

RADIO-TV **MIRROR**

April

N. Y. area radio, TV listings



Life Is So Beautiful
Teri Keane's Own Story



Desi Arnaz Lucille Ball
"I Love Lucy" by Desi



Fran Allison as Archie,
her husband, knows her

AN CARLON
erry and Kim



ew Ladies. Fair Contest • Fibber McGee and Molly
pper Young's Family • Ralph Edwards' Private Life

See how *Camay* takes your skin
"out of the shadows"
 —how it brings New Loveliness to light!



Follow in this bride's footsteps! Gain a fresher, clearer complexion with your very First Cake of Camay!

WHEN admiration and romance are a girl's dream and desire—when she looks forward to wedding bells and a happy marriage—she won't let dullness veil her complexion and delay That Wonderful Day!

Don't let *your* beauty be obscured by shadows. With Camay, you can take your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of new loveliness. Change to regular care—use Camay alone—and a fresher, brighter complexion will be revealed . . . before your very *first cake* of Camay is gone!

For complexion *or* bath, there's no finer beauty soap than Camay! Camay has such gentle ways! And it lathers so quickly and richly. So take your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of new loveliness with Camay, The Soap of Beautiful Women.

New beauty's yours—tip to toe!

The daily Camay Beauty Bath wakes the sleeping beauty of your arms and legs and shoulders! It touches you with Camay's flattering fragrance. For more lather, more luxury, more economy, always use big, Beauty-Bath size Camay!

MRS. KEITH E. MULLENGER, this stunning Camay bride, confesses: "I'd be lost without Camay! When I changed to regular care and Camay, I had a brighter, clearer complexion right away!"



Camay



the soap of beautiful women



And her Mother was to blame...

POOOR CHILD, she had no means of knowing why her first real party had been such a failure . . . why one boy after another coolly ignored her and whispered about her behind her back. The very night she wanted to be at her best, she was at her worst.

It can happen that way when halitosis (unpleasant breath) steps in. One little suggestion from her mother might have made the evening a delightful one instead of the nightmare it was.

Be Extra-Careful

To be extra-attractive, be *extra-careful* about your breath. Never take it for granted and never, never trust to momentary makeshifts. Always put your faith in Listerine Antiseptic, the *extra-careful* and trustworthy precaution against offending.

Sweetens for Hours

Listerine Antiseptic sweetens and freshens the breath—not for mere seconds or minutes, *but for hours.*

Yes, actual clinical tests showed: that in 7 out of 10 cases, breath remained sweet for more than four hours after the Listerine Antiseptic rinse. Never omit it before any date where you want to be at your best. Better still, make Listerine Antiseptic a night and morning "must". It gives you a wonderful feeling of greater assurance that you are desirable.

Though sometimes systemic, most cases of halitosis are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such oral fermentation, then overcomes the odors it causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
Division of The Lambert Company
St. Louis, Missouri

BEFORE ANY DATE... LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

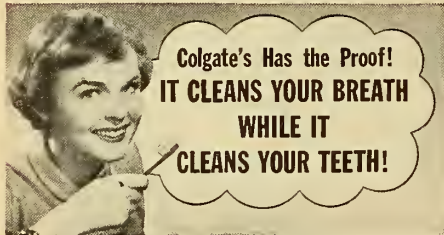
... *Stops Bad Breath for Hours*

Only COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

HAS PROVED SO COMPLETELY IT

STOPS BAD BREATH!

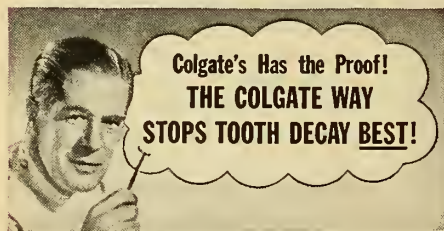
*SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!



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



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



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



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

Get PURE, WHITE, SAFE COLGATE'S Today!

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Cover portrait of Fran Carlon, Kim and Kerry by Maxwell Coplan

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Look lovelier offer!

Yes, lovelier looking skin in 10 days
with Doctor's Home Facial... or your money back on special offer below!



Dry skin. "Noxzema has helped my skin look so much softer and smoother," says Val Lewis of New Orleans. "It's fine for rough, dry skin."



"Creamwash." "My skin looks smoother since I 'cream-wash' with Noxzema," says Phyllis Riggs of Brooklyn. "I recommend it to all my friends."

MORNING:



1. For thorough cleansing, "cream-wash": Apply Noxzema liberally to face and neck. Then with a cloth wrung out in warm water "creamwash" with Noxzema instead of using soap. How fresh and clean your skin looks! No dry, drawn feeling!
2. Apply Noxzema lightly as powder base. It helps protect your skin all day long.

EVENING:



3. "Creamwash" again with *medicated* Noxzema. See how completely it washes away make-up and dirt.
4. Now apply Noxzema as your night cream to help skin look softer and smoother. Pat a bit extra over any blemishes* to help heal them. It's *medicated*—that's one secret! *Greaseless*, too. No smeary face! No messy pillow!

Follow these directions for a lovelier-looking skin!



Blemishes*. "Until I started using Noxzema, I always had blemishes*," Norma Buchanan of Montreal says. "Now my skin looks so much fresher."



Make-up base. "I always use Noxzema under my make-up and I'm delighted with the way it helps heal blemishes*," says Paulette Hendrix of Savannah.

See for yourself how quickly the new Noxzema Home Beauty Routine can help your skin look smoother, lovelier.

This simple routine was developed by a noted skin doctor. In actual clinical tests, it helped 4 out of 5 women to have lovelier-looking complexions—often within two weeks.

Surveys show that all over the United States hundreds and hundreds of women like those pictured here are switching to this sensible skin care, shown at the left.

Read how it helped Val Lewis of New Orleans who had rough, dry skin. Read how delighted Phyllis Riggs, Norma Buchanan and Paulette Hendrix are with the way Noxzema helps heal externally-caused blemishes and keep skin looking smooth and lovely. Hundreds report similar results.

See how it can help you. No matter how many other creams you have used, try Noxzema. It is a *medicated* formula. That's *ONE* secret of its effectiveness!

If you have problem skin and have been longing for a complexion that wins compliments—that looks softer, smoother—just give Noxzema's Home Beauty Routine a 10-day trial.

Noxzema works—or money back! If not delighted with results, return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore. Your money back! For inexpensive trial, take advantage of LOOK LOVELIER OFFER today.

*externally-caused

CLIP THIS COUPON AS A REMINDER!

look lovelier offer!

Get 40¢ NOXZEMA

only **29¢** plus tax

1. Use this trial jar—see how much lovelier it helps your skin look
2. then save money by getting the **GIANT 10 oz. JAR** only 89¢ plus tax!

At any drug or cosmetic counter.



***HOSPITAL BILLS CAN
WRECK YOU IF YOU
DON'T HAVE ENOUGH
HOSPITALIZATION ...**

**GET EXTRA CASH TO HELP MEET
TODAY'S HIGH HOSPITAL COSTS!**

NO TIME LIMIT HOSPITAL PLAN

**PAYS CASH DIRECT TO YOU . .
as long as you remain in Hospital**

***And Pays in Addition to Other
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**Protects You & Your Entire Family
IN CASE OF**

SICKNESS or ACCIDENT

**Costs Only 3¢ a Day for Adults
½ RATE FOR CHILDREN**



Let's talk plainly. Most Hospital Insurance Policies won't meet the full costs of a hospital confinement. Either benefits are too small, or time limited. Then you must dig into family savings to pay the difference. The remarkable **NORTH AMERICAN PLAN** pays benefits as long as you stay in the hospital—**NO TIME LIMIT!** Pays cash direct to you—regardless of what you collect from any other insurance for some disability. Costs only 3¢ a day—half rate for children! Vitally needed **EXTRA** protection if already insured! Best protection of lowest cost if not insured!

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One Policy covers individual or entire family, birth to age 70. In addition to Hospital Room and Board Benefits (Rest homes, sanitariums and Govt. Hospitals excluded)—you get Cash Benefits for 74 Surgical Operations . . . Lump Cash for Accidental Death . . . Cash Payment for Loss of Eyes, Hands, Feet . . . special Polio Protection, plus other valuable protection included. Maternity Rider available at slight extra cost. No waiting period. We pay **CASH DIRECT TO YOU!**



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

Irma's Theme Song

Dear Editor:

What is the title of the theme song used in the radio program *My Friend Irma*? I hope you can answer this.

C. L., Watford City, N. D.

The Marie Wilson show is introduced to radio audiences by two songs: "Street Scene" composed by Alfred Newman followed by Cole Porter's "Friendship" from the play "DuBarry Was a Lady."

Patsy's A Reilly

Dear Editor:

Can you please give me any information about *Patsy Campbell* who plays *Terry Burton* in *The Second Mrs. Burton*? Is *Dwight Weist* who plays *Stan Burton* her husband in real life?

V. L. Phoenix, Arizona

Petite Patsy Campbell (five feet, three inches tall) is married to Al Reilly, Radio Director of the Brooklyn Veterans' Hospital. Although her secret desire was to be a doctor, Chicago-born Patsy bowed to her family's wishes and studied costume designing. Later she took drama courses at Northwestern University. Radio listeners hear Patsy in Armstrong's Theatre of Today, Aunt Jennie, Just Plain Bill and Big Town. She recently appeared on *So Proudly We Hail* in a program to recruit women volunteers for the armed forces. Patsy and Al are active in the Veterans' Hospital Radio Guild and also share an interest in coin collecting and fencing.



Patsy Campbell

Information

The Quiz Kids Are Back

Dear Editor:

As far as I have been able to find out the *Quiz Kids* program has dropped out. Will you please tell me what has happened to this show and what network is or will be carrying it?

R. C., Calimesa, Cal.

The youngsters with all the answers are now heard on television Sunday afternoons at 3 P.M. (EST) on the Columbia Broadcasting System. They have no radio show at the present time.

Johnnie Sees White Clouds

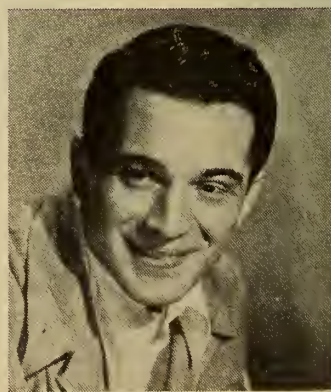
Dear Editor:

I would like to ask about the new singer that's causing such a commotion—*Johnnie Ray*. He wrote "Little White Clouds" and is making it very popular.

I've heard rumors that he's blind or deaf. Is this true? I saw him on television and I think he's wonderful.

H. W., Avondale, Mo.

Johnnie Ray has good vision but his hearing is impaired and he wears a hearing aid. Although he's only 24, the song stylist is already a veteran entertainer. He started singing professionally when he was fifteen, sharing billing with Jane Powell on a Portland radio show. While working as a pianist in a Los Angeles night club, he was signed to record for Columbia and used his own compositions. To date the versatile singer-pianist has written more than 125 songs.



Perry Como

Booth

Perry's A Real Papa

Dear Editor:

Can you please tell me how old Perry Como is and when he married? Also, are his children adopted?

A. B., West New York, N. J.

The star of the TV Perry Como Supper Club was born in Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, on May 18, 1913. He married his childhood sweetheart, Roselle Belline on July 31, 1933. Perry is the father of two children, son Ronnie, aged eleven; and four-year-old daughter Terri.

Two Sets of Amos and Andy

Dear Editor:

Will you please let me know if Amos and Andy on TV are the same two heard on the radio?

W. S., Oklahoma City, Okla.

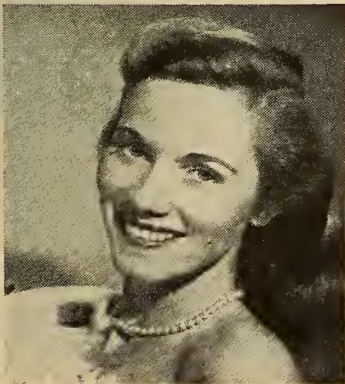
Radio listeners hear two performers, Charles Correll as Andy and Freeman Gosden as Amos. An all-Negro cast is featured on the television show starring Spencer Williams as Andy and Alvin Childress as Amos.

The Story of Eva

Dear Editor:

Will you please give me all the information you have on Eva Marie Saint who plays Claudia on One Man's Family? I would like to know if she is married, and how old she is.

W. O., Burlington, Mich.



Eva Marie Saint

now exclusive
Tension-Free Support*
answers your
mattress question



"Perfect Sleeper"

**America's Finest
Smooth-Top Mattress
and Box Spring**

**Innerspring or
Serta-foam Latex**

***It's the Serta Patented
"Uni-matic" Construction
that gives you wonderful
new "tension-free support."**

It gently cushions as it soothes and relaxes you. It's your answer to the finest in sleeping comfort. So smooth, so restful — so satisfying.

Get the "Perfect Sleeper" Mattress that's right for you: — healthfully firm, or the Sertapedic extra firm for back sufferers.

Try it! Know the difference in comfort! \$59.50 to \$99.50 at better dealers coast to coast, Hawaii and Canada.



you sleep on it... not in it

*** Healthful Tension-Free Support**
x-rays prove, millions approve



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**Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping**
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

GUARANTEED — against any defects caused by faulty workmanship, materials or construction.

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ASSOCIATION
PUBLICATIONS

©SERTA ASSOCIATES, INC.
Chicago 11, Illinois

Patterns for you



#2635 Princess Date Dress. Make it with small collar, three quarter sleeves for spring, or cool scoop neck and brief cap sleeves for sultry weather later on. 10-20. Size 16 takes 4 yards, 39 inch, or 4 1/8 yards, 35 inch. Price 25¢.



New spring styles are feminine, free-flowing. Left: The Princess dress is brought up-to-date with the bell silhouette. It may be worn over a crinoline or taffeta petticoat. An especially easy-to-make pattern in shantung, printed silk or rayon, even cotton. Below: The bolero suit boasts a cutaway jacket with easy sleeves and a wide flaring skirt. Faille is a perfect fabric for this smart fashion.

#2633 Versatile Suit. Three quarter sleeve bolero jacket has softened shoulders, nipped-in waist. Wear four gore bias skirt with pointed midriff over stiff petticoat. Sizes 10-20. Size 16, 5 yards, 39 inch fabric. Price 35¢.



Radio-TV Mirror Magazine
Box 42, Old Chelsea Station
New York 11, N. Y.

Please send me the following patterns. I enclose \$.....
#2633... Size..... 35¢ each. #2635... Size..... 25¢ each.
For FASHION BOOK with 125 attractive patterns send. .25¢.

NAME.....

STREET or BOX NUMBER.....

CITY OR TOWN..... STATE.....

For special handling of order by first class mail, include an extra 5¢ per pattern.

Information Booth

(Continued from page 5)

Eva Marie Saint, who stars in the TV show, *One Man's Family*, was born in Newark, New Jersey, on Independence Day, 1924. She married TV director Jeffrey Hayden, last October and they live in Greenwich Village. Eva narrowly missed becoming a school teacher (like her mother). She studied education at Bowling Green State University in Ohio. Her career was changed accidentally when a friend dared to try out for a part in the school play. She won the role and became a drama major. The star has been heard on many radio programs including: *Big Sister*, *Perry Mason*, *Rosemary and Inner Sanctum*.

No More Truth

Dear Editor:

Can you tell me if Ralph Edwards is still on the radio with his show, *Truth or Consequences*?

R. F., Dallas, Texas

The popular emcee now has a different type of program which combines variety and audience participation. The *Ralph Edwards Show* is heard daily on radio at 2 P.M. Television audiences catch the show on Mon.-Wed.-Fri. at 3:30 P.M.

Kate and Ted

Dear Editor:

Is Ted Collins married to Kate Smith, or is either of them married?

O. S., Hamlin, W. Va.

Kate's producer and manager, Ted Collins, is married to the former Jeanette Selig. They have one daughter, Mrs. Frank Fitzgerald, and two grandsons, Rocky, four and one-year-old Glen.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to *Information Booth*, RADIO-TELEVISION MIRROR, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer if we can either in *Information Booth* or by mail—but be sure to attach this box to your letter along with a stamped, self-addressed envelope, and specify whether your question concerns radio or TV.



Ted Collins

Now you can be sure of your shampoo

"Airline Hostesses Have To Be Sure"

Says Marilyn Norton,
TWA Air Hostess

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



Twice as much lanolin as any other leading shampoo! Twice as nourishing to give your hair vital new freshness, alluring radiance! No wonder more and more women now assure their feminine charm with the shampoo beauty experts have long preferred—Helene Curtis Creme Shampoo.



Doubly-rich in LANOLIN. Restores vital freshness and hidden radiance. Full dollar-quality 1/4 lb. jar, 69c.

Large Tube 49c

BE SURE OF YOUR SHAMPOO • DO AS BEAUTY EXPERTS DO!

More leading hair stylists—experts in hair care—use and recommend Helene Curtis Shampoo than any other brand. Available at beauty salons, cosmetic and drug counters

Helene Curtis

THE FOREMOST NAME IN HAIR BEAUTY

Between Shampoos—Dress your hair with SUAVE, the cosmetic for hair

What's New

By JILL WARREN



Dinah Shore and Bing Crosby during recent rehearsals for a broadcast. Dinah must have put the bee in Bing's ear about TV for the Groaner is about to sign for six TV shows next year.

New Shows, Old Shows—

New shows being planned, old shows returning, loads of exciting things happening around the networks this month—

The Sam Levenson Show is back on TV, on Sunday nights, over CBS. The program has been off for several months, though Levenson has been a regular panelist on This Is Show Business. Sam is the fellow who used to teach Spanish in New York City high schools but he made everybody laugh so much with his funny stories that he finally decided to make humor his full-time business.

And The Goldbergs are back too. Long time fans of this show really raised a rumpus when it was dropped some while ago. The new television series will be on NBC on Monday nights. The cast will be virtually the same, and of course the star is Gertrude Berg, who also writes the program.

Ben Crosby is finally going to step into television this fall, at least rumor says he will. Bing is one of the few top-name personalities of radio to remain out of television, but he is weakening at last. But on his own terms. Bing definitely doesn't want a weekly show, but instead prefers to do only



Art Linkletter, here with pretty Barbara Britton will soon be seen as well as heard. House Party is going TV.



Ben Grauer recalls days in 1925 when he was afraid of a Broadway debut. He returns favor of man who helped.



Dana Andrews will do the role he made popular in movies, "I Was a Communist for the F.B.I.", for new radio series.

from Coast to Coast



Sam Levenson, once a schoolteacher, now a humorist, goes back on TV Sunday nights over CBS with Jack Benny, George S. Kaufman and Clifton Fadiman.

Dagmar, the tall, blonde gal who cut quite a literary figure last year has her own TV show at long last—over NBC. She'll do skits with servicemen.

five or six programs a season the way Jack Benny does.

Art Linkletter's House Party radio series will soon go television too. The first show is set to start within a week or so. And a TV version of The Greatest Story Ever Told will be done on Sunday, March 23. From then on there is a possibility it will be a regular once-a-month television production, in addition to the regular broadcast.

Gloria Swanson will not have her own television show, at least not over ABC. Her contract with the American Broadcasting Company has been canceled by mutual agreement because the network couldn't come up with a sponsor for the lady. La Swanson's contract with the network called for \$4,000 a week and was written like Milton Berle's deal with NBC, under which part of each week's paycheck is put aside as a retirement fund. Gloria's new dress business may bring her to your town soon—she's planning a tour to promote her clothes.

Marriage For Two, the popular daytime serial on ABC, has had a change of cast for the leading parts. Teri Keane, who (Continued on page 13)



a TRIP



UNPACKING is usually a tiring chore, but Gisele seems to enjoy looking over her wardrobe again.

LOVELY Gisele Mackenzie, singing star of the radio show, Club Fifteen, in Hollywood, visited New York recently for the first time and was just as excited as a school girl. The French-Canadian songstress spent five breathless days in the big city, saw the sights of Manhattan, went to her first Broadway musical and appeared on more than twenty different radio and TV shows. The young star who left Winnipeg, Canada, less than a year ago, is on the best-seller list with her Capitol record releases. She shares the microphone with Bob Crosby on Club Fifteen.

Club Fifteen is heard M., W., F., 7:30 P.M. (EST)



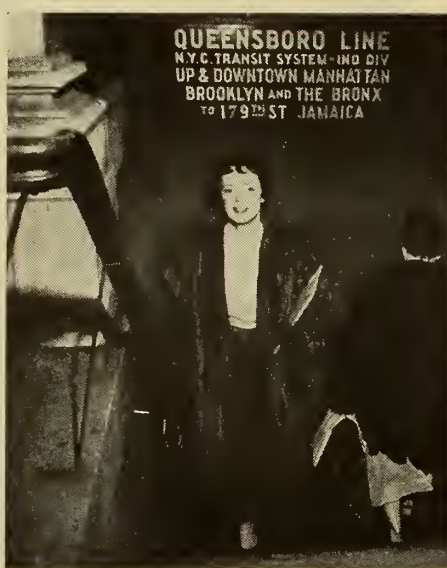
NEW shoes for New York shows. Gisele shops at Bergdorf-Goodman's to add to her stock of 52 pairs.



GISELE samples some roasted chestnuts. These street vendors are a familiar sight in the big city.



CHOSEN to open the National Cat Show (left), Gisele cuddles a prizewinner. (Center) Despite a hectic schedule, she insisted on riding New York's famous subway. (Right) Totem pole in Museum of Modern Art fascinated Gisele.



to REMEMBER



VISITING the nationally-famous Stork Club in midtown Manhattan was one of the big thrills of the trip. Her dinner companions are (left to right) actor Stu Erwin, Mrs. Erwin and Stork Club host and owner Sherman Billingsley.



GISELE was proud and excited at the invitation to take part in a special Voice of America broadcast.



THE Robert Q. Lewis show was one of the many disc jockey programs Gisele visited during her stay.



New finer MUM stops odor longer!

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

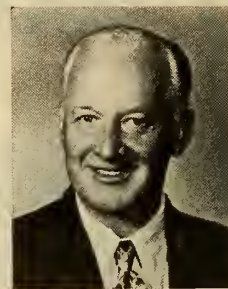
- **Protects better, longer.** New Mum now contains amazing ingredient M-3 for more effective protection. Doesn't give underarm odor a chance to start!
- **Creamier** new Mum is safe for normal skin, contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.
- **The only** leading deodorant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



New MUM
CREAM DEODORANT

A Product of Bristol-Myers

Loneliness weights you down



By VICTOR H. LINDLAHR

IF YOU had a choice between a good cry or a hunk of delicious cake, which would you take? Sounds like a silly question, but let's go on. You've heard overweight women complain they just can't do anything to stop "nervous eating." They eat one meal a day—beginning early in the morning and ending at bedtime.

Doctors have discovered that some overeating is caused by emotional strain such as loneliness, frustration or worry. It may be a temporary disturbance in the case of a wife whose husband is working late at the office or a continuous problem for the single woman who feels no one loves her.

Here's a brief case history of a middle-aged woman whose obesity was frightening. She got short of breath climbing a few stairs; her face flushed when she merely laughed. She put so much strain on her heart that she was literally killing herself.

We had some long talks and she told me she had been quite slender until five years ago. During the last war her son was killed, and she had an emotional breakdown. As she recovered, she began to eat more and more. It was that personal tragedy that started her gorging. After many more talks with her doctor and minister present, she gradually came to realize what she was doing to herself and began to diet.

The connection between emotional problems and overeating is merely this: food gives you warmth and comfort, thereby easing the strain. It doesn't help you adjust to the real trouble but acts more like a drug and you can go on eating yourself right into an early grave.

Of course, such deep-rooted problems should be discussed with the family doctor. Let's tackle right now the slighter problem. Your husband, who loves you dearly, just has to make a business trip that takes him away a day or a week. Or your date comes down with a cold and calls off a dinner date. You feel sorry for yourself and begin to nibble, a little here and a little there and by midnight you've taken on thousands of calories.

The thing to do is make yourself a dinner and make it a treat, something perhaps that you enjoy but the man doesn't. A shrimp salad with chopped vegetables and a good chili sauce type dressing is delicious and even helps you lose weight. If you don't like seafood, dice chicken into the salad. Maybe you'd prefer a beefsteak or hamburger steak garnished with mushrooms and a tomato sauce. Broil it and you're eating like a queen and helping to keep those hips slender.

There are dozens of other low-calorie dishes from country-style cottage cheese to swordfish steak that help you fight the battle of the bulge. For side dishes, any cooked vegetable is good for you and can be made to taste good when sparked up with chopped onions or peppers or a herb. You can even eat a small boiled potato with a dab of butter.

Most desserts are disastrous for people trying to hold in that waist line. If you must have sweets, try a small portion of canned fruit with the syrup drained.

I'd advise you to have a good cry rather than eat high-calorie foods. In the long run, you'll feel better and look better.

Victor H. Lindlahr can be heard every Monday-Friday at 12:15 P.M. EST over the ABC radio network. He is sponsored by Serutar.

What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 9)

played Vikkie and Lyle Sudro, who was Roger, had to give up their roles because when the show moved to a different time it conflicted with other programs on which they appeared . . . Teri on Life Can Be Beautiful, and Lyle on Road of Life. The producers held numerous auditions before deciding on the new leads and finally chose Amzie Strickland for Vikkie, Scott McKay for Roger, and Gertrude Warner for Pamela. Amzie is also Claire on When a Girl Marries and Amber on Big Sister. Gertrude and Scott are both well-known in radio and Scott has also appeared in several movies and Broadway dramatic shows. Incidentally, Amzie may be having a Marriage For Two of her own one of these days. Her constant escort is Norman Tokar, the producer-writer-director of Young Mr. Bobbin, Jackie Kelk's TV show.



Ilona Massey

Dagmar, the tall, blonde, buxom gal who cut quite a "literary" figure in television circles last year, finally has a show of her own. It's called Dagmar's Canteen, and is set to go before the NBC cameras any day now. Dagmar will be the hostess at a canteen and her guests on each program will be servicemen, with Dagmar doing skits and songs with the boys she picks out of the audience. There will also be a musical group and a dancer, possibly Milton DeLugg's orchestra and Ray Malone, who worked with her on the old Jerry Lester Broadway Open House show. The story of Dagmar is a curious one. After a smash publicity buildup following the Open House series, she signed a fabulous contract with ABC. But after months of trying to find a program for her, they dropped her and she was a girl without a job. Finally NBC came up with the canteen idea and filmed a kinescope audition of the show. It came off so well that they signed her to star in this new series. Later on the show may originate from various service camps around the country.

Ilona Massey has started her own TV show over ABC on Wednesday nights. It's called Rendezvous, and is a mystery-drama with plenty of glamour thrown in. Ilona plays Nikki Angell, a cafe owner in Paris, and she will also do some singing, whenever the script calls for it. By the way, Ilona was married a few weeks ago in New Rochelle, New York, to Charles Walker, a well-known antique jewelry dealer in Manhattan. (Continued on page 15)

Dial Soap keeps complexions clearer by keeping skin cleaner!



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

The cleaner your skin, the better your complexion. And mild, fragrant Dial with AT-7 gets your skin cleaner and clearer than any other kind of soap. It's as simple as that. Dial's bland *beauty-cream* lather gives you scrupulous cleanliness to overcome clogged pores and blackheads. You do far more than remove dirt and make-up when you wash thoroughly every day with Dial. Dial with AT-7 effectively *clears skin* of bacteria that often aggravate and spread pimples and surface blemishes. Skin doctors know this, and recommend Dial for both adults and adolescents.

Protect your complexion with fine, fragrant Dial Soap.

DIAL DAVE GARROWAY — NBC, Weekdays

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Disc jockey Art Brown poses with the canary trio, featured singers on his WWDC morning show.

Washington's winged trio

WASHINGTON radio listeners can take the credit for the canary trio featured on the Art Brown show every morning from 6 to 9 A.M. It all started ten years ago when a canary which happened to be sitting in the studio began singing merrily to the accompaniment of Art's organ playing. The feathered singer's immediate success was proven by the enthusiastic letters and phone calls from the radio audience. As a result, the show now has eight trained canaries, three regulars and five stand-ins. Warbling on key, each of the trio has his own "mike" and bath located nearby.

A favorite with Washington listeners for over seventeen years, disc jockey Brown is also a versatile musician who plays the organ, piano and celeste.

The popular entertainer broke into show business in 1919 as a producer for a traveling theatrical company which presented minstrel shows. Two years later, he was engaged as a theatre organist by the R.K.O. and Paramount chains. During the depression, he also doubled as a radio announcer at station WRVA in Richmond, Virginia, and later became its M.C.

The year 1934 found Art lodged in the organist pit of a theatre in Norfolk, where he was also doing a remote radio broadcast. Leroy

Mark, owner of a radio station in Washington, heard Art and brought him to the capital, where he has been ever since.

He inaugurated his morning program on WOL and when the station was bought out by WWDC, Brown was the only WOL personality to be retained by the new network owners.

Disc jockey Brown truly uses his avocations to improve his vocation. Fishing tops his list, and in his spare time he is usually out on Chesapeake Bay angling for the big ones. Every morning on his show Art contacts a fishing captain out on the bay for first-hand information as to where the fish are biting. This five-minute segment of his program is so popular that it has a sponsor all its own.

During his high school days in Vermont, Art appeared in many student dramatic productions. He must have liked one role especially—Romeo—because he kept right on playing it after the show was over. Eleven years later, he married his Juliet and they have been happily wed for thirty-nine years.

Mrs. Brown has gracefully accepted her husband's birds and fish as well as their unusual living schedule. In addition to his radio work, Art is kept busy with appearances as M.C., organ recitals, and his good samaritan deeds such as



A favorite with Washington audiences, Art's an organist, pianist and celeste player too!

performing at listeners' weddings and civic affairs without charge.

However, Art Brown's numerous activities are well appreciated, for he has received awards from the National Safety Council, the Treasury Department and many other organizations.

What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 13)

This and That

Louella Parsons, the famous columnist, has made an audition television film which is now making the rounds of the advertising agencies and sponsors. It's a half hour show, with guest movie stars, and of course including Miss Parsons' movie news. If the program does go on as a regular series (it will be on film) insiders expect the Hollywood studios will let up the bars and permit their big names to appear with Louella, as they did when she was on radio.

Radio suffered a real loss in the recent deaths of actors Barton Yarborough and Walter Maher. Yarborough died suddenly, at the age of fifty, of a blood clot on the brain. He played Detective Sergeant Ben Romero on NBC's *Dragnet* and was also Clifford Barbour on the radio version of *One Man's Family*, a part he had done since the program began in 1932. Yarborough is survived by his wife, the former Janet Warren, his father, and a daughter, Joan, by his former marriage to Barbara Jo Allen, known to radio as Vera Vague.

Walter Maher also passed on suddenly, at forty-seven, of a heart ailment. At the time of his death he was starred on CBS' *Lineup*.

Dana Andrews, popular screen star, has signed for the lead on a new radio series, *I Was A Communist For The FBI*, which will be based on the book and the movie of the same name. The show will probably be transcribed in Hollywood and is set to begin shortly.

It was a big reunion for famous Broadway producer George Abbott and NBC's Ben Grauer, when they met on the new TV show, *Royal Showcase*. It was Abbott's first television appearance and he was so nervous he asked Ben to stick close and help him out a bit. Which Ben, a video veteran, was more than happy to do, because as far as he was concerned he was only returning the favor. Way back in 1925, when Abbott was the leading man in a Theatre Guild play on Broadway, Ben made his acting debut as a newsboy in the same show. He suffered terrific stage fright and it was Abbott who calmed him down and helped him get onto the stage. Grauer, by the way, was recently presented with a citation from the Commanding General of the First Army, for "Exceptionally Meritorious Service To the Armed Forces" on his Headquarters, New York air show. And Ben was also commended by the American Red Cross for his persuasive radio appeal for blood which resulted in over 1000 pints being donated following his broadcast.

Hearts In The Air

Marian Marlowe, of the Arthur Godfrey show, has had quite a time trying to explain to fans that she and singer Frank Parker are not married to each other. How the rumor got started Marian has no idea. Actually, Marian was married to a government worker, from whom she is now separated, and Frank was married a few years ago, but is now divorced from his wife. And Marian and Frank have never even had a date with each other.

Janette Davis, also of the Godfrey gang, says she's so busy working she hasn't had time for romance, but when she does go out, it's usually with Hank Miles, one of the writers on Arthur's staff.

