"It's coming to you, too, Dave," I pointed out. "I admit it's a big thing to be given as a wedding present, but have you thought how much ahead it'll put the two of you?" He opened his mouth and I went on hastily, "Understand me, I'm with you fundamentally. Sandy's yours now, and vice versa. The two of you are responsible to and for one another, and nobody else. But there's nothing to stop you from accomplishing everything you hope for, just because you're lucky enough to start off a couple ahead of the game."

"But I haven't put us there. It's not—" he gestured helplessly. "I don't know. Maybe I'm wrong. But this makes Sandy still James Carter's daughter, and me still Elliott's son. I want us to be Mr. and Mrs. Elliott, on our own. Don't you see?"

Looking at him, I had a sudden qualm. What was I doing here, anyway? I couldn't advise Dave. I was on his side. "It's your problem and Sandy's, Dave," I said firmly. "Myself, I think maybe you're stressing it more than it's worth. When you get to my ripe age—" I grinned to take the paternal weight out of the words—"you pick up the trick of riding with it. You know—you roll with the punches. You don't buck it. Wastes energy. But—" I finished my second cup of coffee and shrugged. "It'll work out. And if I can do anything, Dave—Sandy knows I'm available. To both of you."

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decision out of Sandy's hands. It seemed to me only a short time afterwards the whole family was all excited over the baby Sandy was going to have. And before I had quite focussed the picture of Sandy, almost a kid herself, as a mother, the other news came fast on its heels. Dave had made up his mind; with many thanks, the young Elliotts were going to accept the lot, and work was to start at once on their built-to-order house.

I walked around the lawn with Sandy the afternoon she told us the news, and I didn't comment on the fact that Dave's surrender hadn't sent her rocketing to the moon. She was happy, but quietly, and it was mostly the baby. She didn't seem to want to talk much about the house. "It will be beautiful, at least it is on paper. And mostly, of course, it'll be so wonderful for the baby."

"Just—the baby? You mean you and Dave aren't calling it Oswald or Schermerhorn or one of those other cute names people usually hang on to their unborn children? For easy reference?"

"No," said Sandy softly. "Just . . . the baby. Our baby." And something about the way she said it wiped the smile off my face. Maybe I could see Sandy as a mother, after all. The serious softness in her manner was something altogether new. We strolled in silence for a while. Then Sandy said, "That's what did it, you know, Jeff. What made Dave agree to take the house."

"I see."
 "Do you think it matters, Jeff?" She clasped both hands over my arm and looked up at me. "He wouldn't have given in otherwise. Does that mean his decision is sort of—well, not valid? He didn't want the garden or the terrace for us." Her lips quivered slightly. "But he couldn't resist the thought of the baby

out there. And it'll help Mother, helping Sandy with plans for the decoration. "Say, save some of this enthusiasm for my house," I teased her one day, when I found her busily crayoning a living-room plan to test color values—whatever that meant. She patted my cheek.

"Darling Jeff, you can't fool me with that sort of talk. I've almost despaired of ever seeing you settled in a house of your own. The longer a man remains a lone wolf, Jeff—"

"I know, I know," I said hastily. "Anyway, it's not the same with a son, is it, dear. My—er—wife would probably want to run the thing her way."

"Jeff, stop teasing." Mother studied her plan, head on one side. "First catch your wife, and we'll discuss it. How do you like this coral, for a chair?" Without waiting for an answer, she gathered her odds and ends into a neat pile and put them on the table beside her. "Want to come over and look at the house with Sandy?"

Having put in a fair quota of work, I said I'd be glad to. We walked over and found Sandy already there, conferring with a patient mason who was losing time while he explained a few trade secrets into Sandy's attentive ears. When she joined us she was laughing, and I thought for the dozenth time that the things one reads about motherhood are apparently true. Surely Sandy had never been beautiful before. Pretty, yes; but not with this luminousness that hit you between the eyes.

"Jeff, I'm so glad—I wanted to show you

this little sort of half-staircase thing. Look." She led us over a collection of lumber and bricks, unconscious of the nervous hand I put out to steady her. "Here," she said, and explained in detail. I had only a vague idea what she was talking about, but I was openly impressed with the professional approach she had picked up.

"You sound like a builder's apprentice, grade one," I said admiringly. "Come over and run me up a little number as soon as you get some free time. Something simple, say three rooms and a swimming pool."

Sandy, arm around Mother's shoulders, laughed. "It's all in whose house it is," she said. "When it's your very own, being built right before your eyes, you get to feel that every stick and stone of it has a personality. Oh—and look," she went on. "This wall is going to overlook—"

"Sandy," Mother said. "Please, dear. Not up there."

"Mother, I'm not taking chances. Really. I've done this so often I can do it with my eyes closed."

"Well, don't," Mother said, very sharply for her. She bit her lip, and I knew she was holding back a good old-fashioned remonstrance about Sandy's "condition." As a matter of fact, I wished Sandy would quit leaping around over those sharp-edged materials quite so lithely, but after all she was the one who was having the baby. I turned away to a blueprint tacked up on a bare stud, and just to amuse myself I was trying to read the thing when suddenly there was a sharp confusion of noises. A scuffle, a shriek, a gasping, "Oh, dear God!" from Mother . . . and, simultaneously with the other sounds, a sickeningly dull thud. I whirled and closed my eyes for a split second on the sight I had already envisioned. Sandy's blue frock sprawled incredibly at Mother's feet . . .

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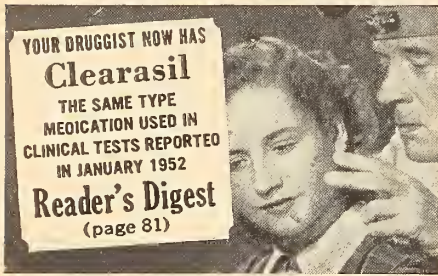
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the folds still settling from the wind of her fall, but her body moving not at all.

"Jeff," Mother whispered. "Jeff, Jeff..." Then the workmen were running toward us and Sandy's green-white face, with its closed eyes, was sickeningly chill and clammy beneath my frantic palm. I thought nothing at all except the split-second succession of things that had to be done.

We got her to the hospital so fast she didn't even come to. And then the waiting began. The faces in the waiting room: Mother, white and fiercely restrained; Dad biting his lip in distraught helplessness, Clay ready to fight someone, anyone, for having let this happen to Sandy... and Dave. I found I couldn't look at Dave. It was frightening to see a man suffer so, and not be able to do a thing to help. We couldn't do anything; we could only pray that the doctors and nurses who had closed in around Sandy like a protective cordon were not in the same position. Nobody brought us news. We could only sit and wait, each praying in our separate ways, the unmistakable smell of a hospital bearing in upon us with its too-important messages of life and death...

When a bland-faced nurse finally brought us some information, I felt the tension slacken as vividly as though I had actually had my hand on a tightening rope. Mother disappeared, into Sandy's room, and Dave, and then finally we had to leave. But Sandy was going to be all right. That was definite; they didn't want her doing too much talking right then, but she was going to be all right.

Driving back home, Dave said stumbly, "It's unbelievable. So fast... when I left her this morning, she was... and now..." He shook his head like a bewildered puppy. "The doctor said the baby—" he choked abruptly and looked at me in surprise. "I'm sorry, Jeff."

"For heaven's sake, what for!" I snapped. My own nerves weren't at their best at the moment. "Yell if you want to. Break something. I would if I were in your place." Then I softened, and said, "First things first, Dave. Sandy's okay; that's the big thing."

Dave looked at me, his heart in his eyes. "What else?" he asked simply. "But it's Sandy I'm thinking of. She wanted that baby so..."

Yes, the big thing was that Sandy was okay. True enough. But the baby—she'd lost that. A ten-foot fall with only a bump on the head to show for it was getting off pretty lightly. Except for that detail... the baby. They'd both been counting so heavily on that baby. I wondered sadly how they would come through the shock.

Sadly, and I'm afraid with an anxious foreboding. It had seemed from the beginning such an awfully frail, delicate little marriage...

But Sandy surprised me. At least while she was in the brisk, no-nonsense atmosphere of the hospital. Each time I saw her there was more color in her cheeks, less dark shadow around her eyes. The shadow in the eyes didn't disappear, but it dimmed; and to me she only talked about the baby once. She wanted to know what I thought of Dave's reaction.

