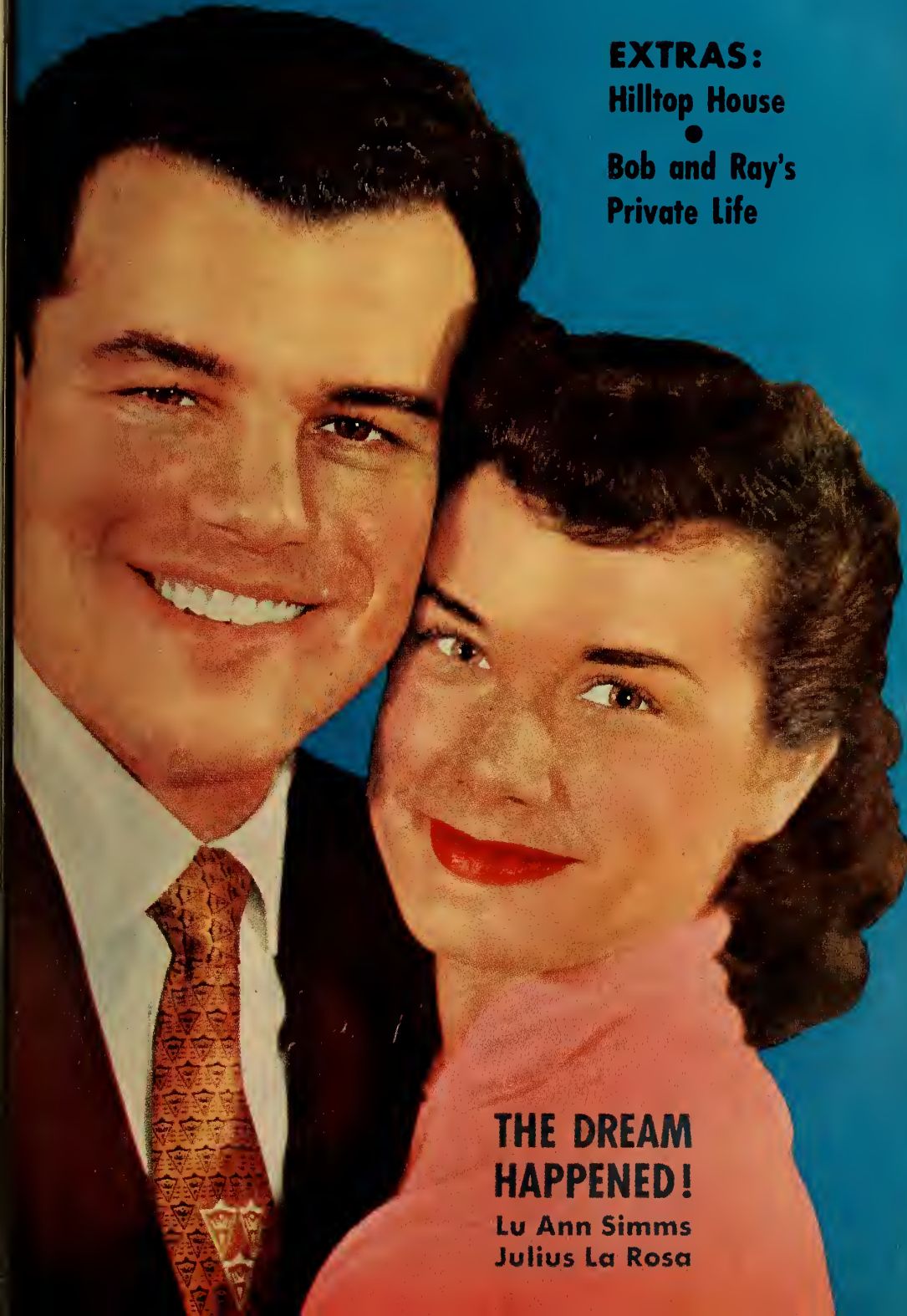


RADIO-TV **MIRROR**

March

N. Y. radio, TV listings

EXTRAS:
Hilltop House
●
Bob and Ray's
Private Life



**THE DREAM
HAPPENED!**
Lu Ann Simms
Julius La Rosa

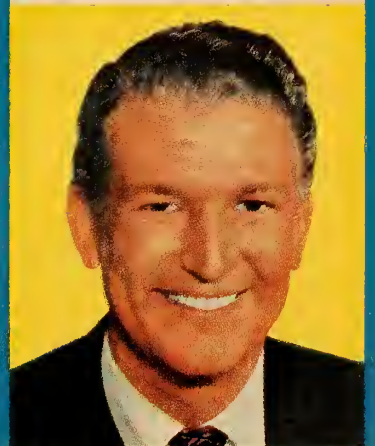
199
**SPECIAL
FEATURES**



**Art Linkletter
by his son, Jack**



**Patti Page
I am so lucky**



**Bud Collyer
Contestants are great!**

New! a shampoo that
Silkens
your hair!

Picture you . . . after just one shampoo . . . with hair that shimmers under even the softest light. Picture you with hair that's silky soft, silky smooth, silky bright!

New lightning lather—milder than castile!

This silkening magic is in Drene's *new lightning lather!* No other lather is so thick, yet so quick—even in hardest water!

Magic! because it flashes up like lightning, because it rinses out like lightning, because it's milder than castile! *Magic!* because this new formula leaves your hair bright as silk, smooth as silk, soft as silk. And so obedient.

Just try this new Drene with its *lightning lather* . . . its new, fresh fragrance of 100 flowers. *You have a new experience coming!*

A NEW EXPERIENCE . . .
to see your hair so silky soft,
so silky bright . . . to feel the
magic of this lightning lather—
milder than castile. No other
lather is so *quick*, yet so *thick*.



New Lightning Lather—
a magic new formula that silkens your hair.

Milder than castile—
so mild you could use Drene every day!



New
Drene

A PRODUCT OF PROCTER & GAMBLE



Prompt action can often help head them off

AT THE FIRST SIGN of a sneeze, cough or tickle in your throat, gargle with Listerine Antiseptic . . . quick! You may spare yourself a long siege of a cold or sore throat due to a cold because Listerine Antiseptic fights the infection as an infection should be fought . . . with germ-killing action.

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs, including those called "secondary invaders" (see panel below). These are the very bacteria that often are responsible for so much of a cold's misery when they stage a mass invasion of the body through throat tissues. Listerine Antiseptic attacks them on these surfaces before they attack you.

Remember that tests made over a 12-year period showed that regular twice-a-day Listerine users had fewer colds, and usually milder ones, than non-users; and fewer sore throats.

So, get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic night and morning, and beentimes, when you feel a cold or sore throat coming on. Lambert Pharmacal Company Division of The Lambert Company, St. Louis 6, Mo.



Gargle LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC—to get after these germs

Tests showed that even fifteen minutes after Listerine Antiseptic gargle bocterio on mouth and throat surfaces were reduced up to 96.7%; on hour afterward as much as 80%. Among bocterio on mouth and throat surfoces can be many of the "secondary invaders," some of which are shown at right. These are the very germs that can cause so much of o cald's misery when they invade the body through throat tissue.



(1) Pneumococcus Type III, (2) Hemophilus influenzae, (3) Streptococcus pyogenes, (4) Pneumococcus Type II, (5) Streptococcus salivarius.



And to be *Extra Careful* about Halitosis (bad breath)
Use **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC** . . . no matter what else you do

Do you know *why* Listerine Antiseptic is better? Because the most common cause of Halitosis is germs . . . that's right, germs start the fermentation of proteins always present in your mouth.

Listerine kills germs that cause that fermentation . . . kills them by the millions. Brushing your teeth doesn't give you this antiseptic protection. Chlorophyll, chewing gums don't kill germs. Listerine does.

That's why Listerine stops Halitosis instantly . . . and usually for hours. That's why Listerine Antiseptic averaged four times better than the leading chlorophyll products it was tested against.

So, if you want really effective protection against Halitosis . . . no matter what else you may use . . . use an antiseptic . . . Listerine Antiseptic, the most widely used antiseptic in the world.

That's Putting Him On Ice, Sis!



YOUR SISTER'S GIVING ME A BAD TIME, KID— BUT I DON'T WANT TO TAKE IT SITTING DOWN!



TO STOP BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING WITH COLGATE'S MAKES YOUR MOUTH FEEL CLEANER LONGER— GIVES YOU A CLEAN, FRESH MOUTH ALL DAY LONG!



And Colgate's has proved conclusively that brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! In fact, the Colgate way stopped more decay for more people than ever before reported in all dentifrice history!

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream

NOW THAT I USE COLGATE'S, AS I SHOULD, THE CHILL HAS GONE, AS I HOPED IT WOULD!



Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with **COLGATE DENTAL CREAM** **STOPS** **BAD BREATH** and **STOPS DECAY!**

Colgate's instantly stops bad breath in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth! And the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating is the best home method known to help stop tooth decay!



IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH!

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Editorial Staff: Teresa Buxton, Betty Freedman, Helen Bolstad (Chicago)
Art Staff: Frances Maly, Joan Clarke

Fred R. Sammis, *Editor-in-Chief*

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Member of The TRUE STORY Women's Group



Mandel Kramer

ORDINARILY, on other programs in which he appears, Mandel Kramer is a two-faced, ornery killer, as likely to be erased on a show as not. It is seldom Kramer lasts to the end of any show—except on Counter-Spy, where he is Harry Peters, the hard-working associate of David Harding. At a time when TV has made tremendous inroads into the entertainment world, the thirty-five-year-old Harrison, New York, gentleman is one of the handful of actors who has not been affected by the new medium. "I'm a product of radio," Kramer confesses.

Kramer is the sort of determined person who makes his own breaks when need be. He was brought up in Cleveland, where he attended Cleveland Heights High School and Western Reserve University. For no reason that Mandel can explain, he decided to become an actor. While he worked in his father's shoe store for the "fabulous" sum of fifteen dollars a week, Mandel studied in his spare time at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. He then had a year in the Cleveland Playhouse, before getting a smattering of radio experience on Station WTAM in Cleveland.

With \$150 he had saved, Mandel set out for New York one day. He was sure that that great amount would see him through, and believe it or not, it did. Mandel won his first job by crashing an audition. He heard that a producer was auditioning for a role, and popped in at the studio declaring to the receptionist that he had already qualified for the try-out. She believed him, and the next thing you knew he was in front of the mike. They liked him, and Mandel launched his New York radio career. In 1943, he tried out for Harry Peters, got the part, and has been successfully solving cases with David Harding week after week. When he's not doing Harry, he spends the rest of his working hours getting bumped off on other programs.

After work Mandel Kramer commutes to Harrison, where he shares a lovely home with his family—wife and two little girls. Once in his own back yard, no one would ever suspect Mandel of being an actor. He's a modest, likable guy, who wonders why anybody would ever want to write a story in a magazine about him.

Counter-Spy is heard on Sundays at 5:30 P.M. EST, on NBC, for Gulf Oil.



CAN'T DRY YOUR HAIR LIKE HARSH LIQUIDS

CAN'T DULL YOUR HAIR LIKE SOAPS OR CREAMS

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!

WHITE RAIN



Fabulous New Lotion Shampoo by Toni



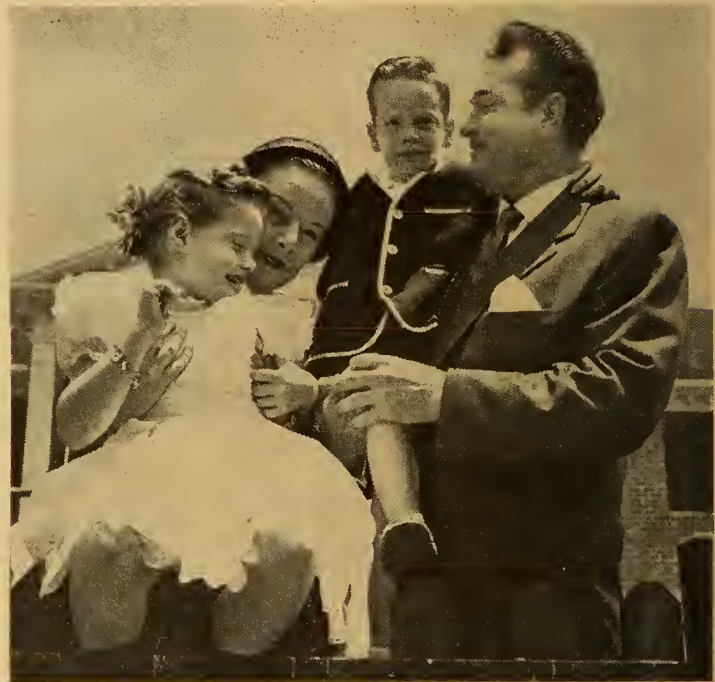
At Cerebral Palsy telethon, Jill Warren reminds Dennis James—"Smoking prohibited."

Donald O'Connor and his wife Gwen do a domestic scene on the Colgate Comedy Hour.



WHAT'S NEW

by
Jill Warren

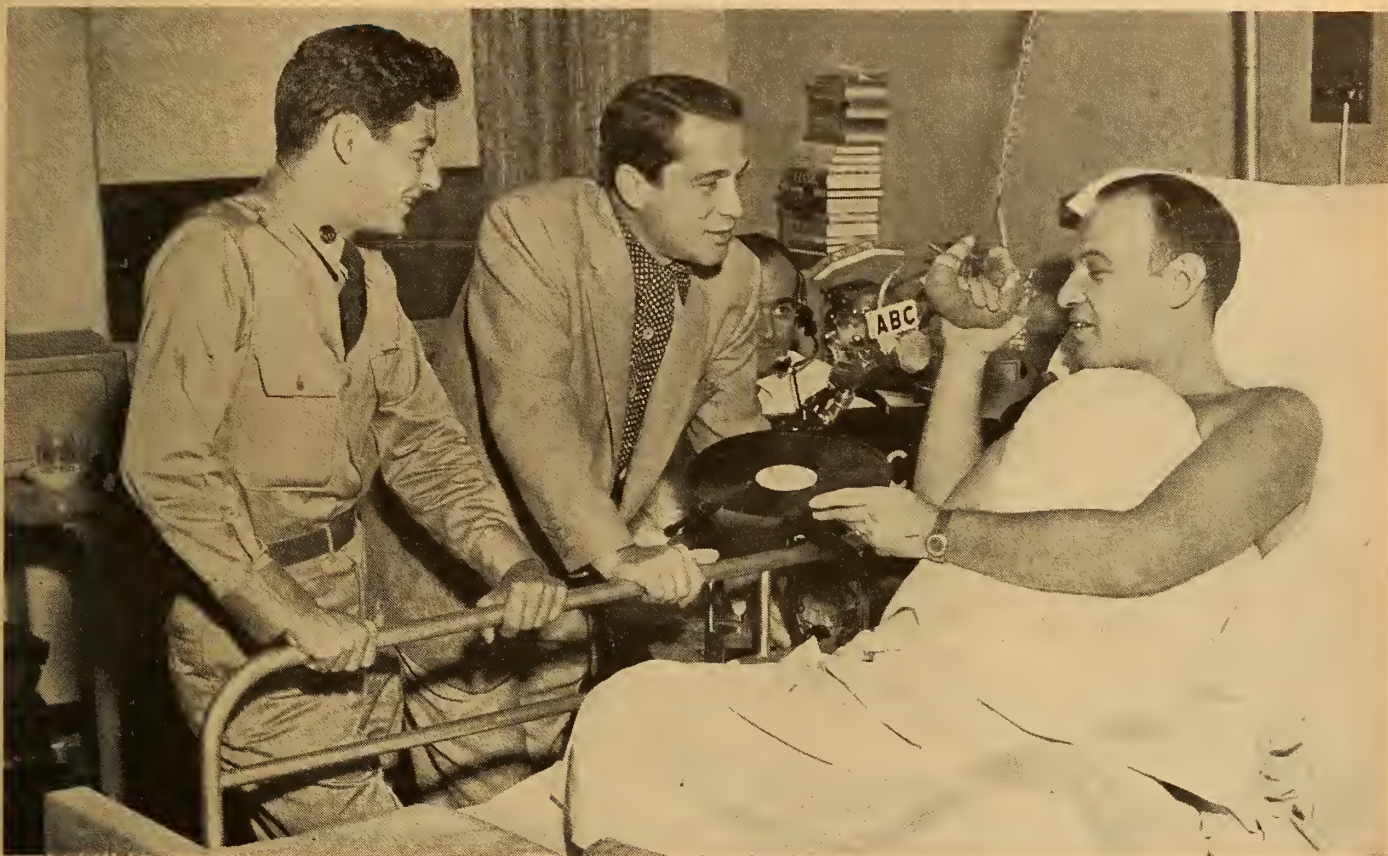


Love won out with Red and Georgia Skelton, after a spat that headline writers called a break-up.

THE NETWORKS are going all-out to tie up the top creative talent available for television. NBC has signed a fabulous contract with Robert E. Sherwood, the distinguished playwright, to write nine original one-hour plays. Under the terms of the agreement NBC will produce an average of one manuscript every four months, with Sherwood having complete freedom and independence in the selection of his subject matter and treatment of his story. And the Pulitzer Prize dramatist will earn a five-figure fee for each play, the highest amount ever paid for a single TV script.

CBS has signed another famous play-

FROM COAST TO COAST



Eddie Fisher and Perry Como visit the bedside of Allen Stuart, WJZ deejay.

wright (also a Pulitzer winner), Ben Hecht, to create a weekly series of half-hour dramatic television shows. The program, as yet untitled, will begin shortly, with Hecht supervising the productions, in addition to writing. Bob Stevens, who formerly produced *Suspense*, will direct.

This Is Charles Laughton is the name of a new weekly fifteen-minute video program, starring—of course—the famous actor. Laughton reads from the Bible and other classic works of literature and, in general, presents the same sort of narration he has been doing on his in-person tours around the country. This program is being filmed so that

the actor may continue his nation-wide appearances.

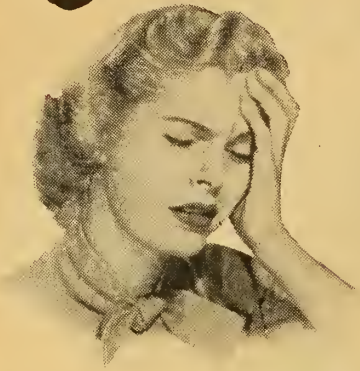
Alan Young and Ken Murray, who have been away from television for about a year or so, are back in action Sunday nights at CBS-TV. The two comedians will alternate programs, with Mr. Murray leading off February 8.

Seminar, the educational half-hour weekly show on ABC-TV, is all set with a new series of programs to last thirteen weeks. In this group they will cover the post-Civil War period to contemporary times. The program is produced by the network in association with Columbia University. Those of you who are interested in this show

can obtain a list of the books to be discussed during the series by sending twenty-five cents to: Dean Louis M. Hacker, School of General Studies, Columbia University, New York City. And, at the end of the thirteenth program, listeners may take an examination on the "course" and will be graded by Columbia, but without official college credit.

If you prefer your dramatic shows on radio, you'll want to listen to a new one called *On Stage*, over CBS on Thursday nights. This half-hour co-stars Cathy and Elliott Lewis, one of the most talented couples on the air. Cathy, of (Continued on page 6)

Mary's DULL



PERIODIC PAIN

Menstrual pain had Mary down but Midol brought quick comfort. Midol acts three ways to bring faster relief from menstrual distress. It relieves cramps, eases headache and chases "blues".

FREE 24-page book, "What Women Want to Know", explains menstruation. (Plain wrapper). Write Dep't. B-33, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y.

Mary's SHARP WITH MIDOL



All Drugstores
have Midol

What's New from Coast

course, is My Friend Irma's sidekick, Jane, and Elliott is currently directing and producing the radio version of Suspense.

The Catholic Hour, which has been broadcasting for twenty-three years, can now be seen on television, too, over NBC-TV. The narrator is Reverend Vincent Holden, frequent speaker on the ABC program, The Christian in Action.

Still another movie star has switched to TV. This time it's Ann Sothern, debuting in a new series called Private Secretary, and it will be on Sunday nights on CBS-TV. The accent is on comedy, and the show will be filmed in Hollywood.

Horace Heidt is back on the CBS airwaves after a lengthy absence. He's the headman on a new program, The American Way, accompanied by his Musical Knights and other entertainers in his organization. The show is heard Thursday nights, and will originate from a different city each week. With more or less of a three-way format, the Heidt crew will handle the musical portion of the show, there will be a new-talent segment, which offers career opportunities to talented youths, and the program will give aid to local service organizations with their individual community projects.

Margaret Whiting and Les Brown's orchestra have been signed for regular berths on Bob Hope's new nighttime air show on NBC. Hope, by the way, recently celebrated his fifteenth year with Paramount Pictures, which prompted the comedian to quip, "Boy, that's a lot of gum under the seats."

This 'n' That:

The Beulah show, which was scheduled to be cancelled from the CBS radio schedule when the sponsor dropped it, is remaining, after all. The network plans to keep it on sustaining, in the hope of getting a new sponsor. They're using tape recordings of the outstanding scripts which star the late Hattie McDaniels, and her fees for the rebroadcasts are being paid into her estate.

Gordon MacRae is in a snit these days because his popular program, The Railroad Hour, may become a television show, and Gordon won't be able to appear on it. His contract with Warner Bros. says in great big letters "No TV."

The John Reed Kings have a date with the stork for April, and they're hoping like

mad for a boy, inasmuch as they now have two little girls.

Speaking of the stork, Ben Grauer says he'll never be surprised at any "special event" assignment he may get from NBC in the future. Ben telecast the actual preparations for Caesarean birth of a baby in Denver a few weeks ago, and, as he says, "How can they top that?"

Audrey Totter gave up her role as the star of Meet Millie, and Elena Verdugo, who is Millie on television, will take over the part on radio as well. Audrey, who recently became a bride, says she wants to devote more time to being a Mrs.

Dave Garroway just celebrated his first anniversary on the NBC-TV early-morning show, Today. Dave is the boy who has to get up every morning at a snappy 3:00 A.M. in order to be at the studio by 4:00. From 4:00 to air time at 7:00 A.M., he's busy with interviews, checking the news, camera rehearsals, etc. So he puts in heavy working time in the wee hours before somebody yells, "You're on!"

With his career and personal troubles piling up and up, Mario Lanza at least had one thing to smile about during the holidays—the arrival of his new baby son. Here's hoping the new year finds Lanza straightening himself out with his studio, his managers and his friends.

Trash Or Treasure, the interesting Du Mont Television Network show, may soon be the basis for a series of film shorts. This is the program on which viewers bring their antiques to find out whether they're valuable or not.

Sara Selby, who plays Judy Graves's mother on the Junior Miss air show, has been signed to appear opposite Frank Lovejoy in a new Warner Bros. movie, "The System." Incidentally, Lovejoy, who started in radio, is moving right along in his movie career. Remember him as the original Lieutenant Weygand on the Mr. and Mrs. North program?

There's nothing like loving your work, but Jerry Lewis has been overdoing it lately. He just got fined \$1,000 by the American Guild of Variety Artists for doing a gratis show at Ciro's night club in Hollywood. AGVA, which is the governing union for all night-club performers, has a very strict rule concerning performers appearing on



Meet Millie cast: Elena Verdugo, Marvin Kaplan, and Florence Halop.

to Coast

an ad-lib basis without pay and, when or if they do, they are fined. Jerry already had been on probation for a previous violation of this rule, so he had to pay an additional \$250. Now the comedian has been warned that if he gets carried away again and does his stuff without salary, he will face a lengthy suspension, which of course would cancel his vaudeville and nitery bookings.

Rosemary De Camp will play the role of Grace Moore's aunt in the re-make movie, "One Night Of Love," which will be based partly on the life of the late diva.

Can you imagine anybody in their right mind turning down \$50,000 for a few minutes' work? Well, believe it or not, Greta Garbo did just that when she said no to CBS-TV's offer for her to do a seven-minute dramatic spot on their Omnibus Sunday show. But the network wasn't too surprised, because the great Garbo also refused \$25,000 for a guest appearance on This Is Show Business a couple of years ago.

What Ever Happened To . . . ?

Frank Munn, the popular tenor, who used to sing on the American Album Of Familiar Music program? Munn has retired completely from show business, and he and his wife live in Florida, where he devotes most of his time to charity work.

Alois Havrilla, one of the pioneer announcers in radio and one of the best-known voices in the movie newsreels? Sad to report that Mr. Havrilla passed away at the age of sixty-one, just before Christmas, in Englewood, New Jersey. At the time of his death he was associated with Station WNJR, in Newark.

Ed East, who was a popular personality in the early days of broadcasting with his partner Ralph Dumke—with their Sisters Of The Skillet show—and who, in later years, was the emcee on Meet The Missus? East passed away following a heart attack in New York City, January 18, 1952. He was fifty-six. His widow, Polly, with whom he had also appeared for many years, no longer does any radio work.

Thomas L. Thomas, well-known baritone, who used to appear on many broadcasts? Thomas has devoted most of his time the past few years to concert work, though he occasionally does appear as a guest soloist on some of the serious music programs.

Henry "Hotlips" Levine, who was an NBC staff conductor and also led the orchestra on the old Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street show? Levine is now the director of the station WTAM orchestra in Cleveland, Ohio.

Bartlett Robinson, who used to play the part of Walter Manning on Portia Faces Life? Robinson is still most active, but has concentrated mainly on television, and appears on the Broadway stage from time to time.

These are some of the personalities readers have inquired about. If you have wondered what happened to one of your favorite people on radio or on television, drop a line to: Jill Warren, RADIO-TV MIRROR Magazine, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York City 17, New York, and I'll do my best to find out for you and put the information in the column. Unfortunately we don't have room to answer all the questions, so I try to cover those personalities about whom we receive the most inquiries. Sorry, no personal answers.

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

Helene Curtis Brings American Women The New Smoother Look

with spray net

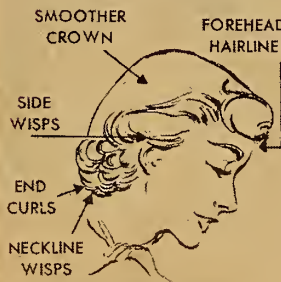


*The magic mist
that keeps hair softly in place all day*

Now comes a new way to keep your hair perfectly in place—all day, all evening. Simply press the button—and the magic mist of Helene Curtis Spray Net keeps your hair the way you set it—softly, naturally . . . invisibly . . . for that new, smoother look.

Millions of women are finding that Helene Curtis Spray Net is the perfect answer to wispy, straggly, unruly hair. Protects your hair—do unfailingly—utterly without stiff-looking lacquers or greasiness.

Won't harm hair—brushes out instantly.
Takes less time to apply than lipstick.
Get Helene Curtis Spray Net today!



PERFECT HAIR CONTROL
WHEREVER YOU NEED IT!

Regular Size \$1.25 New Large Economy Size \$2

Helene Curtis spray net



At all Drug Stores, Cosmetic Counters and Beauty Salons

"I knew Ricky held my heart—but my head

Hilltop House

IS THE THRILL OF LOVE ENOUGH?

I BROUGHT the station wagon round to the driveway in front of the orphanage porch and honked the horn. Mark, my kindergarten-age Hilltopper, was so excited over going to Dr. Ricky's this morning that he'd gone back in to get Hannah to help him change his shirt again. "I ought to wook my vewy best for this twip," he'd argued, and I'd turned away to hide my smile over that appealing, but trouble-making, lisp. It was the lisp that was taking us to Ricky's this morning. Until Mark started at school it hadn't bothered either him or the rest of us at Hilltop. But, after we'd called Ricky in a couple of times to treat the assorted black eyes and bruises Mark had earned by fighting older boys who made fun of his baby-talk, Ricky had suggested we try to do away with it. I was delighted all over again that he'd taken over as the orphanage doctor from his brother Jeff, who was now much too busy. To be honest, I was delighted in a very perplexing and exciting way that Ricky had set up his shingle here in Glendale.

You're a mature woman, I scolded myself as Mark and I marched up to the red-painted door and obeyed the injunction above the knocker: *Ring and walk in*. A woman who's been married, a woman who's been in love before . . . was the sudden presence in my life of Dr. Rick Browning going to turn me from a dignified head matron into a coy and giggling female? The picture was suddenly so ludicrous that I did giggle. Mark shot me a reproachful glance.

"I didn't say anything," he whispered. "What are you waffing at?"

"It was an accident," I apologized. "Besides, Mark, I—"

"Welcome aboard!" Ricky interrupted. He threw open the door to his office and stood there grinning at us. His hand went out and ruffled Mark's short blond hair, but his smile was for me. "Welcome more than I can say. I had a hard morning."

I laughed. "Don't tell me you had a patient!"

"And what a patient. Come on, young fellow." Ricky picked Mark up and marched him into the office, an indignity Mark would have resented violently from anyone else. He sat Mark down on an examining table and went unobtrusively about collecting the necessary implements for his examination, talking all the while in a way that held the child's interest. He didn't have to hold mine. Even without looking, I already knew by heart the disciplined quickness of his tall body, his big-boned, gentle hands. When Ricky was being a doctor, his physical resemblance to Jeff was striking.

But, when he was being a man, the calm, methodical, orderly personality that was Jeff's paled in the brilliance of Ricky's charm. Even the children felt it and warmed to it. Mark, his mouth stretched as wide as it would go at Ricky's command, sat patiently while he was being prodded and poked. Jeff had always had a hard time keeping the little ones still enough to examine.

"Good. Okay. This won't give us any trouble." Gently Ricky brought Mark's upper and lower jaws together, gave him a big-brotherly squeeze and helped him down. "A little speech therapy, Julie, that's all. It'll take time, but Mark can do it."

"You bet," Mark said promptly. "Say, Dr. Wicky, can I wook at that machine?" He fingered the fluoroscope with awe. "I won't pull anything."

"I'll trust you. Walk all around it if you want to," Ricky said. He lowered his voice. "No cleft palate, Julie. No structural defects that I can see. I want to take a couple of X-rays later on, but I'm pretty well satisfied. Eventually Mark ought to be clipping along in real English. And half his appeal will be gone."

I laughed. "You think a lisp helps a fellow with the girls? I don't agree."

Ricky's hand covered mine briefly. "I'm eager to know what you do think on that subject. Could we cover it at dinner—say tomorrow night?" He smiled, but his light brown eyes were serious. "I'm getting to be a terrible opportunist since I've known you. Any time I see an opening I'm in there pinning you down. I can't help it, Julie. I've always been in a hurry, but now the thought of a free evening not spent with you is such sheer waste it makes me jumpy. We've got so much ground to cover—"

"Ricky, give me a chance! I wasn't going to say no!" Unconsciously I retreated a little, putting space between us. Being so close to him always confused me. "I'm free tomorrow night. I'd love to."

"Say, is this yours?" Mark, with a small gold lighter in his hand, came between us. "Show me how it works?"

"Wish it were, pal." Ricky flicked it for Mark before putting it into his pocket. "I guess Mrs. Arthur Van Tell forgot it. It looks like hers."

"Van Tell?" I raised my eyebrows. "Heavens, Ricky, I thought they went to Chicago with every headache."

"They could afford to. But (Continued on page 10)

Hilltop House is heard on CBS Radio, M-F, 3 P.M. EST, for Alka-Seltzer. Jan Miner and Bob Readick are shown here in their radio roles as Julie Paterno and Dr. Ricky Browning.

By JULIE PATERNO

told me not to let him keep it. What could I do?"



that's what I started to tell you. She's my new patient. Referred to me by Dr. Gordon. Things are really looking gay, Julie. If Gordon refers a few more solid-gold patients my way, we can—" he grinned, "push up the date of the wedding, that's what."

Under cover of Mark's excited "What wedding? Whose wedding, Dr. Wicky? Can I be there?" I got the youngster out of the office and into the car on the way home without having to make any comment.

Until Ricky came to town, I had dined at the country club only on a couple of official business occasions and several times with Reed Nixon. Ricky's membership, achieved by the time he'd been in town a couple of months, was one of Jeff's sore spots. Despite the tremendous practice he'd built up, he didn't feel he could yet afford to join the club, and there was Ricky, a newcomer, his shingle barely hung, stepping right in. Of course Nina's hospital bills recently had strained Jeff's budget, and with two children to bring up one didn't indulge in luxuries . . . but that was the point. Ricky didn't consider it a luxury. To him, social activity was an important asset to a doctor, and he regarded membership in the club as an essential. Besides, his tennis was practically tournament quality, and getting out on the club courts of a Saturday was a big thrill.

That night Ricky's eyes, when I came downstairs, told me he had noticed my new dress. By the time we had finished our fruit cups I was provoked almost to the point of asking him how he liked my gown, when suddenly in the middle of a sentence he stopped. That look—I can't describe it—came over him. "Noticed anything new?" he asked.

"I was about to ask you the same thing," Ricky sighed. "I'm not blind, unfortunately. I've noticed. It's a new dress, and you've never looked more—I want to say desirable, but I'll say beautiful instead. Only I'm doing my darnedest to play hard to get this evening. That's what's new about me."

Warmth glowed all through me. "You're doing a good job," I said softly. "I was afraid my dress wasn't successful."

"Julie, the dress has practically nothing to do with it. It's you. It's been you from the minute I walked into Jeff's house that day and saw you wrapping that package—"

"And thought I was Jeff's wife," I smiled, remembering the stunned look on his face, and the comic relief that had flooded it when I introduced myself and explained that Nina would be along shortly. Even in that brief moment I'd found time to wonder how the things Jeff had told me about his younger brother could possibly be true. And afterwards, back at the orphanage, I'd been half amused and half annoyed at the way I listened when the phone rang. I'd thought it was silly and childish of me to hope that a man I barely knew would call. Like Babs, agonizing over Harold. But then he had called, and called again, and it became silly and childish to pretend I wasn't hoping. Ricky Browning had become warmly, vitally, frighteningly important in my well-ordered life. Almost as important as he said he wanted to become . . . so nearly that the line was almost crossed. If only I felt I knew him more completely. . . .

We were both careful, during the rest of dinner, to stick to the matter-of-factness with which Ricky had started out. But in spite of that the conversation seemed to flow over and around me, like the blurry voices from the surrounding

tables and the music from the verandah, where there was dancing. I sat in a little private, untouched shelter, created by Ricky's nearness. Could it possibly be the shelter I wanted to live in for the rest of my life?

After coffee, we danced for a while, and we were on our way back to our table when a man said, "Good evening, Julie." Reed Nixon got up from a table I was just passing.

"Reed, hello! How nice—I had no idea you were here."

"We came in while you were dancing," Reed said, and for a combination of confused reasons I felt suddenly uncomfortable. Because Ricky and I had danced so close together, without speaking . . . because his hand was still holding mine . . . because Reed looked so sober, almost reproachful. But Reed *knew* he had no claim on me. I straightened my shoulders and said, "You know Dr. Browning?"

The men said "Yes," and "How are you?" and then Reed moved slightly and said, "Julie—I don't think you know Doreen Gordon?"

Instant relief filled me that he wasn't dining alone. And the girl was stunning. Striking, rather, in a way Glendale wasn't used to. Smooth dark hair and beautiful skin and arrogant, challenging eyes, and a mouth you couldn't help noticing. She greeted me smilingly and then her eyes slid over me while she said, "Hi, Ricky. I see our game last week didn't permanently damage your muscles. You can still get around the dance floor."

"Takes more than an amateur like you to make me stiff," Ricky retorted.

Doreen Gordon laughed. "Does he beat you that easily, Mrs. Paterno? At tennis, I mean."

"I'm afraid I don't play any more. I haven't had the time."

"Julie does a man-sized job, Doreen," Reed said quickly. "She's not a loafer like you." He bent forward and touched his lighter to her cigarette.

Doreen blew smoke gracefully. "Oh, I know, darling. Ricky talks of practically nothing but Hilltop. I know far more about it than you dream. And about Mrs. Paterno." She raised her eyes to mine. "Won't you join us?"

"We're just leaving," Ricky said. "Some other time, maybe."

His hand was firm on my arm, compelling me forward. There was no time for more than a nod and a smile.

But later, driving home, I couldn't shake off an odd uneasiness. The private glow was gone for both of us; even Ricky's lighthearted mood was changed. He told me briefly that Reed had introduced him to Doreen Gordon a couple of weeks before, at lunch at the club, and that they had played tennis together the previous Saturday.

The evening that had begun so promisingly ended with Ricky and me a bit farther apart than we'd been, rather than closer. But by the next morning the shadow had faded and all I remembered was the important truth—that being with Ricky gave color, excitement, new vitality to my life.

I'd done some shopping for my cousin Nina, and when I drove over to drop off the packages I found Jeff just leaving the house. He hailed me joyfully. "Just in time, Julie. You can drive me down to the hospital. My car's laid up till noon. Here, give me those—" He held the front door with his foot, put the packages into the hall, and called, "Nina—Julie's brought your things and I'm hitching a ride with her, honey. Call you later."

I had to laugh as he folded his length into the seat next to me. "Impetuous

young man this morning, aren't you?" "Maybe I'm catching it from my kid brother." Jeff's tone was light, but from the corner of my eye I saw he wasn't smiling.