Radio stars Karl Swenson and Joan Tompkins are now (Continued on page 23)

WHITE RAIN

WHITE RAIN
TONIGHT—
SUNSHINE
IN YOUR HAIR
TOMORROW!

fabulous NEW lotion shampoo by Toni



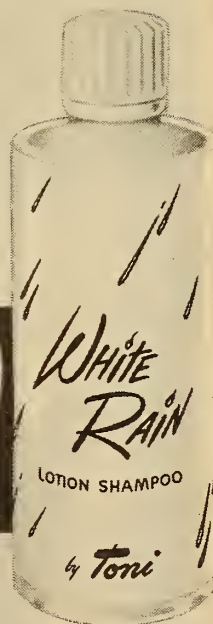
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DON'T DULL your hair with soaps and hard-to-rinse creme shampoos.

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NOW PAMPER your hair with gentle WHITE RAIN.

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\$1... also in
60c and 30c sizes

Charles Ashley, Boston's top all-around reporter, is always first with the latest news over station WEEI.



keeping **B**oston in the know

THE SCENE was a practice invasion of South Boston by the Marines, and on hand to cover the story for WEEI was Charles Ashley, director of the station's news staff. He did not anticipate that a defective mortar shell would explode and kill three and wound six others, but he was on the spot where such a thing could, and did, happen.

Ashley always leads his staff in person and since the invasion was the biggest news potential of the day, he was right there when the accident occurred. His account was dramatic, yet objective, although Charlie knew the victims personally. A byline story appeared in the *Boston Herald*, an unusual occurrence because newspapers consider radio newsmen rivals and seldom acknowledge their accomplishments.

It is this sort of news coverage, a combination of old-fashioned reporting and painstaking organization, which has made the WEEI newsroom in Boston so highly respected.

Generally recognized as the best all-around reporter in that city, Ashley is also the Columbia Broadcasting System's staff correspondent for New England. During the famous "mercy-killing" murder trial of Dr. Herman Sander in New Hampshire, Charlie was there covering every detail of this dramatic story, and feeding daily reports to the coast-to-coast CBS network.

The Sander case was one which aroused violent opinions, pro and con, and although much of the reporting was emotional, this was not so with Charlie's daily dispatches. He reported the facts, and was first on the air with a flash of the acquittal, and an exclusive interview with Dr. Sander.

Most newsmen have colorful backgrounds themselves, and Ashley is no exception. He learned his trade the hard way—starting as an unpaid office boy on the *Brockton Times*, then doing the high school notes, graduating to the night police beat, then the night desk . . . When the paper was no longer published, he took a freelance jaunt all over the country, writing stories. After time out as a "private eye" doing insurance investigation, he went back to journalism on a succession of small papers.

Charlie's big break came when, as a local reporter in a small town, he was asked to cover a spectacular murder case for a big city paper. The sensational stories and the big scoop on the solution were rewarded by a staff appointment on the big city paper at \$27.50 a week.

Although firmly established in the *Boston Herald* city room, Ashley began a flirtation with WEEI, in the form of a special police news segment on *The Boston Hour*. When World War II broke out he became a combat correspondent with the Coast Guard, organizing teams of writers, cameramen and artists, and escorting them into active fighting zones. During this time Ashley served in every theatre.

He stepped from the Coast Guard directly into the WEEI newsroom, and Boston suddenly had a new type of radio news coverage. Every time a major news story broke in New England, the first voice heard seemed to be that of Charlie Ashley on WEEI. When the *Bermuda Sky Queen* came down into the stormy Atlantic with 66 persons aboard, Ashley was aboard the Coast Guard cutter *Bibb*, and fed a nation-wide 15-minute scoop to the CBS radio network. In the Bar Harbor holocaust, when the survivors of the devastating fires were clinging to the waterline of the burning island, Charlie Ashley was busily broadcasting from the bridge of the rescue ship.

Dramatic as such beats are, they are actually less important than the steady day-by-day coverage of the local scene. It is the dependable and thorough reporting of local, as well as national, events which wins and holds a big audience year after year.

Charlie covers the early morning newsbeat in person, with three, and sometimes four, broadcasts between 6:45 and 9:00 A. M. He also records a daily five-minute program, *Names in the News*, broadcast at 6:25 P. M. In between he directs the news organization which includes three leased wires, two full-time newsmen, and several news-sports-announcer combinations, and also supplies the New England cut-in for the CBS radio network's *News of America*, from 9:00 to 9:15 A. M.

Charles Ashley's popularity among radio listeners, with the largest audience of any news broadcaster in Boston, is not hard to understand. He's earned it with his "on-the-spot" scoops.

"I look for real quality in my dogs and guns—and in my cigarette. That's why I smoke extra-mild FATIMAS. You'll like them too."

Paul Henry

NOTED SPORTSMAN—ENGINEER



SEE the difference
TASTE the difference
SMOKE the difference

21% Longer...
Extra-Mild and Soothing...
plus **FATIMA QUALITY**



Best of All KING-SIZE Cigarettes

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



Lovely women instinctively choose this exquisitely light, fabulously fine powder. Only Woodbury, with its secret blending process and special foundation-cream ingredient, offers such exciting satin-smoothness, such superb vibrant shades, longer cling. Try it... see the thrilling difference!

ANN BLYTH, starring in "THE SECRET OF SALLY O'MALLEY",
o U-I Picture, color by Technicolor, wears Woodbury Coquette to intensify her skin loveliness. (In Hollywood, stars chose Woodbury Powder 6 to 1.)



new big 50c size . . .
also 15c, 30c, \$1.00, plus tax.

try woodbury cream make-up!

Velvetizes your skin... veils tiny blemishes!
Magnificent alone, doubly beautiful with matching
shade of Woodbury Powder. 42c plus tax.



CONTEST WINNERS

Should a Mother Share
Only the Troubles of
Her Married Daughter's
Life?



Stella Dallas is heard Mon.-Fri., 4:15 P.M. EST, over NBC, for Sterling Drugs.

Readers of a recent issue of RADIO-TV MIRROR were asked to advise Stella Dallas on the problem she faced in dealing with her daughter's marital problems.

Twenty-five dollars went to Edith H. Barden, Grants Pass, Oregon, for the following letter:

My answer is no. Mother should share both trouble and happiness but share both from a distance. At birth, a mother ceases to share the complete life of the new-born girl. At the time of the girl's marriage, a mother ceases to share the intimate family life. A wise mother remains aloof and concentrates on being a good person, for it is one of life's paradoxes that if a mother stays lovingly outside her daughter's marriage, the more happiness she will gain from it.

Five dollars also went to: Mrs. Francis V. Peters, Schofield, Wisconsin; Sophie Needler, Denver, Colorado; Mrs. Charles Carothers, Anthony, Kansas; Mrs. Charles Runyon, Port William, Ohio; Mrs. Marion Merriam, Bellows Falls, Vermont.

Ken Murray, the man with the big cigar on The Ken Murray Show, over CBS, at 8 P.M., on Saturday nights, personally picked the winners of RADIO-TV MIRROR's Cross-Over Gag Contest. The winner was Richard McLellan, Lexington, Mass., with:

Jim: "Say, Joe, how did you get that swelling on your nose?"

Joe: "Oh, I bent down to smell a brose in my garden."

Jim: "Not Brose. Joe—Rose. There's no "B" in rose."

Joe: "There was in this one."

Runners up in the contest were: Mrs. Robin E. Cox, Hot Springs, Arkansas; Harold Schaefer, Sayreville, New Jersey; Miss Phyllis Shatz, Dorchester, Mass.; W. A. Schunicht, Miami, Florida; Edward Wellen, New Rochelle, New York.

why be GRAY?

HERE'S YOUNGER-LOOKING, LASTING HAIR COLOR...IN MERE MINUTES!



WHY TOLERATE THE GRAY STRANDS that so often say "old"? In just minutes, ROUX COLOR SHAMPOO colors *every* visible gray or dull hair—brings you radiant, *younger-looking* haircolor again! And whether you'd match your natural shade or change it, make it lighter or darker, Roux treatments mean *lasting* color, *natural-looking* color, with no flat, painted look. Visit your beauty salon for this *quick-acting, low-cost* way to lovelier haircolor!

EASY AS 1-2-3 THIS "SHAMPOO" WAY!

1. Coloring mixture poured right from bottle—a FINGER application.



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3. It's shampooed. And THIS color won't wash out!



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COLOR SHAMPOO

Use according to directions.

FREE! "You and Your Haircolor," an interesting booklet on haircoloring. Write ROUX, Box No. 91, Triboro Station, New York 35, N. Y.

PROFESSIONAL COLORISTS USE MORE ROUX THAN ALL OTHER COLORINGS COMBINED

So quick! So easy!
and no other make-up looks and feels
so naturally lovely!

It's Pan-Stik*! Max Factor's exciting new creamy make-up,
as easy to apply as lipstick. Shortens your make-up time
to just seconds. No puff, no sponge, no streaking.



Your Pan-Stik Make-Up is so gossamer-light, so dewy-fresh, it looks and feels like your very own skin. Yet it conceals every imperfection, stays lovely hours longer—with never a trace of “made-up” look. Pan-Stik is another of the fabulous Max Factor products, created to enhance the off-stage beauty of Hollywood's loveliest stars—and now brought to you. Try Pan-Stik today. See how

Max Factor's exclusive blend of ingredients gives you a new, more alluring, *natural* loveliness, with perfect results guaranteed* the very first time you use it.



Just stroke it on! Pan-Stik's unique form makes it so simple and quick. Just apply a few light strokes to nose, forehead and chin, with Pan-Stik itself. No messy finger-nail deposits as with cream cake make-up; no dripping as with liquid. And Pan-Stik tucks away neatly in your purse for unexpected touch-ups. No spilling, no leaking.

A little does so much! Pan-Stik Make-Up spreads far more easily, just with the fingertips, blends more evenly than any other kind of make-up. Never becomes greasy or slinky. Covers more perfectly, clings far longer. No hourly touch-ups necessary. Your skin always feels and looks so fresh—young—*naturally* lovely.



Pan-Stik by MAX Factor

New cream make-up
in stick form

\$1.60 plus tax. In 7 enchanting shades—to harmonize with any complexion. At leading drug and department stores.

Available in Canada at slightly different prices.

LORI NELSON

as she looks when away from the cameras. This vivacious young actress is now appearing in

“MA AND PA KETTLE AT THE FAIR”

A Universal-International Picture

One of the many Hollywood beauties who enhance their fresh, glowing, *natural* loveliness with Max Factor Pan-Stik Make-Up . . . wherever they go . . . whatever they do!

To harmonize with her blond coloring and fair complexion, Lori uses “Fair” Pan-Stik.

Gown by Ann Fogarty.

***Guarantee:** Buy Max Factor Pan-Stik Make-Up at any cosmetic counter and use according to directions. If you don't agree that it makes you look lovelier than ever before, *the very first time you use it*, simply return unused portion to Max Factor, Hollywood, for full refund.

*Pan-Stik (trademark) means Max Factor Hollywood cream-type make-up.



Tommy Riggs, creator of the famous Betty Lou, is pictured at home with young son Jimmy and wife Noel.



treble-voiced Tommy

TOMMY RIGGS and Betty Lou, the irrepressible figment of his imagination and vocal chords, received a hearty welcome when they returned to the air in a daily morning series over WCBS at the end of 1950 after an absence of several years. Within a few weeks, the show was rated as one of the most popular daytime participation program.

Although precocious Betty Lou, Tommy's mythical companion, has never been seen, her creator has endowed her with such a vivid personality that fan clubs have been formed in her honor, dolls named after her and junior fashion shows run in her name.

Betty Lou spent her early childhood in the locker rooms of Brown and Ohio State Universities. Riggs, a quarterback for Brown in the late '30's, enjoyed projecting the voice of Betty Lou in the showers and dormitories, much to the confusion and amusement of his teammates.

When his schooldays were ended, Riggs left Betty Lou behind as he started on his first job. After a few months in business, however, his early stage ambitions got the upper hand, and Tommy became master of ceremonies in a Pittsburgh vaudeville show.

Betty Lou went on the air over a local station soon afterward. She emerged as a radio personality quite accidentally one day, while Tommy was doing a song and patter act on the station. He forgot a song lyric and started ad libbing in a baby voice. The childish treble coming from the educated vocal chords of a husky ex-football player immediately caught the fancy of the listeners. A string of radio appearances throughout the Midwest followed.

While in Cincinnati, Tommy was asked to audition for Rudy Vallee's show in New York. Tired of traveling, Riggs sent a recording instead. The record did the trick and was the

start of his long run on the program. In Hollywood, the radio star was graduated to a show of his own on the air. Then came New York and regular radio appearances on the Kate Smith Hour.

When Riggs quit radio in 1943 to join the Navy, he was a top radio headliner. He enlisted as an apprentice seaman and spent eighteen months in the South Pacific, returning to civilian life in November, 1945.

Born in Pittsburgh in 1908, Tommy's main ambitions were football and the stage. He had little desire to follow in his dad's footsteps to become a steel mill superintendent.

Tipping the scales at 165 pounds, Tommy is 5 feet 10 inches tall and is a better than average athlete, who now concentrates on swimming and golf. He is married to Noel Mills, a former radio actress. In September, 1950, Riggs became a father, no mythical child this time, but a real son, named Jimmy.

the **M**an with your problems

FROM almost five hundred letters and phone calls a week poured the personal problems of a cross-section of people living in Philadelphia—all to be answered by one man, the Unseen Adviser.

A little girl lying in the operating room of a hospital refuses to undergo a delicate eye operation unless the Unseen Adviser is with her; a mother in Wisconsin, whose daughter is to be married in Philadelphia, is afraid her daughter will be married in an empty church and so through the Unseen Adviser invites his listeners to attend.

During a serious bakers' strike in Philadelphia the Unseen Adviser was called in by both sides and as a result helped settle the differences.

Babies have been named after him. One listener even said, "Gee, I wish I had a problem so I could write to you."

During the past eleven years the voice of the Unseen Adviser has become as well known in Philadelphia as the statue of Billy Penn.

In private life this man of mystery is Dr. John Arthur Meyers, Ph.D., a fifty-three-year-old grandfather, who is gifted with a wonderful sense of humor and an optimistic outlook on life. He is known to his WIP listeners only as the Unseen Adviser. People look upon him as sort of miracle man, someone to set their world straight when it goes awry.

During his twenty-one years of broadcasting, eleven of which have been exclusively on WIP, the Unseen Adviser has received more than 400,000 letters. In his eleven years with WIP he has been confronted with more than 200,000 problems. These have come from every part of the world, written in many different languages.

Previously heard eight times a week, the program is now broadcast on Sundays from 12:30-1 P.M. During this short period he is only able to handle a small portion of the mail that flows into his office daily. However, no letter ever goes unanswered; no problem is ever left without his help.

He spends six hours, sometimes longer, every day dictating, depending upon the volume of mail. He writes more than 1,500,000 words a year for his radio broadcasts alone.

Even when he was rushed to the hospital several years ago for an emergency appendectomy his work wasn't stopped. No sooner was the operation completed, than microphones were set up in his hospital room and his regular broadcasts continued from his bedside.

While the Unseen Adviser's program deals primarily with domestic and family problems, he is frequently presented with emotional and psychologi-



The Unseen Adviser has located songs, filled wedding halls, and found homes for 1000 dogs.

cal problems. Over the years he has received a number of letters containing "conscience money." One recently contained five ten-dollar bills sent from a conscience stricken ex-GI, who had stolen from a buddy overseas. He wanted to return the money anonymously, but didn't know how to locate his buddy. The Unseen Adviser found the buddy and the money was returned.

In all cases the identity of persons sending in problems is never disclosed; in each case they are referred to by initials only. When asked to what he attributes the loyalty of his listeners, he says it's because he has never knowingly lied to them, or misled them.

In answering the thousands of problems that confront him through the mail, he follows no complicated policy—just tries to treat others as he himself would want to be treated. He doesn't believe in preaching to those who have made mistakes, but rather, he tries to help them to make good and to learn from their error.

During World War II he received a letter from a chaplain asking for sheet music. One mention of it brought more than a half ton of sheet music within twenty-four hours.

Listeners are always offering him things to give away; refrigerators, pianos, radios—he's found homes for at least a thousand puppies. Once, he even gave away a complete shoe repair shop that was worth thousands of dollars. It was offered by a woman whose husband had suffered a heart attack. She preferred to have the Unseen Adviser give it away to a deserving listener—and he did.

Despite his busy life, The Unseen Adviser still finds time to speak before more than 100 clubs and civic organizations throughout the year. He finds time, too, for his hobbies, fishing, chess and amateur magic. An explorer's streak keeps him traveling little-used roads. His family never knows where they're going to wind up and neither does he.

Perhaps his most difficult task was this letter which he received one sultry July afternoon:

"Dear Unseen Adviser: Although this is July, do you know where I could get a Christmas tree?"

P.S. He got it—completely trimmed, too.

What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 15)

Mr. and Mrs. They took their vows at a small family wedding, but they couldn't get away for a honeymoon. Joan is so busy on *This Is Nora Drake* and *Against The Storm*, and Karl is so occupied with Mr. Chameleon and Lorenzo Jones, among others, that they had to forego any sort of trip until summer. They are hoping to get away to Karl's favorite spot in Maine.

Sydna Scott and Jerome Thor, who have the leads on *Foreign Intrigue*, the CBS television show which is filmed in Stockholm, Sweden, have been getting all sorts of romantic fan mail. But what the letter writers don't know is that they're very happily married, and to each other.

Whatever Happened To . . .

Bill Lawrence, who used to sing on Arthur Godfrey's shows? Bill's contract with Arthur had expired before he went into the service and he had intended then to go out on his own, but decided not to make the move because he was about to be drafted. After he was in the Army, Bill became ill and spent several months in Army hospitals. He was given a medical discharge a short time ago and came back to his mother's home in New York City to recuperate. Since his return to civilian life he hasn't done too much singing, except for an occasional guest appearance. As soon as he is feeling up to par again Bill hopes to have his own show on radio and television.

. . . . Hattie McDaniels, who was radio's Beulah? Hattie has been seriously ill for many weeks and had to give up her work. However, reports are that she is much improved and as soon as she is completely recovered, she will resume "Beulah" once again. Meantime, Lillian Randolph has taken over the role. Ethel Waters is starring on the television version of this show.

. . . . Bea Wain, who sang on many radio programs, and was also half of the team, Mr. and Mrs. Music, with her husband, Andre Baruch? Bea has been very busy with her son, Wayne, who is five and a half years old, and her year-old daughter, Bonita, and a brand new home she and Andre recently built in the Westchester suburbs, just outside of New York. Bea has turned down many television offers until such time as they are settled in their new home. Then she hopes to return to her singing career. Andre, of course, is heard each week on the *Hit Parade* shows.

. . . . Superman, or as he was known in other roles, Bill Skilling? Superman Skilling is now Private First Class William P. Skilling, having entered the U. S. Marine Corps last September. Maybe he doesn't miss his radio roles too much because he is assigned to the radio section of the Second Marine Division's Public Information Office at Camp Lejeune, North Carolina.

Have you wondered what happened to one of your old favorites on radio or television? If so, drop a line to Jill Warren, RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR MAGAZINE, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York City 17, and I'll do a little digging each month and try to find out for you. Can't answer any mail personally but will try to give you news of your favorites through this column.

* * *

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

Don't Let ACID INDIGESTION chase away your fun!



Just drop one
or two ALKA-SELTZER Tablets
into a glass of water
and listen to it fizz!
Enjoy this sparkling,
refreshing drink . . .



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Smile with "SPEEDY" Relief

You can't be your loveliest . . . your charming self . . . when acid indigestion brings distress. Next time an acid upset stomach hides your smile and fades your charm—try a glass of bubbling, refreshing Alka-Seltzer. You'll be sparkling again when Alka-Seltzer helps soothe and settle your acid indigestion.



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The only shampoo made with fresh, whole egg — Nature's own hair-conditioner, known to generations of beauty-wise women! Use like ordinary shampoos . . . but what an exciting difference in the brilliance, manageability, smoother texture it gives your hair! Try it. See how lovely your hair can really be.

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EXPERTS DO!
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Helene Curtis
THE FOREMOST
NAME IN HAIR BEAUTY

Daytime diary



AGAINST THE STORM Ever since Siri Allen's marriage to Hal Thomas fell apart, she hasn't really felt at home anywhere. Even though she's back with her parents in Hawthorne, she finds herself restless—uneasy—waiting for something to happen. Will a trip to Denmark, suggested by a professor friend of her father's, provide the right combination of work and holiday for Siri? Or will she have to seek elsewhere for an answer? M-F, 10:45 A.M. EST, WJZ.

AUNT JENNY Ever since George Davis retired, Aunt Jenny has watched with amusement and understanding his efforts to keep his life active and interesting. George's wife, Myra, finds it a little more difficult to be understanding as George undertakes match-making operations on behalf of her sister. In Aunt Jenny's most recent story, she tells whether George's efforts brought happiness or something quite different. M-F, 12:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Rupert Barlow's latest attempt to break up the marriage of Mary and Larry Noble centers around Judith Venable, the leading lady in the new play starring Larry. Will Mary believe Rupert's hints of romance between Judith and Larry? And how far can Rupert go, considering that Judith's real objective is himself—or his fortune? Will Larry or Mary realize the truth in time to thwart Rupert's plan? M-F, 4 P.M. EST, NBC.

BIG SISTER No matter how Ruth Wayne tries, it seems impossible for her to find the road back to complete understanding and trust with her husband, Dr. John Wayne. The sinister influence of millionaire Millard Parker has divided the Waynes, as have Ruth's efforts to understand Dr. Marlowe, whom John considered a professional rival. How long can Ruth put off taking stock of this marriage of hers? M-F, 1 P.M. EST, CBS.

BRIGHTER DAY Although Althea Dennis has her shortcomings—selfishness and a touch of cold-heartedness among them—nobody can deny that in at least one way she is ahead of the rest of the family. Althea is shrewd. Just what is there about Larry Race that sets Althea thinking . . . wondering? Is Larry's relationship with his brother, the notorious Anthony Race, quite what it seems? M-F, 2:45 P.M. EST, CBS.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL A combination of love and crime makes things especially exciting for reporter David Farrell when he covers the reluctant lover marriage case which breaks when a beautiful young woman is found murdered in the apartment of a popular writer on love and marriage. Four jealous women complicate things, but not enough to keep the truth from David and his wife Sally. M-F, 5:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

GUIDING LIGHT A strange, frightening thing has happened to Meta White. She finds herself expecting not the best, but the worst, to happen. Even at the brightest moment of her marriage to Joe Roberts, when they have made the secret public and she is finally going home with him, she cannot believe all is going to be well. Is Joe's daughter, Cathy, really reconciled? Will trouble come from some other quarter? M-F, 1:45 P.M. EST, CBS.

HILLTOP HOUSE Julie Paterno, head matron of the orphanage, Hilltop House, would never have achieved her responsible post without her talent for management. Her control of the orphanage remains as efficient as ever, but Julie finds that the other aspects of her life have become somewhat unmanageable since Red Nixon came into it. Is Red going to mean something important to Julie's future? M-F, 3 P.M. EST, CBS.

JOYCE JORDAN, M.D. It takes years of hard work before a doctor is established—and for a woman, sometimes more. Joyce Jordan has always felt dedicated to her career, secure in her confidence that nothing else could ever be as important to her. Now, however, she has met Mike Hill—and Mike has met her. Against Joyce's will the force of Mike's emotion breaks down her cautious restraint. But what about the girl Mike is engaged to? M-F, 3:30 P.M. EST, ABC.

JUST PLAIN BILL Can there be anything so dreadful in Nancy's past that she is unable to share it with her father, Bill Davidson, or with her beloved husband, Kerry? The echo from the past, when she was living with her aunt, Mrs. Palmer, is so disturbing to Nancy that it goes a long way toward shattering her family's peace and security. Adept as he is at helping others, Bill finds it difficult indeed to help his own child. M-F, 5 P.M. EST, NBC.

KING'S ROW For better or worse, the mysterious Abel Baker has entered Randy McHugh's life in an emphatic manner. His strange, unexpected proposition puts Randy in an uncomfortable position, her loyalty as a citizen warring with her natural impulse to be open and aboveboard with everyone—particularly with Dr. Paris Mitchell, whom she loves. What lies ahead for Randy if she cooperates with Baker? M-F, 11:30 A.M. EST, NBC.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL After the unfortunate Lucy Greene finds help and refuge in the clinic Dr. Markham has made out of his expensive estate, Chichi and Papa David become even more interested in the clinic's possibilities. Together with Dr. Markham they see it as a tremendous factor in aiding a group of unfortunates. Will they be able to work out their plans without interference? M-F, 3 P.M. EST, NBC.

LONE JOURNEY If there is any shortcut to learning the truth about another human being's character, probably it would be to isolate yourself with him for a time. Sydney MacKenzie finds herself in precisely that position when she and Lansing are snowbound in the ranch home of Wolfe Bennet. What she learns about the two men—and about herself—may affect Sydney's entire future. M-F, 11 A.M. EST, ABC.

LORENZO JONES It looks as though Lorenzo's recent invention, luminous car wax, is going to get him into even more trouble than any of his previous inventions. In partnership with Don Edwards, he is trying to put the wax on the market, but Don's secretary, Marian Randall, has her own reasons for not liking the idea. Her effect on Lorenzo's business and marriage could be disturbing. M-F, 5:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

MA PERKINS After the last months, which were made so turbulent by daughter Fay's star-crossed romance, Ma and her family and friends are hoping for a short spell of peace in which to pull themselves—and Fay's broken heart—together. But the curious affair of Banker Pendleton and his wife, Mathilda, upsets Ma's hopes. Just how do these influential citizens of Rushville Center manage to disturb Ma Perkins? M-F, 1:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

MARRIAGE FOR TWO When Vikki Adams fell in love with Roger Hoyt her faith and trust were so strong that even Roger's unsentimental Aunt Debbie, who tried to warn Vikki that Roger was too spoiled to make a good husband, changed her mind about their chances for happiness. Vikki's love remains unshaken, but at times she wonders if her marriage can survive the determination of Pamela Towers, Roger's old girl friend, to break it up. M-F, 3 P.M. EST, ABC.

MARY MARLIN A wife must have tremendous resources of love and faith to weather the threat of a husband's infidelity. Twice in the past, Joe Marlin has verged on serious indiscretion, but after the war both he and Mary believed they had entered on a new, mature phase of their partnership. Into this new security comes Madame Tao-Ling. Will her secret hold

Too vital a matter for 'guess work'

among
young
wives



(only two minutes' reading time may end all your confusion)

For a number of years there has been great confusion as to just what to use for internal feminine cleanliness. Women are certainly fully aware how necessary internal hygiene is to their health and married happiness. They realize how important it is to douche after their periods and to guard against offensive odor. But WHAT to use has long been the bewildering question.

In the past, many women were forced to use harmful poisons. Then next, women foolishly went to the other extreme and used weak, ineffective home-made solutions. Imagine any up-to-date fastidious woman taking such chances with the most intimate concern of her life! But fortunately the advent of ZONITE has put an end to all this confusion.

Developed By Famous Surgeon and Scientist

The ZONITE principle—developed by a renowned surgeon and scientist—

was the first in the whole world to be powerfully effective yet absolutely safe to tissues. Scientists have tested every known antiseptic-germicide they could find on sale for the douche and no other type proved so powerful yet harmless as ZONITE. It is positively non-poisonous, non-irritating. ZONITE can be used as directed as often as needed without the slightest risk of injury. And it does the job!

What ZONITE does . . .

ZONITE gives you BOTH internal and external hygienic protection. It keeps your person so dainty and clean. ZONITE helps guard against infection and kills every germ it touches. It's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but you can depend on ZONITE to kill every reachable germ. An ideal solution for effective feminine cleanliness. Inexpensive, too!

Ideal 'All Purpose' Antiseptic-Germicide For General Home Use

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FOR NEWER
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Doctor does good Deed

Good news for women in the field of monthly sanitary protection

Physician invents Tampax for internal use

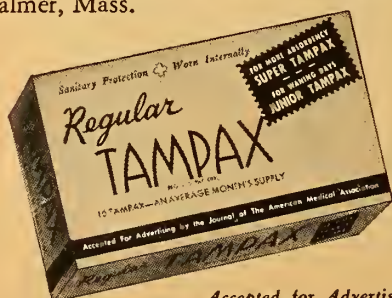
Speaking practically, not many recent inventions have benefited women more than Tampax. Perfected by a doctor for monthly use, Tampax is based on the recognized medical principle of internal absorption. Made of pure absorbent cotton compressed in disposable applicators, Tampax is readily and comfortably inserted. In fact, the wearer cannot feel its presence!



Tampax needs no belts, pins or bulky external pads. With Tampax there is no odor or chafing. Nor bulges or ridges under close-fitting dresses. You can wear Tampax while swimming and during tub or shower bath! It is really a wonderful invention!



The small size of Tampax allows you to carry a month's supply in your purse; also disposal is made particularly easy. So you see Tampax is designed in many ways to take the load off your mind on "those days". . . . At drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

Daytime Diary

over Joe enable his enemies to shatter his life? M-F, 3:15 P.M. EST, ABC.

OUR GAL SUNDAY Sunday's husband, Lord Henry Brinthrope, has not seen his cousin Myron Hunter for many years, and when Myron suddenly appears in Fairbrooke he is royally welcomed. But Sunday finds it hard to accept Myron's much-younger wife, Christine. Will the truth about the Hunters be revealed when Myron's son, Robert, meets his father after a long estrangement? And will Sunday's fears be justified? M-F, 12:45 P.M. EST, CBS.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY With the help of the Youngs, Mr. Smiley's plans for his new concrete factory go forward. Pepper, in fact, has confided to Linda that he wishes Mr. Smiley had begun to operate before the awarding of a recent building contract, for he does not trust the construction group selected by the city council. Are Pepper's suspicions justified? Is the town in for another scandalous tragedy like the collapse of the dam some time ago? M-F, 3:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

PERRY MASON When Perry Mason took on the job of extricating May Grant from her murder charge and restoring her to her child and husband, he became entangled in one of the most nerve-wracking battles of wit in his entire career. Has Perry, for once, underestimated his adversary? Will Anna B. Hurley and her tool, the beautiful and perhaps not-so-dumb Kitty di Carlo, manage to keep little Dorrie and retain her fortune? M-F, 2:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS As the carefully-laid plot breaks over the heads of Carolyn and her husband, Governor Miles Nelson, Carolyn sees at last the power and ruthlessness of the forces arrayed against her. Feeling certain of Annette Thorpe's directing hand, she knows the danger is directed at least as much against her, as a woman, as it is against Miles for political reasons—for Annette has never accepted the loss of Miles. M-F, 3:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

ROAD OF LIFE Dr. Jim Brent might well say, together with one of his country's most famous men, that he has only just begun to fight. It's quite a battle that the Overtons are giving him, in their desperate anxiety to protect their ill-gotten fortune. Personal danger, social and professional disgrace—these have already been weathered by Jim and Jocelyn McLeod. How far will the Overtons go? M-F, 3:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT For many reasons, it seemed like a good idea when Helen's boss, Jeff Brady, invited her and her friend, Agatha Anthony, to visit him in Palm Springs. The trip was to combine business and pleasure, and to give Helen a chance to help Jeff mend the rift in his marriage to Lydia. But it added nothing but trouble to Helen's life, for it

gave Barclay Bailey and Gil Whitney another chance to quarrel over Helen. M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

ROSEMARY The long, harrowing ordeal is over—Bill has been judged innocent of murdering Blanche Weatherby. Both Bill and Rosemary have but one thought—to get away to the peace and quiet of the Austin farm, where they can patch up their shattered nerves and begin rebuilding a secure married life. Is country life the answer for the young Roberts couple? Will it bring its own serious problems? M-F, 11:45 A.M. EST, CBS.

SECOND MRS. BURTON Against her will, Terry Burton is being pushed from the kind of life she prefers—that of being homemaker, wife and mother—into a role she isn't sure she can maintain. Will the interference of Stan's mother and sister force Terry to take more responsibility for her family? What effect will Michael Dalton have as he takes over the managership of the Burton store? Is Terry right to distrust him? M-F, 2 P.M. EST, CBS.