I smiled reassuringly. "You two must be in love," I told her. "Dave's chiefly worried about you, and you're apparently in the same boat about him. That's the best recipe I know for not worrying about oneself... to be concerned for someone you love."

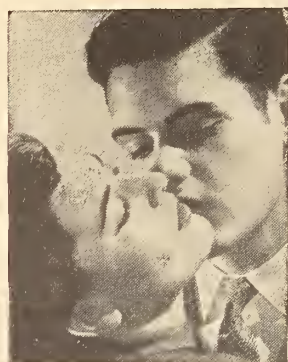
"Yes." She smiled fleetingly. "Poor Dave. He wanted... he was so proud. It was completely his, you see—his and mine. Free from any other claims in the whole world." She turned away suddenly. "I'm afraid, Jeff. He doesn't even know it himself, but I—oh, Jeff, I just feel it in my heart that he thinks it was my fault. I know it, Jeff."

Her voice had sharpened and I was dismayed. "Darling, that's beyond sense and reason."

She stiffened beneath the covering. "I know it," she insisted. Then, with deliberate effort, she relaxed. "We do love each other. We can have another child. I've been saying it over and over as I've been lying here, as if I were a little girl clutching a lucky coin." She patted my hand. "We'll be all right, Jeff."

So I was more than a little disturbed when Sandy made her decision and came home to our house. Oh, common sense and convenience and what-all made it a fairly reasonable thing to do. And yet... it was inconvenient of me, but I kept seeing things from Dave's point of view. Alarmed, I watched and waited and picked up what information I could without asking too many questions. Nobody could have told me anything, not even Sandy, who was still too weak to be interested in examining her own motivations. Somewhere below the surface, far below, there must be stirring the beginning of a detachment from Dave. Convenient and sensible as her choice was, I was certain she wouldn't have made it if being with Dave was as important to her as—well, as I felt it ought to be.

Still, what did I know? I wasn't married to either of them. Or to anybody else. I was like a sidewalk superintendent convinced he could dig that particular ditch



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better with one hand tied behind him. . . . Sandy puzzled me. There was a quietness, almost a coolness, about her. She was still sweet, and pretty, though her face was thin; and from the little I saw of her with Dave, her affection for him was as strong as ever. And yet . . . and yet I was frankly afraid to get into a discussion with her about anything important. Like Dave. Or the future.

It was Sandy herself who finally brought it up. She told me one day that she was practically ready to go home.

"I'm delighted," I told her, and I didn't try to hide my emphasis. "I'm glad you're well enough, Sandy—even if you're not quite well enough, from a strictly physical point of view."

She gave me a sly, sidelong glance. She had been wearing street clothes for the past couple of days, and she no longer looked in the least invalid-ish; not even the ribbon tied round her hair made her look quite as girlish as she had just a few weeks before.

She said slowly, "You didn't think I was going at all, ever, did you?"

"I never thought that far ahead," I said.

"I did. For one short horrible moment. . . ." She shivered. "But not any more. There's nothing like touching bottom for making you see the black and white of things. I mean—when I was so weak and cranky, it was still Dave, Jeff. Even though I haven't gotten over knowing that he thinks it was my fault—no, he does, Jeff. He doesn't even know it himself. You have to blame a thing like that on someone, maybe . . . but it doesn't matter really."

"What does matter, Sandy?"

"Us." Frowning, she tried to explain. "Dave and me. I've gotten to see that you don't toss over a marriage the first time something shakes you. We made a decision when we got married—put ourselves into a kind of framework. I don't know if I can make it clear. I'm still sure the framework is good. I know I love Dave, and he loves me. So everything that happens has to be kind of fitted in bad or good, it doesn't matter. You don't jump out of the frame because you suddenly discover when the first crisis hits. You try to adjust *within the frame* . . ." She gave up, and made a vague gesture. "I can't do it with words, I'm afraid."

"You're doing beautifully," I said, and I meant it. Little Sandy, I thought . . . not by any means so little any more. I was just about to tell her I was sure she and Dave would make out all right, when she stopped me with a slight squeeze of her thin little hand on mine.

"I know how you feel, Jeff, and thanks—but don't be reassuring right now." She met my eyes steadily. "Not that way. Not patting little Sandy on the head. You see—I don't think I need that any more. I used to run to you for comfort, or to Mother, or to Clay . . . but you can't go on doing that all your life." Straightening, she drew away from me. "Things happen to change you. You can't get comfort from a pat on the head any more. You need a different kind of comfort—the kind you get when it suddenly strikes you that even if things don't go well you just might be able to manage them. You . . . you grow up, I guess. Sometime."

"Yes," I said quietly. "You certainly do. If you're strong—and lucky—you grow up." Of course, we didn't dream of the greater tragedy which was to come. Sandy had so little luck, she needed all her strength. A girl-wife had to grow up—to face all that the future had in store for Sandy. That day, I only thought: You've grown up, Sandy. This is your day of days.

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Bringing Up Bob

(Continued from page 59)

of a writer's imagination who, as a parent, gets himself into impossible situations but somehow acquires a certain infallibility. He may never get to be president, but he's nearly always right in the end.

To a humorous and often bewildered parent of Bob Young's type, the simple and humorous ease with which script writers deal with problems presented by youngsters is bound to prove embarrassing. The professional performance is so perfect—like a concerto by Kreisler. The domestic performance can be so painful—like the fiddling of Benny.

Says Bob, "That often-quoted gentleman who was not a hero to his valet had a cinch. He should check his status with four daughters, all hep. He'd soon learn that it is possible for clay feet to reach all the way to a bright red neck."

Bob speaks from real-life experience. Recently, the entire Young family, while on vacation at a summer resort, decided to try their bowling luck. The two older girls (Carol, eighteen, and Barbara, fourteen) got along fine, but Bob felt that Betty Lou, eight, and Kathy, six, could profit from some instruction. Which he would gladly supply.

He explained to Kathy, "Don't let the ball get away from you. Grasp it firmly and send it straight down the center of the alley so that it catches the first pin a little to the left. . ."

Kathy tried it, but even the duck-pin ball was somewhat too heavy for her. Repeatedly, the ball flew to the side of the alley and rolled down the gutter for a zero score.

"Keep it out of the gutter," Bob instructed. "See, it's easy. Straight down the lane."

The older girls suggested that Bob get into the game. He agreed. His first effort sent the ball down the left gutter. His second pitch sent it down the right.

Kathy's spine stiffened and her eyes opened wide. "Well! Why does Daddy do the very same thing he has told us not to do?" she inquired of her mother.

"Better ask him," said Mother, maintaining a straight face.

Further whittling down to size took place when Bob decided to show his family a good time by taking them to Chasen's, one of Hollywood's most celebrated restaurants, for dinner. Bob wanted to quiet the din set up by Carol and Barbara, who, considering themselves young ladies, had long been eager to visit some of the spots about which they had read in motion picture magazines and newspaper theatrical columns.

Once established in a booth, Bob noticed that, while the two younger girls were making a great show of pretending to read the boxcar-sized menus, the two older girls were, in a restrained and ladylike way, craning their necks.

"What on earth are you two expecting—a floor show?" he wanted to know.

"We're looking for celebrities," they murmured, breathing shallowly. "There are supposed to be famous people here all the time."

The man who has been a matinee idol for fifteen years winked at his wife, adjusted his tie, and inquired, "Well, how about me?"

Without bringing their questing glances back to the table, both girls waved dismissing hands in his general direction and chuckled, "Oh, you! You're just Daddy."

Occasionally, the good-natured teasing of his four daughters has been of profes-

sional aid to Bob. Some time ago he was awarded the Theatre Guild role of Dr. Gaston Chevalier, inventor of the bronchoscope.

The thirty-minute play consisted of a highly dramatic episode in the life of Dr. Chevalier; there was only one catch—the word "larynx."

For years Bob had pronounced it "larnix," instead of "lar-inx."

He took the problem home. He read the script aloud repeatedly to any member of the family who would listen. A game developed. "Good morning, Daddy, how is your lar-inx this morning?" the girls would ask at breakfast. Or, "You're wanted on the telephone, Daddy. Don't strain your lar-inx." Or, "We skate on ice-rinks, but cold germs skate on the lar-inx. Ain't nature grand?"

In the script, the word appeared eighteen times, but the night of the show, actor Robert Young went sailing through the performance without a single hesitation, thanks to the coaching provided for father Robert Young.