I sighed. "Oh, Jeff, I wish you and Ricky—"

"Julie, listen. In self-defense I'm going to tell you something. You bet he's on my mind. You think it's only because of a little brotherly jealousy, maybe, because he was the younger and favored son—don't answer, I know you do. I wasn't going to do anything to clear that up. But when I see him making real inroads on your peace of mind. . . ." Jeff's jaw tightened. "I'm very fond of you, as you know. I'd hate to see you make a mistake. So I'll just lay it on the line for you—the reason I'm so antagonistic to my brother."

It was a short enough story, as he told it. I had to find words in my own mind to fill in the details Jeff had left out. It had happened when Ricky was in high school, too young to be driving a car, but apparently too headstrong and self-confident to believe those laws were meant for him. Jeff was using a borrowed car at the time, and without asking permission Ricky had helped himself to it one night, cracked it up, caused a serious injury to another driver, and landed in jail.

"On my own, I'd have let him take his medicine," Jeff told me grimly. "But Mother and Dad were in a state, and—well, what can you do? It took twenty-five hundred bucks to bail him out of that jam." He gave me a mirthless smile. "You never knew I wanted to specialize in surgery, did you? I happened to have the twenty-five hundred, money I'd saved to start me in surgical training. I'd been counting on it, looking forward to it all my life. But—well, I'm not a surgeon, and Ricky paid his way out of that jam, and that's the way it was."

I couldn't think of anything to say. My own emotions were so mixed, I didn't know which was uppermost. After a minute, Jeff went on, "The money's gone, and I know if it happened again I'd do the same, with the same resentment and the same inevitability. As you and everyone else are so fond of saying, he is my brother, after all. But what I've never gotten over—the thing that makes me worry about you tying up with him, Julie—is that never once, in all the years since then, has he made the slightest move towards paying me back. If he even showed signs that it bothered him. But not my brother. He's free as air. I guess you've noticed—" the grim smile came again. "He's fond of getting things the easy way if he has any choice."

Jeff stirred, and opened the door. "Well—I see Dr. Gordon's car pulling up, so I'll be on my way. There's another interview I'm not anxious for. I'd give my eye-teeth to get into that private hospital Gordon's talking about. Pity it takes what everything else takes—money."

"Surely that's not Dr. Gordon's car!" I stared at the fire-engine red convertible.

"You bet not! His daughter got back from Europe a few weeks ago. She and the fire chief are the only people in town with cars that color. Well—I'm off, Julie. Sorry I bent your ear. It had to come some time."

As I put the car in gear and moved away, a whole series of pictures were clicking together in my mind, like a film running off. Doreen Gordon, of course! What was it Ricky had said yesterday—about the wealthy patient being referred to him by Dr. Gordon? But Ricky was so new in

town. How could he possibly have gotten to know Dr. Gordon—so well in so short a time? On the other hand, it had been obvious enough that in spite of the shortness of their acquaintance he and Doreen were already quite chummy. From somewhere in the depths of my memory came stealing a vague, foolish remark Jeff had once made—made it as a joke when he was trying to tease Nina. "I should've stuck to my guns and waited around for a rich doctor's daughter," he'd said.

Jeff had been joking. I wondered suddenly just how Ricky felt about the help Doreen Gordon could give him.

There was, fortunately for me, a minor crisis waiting when I got back to Hilltop. And there was so much for me to do that I could put Ricky and everything else that was non-orphanage right out of my mind—until Hannah told me Ricky had called. He'd left a message for me to call back at five. But five came, and five-fifteen and I kept putting it off. At five-thirty, the phone rang just as I was passing, and I had to pick it up. Ricky's voice said urgently, "Julie, didn't you get my message? Darn it, honey, I've got to tell you or burst wide open! When can I come over?"

He was so flushed with excitement when he arrived that night, so unsuspecting of the critical, questioning thoughts I'd been having about him, that I felt almost remorseful. His news was big indeed—he was going to be given a chance to buy into that private hospital deal Jeff had mentioned that morning.

I said, surprised, "It's a tremendous honor, isn't it? You've been in Glendale so short a time, and the other doctors involved—Dr. Gordon and the others—they're quite big in their fields, aren't they?"

"Among the biggest and best. Julie, this means such a lot I don't know where to begin to count my blessings. It's taking a seven-league stride instead of knocking myself out stopping on every rung of the ladder. I hope I'm equal to it, that's all."

"You are rather young for such a big deal." I looked at him thoughtfully. "How are you going to swing the money?"

Ricky shrugged. "I hate to do it, but there's only one way I can. Borrow. I've already spoken to Nixon."

"To Reed?"

"Well, sure." He seemed perplexed at my exclamation. "He's a banker, isn't he? Couple of thousand means nothing to him, and to me it's a great big key to Fort Knox and Mount Olympus combined. Julie, I'll be able to pay it back in spades when this thing goes through."

A flush mounted my cheeks. My hand began to shake so that I put down the ash tray I'd picked up to hand him. I said quietly, "Will it also help you pay back your debt to Jeff?"

I didn't mean to do it that way. I was startled at the sudden stoniness that swept all expression from his face. I'd never seen Ricky like this. He looked older, different. He looked as though he were measuring me. And a queer wayward thrill went down my spine. This was the way he looked, then, when he was really angry, really moved. And he didn't look like a lighthearted boy. He looked like a man.

After a minute, he said, "What came over my stern, silent brother? He was being so noble about the whole thing—what spoiled the show? It's not like him to go crying on shoulders."

"He wasn't doing anything of the sort. I'd just blamed him once too often for the bad feeling between you, that's all."

"Yes. I see." Ricky started to walk about the room, hands thrust deep in his

(Continued on page 13)

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Gene Rayburn dictates some "deathless" prose to his lovely wife, Helen.

the Truth about Rayburn



Gene and daughter Lynn get a big kick out of family pooch—who mugs it up for the camera.

OVER AT WNBC studios in New York's Rockefeller Plaza, there's an office—way, way far down the hall, hidden by two sets of heavy doors. This particular office is divided into two cubicles, and the rear cubicle belongs to a tall, crew-cutted, dimpled, collegiate-appearing young man, who calls himself Gene Rayburn. Gene Rayburn is his real name so it seems quite logical that he should call himself Gene Rayburn. This young man who used to break people up on a WNEW early-morning stanza with a partner, Dee Finch, is now breaking people up in a solo number early in the morning for WNBC. When asked why he works early in the morning, and why he doesn't find himself a job with better hours, his reply comes straight from his magnificent heart, "I make more money this way."

A Chicago lad who came to New York to make fame and fortune—especially the latter—Gene attended college for a short time. He left school in his second year. When asked why, he harks back to a favorite word of his—money. This time he didn't have enough of it to stay in school. Once in New York, Gene realized a life ambition and became a page boy at Radio City. He knew from books he had read as a boy, that page boys eventually become vice-presidents. Well, he didn't become a vice-president, but he did meet his very lovely wife Helen there. (She portrays Polly Bradford on his program occasionally)

Romantic Rayburn describes the meeting sentimentally. "Helen had tickets to a Toscanini concert, and I thought she was for me because she was a music lover—and besides she had a beautiful figure." So the two music lovers got married, and now they have a little music lover—ten-year-old Lynn. The Rayburns recently bought a new home in Mamaroneck, where Gene spends leisure hours pretending he's a carpenter. The new home is quite a big place—so it looks as if being a page is the best way to start making "money." Of course being Gene Rayburn helps, too, and that's the truth.

Hilltop House

(Continued from page 11)

pockets. He was frowning thoughtfully. "I hope you understand, Julie, that when the time came for us to know all the important things about each other, I would have told you that myself."

"Ricky." The urge to comfort, to be reconciled, was too strong for me. I stopped before him and put my hands on his shoulders. "Don't you think that time is—well, all along, now, as we're getting to know each other?"

His lips came down on mine, and in the swirling excitement I knew how true it was that one part of me, at least, had no doubts at all. I was alive, vitalized, stirred by a warm tide of emotion whenever he touched me. I was in love . . . if that was love. . . . But what about the part of me that stood aside, and questioned? Was that a part of everyone's falling in love?

"It's too bad Jeff couldn't be included," I said unhappily. "Did you know Dr. Gordon had asked him?"

"Sure, but Gordon said Jeff wasn't interested." Ricky eyed me sharply. "Isn't that the way it was?"

"Oh, nonsense! Ricky, he's crazy to get into it. After all, he's been in practice for some years, he's ready for the next step if anyone is! He just—well, he hasn't got the money."

"If he had it, he'd hem and haw before he took this kind of chance with it until it was too late," Ricky said bitterly. "I know my brother." He frowned. "So Jeff said he was interested. That's . . . interesting."

Interesting wasn't quite the word Ricky meant. It was hard for me to understand why, in spite of the dislike those two claimed for each other, they were always so deeply concerned with the other's activities. Ricky, on the tide of his own success, finding it food for thought that Jeff would have liked the chance he'd had to turn down . . . why?

I didn't have to wait long for the answer. Jeff called me the following noon-time, so beside himself with excitement that at first I didn't recognize his voice. "It's me, I, Jeff," he fairly shouted into the phone. "Julie, if this is your doing—"

"If what is, Jeff, please—"

"This hospital business." Jeff took a deep breath and calmed down. "All right, I see it's news to you. I apologize for what I was thinking. You don't know what that unpredictable problem child did, I take it."

"You mean Ricky?"

"Ricky." Jeff gave an exasperated laugh. "Julie, on my word of honor, I don't know whether to go over to his office and punch his nose or take my hat in my hand and say thank you. He went over and gave Gordon a check in my name, and said he was acting as my messenger. He said he felt he wasn't ready for such a big operation as yet, but he'd persuaded me to act dangerously for once in my life and here was my cash to bind the agreement."

Silence swung over the wires. Then I managed to congratulate Jeff, and to beg him to accept Ricky's gesture in the right way, the way he knew in his heart Ricky had meant it. "It's the best way he could have repaid you," I reminded Jeff. "He knew you would have hesitated, even if you had the money—"

There was a PTA meeting at the elementary school that afternoon, so I stopped at Ricky's office on my way. He wasn't there. It was a strange time for him to be away—not quite three of an afternoon.

(Continued on page 23)



Blemishes*: "Noxzema helps heal blemishes*, helps keep my skin looking soft, fresh!" says Eloise Sahlen of Pacific Palisades, Cal.



Dry Skin: "'Cream-washing' with *greaseless* Noxzema helps my dry skin look smoother, fresher," says Martha Spring of N. Y. C.

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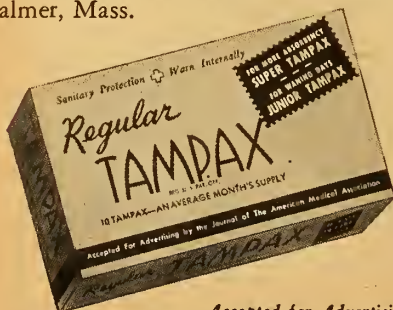
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Next you realize that Tampax needs no pins or belts—no supporting harness of any kind.... Tampax is worn *internally*, as designed by its doctor-inventor.

While wearing Tampax in this way (internally) you need have no fear of odor and of course there is no chafing either. Also, your mind is at rest concerning possible bulges and edge-lines, even with the smoothest dress or skirt.

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What's

By CHRIS WILSON

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES: If you've been hearing Felicia Sanders plead with her loved ones to remain true to her while she is away, on her first Columbia release, "Please Be Good While I'm Gone," you've probably been wondering where she's been (musically speaking) all your life. Felicia is twenty-five years old, a native of New York who transferred her affections to California about 1942. Then she was studying to be a dancer. At the University of California, she was improving her piano technique when she discovered—just as a few hundred others were to confirm later—that she had a natural flair for song. She began to haunt the haunts of local musicians in Hollywood where there are plenty of talented ones, and to work with local composers on cutting their audition records. In order to eat as well as learn, she took several night-club engagements. Meanwhile, her recordings of songs with which composers hope to win some recording official's favor were making the rounds. It was Felicia's audition disc of "My Funny Valentine" which Mitch Miller of Columbia heard, and he said the magic words which finally bespoke a highly successful future for Felicia. Her "People In Love Can Be Lonely," backed by "Please Be Good While I'm Gone," makes for two mighty successful little numbers, and both Mr. Miller and Miss Sanders are pleased at the happy association which will be theirs for a while.

The Gaylords, who've just been released by Mercury's recording of "Tell Me You're Mine" and "Cuban Love Song," are a trio who prove that a college education can lead to something else than selling bonds. Ronnie Vincent, organizer and guitarist, Bert Bonaldi, bass, and Don Ray, pianist, started out doing imitations of others, pantomiming everyone (from Al Jolson to Enrico Caruso) who had ever made a recording. Bert and Don were going to be actors, but Ronnie convinced them that while they were still in school they might try for local campus favor as a trio. They were so successful that, immediately upon being graduated, they went to work in Detroit's Connors Show Bar, where they've been working for the past two years. Branching out into television, the three boys became local TV favorites and, when Art Talmadge of Mercury was sitting at home watching a TV show one night, he happened across their talent. He signed them for Mercury Records and

the rest is now heard on your home entertainment set... and if there's a teenager in the house—we might add—heard over and over again on their screech-box.

Who's Who Among The Newcomers:

Damita Jo—the voice on "I'd Do It Again" and "I Don't Care," for Victor.... Damita's twenty-two, was born in Texas, won first place in amateur nights from the time she was this high and finally made her professional debut as a night-club singer at the Oasis in Los Angeles, California. She began recording with Steve Gibson's Red Caps—first one was the hit tune "I May Hate Myself In The Morning," and she also did the first disc version of "I Went To Your Wedding." Last season she played the plush La Vie En Rose night club in New York.

Gogi Grant—who was on Eddie Albert's TV show for three months and whom RCA Victor is grooming for stardom.... Her latest releases of "My Tormented Heart" and "Mommy's Little Angel," as well as "Where There's Smoke There's Fire" and "Forget Me Not," are still selling like mad. She, too, is from California, but from the small town of Santa Monica where most of the girls prefer to tan their beautiful forms on the beach, instead of airing their melodies. She made some audition records but never got out of the studio with her recordings. One of the boys who heard the records, took the discs to a talent agency who in turn took them to RCA Victor. Her voice is as good to listen to as she is to look at... and that's something.

What's What For the Kiddies:

Narrator Arthur Godfrey—that wonderful guy with the laugh in his voice who can amuse you as highly as the children on his new "Peter and The Wolf" record, which he made for Columbia Masterworks with conductor Andre Kostelanetz. For our money, he's just about the most talented man in the entertainment field—and his free-wheeling commentary, with its remarkable good humor, makes this album just about the best we've ever listened in on. As you know, this is the story of a brave lad who outwits a fierce wolf to save the lives of his friends. When the composer wrote the piece, he was attempting to teach children to recognize

Spinning?



Godfrey records the kiddie-classic, "Peter and the Wolf," and it zooms in sales—that's the Arthur touch.

instruments of the orchestra. He did this by having each character represented by a group of instruments. It is probably the most interesting "brush-up" course for adults ever recorded, too. Also on the twelve-inch record is Jerome Kern's "Mark Twain" and Ferde Grofe's "Mississippi Suite," which are all the richer in listening pleasure because of the refresher course in music which Godfrey so amusingly presents on the other side.

Wide-Wonderful-World Department:

Guy Mitchell's album for Columbia of "Songs Of The Open Spaces" reflects a love he'll always have in his heart. Guy has a ranch near Tarzana, California, where he can be "cowpoke" in the wide open spaces. He spends as much time there as a singing career allows, and these are the songs you might hear him hum as
(Continued on page 27)



"My Skin Thrives On Cashmere Bouquet Soap"

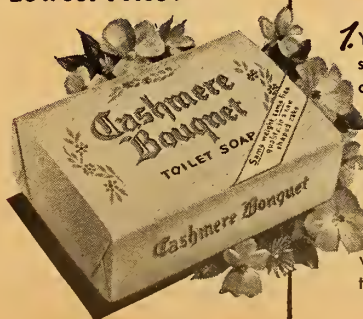


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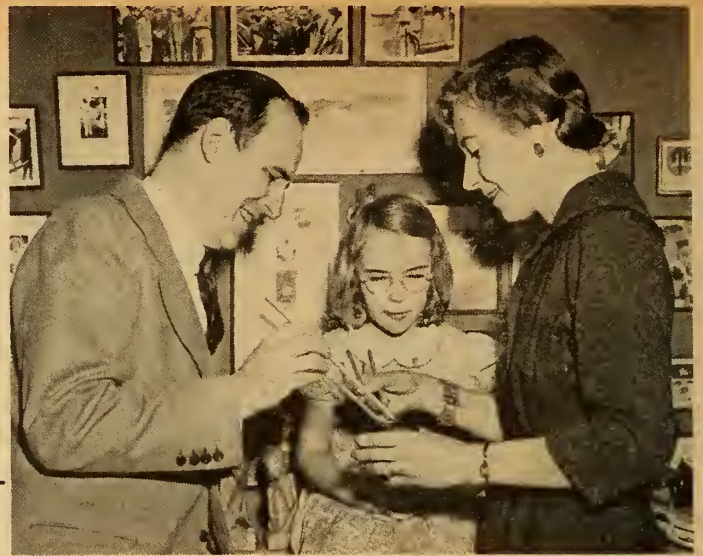
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2. If you are 5'6" in your stockings, can your measurements compete with these perfect ones? Bust 34-36"; waist 24-26"; hips 34-36"!
3. No girl need have a "complexion complex" if she watches her diet, has plentiful sleep, gets fresh air and spends time beautifying her skin . . . the Cashmere Bouquet way!

MORE LATER,

Candy

World traveler



The Raleighs—John, Shannon and Elizabeth.

WHEN Philadelphia radio listeners tune in the news commentaries of John Raleigh they can be sure that they're getting the real lowdown—because John has been all over the world as a foreign correspondent, and brings his knowledge of far

places into his reports. The KYW news commentator served as foreign correspondent for the *Chicago Tribune* and the National Broadcasting Company with the outbreak of war in 1939, covering the German armies as they invaded Poland. One of the experiences John will never forget was his interview with Adolph Hitler in Warsaw on the German leader's arrival to inspect the Polish capital.

Less than two months later, he was one of two American newsmen arrested and questioned by the Gestapo for eight hours following the attempted bomb assassination of Hitler in Munich. Later, on leaving Germany, Raleigh smuggled out valuable military information—supposedly known only to the German High Command—which he turned over to American and British military authorities. It was this expose which proved that the renegade "Lord Haw-Haw" who broadcasted over the Nazi propaganda radio was actually a British traitor, William Joyce.

Raleigh met his wife, Elizabeth—a former correspondent, too—in New York, married her secretly in Mexico City while on assignment there, and then went with her to the Philippines, China and Java as correspondent for the United Press and CBS. The fact that they were married was still a secret when two competing information services appointed Elizabeth foreign correspondent for them. It was a pretty exciting honeymoon!

Now the Raleighs have settled down for a while, spending most of their time with Shannon Raleigh, their very bright ten-year-old daughter.



John Raleigh of KYW with his fabulous collection of toy soldiers.



Beautiful Hair

B R E C K



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Information

Ask your questions—

Philip Morris Theme

Dear Editor:

Could you please tell me the name of the theme music used on radio and TV shows sponsored by Philip Morris? People tell me it's called "On the Trail."

V. W., Brooklyn, N. Y.

People are absolutely correct. The Philip Morris theme music is "On the Trail" from Ferde Grofe's "Grand Canyon Suite." Ferde Grofe is the man who, in addition to being a composer, arranged George Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue."

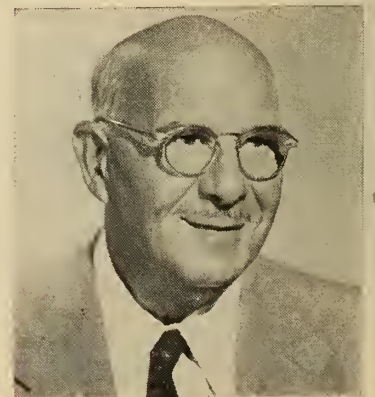
Papa David

Dear Editor:

So many people I know would appreciate seeing a picture and some information about the man who portrays Papa David on the daytime serial, *Life Can Be Beautiful*. Could you please print something about him in your magazine?

L. A. LaB., St. Joseph, Mo.

Ralph Locke, better known to radio fans as Papa David Solomon in *Life Can Be Beautiful*, has a long career of acting on the legitimate stage behind him. From his mother's best friend, Mrs. Minnie Mader Fiske (a famous actress), he early learned the fascination of the world of make-believe. During his years of schooling in America and abroad, cultivating the art of mimicry was Ralph's pastime. His theatrical debut was with Mrs. Fiske in "Mary of Magdala," and later in "Nellie of New Orleans." What followed was a series of hits with such luminaries as Maude Adams, Henry Miller, Otis Skinner, Fay Bainter, George M. Cohan, and in Shubert musicals. In 1935, he was invited to do a guest performance on a radio program. Shortly after that appearance, the casting director for *Life Can Be Beautiful* hired Ralph for the part of Papa David.



Ralph Locke

Booth

we'll try to find the answers

This, only after the director had interviewed hundreds of people for the role. Ralph is a baseball enthusiast, and golfs in the low nineties. His home is filled with oriental treasures of art, and he very much enjoys playing host.

Beautiful Jayne

Dear Editor:

Can you please give me some information about Jayne Meadows, who appears on the TV show, I've Got A Secret?

G. F., New York, N. Y.

Lovely Jayne Meadows, who is on the panel of CBS-TV's I've Got A Secret, is a recent arrival from Hollywood, where she appeared in several films. Among them, "David and Bathsheba." Jayne was born in Wu Chang, China, where her mother and father were missionaries for fourteen years. She came to this country when she was seven and had a tough time with the other kids for a while because she couldn't speak a word of English, but it didn't take Jayne long to learn American slang, and to develop a ravenous appetite for hotdogs and ice cream. Jayne is married to producer-director Milton Krims, who is now making the new Errol Flynn picture. Another celebrity in Jayne's family is her sister, Audrey, who does such a great job as straight girl to Jackie Gleason.

Silver Eagle's Pal

Dear Editor:

Could you please give me some information about Jacques Lestair, who plays Joe Bideaux on the Silver Eagle program?

A. J., Rifle, Colorado

When ABC Radio needed a new Joe Bideaux, the French-Canadian character who's sidekick to Silver Eagle, they looked no further than their Chicago office for staff member Jack Lester. An acting-announce-



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Jayne Meadows



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Helene Curtis
creme shampoo



Information Booth

(Continued)

ing veteran of more than ten years in Chicago radio and television, thirty-seven-year-old Lester had worked every spot from soap operas to musicals. But, as a muscular outdoor man and dialectician, Jack has been especially convincing, billed as Jacques Lestair. Since 1941, except for three years in war service, the Lester voice has been heard on at least twenty daytime serials, radio plays and children's programs. For two years, he portrayed the title role on ABS's Sky King.

Jack's married, and currently lives in his "dream house" in a Chicago suburb. The Lesters have a son, Jack Jr., age five, and own a mongrel dog, who answers to the name of Peter Pan.

Marital Trouble

Dear Editor:

I read in my local newspaper that Johnnie Ray and his wife are thinking of splitting up for good—is that true?

L. G., Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Johnnie Ray is not willing to make a definite statement on the possibilities of split-up as this magazine goes to press. It has been strongly hinted, but nothing definite as yet—since, after all, their marriage is still young.

Romance on the Rocks?

Dear Editor:

Is it true that Garry Moore and his wife are getting a divorce?

M. R., Spokane, Washington

It has been strongly hinted that the Garry Moores are planning a divorce, but friends of the couple hope that they will still reconcile.

In Love?

Dear Editor:

Is there any truth to the rumors I've heard that Rosemary Clooney and the actor Jose Ferrer are in love?

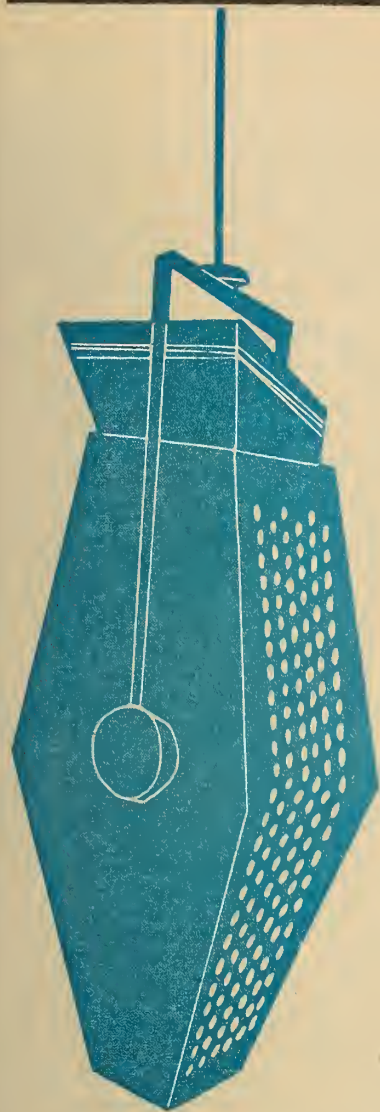
R. T., Jersey City, N. J.

Well, we can't answer for the hearts of either Mr. Ferrer or Miss Clooney, but Rosemary has been seen dating other men while Jose has been busy with movies and stage work—you judge for yourself.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to:

Information Booth
205 East 42nd St.
New York 17, N. Y.

We'll answer, if we can, provided the question that you ask 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.



Daytime diary

AUNT JENNY Littleton is a small town, pleasant, placid, unsensational. At least it would look that way to a stranger passing through. But Aunt Jenny, who really knows her town, can tell all the stories that would be hidden from a stranger—the stories of love and hate, of laughter, misunderstanding, and hope, that are being lived all the time behind Littleton's quiet-looking front doors. M-F, 12:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Judith Venable, starring with Larry Noble in a successful Broadway play, has convinced herself she is in love with Larry. With the play scheduled to close, Judith will have all her time free to devote to the pursuit of Larry. Can Larry and his beloved and devoted wife, Mary, convince Judith that she ought to accept the marriage proposal of wealthy Waldo Pearson, whom she really finds attractive? M-F, 4 P.M. EST, NBC.

BRIGHTER DAY What begins as a local problem gives Rev. Dennis one of the greatest opportunities of his life as he leads an entire township toward a brighter day. Three Oaks, torn apart by the controversy over the new dam, rapidly becomes a national symbol as a few die-hards refuse to allow their homes to be moved to make way for a project that will benefit millions. And as a by-product of the struggle, Patsy Dennis almost breaks her heart. M-F, 2:45 P.M. EST, CBS.

DOCTOR'S WIFE Julie Palmer, deeply in love with her doctor husband, feels that with the adoption of young Jigger their happiness will be truly perfect. But when Jigger's mother unexpectedly appears in Stanton, an emotional whirlpool opens before Julie. Despite their legal right to Jigger, and their love for him, Julie wonders if the boy's real mother has not a deeper claim. M-F, 5:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL David Farrell's fame as crime reporter and amateur sleuth earns him a welcome from police whenever he shows up to cover a story. Even Sally, David's wife, is a familiar figure when a sensational story breaks, for working together the Farrells have used quick thinking, keen observation, and unusual ability to analyze character, to get to the bottom of many a mystifying crime. M-F, 5:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

GUIDING LIGHT Joe Roberts is bitterly shocked when he learns that his daughter Kathy concealed from him, not only her secret marriage to Bob Lang, but her presence at the accident that killed him. The rift between Joe and his family widens when Meta reveals that she helped

Kathy keep the secret. Will Joe understand his marriage better if Meta leaves him? Will he see his share of the blame? M-F, 1:45 P.M. EST, CBS. M-F, 12:45 P.M. EST, CBS-TV.

HILLTOP HOUSE Saddened by her break with Dr. Ricky Browning, Julie Paterno is nevertheless certain she was right in breaking off their engagement. But Ricky persists in believing Reed Nixon was responsible. When fate, in the person of a young woman who claims to be carrying Reed's child, offers him a weapon against Reed, Ricky uses it at once. But the situation climaxes in a way Ricky was far from anticipating. M-F, 3 P.M. EST, CBS.

JUST PLAIN BILL One of Bill Davidson's chief satisfactions has always been the happy married life his daughter Nancy leads with her husband Kerry and their family. This serenity is shattered by a completely unexpected emotional crisis when Kerry becomes entangled with a desperate woman. Using Bill as a shield, this woman pursues her evil plans in such a way that if she is exposed Kerry's life will be ruined. M-F, 5 P.M. EST, NBC.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL Papa David's illness has changed life at the Book Shop in many ways, not the least of which is the introduction into it of the young crippled boy Danny. Chichi, quick to recognize the bitterness in Danny's personality, is certain there will be trouble. But gradually Danny changes in an unexpected way—a way that will have far-reaching effects on the future. M-F, 3 P.M. EST, NBC.

LORENZO JONES Lorenzo, separated from his wife Belle by amnesia which blots out his past, builds a new life in which attractive Gail Maddox has an important part. On business trips to New York, however, Lorenzo is strangely drawn to the theatrical world. He is unaware that, under the guidance of Verne Massey, his wife Belle is establishing a theatrical career. Will she and Lorenzo find each other? M-F, 5:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

MA PERKINS During the Pendleton divorce trial, which ended in reconciliation—during Gladys Pendleton's engagement to Blair Buchanan, which ended in her marriage to Joseph—Ma Perkins occasionally wondered if Rushville Center would ever be the same after all the excitement. But as always the town settles down—until a peculiar new element is introduced. Is there a stranger in Ma's future—a stranger bringing trouble? M-F, 1:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

OUR GAL SUNDAY Lord Henry Brinthrope is plunged into a psychological turmoil when he realizes that false evidence misled him almost to the point of breaking up his marriage to Sunday in the belief that she was still in love with Craig Norwood, her one-time sweetheart. Desperately trying to relieve Henry's sense of guilt and restore his self-confidence, Sunday is too engrossed to see the approach of a new danger. M-F, 12:45 P.M. EST, CBS.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY The recent crisis in their marriage completely healed by their decision to adopt a baby, Pepper and Linda Young find their most cherished dream realized when the baby actually becomes theirs. But the probationary period is a time of trial in a way they didn't expect—when Gloria Dennis, the baby's real mother, begins to intrude into their lives. What are Gloria's plans, and how will she affect the Youngs? M-F, 3:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

PERRY MASON Time after time Perry Mason believes he has turned up the crucial clue that will lead him to Mark Cesar, but the arch-criminal is almost as ingenious at covering his tracks as Perry is in exposing them. With the life of Ruth Davis at stake, Perry and his aides work frantically against time to trap Cesar. Can Perry convince the police that Ruth's story, weird as it sounds, is true? M-F, 2:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS Caroline Nelson enters one of the most trying periods of her life as her marriage to Miles is undermined by the subtle, persistent attack of a woman who has always hated and envied her. Even if Annette Thorpe's plans should fail, however, there will remain the crucial question of Miles' lack of faith in Caroline—the doubt that hurt her so grievously during a time when she needed him most. M-F, 3:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

ROAD OF LIFE Gordon Fuller's death brings Dr. Jim Brent to the very edge of complete discovery of what happened to the estate of Malcolm. But at the same time Fuller's death is a two-edged sword, for he died of a bullet that may have come from Jim's gun. And if Jim is accused of manslaughter, who will be left to pursue Conrad Overton until the last twisted, complex truths are finally revealed? M-F, 3:15 P.M. EST, NBC. M-F, 1 P.M. EST, CBS.

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT Her important new assignment for producer Kelsey Spencer has plunged Helen into a strangely tangled situation. Carol Scott, Spencer's ambitious secretary, has long been in love with her boss, and is determined to block Helen's advancement in Spencer's good graces. How will Helen

defend her career from this jealous woman who regards her as a threat? M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

ROSEMARY At last Springdale promises to be the secure, happy home Rosemary hoped when she and Bill came back to settle there. With Bill's newspaper enterprise backed by a man who believes in his principles, Bill refuses to fear even the threats of Edgar Duffy, who has always hated him. As Duffy sees his graft and corruption in danger of exposure, he plans drastic measures to stop Bill. M-F, 11:45 A.M. EST, CBS.

SECOND MRS. BURTON When Stan takes over as a newspaper publisher he and Terry feel that they have embarked on high adventure, but they have no suspicion of the personal danger in which they will be involved as the result of allowing Stan's sister Marcia to run the "Advice to the Lovelorn" column. Marcia's talent for falling for the wrong man brings Stan close to death and creates horror and heartbreak for Terry. M-F, 2 P.M. EST, CBS.

STELLA DALLAS Stella Dallas, at last convinced that she and Arnold King could have a happy marriage, suddenly learns that a woman identifying herself as Alida King claims to be the wife Arnold believed dead. Hurt and confused, Stella has no choice but to step aside, leaving Arnold to be made miserable by a woman they both distrust. Will Stella be strong enough to help Arnold now, when he needs her faith? M-F, 4:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE A teen-age girl's tragic misunderstanding leads to trouble for Nora, as Dr. Robert Sergeant's young daughter Grace, blaming Nora for the continued estrangement between her divorced parents, recklessly takes up with an unsavory crowd. Meanwhile Gracie's mother, Vivian Jarrett, takes a sinister part in Nora's life. Is it jealousy that prompts Vivian's strange actions—or something more serious? M-F, 2:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

WENDY WARREN The marriage that means more than anything to Wendy gets off to a bad start as Mark finds it increasingly difficult to write. His strained nerves plunge him into fits of depression that are progressively harder for him to shake off. Wendy, trying valiantly to keep Mark on an even keel, at last begins to wonder if other help will be needed. Or will a professional success be all Mark really needs? M-F, 12 noon, EST, CBS.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES The nightmare episode in which Joan Davis was removed from the world she had known and imprisoned in an artificial personality at last shows signs of coming to an end

as Joan continues to protest her true identity. But how can the family and friends who believed her dead—her husband, her sister, her children—convince themselves that the girl who no longer looks like their beloved Joan is really she? M-F, 10:45 A.M. EST, ABC.

WOMAN IN MY HOUSE James Carter is well known as a man of principle, and even the members of his family are well aware that though at times he seems unduly strict in his judgments time generally proves him on the right side. However, in the latest family problem James finds it unusually difficult to make his feelings understandable to his children. Are his standards so outmoded that Clay is right to call him unjust? M-F, 4:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

YOUNG DR. MALONE Dr. Jerry Malone is stubbornly determined to rebuild his career and life in Three Oaks though he knows that since Anne's death it would be easier for him to pull up his roots and move on. To add to his difficulties, Mary Horton arrives in Three Oaks after the breakup of her marriage. Her presence sets in motion many events that will gravely affect Jerry's future. M-F, 1:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN Dr. Anthony Loring, tied irrevocably to his psychotic wife Ruth because of her helplessness, urges Ellen Brown to forget that they ever planned a future together and to try to find happiness with the young architect, Christopher Eliot. Bitter at his inability to find a way out, Anthony knows that his growing hatred of Ruth is a dangerous emotion. Where will it lead him? M-F, 4:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

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in the

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on sale March 12

Hilltop House

(Continued from page 13)

But perhaps he'd had a house call. Mrs. Gerardi, perhaps, the wealthy old widow who'd grown so attached to him. She was chronically ill enough to warrant Ricky's time whenever she called him, even though she usually ended up pressing him into service as a canasta opponent. I smiled, turning back down the steps, recalling Ricky's rueful admission that, since she knew he wasn't as yet overloaded with patients, she had him on toast. And she'd made it plain that Ricky's time and attention, as doctor and friend were worth a great deal of money to her.

I was just getting into the station wagon when Ricky's car pulled up behind me. He was out almost before he'd stopped it. "Julie! What a break! I almost missed you."

"You have missed me, dear," I said regretfully. "I've got to run. But I had to come over about Jeff. I'm so proud and happy, and you've made your brother and sister-in-law very happy, too. Now if that isn't enough—"

"Proud?" Ricky took my hands and stooped to peer closely at me. "Never mind the rest. Proud, Julie? That sounds almost as if I'd done you credit. And you can't do someone credit unless you sort of belong to them. . . ." His voice warmed. "It sounds almost as if you cared."

"I've got to go." I touched his cheek briefly with my hand and opened the station wagon door. "You're all right, though, aren't you? I mean—not too disappointed about the hospital? I'm sure you won't lose by this, Ricky."

"You're darn right." His eyes grew eager. "What I just found out at lunch today makes me twice as glad about what I did. Doreen told me they're looking for a new clinic chief, and there's a chance I might be considered. That would be a much more sensible spot for me right now—" He must have seen some change in my expression, for his eagerness dimmed slightly. "Doreen asked me to meet her for lunch today, that's why I was out so long. But if what she told me is even halfway true, the time was more than worth it. She's being a good friend. I don't know why she's taking such an interest, but mine not to question why. Just likes doing things for people, I guess."

I said casually, "It's possible, though she hardly seems the type to put herself out for just anyone. It sounds exciting, Ricky. I hope it works out." We stood there irresolutely, both conscious of the sudden constraint that had cooled the meeting, and then I turned determinedly and got into the car and slammed the door.