STELLA DALLAS A dynamic new personality enters Stella's life when lawyer Arnold King saves her from paying for a crime she did not commit. The famous criminal lawyer finds in Stella a sincerity and warmth he has never known before, together with a curious parallel to his own experience of life's hardships and misunderstandings. What strange forces will bring these two together and at the same time keep them apart? M-F, 4:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

STRANGE ROMANCE OF EVELYN WINTERS Playwright Gary Bennet, who still considers his ward Evelyn a youngster, does not realize the depth of her love for him. Will their relationship founder over Gary's antagonism to producer Nigel Forrest, who finds Evelyn both attractive and talented? Gary is headstrong enough to court trouble if he feels Evelyn is being dangerously influenced—and Nigel is a very powerful personality in the theatre. M-F, 3:45 P.M. EST, ABC.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE The reappearance of Irene, the wife Spencer believed dead at Hiller's hand, puts the finishing touch on Spencer's plan to gain Peg Martinson and her fortune. Convinced, at last, of Spencer's villainy, Peg tells Nora she will get her reinstated at Page Memorial, but makes allusions to the future that leave Nora and Fred Molina apprehensive about her mind. What is Peg planning for herself and Spencer? M-F, 2:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

VALIANT LADY Joan Scott has never taken Stewart Fairbanks seriously in a romantic way. With an active career and a full life, Joan finds the middle-aged executive pleasant as a friend, but in no other role. However, it is possible that through her loyalty to her father Joan may be drawn into closer contact with Fairbanks than she anticipates. Will this affect her

plans regarding Jim? M-F, 4 P.M. EST, ABC.

WENDY WARREN Although Mark's screen-writing commitment took him to Hollywood and Wendy had to remain at her newspaper job in New York, they both felt more secure than ever before, that their marriage could take place shortly. But Hollywood is full of interesting people, particularly for a young writer whose career is expanding as rapidly as Mark's. For instance, the glamorous Maggie, who is so anxious to become Mark's friend. M-F, 12 Noon EST, CBS.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES After some tight moments, Joan and Harry are able to rejoice in Harry's exoneration from the charge of killing Allison. But Claire O'Brien pursues her own plans with regard to Harry's marriage, which she was determined to break up. Aware of Claire's maneuvering, Joan is not exactly unprepared for trouble—but can she keep herself under control well enough to cope with Claire's ruthless methods? M-F, 11:15 A.M. EST, ABC.

WOMAN IN MY HOUSE How much responsibility should the members of a family carry for one another—and how much interference should they exercise in one another's private lives? Young Clay is often rebellious against his father's authority—as are the other Carter children. And yet when Clay gets into trouble, trouble that might easily become serious, he is glad enough to accept his father's help. M-F, 4:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

YOUNG DR. MALONE How much longer can Ann Malone go on in half-tied, half-free condition imposed by her separation from Jerry? Neither of them can make any plans for the future, and the situation is not one that can go on indefinitely. Will Mary Browne force Jerry to action, in spite of her father's efforts to keep her from causing trouble? Or will some factor in Ann's life bring on a climax? M-F, 1:30 P. M. EST, CBS.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN For many years Ellen Brown has believed that, as soon as circumstances permitted, she and Dr. Anthony Loring would be married. Recently, however, she and the rest of Simpsonville have been shaken by the discovery that Anthony is married to a woman named Ruth. To make things worse for Ellen, Ruth takes up residence in Simpsonville. Can Ellen and the Loring continue to live in the same small town? M-F, 4:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

Give TO THE RED CROSS

YOUR FUNDS WILL—

Provide blood and plasma for the injured—civilian and military.

Continue welfare services to our armed forces in camps and hospitals.

Furnish food and clothing for victims of floods and other disasters.

If you are *smallish* or just *in-between*,



You need *Hidden Treasure* to look like a queen!

*Hidden treasure**

adds fullness without pads or puffs

Suddenly your curves are fuller, rounder, excitingly in line with fashion—and only *you* know the reason. It's Hidden Treasure—with the amazing patented MAGICUP! The built-in contours can't ever wash out. No wonder fashion-wise women ask for Hidden Treasure by name more than any other bra. Regular, plunging and strapless—about 3.50 to 5.00

Extremely small bust? Ask for Peter Pan Tripl-Treasure. Plunging and strapless—about 5.00 and 5.95

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WITHOUT RISKING A PENNY!

YOU CAN QUALIFY TO

WIN \$17,000.00
(SEVENTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS)

500 PRIZES GIVEN

in the 2nd Annual 'GOLD RUSH' Contest

In this fascinating puzzle game, you can easily qualify to win a fabulous Cash Award. Here is a money-making opportunity for you... an opportunity to earn \$3,000.00; \$5,000.00; \$10,000.00 or EVEN AS MUCH AS SEVENTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS cash, and without leaving the comfort of your own home.

SEND NO MONEY WITH YOUR ENTRY!

In this FUN puzzle game, you are required only to rearrange the 20 "Names in the News" shown in the panel, so that all the blank squares will be filled with letters to spell these 20 words correctly. Could anything be easier than that? The detailed instructions given below are "crystal clear" and easy

to follow. No dictionaries, encyclopedias, picture puzzle books or other reference books are needed. You know exactly what to do. There is no uncertainty. Send your puzzle solution quickly and some day you may say "that was the luckiest day of my life."

\$42,000.00 IN CASH PRIZES

This Huge Distribution of Contest Cash is offered by the COMMUNITY YOUTH CENTER of Indianapolis. This nation-wide non-sectarian campaign is being conducted to acquaint you with our activities as well as to enlist your support, so that the splendid work carried on for many years among the underprivileged children of this great city may be maintained and extended.

HERE'S HOW TO SOLVE THIS PUZZLE

Starting on the chart with the name "INDIANAPOLIS" fill in ALL the blank squares, each with a separate letter, to spell a "NAME IN THE NEWS." Spell from left to right and from top to bottom. Use only names found in the list of names shown in the margin of the puzzle chart. Every name must be used in solving the puzzle and no name can be used twice. All names must be connected or interlocked. One letter only may be used in each letter square and the name "INDIANAPOLIS" must remain on the chart in the position shown.

When the 20 "NAMES IN THE NEWS" in addition to "INDIANAPOLIS" have been used, filling in all of the squares with the letters properly connected or interlocked, you will have finished your solution. Spelling must be the same as in the word list. For example, starting with "N" in INDIANAPOLIS, it's easy to see the correct name to use is "NEHRU."

EARN \$1000 EXTRA

When mailing back your entry, write on a separate sheet, the names and addresses of two persons you know who enjoy working interesting puzzles and who you feel sure would like to enter this money-making puzzle competition. Should either of these friends win any of the three top prizes, you will receive \$1,000 EXTRA as your reward.

Rush FREE Entry Now!

After you have filled in all the blank squares with the proper names, correctly spelled and joined together, clip out the puzzle chart with coupon, print your name and address and mail to COMMUNITY YOUTH CENTER, 44 South Capitol Ave., Indianapolis 4, Ind. SEND NO MONEY. That's all you need to be eligible.

The same day we receive your entry, we will reply, telling you how easy it is to proceed and win one of the 500 generous prizes, including the Grand Award of \$17,000.00. Mail your entry and make certain you have taken the first step which can lead to prosperity. COSTS NOTHING TO TRY. When you receive our letter outlining the next step in this fascinating game — you will be under no obligation to go any farther unless you want to continue in the contest. Residents of the United States, Alaska, Puerto Rico and Hawaii, who are 18 years of age and over, are eligible to enter contest.

Names in the News PUZZLE

INDIANAPOLIS

ALGIERS	MONSANO
BERLIN	NEHRU
EGYPT	OKA
ELKHORN	RABUE
GLASGOW	SUEZ
GLASHONG	TEHRAN
GROET	TRIESTE
KAESONG	WALES
LWOW	WARSAW
MEUSE	WASHINGTON

I have filled in the above chart with 20 connecting names. Tell me how I may NOW proceed to win up to \$17,000 GRAND AWARD in your 2nd ANNUAL GOLD RUSH CONTEST. I am at least 18 years old.

Name.....
Address.....
City or P. O..... State.....

**Mail to INDIANAPOLIS YOUTH CENTER
44 South Capitol Ave., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.**



The Resurrection

OUR SCENE: Jerusalem—great city standing upon the crest of a mountain. But on this day no brilliant sun to bathe the city in a golden light. For the sky is grey and rumbling with thunder. In the air is the feeling of death. And there are those who watch fearfully as they look from the city out toward a hill a scant hundred yards away. For on that hill silhouetted against the dark sky three crosses rise—and on each cross a figure hangs. Now from the high terrace of one stately building in the city a man watches. His face grim, his eyes fixed on that fateful hill. **Joseph** is his name and he is of the place called Arimathea. And beside him stands his wife.

Miriam: And only so short a time ago we stood on this very spot and watched Him enter the city so triumphantly. It doesn't seem real that so much has happened since then. **Joseph:** What is there more real than what we see now? The whole city faces in that direction—looking—wondering—fearing. **Miriam:** What will be the end of it, Joseph? **Joseph:** Who knows? **Miriam:** One day a carpet of palm leaves for Him and the next day *this*. **Joseph:** I'll go down there—I'll find His followers. **Miriam:** There'll be danger being seen with them. **Joseph:** So there will. But I must find *(Continued on page 78)*

By special permission Radio-TV Mirror presents the annual Easter broadcast of the Greatest Story Ever Told. This program is heard each Sunday over ABC 5:30 P.M. EST

The Greatest Story
Ever Told. The stirring
drama of events in
the greatest life ever lived

Our Wonderful Years

I'm lucky. I have
a husband, children and
a permanent habitation
for my heart

BY FRAN CARLON

I FRAN CARLON, am three women, each one quite unlike the other two. I play these women on three separate radio programs, and in each role there is something of myself, the real Fran Carlon.

For seven years I have been Irene on *Our Gal Sunday*, a daily daytime drama. Irene, married to Peter and mother of a little girl, is next-door neighbor to Sunday. She is warm, friendly and down-to-earth, a housewifely type at heart. I think I understand her so well because I, too, am at heart a housewife who lives for home, husband and children. Heaven knows I must look like a Plain Jane, because no one in our neighborhood suspected I was an actress until the grocer asked what I did and I told him I was on radio.

The second woman I play, and have (Continued on page 76)

Fran Carlon plays Lorelei on *Big Town*, Tues., 10 P.M. EST, NBC, sponsored by Lever Brothers. Also Irene on *Our Gal Sunday*, 12:45 EST, CBS, American Home. And Joyce Jordan, M.D., Mon.-Fri. at 3:30 P.M., EST ABC, Lever Bros.



Casey, Kim and Kerry make up the wonderful world Fran Carlon found just seven years ago.



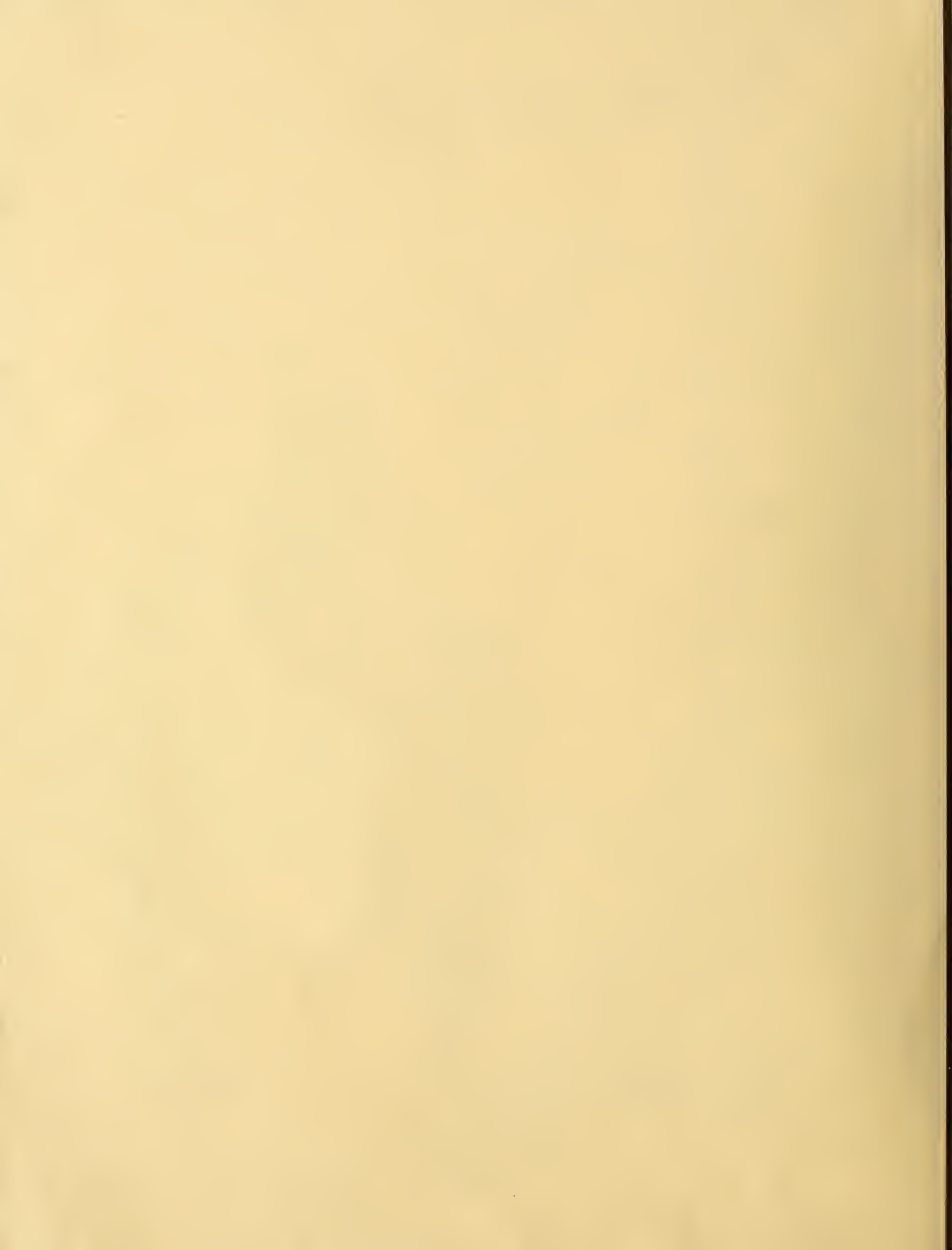
Midnight raids on the icebox are fun for Fran and Casey. Everything's fun for these two!



Casey acts in and narrates TV shows and Fran is a busy radio actress but both usually try to find time to "date" for lunch.

We have a settled home for the family, a place where the children can have roots and grow to be strong, decent human beings.





Our Wonderful Years

I'm lucky. I have
a husband, children and
a permanent habitation
for my heart

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The second woman I play, and have (Continued on page 76)

Fran Carlon plays Lorelei on Big Town, Tues., 10 P.M. EST, NBC, sponsored by Lever Brothers. Also Irene on Our Gal Sunday, 12:45 EST, CBS, American Home. And Joyce Jordan, M.D., Mon.-Fri. at 3:30 P.M., EST ABC, Lever Bros.



Casey, Kim and Kerry make up the wonderful world Fran Carlon found just seven years ago.



Midnight roids on the icebox ore fun for Fron and Cosey. Everything's fun for these twol



Casey oots in ond norrotes TV shows ond Fron is o busy rodio octress but both usually try to find time to "dote" for lunch.

We hove o settled home for the family, o plove where the children con hove roots ond grow to be strong, decent human beings.



My Red-

HE'S MY OWN SPECIAL



What Red doesn't know about the mechanics of art, no artist will miss . . . but he does know his subject matter.

by Georgia Skelton



Pantomime is his forte—even the

WHENEVER I see that man of mine cavorting in front of the television cameras, or giggling merrily with an audience at his radio show, my heart fills almost to bursting, for I know that Red is happy, wonderfully, out-of-this-world happy. The burst of laughter, coming from the studio audience, the spontaneous applause when he's pulled a real funny, is what Red lives for, is the stuff his life and dreams are made of. I'm proud because in these moments I know all the work, the energy, the worry of being Red's partner in life is rewarded a thousand-fold because I, too, share in the success which comes to my man."

At home Red's my own special red-headed monster! He's more trouble than our two children, Valentina who's now an adorable five and Richard who's (Continued on page 102)

A haircut is a dubious pleasure to Richard.



The Red Skelton Show is seen Sunday, 10:00 P.M. EST NBC-TV. Sponsor is the Procter & Gamble Company.

headed Monster

PROBLEM—AND I WOULDN'T TRADE HIM FOR ANYONE ELSE IN THIS WORLD



animals he works with understand Red.

Georgia's unholy threesome at play.

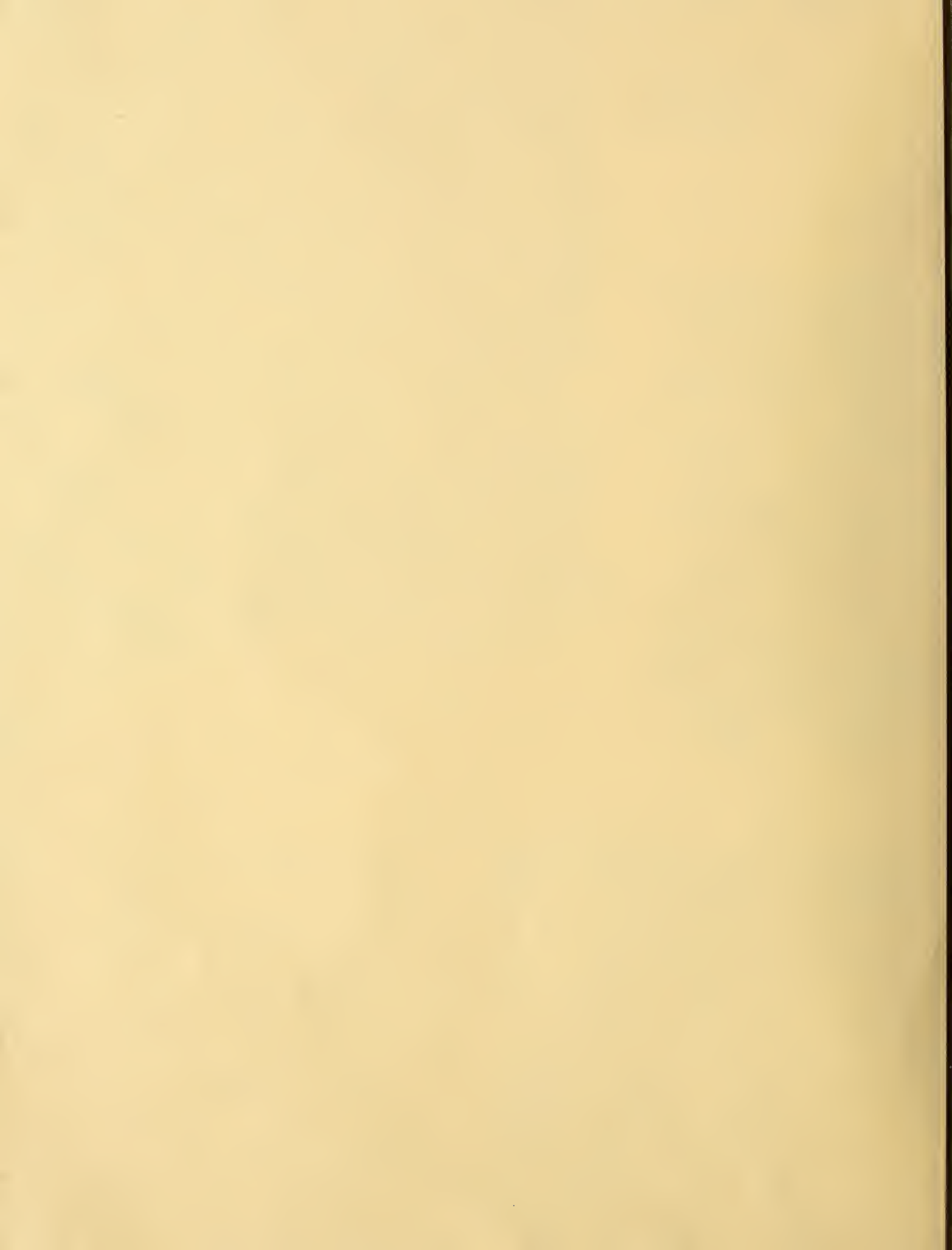


Consuming of food is no problem with Red's children . . . mealtime is funtime in their home.



Most of all the Skeltons enjoy being and doing things together. A picnic is a real lark.

Family photographs by Red Skelton





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Family photographs by Red Skelton



Teri Keane, pert, lovely Chichi
of Life Can Be Beautiful
discovers real life happiness with
John Larkin and baby Sharon

Life is so



TODAY Teri Keane, petite, pert redhead, confidently takes her place before the microphones as Chichi on *Life Can Be Beautiful*, but there was a time several years ago when she'd been through four auditions for *Big Sister*, and she just plain wanted to die.

It was a big part, and she was nervous. After four auditions, you almost don't care if you get a part or not. Just let them tell you one way or the other. "Get lost," let them say, or "come to work," let them say. Or simply let them shoot you, and put you out of your misery.

The day they finally told her she had the part—of *Big Sister's Hope*—at CBS, she had an impulse to go around kissing the hands of all the network vice-presidents. There were too many vice-presidents even then, in 1947, so she had another impulse. She decided to go down to Colby's, which is a restaurant, but which you could almost call CBS' basement. In Colby's, she told herself, she would meet all her friends, and they would be gay together, and celebrate her good fortune.

She floated into Colby's. The faces were faces she'd never seen before. There was one girl she knew vaguely, so she advanced on her. "I'm so happy," she kept saying, "I'm so happy," and somewhere along the line, this tall, dark man walked by, and the girl introduced them. "Teri Keane, John Larkin," she said. The girl Teri (*Continued on page 80*)

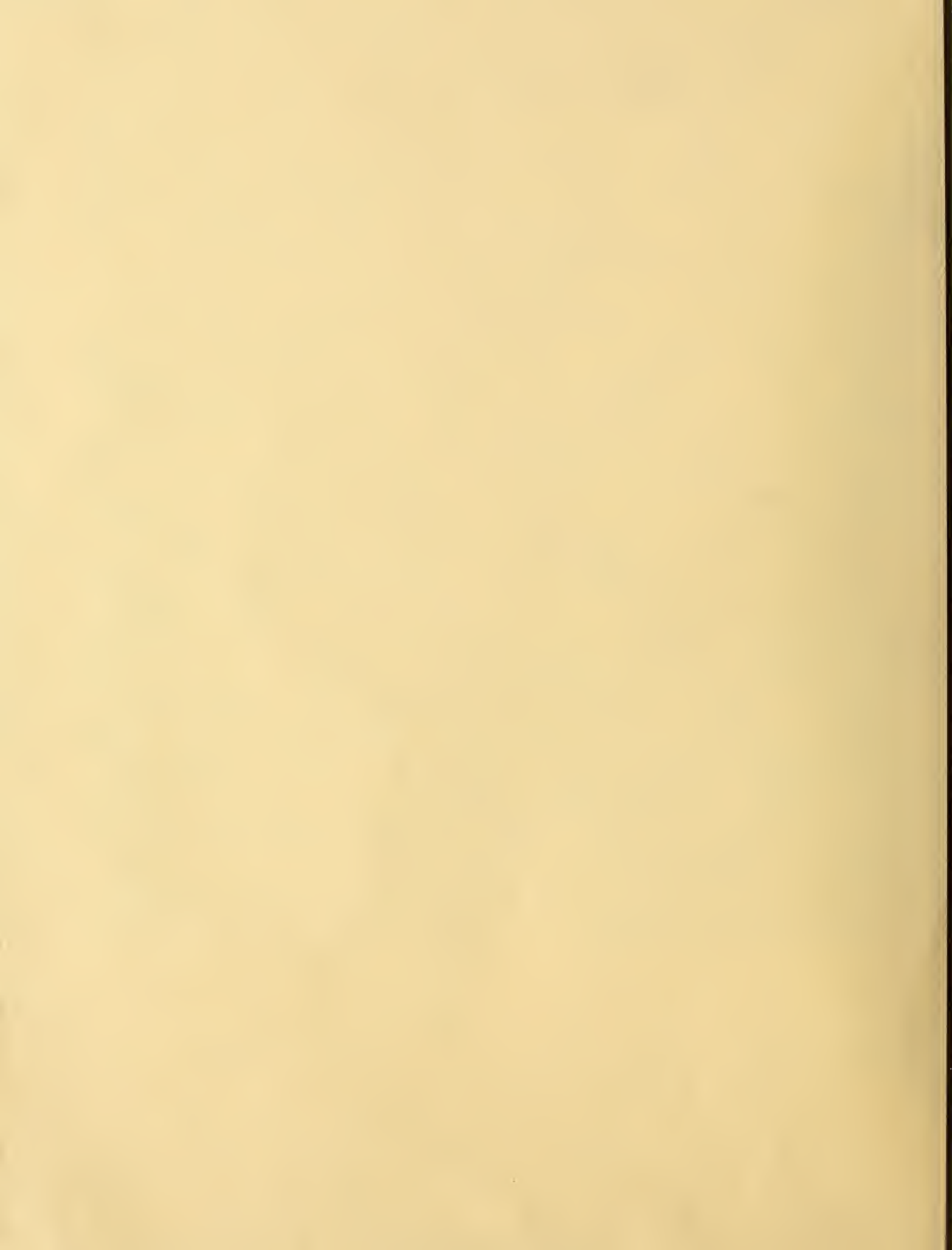
Teri Keane is Chichi in *Life Can Be Beautiful* 3 P.M. EST, NBC, for Tide; Hope in *Big Sister* 1 P.M. EST, CBS for Procter & Gamble. John is in *Right To Happiness* 3:45 P.M. EST, NBC, for Ivory Soap and Duz, Perry Mason 2:15 P.M. EST, CBS, for Tide; Ma Perkins at 1:15 P.M. EST, CBS, for Oxydol. All programs are from Monday through Friday.

Teri and John had the wedding reception at Cherio's, background for romantic moments during courtship.



Favorite portraits of John and Teri with daughter Sharon who is so beautiful!

Beautiful!





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Fran and Nan pose for Archie. It is obvious that Fran inherited her sense of humor from her mother.

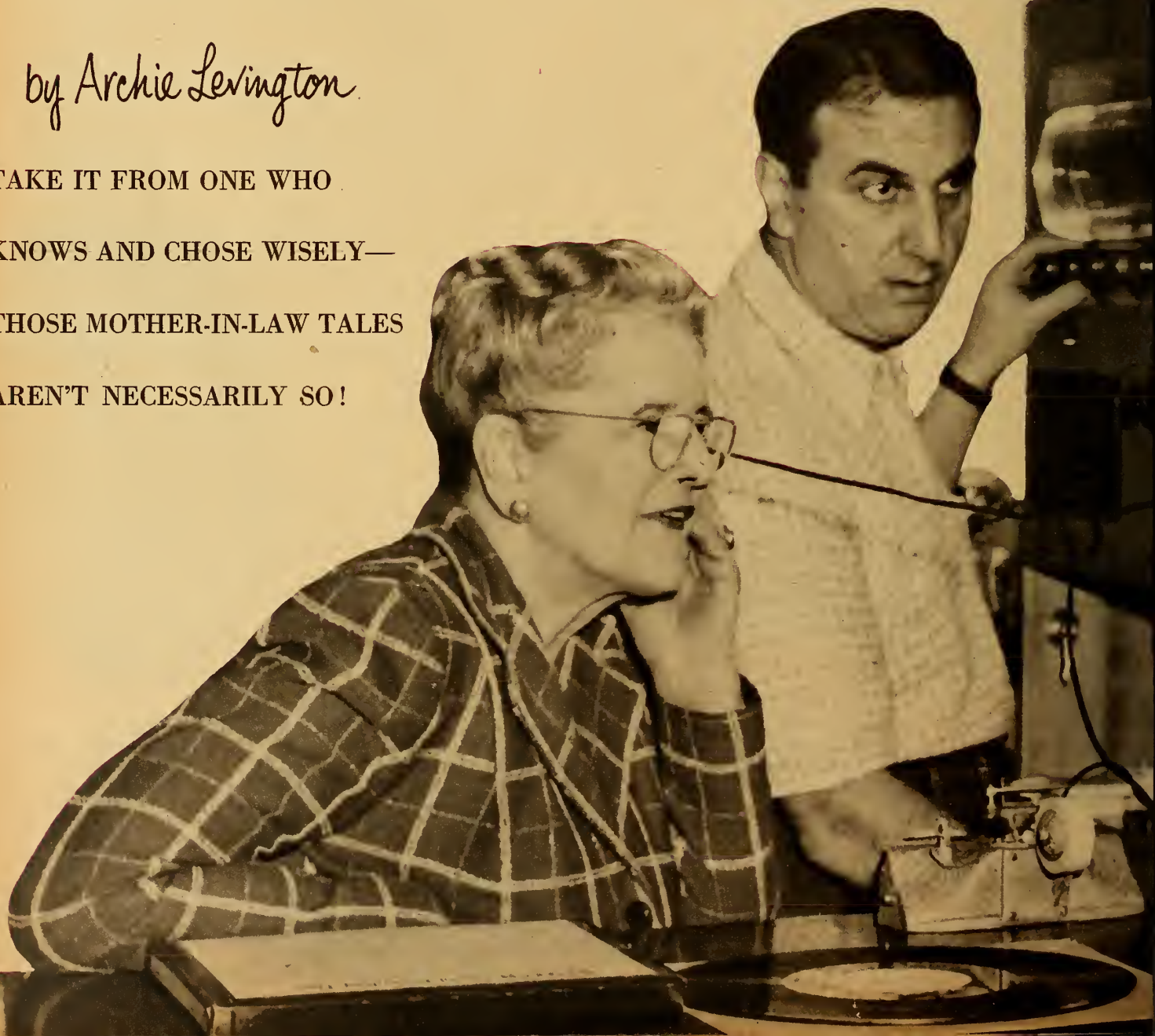
How to **choose**

THE first time Fran ever got mad at me was on our wedding day, and, in a way, it proved to me that I had been the wisest prospective bridegroom in the world. I had chosen the right mother-in-law as well as the right wife!

This, I should explain, is a story the girl you know as Fran Allison usually tells on herself. But I'm borrowing it for I think you who see her on Kukla, Fran and Ollie and who hear her as Aunt Fanny on

by Archie Levington

TAKE IT FROM ONE WHO
KNOWS AND CHOSE WISELY—
THOSE MOTHER-IN-LAW TALES
AREN'T NECESSARILY SO!



a MOTHER-IN-LAW

the Breakfast Club will find it, as I do, a delightful little insight into both her character and into that of the great woman who influences both of us so strongly—Nan Allison, her mother.

The day was February 21, 1942. Chicago was then daytime serial capital of the nation and Fran played characters in many of them. She also was Aunt Fanny on Don McNeill's Breakfast Club, she had a show of her own called Sunday Dinner at Aunt Fanny's, and

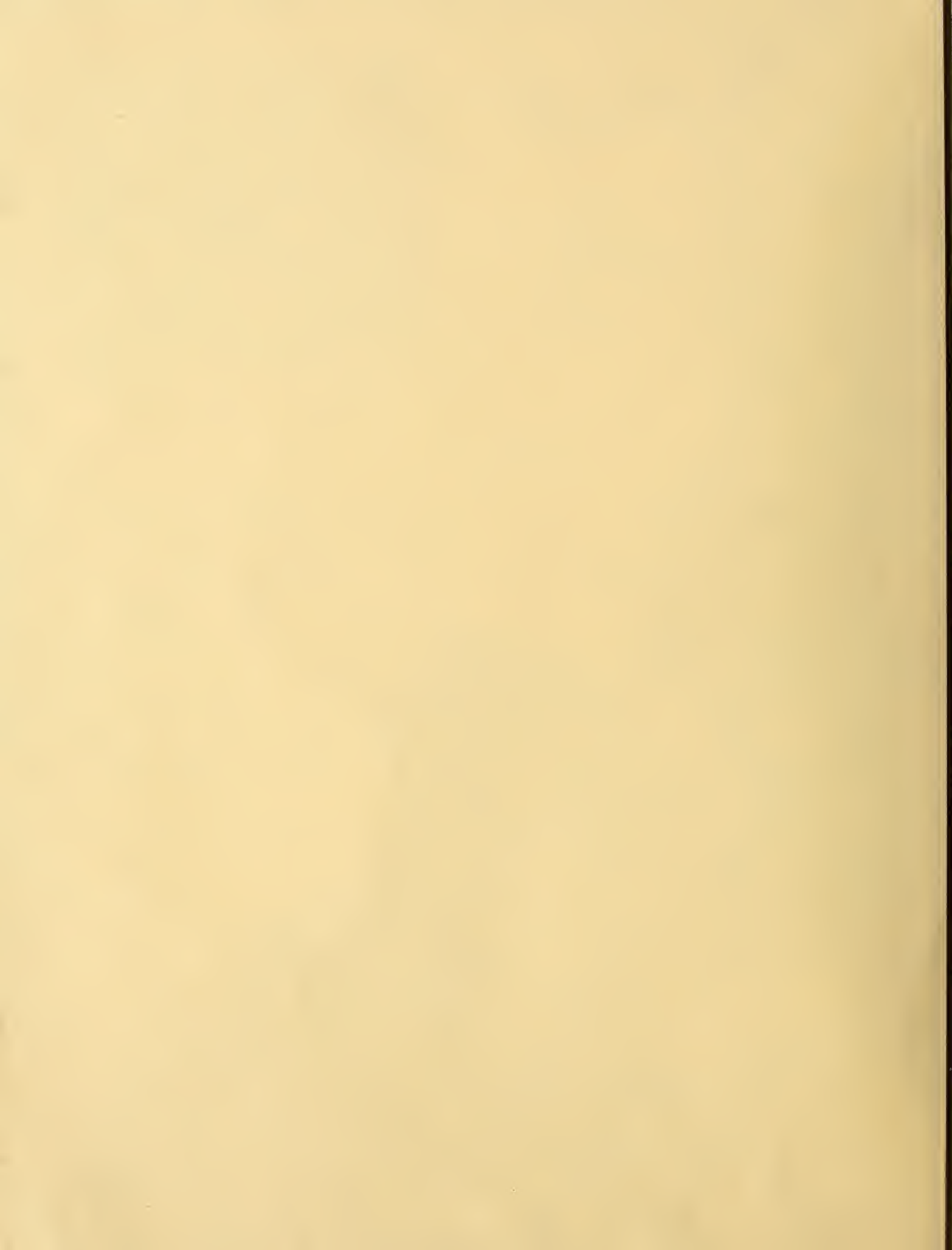
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That meant Fran took a running jump toward the first studio at 7:00 A.M. and kept going. When, on that particular day, her appointment book carried the extra entry, "2:00 P.M. home (Continued on page 83)

Kukla, Fran & Ollie is seen M-F, 7 P.M., NBC-TV for NABISCO and RCA. Don McNeill's Breakfast Club is heard, M-F, 9 A.M., EST on ABC for General Foods, Philco, and Swift and Company.