Not only have the girls helped Bob's radio work, but occasionally Bob's radio work has proved to be of real help to the girls. So far, Barbara, the fourteen-year-old, has been the major beneficiary.

Barbara is probably the friendliest, of the brood. She loves people, people love her right back, and somehow she seems to mingle their lives with hers. And their belongings.

Of course she always returns whatever she borrows, but the pink-slip-or-a-pair-of-nylons routine is discouraged by the faculty of Barbara's school. The headmistress wrote to Bob, suggesting that a parental word might bring about a needed reform.

By the happiest coincidence, the script for that week's episode of Father Knows Best dealt with borrowing. It was a gay story, concluding with poor Father—after having straightened out the quandaries caused by the borrowing of other members of his family—discovering that the typewriter he had been using for months was also borrowed.

Bob answered the headmistress' letter, thanking her for calling Barbara's problem to his attention, and asking her to make it possible for both Carol and Barbara to hear his program.

This was arranged and produced a satisfactory result. To the best of everyone's knowledge, Barbara has given up borrowing entirely. She gathered the impression that the show had been planned and written for her express benefit and she was over-awed by the thought of a nationwide audience listening in on a parental lecture aimed at one small, brown-eyed girl sitting in her room in a private school in a small Southern California town.

Another topic sometimes dealt with on Father Knows Best is the teen-age driver problem. In California, a youngster may secure a learner's permit at sixteen, but must be accompanied at all times by an adult, licensed driver. At seventeen, a licensed driver may drive alone.

Although Bob said nothing, he expected Carol to request a course of driving lessons as part of her sixteenth birthday celebration. She surprised Father by taking no interest in learning at all.

When she was seventeen, Bob inquired gently about her intentions. She said that there always seemed to be someone around to take her anywhere she wanted to go, so she didn't see any reason for cluttering up traffic worse than it was.

When she became eighteen, Bob felt that the time had come for her to learn

to handle a car, on general principle.

At this time, tragedy undertook a part in the drama. The seventeen-year-old daughter of a family well known to the Youngs crashed into a light standard and was killed. She had been driving to her school and her car had gone out of control on a curve.

Horrified by the tragedy, Bob had a talk with Carol. "I suppose this discourages you completely," he said, hoping—in contrast to his earlier attitude—that her answer would be yes.

Thoughtfully Carol replied, "No, Daddy. These things happen every day. This particular accident seems more dreadful to us because we know the people involved. I don't think it should be allowed to change my plans. Besides, I've almost learned to drive from watching you. I think I'll be your kind of driver—courteous and careful."

Any household in which teenagers exist is bound to suffer from a telephone crisis. Prepared in advance for this emergency by the script of one of his radio shows, Bob passed a rule: The two older girls were assigned a call quota. Once that quota was reached, each additional call was charged to the caller and she had to pay for it out of her weekly allowance.

It was a just and simple arrangement at first glance. However, miscalculation began to creep in. There were three, sometimes four, times as many calls charged by the telephone company as the girls had logged in their private records. Even when Carol went away to school and Barbara was the lone sufferer from junior telephinitis, the bills did not diminish.

Week after week, Barbara paid out her entire allowance after mild protest and an air of bewildered resignation. When Bob caught her talking, she often covered the transmitter with her hand and whispered to her father, "She called me. Honest!"

Then Barbara also went to La Jolla to school, and still the telephone bills maintained their customary peak.

A little sleuthing revealed that the help was spending each afternoon in a talk-fest with friends and relatives at distant and expensive points.

The following weekend, the Youngs flew south to La Jolla (Bob pilots his own Beechcraft Bonanza plane) to visit Carol and Barbara. Over the luncheon table, Father presented each of his daughters with a sizable check and a handsome apology.

Said Barbara, "Gee, Daddy, you needn't give us this money. It's nice enough to know that you realize we were telling the truth. We were hurt to think you didn't believe us."

Gulping a little, radio star Robert Young finally managed to say, "At least it's a switch. Usually you don't believe me."

"When?" both girls demanded in chorus.

"Whenever I say 'Father knows best.'"

"Oh—that! You wanna know something?" inquired Barbara. "Usually you do."

What greater tribute could an adoring—although somewhat baffled—parent want?

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Prince Charming of the Airwaves

(Continued from page 39)

Barbara's way of thinking about Ralph, and the two were married in August, 1939, in a simple New York wedding.

Ralph managed to get a four-week vacation from his forty-five shows so he and Barbara could visit his family in Oakland for their honeymoon—and so Barbara could meet the other members of his family (she had already met his mother, who had approved wholeheartedly of Ralph's choice). So, one cool autumn afternoon, she alighted from the plane at the Oakland airport to be overwhelmed with brothers, wives, and children and what seemed to be hundreds of school friends of Ralph's who had come along to see "what Ralph had married."

The gang lined up for greetings and introductions, and Barbara isn't certain to this day how many airline employees she kissed before she was finished, because—like Jack's beanstalk—the line greeting her just grew and grew. Just as Ralph had won over Barbara's family, so Barbara proceeded to charm his, and after a glorious honeymoon the two returned to New York. Ralph had arranged for his bride to move into his ex-bachelor quarters, which he'd previously shared with such radioites as Mel Allen and Andre Baruch.

"They all had willingly departed," laughed Barbara, "excepting one of the old group—George Putnam. He thought he should be allowed to stay. He'd mustered some pretty good arguments, but mine were better and so, finally, he departed too. To this day, George is our dearest friend and I've never quite known whether or not he stayed on just to tease me."

With changes in the apartment's occupants came changes in its appearance, for Barbara, right from the start, made homemaking her number one interest in life. The apartment became a comfortable cozy place, without benefit of the "big modern pieces men always seem to want to live with, though I'll never know why," Barbara footnotes. As nice as the apartment was, Barbara and Ralph then set their sights on a house, their first real home.

Meanwhile, Ralph wasn't content to stand still. He wanted his own program, and a program meant having an idea. For a long time, Ralph had been mulling over an idea he'd had for an audience-participation show based on the old parlor game he'd played as a child back on his family's Colorado ranch. During those early years, Ralph, his mother and his brothers had entertained themselves with a game called "Truth or Consequences." With hours of hard work, many, many meetings with important people, Ralph was at last able to convince the powers-that-be that this game would be as much fun today for radio audiences as it had been for his family. And he was so right.

And so, on March 23, 1940, the radio-listening public heard and accepted Truth or Consequences and with it an engaging new radio personality whose star was to be in the ascendancy for twelve years—at which time he was to top even his own record by putting on shows both in radio and television. In the early years, Barbara and Ralph bought a small home in the country, and Barbara shared with Ralph the struggles for success that were to bring him fame and fortune.

Barbara loved to travel with Ralph on his tours and, even following the birth of Christine in April, 1942, Barbara still kept up with him. By the time Christine had reached the age of three, she had been

across the continent three times. But that was before Garry, the second child, who was born October, 1943. "From then on, I sort of followed Ralph in big leaps, catching him wherever I could manage it."

Then came the biggest leap of all. Ralph, Barbara, Christine and Garry moved to California, where Ralph was to do parts in motion pictures and also carry on his Truth or Consequences show. In Beverly Hills, not many miles from the heart of the radio industry, Ralph and Barbara bought a lovely white-brick home where they settled down to a carefully planned life with their children, including little Laurie who was born a year later.

"Ralph's schedule, with his new shows, closely follows that of a real business man's hours, which is fun for all of us. We start our day by eating breakfast together and end it by sharing dinner," she says.

"And Grandmother's worries that show folks just aren't for the parlor were all for nothing. Nothing could be further from the truth than the myth that show people live gay, tinsel-filled lives. Our children, home and the show fill our lives—in just that order. Of course, like most Americans, we love dining out occasionally, and once-a-year black-tie affairs when we exchange hellos with Gary Cooper and Joan Crawford are as thrilling to us as they would be to anyone else. Too, we like to entertain at home, more often than not at our convenient barbecue patio."

For Barbara, marriage with Ralph has been all the wonderful things she dreamed long ago, however, and in some ways much richer and fuller. Instead of the unreality of shining dreams, she has a devoted husband, an easygoing man about the house. "And what a devoted father," Barbara adds proudly.

Not long ago, Ralph was to meet Bing Crosby for an important magazine layout. Busy Bing cautioned Ralph that the appointment must be kept on the very hour of nine, for it was Crosby's only free time.