We had a date for that evening, but I did something I've rarely done. I had Hannah call and say I wasn't feeling well enough to be good company, and had gone to bed. I did go to bed, and I wasn't feeling well, but the distress wasn't physical. Lunch dates with Doreen Gordon. Tennis dates with Doreen Gordon. Help from Doreen Gordon, help nobody else in town could possibly give a young, ambitious doctor. *And yet I knew in my very bones, knew the way a woman does know, that Ricky was in love with me.* If Doreen were old or ugly or married, would she be bothering me so much?

Next came a call from Doreen. "Will you come to dinner on Wednesday? Small dinner, no fuss. Only please dress. Daddy will be away, and I love to run real dinners all by myself!"

To my own surprise I said promptly, "Thank you, I'd love to." But I didn't want to! In my right mind I would have

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found an excuse at once! I didn't like Doreen. Only some instinct had recognized at once that she was throwing down a challenge, and had responded as if to a call to arms. I didn't want to go . . . but I had to.

Ricky stopped in just before dinner time on his way to the hospital, looking sick and apprehensive. "Listen, Julie—let's send our engagement announcement in tomorrow!" Ricky pleaded. "It'll stop any talk. Well—talk about . . . It will make things so official that nobody could get any ideas."

Whose ideas was he worried about? Not Glendale's. We weren't public figures. It didn't matter a pin to anyone in town whether Ricky was engaged to me or . . . or some other girl. Was it Doreen's ideas he wanted to block before they went any further? In that case, I ought to know more about why she had those ideas. I was far from ready to announce our engagement. I didn't tell Ricky that, but he was really too weary and depressed to argue against my quiet "Let's wait a while. Just a little while longer." Mrs. Gerardi, who had been ill for so long, was losing strength, and Ricky felt a doctor's frustration and a friend's sorrow that there was nothing to do about it. He said he knew about the Wednesday dinner party, and was grateful I'd accepted, and then he went.

Over the weekend, Mrs. Gerardi died. Ricky didn't feel like doing anything much, of course, so we spent some quiet hours just talking, sitting around, taking a short drive on Sunday with a few of the children who didn't have other things to do.

It would have been a fine excuse to skip Doreen's dinner, but on Wednesday Ricky was quite himself. And so at seven—"dressed to the teeth" as Ricky put it—we presented ourselves at the huge, white-pillared Gordon home.

From the moment we entered, I knew I'd been right in not announcing our engagement. Doreen was issuing a challenge. The challenge was there in the black velvet gown, much too formal for a small dinner, but fitted so magnificently that for the first time in my life I began to see why Paris gowns might be worth the fabulous prices they cost. It was there in the fact that Reed Nixon was the only other guest.

"You said small," Ricky remarked after he and Reed had shaken hands. "I didn't know you meant this small."

Doreen put her hand through his arm and drew him over to a small bar in the far corner. "More fun this way," she said. "All the servants are off, too. Would you do the honors? I can do it all right, but I like to watch you." It was there—loud and clear—in all of that, too. Doreen had dressed herself, made herself lovely, planned this whole thing, for Ricky. She made no bones about it. All evening long Reed and I made small, quiet conversation while Doreen completely took over Ricky.

By the time we left, there was no doubt in my mind that Doreen Gordon was in love with Ricky, and that he knew it. It was so apparent now, so open, that on the way home I didn't hesitate to bring it up.

Ricky seemed to flinch from my words. "That's nonsense, Julie. Doreen's a good kid—likes her fun, and takes it with a grain of salt. She just enjoys playing God, taking a hand in my career. If it wasn't me it would be somebody else, some artist or writer. Besides . . . she knows how things are with you and me. I haven't made any secret of it."

"Engagements are broken every day, Ricky. And when a girl is in love it's hard

for her to believe that a man who keeps on seeing her isn't at least a little in love with her." I bit my lip, but the words were out and I wouldn't take them back.

Ricky said stiffly, "Let's have it straight, Julie. You don't for a minute think I have any feeling for the girl? Good Lord, she can be so embarrassing at times I want to squirm—that possessiveness of hers, that childish kind of arrogance. But she's being so nice to me I can't afford to cut her out. Know what she said tonight? The clinic is in the bag for me. Her dad told her so, definitely. Do you realize how many years of plugging it would have taken me if she hadn't put in her hundred-dollars' worth?"

"She's in love with you, Ricky," I repeated stubbornly. "The only reason in the world for her to be so concerned with your future is that she hopes—don't interrupt me, no woman could help hoping—that it will be her future, too. Can't you see that you can't go on taking favors from her and pretending to be blind to her feelings?"

There was a difficult silence, while Ricky maneuvered between two trucks. "Julie, Doreen is hard as nails. Believe me. Besides, what can I do—turn down the clinic? Send her a registered letter that I won't be available for any more tennis? It's nonsense."

I was so appalled at the gulf opening between us that I said nothing more till we stopped before the orphanage. This was serious. I had known all along, somehow, that this evening would be crucial, but now that it was upon me I had an urge to call it back, to say—"Not yet! Don't let it end yet!" Half-drawn toward Ricky as always, half-chilled by his deliberate refusal to see what seemed so plain and clear, I was afraid to say anything I might be sorry for. But I did say, very quietly, "I'm sorry, Ricky. We're poles apart in this. Doreen may be hard as nails, but won't you remember that I am not? And I can only feel that to keep accepting important favors from a girl whose feelings you aren't prepared to return is acting—well, acting like a bit of a heel." In spite of the words, I leaned over and kissed him gently on the cheek, before I let myself into the house.

Of all the sleepless nights I'd spent over Ricky, this one was by far the worst. And yet when I came down in the morning I was peculiarly at peace, calmer than I'd been a long time. In a way it was as though a decision I'd been fighting to keep down had worked its way into the light, and I could no longer avoid facing it. And now that it had to be faced, the turmoil, the indecision, had vanished.

I was so glad to see Ricky come bounding up the porch steps that I forgot to be surprised at such an early call. His face was eager, full of news. "Julie! Wait'll you hear! Oh, darling, this does it. Now we can get married tomorrow, fly to Europe, buy the crown jewels, retire to an island! Let me sit down."

Mystified, I followed him into the living room and closed the door against the children, just coming down for breakfast.

"Good news?" I asked. "Looks that way from your face—"

"Good! Julie—" He jumped up and grasped my hands. "Mrs. Gerardi left me twenty-five thousand dollars! Me and a forty-second cousin are her only heirs! What do you think of that for news?"

I was too stunned to think at all. Then gradually a feeling of the most enormous relief lifted my heart. Ricky was talking again, excitedly talking of plans and weddings and travel and buying a house, but all I could think was: Thank heaven for making this easier than I'd hoped! Now it won't be so hard to tell him . . .

And there could be no better time. Drawing a deep breath, I moved Ricky over to the couch and sat down beside him, and told him as gently as possible that there would be no wedding for us. He didn't seem to absorb it at first. Then for the second time I saw that queer stoniness wipe all expression from his face. He said tightly, "You don't know what you're saying. Now, Julie—now when everything's handed over on a platter?"

"To you, dear, and I'm so glad for you. But—not for us. It wouldn't work, Ricky. It's precisely because you're not in love with Doreen that I realize what different worlds we would always live in. If you were, I could understand how you can go on accepting her help . . . but you're not. Even if I argued you over to my side, Ricky, the fact that you could ever have thought it was right and decent to take advantage of the girl like that would—well, it makes us different kinds of people, that's the best way I can put it." I put my hand gently on his for a moment. "There would be other points of difference, many of them . . . serious ones. We never would bridge the gap. Ricky . . . you said a while ago that I did know you. It wasn't true then, dear. At least I wasn't certain of my knowledge. But it is now. I feel I do know you. I'll always be fond of you. But, knowing you, I know we would never be happy."

I paused, anxiously searching his face, but it remained expressionless. After a minute he said, "I can't argue with you. I know that tone too well. You've decided."

"Yes. I have decided. We'll be friends, dear, always—"

"We'll be more than friends." He got up and went to the door. "Julie, everything's going round right now. I'd best say as little as possible till I light again. Only—you'd better accept this as true. I'll never give up. I never thought there would be anyone like you, for me." He opened the door. "Remember—I'm not finished. Some day I'll sell it to you."

After he'd gone, I sat for a while calming myself down. On the other side of the heavy door the children's voices thinned out as, in pairs and groups, they went off to school. In a minute I ought to go help Hannah with the littlest ones, but any girl who'd just ended a romance had a right to mourn over it for a while in private. Even to cry, just a little. . . .

Only the sensation of gladness, of great relief, made the thought of crying just foolish. Later on, I knew, I'd regret Ricky. His charm would always warm me; perhaps being with him would always give me that secret surge of vivid life he knew so well how to kindle. But not as a husband; not as a lifetime partner. No, I couldn't cry for the loss of that. I could only be grateful.

There was a light tap on the door, and Hannah came in. She studied me worriedly. "Miss Julie? Something tells me here in my heart I must go to see how it is with you. I see Dr. Ricky going out, like seven-league boots he is marching, so angry. And something tells me . . . Miss Julie, he is not coming back? I mean—"

"No, Hannah. The way you mean, Dr. Ricky isn't coming back. I'm not going to marry him, Hannah."

Hannah sighed. "Such a handsome man. So charming. Miss Julie, look me in the eye." She examined me carefully. "Miss Julie—you are not sad?"

"No, I'm not sad." I stood up and put my hand on her plump shoulder, and smiled reassuringly. "Far from it. I'm glad, Hannah. It's the only right thing, right now. . . . Shall we get to work?"

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



1. ANTISEPTIC (Protection from germs)

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

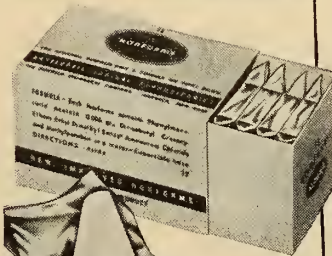
2. DEODORANT (Protection from odor)

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

3. CONVENIENT (So easy to use)

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

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Please send me the new Norforms booklet, in a plain envelope.

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SHIRLEY MAY FRANCE IS . . .

Walter's other Wife

BACK IN 1949, when Shirley May France became a highly publicized person, she had many proposals of marriage. By the way, for those of the readers who don't remember, Shirley May was the American teenager who tried to swim the English Channel. Well, despite Shirley's beauty and popularity, she managed to avoid becoming somebody's wife, until she finally became Walter's other wife.

On the surface, this may not sound like a healthy position to be in. Since it is firmly established that Walter Covell—the "I" half of The Wife And I team on WJAR-TV in Providence, Rhode Island—is married and has two sons, where does Shirley come in? It's very simple, Shirley and Walter are only married for a half-hour each day on TV. Shirley's husband-to-be, come next June, doesn't seem to mind and neither does Mrs. Covell.

Shirley May is a native of New England, born in near-by Massachusetts. The family moved to Michigan for several years, but returned before Shirley had dreams of swimming the Channel. A number of personal

appearance tours followed the young swimmer's return to the States, but this present venture into local television is her first attempt in the entertainment field as a steady job. Being a TV wife has its trials and tribulations, but Shirley May has proved herself thoroughly capable of meeting every situation, including the time a parrot escaped from a pet shop owner, who was a guest on the program.

Walter Covell is a familiar face on TV screens throughout the nation. He used to do a fifty-six week series of one-man dramas, featuring electrical ventriloquism. This meant that Walt did all the voices for each show. It takes quite a bit of talent, and plenty of patience to do that kind of program—and Walt has loads of both these qualities. His new program with Shirley May is an entirely different experience for him—in show business, that is. Naturally, as a married man, he's gained lots of know-how when it comes to understanding women—whether it be his own wife, or Shirley May, Walter's other wife.

What's Spinning?

(Continued from page 15)



Mindy Carson teams up with the Duke of Ellington in a session of oldies on a recent Mindy show over CBS Radio.

he goes about his chores. Among them are: "Angels Cry," "My Dog And Me," "Mail My Heart To The Dead Letter Office," and "Build My Gallows High"—all traditional with ranch hands throughout America.

Paul Weston, conductor (and now Jo Stafford's husband), gives us pleasure that is hard to top in the pop field, whether dancing or just leaning back in an easy chair. "Whispers In The Dark" is the name of the album for Columbia, and just a few of the tunes are "Why Was I Born," the old Helen Morgan melody, "Little Girl Blue," and "Long Ago."

Then there's Don Cornell's album of oldies that sends the teen heart pressure up ten points. Simply entitled "Don Cornell Sings" (and what could be sweeter music to these aforementioned ears), the album made for Victor contains "Take Me In Your Arms," "I Surrender, Dear," "Come Back To Me." He's got that dramatic approach which sends as he sings.

"The Desert Song" album, with Kathryn Grayson and Tony Martin, makes the film come alive and sets you to nostalgic humming of tunes which are just about the most romantic ever written. There's the title song, "One Alone," "The Night Is Young," and "Romance," along with all the other songs that have been hits for so long.

By the way, would you like information about your favorite singer? If so, drop this columnist a line and she'll publish the information you'd like. Just send a postcard or letter to Chris Wilson, What's Spinning, Radio-TV Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. Sorry, no personal replies.



having trouble with your nylons



Haven't you been embarrassed and annoyed time and again by snags and runs? Then stop washing your nylon stockings the old-fashioned way...with soaps and flakes...start washing them with Nylast!

Now amazing new Nylast, made exclusively for nylons, actually strengthens and protects nylon stockings as it washes them.

No soap, no flake can do that for your precious nylons. Why? Because Nylast contains vital ingredients by DuPont that coat each nylon thread with invisible protection against snags

and runs. A survey among thousands of women proves that regular Nylast users average **sixteen extra wearings!**

So tonight, strengthen and protect your nylons as you wash them.

Cut your hosiery bills in half.

Get Nylast at your favorite store or supermarket.



nylast*

for washing nylons

A product of Seemon Brothers, makers of Air-Wick, and distributors of other dependable household products for 66 years.

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letter to Lee Graham

EVERY Monday through Friday afternoon along about three o'clock, WJZ-TV presents lovely Lee Graham in her own program entitled Letter to Lee Graham. On the show, the charming, blonde Lee gives sensible advice to listeners who write her of their problems. Those letters which cannot be answered on television are answered personally by Lee. In addition to personal interviews and personal letters, Mrs. Graham prepares charts from time to time, designed to help listeners improve themselves and therefore lead happier, more fulfilled lives. With this TV offering Lee Graham gives

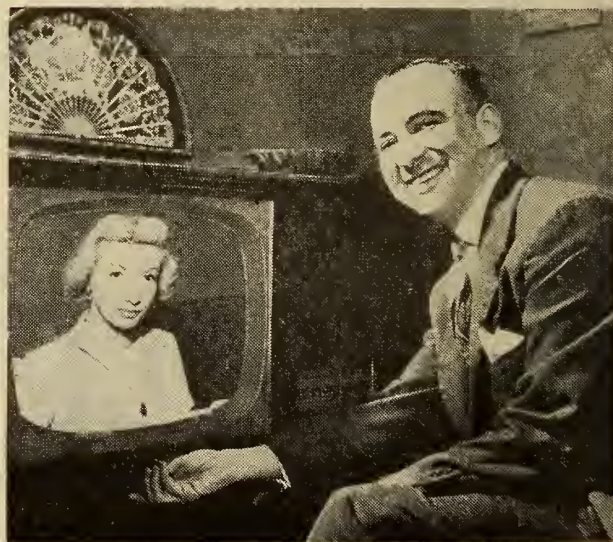
viewers the benefit of nineteen years of experience in writing and lecturing in the field of social psychology and human dynamics. These words sound impressive, and they are, but Lee's charm and femininity take the academic sting out of the words. In her thirty-four years, Lee has crowded an amazing number of accomplishments. A native New Yorker, she attended Hunter College High School where she edited the school paper. Lee entered Hunter College after high school, where she majored in English and psychology. At seventeen she took a leave of absence to marry a young man she'd met while on a vacation with her parents.

They thought Lee was a little too young to take such a serious step, but relying on the judgment of their rather remarkable daughter, her parents consented, and apparently they weren't wrong. Lee and Lawrence have been happily married ever since. After Lee and her new husband had settled down, she went back to school, and for the next few years broadened out her knowledge of psychology, journalism and fashion. She has co-authored a book *Your Way to Popularity and Personal Power*, and has contributed numerous articles to national magazines.

Lee Graham is one woman who has been able to mix a career and marriage, and her husband is Lee's greatest fan.



Lawrence and Lee Graham in their living room (above). Lawrence watches Lee on his office TV set (right).



Barbara Stanwyck

co-starring in M-G-M's

JEOPARDY

YES, BARBARA STANWYCK uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo. In fact, in less than two years, Lustre-Creme has become the shampoo of the majority of top Hollywood stars! When America's most glamorous women use Lustre-Creme Shampoo, shouldn't it be *your* choice above all others, too?

For the Most Beautiful Hair in the World
4 out of 5 Top Hollywood Stars
use Lustre-Creme Shampoo



Glamour-made-easy! Never was hair care easier or more rewarding. Even in the hardest water, Lustre-Creme Shampoo foams into lavish, deep-cleansing lather that "shines" your hair as it cleans... leaves hair soft and fragrant, gleaming-bright.



Will not dry hair! Wonderful Lustre-Creme doesn't dry or dull your hair—even if you want to shampoo every day! Lustre-Creme is blessed with *Natural Lanolin* to make up for loss of protective oils...bring out glorious sheen and highlights in your hair.



Makes hair eager to curl! Now you *can* "do things" with your hair—right after you wash it! Lustre-Creme Shampoo helps make hair a joy to manage. Even flyaway locks respond to the lightest touch of brush or comb. No special after-rinse!



Fabulous Lustre-Creme costs no more than other shampoos—27¢ to \$2 in jars or tubes.

How Lucille Ball
used her flaming red
head to make having
a baby fun and a chance
to look her prettiest



LUCY IN WAITING

PROUD mother of two—one brand-new—Lucille Ball feels pregnancy is a time to look radiant and glowing in every sense of the word.

"I discarded the maternity skirt from the beginning," says Lucille, co-starring with husband Desi Arnaz on CBS-TV's *I Love Lucy*. "Instead, I began wearing 'fancy pants,' which I have in velvet and cottons. They're far more flattering, I found, than the usual maternity skirts that creep up in front and make you look like a balloon from the rear."

Lucy's "fancy pants" taper down the leg to a rather snug fit at the ankle and are fitted high over the tummy, with several rows of hooks in back which can be let out as necessary. She tops them with swing-front-and-back blouses in linen, velvet, gingham and tie-silk. These are so pert and pretty in solid colors, plaids and polka dots that she continues to wear them even after *M-Day*.

Other features of Lucy's waiting-wardrobe which are still serviceable are a full-length cashmere daytime coat and two evening coats trimmed with mink. The cashmere is plain and full, and with it she carries a big mink purse. The evening coats—actually, they're

coat-dresses in light blue and cocoa heavy satin—are topped by jewel-trimmed mink collars.

"Since good foot support is necessary," says Lucy, "I wore flats in different colors and fabrics with the fancy pants. When heels were necessary, I chose a shoe with a substantial medium heel."

To avoid putting up hair at night during pregnancy, Lucy advises a good permanent. "I waited until my hair was a good length, so I could trim off fuzzy edges after my permanent and still not look scalped," she says.

As her pregnancy progressed, Lucy found that she looked better with less and less make-up. "Usually, lipstick and mascara were all I wore during the day," she explains. For occasions, a make-up base, applied lightly.

"Whereas I used less make-up, I got even by using more soap," laughs Lucy. "I love to smell good." Another Lucy favorite is hand lotion. "I bathe in it!" As for perfumes, she found the heavier scents she usually loves nauseated her when pregnant—she concentrated on light, flowery fragrances.

And that's how Lucy sailed through her pregnancy with that famous beauty, bounce and sparkle at their best.

By HARRIET SEGMAN

RUN A PORTABLE DRESS SHOP THAT CAN EARN YOU UP TO \$150⁰⁰ IN A MONTH!

At one time or another, what woman hasn't thought it would be "fun" to run a dress shop? Well, here's your chance to do exactly that — without disturbing your normal daily routine, without cluttering up your home with space-consuming "stock". Here's a down-to-earth, money-making opportunity for women of any age — and without any business background. You can go into this interesting business without laying out a single penny of your own money in advance. The only requirement is *spare time!* Fashion Frocks supplies everything else you need to set yourself up in a profitable dress business that can bring you up to \$150 in a month.



Your Customers Choose From Nearly 150 Styles and Fabrics!

Imagine a "Dress Shop" you can tuck under your arm and take right along with you to luncheons, bridge parties, church affairs — or even to the corner grocery. That's the way Fashion Frocks' Portable "Dress Shop" works. You simply show exquisite Fashion Frocks to friends and neighbors, relatives and acquaintances at any time that suits your convenience.

When women discover how easy it is to order these stunning

styles through you . . . when they see the rich fabrics, warm flattering colors, and the dazzling array of weaves and patterns . . . they simply won't be able to pass your "Dress Shop" by! Your customers will choose from classic suits, casual sports-wear, dressy two-piecers — all such outstanding values that many will buy 3 and 4 at a time. Your Fashion Frocks' "Dress Shop" features a complete range of sizes, too . . . Misses, Half-Sizes, Juniors, Stouts.



Coupon Brings You This Portable Profitable "Dress Shop"!

Fill out the coupon below and mail it in. Fashion Frocks will send your portable "Dress Shop" ON APPROVAL. You'll get a magnificent Presentation Portfolio showing over 150 Fashion Frocks, at prices every woman can afford. Style cards in color, complete with swatches that demonstrate the exact quality, color, weave and pattern of the wonderful fabrics. In short, everything you need to set yourself up in a profitable dress business . . . all yours ON APPROVAL. But don't delay or you may be disappointed. Openings are *definitely limited!*

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Your Own Lovely Clothes Cost You Nothing!

On top of the thrill of operating your own dress business at a BIG PROFIT, you can be the best dressed woman in your neighborhood — without paying one cent for your clothes! You can qualify for your own personal wardrobe given as an extra bonus. It's almost like being paid just for wearing beautiful clothes!

PASTE THIS COUPON ON POSTCARD MAIL TODAY!

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Please send me by mail the complete Fashion Frocks' Portable "Dress Shop" ON APPROVAL, so I can get started right away on this chance to earn up to \$150 in a month.

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Address _____

City & Zone _____ State _____

Age _____ Dress Size _____



“ah-h!

my Ivory Bath

it's a pleasure... pure pleasure!”

**Yes...Ivory means more
lather, faster!**

When you're in an Ivory bath, you're in for pleasure from the start! That floating cake of Ivory is so *handy*. And so *sudsy*! It makes floods of creamy lather without a bit of coaxing. Why, Ivory Soap makes *more* lather, *faster*, than any other leading bath soap!

**Ivory means famous mildness,
and such a clean, fresh odor!**

It's delightful—the way silky Ivory suds soothe you as you soak! They're so pure . . . so mild . . . gentle as a kiss. More doctors, you know, advise Ivory for skin care than any other soap! And there's *extra* pleasure in that clean, fresh-smelling Ivory lather. It leaves you full of pep . . . right in step!

Yet wonderful Ivory costs less!

Too good to be true? It *is* true! Mild, wonderful Ivory gives you more soap for your money than any other leading bath soap!



99⁴⁴/₁₀₀% pure...it Floats

“The whole family agrees on Ivory!”



America's Favorite Bath Soap!

The Dream Happened!



A host of Little Godfreys—both newcomers and veterans—beaming in the Florida sunshine: Left to right, Julius La Rosa, Janette Davis, organist Lee Erwin, Lu Ann Simms, Marion Marlowe, Frank Parker and Haleloke.

By PHILIP CHAPMAN

Did you ever have a dream that went like this? . . . You're small and dark and cute and about nineteen, if you happen to be a girl . . . or

you're about twenty-two and dark and big-shouldered, with a disarming smile that curls at the corners, if you're a boy.

See Next Page 

Arthur Godfrey said the word, and Julius La Rosa and Lu Ann Simms found they were not only famous—they were having lots of fun

The Dream Happened!

You go to high school in Rochester, New York, and your name is Lu Ann Simms . . . or you're in the Navy in Pensacola, after growing up in Brooklyn, and you're a kid named Julius La Rosa. And that's just about all for both of you, except that you both can sing. *Until the dream happens. . .*

The dream comes along in the person of a big, redheaded, jovial man named Arthur Godfrey, who likes the way you look and how you sing. He speaks the magic words into a dictaphone, and they come out on a contract, which you sign, still not believing your incredible fortune.

Okay, kids, it's all done. The dream is under way.

And this is how it goes:

You have money, now, more than you ever dreamed of having any time, anywhere. The organization that gives you hundreds a week advises you as to how to save and invest it so that, after taxes, you'll have some security. Sure, you accept the advice. You'd be an awful dope not to. You give yourself an allowance, not a big one, but it will do for sodas and extras. And Arthur Godfrey himself will make sure that your life is made as pleasant as possible.

You'll see. Also, you'll earn what you get. For one thing, you'll work from eight in the morning

until around nine at night, with time off now and then during the day. (It's still a good dream because it's the American dream, to earn your keep.) You'll take vocal lessons, swimming lessons, dancing lessons, and ice-skating lessons, the latter because Mr. Godfrey wishes to put on an ice show in December.

You'll rehearse till you almost drop—somehow you never quite do—and you'll be on time for all the shows, and never miss one, and do better than you know how when the mikes are hot and the cameras rolling.

And, through the whole time, you'll have a ball. You will, that is, if you're Julius or Lu Ann.

Take, just for instance, a recent November weekend when WTVJ, Miami's television station, opened its new studios, biggest and most complete in the entire South, in a remodeled theatre. Godfrey had other commitments but he decided to send the troupe down to do a show.

"And Walter," he said to Walter Murphy, a member of his staff assigned to accompany the group, "the kids have been working awfully hard lately. Let 'em relax, eh? Give 'em anything they want. Lu Ann, for instance—why, she's never even been to Miami. She'll flip when she sees it. Well, let her—"

So it was in this spirit (*Continued on page 91*)

Arthur Godfrey Time, CBS Radio, M-F, 10-11:30 A.M. (simulcast, CBS-TV, M-Th, 10-11), for Snow Crop, Star-Kist, Fiberglas, Frigidaire, Rinso, Pepsodent, Pillsbury, Toni, Nabisco, Chesterfield—King Arthur Godfrey And His Round Table, CBS Radio, Sun., 5 P.M., for Kingan & Co.—Arthur Godfrey And His Friends, CBS-TV, Wed., 8 P.M., for Chesterfield, Toni, Pillsbury—Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts, CBS Radio and CBS-TV, Mon., 8:30 P.M., for Thomas J. Lipton, Inc. All times given EST.

1. The sad saga of "Floppy the Night-club Doll" opens with a splash, as Lu Ann and Julius romp.



2. Suddenly, the plot thickens! With a devil-may-care leer, Julius puts the snatch on Lu Ann's beloved Floppy.





It isn't all play—and no work—but Julius enjoys doing his air chores with Arthur Godfrey.

3. Steeped in villainy, he whisks Floppy to the high diving board and plunges madly into the briny depths.

4. Hugging a sodden Floppy, Lu Ann vows revenge. (P.S. She gets it, too—as our story reveals!)





BUD COLLYER SAYS:

Bud has a way with children, even if they're not trying to Beat The Clock but just lending moral support to grownups.



Candid shot from Break The Bank helps prove Bud's point that everyone's happy when a serviceman wins!



It isn't what they win on Break The Bank or Beat The Clock—it's how they play the game

By FRANCES KISH

EVER FIND yourself sitting on the edge of your chair at home, trying by sheer force of will to help a radio or TV contestant get the right answer to a quiz or do the stunt required of him? Ten to one, you're more tense and worried than he is—because, according to Bud Collyer, there are many contestants who go through their paces like a breeze! They aren't scared, they aren't self-conscious—and they know a lot of answers.

You can take Bud Collyer's word for that. As the skillful quizmaster of radio's Break The Bank, as the patient fellow who puts contestants through hilarious situations and games on television's Beat The Clock, he's learned a great deal about contestants—and never ceased to marvel about what he's learned.

"There is one thing I never get (Continued on page 86)

Beat The Clock, CBS-TV, Sat., 7:30 P.M. EST, for Sylvania. Break The Bank—ABC Radio, M-F, 11:30 A.M. EST, for Ipana Tooth Paste, Trushay Lotion, Mum; Toni Home Permanent; Nylast and Air-Wick.



No matter what the stunt, there's one thing that volunteers never lose—their sense of sportsmanship.

Contestants are wonderful!



With all her heart, Joan wanted a little girl—Jane proved to be everything she'd hoped for. "It's so cosy, so companionable—such fun!" says Joan.



Noted horseman Gordon Wright has been Joan's riding teacher from teen-days—and now he's teaching Jane to be a champion like her talented mother.

the LOVE

Whether clowning on *The Name's The Same* or playing Maggie Fallon on Wendy Warren, Joan Alexander has a heart filled with joy in her daughter, her husband

By GLADYS HALL

JOAN ALEXANDER is a woman of many lives, of many names. She has been all things to all people who listen to radio, watch television. Audiences know Joan as the glamorous, ruthless Maggie Fallon on radio's *Wendy Warren And The News* . . . as a gay, quick-witted panelist on TV's *The Name's The Same* . . . and there's no guessing what completely different part she'll play next on *Armstrong's Theatre Of Today!*

But there's one role that means more to Joan than all others, one name she'd rather answer to, any time, anywhere. Just . . . "Mommy."

In any land, in any language, the mother-child story is, surely, the sweetest (*Continued on page 103*)

Joan is heard M-F as Maggie Fallon in *Wendy Warren And The News*, 12 noon, for *Maxwell House*—as Della Street in *Perry Mason*, 2:15 P.M., for *Tide*—as Althea Dennis in *The Brighter Day*, 2:45 P.M., for *Cheer*—and often on *Armstrong's Theatre Of Today*, Sat., 12 noon; all EST, on CBS Radio. Joan is seen in *The Name's The Same*, ABC-TV, Tues., 10:30 P.M. EST, for *Swanson's Frozen Foods* and *Johnson's Wax* (alternate sponsors).



JOAN LIVES BY





BOB and RAY- SPICE OF OUR LIFE



One way to tell Bob and Ray apart: Bob and Jane Elliott love their cats—Ray is allergic to them.



Pride and joy of Ray and Liz Goulding's home is baby Barbara, their third child and only daughter.

By CHRIS KANE

ONE IS slight and blonde. (That's Bob Elliott.) The other's larger, darker, with an upper lip where his moustache used to be. (That's Ray Goulding.)

Instead of two minds with a single thought, they have half a mind between them. At least that's the impression they try to give.

"Bob's good on the ukulele," Ray says.

"Ray's good on the elevator," Bob says.

They came from Boston—full of beans, naturally—to take over NBC, which still hasn't recovered from the shock. The boys often introduce their show by announcing simply: "Bob and Ray take great pleasure in presenting the National Broadcasting Company."

Before they presented the National Broadcasting Company, with its glorious network facilities, they labored on a local show where they depicted the activities of Mary Backstage, Noble Wife. Mary was a girl from a deserted mining town out west who came to the big city to find happiness as the wife of Handsome Harry Backstage, idol of a million other women. Something like that, anyhow. All the characters were played by Bob and Ray—the scripts completely ad-libbed as they went along.

The boys are still satirizing anything and everything—but that ain't all. They'll even make fun of themselves.

Ray claims he has a Shetland pony, Bob claims he designs his own socks.

DON'T BELIEVE A WORD THEY SAY—HERE ARE THE "SIMPLE" FACTS

See Next Page—→

BOB AND RAY—

"I own the Empire State Building," Ray goes on. "When my friends see me coming, they say, 'Here's old Money-Bags!'"

"I get horse-hives," Bob mutters. "I look at a horse, and my nose runs."

"Bob was voted Most Likely To Succeed," Ray cries.

"Ray was voted Most Likely To," Bob parries.

Ask them to tell you a few simple facts about themselves, never mind the clowning, and they look pained. "Nothing to tell," they say. Then Ray's phone rings. "Joe's on the phone," says somebody. "My brother Joe?" says Ray. Then he turns to the interviewer with a simple fact. "I have a brother Joe."

Besides a brother Joe, he's got a wife and three children. He met his wife Liz (née Mary Elizabeth Leader, of Springfield, Ohio) in the Army. It sounds like a joke, but isn't. She was a dietitian, he was an instructor at the Officers Candidate School in Fort Knox, Kentucky.

"We got married on a three-day pass," Ray says. "At a little spa in Indiana. A sweet little church around the corner—around the corner from an arsenal."

As he warms to his story, he embroiders, "General



Ray's always "taking someone for a ride"—in this case, his sons, Raymond, Jr., and Tommy.

Five Gouldings in one spot—and quiet—but only because young Raymond has been persuaded the Martians are coming and the huddled family needs his "protection."



Spice of our Life

Patton was riding down the street outside crying, 'Blood and Guts!'"

"Their song," butts in Bob, "is 'Stars and Stripes Forever.'"

Ray hangs his head. "Every time we hear 'Reveille,' we look at each other tenderly—"

Ray and Liz were married in '45, came to Boston in 1946, after Ray's discharge from the Army. He'd been a radio announcer in Lowell, Massachusetts (where he was born and raised), after he got out of high school, so it was logical that he'd go back to being a radio announcer. He ended up at Station WHDH in Boston, where, by a laughable coincidence, one Bob Elliott was also announcing. More properly, Bob Elliott was disc-jockeying.

Bob was a Boston boy who'd had a fling at New York. Went to acting school there, and got a job at NBC. He was a genuine NBC page boy. Escorted studio visitors to their seats. As a lifework, (*Continued on page 85*)

Inside Bob And Ray, NBC Radio, Sat., 8 P.M. EST. Bob and Ray are also heard locally over Station WNBC, M-F, 6:30 P.M. EST.



Bob's good on the ukulele—according to Ray. (According to Bob, Ray's good on the elevator!)

They all—including wife Jane—agree that Bob's a frustrated artist. Some day, perhaps, an Elliott seascape will replace the stuffed sailfish over the mantel.



*Dealing with Larry's leading lady, Mary Noble learns there are times
a housewife has to be an actress, too—and even write her own script!*

MARY NOBLE stood at the door of Judith Venable's dressing room. Seated at the table, with the theatrical make-up lights shining bright on her face, Judith looked hard, just a little worn with the events that had transpired in the last few weeks. Judith's voice had a rasping, brittle quality—almost as though her years of speaking in the voice of the characters she had portrayed on the stage had robbed her of her own ability to express her thoughts without cheap emotion. Judith's vanity, her supreme belief in her own charms, were almost enough to make Mary lose her resolution to keep everything on a friendly basis—a resolution hardly helped along by Judith's digs at her appearance, Judith's thinly veiled criticisms of her actions. Mary could feel her hand trembling on the door to the dressing room as she controlled her every instinct to flee from Judith, flee from the situation in which she found herself. A giggle welled up inside of her as she thought to herself, *I'm the actress!* . . . Mary had known it would be hard to face Judith, to face her husband Larry, when she returned from her ill-fated trip to the Virgin Islands. It all seemed so long ago now, when she'd traveled down there to divorce Larry, let Judith have a clear field to win the husband whom she adored. Seemed long ago, foolish and school-girlish, in view of what a bit of honest plain-speaking had been able to accomplish between herself and Larry. It was at Larry's insistence that Mary was with Judith now. The latest of Judith's overtures had left both of them a little shaken, not in their belief in each other, but uncertain about what they should do about Judith. . . . Larry had been finishing his make-up the evening before, for the performance which he would be giving with Judith, his leading lady, when Judith unexpectedly walked into his dressing room. Coming up behind Larry, she had suddenly leaned down and kissed the top of his head. Larry was so taken aback that he merely sat there while Mary opened the door and walked in. Of course, Judith had immediately assumed that Mary would be shocked and horrified and went into an act about her feel-

ings—she made it quite plain that she felt Larry was gallant in taking Mary back after her Virgin Islands trip, and implied that Larry was covering up his true feelings for Judith because he didn't want to upset Mary. As the door had closed on this episode, Larry had appealed to Mary to "do something" that would prove to Judith once and for all that he didn't care for her, except as a leading lady in a play which he wanted to keep highly successful. . . . Armed with the knowledge of her husband's love for her, Mary was trying her level best to work out a plan that had slowly formed in her mind. This plan would keep everything at the theatre proceeding nicely, but would involve Judith in a romance which might turn her attention away from Larry and give Mary and her husband a small respite of peace with each other. Mary made her voice light and gay as she told Judith about a small dinner party she was planning. It was going to be just a little, intimate affair in celebration of the months that the play had been so successful. There would be a few persons from the theatre, Mary went on lightly, and a couple of men who had so much wanted to meet Judith—as a matter of fact, had been bothering the life out of Mary for an introduction. At the mention of the men, Judith's face softened and she lost the tenseness that had seemed to permeate her whole body. Of course, she'd be delighted to attend and by-gones would be by-gones. . . . As Mary closed the door to the dressing room a sigh escaped her lips. Would she be a good enough actress to divert Judith's attention, and would the poor male victims stand still for the matchmaking she was about to bring about? A small prayer was sent heavenward as she made her way to Larry's dressing room to tell him the success of her encounter. Life might not be smooth, she told herself, but it certainly is interesting, when you are married to a handsome actor!

