

RADIO-TV **MIRROR**

August

N. Y. radio, TV listings

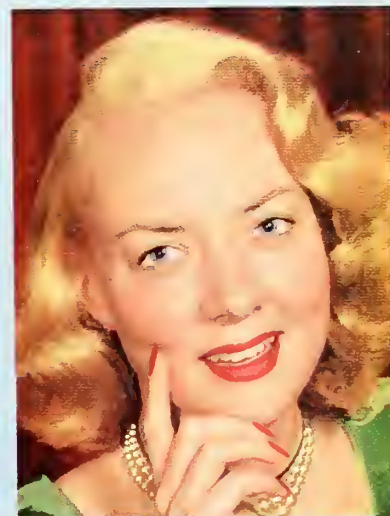


i Darnay
of
Strange Romance
Evelyn Winters

**Don McNeill's Big Happy Family • Lorenzo Jones
Godfrey's Boy Julius • This Is Nora Drake**



Johnnie Ray
His Own Life Story



Audrey Totter
Truth About Teenagers



Don MacLaughlin
Road of Life

Yes, Camay takes your skin "out of the shadows"

AND INTO THE LIGHT OF NEW LOVELINESS!



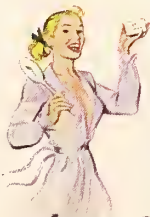
Like this Camay bride, you'll win
a fresher, brighter skin with your First Cake of Camay!

NO GIRL can expect eyes and hearts to turn her way—or hope for a ring for her third finger, left hand—if she lets dullness overshadow the natural beauty of her skin!

Are shadows keeping your beauty hidden from view? That needn't be! Camay can take your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of romantic new loveliness. Change to regular care—use Camay and Camay alone—and your complexion will have a new freshness—a clearer look with your very *first cake* of Camay.

For complexion *or* bath, there's no finer beauty soap than Camay. How mild—how gentle Camay is! And Camay gives you such an abundance of rich, creamy, luxurious lather! What joy to see your skin come "out of the shadows" and into the light of romantic new loveliness with Camay, The Soap of Beautiful Women.

Head to toes—your beauty grows!



The daily Camay Beauty Bath wakes your sleeping beauty, head to toes! It brings your arms—your legs—your shoulders—that "beautifully cared-for" look. It touches you with Camay's flattering fragrance. Camay in the Beauty-Bath Size offers more lather—more economy!

MRS. LOUIS AUER, lovely Camay bride, says: "Camay's a lamb of a beauty soap! After I changed to regular care and Camay, a clearer complexion was mine surprisingly soon!"



Camay

the Soap of Beautiful Women

Now! A choice of 3 permanents for all different types of hair

NEW TONI TRIO

custom-made for you!



FOR NORMAL HAIR

Regular Toni

FOR NORMAL HAIR

For most women—including the millions of Toni users who have always had good results. With Regular Toni you're sure of a permanent with all the beauty of a natural wave because it's just right for normal hair.

HARD TO WAVE

Super Toni

FOR HARD-TO-WAVE HAIR

If other permanents didn't take or didn't last, Super Toni is your answer. For it is specially made to curl resistant hair. Super Toni is recommended, too, for women who want a curlier permanent.

EASY TO WAVE

Very Gentle Toni

FOR EASY-TO-WAVE HAIR

If your hair waves very easily you need the extra mildness of Very Gentle Toni. It's custom-made to give you a soft, natural-looking permanent. Also wonderful for bleached, dyed or tinted hair—or hair with some natural curl.

Now... do what the finest beauty shops do

—choose a permanent custom-made for your type of hair. Make your choice from the New Toni Trio — Regular Toni, Super Toni, Very Gentle Toni. Three different permanents, each expertly formulated by the world's leader in hair research to give you a home permanent custom-made for your type of hair. And that means a lovelier, livelier, more natural-looking wave than ever before. Results no single-lotion permanent can give. Today, choose from the New Toni Trio the one permanent just right for your hair.

Your choice of Toni refills \$150

Tonette

NEW PERMANENT FOR CHILDREN

At last a permanent that takes on every little girl's hair! Tonette—the children's home permanent by Toni. Specially made for youngsters' hair that lacks body and resists ordinary permanents.

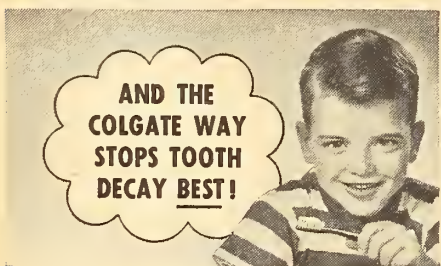
Tonette refill \$150

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS BAD BREATH AND STOPS DECAY BEST!

Colgate's Instantly Stops Bad Breath
In 7 Out of 10 Cases
That Originate in the Mouth!



It cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth! Brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream gives you a clean, fresh mouth all day long! Scientific tests prove in 7 out of 10 cases, Colgate's instantly stops bad breath that originates in the mouth. No other toothpaste has proved so completely it stops bad breath. No other cleans teeth more effectively, yet so safely!



Yes, the best way is the Colgate way! In fact, brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream right after eating is the most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today. The Colgate way stopped more decay for more people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! Yes, to help stop bad breath and tooth decay at the same time, the best way is the Colgate way!



PURE, WHITE, SAFE COLGATE'S
WILL NOT STAIN OR DISCOLOR!

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Ann Daggett Higginbotham, *Editor* Jack Zasorin, *Art Director*
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Now you can have a lipstick that will not kiss off, will not smear, yet has such a creamy texture your lips stay velvet-soft! For lasting glamour, try the new DJER-KISS ... in five color-rich shades.

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BLUE WALTZ
Perfume

Makes men forget
to remember anyone
... but you!

10¢ and 25¢



Information

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

Joy's Joy

Dear Editor:

What ever became of Joy Geffen, whom I used to love to hear as Siri on *Against the Storm*?

T. M., Altoona, Pa.

Joy Geffen has taken a leave of absence from radio work for a very good reason—she's expecting a baby this fall.

Theme Songs

Dear Editor:

What song does Marlene Dietrich sing at the beginning and end of *Cafe Istanbul*?

R. F., Red Oak, Iowa

Marlene's sultry voice intones "La Vie en Rose."

Dear Editor:

What is the theme music used on *One Man's Family*? I've listened to the program for years, but never did know the name of the song.

B. J., Reading, Pa.

One Man's Family opens and closes to the strains of "Waltz Patricia."

Is Les Married?

Dear Editor:

Is the man who plays the role of *The Falcon* married?

M. H., Mobile, Ala.

The man is Les Damon. The woman in his life is singer, Ginger Jones, Mrs. Les Damon.

Weist to East

Dear Editor:

I am interested in the man who plays the part of Stan Burton on *The Second Mrs. Burton* program. Who is he, and what is his background?

E. L., Spokane, Wash.

"Go West, young man, go West," said Horace Greeley, but Dwight Weist, the male lead on *The Second Mrs. Burton* went East to find success. Dwight, who announces *Grand Slam* and *Big Town* in addition to his radio acting, was born in Palo Alto, California. He moved East to attend Ohio Wesleyan University, where he majored in English. Editor of his college newspaper, Dwight aspired to be a journalist. During college, he traveled eighteen miles a day to an announcing stint with a station in Delaware, Ohio. When he graduated, he appeared in road companies, until he was offered his first Broadway part, all the way East this time. The play was slow getting into rehearsal, so Dwight auditioned as an impersonator with the *March of Time*. He got the job, and remained with the program for its thirteen-year run. The Weists have two children. On weekends, he enjoys riding or



Joy Geffen



Dwight Weist

Booth

flying his own plane—as Dwight says, “I’m either on the air or in it.”

Jone is Meta

Dear Editor:

Who plays the part of Meta White on Guiding Light?

C. B., Miami, Fla.

Jone Allison, veteran radio actress, portrays Meta White Roberts.

Frank's a Dane

Dear Editor:

Could you please give me some information about Frank Dane, who plays the part of Nap Drewer on Hawkins Falls?

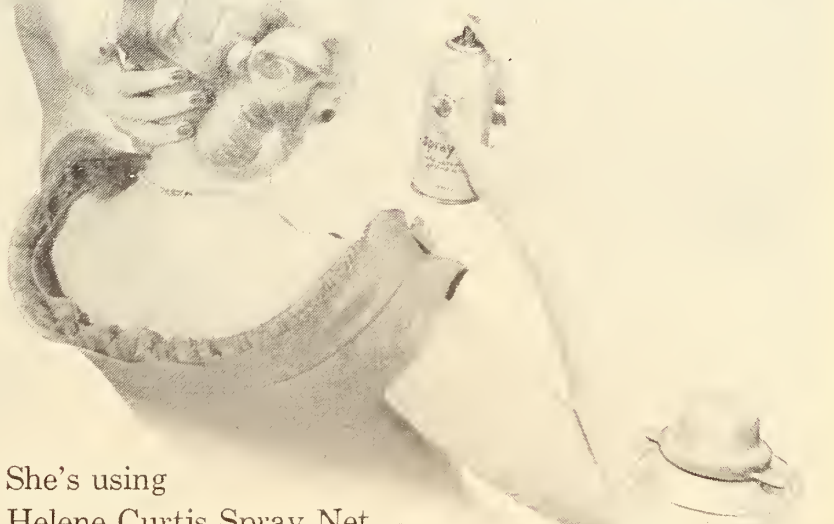
L. M., Nashville, Tenn.

Frank Dane came to America from Denmark with his parents when he was twelve years old. A few years later, Frank Hansen changed his name to Dane, and auditioned for a road company—deciding on acting as a career. Frank thought he sounded terrible during that first reading, but the producer thought otherwise, and hired the young man on the spot. In 1927, Frank gave radio a try, and since then has appeared on hundreds of radio's dramatic shows. Married in 1934, Frank is the father of Bruce Dane, who plays Roy in Hawkins Falls. (Continued on page 18)



Jone Allison

What is this woman doing that is so New.. so Smart.. so Wonderful?



She's using Helene Curtis Spray Net — the magic mist that keeps hair softly in place, looking *naturally* lovely. That's right—*naturally* lovely!

it's the most exciting thing that's happened to hair!

You're in for a wonderful surprise when you use Spray Net. For amazing new Spray Net holds your hair-do as you want it. Without stickiness. Without that "varnished" look. And Spray Net is so easy to use! Just spray it on, lightly. This magic mist holds waves in place, makes loose curls and stray wisps behave, keeps your hair-do looking *naturally* lovely, even in wet or windy weather. It's colorless, greaseless, harmless. Brushes out instantly. Protect the loveliness of your hair with new, smart, wonderful Spray Net!



Only \$1.25

now! for the first time! SPRAY NET in the amazing new finger-touch pressure dispenser for only \$1.25

economy size pressure dispenser \$1.75
unbreakable plastic squeeze bottle \$1

Helene Curtis spray net

"the magic mist that keeps hair softly in place"

Spray Net Works Wonders! Use It!

- After combing, to keep hair "just so"
- To control wispy ends and unruly hair
- To avoid "damp-day droop"
- To avoid "wind-blown wildness"
- After permanents, to control waves and curls

There's only one SPRAY NET! It's made by HELENE CURTIS, the foremost name in hair beauty

BY

Jill Warren



Donna Atwood gets warm glances from Eddie Cantor and Jack Benny at Ice Capades.

what's new from



Bob Crosby has Gisele MacKenzie eating out of his hand between songs on Club 15—by the way, it's cherry pie.

ON A Sunday Afternoon is the name of CBS' new summer radio show, heard on Sunday afternoons, of course, and beamed especially at that part of the audience who might be at the beach, the park, or just out driving. It's a two-and-a-half-hour program of light, popular music with name bands, vocalists and top record hits. In between the tunes, there are safety messages, news on current events, and baseball lineups from all over the country. And individual stations cut in on the show, broadcasting local news and specific weather and traffic conditions in each area.

Junior television fans, and some of the grownups, too, will be happy to know that Hopalong Cassidy has signed a new ten-year contract with NBC. William Boyd's deal with the network calls for fifty-two new half-hour movies, which he already has started to shoot. The first of the new series will be seen this fall.

John Daly, popular commentator and foreign correspondent, who has also made quite a name



Three bright Hopes—Bob, Dolores, and their lovely daughter, Lindo.

Heimie, the chimp, makes a chump out of R. Morlin Perkins of Zoo Parade.



Coast to Coast

for himself as a moderator on television panel shows, has another job on radio. He will be heard on John Daly And The News, over the full ABC network, Monday through Friday evenings.

Martha Stewart quietly replaced Vivian Blaine as co-star with Pinky Lee on *Those Two*, the musical TV show. The reason for the change, supposedly, was too heavy a schedule for Vivian, what with her nightly appearance as the star of "Guys and Dolls," the Broadway hit. But, according to insiders, it was actually just too much temperament, with Vivian's rehearsal fights and off-stage rows with Pinky Lee reaching atomic proportions.

Remember *First Nighter*, which was such a popular program a few years ago? In case you've missed it, it's back on NBC on Sunday nights. And the original stars, Barbara Luddy and Olan Soule, also have returned to star on the new series of dramas at "the little theatre off Times Square." (Continued on page 11)



Back from a European honeymoon, singer Jo Stafford and her new groom Paul Weston say the honeymoon will never end.

a present for Michael

by Bertha Bauer

HAVE you ever given someone who was important to you a promise to “forgive and forget”? The words are so meaningless, aren’t they? Even if you’ve thought long and bitterly about them, dampened them with tears through many sleepless nights, urged them along with logical arguments . . . forgive and forget. Could a wife ever really forgive her husband for having allowed himself to become interested in another woman?

I know now that I had a lot to do with everything that happened between my husband and that woman named Gloria. But Bill married me for what I am, just as I married him for what he can become. . . . He knew I believed you can make life pretty much what you want it to be by working over it a little. I guess I can understand that Bill felt driven, pushed, because I believed he could do better for both of us than he seemed to want to try for, in those early months. I can even understand that it drove him to Gloria. She was singing at that time in a bar here in Los Angeles, and it was handy when he felt like a drink, which was often. She didn’t frown on that. She told him he was great, even when he was at his worst; or else she told him it was only human to be weak. . . . Oh, I don’t know just what she told him.

And then it was over. Just about the time I thought I had taken all the humiliation, the fright, the frustration I was going to take . . . it was over. Part of it, I think, was Bill coming to his senses. But the biggest part was that I found I was going to have a baby. That was when Bill came home for good, and the forgiving and forgetting got under way.

Except that . . . well, they never did, really. Yes, I accepted Bill’s repentance, his determination that our little family unit was from that day forth inviolate. But I’m not superhuman. Show me the wife who could put it out of her mind forever, amen, that her husband had once preferred another woman’s company. I tried but it was impossible to keep my old resentment—which was merely sleeping, not dead—from rising every now and then to spit and scratch a little. I suppose each time I was sarcastic or mocking I hurt Bill, but . . . how could



I ever really forget how deeply I had been hurt?

Still, as the time approached when my baby was expected, life seemed so much more peaceful and promising that everything was better. Bill and I seemed closer and more as one; there were so many plans to talk over, so many wonderful things to look forward to. Going (Continued on page 93)

The Guiding Light, M-F, 1:45 P.M. EDT, CBS, for Duz and Ivory Flakes (Procter & Gamble). Actress Charita Bauer is pictured here in her role as Bertha, Anne Burr as Gloria.



Bill had betrayed me when I needed
him most . . . now nothing mattered to
me except the child I had borne him



Just a trio of night owls—Felix Grant and his pals, Muscles and her child.

surprise party for **Felix**

GRANT OF WWDC

NEVER KNOWS

WHAT TO EXPECT

FOR FELIX GRANT, life—and radio—is merely one long series of surprises. In fact, he's now seriously considering changing the name of Yawn Patrol, his all-night disc jockey show on WWDC, to Surprise Party.

The first big surprise to come Grant's way was radio itself. He credits this one to World War II, when he left his New York home to enlist in the Coast Guard. After participating in three invasions—Tarawa, Marshall Islands, Saipan—he was beached for a time to recuperate. The Industrial Incentives Division of the U. S. Navy asked him to go on a speaking tour of war plants, in an effort to combat absenteeism in industry. In 1945, he was in Washington, D. C., addressing a group of Navy yard workers, when Norman Reed, program director for WWDC, heard Felix and asked him to drop around after he was discharged from service. Two days later, civilian Grant showed up—discharge papers in hand—and Reed put him to work.

In 1951, Felix got his second surprise when he won a disc jockey popularity contest sponsored by Bing Crosby. The prize, a trip to Hollywood for Felix and his wife Helen—courtesy of Bing.

Even the cat "Muscles"—Felix's all-night companion on Yawn Patrol—had a surprise in store for her pal Felix. She dropped in one night, hopped up to the turntable and calmly gave birth to several kittens. Muscles didn't seem at all perturbed by any of this, so Felix adopted the same attitude and accepted the kittens as new additions to his midnight-to-six stint.

Actually, Felix takes all these surprises in stride, because he's one of those relaxed, easygoing people. "The only problem I have," he comments, "is getting used to my peculiar schedule. My wife and I find it tough to accustom ourselves to eating breakfast at 5 P.M., lunch at 3 A.M., and dinner at noon. It's like walking backwards through a cafeteria."



Bing Crosby celebrated his twentieth anniversary in show business by treating Felix and Helen to a trip.

What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 7)

There are two new summer radio shows on ABC and, if the series shape up as well as the audition records, they should both make for good listening. The first is Black Night, which is a dramatic narrative. The central figure is a Broadway columnist, who makes nightly rounds along the Great White Way and reports his stories of romance and adventure. The second is titled Time Capsule, with Arthur Van Horne as the commentator. The program will consist of tape recordings of unusual current events, which are being preserved in capsule form for future generations to hear. The recordings will cover a variety of happenings.

This 'n' That:

Janet Waldo, who is Corliss Archer, and her husband, radio-writer Robert E. Lee, are beaming because of the arrival of their first baby, Jonathan Barlow Lee, who weighed in at 7 lbs., 12 ounces. Janet, who was temporarily replaced by Lugene Sanders as Corliss, will be back on the airwaves soon.

If Lillian Schaaf, who is Hazel on One Man's Family, ever gets tired of her present career, she can make a new one for herself with no trouble at all. A few years ago, Lillian started a little side business of supplying coffee and sandwiches to radio people during rehearsals. The small business became so successful that now Lillian has gone on to bigger things. She recently opened a gourmet specialty shop in New York, which she has named "Pot Luck," and it's doing fine.

Robert Carroll, who constantly defends law and order in his role of Inspector Mark Saber on the Mystery Theatre program, made his movie debut in the new picture, "Walk East On Beacon," playing the part of a Communist.

Ros Twohey says she feels like the mother of twins, instead of just the one little boy she and her husband recently welcomed. Ros, Mrs. John Twohey in real life, plays Millie Flagle—Mrs. Laif Flagle—on the television show, Hawkins Falls, Pop. 6,200. When Ros told the producer of the show last January that she expected a child, he decided to write the happy event into the Hawkins Falls storyline. So Ros had her real baby and her "script" baby at the same time. The young lads both weighed five and a half pounds and they both were named Mark.

Gale Gordon, whom you hear as Mayor LaTrivia on Fibber McGee and Molly, and Professor Conklin on Our Miss Brooks, has finally derived some personal satisfaction from his oil painting. Gale has been dabbling for years and just "sold" his first picture to Perry Botkin, Bing Crosby's guitar accompanist, who "paid" for the painting with a guitar and twelve lessons. Incidentally, Gordon also will play his Professor Conklin role on Our Miss Brooks when the show goes television this fall. He should have a fairly easy time of rehearsing with the girl chosen to play Mrs. Conklin. She's his real-life wife, Virginia.

Karl Swenson says July is his big month because he has three anniversaries to celebrate—his own birthday, his new bride's birthday (she's Joan Tompkins) and the twentieth anniversary of his professional theatrical debut.

Bing Crosby and his "almost" soft-drink sponsor for fall are still going 'round and
(Continued on page 13)

Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste DESTROYS BAD BREATH

Originating in the Mouth.



Here is the magic power of chlorophyll to destroy bad breath originating in the mouth! Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste in most cases acts *quickly* . . . acts *thoroughly* . . . and the purifying action lasts for hours! Keeps your breath sweet and fresh longer!

Now! The Full Benefits of a Chlorophyll* Toothpaste in a New, Exclusive Colgate-Formula!

Now Colgate brings you wonder-working chlorophyll in the finest chlorophyll toothpaste that 146 years of experience can create . . . Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste!

How Colgate Makes Chlorophyll Work For You!

Nature herself makes chlorophyll and puts it in all green plants to enable them to live and grow. But science must break down this natural chlorophyll into a usable, effective form (*water-soluble chlorophyllins*)—before it can help you against bad breath, tooth decay, common gum disorders.

That's why Colgate's experience and skill in creating an exclusive formula is important to you. In Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste you get the benefits of these water-soluble chlorophyllins in a safe, pleasant form!

For *real help* against bad breath originating in the mouth . . . common gum disorders . . . tooth decay . . . use Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste after eating. It's the *finest chlorophyll toothpaste* the world's largest maker of quality dentifrices can produce!

Colgate's Guarantee:

Try Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste for one week. If you're not satisfied that it's the most effective, pleasantest chlorophyll toothpaste you've ever tried, send back the tube and Colgate will give you *double your money back, plus postage!* Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company, 105 Hudson Street, Jersey City 2, N. J.

Fights Tooth Decay!

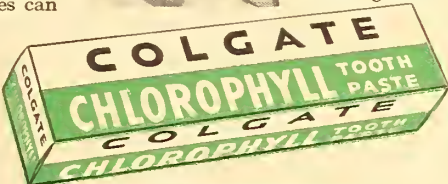
Every time you use Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste—especially right after eating—you act against the destructive acids that are a cause of tooth decay . . . actually help retard their formation!



Checks Common Gum Disorders!



Tests show chlorophyll promotes healthy gum tissues. New Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste brings you the effective benefits of chlorophyll to help you care for sore, tender gums.



*Contains water-soluble chlorophyllins.

NEW GREEN TOOTH PASTE Tested and Guaranteed by COLGATE!



WOR's Ted Haig and Ruby Mercer are a Mr.-and-Mrs. team who share work, play, love.

they mix Music and Marriage

IN A CHEERFUL Park Avenue apartment—crowded with books, stacks of record albums, a concert grand piano, and orchestra scores by the score—Ted and Ruby Haig (she's Ruby Mercer) live and work together, combining their musical and radio careers with one of the happiest marriages in Manhattan. Ted and Ruby share the mike on WOR's Music We Like, and on Sunday become Mr. and Mrs. Opera over WNYC.

Ruby is a well-known opera and concert soprano, and Ted is a virtuoso pianist who started his career at the age of seven. Because of these two careers, which they pursue in addition to their radio work, Ted and Ruby have had to learn to synchronize their schedules. "I've often heard," Ruby comments, "that music and marriage don't mix, but with us it's been the tie that binds our home life together." When concert tours come up, either Ruby or Ted takes over their shows alone.

It was the World's Fair that brought the

pair together. Ted was chief master of ceremonies at the Court of Peace, and Ruby was singing in the Fair's "Gay New Orleans Revue." One day, Ted got the assignment of introducing Ruby in a special Fourth of July show. They dated that night, and continued to see each other every day thereafter, until they decided to make it a permanent arrangement a year later.

The Haigs' favorite hobby is fancy carpentry. When they take a non-musical moment, Ted whips out hammers, saws and wood to tackle some elaborate cabinet which Ruby has designed. Cooking is another pet pastime, especially for Ted, who is an expert at preparing succulent French dishes. Their dream is to buy an old house, within commuting distance of New York, where they can work and play—and build things.

Although they share a whirlwind schedule, both agree that their activities are more fun than work. And, as Ruby sums it up, "It's being together that makes life worth while."

What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 11)

round over the little matter of television. In addition to his taped radio show, the sponsor wants The Groaner to do a number of video programs as well. But Bing only wants to do four, and he wants to do them his way—on film, in his own Hollywood studios, where his Bing Crosby Enterprises are now shooting movies for television. Master Crosby can be very firm about things and, in this matter, unless he and the would-be sponsor can come to terms, there won't be any deal.

What Ever Happened To . . .

Olive Stacy, the girl who first played the role of Connie Thayer on the television serial, *The First Hundred Years?* (The part is now played by Anne Sargent.) The strain of doing a daily camera show, with the long hours of rehearsal, was too heavy for Olive, so she resigned her role. She has done nothing professionally since, and at the moment is back in her home town, Rochester, New York. This summer, Olive plans to tour the Eastern part of the United States with her sister, Frances Klute, who will be shooting scenic spots for the Eastman Kodak Company. Frances is one of their top color photographers. Incidentally, the story that Olive had married, and was expecting a baby, is untrue. This was erroneously printed in many newspaper columns about the country.

Bob Hannon and Evelyn McGregor, who were the singers on the American Melody Hour program several seasons ago? Both Bob and Evelyn have more or less given up radio in favor of concert work, though Bob does make club appearances from time to time. Evelyn has spent most of her time on the West Coast, inasmuch as she lives near San Francisco now.

Edith Spencer, who was the original Aunt Jenny on the daytime show of the same name? Miss Spencer played the role for many years until she was forced to give it up due to a serious illness. Unfortunately, she has not been able to do any radio work since. Agnes Young took over the Aunt Jenny role about a year and a half ago.

Alan Dale, the singer who appeared on the Sing It Again program and other shows? Alan is still very much around, though he is not signed on any regular radio or television show at the moment. In addition to guest shots, he still plays night clubs and makes records.

George Keane, who used to be Bill on the Rosemary daytime serial? George has done no professional work for a long time, due to illness. He and his wife, Betty Winkler, who was also heard on Rosemary and other shows, have been living quietly in Europe for several months.

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 E. 42nd Street, New York City 17, and I'll do my best to find out for you and put the information in the column. Sorry, no personal answers.

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



Use new *WHITE RAIN* shampoo tonight—tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!



It's like washing your hair in softest rain water! This new gentle lotion shampoo pampers your hair... leaves it soft as a cloud, bright as sunshine, and so easy to care for!

CAN'T DRY YOUR HAIR LIKE HARSH LIQUIDS

CAN'T DULL YOUR HAIR LIKE "SOAPY" CREAMS



Fabulous New Lotion Shampoo by Toni

LET'S SPEAK FRANKLY

about these 'EXTRA' advantages for
INTIMATE FEMININE
HYGIENE



Greaseless Suppository assures continuous action for hours!

Zonitors are being most enthusiastically used by up-to-date women. Zonitors offer a daintier, easier, powerfully effective yet absolutely harmless method for intimate feminine cleanliness (so important to married happiness, health and to guard against offensive odors).

One of the many advantages of Zonitors is they're greaseless, stainless vaginal suppositories.

They are not the type which quickly melt away. When inserted, Zonitors release the same powerful type of germ-killing and deodorizing properties as famous ZONITE liquid. And they continue to do so 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 immediately kill every reachable germ. Enjoy Zonitors' extra protection and convenience at small cost!

NEW! Zonitors Now Packaged Two Ways

- ✓ Individually foil-wrapped, or
- ✓ In separate glass vials

Zonitors

(Vaginal Suppositories)

FREE!

Send coupon for new book revealing all about these intimate physical facts. Zonitors, Dept. ZRM-82, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.*

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

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



What's

by
Chris Wilson

As JOHNNIE RAY's record success continues to zoom, his personal success is even more impressive. Johnnie's wedding to cute, pretty, little Marilyn Morrison, daughter of Hollywood nightclub owner, Charlie Morrison, was handled beautifully. The two youngsters asked for and got the cooperation of the press so that the ceremony was as it should be—beautiful, dignified and private. Afterwards, however, the couple worked with cameramen and newsmen to give these representatives the type of material which their public wanted to see and hear from them. Older (and supposedly wiser) Hollywood personalities could certainly take a leaf out of Johnnie's book on how to be honestly cooperative! One small humorous side was Father Morrison's comment when he was asked what will happen when Johnnie is billed next fall into Ciro's night club, right across from the one he runs, the Mocambo, in Hollywood—"I'll simply bill my daughter as Mrs. Johnnie Ray," he laughed. We got a chuckle, too, out of Bob Crosby when he was chiding Johnnie's popularity over the Club 15 radio show. "When you have a voice," Bob said, "you get a recording contract. But when you cry you get a million dollars."

Fan Stuff:

Doris Day's radio show continues to be one of the most popular singing programs on the air. Her "Guy Is a Guy" Columbia recording is holding up surprisingly well.

Strictly for laughs is Louis Prima's "The Bigger the Figure," out on the Columbia label. It's a comic satire based on an aria from "The Barber of Seville" and is backed by "Boney Bones," with the lyrics written by Prima himself.

Columbia is reissuing "Rockin' Chair," with the late Mildred Bailey's famous blues rendition of the lyrics which was first recorded 'way back in June, 1937. This will be the first time the record will have been available in eight years. Orchestration is by Red Norvo, to whom Mildred was then married. On the back is Mildred's "Give Me Time," which has been revived on so many discs recently.

The Lancers quartet, whom you're hearing on Capitol's "The Horn with Two Mouthpieces" and "I May Hate Myself in the Morning," are UCLA boys who began singing in church choirs to gain experience. After a stint at the Hollywood Mocambo and other Southern California night spots, Kay Starr asked them to join her act at the Flamingo Hotel in Las Vegas. She then had them back her on her "I Wanna Love You." As a result they've been signed to an exclusive five-year contract by Capitol. You'll see them around, too, guesting on all sorts of TV and national radio shows.

Martha Carson, who's out with "I Wanna Rest" and "Old Blind Barnabuss," has been signed for a permanent spot on Grand Ole Opry (NBC). Frankie Laine, Jo Stafford and Spike Jones are all booked for European tours this summer. Danny Kaye will be entertaining the troops. Vic Damone, now in Germany, expects to be discharged from the Army by fall. Andrews sisters Patti, LaVerne and Maxine returned from Honolulu last of April. Trio's "Why Worry" should push their record sales up to the 25,000,000 mark.

Gordon MacRae's "Gentle Hands" was written by a thirty-five-year-old blind Western and hillbilly singer, Leon Payne. Payne met his wife at a school for the blind, and now they have four children. This is the second of his songs to be sung by a popular recording artist—the first was by Jan Garber and was called "Love."

Capitol out with the Jane Froman album of all the beautiful songs from the picture based on her life story, "With a Song In My Heart." Album has the same name.

Ray Anthony's recording of "You're Driving Me Crazy," for Capitol, which sounds like nothing a trumpet ever sounded like before, was made possible when a curtain was drawn between the orchestra and the microphones, with just Ray's trumpet sticking out of it. An echo mike did the rest. "Trumpet Boogie," featuring five trumpets with his on top, isn't quite so—well, startling.

On the classical side, George Copeland has just recorded "Modern French and Spanish Piano Music" to take its place in musical libraries alongside his "George Copeland Plays Debussy and Spanish Piano Music." Copeland, although an American, has lived most of his life in France or Majorca and, therefore, has a tremendous background in the field of Spanish and French musical masterpieces.

Albums You Shouldn't Miss:

MGM's pop package of Art Mooney's "The Blacksmith Blues," Fran Warren's "I Hear a Rhapsody," "Tulips and Heather," with Bill Hayes, and "That's the Chance You Take," with Ted Straeter. Back side of long-playing platter has Alan Dean's "Be Anything (But Be Mine)", in case you missed it as a single record.

"Singin' In the Rain," recorded off the sound track from the Gene Kelly—Debbie Reynolds—Donald O'Connor film, by MGM.

Joseph Battista's "Favorite Piano Encores," being released under the MGM label. He stopped off in New York long enough to record the album before he started a grand tour of South America. "The Months," composed by Tchaikovsky, recorded by Morton Gould for Columbia. A suite of twelve short piano pieces which are delightful.

Spinning?

Three twelve-inch long-playing records by Columbia known simply as "The Bix Beiderbecke Story." These recordings were made as singles between 1927 and 1929 just before Bix died at twenty-seven.

Single Records You Should Get:

If you own 10, you're groovy; 8, you're learning; 6, where are you putting that allowance, in your stomach?

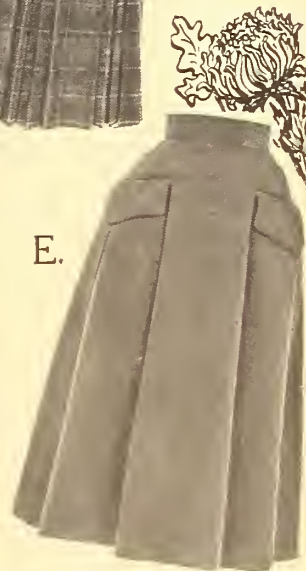
1. Decca's "You Go To My Head" and "Lover," sung by Peggy Lee.
2. "Kiss of Fire," with Les Brown, on the Coral label. Are you lovesick? This will kill or cure.
3. MGM's "After Graduation Day," with song stylist Cindy Lord. And what style!
4. "Here Is My Heart," backed by "Tomorrow Never Comes." Recorded by Vic Damone in Germany for Mercury.
5. "Am I In Love" and "Wing Ding" (Capitol), with Jane Russell and Bob Hope having fun. You should and will listen.
6. Larry Douglas, with Ray Bloch's orchestra, for Coral, with "Never Let Her Go" and "Black, Black, Black Is The Color Of My True Love's Hair." Folk songs sung well.
7. Dinah Shore's Victor recording of "Delicado." "The World Has A Promise" is on back.
8. "Just A Little Lovin'," with Victor's Eddie Fisher.
9. "All Of Me," with Johnnie Ray, for Columbia. Or anything else by him.
10. "Somewhere Along the Way," Columbia's Tony Bennett, the newest object of CG (current generation) heart-throbs.

Compliments to your beauty . . .