Ralph called Bing before the appointed hour, asking, "What will happen if I'm fifteen minutes late?"

"I'm sorry, Ralph," Bing said, "it's got to be nine."

"Well," said Ralph, "I guess I'll have to sacrifice the story. My daughter is reciting at nursery school at nine, and I promised I'd be there."

"Ah," laughed Crosby, "that's an excuse I can understand. Go ahead, Daddy Edwards, and I'll see you fifteen minutes late."

The children naturally return their Daddy's love. Until very recently, they probably thought all Daddies were on the radio. But, as they are growing older, they are also becoming aware that their father is a celebrity. Barbara recalled that Christine came home from school one day to ask, "Are we very rich?" "What gave you that idea?" patiently asked Barbara. "Well," explained Christine, "we do have three yards." Barbara surmised that she meant the front and back yards and fenced-in patio. "I soon set her straight by pointing out that many of our neighbors had much more: pools and tennis courts, for example. I maintained then, and still do, that middle-of-the-road thinking is best for all of us."

So here is Barbara's dream come true. A dream also filled out with three lovely children—and this is really three dreams come true. And then, of course, there's that older man—you know, the worldly experienced one. But to Barbara, he's still her Prince Charming, whenever he comes a-riding the magic of the airwaves.

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I'm Going to Have a Baby

(Continued from page 41)

plan for living was the same as that of many other young couples who want a secure future. John's salary provided the necessities; my unpredictable income, which might be good one week but drop to zero the next, bought our luxuries.

It was a break for us when NBC put Hawkins Falls on the air from Chicago and I was cast in the steady role of Millie Flagle. To John and me it meant we could set our personal timetable with more certainty. Often we discussed having a baby.

Television, however, is a demanding business. As my role made our financial budgeting easier, it also made my time more precious. My daily schedule began with getting John's breakfast and doing my housekeeping before rehearsal. It usually ended with a quiet evening at home.

One day hurried so fast after the next that I was scarcely aware of the passage of time until the morning last fall when, dressing, I found I could not zip the skirt of my suit. "Damn it," I said to my husband, "I'm getting fat. I'd better start dieting."

John started to laugh. "Before you starve yourself, hadn't you better see the doctor?"

My program that day called for fast dashes from one place to another, but a hopeful husband deserves humoring, so I changed some appointments and away I went. I was still a bit flabbergasted when he came home that evening and I had to report, "What do you know! You were right. I am pregnant. Three months pregnant, in fact."

"Fine," said John, "we'd better start planning."

And that, for the moment, was that. It was an isolated piece of information which would eventually affect us but required no immediate action. To tell the truth, I don't think either of us really believed it.

The Hawkins Falls version of the same announcement was far more spectacular.

The village, as you viewers may recall, was in the midst of a crime wave. Gangsters held Laif and Millie Flagle, and other residents, hostage in a drug store. Suddenly I turned to Laif and burst out crying. "Tonight I wanted to be home. Tonight I was going to tell you we're going to have a babeeee!"

As Millie, I shook with sobs and, as Laif, Win Stracke moved faster than people had ever before seen him move. Running to the counter, he bought a fistful of cigars and joyfully handed them out to everyone, villainous gangsters included.

Before camera, it was a brief, intense, explosive scene. In contrast, the real-life drama was slower to develop, yet drama it is, for the essence of drama is change and the reaction of individuals to it. Already our baby has brought changes not only to John and me but to the people associated with us.

In the beginning, those changes centered around the well-known fact that babies cost money. Talking things over, we decided no, we would not buy a new car this year; yes, we would ask my cousin in New York to loan us her nursery equipment. She had lovely things and it would be cheaper to pay shipping costs than buy new furnishings of our own.

Next question to be decided concerned Hawkins Falls. During the past summer, our producer, Ben Park, had often said, "I think Millie Flagle should have a baby." Ben, in his less serious moments, is an

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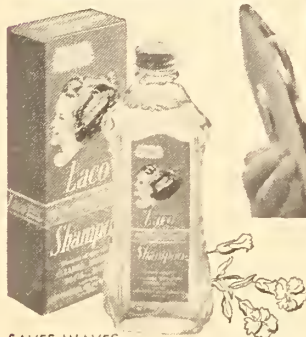
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awful tease, so customarily I replied, "I know what you're after. You just want a chance to show off how much you know about babies." His wife had just presented him with their first son, and Ben, delighted, talked of nothing else during that period.

Now confronted with the fact that, in real life, Mrs. John Twohey was pregnant, we must also determine just how far Hawkins Falls's realism would go and whether the televised Mrs. Laif Flagle also would obviously expect a baby. I was quite prepared to be written out of the script the day I beckoned and said, "Come here, Ben, I have something to tell you."

We moved toward a corner. "Remember how you wanted Millie to have a baby? Well, she's going to. For real."

At the news, Ben got far more excited than John had. It surprised me for I had no idea, back then, what changes a baby brought. Ben, already one of the knowing ones, beamed as though someone had turned on a spotlight back of his face.

"That's great. Just great," he said. "We'll have the first real baby on television. But don't tell anyone just yet. Give our writer, Bill Barrett, time to get it into the script."

Bill, who lives in New York, told me the next time he came out to Chicago that, on hearing the news, he immediately bought all the baby books he could find and began studying. Next he consulted obstetricians and pediatricians. Before he finds out whether the Flagle heir is a boy or a girl, Bill, too, will be an expert on babies.

Remaining in the show made my maternity wardrobe important. I've always been the kind of person who saw something in a window, dashed to buy it and worried later how it would fit into my helter-skelter wardrobe.

Finding out that this would no longer work was the first lesson the baby really taught me. On my way to rehearsal one day, I bought a smock and a frilly apron. Happy as a kid with her first formal, I put them on. My happiness lasted as long as it took to glance into the monitor. I just plain looked sloppy.

Something had to happen. I wanted to look neat, yet I did not want to spend money which I considered rightfully belonged to the baby.

I ended up doing what fashion experts always advise. I bought two suits, a gray flannel and a brown men's-wear fabric. I also selected three pairs of very good shoes—the kind which are smart yet comfortable for all the increased walking I knew I would do. With those as basic items, I then concentrated on inexpensive accessories—collars, flowers, scarfs, ties, costume jewelry. I bought a few cute little hats. Altogether, my cash outlay was smaller than I usually spend on one season's clothes, yet by mixing and matching I have at least eight complete outfits.

When friends say, "My goodness, Ros, you've never looked so nice," the answer is simple. I've never before taken so much care about how I look. Being pregnant is just like being an actress. I must dress for my role. Thanks to my baby, I'm using forethought and developing a better clothes sense.

Up to that point I'd been doing about the same things I'd do if I were planning a vacation. The first change of a completely different sort began when we chose an obstetrician.

John and I are the kind of people who enjoy living today. We like modern furniture, modern ideas, and it followed that, when we read a book on "painless birth" a year ago, we were much impressed. Should we ever have a baby, that was for us.

Yet, do you know, when the time came

to make such a choice, we didn't even discuss the matter: I simply trotted right off to a doctor who had kept a number of my friends healthy and happy throughout their pregnancies and delivered them strong and thriving babies.

When, after examination, I asked the inevitable question, "What can I do?" my physician answered, "Don't go horseback riding. Otherwise, continue your usual activities. Birth is a natural process and, if you don't fight it, Nature will take care of you."

It was such a simple statement I failed to realize it also was far-reaching. Going in for my next checkup, I carried a little list of questions. "What about this, what about that?"

He was always reassuring. "Perfectly natural. Just what should be happening." From being strange and a little frightening, it turned into an interesting unfolding of the secrets of birth.

The increasing number of such physical changes led both John and me, when we were ready for it, to the much more moving mental and emotional change.

It's difficult to find words to describe that feeling. It was almost as though, having accepted, all these years, the fact that we were living, breathing, thinking individuals, we were just then discovering what it really meant to belong to the human race.

Maybe the best way to explain is to say that, living in the Atomic Age, we had been forced to accept man's ability to destroy and had, in that grim knowledge, forgotten God also gave us, through love, ability to create.

Neither John nor I has ever been able to articulate about such an idea. Our religious training has been in two of the least demonstrative of churches, and John, particularly, is well disciplined in keeping himself to himself. Yet he was the first to express it. He looked up from one of our books and said quietly, "This isn't just physical. It's spiritual, too."