Backstage Wife, on NBC, M-F, 4 PM. EST, for Cheer. Claire Niesen (far right) and Helen Claire are shown here in their roles as Mary Noble and Judith Venable.

It takes courage to be



a BACKSTAGE WIFE

TWO for the MONEY



It all seems like a dream today—being questioned by Herb Shriner—winning all that money. . . .

WINNING \$1,170 IS GLORIOUS, BUT HAVING



The children adore picnics—so does my husband Jim—and it's quite a merry project getting everything packed and ready. Another favorite pastime is our family show on Sunday nights. Jim plays, and all but the youngest "get into the act."

By EVELYN O'ROURKE

WINNING \$1,170 on Two For The Money is, to be sure, a glorious thing. It's almost like money found, it happens so suddenly. It makes you a little dizzy and very happy. But money isn't everything—you quickly discover—if you're on a quiz show and lose. I know both sides of the coin.

Quickly, let me assure you I am not a professional contestant. Proof? I have eight children, ranging from four months to ten years of age, a big house in Yonkers with five bedrooms plus the usual downstairs and cellar to take care of—and, not least, a husband to keep happy. That should be evidence enough I have no time for shenanigans.

The first time (Continued on page 97)



Two For The Money is simulcast Tuesday, 10 P.M. EST, on NBC Radio and NBC-TV, for Old Gold.

EIGHT CHILDREN AND A HANDSOME HUSBAND IS EVEN MORE SENSATIONAL!

HAPPINESS TO SHARE

The Kuklapolitans are a gay family off the stage, too—for each gambled and won a future which embraces a heart as well as a mind

By LILLA ANDERSON

FRAN ALLISON had the sniffles. Being Fran, she also had a morning-to-midnight schedule.

Fitted tightly around the week's professional commitments—to do three Aunt Fanny dissertations for Breakfast Club, five Kukla, Fran And Ollie radio shows and Sunday's big NBC television production—were a multitude of business and social appointments.

In the habit of sailing through them as happy as a high-school girl at prom time, she refused to admit a stubborn cold could stop her.

It worried Burr Tillstrom. His concern increased when Fran's husband, Archie Levington, went out of town on a business trip and asked Burr to watch out for her.

As they plotted the radio program, he felt the time had come for drastic action and suggested, "Frannie, let's put a second show on tape. Then you stay home all day tomorrow and get some rest."

Fran shook her head. "You know some one would telephone, expecting me somewhere, and away I'd go."

Burr had thought of that. "What you need is *sitters*. I'll bring you lunch at noon. Beulah will take over at 2:00 P.M. Cathy will get all the newspapers. Mary will cook dinner. Jack will bring you that new song. When I return, I'll pick up Gommy and Joe. We'll all have a

quiet little party and you'll get over your cold."

Such projects, executed in real life, account for the spirit which wins Kukla, Fran And Ollie a place among the most lovable characters in radio and television. The fondness so apparent in all the doings of the little people is only a public reflection of the affection which, in private life, binds—into a large and lively family—Burr Tillstrom, Fran Allison and the people who work with them.

It's a "professional" family rather than a "by-birth" affiliation. No one of its eight members is related to another. They first met in 1947 at WBKB, Paramount's pioneer station, when all Chicago had only 353 television sets, network broadcasting was only a hope, and theirs became the first commercially sponsored program. When the show moved to NBC, all went along.

Head-of-the-family Burr Tillstrom includes himself when he says it is composed of "a bunch of strong-minded, stubborn, independent individuals—thank goodness."

Their backgrounds vary, yet that strong-minded independence of which he speaks accounts for one experience unanimously possessed. Prior to their working together, each has sometime walked out of the safe, secure career and gambled his future to achieve a goal sensed rather than seen. (*Continued on page 73*)

Kukla, Fran And Ollie—NBC-TV, Sun., 4 P.M. EST (sponsored every other week by RCA Victor)—NBC Radio, M-F, 2:45 P.M.

Heads of the family: Burr Tillstrom's the lad who created Kukla, Fran And Ollie—Beulah Zachary (at left) produces it—Fran Allison stars in it!



Teenagers

ARE AS BRIGHT AS PEOPLE



Like most girls, I've done a lot of thinking about marriage—but it's all in the future tense! For the present, I'm happy just dancing and soda-dating casually with friends like Dick Kerr.

Gloria McMillan plays Harriet Conklin in *Our Miss Brooks*—heard on CBS Radio, Sun., 6:30 P.M. EST, for Colgate-Palmolive-Peet—seen on CBS-TV, Fri., 9:30 P.M. EST, for Instant Sanka, Swans Down Cake Mixes.

We meet strange
and new problems every day—
and the wonderful thing about us
is that we solve them

By GLORIA McMILLAN

A TEENAGER who can think for himself? That's right! There are millions of us.

I've been nineteen for almost a year now and I think teenagers are bright as new pennies and as smart as people. Just look. Every day we teenagers meet strange new situations, like joining clubs, meeting boys (and girls), and going to different places. All of these things, since they are strange and new, are problems to us in one way or another. The wonderful thing about us is—we solve a whole batch of problems like these every day. So I say teenagers are plenty bright, with lots of reasoning ability, and, given half a chance, they can use it!

As Harriet Conklin on (Continued on page 79)



Boys and girls in our crowd have serious moments, too—not only about our studies, but about religion and spiritual values.



HOME IS BETTER THAN

From a lonely room—and one little dog—to a happy houseful: Carmie, husband Charles and their sons, Bruce and Buzzie.



by
Helen
Bolstad

HEADLINES

"DOWN YOU GO"

says Carmelita Pope, "when a great day arrives but there's no one to share it with you!"



What could compare with this, Carmie wonders as she holds baby Bruce—how could she and Chuck ever have hesitated, heeding that old warning: "Marriage and careers don't mix?"

Joyous music of the wedding recessional filled the vaulted church. Radiant in white satin, her veil swirling delicate as a cloud, the bride swept down the aisle on the arm of her proud new husband.

All eyes were watching them—except the maid-of-honor's.

Carmelita Pope, now the quick-witted charmer of DuMont's and Mutual's Down You Go, searched each pew as she passed. Near the rear of the church she saw him and, from the way her face lighted in recognition, it was evident that romance in the Pope family, that September day in Chicago, was not confined to elder sister Clarissa and her bridegroom, Major James Mancuso.

Carmelita beamed even brighter when, at the wedding reception, she presented the young man to her new brother-in-law.

"Here's Charles Ballenger," she said. Then, suddenly too shy to speak of his importance in her own life, she identified him by his job. "I'm sure Clare wrote you about Chuck. He's a reporter on the *Tribune*."

It was the young man's turn to be confused as a schoolboy. Uncomfortably aware his collar was wilted and his hair standing on end, he straightened his tie and apologized, "More reporter than wedding guest at the moment, I'm sorry to say."

Carmie's eyes went wide. "Oh, Chuck, what happened?"

Chuck fidgeted. "I couldn't get the day off, but I thought I'd be able to sneak away for a while."

Carmelita held her breath. She had a hunch the situation would get worse.

It did. Chuck (*Continued on page 99*)

Carmelita Pope is a regular panel member on Down You Go—seen on Du Mont Television, Fri., 10:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Carter's Little Liver Pills, Arrid, and Rise—also heard on Mutual Radio, Sat., 7:30 P.M.



As The Doctor's Wife,
Pat is happy—but
in real life she
searches for something
she's not yet found



Patricia Wheel

REACHING FOR HER STAR

By ELIZABETH BALL

SHE'S QUITE a person, is Julie Palmer—The Doctor's Wife of NBC Radio. A most sympathetic person, warmhearted and alive, devoted to her idealistic husband, his patients and his problems. Hers is a small world, the little New England community where Dr. Dan Palmer has his practice. But, to her, this small world is a stage, packed with drama, peopled with living characters she knows and loves (*Continued on page 94*)

The Doctor's Wife is heard on NBC Radio, M-F, 5:45 P.M. EST, for Ex-Lax, Inc.



Home, to Julie Palmer, is a world in itself. To Pat, who plays Julie, it's an "impermanent" thing which won't mean much until—

Art Linkletter



Above, Art and Lois Linkletter—my dad and mom. Below, Dad with my "middle" sister, Sharon (with the bird), and the youngest, Diane. Right, Mom, kid brother Robert, sister Dawn, Sharon, Dad, Diane—and me, Jack, oldest (sixteen) and tallest (over six feet) of the five younger-generation Linkletters.



He's proved that
parents can be fun!
But there are more
(and bigger) reasons
why I'd rather be
like Dad than anyone
else in the world

MY DAD'S A GREAT GUY

By Jack Linkletter



Whether it's Dad and I catching up on events and talking them over, man to man . . . or Dad and Dawn dancing while Mom plays . . . or Diane going into an act all her own . . . our family enjoys every moment we're together.



I CAN'T imagine what it would be like not to share everything with your parents.

That includes fun, work, *and* worry. Yes, sir, problems can be one big headache, and I'm sure grateful my Dad (Art Linkletter) and Mom (Lois) help me with mine. I've always thought what a shame it was that some of my pals couldn't talk to their folks about their troubles. Why, any smart guy knows that parents are a fellow's best friends!

Let's talk about fun, for example. Some people think you can't have fun with your parents. Boy, that's as wrong as saying George Washington crossed the Mississippi! Parents *are* fun. In fact, on my last birthday (I'm sixteen now) I had the most terrific time I've ever had. I took my date, plus two other couples, and went (Continued on page 77)

Art Linkletter's House Party, M-F, on CBS-TV at 2:45 P.M.—on CBS Radio, 3:15—for Pillsbury Mills, Lever Bros., Kellogg Co., Green Giant Co. People Are Funny, CBS Radio, Tues., 8 P.M., for Mars Candy Co. All EST.

1. Reading Marcia's glowing description of Farrell's matrimonial agency, Terry and Stan Burton suspect that the service is really a racket which should be exposed.



the SECOND Mrs. BURTON—

*Terry finds that courage
and faith are sometimes
tested to the limit*



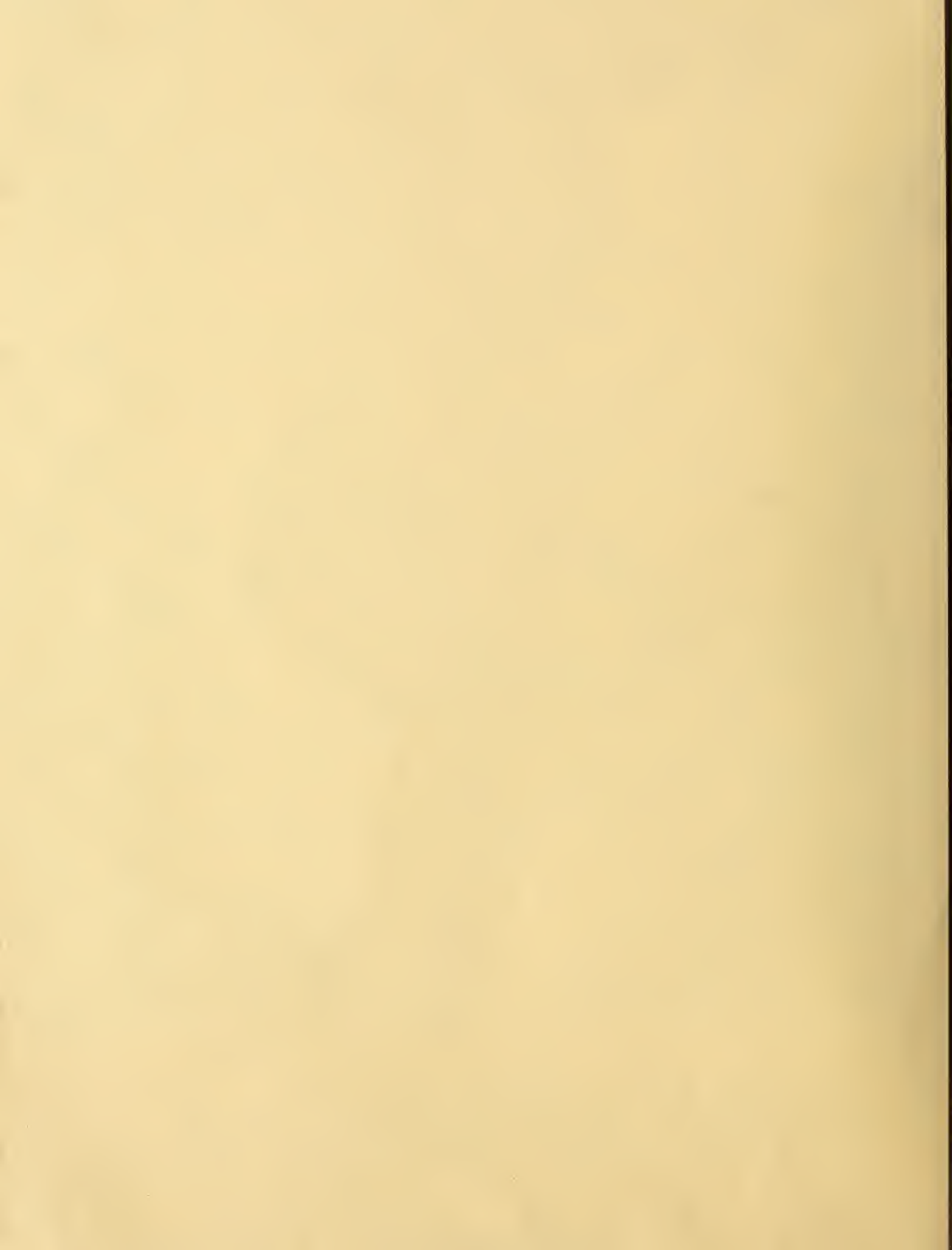
2. Their doubts increase after Terry visits Farrell, posing as a client. What is Farrell's connection with the rather unsavory Eighth Street Lonely Hearts Club?

TERRY BURTON leaned wearily against the mantel-piece. Almost absent-mindedly she noticed its chipped, gritty paint, even as she felt to the depths of her being that she was too tired, too worn out to ever think or feel again. Idly she speculated on the number of persons who, troubled and torn beyond measure, had occupied this hotel room in upstate New York before her. Terry dug at the chipped paint as she reviewed the events of the past few months, going over, once more, the clues to her husband Stan's possible whereabouts. Some strong feminine instinct kept telling her that here in this small town with its apparent air of innocence, yes, even of growth and life as the spring brought on the scent of new birth to a vigorous earth—here Terry felt was the answer she was seeking to her failure to hear from Stan. . . . There was so little to go on, she thought hopelessly. She sensed rather than knew that tied up with Stan's disappearance was the investigation of the "Understanding, Inc." organization, headed by Hanson Farrell, which she and Stan had been carrying on. Now, Farrell's presence in this same upstate town seemed to argue that Terry was on the right track, too. Terry almost smiled to her-

self as she remembered back to the day when Marcia, Stan's sister, had come to her all excited about the real worth of Hanson and his service to lonely people—his club was a sort of well-to-do matrimonial agency where women paid a small fee to be put in touch with gentlemen of circumstances who were potential prospects for the wedding march. . . . Terry remembered how she had tried to warn Marcia of the possibility of Farrell using her for his own purposes and, finally, alarmed at the seriousness of Marcia's infatuation for Hanson Farrell and her apparent gullibility, had consulted Stan. The grave, serious expression on Stan's face had been reflected in their conversation—a conversation which had sent her to Hanson Farrell, where she posed as a possible client. When she reported the interview with Farrell back to Stan, her husband had been certain they were on the track of a racket, thoroughly in need of exposure. Perhaps their own local newspaper in the little town of Dickston would lead the way to cleaning up what might be a national racket. . . . Tied up with Farrell, but with just what strings Terry had been unable to learn as yet, was the Eighth Street Lonely Hearts Club. Terry knew that outwardly it was just

When Hope Flames Bright

See Next Page →



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Terry finds that courage and faith are sometimes tested to the limit



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the SECOND Mrs. BURTON— When Hope Flames Bright

See Next Page →

the SECOND Mrs. BURTON



3. Stan disguises himself as a truck driver, goes to the Lonely Hearts Club. Spotted as an "outsider," he is slugged into unconsciousness.



4. Panicked by the discovery that the outsider is publisher Stan Burton, his attackers strip him of all identification and put his unconscious body in a truck heading out of town.

a social hall, with an orchestra and a master of ceremonies, where happy couples who wanted publicity and a free wedding could have their vows exchanged in public. The night of Stan's disappearance, he'd dressed in clothes disguising him as a truck driver and had gone to the Eighth Street Lonely Hearts Club, telling Terry he thought this might be the logical jumping-off spot for his investigation. Now Terry wished she'd questioned him closely about all he knew, but at the time it seemed like just another interview type of assignment they'd given each other, like the time she'd posed as a client to gain the information

from Farrell. . . . Terry began pacing the floor as she re-lived the night of Stan's disappearance. The same terror enveloped her now as it had while the hours crept toward dawn and there had been no sign of her husband, no telephone message, just blank, horrifying silence. There had followed her frantic visit to the Eighth Street Lonely Hearts Club, the blank wall of ignorance—no one had seen Stan, no one had even seen a man who looked like a truck driver! Then, there had been the days when the police tried every avenue possible to turn up a clue. Finally, pin-pointing in time and space a moment of hope, the telephone call from Dickston's Chief of Police saying there was a routine report of an "unknown" in an upstate hospital—an unknown who had been involved in a truck accident—and the truck in which he'd been found had come from Dickston. . . . It seemed to Terry that shock had followed hard on the heels of hope. Perhaps, had Terry not been accompanied by Mother Burton, the magnitude of the shock might not have been so great—but ever present was the emotion of the event itself, compounded with the attempt to soften the disappointing blows before they could fall on Mother Burton. Immediately after arriving, Terry found that a girl by the

Pictured here, as on the air, are:

Terry Burton:.....Patsy Campbell
 Stan Burton.....Dwight Weist
 Mother Burton.....Ethel Owen

The Second Mrs. Burton, CBS Radio, M-F, 2 P.M. EST, for Swans Down Cake Mixes, Instant Maxwell House, Jell-O.



5. Farrell is furious about the kidnapping, orders an out-of-town associate to intercept the truck—which he does only too well! His car collides with the truck in a terrific crash and the associate is burned to death. But Stan's body is pulled from the flaming wreckage just in time.

name of Jewel MacLain had already identified the hospital patient as Jeff Mercer, her fiance. Jewel had flatly refused to allow Terry access to the room, or even permission to speak with her fiance by telephone. Following this disheartening news had come the unexpected—the truly unexpected—visit from Farrell. Terry knew deep down that she couldn't prove any of her suspicions about Farrell, could hardly muster arguments against his logical, plausible explanation of why he was determined to find Stan. But, somehow, she couldn't, wouldn't let herself believe that *all* Hanson Farrell had told her and Mother Burton could be true. . . . Terry was grateful that she had been able to maintain at least an outward calm as Farrell told about learning of a fight at the Eighth Street Lonely Hearts Club in which Jewel MacLain's fiance, Mercer, had been slugged and after which Stan had grabbed a car to follow Mercer in the truck. Farrell had finished his story by stating that it was his belief that a man who had been buried in Potter's Field, dead from the accident involving the truck, was undoubtedly Stan. . . . Terry's instinct, Terry's hope and belief would not let her believe any such thing and with all the strength she could command she would not



6. Stan recovers from the accident—and slugging—but cannot remember who he is. So Farrell arranges to have his confederates identify Stan as a man named Mercer!

the SECOND Mrs. BURTON



7. Terry hears of an unknown accident victim, hurries to the hospital but is stopped by a woman who claims to have identified the man as Mercer—"her fiance."

let Mother Burton believe, either. Terry sighed. What a horrible thing for Mother Burton, yet how easily she had been panicked into believing that Stan lay dead and buried. At least one thing Terry would never allow would be to have Mother Burton take the body back to Dickston without establishing, beyond any doubt at all, that this was Stan. Yet, now, alone in the hotel room, with no other human being capable of standing beside her to believe with her, Terry had her moment of weakness. . . . If her suspicions of Farrell were wrong, if her exhuming of the body should prove—but there in the growing dusk a renewed strength came to her. No, she was not wrong. Tomorrow she had much to do, for time and faith and hope were on her side—tomorrow she would force an interview with Jewel MacLain's fiance, tomorrow she would order an official inspection of that poor body in Potter's Field, tomorrow she would somehow bring proof to bear that Farrell was deeply involved somehow with Stan's disappearance. All these things, God willing and with the strength He would somehow provide, she would find possible to do, and somewhere in that future of tomorrows she knew that Stan would be returned to her. Meanwhile, she had a job to do—a job of comforting Mother Burton, of running the newspaper as Stan would want it done, a job of finding the man she loved, her husband.

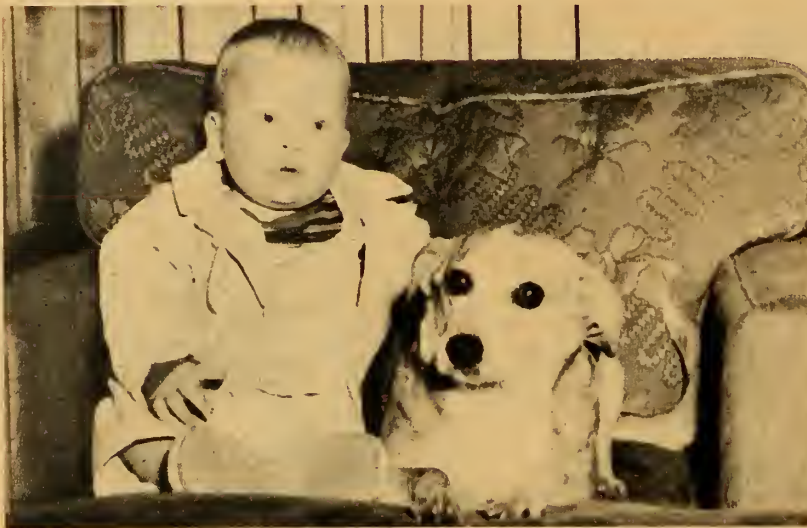
8. Mother Burton refuses to share Terry's stubborn belief that Stan isn't dead. Farrell's clever plot has convinced her that the hospital patient is a total stranger—and that the charred body (actually Farrell's henchman) found in the wreckage is her beloved son Stan.





9. With everything against her, Terry clings to her conviction that somehow, somewhere, Stan still lives. She doesn't know just what Farrell has done, but is certain that he's involved. Surely, the evil which she and Stan have fought so valiantly cannot prevail against them—or against their love!

THE UNINHIBITED



Cliff, Jr., and Echo keep their thoughts to themselves.



Four lively daughters—Vicki, Linda, Pamela and Sandy—take part in the broadcast, then hurry off to school.

By HELEN CAMBRIA

WITH innocent insistence, the youngest of Cliff Johnson's four daughters demanded a reasonable answer to an age-old question. Ignoring both the microphone which faced her and the millions who overheard, bright-eyed, five-year-old Vicki asked, "Daddy, how did the baby get under Mommy's heart?"

The faint wail of a new-born infant had provoked her question. Heard via another microphone placed in a hospital room, it had been followed by her mother's voice saying, "Hear the baby? That's your new brother. He's just nine hours old."

Arrival of a brother was far the most exciting (Continued on page 101)

The Johnsons are heard on Cliff's Family, Mutual, Mon. through Fri., 9:15 A.M. EST.

Cliff and Lu are not only busy parents and radio stars. They also do their own decorating—even to hanging a new door.



JOHNSON FAMILY



When Cliff's children air their views, watch for mix-ups—and plenty of laughs



As Irma and Jane, Marie Wilson and Cathy Lewis are looking for husbands. In real life, they've got 'em.

CATHY LEWIS, attractive red-haired actress, decided radio acting wasn't so bad after all. Compared to stage work it *was* different. You didn't have any *commercials* to read on the stage. But if it weren't for those commercials, Cathy decided, she wouldn't be in this studio waiting her turn at the microphone. Also, she wouldn't be watching the three young actors who were so convincingly playing the role of gangsters.

She knew two of them, Jerry Hausner and Eddie MacDonald. But it was the third one she watched out of the corner of her eye. Tall and attractive, he played his part with a rough masculinity. She'd heard the others call him Elliott. She wondered if this were his first name or last. He certainly had plenty of talent. Yes, she decided, radio acting (even reading commercials) was pretty nice! Especially when you got to work with good-looking actors. Now, if she could only meet him.

Just then, the crowd at the mike broke and began drifting toward her chair. Cathy immediately appeared disinterested in the whole proceeding. She wished she had something to knit just to keep her hands busy. She was sure they were fluttering like nervous humming birds and would expose her butterfly feelings to the men as they approached.

"Hi, Cathy," said Eddie, "how's tricks?"

"Hi," said Cathy. She almost stuttered when she said it. Gosh, that Elliott was interesting-looking.

"Hello, Cathy." It was (Continued on page 88)

IRMA'S FRIEND,

Cathy

Marriage is a beautiful institution
when you build everything together

By ELIZABETH GOODE



Cathy and husband Elliott Lewis have so much in common: Their careers (in which Elliott sometimes directs Cathy)—the home they created (with guess-who acting as director).





Bob Fallon loves his Marie-Irma wife—even when her "free" coffee table runs up a \$7,000 bill!

Irma

DECORATES A HOME

Even as a homemaker, Marie Wilson's
true to type—and to the Irma scripts

By BETTY MILLS

MARIE WILSON and her mother, Mrs. White, came into the living room of Marie's new house and they stood together looking down at the coffee table. It was a big, handsome coffee table which stretched like a bridge from the rose velvet couch to the bright drapes at the window.

Mrs. White stole a glance at her daughter and smiled. Marie's radiance glowed like a neon sign. How nice, thought Mrs. White, to see her and Bob Fallon so happy. Now—if only Irma-like things would stop happening!

"My, it is lovely, isn't it?" said Mrs. White, looking again at the coffee table. She was struck by its beauty and symmetry. It seemed to tie the whole room together, standing as a symbol of elegance.

"Gosh, I'll say," said Marie, "it's dreamy! I only wish it hadn't cost so much!"

"Cost? How *much* did it cost?"

Said Marie in a wee, small voice, "\$7,000!"

"What! I thought you said it was a *gift*!"

"Well, it was . . . sort of . . ."

"What do you mean 'sort of'?"

"Cy Howard, our nice producer, gave it to Bob and me as a wedding present."

"Well? Then how could it cost \$7,000?" Marie's mother waited for an explanation. She simply could not see how a *free* table could cost so much.

"Well . . ." Marie, it (*Continued on page 90*)

MA PERKINS shushed Willy and Shuffle, who insisted on carrying on their discussion of space ships at the top of their lungs while she was trying to make out what Evey was saying. "Willy, Evey's on the telephone," Ma said sharply, "Be quiet! She's trying to tell me something about Dr. Stevens." Willy gave Shuffle a look to make certain Shuffle didn't think this was Willy giving in and subsided into sully silence. . . . "Ma, it's a baby," Evey was saying breathlessly into the telephone. "Whose baby?" asked Ma in bewilderment. "Mine!" came Evey's voice, reaching almost a hysterical pitch. "Evey, calm down—what are you trying to tell me?" Ma said in her most soothing tones. Evey was scatterbrained, but certainly not so scatterbrained that she thought she had any other child than Junior, age fifteen—who couldn't possibly be misconstrued to be a "baby," Ma thought a little desperately. "Me, mine," Evey said stoutly. "Dr. Stevens says I'm going to have a baby." Ma's voice almost broke as the knowledge of what Evey was saying came through to her. "Oh, Evey, how wonderful," Ma said delightedly. "You go over to the house straight from the doctor's, and I'll bring Shuffle and Willy and we'll—well—we'll celebrate, dear. . . ." The two men looked at Ma with their mouths hanging open. The monumental news just couldn't be true. Suddenly, Shuffle broke into a laugh, but Willy just sat there, stunned, speechless, overwhelmed. Willy, a father again after all these years? Willy, the taken, mistaken, worried, loyal, brave, broke but always long-enduring worker in Ma's lumber yard, is suddenly in the limelight—while Evey, sweet, changeable, rattled-brained, can hardly believe what's happening to her. Ma, with her big heart and fine, sensible mind, is going to do everything she can to help Evey and Willy . . . but can these two lovable, emotional people ever see themselves through this new crisis? Only time—and Ma Perkins—will tell.

Ma Perkins, on CBS Radio, M-F, at 1:15 P.M. EST, for Oxydol.

Willy and Ma beam as they word the announcements.

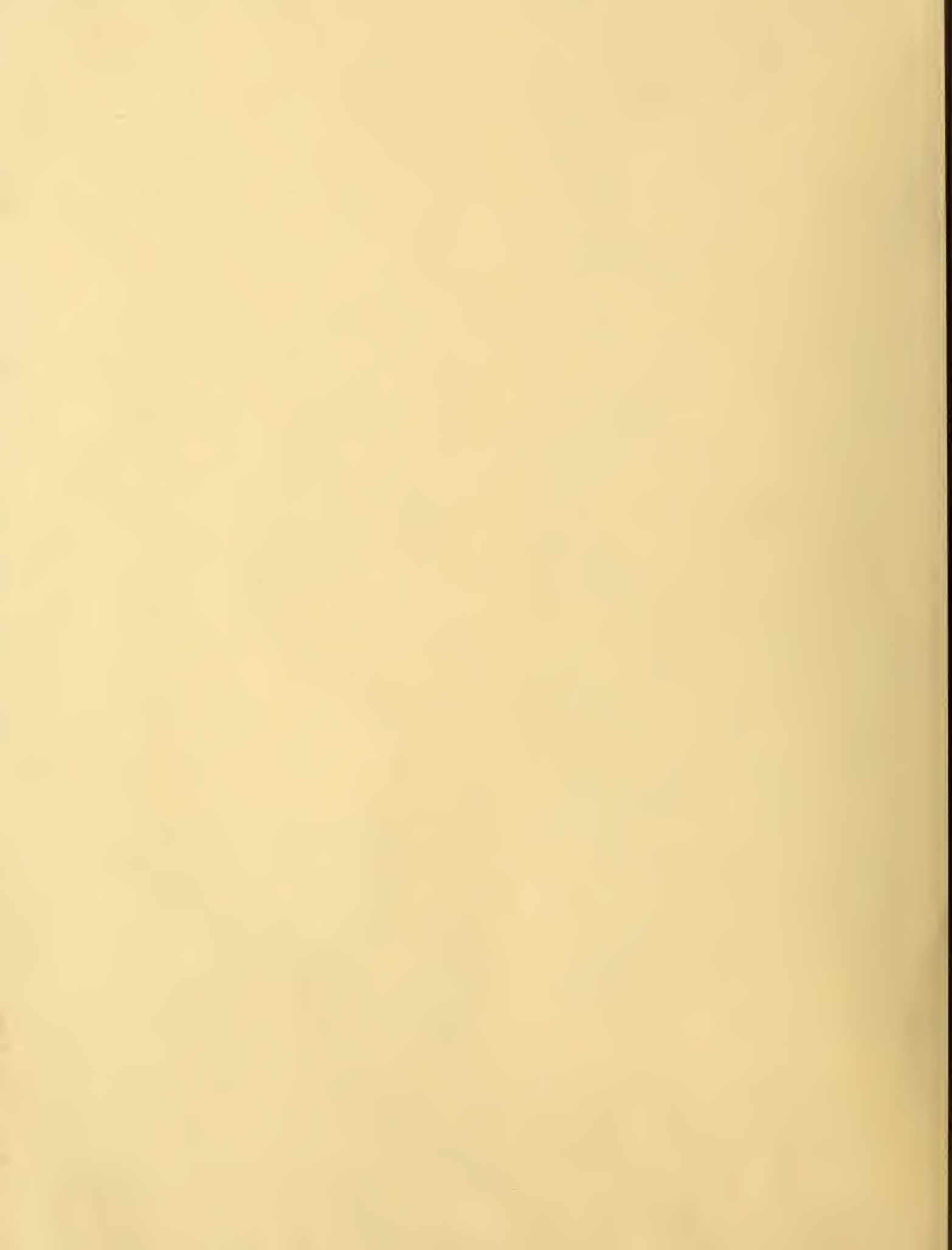


MA PERKINS—



Shuffle and Willy talked on, unaware of the wonderful news Ma was getting by phone.

Evey's going to have a baby



MA PERKINS shushed Willy and Shuffle, who insisted on carrying on their discussion of space ships at the top of their lungs while she was trying to make out what Evey was saying. "Willy, Evey's on the telephone," Ma said sharply, "Be quiet! She's trying to tell me something about Dr. Stevens." Willy gave Shuffle a look to make certain Shuffle didn't think this was Willy giving in and subsided into sulky silence. . . . "Ma, it's a baby," Evey was saying breathlessly into the telephone. "Whose baby?" asked Ma in bewilderment. "Mine!" came Evey's voice, reaching almost a hysterical pitch. "Evey, calm down—what are you trying to tell me?" Ma said in her most soothing tones. Evey was scatterbrained, but certainly not so scatterbrained that she thought she had any other child than Junior, age fifteen—who couldn't possibly be misconstrued to be a "baby," Ma thought a little desperately. "Me, mine," Evey said stoutly. "Dr. Stevens says I'm going to have a baby." Ma's voice almost broke as the knowledge of what Evey was saying came through to her. "Oh, Evey, how wonderful," Ma said delightedly. "You go over to the house straight from the doctor's, and I'll bring Shuffle and Willy and we'll—well—we'll celebrate, dear. . . ." The two men looked at Ma with their mouths hanging open. The monumental news just couldn't be true. Suddenly, Shuffle broke into a laugh, but Willy just sat there, stunned, speechless, overwhelmed. Willy, a father again after all these years? Willy, the taken, mistaken, worried, loyal, brave, broke but always long-enduring worker in Ma's lumber yard, is suddenly in the limelight—while Evey, sweet, changeable, rattled-brained, can hardly believe what's happening to her. Ma, with her big heart and fine, sensible mind, is going to do everything she can to help Evey and Willy . . . but can these two lovable, emotional people ever see themselves through this new crisis? Only time—and Ma Perkins—will tell.

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MA PERKINS—Evey's going to have a baby

who's who on

THE GIRL who feels the muscles of all contestants on What's My Line—to determine their trades—is a pretty difficult person to figure, herself. She looks like a glamour girl but, in reality, Dorothy Kilgallen is a woman with brains and the ability to put those brains to work. One of the foremost women in the field of journalism, Dot has managed to remain a completely feminine girl in the masculine world of newsprint and headlines, and she's admired for it. Beautifully dressed and soft-spoken, Dorothy loves to dance and nightclub. And, even though she and her actor-producer husband, Dick Kollmar, often get to sleep in the wee hours of the morning, Dorothy's as fresh as a daisy for their local early-morning program. The Kollmars broadcast Breakfast With Dorothy and Dick from their own apartment, and their two children often "guest."

PUBLISHER, anthologist, lecturer—and more recently, TV star—is Bennett Cerf, who sits right next to Dorothy on What's My Line. President of Modern Library and chief of Random House publishing firms since 1925, Cerf writes a column for the *Saturday Review of Literature* and has a syndicated column called "Cerfboard." Bennett Alfred Cerf, a native New Yorker, edited the humor magazine, *The Jester*, at Columbia University. He enlisted in World War I, and then returned at war's end to earn his A.B. and Litt. B. degrees in the School of Journalism at Columbia. Cerf is very well known as a humorist, very well thought of as a person, and very photogenic on TV. He's one of the most genial panelists on What's My Line. Mrs. Cerf is the former Phyllis Fraser. They have two children, Christopher Bennett and Jonathan Fraser.

GLAMOROUS, gracious Arlene Francis sits between Bennett Cerf and Hal Block on the What's My Line panel. Over TV and on the legitimate stage, Miss Francis is a favorite of show folk and audiences alike, because she always seems to enjoy herself and always seems anxious to help others do the same. She was born Arlene Kazanjian in Boston, attended grade school there, and then studied in the Convent of Mount St. Vincent Academy. From there, she went to Finch Finishing School in New York City, and the Theatre Guild Schools. Especially talented as a comedienne, Arlene was successful in such Broadway plays as "All That Glitters," and "The Doughgirls." In the latter, she was riotous as a Russian soldierette. Married to Martin Gabel, Broadway producer-director, the charming Arlene lives on Park Avenue.



Dorothy Kilgallen



Bennett Cerf



Arlene Francis

WHAT'S MY LINE

FUNNYMAN Hal Block has spent most of his career years writing gags for other comedians—but What's My Line gave the wicked Mr. Block his first opportunity to deliver his own jokes. A Chicagoan, the son of Max Block, a lawyer, Hal originally intended to follow in his dad's footsteps. He attended Western Reserve Military Academy and the University of Chicago. He was associate editor of the University's humor magazine, and captain of the 1935 track team. Law was abandoned when Block fell in with Phil Baker and talked him into giving him a job on his gag-writing staff. At that time, Baker was breaking people up on the radio with the team Bottle and Beetle. From that time on, Block wrote gags for the top comics in show business—Berle, Burns and Allen, Bob Hope, and others. During the war he went overseas for USO.