Nan is a great help to Fran and Archie in their mutually owned song publishing house. Here they listen to the playback of a new song in Archie's home laboratory.





How to choose a MOTHER-IN-LAW

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Fran and Non pose for Archie. It is obvious that Fran inherited her sense of humor from her mother.





My singing husband, Curt Massey, and I lead the busy life, the quiet life and, for us, the good life. Who could ask for anything more?

At home it's always
Curt Massey Time—time
for a song, for laughter,
for a deed well done

by Edythe Massey

IF I HAD one word of advice to pass on to a prospective bride about marriage, (and I'm not about to embark on an advice story, ever) I'd tell her to work with and for her husband, and her life would be a rich and full one. Married to the most wonderful man in the world, Curt Massey, for twenty years, I've practiced this bit of advice and, while it's the only thing that Curt and I argue about, I can testify it works! In twenty years there hasn't been one dull moment and if I have my way there never will be.

There are times when it's a little hard to stick to this resolution when Curt says with that winning smile of his, "Now, Edythe, honey, I want to see you slow down a bit." I counter-attack with, "So you think you're not busy! Only two radio shows five days a week, only a ranch to run, records to cut, rehearsals to be attended to, your practice sessions, only running a filling station—" By then, I've usually won my point for I have Curt laughing that easygoing laugh of his and I know that he'll forget about it until the next time.

Aside from looking after my husband, our two sons, Stephen, ten; and David, five; and running our two-story Beverly Hills home, I've taken on a few new (Continued on page 101)



Curt and Edythe are both busy people. But the phone monopoly goes to Edythe who carries on much of Curt's business.

Curt Massey is heard M-F at 12:30 P.M., over MBS, 5:45 P.M. over CBS.

Curt Massey—the

Curt Massey takes the cub scouts' project of sons, Stephen and Davie, with a smile. Curt is active in scout work.



MAN in my life

TWENTY



In 1932, Jim and Marian Jordan got their big break with a local show called Smack Out.



For the most part, the McGees are pretty much the same people they always were. No matter how many fancy anniversaries are rung up for them, they always will be. After all, who are they but lovable Jim and Marian Jordan?

THE STORY OF FIBBER McGEE AND MOLLY, TWO COUNTRY KIDS WHO MADE GOO

YEARS in the BIG time



Jim Jr. and Katherine dress up to be with Fibber McGee and Molly for one of the many anniversaries they were to celebrate as a family that hit radio's big time with a human, heart-warming show.



Jim and Marian live much as they had in Peoria with kids and dogs and a comfortable chair from their first honeymoon home.

by Pauline Swanson

"I'D BETTER send your dinner clothes to the cleaner, McGee. I read here in the paper they're giving us a big party this month. Our twentieth anniversary with NBC!"

"Do I have to wear a stiff shirt to the anniversary party, Molly? As I recall, nobody cared if I had a clean shirt when us and NBC got married."

The above dialogue is fictitious, but it could express with some accuracy the emotions of Jim and Marian Jordan as they brace themselves for the twentieth anniversary furore currently being cooked up in their honor.

Nobody sounded any trumpets when the Jordans signed up with the network in the spring of 1932. The story then was the acquisition, by the burgeoning National Broadcasting Company, of the Chicago *Daily News'* radio station, WMAQ. Personnel and talent contracts transferred in the exchange were listed inconspicuously among WMAQ's assets—the big station's entertainers were unknown outside the Middle West. And Jim and Marian Jordan, (Continued on page 98)

The Fibber McGee and Molly show is heard every Tuesday evening at 9:30 P.M. EST over NBC network for Pet Milk.



The famous closet door is opened. Almost a trademark on the Fibber McGee and Molly show, audiences waited eagerly for Molly's biting comment when McGee opened that door.



Husbands are a Wife's

EACH DAY WE GROW A LITTLE, SO EVERY DAY MARRIED PEOPLE,



Our house is practically built on a golf course where, Peter says, all right-thinking houses should be built. For a happy marriage, you need a home of your own.

by Mary Healy

LAST Christmas, I opened a box from Peter. A great, big beautiful box which contained, when the wrappings were removed, a box—of Crackerjacks! Except it didn't contain Crackerjacks, but another box and inside of that box, another, and another. In the last box of all, tiny and exciting-looking, there was revealed a blue-white, square-cut diamond ring—from Cartier's! And the card attached read: "Husbands are a wife's best friend."

You bet they are, oh, you bet they are! Or they can be. If you work at marriage. For you have to get in and work at marriage which "like a car," Peter says, "needs plenty of fuel." We got in and worked at our marriage and now, Peter is my best friend. And I, as I'm sure he'd tell you, am his. But it wasn't always so. . . .

There was a time, soon after our wedding in 1940, when our marriage was in danger—danger resulting from separation. Brief separations—a week or two—can be good, Peter and I believe, for married people. Every time we've had one, our reunion has been a (Continued on page 89)

Mary Healy and Peter Lind Hayes are seen on Star of the Family every other Thursday night at 8, over CBS-TV for Ronson lighters.



A sense of humor is necessary for a happy marriage. "When I was courting Mary it was easy to make her laugh. I can still make her laugh," says Pete



Best Friend

UNLESS THEY ARE TOGETHER, GROW—APART

I wanted my best friend's Baby



Pepper Young's father and Peggy are horrified when they find baby Edith's empty crib. Linda has stolen Edie Hoyt's child.

Pepper Young's wife longed to keep Edie's child with her always. In death's shadow, she learns hers is a selfish, immature love

AS LINDA YOUNG, Pepper Young's attractive wife, lay in the hospital brooding over little Edith—brooding to the point where she would almost welcome death—the phrase, “I wanted my best friend's baby,” kept running through her mind. Three years before, Edith had entered Linda's life. Andy Hoyt, the husband of Edie Hoyt, Linda's best friend, had been lost in South America's jungles. And while Edie spent months searching for him, Linda had complete charge of her friend's child. Then when Andy was found, Linda had to give up Edith with her beautiful blonde hair, her lilting laugh, give her up to her rightful mother. Linda could have found other interests. Instead she clung fiercely to the notion that Edith would be restored to her empty arms. Then came the boat accident in which the Hoyts were given up for lost. Edith's grandmother wanted her grandchild and Linda pretended that she would give up

Edith. Then, one night, Linda crept from the house with baby Edith and drove frantically away. Pepper's father, Mr. Young, and Peggy discovered the empty crib when they went to tell Linda of the Hoyts' rescue. Desperately they searched for her, driving through the stormy night. Linda, panicky as she realized she was pursued, drove through the storm until, exhausted, she lost control of the car and crashed into a tree. Little Edith was thrown clear of the accident but Linda was taken to Franklin Hospital, where she lay at death's door. It took Mr. Young's frank, brutal talk to snap Linda out of her refusal to face life. At last she can see that Edith does not belong to her, that no matter how much a woman may love another's child, she has no right to steal her or her affection.

Pepper Young is heard Monday through Friday at 3:30 P.M. EST over NBC. This drama is sponsored by Procter and Gamble.



New

the strictly private life of **RALPH EDWARDS**

IF BY chance you grew up in the East or the Middle West—and the chances are about ninety-nine out of one hundred among Californians, it seems—you are apt to emerge from a first visit with the Ralph Edwards family in their big, homey house in Beverly Hills with an acute attack of homesickness.

The house—and the happy, busy people in it—simply shout “back home.” Big and expensively furnished as it is, and in the exclusive residential section where you would expect to find it, the house looks used and lived in, every inch of it. Perhaps just

a little battered. Children and dogs run in and out, the smell of baking cookies oozes from the kitchen, and Grandmother naps in the library while the radio program she wouldn't miss for anything surges to a melodramatic, but unheard, climax.

The house, as you approach it from the tree-lined street, has a conservative and yet Californian air. A two-story white brick and clapboard “Monterey Colonial” with vivid green shutters, set well back behind a wide expanse of just as vivid green lawn, it could well be the home of almost any family in Southern California's

Ralph's home is filled
with wife Barbara's
inventions and a com-
fortable, friendly
feeling she's created

The exterior of the Edwards home has an elegant California air—once belonged to radio's Groucho Marx.





The house the Edwards live in fits like a comfortable shoe. It's warm, friendly, and a perfect home for three beautiful children.

the strictly private life of RALPH



A divided backyard insures privacy for adults and children. Ralph loves the time he takes for games with his family.



Christene and Lauren share a small portion of the family playroom where they have privacy.



Christene with Henny Penny. Lauren and Gary share Ralph's delight over finding the family pet's daily egg.

crowded upper income bracket. It formerly belonged, as a matter of fact, to Groucho Marx, and is still so announced two or three times a day by the bored bus drivers who conduct visitors about the swank section on tours of movie stars' homes.

Once inside the big, green, brass-knocked door, however, you realize this home could be inhabited by nobody but Ralph Edwards and family. No professional interior decorator gave this house its particular character. The Edwards "did" their home themselves, picking up things, as Barbara Edwards will tell you, "as we've gone along." And it fits them like a comfortable shoe.

BARBARA, Ralph's pettily pretty wife—looking like an eastern college girl in her cashmere pull-on sweater—ushers you first into the drawing room, with the assistance of the youngest of the three Edwards children, six-year-old, golden-haired Lauren, who gets home from kindergarten at noon and so is on



Gary's train is housed on one of Barbara's inventions. A large table which can be pulled up and closed against the wall. "I got so tired of lugging it in and out," Barbara says.

hand to greet early afternoon guests. At your heels follows Trixie, an irrepressible black French poodle, who gets right down to his work of scratching at the legs of fine antique mahogany and cherry cabinets to get at rubber balls he has managed to misplace.

The pale green wall-to-wall carpets in this sunlit room, and floral print draperies with their yellow quilted cornice boxes, are a concession to Western decorative tastes, but the other furnishings smack more of Barbara's Scarsdale, New York, background.

Her grandfather, "a really great cabinet maker," restored most of the authentically old tables and chests himself—some of them still held together with their original wooden screws. The sofas and chairs are good period pieces, too, conservatively upholstered. The traditional paintings and etchings, green shaded student lamps, the Oriental throw rugs, the antique silver candelabra and accessories, and the old brass fireside fixtures, are other mementos from "back home."

The baby grand piano was Barbara's when she was a girl, but she insists that she's rusty now and the instrument is really the property of eight-and-a-half-year-old Gary, the musical member of the family. Gary has also mastered the ukulele and guitar, and is making rapid progress with the violin.

Barbara used to paint, too, and helped ten-year-old Christene, the oldest of the three Edwards children, in the development of the talent as an artist that she revealed almost before she was out of rompers. But Christene's mother would have you believe that her own talent has faded, except for a craftsman's efficiency with a paint brush when the kitchen shelves need refurbishing.

One talent Mrs. Edwards has not allowed to wither from disuse is her skill as a child psychologist. She majored in this field at Sarah (*Continued on page 82*)

The Ralph Edwards Show is heard Mon.-Fri., 2:00 P.M. EST, on NBC, and is seen Mon.-Wed.-Fri., 3:30 P.M. EST, NBC-TV.

Ladies Fair



Tom Moore, with his staff, ready for another "Ladies Fair" day of games, laughs, fun and nonsense

\$1000 Prize Contest

Here's a golden chance for all hosts and hostesses to win exciting prizes . . . tell us about your *best* party game

By
TOM
MOORE



There's nothing like a clean gag to liven a party—the scrubbing pail turned out to be full of popcorn.

IF YOU'RE a hostess whose guests always say, "I don't know when I've enjoyed myself so much!" I'd like a word with you.

If you're the kind of entertainment chairman who can see to it even the teachers have a good time at a PTA party, I hope you read this.

And, not to exclude the men, if you're the guy your lodge or service club always calls on when there's a celebration to put over, I have something to say to you, too.

I think it's about time some one showed some appreciation for all the hours you've spent turning an assortment of self-conscious, dressed-up individuals into a crowd of friends having fun together.

That's a rare talent, and I'd like to be the one to applaud it. In keeping with our national custom of giving prizes for achievements in science, literature, arts or growing the biggest beanstalk, I'd like to venture into a field where I've never seen any specific recognition given. I'd like to see a little honor accorded to you who shoulder a professional entertainer's job and without much expectation of glory, arrange for others to have a good time.

In general, we know you're plain ordinary folks who make no fuss over the contribution you make toward building morale and good fellowship in your communities. But now **RADIO-TV MIRROR and Ladies** (Continued on page 90)



No, the lady here is not hitting high C. But she did squeal with surprise and delight over her lovely prize.

Tom Moore emcees Ladies Fair, M-F, 11 A.M. EST. MBS for Sterling Drug.

FOR CONTEST RULES—SEE PAGE 91



I Love LUCY

By DESI ARNAZ

And I love to tell the world about the wonderful, explosive redhead who's my real-life wife!



Lucy, in the living room or kitchen of our TV program, is beautiful, vivacious and talented. At home with baby Lucie Desiree, she's a dream come to life.

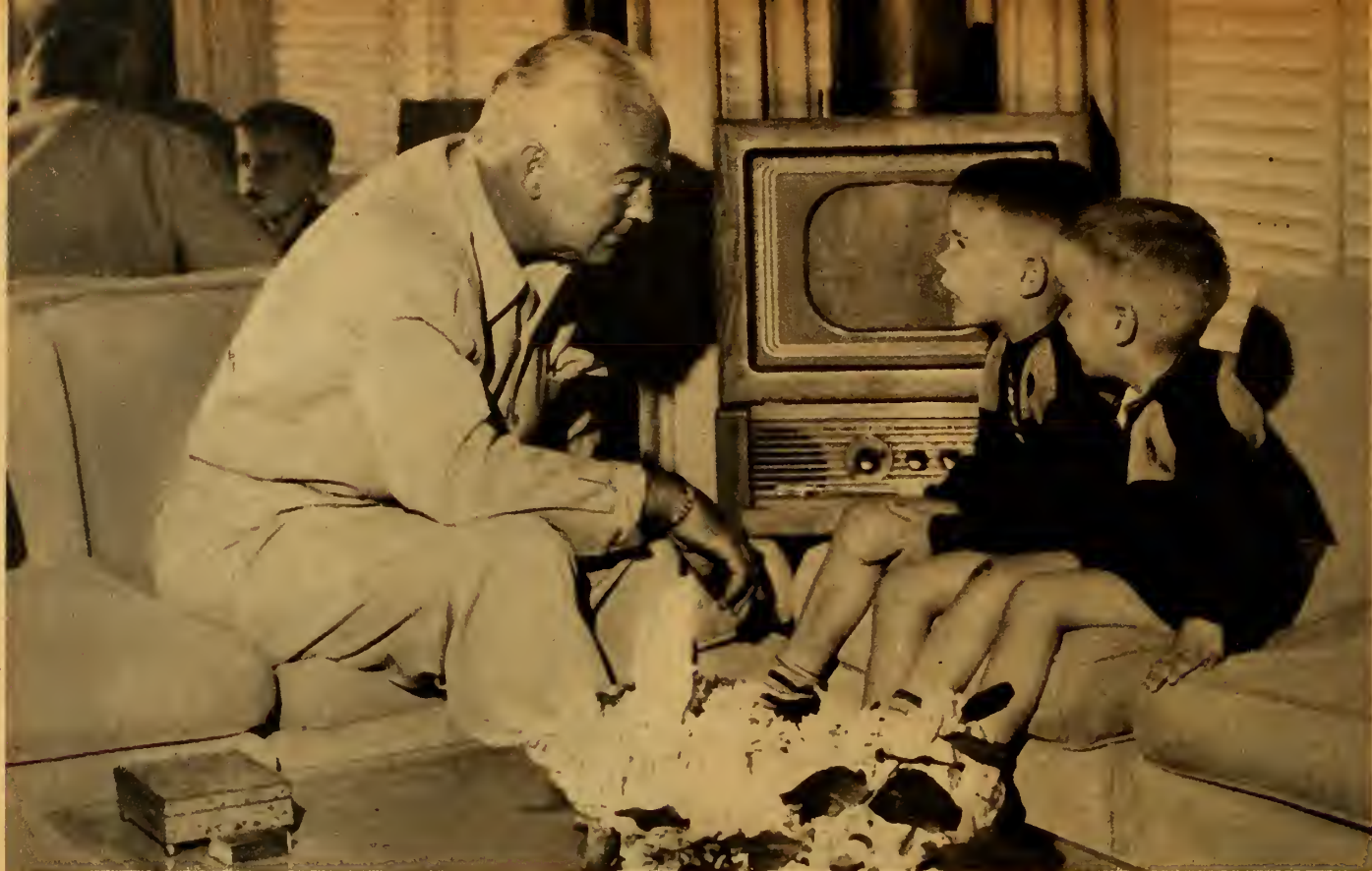


I Love Lucy means more to me than just the title of a radio and television series—the phrase “I love Lucy” is the key to my heart. I thought it up. I said it. And every week it's my way of saying to the world how much I adore my beautiful, talented, vivacious wife, Lucille Ball.

I know I'm a sentimental Cuban but my heart is full of gratitude and happiness and when a heart is full it should speak

plainly—Lucille has taught me to do that after eleven years of marriage. Just imagine eleven years, eleven important years. And now, for the first time, I find myself with a better opportunity than shouting about my feelings from the (Continued on page 69)

I Love Lucy is seen every Monday at 9:00 P.M. on CBS-TV. Sponsored by Philip Morris & Co. Ltd., Inc.



The kids next door are frequent visitors to The Boyd's Nest, have run-of-the-house privileges, and never miss Hoppy's shows.

Hopalong Cassidy



by
Viola Moore

In their tiny house atop a
hill, Hoppy and Gracie
have complete happiness

Hopalong and Trip-
along love to team up
at their electric spit
when they entertain.

FOR DAYS it had been happening. Bill Boyd, the tanned, prematurely white-haired Hopalong Cassidy hero of radio, television and motion pictures had been wandering to the window of the apartment which he and Grace his wife, occupied in the Sunset Towers on Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood. The window looked up toward the Hollywood Hills and Grace had come to think of these moments when he would gaze upward at times when he was pleasantly thinking out one of his numerous problems. And then one afternoon he came home full of excitement and, pulling Gracie along with him, he said:

"Look at those hills from here and then grab your hat, for I'm going to take you to see our new house." Grinning that famous Hopalong grin, he looked down at Gracie, his lovely blonde wife, and matched it with a laugh. So this was why Hoppy had been so intently gazing at those hills day after day.

He drove her high to the top of the Hollywood Hills, a spot hardly visible from the

apartment which they were then occupying. There, sitting like a jaunty jewel box on a bureau top, was a tiny grey house, one of three similar stucco bungalows set into the smoothed-off top of a brush-covered slope overlooking Los Angeles from Main Street to the shores of Santa Monica. All the house needed on that day some five years ago was a color scheme and Grace's choice of furniture and Hopalong Cassidy and his bride, Tripalong, had a place to hang his famous cowboy hat. The Boyd's Nest, as they call it, was about to be settled for Grace loved the house, just as Bill knew she would and together they would make their home there.

Almost any fine twilight evening you will find the Boyds sitting side by side in their green canvas reclining chairs, facing into the sunset from their terrace. Gracie and Bill sit there, hand in hand, (Continued on page 88)

Hopalong Cassidy is seen Sat., 4:30 P.M. EST, NBC-TV and heard Sat., 8:30 P.M. EST, CBS. For General Foods.

hangs his hat



Valiant Lady—



1 Joan Scott is in love with handsome, debonair Jim Donnelly, an ex-army captain who, after years of doing pretty much as he pleases, is now trying to settle down in Morgantown, studying law on the GI bill. Jim, uncertain of himself, resents Stewart Fairbanks who has helped Joan. Most recently he gave Joan's father a job to help her.

Is Love Everything?



Stewart offers security and peace to Joan Scott. Will she accept the ring he offers, or wait for Jim whom she knows she loves?

2 Joan's father, John Barret, argues that he should get out of her life forever. He feels he has caused a split between Joan and Jim Donnelly, the man Joan loves deeply.

3 Despondent over his fight with Joan, John decides to jump a train. He leaves a note for Joan, saying that he is leaving.

JOAN SCOTT leaned back against the cool leather of Stewart Fairbanks' car as Stewart drove through the evening twilight that was settling over Morgantown. She refused to concentrate on the errand of mercy that was ahead in Shacktown. Instead, pictures of the past few months' events moved through her mind. Joan remembered the many evenings—evenings such as this—when she had sat with Jim Donnelly. Jim was hoping to be a successful lawyer, Joan was already a successful social worker. Jim and she would often talk over his worries. Worries that more often than not, concerned the attentions which Stewart paid to her. Joan stole a glance at Stewart's face. She was so indebted to him for so many favors! Then a frown creased her forehead as she relived the scene with her father which had occurred just a few hours before. Since January when seventy-two-year-old John Barret, Joan's father had returned, he and Joan had fought. John was unable to accept the dependence he now felt because Joan was supporting him. In a way, Joan could see what lay



See Next Page →



4 Jim discovers and pockets the note which Joan's father leaves, telling his daughter that he is going out of her life forever. Jim must bring Joan's father back to her.

5 Jim catches up with John Barret as Barret boards the freight train. As the train pulls out of the yards, Jim is still arguing. The father refuses to return.



6 Meanwhile, Joan and Stewart are on their way to

behind her father's resentment. Recently, Stewart had given her father a job as an inspector of construction. Jim Donnelly's antagonism for Stewart led him to turn temporarily to another girl and somehow Joan's father felt very deeply that he was the cause of it all. He seemed determined to get out of her life and Joan, unhappy and distraught, was interrupted in her arguments against this drastic step when Stewart called for her for dinner. At dinner, Joan received an emergency call to go to a house in Shacktown where police discovered a mother of two small children had attempted suicide. Stewart, kind and considerate as always, had offered to drive her to the woman's house. Joan's thoughts no longer possessed her as Stewart drew up before the address they were seeking. Now a woman of action, Joan began to busy herself with the care of the five-year-old boy and the baby that had been left when the mother was taken to the hospital. She was only momentarily amused when Stewart remarked that he couldn't see how people lived like this—obviously this was Stewart's first glimpse of how the "other half lives." But no laughter would have crossed her lips had she known that at that very moment her father was boarding a freight train to leave her life—perhaps forever. Later that night Joan returned from her case to find her father gone, and



Shacktown unaware of developments occurring at home.

7 Jim and John Barret are arrested as they step off the train. Joan thinks they have left her in her hour of need.

Jim, too, has disappeared. What Joan doesn't know is that Jim has jumped a freight train to persuade her father to return and both have been caught by the police and sentenced to thirty days in jail. All Joan knows is that both her father and Jim have decided to get out of her life. It is at this point Stewart comforts her and offers her marriage, with security, and all the wonderful peace that goes with it. Joan is indeed tempted to accept. Will she take the diamond ring which Stewart offers as proof of the beautiful life that could be hers? Or will Joan find out in time the true motivation for Jim's actions? Certainly, Joan can't be blamed if she follows her head instead of her heart after all that Stewart has done to smooth her path.



Pictured here, as on the air, are:

Joan Scott.....Lucille Wall
 John Barret.....Ed Staley
 Jim Donnelly.....William Kemp
 Stewart Fairbanks.....Mercer McLeod

Valiant Lady is heard M-F at 4 P.M. EST, ABC.

8 Stewart senses that this is his opportunity to win Joan, now that her father and Jim are out of the way. Will she accept his offer of security or wait for the man she loves?





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THEY'RE



Frankie Thomas plays Tom Corbett. Space roaming makes a fellow hungry, so Mom, Mona Bruns, cooks for him.



Al Markim plays Cadet Astro. Off-duty from his rocket ship *Polaris*, he does stone sculpture as Billie (Mrs. Al) watches.



Ed Bryce plays Captain Strong. Ed is a serious student of music, sings out of this world bass. Teacher is Iser Swica.

TOM CORBETT, SPACE CADET, studying interplanetary exploration in 2352 A.D., might still be boy enough to want his mother to serve him ham and eggs, or whatever breakfast is going to be 400 years from now. Although he plays a space ace, Frankie Thomas still lives in this twentieth century in a bachelor apartment which mother Mona Bruns invades to see that her boy eats properly. Weekends Frankie spends on the family farm in New Jersey. He was "born into acting" (both parents are actors) has been in movies, stage plays, radio, TV. Has always been machine-crazy, and wishes he could really fly those twenty-fourth century rockets!

CADET ASTRO, Tom Corbett's buddy, was born on Venus, his grandparents being the first colonists from Earth. Al Markim, who plays him, hails from Wilkes Barre, Pennsylvania, gets back into this century every night when he reaches his apartment in Greenwich Village. Billie, the girl he married three years ago, meets him there after she finishes her work as a secretary at New York University, and their first concern is for a pet alligator, named Aly, who lives in a tank Al rigged up. When Al isn't roving through space, he's a sculptor and ocarina player, and he and Billie have a fine time working on their modern home.

CAPTAIN STEVE STRONG genuinely likes his trio of cadets—Corbett, Astro and Manning, but keeps them rocketing on all tubes (that's space slang for on the beam!). Ed Bryce, who plays the Captain, hails from Allanport, Pennsylvania, was brought up in Detroit, became a first lieutenant in the Air Force, in between stage and musical career. His big ambition is singing, maybe opera, and he takes four hours of voice lessons weekly and two of coaching. His acting career began with a Boy Scout dramatic group, followed by college plays, and that did it. He may be the next big basso at the Met—or should it be Mars?

OUT OF THIS WORLD



Carter Blake plays stern Commander Arkwright. If he *must* do dishes, he prefers to wash, lets Nancy and twins dry.



Margaret Garland plays Dr. Joan Dale. Just finished decorating an apartment. Science-fiction books are here!



Jan Merlin plays Cadet Manning. He is space-happy over painting, works on portraits of cats. Wife Pat holds them.

COMMANDER ARKWRIGHT, in charge of the Space Academy, spends much of his free time taking twins Christopher and Timothy, three, and seven-year-old Michael, to the Museum of Natural History and, of all things, the Hayden Planetarium, which is near where they live in New York. In his neighborhood he's known as Carter Blake, but the name "Commander" sticks. When Carter was five years old a movie director picked him for a small role and ever since he has acted some, even when he tried insurance and newspaper reporting. Directs and teaches, too, when he's not blowing up meteor dust on the show.

DR. JOAN DALE is physicist and instructor at the Space Academy, a gal with more than her share of spaceman's luck with such a handsome crew surrounding her! There's a rumor that Captain Strong stands ace-high with her (or should it be space-high?), but girls in 2352 have to mix love with calculations having to do with rocket liners, space freighters and jet scouts. The pretty doctor is really Margaret Garland, born in Oklahoma City, a bachelor girl who still studies acting and singing, paints for relaxation. She gets love letters from very young and not-so-young fans, who might be called long-distance stage-door johnnies!

CADET ROGER MANNING is the one who sometimes blows his jets (space lingo for blows his top) and the crew and Captain have to keep him in line. Actually, as Jan Merlin, he's the gagster of the cast and when he blasts off after the program the studio gets mighty quiet and tame. Jan is married to actress Patricia Drake, and they live in an apartment in Elmhurst, on Long Island. When he's home he builds furniture, pores over maps of Africa where he wants to go to study animals in their native habitat. He cartoons and paints, writes plays (several produced in summer stock), dislikes housework. Too earthly work for Merlin.





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WHO'S WHO in RADIO and TV

Tom Corbett, Space Cadet, is on ABC-TV, M-W-F, 6:30 P.M. EST. On ABC radio, Tu-Th, 5:30 P.M. EST. Both for Kellogg.

Star of F.B.I. in Peace and War



MARTIN BLAINE plays his radio role as Field Agent Sheppard with such conviction that many listeners to CBS' F.B.I. in Peace and War believe that Sheppard is actually a real agent for the F.B.I.

Fans bombard Sheppard with inside tips on alleged racketeers, spies and counterfeiters. Others send the fictional agent letters asking him to bring Federal pressure to bear on wayward friends, relatives and business associates. One woman, married to a mate who preferred neighborhood saloons to the family hearth, begged Sheppard to come quickly and scare her erring spouse into good behavior. During one election campaign in a Midwestern city, anonymous campaigners scrawled "We Want Sheppard of the F.B.I." across election billboards. Without making a single campaign speech, Sheppard drew hundreds of write-in votes. Blaine, however, does not plan to leave radio for politics. He has been an actor too long to swap careers. He made his radio debut in 1931 and a year later hit Broadway in "Liliom." Between airwaves and footlights he's been busy ever since. Martin played in "My Heart's In the Highlands" and with Ethel Barrymore in "Embezzled Heaven."

Asked to create Sheppard when F.B.I. in Peace and War went on the air more than six years ago, Blaine was well prepared for the part. During the war, he broadcasted news and instructions to underground forces in occupied territories for the U. S. Office of War Information. Before he took up these duties, however, he had to undergo a rigid examination by the F.B.I. in a routine loyalty check. The vivid impression of the F.B.I. and their methods stood him in good stead. He read everything he could find about G-men and tailored Sheppard with startling realism.



Meet Investigator CHARLES DOBBS

IT TAKES experience and more experience to be a man who can master parts in ten radio shows a week! And Grant Richards, who plays the part of Charles Dobbs, Investigator, on This Is Nora Drake as well as roles in Mr. District Attorney, Our Gal Sunday, Perry Mason, Helen Trent and FBI in Peace and War to mention just a few shows, is the man who has plenty of it.

Grant is a native New Yorker and started out to be a lawyer, graduating from the College of William and Mary and getting on with law at the University of Miami. He first acted in this latter university's Wing and Wig Club. He left college to act in the Miami Civic Theatre in Galsworthy's "Loyalties" and he was a hit in the leading role. Law was left behind him. During the theatre slump in the 1930's Grant went to California and, after playing at the Pasadena Playhouse, he worked in films as the hero of the Philo Vance mystery series. After the films there was Broadway and then the Army, where he toured the country in "Winged Victory" and also played in the film of the same name.

About a year ago he was married to Sandra Gibson, a non-professional. They have a French poodle. Besides working at his ten roles a week in radio, Grant has time for his "family" and a workout at a health club where he plays badminton and squash. He and his wife also ride and hunt.