Concentrating, as I had, on all the physical and material aspects, I did not fully grasp his meaning. Maybe women aren't supposed to, at least not at first. Talking with some of my women friends, they tell me they've had similar experiences. It was the husband who first looked beyond the busy-ness of buying bassinets and bottles to speak, as John did, of the deeper significance.

"Ros," he said, "you're carrying life. A child who may turn out to be a Lincoln, a Helen Hayes, or an ordinary everyday person. We don't know, for this individual has never before existed. This is a new human being."

The thought frightened me at first.

I could think of nothing in my life which would prepare me for such responsibility. Regardless of how many millions of persons had come into the world through the identical age-old miracle, I couldn't help feeling it was happening for the first time just to me.

Then, gradually, in the next stage of the tremendous learning which accompanies birth, I began to understand every other parent must have realized the same thing, felt the same way, and that they all wanted to help. It has shown in so many little ways.

Ben Park's attitude has been much the same as my doctor's. Everything's natural, everything's fine. Win Stracke, who plays Laif, and who in real life has two daughters, told me his little girls can't decide whether they want to be aunts or cousins to the new baby. Crew men bring me snapshots of their children and talk of how much fun they have with them. I have only to see Frank Dane take time out from his part as Knap Drewer and rough-

house with his son, Bruce, to look forward to the day when Johnny will have the same close companionship with our child. Bernardine Flynn (Lona Drewler), real-life mother of two husky sons, has, of course, become an even closer friend. To the baby shower which she gave for me, she invited both the women in the cast and all the wives of the crew and staff. It turned out to be even a bigger event than the make-believe shower which Bill Barrett dreamed up for the show, which by strange coincidence was set for the identical day.

This heightened friendliness extends even beyond the limits of Hawkins Falls. I've never been the big star people stop on the street, but now, since they've seen me as the pregnant Millie, women talk to me in the grocery store, ask me when the baby will arrive, and whether we hope for a boy or a girl.

No one has done anything splashy or spectacular, but never have Johnny and I been so conscious of the brotherhood of man. There's a sense of kinship with other parents. That's what I mean by saying it's just as though we had newly joined an exclusive club—the human race.

John and I often recall, these days, how when we were overseas we heard so many battle-weary G.I.'s say that all they wanted was to get home, find a good wife and settle down.

We wonder now if they didn't mean far more than that. We ask ourselves if they weren't groping for the same idea which we, with the coming of our baby, are finding. Out of the turmoil of our times, we who were born into the Depression and grew up into war, pin our first fresh new faith to the fundamental family unit—a man, a woman, a child.

Perhaps out of our desire to preserve that unit—a desire which we now know is shared with millions of couples like us—we may find our way, eventually, to peace and a better world. A world in which our child can grow in wisdom, strength and security. If that happens, we and everyone else can truly say, "Having a baby is wonderful."

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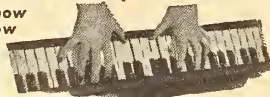
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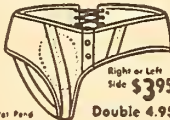
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All That Glitters Is Not Romance

(Continued from page 32)

feathery pillbox. "This would be lovely with the blue suit you have on, if you like pink," she said, her voice going flat. The abrupt change of manner caught my attention. Trying the hat, I said, "Where is home, Miss. . ."

"Lydia. Lydia Kemp." She fingered the veil she was holding. "Franklinboro, Pennsylvania. That's home. I'll bet you never heard of it."

"Well, I—"

"Who has?" Lydia asked, and now her tone was unmistakably bitter. "That's why I got out. Who wants to stick around in an old mudhole, live and die without ever doing anything or seeing anything? I guess it's okay if you're the type, but—"

"And do you like New York, now that you're here?"

Lydia removed some hats and put some others before me. "I like it all right," she said slowly. Then, hearing her own words, she stiffened. "I love it," she exclaimed. "It's just exactly as wonderful as I hoped it would be. I wouldn't go back for— for anything."

I had already noted the small, shy gleam that came from the girl's left hand, ring finger, and I tried a long shot. "And does your young man like it, too?" I asked, slyly.

Instantly Lydia put the hand behind her back and flushed. "I ought to take that thing off," she muttered. "I just haven't been able to bring myself to it yet—but I will. No, he doesn't like it; can't see it. That's why I'm here and he's there. I guess. Of course he's all set there. The Franklinboro General Store." Her soft lips bit at the words as though she hated them. "And I hope he's happy with it. Oh, but Miss Freeman, what's the matter with me! You said you were in a hurry, and here I am chewing your ear with my troubles—and there aren't even any troubles," she finished defiantly. "I'm perfectly happy. I knew I was right coming to New York. It's the only place in the world you can live like a human being."

"Let's see that little white one again," I said. I had already made up my mind to take it, but there was something young and rather pathetic about Lydia Kemp that kept me talking to her for a while longer before I finally had to go. All through the cocktail party I kept thinking about her. Young and ambitious and so certain that all you had to do was come to New York with the right ideas and a willingness to work, and you just automatically were successful! It wasn't that her hopes were out of bounds, either. All she wanted was a hat shop of her own. Just a small one, she'd said, her thin face tense with eagerness. She'd work so hard, she'd have such unusual, beautiful hats, she had so many ideas . . . and she was saving. She'd only been in New York five months, but already she had saved quite a lot.

"And what else have you done?" I'd asked. "Have you had fun, met people? This can be such a lonely place if you do nothing but work."

She was inspecting the angle of my new hat, and she didn't meet my eyes. "Oh, I've been busy all the time. I mean I haven't had dates, but I. . ."

"You've been lonely, haven't you," I'd said, gently.

"That doesn't matter." Lydia's hands clenched at her sides. "What matters is that I'll be here, not stuck back there among all the aprons and the backyard fences and the— the littleness of it. A girl can rely on herself here. Look at the girl

you play, Wendy Warren—look at her! She makes her own living, she's as independent as a man, she doesn't need a man unless she wants company."

"And yet, if you remember, even Wendy has had her lonely times," I'd reminded Lydia. "Times when she would have given a great deal for a husband and a family to be part of. Times when her career hasn't been the whole answer. . . ." Then I'd caught sight of my watch, and gasped. "That cocktail party will be over before I get there. I must fly."

"That's what I mean," Lydia had said. "Some day, I'll be doing all those things, you'll see—going to lunch at the Colony and to cocktail parties and first nights. I'll be invited everywhere because of what I've accomplished, all by myself—not just because I'm someone's wife. And who wants to be anyone's wife in Franklinboro, anyway! A living death, that's what it is!"

No, I hadn't been able to get her vehemence out of my mind. Dreams are wonderful, when you're young; but something told me Lydia Kemp was concentrating on the wrong dream. Her loneliness, the bone-deep aloneness of a girl who's always been part of a group and who, suddenly, is an outsider in a strange place where everyone is far too busy to make time for her . . . how bleak she had looked when she spoke of her hat shop, and in contrast how warmly animated when she spoke of Sydney's—that was her fiancé—stubbornness. It was the warmth of anger, but it made her pretty. In a few years, if they were the kind of years she was looking forward to—filled with work and struggle and business-type complications of which at this point she couldn't even conceive—in a few years of that kind of life, Lydia Kemp would no longer be a pretty girl. I'd seen them, the successful business women who abound in New York, beautifully dressed, busy-busy-busy all the time—and many of them quite desolate, from the loneliness they had chosen. Oh, there are women here, plenty of them, who manage to run careers and save enough of themselves for families, too. But it takes a special type. There was something lost about Lydia that made me feel she just wasn't cut out for that type of divided life.

Perhaps what actually decided me on my course was . . . well, fate. I don't know how the charming little nose-veil on my new bonnet got itself torn. I didn't do it on purpose. But when I took it off that night, I noticed the tear, and immediately the plan took shape, as though it had been lurking in the corner of my mind awaiting release. I wore the hat again next day, and after the broadcast and a quick lunch at Colbee's with Tess Sheehan, who plays my Aunt Dorrie on the show, we went into the hat shop and I asked for Lydia. She came at once, looking very pretty and very young in a pale lilac cotton dress, and was quite concerned when I pointed out the damage.

"I'll replace it," Lydia said. "Please sit down. I'll be just half a minute. . . ." She disappeared. Tess said idly, "Pretty kid." She began trying on some hats that were lying around and I smiled. It never seems to matter whether a woman is in the market for a hat or not; lead her to where they are and sort of unconsciously she immediately starts trying them on . . . just to see.