SKIRTS with texture interest
fashioned for you by
GRETA GRAY



a trio
in
Fall's
gay
colors



D. Smart 100% wool tweed skirt with two large slit pockets—deep unpressed pleats in front and back for fullness. Wide leather belt with self tabs. Waist: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32. Brown or Gray. **\$5.88**

E. Quality corduroy nine gored skirt, with snug fitting waist. Deep folds for hemline interest, large chevron flap pockets. Waist: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30. Navy, Gray, Rust, Red, Green, Toast, Wine. **\$4.88**

F. Part wool clan plaid with an all-worsted hand-cluster pleats all around. A basic must. Waist: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30. In the following background Colors: Red, Brown, Green. **\$4.88**

GRETA GRAY FASHIONS, INC., 1841 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

PLEASE SEND ME THE FOLLOWING SKIRTS

RM

STYLE	WAIST SIZE	COLOR		PRICE*
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D				\$5.88 ea.
E				\$4.88 ea.
F				\$4.88 ea.

Name.....

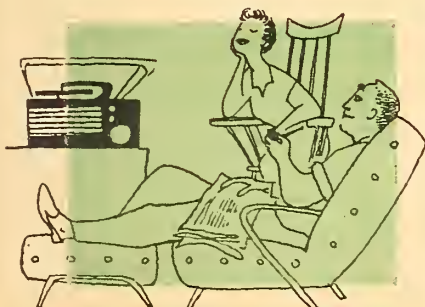
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City..... Zone..... State.....

*ADD 20¢ FOR MAILING AND HANDLING — IN N.Y.C. ADD 3% SALES TAX

THIS OFFER EXPIRES NOVEMBER 1, 1952 — CHECK OR MONEY ORDER ONLY

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED WITHIN 10 DAYS



R
M



Dishes are fun for Billy, Bill, and Connie Givens.

KYW'S Bill Givens is a

BIG CITY Farmer



Billy's comments on cows will be used on the Farm Hour.

LONG AFTER most Philadelphians have bedded down for the night, and the last weary straggler from the late poker game stumbles upstairs with shoes in hand—over at Bala Cynwyd, coffee starts perking and an electric razor begins to hum. That's where Bill Givens and family stake out, and 3:45 A.M. is rise-and-shine time for the KYW radio star.

Bill has to get up on time to be behind the mike at five-thirty, when his Farm Hour program hits the air. Popular with both farm folk and city people, Givens talks to farmers, spins pop platters, exchanges gags with his buddy, Gene Graves, and gives time and weather announcements. He learned the ropes of farm broadcasting back in 1947, when he joined the staff of WGY, Schenectady.

Literally raised in radio, Bill has been on the air for sixteen years, though he is only twenty-nine years old. He started with recorded commercials for a New York State Ford distributor at the age of thirteen, and was a full-time announcer in Elmira, New York, two years later.

It was station WENY in Elmira which figured in many of the important events in Bill's life. His dad was the promotion manager of the station, and it was a program on WENY which got him an audition with a Syracuse station in 1941. To top off the chain of circumstances revolving around Elmira's station, Bill met Connie Mowchan there, when he was home on leave from the Marines. She was the boss's new secretary, and is now Mrs. Givens.

Billy (Jr.) Givens seems to be following in his daddy's footsteps. The four-year-old has already made his radio debut on his father's program, often commenting on county fairs and the like, giving his kid's eye view, and until a few months ago appeared on a local TV moppet show once a week. He's been retired for a while, though, because his parents felt it was too much for him. Connie and her two Bills are a happy threesome, who share work and play together. Their big dream is to be able to have a farm of their own some day. Until they can manage it, Bill will remain a Big City Farmer.

One
of these women
has discovered
a wonderful
complexion
secret...



She's washing her face . . . Like many women, she's simply washing with soap and water in the ordinary way—carelessly. If that's what you're doing—*stop!* You could be doing so much better.



She's getting a lovelier complexion . . . By washing properly with Palmolive Soap, she's giving herself gentle beauty care proved by 36 skin specialists to bring softer, smoother, younger looking skin.

Palmolive Brings Out Beauty While It Cleans Your Skin!



**Yes, Palmolive's Beauty Plan
Is Far Better For Your Skin Than
"Just Average Care" With Any
Leading Toilet Soap!**

Are you one of those women who could be getting far lovelier skin with just a mere change in *the way you wash your face?*

The very first time you change from careless cleansing to the Palmolive Beauty Plan you'll actually see Palmolive begin to bring out beauty while it cleans your skin. Within 14 days you'll have a complexion that's softer, smoother, younger looking. 36 leading skin specialists in 1285 tests proved that the Palmolive Beauty Plan brings most women lovelier complexions.

Next time you wash your face, try this way: Gently massage Palmolive's mild, pure lather onto your skin for 60 seconds. Do this 3 times a day. Palmolive's rich, fragrant lather gives you everything you need for gentle beauty care.

**DOCTORS PROVE
PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!**

So Mild . . . So Pure . . . So Right For All of You



Palmolive Soap Makes Every Bath a Beauty Bath



Have you
a tropic glow like
Kathryn Grayson?



Woodbury
face powder
makes you
radiant, too!

Kathryn Grayson's lovely summer skin is sunnily aglow with Woodbury Tropic Tan. You will have this siren sheen, too, when you wear fragrant Woodbury Powder! There's a just-right shade for every skin, thanks to Woodbury's secret color blending process. A special ingredient makes it cling longer, look smoother — never "powdery". New big 50¢ size . . . also 15¢, 30¢, \$1.00 (prices plus tax).

woodbury tinted cream make-up . . . glowing shades to complement your Woodbury Powder. Veils lines, blemishes. Not drying, not greasy. Perfect! 43c, plus tax.



More beautiful women use Woodbury — why don't you?

Information Booth

(Continued)

Search for Tomorrow

Dear Editor:

Would you please send me all the information you have on the girl who plays Joanne Barron on Search for Tomorrow over TV?

D.W., New Castle, Pa.

Mary Stuart, who plays the role of Joanne Barron, was born in Miami, Florida, on July 4, 1926. The family later moved to Tulsa, Oklahoma, where Mary attended Central High School and Tulsa University. Ever since her childhood days, Mary has been active in dramatics. She organized a children's theatre group during high school and college, presented charity plays, and did Saturday morning radio programs over KOME, Tulsa. When she was seventeen, she sang and acted in a USO troupe, touring camps in the Midwest and Southwest. At nineteen, Mary headed for New York to get some theatrical training, but landed a job as a camera girl in the Roosevelt Hotel Grill instead. Joe Pasternak of MGM discovered her there, and brought her to Hollywood under contract. After several years in filmland, Mary returned to New York and TV. In August, 1951, she was married to Richard Krolik, TV producer-director.

Autry Town

Dear Editor:

What was the original name of the town named after Gene Autry, and what state is it in?

W.S., Butte, Mont.

Gene Autry, Oklahoma, was formerly the town of Berwyn.

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.



Mary Stuart



Igor Gorin

WHEN Igor Gorin was attending the Vienna Conservatory, his friends dubbed him the Viennese Cowboy. But, Gorin, whose cowboy songs were a "must" at every student party, did not hail from the great plains of Texas. Far from it—he is a native of the Ukraine in Russia.

Igor's interest in the American cowboy stemmed from the imported films he saw and the cowboy songs he heard frequently during his boyhood. From the time he heard his first cowboy melody, Igor was an avid collector of Western Americana. His greatest dream was to come to the United States someday, and actually visit a ranch, and ride the prairie.

While he was still a student in Vienna, he heard the ranting of Adolf Hitler for the first time, and suddenly he knew that it was time for him to journey to the New World.

Gorin arrived in New York with little more than his beautiful voice to see him through. He had little money and could speak but a few words of English, but his voice was enough. In a few months, he was booked into the Roxy Theatre as a featured singer in the stage show. A ten-week NBC program followed, and Igor began to realize that this really was the land of opportunity.

Success followed success for Gorin. From NBC, he went to California, where he was featured for three years on the Hollywood Hotel show. He also obtained a contract with MGM, for whom he made his first movie, "Broadway Melody of 1938." Gorin was one of the first concert stars to set the precedent of including cowboy songs in his program, and these songs are still his favorites.

Whenever radio and concert engagements give him a breather, Igor and his Ohio-born wife, Mary, head west for the Emerald Valley Ranch in Colorado, where Igor ropes and ties as well as any professional cowpuncher.

He has come a long way since he became an American citizen, but the biggest part of his success story, for Igor, is that he has been able to live in the nation which so captured his imagination as a child, and be truly a "Yankee"—Western style.



Only one soap
gives your skin this

Exciting Bouquet

And Cashmere Bouquet is proved extra mild . . . leaves your skin softer, fresher, younger looking!

Now Cashmere Bouquet Soap—with the lingering, irresistible "fragrance men love"—is proved by test to be extra mild too! Yes, so amazingly mild that its gentle lather is ideal for *all types* of skin—dry, oily, or normal! And daily cleansing with Cashmere Bouquet helps bring out the flower-fresh softness, the delicate smoothness, the exciting loveliness you long for! Use Cashmere Bouquet Soap regularly . . . for the finest complexion care . . . for a fragrant invitation to romance!



Now at lowest price!
**Cashmere
Bouquet
Soap**

—Adorns your skin with the
fragrance men love!



Beautiful Hair

B R E C K



THERE ARE THREE BRECK SHAMPOOS FOR THREE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS. There are three Breck Shampoos. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. A Breck Shampoo cleans thoroughly, leaving your hair soft, fragrant and shining. A Breck Shampoo will help bring out the natural beauty of your hair.

The three Breck Shampoos are available at Beauty Shops and wherever cosmetics are sold.

The Riggs house has been standing for over one hundred years.

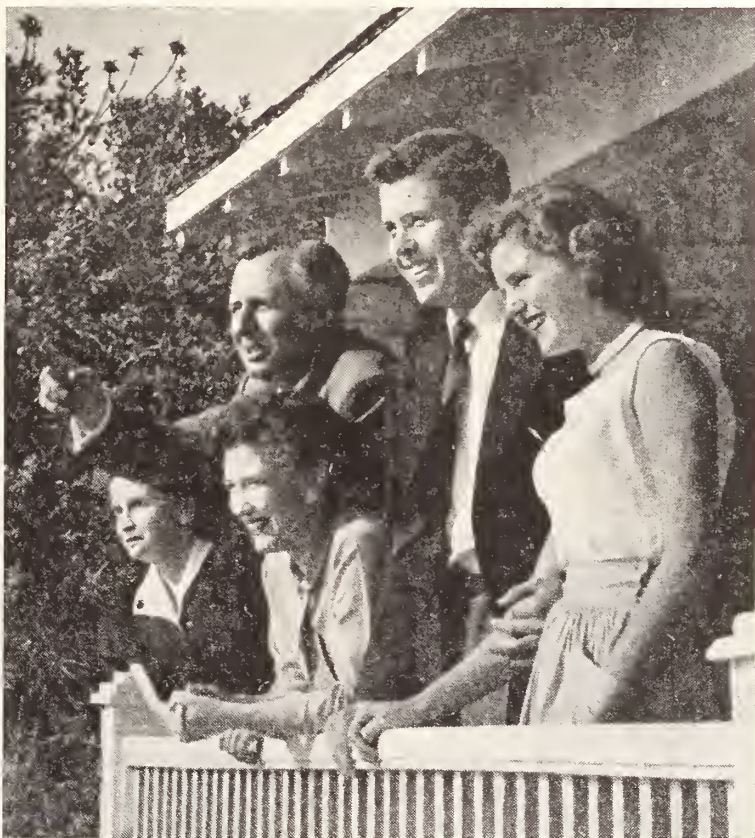
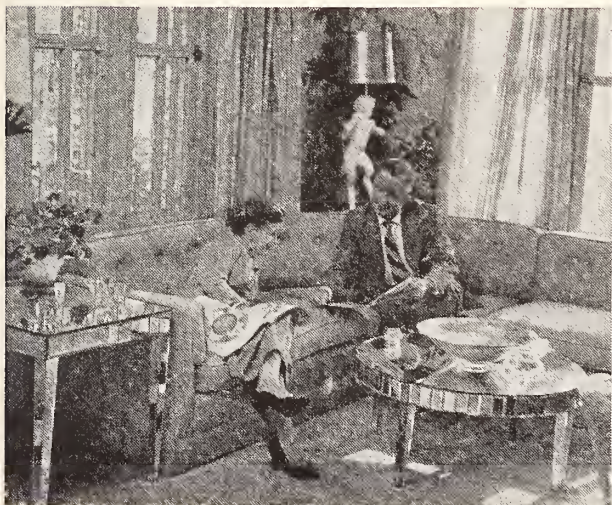


WJ's Glenn Riggs has a theory about life. He believes every man should have one special place to hang his hat and his heart, after the harrying workaday chores are done. And for Glenn—who emcees his own show, *Kitchen Capers*, in addition to being one of the busiest announcers in radio—that place is one of the loveliest and most love-filled homes in this or any town.

In Roslyn Harbor, Long Island, on Bryant Avenue—named for the late poet, whose old house is next door to the Riggs home—Glenn has found the ideal spot for his own special place. Here, with his wife and their two children, a pet English bull, and plenty of water to fish in, Glenn is at peace with the world.

Every man's house is his castle—and Glenn's really looks like one. But Glenn, himself, would be the first to tell you it's the people living in it who make it *home*.

Glenn's CASTLE



The Riggs family like to spend summer evenings out on the back veranda. Smiling out over the rail are Mother Laird, Glenn, his wife Elizabeth, Glenn, Jr., and Elizabeth, Jr. At left, a corner of the Riggs's cheerful living room.

UP TO **\$100** in a **MONTH**
JUST FOR WEARING
 AND SHOWING
LOVELY DRESSES!

Ladies—here's the best news you ever heard! Your chance to get a whole new beautiful wardrobe of your own... a stunning collection of the most colorful new styles... **WITHOUT PAYING A SINGLE PENNY!** And—unbelievable though it sounds—you can make up to \$100 in a month just by wearing these glorious dresses — and showing them to your friends!

HERE'S ALL YOU DO!

Just wear these lovely Fashion Frocks... which are given to you as a bonus. You have your choice of over 150 striking new styles—designed by one of America's best known dress companies. It's our way of advertising the unbeatable values offered by world-famous **FASHION FROCKS.**



NO CANVASSING... NO EXPERIENCE!

No woman can resist such smart, original styles... such magnificent colors and fabrics. And there's a complete range of sizes for every type of figure in an amazing variety of styles, colors, weaves and patterns. No wonder you'll be making **BIG MONEY** just by wearing and showing them to your friends. Best of all, there's no door-to-door canvassing, and you need no experience either.

DON'T WAIT ANSWER TODAY! Fill out the coupon, paste it on postcard —and mail it today. Hurry! Openings limited.

FASHION FROCKS, Inc.

Studio K2053, Cincinnati 25, Ohio

EVERYTHING IS GIVEN TO YOU **FREE!**

PASTE THIS COUPON ON POSTCARD MAIL TODAY!

FASHION FROCKS, INC.
 Studio K2053, Cincinnati 25, Ohio

Yes, I'd like to be one of the women who get the chance to make up to \$100 in a month for wearing and showing Fashion Frocks. Without obligation, please send everything I need **FREE!**

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ Zone _____ State _____
 Age _____ Dress Size _____

Slim, cool and lovely

These tempting dishes help you keep both weight and temperature **DOWN**

By **VICTOR H. LINDLAHR**



It's during these sweltering midsummer days that we are most likely to upset our entire diet. With heat, humidity and humanity for an excuse, we neglect well-balanced meals for high-calorie temptations such as sweet drinks, sherbet and ice cream, bottled soda ice-cold from the refrigerator, late evening drives into the country for hamburgers with French-fries and a frosted on the side.

Human beings do mighty foolish things. Dieters shun a whipped cream sundae in the winter, but the fact that it's cold makes it seem all right in the summer. A high-calorie food is still as fattening but, worse, the extra calories increase our body temperature, and summer is the time we least need extra heat.

Everyone, fat or slender, requires certain basic foods daily and it's foolish to forego them for any length of time, heat or no heat. But the person reducing has limited herself to particular low-calorie foods, essential and convenient to prepare. These can be made into decorative, cooling dishes, as appealing as a sundae.

Cottage cheese, for example, offers many possibilities. Plump it into the center of half a honeydew melon, garnish with seedless green grapes, peaked with a bright cherry, and you have a dish which might be served proudly at a bridge luncheon. Delicious fresh fruits are so plentiful now that you can vary this dish a dozen different ways. And don't forget cottage cheese is a perfect base for summer vegetables — chopped scallions, radishes, carrots, celery, and such.

Switching to eggs, a basic, beneficial food for everyone, here is a quick, low-calorie salad which should do for six. Combine three cups of shredded cabbage, one-half cup of chopped celery, a diced carrot, and green pepper and tomato. Add one tablespoon of grated onion, one teaspoon of salt, a

dash of pepper, teaspoon of sugar, one tablespoon of lemon juice and tablespoons of reducing salad dressing. Place this in center of platter and surround with six sliced, chilled, hard-cooked eggs.

The reducing salad dressing is made of one-half cup of skim milk (lightly salted), one teaspoon of onion juice, one tablespoon each of lemon juice or vinegar, minced parsley, and minced pimiento, plus a sprinkle of paprika. Shake well and serve fresh.

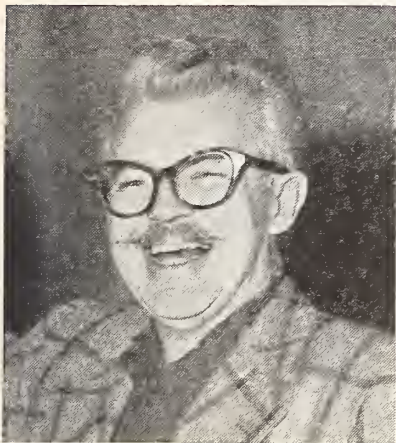
There are dozens of other low-calorie salads, enough for the entire summer: Aspic, apricot and grapefruit, molded pineapple ring, orange-pineapple-strawberry, ham, lobster, shrimp, just to mention a few.

Jellied consomme, a summer favorite, is especially low in calories. And remember that ordinary consomme, with little effort, can be made into jellied tomato or chicken consomme. Fruit cups, cantaloupe balls, and orange ambrosia are low-calorie sweets which may serve as appetizers or desserts.

Beverages are of extra importance to us during hot months, which presents a real problem for the dieter addicted to various bottled sodas. An average bottle is just about the equivalent of a small piece of candy, which you would probably turn down. The sugar content makes you just as hot as the candy would—and just as fat. Most punches are unusually high in calories. Recommended drinks are lemonade or limeade (sweetened with saccharin) and low-calorie fruit juices.

This, of course, is the time of the year when overweight people are most uncomfortable. The heat is much harder on them and exercise is difficult, if not impossible. There should be plenty of incentive for calorie-counting. You'll feel and look a lot better for it.

Congratulations, LADIES FAIR!



By Tom Moore

Announcing the Winners
of the
Big \$1,000 April Contest

CHOOSING winners in the Ladies Fair—RADIO-TV MIRROR games contest made me wish I could have attended the parties where all your games originated. As I studied the entries, I saw hours of fun rather than just the specified "fifty words or less." I saw crowds of happy people rather than mere sheets of paper.

Every letter, I am convinced, came from a person endowed with the gift of leading others to put aside personal problems, forget individual differences, and have a good time together.

With thousands of entries, my staff and I had a tough time deciding which ones were best and, in the end, it was usually the contestant's comment which turned the balance. As we anticipated, we found a few new games and many, many variations of the old familiar ones which have been passed from generation to generation ever since the first American colonists lightened the toil of a harvest by holding a husking bee.

I was particularly impressed by the way our good old belief in equality showed through. Many contest games were plotted to put every- (Continued on page 28)

Tom Moore emcees Ladies Fair, M-F, 11 A.M. EDT, over the Mutual network.



1 TAKE A GOOD LOOK. This fragrant liquid-saturated pad is called the 5-Day Deodorant Pad and it is fast revolutionizing America's deodorant habits.



2 YOU WIPE UNDERARM, then throw pad away. Liquid in pad applies itself as no cream or spray can. No trickle! No sticky feeling or messy fingers.

EASIEST WAY EVER CREATED TO STOP UNDERARM PERSPIRATION AND ODOR!

And... 8 times more effective!

Once in a blue moon something comes along that is so much better than anything yet invented for the purpose that it sweeps the nation overnight.

Like home permanents... shift-free driving... soapless detergents. And...

Like 5-Day Deodorant Pads. Actually 8 times more effective in destroying odor-forming bacteria than the average of leading brands tested.

Women are literally raving about this new way of checking perspiration and odor. And they're deserting their old deodorants in droves.

An overwhelming percentage of women—and men too—who try 5-Day come back for more. Your cosmetician and druggist will tell you they've never seen anything quite like this happen before.

We've made it very easy for you to try this new wonder-deodorant. We'll give you a month's supply absolutely free! That's how sure we are that you, too, will say... "At last!... this is what I've been waiting for!" Just send the coupon below.

5-Day Deodorant Pads are available at all drug and cosmetic counters.

5-day *deodorant pads*

Please, madame, try 5-Day Pads at our expense! We want to send you a month's supply... **FREE**

5-DAY LABORATORIES, Box #1001
NEW YORK 1, NEW YORK

Enclosed find 10¢ to help cover cost of postage and handling.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE...STATE.....

RA-8 OFFER EXPIRES IN 60 DAYS



Save on cosmetic taxes! Instead of usual 20% tax on other deodorants, pay only... 2¢ on 25¢ size... 4¢ on 59¢ size... 5¢ on \$1.00 size

Do You Want Ingrid Back?

Hollywood awaits your answer

For details get August

PHOTOPLAY

Magazine at all newsstands now

Do you want Ingrid Bergman in the movies again? The future career of this great star rests in your hands. You, America's movie-goers, will make the final decision! Write your answer, YES or NO, on the coupon contained in the August issue of PHOTOPLAY. Ingrid and Hollywood want your answer! Don't fail to send in your coupon!



Extra! Choose Your Star!

Here again, as last year, when PHOTOPLAY readers helped boost Mitzi Gaynor, Tony Curtis, Pier Angeli and many more to stardom, is your big opportunity to make new selections for stardom. You are your own talent scout. Pick from over 60 newcomers in this issue—shown in 14 full-color pictures and 50 other glamorous photographs—your choice for top Hollywood billing. Help your favorites by sending PHOTOPLAY the coupon included in this issue.

OTHER OUTSTANDING ATTRACTIONS in August PHOTOPLAY INCLUDE STORIES AND PICTURES ABOUT:

Esther Williams Audie Murphy
Debbie Reynolds John Derek
Gene Kelly and many more stars

Don't miss this great issue!



Daytime diary



AGAINST THE STORM As Siri, the daughter of Professor Allen, becomes absorbed once again into the activities which concern Harper's faculty, new influences combine to help her put her husband's sudden death behind her. How will Mr. Monroe, of the English department, affect her life . . . and how will Siri in her turn affect the life of young Hugo Wilson, whose girl Adelaide cannot understand how her fiance feels about education? M-F, 10:45 A.M., EDT, ABC.

AUNT JENNY One of Aunt Jenny's recent stories took liberties with an old adage when it told of a case in which a mother did not know best. When Carol Baxter, only sixteen, fell in love with nineteen-year-old Lancey Smith, Carol's mother was doubtful, recalling a romance of her own early youth in which she had suffered a good deal. But was Lancey the same kind of boy as Mrs. Baxter's unworthy beau . . . or was Carol right about him? M-F, 12:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Broadway star Larry Noble, separated from his wife Mary by the machinations of wealthy Rupert Barlow, was about to see Mary to try to clear himself of Barlow's charges when he was kidnapped. At last, however, he believes he has proof that Rupert was behind the kidnapping. With this evidence, can Larry persuade Mary to listen to his defense and call off her divorce plans? M-F, 4 P.M. EDT, NBC.

BIG SISTER The past months have been hard for Dr. John Waync. so hard that his wife Ruth has reason to wonder, once or twice, if he has not actually welcomed his serious bout of pneumonia as a way of resting for a time from other pressures. Who can help Ruth to guide John back to a healthy emotional state as he continues despondent, though physically improved? Will Dr. Roger Marlowe do harm rather than the good he intends? M-F, 1 P.M. EDT, CBS.

THE BRIGHTER DAY In spite of the paralysis, caused by an accident, that confines Althea Dennis to a wheelchair, she cannot make those around her treat her as an overwhelmingly tragic figure. Her father's calmness, the housekeeper Franny's shrewdness, and particularly the matter-of-fact attitude of young Dr. Holden infuriate Althea, as they try to make her see life is not over for her. Will Larry Race be the victim of her frustration? M-F, 2:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE Young Julie Palmer unexpectedly finds herself an important person in her community by virtue of her husband's profession. Dan is a doctor, and because people have a way of making doctors their confidants, Julie learns a good deal about the troubles of those around her. In her own way she is often able to give as much help and comfort as Dan himself . . . but sometimes even Julie makes a mistake. M-F, 5:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL Reporter David Farrell and his wife Sally stumble over an unusually complicated set of circumstances when they become involved in "The Interrupted Wedding Murder Case," which begins when the murder of the bride's father makes a shocking interruption to a June wedding. What of the missing wedding gift, alleged to contain a vast sum of money? And what of the murderer, lost in what amounts to a sea of suspects? M-F, 5:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

GUIDING LIGHT As Meta and Joe Roberts approach the very brink of divorce as the result of the unflagging refusal of Joe's daughter Cathy to accept Meta as a stepmother, Cathy's own problems begin to pyramid. Is Joe right in insisting that Cathy's mistakes would have been made even if Meta had never come into her life? Is there any hope for Meta's marriage if she continues to blame herself for Cathy's unhappiness? M-F, 1:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

HILLTOP HOUSE The episode of young Marcia's cheating during an examination has had violent repercussions as she plans, and very nearly executes, a dramatic revenge against the teacher who caught her. Will Reed Nixon at last admit that his adopted daughter is something more serious than merely a spoiled child? And how will Julie Paterno manage the increasing emotional tension generated by Dr. Jeff's younger brother? M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, CBS.

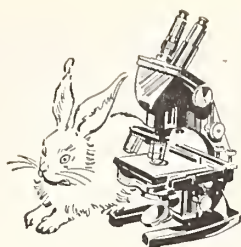
JUST PLAIN BILL Bill Davidson watches with anxiety the curious circumstances that appear to be binding together two dissimilar families in Hartville. What connection can there be between wealthy Sidney Chadwick and his son and the poor farm woman, Hannah Brooks, and her daughter? Is there some secret lost in the past to explain the relationship? Can Bill be of any help in preventing a tragedy? M-F, 5 P.M. EDT, NBC.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL Papa David has taught his adopted daughter Chichi many ways to create happiness for herself against the pressure of outside circumstances, but even Papa David knew that Chichi's greatest happiness would not come until she fell in love. Now at last he sees the girl he loves radiantly happy in her engagement to Martin Walker. Will the Vandebush family affairs straighten out as a wedding present for Chichi? M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, NBC.

LONE JOURNEY Lansing McKenzie's lonely excursion, which he intended to mark the end of his life with Sidney, is halted by a curious complication when he looks up an old Army friend, Jack O'Neill, and discovers what a strange, almost eerie person Jack has become. Jack's stunning blonde wife, Eva, attempting to explain her husband's apparent clairvoyance, further convinces Lansing that something most strange is taking place in his friend's life. M-F, 11 A.M. EDT, ABC.

LORENZO JONES How can Lorenzo keep his mind on his work at Jim Barker's garage when right there in town, in the Carmichael home, is a secret passageway that he is certain leads to buried treasure? Ever since Lorenzo removed a picture for Mrs. Carmichael and discovered the passage, he has been busy inventing schemes and treasure finders which—he keeps telling Belle—cannot fail to unearth the treasure. Or can they? M-F, 5:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.

MA PERKINS Mathilda Pendleton sets into motion events she can no longer control, when her suit for divorce against Augustus starts making changes in several lives. For instance, Amy McKenzie, who insisted that she and Augustus were good friends but would never be husband and wife . . . well, Amy might be changing her mind about that. And Ma, set against divorce though she is, is wondering too, about one thing and another. M-F, 1:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.



Rabbit eye tests prove ZONITE's absolute safety to body tissues in hygiene

The membranes of a rabbit's eye are far more delicate than those in the vaginal tract. ZONITE was put directly into rabbits' eyes *twice daily* for three months. Not the slightest irritation appeared at any time. No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is SO POWERFUL yet SAFE to tissues!

Young wives should not experiment with this vital problem



In this modern age, most women realize how important *complete* feminine hygiene (including *internal* cleanliness) is to health, married happiness, after their periods and to prevent offensive odors.

Young wives are no longer forced to experiment or rely on 'guesswork' about what to use in their douche. Gone forever are the days of poisonous and caustic antiseptics! A foolproof rule to follow is to use a germicide in your douche which can be accidentally SWALLOWED WITH SAFETY. A perfect solution is ZONITE. It is a powerful germicide yet *positively non-poisonous, non-irritating.*

ZONITE should forever clear away any doubts and confusion of what to use in your douche because: *no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is SO POWERFUL yet SO SAFE to body tissues!*

In ZONITE women have an antiseptic that *completely* solves their most pressing and intimate problem.

Warns Against Use of Vinegar

The modern well-informed woman would never think of resorting to weak

homemade solutions of vinegar for her douche. Would you use vinegar as a *deodorant*? Of course not! Would you pour vinegar over a cut and expect germicidal protection? Of course not! Vinegar and many other preparations have their use for the household. But certainly no intelligent woman should use such homemade makeshift solutions for the most intimate concern of her life.

The modern woman deserves a special, scientifically correct product for her douche. And she has it in ZONITE.

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 *instantly* kills every reachable germ. ZONITE can be used as directed as often as needed without the *slightest* risk of injury!



Zonite

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

© 1952, Z. P. C.

FREE! Mail coupon for FREE book. Reveals intimate facts and gives complete information on feminine hygiene. Write Zonite Products Corp., Dept. RM-82, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.*

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
*Offer good only in U.S. and Canada

R
M

Go swimming

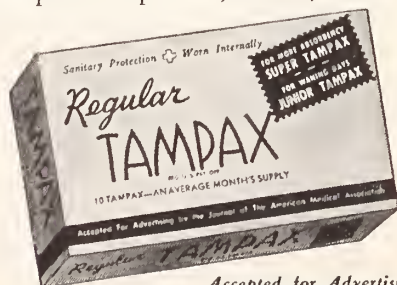


...rely on Tampax!

Take a leisurely swim and dry out pleasantly in the sun—any time you want to. Yes, you can enjoy the beach even on "those days" if you use Tampax sanitary protection. No more staying out of water or darning a quick, uneasy dip with a rush for cover afterwards. You can rely on Tampax for utmost secrecy whether bathing suit is dry or wet.

Tampax is an internal absorbent, invented by a doctor to be worn internally. No belts, no pins, no external pads with Tampax. Nothing whatever outside. No outlines and no bulges even under the snuggest clothes you could ever wear. No chafing and no odor. . . . Tampax is made of compressed surgical cotton and comes in applicators which make insertion easy. Actual size so small, disposal difficulties disappear.

You can buy Tampax everywhere at drug and notion counters and you can carry home an average month's supply in purse. Or get the economy package—neat and inconspicuous—holding 4 months' average supply. Three absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super and Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

Daytime Diary

MARY MARLIN Joe Marlin has been called upon to play the most dangerous game in which an American can become involved—that of pretending to be one of his country's enemies while in reality he is one of its most loyal citizens. Will he maintain the delicate balance of his position between the FBI and the subversive groups who claim him? Will Mary's help and loyalty give him the strength he needs to come through? M-F, 3:15 P.M. EDT, ABC.

OUR GAL SUNDAY Sunday and her husband, Lord Henry, are delighted when young Robert Hunter arrives to claim the inheritance left by his father, Myron, who was murdered by his greedy wife, Christine. But they are dismayed when Robert reveals his intention of giving away what he calls 'tainted money.' Will he succeed in getting Audrey West to take it, thus proving his cynical theory that no woman can resist taking money? M-F, 12:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY Badly injured during the capture of Gil, Pepper lies for many weeks in Elmwood Hospital, while his family tries to keep hoping he will pull through. It is unfortunate in many ways that Pepper's wife Linda is a nurse at Elmwood Hospital, for during a delirious period Pepper revealed some hidden thoughts that have shocked his wife so deeply that there may be an important change in their whole relationship. M-F, 3:30 P.M. NBC.

PERRY MASON Loneliness is a sad, dreary state, and people suffering from it have been known to do foolish things. Perry Mason becomes involved with an organization that manipulates the loneliness of its victims for its own gain. What will happen as he follows the queer, tangled chain of events which begins to unwind as fate puts one small lead into Perry's curious hands? M-F, 2:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS Proud as she is of her husband, Miles, Carolyn Nelson sometimes wonders if things wouldn't have worked out better if he had never become governor of the state. His health in serious jeopardy from a bullet wound, his character under fire, Miles now faces one of the most trying ordeals of his life. And in spite of her great courage and ingenuity, Carolyn fears the forces against them may be too powerful. M-F, 3:45 P.M., EDT, NBC.

ROAD OF LIFE As Conrad Overton's trail of wrong-doing, which extends far back over the years, comes dangerously close to exposure, the one relationship he prizes seems also to be tottering—that with his daughter Sybil. Will Dr. Jim

Brent and his friend, Frank Dana, bring Overton to a stop before some dreadful tragedy occurs? Will Jim be able to save Jocelyn, the girl he loves? M-F, 3:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT Who is behind the well-organized campaign of slander and persecution directed against Hollywood gown designer Helen Trent? Is it the wealthy Ogden Baileys, trying to protect their son Barclay from Helen, whom they believe to be a conscienceless fortune hunter? Is it Cynthia, who knows her estranged husband, Gil Whitney, loves Helen? Or is it the neurotic Lydia Bailey, wife of Helen's boss? How can Helen protect herself? M-F, 12:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

ROSEMARY As Bill Roberts' trial for the murder of Blanche Weatherby encounters legal complications, Rosemary's endurance is stretched to the breaking point. No help seems possible, for though Agnes Wilson, mother of the dead woman, holds a secret that could free Bill, she is neurotically adamant in her desire to make him suffer for a crime he did not commit. Will Eddie Miles be Bill's key to freedom? M-F, 11:45 A.M. EDT, CBS.