John Daly

KEEPER of the contestants' secrets on What's My Line is John Daly, creator and moderator of the shenanigans. John began his career two years after graduating from Boston College, as a relief announcer at a Washington station. Three weeks later (this was in 1937) he moved to CBS as an announcer, soon landing an assignment in Special Events. In 1938, Daly became Presidential announcer for Franklin D. Roosevelt. Other news assignments followed, taking Daly to some of the most history-making events in the war decade. Included among some of his war assignments were the fall of Messina, the bombing of Cassino, and the surrender of the Italian fleet at Malta. After the war, he covered the Nuremberg Trials, the Berlin Airlift and the recent political conventions in Chicago. Away from the studios, John enjoys reading and plays some golf and tennis. He is married to the former Margaret Criswell Neal, and they live in suburban Rye, New York. The Dalys have three children, John Neal, thirteen, John Charles IV, and Helene Grant ("Buntsy"), aged five. What's My Line provides an enjoyable comic relief for John after the serious business of being a news analyst most of the time. He keeps his panel and his audience happy, and takes a firm hand with the "precocious" Mr. Block.

What's My Line is heard on Wednesday at 9:30 P.M. EST over CBS Radio, and viewed on Sundays at 10:30 P.M. EST, over CBS-TV, for Stopette (Jules Montenier, Inc.).



Hal Block

who's who in Radio-TV

Lucky am I, I am so Lucky!

Patti Page's songs are filled with heartbreak, but her own heart is overflowing with joy



Singing star of NBC-TV's Scott Music Hall—Patti Page.

By BETTY FREEDMAN

DID SOMEBODY say that it takes a sad heart to sing a sad song? Well, that doesn't seem to be the requirement—because a little lady from Oklahoma named Patti Page has been lamenting the loss of bygone loves to the tune of an estimated half-million dollars a year, and she's one of the happiest girls in show business. Patti considers herself one of the luckiest gals who was ever born in Claremont, Oklahoma—which was Will Rogers' (Continued on page 76)

Patti Page and Frank Fontaine star on the Scott Music Hall alternate Wednesdays at 8:30 P.M. EST, over NBC-TV, for the Scott Paper Company.



Patti always wears her horn-rims off-stage — while painting — or signing autographs for her fans.



Happiness to Share

(Continued from page 48)

This spirit starts with Burr, who entered the University of Chicago intending, on graduation, to teach—after a short time, he left school for a precarious job with a marionette theatre. The spirit continues with Iowa-born Fran, who quit teaching to test her talent as a radio singer.

In the same pattern, producer Beulah Zachary—who sometimes baffles new acquaintances by being both a realist and an unreconstructed rebel—taught school only long enough to save the money required to transport her from Brevard, North Carolina, to Broadway. Almost as soon as she achieved the job she wanted in legitimate theatre production, she glimpsed television's gleam and dropped everything to come to WBKB in 1944, as a dolly-pusher. Doing every type of job in the station equipped her, by 1947, for her assignment as executive producer.

Director Lew Gomavitz took his big chance when, on graduating from the University of Montana, he ignored his degree in sociology and rode a cattle train to make his first jump toward Broadway. He was stage manager for Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe when the Navy switched his course to the radar school then operated at WBKB. After discharge, he joined the station's staff, but Gommy—a perfectionist with a streak of solitude in his soul—never found a show he really enjoyed working on until Kukla, Fran And Ollie.

Costume designer Joe Lockwood walked out of the lucrative profession of interior decorating to become Burr's backstage assistant. Indiana-born and European-educated, Joe discovered the Kuklapolitans when he worked at Marshall Field's and Burr turned up on Saturdays to operate the Children's Theatre.

Musical director Jack Fascinato could well have settled down in Hannibal, Missouri—where he was supervisor of instrumental music for the public schools—but the urge to play in name bands overpowered him. This led to radio and television. For his skill in making advertising tuneful, the Kuklapolitans call him "king of singing commercials," yet at heart he is still a serious composer. His deepest wish, he says, is "to get lost and write music."

The two young women who were the last to join the family—and who, for want of more accurate titles, are designated secretaries—also have plenty of spunk. Redheaded Mary Dornheim flew civilian patrols during the war, and blonde, peppery Cathy Morgan is definitely Irish.

Together, all these sensitive, gifted people

pack enough emotional atomic energy to blast any show off the air if ever it were detonated.

Instead of detonating, it turned into power, for—in producing Kukla, Fran And Ollie—they found both outlet for their abilities and expression for their idealism.

With their backgrounds of proved talent and extensive experience, they could appreciate the genius of Burr Tillstrom when they encountered him. Here, in one somewhat shy individual, they found more than a technical skill to construct puppets and give each one a voice. It went beyond that. He also could create character which transformed his creations from dolls into living creatures.

They all sensed, too, that it would take every bit of stubborn resourcefulness they possessed, to give this genius of Burr's a chance to flow out in a program millions could enjoy.

The very hardships of those early days—low pay, long hours, lack of production money, the necessity of learning first and later teaching sponsors—fused them into a unit.

The fusion was hastened by another genius, Captain William Crawford Eddy, then station manager, who forever preached a wise philosophy. No one, he repeated, could regard himself self-sufficient nor supremely important in television. It took teamwork, from performer down to dolly-pusher, to put a good show on the air—but any egomaniac along the line could foul it up.

Burr still reflects that teaching when he says, "Although it's up to me to know which way we're going, every one of us has a voice in what happens. We just haven't time for the usual employer-employee way of doing things. No one of us can tell another what to do. When we differ, we argue. We reach solutions because we grant the other fellow's opinion just as much respect as we demand for our own."

Mutual respect, while admirable, is cold. A family must have heart as well as mind. Acknowledging it, Burr also says, "We never get too far apart. Fran and Kukla have a way of smoothing down ruffled feelings. Fran and Kuke can always make peace."

Ascribing such ability to Kukla, who in actual—but habitually ignored—fact is a cotton puppet with bulbous nose, button eyes and a tiny tonsure, is not as fanciful as it might appear.

The provably practical and brilliant members of this remarkable family will

tell you, straight-faced, they each joined it when they fell in love with Kukla.

For Kukla—to paraphrase a description from his own favorite role in "The Mikado"—is more than a thing of shreds and patches. He also is the wandering minstrel, the classic impersonation of one who, in his journeying, has heard the heartbeat of the world, seen its sorrows, sensed its dreams, and thereby found understanding and compassion.

Kukla, particularly to Burr, represents much more than the sum of his own personal experiences.

Burr hints at this when he says, recalling youthful days soon after Kukla came into being, "At parties, people liked to ask Kuke questions, and sometimes they were serious. Young as I was, I had no idea how to answer, but Kukla would know."

Part of the explanation for Kukla's character is found in the rich heritage of family love with which Burr's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Burt Tillstrom, endowed their son. In his truly happy childhood, excursions into make-believe gave both parents and child easy means to express observations, desires, hopes. Animal stories Dr. Tillstrom told his boys became the inspiration for a number of Burr's characters, and his piano-playing mother was always ready to provide a musical background. She worked regularly with Burr during the Kuklapolitans' formative years—and when, at his television debut, Musicians' Union rules barred her from the studio, her influence was felt in the attitude with which Burr approached his new co-workers.

Thus Kukla becomes a symbol—a symbol which also is personified magnetically and in the flesh by Fran Allison.

For Fran comes as close as anyone will find in real life to being the person every woman, in her most idealistic dreams, might wish to be.

She carries both her beauty and her talent lightly. Her marriage to music publisher Archie Levington is the kind which leads friends to refer to them as though they were one person, saying "Fran-and-Archie" all in one breath.

Blessed with an encompassing and outgoing love of all mankind, she's the first to offer help to anyone in trouble. Quick-witted though she is, she's never been heard to say a malicious thing.

She also has a gift for fun which Archie shares. Their hospitality was influential in supplying the Kuklapolitans with another thing a family needs—a place to live.

When first the show went on the air, homes of the (Continued on page 76)



Four of the backstage Kuklapolitans who help make up such a close-knit family: From left to right, Cathy Morgan, costume designer Joseph Lockwood, director Lewis (Gommy) Gomavitz, and Mary Dornheim.



You hate to see it—your skin getting dull, losing its fresh look



You can do something to change your skin

A fascinating, immediate change

Do women have to put up with these?...

A skin that looks coarse?

Its color muddied?

A skin that looks harsh and rough?

Every so often you see a woman with a skin so absolutely beautiful you just can't keep from staring at her.

YOU can do something about *your* skin.

Skin deprived of its natural beautifying oils is *bound* to get coarser, with a dismaying drab, harsh look. And if, unknowingly, you are cleansing your skin too harshly—yet not *deeply* enough—your skin loses its softness and freshness even more.

You don't *need* to let this happen to your face—not one of you reading this page.

It is a most exciting fact that you and every woman can, easily and simply, bring a beauty to your skin it does not have right now.

Free your skin... replace what it is being robbed of

Fatigue, anxiety, tensions, wind, our dry air—all continuously rob your skin of its precious natural oil and moisture. Resistant dirt—from soot, dust and old make-up—sticks in tiny pore-openings.

To cleanse pore-openings of embedded dirt... to supply oil and moisture—there is an exclusive formulation of *skin-helping* ingredients in Pond's Cold Cream.

Together—these ingredients work on your skin *as a team*—in inter-action.

As you swirl Pond's Cold Cream on generously (be sure to use gentle, firming strokes) you get the good effect of this inter-action on *both* sides of your skin.

On the *outside*, embedded dirt is loosened and lifted from pore-openings. And *at the same time*, your skin is given needed oil and moisture that leave it softened, smoothed, and supple.

On the *inside*, the circulation is stimulated, bringing up color, helping the skin to repair itself and refine itself.



You can feel your skin responding



You owe it to yourself to bring out the beauty of your face

can come over your face...

Feel the dry surface of your skin take on wonderful smoothness

As your skin takes up the refreshing oil and moisture in Pond's Cold Cream—oil which just *suits* your skin—oil which is not too heavy and not too thin—you can *feel* the tired little tensions ease away. You can *feel* your skin getting back its flexibility. You can *see* a clearer color coming into it.

To replace the continual thieving of your skin's freshness—*each night* give your skin this special treatment—to cleanse it *rightly, deeply*—to replenish it:

Soft-cleanse—swirl satin-smooth Pond's Cold Cream all over your face and throat—generously. Swirl *up* from throat to forehead. Tissue off well.

Soft-rinse quickly with *more* skin-helping Pond's Cold Cream. Tissue off lightly. *Look at your face.*

This *double* Pond's Cold Creaming supplies smoothing oil and moisture *as it cleans* your skin *immaculately*. At the same time, it *quickens* circulation, livens your skin.

(Note: Thousands of women find that *in the morning* another quick Pond's Creaming starts their day with a delightful new freshness.)

Look your loveliest and you send out a happy-hearted confidence to all who see you

You will see the wonder of this skin-helping cream—*immediately*—after your very first Pond's Creaming.

Use Pond's Cold Cream *every night* (remember, the *constant* robbing of your skin goes on *every day*). As you use Pond's, you will delight in your lovelier skin—and you will gain an attractive new self-confidence.

So many women are discovering the amazing effect of the inter-action of Pond's Cold Cream on their skin that more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.

Go to your favorite face cream counter and get a large jar of Pond's Cold Cream today.

Mrs. Ellen Tuck Astor—People always notice the exquisite look of her skin. Mrs. Astor says: "I've used Pond's Cold Cream since my early teens. It is my most helpful and most necessary cream."

Happiness to Share

PHOTOPLAY ANNUAL



THIS GORGEOUS BOOK IS REALLY . . .

HOLLYWOOD IN REVIEW

Again the editors of Photoplay Magazine bring you Photoplay Annual 1953. This year Photoplay Annual 1953 is more exciting than ever! It is a treasure-mine of information about the stars . . . a real Who's Who in Hollywood. Here is just a brief description of this truly lovely book:

HOLLYWOOD STAR DIRECTORY—Vital statistics and pertinent information on more than 500 stars—their roles and lives in 1952. The addresses of the leading studios. Now you will know where to write your favorite stars.

BEST LIKED MOVIES OF 1952—Captivating scenes from the greatest movies of 1952—here are movie memories you will want to keep!

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(Continued from page 73)

members were scattered across Chicago. Now, with the exception of Jack Fascinato—who, with his lovely wife and two small daughters, lives farther north—all have moved within walking distance of the Gold Coast coach house which Fran and Archie occupy.

It's typical of the way the Kuklapolitans pool their talents that, as each one found a new apartment, Joe Lockwood supervised its decoration and each of the others contributed their skills.

Right in the center of this community is the Kuklapolitans' official home. Down the street from Fran's and Archie's, Burr leased another coach house, which he remodelled. The lower floor is a workroom and the second, originally built as the ballroom of the adjoining mansion, now holds a tiny corner kitchen and offers magnificent space for entertaining.

For all except the largest parties, there's a typically family division of labor. Burr and Mary, who like to cook, take over the kitchen. Cathy and Joe set the table. Gommy sees there is wood for the fireplace and sets up the movie projector. Jack plays the piano, Fran sings, and Beulah is hostess.

Not even a business conference can get grim when sponsors and stars sit down on facing sofas in front of a fireplace so huge a man can stand upright in it. There, too, have come the famed guests who are ardent fans of Kukla, Fran and Ollie. Reflections of the parties given for them are often seen and heard on the air, for the little people tend to do on stage the same things the for-real family does in its ordinary living.

Only once has such a carry-over brought

difficulties. When Tallulah Bankhead presented a Confederate flag, it never occurred to Burr that mentioning it might create a problem. He assumed that everyone had reached the same accord which exists between Fran (brought up on the songs of the Grand Army of the Republic) and Beulah (who never has been heard to refer to that long-past unpleasantness as anything other than the War Between the States).

Yet no sooner was Miss Bankhead's flag unfurled before a camera than protests deluged NBC. Letters from the North carried references to treason. Those from the South objected that the Kuklapolitans had made light of a sacred symbol.

Burr was hurt. It was the only time the Kuklapolitans' faith in peace and goodwill has failed to be contagious.

Far as this spirit has extended to all who love the program, it takes its most easily visible form in the WMAQ studio just before the broadcast. Where many shows reach the air with a tension which can be felt by the bystander, Gommy's signal, "Okay, stand by," puts a smile on every face from cameraman to orchestra members.

That across-the-studio smile is a more eloquent testimonial to the way the Kuklapolitans live than all the millions of words written about them, for it is always the crew which is most critical of programs.

Other people may wistfully regard their spirit as Utopian, but those who work closest with Burr, Fran, Beulah, Gommy, Jack, Mary, Cathy, know they constitute a truly happy family with the gift of making others happy, too.

Lucky Am I

(Continued from page 72)

home town, too.

The breaks started coming her way twenty-five years ago when she was born into the Fowler family, one of eight brothers and three sisters. Being a Fowler was what Patti (named by her parents Clara Ann) calls a very good start. It was the kind of home where children were loved but not coddled. The fact that there were so many other kids around taught Patti how to share joys, sorrows and responsibilities.

When Pat was a little girl, the family moved to Tulsa and she attended high school there—interested mainly in dramatics and art. It was the painting talent which earned Patti a scholarship to Tulsa University. But the Fowlers found it difficult to keep Pat in school, even with the scholarship help, so she decided to get a job. Once again, her painting talent came in handy, and she started working for a local station as a staff illustrator.

And then another big break came along. Patti Page, a singer on the station, fell ill, and Clara Ann Fowler assumed the name Patti Page and sang as her substitute. From that time on, Patti Page was Clara's name, and from that first song on, things really began to happen.

A band manager, Jack Rael, heard Patti singing on the radio, and ran all the way down to the studio to offer her a contract singing with his group. Patti accepted, and it wasn't long before Jack had enough confidence in her talent to give up all his other commitments and manage her exclusively.

Jack and his protegee went to Chicago,

where Patti got a job on ABC's Breakfast Club—following that up with her own show on other networks. Mercury Records offered her a contract soon after that—and, on one of her first record dates, Patti and Jack dreamed up the idea of dubbing a harmony part to her own voice. That little idea became the record "Confess." The disc speedily shot up to third in total retail sales of all phonograph records.

The success of "Confess" led to nightclub appearances throughout the nation for Patti, and it was followed by hit after hit—culminating in the record which sold more than any other platter had ever sold before—"Tennessee Waltz," Patti's all-time favorite song. Miss Patti Page had really arrived in less than three years of trying. Suddenly, she found she could really afford the things she'd only dreamed about for herself and her family. She became the proud owner of a sleek Cadillac—a gift from Mercury Records. And Patti took possession of a plush Park Avenue apartment.

The little lady from Oklahoma has come a long way. But, despite her great success and popularity, Patti still looks like a well-scrubbed college girl when she's off-stage. She's easy to talk to, easy to like, and a lot of young men think she'd make a swell wife, too. But Patti frowns on romantic rumors about her just now. She's so busy that she rarely gets a chance to go out on a non-singing date. She does feel, though, that when the right young man comes along she'll recognize him. Any time Pat gets a vacation, she spends it with her favorite family, the Fowlers of Tulsa, Oklahoma.

My Dad's a Great Guy

(Continued from page 57)

to the Coconut Grove—with my mom and dad! The folks said our eyes were as big as the moon that lights up at the end of the room.

That place really has atmosphere, with the palm trees and everything—and we really had a night of it dancing to a good orchestra with all those interesting folks around us. I feel especially proud, because not many guys could get their folks to take them to the Coconut Grove to celebrate their one hundredth birthday, let alone their sixteenth. It turned out that Mom and Dad had more laughs than we did. (We were all too busy rubber-necking around.) Of course, Dad's *always* laughing about something. He even laughed when the bill came—but he paid it.

Yes, sir, Mom and Dad are always looking out for our best interests. Being sixteen (and six-feet-one) sometimes makes a guy think he knows better than his parents. I know I thought I was ready to play football and, though the folks didn't agree, they let me have my way. What a way!

First Thursday of last football season, I came home from Beverly Hills High School with two beautiful black eyes. I say "beautiful," because they were the prettiest shade of blue and green I'd ever seen. Although blue and green generally don't go well together, these, if I do say so myself, were a perfectly matched pair.

Well, I crept into the house about dinner time as quietly as my wobbly six-foot frame would allow. It wasn't quiet enough, because I dropped my football shoes down the kitchen stairs and they sounded like a herd of stampeding buffaloes. "Is that you, Jack?" asked Mother.

I remember thinking at the time that they probably associated stampeding buffaloes with their six-foot son, and it didn't strike me as being complimentary.

"Is that you, Jack?" Mother called again. I mumbled something about it only being the iceman, but that was no good. Mother and Dad came to the head of the stairs, half-dressed, each wearing their respective tuxedo and going-out-to-dinner clothes.

So there I stood, half-bent over, trying to pick up my football shoes with one hand, and trying to blow my nose and hide my eyes with my handkerchief in the other. Of course, I had to let go of the stairway bannister to do this, and that was just too much for my dizzy condition. I folded on the steps like a broken accordion. Mother said, "Something wrong, Jack?"

"No," I mumbled. I couldn't even talk through my nose, so I don't expect they understood me. I only knew I didn't want them to know I'd gotten this way from football. Of course, they're much too big to say "I told you so," but I couldn't stop 'em from *thinking* it.

"You look a bit banged up, Jack," said Dad.

"Jack! You've got a black eye," said Mother coming down the stairs. "Why, you've got *two*," she said, when she arrived at the bottom step. "And your nose is all swollen. You'd better call the doctor, Art, and tell him we're coming right over."

"Now, Mother," I said, "there's nothing wrong with me. . ."

I argued fiercely all the way over to Doc's. While the Doc took X-rays, we all stood around, me with my football shoes in hand, Dad in half of his tux, and Mother . . . well.

Fortunately for me, nothing was broken.

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R
M

BAD BREATH

"Kissing Sweet"

IN SECONDS



Clorets, with active chlorophyll*, banish odors from such causes as: ONIONS, GARLIC, SMOKING, ALCOHOL

CLORETS have only one purpose . . . they make your breath "Kissing Sweet" in the quickest, pleasantest way possible. CLORETS bring you the astounding benefits of true, water soluble chlorophyll . . . put into a most effective, quick-acting form.

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MAKE THIS "KISS TEST". Eat onions. Take CLORETS (Candy Mints or Chewing Gum). Exchange a kiss. You'll find your breath is "Kissing Sweet".



*water soluble chlorophyll factors

So I got to say, "I told you so—see, nothing's wrong." My folks never would have said anything, even if I'd had a fractured skull. I guess I wasn't big enough, and just had to show them I knew more than they. Yeah, more!

Next Thursday, I came in and, talk about black eyes, I had 'em. This time my nose didn't feel bad at all . . . it was just plain numb. I thought I'd been playing against a team of centipedes that afternoon, I had so many feet in my face. Well, the same conversation took place and this time I stalled them off.

"Nothing's wrong," I said, "even the coach said it would be okay." But next day my nose started to grow in two directions at once. Something *had* gone wrong. I felt, and it hurt enough that I didn't hear my ego cry out when I said . . . "I guess we better see the Doc. . . ." Now I'm up for a slight nose operation and I've decided to try basketball. That's what Dad did when he was my age.

One of the nice things about my parents is that they never rub it in when they're right and I'm wrong, and they *never* try to make up my mind for me. This is true of both big and little problems (I've got little problems like nickels got buffaloes—though big problems are few and far between). One problem I've been trying hard to solve is the choice of a career. But I think I've got it licked. I want to be in the entertainment business. And I want to be an emcee! My dad's only reaction to this is "Take your time, boy, take your time! You've plenty of years to make up your mind. . . ." But I think being an emcee would be the thing for me.

Not exactly as a chip off the old block, either, because I want to be more of a variety emcee. One who sings and dances. I'm getting in shape for it now. I've joined a group (as emcee, what else?) called the Hollywood Troupers. We try to perform every week for hospitalized soldiers and the men at the near-by Army camps. It's swell experience and it also makes me feel good inside to think we are doing something for those guys who have done so much for us.

Dad comes in especially handy here. He helps me with my routines and listens to my ideas. I don't know how good I really am—after all, I'm just learning—because Dad never says too much. Just enough to encourage me and give me confidence, but not enough to give me a swelled head. "No ego at sixteen, please," he says, with that great grin of his.

Dad has never forgotten the shock of my first professional appearance. Neither have I! I was just a kid of ten or so when it happened. Seems Dad was scheduled to appear as emcee for a big home show in San Francisco and I went along to watch the fun. Only I arrived with Mom at the auditorium earlier than Dad. The show was all ready, and the acts were waiting in the wing. Dad didn't come and he didn't come. This is very unusual for him because he's always very prompt. ("I think I live by a stopwatch," he always says.) We finally learned there was a big traffic jam near by, and obviously Pop was held up in it. The billing on the ads (and I guess in his contract) specified that Art Linkletter was to appear. Suddenly, one of the men from the show approached me. "You're Art Linkletter, too, aren't you?" he asked.

"Yes," I said—for I'm Arthur Jack, and Dad is Arthur Gordon.

"Then you'll have to go on as emcee!" I didn't take to the idea (I was only ten then) and I looked to Mom for support. "It will be lots of fun for you, Jack," she said, "and you do want to help Dad, don't you?"

What could a guy do in a spot like

that? So I said yes. The band played a very fancy fanfare, and the announcer said, "Now we give you Art Linkletter!"

When I appeared, the laughter really rocked the rafters. I thought maybe I'd forgotten my head. But everybody seemed to like the idea—and so did I. It was lots of fun. I was having a whale of a time, announcing the acts and talking right up, when I suddenly caught sight of Dad. On account of the traffic jam, he'd had to enter the auditorium from the front instead of the stage entrance. There he stood, right in front of me, with a most amazed look on his face.

"You're so good," he laughed, as he climbed onto the stage, "I think I'll let you take over my radio shows." But, of course, I didn't. I was only ten—and Dad had a few years left himself! But I felt very proud when Dad thanked me and said I'd carried on in the real tradition of show business. I think that's when the acting bug really bit me.

Of course, everybody around the house kids me because I want to be an emcee, but I don't think it's so very funny. My sister Dawn gives me an especially bad time and we have some real brother-and-sister knock-down-drag-out battles. Mom and Pop say we're wasting our talent and ought to confine our bouts to the prize ring. But I don't mind the teasing. The only time it bothers me a little is when the gang teases me about *girls*. Even Dad and Mother join in on this. They act as if they thought I didn't know what girls are for. Ha! I know they're necessary. Why, we couldn't even *begin* to put on our camp shows without them!

I don't know why it is, but some folks seem to want to rush me into middle-age. They're always asking me, for instance, what I want in the way of marriage. My reply is always the same. "A girl," I say, "what else?" That usually does it. Golly, what a question to ask a guy still in high school!

However, I do have some set ideas on children. I know right now that when I'm married I'm going to want at least three to five kids. I think big families are great. Maybe that's because I've got three sisters and a brother (all younger) and somehow there's an all's-right-with-the-world feeling that comes with a big family. Dad says I'm already "baby-broken." That is, I can take care of kids from infancy on up. But I have to admit—I still can't pin on a diaper!

One nice thing about big families is that everybody gets to go on summer vacations together, and it's always more fun when there's a big gang along. Last summer, for instance, Dad borrowed a huge limousine to take the five of us, plus our equipment, into the mountains on a camping trip. It turned out that Mom was the feature attraction on that trip. She took a pneumatic rubber rocking chair along with the excuse that she needed it after the long horseback rides. Well, that rocking chair was the talk of the Sierra Madre Mountains. Wherever we pulled into camp, the vacationers all wanted to see the woman with the rubber rocking chair that blew up. We never could figure out how the word spread so fast (it was like the Hollywood grapevine), but it did. Mom spent more time showing how the chair *worked*—than she did *using* it!

Point of all this is that parents can be fun! They can also be friends—and a great source of comfort when a guy's got a problem that may be too big for him. I know my mom and dad are the greatest, and boy! I wouldn't trade 'em for anything—not even a chance to emcee Art Linkletter's House Party and People Are Funny!

Teenagers Are As Bright As People

(Continued from page 50)

CBS Radio and TV's Our Miss Brooks, I'm a working gal. And, like all working gals, I've had to face problems and make important "adult" decisions for a long time.

Fortunately for me, I've had the help of my mother and my older sister, Janet. The thing I want to make clear is that Mother and Janet have always been willing to help me with a problem when I took it to them—but *never* have they solved the problem for me. That wouldn't help me at all. Getting in the habit of having the family solve one's problems just does one n.g.

What is wonderful is that they are always so understanding and sympathetic . . . and when you know someone's pulling for you that's half the battle. Besides that, Mother and Sis were teenagers themselves not so long ago, and they know what kind of problems a girl can get into.

Take romance, for instance. At seventeen, I thought I had the greatest. I was all set to run off and get married. But this romance turned into big problem number one!

I'd always wanted a career more than anything else in the world. Marriage, said I, came later in my plans. But fate has a way of sneaking up on you. Here I was, at seventeen, wanting the love of my life, and marriage—and also desperately wanting to continue my well-underway career. I couldn't have them both. The boy insisted that I would have to quit working in radio!

I didn't know what to do or which way to turn. A first love at seventeen turns your emotions into a pinwheel, and I guess that's why adults feel we teenagers can't think for ourselves. Mother and I discussed my romantic problems. She was always very patient. After a while, I began to see that the boy had no future provided for me. And acting, my strongest interest, he didn't share! I began to realize that there was too much to divide us, and love at seventeen was not enough on which to build a lifetime. Mother's patient understanding—and time—helped me solve my own problem. And that's as it should be.

Much older and wiser now, at nineteen, I can look back and smile. I'm always overwhelmed, though, that so many of my girl friends not only are married but already have families. But I guess it also shows life's an individual problem and "it takes all kind of people, etc. . . ."

However, I've already sent in my order for four children! Mother laughs when I say this, but I think four is a good round number. And I do have an ideal husband in mind. Ideal probably is not the correct word, but I couldn't call him Mr. Right, that's too corny. So, I'll settle for Mr. X.

Mr. X has got to be settled, have a sense of humor, like acting (or at least be interested), and love to dance! Dancing may not be as weighty a problem as being a good provider, but I think it's a perfectly reasonable requirement because I love to dance, and, by golly, so must he! I think it's important that young marrieds have a lot in common. At the expense of sounding dull, I believe that, when newlyweds share interests, they tend to work toward the same goals. And that's important because, if you're working for different things, the marriage starts to pull apart. This also is n.g.

Back to Mr. X—I have no particular beau in mind to fill his shoes. But I do

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have a sort of special beau. He goes to Stanford and we've known each other for years, in fact, sort of grew up together.

Rod was kind of like "the boy next door," you know, with braces on his teeth and, when he wasn't all smiles, he'd have his face buried in a book. Imagine my surprise when he came back from Stanford . . . braces gone, natch, and with a crew cut, a terrific smile, but no more books, about a head taller and . . . gee! What a change. Wow! That Stanford must be some place.

Naturally, we saw a lot of one another, for he came back from Stanford a different boy! He must have thought I was a different girl, too, because one evening he said, "I don't think we should see each other any more, Gloria. You're too much of an icebox!"

Icebox indeed! Although he's an older man of twenty-one, he plainly doesn't know that a girl can't go around displaying her emotions to a man no matter how long they've been friends.

So all I could do was laugh. Coming from your oldest friend, a quip like that is funny. Rod laughed, too. Which is a good thing, for we naturally kept on seeing one another. After all, we have a lot of fun together since we have so much in common, like football, and Chinese food, and dancing. This only goes to prove that you can keep a relationship better when you have lots of things to share.

About that "refrigerator" business—whether a girl's an "icebox" or not, I think, is really her own affair. Yet, I feel most girls are too smart not to know the penalty of letting the ice melt. It just doesn't pay. She is apt to find herself on an awfully low level in an awfully short time. Again, it's just a question of brains. But temptation surrounds us like gnats and it's a problem, a real poser in fact, for all teenagers to know what to do in all situations. Again, I think a teenager with a personal knot to untie should take it first to her parents—for support, if not for help.

The thing is, so many teenagers don't talk to their parents about anything. Maybe it's because they think they're not close enough. A parent should be ready to cry when you cry and, when a question has to be solved, everyone should be pulling together. If they don't, and if, because of it, the teenager keeps problems to himself, then I think it's the parents' fault. Everyone has to work at keeping the family together on a friendship basis, and the only way to purchase friendship is with more friendship.

I know Janet and I never used to mention the word "kiss" in front of Mother. I guess we thought we wouldn't be understood or something. But, as the old saying goes, Mother learned a lot about the birds and bees in no time. We didn't have to break her in. But, best of all, we quickly learned not to try and keep things from Mother. First, because I have nothing to hide, and second, I share everything with Mother because I know she's my backer.

Dating, as an example, is something I like to share with Mom. I feel it only fair that she meet my boy friends, and I would never think of making a date to meet them someplace other than in my own living room.

Speaking of friends, I do have one special gang that I practically live with . . . the Del Rey Players at Loyola University. They are a terrific bunch who love the theatre and acting as much as I do. We spend our time putting on plays, rehearsing and just yakking about the theatre.

When you're an actress (and striving to be a really good one, as I am), you often find that people expect you to be nothing

but an extrovert. This isn't true at all. Janet (who often pinch-hits for me when I can't make a radio date) and myself, we have personality problems just like other young people. Although actors and actresses are all expected to be extroverts, I, for instance, am not. I'm shy!

Going into a strange group, or a new school, or even a new play group, used to leave me tongue-tied. Finally I discovered, or perhaps I read it or heard it somewhere, that the easiest way to overcome this was by talking to the person nearest me. Pretty soon I got so interested in what she, or he, had to say that I forgot all about myself; I was soon having a whale of a time. And best of all, so was my new friend. I've met some wonderful people this way—some of them are my best friends now.

I remember when I first started working with Eve Arden on *Our Miss Brooks*—I was terribly self-conscious. But Eve is so warm and wonderful, in no time I felt as though she were my dearest friend. Not only did I learn a lot about clothes—I used to be a rather careless dresser—but I learned a lot about a philosophy of life. Eve is the kindest person I've ever known. I've never seen her angry or blue. Nothing gets her down because she just doesn't let it! I try to be like this, too.

I think Eve has been mentioned on many fashion lists as a "best-dressed" woman. She deserves the award! Of course, what would be right for Eve wouldn't necessarily be right for me, but by observing her clothes, I learned some "what-to-do's" and "what-not-to-do's." Clothes are a special problem for me, a problem most girls my age don't share. I have to have different outfits for each week's TV show. Thanks to Mom and the wardrobe mistress, we are able to find dresses that serve a double—sometimes triple—duty.

Buying so many clothes presents money problems. Mom and I budget out of my salary, so that we don't go overboard in any respect. Thanks to my mother's good business head, we're in the black.

Because she acts as my unofficial business manager, Mom feels I should be able to handle money, too. Therefore, I get an allowance—called "pocket money" because it will fit in any pocket, no matter how small—every week for my own needs. I'm just as interested as the next teenager in cost-of-living advances, although, in my case, the advance can't advance very far. Whenever I mention a "raise" to help meet rising costs, Mom suggests I work a little harder around the house to earn it. I'm only afraid costs are going to go beyond my capacity. I must admit I don't like housework. But I guess the bargain is fair enough.

The soundest base from which to view life, I'd say, is religion. I really feel that religion offers a teenager the most sound, rewarding values upon which to build a life. Here I go, sounding awfully serious again—but religion is something I believe in. I've found that having a religion to lean upon doesn't take away from any fun in life. It enlarges it.

Today, religion can be as much a part of a teenager's life as dancing, jalopies and dating. I found that out for myself. Perhaps because I've had a close family relationship, I learned at an early age about trust and faith. However it came about, I'm grateful for it. I've found that most teenagers who take an active part in religion are the happiest ones. It's another step in helping to make us understanding, stable adults.

After all, let's face it, being a teenager is a necessary step to becoming an adult! And I believe teenagers are bright, wonderful human beings. I know I wouldn't have missed the experience for the world!

Inside Radio

All Times Listed Are Eastern Standard Time.