"Yes, she is pretty," I agreed. "Now listen, Mary—quickly. No matter what I do or what I say, you back me up. Okay? Or rather don't say anything, but especially don't act surprised."

Tess's mobile face instantly registered

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complete surprise, but she disguised it swiftly as Lydia came back. Tess is an actress, thank heaven, I thought; just throw her a cue and her instinct will do the rest.

"How was your party?" Lydia asked, fingers deftly busy with the hat.

I shrugged. "Tiresome. Just a duty call. And I stayed too late out of sheer inertia, and had to rush my dinner, and couldn't keep awake later on—I wish I'd just gone to bed instead."

Lydia's eyes flew wide. "But it sounded so exciting—and you looked so lovely! Oh, don't tell me any more! I spent the whole evening thinking of the wonderful party and the gay talk, and how you must all have gone on to dinner and had a tremendous time."

"Like in the movies?" I laughed shortly, and I saw Tess's eyebrow quirk up as she caught the carefully-planned bitterness in my voice. "I'm sorry to be the one to tell you, Lydia, but the life of a New York career girl—even an actress—"

"A highly successful actress," Lydia put in quickly.

"Well, even so—it's hardly all beer and skittles. I suppose I might have enjoyed myself if I'd had an escort—but you know how it is. It's never really fun to be a lone wolf, not for a girl." I measured Lydia's reaction covertly. "Not even the most successful woman in the world likes to arrive at a party alone."

"But—" Lydia was biting her lips.

I went on quickly, "It takes time to cultivate friends, and I just don't have the time, that's all there is to it. Men, I mean. Oh—I know hundreds of people in town, naturally; but you know, Lydia, to be a successful woman, or perhaps I should say a successful female—you've got to give part of your mind to it."

Tess was practically reeling with astonishment, but she came nobly to my aid. "Men always know when a woman's mind isn't entirely on them," she offered wisely. "I don't know how they do it. She can be as smiling and attentive as all get-out—but, if she's thinking of the fight she had with the boss last week, well, they just sense it."

"Oh, of course." I sighed wearily. "Well, you give up a lot for a career but you get a lot in return . . . they tell me." I laughed again. "Sometimes I wonder. You know, Tess—remember that man from Seattle, Keith whatever-it-was?"

"The one who wanted to marry you?" Tess said brightly, and I shot her a grateful look. "Whatever happened to him, Wen—I mean Florence?"

I shrugged. "Married that other girl. The one who was willing to give up her work and follow him clear to Seattle. They have several children now, I believe. Well—" I waved my hand airily. Lydia was staring at me large-eyed, the hat forgotten in her hands.

I leaned forward. "Is it finished? I've got to be on my way; some publicity pictures on the roster for this afternoon." I sighed heavily. "I wish some wonderful man would just sort of loom before me and sweep me off for dinner. I'm just in that mood today. Oh, well. . ."

"You mean—" Lydia put in, "you mean you don't always get taken out to dinner? Even you, Miss Freeman?"

I smiled up at her. "I've got the most colorful collection of trays you ever saw, Lydia. One for each night of the week. I have my dinner off one of them in front of the fire, and go over the next day's script, and after a while I read myself to sleep. You've just got to conserve your energies, you know. You can't burn at both ends, as they say. It's one thing or the other, for most women, and—" I made my voice sound very faraway, "I've made my choice."

"But—it's so confusing," Lydia cried. "I mean—oh, I suppose I've got you all mixed up with Wendy herself, and she's so contented and so important, with her work and everybody knowing her, and. . ."

Tess took a breath. "And do you think Wendy Warren has never cried herself to sleep at night?" she asked deeply. "Do you think she never wonders what her life would be like if she were—just somebody's wife, somebody's mother. . .?"

A few moments later, Tess and I found ourselves out on the street. "Oh, Tess, you were marvelous," I told her, "Thank you so much. The most wonderful support I ever had."

"You might have briefed me a little," Tess grumbled. "After all, Florence, when you pulled that stuff about the trays, and the lonely firelight—in June, no less!—and all the time I could see in my mind's eye that wonderful dining room of yours with your husband and those two lovely girls and a boy, the blooming picture of a full, happy family life—"

"Oh, I know, dear, but let me tell you why I did it." Briefly I filled her in on Lydia Kemp's background. "It was just an experiment, really. She's so full of notions about big-city life. And at heart she's so lonely already; you can sense it. I think she ought to go back to her Sydney. But you can't hand out advice when you haven't been asked. This seemed like the least interfering way to sort of—well, nudge her along."

"Well, I did think that business about Keith from Seattle was a little thick," Tess said. "But she seemed quite impressed."

"Because she really envies the girl who married Keith," I said dreamily. "I mean—golly, Tess, I've got myself believing it! I've got to get home; the girls are doing the dessert tonight, and I simply mustn't be late."

"Poor lonely Florence," Tess said, and we exchanged a conspiratorial goodbye and parted, to go our separate ways.

From time to time I wondered, a trifle guiltily, if I hadn't been just a little harsh on Lydia's hopes. It was not my business or my responsibility to interfere in another life. But, for all I knew, I'd had no effect on her. It might be that she was truly a girl who could get along without fun, without love, if she just managed to grab off that glittering success that had will-o'-the-wisped her to New York. It might be that she'd be better off without Sydney of Franklinboro. . .

About a month later my curiosity overflowed, and I stopped in at the shop again under the pretext of looking at Fall hats. I asked for Lydia. My salesgirl looked puzzled, and then said, "Oh, Lydia. I'm sorry, Miss Freeman, but she's gone. Queerest thing, too. Just suddenly gave her notice and left. Going back home, she said—and she'd seemed so terribly eager to learn the hat business here. Er—won't someone else do? We've got some delightful new things to show you. . ."

I smiled happily. "Oh yes," I told the salesgirl. "Someone else will do beautifully, thank you. Just show me something small and simple. . ."

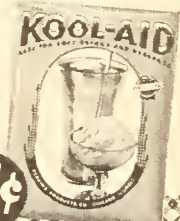
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I Fell in Love at First Sight

(Continued from page 47)

across the aisle, he said, "Here, have a mint."

Toni's heart was turning flipflops. She accepted the candy and the conversation which went with it. He was a senior at Northwestern University, he volunteered. Toni's reply was carefully phrased. She was taking some courses at Mundelein.

The bus reached her corner. He was right at her heels. "This is my street, too," he assured her. "Honest."

Their homes, it developed, were just three doors apart. But, when young Buzz Immermann asked why he hadn't seen her before, Toni's answer was cagy. "I've been with my grandmother." That wasn't the whole truth, but it was useful.

Inside the house, however, her pretenses dropped. Rushing to her mother, she shrieked, "Mom, I just met the dreamiest boy. But promise, Mom, you won't tell him. Promise."

"Well, you could write me a letter. A love letter."

Toni's mobile face reflected the inner war between child and woman. The woman won. Defiantly, she tore a corner from her notebook and pencilled a satiric message: "April 25. Dearest Buster, I am at a loss for words to tell of my affection for you so I will close and sign, With Love, Toni." The script was neat, controlled, angry.

But the impulsive little girl in her also demanded expression. For a moment, she hesitated, then with a dash added, "XXX"—a whole line of kisses from margin to margin. Kisses which contradicted and changed the meaning of the tidy script.

Buzz's laugh choked in his throat. Seriously, he said, "I'll keep this." He folded the paper, placed it in his pocket. "It's my first love letter, too."

In one respect, however, tempestuous young Toni was extremely fortunate. Accidental as their original encounter had been, she found in Buzz one of the few young men who could have not only the heart to sense the conflicts which disturbed her, but also the background to understand them.

Her list of career credits, which might either have intimidated or over-impressed another lad, seemed perfectly natural to him. Theatre was in his blood, too. His father, Elmer Immermann, was an executive of the Balaban and Katz circuit and Buzz became an usher as soon as he was big enough to fit into braid-trimmed pants and fasten a monkey coat over a wing-collared dickey. When he chose medicine as his future, his father encouraged the boy and indicated he was willing to shoulder the financing of such an education. Independent Buzz had said, "Thank you, but no," and continued to work nights at the theatres. When Toni met him, he was manager at the neighborhood Howard.