SECOND MRS. BURTON As Stan's serious illness prolongs itself, Terry bows to financial necessity and moves back to Mother Burton's house. She knows her life will be made unbearable by her mother-in-law's constant efforts to undermine her marriage, but for the sake of Stan and her children she steels herself to bear it. However, a shocking development in Stan's illness suddenly puts Terry in a most suspicious light. M-F, 2 P.M. EDT, CBS.

STELLA DALLAS Wealthy, eccentric Jared Sloane, Stella's neighbor, seems not to realize that his young secretary, Emily Calvert, is in love with him. Stella, trying to help this girl, who is a former schoolmate of her daughter Laurel's, wonders how to keep Jared from being deceived by the man who is supposed to be his friend, Eric Tyler. What is the connection between Tyler and Muriel Drake, who obviously wants Jared's money? M-F, 4:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

STRANGE ROMANCE OF EVELYN WINTERS Rivalry between two women controls the fate of the new show written by playwright Gary Bennett. Will the feminine lead be played by experienced Cecily Lockwood, who has starred in Gary's previous successes? Or will it be Gary's young ward, Evelyn Winters, whose recent Broadway debut was strikingly brilliant? When Gary makes his choice, will he also be choosing between the two women who love him? M-F, 3:45 P. M. EDT, ABC.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE Whatever happens to Nurse Nora Drake, she will not soon forget the nightmare scene when she and Dr. Ken Martinson were forced at gunpoint to perform an emergency operation on the dying Fred Spencer . . . nor Ken's breakdown at the crucial point. When, or if, Nora learns the secret Spencer holds—the secret of Peg Martinson's death—will it make her own predicament worse or better as she tries to prove her innocence? M-F, 2:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

WENDY WARREN Was it Hollywood, the actress Maggie Fallon, or something in Mark himself that caused his promising picture-writing contract to fall apart into such a distressing shambles? Wendy, who knows now that she should not have allowed her work to divide her from Mark, cannot help wondering if, at bottom, he really didn't love her enough to want to hurry their marriage. What can happen to them now? M-F, 12 Noon EDT, CBS.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES Endeavoring to disentangle his life from his damaging association with Claire O'Brien, Harry Davis sends his wife Joan to Paris with their children to have her out of the way of scandal he cannot hope to avoid. The effect on Joan is far deeper than Harry suspects. What will happen to her in Paris, as she tries to save her sister's marriage—and worries about her own? When Harry tells her the truth, will it be too late? M-F, 11:15 A.M. EDT, ABC.

THE WOMAN IN MY HOUSE Young Virginia Carter made a bid for independence and the pursuit of happiness when she decided to move from the family home and room with Caroline Wilson. But she may have been manufacturing something besides happiness for herself, for the progress of her romance with Stan is far from smooth. Stan's individual view of life—and his previous entanglements—make those who love Virginia wonder if he is the right man. M-F, 4:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

YOUNG DR. MALONE If Sam Williams begins to crack up under the pressure exerted by Gillette, can his son Gene help by fighting Gillette, or will Gene's antagonism only make things worse at the plant for everyone? Meanwhile, in New York, Jerry Malone tries to keep out of the family problems of Mary Browne Horton, though there are times when he would like to give Mary's husband, Ernest, an undiluted piece of his mind. M-F, 1:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN The difficulties encountered by Dr. Anthony Loring in trying to prove his long-ago first marriage was annulled have so discouraged him that he appears to have lost hope of ever marrying Ellen Brown. Is this the reason why Ellen, hurt and confused, accepts the romantic attentions of Dudley Collins? Or is there another reason for Ellen's interest in Collins, who is supposed to be investigating the old marriage and annulment? M-F, 4:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.



LANA TURNER



HOWARD KEEL



RITA HAYWORTH

MARIO LANZA



BETTY GRABLE

hot out of the camera off-guard candid

■ Stunning candid photos of the Hollywood stars by Ace lensmen. Handsome, glossy, fullsize 4 x 5 quality printed candid photos taken by our own staff cameramen. Look over the list. New poses and new names are constantly added. Keep your collection up to date.

Fill out and mail coupon today. Send cash or money order. 12 pictures for \$1; 6 for 50c.

WORLD WIDE, Dept. RM-2
63 Central Avenue, Ossining, N. Y.

I enclose \$..... for candid pictures of my favorite stars and have circled the numbers of the ones you are to send me by return mail.

NAME

STREET

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

STAR CANDIDS

1. Lana Turner
2. Betty Grable
3. Ava Gardner
4. Clark Gable
5. Alan Ladd
6. Tyrone Power
7. Gregory Peck
8. Rita Hayworth
9. Esther Williams
11. Elizabeth Taylor
14. Cornel Wilde
15. Frank Sinatra
17. Van Johnson
18. Rory Calhoun
19. Peter Lawford
20. Howard Duff
21. Bob Mitchum
22. Burt Lancaster
23. Bing Crosby
24. Shirley Temple
26. June Haver
27. June Allyson
29. Ronald Reagan
30. Dana Andrews
31. Glenn Ford
45. Bob Ryan
46. Kathryn Grayson
48. Gene Kelly
50. Diana Lynn
51. Doris Day
52. Montgomery Clift
53. Richard Widmark
54. Mona Freeman
55. Wanda Hendrix
56. Perry Como
57. Bill Holden
59. John Garfield
60. Bill Williams
61. Barbara Hale
63. Barbara Lawrence
64. Lon McCallister
65. Jane Powell
66. Gordon MacRae
67. Ann Blyth
68. Jeanne Crain
69. Jane Russell
70. John Agar
71. John Lund
73. Bob Stack
74. John Wayne
75. Yvonne de Carlo
76. Richard Conte
78. Audie Murphy
79. Dan Dailey
82. Larry Parks
83. Macdonald Corey
84. Janet Leigh
85. Wendell Corey
86. Farley Granger
87. Louis Jourdan
88. Tony Martin
90. Cory Grant
91. John Derek
92. Guy Madison
93. Ricardo Montalban
94. Mario Lanza
95. Joan Evans
97. Kirk Douglas
98. Gail Russell
101. Keefe Brasselle
102. Dick Contino
103. Scott Brady
104. Bill Lawrence
105. Vic Damone
106. Shelley Winters
107. Richard Todd
108. Vera-Ellen
109. Dean Martin
110. Jerry Lewis
112. Susan Hayward
113. Barbara Stanwyck
114. Hedy Lamarr
115. Betty Hutton
116. Coleen Gray
117. Terry Moore
118. Ruff Roman
119. Patricia Neal
120. Arlene Dahl
121. Tony Curtis
127. Piper Laurie
128. Debbie Reynolds
129. Penn T. Edwards
130. Carleton Carpenter
131. Jerome Courtland
132. Polly Bergen
133. Marshall Thompson
134. Gene Nelson
135. Jeff Chandler
136. Rock Hudson
137. Stewart Granger
138. John Barrymore, Jr.
139. Debra Paget
140. Dale Robertson
141. Marilyn Monroe
142. Leslie Caron
143. Pier Angeli
144. Mitzl Gaynor
145. Marlon Brando

COWBOY SPECIALS

25. Dale Evans
33. Gene Autry
34. Roy Rogers
35. Sunset Carson
36. Monte Hale
37. Hopalong Cassidy
38. Bill Elliott
39. Johnny Mack Brown
40. Al "Lash" LaRue
41. Jimmy Wakely

Dial Soap keeps complexions clearer by keeping skin cleaner!



Dial's AT-7 (Hexachlorophene) removes blemish-spreading bacteria that other soaps leave on skin.

The cleaner your skin, the better your complexion. And mild, fragrant Dial with AT-7 gets your skin cleaner and clearer than any other kind of soap. It's as simple as that. Of course Dial's bland beauty-cream lather gently removes dirt and make-up, giving you scrupulous cleanliness to overcome clogged pores and blackheads. But Dial does far more!

Here's the important *difference*: when you use Dial every day, its AT-7 effectively clears skin of bacteria that often aggravate and spread surface pimples and blemishes. Skin doctors know this and recommend Dial for both adults and adolescents.

Protect your complexion with fine, fragrant Dial Soap.



DIAL
DAVE GARROWAY
—NBC, Weekdays

Congratulations, LADIES FAIR!

(Continued from page 23)
one on the same footing, level the pretensions of the high and mighty, build up the nerve of the timid and, in accomplishing this, give everyone a good laugh.

My thanks to all who sent in entries, and my congratulations to the winners of the following prizes:

The gas range

Mrs. Ray Schalk
Louisville, Kentucky

Three-piece bedroom set

Mrs. Keith Mong
American Falls, Idaho

Lady's gold watch

Mrs. Lawrence E. Ford
Portland, Oregon

Tank-type vacuum cleaner

Mrs. Hathaway Gorsline
Indianapolis, Indiana

Year's supply of cosmetics

Mrs. Margaret Hopwood
Buffalo, New York

Five-piece aluminum ware

Mrs. Frank P. Sweet
Bakersfield, California

Two-quart pressure pan

Mrs. Geroy T. Anderson
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Automatic electric toaster

Mrs. George Prusoff
Miami, Florida

Deep-fat fryer

Mrs. Paul Schumacher
Youngstown, Ohio

Cigarette lighters

Esther Starrette
Mansfield, Pennsylvania

Mrs. W. N. Sorensen
Fresno, California

Mrs. J. F. Nicholson
Fort Worth, Texas

Mrs. Earl Brewer
Chehalis, Washington

Donna Neckers
Clymer, New York

Three-pair sets of nylons

Mrs. Roscoe R. Smith
Hampshire, Illinois

Myrtle Holden
Laramie, Wyoming

Joyce Conrad
Wilkes Barre, Pennsylvania

Mrs. Wm. Herbert Smith
Talladega, Alabama

Mrs. Carl Ross
Calhoun, Kentucky

Bottles of perfume

Rose B. Debs
Poughkeepsie, New York

Mrs. Carroll Evans Smith
Green Bay, Wisconsin

Mrs. J. E. Fisher
New Cumberland, West Virginia

Terri Endresen
Duluth, Minnesota

Erin O'Hara
Detroit, Michigan

one big HAPPY family



Don interviews his wife, Kay—who was mighty happy after they'd finished that ride to Springfield, Massachusetts!

Anything can—and
does—happen when the
Breakfast Club goes
on tour. But nothing
is ever too much for
Don McNeill's gang

By JERI WILLIAMS

AS EVERY listener knows, the Breakfast Club gang is like one big happy family. And taking a family on a trip across the country—just ask any mother of a brood—is a hazardous undertaking. So many things happen just because the group is in strange surroundings, living among new people, things that just never seem to happen at home. Then, too, this is such a large family, and each individual has his or her own way of getting in and out of situations. Aside from Don McNeill himself, there's Sam Cowling, Fran

See Next Page —

one big HAPPY family



The McNeills learned to use chopsticks—and Sam Cowling tried—at Lee's Restaurant in Manhattan.

(Aunt Fanny) Allison, Patsy Lee, Johnny Desmond, Eddie Ballantine, producer Cliff Petersen, engineer Jimmy Daugherty, secretary Mary Canny, the announcers, and Don's wife, Kay McNeill. All these made up the small clan which took the Breakfast Club on its recent tour, beginning with a first show in Boston, then a broadcast from Hartford, Connecticut, the very next morning.

It never fails, of course. Whenever a trip is planned, at least one member of the family has some sort of ailment which makes everyone doubt the sanity of taking him or her along. And the Breakfast Club was no exception. When they left Chicago, Kay McNeill had a small back ailment. So, before she left, she saw the doctor and the doctor said to take it easy—he'd tape her back so that she'd be as comfortable as possible, but she was to avoid any strain on it. Don had misgivings about her going at all, but had about as much luck as most husbands in trying to persuade his wife. She wound up persuading *him*.

After the show in Boston, Don had some business to attend to in Springfield, Massachusetts, so he and Kay decided to rent a car, drive to Springfield and meet the cast in Hartford later that day. The car they rented turned out to be a long, black limousine, chauffeur-driven—because neither of the McNeills knew Eastern roads. When Kay saw the length of the back seat, she decided she'd be more comfortable sitting up straight in the front seat with the driver.

They settled themselves and started out. In a few minutes, Kay was looking back nervously over her shoulder at Don. Something was radically wrong. The car was jerking along—seemed to be running out of

Happy highlight of the tour: Number-one Breakfast Club fans, the Jimmie Darous, rate big kisses from Johnny Desmond and Fran Allison, while Don "takes it big."





Biggest excitement: Producer Cliff Petersen, engineer Jimmy Daugherty and Sam Cowling watch firemen at work after the show's equipment burned up in Baltimore.

gas one moment, then riding smoothly the next. The next instant, it was running out of gas again. But it didn't take Kay long to discover what the trouble was. The driver was a very short man and he was simply having difficulty reaching the gas pedal with his foot, although the seat had been moved forward as far as it would go. He told them he'd stop and get a cushion at the next town.

However, they were now getting onto the highway and time was precious. So Kay got the bright notion that, being a fairly tall girl, she could reach the gas pedal easily with her left foot and handle the matter of feeding gas to the car for the rest of the trip. Which she did very efficiently, and the McNeills arrived in Springfield in even finer fashion than they had anticipated. What's more, when they got out of the car, Kay gave a squeal of delight: "Don—my back! It feels great. The pain's completely gone."

She thanked the driver profusely and told him that, if it hadn't been for him, she would probably have gone about crippled for the rest of the trip. Poor fellow, it's doubtful if he understood a word of what she was talking about. Whatever had been wrong with Kay's back must have gone back into place when she stretched out her left leg. A cure which Kay could hardly have effected by remaining at home!

One thing about the Breakfast Club gang which makes Don particularly proud is the way they always stick together and help each other whenever there are any problems or troubles. (Continued on page 88)



The boss-man laughs as much as anybody when Fran Allison goes into her act as gossipy Aunt Fanny.

Don McNeill's Breakfast Club, M-F, 9 A.M. EDT, over ABC; sponsored by Swift & Co., Philco Corp. and General Foods.



These are the precious things I feel that Evelyn Winters is missing, the worthwhile treasures which fill my arms and make my world wonderful: My son Darnay, my husband Bill (Elwood Hoffman), my daughter Toni.

My life is simply perfect



Bill's a writer—which turned out to be a lucky break for me, because that's how and why we met. He also happens to be my idea of a perfect husband and father. What's more, the man can really cook!



Being a busy actress is exciting, but being a mother—also very busy—is the most fun of all.

As Evelyn Winters, Toni Darnay
seeks glamour and romance.

But, in real life, Toni's already
found it—and happiness, too!

by Toni Darnay

ALTHOUGH my name is really Toni Darnay, for almost eight years I've been answering to the name of Evelyn Winters every afternoon, and sometimes even in the grocery markets on Saturdays, my day off. Evelyn Winters is the main character in *The Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters* and I've come to know her intimately and well. She's a wealthy young orphan who longs for glamour and romance, all the time consumed with a secret love for her guardian, Gary. And there are times when my heart aches to have Evelyn learn the simple secrets of happiness—secrets which, as Toni Darnay, I could reveal to her.

For one thing, I'd have Evelyn happily marry a wonderful man like Elwood (Bill) Hoffman, my husband, and then I'd give her two lively children who would keep her from ever being sorry for *(Continued on page 71)*

The Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters—on ABC, M-F, 3:45 P.M., for Philip Morris. *Just Plain Bill*—NBC, M-F, 5 P.M., for Whitehall Pharmacal Co. Both EDT.



Today, Jane Nigh (of TV's Big Town) and her husband John (of the U.S. Navy) are glad indeed that—though their first date was "blind"—their hearts were not.

THE KIND OF

MY TRUE STORY

"WHY DON'T you marry me?" Bill's lips asked the question as his eyes told me once again, with all the tenderness which was part of him, that he loved me. Why? I asked myself the question which had kept me awake through dark nights, searching my soul, searching the past for an answer. . . . When I was eighteen (now I'm twenty-four) I had fallen in love with Ralph. It was a mad, wonderful, gay courtship. As gay as the crowds which filled the stadium to see Ralph race, as wonderful as the quiet when the race was over, as mad as the speed at which he drove around dangerous curves, past reckless opponents. His gifts were lavish orchids just to say he was thinking of me, passionate notes to confirm the love we'd whispered to each other but an hour before, theatre tickets so we could sit and hold hands. Then came the day when the wheels turned faster, as Ralph and his famous rival, Jack Jones, fought it out on the speedway and Ralph lost—lost not only the race, but his life, as well. In my blind grief, it seemed to me that all feeling, all life had truly left me there in the instant of that crash. Within a year, I learned to paint my face with a smile which hid my aching heart, to conceal the waves of emotion that swept over me at the mere mention of his name. It was during this period that I met Bill. Nearly five years had passed, with sweet, understanding Bill paying court, wooing me in his calm, staid way. He was head accountant in a shipping office, a position he'd worked steadily to obtain. . . . I stirred restlessly, as I leaned back against him. Slowly I said: "Bill, for ages now I've been asking myself why I won't marry you. You are the kindest, most generous man I know. You'd make some girl a good husband. But I'm not sure about—well, about us." "Joan," he whispered softly against my ear, "let me say only one thing to you. Against the excitement of a roaring crowd, I offer you a home; against the stimulation of a race run against death, I offer you love and, ultimately, children with their joys and sorrows. Can these compete with shadowy memory and bring you happiness?" In that moment, I knew. Perhaps, had Ralph lived, I might have been so blinded by daily thrills that the good things of life might have been forever denied me. A true excitement rushed through me as I turned to Bill and answered, simply, "Yes."

My True Story is heard on ABC, M-F, 10 A.M. EDT, for Bayer Aspirin and Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. Popular radio-television players Vicki Vola and Chester Stratton are pictured here as Joan and Bill in this story.



JOHNNIE RAY'S life story

He stirs the hearts of others
because his own heart has been so
deeply stirred—searching from
childhood for the answer
each man must find for himself

by Gladys Hall



"Never a girl I was in love with," he says, "until Marilyn Morrison came along!" Now she's Mrs. Johnnie Ray.

A LITTLE barefoot boy of five, slender and serious, climbed up on the dining-room table, an old oak table in a spacious, comfortable farmhouse located in the countryside near Dallas, Oregon. On the radio, Kate Smith was singing "Dancing with Tears in My Eyes" and the small boy, pirouetting around the table, sang it with her. Sang with tears in his eyes and in his voice.

In the farmhouse dining room, the small boy's only audience was his mother and his nine-year-old sister, Elma. Listening to him, there were tears in their eyes, too. And, when the song was done, hugs and kisses were showered on the pint-sized performer.

The given name of the five-year-old with the light tan hair, the slanted gray eyes, the face of a faun, was John Alvin Ray. Today, twenty years later, in the plush precincts of New York's Copacabana, young Johnnie—still thin as a reed, still intense, still with tears in his eyes—has sung to an audience solid with such celebrities as Jane Froman, Tallulah Bankhead, the Duchess of Windsor, Esther Williams, Frankie Laine, Fran Warren, Frank Sinatra and his Ava, Danny Thomas, Billy Eckstine, Marlene Dietrich and Milton Berle. When he had done, the energy, the passion, the ecstasy, the tears he spends as he sings, touched them. Touched that thrill-accustomed audience. Frankie Laine broke down,



Tears in his eyes may be Johnnie's trademark—but not when the girl in his arms is Marilyn, his beloved bride.

while Johnnie was singing "Cry," and cried like a baby. Talu went wild, then wilder (and asked Johnnie out after the show). Uncle Miltie mopped his steaming eyes and Jane Froman unashamedly reached for a handkerchief. In all who listen to him sing . . . the sophisticates at the Copa, the bobbysoxers at the Paramount, the teenagers at the jukebox, mixed audiences around any disc jockey program in the country . . . "Mr. Emotion" unleashes emotions, releases inhibitions. And tears. . . .

Johnnie is truly America's most talked-about, least known-about entertainer of this generation. Johnnie has sung this way since infancy. Sung this way, even when, later, he was to have trouble keeping a job. Trouble for quite a time, for eight long years of singing and hoping that someone would understand and listen, really listen as everyone does today.

Johnnie tells his life story in a very casual, easy manner. For, when he isn't working, Johnnie is as relaxed as a rag doll. He wears "easy" clothes. Slacks. T-shirts. Tweed jackets. And goes for grays.

He sprawls on the edge of his spine smoking, drinking black coffee. Or he makes a bed of two chairs (when a couch isn't handy) and lies upon it as he talks.

"I was born and raised on a little farm of about twenty-five acres, near Dallas, Oregon. And I stayed in Dallas the first sixteen years of my life. I went to high school there until my sophomore year. Then my folks moved to the big city, to Portland, where I was graduated from Franklin High. I didn't go to college; didn't think college had anything to offer—" an aside with his wry grin—"matter of fact, didn't think any school had much to offer at any time. I knew—I always knew deep down—what I wanted to do.

"My dad, a millwright, worked in a lumber mill. My mom was and is a mother—is there anything more? I have one sister, Elma, four years older than I. Elma's married now to Art Haas, a lumberjack. They have three kids and live in Roseburg, Oregon, right near Mom and Dad, who moved to Roseburg after the war.

JOHNNIE RAY'S life story

"I was born January 10, 1927, in Mom's bedroom at home. When I was a kid Mom used to tell me: 'You were born in this house, in this bed.' I used to sit on the floor in Mom's room and stare at the bed and think, *This is where it happened.*"

It was a big house that Johnnie was born in. "Barn-red in color," he describes it, "it wasn't an elegant house, but it was a strong, sturdy house. A friendly house, too. It liked children and animals. It had a big front porch where Mom and Dad and Elma and I used to sit after supper of summer evenings, talking and laughing and counting the stars. It had a big woodshed out back where my dad didn't whip me, *couldn't* have. He loved me too much. We love each other in our family. We're not ashamed to show it, either. That's why I'm not ashamed to show my emotions now. It's as natural, as sincere, for me to cry on a stage as it was when I sang on the dining-room table back home. I've always been singing this way. . . ."

To the truth of this, Johnnie's sister, and best friend, bore witness as she said:

"When we were kids, I used to tell him, 'Quit hollering, for Pete's sake and relax!' I might as well

have told the wind to stop blowing, or a lark to stop singing its way, or any natural thing to stop doing what it was made to do, for truth is, Johnnie couldn't stop. He just couldn't.

"According to Mom, John was playing and singing 'Rock of Ages' when he was two and a half. Even allowing for the way moms are, she must be right, for I recall that he started to play things he'd hear on the radio—by ear, of course, for he's never had a lesson in his life—by the time he was able to reach the keys of the old organ we had in the parlor at home. He couldn't have been more than three then.

"When he was in the second and third grades he used to sing for his class and I can remember that, when we worked during the summer vacations, I'd be plugging away to earn a nickel while John would be singing, with tears on his high notes same as now, coming away with nickels, dimes and quarters in his jeans."

Elma's first distinct memory of her little brother is the day he was born. "I remember putting my foot on the ladder rung of Mom's old-fashioned bed and climbing up in (*Continued on page 83*)

The members of the wedding: Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Ray; their boy, Johnnie; Marilyn; her father, Charles Morrison; her mother, Mrs. Elsie Krueger. Ceremony took place in New York, with the Mayor himself among those present.



Margaret Draper and
Joe DeSantis
knew it was dangerous
to believe in
miracles—but not
the miracle of love



Every day's a
Brighter Day

• By DIANE SCOTT



YOU THINK it won't happen to you this way, but it does. *It did, to me.*" Margaret Draper was speaking (or was she singing?) of love. Of falling in love. Of the way, the precipitate, at-first-sight way she fell in love with Joe, and Joe DeSantis fell in love with her.

"I couldn't believe it really happened," Margaret was saying. "I wasn't thinking of falling in love or of getting married. Some day, of course, but not then. And the way it happened was so, you might say, routine. So all-in-the-day's-work. Joe had a radio program at the time called *Under Arrest*, in which he played the lead. I was called to audition for the part of a girl reporter. I met Joe when I read. I was impressed by him because he was very helpful (*Continued on page 89*)

Brighter Day is heard on CBS, M-F, 2:45 P.M. EDT, for Procter & Gamble. It can also be heard on NBC, M-F, 9:45 A.M. EDT, for the same sponsor.

Son Christopher's the heart of their home, but Joe and Margaret have many talents and hobbies. For instance, Joe made the statue below, the bookcases and the ingenious closet doors—which open to reveal the workshop at left.







The house for which Paul was willing to "mortgage his future"—now so secure for the four happy Dixons.

He wanted his wife to be happy, even if it cost him his career . . . then found the pot of gold in his own back yard

by Helen Bolstad

Here's one man who'd rather help around the house than go play golf!



WHEN PAUL DIXON's television show first began catching on, Mort Watters, manager of his home station, WCPO in Cincinnati—and also Paul's good friend—called him aside and issued an edict.

"If ever I catch you getting big-headed," he warned, "I'm going to take you out to the woodshed and wallop the tar out of you."

Paul's laugh was hearty. "If such woodshedding ever becomes necessary, you'll have to wait your turn. Marge will beat you to it."

It was a safe prediction for, although Marge is the non-interfering kind of wife, she also would be irked by delusions of grandeur. Slender and dark-haired, she has features bequeathed by an Irish colleen ancestor, but back of her pretty face there's a nimble mind, a quick wit and a down-to-earth quality which leads her to prefer a steak from their deep-freeze to vichyssoise at Sardi's, and a house with a big back yard to a Park Avenue penthouse.

In fact, these characteristics of Marge's are part of the foundation of Dixon's and Watters' own successful teamwork. Their association began when Paul decided he was willing to sacrifice his own dream of fame in favor of the immediate reality of providing a good home for Marge.

Watters calls Marge the kind of girl who would

PAUL DIXON —



home town boy

Paul's in his heaven with son Greg, daughter Pam—and Marge, for whom he made a dream come true.

PAUL DIXON—home town boy



Busy as his broadcasting schedule is, Paul has a hand in everything that's cooking around the Dixon house—even the inevitable dishwashing afterward.



Marge revels in being a mother, remembers when babies were a luxury the Dixons couldn't afford.

have been just as happy if Paul had remained in Albia, Iowa, and run a gas station. Marge says that's partly—but not entirely—true. She could never be happy unless Paul had a chance to do what he wanted, and Paul has always known what he wanted from broadcasting.

He has known ever since he was a small boy whose father, a pharmacist by profession, was a public speaker by avocation, much in demand at service clubs, lodges and high-school graduations.

WELL-SCRUBBED and attired in Sunday best, the Dixon children were sometimes permitted to accompany their parents to such doings. Sensitive even then to the reactions of those around him, Paul watched his father's audiences, learning to read in the set of a man's shoulders, in the nod of a woman's head, the assurance that his father was putting into words ideas they had groped to define.

So the child's ambition was born. Only, where his father had an audience of hundreds, Paul wanted millions. The magic and static of the superheterodyne was crackling into their county-seat town, and Paul Dixon lived, breathed and dreamed radio. It was all he asked from life.



Paul may need his sleep, but Marge knows he loves his lively youngsters as much as they love him.

The back yard's fine for the children—and it's a place where two contented parents can relax, too.

Obstacles appeared equally fast. When he was sixteen, his father died. After his graduation from high school, his mother moved to Washington, but Paul chose Des Moines. He managed two semesters at Drake College there, then quit school to concentrate on the radio stations. He got some work at KSO and KRNT, but proved more successful in love than he was in his attempts at a career.

Walking down the street one day, he encountered a girl who looked familiar, glanced back over his shoulder and discovered she was doing the same thing.

After delighted exclamations of "Aren't you Paul Dixon from Albia?" and "Aren't you Marge Hannam from Melrose?" they recalled they had first met at a band concert in the Albia courthouse square.

She was cashier in a hotel coffee shop, Paul learned. But, when on the following Wednesday he phoned to ask for a Saturday date, Marge said she was busy. Resourceful Paul asked, "How would you like to go (Continued on page 86)"



The Paul Dixon Show, Wed., 8 P.M. EDT, on ABC-TV. Also local programs, WCPO and WCPO-TV, Cincinnati.



should a wife try to Change her husband?

Lorenzo Jones is determined to settle down,
as Belle wants him to, but life has a
way of interfering with the best-laid plans

SOLEMNLY, Lorenzo Jones has assured his wife, Belle, that never again will he invent anything, never again play detective. Belle is overjoyed that Lorenzo is at last getting his feet on the ground . . . from now on, will be a different man. But is this possible? With the best intentions in the world, Lorenzo sets his mind to working hard at Jim Barker's garage and saving for their old age. Then elderly Mrs. Carmichael asks him to help move an ancestral portrait fastened above a fireplace in her old Colonial home. There he discovers a secret passageway, which Mrs. Carmichael is sure must lead to the treasure legend says is buried somewhere around the house. With sinking heart, Belle hears the news . . . she foresees Lorenzo's losing his job at the garage, while he once more concentrates on a will-o'-the-wisp fortune. But Lorenzo, if you know him as well as Belle does, is not content to be embroiled in just one fantastic problem—no, he must have still other outlets for his energy! He finds this through Pierre Olivet, a suave Frenchman with a beautiful ward who is reputedly one of the wealthiest girls in the world. Olivet has rented a house in the neighborhood and seeks Lorenzo's aid because, he says, his ward is being threatened by letters from a mysterious stranger . . . he won't go to the police, feeling the publicity would ruin his ward's chances for happiness in this country. Belle suffers through Lorenzo's feverish activity of detecting, treasure-hunting and, finally, the great social activity which attends his sleuthing in the Olivet home. Meanwhile, she busies herself with publicity for a local charity which will exhibit a million dollars' worth of jewels. Lorenzo, Olivet and the local sheriff plan the guarding of these gems . . . the wily Frenchman actually plotting to steal them on the night of the exhibition. Olivet hides the jewels in a secret passageway from his house—which connects with the one in Mrs. Carmichael's home! Lorenzo and Mrs. Carmichael find them there and believe them to be her hidden treasure. The local police pounce upon Olivet, as he threatens the two with a gun over possession of the gems, and lead him off to jail. Lorenzo is disappointed because he is not the hero of the occasion. And Belle is once more forced to realize that, if you can't change your husband, you might as well go along with him and have fun.

Karl Swenson (left) is Lorenzo Jones, M-F, 5.30 P.M. EDT, on NBC: for Procter & Gamble.



Godfrey's boy— Julius La Rosa

It was just like in the movies—and now Julius pinches himself to make sure the blessings showered on him by Godfrey are really coming true

By CHRISTOPHER KANE



Julius' gay, youthful parents (above) have reason to beam with pride, ever since he made that debut with Godfrey, while still in Navy uniform (left).

YOU KNOW the old success story. About the man who started out selling shoelaces, and he worked so hard he was able to get himself a pushcart . . . and he saved all his money and rented a store—and then his uncle died and left him a million dollars.

To Julius La Rosa, the twenty-two-year-old singer on Arthur Godfrey's radio shows, that joke's no joke. Julius started out singing like Sinatra, and he sang so hard he was able to get himself into the All-City chorus . . . and he piled up his experience and spent a year with the Navy Band—and then Arthur Godfrey gave him a job. The Godfrey part's the miracle. Because Godfrey's one man influential enough to take an average, nice-looking (Continued on page 81)

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

Sentimental

THEY WANTED TO KNOW MORE ABOUT EACH OTHER—SO ALICE FROST



It was a lovely wedding—but Alice had a typically Pamela-ish reason for being jittery during the ceremony!

Twosome

AND HER HUSBAND MADE A JOURNEY INTO THE PAST

by Marie Haller

EVERY Tuesday night over CBS, a gay, smart, pert woman named Pam North wends her scatterbrained way through adventure—to solve murders, discover swindlers, help her husband and the police lock up two-time losers—in the exciting drama entitled Mr. and Mrs. North. For nine years, Alice Frost—in real life as gay, smart and pert as Pam—has enveloped herself in Pam's personality and, for half an hour each week, lived the exciting life of her radio counterpart.

Now, in real life Alice is married—not to a publisher—but to a vice-president of a large New York advertising agency, in charge of radio and television production. She has never scared up a good murder, much less solved one. But, beyond that, Alice and Pam are as alike as two peas in a pod. Pam is first and foremost an optimist, so's Alice. Pam is quite adept at looking beyond the bare face and circumstances of an individual to find the real person—the good and worthwhile qualities. So is Alice. Above all, Pam is a sentimentalist, and so is Alice, to the nth degree. There is, obviously, a close bond of friendship and understanding between these two "intimate friends."

Just ask anyone who has ever worked with her whether they think Alice is as adept as Pam at finding the best in people. They'll quickly and positively answer, "Oh, yes . . . if not more so!" Even though a husband's vote on this question might be (Continued on page 70)

Mr. and Mrs. North is heard on CBS, Tues., 8:30 P.M. EDT, for Colgate-Palmolive-Peet.

Their apartment's filled with art objects—including Hugh Wolter's pastel portrait of Alice herself.

Alice and Bill dote on weekends in the country—when their busy city-bound schedules allow time.



Belated honeymoon: The Tuttles toured Europe, posing on a Swiss glacier—and with a "Beefeater" at the historic Tower of London.





ur



wedding miracle

The Bride and Groom program
gave us a fabulous wedding, a
wonderful honeymoon and memories
to be cherished forever

By LEON COOPER

IT COULDN'T have happened but it did. The bride is now definitely my wife—and that was far from being a certainty once—and we have beautiful memories of a television wedding and a honeymoon in Palm Springs. That latter part seems incredible. Never in our fanciest dreams did we imagine our honeymoon would be so fabulous. None of it would have been possible but for the TV show, *Bride and Groom*, and my own stubborn belief that I was the only man in the world for Eileen. But how I went about convincing her is quite a story.

First you should know about me. I'm now twenty-six years old, a science teacher in a Brooklyn public school, a frustrated ball player—turned down twice in try-outs for the Dodgers—and I've always been happy-go-lucky, at least I was until I met Eileen in April of 1950. I fell in love then and I was—alternately—feverishly miserable or deliriously happy.