Monday through Friday

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs				
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember?	Local Program 8:55 Gabriel Heatter	8:40 Betty Crocker Pauline Frederick 8:55 John Conte	Jack Hunt
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Alex Dreier, News Thy Neighbor's Voice Ev'ry Day	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbor Cliff's Family	Breakfast Club	News of America Barnyard Follies Joan Edwards Show In Town Today
10:00 10:15 10:25 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Double Or Nothing	Cecil Brown Music Box Take A Number	My True Story Whispering Streets When A Girl Marries	Arthur Godfrey Show
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Strike It Rich Bob And Ray Bob Hope Show	Ladies Fair 11:25 Holland Engle Queen For A Day	Live Like A Millionaire Break The Bank	Grand Slam Rosemary

Afternoon Programs

12:00		Curt Massey Time	Don Gardner, News 12:10 Jack Berch Valentino	Wendy Warren
12:15		Capital Commentary With Baukhage	Bill Ring Show	Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45		Faith In Our Time	Paul Harvey, News Ted Malone	Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Merrill Mueller Dr. Paul	Cedric Foster Luncheon With Lopez 1:55 News	Mary Margaret McBride	Road Of Life Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15	Pickens Party	Say It With Music 2:25 News, Sam Hayes	Betty Crocker 2:35 Tennessee Ernie	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason
2:30 2:45 2:55	Dave Garraway Kukla, Fran & Ollie Hollywood News	Paula Stone Music By Willard	Betty Crocker 2:35 Tennessee Ernie	This Is Nora Drake Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road Of Life Pepper Young Right To Happiness	John Gambling	Joe Emmet	Hilltop House Art Linkletter's House Party Home Folks 3:55 It Happens Every Day
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Young Widder Brown Woman In My House	Jack Kirkwood Lucky U Ranch	Cal Tinney Show 4:25 Betty Crocker Jack Owens Show	Chicagoans Treasury Bandstand 4:55 News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell Lorenzo Jones The Doctor's Wife	Bobby Benson* Wild Bill Hickok † 5:55 News, Cecil Brown *T—Sgt. Preston W—Songs Of B-Bar-B Th—Sgt. Preston Fri—Green Hornet †Wild Bill M-W-F Sky King T-Th	Big Jon And Sparkie Fun Factory World Flight Reporter 5:55 Bob Finnegan	News 5:05 John Falk

Monday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15	Bill Stern	Local Programs	Jackson & The News Cooke Interviews Asia
6:30 6:45	Three Star Extra		Curt Massey Time Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Mr. Mystery Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel 7:55 Titus Moody	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis The Lone Ranger 7:55 Police Blotter
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	The Railroad Hour Voice Of Firestone	The Falcon Hall Of Fantasy	Henry J. Taylor Field & Stream Rex Maupin, Orch.
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Telephone Hour Band Of America	News, Bill Henry Reporters' Roundup Off & On The Record	Jazz Beat Solo & Soliloquy
10:00 10:15 10:30	Encore News, John Cameron Swayze	Frank Edwards Tex Fletcher Dance Orchestra	News Of Tomorrow Dream Harbor Edwin C. Hill
10:35	Al Goodman Music	10:55 News, Singiser	10:35 Time For De- fense

Tuesday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	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 News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Hazel Markel Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel 7:55 Titus Moody	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Silver Eagle 7:55 Police Blotter
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Cavalcade Of America Red Skelton Show	That Hammer Guy High Adventure	Defense Attorney Paul Whiteman Teen Club People Are Funny Mr. & Mrs. North
9:00 9:05	Martin & Lewis	News, Bill Henry The Search That Never Ends	America's Town Meeting Of The Air Luigi
9:30 9:45	Fibber McGee & Molly	Off & On The Record	E. D. Canham News My Friend Irma
10:00 10:15 10:30	Two For The Money News, John Cameron Swayze	Frank Edwards The Valley Boys Bands For Bonds	News Of Tomorrow Dream Harbor Edwin C. Hill
10:35	First Nighter	10:55 News, Singiser	10:35 United Or Not Cedric Adams

Wednesday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	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	H. V. Kaltenborn News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Men's Corner Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel 7:55 Titus Moody	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Lone Ranger 7:55 Police Blotter
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Walk A Mile Great Gildersleeve	Crime Files Of Flamond Crime Fighters	Mystery Theatre Life Begins At 80 FBI In Peace And War Dr. Christian
9:00 9:05	You Bet Your Life— Groucho Marx	News, Bill Henry Family Theatre	Mr. President Playhouse On Broad- way 9:25 News What's My Line?
9:30	Big Story	Off & On The Record	Crossfire
10:00 10:15 10:30	Bob Hope Show News, John Cameron Swayze	Frank Edwards Zeb Carver's Orch.	News Of Tomorrow Dream Harbor Edwin C. Hill
10:35	Dangerous Assignment	10:55 News, Singiser	10:35 Latin Quarter Orchestra

Thursday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter Allen Stuart Show Jackson & The News You And The World Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Richard Harkness News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Rukeysor Reports Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel 7:55 Titus Moody	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Silver Eagle 7:55 Police Blotter
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Roy Rogers 8:25 News Father Knows Best	Official Detective John Steele, Adventur- er	Top Guy Heritage Meet Millie On Stage
9:00 9:05 9:30	Truth Or Conse- quences Eddie Cantor Show	News, Bill Henry Rod & Gun Club Off & On The Record	Tales Of Tomorrow Adventures Of Michael Shayne Hollywood Playhouse Bing Crosby
10:00 10:15 10:30	Judy Canova News, John Cameron Swayze	Frank Edwards The Valley Boys Dance Orchestra	News Of Tomorrow Three Suns Edwin C. Hill
10:35	Jane Pickens	10:55 News, Singiser	The American Way Dance Band

Friday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABC Reporter Jackson & The News Dwight Cooke Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Mr. Mystery Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel 7:55 Titus Moody	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Lone Ranger 7:55 Police Blotter
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Music By Mantovani Name That Tune	Movie Quiz True Or False	Crime Letter From Dan Dodge This Is Your FBI Mr. Keen Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Best Plays	News, Bill Henry Great Day Off & On The Record	Ozzie And Harriet Corliss Archer 9:35 News Music In The Air
10:00 10:15	Hy Gardner Calling Words In The Night	Frank Edwards The Valley Boys	Fights 10:05 Capitol Cloak- room Dance Band
10:30 10:35	News, John Cameron Swayze Bob MacKenzie	Dance Orch. 10:55 News, Singiser	News Of Tomorrow 10:55 Edwin C. Hill

Inside Radio

Saturday

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs				
8:30	Howdy Doody	Local Program	No School Today	Renfro Valley
9:00	Farming Business			News Of America
9:15				Garden Gate
9:30	Mind Your Manners			Robert Q. Lewis
9:45				
10:00	Archie Andrews	Local Program		Galen Drake
10:15				Space Adventures Of Super Noodle
10:30	Mary Lee Taylor Show	News, Frank Singiser Helen Hall	Space Patrol	Let's Pretend
10:45				
11:00	My Secret Story	Coast Guard	New Junior Junction	News, Bill Shadel
11:15		11:25 Holland Engle, News		11:05 Grand Central Station
11:30	Hollywood Love Story	Farm News Conference	Payroll Party	Give And Take
11:45				

Afternoon Programs

12:00	News	Man On The Farm	101 Ranch Boys	Theatre Of Today
12:15	Public Affairs			
12:30	Coffee In Washington	Fifth Army Band	American Farmer	Stars Over Hollywood
12:45				12:55 Cedric Adams
1:00	National Farm And Home Hour	Music	Navy Hour	Fun For All
1:15				
1:30	U. S. Army Band	Symphonies For Youth	Shake The Maracas	City Hospital
1:45				1:55 Galen Drake
2:00	U. S. Marine Band		Metropolitan Opera	Music With The Girls
2:15				
2:30		2:25 Headline News		Make Way For Youth
2:45		Georgia Crackers		
3:00	Musicana	Bandstand, U.S.A.		Overseas Report
3:15		3:25 News, Frank Singiser		Adventures In Science
3:30		Sports Parade		Farm News
3:45				Correspondent's Scratch Pad
4:00	My World's Music	U.S. Army Band		Chicagoans
4:15				
4:30	What's The Score?	Mac McGuire Show		Treasury Bandstand
4:45				
5:00	Big City Serenade	Preston's Show Shop	Tea & Crumpets	P.F.C. Eddie Fisher
5:15				
5:30	Author Speaks	5:55 News, Baukhage	At Home With Work Club Time	Stan Daugherty
5:45				

Evening Programs

6:00	News, George Hicks	Dance Orch.	Una Mae Carlisle	News On Record
6:15	H. V. Kaltenborn		Faith Of Future	UN On Record
6:30	NBC Symphony	Country Editor	Bob Finnegan, Sports	Sports Roundup
6:45	Arturo Toscanini, Conducting	Preston Sellers	Speaking For Business	News
7:00		Al Helfer, Sports	As We See It	Broadway's My Beat
7:15		Pentagon Report	Women In Uniform	
7:30	Public Affairs	Down You Go	Dinner At The Green Room	Vaughn Monroe
7:45	Who Goes There?	7:55 Cecil Brown		
8:00	Inside Bob & Ray	20 Questions	Saturday Night	Gene Autry
8:15			Dancing Party	Tarzan
8:30	Reuben, Reuben	Take A Number		
8:45				
9:00	Pee Wee King Show	Barnyard Jamboree		Gangbusters
9:15				9:25 Win Elliot
9:30	Grand Ole Opry	Lombardo Land		Gunsmoke
9:45				
10:00	Eddie Arnold	Chicago Theatre Of The Air	At The Shamrock	Country Style Music
10:15				
10:30	Duke Of Paducah		Perspective	

Sunday

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs				
8:30	Jack Arthur		Light & Life Hour	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	E. Power Biggs
9:45	Faith In Action			Organ Concert
10:00	National Radio	Radio Bible Class	Message Of Israel	Church Of The Air
10:15	Pulpit			
10:30	Art Of Living	Voice Of Prophecy	College Choir	
10:45	News, Peter Roberts			
11:00	Faultless Starch Time	Frank And Ernest	Fine Arts Quartet	Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir
11:15	Viewpoint, U.S.A.	Bromfield Reporting	Christian In Action	Bill Shadel, News
11:30	UN Is My Beat	Reviewing Stand		11:35 Invitation To Learning
11:45	The Living Word			

Afternoon Programs

12:00	Sammy Kaye	College Choirs	News Brunch Time	Bill Costello, News
12:15			Piano Playhouse	Story
12:30	The Eternal Light	News, Bill Cunningham		Howard K. Smith, News
12:45		Merry Mailman		
1:00	Youth Wants To Know	Fred Van Deventer	Herald of Truth	UN Report
1:15		William Hillman		String Serenade
1:30	Univ. Of Chicago	Lutheran Hour	National Vespers	Galen Drake
1:45				Syncopeation Piece
2:00	The Catholic Hour	Bandstand, U.S.A.	Pan American Union	The Symphonette
2:15				
2:30	American Forum	U. S. Military Band	Wings Of Healing	New York Philharmonic Orchestra
2:45		Dixie Quartet		
3:00	Youth Brings You Music	Top Tunes With Trender	Marines In Review	
3:15		Musical Program	Hour Of Decision	
3:30	Bob Considine			
3:45				
4:00	The Chase	Under Arrest	Old-Fashioned Revival Hour	America Calling
4:15				
4:30	Jason And The Golden Fleece			Quiz Kids
4:45				Cedric Adams
5:00	Hollywood Star Playhouse	The Shadow	This Week Around The World	King Arthur Godfrey's Round Table
5:15			Greatest Story Ever Told	World News, Robert Trout
5:30	Counter-spy	True Detective Mysteries		5:55 News, Larry LeSueur
5:45				

Evening Programs

6:00	Scarlet Pimpernel	Nick Carter	Drew Pearson	December Bride
6:15		6:25 Cecil Brown	Don Gardner	
6:30	Juvenile July	Squad Room	George Sokolsky	Our Miss Brooks
6:45		6:55 Cedric Foster		
7:00	Meet Your Match	Affairs Of Peter Salem	Songs By P.F.C. Eddie Fisher	Jack Benny
7:15		Little Symphonies	Three Suns Trio	Amos 'n' Andy
7:30	Aldrich Family		Time Capsule	
7:45				
8:00	Phil Harris-Alice Faye	Hawaii Calls	American Music Hall	Bergen & McCarthy
8:15				
8:30	Theatre Guild Of The Air	Enchanted Hour		My Little Margie
8:45				
9:00		Jazz Nocturne	Walter Winchell	Hallmark Playhouse
9:15			Taylor Grant, News	
9:30	Dragnet	John J. Anthony	Melody Highway	Escape
9:45			Alistair Cooke	
10:00	Barrie Craig	Oklahoma City Symphony Orchestra	Paul Harvey	Robert Trout, News
10:15			Gleria Parker	10:05 Music For You
10:30	Meet The Press		Science Editor	

TV program highlights

NEW YORK CITY AND SUBURBS AND NEW HAVEN CHANNEL 6 FEBRUARY 11—MARCH 10

Monday through Friday

7:00 A.M. Today • 4 & 6
Garroway breakfasts at three A.M., rehearses from four on, and there he is on your screen for two hours with news.

9:00 A.M. Breakfast With Music • 4
That man Amsterdam quipmasters a musical show with Milton DeLugg's toothsome music. Sugared warbling by Sue Bennett.

10:00 A.M. Arthur Godfrey • 2 (M-TH)
A simulcast of Arthur and his beloved radio gang at work.

11:00 A.M. There's One In Every Family • 2
King-size fun as John Reed King royally emcees contestants who strive in variety and quiz for princely prizes.

11:00 A.M. Morning Chapel • 5
Ministers of different faiths alternate with devotional services.

11:30 A.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 6
The show with a heart gives the needy a new lease on life.

12:00 Noon Bride And Groom • 2
A bright spot as those to be wed share their happiest moment

12:15 P.M. Love Of Life • 2 & 6
Daytime drama starring Peggy McCay and Paul Potter.

12:30 P.M. Search For Tomorrow • 2 & 6
Mary Stuart and Lynn Loring star in this video serial.

12:45 P.M. Guiding Light • 2
Real life problems of Meta and Joe Roberts.

1:30 P.M. Garry Moore Show • 2 & 6
Garry chases away miseries. Durward Kirby as his straight man Denise Lor and Ken Carson in song. Ray Malone in dance.

2:00 P.M. Double Or Nothing • 2 & 6 (M,W,F)
Dashing dynamo, Bert Parks, with quiz and interviews.

2:30 P.M. Mike And Buff • 2 & 6
The sparkling couple with provocative, unusual interviews.

2:30 P.M. Here's Looking At You • 4
Beauty expert Richard Willis with advice on better grooming.

2:30 P.M. Nancy Craig Time • 7
Nancy takes you off the beaten path for stimulating discussions.

2:45 P.M. Linkletter's House Party • 2
The artful one comes up with a full house of ace-high fun.

3:00 P.M. The Big Pay-Off • 4 & 6
Prizes to make you drool (mink coats, trips abroad, lush feminine accessories) with Randy Merriman gunning the questions.

3:00 P.M. Paul Dixon Show • 5
Disc-jockey variety with Dorothy Mack and Wanda Lewis.

3:30 P.M. Welcome Travelers • 4 & 6
Tommy Bartlett's unique chit-chat at air and rail terminals

3:30 P.M. Homemakers' Jamboree • 7
Housewives enjoy life and relax with jovial Johnny Olsen.

4:00 P.M. Kate Smith Hour • 4
A full hour brimming with melody, dance and good talk.

5:00 P.M. Hawkins Falls, Pop. 6200 • 4
Lighthearted, winsome serial pictures small-town events.

6:15 P.M. The Early Show • 2
Featuring many of the best full-length films on video.

7:15 P.M. Short, Short Drama • 4 (T,TH)
Hostess Ruth Woods with exciting quarter-hour drama.

7:30 P.M. Those Two • 4 & 6 (M,W,F)
Martha Stewart and Pinky Lee in capsule-size musical comedy.

7:30 P.M. Dinah Shore • 4 (T,TH)
Dining in? Let Dinah put on your private floor show.

7:30 P.M. Broadway Theatre • 9
Outstanding Broadway plays presented in original forms.

7:45 P.M. Perry Como Show • (M,W,F)
Perry's eloquent voice, with the Fontanes, in hit songs.

7:45 P.M. U.S.A. Canteen • 2 (T,TH)
Tuneful music, comedy, dancing and lovely Jane Froman.

7:45 P.M. News Caravan • 4 & 6
Crisp news summaries, striking pictures, reported by Swayze.

Monday P.M.

7:30 P.M. Hollywood Screen Test • 7
Neil Hamilton, your host and test director for two movie aspirants who, aided by guest star, appear in live drama.

8:00 P.M. Lux Video Theatre • 2 & 6
Excellent weekly dramatic fare on this star-studded stage.

8:00 P.M. Winchell-Mahoney Show • 4
Pleasure-bent viewers enjoy comedy and quiz with Paul-Jerry.

8:00 P.M. Homicide Squad • 7
Tom Conway, as Inspector Saber, in crime adventure series.

8:30 P.M. Godfrey's Talent Scouts • 2
Lively showcase of fine entertainers selected by Arthur.

8:30 P.M. Concert Hour • 4 & 6
Distinguished music-making by stars of opera and concert hall.

9:00 P.M. I Love Lucy • 2 & 6
The smashing comedy series with Lucille Ball and hubby Desi.

9:00 P.M. Hollywood Opening Night • 4
Live drama wired in from film capital with top-flight actors.

9:30 P.M. Red Buttons • 2 & 6
That little man with the hilariously conceived troubles bows in as one of '53's brightest comics.

9:30 P.M. Robert Montgomery Presents • 4
Light up your screen with one of TV's best drama hours.

10:00 P.M. Studio One • 2 & 6
Brilliantly produced and directed teleplays are the rule.

10:00 P.M. Feature Boxing • 5
From Eastern Parkway Arena, Ted Husing reports fisticuffs.

10:30 P.M. Dangerous Assignment • 4
Spine-thrilling whodunits starring Brian Donlevy. On film.

Tuesday

7:15 P.M. This Is Charles Laughton • 11
The noted star with his famous readings from the Bible and everlasting works of literature. On film.

7:30 P.M. Beulah • 7
Louise Beavers, in title role, as rollicking housekeeper.

8:00 P.M. Texaco Star Theatre • 4 & 6
Mr. TV Berle with an hour of great variety with big name guests. Every fourth week, Joe E. Brown in Circus Show.

9:00 P.M. Crime Syndicated • 2
Big-time vice and crime exposed in semi-documentary drama based on Kefauver Hearings. Alternating with City Hospital.

9:00 P.M. Fireside Theatre • 4
Imaginative stories with a new twist, featuring screen stars.

9:00 P.M. Where Was I? • 5
Moderator Eddie Dunn flashes photos at panel, including Peter Donald, Nancy Guild, Virginia Graham, in picture quiz.

9:30 P.M. Suspense • 2 & 6
Nerve-needling stories aimed to keep you in suspense.

9:30 P.M. Circle Theatre • 4
Unusual tales, told whimsically, but true to life.

10:00 P.M. Danger • 2
Unconditionally recommended as spellbinding melodrama.

10:00 P.M. Two For The Money • 4 & 6
Hoosier wit Herb Shriner with the most exciting new quiz show of the year as contestants reap thousands of \$\$\$\$\$\$.

10:30 P.M. Club Embassy • 4 & 6
Gay variety with candy-and-cake-gal Mindy Carson, hot fiddler Florian Zabach, Danny Hocter and Earl Sheldon's orch.

Wednesday

7:30 P.M. Date With Judy • 7
Teen-age high jinks featuring tribulations of Mary Linn Beller as Judy; Jimmy Sommer as Judy's beau, Oogie Pringle.

8:00 P.M. Godfrey And His Friends • 2 & 6
The fabulous Mr. G with glittering variety featuring Frank Parker, Janette Davis, Marion Marlowe, Haleloke, others.

8:00 P.M. I Married Joan • 4
Situation comedy as Joan Davis confounds Jim Backus who plays hubby as well as judge in court of marital relations.

8:30 P.M. Music Hall • 4
A million laughs with comic Frank Fontaine, co-starred with songstress Patti Page. Alternate weeks, Cavalcade of America.

9:00 P.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 6
Strong men weep as emcee Warren Hull interviews people in need and gives them chance to earn up to \$500.

9:00 P.M. Kraft Theatre • 4
Big, midweek dramatic production. Always compelling.

9:30 P.M. Man Against Crime • 2
Ralph Bellamy in his weekly crusade against lawlessness.

10:00 P.M. International Boxing Club • 2 & 6
Clashes from the top fight arenas of the country.

TV program highlights

10:00 P.M. *This Is Your Life* • 4

Stimulating, detailed stories of the life of a person selected by Ralph Edwards for his or her human interest.

10:30 P.M. *The Unexpected* • 4

Urbane Herbert Marshall, host to drama full of surprise.

Thursday

8:00 P.M. *Burns And Allen* • 2

Generous helpings of buoyant comedy as the delightful two-some, with Harry Von Zell, make for madcap confusion.

8:00 P.M. *You Bet Your Life* • 4 & 6

Earthy Groucho with his asides and big cash for contestants.

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

Lively humor as Amos and Kingfish get in a mess of innocent trouble. Alternating weekly with Four Star Playhouse.

8:30 P.M. *T-Men In Action* • 4

Walter Greaza, Chief of Bureau, directs agents in crime hunt.

8:30 P.M. *Chance Of A Lifetime* • 7 & 6

Spirited, appealing up-and-comers in show biz compete for a thousand bananas. Name guest on hand with emcee Dennis James.

9:00 P.M. *Biff Baker, U.S.A.* • 2

Alan Hale, Jr., in title role, with Randy Stuart as his missus.

9:00 P.M. *Dragnet* • 4

First-rate manhunt stories in this series starring Jack Webb.

9:00 P.M. *Trash Or Treasure?* • 5

Sigmund Rothschild tells whether keepsakes are worth \$ or ¢.

9:30 P.M. *Big Town* • 2

Reporter Wilson (Pat McVey) catches killers and makes headlines.

9:30 P.M. *Ford Theatre* • 4

Thirty-minute teledramas with stellar Hollywood casts.

9:30 P.M. *What's The Story* • 5

Walter Kiernan, columnist and wit, moderates a news quiz.

10:00 P.M. *My Little Margie* • 2

Screen stars Gale Storm and Charles Farrell.

10:00 P.M. *Martia Kane, Private Eye* • 4 & 6

Lee Tracy, in title role, stalks and unmasks the killer.

10:00 P.M. *Author Meets The Critics* • 5

Writers and critics at war with favorite weapons—words.

10:30 P.M. *I've Got A Secret* • 2

Panelists try guessing others' secrets. Garry Moore moderates goodhumoredly. Alternating weekly with Racket Squad.

10:30 P.M. *Foreign Intrigue* • 4 (& 6 at 11:00 P.M.)

Superlative espionage filmed in Europe. Jerome Thor stars.

Friday

7:30 P.M. *Stu Erwin Show* • 7

Stu is led a mad, merry whirl by wife and teen-age daughters.

8:00 P.M. *Mama* • 2 & 6

Drama blessed with humor and warmth, starring Peggy Woods.

8:00 P.M. *Dennis Day Show* • 4

Dennis in a daze plays for laughs in live comedy series.

8:00 P.M. *Steve Randall* • 5

Melvyn Douglas as suave "eye" who makes headway with women and clues in sleuth series.

8:00 P.M. *Ozzie And Harriet* • 7

You'll go a long way looking for a more entertaining family than the Nelsons, or a show with more honest warmth.

8:30 P.M. *My Friend Irma* • 2

Marie Wilson, never as dumb as she looks but just as pretty.

8:30 P.M. *Life Of Riley* • 4 & 6

Laughs galore with William Bendix as Riley.

8:30 P.M. *This Is Charles Laughton* • 7

The ingenious actor in fifteen-minute solo performances.

9:00 P.M. *Schlitz Playhouse* • 2

Stories of literary merit adapted to TV with star casts.

9:00 P.M. *Big Story* • 4 & 6

Dynamic dramatizations of real reporters on newsbeats.

9:00 P.M. *Life Begins At Eighty* • 5

Octogenarians always engaging, entertaining, enlightening.

9:30 P.M. *Our Miss Brooks* • 2

Explosive humor as Eve Arden, in title role, faces life that includes bashful bachelor Boynton (Bob Rockwell).

9:30 P.M. *Aldrich Family* • 4 & 6

The bemused but happy shenanigans of Henry (Bobby Ellis).

10:00 P.M. *Mr. & Mrs. North* • 2

Mystery-comedy starring Barbara Britton and Richard Denning.

10:30 P.M. *Abbott And Costello Show* • 2

The funny partners in comedy skits to scat your blues.

Saturday

7:00 P.M. *Stork Club* • 2

Sherm Billingsley introduces you to his glamorous guests.

7:00 P.M. *TV Teen Club* • 7

A happy talent showcase for youngsters supervised by Paul Whiteman and co-starring Nancy Lewis.

7:30 P.M. *Beat The Clock* • 2

Bud Collyer holds the stop watch as couples try for valuable prizes by performing tricky parlor stunts.

7:30 P.M. *My Hero* • 4

Robert Cummings stars as bumbling realty salesman with Julie Bishop cast as steno and love interest; John Litel, boss.

7:30 P.M. *Live Like A Millionaire* • 7

Youngsters present talented parents who compete for grand chance to live like a rich man but spared his taxes.

8:00 P.M. *Jackie Gleason Show* • 2

A dazzling, titanic variety paced by the dandy comic.

8:00 P.M. *All Star Revue* • 4 & 6

Durante, Tallulah and other greats take turns to make this lavish revue a holiday of shows every week.

9:00 P.M. *Your Show Of Shows* • 4 & 6

Biggest variety on video, always impressive and entertaining. Headlining Sid Caesar. Imogene Coca with a gigantic cast.

9:30 P.M. *Meet Millie* • 2

Frivolous saga of a secretary in Manhattan.

9:30 P.M. *Wrestling From Chicago* • 5

Jack Brickhouse announces matches from Marigold Gardens.

10:00 P.M. *Balance Your Budget* • 2

Year round Santa. Bert Parks, quizzes for cash.

10:30 P.M. *Your Hit Parade* • 4 & 6

Nationwide song favorites given musical dramatizations.

Sunday

4:30 P.M. *Omnibus* • 2 & 6

An important, exciting video show for the whole family.

5:00 P.M. *Hall Of Fame* • 4

Live, inspirational drama with Sarah Churchill as narrator.

5:00 P.M. *Super Circus* • 7

All the razzle-dazzle and great acts of big-time circus.

6:30 P.M. *See It Now* • 2

Outstanding coverage of news happenings with Ed Murrow.

6:45 P.M. *Walter Winchell* • 7 & 6

The nation's #1 columnist with his machine-gun news delivery.

7:00 P.M. *Red Skelton Show* • 4 & 6

Variety hour spotlighting one of the country's favorite comics.

7:30 P.M. *Private Secretary* • 2 & 6

Ann Sothern, in switcheroo, as a beautiful but bright secretary.

7:30 P.M. *Mr. Peepers* • 4

Wally Cox as slyly humorous and poignant schoolteacher.

8:00 P.M. *Toast Of The Town* • 2 & 6

Resplendent with stars, brilliant variety, sparkling music and emceed by homey Broadway columnist Ed Sullivan.

8:00 P.M. *Comedy Hour* • 4

Crown clowns of the day: Martin and Lewis, Hope, O'Connor and others take turns with full hour of eyepopping variety.

9:00 P.M. *Fred Waring Show* • 2 (& 6 at 6:00 P.M.)

Distinctive music stylings by the Keystone aggregation.

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

Full hour drama in its fifth year, presents stars weekly.

9:30 P.M. *Ken Murray And Alan Young* • 2

Two very popular comedians alternate weekly.

9:30 P.M. *Plainclothesman* • 5

Ken Lynch stars in this whodunit series as police detective.

10:00 P.M. *The Web* • 2

Suspenseful melodrama that usually stands your hair on end.

10:00 P.M. *Arthur Murray Party* • 5

Kathryn Murray, wife of famous dance instructor.

10:30 P.M. *What's My Line?* • 2

Smart, cheerful and witty panelists, Block, Francis, Cerf and Kilgallen, try to guess occupations of studio participants.

Bob and Ray—Spice of Our Life

(Continued from page 43)

this left something to be desired, so 1941 found the pride of Boston back home at WHDH.

In 1943, Bob married Jane Underwood, who was on the air for WHDH, too. Ask Bob what Jane did on the air, and he says vaguely, "Oh, women's stuff—"

From 1943 to 1946, Bob spent in the Infantry.

In 1946, he met his other half—professionally speaking. As we said, Bob was disc-jockeying over WHDH. This Ray Goulding used to come in and read the newscasts. After the news they'd kid around a little, and soon proper Bostonians were howling improperly at the wit and jollity and fun and games.

New York was their next stop.

Bob and Jane now live in a three-room-and-terrace apartment in the East Sixties. They have two cats—live—and one sailfish—stuffed—over the mantel. That is, the fish is over the mantel, the cats are not.

Speaking of cats—to which Ray, by the way, is allergic—Bob and these animals are on positively intimate terms. Bob once broke his leg, went to bed with the cast on it, and woke up the next morning to find that a lady cat had had kittens all over his splints.

His sailfish, while not as imaginative as his cats, has an interesting history, too. Bob was in Miami last summer, had never been sailfishing before, engaged in mortal combat with this monster fish, brought it all the way home to New York to gape over the fireplace, and now decries the whole affair. "That?" he says. "Oh, I just happened to go fishing—"

The Elliotts, though comfortably settled in New York, still hang on to their house

in Boston—or, rather, Cohasset. Bob literally hangs on, weekends. He goes up and shingles the place, though it looks as though he's going to be much too busy ever to spend much time in it any more.

Ray and Liz and their kids live in a rented house in Harbor Acres, which is out on Long Island, near Port Washington. Raymond, Jr., is seven, Tommy's going on four, and the baby, Barbara, is a year-and-a-half old.

All are healthy, good-natured types and, besides health, Raymond's got ingenuity. Father Ray's been buying handsome tools for a long time—a good shovel, a stout hammer—and one by one they disappear. He suspects Raymond of swapping them for Buck Rogers guns and atomic chemistry sets.

"Where are my pick and shovel?"—or words to that effect—he'll say to his son and heir.

Raymond will favor him with a pleasant smile. "I don't know."

"I bet the next-door neighbors' kids have a fine set of tools," Ray says bitterly.

"They go to bed at seven," he tells you about his sons. And adds, "They're still running around the bedroom at eleven."

Tommy, who's exhausted from staying up so late, has developed a new trick. He gets up in the morning, has his breakfast, goes back to bed around nine, and sleeps till noon. Then he rises, prepared for the night's festivities.

Barbara's too young to know what's going on, but both boys get upset if anything happens to Ray on TV. The night Bob "shoved Ray out of a fifteen-story window," Raymond and Tommy tore out of the room screaming. "It was," says Ray, "a pretty hectic night at my house."

Ray's hobby is photography (he doesn't develop his own stuff, doesn't have the time); Bob's is painting.

Bob is, in fact, a frustrated artist. He never studied the craft particularly, but, if he hadn't had a radio job when he got out of the Army, he might have turned into another Winslow Homer. He likes to do seascapes, and he once exhibited. Well, that is, not exactly exhibited . . . it seems there was an ad club show in Boston. . . .

Anyhow, if that fish wasn't over the mantel, a seascape would be.

Bob also plays the ukulele, bringing to this effort the same lack of training, and the same gusto, with which he paints.

Ray can get a few notes out of a small toy trumpet, but they all sound like "Taps," even when he's doing "White Christmas." And, besides, the only time he really gets any pleasure out of trumpeting is when Bob's talking to somebody, and he, Ray, sees an opportunity to confuse an issue or two.

Which is one reason why venturing into their NBC office is an act of recklessness. They sit behind their desks looking more or less normal, but don't let that fool you. Ray's nameplate is upside down. "For people who come in upset," he says. Bob's feet are waving in the breeze. "I was wearing these shoes when I got into show business," he says. "Three weeks ago."

"We're getting a new sponsor," Ray says gravely. "His products are right out of this world."

"Available only on Mars," adds Bob, "and perhaps Neptune. Our show will be out of this world, too."

That's the way it goes—and so do you. As you reel out, the tinny music of a toy trumpet follows you. It's playing "Taps."

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Contestants Are Wonderful!

(Continued from page 37)

over being surprised about," Bud emphasizes. "Whether tense or relaxed, winning or losing, the American people are *such good sports*. Time after time, people come up to me after the show and maybe I say something about being sorry they didn't win more, but they tell me, 'Oh, I never expected to get on at all—it was a thrill to win anything!' A few get so excited that they break down and weep a little when it's over, not because they have lost out on any of the loot, but from sheer relief at having acquitted themselves better than they expected. There is rarely a poor loser, so rarely that I can't remember anyone for a long time back. In my opinion, contestants are wonderful!"

Bud has grown quite expert at sizing up contestants the minute he sees them come out. He can tell at a glance whether or not they are apt to do well or badly. That's why he says there are times when viewers and listeners can relax, too, knowing the contestant is going to be okay. "The secret is in deciding if a contestant is *enjoying himself*," Bud explains. "The man or woman who starts right out to have a good time is the one who is going to be able to keep his mind on the business in hand. He is apt to give the right answers on a program like Break The Bank or to figure out the stunts faster on Beat The Clock.

"Sometimes, of course, the contestant begins by feeling a little nervous but I try to establish a spirit of fun and sort of 'unfreeze' him, and he does fine after that. I say 'he,' but I mean men and women, boys and girls—though usually, when children are on, it's because they have come with a class or a special group, like the Scouts, and some adult comes on with them."

Speaking of young contestants, Bud says that students are usually both quick and correct. Elderly people make excellent subjects, too, because their attitude seems to be that it's all in fun and it doesn't matter too much whether or not they win. If they know the answers, they take great pride in giving them. If they don't, they aren't too bothered about it. Life seems to have taught these "veterans" that there is a time for winning and a time for losing, and it cannot always be one way.

Doctors and lawyers, ministers and schoolteachers, are almost always good contestants. They have poise and, often, humor. "Apparently the responsibility of caring for the sick, handling cases in court, teaching classes, preaching and ministering to those in trouble, gives these people the ability to keep their minds alert—and, when they're out for a good time, a completely relaxed attitude in contrast to the strain imposed by their work. My wife happens to have a special soft spot in her heart for ministers and teachers because she feels they give so much in service, often for small compensation. She sits at home and roots like mad whenever any one in these professions gets on my programs—or anyone else's—and is delighted when they come out well."

One unusual feature Bud has discovered is that when a woman gets on a program *alone*—instead of as part of her family group—she usually does better. If she comes on with Father and the children, she is apt to stay in the background and let the rest of the family shine. Just like at home—when Mother is busy in the kitchen and Father shows the company around the place and the kids start en-

tertaining them—here, too, she gives them the encouragement they need, and the backing, but she lets them take over. Alone before a microphone, however, she often surprises herself by being self-confident and able to hold her own against every question.

Another thing about women never ceases to amaze Bud. All members of the Break The Bank audience, for instance, have an equal chance of being chosen as contestants. They're told the categories to be used that day (of course, they have no idea of the actual questions to be asked, just the possible categories, such as music or famous dates in history), then asked to raise their hands if they think they could answer questions on such a subject. "Women," Bud marvels, "often say they can answer, even if they're not at all sure—just to get on the show—while men are usually more cautious about volunteering unless they're really well-versed in the subject, no matter how much they may want to come up. Could it be that men are more afraid of failure than women are?"

Southern girls seem less self-conscious about appearing on a program than their Northern sisters. They talk easily and well, and they don't seem to care as much for the winnings as they do for the thrill of getting on and bandying conversation with Bud and showing what they can do. They get a lot of fun just out of being a part of the program.

Among the contestants you may have to worry about a little, surprisingly enough, are the servicemen, the young girls who work in offices and stores and factories, and the newlyweds. Newly-married couples are just too interested in each other to make alert contestants. If they come on together, the husband is trying to protect the wife from feeling ill at ease or upset about losing. Maybe he presses a little hard, too, to make an impression on her. Anyhow, they're both apt to blow some of the answers or the stunts. The young working girl apparently isn't used to being the center of attention but a part of a group and, even if she knows the answers or could figure out the best way to play a game, she's so self-conscious that she may get too rattled to perform well. Not always, however, by any means! Because, if there is one thing quizzmastering has taught Bud, it's that the unexpected *can* happen—and often does.

Servicemen get very tense, for some reason, perhaps because they live under discipline and it's harder for them to be relaxed when they find themselves strictly "on their own." All studio audiences and those at home, too, root for the success of a serviceman—if "willing" him to win would make it so, every one of them would be a total winner. Sighs of relief run through an audience when one of these boys (or girls) acquires himself well. At one radio performance of Break The Bank, a civilian had two tickets and had intended to bring his wife. She felt ill before they left, so he came alone and offered one ticket to a serviceman outside the studio. The two men came in together, sat together, and volunteered as contestants together. They came up as a pair, won \$200, and seemed to have a very good time. Winnings of that size are paid by check, and Bud found out the civilian had refused all but ten dollars of the \$200—"for flowers for my wife to make up to her for having to miss the show." He insisted that the rest be given to the soldier. That's typical of how much audiences want boys in uniform to bene-

fit from the programs whenever possible.

Oddly enough, a serviceman who has gone through many battles—and come out with a string of decorations for bravery and judgment—may do badly on Beat The Clock, may not figure out the stunts as well as a housewife does. But fellows who have technical training—and minds sharpened by learning the narrow margin between safety and danger in pursuing their jobs—are the most interesting to watch and the most successful, as a rule.

Bud tells the story of a pilot of one of the first jets who came on Beat The Clock one evening. "He was a captain, about twenty-eight, beautifully built. Eight cups had been strung along a clothesline, held by little pinch clothespins grabbing their handles. The problem was to release a cup with the right hand, the other being held behind the back, and to catch that same cup in a fishnet held in that same right hand, before the cup crashed to the floor. We knew it would take a while to figure this one out, so we had provided eight chances to do it. Seven cups could be broken but, if the eighth was caught, the contestant would still win.

"This captain deliberately released the first cup and let it fall to the ground and break. You could almost see his mind working on it, he was so concentrated on what he was doing. On the second try, he had figured out just how much time it would take for a cup to hit the ground. Evidently he knew he needed every moment of the time, because when he released the second cup he dropped immediately to the floor and caught it in the net a split-second before it would have hit. Two chances, ten seconds' time—and he had torn our stunt apart mentally and made it seem like the easiest thing in the world. It was a thrilling example of how a trained mind can analyze a situation without confusion or waste effort, and how a trained body can help with perfect coordination."

Even when contestants get all tangled up in some stunt on Beat The Clock, or give ludicrous answers on Break The Bank, Bud is careful to see that they become part of the audience laughter and don't feel laughed at. The contestant is usually the first to see the funny side of such situations, and most of them realize that what the audience is really seeing is themselves in the same situation, knowing that whoever comes up has no way of figuring out beforehand what he may be asked to do or to answer, or how well he will acquit himself.

As Bud puts it, "These programs are just parlor games, played to a larger audience. And, just like a person playing a game in the living room, you discover that Americans are wonderfully good sports who really 'play the game' and know that—win or lose—it's the way you play that counts!"

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Irma's Friend, Cathy

(Continued from page 66)

Jerry speaking now. "Do you know Elliott?"

"Elliott?" said Cathy vaguely, as if she hadn't the slightest idea that the young actor was named Elliott. Gee, she was actually being introduced. She held her breath for control, as they had taught her in acting school.

"That's right," said Jerry. "Miss Lewis, meet Mr. Lewis!" They all laughed at the coincidence of the same last names, and the laughter relaxed Cathy. He had a nice smile, she saw, and she remembers thinking: *This is the man for me!*

"And that," said Cathy, "is the way we met. Ever since the first day, people have made jokes about the fact that we have the same last names. It wasn't funny to me, until I thought of the time when Elliott was going to propose (I knew, even then, that that time would come). Then," she laughed, "I imagined it would be funny for Elliott, in a very romantic proposal on bended knee, to say, 'Darling, let me change your name to mine!'"