Arthur Godfrey, talent scout

It was Godfrey's anniversary program and June Valli couldn't let him down. She sang and a career was hers to have and to hold

by Jules Archer

SHE WAS tense, nervous, and her fingers and toes had turned to ice. The whole thing was unreal. What was she doing on the Arthur Godfrey show, anyhow? She was June Valli, twenty-one, just an ordinary girl who did bookkeeping for a New York hosiery and lingerie company. Until about three weeks ago, the only singing she had ever done in her life had been in her family's living room, where she had sung along with her father's phonograph records on an old Victrola. And now, suddenly, incredibly . . . *this!*

June felt more miserable with every passing moment. She was slated for the fourth spot on the TV Arthur Godfrey Talent Scout program. The third performer was just finishing now, and June would be on in a moment. The third performer, like the first two, was a singer. And they had all been good—really good. You could tell they had had experience, and perhaps some voice training. June Valli closed her eyes and uttered a silent supplication that she would at least avoid being terrible, by comparison. Just so that her parents wouldn't feel ashamed. . . .

She was unnerved further, knowing that it was an important broadcast—an anniversary of Godfrey's seventeenth year on the air. That made it just so much worse if she should—well, break down, get camera fright, go flat or maybe even faint! She tried to breathe deeply to feel calmer and quiet her heart. (Continued on page 86)

Listen to Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts each Monday 8:30 p.m., EST, CBS for Lipton's products.

One wave of the Godfrey wand and June Valli, \$34-a-week bookkeeper, was a new singing star.





Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard, acted out by Liza and Connie for Mother, Eve.

A mother's imagination
is the inspiration for happy
hours with her children

by Eve Arden

IT DOESN'T take expensive equipment to keep a child happy. We've found that Connie and Liza welcome the hours when we make up games—Junior Charades being one of the most enjoyable. Liza and Connie gang up on me by going out of the room where they think up a nursery rhyme and then, complete with giggles, they use the props around the room and their imagination to act out the lines. Another game they love is a take-off on a popular radio show. They sing a song without using the title and I have to guess the name of the song. This isn't as easy as it sounds for neither Liza nor Connie have developed their singing voices to the point where the tune is exactly clear. When they stump me, how they laugh! The important thing about using imagination, instead of money, to create fun for your children is that they are learning to play together, to share together.



Eve turns the tables in Junior Charades with Little Jack Horner. It's fun to test parent's and children's memories.

Eve Arden is heard on *Our Miss Brooks* Sun. 6:30 P.M. EST, CBS. Sponsored by Colgate-Palmolive-Peet. Denise Alexander is on *Perry Mason*, CBS; Joyce Jordan, NBC; *Kings Row*, NBC. Janie Alexander is on *Kings Row*; *Hilltop House*, CBS; and *Ma Perkins*, CBS. All M-F.



FOR YOUR CHILDREN



1 Orange crates, cardboard, white wrapping paper, crayons are all that's needed to create a dollhouse.

2 Denise and Janie cut out a roof of cardboard, sticking three pieces together with cellophane tape.



3 The two girls, age 12 and 8, colored white paper to their own designs, used it to wallpaper rooms.

4 Dollhouse furniture can be purchased at the dime store or variety store to make dollhouse complete.





"What luxury," Shirley gasped, arriving at Hotel Park Sheraton. Russell grinned in anticipation of the big weekend.



After eating, the Lowes chat with restaurateur Danny. "That dinner alone was worth the whole trip," Russell said.

They had their day

Here's what happened when two kids living under the G.I. bill won our big NBC contest

By RUSSELL E. LOWES

WHEN MY wife Shirley told me I'd won the NBC Silver Jubilee Contest, I was furious with her. I thought she'd faked the telegram from RADIO-TV MIRROR and I was in no mood for jokes. Even a college student can get tired and my classes that day at Boston University had been a long ordeal.

"Get off my ear," I said, or some such thing. "This is no joke," she insisted.

Frankly, I wasn't sure until the confirming letter came on the magazine's stationery. Then I felt like a male Cinderella. I'm grateful for the chance to get my education (*Continued on page 87*)



Random shots of the glorious weekend: Radio City guide points to the distant Statue of Liberty from the Observation Tower; Shirley and Russell dancing at the Copacabana Saturday night; Sunday brunch at the very fashionable Plaza.



The three singing stars (Dorothy, Eileen and Snooky) take a breather at rehearsal of Your Hit Parade to meet the Lowes amid all of the TV props. Dorothy Collins insisted Russell tell how he won the contest.



Russell and Shirley thought they were in a dream, talking to their favorite TV stars, Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca. Sid answered questions about the show. Producer Max Liebman joined Imogene for a friendly chat.

Real-life Molly
Goldberg created
a home in which
she can count
her many blessings



Gertrude's Trophy Room is one of the joys of her life. It holds all the awards and citations she, personally, and her show, *The Goldbergs*, have won over the years.

I LOVE MY HOME

by Gertrude Berg



Antiques are Gertrude's friends. Here she demonstrates the proper methods of caring for mahogany and crystal.

I don't suppose I'm any different from millions of other housewives . . . I love my home! I couldn't be happier than when visitors come in and exclaim over my antiques, or the way I've turned a seven-room New York City apartment into a suburban home. I don't know that I really had suburbia in mind when I moved in, but if that's what happened, it's all right with me. The apartment is cosy and comfortable, and has a "lived in" look . . . after all, most of the furniture raised my family—or was it the other way around?

Of course I can't take credit for the construction of the (Continued on page 86)

The Goldbergs is seen M-W-F, 7:15 P.M. EST, NBC-TV. Sponsored on Mon. by Vitamin Corporation of America.

I Love Lucy

(Continued from page 53)

proverbial housetop—I can let radio and television tell the secret.

Just picture us—man and wife of eleven years, driving to work, putting in a whole day of production together on our television show, then driving home and talking nothing but business, business and more business. You'd think it would be the fastest way to the divorce courts. Well you'd be wrong. For it's heaven for Lucille and me.

Mostly a man meets a girl and falls in love with her. Then they are married and then the girl settles down in an apartment or a house and the man goes off to his job every morning. But nothing like that with Lucy and me—since nothing ordinary ever happens to Lucy and me why should our marriage be just like other people's? Twelve years ago I was enjoying recognition in the New York play, "Too Many Girls" and RKO studios decided to film it. They took me along with the deal and I went to Hollywood. Working as the star of that picture was the most beautiful, wonderful, bright, happy person I'd ever met in my life—Lucille Ball. And how do you say it—Boing! It was love at first sight. And so we were married. I guess we'd both sort of thought vaguely that we'd go on working together in movies for the rest of our lives. . . . Certainly we planned on performing together, if not in movies, then on the stage, or somewhere where we'd be together. But that wasn't the way things happened.

UNLESS you've traveled a great real, or your husband has work that takes him from home, it would be difficult to realize how much a couple can miss family life. And practically from the moment the ink was dry on our marriage certificate, Lucille and I were parted by my work. Then, too, Lucy and I are different temperaments so we had problems to work out—problems that were not so easily worked out at long distance. I'm of the Latin mañana nature, but not Lucy!

"Huh, uh, Desi," she says, "bring the problem to a head." And then we quarrel it out and it's all over. But that was something until she taught me to explode!

Probably the worst thing of all was our separations demanded by my job. As a bandleader I was away from Hollywood, but most important, away from Lucy and our five-acre San Fernando ranch, for months at a time. Lucy tried to accompany me as often as she could, but that was difficult with her picture and her radio work. So, it got to the point where we would meet in railroad stations, bags in hand, say "hi" and "goodbye" and catch opposite trains. That's no way for a family to live!

Then along came the idea for I Love Lucy. The Desilu Company, producers of I Love Lucy is not a new outfit, for Lucille and I formed it several years ago when we went on the road. But its banner has never flown more proudly than over the I Love Lucy series and you've never seen a happier partnership than that existing between a president (me) and a vice-president (Lucille). We work every day and keep regular office hours. Lucy takes Mondays off to see about her gowns but you will find me at our Hollywood studio, overseeing. I oversee our tremendous staff, two sound stages, a crew, the weekly productions and the money. For a Cuban drum beater, this is pretty good, eh? Video is exciting—it's vaudeville, night clubs, pictures and radio combined. It's hard work, sweat, some tears and a few laughs and the thrill you get out of seeing your-



Only one soap
gives your skin this

Exciting Bouquet

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

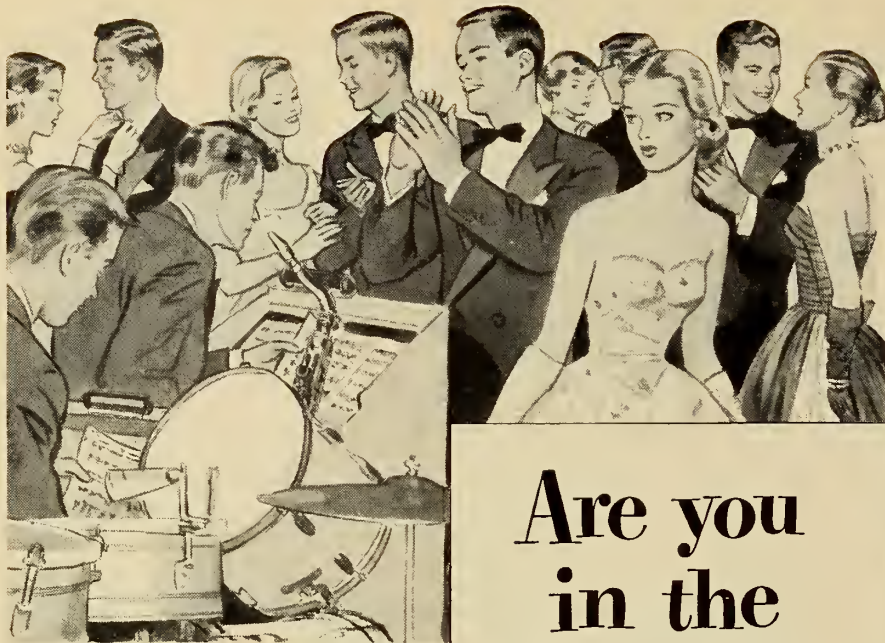
Now Cashmere Bouquet Soap—with the lingering, irresistible "fragrance men love"—is proved by test to be extra mild too! Yes, so amazingly mild that its gentle lather is ideal for all types of skin—dry, oily, or normal! And daily cleansing with Cashmere Bouquet helps bring out the flower-fresh softness,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



Complexion and
big Bath Sizes

Cashmere
Bouquet
Soap

—Adorns your skin with the
fragrance men love!



After a dance number, what's your next step?

- Think him ond retreat Do a repeat

As the music stops, 'tween numbers—maybe you're plagued by a passel of doubts. Such as—might Pete prefer the next whirl with some other girl? Should you retreat to Wallflowers' Roost? Or high-sign the stag line? Course not! Continue with your partner 'til a gent cuts in. If *problem-time* doubts beset you, you can vanquish them with Kotex, for those flat pressed ends rout revealing outlines. So prance through the prom undismayed!



Does writing letters help to improve—

- Knock-knees Your romance Your choffer

Bet this stumped you! Any hoo, you *can* whittle fat from the inner knee thusly: Lying on back with leg straight up—"write" letters of the alphabet with your big toe. Repeat with other leg. Get plumpish knees in shape for summer playtogs—and for comfort on certain days, get Kotex: this new softness *holds* its shape!

Are you in the know?



When to tell him your dating curfew?

- When starting out Ploy the waiting game

He planned to top the evening off with a real special eat-treat. But *you're* due home—as of now! Why wait 'til your dating deadline? Break the curfew news when you're starting out. Likewise, when listing sanitary needs, don't wait 'til calendar time to choose Kotex. That special *safety center* gives *extra* protection. Try all 3 absorbencies.



More women choose KOTEX[®] than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

How to prepare for "certain" days?

- Circle your colendor Perk up your wardrobe
 Buy o new belt



Before "that" time, be ready! All 3 answers can help. But to assure *extra comfort*, buy a new sanitary belt. Made with soft-stretch elastic—this strong, lightweight sanitary belt's non-twisting . . . non-curling. Stays flat even after many washings. *Dries* pronto! So don't wait: buy a new Kotex belt *now*. Buy *two—for a change!*

self and your wife on that screen at the end of it all. We're pleased as punch that everyone liked the TV series so well that it went onto the CBS radio network shortly after its TV debut—Lucille says, "Nothing could be easier than radio except staying home!" and I'm inclined to think she's right after the complexities of motion pictures and TV.

Comes the weekend, Lucy and I cut off all show talk. We drop it completely because weekends are our own and we guard every hour jealously. This is what we have dreamed about for eleven years—a chance to enjoy each other, our home and now our baby—that bit of heaven on earth we call Lucie Desiree. Could any couple ask for more—especially when they have such a lovely one as little Lucie? She's a healthy little cherub whom Lucy says looks like a combination of me and Winston Churchill.

Little Lucie's coming left us worn out—we were so wrapped up in her. My Lucy laughs and says infant expectancy time was the first rest she's had in fifteen years. But as an expectant papa, I must say, I suffered! Our little girl is too young for big plans. We're going to expose her to piano, dancing, sports and give her every opportunity in her first ten or fifteen years. Little Lucie's already musical. She falls to sleep every night to the accompaniment of her music box! She has her own special wing I built with another fellow. I'm kind of proud of my carpentry work which I never would have had time for if I weren't settled down. Nice thing about our house, it can always grow just like we hope our family does.

Even if I'm a sentimental Cuban—which I am—Lucy is equally sentimental in her North American way. She can't bear to be apart from her family, so now all of our kin live near by. Lucy's mother, brother, sister and families and my Mom. I think part of this is the feeling Lucy and I have in common—a real need and desire to have a real home and real roots. We get this feeling with the family around and on holidays it's wonderful to see the big celebrations at our house. I love to entertain anyway, and so does Lucy, and even if I do say so myself, I'm a good cook. Nothing pleases me more than to prepare charcoal lobster for as many as one hundred guests and I've never burned a thing!

THE only more satisfactory thing I can think of—and maybe these are just equal—is going fishing. I love to spend free weekends on the boat in Balboa just fishing, fishing, fishing. If I'm not fishing, I like to take pictures. I'm camera bug enough to keep Lucy supplied with snapshots of the baby and when she pulls out her wallet everyone always laughs—she's never been known to have less than ten pictures to show.

But, the important thing, is that now Lucy and I have time to do the sort of things we've always wanted. We take weekend trips with our friends like the Charlie Rugglesses, or the Phil Obers. Imagine us going to the mountains or Palm Springs together after all these years! We know we're living now. Everyone says to us, wait until your summer layoff, then you can take a real vacation. Lucy and I have thought of this. But, we're also thinking of the many offers that have come pouring in for appearances for the two of us—including Europe. Perhaps they're too good to pass up. But, no matter what we do—if Lucy makes a motion picture here on our own Hollywood sound stages, or if I do, we'll still be together. And that's all I ask. Because it comes from my heart when I say, "I Love Lucy" for indeed I really do.

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 Programs 8:55 Ken Carson Show	Local Program Pauline Frederick 8:55 Hollywood News	Renfro Valley Country Store
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Alex Dreier, News Clevelandaires	Robert Hurlough Tell Your Neighbor Harmony Rangers	Breakfast Club	Views of America Barnyard Follies
10:00 10:15 10:25	Welcome Travelers	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time News, Frank Singer	My True Story Edward Arnold Stories Betty Crocker Mag- azine of the Air Against the Storm	Arthur Godfrey
10:30	Double or Nothing	Take A Number		
10:45		10:55 Talk Back		
11:00 11:15	Strike It Rich	Ladies Fair 11:25 News, Les Nichols Queen For A Day	Lone Journey When A Girl Marries	
11:30 11:45	Kings Row Dave Garraway		Break the Bank	Grand Slam Rosemary

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15	News Kate Smith Show	Curt Massey Time Capital Commentary with Baukhage 12:25 News, Frank Singer	Jack Berch Victor Lindlahr	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
12:30				Helen Trent
12:45	Luncheon with Lopez	Bob Poole	Local Program	Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	The Hometowners Pickens Party George Hicks Songs, Eve Young	Harvey Harding Cedric Foster Luncheon with Lopez 1:55 Les Higbie	Paul Harvey, News Ted Malone	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:25 2:30 2:45	Ralph Edwards Show Live Like a Millionaire 2:55 News	Dixieland Matinee News, Sam Hayes Say It With Music	Mary Margaret McBride	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Poole's Paradise	Joe Emerson's Hymn Time Mary Marlin Joyce Jordan, M.D. Evelyn Winters	Hilltop House House Party 3:40 Cedric Adams Carl Smith Sings
3:15 3:30 3:45	Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	3:25 News Poole's Paradise		
4:00 4:15	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas	Local Program 4:25 News, Frank Singer	Valiant Lady Marriage For Two	The Chicagoans
4:30 4:45	Young Widder Brown Woman in My House	Mert's Record Ad- ventures	Dean Cameron Manhattan Maharajah	Treasury Bandstand 4:55 News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell Lorenzo Jones Bob and Ray	The Green Hornet 1. Wild Bill Hickock 2. 5:55 News, Cecil Brown	Big Jon and Sparky Mark Trail Fun Factory 3. World Flight Reporter	Barnyard Follies Hits and Misses Curt Massey

1. Sgt. Preston of the Yukon (T, Th)
2. Sky King (T, Th)
3. Tom Corbett Space Cadet (T, Th)

Monday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren 6:05 Petite Concert Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter	Jackson & the News You and the World Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15	H. V. Kaltenborn Echoes From the Tropics	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis	Beulah Jack Smith Show
7:30 7:45	News of the World One Man's Family	Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	The Lone Ranger	Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	The Railroad Hour Voice of Firestone	Woman of the Year —Bette Davis Crime Does Not Pay	Henry J. Taylor Wide Flashes The Big Hand 8:55 John Conte	Suspense Talent Scouts
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Telephone Hour Band of America	News, Bill Henry Crime Fighters War Front-Home Front	Paul Whiteman Teen Club	Lux Radio Theatre
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Robert Montgomery Dangerous Assign- ment	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Bands for Bonds	News of Tomorrow Dream Harbor Time For Defence	Bob Hawk Show Rex Allen Show

Tuesday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren 6:05 Petite Concert Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter	Jackson & the News You and the World Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15	Richard Harkness Echoes From the Tropics	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis	Beulah Jack Smith Show
7:30 7:45	News of the World One Man's Family	Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	Silver Eagle	Peggy Lee Show Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Cavalcade of America New Hollywood Theatre	Black Museum—Or- son Welles Dr. Kildare—Lew Ayree & Lionel Barrymore	Newsstand Theatre Metropolitan Audi- tions of the Air 8:55 John Conte	People Are Funny Mr. & Mrs. North
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Bob Hope Show Fibber McGee and Molly	News, Bill Henry Official Detective Mysterious Traveler	America's Town Meeting of the Air E. D. Canham	Life With Luigi Pursuit
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Eddie Cantor Show Robert Montgomery Man Called X	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Dance Bands	News of Tomorrow United or Not	The Line Up 10:25 Larry Le- Sueur, News Robert Q's Wax- works

Wednesday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren 6:05 Petite Concert Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter	Jackson & the News You and the World Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn The Playboys News of the World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Halls of Ivy The Great Gilder- sleeve	M-G-M Musical Comedy Theatre International Airport	Mystery Theatre Top Guy 8:55 John Conte	Big Town with Walter Greaza Dr. Christian
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Groucho Marx, You Bet Your Life Big Story	News, Bill Henry Out of the Thunder Family Theatre	Rogues' Gallery Mr. President	Red Skelton Bing Crosby
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Barrie Craig, In- vestigator Music Room Robert Montgomery	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Dance Bands	News of Tomorrow Dream Harbor Latin Quarter Orchestra	Boxing Bouts News, Charles Col- lingwood

Thursday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Lionel Ricau 6:05 Petite Concert Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter	Jackson & the News You and the World Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Richard Harkness The Playboys News of the World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Silver Eagle	Beulah Jack Smith Show Peggy Lee Show Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Father Knows Best Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons	Modern Casanova— Errol Flynn Hardy Family with Mickey Rooney, Lewis Stone	The Redhead Defense Attorney with Mercedes McCambridge 8:55 John Conte	F.B.I. in Peace and War Hallmark Playhouse
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Dragnet Counter Spy	News, Bill Henry Rod & Gun Club Reporters' Roundup	Ted Mack's Original Amateur Hour Foreign Reporter	Mr. Chameleon 9:25 News Stars in the Air
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Your Hit Parade Music Box Robert Montgomery	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Dance Bands	News of Tomorrow Club Can-Do	Hollywood Sound Stage Robert Q's Wax- works

Friday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Lionel Ricau 6:05 Petite Concert Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter	Jackson & the News Dwight Cooke Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn Dinner Date The Playboys News of the World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Roy Rogers Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis	Maisie with Ann Sothorn Gracie Fields Show	Richard Diamond with Dick Powell This Is Your F.B.I. 8:55 John Conte	Musicland, U.S.A., Earl Wrightson Big Time with Georgie Price
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Mario Lanza Show NBC Presents Short Story	News, Bill Henry Magazine Theatre Armed Forces Review	Ozzie & Harriet Mr. District Attorney 9:55 News	Paul Weston Show Robert Q's Wax- work
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Nightbeat Portraits in Sports Robert Montgomery	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Dance Bands	Boxing Bouts Dream Harbor Sports Page	Bob Trout, News 10:05 Capitol Cloak- room

Inside Radio

Saturday

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs				
8:30	Howdy Doody	Local Programs	No School Today	Renfro Valley
9:00				News of America
9:15				
9:30	Smilin' Ed McConnell			Garden Gate
9:45				
10:00	Mind Your Manners	Local Programs		Galen Drake
10:15				Make Way For Youth
10:30	Mary Lee Taylor Show	Leslie Nichols, News Helen Hall	Space Patrol	
10:45				
11:00	Maugham Theatre	Your Home Beautiful	New Junior Junction	News, Bill Shadel
11:15		Georgia Crackers		11:05 Let's Pretend
11:30	Hollywood Love Story	Army Field Band	Journeys Into Jazz	Give and Take
11:45				

Afternoon Programs

12:00	News Public Affairs	Man on the Farm	101 Ranch Boys	Theatre of Today
12:15	U. S. Marine Band		American Farmer	Stars Over Hollywood
12:30				12:55 Cedric Adams
12:45				
1:00	National Farm and Home Hour	Soldier's Serenade	Navy Hour	Grand Central
1:15		Jerry and Skye		1:25 It Happens Every Day
1:30	U. S. Coast Guard Cadets on Parade	Symphonies For Youth—Alfred Wallenstein	Vincent Lopez Show	City Hospital
1:45				
2:00	Coffee in Washington	2:25 News, Sam Hayes	Metropolitan Opera Company with Milton Cross, commentator	Music With the Girls
2:15		Macalester Singers		
2:30				
2:45				
3:00	Music Rendezvous	Caribbean Crossroads		Report From Overseas
3:15				Adventures in Science
3:30	U. S. Army Band	3:25 News, Cecil Brown		Farm News
3:45		Bands For Bonds		Reporter's Scratch Pad
4:00	Musical Portraits	Sport Parade		Stan Dougherty Presents
4:15		Bandstand, U.S.A.		Cross Section, U.S.A.
4:30				
4:45				
5:00	Big City Serenade	Matinee at Meadowbrook	Tea and Crumpets	David Stephens Show
5:15			Sigmund Spaeth Club Time	Treasury Bandstand
5:30	Bob Considine	5:55: News, Baukhage		
5:45				

Evening Programs

6:00	Bob Warren News, H. V. Kaltenborn	Harmony Rangers	Roger Renner Trio	News U.N.—On Record
6:15			6:05 Una Mae Carlisle	
6:30	NBC Symphony Arturo Toscanini conducting	Preston Sellers	Harry Wismer	Sports Roundup
6:45			As We See It	Larry LeSueur, News
7:00		Al Helfer, Sports	Talking It Over	This I Believe
7:15		Twin Views of the News	Bert Andrews	
7:30	Endless Frontiers	Down You Go	The Great Adventure	Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar
7:45		7:55 Cecil Brown		
8:00	Jane Ace, Disc Jockey	Twenty Questions	Saturday Night Dancing Party	Gene Autry Show
8:15				Hopalong Cassidy
8:30	Inside Bob and Ray	MGM Theatre of the Air		
8:45				
9:00	Judy Canova Show	Lombardo Land		Gangbusters
9:15				9:25 News
9:30	Grand Ole Opry			Broadway's My Beat
9:45				
10:00	Vaughn Monroe Show	Chicago Theatre of the Air	At the Shamrock	Bob Trout, News
10:15				10:05 Robert Q's Waxworks
10:30	Al Goodman's Musical Album		Music From Claremont Hotel	

Sunday

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs				
8:30	String Quartet	Moments On the Mountain	Lyrically Speaking	Renfro Valley Sunday Gathering
9:00	World News	Elder Michaux	Milton Cross Album	Trinity Choir
9:15	We Hold These Truths			World News
9:30	Carnival of Books	Back to God	Voice of Prophecy	E. Power Biggs
9:45	Faith In Action			
10:00	National Radio Pulpit	Radio Bible Class	Message of Israel	Church of the Air
10:15	Art of Living	Voice of Prophecy	College Choir	Church of the Air
10:30	News, Peter Roberts			
10:45				
11:00	Faultless Starch Time	William Hillman	Fine Arts Quartet	Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir
11:15	Morning Serenade	Dixie Quartet	Christian in Action	Bill Shadel, News
11:30	UN is My Beat			11:35 Invitation to Learning
11:45	Song Festival			

Afternoon Programs

12:00	Viewpoint, U.S.A.	College Choirs	Concert of Europe	People's Platform
12:15	Jubilee Singers	News, Hazel Markel	Piano Playhouse	World Affairs
12:30	The Eternal Light	Frank and Ernest		Bill Costello, News
12:45				
1:00	Critic at Large "Mike 95"	Fred Van Deventer	Robert Mills Show	String Serenade
1:15		Organ Moods	National Vespers	Music For You
1:30	Univ. of Chicago Roundtable	Lutheran Hour		
1:45				
2:00	The Catholic Hour	Top Tunes With Tender	Back to the Bible	The Symphonette
2:15		Bill Cunningham Report from Pentagon	Christian Science	N. Y. Philharmonic Symphony, Dmitri Mitropoulos
2:30	American Forum of the Air			
2:45				
3:00	America's Music	Bandstand, U. S. A.	This Week Around the World	
3:15			Billy Graham	
3:30	David Lawrence, News	Air Force Hour		
3:45	John Cameron Swayze, News			
4:00	The Falcon with Les Damon	Bobby Benson	Old Fashioned Revival Hour	Edwin C. Hill 4:05 News It's Always Sunday
4:15				
4:30	Martin Kane with Lloyd Nolan	Wild Bill Hickock		
4:45				
5:00	Whitehall 1212	The Shadow	Sammy Kaye Serenade	King Arthur Godfrey's Round Table
5:15		True Detective Mysteries	Greatest Story Ever Told	World News, Robert Trout
5:30	Silent Men with Doug Fairbanks, Jr.			News, Cochran
5:45				

Evening Programs

6:00	Tales of Texas Rangers	Gabby Hayes	Drew Pearson Don Gardner	My Friend Irma with Marie Wilson
6:15			Concert From Canada	Miss Brooks with Eve Arden
6:30	Tallulah Bankhead in The Big Show	Nick Carter		
6:45		6:55 Cedric Foster		
7:00		Under Arrest	Ted Mack Family Hour	Jack Benny Show
7:15				Amos 'n' Andy
7:30		Affairs of Peter Salem		
7:45				
8:00	Phil Harris-Alice Faye Show	Singing Marshall	Stop the Music	Edgar Bergen Show
8:15		Enchanted Hour		Playhouse on Broadway
8:30	Theatre Guild of the Air			
8:45				
9:00		This Is Europe	Walter Winchell Cafe Istanbul—Marlene Dietrich	Meet Corliss Archer
9:15		John J. Anthony	Three Suns Trio	Meet Millie
9:30	\$64 Question			
9:45				
10:00	Tin Pan Valley	Oklahoma City Symphony	Paul Harvey Gloria Parker	Bob Trout, News
10:15			George E. Sokolsky	10:05 The People Act
10:30	Eileen Christy & Co.			The Choraliers

TV program highlights

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

Monday through Friday

- 7:00 A.M. Today • 4 & 6**
News-packed marathon presided over by Dave Garroway.
- 10:00 A.M. Mel Martin Show • 4 & 6**
Lively breakfast party with audience participation.
- 10:15 A.M. Arthur Godfrey Time • 2 (M,T,W,Th)**
Fifteen-minute simulcast of the redhead's radio show.
- 11:00 A.M. Ernie Kovacs Show • 4**
The Philadelphia screwball with entertainment and interviews.
- 11:30 A.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 6**
Quizmaster Warren Hull with cash for people who need it.
- 12:00 Noon Ruth Lyons' 50 Club • 4 & 6**
An intimate half-hour with Ruth and her fifty guests.
- 12:00 Noon Langford & Ameche Show • 7 (& 6 at 10:30 A.M.)**
The two stars in variety, featuring specialty acts, interviews and performances by guest celebrities.
- 12:30 P.M. The Bunch • 4**
Variety-musical headlining Bette Chapel, Hugh Downs.
- 12:30 P.M. Search for Tomorrow • 2 & 6**
Story of a family's conflicts between past and present.
- 1:30 P.M. Garry Moore Show • 2 & 6**
Pixyish Garry with quips and music. Regulars include Durward Kirby, singers Denise Lor and Ken Carson.
- 2:30 P.M. The First Hundred Years • 2 & 6**
Gentle fun-poking at the difficulties of a young couple.
- 3:30 P.M. Bert Parks Show • 2 & 6 (M, W, F)**
The Dixie bomb with fun and song, aided and abetted by Betty Ann Grove, Bobby Sherwood, Heathertones.
- 3:30 P.M. Ralph Edwards Show • 4 (M, W, F)**
Tumult and shouting due to Ralph's zany stunts.
- 4:00 P.M. Kate Smith Show • 4 & 6**
The Queen of Song presents an hour of cheerful entertainment; Ted Collins interviews noted personalities.
- 5:00 P.M. Hawkins Falls, Pop. 6,200 • 4**
Day-by-day story of life in small American town.
- 7:00 P.M. Kukla, Fran and Ollie • 4 & 6**
Delightful humor of the Kuklapolitans under the guidance and voice of Burr Tillstrom with lovely Fran Allison.
- 7:15 P.M. The Goldbergs • 4 & 6 (M, W, F)**
Molly Berg's famous drama-comedy built around the lives of a New York family and their daily experiences.
- 7:30 P.M. Those Two • 4 & 6 (M, W, F)**
A happy little show starring musical-comedy star Vivian Blaine and the wistful humor of comic Pinky Lee.
- 7:30 P.M. Dinah Shore Show • 4 (T, Th)**
Dinah's singing, a thing of joy and beauty forever.
- 7:45 P.M. Perry Como Show • 2 (M, W, F)**
The voice that launched a thousand wonderful songs accompanied by the Fontane Sisters and Mitch Ayres' band.

Monday P.M.

- 7:30 P.M. Hollywood Screen Test • 7**
"Test" director Neil Hamilton guides talented professional candidates through original dramas featuring guest stars.
- 8:00 P.M. Lux Video Theatre • 2 & 6**
Hollywood favorites in original video stories.
- 8:00 P.M. Paul Winchell-Jerry Mahoney Show • 4**
Guest stars, Paul and Jerry play lively, laugh-provoking game, "What's My Name?" with studio contestants.
- 8:30 P.M. Godfrey's Talent Scouts • 2**
Variety featuring unknown but talented professionals.
- 8:30 P.M. Concert Hour • 4 & 6**
Distinguished singing artists with Howard Barlow conducting.
- 8:30 P.M. Life Begins at 80 • 7**
Never a dull moment as the ageless panel, Georgiana Carhart, Fred Stein, Capt. Edwin Lane and others take a crack at serious and light problems. Jack Barry emcees.

- 9:00 P.M. I Love Lucy • 2 & 6**
Lucille Ball in domestic comedy with husband Desi Arnaz.
- 9:00 P.M. Lights Out • 5**
Suspenseful, spooky stories with Frank Gallop narrating.
- 9:30 P.M. It's News to Me • 2 & 6**
Guest panelists get a third degree on current events.
- 9:30 P.M. Robert Montgomery Presents • 4**
Producer-host Montgomery offers noteworthy video drama.
- 10:00 P.M. Studio One • 2 & 6**
Highly recommended, high-ranking drama week in, week out.