Our meeting was strictly accidental. We were both majoring in physical and health education at Brooklyn College, so it was quite natural that we should meet in a folk dance class. We were doing a lively dance called the *Karabushka*. I was wearing a sweat suit and Eileen was in one of those gym outfits girls wear. As far as I was concerned, she couldn't have been more captivating if she had been (*Continued on page 79*)



I didn't see Eileen's gown until just before the ceremony. She looked so lovely I could have cried.

Bride and Groom, Mon.-Thurs., 11:15 A.M. EDT; Fri. 11 A.M.; on CBS-TV; sponsored by General Mills, Hudson Paper Napkins.



THIS IS NORA DRAKE —



Spencer's wife, Irene, follows Dr. Martinson and Nora Drake up the stairs to Gloria's apartment. She has a gun and tells them both she will use it if they make a sound or give any warning to police.

a story of fateful decision

To Nora, events of the past
twenty-four hours had a dream-
like quality. Was it true
that she was more deeply involved
than ever—in murder?

NORA DRAKE's emotions were spent, but her mind wouldn't stop busying itself with the events of the last few hours. Was it possible that this latest episode was going to land her in even deeper trouble with the police, with her friends, with everyone whose life she touched? Nora thought back to a few hours before, when she agreed to take Dr. Martinson to meet Spencer's wife. . . . Dr. Martinson's wife Peg had died recently under mysterious circumstances, and the police were on the trail of her chauffeur, Spencer. The latter's wife, Irene, had begged Nora to bring Dr. Martinson to see her, and Nora, believing Spencer innocent, persuaded the doctor to accompany her. The events that followed had an unreal, dream-like quality in Nora's mind. Irene, using a gun on Dr. Martinson and Nora, forced them to go to the apartment of her girl friend, Gloria, who was in a semi-hysterical state when they entered. Nora could still hear her screaming voice as she tried to tell them Spencer was there wounded—perhaps dead. Nora found herself feeling for Spencer's pulse, which was beating feebly. Dr. Martinson, in professional manner, had insisted that Spencer be taken to



Nora finds herself feeling for Spencer's pulse and, to her relief, finally locates its feeble beat. Spencer is alive! Does he hold the key to Peg Martinson's murder?



Awakening momentarily, Spencer pleads with Nora and Dr. Martinson to operate in the apartment. He's afraid a hospital will demand an investigation of the shooting.

See Next Page

THIS IS NORA DRAKE— a story of fateful decision



At a neighborhood drugstore.

Irene forces Dr. Martinson to admit that he can operate on Spencer in the apartment. She holds her gun ready in case he tries to flee when they go to pick up his bag.

Pictured here, as on the air, are:

Nora Drake.....Joan Tompkins
 Ken Martinson.....David Gothard
 Irene.....Ann Shepherd
 Spencer.....Ralph Bell
 Gloria.....Ruth Gilbert

This Is Nora Drake is heard over CBS, Monday through Friday, 2:30 P.M. EDT; sponsored by Toni and Air-Wick.

the hospital. Near-alcoholic, he appeared frightened, completely uncontrolled at the thought of operating on Spencer. Irene, however, gun in hand, commanded Dr. Martinson to probe for the bullet and remove it. Reluctantly, the doctor agreed to operate if supplies could be obtained. Still with gun in hand, Irene accompanied him to his apartment and the drugstore for the supplies. During their absence, Spencer regained consciousness and Nora pleaded with him to tell the truth about Peg Martinson's death. Suspicious of her motives, he refused to talk. Then came the nightmare scene when Irene and Martinson returned to Gloria's apartment. Martinson at first pleaded to remove Spencer to the hospital—with fear obviously the motivation behind his pleading. Then, failing to



. Martinson picks up supplies as Irene follows gun in hand.

convince Irene, he demanded a drink before operating. Irene, firm, hard, unrelenting, insisted that he start probing for the bullet. To Nora, it was an ironic sight, watching the shaking, alcoholic hands of Dr. Martinson probing for a police bullet in an effort to save the life of the man who may have murdered his wife. As he completed the operation Irene produced a drink. Nora watched as the doctor reached for the glass, then firmly put it down as if to say the stuff was out of his life forever. Miraculously, he found that he had taken the first step toward beating the plague of liquor. . . . Will Dr. Martinson be saved from himself only to become involved, along with Nora, in the murder investigation to such an extent that he faces ruin anyway? Can these events ever be explained to the police?



Spencer regains consciousness. Nora pleads with him to tell her what he knows about the mysterious death of Peg Martinson. Suspicious, he refuses.



Dr. Martinson, with Nora's aid, performs the operation. His hands shake as he operates for the first time without alcohol to give him false courage.



THIS IS NORA DRAKE—
a story of fateful decision

THIS IS NORA DRAKE— a story of fateful decision



Irene forces Dr. Mortinson to admit that he can operate on Spencer in the apartment. She holds her gun ready in case he tries to flee when they go to pick up his bag.

Pictured here, as on the air, are:

Nora Drake.....Joan Tompkins
 Ken Martinson.....David Gotbard
 Irene.....Ann Shepherd
 Spencer.....Ralph Bell
 Gloria.....Ruth Gilbert

This Is Nora Drake is heard over CBS, Monday through Friday, 2:30 P.M. EDT; sponsored by Toni and Air-Wick.

At a neighborhood drugstore.



Dr. Mortinson picks up supplies as Irene follows gun in hand.

the hospital. Near-alcoholic, he appeared frightened, completely uncontrolled at the thought of operating on Spencer. Irene, however, gun in hand, commanded Dr. Martinson to probe for the bullet and remove it. Reluctantly, the doctor agreed to operate if supplies could be obtained. Still with gun in hand, Irene accompanied him to his apartment and the drugstore for the supplies. During their absence, Spencer regained consciousness and Nora pleaded with him to tell the truth about Peg Martinson's death. Suspicious of her motives, he refused to talk. Then came the nightmare scene when Irene and Martinson returned to Gloria's apartment. Martinson at first pleaded to remove Spencer to the hospital—with fear obviously the motivation behind his pleading. Then, failing to

convince Irene, he demanded a drink before operating. Irene, firm, hard, unrelenting, insisted that he start probing for the bullet. To Nora, it was an ironic sight, watching the shaking, alcoholic hands of Dr. Martinson probing for a police bullet in an effort to save the life of the man who may have murdered his wife. As he completed the operation Irene produced a drink. Nora watched as the doctor reached for the glass, then firmly put it down as if to say the stuff was out of his life forever. Miraculously, he found that he had taken the first step toward beating the plague of liquor. . . . Will Dr. Martinson be saved from himself only to become involved, along with Nora, in the murder investigation to such an extent that he faces ruin anyway? Can these events ever be explained to the police?



Spencer regains consciousness. Nora pleads with him to tell her what he knows about the mysterious death of Peg Martinson. Suspicious, he refuses.



Dr. Mortinson, with Nora's aid, performs the operation. His hands shake as he operates for the first time without alcohol to give him false courage.



Heartbreak Child

By
VANESSA
DALE



SHOULD A YOUNG BOY



These are the people rebellious Beanie faced: Grandma and Aunt Vanessa—wha wanted to help; mather Meg and Grandpa, whase bitter persaaal conflict blinded them ta Beanie's great need for understanding.

ALL THE way across the country, from New York to Barrowsville, I wondered if I were doing the right thing. Beanie, my nephew, was in trouble, in serious trouble. He's only eight years old and from the very beginning of his young life he has been caught in the middle of family antagonisms, family troubles, that have left him bewildered and unhappy. Right at the moment, the principal at Beanie's school had persuaded my father—who is, of course, Beanie's grandfather—that it was best that Beanie be removed from the school and sent away. My heart ached for Beanie, for once

more he was being shoved from one situation into a strange new one, with little promise that the next would be better than the last.

Beanie is a boy who has had all the advantages that money can buy, and yet none of the advantages of love and understanding that parents could give (Continued on page 85)

Love of Life is seen M-F, 12:15 P.M. EDT, CBS-TV, for Whitehall Pharamaeal Co. As pictured the cast includes: Beanie, Dennis Parnell; Vanessa, Peggy McKay; Meg, Jean McBride; Grandpa, Edwin Jerome; Grandma, Jane Rose.

It took an unusual happening to bring Beanie and Grandpa together in the way Vanessa had hoped for. But could any advice from Grandma change Meg's willful ways—which had led to involvement in murder?



BEANIE BE FORCED TO PAY FOR HIS PARENTS' INDISCRETIONS?

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SHOULD A YOUNG BOY LIKE BEANIE BE FORCED TO PAY FOR HIS PARENTS' INDISCRETIONS?



Leslie Nielsen

A MEMBER of the breed of young performers whose talents have been developed almost exclusively on television, Leslie Nielsen has been featured in more than one hundred TV dramas since his first part back in 1949. A familiar figure on all the top TV dramatic shows, Les started his career as a nineteen-dollar-a-week disc jockey on a radio station in Calgary, Canada.

He was born in Regina, Saskatchewan, on February 11, 1926. His father, a Canadian Mountie, was transferred to the Far North when Les was six months old, and he grew up in Edmonton, Alberta. In 1943, after he was graduated from high school, Les joined the Royal Canadian Air Force. After his discharge in 1945, Les hitchhiked to Los Angeles with dreams of a movie career in his knapsack. But Hollywood turned out to be a cold, cold place to Les. Everything he tried there seemed to go against him. Les, discouraged, hitched back to Canada.

It was then that he started working for nineteen dollars a week as a disc jockey, but nineteen dollars seemed a pretty small reward for his work, and Les rebelled. He went to the Academy of Radio Arts in Toronto, where he won a scholarship to the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York. A season of summer stock in Boston followed, and then TV, where the young actor finally found his medium.

who's who in



Jane Morgan

WHEN Jane Morgan got her first job with the Boston Light Opera Company at twenty-five dollars a week, she never dreamed that one day she would portray the laughable, lovable, pixillated landlady of Eve Arden on *Our Miss Brooks*.

She got that first job after she was graduated from the New England Conservatory of Music with a thorough training in violin and voice behind her. Voice was more fun, of course, because it gave Jane the chance to use her acting ability, as well. Her violin training came in handy in a romantic way, for her understanding of that instrument made her just the kind of girl Leo Cullen Bryant wanted to marry. He was a violinist with the opera company when they met, and after their marriage he became the conductor of the orchestra.

As her singing roles got bigger, giving Jane more opportunity to act, she began to realize that it was acting she really enjoyed. Finally deciding to devote all her energies to dramatic work, Jane joined a stock company as leading woman, and was soon touring the country with such stars as Charlotte Greenwood and Barbara Stanwyck. In 1920, Jane made her radio debut on a program which featured the old-time movie actor, Lew Cody.

Miss Morgan and her husband live in San Fernando Valley, where they spend much time listening to classical music and playing with their granddaughter—the Bryants' major hobby.

THERE will always be a warm spot for a bull fiddle in Virginia Gregg's heart—for it was a bull fiddle that got her the first break on radio. One of the most sought-after actresses in radio today, Virginia began her career as a bull-fiddle player on a Pasadena radio network, in company with five musical girl friends who called themselves the Singing Strings. After a year on their first network, the girls moved to another station and played eighteen months before Virginia got her first chance for a dramatic part.

The bull fiddle was sold immediately, because Virginia, who had always wanted to act, was determined never to return to music-making again. But actually she had no reason to worry for, after that performance, Virginia found herself in great demand, was cast in every variety of radio role. She has portrayed everything from a seven-year-old girl to a ninety-year-old mother, little boys, harridans, Spanish señoritas, women of English nobility, and French peasants. At present, Virginia is regularly heard as Dick Powell's patient girl friend on Richard Diamond and as Betty Barbour on One Man's Family. Away from the mike, Virginia is Mrs. Jaime Del Valle. Her husband is the director of the Richard Diamond program. The Del Valles have two sons—ages, three and one—and three Great Danes. Virginia and Jaime share a great interest in radio and music, and the bull fiddle, of course.



Virginia Gregg

RADIO-TV

WITH accents soft, and manner suave, a new radio personality transports his listeners into that land of romance where the language is the same for all. The mere turn of a dial to ABC every day is the passport—the personality, Valentino. Taking his name from that heartbreaker of the Twenties, this latter-day sheik bears a striking resemblance to the first Valentino.

Barry Valentino was born in Landover, Maryland, thirty-two years ago. His father, a Hindu, supervised his education and engaged private tutors to instruct Valentino in a wide variety of subjects. An accomplished linguist, he speaks Spanish, Italian, and German fluently. He is a fine pianist, and his voice was trained for the concert stage.

Actually, it was through his singing ability that he got his big break. Vincent Lopez, the orchestra leader, discovered Valentino singing in a small club and asked him to join his band as vocalist. From that spot, he was noticed by ABC people—hence, his present program.

A great lover of the outdoors, Valentino is an expert horseman, and enjoys fishing and hunting as well.

Asked to describe his ideal woman recently, Valentino replied that he had none. He believes that there is something beautiful about all women—and most women agree that there is “something” about Valentino.



Valentino



Now that Audrey's making a home for herself, she's embroidering linens—keeping them in a "hope chest" which hints at another home still to come.

THE STAR OF MEET MILLIE SAYS: "IT JUST TAKES A LITTLE GOOD SENSE

If you must leave home—

by Audrey Totter

RECENTLY I was visiting my mother in her home in Los Angeles. It was right after a broadcast of *Meet Millie* and Mother had evidently been discussing my performance with her friends just before I arrived. After the usual greetings and introductions, she turned to me and proudly said:

"You know, Audrey, we think you're just as good as the professional actresses."

I smiled quietly to myself and later when I was back home in my own Westwood apartment, which I share with my sister Collette, I started thinking about this remark, and it suddenly brought back a flood of memories. All at once, I was a little girl again and my mother and father were comforting me with the idea that, after a while, I'd get over the notion of being an actress—didn't all girls go through this at some time or another—and, as soon as I was through with high school, I'd be wanting to go on with my college education just as my brothers and sisters would when they were old enough. But as high school finished—and with it my appearances in high school plays—my only ambition was to play act for the rest of my life.

Did you ever feel that sometimes it is necessary to lose much to prove a point? I sometimes think we stop dreaming our dreams when we try to make them into realities—if we succeed, we become happy human beings; if we fail, we have to depend all our life on just the substance of which dreams are made. I believe that if, at this turning point of my life, I hadn't been determined to do everything in my power to become an actress, I would have settled back to depending on my family—and (Continued on page 91)

Audrey Totter is heard in the title role of *Meet Millie*, Sun. at 9 P.M. EDT, over CBS; sponsored by Wrigley's Chewing Gums.

Calls for radio and films keep both the phone and Audrey busy. Offhours—when she's not reading scripts for her career—then she "sews a fine seam" just for fun.



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THE STAR OF MEET MILLIE SAYS: "IT JUST TAKES A LITTLE GOOD SENSE TO BUILD A HAPPY, WONDERFUL LIFE"



Make the most of _____

vacation time

Mike Wallace and Buff Cobb
have timely tips for both solo
travel and husband-wife trips

By FRANCES KISH



Gazing out at New York's East River, Mike and Buff dream of happy holidays past, others still to come—then drink their coffee, dress, and go over the day's work with director Judd Whiting.



MIKE (Wallace) and Buff (Cobb), favorite husband-and-wife team on CBS television, have some definite ideas about vacations. How to plan them, where to take them, what to do on them, whether husbands and wives should take separate vacations, whether an unattached girl should go off on a trip alone, how to make the most of vacation budgets, and how to come back feeling that you've had a wonderful time.

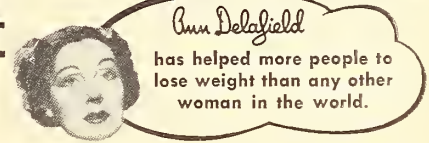
The fact that they don't always agree on all these points makes their comments that much more enlightening, because you get the masculine viewpoint, the feminine angle, and the general advice of two people who do agree that: (1) Vacations are wonderful things. (2) Everyone is a tourist at heart and likes to get around and see new sights. There is even advice for the stay-at-home vacationist. But wait, it's Mike talking first. Buff, of course, will get the last word.

MIKE: We think a *(Continued on page 92)*

Mike and Buff are seen daily, M-F, 2:45 P.M.; also Sat. at 9 P.M. on All Around the Town. Both EDT, on CBS-TV.

HOW NORA LACEY LOST 65 LBS. WITH THE ANN DELAFIELD REDUCING PLAN

A New, Easy, Natural Way to Lose Weight and Gain a Richer, Fuller Life



BEFORE AND AFTER MEASUREMENTS

	BEFORE	AFTER	LOSS
Bust	45"	35"	10"
Waist	37"	27"	10"
Thigh	26"	20½"	5½"
Calf	15¾"	14"	1¾"
Arm	13"	10½"	2½"
Weight	198 lbs.	133 lbs.	65 lbs.

"It's like being born all over again at the age of twenty-five!" Nora Lacey wrote the famous beauty consultant through whose help she lost 65 pounds. "My life is fuller and richer since I took the Ann Delafield Appetite Reducing Plan!"

Nora Lacey is one of thousands... virtually *hundreds of thousands*... who have achieved amazing success with Ann Delafield's help. During the last forty years this famous dietician, teacher and beautician has received acclaim from all over the world for her easy, natural principles of weight reduction. And now her method is offered to you in the Ann Delafield Reducing Plan... a plan that is bringing happy results to women (and men) who have never been able to successfully lose weight!

IT'S EASY... IT'S FUN

No wonder the Ann Delafield Plan is so popular! You don't count calories. You don't feel starved. You even have a piece of cake for dessert! Yes, you can "eat your cake and have IT, too." Miss Delafield has prepared generous, appetizing, yet low-calorie menus for you and gives you a choice—depending on how fast you want to lose weight. Pupils find it an *easy way to reduce that doesn't take the fun out of life.*

HERE'S WHY YOU DON'T FEEL STARVED

The secret of the amazing success of Miss Delafield's plan is a scientifically produced... and *delicious*... wafer called the Ann Delafield Appetite Reducer. Miss Delafield's pupils have called it "the greatest blessing a hungry person ever had." This wafer was conceived after years of practical experience and endless hours of consultation with physicians and dieticians. Those between-meal hunger pangs, so familiar to anyone who has ever suffered through an ordinary reducing plan, are quickly satisfied with the Ann Delafield Appetite Reducer Wafer.

BE HAPPY—BE SLENDER!

Why go on letting excess pounds keep you too self-conscious and tired to have the fun that should be yours? If your doctor has told you that your problem is not due to a glandular disturbance or organic causes, start on your way to slender beauty with the Ann Delafield Reducing Plan *today*. The complete package... containing *everything you need*... costs just \$6.95 (repeat package, \$5.95). For this low price you get not only your Appetite Reducer Wafers... but also your Vitamins... *plus* a valuable book that will become one of your best friends!

Nora Lacey's doctor examined her after her loss of 65 pounds and found her to be in excellent physical condition. Her letter to Ann Delafield tells a typical story of the great happiness achieved by those who have followed the Ann Delafield Reducing Plan...

"Dear Miss Delafield: Now at last I am able to do the things that I have wanted to do for years. After losing 65 pounds, I am not ashamed to go skating, dancing and to have all the fun that I missed before. It's like being born all over again at the age of twenty-five!"

Sincerely, Nora Lacey, Brooklyn, New York*

*Address on request from Rexall, Los Angeles

What you get with the Ann Delafield Reducing Plan:

1. A 116-page book giving you Ann Delafield's new, easy Appetite Reducing Plan, including suggested menus and vital beauty tips.
2. A 30-day supply of Ann Delafield Appetite Reducer... *not* a drug, but a delicious, non-fattening, scientifically-produced supplementary food that includes low calorie *Skim Milk Powder* and *Soy Bean Flour*.
3. A 30-day supply of the Ann Delafield Vitamin Capsules... scientifically prepared according to the Recommended Dietary Allowances, Food and Nutrition Board, National Research Council in 1948 for women on a 2000 calorie or less reducing diet, except for the omission of Thiamine, which has a tendency to increase your appetite.



SOLD AT REXALL DRUG STORES EVERYWHERE



Sentimental Twosome

(Continued from page 55)

considered somewhat biased, it is, nevertheless, true that this quality was one of the things which first attracted Bill to tall, lovely, blonde, blue-eyed Alice Frost—long before the question of Pam North entered the picture.

Their first meeting took place in the fall of 1939. Alice had been playing the title role of the daytime serial, *Big Sister*, for four years when one day a young man by the name of Bill Tuttle arrived at the studio to take over the directing chores of the program.

"No, it wasn't love at first sight, although I did like and admire Bill right away . . . admired him for his talents as a director, and liked him for his understanding and fairness with the members of the cast. I think what I most liked about him was his attitude toward our cast. He gave every actor the same respect. A bit player was just as important to Bill as the star—which in this particular case was me.

"You might say ours was a coffee-cup romance. Many were the hours we worked together over scripts and soggy paper cups of stale, cold coffee. At first, it was merely stimulating to watch this man revise and revamp scripts to get the most out of scenes and characterizations. Little by little, through these sessions, we got to know quite a bit about each other, and little by little those script meetings became longer and longer. Here I think Pam and I would have differed—being considerably less reserved and cautious than I, she would have fallen in love with Bill on the spot.

"I'm sure I don't know exactly when it happened, but somewhere along the line we fell in love, and in June of 1941, right after my last broadcast of *Big Sister*, we were married."

The wedding took place at the Pound Ridge, New York, home of one of Alice's closest friends, Janet Cohn, well-known play broker. Janet was her maid-of-honor, and brother, Carl, gave her away. In lieu of "live" music, Dick Liebert, the organist for *Big Sister*, cut a record of the Wedding March to be played at the ceremony. Unbeknownst to Alice, the minister—since it was an outdoor wedding—had agreed to allow movies to be taken throughout the entire ceremony.

"So, when the cameras didn't cease action as the actual ceremony started, I began to worry," explains Alice. "I didn't want anything to spoil my wedding, and I worried through the entire ceremony . . . worried for fear the minister would become rattled by the sound of the cameras constantly grinding away. Afterward, I found out I was the only one who came anywhere near being rattled . . . because I was the only one who didn't know that everyone else knew. Or do I sound like Pam?"

After the ceremony, Alice and Bill motored to Stockbridge, Massachusetts, where they had planned on a brief stay at a little inn recommended by friends. And brief it was. Much to their horror, at breakfast the next morning they found they were the only couple at the inn under seventy. Hardly the proper atmosphere for a honeymoon. So back they came to New York to spend the rest of the week at the Waldorf.

"Then we did something," continues Alice, "that I think Pam North would have approved of. I can practically hear her referring to it as our 'sentimental

journey.' We took another two weeks and motored out to the Midwest to retrace our childhoods . . . show each other where we had been born, and where some of the highlights of our adolescent years had taken place . . . and show each other off to our respective families. I'm from Minneapolis, while Bill's Chicago-born. We really had great fun. We stayed with Bill's folks for several days—resulting in quantities of background material on the man I married. Then we proceeded on to Minneapolis to see my mother—where Bill picked up quite a bit of the family-album type of thing. Then on to the little town of Mora, Minnesota, where my father had been minister of a Lutheran church—the church in which Mother had played pipe organ while I sang—and finally back home by way of Niagara Falls. Yes, I guess Pam would be right. It really was a sentimental journey."

"Home" to the newlyweds was a brand-new five-room apartment overlooking the East River in the Sutton Place section of New York. In fact, it still is. But Alice's hobby of decorating, redecorating, and re-redecorating has resulted in the layout of the apartment being the only thing to remain intact . . . that, and the piano she had before their marriage.

"Before we were married," Alice explains, "my apartment was furnished in Early American, while Bill's was modern. So I stored most of my furniture—for that 'home in the country' some day—with the exception of the piano and a few smaller pieces which would harmonize with modern. And, over the years, we've added and replaced until now we have a happy blending of modern, Early American and French."

The living room is predominantly modern—deep-green walls relieved by stark-white trim and wall candelabra. Sectional pieces upholstered in light, flowered fabrics, light wood end-tables, and a large circular, light wood Louis XV coffee table add warmth and coziness to the room. The deep-gray and pink bedroom combines French and modern. The tremendous bed and sectional dressers are modern, while the smaller pieces, including night tables, a little gray desk and a chaise longue, are French period pieces. Alice herself has refinished most of the bedroom furniture.

The library, which also doubles as hobby and guest room, houses her fabulous "Alice in Wonderland" collection. Scattered throughout the floor-to-ceiling bookcases, which line two sides of the room, are dolls and figurines inspired by the beloved Lewis Carroll classic. On the other two walls hang copies of the original Tenniel illustrations, drawn especially for Alice by Madeleine Pierce, along with a Luis Van Rooten map of the famous fable.

The story-book motif is even carried over into two lamp shades—Alice selected a few pages containing some of her favorite Lewis Carroll quotations and shel-lacked them to parchment shades. Not only do these make attractive and unusual lamps, but they have their practical side, too—act as handy reference pieces. "Can't you just see Pam," laughs Alice, "referring to lamp shades and coming up with some vital statistics!"

Because of their extremely busy schedules, the Tuttle does not migrate to the country during the summer months. "The general beat-the-heat exodus," says Alice, "doesn't really affect us . . . in fact, it would be silly of us to run away from our

delightful river breeze. Besides that, commuting with our irregular hours would take away all the enjoyment of a few scattered hours on a lawn."

Alice is kept on the move with Mr. and Mrs. North, Mama—in which she portrays Mama's younger sister, Trina—and the daytime serial, *The Second Mrs. Burton*, as well as roles on many of the well-known radio and TV dramatic shows. And Bill's work calls for frequent—generally sudden—out-of-town trips. So they save the country for free weekends, when they hop into their car and head for either a Connecticut golf course or an "as-the-spirit-moves" drive through lovely New England.

"When it comes to golf," confesses Alice, "the less said about me, the best. Bill is the golfer, has been ever since he was a young boy. Even at his worst, he's good. Many is the long, tedious hour he has put in trying to bring about a closer understanding between me and my clubs . . . with very little noticeable success. I like the game, but somehow or other don't seem to be able to get the knack of it. So I do what I consider to be a 'natural' for Pam North—go along for the walk. Bill says I'm just great at locating lost balls!"

But, when it comes to baseball, or football or the roller derby, Alice is right in there pitching—in the bleachers, that is. As a defense against Bill's great enthusiasm for these sports, Alice took it upon herself to learn as much about the games as possible, and it's now hard to tell which is the greater fan. "Actually," continues Alice, "we do very little entertaining any more. When we have a free evening, you can generally locate us at one of New York's stadiums, TV-viewing in our living room, or attending a theatre. Those are our three major mutual relaxations.

"As for the daytime hours, when I'm alone and not on a redecorating spree, I manage to keep busy pursuing my own pet interests . . . psychology, philosophy and singing. As a child and young girl, I sang quite a bit—mostly in my father's church. After graduation from high school, I won a scholarship to the MacPhail School of Music in Minneapolis, where I studied voice and dramatics. Actually, I came to New York with a musical-comedy career in mind. However, I soon discovered that considerable more training in the art of putting over a popular song was needed—I had been trained for concert work rather than musical comedy. But, before I could get around to further instruction, I found myself acting.

"On only two programs have I ever used my singing voice—on the original Walter O'Keefe show, we used to have great fun doing satire on some of the better-known operas—such as 'Carmen'—and on the *Stoopnagle* and *Bud* show, I sang comedy songs. Since then, everything has been straight acting. However, I've never really given up my first love, musical comedy, and recently, at the suggestion of several professional friends, I picked up from where I had left off years ago. Whether or not I'll ever sing professionally is hard to say, but at least I'm enjoying my studies.

"And whether or not Pam North would approve of a musical-comedy career is strictly problematical—but, you know, I have a distinct feeling she might be just the girl to do it. Maybe some day I'll give her the chance!"

My Life Is Simply Perfect

(Continued from page 33)

herself and help her to be more like me, because I'm extremely happy even if I'm not wealthy). One son would be called Darnay and by now he'd be four, and then there would be little Toni, just two.

But the main thing I guess I'd teach Evelyn is that, with all this crowding her life, she wouldn't have time on her hands—most of her unhappiness is a result of her not having enough to do. There just isn't time for trouble when you have the kind of days that the real me, Toni, has.

After I breakfast with Bill and the children and take the youngsters across the park to pre-school, I spend most of the morning doing the million-and-one things every housewife does: Plan menus, make out marketing lists, order things we need from the department stores (I never have time to go shopping), take care of the laundry and dry-cleaning, clean out closets or bureau drawers as nobody else could possibly do it for me, and deal with correspondence, tradesmen and all the million-and-one things that go into building a home.

By two-thirty I'm ready for Evelyn Winters rehearsal, followed by the program at three-forty-five (EDT), five days a week. Now comes the real race with the clock! At four, I dash madly from the ABC studio on West 66th Street in Manhattan, hurl myself into a cab for as fast a trip downtown to Radio City as possible, and rush into an NBC studio where I was *due* at four to rehearse for Just Plain Bill in which I play Bill's daughter, Nancy.

Naturally, I wouldn't change places with Evelyn for anything, but I'll admit I'm often tempted to, in my thoughts, for it's sometimes hard to try to maintain a smoothly running home and a normal family life. In fact, I'm sure I couldn't succeed at all if it weren't for Bill. And to think that I might have missed out altogether in ever meeting Bill, let alone marrying him! But that's another story.

To explain about that, I'd better go back a bit in history. I was born in Chicago, where my father and mother still live. Though my father is a doctor, all four of us children were infected with show business virus early in life—through Mother, who used to be in silent films. From the time I was eight I studied dancing, singing and acting at the Chicago Art Theatre, where my teacher was the wonderful Madame Lazareth who is still teaching at Hull House. There was never any question but that my sisters and brother and I *had* to be on the stage.

I went to Northwestern University at

night for one year, after I graduated from high school, rushing from class to dance in a night club. But, when I was nineteen, I decided it was Broadway for Toni, so I came to New York. While I was making the usual young-actress rounds of producers' offices, many of the other stage hopefuls I knew kept urging me to audition for radio shows. "It's a much steadier income, and you still have time free to look for stage work," my friend Wana Paul told me.

I never had any desire to do radio, but Wana was so insistent that I finally did audition for a few advertising agencies and "package" firms—producers who are not connected with a radio station, but who develop a complete program, with cast and script, and sell it as a "package" to a station or sponsor.

And then, of course, I got a job in a stage show. "So much for radio," I said as I left for the pre-Broadway opening in Philadelphia. The show was "Sadie Thompson," a musical based on the play "Rain," starring June Havoc and directed by Rouben Mamoulian, and I felt very happy to be singing and dancing in the chorus. It was slated to open November 16, 1944, on Broadway, and all my fondest dreams were about to be realized.

But I guess my guardian angel was watching over me. While we were in Philadelphia, I got a call to come back to New York and read for the leading role in a new radio serial to be produced by one of the "packagers" I had auditioned for. I got permission to skip rehearsal one afternoon, took the train to New York, and swept into the producer's office, where several other girls were waiting.

"I've got to get back to my show in Philadelphia," I said, so they let me read first. When I was asked to wait and do a second reading, I could hardly conceal my impatience, and kept looking significantly at a Pennsylvania Railroad timetable. They listened to a couple of other girls, then let me read again and I dashed for my train. Almost before I got back to Philadelphia, I received a call to send my picture and credits to the producer by return mail, special-delivery. A week later, I read again and was offered the role of Evelyn Winters.

I may not be the only girl in New York who made her Broadway debut and her radio debut within four days of each other, and I may not be the only actress who left her first Broadway show to concentrate on radio acting, but I'll bet there aren't very many others around. With "Sadie Thompson" opening on the six-

teenth and The Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters starting on the twentieth of November, I found it impossible to do both, and Evelyn won. I've never been sorry.

It was during the early days of Evelyn Winters that I met Bill. Bill had written a play and when the leading lady who was to read it didn't show up, I was asked to read the part. But for this coincidence, I might never have met him and six months later eloped with him to Elkhart, Maryland, where we were married in March, 1947.

Now, thanks to Bill, my life is simply perfect. Bill is a free-lance writer of radio and television scripts, and does most of his work at home, so he's usually there when the children are around and can take care of any of the little emergencies that come up in all homes with small children. This relieves my mind a great deal and makes it possible for me to concentrate on my work. As an extra added attraction, Bill is a wonderful cook, and fixes fabulous meals on the maid's night out and when we give dinner parties. I guess we'd never be able to have our friends in, if it weren't for this talent of Bill's, and I appreciate the results of his hours in the kitchen as much as any guest.

We both love the same things, so when we have an "evening out" together we never have a problem deciding what to do. We just head for a favorite restaurant, usually one which specializes in something exotic, and then go to the theatre. (Now that we're married, we usually manage to get there before the curtain goes up!) We are both crazy about New York City, and wouldn't dream of living anywhere else. In fact, when we want to spend a weekend alone together, we don't take off for the country or a resort. We take a room in a Manhattan hotel and just pretend we're out-of-towners on a vacation!

Evenings when we're home together, we're quite the settled married couple. Sometimes Bill works through the evening on a script, and at other times he throws himself into one of the hobbies he's always going in for. Right now it's painting and photography. I mend the children's clothes, or write letters, or sometimes indulge myself by going to bed and reading—next to the theatre, reading is my great enthusiasm. It's really a rare night when you see Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Hoffman stepping out on the town, because we love our hours at home so much.

Our big dream, right now, is to buy a house, right in the heart of Manhattan. I'd like for it to be like the house in which we have our apartment now—a lovely old brownstone with huge rooms, high ceilings, fireplaces, and conveniently near a park and a school for the children. This house, on Stuyvesant Square, was once the home of Tammany boss Murphy, and in its day was the height of elegance. We love our apartment, which occupies an entire floor overlooking the park, but it isn't really large enough for two busy people and two growing children. So we dream about "our" house, and when I have extra time I wander around gazing at the ones I'd like to own.

Yes, I'm glad I'm Toni Darnay. I may not have an abundance of time, but I do have a super-abundance of happiness. It doesn't take time to be happy. It just takes Bill, and Darnay and Toni. Someday I must tell Evelyn Winters. Then maybe she'll find her way to happiness, too!

listen to

HOLLYWOOD LOVE STORY

A complete romantic drama presented on each program. Cal York, famed PHOTOPLAY Magazine reporter, digs into Hollywood's love life for these heart-palpitating stories. Also latest Hollywood news.