"But I didn't care if people made jokes," said Cathy. "Just sharing the same last name already kind of made us feel closer. At least it did me, for I knew from the moment I saw Elliott at the mike, this was it!"

Elliott felt the same way. Fate, however, in the form of the draft board, separated them like cream from milk. "It was terrible," said Cathy. "We had just met and everything was going so well. We were both doing fairly well on radio, going steady, with plenty of chances to get married . . . and what happens? We decided to wait. Then boom! Suddenly Elliott's in the Army. . . ." Cathy made a wry face. "Though it wasn't too bad. He was with the Armed Forces Radio Services and that kept him near by.

"We kidded ourselves along for two-and-a-half years, thinking we couldn't get married on a private's pay. Then one day Elliott came down from San Francisco on ten days' leave and brought a terrible cold with him. It made him weak and meek as a lamb. I capitalized on his weakness, then and there."

Cathy and Elliott, now married, rented a house and took off on their ten-day honeymoon. "We had a terrific trip planned. But, after twenty-four hours, we just couldn't stand it any longer. In our two-and-a-half years of wonderful romance and courting, we had stored up so many dreams of a home and everything that it stands for—security, and lampshades in the corners, and clean windows and white kitchens. When we thought of that unpainted, unfurnished apartment that we had to return to, it was just too much! So we turned right around and came back. Started painting and papering that night and spent the other seven days of Elliott's leave redecorating.

"I'd rather decorate, redecorate or think about decorating than eat, sleep and act," says Cathy. "A house—mine or anybody else's—is the story of my life. You can use a blueprint and a two-by-four as my tombstone, and I'll be happy." Cathy's decorating, however, can be as big a heartache for her as a thrill.

"Back in 1943," she said, "we had a chance to move into Laurel Canyon. There were four houses on the property and the owner said he'd rent to us providing we looked after the others. In addition, he gave us free reign to redecorate.

"It was wonderful," sighs Cathy, "a regular little honeymoon cottage. Elliott did the lawns and trimmed the hedges, and I had a wonderful time changing the cur-

tains and painting. We had the nicest place in the Canyon (we thought), and taking care of the four houses was a kind of responsibility that really made us feel matured and settled down. Marriage, we felt, was a great institution and had done so much for us in such a short time."

Then the owner came over one day for a look-see. The place had a gleam that hypnotized him. In fact, he liked it so well that he wanted to move in—and did!

"We were caught off-base," said Cathy. "Elliott was still in the Army, and I was busy with radio shows. Those were the war years when housing was civilian problem number one. But we had to move, that's all there was to it, though it broke my heart."

Frantically, Cathy, with the help of her sister, searched for a place to live. Then, the day before eviction from the dollhouse, Cathy saw a duplex for sale. "It looked rather sad and lonely. But it was sturdily built and I saw lots of possibilities. The weeds, I knew, I could leave to Elliott. The inside, though bare, was a challenge. I felt like an old fire horse who has just heard the sound of the alarm!"

Cathy and Elliott bought the duplex, and the next day they once again were off in a cloud of paint, plaster and paper. "When we moved the furniture in, I wasn't entirely sure where I wanted all the pieces," said Cathy. "Then, too, we had to move them around as we decorated. Elliott did the moving, and the time came when he and the piano looked at one another with fright."

"That," said Elliott, "is an understatement. I was fighting for my life. The piano, after all, is much bigger than I am. Besides it has three legs—to my two—on which to keep its balance. It was an uneven go from the start, but I was only carrying out the commands of a higher authority. I moved that piano like a queen on a chessboard, certainly with as much caution. I put it everywhere in the house except on the ceiling, and that was only because Cathy didn't think of it."

The Lewises were happy in the new duplex. For a while, that is. Then Cathy began to think how she could redo it. In 1947, she redecorated, and Elliott started moving the piano again.

About that time, Cathy found that she had to abandon her busy schedule on radio and take it easy. So what did she do? She spent her days visiting houses. New houses, old houses, houses for sale or rent. "I think I was subconsciously looking for our house. Elliott and I had shared a dream of a permanent home since we were first married. We wanted it to be something substantial, a real home, something we would share the rest of our lives. We also wanted it to be in Beverly Hills, and one day I thought I found it.

"The house was old. So old and dilapidated, it was evaluated at a mere \$1500. It looked like one of Charles Addams' houses with cobwebs and gables. But the property was beautiful. It occupied a full commercial acre, complete with lovely grounds covered with trees and bushes, and right in the heart of Beverly Hills."

Cathy and Elliott discussed it. They knew they would have to tear the old house down and rebuild. That would be a big expense, and their friends told them they were crazy even to think of it. "But we knew what we wanted," said Cathy, "and we felt we were right." They bought the house.

During the long, cold winter months, Cathy spent every spare moment at the

house, watching as it was torn down, then watching it slowly rise again. "It came down like an old man with stiff joints, protesting all the way. I felt sorry for it. It seemed to have a personality of its own. But I knew that we were going to build something equally aristocratic on the old foundation, so I didn't feel too bad."

Cathy made her headquarters on the back of the property, in a small guest cottage. She had been using it as a sort of workshop. One day she had what she thought was a great idea! Why not redo the workshop and move from the duplex while they were waiting for their big place to be finished!

"I didn't tell Elliott a thing," she said, "but bought up the materials and paints I would need. About a week later, he left for New York for a ten-day business trip and I turned to. I worked like a beaver until three and four every morning. I really gave it the business—papered throughout, painted, recovered the furniture, hung new curtains, and planted the strip of front yard. When it had its new face, it looked better than the Laurel Canyon dollhouse!

"I needed an excuse to get Elliott to go by the cottage," said Cathy, "so, when I met him at the plane, I told him I wanted to drop off some packages before we went home."

Elliott agreed, though he was tired and wanted to get back to the duplex. It was raining when they pulled up in front of the house and Cathy took the packages in both arms. "Elliott, darling, will you please open the door? I have my arms full."

Elliott jumped out and ran through the rain for the front door. He threw it open and stopped cold. The light streamed out and covered him like a warm blanket. The radio was on and the music beckoned a welcome. Cathy had filled the vases with flowers and left food on the table. The room, sparkling like a diamond, was a picture. Elliott stood dumfounded and stared in disbelief.

The guest cottage was home to Cathy and Elliott for eight long months, until the big house was finished. Because everybody had their own well-meaning ideas on how they should build and what they should do, the Lewises tried to keep the Beverly Hills house a secret. When they called each other on the phone and wanted to disguise their conversation, they'd say, "I'll meet you at the Haven"—their pet name for their new home.

The big, handsome, authentic English house was finally finished and it has truly become the Haven to Cathy and Elliott. Today, when guests are shown through the large, rambling, pine-paneled house, Cathy beams with pride at their "oh's" and "ah's."

It's been ten years now since Cathy and Elliott have been married, and she feels their life together has been a rewarding one. The fact that they have always shared the same last name is symbolic to Cathy: "We've always been like one person, sharing the same interests and goals." To them, the new house stands as a symbol of their unity, strong and enduring.

Elliott is pleased the building days are over, too, but says, "I don't think Cathy is finished yet. I saw her eyeing the living room with that faraway look in her eyes. I only hope she leaves the piano where it is!"

Cathy, eyeing first the drapes and then the piano, says, "I think we'll redo the living room some day. Now if we put the piano over there. . ."

"Oh, no," says Elliott, but dutifully moves toward his three-legged friend.

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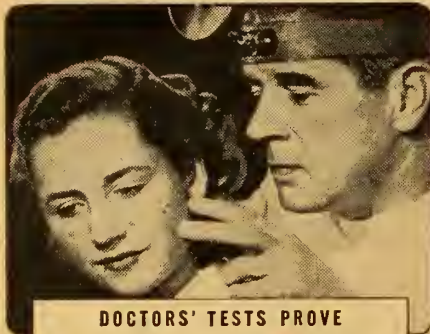
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Irma Decorates a Home

(Continued from page 67)

seemed, was struggling to find an explanation. "It all began long before Bob and I were married and before we . . ." Marie made a sweeping but vague motion with her hand, "bought this house."

"Oh?" said her mother. This was still no explanation, but it might, Mrs. White thought, lead to one.

"Gee," said Marie in raptures, "it was wonderful!"

"What was?" asked her mother. Too late. She felt she was sinking into a mental morass. Even if she understood the explanation, once it came, it would probably be more trouble than it was worth.

"The house was," continued Marie, "when the Norman Riley Raines owned it. They had it decorated just dreamily. It was wonderful. All kinds of lamps in just the right places, and keen paintings—you couldn't even see the walls, there were so many of them. Oh, everything was so cozy—and romantic."

"But what has the house got to do with the free \$7,000 table?"

"That's just it," said Marie. "When Bob and I heard that the Raines wanted to sell the house, we thought it was wonderful."

"Yes. . ."

"But then we bought it, and they moved out and . . . and . . ." Marie looked as though she might like to cry, her eyes closed and her lower lip quivered, "they-took-all-the-dreamy-furniture-and-paintings-with-them!"

"Everything?"

"Everything," said Marie. "The poor little house was naked. Oh, it was awful."

"Then what?" asked her mother.

"Well, we moved all of my things in and all of Bob's, too. But even so, it was kind of—empty."

Mrs. White looked hard at Marie. "Yes, I know."

"And besides," Marie brightened, "that nice Cy Howard had promised us the coffee table we'd seen in a decorator's shop in Beverly Hills."

Ah, at last the coffee table, thought Mrs. White. Here comes the explanation.

"We went down and met the decorator. She was real nice, long dark hair and beautiful eyes and barefoot."

"Umm-humm." It would take more than the "barefoot" to startle Mrs. White now. "And what did the decorator say?"

"She asked us what the motif was. Bob said I didn't have any motives, just emotions, and then they both laughed. I told her that it was a kind of 'lived-in' motif, thinking of Bob's overstuffed leather and my lovey-dovey love seats."

"So what happened?" persisted Marie's mother.

"We decided she should come up and see the house. When she got here, she ran around muttering to herself and measuring walls and, finally, she sat down on the stairs and said, 'The love seats and the overstuffed will have to go if you want the coffee table. It doesn't fit.'"

Mrs. White raised her eyebrows. "But here it is!"

"Well, sure," said Marie, "it was free!"

"But where did the \$7,000 come in?" Mrs. White was nearly at the end of her tether.

"Oh. Well, the decorator asked us if she could finish the decorating. She said, 'Just leave everything to me,' and so we did. Gee, I thought it was a swell idea. And so did Bob. We didn't have any time, and everything looked so vacant and bare. Those walls were absolutely indecent. So

we left everything up to her. Isn't it lovely?" Marie looked around and her eyes sparkled. The walls were mirrored and topped by lovely candelabra. The paired lamps shone in the soft light and the flowered drapes picked up the warm pink of the rug and held it like a cup of light in the middle of the room.

"Yes," sighed Mrs. White, "it is lovely." And, looking at the beautiful rugs and matching drapes, she knew why the free table had cost \$7,000. The decorator had done an exquisite job in tying everything together. "But where did the other furniture go?" she asked.

"In here," Marie threw open the door leading from the living room.

The older (but still usable) furniture, Mrs. White saw, stood forgotten and dejected in the cold, unlighted room. She was about to say that it seemed to her that they could have gotten along very well with what they had. After all, they were newlyweds and they were trying to save money.

"Isn't it a sad room," sighed Marie. "If we only had a little more time . . . or money!" She brightened visibly at the thought. "Then maybe we could fix it like the living room!"

At this moment, Bob Fallon came through the door leading a handsome young woman. "Hello, sweetheart," he said and kissed his wife resoundingly on the cheek.

"Oh, Bob, hello. . ." sighed Marie.

"Have you met Miss Stafford, Mother?" asked Bob, introducing Mrs. White to the girl. "Miss Stafford is responsible for decorating our wonderful living room."

"Oh. . ." said Mrs. White. So here is the "culprit," thought she.

"Do you like it, Mrs. White?" asked Miss Stafford.

Mrs. White felt a strong impulse to look at Miss Stafford's feet, though she knew it was silly of her. Well! She was wearing shoes now.

"Do you like it, Mrs. White?" again asked Miss Stafford.

"Yes. Yes, I was just telling Marie, I think it's lovely. So . . . so expensive-looking, don't you think?" Mrs. White saw that Miss Stafford didn't flick an eye at this observation.

Nobody said anything for a moment, so Mrs. White felt compelled to pick up the conversation. "We were just looking at the spare room. The furniture seems so lonely, doesn't it?" This she said for conventional reasons only.

"Yes, and it's such a lovely big room with all those windows and that attractive ceiling. So much could be done with it."

"Really," said Marie, "do you think so?"

No, thought Mrs. White with a sinking heart, I can't be responsible for . . . but it was too late.

"Why don't you leave everything to me," said Miss Stafford, "and we'll see what we can do."

"Oh, we'd love that!" exclaimed Marie. "Bob and I have so little time."

"But keep in mind we're newlyweds," said Bob, "and can't afford too much."

And this, thought Mrs. White, is where I came in.

Be sure to get your copy of

April RADIO-TV MIRROR

on sale March 12

The Dream Happened!

(Continued from page 34)

of "Let 'er flip!" that Lu Ann and Julius, with the rest of the troupe, boarded the plane at Idlewild. Four hilarious hours of charging around the great chartered National DC-6, from seat to seat and in and out of the lounge. Darkness had come over the Atlantic far below when the stewardess announced, "We are approaching Miami International Airport." Lu Ann stared out of her window at the glowing heart of light on the edge of the black strip that was the Florida mainland. "It doesn't look very big," Lu Ann, accustomed to New York, said doubtfully.

Julius, at her elbow, laughed. "There's more than meets the eye, youngster," he told her. "Believe me."

Miami is celebrity-conscious. It is a town geared to make the most of any occasion that is gay or different. It is designed to provide laughter and fun for joyous people on a vacation, and it misses not a trick. There was a red plush carpet ready to roll out for the plane, and when Julius walked down the steps a sea of Miami girls were there yelling his name and waving autograph books. He signed his name over and over, grinning and happy.

Lu Ann waited, beginning to see what Julius meant.

There was a reception by WTVJ officials, and then the drive up fabulous Biscayne Boulevard and across the causeway to Miami Beach and the Kenilworth Hotel. And now the kids could let go. They had each asked for a Cadillac convertible apiece to drive while they were here. But, incredibly, the demand for rented Cadillac convertibles that weekend was overwhelming, and most of the available supply was already taken. Eventually the Godfrey troupe got theirs, but for tonight Julius had to make do with a Buick.

Driving it, he led the procession of cars just behind the motorcycle cops who cleared the way for them. He drove at their rear bumpers, although Miami cops are no mean motor cowboys and usually set a reckless pace. Behind Julius' car, Lu Ann and a WTVJ producer, Ray Gabor, followed in a limousine. Lu Ann didn't even bother to listen when the exuberant Julius, a few feet ahead, leaned out of his car and yelled to the motor escort, "Okay, let's not be stopping for coffee! If you can't drive it, park it and milk it!"

She was too busy looking blissfully at the buttermilk sky with stars and part of a moon riding softly behind the clouds; at the bright lights and pastel-tinted buildings; breathing the quiet, warm air, and saying over and over: "Oh, golly, oh, golly. All this for me!"

You must remember, Lu Ann's dream had only been in the works for four months. Julius had been in Miami before, had been around a lot.

But to Lu Ann, recently just another little high-school girl in Rochester, this was it. This was lounging back in a silk-smooth limousine with the sirens of policemen's motorcycles sweet in her ears (not chasing her boy friend's jalopy for speeding, just clearing the road ahead of her so that she might reach her hotel a few minutes sooner).

And what a hotel! You may have read in the pages of this magazine of Mr. Godfrey's predilection for the Kenilworth in Bal Harbour, that hostelry which sits aloofly far up the sands from Miami Beach, content in its isolation, grandeur and utter swank.

She entered it with the rest of the troupe, gaping. It's worth a gape or two, even from sophisticated visitors. . .

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Lu Ann woke up the next morning with the sun shining in her eyes and the phone ringing beside her bed. For a long moment she hugged herself, letting the phone ring, while she made herself believe—as she has to do almost every morning, these days—that all this was really happening to her.

Then she answered the phone, to be told that there would be a picnic on the beach. She had a vision of burned frankfurters, coleslaw with sand in it, and cold picnic buns—just like every picnic she'd ever gone to, and hated. She sighed, showered, and climbed into a bathing suit.

She could not know, of course, that a Miami picnic (especially one run up for the Godfrey troupe) would not be like any picnic on earth. How could she know that the food would be hot and delicious, catered by "Joe's Stone Crabs," one of the most famous eating places in the world, and served from gleaming hot-wagons on bright napery?

Lu Ann was awed, but she was also hungry. She breakfasted well.

But then—work. Rehearsals all afternoon, then the show, the inevitable reception, and the parade back to the Kenilworth.

But the rest of the evening was free, and it was Saturday night, and the town was theirs. They took it, happily, as only very young and very exuberant youngsters can after a long, hard day's work which had already exhausted their elders. Julius, on his own, went off in his convertible and returned late, looking well-fed. Some of the troupe went to hear and see Martha Raye, whom all admire as the great star that she is—and, sometime during the long evening, Lu Ann Simms was given a large doll at the Clover Club, a black-and-red furry doll which she immediately named Floppy.

By the time she curled up with it in her bed at the Kenilworth, she had grown to love Floppy dearly. And this is important, because of what happened to Floppy a few hours later. . . .

Sunday started slowly. Everyone had been up late the night before, after the show. Obedient to Godfrey's wishes that the troupe be given its head, Murphy had arranged that they really see what Miami and Miami Beach had to offer. Now, the holiday of holidays nearly over (their plane was due to take off at four that afternoon), the whole troupe of Little Godfreys had

one collective notion: To lie quietly in the sun, to dream over the fun of the past two nights, and to rest.

Julius and Lu Ann had spent the early part of the morning stretched out on sun pads in front of the Godfrey cabana at the pool. Occasionally they trotted out for a swim in the surf, to cool off; then back to the pads. It looked as if that would be that, until plane time.

Then Lu Ann sat up, yawned, and said, "I think I'll go get Floppy. Floppy's been out of the act long enough."

Julius said nothing, but his eyelids flickered slightly without really opening, and a small grin twitched at the corners of his mouth. Lu Ann was already trotting towards the hotel—otherwise she might have seen, and recognized, danger. Because, so far, the morning had been too quiet for Julius, and perhaps he'd had just about enough whimsy-pooch about "Floppy this, Floppy that. . . ."

Or maybe he just needed to get even with whoever it was who had put a suit of long woolies and an apron in his suitcase before he left New York. Lu Ann, maybe? Anyway, he lay still, biding his time. Presently Lu Ann returned, the big doll clutched under one arm. She propped Floppy up beside her on the pad. "There," she said.

A second later life again erupted at the Kenilworth pool. "What Floppy needs," said the irrepressible Julius, "is a little excitement." And a moment later he had grabbed the doll and was sprinting for the pool.

"Oh, nooooo!" wailed Lu Ann, and was up and after him.

Then, for the next half hour or so, the usually reserved guests of the very proper Kenilworth were treated to the kind of mad nonsense that only a couple of kids like Lu Ann and Julius, full of animal high spirits and with all guards down, could invent. The sequence could be titled, if you like: "The Short, Happy Life of Floppy the Night-club Doll."

Lu Ann might have been a mother bereft of her only child, Julius the sadistic kidnapper, if you judged the play by his fiendish laughter and her blood-curdling shrieks of dismay. Finally, Julius stood on the highest diving board, holding Floppy out over the drink. From the side of the pool Lu Ann, really concerned now, cautioned him. "Don't you dare! Don't you dare!"

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Floppy fell into the pool with a weak little splash. "Poor Floppy," said Julius, sadly.

"Beast, beast!" Lu Ann cried, wringing her hands.

"So help me, I am a cad," Julius admitted. "Well, here goes nothing."

Then he dived into the pool, came up with Floppy in his mouth, and paddled ashore like any brave dog rescuing a drowning baby.

One or two of the guests (who had been splashed) retired to their cabanas, muttering. Everyone else laughed and applauded. Lu Ann, barely missing Julius with the flat of her hand, gathered the sodden Floppy to her bosom and carried her to a dry section where, vainly, she tried to wring her out. Julius followed to help. He discovered that jumping up and down on the body only made Floppy go "squelch, squelch," but did not improve her appearance.

Obviously, Floppy belonged in a nice dry night club, and hadn't been designed for the major role in a watery rescue.

It was unanimously decided that Floppy was done for; so, with a few of the Little Godfreys in solemn attendance, Floppy's funeral was conducted. . . .

Afterward, Lu Ann carried the sodden mass, that had once been a doll, to the beach, and all by herself found a hose and sat trying to wash off the salt water and chlorine of the pool. She seemed very earnest and little-girl about it. Janette Davis came up and said, "Don't worry, Lu. You'll have a new one."

Lu Ann looked up at her. "I liked this one," she said. "This is Floppy."

One or two of the others came up. They watched Lu Ann working over Floppy for a while, and then one of them grabbed the hose and, expressing a universal idea, turned it on Julius.

The hassle was on again, the momentary mood of strain and sadness lost in howls of laughter. Marion Marlowe, dripping wet although she had not gone near the water—she had been lying on a sunpad near Julius—unstrapped her wrist watch and thoughtfully dried it with a towel. "That Julius," she remarked to no one in particular. "I have to have a watch cleaned every time he gets near a hose."

At three that afternoon amazed Sunday drivers drew their cars to the curb all along the Seventy-ninth Street Causeway and along the way to the airport, as seventeen Cadillacs, led by one Buick convertible with two motorcycle police on its front bumpers, sped by.

Miamians are never amazed by policed cavalades—after all, in a resort and convention city you get used to that. You just park and look idly about to see if it's Truman or Eisenhower or Miss Rheingold of '53 who is swiping your right-of-way. But what really got the traffic that afternoon was the sight of the first convertible pushing away at the rear bumpers of the sweating, harried cops, and the dark young man at the wheel who kept shouting, "Okay, okay, let's go! Let's move!"

The cavalcade was already going forty-five. . . .

No one noticed the small, dark girl sitting in the second car—the limousine—carefully combing the short, damp, matted fur of a curious-looking object that might once have been a doll.

A few minutes later, the great plane was in the sky; Julius slept the sleep of the just and the innocent, Lu Ann held Floppy under the air-conditioner above her seat, and the rest of the Little Godfreys dozed, too tired even to visit each other. The fabulous Miami junket was over. But the dream that is under way for Julius and Lu Ann goes on . . . and on . . . and on.

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Reaching for Her Star

(Continued from page 55)

and wants to help. As Dan's wife, Julie wouldn't trade places with anyone on earth—not even lovely Patricia Wheel, who plays Julie on the air.

Not even though Patricia Wheel is everything glamorous a beautiful and successful actress can be. Beautiful, because of her thick dark hair, brushed in a distinctive upsweep . . . because of her enormous eyes, which really fit the poetic description, "deep wells of purple darkness" . . . because of her fair skin, strongly-modeled nose and sensitive mouth, her slim young body. Successful, because—at twenty-five—she not only stars as Julie in *The Doctor's Wife*, but has a sizable backlog of other network shows, Broadway plays and oodles of television to her acting credit.

Pat's world has truly been a stage—the theatre itself, in its many modern phases—but Julie wouldn't exchange one small bulb in Dan's reading lamp for all the bright lights of Broadway Pat has known. Julie's content just being Julie.

And, in her own way, Pat Wheel is strangely content "being Julie," too. "I often wonder," Pat muses, "whether Julie influences me, or I her. The former, I'm inclined to think! You know how Julie is when she calls the butcher, say, to give her order and he complains of some ache or pain, whereupon Julie doctor-wives him all over the place, prescribing a hot water bottle, aspirin, et cetera and et cetera. Well, not long ago I went through a phase of passing out pills to all and sundry. I didn't realize I was doing it, either, until I was laughed out of it by my friends!"

It fits. Wholehearted in all she does, Pat's intensity burns like an inner flame. "I'm said to have a very sad face," she observes, amused, "as the result of which, no doubt, I used to get a lot more neurotics to play than I do now. I like to play healthy girls, too, which is one of the reasons why I am so happy as Julie in *The Doctor's Wife*. Julie is a happy as well as a healthy person."

Thinking of Julie, she smiles. Then a shadow crosses the face which, if not always sad, is certainly always dramatic. Thinking as Pat, she says intently, "I'd like to find myself . . . I don't yet know just where. . ."

Her voice dies out, but is re-kindled by the inner flame. "I don't want to be a good actress," she vows, "I want to be a great actress. I believe I have the ability; what is more, I must believe it if I am to make my goal. I want to be the kind of artist the Oliviers are, Helen Hayes, Katharine Cornell, Judith Anderson. . ."

"I want to clarify where I am going, and why," Pat explains, "as, for instance, the great conductor, Arturo Toscanini, did when at an early age he wanted to be a composer, so I'm told, but became a conductor because 'I can't be the greatest composer in the world,' he's quoted as saying, 'but I can be the greatest conductor.'"

"It is so dreadfully important to make sure that you find the right medium for you, the one in which you can be, not second-best, but the best—whether that medium be music, painting, literature, sculpture, the theatre, television, movies, radio—or building bird cages!"

From childhood, this urge to find the medium in which she can best express herself has ridden her like a daemon.

"I have two sisters," Pat points out, "Alice, now a CBS-TV newswriter and a very fine one, and Leslie, the baby of the family, who is making a real career for herself as a stage manager, specializing in

lighting. Both of my sisters went to college, were Bryn Mawr honor students. I didn't go to college because, by that time, I knew that acting was what I wanted to do and working was, I figured, the best way to do it.

"But before I had at least clarified the idea that acting, in some form, was my best medium for saying what I have to say, I'd made several experiments in other art forms. Mother, who didn't have many opportunities to express herself when she was young, determined early that we would have all the outlets possible, with the result that we all three took music, all three went to art school."

It was as an artist that the child Pat first saw herself—a female Rembrandt, nothing less—and with the considerable passion that is in her she haunted art galleries, painted furiously, and at the age of nine sold her first oil to Bill King, a cousin of Academy Award winner Broderick Crawford.

"My subject was a white cat," Pat laughed, "in fact, my canvas was titled 'White Cat' and when Bill paid me five dollars for my painting I was so proud that never again, I think, have I been prouder!"

"Alice, Leslie and I were all three of us born in New York City, where we went to school—I attended Hunter Model School and completed high school at St. Agatha's—and had all kinds of supplementary training in music, art, languages, and so on. Summers, we were always kind of dizzying around, here and there. One summer I spent in Europe; another summer, Leslie was in France. Once, we all summered in Bermuda. But there were several summers in a row when we all three attended George Baer's School of Art in West Cornwall, which is situated on the Housatonic River in Connecticut. We lived right there, in a small bungalow on the school grounds, pitched in and did our own cooking, made our beds, swept and cleaned. It was a wonderful life for kids—combining, as it did, the practical with the artistic—and fun, too, such as swimming in the river, riding, fishing, picnicking.

"We were always a very close family, Mother, Daddy, my sisters and I. And later, after my dad, who was a business consultant, lost just about everything we had, we girls did the old thing of wearing each others' clothes, we all cooked at one point or another and made our own beds. I made my bed, I well remember, every day of my life. Now that I live alone (because I need the 'medicine' of living alone), I get a kind of pleasure," Pat laughs, "out of leaving the bed unmade once in a while—and with dust under it!"

"During our summers in West Cornwall, I worked first in oils, then decided I liked pen-and-ink drawings (like etchings!) better than oils, and then got the idea that illustrating was my field and that modeling for illustrators would help me learn how it was done. I was more precocious than most kids, couldn't bear to take an allowance from my family—especially after I'd sold the painting!—so the fact that modeling was a paying profession probably had something to do with my wanting to model."

At modeling, however, Pat was—or so she says—something less than a ball of fire. Thirteen-going-on-fourteen at the time she began to make the rounds, she looked sixteen and not in the least the candy-box, calendar type.

"I looked," Pat recalls, "sort of European, with the early maturity that European girls so often have. So I had quite a time getting jobs as a photographic model. Arthur William Brown, who was illustrat-

ing the Claudia stories at the time, used me for quite some time, not as Claudia—I was usually Claudia's friend.

"It was the spring that I was fourteen, I remember, and we girls were preparing for our summer in West Cornwall, when I met Mr. Leighton Rollins, who offered me a scholarship in his non-professional stock company, the Rollins School of the Theatre, in Easthampton, Long Island. After some discussion with my family and some indecision on my own part, the die was cast when Brownie (Arthur William) said, 'You do it. You'll be a better model if you can learn to act.'

"I joined the Rollins School in Easthampton and I must say that, in the beginning, I hated the actors and they hated me. Being around older people so much had given me a poise which I thought unshakable. But, in a stock company, technical know-how is necessary and I didn't have any. Yet, come September, when Mr. Leighton decided to keep a basic company of ten for his final play of the season, and let the rest of us go, I went to him and said 'I want to stay.'

The play the company did was Chekhov's "The Sea Gull." Frances Pole, the woman who directed it, was very fine with young people. She had, besides, the talent of the water-diviner for discerning talent. She thought at once—perhaps she knew—that Pat Wheel "had something." She wanted her to play in "The Sea Gull" and—although, as it worked out, Pat only got the part of understudy to the lead—the extraordinary happened when, on dress-rehearsal night, the girl Pat understudied came down with poison ivy and, on opening night, Pat was on!

"Producer Jean Dalrymple came down," Pat says, "to see the show. At three that morning she called up my mother, whom she knew slightly, and said, 'I've just seen something. *This child must go on!*'"

No sooner had Pat put on greasepaint than the theatre, in all its branches, opened up to her. . . . After a number of summer-stock engagements, she toured the South Pacific in 1944 with the U.S.O. and did a series for the American Theatre Wing hospital shows and for the National War Association.

When the war ended she appeared on Broadway as Roxanne, opposite Jose Ferrer as Cyrano de Bergerac. This, too, was the result of the break most actresses tell you they never get. Pat went into the show as understudy to Frances Reid and, when Frances left, Pat stepped into the Reid—and Roxanne—role. This was her first big break. "And work-wise, what break," Pat asks, "could be bigger?"

After "Cyrano" with Ferrer, Pat appeared with Maurice Evans and Edna Best in "The Browning Version."

"I call Edna Best my 'stage mother,'" Pat says: "Five days before the opening, my dad died, and she was so wonderful to me."

Pat also appeared in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." She "had fun" doing "Arms and the Man" with Francis Lederer. She loved her part in "The Sacred Flame," with Frances Starr and Nancy Coleman. "Frances," Pat says, "is my other 'stage mother.'" She did "Gertie" for Herman Shumlin. "In 'Gertie,' I played a young English girl who wanted to be a writer, rather dreary and—through her dreariness—rather funny. Glynis Johns, who starred in 'Gertie,' and I got to be like the sisters we were in the play."

Radio and television, as well as Broadway, opened their arms to Pat—"who kindles any role," it's said of her, "that she plays." She's done parts on NBC's Theatre Guild On The Air, Cavalcade Of America, Kraft Television Theatre, Armstrong's Circle Theatre, Studio One, and many more besides. "I've played every-

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thing, almost, on TV. In 'Black Chiffon,' on the Philip Morris Playhouse, I was a pregnant wife—the third I've played, to date. I went through another period where I always ended up as the murderess—the sweet young wife type who is found, in the last scene, with a gun in her hand, being toted off to a prison cell!"

Yet with it all—radio, Broadway, television, and her place in all three of them—Pat can say and does say that she would like to find herself ("I don't yet know just where. . .") and, in the search for herself, turns down more assignments than she accepts, fearful that they may lead her in some direction she doesn't want to go, wanting to be free. . . .

In the past two years, for instance, she has turned down steady radio work that offered more money than any average person, young or old, could find it in their power to resist.

"I was afraid that if I accepted, I'd relax, find myself thinking matter-of-factly, Well, it's a job. . . . I don't want to feel that way about my work. Acting is too exciting to me. I want it always to be. Besides, the more you do the less free you are, and I have a bug about being able to live freely—in working and in day-to-day living.

"Which is why I live alone, strange as it is to me, one of five Wheels—the 'fifth Wheel,' they call me!—to be alone. But, after Daddy died and, later, Mother remarried and the family split up, Alice, Leslie and I each set up housekeeping in our own apartments. Now, Alice and Leslie want us to join up again and I am the one who says no.

"It can be as difficult to live with a family you love very much," Pat says, "as with one you hate very much. Perhaps more difficult, because the ties are closer. The last year I was living at home it was very difficult, I found, to be in the theatre. I wanted so much to be like everyone else, live like the others, yet it was impossible to be on call for social events, for family gatherings, and on call at the theatre, too. Times when I was trying to study, I'd be conscious of people around me. Not that they ever interfered with me—they never did—but they were there and I knew it, with the end result that I did my studying in the middle of the night. Also, and even while they were encouraging me, which they did—all but Daddy who, fearing the theatre, thought business careers safer for us—they still saw me as 'little Patsy,' and always will, and it can't be helped.

"I got confused," Pat explains, "wonder-

ing whether I could make it alone; whether I leaned on people and would always lean. I needed the difficulty of being alone. It is too difficult, in the world we live in today, to know where you are going, and why, unless you keep your life, uncluttered and your way clear. . . .

"This doesn't mean that I don't want to be married some day and have children—I do want to, oh, yes, very much so!—yet I'm not sorry that I didn't marry teen-age young. Takes you some time, I think, to find out what you want in a human being, as well as what you want in your work and in your life.

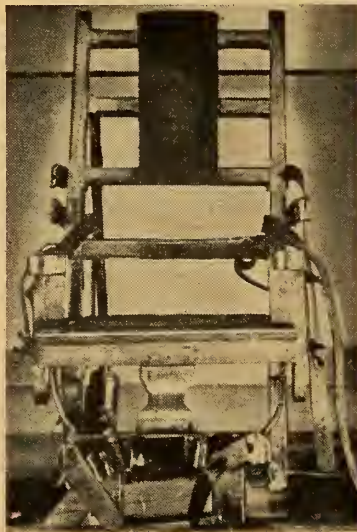
"A good marriage is especially difficult, of course," Pat believes, "for an actress or for any career girl who achieves some real success. So many men I meet say they don't resent my career, but do. A strong woman is very attractive, it's said, to men, but they do want to destroy her. And I," Pat observes, "need a certain amount of building up. I have all the self-doubts in the world, and anyone who added to them would destroy me. Once, not long ago, there was a man . . . it seemed, for a little time, right and fine . . . and then my play opened—'The Sacred Flame'—and I was successful and he, I knew, resented it. . . .

"All the time, I am preoccupied with the search for myself. The kind of self I want to be. Yet I think that if I were certain the man I married really loved and believed in my talent, said to me 'Go ahead!' I would say, 'That's fine, but I can wash the socks and cook the dinner, too'—and we'd have a good marriage.

"Meantime, I'm living alone in my one-room apartment, with a tiny terrace, on Fifty-third Street in New York. I made the curtains myself," Pat laughs, "trying to build a home myself, you see. I moved in with borrowed things, many of them from home. Anything someone doesn't want, I grab! Even when I have money to buy things, I don't buy 'em, having this feeling of impermanence, of not wanting to live in this particular spot, in this lone-wolf way, all my life.

"Nor do I. But until I am clear in my mind where I am going, and why—clear enough in my mind to know the right person when he comes along—I'm not going to be much good for any other kind of life, and this kind of life is, conversely, plenty good enough for me."

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Two For The Money

(Continued from page 47)

I thought of the possibility of being a contestant was when a friend won a lot of prizes. I felt it would be kind of nice to have a few extras around the house myself. Although my husband is a successful young doctor, it goes almost without saying that we budget for such a large family. You might be amused at the way we have to buy: twelve quarts of milk a day, about three loaves of bread, and enough eggs, I think, to feed a small army—but that's what we have, a small army (evenly divided, too, four girls and four boys).

Brian, age seven, explains it, "God loves us so much and that's why we have so many children."

In deference to our Irish ancestry, each and every one of the children has an Irish given name: There are Shamus, Coleen, Brian Murphy, Kathleen, Kevin Barry, Eileen Alanna, Mary Evelyn, and Sean. Our big collie answers to Timothy. There is only one little blemish in our record and that is me—maiden name of Cooke, only half-Irish and half-English. But, as my husband Jim says good-humoredly, "We try to forget that."

If anyone asks Jim, "What does it feel like to have so many children?" Jim tells the story of a woman getting on a street-car with a dozen kids. The conductor asked, "Is all that your family or is it a picnic?" The woman replied, "It's all my family and it's no picnic."

This is just a joke, for Jim loves picnics. As a doctor, his working hours are strenuous and long. But he spends most of his free time with the family. On his day off, he likes to take our children to play ball, to swim, to picnic or just run wild, usually accompanied by half the neighborhood.

Preparing and loading eight children—and ample food for an expedition—is quite a business. I, personally, would gladly settle for our backyard. Loading so much and so many into our Chevy sedan is a living cartoon. Actually, it ceases to be funny after a while.