Well-accustomed to show people and their ways, he knew child stars often had their schooling interrupted and accepted without documentation Toni's tale of her "special courses." Believably, she might be sixteen, nineteen, even twenty. He did not ask. In the theatre, an actress's age is her own business.

Toni, carefully as she avoided the subject, worried about it and was correct in one respect. Buzz was beginning to wonder exactly how many years this confusing, upsetting, delightful, contrary woman-child had lived. But, as he did with everything else that spring, he postponed finding out until after his exams. He couldn't even think of dates.

So Toni had to center her hopes on the finish of his examinations. Surely then Buzz would ask her for a date. Instead, the great day, when it came, brought the bitterest blow of all.

Buzz, going downtown to Northwestern's medical campus for a conference with the dean, thought this a good time to surprise Toni and take her to lunch. Ambling over to her school, he asked the principal to locate her, and busy Sister Mary Adolina sent him directly to her classroom.

Telling Lucy what happened, Toni almost drowned in tears. "Honestly, I wanted to go right through the floor. I couldn't be in English or anything like that. It had to be Algebra! Now he knows I'm just a freshman."

Toni should have had more faith in her Buzz. Psychology classes already had trained him to recognize the frantic efforts people make to hide their deepest wounds. He realized her disappointment.

At lunch, he gave no sign he knew how

For Toni Gilman was, that March afternoon, a girl with a secret. She was doing her best to live two simultaneous lives. In one of them, she was Toni Gilman, actress.

Once she had been adept in dividing her activities into separate, emotion-tight compartments. As a disciplined actress, obedient to direction, she could create with equal ease the characterization of an adolescent, an old crone or a woman of the world. As a fashion model before a camera, she could draw her supple body up into five feet, nine inches of concentrated elegance and compose her features into a beautiful blank calculated to focus attention exclusively on a gown. Then, work completed, she could relax into private life as a bubbly, soft-faced youngster concerned only with beating her sister Lucy in a fast game of one-two-three-O'Leary.

But that spring, subject to the fierce fires and sudden chills of being in love, her two personalities flowed in molten and uneven streams, a little girl one minute and a woman the next.

With Buzz, she tried to be all woman, for always she carried the fear he would find out she was only thirteen, a kid where he was a college man. Simple geography put the first dent in her defenses. She was forced to admit the Mundelein she referred to so airily was not the college by Lake Michigan but the Mundelein Cathedral High School located on the near north side. She tried to cover with references to its being convenient to the radio stations. She also was deliberately vague about her studies and made it a point never to carry the textbook of an identifiably freshman subject.

Yet, at the same time, she betrayed herself as all little girl in her love of sweets. Buzz and Toni formed the habit of leaving the bus at the drugstore corner and lingering over so many chocolate milkshakes that they each gained fifteen pounds.

And, occasionally, her two real-life roles erupted into open conflict.

Loneliness touched off the first explosion. As Buzz's final examinations approached, he spent more time in library and laboratory, often missing their regular bus. Toni languished in mournful moodiness, certain some attractive co-ed was responsible. The day their schedules again coincided, her rush of joy at seeing Buzz turned, perversely, into a flash of temper. Giving him an icy stare, she demanded, "Where in the world have you been?"

Weariness made his answer terse. "Studying."

Toni tossed her head. "What am I supposed to do about it?"

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she felt, but to himself she determined Toni's hurt must be healed. Buzz chose a sure-fire cure. He telephoned the next evening to ask whether she would care to have dinner with him and go to a movie the coming Saturday.

Long as she had waited to hear just those words, Toni couldn't quite believe them when they came. Excitement threw her disciplined voice completely out of control. "What did you say?" she shrieked.

He retreated to bluntness. "I simply asked if you'd like to eat and go to a movie. Is that so unusual?"

It was for Toni. Every shred of the actress evaporated in frenzied consciousness she was thirteen years old and being invited to her first date. "I-I don't know. I'll have to ask my parents."

"Well, tell them there's a good show at the Chicago," said Buzz and hung up as though that settled it.

Far from settling anything, it threw the entire Gilman family into heated discussion.

Toni's father delivered his opinion. "I won't have it," he stated. "I don't care how many shows you have played, how tall you are or anything else. The fact remains you're too young to go out with boys."

Her mother tried to soften the decision. "You know, Toni, how hard we've tried to give you your chance to become a fine actress and still safeguard you with the care a young girl should have."

Fully aware how much her parents had sacrificed to carry out that program, Toni knew she should yield but instead she stormed, "You sound as though he intended to kidnap me or something."

Her parents remained firm. The calendar's irrefutable logic, plus knowledge of what tragic messes some other precocious children had made of their lives, weighed heavily on their side.

But the wistful appeal of young love was on Toni's, and her grandmother was the first to succumb to it. In the beginning, she had taken no part in the discussion, but at the crisis she stepped in.

Summoning her daughter and son-in-law to a family conference, she said, "Now let's all sit down and talk this over quietly. I'll grant your point. Yet you might win this argument now and still be sorry later. I don't think Toni will do it, but girls have been known to lie to their parents and sneak out."

She let that sink in for a moment. "Then there's the boy to be considered. How do you know what will happen when Toni reaches fifteen? You've seen plenty of girls go out with roughnecks just to spite their parents."

She marshalled her final argument. "I really don't see what harm could come of letting Toni go out with Buzz. She knows how to behave and he's a fine boy. You know his family. They, as well as we, will expect the kids home at a reasonable hour."

Harry Gilman gave in. His fondness for his mother-in-law had much to do with it. "O.K. You're the matriarch around this house, and you win again." He came over and gave her a little hug. "To tell the truth, I haven't known many times when you've been wrong."

It was Toni's turn to receive the spirited little lady's admonitions. She shook her finger. "Mind you, you live up to your side of the agreement. You must be in by twelve and . . ." The aging eyes twinkled. "And your young man, when he calls for you, must pass my inspection."

Toni cried, "Oh, Grannie, I love you," and rushed to the phone to relay the provisions to Buzz. His laugh carried clear into the room. "Tell your grandmother," he directed, "that she and I have a date.

I think I can manage to meet her approval."

Let it be recorded that his prediction was correct, for Buzz made his first real date with Toni an occasion. He arrived with face well washed and suit sharply pressed. He carried a corsage of roses.

For Toni that evening, the Lunt Avenue bus was far more exciting than any Cinderella's coach and four. The clattering old L train surpassed a magic carpet. Their dinner of spaghetti and Cokes far outclassed mythical nectar and ambrosia.

When Buzz, mindful of his promise, whisked her up the front steps just at the stroke of midnight, the dream did not end. Instead, a new phase of it began, for he followed a gentle good-night kiss with the statement, "You're a funny little tyke, Toni, but I kind of like you."

Toni's worst struggle to shake off the swaddling clothes of childhood and emerge into womanhood was over, but it was Buzz who won the right to the last line. He could not let her long pretense to be some one she was not go unchallenged. A month later, to celebrate her birthday, he took her to an amusement park and after they had zoomed over the roller coaster, explored the tunnel of love and spun around in the whirligigs, he presented her gift—a toy dog and a lollypop.

The postcard picture a concession photographer made on that day remains pasted in the first of a series of scrapbooks which preserve mementos of their romance. Toni didn't even know they existed until one fine evening. By then, the turmoil preceding their first date had been dimmed by the intervening years in which Toni really grew up, finished school, appeared in Broadway plays, and became Mrs. Immermann, years in which Buzz took his medical degree, completed his internship, fought a war, established his practice as a surgeon, and became Toni's husband.

Toni was then in a play, "Ten Little Indians," which completed its Chicago run and went on the road. Buzz arranged his vacation so he could join her in Denver. Arriving at the theatre, he apologized because he had had no opportunity to buy her birthday present.

The June day was hot, Toni was tired, and the lack of a birthday present rankled just a little. Back in their hotel room, she made some sharp-edged statement to the effect that men—and she wasn't mentioning any names—certainly were able to keep their emotions well repressed even though a little sentiment wouldn't hurt once in a while.

Then she noticed a huge package sitting on the dresser. "What's this?" she demanded.

Buzz grinned. "Open it."

She peeled back the wrappings and there, one on top of the other, were the eight scrapbooks. Pasted down on their pages were Toni's first little love letter and virtually every other important memento of their courtship. Under each entry was a comment in Buzz's firm, round handwriting.