Every Saturday morning, 11:30 A.M. EDT, NBC

The Kind of Man You Marry

(Continued from page 35)

over the telephone—the girl had a young, attractive Naval Lieutenant on her hands for the evening and she was going to be tied up and wouldn't Jane be kind enough to take the young man off her hands? He was just up for the weekend from San Diego and really he was nice, and really it wouldn't involve anything except Jane's going out to dinner with him—

What kind of a drip—Jane's thoughts ran parallel to her friend's chatter—would this be who was in town for Saturday night and didn't have a date? Especially if he's all she says he is. I really don't think I want to go but, on the other hand, maybe I should . . . she's done me favors so many times . . . including the last loan which I haven't paid back yet and. . . Aloud Jane said, "All right, send him over tonight."

As time for the date approached, Jane regarded herself in the mirror. Her pert, oval-shaped face was bright and shiny, and she hesitated over whether or not she should glamorize herself. She ran a comb through her short, poodle-cut blonde hair and straightened the line of her lipstick. She shrugged her shoulders and thought, This is my day of rest, and to heck with this young Lieutenant if he can't stand me as I am.

At the sound of the doorbell, Jane opened the door with as pleasant a smile on her face as she could muster. But the smile quickly faded into a look of utter dismay—the tall, red-headed Lieutenant was obviously no drip—he was a dream! As Jane stood there awkwardly for a moment, she took in his dress uniform, his neat and positively shining quality. And then she found herself hurriedly seating him in the room's most comfortable chair, trying to force a drink upon him, trying to get him to read a magazine while she went in and powdered her face and put on a dress that was newer than the last summer's model she was wearing. Taking a final look at herself before she faced the Lieutenant again, she found herself repeating his name, John Baker, nice name. He'd said he was from where? Whittier, California—that pretty little town not twenty miles from where she lived. Golly, she thought, he's really something!

There's the little fact that Jane modestly overlooked—she's pretty something herself . . . petite, curvy in just the right places, blonde, and blue-eyed . . . the Lieutenant was meeting an unusually attractive gal.

But that Saturday night she was anything but the calm, poised actress she's supposed to be. Her pert, flippant personality, just right for the characterization of Big Town's Lorelei, wasn't ringing quite true. She was too excited, for some strange reason.

The evening started off well, in spite of the fact that Jane recommended a popular spot for dinner—"and the food was just awful." John was too polite to criticize. He was even greater than his build-up. Truth was, John was too smitten to care. For John and Jane dined, danced and talked. They had *such* fun, and Jane thought: Why, this is the first boy I've ever been with, whom I've felt like this about—we just agree on everything. Then, he said it! "Will you marry me?"

Oh, he's just kidding, thought Jane to herself, maybe it's a new line. But, if he weren't. . . . Though Jane didn't show it, she was more than excited by the proposal.

And, as they parted, Jane gave John her

phone number, then hurried upstairs to fall asleep and dream. The dream was all about a certain Lieutenant.

The next morning came but John Baker didn't call. Nor the next day, nor the next. Jane felt crushed, depressed and angry in turn. So it *was* a line! Well, she was awfully glad she'd been smart enough to see through it all the time. After all, everyone had always said she should marry an older, sophisticated man—and maybe she should. What did this John Baker matter? She had her career to consider. She didn't have time for love now. She wasn't looking for it. She didn't expect it. Then came a call from her angry girl friend. Why had Jane stood John up? Jane couldn't contain the wild joy her heart felt when she learned from her friend, on that following Wednesday, that John had tried and tried to call her. In her excitement, she had given him the wrong telephone number. Jane laughed as she learned that John thought she, too, was giving him the brush-off. Her laughter had a slightly hysterical quality to it.

So the very next evening they met again. "Will you marry me?" he asked again. Jane looked at him for a long instant. Nothing had ever happened this fast before. She knew that he meant it. His eyes were just too honest. And she felt in her heart and soul it was right. She was relieved to say, this time, "Oh, yes, tomorrow." ("After all, I didn't want him to think I was too eager," she kiddingly adds now, in recalling her reaction.)

It was about three in the morning when Jane left John. She had made him solemnly promise he wouldn't tell a soul about their plans. Once home, however, she put in a hurried call to her own mother in nearby Long Beach. "Funny," recalled Jane, "Mom was so surprised she didn't sleep the rest of the night. And, at six o'clock the next morning, she was on my doorstep ringing the bell."

Jane convinced her mother that he was wonderful! Of course it was sudden, but this was it. She just knew this was it! And so her mother agreed. Then Jane hurried down to Nancy's, a local dress store. "Now, they didn't even open until noon that day," she said, "but I pounded so hard on the big glass door that they had to let me in. I picked out a pretty gray gown and hat to match and hurried home to pack."

When John—who hadn't told a soul—arrived at Jane's apartment, there sat his bride-to-be's mother, father, sister and the entire family of assorted relatives to greet him. Jane saw the surprise on his face. "Now, John," began Jane lamely, "I can explain—"

But John only laughed and met the family. They were charmed by his easy-going manner. Dad approved of his solid, down-to-earth approach and agreed that his plans of owning a potato ranch in the San Joaquin Valley sounded fine. Mom liked his tender, devoted attitude toward Jane. And the rest of the family thought him just great. John made such a wonderful impression on the family that Jane felt more than ever that her instincts had been completely right. In a daze, Jane went through the next twelve hours and came to consciousness only when John turned to her and said, "You pick out our wedding spot, dear." They were on the main street of Las Vegas, and it seemed the millions of bright neon signs were turned on her. "Wedding chapel," blinked one. "Marryin' Sam," beckoned another. Jane saw one, away from the others, and

pointed. "There," she said, unhesitatingly.

The Wee Kirk of the Heather was a small, quiet chapel. What with the twenty-four-hour courtship, the sudden decision to marry, the hasty shopping, and the race to Las Vegas, it was a blessing to Jane to feel the quiet chapel walls around her. They were reassuring, and once again the feeling overcame her that everything was as it should be.

The brief weekend that followed was wonderful but a blur. Jane can't even remember the name of the hotel where they stayed. John had to report to a Naval base in Oregon the very next Monday, and so Jane found herself back in Hollywood, alone, until she had finished making the first of the Big Town television features and could join him.

A few weeks later, they shared their first "home" alone for a whole week in San Diego. "It was only a motel," laughs Jane, "but it had a kitchen and it was our honeymoon house."

Because John was due to be shipped overseas at any moment, Jane wanted every minute with him she could have. They just loafed, laughed, shared fun, and became more convinced their love was a great and a wonderful thing. "We've never even argued," she confessed, "because we have nothing to argue about. Some people may think that quick marriages are no good—that problems will come up that can't be solved. Our only problem is that we haven't *any* problems!"

Jane wanted John to see her perform as Lorelei and rented a television set especially for the occasion. "You know," said Jane, mystified, "I don't think John wanted to see me. He dallied over dinner, talking more than he usually does, and seemed to do everything he could to delay the procedure."

"What's the matter," I asked, "don't you want to see me?"

"Of course," he hastily assured me. "But I've seen you. In a picture, not too long ago," he muttered.

"But he couldn't remember the name of the picture," laughed Jane, "nor the story. So I made him sit through Big Town. After it was over, I turned and said, 'Well—'"

"John looked at me (kind of in relief, I think) and said, 'You were good!' I think he was surprised that I could act."

Jane is eager to begin a real life with John, as Mrs. Baker. "I'm not used to the name—or even being married yet," she smiled. "When we were in the motel in San Diego, we were naturally registered as Mr. and Mrs. John Baker. Yet scripts for the TV show came by the bushel addressed to Miss Jane Nigh. I had forgotten to tell the studio my married name."

"I never knew it could be so much fun to be preoccupied with keeping house, shopping for dinner and stuff," she said, "but I must confess I run out of ideas for meals. My John says to plan my meals ahead, but how can I plan when I don't know what I'm going to have!"

Today, Jane finds herself on her own little cloud. Floating along in a perfectly beautiful world. Imagine meeting—and marrying—a man whom you'd known less than twenty-four hours, and having it be so right! Yes, love for Jane came along when she least expected it. Who would have guessed romance was going to come in the guise of a blind date—and what kind of a man is it who doesn't have a date on Saturday night?

"The kind you marry," says Jane.

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	News of America Barnyard Follies Joan Edwards Show In Town Today
10:00 10:15 10:25	Welcome Travelers	Cecil Brown Paula Stone News, Frank Singiser	My True Story Whispering Streets	Arthur Godfrey Show with Robert Q. Lewis
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	
11:30 11:45	Bob and Ray Dave Garroway	Queen For A Day	Break the Bank	Grand Slam Rosemary
Afternoon Programs				
12:00 12:15	News Kate Smith Show	Curt Massey Time Capital Commentary with Baukhage 12:25 News, Frank Singiser	Jack Berch	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
12:30		Local Program		Helen Trent
12:45	Luncheon with Lopez	Faith in Our Time		Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Merrill Mueller Dr. Paul	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 3:15	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life	Poole's Paradise	Ladies Be Seated	Hilltop House Art Linkletter's House Party
3:30 3:45	Pepper Young Right to Happiness		Mary Marlin Evelyn Winters	Carl Smith Sings 3:55 News
4:00 4:15	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas	Local Program 4:25 News, Frank Singiser	Thy Neighbor's Voice Dean Cameron Manhattan Maharajah	Johnson Family The Chicagoans
4:30 4:45	Young Widder Brown Woman in My House	Mert's Record Ad- ventures		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	B-Bar-B Sings 5:50 News, Cecil Brown	Big Jon and Sparky Mark Trail Fun Factory 1, 5:55 World Flight Reporter	Barnyard Follies Hits and Misses This I Believe

1. Tom Corbett Space 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	Robert Q.'s Wax- works
7:30 7:45	News of the World One Man's Family	Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	The Lone Ranger	Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	The Railroad Hour Voice of Firestone	Summer Show	Henry J. Taylor World Wide Flashes	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	Romance
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	America's Music Robert Montgomery Dangerous Assign- ment	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Bands for Bonds	John Daly, News Dream Harbor Time For Defense	Walk a Mile 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	Robert Q.'s Wax- works
7:30 7:45	News of the World One Man's Family	Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	Silver Eagle	Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Scarlet Pimpernel Barrie Craig, Investigator	Summer Show	Newsstand Theatre	People Are Funny Mr. & Mrs. North
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Life in Your Hands Summer Show	News, Bill Henry Official Detective Mysterious Traveler	America's Town Meeting of the Air E. D. Canahan, News	The Line-Up Louella Parsons 9:35 Pursuit
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	What's My Line? Robert Montgomery Stan Kenton Concert	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Dance Bands	John Daly, News United or Not	Candidates & Issues Music

Wednesday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren 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	Robert Q.'s Wax- works Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	First Nighter Great Gildersleeve	Summer Show	Summer Show Top Guy	Big Town with Walter Greaza Dr. Christian
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Groucho Marx, You Bet Your Life Summer Show	News, Bill Henry Out of the Thunder Family Theatre	Summer Show Crossfire	Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar Summer Show
10:00 10:15 10:30	Silent Men, Doug Fairbanks, Jr. Robert Montgomery 10:35 Portrait of a City	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Dance Bands	John Daly, News 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. Rukeyer Reports Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Silver Eagle	Robert Q.'s Wax- works Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Summer Show Nightbeat	Summer Show	Cafe Istanbul, Marlene Dietrich Defense Attorney with Mercedes McCambridge	FBI in Peace and War 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 Stars in the Air The Judge
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Ohio River Jamboree Robert Montgomery Tin Pan Alley	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Dance Bands	John Daly, News 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	Robert Q.'s Wax- works Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Roy Rogers Bob & Ray Show	Summer Show	Summer Show This Is Your F.B.I.	Musicland, U.S.A.— Earl Wrightson Big Time with Georgie Price
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Mario Lanza Show Summer Show	News, Bill Henry Magazine Theatre Armed Forces Review	Summer Show Summer Show 9:55 News, Win Elliot	Doris Day Show Summer Show
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Bill Stern Robert Montgomery Pro and Con	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Dance Bands	John Daly, News 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	Fun with Classics	New Junior Junction	News, Bill Shadel
11:15		Adventure on Thunder Hill		11:05 Let's Pretend
11:30	Hollywood Love Story	U. S. Marine Band	At Ease, with P.F.C. Eddie Fisher	Give and Take
11:45				

Afternoon Programs

12:00	News	Man on the Farm	101 Ranch Boys	Theatre of Today
12:15	Public Affairs	Fifth Army Band	American Farmer	Stars Over Hollywood
12:30	U. S. Marine Band			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	Lone Pine Mountaineers	Farm News
3:45				Correspondents' Scratch Pad
4:00	Win, Place or Show	Caribbean Crossroads	News	Stan Dougherty Presents
4:15		Finnegan's Box Scores		
4:30	Musicana	Hawaii Calls	International Jazz Club	Cross Section, U.S.A.
4:45				
5:00	Mind Your Manners	Harmony Rangers	Roseland	Music Festival
5:15				
5:30	Author Speaks	Bands For Bonds	At Home With Work Club Time	Treasury Bandstand
5:45	Key to Health	Pee Wee Reese		

Evening Programs

6:00	News, Bob Warren	Smiley Whitley	Una Mae Carlisle	News, Ed Morgan
6:15	H. V. Kaltenborn		Bible Message	U.N. On Record
6:30	Summer Concert—Hollywood Bowl	Pentagon Report	Harry Wismer	Sports Roundup
6:45			Talking It Over	Larry LeSueur, News
7:00		Al Helfer, Sports	As We See It	7:05 At the Chase
7:15		Twin Views of the News	Bert Andrews	
7:30	Case History	Down You Go	Dinner at the Green Room	Guns smoke
7:45	Friend of Faith	7:55 Cecil Brown		
8:00	Jane Ace, Disc	20 Questions	Saturday Night	Broadway's My Beat
8:15	Jockey	Summer Show	Dancing Party	Tarzan
8:30	Ralph Edwards Show			
8:45				
9:00	Meet Your Match			Gangbusters
9:15				9:25 Win Elliot
9:30	Grand Ole Opry	Lombardo Land		
9:45				
10:00	Summer Show	Chicago Theatre of the Air—Summer-time Concerts	At the Shamrock	Stars in the Air
10:15				
10:30	Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street		Dance Music	

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 Pulpit	Radio Bible Class	Message of Israel	Church of the Air
10:15	Art of Living	Voice of Prophecy	College Choir	
10:30	News, Peter Roberts			
10:45				
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	Charis Siesta	College Choirs	Brunch Time	People's Platform
12:15	Latin American Music			
12:30	The Eternal Light	News, Bill Cunningham Frank and Ernest	Piano Playhouse	Howard K. Smith, News Bill Costello, News
12:45				
1:00	Critic at Large "Mike 95"	Fred Van Deventer	Herald of Truth	Invitation to Music—James Fassett
1:15	Univ. of Chicago Roundtable	Health Quiz	National Vespers	
1:30		Lutheran Hour		
1:45		1:55 Game of the Day*		
2:00	The Catholic Hour	Top Tunes With Trendler	Marines in Review	The Symphonette
2:15		Dixie Quartet	Sammy Kaye Serenade	On a Sunday Afternoon—Eddie Gallaher
2:30	Hats in the Ring	Health Quiz		
2:45				
3:00	Elmo Roper	Jimmy Carroll Sings	This Week Around The World	
3:15	America's Music	Bandstand, U. S. A.	Billy Graham	
3:30	Bob Considine			
3:45	John Cameron Swayze, News			
4:00	The Falcon with Les Damon	Under Arrest	Old Fashioned Revival Hour	
4:15				
4:30	Martin Kane with Lee Tracy	Matthew Bell—Joseph Cotten		
4:45		4:55 Bobby Benson		
5:00	Hollywood Star Playhouse	The Shadow	San Francisco Sketchbook	King Arthur Godfrey's Round Table
5:15	Whitehall 1212	True Detective Mysteries	Heart Strings	World News, Robert Trout
5:30				5:55 News, Larry LeSueur
5:45				

Evening Programs

6:00	Tales of Texas Rangers	Sgt. Preston of the Yukon	George E. Sokolsky	Summer Show
6:15	The Chase	Nick Carter	Don Gardner	
6:30		6:55 Cedric Foster	Here Comes The Band	
6:45				
7:00	Best Plays	Affairs of Peter Salem	Concert From Canada	December Bride
7:15		Little Symphonies	Great Adventure	Doris Day Show
7:30				
7:45				
8:00	Meredith Willson's Music Room	Great Day Show	Stop the Music	Frank Fontaine Show
8:15	Summer Symphony	Enchanted Hour		Philip Morris
8:30				
8:45				
9:00		Open Concert	Drew Pearson	Meet Millie
9:15		John J. Anthony	Meet Corliss Archer	Inner Sanctum
9:30	Hats in the Ring		Three Suns Trio	
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

* Approx. time—Midwest & Southern areas only.

TV program highlights

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

Baseball on Television

Before the game:

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

DATE	TIME	GAME	CHANNEL
Fri., July 11	2:25 P.M.	St. Louis vs. Yankees	11 & 6
Sat., July 12	1:55 P.M.	St. Louis vs. Yankees	11 & 6
Sun., July 13	2:00 P.M.	*Detroit vs. Yankees	11 & 6
Mon., July 14	2:25 P.M.	Detroit vs. Yankees	11 & 6
Tues., July 15	8:25 P.M.	Cleve. vs. Yankees	11 & 6
Wed.-Thurs. July 16-17	2:25 P.M.	Cleve. vs. Yankees	11 & 6
Fri., July 18	2:25 P.M.	Chicago vs. Yankees	11 & 6
Sat.-Sun., July 19-20	2:00 P.M.	Chicago vs. Yankees	11 & 6
Mon., July 21	8:20 P.M.	Brooklyn vs. Yankees	11 & 6
Tues., July 22	8:20 P.M.	St. Louis vs. Giants	11 & 6
	8:30 P.M.	Cinc. vs. Dodgers	9
Wed., July 23	1:30 P.M.	Cinc. vs. Dodgers	9
Thurs., July 24	1:20 P.M.	St. Louis vs. Giants	11 & 6
	1:30 P.M.	Cinc. vs. Dodgers	9
Fri., July 25	1:20 P.M.	Cinc. vs. Giants	11 & 6
	8:30 P.M.	St. Louis vs. Dodgers	9
Sat., July 26	1:20 P.M.	Cinc. vs. Giants	11 & 6
	1:30 P.M.	St. Louis vs. Dodgers	9
Sun., July 27	1:50 P.M.	*Cinc. vs. Giants	11 & 6
	2:05 P.M.	St. Louis vs. Dodgers	9
Mon., July 28	8:30 P.M.	St. Louis vs. Dodgers	9
Tues., July 29	8:20 P.M.	Chicago vs. Giants	11 & 6
	8:30 P.M.	Pitts. vs. Dodgers	9
Wed., July 30	1:30 P.M.	Pitts. vs. Dodgers	9
Thurs., July 31	1:20 P.M.	Chicago vs. Giants	11 & 6
	1:30 P.M.	Pitts. vs. Dodgers	9
Fri., Aug. 1	8:20 P.M.	Pitts. vs. Giants	11 & 6
	8:30 P.M.	Chicago vs. Dodgers	9
Sat., Aug. 2	1:20 P.M.	Pitts. vs. Giants	11 & 6
	1:30 P.M.	Chicago vs. Dodgers	9
Sun., Aug. 3	2:05 P.M.	Chicago vs. Dodgers	9
	2:20 P.M.	Pitts. vs. Giants	11 & 6
Tues., Aug. 5	8:20 P.M.	Brooklyn vs. Giants	11 & 6
Wed.-Thurs., Aug. 6-7	1:20 P.M.	Brooklyn vs. Giants	11 & 6
Fri., Aug. 8	8:20 P.M.	Boston vs. Yankees	11 & 6
Sat., Aug. 9	1:55 P.M.	Boston vs. Yankees	11 & 6
Sun., Aug. 10	2:00 P.M.	Boston vs. Yankees	11 & 6

Monday through Friday

7:00 A.M. Today • 4 & 6

Carroway's wake-up edition, including news, special events and entertainment for two hours from Radio City.

10:30 A.M. Arthur Godfrey Time • 2

Fifteen minutes of Arthur's regular radio show on video.

10:45 A.M. Your Surprise Store • 2 & 6

Funster Lew Parker, assisted by glamorous Jacqueline Susann, with stunts, brain-teasers and a swap session.

11:15 A.M. Bride and Groom • 2

Come to the wedding as John Nelson emcees, Phil Hanna sings.

11:30 A.M. Strike It Rich • 2

Heart-rending interviews by Warren Hull as worthy contestants strive to earn as much as \$500 in cash.

12:00 Noon The Egg and I • 2

Sunny-side up entertainment in this daytime serial.

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

Ruth with music and song and her own ingratiating talks.

12:15 P.M. Love of Life • 2 & 6

Betty McCay as Vanessa Dale, an advertising woman, and her sympathetic, understanding handling of others' problems.

12:30 P.M. Search for Tomorrow • 2 & 6

Daytime serial accenting trials and problems of an American family torn between conflicts of two generations.

1:30 P.M. Garry Moore Show • 2 & 6

The irrepressible Mr. Moore with a full hour of variety.

2:30 P.M. First Hundred Years • 2

Jimmy Lydon and Anne Sargent as the struggling newlyweds.

3:00 P.M. Big Payoff • 4 & 6

Couples, with the husband on the spot, vie for prizes that begin with women's accessories and end with a trip to Paris.

3:30 P.M. Mel Torme Show • 2 & 6

While Bert Parks vacations, the "velvet fog" blows in.

3:30 P.M. Johnny Dugan Show • 4

The handsome Irish tenor and Barbara Logan in music and capers with a lot of fun participation by the studio audience.

4:00 P.M. Kate Smith Show • 4 & 6

The summer show will feature the two Bills (Goodwin and Cullen) with Robin Chandler and Katey, herself, on film.

5:00 P.M. Harkins Falls • 4

The laughs and tribulations of life in a typical small town.

7:30 P.M. Those Two • 4 & 6

Comic Pinky Lee and vocal-lovely Martha Stewart in skits.

7:30 P.M. Broadway TV Theatre • 9

Legitimate plays, ex-Broadway successes, presented full-length with live cast. New vehicle each week.

7:45 P.M. News Caravan • 4 & 6

A round-up of the day's news events with John Cameron Swayze.

Monday P.M.

8:00 P.M. Quiz Kids • 4

Joe Kelly quizzes his erudite moppets from Chicago.

8:30 P.M. Godfrey's Talent Scouts • 2

Arthur may be on vacation but showcasing of talent goes on.

8:30 P.M. Concert Hour • 4 & 6

Great music of all times, starring: July 14, Thomas L. Thomas, baritone; July 21, Mildred Miller, mezzo-soprano; July 28, Christopher Lynch, tenor. Each in thirty-minute recitals.

8:30 P.M. Washday Theatre • 7

Forget the laundry with feature-length Hollywood films.

9:00 P.M. Lights Out • 4

Hollow-voiced Frank Gallop with sleep-haunting tales.

9:30 P.M. Robert Montgomery Presents • 4

The big, hour dramatic show continues through the hot summer.

10:00 P.M. Summer Theatre • 2 & 6

Lighter offerings, as Studio One relaxes, with some repeats of winter plays. Betty Furness is your hostess for the hour.

Tuesday

8:00 P.M. Feature Film • 2

8:00 P.M. Juvenile Jury • 4 & 6

Uncle Miltie gives over to Jack Barry and his panel of junior-sized experts who discuss the problems of their contemporaries.

8:30 P.M. Sport Quiz • 4 & 6

Expert sport announcer. Bill Stern, is quizmaster.

9:00 P.M. Boss Lady • 4

A new dramatic series, filling in during the "dog days" until Fireside Theatre returns in cool, cool September.

9:30 P.M. Circle Theatre • 4

Excellently cast and produced original video plays.

10:00 P.M. Danger • 2

Tight, suspenseful drama in this weekly treat for whodunit fans.

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

Ted Mack, once Major Bowes' righthand man, continues in the great tradition with opportunity for amateurs of all ages.

10:00 P.M. On Trial • 7

Pro and con views of vital issues expressed by top government officials and congressmen with their distinguished counsel.

TV program highlights

Wednesday

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

Substitute Frank Parker, as Godfrey goes a'fishin'.

8:00 P.M. Heritage • 4

This is Kate Smith's nighttime replacement: Heritage, a proud, beautiful musicale, originating from the nation's capital.

8:00 P.M. Adventure Playhouse • 5

DuMont's established weekly presentation of fine full-length film fare from Hollywood or London studios.

9:00 P.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 6

Strong men cry as Warren Hull introduces needy contestants who vie for \$500 in the quiz, and touch the heart of the nation.

9:00 P.M. Kraft Theatre • 4

Superb, hour-long plays. Mostly originals, cast in New York.

9:00 P.M. Ellery Queen • 7

Suave Lee Bowman acts the role of the adventuresome criminologist with Florenz Ames cast as his father, Inspector Queen.

9:30 P.M. The Web • 2

Blood-curdling melodrama.

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

Boxing continues from outdoor arenas, when available, with possible supplementing by sport newsreels.

Thursday

8:00 P.M. You Bet Your Life • 4 & 6

Film returns of Marx madcaps.

8:00 P.M. Hollywood Offbeat • 7

Melvyn Douglas, as a private eye, solves Hollywood crime cases.

8:30 P.M. Chance of a Lifetime • 7 & 6

Dennis James, gives contestants the kiss of gold when they answer correctly on this well-known quiz show.

9:00 P.M. Man Against Crime • 2

Brawny actor Ralph Bellamy in his tireless crime-cracking.

9:00 P.M. Draquet • 4

Exciting, realistic crime drama. Alternate weeks Gangbusters, video version of radio series.

9:00 P.M. Royal Playhouse • 5

Popular feature films reissued for TV, in one hour length.

10:30 P.M. Foreign Intrigue • 4

Terrific suspense melodrama, filmed in Europe for video.

10:30 P.M. Author Meets the Critics • 5

Plenty of excitement as controversial books and their authors are put up for dissection. Quentin Reynolds as moderator.

Friday

7:30 P.M. Stu Erwin • 7

Stu and wife, June Collyer, present the funny side of domestic chaos. Sheila James and Ann Todd as their daughters.

8:00 P.M. Arthur Murray Dancing Party • 2 & 6

The dancing master's gracious wife with a delightful variety show, replacing Mama for the summer duration.

8:00 P.M. Curtain Call • 4

Noted producer, Worthington Minor, who gained renown with Studio One, has moved to NBC and this is his first new show.

8:30 P.M. Pantomime Quiz • 2

Two Hollywood teams compete in a variation of charades.

8:30 P.M. We, the People • 4 & 6

As the political battle gets as hot as the weather, WTP turns its full attention to dramatic and entertaining campaign issues.

9:00 P.M. Doorway to Danger • 4 & 6

Summer crime series while Big Story takes its usual hiatus.

9:00 P.M. Down You Go • 5

Dr. Bergen moderates on the Chicago scene.

9:30 P.M. Our Miss Brooks • 2

The wonderful and humorous Eve Arden turns off the heat and turns on the fun in a great video version of her radio show.

9:30 P.M. Campbell Playhouse • 4 & 6

Half-hour film shows with Hollywood actors take over for The Aldrich Family, gone to the mountains for a summer vacation.

10:00 P.M. Caravale of Stars • 5

Big hour of variety with big names. Comic Larry Storch, emcee.

Saturday

12:00 Noon Big Top • 2 & 6

You supply the peanuts, Ringmaster Jack Sterling comes on with sensational circus variety in the big ring.

5:00 P.M. Italian Feature Film • 9

From the great film studios of Italy: July 12, "Marco Visconti," starring Carlo Ninchi; July 19, "Bazaar of Ideas," Lillian Hermann; July 26, "Risky Game," Antonio Candusio; August 2, "Song of the Continent," Angelo Musco; August 9, "A Sea of Troubles," Umberto Melnati. All films with English titles.

7:30 P.M. Beat the Clock • 2

Emcee Bud Collyer takes contestants over the hurdles as they attempt parlour stunts to earn merchandise prizes.

7:30 P.M. One Man's Family • 4 & 6

You're a welcome guest at the Barbour's until July 19 for the following Saturday, American Inventory takes over for the summer.

8:00 P.M. Feature Film • 2

8:00 P.M. All Star Revue • 4

Headline comedians continue to rotate.

9:00 P.M. All Around the Town • 2

Husband-wife team, Mike Wallace and lovely Buff Cobb.

9:00 P.M. Blind Date • 4 & 6

Femcee Arlene Francis acts as chaperone.

9:30 P.M. Feature Film • 2

9:30 P.M. Saturday Night Dance Party • 4 & 6

Big-name dance bands set up their bandstand in your living room. Jerry Lester emcees.

10:30 P.M. Assignment Manhunt • 3 & 6

Snoopy Lanson and company take a breather while killers try to escape the hot breath of the pursuing investigator.

Sunday

11:15 A.M. Joe DiMaggio's Dugout • 4

The great ex-star of the Yankees with big league guests.

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

Top-flight circus variety with Claude Kirchner, ringmaster.

6:30 P.M. It's News to Me • 2

John Daly is the host.

7:00 P.M. Royal Showcase • 4 & 6

Hollywood star comic, Jack Carson, is your host to a half-hour of variety with guest stars and Gordon Jenkins orchestra.

7:30 P.M. Lucky Clues • 2 & 6

Mystery panel show filling in for the summer for Show Biz.

7:30 P.M. Meet the Press • 4

Dixie-tongued Martha Rountree moderates as a panel of news reporters fire questions at noted government personalities.

7:30 P.M. Manhattan Playhouse • 5

Movie time with full-length features from Hollywood.

8:00 P.M. Toast of the Town • 2 & 6

Ed Sullivan presents the cream of international talent in his full hour of smash vaudeville, with the Toastettes and Ray Bloch.

8:00 P.M. The Big Payoff • 4

The popular daytime show with Bess Myerson and Randy Merriman.

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

The show, famous in radio and movie shorts, now on TV with headmaster Clifton Fadiman, plus the wit and brilliance of John Kiernan, Franklin P. Adams and guest panelists.

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

Remains open for the summer with usual excellent dramatic fare.

9:30 P.M. Break the Bank • 2

The quiz show, that in radio and TV has paid out hundreds of thousands in cash. Ten questions posed by Bud Collyer.

10:30 P.M. What's My Line? • 2

Regular panelists Kilgallen, Cerf, Francis and Block rotate their vacations as guests stand in.

10:30 P.M. American Forum • 4

Discussion of lively topical issues with Theodore Granik.

Traveling the Road of Life Together

(Continued from page 36)

thermometer professionally or find a pulse-beat, and never took the Hippocratic Oath, he did grow up to be a "doctor"—one of national fame, too. Today, Don MacLaughlin is Dr. Jim Brent to millions of Americans—the leading character of NBC's popular daytime serial drama, *The Road of Life*.

"I guess I did want to study medicine at one time," the tall, good-looking actor recalls. "But, I was very young and I don't think I had given much thought to anything else. I suppose, more than anything, I was swayed by our neighbors in Webster. You know how it is in small towns, people always seem to expect the doctor's son to become a doctor, too. I can remember some of the patients patting me on the head, when I'd open the office door, and saying, 'My, my, you're getting to be more like your father every day.' I suppose I might have followed his footsteps, but Dad passed away when I was only ten and I no longer lived under that influence.

"When I tell people about my early background they are quick to say, 'Well, a doctor's son! It must be a snap, acting in a doctor's role.' I'm sure it has helped some, but I was so young then I didn't have much of a chance to learn a great deal. And, besides, my father was a real country doctor who spent the early days of his practice winding through the hills in horse and buggy, treating horses and cows, as well as people. The Dr. Brent in our radio drama is more of a specialist, of course, armed with the knowledge of modern medicine.

"However, living in small towns practically all of my life has been a big help. I think it has equipped me with a background that enables me to interpret my role in *The Road of Life*. The town I live in—Darien, Connecticut—is not unlike Merrimac, the setting for our serial. The people are pretty much the same. Therefore, when I walk into the studio each day to do the show it's not like stepping out of one world into another, as is the case in some roles an actor must play. The people in our story are very usual. It's just the events that are unusual and, of course, a little melodramatic.

"Then, too, I lead a rather normal life with my wife and three children, and I think this is a big influence, too. Very often, when I play a scene with a fictional character, I can parallel it with something that has happened at home. For instance, I have a daughter, Janet, who is ten—approximately the same age as Janie, my daughter in the radio play—and sometimes I find myself reading lines from the script that are just about the same things I would say at home.

"One day we had a scene in the story in which Janie was trying to learn to play baseball to gain favor with her boy friend, and this struck home immediately. My little girl, Janet, is a female Peewee Reese. She'd rather play baseball than eat, and this is an affection we share to a certain degree. At any rate, in handling my part of the father discussing baseball with daughter that day, I think I understood perfectly just how such a scene would go, thanks to Janet."

There are times, too, when a scene from the script will stick with Don and influence his thinking after he leaves the studio.

"Recently, my list of undone chores around the house had grown to the point where it exhausted me to even think about

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it," he relates, rather sheepishly, "and I had just about reached the conclusion that I'd hire a man for a day or two and get everything cleaned up with one fell swoop. But I found my conscience betraying me, for these were things a man should do around his own home. I toyed with the problem for a few more days.

"Finally, one afternoon when I was at the microphone as Dr. Brent, I found myself reading lines that said something like: 'Every man should be able to take care of things around his home, fix things that need fixing, and make his presence felt.' Well, on the commuter train back to Darien after the show, these words ran through my mind. When I arrived home, I found myself almost unconsciously changing into my work clothes to tackle the chores. I have wondered since if my wife and the writers, Charles Gussman and John Young, weren't conspiring against me."