"Let's face facts," I said to Jim one Sunday. "We must either trade the car in for a small bus or get a second car." Jim decided to buy a station wagon. That's how much he likes picnics.

And the children are all great fun. I would be the least surprised if we had more. To speak of the endearing qualities, of each of the eight, would take a lot of time. But, as a whole, they get along well, help each other and me. I've heard one of them, in explaining to a friend why he didn't have a big electric train, say, "I'd rather have my brothers and sisters."

Besides the picnics, the kids and Jim have another weekly event, and that is their Sunday-night show. One of the older children acts as emcee, Jim is at the piano, and all but the youngest have an act. The show, of course, is continuous and would go on into the small hours of the morning if parents permitted.

It's a pleasant, restful, God-given moment to have all of your children upstairs soundly and safely asleep. But, even with eight, if one should be sleeping out, there's an emptiness in the house that can be felt.

And so, if we can just sit quietly and talk or sing together at the piano, everything is fine. Not that life for me is an endless drudgery. In all fairness, I should note that our budget includes the employment of a maid who comes in to help with housework four days a week, from nine to five.

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(and you'll believe it, if you're a woman), explains why a mother and housewife wants to be a winning contestant on a quiz show. A bright new stove, or a fresh replacement for a beat-up chair, sounds very good. I just never thought of it seriously until a friend of mine won a lot of prizes on Winner Take All.

I wrote in for a ticket to the same show and got it. Then I told Jim and, from that moment, began to realize just what I had let myself in for. While I have never considered myself a stupid person, I suddenly discovered Jim thought I was quite bright. He expected me to win. He already seemed a little proud. I explained to him that there wasn't even a guarantee that I would get out of the audience and be a contestant. Well, his general optimism, which I usually value highly, was a little too much. I was on a spot.

With eight children, there are no secrets, and neighbors and all knew that Mommie was going to be on Winner Take All and win prizes—including bicycles and toys. Their confidence ballooned, and mine ebbed.

To make a painful episode brief, I was on the show and I won nothing. I felt stupid, especially because I lost out on a question on state capitals. Just the winter before, I had bought our son Shamus, age eight, a toy with pegs identifying each capital, to make geography fun for him. I had played the game many times. I honestly knew every state capital. I was just too nervous. I felt like such a failure. I felt like leaving town—an impractical idea with nine to trail behind me.

Like good sports, the family joked a little and all was forgiven. The babies, of course, were the best, for they didn't know how their mother had failed. And that might have been the end of the story—except that a friend called a few months later to say he had two tickets for a brand-new quiz show, Two For the Money. Herb Shriner was to be the emcee and these tickets were for the very first broadcast. Did I want them?

"Yes," I said. And, after I hung up, figured that I was really about to stick my neck out again.

Of course, if I got to be a contestant, it might be the chance to vindicate myself. And I was still a woman—and how many millions of us wander through stores occasionally, thinking it would be so nice to have a little extra money for those lovely bargains! I decided to go through with it, if for no other reason than that I think Herb Shriner is a wonderful comedian and so I would enjoy the evening.

As it turned out, Jim couldn't go with me. We try to get out one night a week, but this night he had to work late. He promised to watch the show on TV, since it is a simulcast.

"Everyone wants to be a contestant," I reminded him, "so don't expect me to be on the show."

"Of course not," he said. "Don't worry. If you win, fine. If you lose, we'll still love you."

He hadn't given up yet. Well, I went to the studio with Jim's brother. He was quite relaxed, but I was tense from the moment I got into Manhattan. I couldn't help but dream a little that I might be a contestant.

One of the producers came out on the stage during the "warm-up" to choose the evening's contestants. He asked for the tallest man, someone with an unusual occupation, honeymooners.

Then, "Who in the audience has the most children?"

It was automatic. I got to my feet. And, of course, there was no one else in the running when I named eight offspring.

I went to the front of the studio with a lot of other people to discover that we were fourteen potential contestants but that only six of us would actually get on the show, in pairs. I was paired off with Mr. Robert Metz, of Long Island. He was a perfect stranger and had been chosen for his unusual occupation. He manufactures milking machines.

Then someone pointed at us and, the next thing I knew, we were told, "You'll be the first couple on."

It would have been nice to find it was happening so suddenly that I didn't have time to be nervous, but that wasn't true. I tried to smile when we got in front of the microphone and cameras, but my muscles were so taut that I thought my face would crack.

"What kind of doctor is your husband?" Herb Shriner was asking me.

The program was under way. My, how fast things moved!

"He's an ophthalmologist, an eye doctor."

"He should have been an obstetrician," Herb quipped.

And he was interviewing my partner and I was making up my mind to be calm this time, to make the family proud of me. Then we were into the questions, and I think Two For The Money's system of quizzing is the most exciting on the air.

We were given three categories of questions. Our first category was dancing. We had fifteen seconds to alternately name all of the dances we could think of, although we would be stopped if we made a mistake. The first category paid five dollars for each right answer. Mr. Metz and I named thirteen dances, before time ran out, and earned sixty-five dollars.

Now, this is the exciting twist. In our next category, each correct answer would be worth sixty-five dollars. The second question called for the names of European capitals. We named nine, for a total of \$585! That meant we would be paid almost six hundred dollars for every question we got correct in the last category.

Present-day Supreme Court Justices! We named four, and four times \$585 makes \$2,340. That meant over a thousand dollars for each of us. Wonderful? You bet.

That night I went home, the conquering heroine. Jim and the older children were waiting up, all so proud.

And what did I do with my one thousand, one hundred and seventy dollars? Well, suddenly my attitude changed. Instead of stuffing my pocketbook full of bills and going out on a spree, I put the money in the bank. I decided to spend it slowly, carefully.

One thing I had wanted was a new vacuum. I found just what I wanted, but Jim insisted upon paying for it. And another important thing I wanted to do was surprise Jim with a new suit. Well, that didn't work out, either. He got the new suit—but again paid for it himself.

I am about to try again. I have just picked out my first set of sterling and ordered service for eight. I intend to pay for this out of the winnings on Two For The Money.

Regardless, I must admit that the cash prize, though generous and useful, was not everything. There is a great glow of satisfaction in being a kind of champion, in addition to the rather ordinary title of housewife and mother. It's kind of nice to hear husband and children describe you in proud terms to their friends. Mommie is now, if only temporarily, a heroine. I have vindicated myself. But I have retired from any further competition on quiz shows. I shall rest on my laurels.

Home Is Better Than Headlines

(Continued from page 53)

continued, "Just as I was leaving Chicago Avenue Police Station a hell of a good murder story broke."

Major Mancuso interrupted his recital of gory details. "You're here. How did you manage it?"

Said Chuck, "Talked a Sun man into protecting for me. But now I have to hurry back to pick up his notes and phone my story."

For all her determination to be understanding, disappointment was evident in Carmie's voice. "Oh, Chuck, I'd counted on your being with me."

The fact that she preferred the tousled young reporter to the handsome best man who was her official escort was not lost on Major Mancuso. Grinning, he said, "You like this guy, Carmie? Why don't you marry him?"

Carmelita drew back. "Oh, I couldn't. I'm returning to New York. There's my career—" Then, as Major Mancuso's grin grew wider, she tilted her chin defiantly—"and Chuck's career, too. We've agreed never to interfere with each other's work."

It all added up to too much career, she was willing to admit somewhat more than a year later when, after midnight, she hurried into her one-room Brooklyn Heights apartment, flushed and excited.

The yipping, skittering little cocker spaniel who greeted her was excited, too. Honey Girl always danced, leash in mouth, until Carmie took her for a walk.

Carmie cut short their stroll. "Tonight we celebrate," she told the dog as she tugged her toward the entrance. "There's hamburger for you, steak for me."

Back in the apartment, Carmie's elation soon evaporated. Honey got her hamburger, but Carmelita spread peanut butter on far-from-fresh bread and poured a glass of milk. Steak, for one, was just too much trouble.

Being alone was bitterly anti-climactic, for this was the night she had worked for ever since, as a little girl, she had been busy with music, ballet and elocution lessons while other kids whizzed around the block on roller skates.

This was the night her parents should have shared, for the theatre meant even more to them than it did to Carmelita. Frustrated performers both—her mother had wanted ballet and her father had earned his law-school tuition as a vaudeville song-and-dance man—they had transferred their ambitions to their daughter.

Yet everything happened so fast there had been no time even to telegraph them before the sign went up in the box-office window to inform Broadway that, for this performance, the understudy, Miss Carmelita Pope, would replace Miss Kim Hunter in "A Streetcar Named Desire."

Kim had warned Carmelita to expect it. Announcing she was soon to leave the show, she had confided she wanted Carmelita to get her part. "You're better than I am," she said generously.

Carmie had refused to let her hopes rise. "You know they never put in the understudy."

Kim had smiled knowingly. "I'll fix it." And today she had phoned to say she had three kinds of pneumonia or something. The stage manager had pointed a finger at Carmie and said, "You're on."

Carmelita had left the theatre, walking on air. It was not yet official, but even before the curtain rang down the word was around backstage that Kim's strategy had worked. Producer, director, backers, were pleased with Carmie's performance. When Kim departed, she was to have the role.

It is difficult, however, to sustain long

so elated a mood in solitude. You can dance around once with a small dog, Carmelita discovered, before feeling foolish. Moodily, she bit into her sandwich and the bread was chalky in her mouth.

This was a night she needed Chuck around. Needed him as much as she had that summer in Chicago when, for the first time in her life, she literally had nothing to do.

Even her leisure had been occupational in origin. In the motion picture "Citizen Saint," she had played the role of Mother Cabrini. Rather than risk public appearances in conflict to the sainted heroine, her agent had ordered Carmelita to take a six months' layoff while the picture cleared first-run theatres.

So Carmelita had time on her hands. Time to learn to swim, to refinish furniture, to wallpaper a clothes closet, to cook, to stroll along the lake shore and watch the lights reflected in the water.

And time to fall in love, it turned out. Her companion and teacher during many of these unhurried hours had been Charles Ballenger, son of a Winnetka physician and a police reporter on the *Tribune*.

Chuck, it developed, possessed knowledge completely unrelated to his job of ferreting out the more violent of Chicago happenings. Chuck teased Carmelita because she was far less skilled in household arts than he. "You just haven't lived," he would tell her. "It's fun to build things, fun to fix up a house. What are you going to do when you get married?"

"I'm not going to get married," Carmelita had answered. "At least, not for a long while. Not until I've achieved something."

That had been part true and part the thing a girl always says when she wants to hear again the ancient argument that, for a woman, the most satisfying of all careers is a home and family.

To her surprise, Chuck had agreed with her. "Me, too," he said. "If I hadn't felt that way, I'd have gone to medical school, the way Dad wanted. But I'm not going to stay on the *Tribune* all my life, either. I want to go places, do things, write about them."

Out of such discussions had come their agreement never to interfere with each other's work. Chuck had seemed content to let it stand in principle long after it was evident in practice, romance took hours difficult to spare. Every time he saved up sufficient money for plane fare, or time enough to drive, Chuck headed for New York.

Exciting as those visits sometimes were, Carmie, on the night that deflation so swiftly followed triumph, could see only the disadvantages of living that way. What good was it to have a young man devoted to you if, when you wanted him most, he was nearly a thousand miles away? What good was it to achieve a goal you've worked for all your life only to come home to a solitary walk with a dog?

Peeling back the chintz spread of the couch, Carmie vowed time had come for a change. She fell asleep determined that, when Chuck arrived on Saturday, they would try to make some plans.

Chuck, it turned out, was full of plans, but they weren't the ones Carmie had in mind.

When he called for her at the theatre, she was already in a depressed mood, for marking time, waiting for Kim to complete her run, gave her a curiously letdown feeling. Chuck did nothing to brighten it when, as they elbowed their way through after-show crowds, he said, "Let's go down to the Village."



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Greenwich Village was about the last place she wanted to go. She had counted on Chuck, usually so understanding, so swift to share her thoughts, to know this was a night to celebrate. It would be pleasant to stop in some of the places other actors went. Places where she would listen to acquaintances say, "I hear you're getting the Kim Hunter role in 'Streetcar.'"

Chuck had dreamed up better ideas in the past to celebrate even so trivial a thing as her getting a commercial-film contract which provided extra cash but no fame. Incredulous, she said, "The Village? How come?"

With the air of an impresario opening a carefully staged production, Chuck broke his news.

"It's too late to do any actual apartment hunting, but maybe if we scout around we could locate a place for me to live. I'm coming to New York."

Right on one of Broadway's busiest corners, Carmie stopped stock still. "What, Charles Ballenger, do you intend to do here?"

Oblivious of the crowds which, to pass them, were forced to part like a swift river meeting immovable rock, Chuck explained. "I got word yesterday. The *Daily News* wants me to do a special series of articles."

He was elaborately offhand about it all. "Oh, it's not a permanent job. I don't want that. But it's a step in the right direction. Maybe it will lead to an assignment abroad. London might be nice. Maybe they'll organize a London company of 'Streetcar' and you can come over."

For a man who had, for several years, implied that he wanted wedding bells to ring the moment they managed to work in the same city, Chuck certainly was leaving no doubt that now he was thinking only of a bachelor life.

Carmie gave up. A Broadway corner certainly was no place to protest or state that her ideas were different. "Okay," she said. "Let's get a taxi."

Dawn silvered the East River when, several hours and—to judge by her weary feet—six million steps later, they arrived at Carmelita's apartment. She was tired, she was disappointed, and although she had to admit she had only herself to blame, she was a little angry with Chuck.

True, it was she who had always insisted career must come first. Yet any man should realize that no woman ever really means it when she says she has no time for marriage.

Irritatingly, he had even used their tour of the dark streets of the Village to underscore the point. Pausing before a building he liked, he would say, "Let's see now. From here I could get a bus which would take me close to the office. But how would I get to your apartment?"

Once or twice, his manner had been faintly reminiscent of his way, during their leisure summer, of challenging her into unaccustomed activity by saying, "Of course, you could never sandpaper a table. You'd ruin your fingernails." She had wondered if he were trying to goad her into a protest.

Such subtleties were too much to untangle when she was tired. Let Chuck go live in the Village if he wanted. All she cared for now was to unlock her own door, walk Honey Girl, feed her and fall into bed.

Chuck, in contrast, was still bouncing with energy and good nature. "How's about some scrambled eggs? I'll fix them."

The eggs, in due time, were delivered to Carmelita, curled up shoeless on the couch. Too weary to care, she requested, "Set them down on the coffee table, will you?"

Complying, Chuck stood silent for a

moment, looking down at her. In a tone different from the too-enthusiastic one she had heard all evening he said, "What's the matter, baby? Don't you like the plot as I've outlined it?"

Carmie struggled to keep her own voice under control. "I suppose it's all right."

Then the emotion which she had repressed for so many hours welled up. Unshed tears stung her eyes. "It's just . . . well, I'm getting darned sick and tired working my heart out to give what . . . I, at least, think is a terrific performance . . . and coming home to tell . . . just a dog all about it."

Chuck's gaze was steady and serious. "Have you had enough of the career stuff, Carmie?"

She looked up. "I like to work. I want to do 'Streetcar,' of course. But it's no good alone."

She was turning her back on everything which had dominated her life, but once she had started to say it, she had to go all the way. "Even if it means leaving the theatre entirely, it's more important to be with someone I love."

Chuck's haste to reach her side nearly tumbled both table and scrambled eggs, but neither noticed. Arms around her, he said, "That's what I've been waiting to hear, Carmie. When a girl is as independent as you've been, she needs to get that ambition out of her system or she'll be restless all her life. I had to be sure. For when we marry, Carmie, it's bound to bring changes, big changes for both of us."

Those changes, blueprinted as they talked that morning in Carmelita's Brooklyn Heights apartment, have since happened, virtually as they were planned.

At the heart of the plan was their desire for a family. To make the kind of home they wanted required sacrifices and faith from both.

Broadway was soon left behind. Following their wedding, Carmelita played the remainder of the Broadway engagement of "Streetcar" and Chuck completed his contract with the *News*. Then they returned to Chicago and started hunting a house in the suburbs. Chuck says, "Other people can raise children in the middle of a city, but we knew it wouldn't work for us. We wanted a place where kids could run and play, have a dog and room to grow."

To achieve it, each has invested hard physical labor as well as earnings. In Highland Park they bought a rundown house—"for a song," according to Carmelita. They remodeled it themselves.

There's the yard they wanted, and two sons, Buzzie and Bruce, to play in it, and a dog to watch over them. Honey Girl no longer is quite so frisky as she was back in Brooklyn Heights, but she's as fond of the children as she is of Carmie and Chuck.

Careerwise, too, it has all turned out with a happy ending. Although Carmelita expected to find little professional work in Chicago, her quick wit won her a place on the Down You Go panel. What she has learned about housekeeping was a determining factor when she was cast to do commercials for NBC-TV's Hawkins Falls. Producer and sponsor both know that when she speaks of washing clothes she can do so with conviction—from personal experience.

The same kind of personal experience has also paid off for Chuck. Magazines in the home-construction and decorating field want all the articles he can write. In making what they first thought were sacrifices for their family and home, Carmelita and Chuck have had a whole new life open up for them. They have truthfully found that building a home and a life together is better than chasing headlines.

The Uninhibited Johnson Family

(Continued from page 64)

thing ever to happen to the Johnson girls. All talking at once, they pelted Cliff with questions.

Blond, blue-eyed Cliff, who has met many an embarrassing situation with stoic Viking calm and matter-of-fact frankness, admits he perspired that day as he sought to explain the miracle of birth in terms acceptable both to his daughters and his audience. He also concedes perspiration was increased by knowledge that listeners were enjoying his predicament.

Yet, recalling his struggle to find just the right words, he adds, "What the dickens did it matter if I did squirm? People get a kick out of hearing these kids of ours put the old man on a spot. They've had it happen themselves."

An abundance of evidence supports this theory. An even worse on-the-spot situation was first responsible for starting the Johnsons toward their present Mutual Broadcasting fame and a reasonable amount of fortune.

Disaster, however, appeared closer than fortune when the original incident occurred—four children and ten years ago.

Cliff, then running a record show over Chicago's WBBM, sought to lend a husbandly help to his Luella, pregnant with their second child, so he took their lively toddler Sandra with him to the studio.

Propping her on a telephone book beside him, he commanded that she be silent. Listeners never knew she was there until her baby voice broke into his closing commercial. "Daddy, I can't wait. I have to go to the bathroom."

Expecting to be fired, Cliff sneaked out of the studio. Listeners, however, enjoyed it. In a flood of letters, they told him how their own offspring had publicly pilloried them in the same manner.

It was five years, however, before Cliff applied this painfully acquired knowledge that a child's remark can make all parents kin.

Returning to Chicago, in 1947, from Navy service and a fling at Hollywood broadcasting, Cliff made the rounds of stations and advertisers. He found that, although his Coast credits were impressive, executives still preferred to talk about Sandy's startling interruption.

With television already giving radio men ulcers and insomnia, a search was on for shows which were different. "Give us something real, something intimate," they directed. "Remember the way listeners wrote letters about your little girl? Now, if you could take a family situation, write some copy and get just the right child actors."

From his experience as a father, Cliff rejected the thought. "No one can write the way a kid talks." But at the same time he had an idea. Thinking of the lively discussions in his own family, he suggested, "Why don't you plant a microphone on our breakfast table and let my girls give you the real thing?"

Executives at WBBM eventually elected to take a chance. That came close to being more than Lu Johnson was willing to do.

The first day the line was open from their Oak Park home, she said, "Good morning." Then, horrified by the mike, she gasped, "I'll get you some coffee," and vanished.

The little girls had no such inhibitions. To them the microphone might as well have been a second sugar bowl. They didn't even see it. They had the idea, the demands, the questions of an entire night-

time stored up; they had their father across the table from them. Like any bunch of happy, normal kids, they chattered away just as they usually did at breakfast.

Five years and more than fifteen hundred broadcasts later, breakfast in the Johnson family remains a normal meal, and therein lies the charm of the program.

First to arrive in the roomy kitchen is year-old Cliff, Jr., carried in the arms of the maid. When he has had all the fruit and cereal he can hold, he's turned loose in his playpen beside the broadcast-sting table.

Vivacious Vicki, now six, usually is next on scene. She skips from room to room, making a personal early-morning tour of each inch of the huge, comfortable old timber mansion Cliff bought to house the family. Companion on her inspection is Echo, an aging pooch who bears recognizable resemblance to a fox terrier but in pedigree is simply dog.

Ten-year-old Pam, when she comes downstairs, is quieter than Vicki. She plays with the baby, drifts in to say good morning to Eddie Carstens, the WGN engineer, who is busy setting up equipment in the wide doorway between the living room and the front room which once was the parlor but now serves the double purpose of broadcast studio and playroom.

Linda, age seven, heads right for the big maple table in the kitchen. Sandy, now twelve, and possessed of a strong feeling of responsibility, takes a little longer. She's now at the stage where careful scrubbing of neck and ears no longer is a parental-imposed nuisance but has become something a well-dressed young lady definitely wants to do.

With her daughters properly attired for the day, Lu comes down. For all the ribbing she takes from her family about reducing, she's slender and attractive. Her short dark hair shows a few threads of gray, but her face holds the bloom of a twenty-year-old.

Cliff, clad usually in denims, a wild plaid shirt and a dressing gown, ambles in last. He plans it that way, for he's found it contributes toward the spontaneity of the program. Before he learned to curb habits established during his master-of-ceremonies days, he went through a period of trying to plan shows in advance, only to discover to his chagrin that he had made them sound flat, dull, contrived. Now they happen, spur of the moment. His personal preparation depends on reading fifteen magazines, cover to cover, each week, plus as many books as he can crowd in.

Actually, the family eats breakfast before the broadcast, for Lu wants her girls to have an ample meal to start the day. They also begin their chatter and usually have a heated discussion going before the parents, coffee cups in hand, lead the way to the front room at 8:10 A.M. At 8:15 they are on the air, and at 8:40 the girls run for school, half a block away, leaving Cliff and Lu to sign off the show.

No topic is barred. They've talked about whether God ever sleeps, what they think of teachers (Cliff no longer goes to PTA meetings) and happily voice opinions on behavior, clothes, allowances, boys. Occasionally they even venture into international relations. Vicki, giving a lengthy dissertation on ghosts, once announced, "I know where they come from. Ghosts live in other countries—a land where no one can find them."

That sparked an idea with Linda. "I know—Russia." (Continued on page 102)

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A favored subject is the next visit to their grandparents' farm in South Dakota. Says Cliff, "They're always trying to figure out how to put broadcast lines up on the old barbwire fence."

That, however, takes some doing, although it has been done. When they went out to celebrate the elder Johnsons' fortieth wedding anniversary, two days, two engineers—and transportation of thirty-seven pieces of equipment and luggage—were required to bring to listeners the sound of the girls' ecstatic shrieks as they watched their father milk a cow.

In only one phase is there any attempt at formal preparation. Because the girls help do the commercials, they aren't kidding when they talk about learning to cook. Cliff refuses to use prepared copy. Instead, for at least a month prior to a product being advertised on the show, they try it, test it, explore all its uses. When broadcast time comes, everyone is thoroughly familiar with its qualities.

Only once has a young Johnson crossed up a sponsor. Vicki, at four, turned up her nose at a new toothpaste. She flatly stated, "I don't want that junk. I want _____," and named a competitive product.

For two days, while the company's anguished sales manager got lost, Vicki attacked the toothpaste. Cliff, wise in the ways of little women, sweated it out, merely saying mildly, "All right, Vicki, but sometime when you get around to it, try this."

Suddenly, one morning, she was all smiles. "I was only kidding, Daddy. I tried it and I love it." Thereupon she gave so enthusiastic and lengthy an endorsement Cliff had difficulty getting any other commercial on the show.

Sandy put a finger on another sensitive spot when recently she told a radio editor, "Some people say we fight too much. But I think all families fight—if they want to call it that. You just don't get to hear the others."

Fighting or friendly, the Johnsons offer the frankest broadcast view of family life today. No big-idea man intrudes with suggestions for "just a few changes." The kids are real, and listeners know it.

Cliff is proudest of the way their mail reflects this. He says, "We get letters from young couples saying they want a half-dozen kids just like this crew of ours." Other letters come from adults who grew up in large families and say the Johnsons always make them homesick.

The Johnsons' hearty approach has caused some critics to refer to the program as an up-to-date, day-to-day version of "I Remember Mama."

It's no accident that such comparison exists, for the sturdy, earthy Norwegian philosophy which is so sharply revealed in TV's Mama also dominated Cliff's own background.

His Viking grandfather settled first in the Stoughton, Wisconsin, area, later moved West by covered wagon, built a sod hut and homesteaded near Beresford, South Dakota.

Cliff grew up in a farm family where card-playing and dancing were firmly forbidden—but the hired man was chosen because his singing voice blended in when the Johnsons harmonized, after chores, in the kerosene-lamp lit kitchen.

As a baritone soloist, Cliff won the state high school music contest and, like his brothers and sister, entered Augustana College in Sioux Falls as a music major. He also intended to study for the ministry. Working out part of his tuition, he conducted the college religious hour over KSOO, singing and preaching short sermons.

The depression, plus drought which

turned fertile fields to dust, ended that. His family was broke and Cliff was broke. He quit school and found a job washing cars. He also sang for his supper at the Chocolate Shop.

Going from garage to restaurant, he passed a movie theatre where Luella was cashier. Cliff never was one to miss a pretty brunette, and Lu couldn't help wondering about the lad who passed her window in work clothes one hour, then appeared all dressed up the next. Soon they nodded and managed a timid hello.

Cliff finally risked a telephone call. "I'm the guy who keeps walking by all the time," he announced. "Can I take you home tonight?"

"He courted me in an old oil truck," Lu confesses. "About the hundred-fiftieth time we sat in our parlor, looking through the family album, he proposed."

Radio was his career, Cliff had decided by that time. To prove it, he found announcing jobs first in LaCrosse and then in St. Paul. His mother's deep grief over the death of one of his brothers brought him back to South Dakota. When a Sioux Falls station put him on staff, he married Lu in an impressive church ceremony and rented an equally impressive apartment.

The apartment was too impressive, it developed. Lacking money for the second month's rent, they were forced to move in with Lu's family.

Jobs at ten radio stations intervene between those dismal days and the present Johnson affluence. A definitive turn of fortune came in Omaha. Assigned to produce the Boys Town broadcast, Cliff learned to know Father Flanagan.

"I have him to thank for getting on the network," Cliff says gratefully. "He was always after me, criticizing, correcting, encouraging. When he felt I was ready, he actually made the appointment for my interview at WBBM in Chicago."

With the exception of his Hollywood interval, WBBM remained home base until two years ago, when prospect of a Mutual network broadcast induced him to move the show across the street to WGN.

For Cliff, the most rewarding measure of his success is the extra time he can spend with his family. Although busy with personal appearances, in addition to business management of the show, he also plots family outings and projects. He takes an active part in the girls' musical education and he also gets a kick out of working around the house.

He has just converted what once was a coal bin into a recreation room. He installed the knotty-pine panelling himself and Lu aided with the ceiling, using a broomstick to hold each acoustic tile in place while Cliff fastened it permanently. The girls' interest in such building was reflected on the show when each cautioned the other not to touch the tools, particularly not Daddy's new power saw.

Audience reception of their breakfastable conversation delights Cliff but continues to amaze him. He says, "When we started this, I was afraid of only one thing. I hoped people would understand that, if we were to keep it real and natural, we couldn't hit tops all the time. There are bound to be some dull days. And that isn't show business."

On that score, perhaps an actor famed for his ability to sum up the eternal truths of drama supplies the last word. Maurice Evans recently said, "The play itself doesn't matter. It's if the people share it."

By that definition, the Johnson breakfast, shared with millions, becomes the very epitome of show business.

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GOLDS' MISERIES?
WHY DON'T YOU TRY 666 LIQUID OR TABLETS
It's different. It's time-tested. Even if others failed you, try 666.

Joan Alexander

(Continued from page 38)

story ever told. But never more sweetly told, more tenderly and happily—with humor, too—above all, more wisely, than Joan tells it. When Joan Alexander speaks of her little daughter Jane, age six, it is truly from her heart.

There is a "plus" to Joan's story of her happy motherhood, too, for it might so easily have been, so very nearly was, a tragedy. . . . After three days in the hospital and many hours in labor Joan faced, and barely survived, an emergency Caesarean. Ten days later both Joan and tiny Jane came down with pneumonia.

"But that was my indoctrination," Joan says, "into motherhood—pretty horrifying but so soon, so easily, forgotten, erased, wiped out by the—well, by the rewards of having Jane.

"The special blessedness to me," Joan adds, "of having a little girl—for, all the time the baby was coming, I hoped it would be a girl. I felt I'd have more understanding of a girl, being," Joan laughs, "a girl myself! And so I was awfully pleased when I learned I'd got what I wanted—although, at the time, I was just grateful and glad I had a baby, whole and healthy and alive, and never mind the sex!"

The baby was christened Jane Johnston Crowley. "Jane for nobody in particular," Joan explains, "just plain Jane because we thought a plain name would go better with Crowley. Johnston for my husband's professor of surgery—and Jane looks, by the way, exactly like her father, not in the least like me." Joan's eyes are brown and her hair dark blonde; Jane's eyes are blue and her hair a lovely shade of darkest brown; and, whereas Joan's face is slender, her features fine-cut—that "chiselled" look—Jane's face, still a baby face, is rounded, the features blunter.

"The baby was no sooner born than I discovered—and discover more and more as each week, month and year go by—that I was right," Joan recalls, "in wanting a little girl. I love having a little girl," Joan says, with the light of that love in her eyes, "it's so cozy, so companionable, it's such fun! We do everything together—I've always ridden, love riding, and now we ride together (Jane on a horse as big as mine!) at Secor Farms, the riding club in White Plains, New York, to which we belong. Jane's so good that next year she's going to show," Joan speaks with pride, "in the pony class." (What Joan did not say is that she herself is an equestrian with a prize-winning jumping record.)

"We go swimming together all the time—all the summertime, that is, when we're at Easthampton, Long Island, where, for the past four years, we've had the same big, old rambling house on the beach. We

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go to the theatre together. In the past couple of years I've taken Jane to 'The King and I,' 'South Pacific,' and 'Mrs. McThing' and she loved them. On her fourth birthday, she saw her first play, 'Peter Pan,' with Jean Arthur as Peter. She loved that, too.

"She just loves everything," her mother says happily, "she has to see everything, be in on everything, do everything. She ice skates divinely. She plays the piano very well for her years (all six of them!) and will play for guests without the least reluctance or self-consciousness. She goes to the Brearley School, a fashionable but not a 'snob' school, here in New York, and loves her school—her idea of punishment is to be absent for a day. She gets along like a breeze with other children—which is especially gratifying because an only child sometimes doesn't."

"She's just the most laughing child," Joan laughs, "really a very extroverted and, thank God, a very happy child. In fact, if I could have ordered a child made to order . . . I don't want to make her sound, mind you, like the dream child of the world, although I think she is! Speaking seriously, I doubt that she is going to be a world-beater at any one thing. But she will be, I feel confident, an accomplished girl with a joy of living and blessed with that blessing to be desired above all others—a sense of security."

"This she has right now. Secure children plunge into things for the joy of it, as Jane does; just have fun as Jane most joyously does. It is the insecure child who stands back, is shy, uncertain and self-conscious. I know, because I was an insecure child; not a relaxed child like Jane, very definitely not, and not a happy child like Jane, not at all. I had a stepfather, for one thing, and—although I got along with him very well later on—as a child, I didn't."

"I was moved about a great deal, too. Born in St. Paul, Minnesota, and my father died when I was very young. After my mother married again we lived in Butte, Montana, for a time, and then moved on to New York. Most of my young life thereafter was spent at boarding-schools—St. Joseph's Academy in Brentwood, Long Island, and St. Angela Hall in Brooklyn. The schools were fine and I got flying high marks. But being away from home so much gave me a pushed-away feeling. Which is why I would not send Jane away until college. Home-life is such an addition to her school-life that the two should go together."

"When I went into the theatre it was because I wanted to get away from home. Matter of fact, my stepfather threw me

out," Joan laughs, "he thought it was *ghastly* that anyone should want to go on the stage!"

"There was another reason, too, for my sense of insecurity—as a child, I had polio, which left me with a limp. I still have a limp but now I wear a lift in my shoe so that it isn't noticeable. Nor does it handicap me in the slightest way, which is why—and only why—I mention it."

"Insecurity is not, however," Joan said, "the sole prerogative of children. Adults suffer from it, too. Women whose husbands don't love them, for instance, are always unsure of themselves. It's only when you feel that you are loved that you are calm—and confident."

"And so, if you ask me what I think it is that has given Jane a sense of security, I think love—oh, I think love!—and a feeling of belonging, of being wanted, of being needed. I make it clear to Jane, every day of her life, how much happier I am now that she is here and we can do things together, how lucky I am to have her. Her father's relationship with her is wonderful, too, because—although he hasn't as much time with her as he would like to have—he loves her. Love, again! Love—I cannot emphasize the word too much."

"I used to worry because I felt that I didn't have enough time with her. As a career girl there were many things that, as a mother, I felt I missed. The fact that I can't be with her all day, every day often gave me a pang. It doesn't any longer. I've come to realize that it is the *quality* of the time you spend with your child, and not the quantity, that matters. For when you have, say, two hours a day with your child, you make that two hours wonderful, relaxing and fun!"

"Actually, radio and TV are the ideal careers when you're married and a mother. I am home, almost without exception, by three o'clock every afternoon and from then on, until her bedtime, Jane and I are together. We ride together whenever possible, as I've said—I often appear at Perry Mason rehearsals in my riding clothes, prepared to dash off for Secor Farms at the first break. We go to the theatre, the museums, the zoo, walk and talk together. At home, I'm the cook, do all the cooking with Jane as my interested helper. I do it because it's better for Jane than having a substitute Mommy in the kitchen—where, let's face it, Mommy belongs!"

"Matter of fact, I've felt this way about woman's primary place for years—partly because, no doubt, I didn't knock the theatre," Joan laughs, "on its ear! In the beginning, I took the theatre, which was my first goal, very seriously, too. When I was

twenty-one, I even made a trip to Europe—France, Austria, Hungary, Italy, Algiers, England—because I felt the need for study in European dramatic schools. Later, I had some fairly good parts in several Broadway plays and one summons to Hollywood to make a test for a major studio which I never made, couldn't make—because, en route, I had an automobile accident that injured my face temporarily, and consequently my morale. While I was recuperating on the Coast, I stayed with Madeleine Carroll, who was wonderful to me, in her Santa Monica beach home."

Joan was playing in "The Trojan Women" on Broadway, had a pretty good part, too, when her first job on radio—it was, as she recalls, for a part in *Light Of The World*—was offered her. To stay on in the theatre or go into radio—this, Joan says, was a terrific decision to make. She made it, as all radio fans know, in favor of radio and has never, for one moment, regretted it. Even though it is, in Joan's sound "scheme of things entire," of secondary importance.

"I just *adore* family life," she says. "My career interests me very much indeed. It's fun, and it's healthy for a doctor's wife to work—terribly busy as a doctor is, you'd go out of your mind if you didn't. But it is just an addition, this career of mine, pleasant and profitable as it is to my family life, which is my real life. I think Jane senses this and that it is the root of her security."

"I'm afraid, or I was afraid for a time, that I'd made one grave mistake with Jane—in the beginning, anyway—by giving her too much, too many things, and by dressing her up too fancy and too much. All of which I did (as all mothers do, let's face it) strictly for myself! One Christmas Jane had one hundred presents under the tree, and that did give us pause for thought, plus a sense of guilt. It was on that Christmas, three years ago, we suggested that she send some of her gifts to the sick little children in Bellevue Hospital. That time, the first time, she had a trying time forcing herself to part with anything, even the least of her treasures—and it was the least of them, I must admit, that she parted with! But since then, and this last Christmas in particular, we've noticed that she picks out some of her best things to send to Bellevue, gifts she really wants to keep. She has learned, in other words, about giving and the joy of giving."

"She made this clear to me in another way when, last summer, we were walking about Easthampton, looking at the beautiful old houses there. One, in particular, I admired. 'Oh, Janie,' I said, 'I wish we had it!'"

"There was only the briefest pause. Then Jane said, thoughtfully, 'Don't wish for everything. The poor little children in Korea haven't got anything.'"

"Maybe this sounds irrelevant, but it wasn't," Joan says, "and I knew it. I sensed that, early in life, Jane has found a sense of values. The true values which include gratitude for all she has and compassion for those who have not."

Joan pauses, then walks to her desk, comes back with a slip of paper in her hand.

"I'd like to read this to you," she says, "it's a personal—not a scholastic—report on Jane, from her school. This is what it says: 'Exceptionally well-adjusted, secure, confident, relaxed and merry.'"

"When I read this, I really was just so thrilled. 'Well-adjusted, secure, confident, relaxed and merry,'" Joan quotes, speaking the words as if they tasted good. "I've worked six years for this, I thought, and it's been worth it, every lovely minute of it. And oh," says Jane's mother from her heart, "so it has."

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