Tuesday

- 8:00 P.M. Frank Sinatra Show • 2**
The personable star-baritone with a big show featuring great names from Broadway theatres and Hollywood.
- 8:00 P.M. Texaco Star Theatre • 4 & 6**
Bumptious Berle in his mile-a-minute variety, loaded with laughs and guest stars of show business.
- 9:00 P.M. Crime Syndicated • 2 & 6**
Underworld drama, based on fact. Narrated by Rudolph Halley.
- 9:00 P.M. Fireside Theatre • 4**
Original teleplays, comedy and light drama for the family.
- 9:00 P.M. Cosmopolitan Theatre • 5**
Hour-long dramatic show, adapted from magazine fiction.
- 9:30 P.M. Suspense • 2 & 6**
Eerie tales produced to send chills up your spine.
- 9:30 P.M. Circle Theatre • 4**
Romantic stories of life as it's lived. Cast with stars.
- 9:30 P.M. Quick on the Draw • 5**
Femcee Robin Chandler with cartoonist Bob Dunn presents charades, based on viewers' entries, for guest panelists.
- 10:00 P.M. Danger • 2**
Excellent suspense-type melodrama with Broadway casts.
- 10:00 P.M. Original Amateur Hour • 4 & 6**
A truly American show for non-professionals seeking a chance at the big time. Ted Mack is host.
- 10:30 P.M. My Friend Irma • 2**
Beauteous Marie Wilson as the dumb secretary who does everything backwards. Jane Stacey as her suffering chum.

Wednesday

- 8:00 P.M. Godfrey and His Friends • 2 & 6**
Hour-long variety with the little Godfreys: Frank Parker, Janette Davis, Haleloke, Marion Marlowe and others.
- 8:00 P.M. Kate Smith Evening Hour • 4**
Sixty minutes of top entertainment starring the perennial songbird herself and her manager Ted Collins.
- 9:00 P.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 6**
Warren Hull lends a helping hand to cash-seeking contestants.
- 9:00 P.M. Kraft Theatre • 4**
Family-fare drama of one-hour length. Produced in New York.
- 9:30 P.M. The Web • 2**
The threat of murder hangs heavy in this dramatic series.
- 9:30 P.M. Rendezvous • 7**
The bewitching Ilona Massey in an adventure series.
- 10:00 International Boxing Club • 2 & 6**
Russ Hodges with blow-by-blow at nation's top clubs.
- 10:00 P.M. Pantomime Quiz • 4**
TV version of old parlor game with Mike Stokey as emcee; panelists compete with four guest celebrities.
- 10:00 P.M. Pulitzer Prize Playhouse • 7**
One of TV's most widely praised and best known dramatic productions. Mar. 12 & 26. Alternating with—
- Celanese Theatre**
Superb adult drama with great actors in plays by America's foremost playwrights: Mar. 19, "Saturday's Children" by Maxwell Anderson; Apr. 2, "Street Scene" by Elmer Rice.

TV program highlights

Thursday

- 7:30 P.M. The Lone Ranger • 7**
Galloping adventure of western range riders.
- 8:00 P.M. Star of the Family • 2**
Mr. and Mrs. Peter Lind Hayes host to stars and relatives.
Burns and Allen
Alternate weeks: domestic comedy with George and Gracie.
- 8:00 P.M. You Bet Your Life • 4**
Brash Groucho Marx with his comedy-quiz audience participation program; cash awards sometimes higher than \$1000.
- 8:00 P.M. Stop the Music • 7 & 6**
Musical variety-quiz starring Bert Parks and regulars Betty Ann Grove, Jimmy Blaine and Harry Salter's music.
- 8:30 P.M. Amos 'n' Andy • 2 (& 6 at 9:30 P.M.)**
The humorous meanderings of Kingfish, Andy, Amos et al.
- 8:30 P.M. Treasury Men in Action • 4**
Walter Greaza as the chief in factual manhunt drama.
- 9:00 P.M. Alan Young Show • 2 & 6**
Masterful, whimsical comedy sketches with guest celebrities.
- 9:00 P.M. Dragnet • 4**
Documentary-type drama culled from files of L. A. Police.
- 9:00 P.M. Herb Shriner Time • 7**
Shriner's dry humor mixed in with bucolic sketches.
- 9:30 P.M. Big Town • 2**
Steve Wilson (Pat McVey) and Lorelei (Julie Stevens) play dauntless reporters in pursuit of criminals.
- 9:30 P.M. Festival Time • 4**
Smiling James Melton with song, dance and guest stars.
- 10:00 P.M. Racket Squad • 2**
Captain Braddock, played by Reed Hadley, exposes swindlers.
- 10:00 P.M. Martin Kane, Private Eye • 4 & 6**
Lloyd Nolan, as Kane, smokes out the murderer.
- 10:30 P.M. Foreign Intrigue • 4 (& 6 at 11:00 P.M.)**
Fine dramatic espionage series filmed abroad with American leads and foreign supporting cast.
- 10:30 P.M. Crime Photographer • 2**
Lensman Casey (Darren McGavin) exposes the criminals.

Friday

- 8:00 P.M. Mama • 2 & 6**
TV's warm and lovable family drama starring Peggy Wood in title role with Judson Laire as Papa.
- 8:00 P.M. Ezio Pinza Show • 4**
Song and music spotlighting the star of South Pacific fame.
- 8:00 P.M. Twenty Questions • 5**
Bill Slater emcees the exciting parlor game with Florence Rinard, Herb Polesie, Johnny McPhee, Fred Van Deventer.
- 8:00 P.M. Mystery Theatre • 7**
Weekly sleuthing by Tom Conway as Inspector Mark Saber.
- 8:30 P.M. Man Against Crime • 2 (& 6 at 11 P.M.)**
Ralph Bellamy continues his one-man crusade for law and order.
- 8:30 P.M. We, the People • 4 & 6**
Friendly Dan Seymour interviews personalities in the news for stories rich in human interest.
- 8:30 P.M. Stu Erwin Show • 7**
Life is sometimes complex but never dull in the Erwin home.
- 9:00 P.M. Playhouse of Stars • 2**
Teleplays headlining the biggest names of stage and screen.
- 9:00 P.M. Big Story • 4 & 6**
Dramatizations of real adventures of newspapermen.
- 9:00 P.M. Down You Go • 5**
Panel adaptation of parlor game "Hang the Butcher."
- 9:30 P.M. Aldrich Family • 4 & 6**
Family comedy series starring Henry Gerrard as Henry.
- 10:00 P.M. Cavalcade of Sports • 4 & 6**
Boxing from New York City with Jimmy Powers announcing.
- 10:00 P.M. Cavalcade of Stars • 5**
Big-time musical variety with comic Jackie Gleason.

Saturday

- 12:00 Noon Big Top • 2 (& 6 at 10:00 A.M.)**
Full hour of circus acts featuring ringmaster Jack Sterling, bulbous nosed clowns and Joe Basile's brass band.
- 7:00 P.M. Sammy Kaye Show • 2**
Audience participation and music with Sammy, Barbara Benson, Tony Russo, Don Rogers and the swing-and-sway band.
- 7:30 P.M. Beat the Clock • 2**
Bud Collyer awards prizes to stunt performing contestants.
- 7:30 P.M. One Man's Family • 4 & 6**
The classic family dramatic series starring Bert Lytell.
- 8:00 P.M. Ken Murray Show • 2 & 6**
Fast and funny variety with dramatic skits, show-biz stars, song and dance, starring the Hollywood Ambassador.
- 8:00 P.M. All Star Revue • 4**
Carnival of fun with rotating comedians: Mar. 15, Danny Thomas; Mar. 22, Jimmy Durante;
- 8:00 P.M. Paul Whiteman TV Teen Club • 7**
Bright, exuberant youngsters perform for the maestro.
- 9:00 P.M. Your Show of Shows • 4 & 6**
Caesar conquers and Coca devastates in the huge hour and a half revue with guest host, Judy Johnson, Carl Reiner, Mata and Hari, Marguerite Piazza and many others.
- 10:00 P.M. Songs for Sale • 2**
Host Steve Allen, introducing amateur songwriters and their songs to a panel of experts for publication.
- 10:30 P.M. Your Hit Parade • 4 & 6**
Snooky Lanson, Eileen Wilson and Dorothy Collins sing top tunes of the week. Music by Raymond Scott's band.

Sunday

- 3:00 P.M. Quiz Kids • 2**
Veteran quizmaster Joe Kelly convenes the erudite moppets.
- 5:00 P.M. Super Circus • 7 (& 6 at 5:30 P.M.)**
All the excitement and thrills of real circus stunts.
- 6:30 P.M. Sam Levenson Show • 2**
Ex-schoolteacher tells tales out of school, good for chuckles and nostalgic reminiscence.
- 6:30 P.M. Claudia • 4 (& 6 at 2:30 P.M.)**
Joan McCracken plays the well-known title role in the series based on the popular book, play and movie.
- 7:00 P.M. Royal Showcase • 4**
George Abbot, noted Broadway producer, emcees a half-hour comedy-variety, headlining well-known laugh stars.
- 7:00 P.M. Paul Whiteman Revue • 7 & 6**
Guest singing stars share the spotlight with baritone Earl Wrightson, winsome Maureen Cannon, Pops, himself, emcees.
- 7:30 P.M. This is Show Business • 2 & 6**
Pleasing entertainment and wit, Clifton Fadiman, host.
- 8:00 P.M. Toast of the Town • 2 & 6**
Showman-columnist Ed Sullivan presents a galaxy of star entertainers. Music by Ray Bloch's orchestra.
- 8:00 P.M. Comedy Hour • 4**
A riot of fun and music as topflight comics take turn.
- 9:00 P.M. Fred Waring Show • 2 (& 6 at 6:00 P.M.)**
The Pennsylvanians entertain with musical vignettes.
- 9:00 P.M. Television Playhouse • 4 & 6**
Hour-drama generally adapted from best-selling books.
- 10:00 P.M. Celebrity Time • 2 & 6**
Jane Wilson and Herman Hickman captain opposing teams in quiz. Conrad Nagel their moderator and your host.
- 10:00 P.M. Red Skelton Show • 4**
Red with his unique characters Clem Kadiddle Hopper, Junior, the mean widdle kid, Cauliflower McPugg.
- 10:30 P.M. What's My Line? • 2**
The occupation-guessing game with moderator John Daly and panelists Dorothy Kilgallen, Arlene Francis, Hal Block.

she's engaged!

Dorothy Mabry to Richard Petty
Theirs was a campus romance—at the University of Southern California. To give Dorothy the ring he wanted for her, Dick worked all his vacation in a lumber camp! They will take their vows this summer in the First Presbyterian Church in Los Angeles—with Dorothy a most *adorable* bride!

she's lovely!

She is a *darling*! With the happiest blue eyes, and a complexion that is luminous rose pearl—Dorothy Mabry's entrancing face shows you immediately the sweet charm of her Inner Self. No wonder you love her the instant you meet her.

she uses Pond's!

"You get such a happy feeling when you look your prettiest," Dorothy says



Dorothy's ring

Dorothy Mabry has the velvety complexion other girls would love!
"Pond's Cold Cream is *divine*," she says. "I use it every day."

Isn't it delightful—the confidence that comes to you when you know you *look* your very nicest?

Dorothy feels the most important point on a girl's beauty program should be a sparkling-clean, smooth skin. Her own complexion is enchanting. "You couldn't catch me going to bed without cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "It makes my skin feel heavenly."

Your skin can "speak out" with a magic new loveliness, too, when you give it this very special Pond's care.

Every night and morning, *cream* your face with Pond's Cold Cream as Dorothy does. *This is the way:*

Hot Stimulation—a good hot water splashing.

Cream Cleanse—swirl light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream over face and throat to soften dirt and make-up, sweep them from pore openings. Tissue off.

Cream Rinse—more Pond's now, to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue off.

Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash.

Now— isn't it marvelous the way your skin looks so smoothed and refreshed? And doesn't it feel soft, *beautifully* clean?



Get a big jar of Pond's today!

It's not *vanity* to want to look your prettiest. When you are happy with the way you look, a captivating confidence sparkles your face, attracts others to you *on sight*!

START NOW TO HELP YOUR FACE SHOW A LOVELIER YOU!

Our Wonderful Years

(Continued from page 31)

for about eight years, is Lorelei Kilbourne, the girl reporter on the weekly radio program Big Town. She is a little in love with her boss, Steve Wilson. A wise-cracking girl who tries to pretend she's of tougher fibre than she is. A wonderful girl to portray because I, too, have pretended to myself, to the world, and even to Casey Allen, my husband, that I am made of sturdier stuff than I am, more surely insulated against the storms of life, more immune to its wounds and scarrings.

The third woman I do is Joyce Jordan, M.D. I understand Joyce very well because her problems are so similar to mine—how can she tie in love, home, family and career and not stint on any of them? Joyce, too, is in love, but she is horribly frightened of having a man take up too much of her life, too many of the hours she must spend with the sick and helpless children who are her special charges. Deep within Joyce, beyond her desire for a love that is strong and beautiful and secure, the love every woman needs, beyond her longing for a home that can be the permanent habitation of her heart, is that other longing for self-expression in work and a sense of usefulness in the busy world. Oh, yes, I understand Joyce Jordan's problems, because every day I am learning how to handle them more wisely, as she must finally.

There would be no story for me to tell here if it weren't for Casey. Without Casey's strength, his belief that what is right must come to pass, his help in bringing up the children, his understanding and love, I could not be these three other women.

We met, Casey and I, when I was going through a time of great personal crisis. I was terribly confused and unhappy. Casey had come out of the Merchant Marine and gone into radio, with the thought always in the back of his mind that he would direct and produce.

As I look back now I believe I recognized, from our very first meeting, the "rock-like" qualities in Casey, the dependability, the strength. I think I sensed too, even then, that under his somewhat aloof manner was a loving, tender heart. He seemed somehow different from most of the men I had met. I wasn't in love with him at that time, not until much later, but he says he fell in love with me the first day. We knew each other quite a while before I began to realize how I felt about him, and a year went by before we were married, seven years ago April 11. I doubt that I could have unraveled all the problems in my life that year if it had not been for Casey's unwavering belief, and his ability to impress that belief upon me, that if you really want something and think about it a great deal and work toward it with all your heart and soul, it will surely happen. He was so good for me. He has always been so good for me. We are good for each other, and that's what makes it so wonderful.

We were married in North Tarrytown, which is up the Hudson River from New York City. Two of our dearest friends were with us, a doctor and his wife. After the ceremony the doctor insisted we drive over to the river. We wondered why, but when the car climbed to the top of a remote hill, with the valley stretching below on one side and the shining width of river on the other, it was the perfect spot for a couple of newly-marrieds to survey the wide and lovely world. Our friends brought a basket out of the back of the car, filled with champagne packed in ice, and a wedding lunch was spread

out. At this point a motorcycle cop came streaking in and wanted to know what we thought we were doing, picnicking where no trespassing was allowed.

"We're celebrating," the doctor explained. "These two just got married."

The policeman groaned. "What didya have to go and do that for?" he asked angrily. "I've been married eight years and now we can't stand each other." We laughed. "Well, have some champagne anyway," the doctor urged him. "I wouldn't be able to stay on my bike if I did," he said, getting on quickly before temptation overcame him.

Then he turned very seriously to Casey and me. "My sympathies to you both," he said solemnly.

That none of it has been a mistake is due, in part, to the way two busy people like us have managed to keep a lot of time for each other. We think this is enormously important in any marriage, no matter how much the wife gets wrapped up in the children and home and the father in his job or career. Because Casey acts in and narrates a number of radio and television programs, among them the TV daytime drama *The First Hundred Years*, and I too am a busy radio actress, we cannot always be home together in the evening, although one of us manages to be there with the children most of the time. But it would be so easy to fall into the habit of seeing each other only briefly weekdays, in between one dashing out to rehearsal and the other dashing back.

Right from the beginning, however, Casey and I have "dated" for lunch, to make up for the nights we can't dine together. Whatever we're doing, we get together at noon and talk. When it has seemed extravagant to meet and eat in some nice restaurant, then we have economized in some other way to make up for it. Our friends know we want to be alone and they respect that. We talk about the things other couples discuss when the kids are tucked in and they can have a quiet conversation—the house, the children, our jobs, our plans, the people we have met, the things they have told us. The fact that it is noon and the place is a noisy, crowded restaurant doesn't make the meeting one whit less sweet.

You might think that after these years we would get a little talked out, but we don't. We argue, we agree, and we tell each other exactly how we feel about things. Casey believes that if I have something on my mind that is bothering me, or if I am angry with him for any reason, I ought to say so, plainly. "Let's air this right now," he'll say. "Tell me what you're thinking." At times I have been quite shocked by my frankness in letting him know that something he said or did upset me, but he feels that anything is better than keeping grievances bottled up until they explode in a real quarrel. "No matter how you think it will sound, say it and get it out of your system," Casey insists. I find this gives the other person a better chance to explain, or even to apologize if he is at fault, but before I knew Casey I was always afraid to talk frankly to people because of the fear of hurting them. Now I know it can hurt them more in the long run to maintain silence.

When we have an evening together we are very apt to stay in with the children, and our wonderful maid Corinne, can't quite understand that. "For two young people you sure never do go out much," she tells us, but that's because we like to sit around and catch up on our reading

and fix ourselves a late supper. I went into acting when I was so young that I never had time for some of the great books other girls read at school. Casey reads about chess and photography, his favorite relaxations. Saturdays and Sundays, in every spare moment, we are with the children, or fixing something in the apartment, or planning things we want to do to improve it. There are always scripts to be studied; there are always Casey's wonderful collection of records to be played, and the children love to listen. There are always things we want to learn to improve ourselves.

Right now any self-improvement on my part is strictly coincidental, because the children come ahead of everything that I do for myself. Between two and five on the average weekday I am in the studio except for Wednesday—when I work until 8:30 on Big Town and Corinne sleeps in. The rest of the time I am Mrs. Casey Allen, mother of Kerry, five, and Kim, three, two of the sweetest, prettiest, most lovable youngsters in the whole world—if you can take their parents' word for it, which frankly I wouldn't do if I were you, unless you want to make allowance for some bias!

One of the most wonderful things about our lives now is that we have a settled home for the family. I moved about a great deal all through my childhood and my early years of acting, but radio has given me roots, and we hope that our children can continue in the same schools and have some of the same friends and associations throughout their school years. Both Casey and I give the children some time every day, and we both feel that the father's place is very important. Since they were tiny, Casey has helped to feed them and care for them. He has taken them out, romped with them, put them to bed, told them stories. He isn't just a man who comes home and rough-houses with them for an hour and then walks away. When he's in the house, nobody counts but daddy. The only criticism I have of his child-rearing is the way he reads stories, with so much dramatic effect that the children get too excited. I have to ask him please to be more dull! He sings to them in a voice that has had some training and is really very good, and I am sure he will never have a more appreciative audience.

Actually, it's the children who are bringing us up and educating us. I understand my own childhood so much better now as I watch and listen to my two. I realize how certain fears, certain hopes and many of the qualities I have now really began way back in my early life. Little things the children have said have taught me very big lessons. For instance, while I am away from them at times during the week, I have always reserved all day Saturday and Sunday, especially Sunday, to devote to the family. One Monday, when I left a little earlier than usual, Kerry said, "I guess I'm just a Sunday child." That pulled me up short, and I have been more careful about being away needlessly ever since.

The children love television, and they always want to see their daddy. On one program that he announced, a character called the "Cat Man" had his arm broken. They were terribly disturbed. We got out the puppet theatre they got for Christmas and acted out what a broken arm really meant. I showed them how the doctor would bandage it to make the bones grow together again and how it would be as good as new when that happened. They decided it was rather like fun, and

the bad impression was erased. We act out many of the things that trouble them, explaining as we go.

Kerry is a quieter child than Kim, a little more reserved, a little shyer with strangers. She loves music and dancing and has an unusual sense of humor and an unusual way of expressing herself for a five-year-old. We were watching the sunset one night and she asked if the sun had to go to bed as children do. I told her it was even then getting ready for bed. "Why yes," she said, "it's putting on its little pink pajamas." While we had been talking, two fleecy little pink clouds had moved up close to the sun. She was right. They did look like little brushed wool garments.

When I watch the beautiful, natural gestures that young children make I sometimes think that parents and teachers are wrong in saying, "Don't point," "Keep your hands quiet," "Don't wriggle so." Perhaps these are the reasons that later on we grown-ups act so constrained. I had to learn all over again how to use my body expressively when I became an actress. I try not to make Kerry and Kim self-conscious about their gestures.

They are unusually independent and self-reliant, largely I believe, because they have had to hold their own against children of many types in the playgrounds near where we live.

I sometimes long to help Kim untangle some difficult problem but Casey holds me back. There was the time, a few months ago, when he got a new tricycle and rode it up and down the hall but couldn't get it through the doorway. I wanted to show him how to turn the handlebars but Casey was watching and he insisted, "Let Kimmy figure it out for himself." Kim looked at me imploringly, but I didn't get up. He worked and worked,

and finally he figured how it could be done, and the joy of accomplishment that shone in his face was a beautiful thing to see. "I can ride a bike, I can ride a bike," he shouted, while my husband gave me that I-told-you-so look that husbands always keep on tap!

Our friends sometimes say, unbelievably, "Oh, you don't want the children to be in your business, do you?" remembering our struggles, our heartbreaks, the crowded schedules we have now. "Why not?" I answer. "We love it and it has done a great deal for us both." We particularly bless radio and TV, which have made our wonderful home life possible.

In my own case there was never any doubt about being an actress. I acted in all the school plays and I put on plays at home. My mother had wanted to act, so she encouraged me. I started at the Goodman Theatre, in Chicago, when I was sixteen. From there I went into stock, and a Hollywood contract at nineteen, but the film company was being reorganized and I sat around for almost a year, going at last to the Pasadena Community Theatre just to work. Judith Kandel, the authoress of one of the plays I appeared in there, was putting on a Broadway show and I understudied the lead and had to go on. Unfortunately the play ran a fast four days and folded. That year I had exactly two jobs, lasting a total of six weeks. I decided I liked to eat and had better get back to Chicago where I had friends and more opportunities. I ran into some of the kids I knew, John Hodiak among them, and they all advised me to get into daytime radio. Pretty soon I was getting some roles and for the first time in my life I was putting small sums in the bank. When many of the radio shows were transferred to New York, I went too. I think I must

have known, deep down somewhere inside me, that Casey and Kerry and Kim would be waiting for me there!

Because life has been good to us, we are trying to make our children appreciate what it means to live in a free world, with free choice to do the work one likes, to live as one prefers, to worship as one believes. The neighborhood in which we now live is predominantly Jewish and when the special Jewish holidays come the children want to know what they mean and how they are celebrated. I explain as well as I am able, and lately I have been trying to tell them why some children celebrate Easter holidays in one way and some in another. Kerry has gone with her little friends to a synagogue and she is beginning to understand that although different people worship in different ways, there is only one God and one great human family.

Easter, when I was little, apart from its solemn religious significance, was the day the Easter Bunny brought me little gifts. I thought of him as a small, sweet little bunny who loved children, and I think I liked him better than Santa Claus and believed in him long after I had ceased to believe in the jolly man with the white whiskers. In our house there is a wild scramble now on Easter morning as the children go chasing around to find the little baskets and eggs and toys we have hidden away for them in odd corners. It took us two weeks to calm them down after Christmas and it will probably take equally long to calm them down after Easter. We don't mind that. These are their wonderful years, and our wonderful years too—the years during which Casey and I have been getting to know each other even better and loving each other even more.

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The Resurrection

(Continued from page 29)

them anyhow. I must speak to them at once—at once.

Meanwhile, in another part of the city, two men talk.

Peter: The fault is mine, John. I should have stood up to them. Fought them. John: No, Peter, it's as He said it would be. The shepherd was smitten and the sheep scattered. Peter: But if only I'd been braver. John: His was the bravery for He chose not to avoid this. But look—look at Thomas. His face a mask—and he's said nothing. Thomas: John, do you think I have no heart—that I could bear to see Him suffer as He did? But to me feelings are not enough. I must know. Peter: Look to the top of the hill—that's enough to know. Thomas: But what lies beyond—three days beyond. He said in three days He would rise. Well, I must wait and see. I must know this thing with my own eyes and my own mind, else everything I've believed will crumble and be nothing. If this is not so—I shall never believe in anything again.

Joseph: You there! Peter: What do you want with us? Joseph: You're His followers aren't you? Peter: We're peaceful people. Let us be. Joseph: I mean no harm to any of you. I come here out of friendship for Him. Peter: One would need proof to believe that. Who are you? Joseph: My name is Joseph, of Arimathea. Peter: I've heard your name. Well? Joseph: Tell me, does He have a place to lie? Thomas: Once He said even the beasts had caves and the birds had nests but the Son of Man had no place to rest His head. It was so before and it is so now too. Joseph: Then I have a place—one I chose for myself. In a garden of sweet grasses and fine flowers there is a cave dug out of solid rock. Give me your word and He shall lie there. I'll go to Pilate now and ask.

Sentry: Who goes there—what do you want here at the palace of Pontius Pilate? Joseph: I'm Joseph of Arimathea. I've come to see His Excellency. Sentry: He's in no mood for seeing people today, I can tell you that. Joseph: It must be today—and it must be at once. Sentry: Well, you're the one who'll take the risk, not me. Anthony! Sentry II: Yes, sir? Sentry: Watch this man. I'll go and find out if Pilate will—Sentry II: Plenty of excitement yesterday, wasn't there? I said there was plenty of excitement. Joseph: Yes, yes, there was. Sentry II: Of course with my bad luck I had to miss the part where they dressed Him up like a king. Imagine—pretending to be a king to us Romans. I heard they made Him a crown of thorns and dressed Him in a purple robe. That must have been great sport. Say, you don't seem very happy, do you? Joseph: May God have mercy on you. Sentry II: I could use a little mercy or something. You know my luck's been all bad the last few weeks. Why, when we cast lots for His coat I lost again. Maybe what I need is— Joseph, bursting out: Please—don't go on that way. Sentry II: Say, what's the matter with you? I know. I'll wager you're one of His—Sentry: You there—His Excellency will see you after all. Joseph: Thank you.

Pilate: So you insisted on seeing me? Well, what's so important? Joseph: Excellency, it is the one matter that can never wait. Pilate: Eh? What does that mean? Joseph: It concerns One who was crucified. Pilate: Which one—there were three. Joseph: Jesus of Nazareth. Pilate: Be still, man! Joseph: What's He done to you, Excellency, that you fear Him so? Pilate: What's He done? A week ago I never knew of Him. Now, I can't escape Him. Especially His eyes. Caiaphas brought Him here for sentencing. I looked at Him—asked

Him what was truth. And He didn't answer—except with His eyes. I wish I could forget them. But I can't—I can't. Joseph: There'll be so many who won't forget. Pilate: And it isn't that alone. He's even reached in to disrupt my very home. My wife—she kept talking in a strange way about a dream concerning Him. And she warned me not to have anything to do with Him. And now—now she keeps to herself alone in her room and cries. And she won't talk to me. Not a word. Nothing. Oh, how I wish I'd never heard of Him. Joseph: I'm sorry I can't promise you'll never hear of Him again. Pilate: Why do you say that? Joseph: We shall never cease to hear of Him. Pilate: So that's what brought you here? To give me threats and warnings. Joseph: No, Excellency, I've come with a simple request. His Body—I ask for that. Pilate: His Body—why? Joseph: Isn't He at least entitled to burial? Pilate: But why? You're an important man—a man of wealth. Why should you concern yourself with Him? Joseph: You're thinking He was friend only to the poor. Not so. For what He taught was for poor and rich alike. Yes, I count myself among His followers. Pilate: So you claim the Body, eh? And if I give it to you? Joseph: He shall be buried according to our custom. Pilate: And that will be all, you're sure? Joseph: For my part, I promise that will be all. Pilate: Well, take it—take it and I don't ever want to hear of the Man again. Take Him—hurry Him—and if you can, bury every memory of Him. Joseph: I can only promise to bury the Body, Excellency. Joseph leaves.

Pilate then heard a knock at his door. Pilate: Well, what is it this time? Sentry: Excellency—Pilate: I told you I wanted to see no one. Sentry: So I tried to tell Caiaphas but he—Pilate: Caiaphas—here again? What is this? Sentry: I can send him away, Excellency. Pilate: No, wait. Perhaps it would be best if I did see him. Have him in. Sentry: Yes, Excellency. In a moment. In here, sir. Pilate: Well, Caiaphas, here again? I haven't sent for you. Caiaphas: You didn't do it—tell me, you didn't do such a foolish thing! Pilate: Careful how you talk to me! Caiaphas: Is it true that you gave permission to have Him buried? Pilate: Yes, why not? Caiaphas: You actually handed over the Body? Pilate: See here! You're forgetting your place. You've no right to question my actions. Caiaphas: You just handed over the Body? That's all it meant to you? Pilate: I'm through with this thing. I thought I heard the last of it when I let them take the Body. Now, you're at me again. Is there no escaping that Man? Caiaphas: There was a way, but you had to blunder. Didn't you know? Pilate: Know what? Caiaphas: The prophecy He'd made. Pilate: This is a land full of prophecies. One tires of hearing them. Well, what did He say? Caiaphas: That after He was dead three days He would rise again. Pilate: Rise again—that's fantastic. Caiaphas: You know it and I know it. But if His followers were to take the Body away and hide it and then claim that He had risen who could say, "no"? Pilate: You mean people would actually believe it? Caiaphas: They would. And the only proof we'd ever have is the Body itself. But you gave that away. Pilate: Well, what can we do now? Caiaphas: Only one thing. Make sure the Body is sealed up in the tomb. For at least three days. After that, nothing matters. Pilate: All right, you have guards. Post them. Make sure the Body remains. Do anything—anything at all—only get me out of this. I'm—I'm afraid. Yes, afraid. So do what needs doing and leave me alone.

Captain: Halt! And now, men, you'll seek out a rock—very large—large enough to cover the entrance to this tomb. Soldier:

But, sir, there's a stone there already. Captain: It's not large enough. We need one that's heavy—so heavy that it'll take a number of men to move it. And so large that it covers the entrance of the tomb, allowing nothing to enter or come out. Now, it's only a little further to go. Come, every man, lend a hand. Else we can't set this rock into place at the tomb. Come now! And now—set it in place—close against the opening of the tomb. Every man, now! Move! There, that's it. At ease, men. Soldier: Can we—can we get away from here now? Captain: What's the matter with you? Soldier: I got to thinking—what's everybody so frightened about? After all, He's a dead man, isn't He? What's the need to put rocks in His way? I say, if He wants to come out—let Him! Captain: But still you want to get away, eh? Soldier: Look, captain, you can't put your finger on it but it's a strange feeling. I don't like it at all. Captain: That's too bad. Because you and one other man are going to stand guard here. Soldier: Me? Why pick on me? Captain: It'll teach you not to talk so much. So you're one—and you there—Soldier II: Aye, sir? Captain: Both you men will stand guard here. No one is to be allowed to come near this tomb. Understand? Soldier II: Aye, sir. Captain: Now all you others—march!

Soldier: Guarding a stone that guards a tomb. What's the matter with them all? What are they afraid of? Soldier II: Who knows? Soldiers don't ask—they only carry out orders. Soldier: You know, when you get to thinking about it, if they're all so frightened maybe there's a good reason. Maybe that One in there could move. Else why would they fear Him? And yet your own good sense tells you it can't happen. Soldier II: Say, wait—be quiet. Soldier: What's the matter? Soldier II: Someone's coming this way. Soldier: That's what I need—some action—something to do. Just let me get my spear and my shield and—no, wait—it's only two women. Soldier II: No trouble there.

Mary: This is the place, Mary—here—Magdalen: Then we shall kneel and pray. Soldier: Wait, now, both you women. There'll be no praying here. Mary: Please, we've come to mourn the dead. Magdalen: He lies here. Soldier: We know that. And here is where He's going to lie. For a long time. Now he off with you. No one is allowed to loiter here. Magdalen: Is it loitering to mourn for the dead? Soldier: You mind your tongue, woman. I won't hesitate to use my spear even on a woman. So you'll move on. Magdalen: Please, allow us to remain here. Just a little while—when we've said our prayer we'll go—without another word. Soldier: You'll go now—and without another word! Because if you don't I have ways of making you move. Now get along! Magdalen: Don't touch her! Soldier: I'll do what I choose to do. And right now I choose to—

A crash of thunder interrupts the soldier. Soldier: Listen—did you hear that—thunder! Soldier II: I heard it, too. But it can't be thunder—it can't be. Look, the sky is bright and clear—whoever heard of thunder from a cloudless sky?

The thunder cracked louder. Soldier: Look—look—the rock—it moves! Moves—it moves—the rock. I saw it move—saw it move—no, no! Magdalen: Look at them—both soldiers—struck dumb. Unable to speak another word. Mary: And the rock—the rock is moved away. Come. They must know—John, Peter, Thomas—all of them must know.