Toni, with the evidence of the scrapbooks, has never again accused Buzz of being reticent about his affection. Instead, she tells their daughters—Susann, five, and Mary Jean, three—"Your father, darlings, is a very remembering man."

Yes, Toni knows how fortunate she is. Not every man remembers so gladly the little girl who had a schoolyard crush on him. Not every girl grows up to marry the first boy who captured her eager young heart. But, for Buzz and Toni, love at first sight has truly meant love to last a lifetime.

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We'll Never Walk Alone

(Continued from page 54)
announced (to us) his candidacy for the White House around his fiftieth birthday and has invited us to be his guests there during his term and/or terms of office. Naturally, we have accepted!

These three Johns in our family make for considerable confusion among our friends, but their names are in the Daly tradition of first-naming all male babies John. My husband is John Charles, called Charlie at home. It has taken me a long time to switch to his first name, so that people will know whom I'm talking about. John Charles, Jr., is now the Charles of our family, and John Neal is called John, like his father. You can see that it continues to be somewhat confusing, but that's the way it has always been with the Dalys and no rank outsider like a wife can do much about it.

Girls in the family just get nicknamed. Buncy was named Helene Grant, but we hardly remember that now. Affectionately known at first as Baby Bunting, shortened to Bunting, then Bunny, Bun, Bouncy and—finally—Buncy, she will probably only achieve the dignity of being Helene at school. My nickname, Kit, evolved from the fact that my parents called their only child Kiddie, which turned into Kit. To make matters worse, my husband refers to me as "Maw"! And Buncy would never forgive me if I didn't explain that our jet-black Scottie, Corky, is named for his cute little corkscrew tail, and that his paternal ancestor is General Eisenhower's dog.

We live on the grounds of the Westchester Country Club, in Rye, New York, where John can play his favorite game, golf, in the little time he has for play. Our house is comfortable English Norman, in stucco and stone. I fell in love with the house the moment I saw it, seven years ago. In it I play the role of short-order cook, housekeeper, mender and cleaner-upper for a brood of hungry, busy people. Meal schedules are my nemesis. My husband has to live according to a rigid routine of working hours that permits him only one dinner a week with the family, on Saturday night. We make it a gala occasion, eat in the dining room instead of the smaller breakfast room, and usually have Father's favorite roast beef.

John is a student at Phillips Andover, home for holidays and during vacations. Charles goes to the Harrison Avenue School nearby. Buncy is a pupil at Country Day School. These two younger children are up and out early, but my husband waits for a mid-morning train to New York so we breakfast a little later. He has to get into town to start preparing his news broadcast or discuss one of his panel shows on television, keep business lunch dates, and do the hundred and one other things that enter into his reporting and moderating jobs. By one-thirty every weekday afternoon he is in the ABC newsroom to look at film from all over the world that must be integrated with the news commentary. This calls for split-second timing. He is off the air at the ABC television studios at seven-fifteen and we often have a late dinner together around nine. Sometimes he has appointments which keep him in town—perhaps a board meeting of the Overseas Press Club, of which he is president, or an informal conference about one of the shows. Friday nights he is always in town until late, to moderate *It's News to Me*. Sunday nights he has America's Town Meeting and *What's My Line?* In fact, he has to leave the house early Sunday morning for

his afternoon Around the World news round-up on radio.

It was I who, innocently enough, changed John's career and started this whole erratic schedule of living for him. He was nineteen when we met. John was learning his family's woolen business in Boston. His father, an American geologist, had died when John was ten. His English mother had brought him back from Johannesburg, South Africa, where he was born and put him in school in New England. By the time I knew John she, too, was dead, and he was working for an uncle.

I was living in Washington and finishing my senior year at William and Mary College, in Virginia, when a sorority sister invited me to her home in Dedham, Massachusetts, for a visit. Her family knew John's folks and he was asked one Sunday as a suitable date for me. To tease me, they fixed him up as an eccentric character, dressed as no man I had ever met would get himself up. He feigned a lisp, dangled a pince-nez from a narrow black ribbon, invited me to "the most delightful literary tea"—and failed completely as an actor. I saw through the trick, of course, and really liked him at once. Like all husbands, he now says I hooked him. All I can say in rebuttal is that I stayed at Dedham a week and he asked me for a date every day and proposed to me before I went home. I said I wasn't even thinking of marriage yet, but secretly I was immensely flattered by all this attention. And, when he quit his job to move to Washington because he was spending most of every weekend traveling back and forth by bus to see me, I knew he was really in earnest.

All this happened around 1934, and I had stopped going with anyone else. I worked after I finished college, at the National Geographic Society and later for a professor at the Library of Congress, but I was never career-minded and am not now. Our dates together usually began or ended at my parents' house for dinner, because if John took me to the movies there never was enough money left for dining out. My mother said she hadn't seen so much of me since early childhood, but she loved watching John fill his thin, six-foot frame on her good cooking and they became great friends. When we got married, back in the depression year of 1937, my parents gave me a lovely church wedding with all the trimmings, and we went housekeeping in a one-room apartment on John's \$27.50-a-week salary. When John Neal came, we moved to two rooms, and later to a little house.

So many of the people John knew in Washington mentioned his fine voice and perfect diction, the result of his mother's careful training, that he finally decided he would try to get into radio, after this had been suggested to him many times. He did get an announcer's job at NBC on a summer-relief basis, and then he heard about one at CBS. They were looking for a permanent "special events" man, which is what they called newsmen who worked in radio then. When Bob Trout left to go to CBS's New York studios, John tried out for his job and got it, later being assigned to the White House as Presidential announcer and traveling with Franklin D. Roosevelt, touring with Wendell Wilkie, covering the 1940 conventions (he has covered all the major political conventions since). In 1941 we moved from Washington to New York, to an apartment, and when John went off to cover World War II from London, Algiers, all over the Middle East—and from Sicily and Italy

and other places I couldn't bear to think about, because they figured so prominently in the casualty lists—I took the two boys and went back home to Washington.

I had one wonderful advantage over some of my friends whose husbands were away. John was broadcasting and, when I heard his voice, I knew he was all right. It didn't help too much, however, when his voice was stilled for days and days and I didn't know where he was or why someone else was taking his place, but I had a hunch he was up at the fighting fronts. It was like heaven when he came on again and I knew he was all right.

After John came home, before Buncy was born, we decided to get out into the country, far enough to give the children some freedom but near enough to make commuting easy for Father. We looked and looked, and the morning I walked into the house we live in now I knew our search was over.

We both like the traditional English Norman architecture, and gradually we have been re-doing the house to suit everyone's ideas. Much of the furnishings are stuff we accumulated over the years. The boys will point something out to a visitor and explain: "Daddy bought that when he was broke and he couldn't afford the other piece that was part of the set." That, of course, was the literal truth and the reason so many of our possessions have such wonderful associations for us. They represent great care in the choosing and the sacrifice of other things which seemed less important to us than a home. The set of four bullfighter pictures, grouped over the living-room couch, is done in pen and ink and great splashes of watercolor. John got them in South Africa, wanted the other two that make up the set, but couldn't have them.

Shelves that line one whole wall of the living room are filled with John's books, mainly historical, many of them covering the Civil War period that fascinates him so much. A photograph of the late President, inscribed to "John Charles Daly from his friend Franklin D. Roosevelt," faces the photograph of General Eisenhower inscribed to "John Charles Daly with best wishes and warm regard, Dwight D. Eisenhower, North Africa, 1943." Our boys are particularly proud of the enlarged snapshot which John himself took of President Roosevelt and which now stands on his desk upstairs. And Charles never fails to tell visitors that the pen used by General Eisenhower to sign the German surrender was one Papa John Daly bought at the PX—and, incidentally, wishes he still owned, since it has become so famous!

The children like to watch their father on television, but I think they are sometimes a little disappointed that he didn't continue to be an actor. He was, for thirteen weeks, when he played the role of managing editor Walter Burns in the TV version of "The Front Page." He was doing radio news then and "Front Page" gave him a chance to get into television—which he very much wanted, along with radio—but, as a newsman, he felt that acting got him away from his real job. When screen tests were offered and one Hollywood studio came forward with a definite offer, it wasn't hard for him to say no. His heart really beats to the rhythm of a news ticker, so it looks as though the young Dalys will have to be satisfied with the daily drama which their father finds in the news headlines or which is brought out on a lively television panel show. That's his line!

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