Fortyish and ruggedly handsome, with blondish hair and blue eyes highlighting his features, Don is one of radio's most popular and successful actors. He is generally known in the trade as "the actor with the typical American man's voice," although at one time he feared the same slight Midwestern twang, which now is his fortune, would block his acting career.

"When I first tried to break into radio I was very conscious of the fact that I sounded like a Westerner, or Midwesterner, and, frankly, it worried me," he tells. "Being in New York, I suppose I was more aware of it. But, I can say, happily, that it never really hurt me one bit. Of course, I never would be cast in a Shakespearean role. But, on the other hand, if I had trained at the Royal Academy, I wouldn't expect to be playing my present type of part, either."

Don, who has been headlining radio dramas for the past fifteen years, is in his fifth year in the Dr. Brent role. He has starred in some fourteen other major networks' series, including Death Valley Days, Tennessee Jed and Counter-Spy. But, for all his long experience, he retains great enthusiasm for his work.

Don makes the one-hour trip from Darien to the NBC studios in Radio City by train each working day, arriving at 1:45 P. M. to start rehearsal. The cast runs through the script several times under the guidance of Director Walter Gorman, polishing up lines until the show is ready to go on the air at 3:15 P. M. After the broadcast, Don usually heads right back to Darien, unless he has another assignment at the studio.

Once home, he initially hears a critique of the show from his attractive wife, Mary, who tunes in the broadcast on the car radio while she is picking up Janet and Britt, who is seven, at school.

"Mary is a wonderful critic," Don admits. "She has no professional theatre background and this enables her to speak as an average listener. I seek her approval on everything we do and her judgment has never been wrong. The youngsters hear the show, of course. But, since this is just minutes after they have been turned loose by their teachers, I'm afraid they're not too interested in Dr. Brent's daily problems."

The MacLaughlins live in a picturesque white stucco house of early American vintage. A wavering shingle line gives it the effect of a thatched roof, and it is much like a large English cottage and stands apart from the Colonial-type houses so common throughout New England.

Actually the house has been converted from an old barn and this has brought about a unique arrangement for the eight rooms. The living room once was the carriage house and its ceiling is two stories

high, highlighted by massive cross beams eighteen inches square. It is bordered by a den and a step-down dining room, whose ceilings are of weathered wood from the sidings of the barn. The three bedrooms upstairs have been made from what formerly was the haymow.

The MacLaughlin household is thoroughly organized and all members of the clan have specific chores to perform to help Mary and the maid, Helen, who has been with the family ten years. Don, naturally, handles the heavier chores—when in the mood—helps with the gardening, and does his share to keep the velvet-like green lawn in shape. The latter is a project in which all participate, and such strength in numbers has eliminated the need for purchasing a power-driven mower.

"The youngsters generally are a willing group," Don points out with unrestrained pride, "and we don't encounter much griping at all. Doug, who is thirteen, is very clever with his hands and has turned out some real fine models of old-time automobiles. For a while I thought we might have a musician on our hands. He learned to play the guitar rather well and lately he's been plucking the bass fiddle, but I don't think he's too deeply interested in music. He has a scientific mind—likes to build radios, experiment with chemistry and study astronomy, and claims he wants to go to M.I.T."

"Janet, of course, just lives for baseball. We toss the ball around together quite a bit and she's a real hot-shot—can scoop up a ground ball almost as well as some big leaguers. Britt's a very good worker. He's the baby of the outfit, but he does his chores very diligently and takes a lot of pride in his work."

The MacLaughlins are confirmed Brooklyn Dodger fans—without a dissenting vote—and this probably explains Janet's rabid enthusiasm for the game. Don tries to get the family out to Brooklyn to see their heroes play as often as possible, but when this isn't accomplished they have the ball game tuned in on the radio or television set. Very often the TV receiver is set up so that all the clan can watch the game while continuing with lunch or dinner.

Don changes hobbies just about as often as a woman switches her hair-do.

"I was a red-hot camera bug along about the time Doug was born, but you can see how my interest has cooled just by looking at the family album. We have scads

of pictures of Doug at all ages and in all outfits, but you'll hardly find one of young Britt. I was pretty interested in photography for a while, though, even had a couple of pictures published. Then I switched over to the guitar, just about the same time Doug was learning. I came to the conclusion that it's the easiest instrument to play—badly. Why, even Doug showed me up.

"Lately I've been fooling around with oil painting and I find that very relaxing. I've done a self-portrait that isn't too bad. It's a good likeness of me, but the brushwork is pretty awful. I suppose I'll get tired of this, too, after a while. When you come right down to it, I guess acting is the only craft I've ever tried to improve."

Until Don settled down for his long stay in radio acting, the list of jobs he had previously held looked more like a vocational guide. He was a timekeeper in a dial telephone company, an illustrator, designer of miniature golf courses, a butcher, magazine writer, booking agent, high-school English teacher and a seaman on a freighter.

He was born in Webster and named William Donald MacLaughlin, but because of his father's poor health the family moved frequently, seeking favorable climates. As a result, Don went to grammar school in Springdale, Arkansas, three different high schools in Cedar Rapids, Webster, and Thornburg, Iowa, and four colleges—Iowa Wesleyan and Arizona, Northwestern and Iowa Universities, receiving his A.B. at the latter.

He majored in English and dramatics at college, and it was during his sophomore year that he was nipped by the acting bug. He appeared in some campus plays and, while he was at the University of Arizona, he had his radio debut over Station KVOA, in Tucson. He's probably the only man in show business who got his start in the role of a horse. Don had a small part in a radio play but it was cut out during rehearsal. He was re-assigned to help out the sound effects man and, as a result, his initial introduction to the airwaves was as a neighing horse.

After his college days, Don got the wanderlust and took off for the Orient to visit some missionary relatives in Singapore. He worked his way over as a seaman on the proverbial "slow boat to China" and, after spending six months there, returned to find a job in New York.

His first radio audition, for a post of staff announcer on a local station, consisted of reading a newscast. When it was over, Don learned that he had actually been on the air all the time. He got the job, too. "That blessed experience," he tells, "kept me from ever developing mike fright."

He did a hitch as road manager with Little Jack Little's band after that and later joined a radio stock company at WHN in New York, along with Kenny Delmar—Fred Allen's one-time Senator Claghorn.

Don met another young out-of-towner in New York just about this time. She was Mary Prugh, who had ambitions of becoming a newspaperwoman. They were married the following year.

Those were difficult years during the Depression. In Don's first full year in radio, he earned the staggering sum of \$22.50—which he received for two appearances. However, in 1938, he landed his first big break—a one-year contract in San Francisco to do a role in the serial, Dangerous Road. Since then, he's been one of the busiest performers on the network.

And, for all the bends and turns and ruts, Don MacLaughlin is pretty happy about his "road of life."

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RADIO-TV MIRROR
on sale August 8

Our Wedding Miracle

(Continued from page 56)

standing in front of a full moon in a glamorous evening gown.

I was stunned, a little groggy on my feet, but not out cold. We began talking and I found that her personality sparkled as much as her eyes. I learned she was a couple of years behind me in school, that her name was Eileen Levine, she was nineteen and lived in Brooklyn.

After that I found myself anticipating our dancing class. I combed my hair unnecessarily, hummed on the way to the gym and held my breath till I caught sight of her. She seemed to like me, Easter vacation was coming up, so I asked for a date. She accepted.

That Sunday we had a lovely time. We went to a students' hangout to eat, talk and listen to the music. And I went home miserable. Why? Well, I discovered—not really to my surprise—that Eileen had several other boy friends. Furthermore, she spoke well of them. I sensed it was going to be a long, arduous battle. And it was.

Instantly, everyone knew I was in love, my brother and sister and my parents. I remember my best friend asked me to double-date with him the following Saturday.

"She's busy," I said.

"Which she?" he asked. "What're you talking about?"

"Eileen can't go."

"Leo, you're sick," he said, then he paused. "No, you're in love."

There was no doubt of it. I waited on Eileen before, between and after classes. We went for long walks and talks. She seemed just as pleased with me as I was with her. But, when it came to dates, I had to get in line and wait my turn with the competition. It didn't seem fair.

"It's a promise I made to my parents," she explained. "I promised that I wouldn't go steady until I graduated."

And she had two years to go.

"You just want to have your cake and eat it," I would say when I felt real nasty. Other times I tried to explain how bad it made me feel that she dated other men when I loved her. Of course, I tried to understand her parents' reasoning, but nothing is reasonable when you're in love.

Our first kiss—now there was an occasion. It also marked my first major encounter with her parents. (Note: All this, while authentic, is told in the spirit of fun, for I think Eileen's parents are wonderful.) Eileen and I had returned from a school play. Eileen's father was sitting in the living room reading a newspaper and he went on reading. Eileen, who likes classical music, put on some records. Symphonies usually bore me, but listening was an excuse for staying, so I didn't object. Eileen's father didn't budge for thirty minutes then he crossed his legs, turned the page and went on reading. Never before did I realize that a newspaper contained so much. Then I borrowed the sport section, figuring there would be that much less for him to read. Two hours later he gave up. Defeated and saturated with world events, he wearily went to bed.

"It's late," Eileen said.

"Don't I know it," I said. "But I'm going."

At the door I stopped and waited for her to come close.

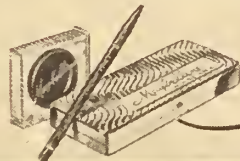
"May I kiss you?"

She nodded and I remember yet that her kiss was worth the two-hour wait. It was a real television-type kiss. I floated home but I wasn't up in the clouds for long. Although we saw each



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other regularly, week after week I got the same answer, "Sorry, but I can't go steady."

I know Eileen's folks liked me as a person, even though they weren't enthusiastic about having a steady suitor around. I suppose parents have more time to be critical when they have only one child. My folks met Eileen and took to her immediately.

"I wish you would settle down, Leon. You should have a steady girl friend now, like that nice Eileen," was my mother's comment.

She didn't know how hard I was trying. Then summer came and both of us worked as counsellors at camps. The camps, however, were 130 miles apart. To complete my anguish, one of my competitors worked within walking distance of Eileen. That summer I got to see Eileen only three times and each time I came away feeling, today it's me but tomorrow who? Eileen was strictly observing her parents' rules.

That fall we picked up our romance in the same irregularly-regular manner. I even managed to make myself a constant Thursday night dinner guest at her house, but it was still "sorry, can't go steady." By January—that was 1951—I was beyond being reasonable. I wasn't a knight on a white charger. I felt more like a tenderfoot on a bucking bronco.

On a Saturday night in that January, I went to a square dance. Eileen couldn't go with me. Not only was she going out with someone else but he was a blind date, arranged by her mother. I decided then that the bubble would break or be broken.

The next evening, I met her with some carefully prepared sarcastic remarks but she had the first word and it was music to my ears.

"Leo, I was sick last night."

"Something you ate?"

"No, it was just dreadful being with someone else."

It was the first time she had said it out loud.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" I asked.

"We're going steady," she said.

"How about your parents?"

And she told me. When she got home the night before, she went to her parents' room. They were both sleeping, but she woke her mother.

"I had a miserable time tonight," Eileen said.

"Go to sleep," her mother said, closing her eyes.

"I've decided," she said. "I'm not going out with any other boys but Leo."

"We'll talk about it in the morning," her mother mumbled.

I couldn't understand why her mother had so much trouble getting up then. She always managed to stay awake when I brought Eileen home from a date. Probably my courtship had been as strenuous for her as for me. That proved to be so, for in the morning, she readily agreed that Eileen and I could go steady.

I gave Eileen an engagement ring that April, the anniversary of the day we met. I'll never forget her eyes when she saw it—no painting could have done justice to the happiness on her face.

We tried to set our wedding date and I found our problems weren't quite over. Eileen had more school to complete. My salary as a schoolteacher was just about what you expect a teacher's pay to be and you can imagine how far it goes. We couldn't have a small wedding for there were too many relatives and friends in New York. A big wedding would be very expensive. And so the talk dragged on for months.

"Wouldn't it be wonderful," Eileen said

one day, "if we could put all of the money to be spent on a wedding and honeymoon into getting a good start."

"You have only one wedding and one honeymoon," I said. "It should be something to remember."

"Well, we might make it a major attraction and sell tickets," she joked, and then paused and mumbled, "Bride and Groom."

"What?" I asked.

"The television program," she said. "You know, they marry you and give you a honeymoon."

We had both seen the show, always jealous that it was someone else getting married. So we wrote for an application, filled it out and then waited. In the meantime, plans and discussions for the wedding were as mixed up as ever. Who would be invited? Where would it be? When? How large? Then one day there was a phone call. The wonderful, lovely Harriet Snelling, whom we'll always cherish, called us. We had been accepted as a couple to be married in April.

"You haven't changed your mind, have you?" she asked.

"I'm speechless, that's all."

Everything was settled. The date: April 3, 1952. The place: CBS-TV studios. The guests: Thirty-five—and everyone else could watch on TV.

Several weeks before the wedding, we met Harriet Snelling, who was to be our principal guide. She explained that Bride and Groom would furnish everything: Token wedding rings, formal suits for the groom and best man, and a lovely gown for Eileen. The program would also take care of our honeymoon, transportation and five days at a resort hotel.

"I've got seventeen days' leave from school," I said. "I'd like to go to Florida and then we could travel around a bit afterwards."

"I'm not sure we can manage that," Harriet said. A week later she phoned and asked, "How about Palm Springs in California?"

I just kind of babbled into the phone.

"I guess that means yes?" Harriet laughed.

"You bet."

A few days before the wedding we went

to Manhattan again. Harriet took Eileen into a room. The door closed and I read the poster: "It may be love he's admitting or a gown she's a'fitting, so do not disturb."

It was a gown, not me, and I observed the unwritten rule that the groom doesn't see his bride's dress until the wedding. And it was something worth waiting for. The dress was antique-ivory satin and lace with a full train, and the veil was fingertip. She carried a corsage of pink carnations pinned to a Bible. Eileen looked so lovely I could have cried.

We got to the studio early enough to rehearse twice, just as we would have rehearsed in church. Phil Hanna, John Nelson and everyone else was so considerate. Of course, they gave me the usual kidding: "Not too late to change your mind, Leo." John Nelson had no idea of just how I had worked to get that far! But, believe me or not, I was the least nervous. I remember Eileen, waiting for the official ceremony with the Bible held against her. She was breathing so hard, she told me, that she was afraid the book would pop right out of her hands. And then the director's hand was raised . . . pointed at us . . . and we were about to be married!

Show me the man who remembers all the details of his wedding and I won't believe he's real. I don't remember. But everything went smoothly. Then the wedding was over and Eileen and I were kissing. That brought me back to life.

But it was still just the start. After the reception, we were driven to the airport—with pounds of rice—and then literally and figuratively were in the clouds flying west to the fabulous Del Tahquitz Hotel in the resort town of celebrities, Palm Springs, California. We saw more movie stars there than you could find in any one column of Louella Parsons.

We had read a brochure describing the hotel and everything lived up to our expectations: The swimming pool, the dining room, our beautiful two-and-a-half-room suite that two bellboys led us to. Flowers in the room from the manager. We lived in luxury. We had snacks in the patio by the pool in our swim suits; we ate delicious meals. We took long walks at night and it couldn't have been more romantic, for even the street lights were hidden in palm trees.

When our five days were up, we took the few hundred dollars I had brought along, hardly touched as yet, to finish the seventeen days of make-believe. I rented a car and we began a tour that, I suppose, is every Easterner's dream.

We drove down the golden coast to Mexico and, on our way back, visited San Francisco and Los Angeles. We just didn't worry about anything, not even money. When we boarded the airplane in Burbank for our trip home via the North Star Caribbean Airline, I had only twenty-four cents in my pocket—just a penny short of what was required to tip the porter in New York. Even he didn't complain about being short-changed.

We came back to an apartment we're subletting until our own is available in Little Neck, Long Island. We've already received additional gifts from the Bride and Groom program: Queen Bess silver and Carole Stupell china service for twelve people. Then we are getting some bedroom furniture and a Westinghouse television set.

I can't say that the Bride and Groom show made me the happiest man in the world, for it was Eileen who did that. But Bride and Groom made our wedding and honeymoon the most eventful and happiest occasions in our lives. We hope our children will be as lucky.

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Julius La Rosa

(Continued from page 53)

American boy with a pleasant voice and make a star out of him. Julius, who's anything but conceited, blesses Godfrey several times a day, and pinches himself to make sure it's all true, in-between times. "I got six suits," he says wonderingly. "I used to get a new suit every year, for Easter. Now—six suits."

The story of Julius La Rosa begins in Brooklyn. He was born there on January 2, 1930. His father's name is Salvatore, his mother's name is Lucy, his sister's name is Sadie. Today, Sadie's married and has an eight-month-old daughter—but Julius fondly recalls that he and she nearly tore each other to pieces growing up. "Typical brother and sister," he says.

Salvatore La Rosa was in the radio-servicing business, but little Julius was never as interested in radio tubes as in what came out of them. He was practically the original Sinatra fan, went to hear Frankie at the Paramount, listened to his records incessantly while in high school. A real Sinatra fan.

His father would talk sometimes about the future. His father was a realist. "The radio business isn't bad, Julie—"

But Julie couldn't get with the idea. He had a sneaking suspicion about himself. Every time he watched Sinatra, he was putting himself up there on the stage and liking the feeling.

At Grover Cleveland High School, he passed for a fair student the first two years. "Then," he says, "I started noticing girls."

The main girl he noticed was named Marion Kennedy, and he and she used to go to Eisenbarth's after school and drink sodas and talk about life.

Around about this time, Julius' friend, Joe Sangiorgio, joined the High School Senior Chorus. Julius used to notice Joe was getting time off from classes for rehearsals.

"Some racket," Julius said.

"Why don't you join?" Joe said.

And there was Julius, wondering why he hadn't thought of that himself. He joined, and eventually made the All-City chorus of 300 voices. He went in as a second tenor, and came out as a first bass.

Julius sang with dance bands at school, and also entered several amateur contests. "I lost," he says sweetly.

Eventually he came out of high school, a bewildered young man. His father had a store by now and Julius tried working in it, but it wasn't any good.

He went to work in an office. It was a pneumatic tool company, and he was what they call a "ditto boy." You stood at a machine like a mimeograph, and you pressed copies of invoices, smack, smack, smack, all day long, until you felt like your arm was falling off. Thirty-five a week was the pay. Two months of dittoing, and Julius decided to quit. He went back to tell the office manager—secretly known as Fatty—the news. Fatty was enraged. "You can't quit," he said, in a switch on the old gag. "You're fired."

Julius went home and hung around. The family was very tolerant, but they wanted him to make up his mind. "Would you like to go to college?" his mother said.

"No."

"Get a job then."

"But there's nothing I like doing except singing."

Finally, Julius decided the Navy might be for him. The Paramount Theatre didn't seem to be hiring unknown Brooklyn boys as crooners, and Salvatore La Rosa had always talked about what a good life the



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Navy was. (He served during World War II.) "I wish I could go back," Salvatore would say occasionally, to tease his wife. "I've been to all the islands—Staten Island, Rhode Island—"

The islands business is an old family gag. Actually, Salvatore has never been overseas. He was due to sail, when he broke his leg on Treasure Island (off San Francisco) and got left behind.

"Japs I wasn't afraid of," he often boasts to his children. "It's just I wouldn't have liked to pick up any of those tropical bugs."

His children privately think that's a lot of baloney, but they listen indulgently.

Salvatore La Rosa's induction into the Navy had imposed a hardship on his wife. The kids were thirteen and fifteen (Sadie's the older one) and still in school. "So," Julius says, "Mama went to work as an operator on women's coats."

Ironically, two weeks after the Navy took Salvatore, the law was changed, so that men in his circumstances wouldn't have to go.

Anyhow, Julius decided he'd try the Navy, too. At this point, it was November of 1947, and since he wasn't eighteen, he needed the signature of a parent. His mother wouldn't sign. His father would. "If nothing else, it'll make a man of you."

Our "man" got to boot camp in Great Lakes, Illinois, homesick and miserable. It was his first time away from the family, and he even missed Sadie and the battles.

From Great Lakes, he went into the air branch of the Navy—"I decided to make Dad happy and learn electronics"—and attended a school in Memphis. After Memphis, he was transferred to an attack squadron on the East Coast as an air crewman (a radar operator), which he claims was his biggest thrill in the world. Later, he was transferred again, this time to the *USS Wright* (an aircraft carrier) as a member of the ship's company. By then he was doing aviation radio mechanics. This was in June, 1949.

Julius hadn't stopped singing, though. "No matter where you go in the Navy," he says, "there's always somebody playing a piano or guitar—there's always someone who can accompany you."

Julius had a short leave from the *Wright*, and the Korean war broke out right in the middle of it. A telegram arrived at the La Rosa house. "Get back," it said in essence. All the La Rosas were alarmed. "They had me shot, killed, buried," he says. And then, grinning, "I did, too."

Actually, the *Wright* was just speeding up its orders so it could go down to Pensacola and relieve another carrier. The duty of the *Wright's* crew, once it got to Pensacola, was to train naval cadets.

The ship had been there a couple of months when the crew got the news that Arthur Godfrey was coming down to be given his Navy wings. (Godfrey's been a member of the reserve for years, and is a wonderful flier.)

Two and two made four. Julius was known around Pensacola as "the kid from the *Wright* who sings." His pal, Gene Montalbano, an ex-neighbor from Brooklyn, also on the *Wright*, said, "Wouldn't it be terrific if Godfrey could hear Julius sing?" And a lot of other people were thinking the same thing.

It was just like in the movies. Julius' shipmates wrote and asked Godfrey if he'd listen to Julius sing at the enlisted men's club, and Godfrey wrote back, "Yes." Nobody could believe it.

On September 14, 1950, at about eight o'clock, after Godfrey'd played and entertained the boys, he suddenly said, "Okay, where's this kid, La Rosa, I've been hearing about?"

The next thing Julius knew, he was on leave in New York, and guest-starring on the Godfrey radio show. Godfrey offered him a suite of rooms at the Hotel Lexington, but Julius said thanks, he'd go home to Brooklyn.

Right after this, he found out he was being transferred to the U.S. Navy Band in Washington, D.C. This move, he reverently refers to as "the greatest."

Before he left New York, Godfrey said, "When you get discharged, come see me."

With these words ringing in his ears, Julius went off to the Navy Band. At first, the other musicians terrified him—"They were all virtuosos, and I'm a pop vocalist"—but he ended up thinking they were the most wonderful gang in the world.

He spent a year in the Band, touring the southeastern United States and loving every minute of it.

The time in Washington, he preferred to the time away from it, however. This was for a very simple reason. He fell in love. In Washington, he met "the most wonderful girl in the world."

It happened one night, when a couple of friends took him to a night club, and asked him to get up and sing a couple of songs. He did. After he was finished, this girl—her name was Bobbie—came over. "I'd like to tell you that you sing

very nicely," she said. Something like that, very ordinary.

He sang "Embraceable You" right at her. Bobbie had a date, and he—the date—was getting mad.

"But I had taken two looks at her," Julius says and, thus emboldened, he went over to Bobbie's table and thanked her.

"I never did anything like that in my life," he reflects now. "Go to a strange girl's table, and ask for her phone number."

He asked, she gave it to him, and they started going out together, Julius and his 5'4" blonde. "She was beautiful," he says, "inside, outside, sideways."

He wrote to his folks, but they thought it was just another crush. It wasn't. It was serious. "I wanted to marry her," he says today. "I wish I had."

Bobbie broke things up. She thought marriage wouldn't be good for Julius' career, and they argued the thing back and forth, and she finally married an ensign she'd known before—an Academy man.

Julius can be very honest about it. "She was going out with Tom before she met me," he says. "All I did was make things tough for her, present a problem. She's happy and expecting a child. I keep in touch with them. Her husband goes to school in Pensacola (he's a Naval air cadet). Pensacola . . . talk about irony. . . ."

Julius was supposed to be discharged in 1950, but because of the Korean war he was "frozen" for a year.

He got out on a Friday—November 9, 1951. On November 12, the following Monday, he was in Arthur Godfrey's office.

"I'm discharged," he told the secretary. "He'll call you in a couple of days," the secretary said.

There wasn't any point in hanging around. Julius went home to Brooklyn, and sweated out the phone call.

Three days later, it came. On November 19, he went up and signed his contract, and started as a member of the Little Godfreys.

"I have never," he says, "been so happy in all my life."

He means it, too. People who know him from one of the Godfrey programs ask when he'll be on other shows or when he'll do some recordings. To all of them, he says only, "That's up to Mr. Godfrey. He knows when I'll be ready."

He's got implicit faith in Godfrey, and believes he's being trained the right way—slowly. "I'm still a gawky guy," he says. "There's nothing professional about me."

You may not agree that there's nothing professional about Julius, but you've got to agree that there's nothing phony. The big head he hasn't got, or the star complex. He's a simple—in the best sense of the word—person, and a straightforward one.

Last Christmas, for instance, he felt he had a problem. He was worried about Godfrey. "What in good grief," he said, "can a guy like me give a guy like that who's got everything?"

Then he solved his own problem in his own way. He went into Godfrey's office, stretched his hand across Godfrey's desk and said, with his heart in his eyes, "I want to wish you a Merry Christmas."

Godfrey stood up. "Thank you, Julius," he said. "This is the nicest thing you could have done."

"He's the greatest," Julius will tell you about Godfrey. And you have a sneaking suspicion that Godfrey might return the compliment if anybody should happen to ask him.

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Johnnie Ray

(Continued from page 43)

order to be tall enough for a good peek. He was a fat, pink baby. Cute. But I was a little disappointed because he didn't get up and do anything. He just stayed there and slept.

"If I could have looked ahead a few years, I'd have been glad to let him lie there quietly for, even as a small child, John seemed never to have any fear and he was always on the go. At the age of four, he'd climb around the rafters in the barn where the least misstep . . . and no more Johnnie! He was nine, I think, when he swam the Willamette and nearly gave me and my parents heart failure. He was a fine swimmer, and is now, but the Willamette from bank to bank is a long way. And there was the day we nearly lost him in the flood waters of a swollen creek. Dad dived in, swam out to him, managed to get Johnnie back to shore. But it was a nightmare.

"John was a very lovable child and people have responded to his personality all his life. He has warmth and communication and he extends it to animals, too. At the farm and later, when we lived in town, he used to bring home animals of all descriptions; mangy cats, scroungy dogs that no one else would have around. John dragged them home, petted them, fed them, loved them. There never was such a boy for animals. As soon as he can get around to it, he's going to buy a farm where, he says, 'I can have a million of 'em!'"

As small children on the farm, Elma and John, inseparable, did all the normal things. They climbed trees, picked spring flowers, built great castles out of prune crates. "One of the most beautiful and peaceful memories we share," John said, "is sitting squarely in the middle of the road through the tangled grass, the sun warm on our backs, just talking, just dreaming. A great treat, too, was to ride on the back of the tractor with Dad, coming home the color of earth and sun."

On the farm it was by no means all play and no work for the two children. They had their chores, same as all the kids on the neighboring farms.

"I used to milk the cows, feed the chickens," Johnnie said, "and, in season, pick apples and walnuts, which were our main crops. During summer vacations, Elma and I earned money by picking cherries, prunes, berries for other farmers. Also, hops—and to this day, picking hops remains." Johnnie wrinkled his nose, "a thorn in my memory. It was the one thing my folks made me do that I didn't want to do, and I'm afraid I couldn't take it. I'd crawl into a sack and play possum. I'd play sick. I'd get lost.

"In school, too, I was a typical Huckleberry Finn. Any excuse I could dream up for ditching school, I used. I bet I had more 'earaches' and 'sore throats' than all the boys in the state of Oregon put together. They were remarkable ailments, too. They would never last past 9:30 A.M. School bored me. I couldn't and wouldn't understand it. I'd look out at the trees and fields and couldn't see the sense in being kept in a schoolroom. Shut in. Anything I hate, it's to be shut in."

In spite of his avowed claustrophobia in the classroom, school had its compensation for reluctant scholar Ray. He was in demand as a singer. "I sang at the meetings of the Girls' Athletic Association. They'd have assembly and I'd go in and sing for all those girls!"

And in the seventh grade, when he was twelve, Johnnie fell in love. Unfortunately

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ly, all the members of his first crush is only that her name was Jane Crieder, and that he wrote for her one of his first songs. The title was "My Heart Beats for You" and the first lines went, he thinks, something like this: "When I look at you, I thrill through and through, what else, what else can I do?" Jane, as the object of Johnnie's heart, was replaced in the eighth grade by Rosalie Johnson and, when he was fifteen and in his sophomore year, one Orlanda Ratslaff upped Johnnie's heartbeats.

"Since Orlanda Ratslaff," Johnnie laughed, "nothing. Just dates, that's all. Never a girl I was in love with until Marilyn Morrison came along. And then it was Marilyn and no more dates, for Marilyn is, I can truthfully say, my first and my only true love."

Of the songs, however, there have been many more, some 155 in all. Inspiration was not confined to the lady love of the moment, for songs come to Johnnie in many ways—traveling on a bus in California one night (he was too broke to travel any other way), a young girl seated next to him asked, "What do you do?"

Johnnie looked out at the Sierra Madres bathed in moonlight. "I write songs," he said. The song he wrote that night was "Mountains in the Moonlight." Again it may be a face glimpsed in a crowd, a painting, something said to him—a song is born and the lyrics and music take shape.

As a youngster, Johnnie, AWOL from regular school, never had to be "made" to go to Sunday school.

"I am not fanatically religious," Johnnie said. "I am deeply religious. I was brought up that way. Yet nobody can 'teach' you God. Or find Him for you. You've got to find Him for yourself. I did. Often, after Sunday school, I would go for long walks by myself. I liked to take long walks in order to think, perhaps just to dream. And I used to have little private conversations with God. I still have them, whether on buses, in trains, or in the wings of the theatres I play. That is simply the kind of religion I have."

In spite of the fact that Johnnie is the demonstrative type, as a child he was something of a lone wolf. He liked games, but with most of the boys he knew he had little in common. With one exception—Bill Blackley.

"No one, except Marilyn, the woman to whom I've opened my whole heart, has ever before heard me talk about Bill Blackley, a boy I grew up with, the best buddy a guy ever had. I just idolized that boy, who was two years older than I—old

enough for me to look up to as a big brother. I did look up to him, too.

"From the time I was six and he was eight, Bill and I were pals. We used to roller skate in Dallas. Love roller skating. Used to go to the movies. Sometimes we'd go camping out, too. Just hunt and talk. Bill was a good sport. He'd never shoot a deer when it was standing still. Or a rabbit, either. 'Every living thing,' he'd say, 'must have a chance.' Thanks to Bill, I learned sportsmanship. The clean kind.

"He used to apply this principle to humans, too. And for that I got slapped around a bit before I learned. One day, as we were coming out of school, the guy on Safety Patrol told me not to cross the street just yet. I got very snooty with him. I told him off. Bill was about six feet behind me. Next thing I knew, I felt his hand on my arm, spinning me around, hard. He slapped me down! 'If I ever catch you acting like this again,' he said, 'I'll fix you. That guy's doing his job.'

"I liked him all the better for it. I knew I was wrong, anyway. That's something you can't kid yourself about—when you're wrong, you know it!

"Once Bill came to my defense. It was a hot Saturday afternoon and all the kids were in the Park, fooling around, swimming in the creek. I was talking, I remember, to Orlanda Ratslaff, my crush that summer—oh, it was a wild thing!—when a guy named Sumner and another one named Hitt decided to beat me up. I was fourteen or fifteen at the time. They were older and bigger boys and they began to knock the dickens out of me. Sumner shoved my front tooth right through my lip. I still have the scar. He knocked my hearing aid off. My ear started bleeding. Then Bill moved in and you never saw two fellows get what they had coming to them so fast—they must have scars to this day, as I have.

"Bill took me to the crick, washed off my ear, my lip. *If people are on your side, I remember thinking, they love you, they'll protect you.* It's the kind of thing you never forget. I've never forgotten because, through Bill, I learned to love people outside of my own family, which has a lot to do with the fact that I'm the happiest guy in life. People love me and I love people—and now, I'm in love.

"The last time I saw Bill was in 1942, just before we left Dallas. He was killed in World War II—Lieutenant Bill Blackley." There was a moment's pause, then Johnnie said:

"Much as I love my family, much as they mean to me, Bill was the greatest

influence on my life. Basically, I learned my philosophy, my way around from him. Because I knew my success would make him happy, I've worked for him and for the memory of him. 'John, some day I'm going to be proud of you,' that's what he'd say. That, I hope, is what he is saying now.

"When I love somebody very much, like my family, like Marilyn, like Bill, the mere thought of something happening to them breaks me all up. If anything should happen, for instance, to my wife. I often think, I couldn't live! Yet, I would live. Bill taught me that, too. For I found out at last in the realization that Bill, a clean kid with no bad habits, went right back to God, where he came from. This being so, I couldn't wish to have him back with me."

Yes, packed into Johnnie's young life is sorrow, understanding, tragedy, love. Johnnie was twelve when he lost his hearing.

"Some Boy Scouts were tossing me up in a blanket," he said. "The blanket tore and I fell. The blow collapsed the Eustachian tubes. It took six months for me to realize I was deaf, then the doctors traced the cause of it. Nothing, so far as we know now, can be done about it, but it is nothing to sorrow about, anyway."

The accident which robbed Johnnie of his hearing didn't seem to bother him, as a child, any more than it does now.

"It made the rest of the family heart-sick," Elma said, "but John only turned the radio up louder! I don't think he realized that he *couldn't* hear until the folks bought him his first hearing aid. The night he got it, it rained and he was in bed. I remember him calling out to us, sounding very thrilled, 'I can hear the rain on the roof!' This simple sentence, which seemed to come out almost gratefully, brought tears to all our eyes, but we never let John know. He wasn't treated as though he were handicapped, and I don't believe he ever felt labeled as such. The kids at school were very interested in the hearing aid and he'd let them try it out.