Magdalen: I tell you we saw it. Peter: Mary—I can't believe it. Magdalen: But we saw it, Peter. The thunder first. Then the rock rolled away without a hand to move it.

Peter: John, we must go to the tomb.

John: Peter, quickly—hurry—it's true—true. Peter: The rock—John, look! John: Rolled away, just as Mary said. Peter: John, I'm going in—I must. So dark—it's hard to see. Wait—something here—I can feel it. Linen—the shroud—empty. He's gone—gone. John, did you hear me—gone—only an empty shroud. John: Yes, we must tell the others. Come, quickly. Magdalen: Gone, gone. John: Yes, Mary—come with us—we're going to tell all the others. Magdalen: No, I won't leave here. John: But why? Magdalen: I shall wait here. John: There may be danger. Magdalen: I don't care, I shall wait here—alone. John: Then take care, Mary—take care.

Magdalen: Gone, gone—I must see for myself. So dark in here. So dark. Who are you? Christ: Woman, why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou? Magdalen: Please, if you tend this garden, tell me—have you removed Him from here? If so, tell me where and I will find Him and take Him away. Christ: Mary. Magdalen: Master, Master. Christ: Touch me not for I am not yet ascended to my Father but go to my brethren and say unto them I ascend unto my Father and your Father and to my God and your God.

Magdalen: And He spoke to me—He did. John, Peter, you must believe me. He spoke to me. John: We believe, Mary. Peter: And yet I denied Him. Three times. John: Please, Peter, you were no less courageous than the rest of us. Peter: Remember when He used to call us "Ye of little faith?" And I thought our faith was strong. But when the danger came we were of little faith. Will He ever forgive us? Before we deserted Him He knew and forgave. The shepherd was struck and the sheep scattered. But now He's sent Mary to tell us He's risen. And we must gather the others—and we shall not be afraid any longer.

Their voices were interrupted by a sudden knock at the door. Peter: The door. John: Who is it this time? Peter: Stand back. It may be soldiers come seeking us now that the news is known. The door latch lifts and opens. Peter: Who is—oh, it's you, Thomas? Thomas: Let me in. I've just heard. I came here as quickly as I could. Tell me—is it true? John: Mary saw Him, heard Him. Thomas: She did? John: She'll tell you herself. Thomas: And yet I can—not—believe. Peter: Thomas! Thomas: Don't look at me in that accusing way. All of you. Peter: The rest of us believe, Thomas. Thomas: Have I ever been like the rest of you? I've wanted to be and even when He lived. Peter: I tell you He still lives. Thomas: When He lived He was aware of my doubts. But He taught me patiently—explained to me—and now that He's gone, I cannot be content with less. I want to believe—I want to—but I must have proof. John: Thomas—please. Thomas: You must understand, John. I can't believe it. Not till I see the nail wounds in His hands—the place where the soldier thrust the spear into His side. Not till then will I believe.

Peter: Master, Master. Thomas: Master, it is You. Christ: Peace be with you. Thomas: Master, You know me well. I am Thomas and being Thomas, I doubt. I must have proof before I believe. Christ: Thomas, reach out and behold my wounds. Thomas: Yes, Master. The wounds where the nails were driven. Christ: And reach out thy hand, thrust it into my side. Thomas: Here, here the spear was thrust. Oh, Master, Master. Christ: Be not faithless but believing. Thomas: My Lord and My God.

Christ: Because thou hast seen Me thou hast believed. Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed. Go you and teach all nations to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you and lo, I am with you always even unto the end of the world.

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Life Is So Beautiful!

(Continued from page 35)

knew vaguely had no idea she was making history.

Larkin listened to Keane for a few minutes. She was explaining her delirium, and he managed to remain calm throughout the recital. "Calm, but kind," she says.

Actually, she was still too thrilled over herself to be able to spare a throb for anyone else, but once he'd gone, and she was sitting alone at her table, the waiter brought her a drink. "Compliments of Mr. Larkin," he said.

Colby's isn't exactly El Morocco, but she was impressed.

Two weeks later, they met again in Colby's. She was blasé already, after two weeks of work in the role. "She was one of us again," says John. "You could talk to her."

"But not very much," says Teri, pointing out that on one of their first dates, Larkin romantically escorted her into a hansom cab, told the driver to ride around the park, and then proceeded to fall asleep. Teri discovered he had a lovely profile, that trip, so she didn't really call it a total loss.

For two years after that untalkative night, however, Teri and John talked a lot.

They started by exchanging life stories. Teri was born in New York, moved away when she was nine, came back when she was grown up. She'd knocked around, had the usual disappointments of a young actress; she'd done good parts in five Broadway shows, and things had varied from good to pretty bad with her. Hope, in Big Sister, was her first real radio break.

John was born in Oakland, California, acted in stock, and woke up one day to find himself an announcer in Kansas City. They called him an announcer then. He was the equivalent of today's disc jockey, and he hated it. One day, on the heels of a couple of particularly loathsome records, he walked over to the microphone, delivered himself rather strikingly into the mike and then started moving. He never stopped till he was safely on a bus bound for Chicago.

In 1942, he went into the army, got out in 1946. But in 1946, he discovered that radio had died in Chicago. So he came to New York.

The best he could do in New York was Buck Rogers, and the best he can say for it was that it didn't last long. Six months, and Buck Rogers was through—

but Perry Mason was just beginning.

"I am the oldest living Perry Mason," he says.

"You're the prettiest living Perry Mason," she says.

Anyhow, after they'd swapped backgrounds, they tried bringing matters up to date. First, they discussed music. They'd both studied singing, and knew the classics. "He has a lovely tenor," says Teri. "I'm the Mario Lanza of our set," says John, leering modestly.

After classics, they got down to jazz. She claims he's an authority. He claims he's not an authority, just an *afficionado*. She claims she doesn't know what an *afficionado* is, and that ends the discussion.

Whichever John is, Teri was neither. "You know Beiderbecke?" her John asked, beginning at the beginning.

"Sure," she said. "The pianist."
He looked at her sadly. "I love you," he said. "I guess I'm grateful you don't think he's some brand of cheese."

Next to jazz, Teri discovered John's most serious loyalty was to the New York Yankees. She calls them "his affliction."

He gave her an engagement ring on October 5th, 1949, the first day of the World Series. "It was the only way to keep her quiet enough so I could watch the ball games. The Yankees won that year," he adds. "If they hadn't, I couldn't have paid for the ring."

Teri learned about baseball, too, in a limited sort of way. The time John took her to her first professional game is worth recording. It was a night game, and they had excellent seats, and the whole thing was a wonderful spectacle to her, all the lights and the people and Johnny so excited, and somewhere, out on the field, she knew, was Joe Di Maggio. Even Teri had heard about Joe.

"Where's Joe?" she demanded, hopping in her seat.

John handed her a pair of binoculars. "That's him," he said. "Out there in center-field. You watch him."

"It worked fine," he says. "I watched the ball game, she watched Joe, and I didn't have to answer a whole lot of fool questions."

"But Joe only did a couple of things," Teri says resentfully. "It wasn't one of his busy nights."

John and Teri were married on June 10th, 1950, in a little church in Englewood, New Jersey. They'd set off from New York in different directions, in separate limousines (Teri was superstitious

about seeing John before the wedding), and one car had Teri, her mother and her best friend, the other held John and his best man.

The day was fiercely hot, her flowers were dying, it seemed to Teri that her car was making no progress. She sat in her lace gown, and talked to herself. "Don't be nervous, keep calm."

The driver seemed determined to ride straight through eternity. He was four feet tall, he had no teeth, and he had no sense of direction, either.

Finally he pulled the car to a stop at a place that looked like a desert. There was nothing around but a gas station. The driver got out, and went away. When he came back, he stuck his head in the window. "Wal," he said, "we're in Tenafly."

"Why," said Teri gently, "are we in Tenafly?"

"I don't know," said the driver, "I'm sure."

They eventually made it to Englewood ("I nearly had to marry the organist," her husband said later) and the cute little minister led Teri into the church, and she heard the organ playing—which, somehow, she hadn't expected—and she was standing up there getting married. When she at last gathered nerve enough to glance over at her bridegroom, she got another shock. She'd been expecting him to wear a simple navy blue suit, and there he was in striped pants, and stiff shirt. The works. "All decked out like an undertaker," she says admiringly.

They both shook so hard it wasn't any use trying to hang on to each other, so Teri hung on to her mother, who was giving her away.

Then John did beautifully in his part of the double ring ceremony, but Teri got mixed up, and had to say, "Wait a minute."

"Hadn't had enough rehearsal," John says chidingly.

The wedding reception was to be at a little East Side restaurant called Cherio's where John and Teri had had some of their most romantic moments, where John and Teri celebrated her getting the role of Chichi, where John and she always dined on birthdays and special occasions. But Teri didn't want to get there early. She was enough of an actress to have a big entrance planned.

"Okay," said her new husband. "Let's go by my hotel and pick up your wedding present, which I conveniently forgot. That'll waste a little time."

They drove back to New York in leisurely fashion, stopped by the Wellington on Seventh Avenue to fetch the gift—amethyst pendant earrings—then made their way to Cherio's.

The entrance was even more spectacular than Teri had planned. There wasn't a soul in the place. Nobody but waiters. First she felt sorry for herself, then she decided she ought to cheer up the waiters. She went around to each one saying, "It's all right, really it is, if nobody comes, we'll still have a good time."

They looked at her indulgently, the look people use on pets, babies and new brides—it means um, yes, anything you say is fine, and went about their business.

The waiters knew the guests would be coming, and they were right. It turned out to be a rousing reception, with a few crashers thrown in for good measure.

Teri and John went to Silvermine, Connecticut, for a one-day honeymoon. It was a huge success, because they drove up in the oldest, most ominous-appearing Rolls Royce known to man (it was loaned by a friend) and they had the



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roads to themselves. That Rolls scared everybody else into the bushes.

One day only, though. Then back to work.

The following September a man named Bill Ramsey, who's a Procter and Gamble official, took pity on them. He let them record their shows three weeks in advance, so they could take a combination vacation-honeymoon in Bermuda.

The Bermuda trip was both absurd and delicious. For one thing, Teri was determined that she and John were going to look dashing in Bermuda. She packed eight suitcases, so no matter what turned out to be stylish in Bermuda that year, the Larkins would be prepared. From tailcoat to sarong, if they owned it, she packed it. "We took everything except the furniture and the television set."

When they got there, they found out they lived in bathing suits ("I wore a dress exactly twice") and the eight suitcases were a constant insult to their eyes.

The days they weren't lying in the sun, they were spent buying the island bare. They bought china, and materials and blankets, in a kind of abundant enthusiasm. "Do you think we need another blanket?" "Oh, but it's so much cheaper here—"

When they got off the plane which brought them home, at Idlewild, they had ten cents left between them.

That homecoming was terrible.

First of all, the day was dreary, rainy, messy, and they gazed around and started hating New York, and then they needed two attendants to carry all the stuff—the eight suitcases, plus the contents of several Bermuda shops—a fact which embarrassed them almost speechless. "We looked like a couple of maharajahs," Teri says, "nonchalantly stepping off the plane, while those poor men struggled with our bundles and packages. We looked like those disgustingly rich people—"

"And us with ten cents in our pocket," adds her husband.

They took a taxi home, and had to make the driver wait while they borrowed money from the elevator man to pay him.

Sharon Larkin, their daughter, was born March 5th, at 5:55 A.M., 1951.

There were so many fives in the production that her father got a hunch. He went out and played a horse. "Put five dollars," he told the man, "on any number five horse in any fifth race in America today."

"That horse didn't even finish fifth," he says bitterly. "For all I know he's still running. And I expected to win a fortune."

John saw Teri twenty minutes after the baby was born, and the fact that he was a little nervous can be easily proved.

"Darling," he said, "we've got a beautiful little girl. She's got hair just like you."

When the baby was wheeled into Teri, she took one look, and giggled. "I never saw anything quite so bald in my whole life."

What free time they have is spent with the baby, and when it's World Series time, with the Yankees, and the TV set.

Teri gave the set to John for a wedding present, but whenever it goes on the blink, it becomes her set. "Your TV set is busted again," he'll remark.

Still, aside from such minor altercations, the Larkins know Life Can Be Beautiful. John's daily shows are Perry Mason, Right to Happiness and Ma Perkins. Furthermore, in 1950, he got an award as Best Male Radio Actor.

"He's one of the three top radio people," his wife says proudly.

"Let's not mention the other two," says her husband, grinning at her.

Yes, life is so beautiful for the Larkins.

The Strictly Private Life of Ralph Edwards

(Continued from page 49)

Lawrence College, with every intention of using her knowledge as a nursery school teacher.

But then one Saturday night she went on a blind date with a young staff announcer from CBS in New York, and allowed herself to be convinced that her special skills might just as well be used in bringing up her own as other people's children.

That mommie learned her lessons well is perfectly clear when Christene and Gary get home from school at three.

"Hi, mom!" shouts Gary from the hall, bounding in to kiss his mother soundly on the ear. In a moment he is off to ride his bike, and Christene departs with her school books to "get the homework over with," but not before they have both said how-do-you-do politely to the visitor, remembering—rather amazingly from this age group—her name.

TRIXIE romps off gleefully at Gary's heels, and Lauren adoringly follows her big sister upstairs "to study too," so that the tour of the house which then gets under way is conducted in an atmosphere of almost unnatural calm.

Directly off the drawing room is the most used room in the house, a vast, asphalt tile-floored playroom. At one end, grouped around a corner fireplace, are some easy chairs, a television set, a combination soda fountain and bar—"daddy's half," it is explained. At the opposite end of the room, in an area which can be curtained off if things get too noisy, is a chaotic array of children's wheel toys and games, doll furniture and blocks. Clamped into the wall, with its pull down legs and a rather mysterious conglomeration of electric wire plainly visible, is the first you've seen of Barbara's "inventions." Pull it down, and you have an enormous table on which are permanently set up all the cars, engines, tracks, tunnels, switches, bridges and stations of Gary's elaborate electric train.

"I got so tired," Barbara Edwards explains, "of lugging it in and out."

A striking example of the kind of parties the Edwardses like best to give, and for which they've developed a whole-family-pitches-in technique, occurred on the day after Ralph and Barbara arrived home from their two-month European holiday.

Their train pulled in at eight o'clock on Saturday morning. The house had been closed up for the summer and was foodless and servantless, and yet—before noon—Ralph was on the telephone to his office instructing his secretary to "round up the gang for a barbecue tomorrow."

"The gang," is Ralph's radio and television staff who've worked with him ever since the Truth Or Consequences days—some twenty people, and since families are always included in any invitations to the boss' house, the group which piled in on Sunday faced the Edwardses with fifty hungry mouths to feed.

"Sure it was work," Ralph will tell you cheerfully. "But we wanted to see everybody right away . . . half the fun in a happy-to-be-home party is having it before the excitement wears off."

The happy-to-be-home party, of course, overflowed from the patio into the big garden at the back of the house. The brightly-colored little folding tables the Edwardses keep handy for just such occasions were set up everywhere, like colored Easter eggs.

The garden, like the indoor playroom, is divisible by two, both for parties and everyday use. A picket fence separates the grassy area, where the grownups can

lounging lazily in garden chairs, from the play yard where the children and their friends can choose among swings, climbing bars and a roomy playhouse, and where Henny Penny the Second, the little Edwardses' pet hen, queens it around in her own private hen house.

Henny Penny the Second religiously lays one egg a day—and there is a daily morning race for the play yard to claim it for breakfast. She is a respected member of the family, and just slightly less revered than her mother, the original Henny Penny.

Henny Penny the First walked into their yard on Good Friday two years ago—and this is in an exclusive city residential section, remember—took to her nest on Easter Sunday, and hatched her brood on Mother's Day!

The day that she died would have been one of almost unbearable gloom, except that Barbara had had the foresight to let the children keep their favorite of her children.

The library where grandmother Edwards is apt to be napping has yet another corner fireplace. The books which line the walnut-paneled walls look *read*—another surprising note in a town where the decorators so often supply the "library" along with the lamps and carpets. Only a few leather-bound volumes, rare editions Ralph and Barbara "picked up" in England last summer, have that hands-off look.

Back of the library, along the northern borders of the garden, sprawls the cooking and dining wing. The kitchen, which has just been modernized, is a marvel of efficiency, thanks to more Barbara Edwards inventions.

Bright red vinyl work surfaces cheer up the pale yellow tile walls. A dishwasher and garbage disposal unit have been built into the window wall. Built-in cupboards are everywhere, including vegetable bins with metal air vents of Barbara's contriving.

Except for the maid, the only non-family member of the household is Evelyn Haskett, an attractive young woman, who helps Barbara transport the children to and from school and their doctor's and dentist's appointments, dines with the children on the rare occasions when business or a social engagement conflicts with the family dinner, answers the busy phone, and handles such of Ralph's mail which goes through his "home office."

ONE of the things about which Barbara Edwards is adamant is that her children's bringing up shall not be left to servants.

"Their manners are made every day," she insists, "you can't leave that to just anyone."

The six o'clock family dinner is the high point of the Edwards family's day—if it's an etiquette school as well nobody seems to notice. Ralph's work allows him much less time with the children than he would like, and he is grateful for this daily chance to see them all together.

The dining room is big, with a colorful Oriental rug and expandable mahogany table. The atmosphere here, too, is "back east" in flavor—the crystal and silver appointments reek of tradition and stability.

Decoration of the breakfast room, on the other hand, has been left to the children. There is nothing formal about the menagerie of wooden nursery figures which decorate the walls, or the hanging cupboard full of China animals.

As you climb the balustraded staircase to the upper floor, Barbara Edwards is apt to tell you, "I *know* my bed is made—I made it myself."

The children's rooms and the guest room,

currently being used by Ralph's charming mother, are designed as retreats where the occupants may do exactly as they like—and they look it. Christene's overflows with books and her collection of story book dolls, Lauren's with battered but well loved toys.

Gary's room is a typical boy's room with wall paper of his own selection—three types of horsemen . . . the knight, the jockey, and the cowboy.

Grandmother's room is chintzy and fresh, with handsome old rosebud chairs drawn up to a cozy fireplace.

Another corner room is given over to Ralph's "home office." With panelled walls, magazine strewn desk and leather upholstered swivel chair, it looks almost too comfortable to be a work room.

The other chairs—every one designed for comfort—are unsittable, it is true, since they're buried in piles of framed photographs. Those pictures are meant to go on the walls, but there's no more room.

RALPH is an incurable framer, and looking at the wall exhibit you can read a story in pictures of his whole life: the elementary school class in "that wide place in the road" Ralph remembers so fondly, Merino, Colorado, his home town; his Oakland, California, high school graduating class; dramatics department play casts at the University of California; Merritt Business College friends; Ralph with his first radio boss, Major Bowes; a still from his first movie role; Ralph skiing, Ralph roping a steer, Ralph and Barbara in their first home in Poundridge, New York.

And the hundreds of pictures for which there is no wall space? Barbara pulls out one of them at random.

"A horse he knew once," she said, laughing.

Her concern for the children's healthful development actually is the dominating theme of Barbara Edwards' life. She is on the board of the PTA—"and probably will be until I run out of children"—and active in a program the Episcopal church has undertaken for young folk.

"Our school is on the conservative side," she says, "and frankly I'm grateful for it. You may think that's odd coming from a product of progressive education—but we figure we can give our children the 'experience learning' they need right here at home. The school concentrates on the fundamentals. It may be old fashioned, but they're really learning."

Barbara probably gives the school too much credit for her small fry's progress. They're learning because learning and growing is implicit in the way they're being brought up. Not every child has the easy access to art and music, new friends and new places that the young Edwardses have come to take for granted.

"Now that they're all through being babies, we can pick up and go somewhere any time we like—they're wonderful little travelers," their mother says. "Ralph and I have always said we wanted four children, but now we aren't sure."

"When your children are little, it seems that one of them is down with something all the time. And in spite of all of my training in psychology, I guess I'm just a worrisome mother—any little cough or sneeze and I'd run for the baby book and the steamer."

"Our three now have all their diseases behind them—and it's delightful!"

That it's delightful is obvious. And for anyone who's come to believe that things are hopelessly grim and futureless these days, no medicine could afford quicker relief than to spend a day at home with the Edwardses.

How to Choose a Mother-in-Law

(Continued from page 37)

to dress; 3:00 P.M. meet Father Daley at Chancellory—get married," it indicated she had allowed at the most forty minutes for those preparations which usually take brides hours and hours.

Had I known what I know now, I would have stayed blocks away from that whirlwind which is Fran dressing in a hurry. There's reason, I discovered, for the ban against seeing your bride before the service.

I had ignored it, for trying to be helpful and knowing Fran's way of turning the crossing of a street into an adventure, I had thought it wisest to meet Nan and Fran at their apartment and drive them to the chapel myself.

WORTHY as my intention was, there was still another circumstance that was destined to precipitate the fight. In the year 1942, you will recall, virtually every marriageable guy also was draftable. For the short time I had left before going into service, Fran and I decided it would be best for me to move directly into Fran and Nan's two-bedroom apartment on Marine Drive. Our own home we'd choose later.

I should have known better, but foolishly, I chose to bring my suitcases with me when I went to call for my bride, arriving about an hour early. Nan did gasp slightly, but she bustled about to make me welcome. "Bring your things directly into Fran's room," she directed. "I'll make space so you can find a clean shirt at least."

Whereupon she dumped dresser drawers out onto the bed. In the middle of the mess, before Nan had a chance to put anything away, in walked Fran. Fran took one horrified glance and shrieked, "What are you two doing?"

Innocent like, I answered, "Just getting settled."

You know how her eyes flash when Mme. Ooglepus heckles her on Kukla, Fran and Ollie? Well, they shot lightning bolts at me. "Archie Levington," she commanded. "You get out of here, right this minute, or you won't have anything to get settled for. A girl is entitled to be a blushing bride once in her life and I scarcely have time for a shower."

Guilty as a couple of kids caught in a jam jar, Nan and I tiptoed out. But the moment the door slammed behind us, Nan saw the funny side. There's no more beautiful sight in the world than Nan when she throws back her head and laughs. Any other mother would have rushed to the side of her only daughter, fussing over the error until both were in a nervous dither, but Nan, having brought Fran up to be independent, had confidence in her daughter. Her laughter was genuine enjoyment of the humor of our situation.

That laughter broke the tension. My knees returned from milk to muscle, and Fran, her own sense of humor bubbling to the surface, opened the door an inch. "Fine guy you are," Fran laughed. "You must be what they mean by an eager bridegroom. Just calm down, Archie. We have a long way to go together."

Ten years, in many show business marriages is a long time, longer than many of them survive. To me it has seemed short, for Fran and I have been blessed with the satisfactory kind of living in which the pleasure of being together colors everything we think, everything we do.

We've had our tiffs and stormy periods. That's bound to happen to any couple who love each other with an acute awareness,

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but we've weathered them and we acknowledge that Nan, that mother-in-law I so wisely picked, is our bulwark of strength. We've depended often on her to keep us on the beam.

My feeling toward Nan is so strong that when someone starts a mother-in-law joke, I'm likely to interrupt, "Hey, you're talking about the woman I love." Perhaps, instead, I should adapt the old recipe for rabbit pie which began, "First catch your rabbit . . ." and say that the formula for a happy marriage begins, "First find the right wife and then you'll find the right mother-in-law."

I'm not alone in this opinion. Gloria Van, the sultry vocalist you see on the Wayne King show, confirms it. Married to Fran's brother Lynn, she's as fond of Nan as I am.

Difficult as it is for a man to define why he loves his wife, it is almost impossible for him to analyze her. I can do it only by talking about Nan, for in many respects Fran is a reflection of Nan. The same characteristics which make Fran a beloved entertainer have, with the added increment of years, made Nan a great woman.

About both of them, there is a quality of radiant goodness. Many of Fran's television friends have remarked about this, but the first to call it to my attention was my own mother.

Mother was then in her last illness, back home in Philadelphia, and I wanted to tell her all about my intended bride. Like most ardent young men, I was slightly tongue-tied, so I sent her Fran's picture and asked her to listen to Fran's programs.

Ecstatically in love though I was, mother's response surprised me. She wrote, "I sit and look at that good face by the hour and it makes me feel better. You're marrying a fine woman, Archie."

Goodness as such was not the thing I found most exciting in those days, but as I grew to know Nan as well as Fran better, I comprehended more fully what my mother meant.

Nan and Fran live those principles many other people talk about—belief in God and belief in the intrinsic dignity and value of each individual. With Nan, and consequently with Fran, such beliefs do not originate with any campaigns for tolerance and non-discrimination. Instead, they are rooted deeply in the background of the family itself.

The first Allison's came to Iowa when the country was new and when, in the pioneers' never-ending battle with the elements, a good neighbor could mean the difference between death and survival. Both Nan and Fran were reared in small towns where the individual continues to be of supreme importance. You know everyone's joys, sorrows and problems, and what's more, you have to live with them. Your neighbor's life affects your own life much more sharply than it does in a city. Alert in mind and observation as well as warm of heart, Nan and Fran have absorbed all this and live richer, fuller lives because of it.

In such experience you find the reason for Fran's complete acceptance of the Kuklapolitans as individuals rather than as puppets, and you also find, obviously, the source of her grass-roots Aunt Fanny character on the Breakfast Club. When Aunt Fanny tells Don McNeill of the Fancy Doers and Busy Fingers Club putting on a church social, Fran also knows who brought the sandwiches.

I'll not forget my own introduction to the way the Allison's particular small town had influenced Nan and Fran. I had thought I knew quite a good deal about the world, for on graduating from law school I had gone to Denver to manage an invest-

ment house, had become interested in a silver mine and a number of other projects and finally, in 1935, had taken a whale of a financial licking. After moving to Chicago, I found a job with Leeds Music Company and by the time Fran arrived in town, fresh from a small radio station, I was a fairly successful song plugger. A little condescending, I confess, I agreed to go with a friend to meet NBC's Iowa import.

"I'll give her six months," I remarked. "The corn will show up. You'll see."

All I can say now is that in the Allison family the tall corn that showed up sure tasseled out in stars. Taking Fran out to dinner to discuss a song I was promoting, I discovered her brother Lynn was playing tenor sax with a name band and that Fran herself knew more about my business than I did in those days.

Before I was aware of what hit me, I was in love with Fran and when we drove to LaPorte City, Iowa, for a visit, I came to love her folks as well.

I had held a shadow of dread of the trip, for I knew her father was an invalid. While still a young man, he had suffered a stroke and been paralyzed. I suppose I expected a house of suffering and sorrow. Instead I found a family which, by habit, met hardship with laughter, including the man who, though bedridden, could still rib me gently because I was a city slicker who didn't know the difference between day birds from night birds and mistook the call of a mourning dove for the hoot of an owl.

And I also found Nan, a woman whose deep and lifelong interest had centered in her home and family, yet when the necessity forced it, had shouldered the task of supporting the family as a seamstress and had done it without donning the cloak of a martyr. Despite differences in our ages and backgrounds, we became friends and have remained friends through the years. When her husband died, it was my wish as well as Fran's that she move to Chicago and after our marriage live with us.

In telling of our life together I want to make it abundantly clear that our house requires no special hat hooks for halos. Impressively good though she may be, Nan is no more sanctimonious than Fran is.

If you think Fran is an ad-lib artist, you should hear Nan. She's the woman who actually finds the perfect retort which most of us are still searching for hours later.

There was a Sunday Nan slipped on the ice. A neighbor, rushing up, exclaimed, "My goodness, Mrs. Allison, did you fall?"



Fran Allison as the hilarious Aunt Fanny on the Don McNeill Breakfast Club, jokes with the jovial emcee.

Nan, her best hat askew, gathered up her sprawled feet and her dignity. "Of course not," she replied tartly, "I always sit down here on my way to church."

Fran's facility with the same sort of reply has led a number of people to tell me, "I'd sure hate to tangle with her in front of a microphone. She'd cut me to ribbons."

That's where they're wrong. Quick as she is with an answer, Fran is careful never to reach for a laugh at someone's expense. Many times, in telling me about something which happened, she'll giggle, "I thought of saying so-and-so, but I was afraid it would be a bit cruel, so I didn't." Fran's jokes, and Nan's too, are usually directed toward themselves, and when either begins recounting some misadventure—and they get into plenty—listeners laugh until their sides ache.

There's a strong bond between Nan and Fran, but hers is not the smothering kind of mother-love. Instead, Nan is fan and critic at the same time. She constantly challenges her daughter and me, and Fran and I have to stay on our toes to keep up with her. It's good for both of us.

Needless to say, life under the same roof with two such women has a tang and zest. The aforementioned roof now covers a remodelled coach house on Chicago's near-North Side, convenient to our work, and easy for people to drop in. The Johnny Desmonds are our neighbors, Burr Tillstrom and his parents live just down the street, and we're right around the corner from the Ambassador Hotel, where many of our friends stay when in town.

Nan joins us in giving those friends a wide-armed welcome, and they love her, too. I've noticed that aside from according her due respect, there's no age barrier between them. Burr says it this way: "I think both Nan and Fran have found the fountain of youth. They are no age and every age. They live today whenever *today* may be, and because they are so alive, both are beautiful and exciting women."

In our particular division of labor, Nan takes responsibility for keeping the house running, supervising Rose, our maid, and picking up after Fran and me. Neither of us, she insists, has ever been known to close a dresser drawer. She fusses, but it's a fond sort of fussing, for Nan has the gift of accepting people as they are and enjoying them.

Our major go-around, and it is a continuous, amiable one, has its origin in Nan's dislike of throwing anything away. This, I think, is inherited from her pioneer background. In the early days on the prairie, you saved everything or else you might end up wanting a thing and being unable to get a replacement. Along the same line, Nan is sharply conscious of the change in seasons and prepares for them. She orders wood for the fireplace; she'll cut short a visit to Iowa if the strawberries are ripe for canning; she'll see that fertilizer is put into the small flower beds in our tiny courtyard and that seed is on hand for planting.

It results, too, in both Fran and Nan being imaginative cooks. Nan, in particular, can stir up such fine things out of leftovers that I'll usually enter the house shouting, "Hey, Ma, what's cooking?" and go straight to the kitchen to demand a taste.

Unfortunately, with such cooking, it is difficult to get repeat performances. Once Nan put together a pie of strawberries, cherries and pineapple, the most delicious I ever ate. Several times she has tried to duplicate it, but it's never been quite the same, for that day she had simply cleaned out the refrigerator and had no real recollection of the proportions.

It's only when that save-everything principle is applied to house furnishings that we tangle. I have the same acute sensitivity to color and design that Fran has to sound. I can't help it if Great-great-aunt Tabitha did hand-paint a certain plate. I can't bear to look at it, and Nan, bless her, is considerate enough of my feelings to keep it out of sight.

Our touchy spots about sound and color have resulted in a piece of construction which I think is going to be important to our future. I know it's added happiness to our present design for living.

It happened this way: When Burr began remodelling his coach house down the block, I got the bug, too, and decided to do over our first floor which we were still using as a garage. Both Fran and I wanted to build a ranch house outside Chicago, but realizing neither of us could afford the transportation time, we agreed that if we wanted the outdoors feeling, we had to create it right where we were. We achieved it through wood-panelled walls stained a soft brown, a rug of hemp squares and modern furniture.

Since we were all torn up anyway, I concluded this was the time to incorporate a dream of my own and turn the place into a good workroom. I had Fran's needs particularly in mind, for, having perfect pitch, she can set her teeth on edge over the creaking of a door and often finds it difficult to rehearse in a bad room. Aiming at a perfection which would make her comfortable, I called in a sound engineer and we worked the place over.

I made provision, too, for my own gadgets which tie in with our work. In what amounts to a miniature control room, I have a projector on which I run those movies I take and we also use it to study the Kukla, Fran and Ollie kine-scopes. In the same manner, I have a tape recorder to take Aunt Fanny broadcasts off the air.

Sessions in our workroom have since become a habit. When you hear the Sharp disc of Jack Halloran's Love Lies and Win Stracke's I'm An Optimist, on the Mercury label, you will encounter some of the results. We've found out that when people settle down in a comfortable and congenial place, ideas flow freely.

And where do Nan and Fran fit into this? Actually, they do their part far ahead of such sessions, for when a composer submits a tune, I take it home and Fran tries it out. She may say it needs something. "Change that progression; strengthen this part of the melody."

But it is Nan who virtually is our final judge of what to publish. Listening to radio and watching television constantly, she has an average person's attitude in contrast to Fran's and my technical knowledge. We've even trusted her reaction to give since one day we came in and found Nan, her hair up in pin curls, her feet on an ottoman and her nose buried in a copy of Down Beat which her son, Lynn, had left at our house.