"Shortly after he got his hearing aid, Johnnie discovered it had its advantages. I had a date. We were just home from the movie and I had poured us a bottle of pop. My date and I sat down to talk, when we heard a strange, ringing sound which we thought, at first, was the radio misbehaving. But the radio was off and, anyway, the strange sound seemed to come from behind an open door. Even now, after eleven years, I laugh and laugh when I remember the expression on John's face when we peeked behind the door and found him eavesdropping on our conversation, with the hearing aid turned up!

"I am sure that John never felt his lack of hearing put him apart from others. And he was grimly determined it would not make any difference in his already well-formed ambitions. He knew he was going to be a star some day. He's always had great trust in God and much faith in the power of prayer. For a good many years, John struggled hard for recognition and a bare existence in the West. But that is the way of success and never has his faith faltered. That is the way my parents brought him up and it is a very sincere Johnnie Ray tribute. Is it so wrong for Johnnie to give a lot of credit, and openly, to the Supreme Being? Johnnie Ray is not so egotistical, you may be sure, as to think that he did it alone."

(Next month the concluding half of Johnnie's life story will be published in RADIO-TV MIRROR. In it Johnnie tells the inside story of his love and marriage to Marilyn Morrison and the behind-the-scenes episodes which led to his success.)



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Heartbreak Child

(Continued from page 63)

him. Looking back over his young life, I remembered the time when I opened my apartment door in New York to find his forlorn little figure, tense with fear and antagonism, waiting anxiously to see if he could find shelter with me. Hearing and seeing what he wasn't supposed to, and not comprehending what he did hear and see, were at the root of the fear-ridden trip he had just made to me from Barrowsville. Beanie had a fear, common to many children—the fear of being an unwanted child whose mother consequently doesn't love him. The basis for this fear was very real in Beanie's mind, for he had heard Charlie, his father, and Meg, his mother, quarreling about the way he was being brought up. Charlie was blaming Beanie's faults on Meg, forgetting in the heat of anger that, as Beanie's father, he was as responsible as Meg. Meg, lashing back at Charlie in unbridled emotion, had screamed that she had never wanted a child anyway.

In the white heat of temper Meg had, with her own lips, voiced the fears which Beanie secretly harbored. No wonder he had taken his mother at her word (words which she really didn't mean) and had come running to me for comfort!

While Meg was on her way to get Beanie. I tried to make Beanie see that he was not the cause of the discord between his parents. I discovered that he heard them arguing frequently, often mentioning his name, and he had begun to believe he must be doing something very wrong which made them both unhappy and angry.

Then, hard on the heels of this experience, Beanie found himself the object of scorn both at home and at the school, through no fault of his own. Meg became the defendant in a murder trial because of an indiscreet meeting with attractive Miles Pardee when Charlie was away. Meg had witnessed the killing of Pardee. Because she was the last person to see him alive she was accused, tried and convicted on circumstantial evidence. The fact of her complete exoneration and legal acquittal later could not erase altogether the wounds of the whole tragedy—the scars of which Beanie will probably always carry on his soul.

In my ignorance and innocence I thought the best place for Beanie would be with my father and mother. What I didn't know, and probably wouldn't have admitted if I had thought about it, was that my father does not approve of Meg. To Dad, a human being is either all good or wholly bad and he could only see bad in his daughter Meg. To Beanie, he transferred all his pent-up anger at the situation Meg now found herself in. It was the same situation I had seen so many times in so many homes where the child is left defenseless because one of the parents takes out anger, really felt toward the partner, on the child.

At school, indignities were heaped upon a child who already, at home, had almost more than any little human should be asked to take. The other children, hearing scraps of conversations about the sensational Dales through their parents, began to taunt Beanie, ridicule him. Beanie struck back the only way he knew—with his fists. With all the strength of an eight-year-old, Beanie fought the bullies who had taunted him the most. He had to defend his mother for, in attacking her, they were also attacking him.

At this point, what Beanie needed from his grandfather was understanding. What he got was punishment for having torn

his clothes and dirtied his face. Dad in his stern and righteous code of ethics had no patience, no tolerance for wrong-doing and he felt it was right for his grandson to bear the burden of Meg's mistakes and, if bearing up under his classmates' taunts was part of that burden, then so be it.

All of this, coming to a head, was what was speeding me on my way from New York to Barrowsville. The school principal had thought it might be a good thing to remove Beanie from the school for his own sake. Dad was willing for him to leave, too. I think everyone concerned felt that if Beanie were put in another school, far, far away from the scandal of the past few months, he would automatically be all right. In my heart of hearts, I could not feel this was so. To me, one of life's principles is that, if you fight through and win, you will be a better person for having stood your ground.

When I arrived at Dad's home and saw the drawn, haunted look upon Beanie's face, I almost weakened. For a few minutes I felt the cruelty foisted upon Beanie was something he should not be asked to take, but then I talked to him. Beanie told me that, until this time, this school had been the one place where he had been happy, and that among the children he had some friends whom he liked a lot. Knowing this, I explained how I felt about his standing his ground and fighting it out, not necessarily with his fists, but with his whole spirit. Dad and the principal at last agreed to try, for Beanie's sake, once more.

I almost regretted interfering within a week. One of the boys taunted Beanie by drawing a picture on the ground with his pocket knife, showing a woman shooting a man. Beanie knew the boy meant his mother and Miles Pardee. With coolness which would have done justice to an older man, Beanie took the knife from the boy and threw it away. That night the boy and his father came to my dad and said Beanie had tried to kill the boy by threatening him with the knife. It was at this point, I was proven right. For once Dad stood firmly on Beanie's side. Unceremoniously, he put the boy and his father out of the house.

In that moment, Dad and Beanie had learned their first lesson in living together. My father had learned simply to trust Beanie. Beanie had learned that, instead of running away as he had once run to me in New York, he had the power within him to stand up for what is right and solve his problem.

I wish I could say that Beanie's difficulties were over. But isn't the process of growing up actually the meeting of difficulties and overcoming them in ever more efficient ways? We Dales seem born to get ourselves out of one dilemma and into another—especially my sister Meg, who in this case also happens to be Beanie's mother. I only know that Beanie will never lack for love and understanding and it will come from his mother ultimately. Every child needs at least one person who stands solid as a rock to protect him and give him the unwavering love and comfort he must have. It should be his mother, and eventually Beanie will find that it will be.

In the meantime, I shall do everything in my power to establish a fine relationship between Beanie and Meg. It's a job I'm proud to accept. I have always known that Beanie is not a problem child—only a child with a problem—which is always a heartbreak child.

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Paul Dixon—Home Town Boy

(Continued from page 49)
home for the weekend?"

For Marge, the lure of a visit to her family's farm topped anything the city had to offer. She broke the date and, by the time they returned to Des Moines, they had agreed to go steady.

Paul says he ate hamburgers for six months to buy her the pin-point diamond Marge has never permitted him to replace with a more sizeable stone, then displays the gold-mounted intaglio he wears. "You could have knocked me over with a feather when I discovered Marge had been saving just as hard as I had. I never expected her to give me an engagement ring, too."

The fifty-fifty partnership which began with the exchange of rings continued after their marriage. When Paul set his sights on Chicago, Marge said, "What have we got to lose?" They loaded all their possessions into a rickety car and took off.

Paul was right in saying Chicago held opportunity. Network soap operas carried sizeable fees but Paul couldn't catch even a bubble. Paying room rent and buying meals took cash, not hopes. Marge went to work in Marshall Field's basement, while Paul made audition after audition.

Program directors were unimpressed. His style wasn't right. They didn't like his voice. They had a man already in mind.

Brad Eidman, then manager of the *Drovers' Journal* thousand-watt sundowner, was the first to give him a chance on the air. Says Eidman, "He showed up for a competitive audition. In a group of ten, Paul was easily the winner. He didn't give the call letters as though he were making a Presidential pronouncement. His voice was fresh. He talked to a farm audience, not down to them."

Hired at a scale which was far from magnificent, he got a new man's 6:00 A.M. shift of market reports, station breaks, program introductions. It was not the policy of WAAF to build stars and, besides, Bob Hawk and Eddie Case were then on staff and overshadowed all other announcers. Dixon plodded along.

For ambitious Paul, such plodding was like walking through quicksand. The strain told on both Dixons. Paul acquired so severe a sinus condition that the Army rejected him as asthmatic; Marge, although they wanted a baby, never became pregnant. Frustration piled on frustration.

Whether network directors realized it or not, public taste was changing. People were tired of hearing stylized voices utter every word with the same hollow formality. When Paul finally talked Eidman into letting him disc-jockey a morning show, it caught on.

When he was able to report to Marge, "I got a fan letter!" the two celebrated. Says Paul, "We really lived it up. We walked over to Helsing's vaudeville lounge and spent a couple of bucks and a couple of hours watching a trio which pantomimed records."

What Mr. Dixon himself was doing about records began to attract notice. Mail increased, and song pluggers told him he definitely influenced sales.

That gave Paul an idea. To Marge he confided, "If I could only get a lot of my listeners together in one place, it would show people what I can do. Do you suppose I dare rent a ballroom and stage a Paul Dixon Night?"

Paul Dixon Night, in the opinion of most people, was a huge success. Crowds packed in, celebrities turned up, yet—when the Dixons got home, Paul seemed deflated.

After wifely coaxing, he admitted what was wrong. "Not a single radio editor

showed." Marge gave him a puzzled look.

Paul told her then. His real objective had been to get newspaper notice. "I just have to make some dent in the big stations. I've got to get on network. The way things are going, we'd have been better off staying in Iowa. At least we would have lived better."

Marge glanced around the tiny apartment. Some of the furniture had come with the place. The rest they had shopped for in the bargain stores on South Halstead. They had made it a home, and they weren't asking for an estate in Winnetka, but there was no denying that the grass, trees and open spaces they both missed so acutely were expensive luxuries in Chicago.

But this was no time to remind Paul of it. Arm around his shoulders, she assured him, "Some day we'll have it. We'll have a house with a back yard and everything—and, when we do, don't let me hear you gripe about cutting the grass."

A large local advertiser got interested in buying his WAAF program. The advertiser also had a total of eight shows on Chicago stations and a habit of assigning a personal announcer to all of them. Some men who had held the assignment went on to fabulous jobs. But negotiations were hot one week, cold the next.

In the midst of this war of nerves, Paul took an early news show one morning, when the regular newsmen failed to show up, and as a result got a telephone call. Reporting it to Marge, he said, "Some jerk—from Cincinnati, I guess—says he wants me to come down there to do news."

Marge raised her eyebrows. "Well?" "I told him," said Paul, "that at WAAF they consider me the world's worst newscaster." Then his real reason welled up. "Besides, it's the sticks. Get lost in Cincinnati and I'll never get a crack at the net."

A chance show, an unimpressive phone call, a "jerk from Cincinnati"—that was Paul's and Marge's first knowledge of the man who was to change their lives.

By the next evening, the man had a name. Paul told her, "I'll be darned if that guy didn't show up and take me to lunch. He's Morton Watters, he's manager at WCPO, and I couldn't help liking him."

Dynamic, hard-driving Watters liked Paul even better in person than he had on the air. He liked his ambition, his enthusiasm, the way his voice stayed on a person-to-person basis, and he also liked the young man's wholesome good looks. For Watters—even in 1944, when television was hobbled—had plans and Paul fit into them. He made an offer and, when Paul rejected it, invited him to come down to Cincinnati to have a look, at least.

Paul, on arrival, found a little station, far from "first" and not even "second" in rating. But he also found a radio-conscious town where competition between stations was as stimulating as a shot of adrenalin. Everyone was in there pitching. And WCPO, because it measured assets more in terms of Watters' ingenuity than in charts of field coverage, was pitching hardest of all.

He also found a city of homes and trees and hills, a river town old in tradition, rich in legend, metropolitan, suave, sophisticated. If this was "the sticks," it was the sticks with glamour.

Paul admitted he liked it, but he continued to say "No." Watters talked some more and, before he left, it turned to "Maybe."

Watters sensed his advantage and pressed it. He gave the long-rejected Paul the thrill of being wanted, and made an offer he could not afford to turn down.

But, in the end, the balance was turned not by money alone but because of Marge.

No one knew better than Paul that Marge, for all her willingness to go to work to help earn the living, was at heart a home girl. Alone he might continue to wait for the breaks, but the gamble wasn't fair to Marge. He weighed his dream of fame against the kind of home he would be able to afford in Cincinnati, and the home won.

Yet, when they had shipped their furniture and started down the road, Paul found every mile of the windswept road doubled by doubt. Ironically, two days before he was due to leave, the big advertiser had decided he wanted Dixon. Only Paul's sense of honor held him to his agreement with Watters.

Yet he couldn't help wondering. For all his endeavor to do so, was he being fair to Marge? Was he doing the right thing?

Noticing his tension, Marge broke it by saying, "They're going to love you in Cincinnati."

It was a gag old as show business, but she made it sound like a promise.

The promise, however, took time to come true. Paul pitched and Watters promoted, but Cincinnati remained indifferent until the day a disaster brought remote crews from many stations rushing to the scene where a building had collapsed.

A man was trapped in the debris. Other announcers reported it with voice-of-doom heroics. Paul, still feeling he was the world's worst newscaster, crawled into the tunnel cleared by rescue workers and talked to the man. He was quiet, considerate, human. It turned out to be a vital, vivid reporting which people still talk about, but Paul wasn't trying to be dramatic. "I didn't want Marge to worry," he recalls.

After that, Cincinnati darned well knew Dixon was in town, and Watters, seizing the opportunity, turned him into a local ever-broadcasting Godfrey.

Watters says, "Trying to figure things out in terms of what people wanted to hear, I decided Paul was the kind of person listeners would like to have come visit them a couple hours, so we tried it."

He applied the same formula to television, when their station opened. He assigned a time spot and told Paul to fill it. Just as he was entering the studio to talk about records, Mort had another hunch. Dottie Mack, the pretty brunette model who had come to the station as receptionist, was standing near. "Go on in with him, Dottie," Watters directed.

Paul and Dottie worked well together, and the third member of the team also joined up by accident. Wanda Lewis, the artist who painted sets, was walking through the studio when Paul called out, "Hi, Wanda, draw me a record."

Wanda, too startled to do anything but follow directions, picked up a sketch pad and obliged. Later, Paul remembered the pantomimists he used to watch in Chicago and hit on the idea of synchronizing lip movements to the words of a song when depicting a scene.

The frustration which had been piling up in Chicago was broken. The Dixons began to feel they had found their place in the world, and it had an effect on their personal lives. Marge became pregnant and, when Pamela was born, all their love flowed joyfully toward the child.

Marge says, "We wanted everything for Pam, and everything started with a house. I think Paul wouldn't have cared how much of our future we mortgaged to buy it, but I held out for one which wouldn't

to expensive and which would not have to be rebuilt to suit us."

They found it in the Mount Lookout section, a red-brick and white-clapboard structure built into the hill in a pleasant, moderately prosperous neighborhood. One third of the first floor forms the long living room, the remaining area is divided between dining room, kitchen, hallway and downstairs bedroom. Upstairs there is the master bedroom and the children's room. Pam, now three, shares it with her brother Greg, who is going on two.

Paul gets a kick out of telling how the living room was done over. "Among the things we moved down from Chicago," he says, "was a davenport we'd bought originally down on South Halstead. Every time I'd mention replacing it, Marge would either suggest we buy another bond or remind me there was time enough to re-decorate when the kids were beyond the sock-everything stage.

"I patched and repaired and worked over that beat-up old wreck until just before Christmas, when I decided I'd had enough. I told Marge to get her coat—we were going out to buy a new davenport."

They went to a store where the decorator was a friend of theirs. When Marge fell in love with an ultra-modern curved sofa, he objected "You can't buy that," he told the Dixons. "You haven't a thing in that room which will go with it."

Marge looked at Paul and Paul looked at Marge. Says Paul, "That was it. We ended up with new carpet, new drapes, new desk, the works. It's going to take a while before we get it looking lived-in."

Judging by the Dixons' genius for adapting things to their needs, the living-in process should be accomplished this fall. Right now, they're too busy having a good time in the big back yard. While the children run and play, the elders entertain

Paul's idea of hospitality is to invite a whole gang over for a steak fry at their outdoor grill. Steaks are his responsibility, whether they happen outdoors or indoors. Marge gets the rest of the meal ready, then he takes over.

Their home definitely is the center of Paul's universe as well as Marge's. He'd rather mow the lawn than play golf and, regardless of how busy he is at the studio, he's always conscious of what Marge and the kids are doing.

It's ritual with him to telephone Pam the minute he finishes a show, and the days when she comes down to appear on his local programs he's as excited as she is. She's the darling of the crew, and Len Gorian, who functions both as an occasional dancer and chief dreamer-upper of gimmicks, says she has turned complete ham now that she has a fan club composed of two other little girls.

Such intimacy, to viewers, is part of the charm of the uninhibited Dixon broadcasts, but to Paul himself it has become an integrated way of life, one too vital to be jeopardized by any big-city offers. To talent hunters, he has said, "Where else could I have all this?" and to his friend, Mort Watters, he stated—when those offers arrived frequently—"Draw up a contract. I'm staying."

Watters, ever the man to get a kick out of accomplishing the impossible, took a wider view. "Why not try to get the network to pick up from here?"

In these days, when big telecasting concentrates more and more in New York and Hollywood, that took some doing, but they managed a test and ratings showed the viewers were on their side.

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Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

(Continued from page 31)

They seem to be sincerely and truly fond of one another. A columnist in New York, who attended one of their shows and then went on to breakfast with them all, observed: "You know, Don, these people seem to get along together off the air as well as they do on the show. Is this the McCoy?" Don solemnly assured him that, on the level, it really was.

The gang is always ready to laugh with each other, too. For instance, something funny happened to Fran and Patsy Lee at one of the hotels on the tour—perhaps it was in Washington. It was very early in the morning and they had just gotten up. They were still in their nighties, about to bathe and dress, when the door was opened with a passkey and in walked a man loaded down with tools and hammers, saying: "Is there something wrong with your plumbing?"

Never a dull moment. In Baltimore, a midnight fire at the Hippodrome Theatre burned up all the show's equipment. Everything was set up on the stage for next morning's broadcast when, somehow, a footlight got overheated, setting one of the curtains on fire, and everything went up in flames in a matter of minutes. The program always carries all its own engineering equipment—when on tour—microphones, cables, speakers, and the rest. It all burned, so they had a real problem on their hands, and not much time to do something about it.

Informed of the fire after midnight, Cliff Petersen and Jimmy Daugherty both scurried around Baltimore in the wee hours and, luckily, were able to borrow emergency engineering equipment from local stations. Jimmy spent the rest of the night setting it up in the theatre across the street.

The piano had burned, too, so there was the big problem of finding another one at three in the morning, and also finding a truck and driver to get it to the new theatre. But, as long as there is a telephone, Cliff and Jimmy can't be stopped. The piano was there in the morning. So was an audience of some 3,500 people, and—in spite of all the confusion—everyone felt it was just about the best Breakfast Club performance of the whole trip.

One thing nobody had thought about, in all the excitement, was the show's musical library. When travelling, conductor Eddie Ballantine usually separates all the music and arranges the different parts for the musicians the night before in whatever theatre or studio will be used for the broadcast. That way, his musical rehearsal can start right on time in the morning. Local musicians are hired in each town, and naturally they're not familiar with the show's scores. The library contains about seventy-five different arrangements—all the themes and marches, plus commercial songs and jingles. If anything happened to these, it would take weeks and weeks to replace them.

Well, early the next morning, while everyone was working frantically at last-minute adjustments, in came Maestro Ballantine, loaded down with all the music. For the first time, in all the years of Breakfast Club tours, Eddie had taken the complete library to his hotel room the night before.

"Don't ask me to explain why I did it," he said, "because I honestly don't know. Maybe it was some kind of hunch or premonition. I've never been one to believe much in that, but last night something just told me to keep the music with me. And I did." To which everyone

present added a fervent, though silent, prayer of thanks.

Breakfast Clubbers always try to help each other, whenever one of them has any trouble, and a good example took place on their first evening in New York. Jimmy Daugherty got an urgent call from Chicago that his wife was desperately ill in the hospital. Mrs. Daugherty had been expecting a baby and everyone had been anxious, because she had suffered miscarriages in the past. Unfortunately, the same thing happened again, and the doctor phoned Jimmy to come home at once.

The whole troupe pitched right in to help in every way they could. Sam and Johnny got him an airline reservation, packed for him, and took him to the airport. Kay paged Jimmy there and spoke to him on the phone, just before his plane left, to try to cheer him up. Next morning, at "Prayer Time" on the show, the entire cast's thoughts were with Mrs. Daugherty. Their prayers were answered and Jimmy's wife recovered.

One of the nicest things that happened on the Eastern trip, everyone agreed, was seeing Jimmie Darou, the number-one Breakfast Club fan. Back in 1933, he was one of the top jockeys in the turf world but was tragically injured in a race, resulting in complete paralysis of his legs. Starting a four-year stay in the hospital, he began to listen to the show and never missed a program from then on.

In 1949, Jimmie suffered tuberculosis—a terrible set-back for someone already so sorely troubled. His wife, Gertrude, who nursed him through the original accident, helped him to run his gas station in Montreal when he was taken ill again. The station had been presented to him years ago, after a big benefit the Montreal sportswriters ran for Jimmie, and he has made a wonderful business success of it.

He's now able to get about in a wheelchair, so the Darous came down to New York to visit the Breakfast Club. It was a grand reunion, because through the years Jimmie has kept up a running correspondence with Don and all the other members. He has also become a pen pal of hundreds of other listeners, some of them crippled and ill, like himself. He once wrote Don that the show had done so much to give him courage and that "Memory Time" and "Inspiration Time" had been almost like a religion to him in his fight for recovery.

Last big event of the tour was saying goodbye to Patsy Lee, who sang on her last broadcast with the troupe in New York—then left for her home town, Oakland, California, to marry her sweetheart, Rick Livendahl, of the United States Naval Intelligence. The night before her departure, the McNeills gave a little party for her in their hotel suite. Just the "one big happy family" was there, and they had a marvelous time.

Sam, Johnny and the fellows had gotten all sorts of gag presents for Patsy, everything from a can opener to a rolling pin, and the whole cast gave her a lovely silver platter, with everybody's signature engraved around the border. Patsy was really thrilled! She had still another great surprise the next morning, after her last song. The show's appliance sponsor presented her with a complete kitchen as a wedding gift, and it will be installed in her new apartment in California.

Yes, taking a trip with the Breakfast Club gang is like traveling with a family. Some good, some exciting, some sad, some tragic things happen—but then, isn't that the way life is for any big happy family?

Every Day's a Brighter Day

(Continued from page 44)

in reading with me. Also because—why not be honest about it?—he is dark and tall. . . .

"And then I got the part and I went to rehearsal and—it really happened just like that. To me and, presumably, to Joe, too, for after rehearsal he followed me down the hall and asked me if I'd have dinner with him that night. And I said, 'Of course.' Just as if I'd known that this was going to happen to me and, when it did, why question it?"

"We had dinner that night at the Famous Kitchen, but what we talked about, what we ate, how long we stayed, I haven't the faintest notion. It was real love, like when you are sixteen years old. I repeat—you think it won't happen to you this way, but it does, it can, it did. "We didn't tell each other that night, though. I do remember that. Not in words, that is. . . ."

"She looked at me in a kind of way," Joe laughed, "and I looked at her in a kind of way. When a girl and a man look at each other in 'that kind of way,' words aren't necessary."

"Forward of me, wasn't it?" Margaret's gentle laugh was embarrassed, "strange of me to be like that. Born in Salt Lake City, Utah, brought up in the Mormon faith, as I was, I come of a very Victorian family, to which boldness in a look toward a man you'd met just twice would be among the unthinkable things!"

"Except that we, of course, were not strangers. The instant we met, across a mike in a broadcasting studio, we were a long way from being strangers. Opposites, yes—we have quite different backgrounds. Mine, as I've said, a Victorian home in Utah; Joe, whose parents were born in Italy, from Greenwich Village, New York." "There was something about her," Joe said, seeming to be thinking out loud. "For me, she summed up honesty and a frank kind of acceptance of a person as he is. She had the freshness of country air. She was and is unworldly and unspoiled."

"To me, on the other hand," Margaret said, "Joe expressed the artistic world. He was worldly. He was free. By which I mean that he was uninhibited in a way that I, brought up as I'd been, was not. He was sophisticated. He had know-how. Above all, he was strong."

Opposites they are in more ways than the background and the geography. Physically and in personality, they are total "unlikes." Margaret has wide-set and beautiful forget-me-not blue eyes. She has tawny hair, a fair skin, a tiny waist, a gentle mouth. Joe is dark of hair and eyes and skin, tall, slender, his features forceful. Margaret's voice and manner are soft, relaxed, as feminine as if of another age. Joe is dynamic, restless, intense and intensely masculine. Temperamentally, too, they are poles apart—Margaret being reticent, withdrawn, tending to keep things inside; Joe, the complete reverse.

"The meeting of East and West," Margaret summed up, and added: "After that first meeting, that first dinner date, Joe and I had dinner together every night. We worked together on the show every Sunday. We were never apart when it was possible for us to be together. Yet we decided to wait a year before we married. We wanted to be—we were determined to be—very adult. We were resolved to be sure that we were sure, if you know what I mean I think the fact that it hit us so suddenly made us wary, made us fear. This was too sudden!"

It is difficult, Margaret and Joe explained, for humans to accept out-of-this-

world, too-beautiful things. It is difficult, and sometimes dangerous, to believe in miracles.

"But with every day of waiting, and in every way," Margaret said, "Joe endeared himself to me more and more. As an instance, I got into a Broadway play, 'For Heaven's Sake, Mother,' which starred Nancy Carroll. We opened in Philadelphia. At that time, Brighter Day was on in the morning, which meant that I had to do the show, then grab a cab for Penn Station, make the trip to Philadelphia, play that evening, then back again, getting in at three in the morning . . . and every morning, Joe met me. Sometimes in Penn Station. More often, he'd take the train to Trenton and meet me there. I'd be so tired and it was so wonderful of him to be there."

Margaret and Joe met (that heart-on-collision of a first meeting) in May of 1949. The following December, Joe went to Florida to make a picture, "Slattery's Hurricane," and they talked about marriage by mail! "Sort of generally, impersonally," she said, "yet not too impersonally, for, when he came back from Florida, he very quickly proposed. Since he was leaving almost immediately for Hollywood, the proposal sort of slid in," Margaret laughed, "between trains. Actually, though, we did have four days together during which Joe gave me my ring and said 'Some time in June,' and I gave him a Christmas (four days before Christmas) in my room at the Hotel Royalton. I had a tree for him, and presents. I don't think I hung up his sock that year—but I've hung it up every year since, not to mention washing it and darning it!"

On May 23, 1950, Margaret and Joe were married in Margaret's home in Salt Lake City. An afternoon wedding, with Margaret in white linen dress and cap, and the family there, and childhood friends. And, after the marriage, a four-day honeymoon in Bryce and Zion Canyons, staying at camps and lodges, then back to New York to begin this exciting marriage. Exciting because—although different in looks, personality and temperament—they discovered that where life-and-how-to-live-it is concerned, they think alike and feel alike and are alike. With their talents, their many interests, enthusiasms (the greatest of these being Christopher Courtney DeSantis, soon to be one year old), and with the work of their hands, they live life more fully than any two people that could be named.

Their apartment on upper Madison Avenue in New York, which they found before they were married, has been literally taken apart and put together again by the imaginations, and by the elbow-grease, of Signor and Signora DeSantis.

"We scraped all the floors and all the furniture ourselves," Margaret said. "We refinished practically every piece of furniture, including the piano, which was an old black veneer and is now the soft satiny mahogany Nature intended it to be. We painted the whole place ourselves. We worked out a color scheme which is really rather nice, we think—four shades of green, ranging from jade to light olive to darker olive to deep dark green. I made all the putty-colored draperies in the living room. And I recovered, re-upholstered all the furniture. Together we chose the dusty-pink rug. Joe built the bookcases, built the bar, the cabinet for the radio-phonograph and—when the baby came and Joe had to move his tools out of our second bedroom—he made a workshop out of the living-room closet. He also built the lamps with their beautiful carved

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wooden bases. All the sculpture in the place is Joe's."

They have many talents, these two—the least of which is their acting, as most radio listeners know. Margaret is, of course, Liz Dennis in the Brighter Day series, and for quite a while, during a recent episode, Joe was heard as Nathan Eldridge, Liz's "admirer." ("On radio," Joe laughed, "I was definitely 'the other man' in my wife's life!")

Radio is now, as it has been since she played her first CBS role in Joe Powers of Oakville, the most important commitment in Margaret's professional life. Yet when she first came to New York, fresh out of the University of Utah, she was auditioned for and won a membership in the Chekhov Theatre, with which she toured for eighteen months, learning about acting—in the great tradition—from the famous Michael Chekhov, who directed the company. Later, she did summer stock, was understudy in the Theatre Guild's road company of "Papa Is All," and appeared on Broadway.

Joe, in addition to radio-by-the-yard (he's been on just about every crime series on, and over, the networks), has also been in more than twenty Broadway plays. At the time of this conversation, he had just finished a run in "Golden Boy" on Broadway. He's done a number of movies, the most recent being "Man With A Cloak," "Deadline USA" and "The Titan," narrated by Frederic March, for which Joe did eight off-stage voices.

Margaret attends a class in modern dancing, and one of Joe's big hobbies is photography. "The bathroom," laughed Margaret, "becomes the dark-room." And there is Joe's sculpting, which is, Margaret says proudly, "more, a great deal more, than a hobby."

Joe describes his sculpture as: "A sort of semi-abstract." For his work he uses ebony, long-leaf yellow pine, mahogany, maple, a great deal of teak. "I work in stone, too," he said, "in Belgian black marble and similar materials. I've given up the idea of trying to earn a living with sculpture," Joe added, rather resignedly. "It's far too chancy. If it were not, I'd prefer to be a sculptor, rather than an actor."

"If sculpture provided a consistent living, however modest, that's all we'd need," Margaret said, "for Joe and I live very simply. I do my own cooking and my own—"

"Speaking of Margaret's cooking reminds me," Joe interrupted with a real loud laugh, "of the dish she cooked for me—my favorite dish, chili con carne—soon after we were married. She went to the greatest pains to get all the required ingredients and when, man-like, I made a suggestion—namely, that a dash more chili would be an improvement—the suggestion was received with what can only be described as a pained silence. However, she went to the kitchen to fetch the chili, only to discover that there was no chili in the house nor had there been while she was preparing the dish. She'd been using curry. As far as chili con curry is concerned, it was a wonderful dish!" Joe laughed again, fit to kill.

Said Margaret, wrinkling her pretty nose at her convulsed mate, "I learned my lesson. Now Mr. DeSantis does the intricate dishes—his specialties being a marvelous Italian spaghetti and Hungarian stew. But, as I was saying when so amusingly interrupted, I do my own—er—cooking and my own housework. I have a nurse for the baby, but only because my work necessitates it. At that, I take a great deal of the care of Chris myself, for Joe has a very strong feeling, which I share, that a mother should take care of

her child. We spend our money on books and theatre-going and materials for Joe's sculpture and my painting. And on our car. And on little side trips, day trips to Connecticut and Long Island, where we camp out on friends. Most of our free evenings we spend at home, just talking—for we're talkers. We sit and talk and talk, always planning things, plans for travel, plans for theatre buildings, plans for the house in the country we hope to have one day when what Joe calls 'our state of free-lance flux' settles down into a more predictable pattern.

"We talk about Christopher and how we want him to grow up, as a child should grow up, without too many fears, without too many restrictions. His whole life is within him, we feel, and he must live his life his way.

"I had a very good start with the baby, by the way," Margaret said, "for I took a number of courses while carrying him." (Can you beat it? Can you possibly beat this girl for energy, for enterprise, for living it up to the happy hilt?!) "One of them was at the Maternity Consultation Service on York Avenue, where I learned all about bathing him, feeding him, minor ailments, layette-planning, and how little you really need—four sheets, for instance, four towels and nothing fancy, unless by way of gifts.

"Best of all, I think, we used the rooming-in plan at the hospital. The rooming-in plan, which I recommend with all my heart, simply means that the baby is kept in the room with his mother from birth (except when there are visitors), instead of in the nursery. The theory is that the baby, forcibly separated from the mother at birth, is affected by the separation, is frightened, lonely. As proof of this, the babies in the nursery cry a great deal; babies 'rooming' with their mothers very little, if at all. Chris cried not at all and, for my part, when I brought him home, I knew how to handle him, was used to him, wasn't afraid. The plan contributes a great deal, I believe, to giving the baby a sense of security, of being safe, of being loved. . . ."

At this very moment, as if on cue, enter young Christopher, who is the living image, in miniature, of his father . . . dark curly hair, brown eyes . . . friendly, active, husky and happy young Christopher, who seems to sense, as babies do, that he has come to a happy home with love in it, and to spare.

And so he has. With life in it, too, and to spare. . . .

In the hallway of the DeSantis apartment, there is a bulletin board (an ingenious device dreamed up by Margaret and Joe) to which is thumbtacked what appear to be, at first glance, bits and pieces of paper, menus, theatre programs, grocery lists and the like. And so they are—reminders, Margaret explained to me, of things to be done, things they want to do. There was, for instance, the program of a Martha Graham recital. "We did catch that," said Joe. There was a program of films to be seen at the Museum of Modern Art. "None of which," sighed Margaret, "we've had time to see." There were recipes Margaret—or Joe—is going to try some day. There were lists of things Joe is going to do: "Springs in couch, tie up . . . Fix card table so it won't fall . . . Put away picture frames stacked in the hall . . . Send clothes to the Salvation Army." There was a lovely little water color of Margaret's, a Georgian bedroom, inscribed: "To be framed." There were telephone numbers and book titles and the names of friends. . . . Memos, these, of an exciting marriage, of a rich, full and varied life.

If You Must Leave Home

(Continued from page 67)

my dreams—for the rest of my life. That's why I left home.

When I was a child, my dad, who comes from a long line of ministers and doctors, says that I acted out my prayers for the angels. Be that as it may, I wanted to act in anything for anyone. And so it wasn't just stubbornness which made me say no to college and a comfortable existence at home. It was an inner drive which made me certain that, once I'd tried my wings, I would succeed. Selling wax from door to door—my first job when I left my comfortable home—wasn't exactly what I'd had in mind but, when you're young and fired with faith in yourself and your ability, even selling from door to door has a purpose. This gave me time to make the rounds of the agencies and—to my family's amazement and my own—I wrote home, a few weeks after I left, with the news that I'd been cast for a nice part in a Chicago play entitled "The Copperhead," with Ian Keith. Through this, I learned one thing every girl should know when she goes out on her own. Make friends with the people with whom you work. Hazel Haslam, the star of the play, was a woman, much older than myself, but a woman who perhaps helped me more than any other. I considered her almost a "second mother," for she was the woman to whom I could confide my hopes, my dreams, my fears, and from whom I could get sound guidance and advice in my daily living.

During the run of the play I quit selling wax, but not being one to put my eggs all in one basket, as it were, I auditioned for radio. And I became a saleswoman of the airwaves, the voice of the commercials. When the play closed, I still had a fairly steady income, and then fate intervened again and I was offered a chance to understudy the role of Violet in the Chicago company of "My Sister Eileen." One beautiful matinee, I "went on" and the play's writers saw me and suggested that I continue in the road-show company of the play. I was in seventh heaven, but my parents were definitely not!

It was one thing to be near them in Chicago, where they could keep their very comforting parental hand in, but quite another to go traipsing about the country in a theatrical company. The second lesson I learned from leaving home came hard, but I think it's one which every girl should know about. After my parents' first strenuous objections, I knew that mere words were not going to be enough to prove to them that I would be all right away from home. I finally decided that, although their objections were all valid, I might possibly overcome them by showing them the company I would be keeping—let them in on the people who made up my world, so they would better understand that world. There is always a common meeting-ground if you only search long enough. Sure enough, when my parents met charming Marcy Wescott, who was to be our leading lady, and she had promised that she would share her room with me, look after me, comfort me, my parents were delighted—if I would just go for a while. I kept them posted by letter as the happy months sped by, and it was a year before I finally returned home.

I think I really grew up during that year. Perhaps some girls have a tendency to throw off the traces and run wild, so to speak, but I found that I was too happy,

too busy to have any such desires. Marcy, Gretchen Davidson and myself always shared living quarters, for—although I've been a bachelor girl for many years now—I've learned that sharing living with a girl friend or my sister or another actress is more fun than living alone.

As I look back on those early years of being away from home, I know that any young girl can maintain the respect of her fellow workers, and more important, her own self-respect, with just a small amount of work at it. For a few wild moments, I've often seen a girl throw away a lifetime of happiness. You have to live with yourself for a great many years, so why jeopardize those years for a momentary fling? I think if you build a solid building the foundation must be strong. I know my wonderful home life and early training are responsible for that attitude, for many is the time I've felt a sense of great gratitude toward my parents for their help in "building my building."

Personal freedom must always be accompanied by personal responsibilities, otherwise the freedom is a noose with which to hang yourself. In the "My Sister Eileen" company, I made the staggering sum of seventy-five dollars a week—and I saved every penny I could, for I was determined that, while I was free to spend the money as I wished, if I was to succeed, I must have a nest egg which would see me through the lean months which might follow. After the play, I moved to New York and, with the savings I'd accumulated, I was able to live comfortably while I tried out for a daytime radio drama. I landed the job and found I had a steady role and a steady income. Two years later, I was offered a contract in Hollywood and, from then on, motion picture work and radio work have kept me busy.

My sister, who is a medical technician, and I have established a home in the apartment we share together. Here we have a Monday-through-Friday maid who does all the heavy work during the week, leaving the house free for our care on weekends. We've made the curtains, purchased the furniture ourselves. When we're not busy with our work, our cooking or our entertaining, we embroider—an old-fashioned occupation which we include in our wide range of interests. I know it keeps hands busy, and there's an old saying which goes with that one.

My mother and dad moved to Los Angeles last Christmas, partly because I could so seldom get to Joliet. My parents are still my best friends and, when I look around at the relationships between my friends and their parents, I'm eternally grateful that my breaking away from home was accomplished in such a way that there has never been any ill feeling between us.

During the period when I was only in Joliet for fifteen-minute intervals, in-between plane flights from New York to Hollywood, my whole family dashed down to say hello and wave goodbye. My brother's little boy saw me on these rare occasions and about the third time it happened he asked, "Aunt Audrey, do you live in the sky?"

Sometimes I feel as if I really do. I love being Millie of Jackson Heights, I love the villainous-heroine parts I get in the movies, I love the life I lead with its freedom and its responsibilities. Using a little good sense, I know any girl can build a happy, wonderful life.

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Make the Most of Vacation Time

(Continued from page 68)

husband and wife should take vacations together, contrary to some people's ideas.

BUFF: That's because on a vacation you usually have more laughs and more fun than the rest of the year, so why not share it? It happens that Mike and I spend almost twenty-four hours a day together, because of our work. But, somehow, being together on a vacation puts us on even better terms, because on a vacation we get away from our problems and we're both more relaxed and at peace with the world.

MIKE: We think that a girl who isn't married should try to find another congenial girl to go with, unless she is going to visit people or go to a place where she has friends. For her, too, fun shared is fun doubled, and there are always some places she might not care about going to alone, when on a trip.

BUFF: But, if you're a couple and you team up with another couple, it can be a very good idea for each to take their own car—if it's a motor trip—and have separate cabins or hotel reservations, and then spend the rest of the time together. That way, you're free part of the trip and they're free, too.

MIKE: We have learned a few things about packing. We think each person should have his own bag or bags. We try to take only one each, and what Buffie calls a "spill-over bag," which we use jointly—the one which ends up holding all the soiled laundry.

BUFF: The girl's vanity case should hold the man's things, too, but she should pack it. And she should figure ahead what kind of clothes she will need, and get the ones that will make her feel and look the most comfortable. If they dress certain nights, she has to prepare for that. Summer versions of the short cocktail dress, or evening tops with separate skirts which can be teamed with daytime blouses, too, will take care of that. The more separates she has, the more changes she can make without crowding her suitcase. Two sets of accessories should be enough, like patent leather bag, shoes and perhaps a wide and a narrow belt, and maybe a light brown or a beige set which will go with any color. One hand-bag ought to be big enough to double as a beach bag, if you're planning any swimming.

MIKE: As for the man, all he needs is enough sports clothes to be comfortable. Even if he doesn't get a chance to wear them much at home, he ought to splurge a little when he's buying for a vacation.

BUFF: Let's not forget food.

MIKE: We think that, if you eat in a definite routine at home, you shouldn't on a vacation. Sometimes, Buff and I eat at least five meals a day when we're away, a thing we'd never do ordinarily.

BUFF: We just stuff! And we eat the special dishes that belong to each locality we visit. Lobster and clams in New England. Cracked crab and abalone in San Francisco. In Cuba, soup made of those big meaty beans, chock-filled with rice and swimming with big chunks of those wonderfully sweet Spanish onions. We serve that sometimes as a Sunday-night supper dish and our friends are crazy about it. I collect recipes wherever we go, the way other people collect souvenirs.

MIKE: You keep on remembering where you first ate a certain dish and it makes you re-live the pleasures of the vacation.

BUFF: If you take a vacation on a limited budget—and who doesn't?—I think

it's fun to plan for one bang-up time. In New York or some other big city, it might be dinner at one of the famous night clubs. Or a row of hit shows, night after night. Or extravagance in taking cabs wherever you go.

MIKE: I heartily disagree with the idea of a night-club spree, if you've got any budget at all to be considered. I suggest going to the bar of some famous place at cocktail time. You don't have to drink anything but lemonade or a Coke, and you can gape at just as many famous people without blowing the whole bank-roll. Unless, of course, dining there is the one thing you would rather do than anything else. Better get a good idea of what it will cost you before you get involved.

BUFF: I say amen to that, too. And, you, know some people have very satisfactory vacations right at home. But it is pretty difficult unless you have simply tremendous will-power. Enough will-power to say that you won't do anything you don't want to do, and not any longer than you do want to do it.

MIKE: Sounds a little involved, Buffie.

BUFF: You know very well what I mean. The only thing is that, this way, you could lose your friends—to say nothing of your wife—if you asserted your independence too definitely. Of course, if a husband likes to fish, his wife could encourage him to go off fishing for the day.

MIKE: Oh, yeah? I can just see a wife letting her husband go fishing alone when he's on vacation and she's just dying to go places with him.

BUFF: As a matter of fact, I really think both men and women want to get away and meet new people and see different things, especially if they live in small places or don't get out as much as they would like. They want to eat in restaurants and maybe go to more movies. They want to stop in for snacks when they see cute little places and not have to worry about spoiling their regular meals, because meals can be any time they feel like eating.

MIKE: We think the whole idea of a vacation is to change your point of view a little. Read a different newspaper, listen to what other people are talking about, see the things that pass you by the rest of the year. Even a ferry ride can be a big treat, if you've never taken one before.

BUFF: Look at the little magazines you can get at hotel desks, which tell you what to see in the city you're visiting. Or watch the newspapers for news of special events, like art exhibitions, fairs, festivals, bus and boat trips.

MIKE: All the places are interesting when they're new to you, if you have any tourist blood at all.

BUFF: Actually, my idea of a really good two weeks is to live it up the first week, do everything wonderful you have planned, then go some place and just sit and soak up all the sun you can, so you come back looking fine and feeling rested. Only, you should have one last big evening.

MIKE: Oh, sure, and ruin the whole vacation by coming home as tired as when you left.

BUFF: It won't be the same kind of tired feeling. You will have all that good change of scene and pace to carry you over until the next vacation. You know very well, Mike, that's what always happens to us. We come home tired, but happy. Vacation is nothing that a good night's sleep in your own bed can't cure!

A Present for Michael

(Continued from page 8)

into my last month, I really did forget completely, from time to time. It no longer mattered. There were more urgent things, more exciting things, to think about than that old wound. And Bill perked up correspondingly. I suppose several weeks went by without a single quarrel. We didn't even argue when he told me, one Thursday at breakfast, that he had to fly to San Francisco on business over the weekend.

"Short notice, Bill," I said. "Is it something important?"

"Well, sure, or I wouldn't leave you alone right now. Um—I'll tell you about it when it's settled. I hate to go, Bert. Did the doctor really say it might be any time now?"

I smiled at his troubled face. "Really, I couldn't feel better. And if anything happens—even if I feel lonesome—I'll just call somebody to come over. Your sister Meta, maybe."

"Well . . ." Bill said uncertainly. "Be sure you call Meta, honey." He kissed me quickly and hurried off.

Such concern, I thought as I went about the morning routine. Such fatherly, husbandly concern. It was nice, though. Everything was nice, these days. The way the little house—and not so little, either, I thought proudly—shone and gleamed. All at once I began to laugh, realizing that I'd been talking busily out loud for the past five minutes. I would call Meta, I decided. Calm as you might be in the last few days, I guess you are never as calm as you think. I could use Meta's lovely face across the table, and her wonderful figure as an inspiration to get busy on my own the minute the baby was born.

As it turned out, it was lucky I did call her, for the very next morning I woke up feeling queer, and by afternoon, sitting in the living room watching the desk clock, we decided it was time to call the doctor and get me to the Selby Flats Hospital. The next thing, I was fully awake and Meta was leaning over me, whispering, "Bert? Bert! It's the most wonderful boy!"

Dimly I answered her smile, but I wasn't satisfied. The father, I thought hazily, ought to be the one. . . . Then, behind Meta, I did see Bill, his eyes blazing with joy as he pushed her aside. But, even as I met his kiss, the small dissatisfaction remained. He should have been there all along. His should have been the first face I saw. Falling slowly, softly into sleep, the thought came with me. No matter what, Bill shouldn't have left me alone.

I woke up to a sunshiny new world, a room full of flowers, and an indescribable feeling of calm, but eager, expectancy. I remembered the dissatisfaction, but I no longer felt it. Who cared? What mattered was that the baby was fine—the recollections of the last few hours were creeping back now and I remembered the doctor's voice in the delivery room, making a satisfied comment to the nurse.

A perfect baby. Relief and gratitude flooded over me as, a little later, the nurse brought him in for feeding. In about twenty minutes, the nurse came back, took the sleeping baby, and left me a folded morning paper in his place. I was too drowsy to do more than glance at the front page. But after lunch I suddenly felt restless. How quickly one's strength came back! It was a miracle, really, the whole complex business. . . .

I sighed, fidgeted, and took up the paper. From habit I turned to the theatrical page, and followed with mild interest

the activities I felt I ought to keep up with for Bill's sake. The television and radio news. I glanced down the column and was about to turn the page when my eye picked up the name of Bill's agency. And then I read the paragraph in which it appeared . . . and gasped, and read it again, and then sat, stunned and numb, while my mind took it in. Instinct forced me to breathe deeply, to relax. But long after my heart slowed down and my face lost its furious warmth, my thoughts went clicking along in a tight, angry rhythm. So that was it. So that was why he went to San Francisco—why he couldn't be here when his son was born. Once again she was dividing him from us. . . .

I took some trouble to be in good shape by the time Bill came in. I spent quite a time with a mirror and some make-up, because I'd learned long ago that a woman had to go into battle looking her best if she hoped to win. And this, I foresaw, was going to be quite a battle.

Nothing could have been more disarming than Bill's dazed happiness, or the armful of magazines and candy and flowers he spilled lavishly on the bed. He kissed me, and then stood back and shook his head.

"Gosh, it's a funny feeling. Isn't it? They let me look at him, through the nursery window. I saw him—he's real. Bert, honestly, can you believe it?"

"Well, yes," I said. I folded my hands on the sheet. "I had him, remember? That makes it easier, when you've been right there with the event, as it were. Oh, thanks, for the flowers and candy and things."

"Don't thank me, Bert. Don't thank me for anything. There's nothing I—" he hesitated. "Sounds corny. But oh, Bert, do you feel the way I do, that everything is different as of now? We're different. We'll be better. Stronger. Smarter, too. I feel as if I could get hold of the moon, if it would do you and the baby any good to have it. We're going to have everything, Bert, and do everything and be everything . . . just for him."

I let him take my hand. For a minute I was really joined with him. He did love us. We were his family. No other feeling could ever be quite like that. Bill was ours. This other thing was outside, it didn't matter. But my hand stiffened of itself, and I drew it away. It did matter. I said quietly, "This is really your big weekend, isn't it? Two important events. . . ."

"Two?" He frowned, and then he stiffened, too. "I get it. You've seen the paper, I take it? You know. I was going to tell you, Bert, just as soon as I—but I couldn't find the right words. I had a feeling it would be hard to get you to understand."

"But why?" I didn't feel angry, I wouldn't let myself. But my voice took on an edge that even I could hear, and it pleased me to see Bill wincing under it. "Why hard? Just because your agency has sold a program to an important sponsor? Just because it was you who sold it, who—gave birth to it, one might say? Just because it happens to be called The Woman Gloria, and happens to star a singer you thought you were in love with a few months ago? But it's nothing, Bill. Nothing at all. It hardly matters in the least that your own wife was so deluded she thought that woman was out of your life completely. Just explain it to me, I'll understand. I'll understand it was more important to go to San Francisco to sell this woman's show than to stay here when your baby was being born—to say



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nothing of your having anything to do with her at all, which I haven't words to say anything about. . . ."

Bill held his head. "Oh, brother," he said. "Here we go again."

I felt almost sorry for him. It was a hard spot to get out of. What could he say? The plain fact was that all the time I'd been foolishly congratulating myself on how well things were going, he'd been seeing that woman, working with her, planning this show and making her career an important part of his own . . . and I'd thought she was out of his life forever. The bitterness I'd believed dead came rushing back and engulfed me. I could feel it, all the old humiliation and horror.

And all the time Bill talked. . . . It was business. Nothing but business. Gloria was a good singer, she had a special quality, he'd suddenly thought of her when the client started looking for something new. . . . The agency was aglow because it looked as if Bill had something big. . . .

"It could mean a vice-presidency for me, Bert. You'd like that? What difference does it make how I get it, if I swear it's only business?"

"Why did it have to be you who developed the show?" I said. He explained all over again that it had just happened, that Gloria's husband, a theatrical agent named Sid Harper, had talked to him about the possibility of doing something on TV just at the right time. . . . that Sid was really responsible for building the show.

"But they wouldn't have gotten the chance except for you."

"But it's a chance for me, too. If the show goes over, and the client seems to be crazy about it, well, it could mean really big things for me. I couldn't kick that kind of chance in the face," Bill argued. "Bert, believe me, as far as I'm concerned she and the show are a property, a—a piece of merchandise."

There was a long silence in the hospital room, as I lay back, pretending to be exhausted but really very busy behind my closed eyelids. I did believe him; if I didn't, I'd be screaming my head off and talking divorce, baby or no baby. So—why not give in, quit arguing? Things had been so nice, just these few weeks past, when we'd been friends—in my stupid innocence. Let us be friends again; why fight? I didn't feel friendly; I couldn't.

That slow rebirth of tenderness, of reaching toward Bill as it had been in the early days of our marriage, that was nipped in the bud. But what was the use of fighting and yelling? Somehow, sooner or later, I'd figure out a way to get that woman and her program out of my life. . . . somehow. But, in the meantime, I couldn't afford to waste energy in arguments.

It was a truce. Warily at first, and then with slow relief, Bill saw that I wasn't going to rant and rave. It made all our dealings much pleasanter, of course, and my days at the hospital went by in dreamy, more or less contented preoccupation. There were only two flurries . . . one when I insisted on calling the baby Michael . . . the other when I asked for a television set in the room. Bill realized I wanted it to see just one show. But he had it set up, and I watched The Woman Gloria a couple of times. Program time coincided with one of Michael's feedings, so it got scant attention after my first look at it. I got a queer flash of satisfaction the evening Bill came in and saw Gloria yapping away on the screen, with me so busy with Michael I wasn't even glancing at her. "Glad you came in—you can turn that thing off," I said casually. "You don't want to see it? I mean—"

Bill blushed. and snapped off the set quickly.

I smiled secretly over Michael's dark fuzzy head. "When you've seen it once, you've seen it, haven't you? There's nothing earth-shaking to watch for. Besides, I can't bother with anything else when Michael's around."

"Bert. . ." Bill hesitated. "Look, are you sure about the name? I mean—I'd sort of counted on his being Bill, Jr. Maybe Michael could be his middle name, if you like it so much." It was a plea, but I didn't let him see I knew. I had made up my mind.

"No. I gave it plenty of thought, Bill. The night you were in San Francisco it sort of came to me." I almost believed it myself, it was such a just punishment for his not being with me when he should have been. "Michael, that's what I kept thinking that night. I had no one to talk it over with, so. . . ."

Bill flushed. "Punishing me, Bert, for something you agreed at the time I couldn't avoid? That's kind of petty, isn't it?"

"You don't think I'd be petty about a thing as important as our child's name, the one he's going to carry for the rest of his life?" I glanced away from Bill's accusing eyes. They were saying altogether too clearly: *Come off it, Bert, you know what you're doing. You know you're getting back at me, and it is petty, it is mean.*

The day I was allowed to leave the hospital came at last. I was terribly eager to get Michael into his own room and start making him at home there. Bill told me to call the office as soon as I knew exactly what time we'd be ready to leave and he'd come pick us up, and Meta assured me she'd have everything ready. Bill and his secretary were both away from their desks when I called. Nurse Holt got us ready so early that there was nothing for me to do but hang around, a superfluous graduate mother, on that busy floor. Besides, there was the timing—I had to get home for Michael's next feeding or we'd be held up for hours. Anyway, there was plenty of reason for me just to get dressed, get the desk downstairs to call me a cab, and simply take Michael home myself. Plenty of good, honest reasons . . . except that, when Bill came storming into the house, later that afternoon, and I saw the glare of incredulous fury he gave me, I felt a stab of satisfaction that told me plainer than words what my real reason had been. A touch of shame went with it, when I realized how hurt Bill was . . . but I was being hurt all along, wasn't I, as long as that program was flaunted at me every evening?

"Sh—you'll wake Mike," I whispered. "Wake Mike! I'll tear the place down," Bill said, but caught himself in the act of slamming the door and closed it quietly. "Where is he? Can I go up? Bert, I just don't get you. How could you—never mind, I want to see my son first."

He was up there so long I almost went after him, but I decided to wait and give him time to calm down. He strode in after a while and made himself a drink without offering me one, and only after he had done away with half of it did he trust himself to speak.

"Of all the rotten tricks, Bert. I wouldn't have thought it even of you." He spoke quietly, but the glass was shaking in his hand. Again I felt a vague shame, but my own sense of what was right stiffened me.

"It wasn't a trick, if you mean my coming home alone—"

"You knew what it meant to me. You know how I've been waiting all week long, planning just how it would be—how I'd roll out the red carpet, how I'd

go with trumpets and drums to escort my family home. My family." Bitterness edged his voice. "How could you cheat me like this? It'll never come again, this one moment—and now I haven't had it. I haven't brought my son home."

"Well, I did call, Bill. But you weren't there, and it was getting sort of late, and really can you tell me what point there was in my hanging around—"

"Don't give me that, it makes me sick," Bill flung at me. "Excuses, double-talk, treating me like a fifth wheel. What goes on, anyway? And let me tell you another thing. I don't like this stuff about sh-sh, you'll wake the baby. If you think I'm going to put myself on a schedule and wait around to see my son as if I were one of the peasants getting his annual chance to see the squire, you're crazy. By golly he's my son, and he's going to be part of my life and I'm going to be a darn great big part of his, and if you think—"

"What have you got to complain about, Bill Bauer? After all, all I've got is this house and my baby to keep my life exciting. Aren't you being a little bit selfish to want to cut me out? After all, you've got plenty of important things to keep busy with. All your work at the agency, all those big deals with television shows and important clients. . . ."

There was a pause. Bill stared down into his glass, finished it off, and slapped it down on a table. Silently I picked it up and polished away with my handkerchief the damp ring it left. After a while he said very quietly, "So that's it. I was fooling myself all along. I knew it. You were never big enough to mean what you said—"

"What I said? What did I say?" I challenged him. "Did I ever say I could just put it out of my mind, all this stuff with that woman? Do you think any woman could? You're not that dumb, Bill, not even you. How would you feel if there were some man who'd wanted to marry me, and I still kept him hanging around? . . ."

"Let's not go into it, Bert, huh?" The anger had quieted. Bill seemed more thoughtful now than anything else. He was turning something over in his mind. Into the silence, Meta's voice came from the kitchen, saying, unemotionally, "Dinner is served, if anyone cares."

Everything considered, it was a pleasant dinner in the end. Bill's effort to put aside his anger was so evident that I felt it would be smart of me to meet him halfway. There was Meta to consider, too; she was hardly a stranger, but still you don't want a third party in on all your quarrels. And then, anyway, there was Michael. His tiny presence sleeping away upstairs made everything else trivial. Both Bill and I relaxed, as the evening went on, in making plans for him, in wondering what he'd be like, in sneaking up to peer in at him, marveling. I felt so good when we went to bed that I hand-somely offered to let Bill give him a nickname, since he disliked the name Michael.

"It's not that I dislike it, it's just that I wanted—oh well, never mind that. Let's see. What did that nurse use to call him? Butch. I like that pretty well."

Butch. If that wasn't just like a man. Still . . . it was a small concession. I'd keep calling him Michael, and Bill could have Butch for his own.

Yes, things settled down. For the next few days, apart from Bill's rather frowning thoughtfulness, the Bauer house was everything a new infant's home ought to be, complete with doting aunt in the shape of Meta. . . . But I knew Bill was as conscious as I that there was an open question still unsettled. I didn't know, yet, what

I could do about it, but while that show went on, and while Bill was such a big factor in it, I just couldn't relax and act happy about everything.

One afternoon Bill came home early, went up to look at Michael—he always called it "playing with Butch," though, of course, the baby was too young to be played with, really—and came down again with an expression of such obvious determination that I simply stopped preparing dinner and said, "Well, come on, let's have it. I can see there's something on your mind."

Bill cleared his throat. "I don't like to bring it up, but one of us has to—"

"If it's about Gloria—pardon me, I mean The Woman Gloria, as on television—don't spare my feelings, Bill. You don't think it's far from my mind whether or not I talk about it, I hope."

"That's just it," Bill said. He opened the icebox, peered into it, and closed it again without getting interested in any of its contents. "I had to do something, Bert. The strain was just getting too much for me. So I—well, I've been working something out at the office and I think I've put it over. It looks pretty set that Gloria's program may go network very shortly."

I eyed him. "Well? Do you want me to write her a letter of congratulation?"

He flushed. "Please, Bert. I'm trying to explain that I've done something for you, to make you more—more—well, anyway, the point is, if it does, it'll probably mean everyone on the show goes to New York, and the show will come from there."

"Oh, Bill!" I turned away, to hide the sudden quivering of my lips. I suppose it was the measure of how far apart we'd come that I wouldn't let my husband see me crying, but something stiff and unyielding inside me kept me from showing him any softness. "That would be fine with me," I said. I added firmly, "It'll be best for everyone. You'll see—especially for you."

"It makes no difference to me if it comes from New Zealand," Bill snapped. "Only I can't go on the way we've been, Bert. You're all tied up with Butch, never any time for me—sleeping in his room on that cot—"

"It's because I don't want to disturb you when I get up to feed him at night, I told you that."

"And I don't believe you. Why, even Meta's more part of this family than I am. Do you realize that? Anytime I sneak in to see my son I get dirty looks from the two of you as if I were going in to cast an evil spell—" He stopped, drew a deep breath, and went on, "Enough of that. I get the message. Things aren't going to be right around here until I shed this TV show. So okay. Bert. . . ." He came over and forced me to look at him. "Do you see now that I'll do—anything I can to keep everything right for us? Do you believe me?"

With Bill's serious blue eyes so close, and his thin, worried face almost touching mine, I couldn't remain cold. I put my hand against his cheek, and the warmth of the gesture startled both of us. To me it was like an electric shock, for even as I touched his face it came to me how dreadfully long it had been since I had shown Bill any tenderness, or allowed him to be sweet to me. And yet I loved him; I still loved him, and I didn't really want to make him as unhappy as he'd been. . . . I slipped my arms round his neck and kissed him. Bill and I were coming so dangerously close to having nothing, together. . . . it mustn't go that far.

He rubbed his cheek against mine, and sighed. "Oh, Bert. Let's try to be happy. We have so much."

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"If that show goes to New York, everything will be all right. I know it, Bill. I promise it."

There was a short silence. Bill bit his lip, and feeling the movement against my forehead, I stood back. "The only thing is . . ." he began. I stiffened, and held my breath. "The thing is, Bert, I've got myself into sort of a hole. Remember, I sold the show. I've been with it from the beginning, nursing it along. It's building up a swell rating, otherwise the client wouldn't be considering this network deal, and they feel—Andrews feels, and the client, too—well, I might have to go with it."

The moment of tenderness was ripped away. The tightness around my heart, which had just begun slowly and tentatively to ease, all at once became a great wall of steel armor. I moved quite away and pulled my thoughts together. After a time I said, "My home is here. And the baby's. It'll be quite a day before you get me to move away from Los Angeles. And that was quite a production you handed me. The program coming from New York for *my* sake. Only one small detail—we go with it. Where's the deal, Bill? Does it make any difference where you hang around that woman, whether it's here or in another city? What—"

"Oh, shut up and listen. In the first place, I talked myself into this spot on account of you, because I was half crazy with worrying about trying to separate myself from the show and this seemed like the best way. I didn't know Andrews and the client thought I was so indispensable to it. I just talked myself into a great big hole, and the reason I'm telling you is that there's still hope, a little hope, I may be able to get out of it, only—well, there's a chance I might not. There's a chance we just might have to go with it, for a while."

"I am not moving to New York. I am not disrupting my whole life for that woman, and that's flat."

"How about for my career?" Bill asked morosely. "How about if it means my job, Bert? You'd be the last one to give up a nice fat job, unless I miss my guess. You'd be the last one to want me out on my ear, the way you used to be at me all the time because I wasn't getting ahead fast enough."

I looked at him, silently. He nodded. "That's what it might come to, Bert. Andrews practically laid it on the line. He can't see it any other way than for me to go along with the show."

For once, I kept my mouth shut. There was little point in making childish accusations against Bill's good faith, when I could see that he was quite sincere. Andrews the mighty, Andrews, Bill's boss, had spoken, and I was perfectly aware that the pronouncement had come as shockingly to Bill as it had to me. Confusion and fear took over. What would happen? It was unthinkable that Bill should give up his job—that wonderful job which had made a new man of him and which was providing so comfortably for me and Michael. Equally unthinkable for us to move away from this town where we'd both grown up—where our roots and families were, where Michael must surely go to school. . . . For once, I held my tongue. All I said, very quietly, was, "Please do your best, Bill. Make it work out the right way."

I had time during the next couple of days for lots of thinking. Even, a little, for remorse. If I hadn't shown Bill so plainly that I resented his contact with Gloria, he might not have worked himself into this dead-end alley . . . if I had managed to concentrate on all that was happy and promising and good in our

lives (and surely we did have a lot!) instead of holding so vengefully to my remembered bitterness and my outworn jealousy of that woman. . . . Almost timidly, I gauged Bill's temper when he came in each night, afraid to ask for news. His tension and strain were obvious; in the office the situation must be building up to a crucial decision. Then on Thursday he told me he had to go up to San Francisco over the weekend, and I knew the test had come. He was probably going to see the client and try to sell them another arrangement for the program—try to convince them, perhaps, that another man from the agency would be just as good. It was a sleepless weekend for me, uneasy with anxious fears and indecisive arguments against myself. Sunday night, unable to rest, I sat at the window in Michael's room, for once unaware of his light even breathing. The crisp white curtain moved against my warm face and I thought unexpectedly of Bill, and for the first time in months found myself wishing I could help him somehow. If I was so anxious, how must he feel? I'll be so good to him, I thought, if things work out. So different. . . .

He got in late Monday and called me from the airport on his way to the office to say he'd be home as soon as he could. I kept on hoping . . . but somehow I knew, from the carefully neutral way he spoke, that it was no good. And when he came home in the early evening, tired and quiet and closer to hopeless-looking than he'd been in months, I knew my apprehension was justified.

"I'd better tell you right away, it's no use, Bert. The whole trip was wasted," he said, throwing himself into his chair and gazing up at me.

"I figured that was why you went to San Francisco—to talk to them about New York."

He shrugged. "Might have saved myself the agony. They hit the ceiling when I suggested sending another man along with the show. But I talked to Andrews again today, Bert, and if you're willing there might be one way." He said it so unemotionally that at first I didn't realize there was hope. Then I jumped.

"Well, *what?* If he'll let you get off the hook *any* way—"

"Don't get your hopes up. Mine aren't." He looked at me measuringly. "I said—if you're willing. The deal is for me to take the show—go with Gloria and Sid to New York—and stay just long enough to break in somebody else to take over at that end."

A bitter taste came into my throat. "But," I said. "And where does that leave me? There you'll be, three thousand miles away, with that woman—"

"And her husband," Bill said, but without energy. He really didn't expect me to yield. I paused, looking at him. But

what did he expect? Was he ready to give up his job?

As though my thought telegraphed itself to him, he got up, his face flushing dangerously. "Confound it, I won't be squeezed like this," he muttered. "Between you and Andy and the almighty client I can't call my life my own. Listen to me, Bert. What would be so terrible if I did go for a month? Is it a tragedy? A *month*, Bert."

"Plenty can happen in a month. Especially if a woman makes up her mind to it."

"Gloria is *married*. She and Sid are crazy about each other. I'm an old friend. I'm interested in her career. *Can't you get that, without trimmings, through your stubborn head?*"

A funny thing was going on inside me. I knew Bill was working himself up to one last battle; I knew he was prepared to have me jeer at him, to take up that "old friend" and make something of it, to bring up the past, to accuse . . . and the words were so familiar that they were ready at my lips. But at the same time, much deeper down, another feeling stirred and strengthened. I did believe him. I really did. Why not let go, why not let the bitterness and fear dissolve as it wanted to in the new warmth of my relationship with Bill—the relationship that might still be saved, still be nursed along until we had something good and warm and strong again? It would be such a relief to relax, to let tenderness and trust take over for a change. . . .

"Bill," I said tremulously, "could you—could you promise me that . . ." I stopped, not knowing how to put it.

Bill stared at me. Slowly, he came closer and searched my eyes. "Bert," he said. "Oh, Bert. Don't you know that I am different now, not the way I was a year ago? Don't you know that I value what we have here, our home and Michael, and each other, more than anything in the world? I can promise you. I feel I could promise anything in the world if you were prepared to believe my promise. I'd be able to do anything, if you weren't constantly fighting me. Nothing tempts me, honey, except maybe the desire to hurt you because you're hurting me. If you trusted me, Bert, I could go to New York and do exactly what I've said—stay a month, train a man, come back as fast as I possibly could."

Yes . . . I knew what that was, when he spoke of the desire to hurt because you'd been hurt. I'd been hurt . . . but it was over. It was so wearily long ago. I thought of the night before when I'd wanted to help Bill, when I'd remembered tenderness and kindness and longed for them again. I drew a deep, shaky breath.

"It's all right, Bill," I said. "I think everything's all right. You can give me the promise." I put my hands on his shoulders. "On your terms. Just as you said. You go. Butch and I will be here when you get back. Even—" I smiled up at him. "Even if it's, for instance, six weeks, maybe."

"Bert. . ." Bill's voice was unsteady, too. "It's been so long since you've talked to me like that. Since you've given me a chance. . . . I do promise, honey. With everything I've got."

I kissed him, and I didn't say anything. But inwardly I, too, was making a promise. I would stop keeping it alive, this old dead business between my husband and another woman. I would let it lie in peace. I would let trust and faith and tenderness push aside the bitter memories. It would be like getting a present of happiness . . . for Bill, for myself. But mostly for Michael . . . for Butch, for *our* baby.

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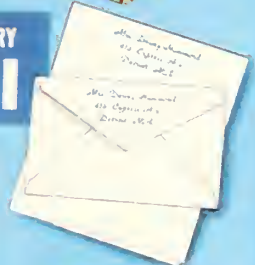
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