Now, or soon in the future, you'll be hearing four tunes Nan helped choose. In addition to Love Lies and I'm An Optimist, we're putting out Lonesome So Lonesome and a tricky one called Secret of My Success.

Fran and I hope you'll like them, for we know the songs people sing influence their ideas and their lives. We think, too, that when we stick to those our Nan approves, in singing them, you'll be happy. For making people happy is the objective of Nan's life, an objective Nan has passed on to Fran. I know because, as I said before, "First find the right wife and then you'll find the right mother-in-law." I sure did.

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Arthur Godfrey, Talent Scout

(Continued from page 63)

Worry assailed her again about the song. She loved "Stormy Weather," but it was an old song, and it had been sung by the most famous names in show business.

And then she heard Godfrey mention her name, and she was walking out toward him on a cloud of unreality. Not to sing with some Victrola records, alone in the living room, but in front of a real orchestra, with millions of people watching her! Almost shaking with fright, she exchanged a few words with the genial Godfrey, then faced the TV cameras and began to sing, as the old haunting music swelled up behind her. . . .

It was as though destiny had taken over half a century to build up to that climactic moment in a young girl's life. June's father had sung on the streets of his native Naples as a small boy. He still had a fine voice when he came to America at seventeen as a plasterer, and was in great demand to sing Neapolitan folk songs and ballads at Italian-American weddings and parties. Friends took him to a singing teacher, who was enthusiastic about his high promise as a professional. But June's father quit his study in two weeks, when the teacher insisted he would have to give up rich Italian foods and late singing at parties. Now sixty-three, he still works as a plasterer.

June's mother was born into a musical family of Austria. Her father was conductor of a village band, and taught each of his thirteen children to play a different instrument. June's mother came to America when she was twenty-three, and worked as a baby nurse until she fell under the spell of her husband's voice.

June had no illusions, or even dreams,

about singing in public. Her father was the family singer, not her. June decided to be a dress designer, and took a job at Van Raalte as a file clerk to earn money for her tuition. In three weeks they promoted her to bookkeeping and comptometer operation, with a salary of thirty-four dollars a week. June felt that she was doing splendidly.

In March, 1951, her mother was unable to attend a wedding, and insisted that June go in her place. It was one of those large, gay Italian-American affairs, and many guests were asked to sing. Among them was June, who was terrified at the thought of singing before a group of people.

She sang "Stormy Weather," one of her favorites. To her astonishment, the guests were so enthusiastic that they insisted upon an encore. Unknown to June, among the guests was a man named Sol Gilbert, an uncle of Abe Burrows. The mother of the bride, impressed with June's voice, asked Gilbert if he didn't think she had possibilities for a professional career.

"You mean that she *isn't* a professional?" he exclaimed in surprise. Two weeks later he phoned June and told her that she was going to have an audition with Godfrey's Talent Scouts. June was so amazed and frightened at the idea that she tried to beg off, but Sol Gilbert and her parents wouldn't hear of it. At the audition, despite her extreme nervousness, her bell-clear, powerful voice so thrilled the band that they all applauded. That surprise gave her enough confidence to sing on the show, and now, finally, she was facing the TV cameras. . . .

The studio audience was spellbound. It was incredible that so powerful a volume of rich, beautiful sound could pour so ef-

fortlessly out of June Valli's slight little figure. When the last notes of "Stormy Weather" died away, there was a moment's stunned silence. And then the "applausometer" registered over 100 decibels of enthusiasm, not once but twice. June almost fainted when Arthur Godfrey announced that she had won. At one wave of the magic Godfrey wand, a thirty-four-dollar-a-week bookkeeper had disappeared and a brilliant new singing star was born.

She was signed for five weeks on Stop the Music, replacing Kay Armen. At the smart Manhattan night club, La Vie en Rose, she shared the spotlight with screen star Celeste Holm. She sang with Vaughn Monroe's and Ralph Flanagan's orchestras, and had her own radio show on ABC. She appeared on all the top TV shows. Warner's wanted her to make a screen test, but June preferred to make records for Victor. It was there that the singing idols she had worshipped, Dinah Shore and Perry Como, stepped out of her scrapbooks to shake her hand and wish her luck.

"One of the best singers to come up in recent months," was the way *Billboard*, the theatrical trade journal, described June in a review. "Does blues and ballads in such a thrilling fashion that she just about walks away with the show."

Overnight success hasn't spoiled June. She still lives quietly at home with her parents. Because she loves animals, she spent \$125 of the first singing money she had earned to buy a little dachshund she named "Schatzie," which is German for "sweetheart." She had been tempted to name him after the man who had changed the whole course of her life into a modern fairy tale. But she wasn't too sure that Godfrey would be flattered!

I Love My Home

(Continued from page 68)

building or the apartment—lots of front and back hallways, a staircase with a railing that is wont to break up even the best trained children, and closets that really fulfill the purposes for which they were designed. But it is with pardonable pride that I revel in the enthusiasm so often shown by visitors. You see, I, personally, have done or supervised all the purchasing, arranging, color scheming, of the apartment. My home is me . . . the good and bad alike . . . and I believe that if folks like my home, chances are they'll like me. I guess you might say that through the years the furnishing of my home has been my hobby. New York's Third Avenue with its antique and second-hand shops has been my happy hunting ground. Fifteen years ago I found my lovely mahogany tilt-top table in one of these shops . . . tucked away under layers of battered chairs, chipped knick-knacks and heavy dust. A furniture man refinished it, making the most of the beautiful grain, and all I've had to do since is to preserve that lovely finish.

Which brings me to one of my manias. The preservation of furniture. To me it makes no difference how elegant or inelegant the piece is—if it was worth buying, it's worth preserving. Even the nicest piece can soon lose its beauty if not properly cared for. And the proper care of woods is really quite simple. I've found the best way to preserve and protect the finish is to polish with a paste wax two or three times a year. To do this, use a clean, soft cloth—either cheesecloth, flannel, wool, or old silk. Dip cloth in cold water and wring out as dry as possible. Make a flat pad of the

cloth and wipe it across the wax in the can. Apply in a thin, even coat to a small section at a time. Apply with a circular motion. Allow to set until the wax is just slightly moist. Polish with a soft, dry cloth—rub across the grain of the wood first, with quick strokes. Then rub with the grain, using longer strokes. By polishing the wax before it is completely dry, you save time and energy and avoid streaking. Once a week use a liquid or cream wax to remove smudges and fingerprints. Dust daily to prevent scratches due to an accumulation of dust or dirt.

Chances are if you have antiques in your home, you, too, have a marble top table or two. I find that many people don't realize that marble, just like wood, must be taken care of if it is to retain its original color and beauty. Wash off the marble with a light lather made from a mild soap or detergent and lukewarm water. Rinse with a cloth wrung out in clear water. Dry with a soft cloth. To remove surface stains, use baking soda on a dampened cloth and rub over the stain. For more stubborn stains, like cigarette burns, use a gritless scouring agent and rub gently.

I may not be an athlete, but I do have a trophy room, so to speak. It's really the study, otherwise known as Fanny Merrill's office. (Fanny is my dear friend and respected right hand.) Fanny sees to it that all the awards and citations won by the Goldbergs are framed and hung on the study walls. To me the display is a constant reminder of my many friends and how much I have to be grateful for. The study, which was originally two small maids' rooms, is heavily trafficked, and I soon found I could spend a fortune on

recarpeting. This problem was solved by putting down inlaid linoleum—dressing it up with a few scatter rugs.

But the problems of the study did not end there. The time came when the reams of back scripts, show recordings and necessary file material threatened to push us into the kitchen or living room. It was then that we made what is probably one of history's strangest switches—turned the original maid's bathroom into a file room! I had the bathroom fixtures removed, lined the walls with shelves and installed a large file cabinet. Now everything we need is right at our fingertips, and the Manhattan Warehouse must look elsewhere for business.

I think of all the days of the week Sunday is the day I like best. In the Berg household, it's Family Day. When the children, Cherney and Harriet, were small and living at home, we always maintained a very close and harmonious household. Suddenly they were grown and we were all deeply engrossed in our own projects . . . Mr. Berg a chemical engineer, Cherney a musician and composer, Harriet a researcher for Tex and Jinx McCrary, and, of course, I was deep in the heart of the Goldbergs. I don't quite remember how it happened—I don't think we had a family conclave on the subject—but Sunday became our day. Each Sunday we all get together, leave shop talk behind and enjoy each other, our personal problems and pleasures. If there's something we especially want to see, we take in a theatre or concert, but mostly we're just homebodies—loving every moment of it, thanking our lucky stars, and counting our blessings.

They Had Their Day

(Continued from page 67)

under the G.I. Bill but the budget battle is so strenuous that tickets to a neighborhood movie is a big treat. And it's a far cry from the Rialto Theatre in Roslindale, Massachusetts, to the Stork Club in Manhattan.

Dazzling is the word for what happened after we arrived in New York and met our escorts from NBC and RADIO-TV MIRROR Magazine. We whipped out of the station into a cab to the Hotel Park Sheraton and found not just a room waiting for us but a suite replete with a television set in the living room, a completely equipped kitchen and a big bedroom.

"Look," Shirley gasped, "chambre bedspreads."

We took just enough time to freshen up and gape at our weekend diggings then we were off to Danny's Hideaway for dinner. There were hundreds of autographed pictures of celebrities on the wall but the memorable picture was that delicious thick steak, preceded by Cherrystone clams and followed by a fabulous frappe dessert. I was thinking this is quite a change in diet after living on a twelve-dollar-a-week table. Shirley whispered to me once, "And I didn't have to cook it."

WE WOKE at nine Saturday but continued our dream weekend by having breakfast sent up. I then spent forty-five minutes under the shower, until Shirley hauled me out. She had decided to pass up the tour of Rockefeller Centre in favor of a couple extra hours' rest but I didn't intend to miss a thing.

The trip through the "city within a city" was nothing less than fascinating with a pretty, pert guide to add to the charm. We started down in the basement that extends under Manhattan's trafficked streets and gradually made our way up to the seventy-story Observation Tower just as the sun brightened up a breathtaking view of the city.

Next on the itinerary was lunch in the English Grill with Snooky Lanson and to say Snooky was merely charming belongs in the department of understatements. He told us about his children and home and traded a half-dozen stories. Then he took us to the biggest TV studio in the world to watch rehearsal for that night's telecast of Your Hit Parade on which he stars. We even had a visit on stage with singers from the show, Dorothy Collins and Eileen Wilson.

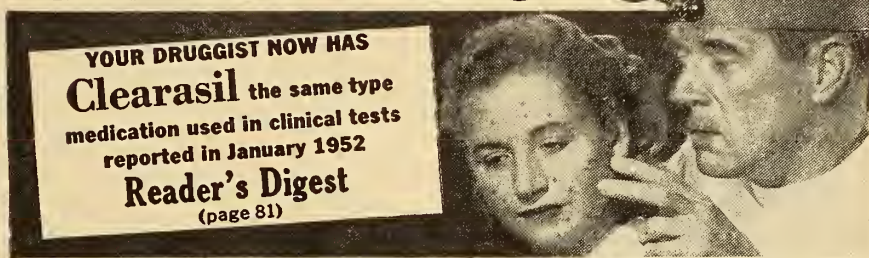
Then came the highpoint of the weekend, watching Sid Car and Imogene Coca in Your Show of Shows. It meant more to us than seeing the best Broadway show for we idolize Sid and Imogene. The climax came afterwards when we went backstage to meet our favorites and they were wonderful, real people.

Sid asked us more questions about ourselves than we got to ask him. As Shirley said, "If he had done nothing more than count up to ten, I would have been thrilled." Imogene said the nicest thing about television is that the viewers get a friendly, family kind of feeling for the stars and it is mutual. When we left, Imogene ran over to the door to wish us a Happy New Year and even remembered our names.

Late that afternoon we caught the train back to Roslindale. I had my textbooks with me for the final exams which were starting the next day. It was hard concentrating for the excitement of the wonderful weekend stayed with me.

Once I turned to Shirley and said, "It really couldn't have happened to us." But it did.

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(page 81)

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Hopalong Cassidy Hangs His Hat

(Continued from page 55)

as the lights twinkle up from the misty valley below, and they talk of their plans for the future. Likely as not, just as they get around to discussing the possibility of a return trip to the Hawaiian Islands where, thirteen years ago, they spent their honeymoon, they will find that they are being circled by small figures in "Hoppy" hats and cowboy boots. These are the children from next door and their assorted playmates from around the neighborhood, who have come over to Bill's house to watch Hopalong Cassidy on television.

The Boyds haven't always lived in their small bungalow. Five years ago they lived cowboy fashion on a huge ranch twenty miles from Malibu, California, and the nearest telephone. Then Bill went into radio and it became imperative to move nearer town. Now they can't imagine living any other way.

"We wanted a small house where I could cook and do my own housework during those months when we weren't working on location, or touring the country on personal appearances," Gracie says. "When Bill built this one-bedroom home we knew that it was just the sort of place we could lock up and leave when we started off on one of our month-long jaunts. Then, when we come home, our hardy, unwatered geraniums are still nodding cheerily outside the windows, and our food closet is stacked with canned goods just the way we left it. Getting settled again is no problem at all."

Life in The Boyds' Nest centers around Grace and Bill's television set. The forest green living room with its sturdy grey corduroy sofas and mulberry red chairs plays host to small bouncing bodies and churning feet as the kids from next door settle down for their session at the set. Sometimes—it's happened twice lately—an old movie of Gracie's will be shown too.

Apart from the kids who have a free run of the house, Gracie and Bill love to have occasional dinner parties in their tiny green and white striped dining-room. There are only four dining room chairs, so the Boyds usually ask only one couple to dine at a time. Coming in pairs to sample the tasty dishes that Gracie whips up are the Bill Lundigans, Norman Taurogs, and Dennis O'Keefes. On such occasions Bill and Gracie team up to produce roast squab or chicken on the shining electric spit that stands against the dining room wall, or else they get out the portable barbecue and charcoal-broil the thick juicy steaks that have become their specialty.

Items such as the spit and barbecue fit into the carefully-planned layout of the tiny house like pieces in a jigsaw puzzle.

"Every inch of space is used in every room," Gracie explains as she shows you her ceiling-to-floor closets in the pale green kitchen. "We keep every item stashed away in its own drawer or cupboard so that we know where even the smallest paring knife can be reached on a moment's notice. If we didn't live by this catalogue plan I think we'd spend so much time scrambling around looking for things our lives would be utter confusion. As a matter of fact there was one horrible experience that still makes us shudder."

Gracie's green-brown eyes crinkle as she talks, but she admits it was no laughing matter at the time. Here's what happened to them.

It seems that a group of housepainters disrupted their scientific balancing of pots and pans with all the tragedy of a juggling act interrupted in midair by an earthquake.

"We were touring the country with the circus," Gracie said. "And we'd left instructions for our kitchen and bathroom to be re-painted. We patted ourselves on the back for our careful planning ahead when we got the news that everything was finished and awaiting our return."

"Bill and I were as thrilled as two kids when we parked the car and dashed into the house to see if the kitchen was just the shade of sunlit green that we had ordered. It was. It looked wonderful. So did the bathroom. Bill took our bags into the bedroom, and I decided that what we needed most was a good cup of hot coffee. Automatically I reached into the coffee cupboard without looking—and found myself clutching a bottle of household ammonia! This was impossible—ammonia in the coffee cupboard? I reached again. This time I found myself grabbing the bristles of a very old scrubbing brush. For a moment I thought I must have lost my mind. I'd been away for three months and I'd forgotten where I'd put everything! The painters, I thought desperately, and my heart sank. I began to realize that everything might be in the wrong place—that my whole system was ruined. It was.

"I called Bill and together we opened every cupboard and drawer. Evidently the painters had removed the entire contents of the house while they painted the insides of shelves and closets, and they had just stuffed the things back helter-skelter. A few minutes of checking revealed spices in with soap flakes, silver mixed up with linen, the broom closet filled with bath

powders and lotions. To make matters worse it was midnight—and I still couldn't find the coffee.

"Let's get down to work," said Bill with a resigned grin. So that's what we did. We took everything out into the middle of the floor and laboriously put it all back again in the right places. I felt like a pearl diver finding a particularly valuable trophy when I at last extracted the coffee can from the inside of a double boiler. Believe me, coffee never tasted so good as on that dreadful dawn. That's one morning I'll remember for a long time to come."

Talking about tidiness, Gracie will tell you that Bill is the neatest man she'd ever known.

"When I married him thirteen years ago, I was far from the tidiest girl in the world. I was an actress and always in a hurry to go some place. My life seemed to be full of special occasions when I needed things in a rush, and I'd fly out of my room leaving my bureau drawers looking like the tail-end of a rummage sale. But things have changed through the years! Being married to Bill has cured me of my careless habits. He won't let me hoard any useless bits and pieces though, like most women, I have a tendency to hang on to odd bits of ribbon and costume jewelry that I know I'll never wear again.

WHEN they start packing for a tour—and they travel light—Gracie takes mostly wool and jersey dresses and nylon underthings. Bill takes along one item to make their hotel rooms look homelike. Gracie giggles when she talks about it but she likes the sentiment. It's her baby picture. Bill wouldn't travel without it. He thinks it's the cutest shot of her that was ever taken, despite the dozens of glamor poses that Paramount turned out when she was a movie star.

Gracie takes along her own coffee pot when they go out on location for one of Bill's television pictures, and she cooks for him as usual when they leave civilization for some isolated spot.

Bill's love for children is a touching thing. He's recognized wherever he goes, even when heavily disguised in a slicker and hood, as he was on his last personal appearance tour, riding the Maid of the Mist tourist boat up under Niagara Falls.

"It was our thirteenth wedding anniversary," says Gracie. "We had a couple of days off in Buffalo, so we decided to see the Falls. Bill looked like a man from Mars all covered up in that rain outfit they give you to wear on the boat with only his ruddy wet cheeks peering out of the folds—but the kids recognized him just the same. They called out to him from everywhere. They patted his sleeve, they told him all about themselves. They seem to have a sixth sense about finding him no matter where he is, whether it's here at home or some unlikely spot like under the Falls. Always, wherever he looks, there are small hands reaching out to touch him, always with that gentle, loving touch. Is it any wonder he thinks he's the luckiest guy alive? Who wouldn't be with all that warm affection streaming towards you everywhere you go? I get a thrill out of just standing by and watching."

Bill Boyd's house is very tiny. His family consists of his devoted Gracie. But in a larger sense he is part of the biggest family in the world, for he is as real a relative to his thousands of young radio and television worshippers as their own fathers and mothers. The front door of the tiny house high in Hollywood Hills is always open to them—and so is Hopalong Cassidy's heart.

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Husbands Are a Wife's Best Friend

(Continued from page 43)

honeymoon. But the separation between Peter and me went on for nearly four years. There was the war, and after that Peter worked in night clubs and I in a Broadway show—and that was too long, much too long for the safety of any marriage.

As Peter says: "Each day, we grow a little, so every day married people, unless they are together, grow—apart."

It's so. It's true. We did. And because we did, we began having arguments, misunderstandings, gripes, grudges, fights, and then—Peter to the rescue! Peter saved our marriage by saying one night, suddenly, inspirationally: "The only thing for us to do is work together. Here and now, Miss Healy, I'd like to sign you up. We'll be the Lunt & Fontanne of the saloons," he laughed, "shake on it?" I shook on it.

For Peter, work is so much a part of his life that if I didn't share it with him, there'd be a very small percentage left of Peter for me to share!

A house contributes to a happy marriage, too. It's a very shared, and sharing thing, a home of your own, as I've found out since we bought our first real one (I don't count our little one-bedroom band-box in Hollywood) a year or more ago. It's in New Rochelle, New York. It's English-Tudor. It's built practically on a golf course where, in Peter's opinion, every right-thinking house should be built! And we've had a ball furnishing it, decorating it, all by ourselves.

"A house is indicative," Peter says, "of the people who live in it. A drab house, drab people. A bright house, happy people. We're happy people, we can't get our house bright enough!"

We can't, either. We've done the shopping for it between TV rehearsals and have let our taste and imagination run to a riot of bright red chintzes and shaggy, bright green rug in the dining room, gay yellow and blue and green chintzes in the living room, lots of bright brass and copper lamps, gay pictures, comfy things, relaxy things, fun things.

When we're getting ready to do a night-club tour, we test it out by doing it before our friends—Faye Emerson and Skitch, Johnny, Gordon MacRae, Ethel Merman, whoever happens to be here and most of the time, someone is here. We get an audience, a professional audience-reaction. And our friends, if they feel like it, try out their songs, or whatever, on us.

We do a lot of living in our house and have a lot of guests. We make them members of the family, which means that they get their own breakfast, if need be, wash their own dishes. The Van Heflins, the Edmond O'Briens visit us whenever they are East and the Gordon MacRaes always live here with us when they are in these parts.

We believe in lots of friends, lots of company, a wide-open house. And I'm happy that we have a house to which our friends enjoy coming—knowing there will not be bickering, knowing that when they hear Peter and me singing "You're so much a part of me, a part of me, the two of us are one," we are not singing with our lips alone.

And there are the children, Michael, three; Cathy Lind, nine months.

I don't believe that children can save a marriage. Nothing can save a marriage except two people who love one another well enough to want to save it. But in so many dear, and endearing ways, children add to a marriage, make a home more a home. And you—well, as you watch them grow, help them grow, you grow,

too, as individuals and grow (for nothing is so close-woven as parenthood) together.

In fact, if anyone should ask me to name the one thing I think most important to a happy marriage I'd say, and this is for sure, "Children." So important, I'd say, that if you cannot have children of your own, adopt them—and do not wait.

Don't say, as I've heard many say, "I'd like to have a child, but—" Why that hesitant "but" when all it does is postpone a happiness as deep and satisfying as it's possible for man and woman, husband and wife, to have?

Peter loves to tease me and as it's usually the people who love you best that tease you the most, I love to be teased. . . "She chased me till I caught her," is the way this funnyman I married describes our courtship.

He teases me, most of all, about the children. "We've got two children," he'll tell you, "and if they come into the room, I can be telling Mary that my mother died last night, fell downstairs and broke her neck and Mary, from somewhere over the rainbow, where mothers go, will murmur 'Really?' having heard not a single word!"

"Or like the other day, I come home from New York after three hours in a smoke-filled room trying to make a gag come out in the daylight and finally, it does, a honey, too, and I try it on Mary and she says, her eyes misty, 'Oh, Peter, he got his first brown shoes today!' Translated, this means that Michael has graduated, this day, from baby shoes (white) to little-boy shoes (brown) which calls for an hour of silence throughout the nation!

"Now I talk to her through the children. I'll be reading a script to her and 'Mike,' I'll say, 'will you tell your mother that the line after this one is what we, in the writing trade, call a joke?' That does it. By this means communication is re-opened."

As I said before, Peter believes that a marriage, like a car, needs frequent fuel or it won't run.

One bit of fuel is a sense of humor. Peter says: "It was easy as the dickens to make Mary laugh when I was courting her—and I can still make her laugh." So he can. So he does. Just this morning, for instance, he called out to me as he stepped off the bathroom scales: "Still weigh 173—but mind you, I had my garters on!" If your husband can make you laugh and after twelve years being married, too, if you and your husband laugh together, you live and love together like in a sunny room. . .

Together. . .

Now, as in the past, Peter gets many offers to do shows alone, and so do I, but we don't take them. We will never take them. We are going to keep on working, we want to keep on working for as long as they want us, together. As we're working now, on our every-other-Thursday night CBS-TV show, Star of The Family; as we'll be working in Hollywood in "The 5000 Fingers of Dr. T."

But if, as we grow older, the time should come when we are not wanted together, as a team, we will retire—together. Then Peter will concentrate on writing, maybe books, maybe plays, songs, no doubt, scripts, and I will take care of the house (I really love to take care of a house!) and take over the children, make a full-time life with them. I'll become, in other words, what I really am, at heart—a full-time housewife.

Together—that is the talismanic word in marriage.

are YOU that
one girl
in a million?



Perhaps as you read this YOU may be the girl on the threshold of a new, exciting life. YOU may be that someone among our millions of readers who will be chosen as Miss TRUE STORY for 1953. The winner will have her picture appear on the covers of TRUE STORY Magazine, she will receive \$1,000 in cash for her services as a model and many handsome gifts. She may even follow in the footsteps of lovely Elaine Stewart, this year's Cover Girl, who is now a professional model and screen starlet living in Hollywood. She may be YOU!! This is the opportunity of a life-time. You can't afford to miss it.

For Complete Details on the wonderful
Miss TRUE STORY 1953
Cover Girl Contest
be sure to get **MAY**
TRUE STORY magazine
on sale at newsstands Friday, April 11th

Ladies Fair \$1000 Prize Contest

(Continued from page 51)

Fair offer you this opportunity to come into your own!

To enter this contest, all you have to do is write a description of the game you've found produces the most fun for a crowd and mail it in. Tell us in a letter why this game is good fun. You may win one of the twenty-four valuable prizes.

It's as simple as that.

But the idea behind it is not quite so simple. It grew out of two things familiar to you who listen to Ladies Fair. Number one is our habit of sending the show around the country making personal appearances at community celebrations. Number two was our wonderful home-made toy contest in which so many people participated at Christmas time.

It happened this way. Just before that contest closed, Garry Miller, our writer, Dolph Nelson, our producer, Johnny Kerr, our prize manager and I were sitting in the office, frankly overwhelmed by the number of toys then arriving. Our final count showed more than 500,000 toys contributed for the Salvation Army to distribute, and that particular day's arrivals had been extra heavy.

Looking at the figure, Garry said, "It's almost unbelievable. People say a giveaway show such as ours bribes its audience to listen. I think it's the other way around. I think our listeners are the givingest people in the country. Just think of all the money they spent for materials, all the time it took to make these things."

Dolph Nelson, who for all his kidding is a pretty observing sort of guy, glanced at him. "Why should that surprise you? You've been out on tour. You've met these people. You know the way they pitch in whenever there's a Centennial, an Old Settlers' Day, a Pancake Festival, or whatever they happen to call their big event. Well, this is ours, so now they're working for us, too."

Warming to his subject, Dolph went on, "Most people don't appreciate the amount of work which goes into one of those celebrations. They're big shows. Look what it takes to produce Ladies Fair and we have the advantage of working at it every day. They don't. They start from scratch. That's a job, man."

How well I knew. During the business-interval in my own life—when I sold insurance in southern Illinois—I'd done my share of such work. I know how the conversation goes at a committee meeting: "Let's turn the entertainment over to Susie Smith. She's good at games." "Joe

Jones is the guy for the lodge party. He can always be counted on to get a crowd going."

I know what happens next too. I know how the Joe Joneses and Susie Smiths rack their brains thinking up a new stunt and spend hours gathering together the stuff needed to accomplish it—even more hours finding prizes for someone else to win.

That's what brought on my brainstorm. It would be fun, I thought, to give you people a chance to win a few prizes yourselves. So I said, "How about doing a contest for the folks who always take over that sort of responsibility? Johnny, you assemble some loot—good, usable merchandise such as we have on Ladies Fair—and we'll offer awards to those sending in the best stunts and games. We'll be giving those people a little recognition for their community service, and in addition to that, we may do ourselves some good. We're almost certain to find among the entries some ideas we can adapt for use on our own show."

And I wasn't kidding. We always need new games. Perhaps you who hear us on the air but haven't yet paid us a personal visit don't fully realize how important they are to us and how we use them for ice breakers just the same as you do. I wish you could see the change they make.

We usually have quite a little ice to break, too, for when I sneak that first look through the curtains to count the house, our ladies just plain "ain't happy."

Studio doors close at 9:30 A.M., our time, and I'll bet not one in twenty has had a chance to eat a decent breakfast. Some have driven a couple hundred miles, and even those who live in town had their hands full getting the old man off to work, the kids to school and the house straightened up.

When they reach WGN on Michigan Boulevard, they're tired, hungry and a little cross. Then the Chicago wind takes a few wallops at them and completes the job. They dash inside, drop into the first available seat and sort of dare anyone to coax so much as a smile out of them.

And we take that dare. The games we play on the air give them a chance to perform. Everyone shrieks, talks back and has a wonderful time. We find a new star every day.

Right there, I think, is the explanation of the value of the parlor game in radio and television programs and also in local gatherings, for the desire to entertain and win the approval of a crowd is one of our nicer human instincts.

Some of us, I'll admit, have it more

strongly than others. My mother, who with my father toured in vaudeville for years, loves to cite my first *Variety* review, written when I was three years old. The folks had arranged to have the stage black out at the close of my father's big number. When the lights went up again, there I was, wearing a miniature replica of his costume, warbling my miniature imitation of his tones. The reviewer commented: "Master Tom made his stage debut taking his father's encores. He took four and was desirous of taking a fifth."

Mother ribs me about that to this day, but now that I have reached the age where I've read a little psychology and know something about emotional drives, I wonder what sort of brat I might have become had I been forced to bottle up that strong urge for the center of the stage.

Giving kids a chance to satisfy that desire is one of the contributions you people on entertainment committees perform and don't always get credit for. However, I believe if you check the case history of any delinquent, you'll find that somehow he's been cut off from normal self-expression—the kind of self-expression to be found wholesomely at young people's parties.

Since that's a mother's job as well as an entertainment chairman's job, I'm going to be particularly interested in entries from you mothers. You may be too busy right now to take an active part in any organization, but your experience planning home parties can be equally valuable to you. If you've succeeded in keeping your children and their friends entertained, you've probably invented some good stunts.

A good stunt, to me, has four elements:

Chance for all of us love to gamble in some way or another. Luck alone, however, is not sufficient. You have to build up the suspense.

Skill for the player must strive to win and have a sense of achievement when he's successful.

Surprise for this, too, heightens suspense and an upset always bring a laugh.

Fun and this is most important of all. Without it, a game turns into an examination.

Those are the principles that will be used in judging your entry. Please conform to the rules listed, and note one thing particularly: Because we anticipate that many of you will send in the same game, plus or minus a few variations, we've specified each entry must have two parts. First, describe your game. Second, tell us why you think it is a good game. Each section will be equally important in determining the winners.

You'll like the prizes which are waiting, for they're things you can use in your homes—the sort of things you may have postponed buying for yourself. There are twenty-four in all, starting with a \$400 gas range. Second prize, the three-piece maple bedroom set, is valued at \$150.

There's also a lady's watch, a tank-type vacuum cleaner with all the attachments, a year's supply of cosmetics, and many others. For you people who have handed out prizes while working on entertainment committees, here's a chance to switch and receive one yourself.

It will be my pleasure to award it, for I know you have earned it many times over, but I'd like to point out, too, that in such work you've already earned an award much more important—the satisfaction of knowing that through your planning and staging of stunts and games, you have provided many, many hours of pleasure for your own friends and neighbors.

"It Really Is 'My True Story'"



say countless listeners when they hear many of their own problems dramatized on radio's "My True Story". You see, "My True Story" presents in vivid form *true-to-life* problems—taken directly from the files of True Story Magazine. You'll meet *real* people—people like yourself, your friends, or your neighbors. And you'll hear them solve real-life problems involving love, hope, fear, jealousy, and many others.

TUNE IN

"MY TRUE STORY"

AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS

TOM MOORE LADIES FAIR \$1000 CONTEST

PRIZES

- Gas Range
- Three-piece maple bedroom set
- Lady's gold watch
- Tank-type vacuum cleaner
- A year's supply of cosmetics
- Five-piece set aluminum ware
- Two-quart pressure pan
- Automatic electric toaster
- Deep fat fryer
- A cigarette lighter each for five winners
- A set of three pairs nylons for five winners
- A bottle of perfume for five winners

What you do to enter:

1. Describe your game in fifty words or less. Remember each game submitted should have the element of chance, skill, surprise and fun.

2. Tell us in fifty words or less why you think it is a good game.

Each of these two things you do will be equally important in deciding which among you will be the winner.

3. Be certain your name and address is written clearly on your entry.

4. For your convenience, you may use the coupon printed below, for your entry.

5. If you use a separate sheet of paper write or print or type-write on one side only.

6. All entries become the property of Tom Moore's Ladies Fair program and RADIO-TV MIRROR and none will be returned; the editors cannot enter into correspondence on the contest.

The editors of RADIO-TV MIRROR and the representatives of Tom Moore's Ladies Fair will be the sole judges of the contest; and their decision shall be final.

8. Mail your entry to LADIES FAIR, Box 1819, Grand Central Station, New York 17, New York. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight April 9th.

LADIES FAIR
Box 1819
Grand Central Station
New York 17, New York

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MY GAME IS A GOOD GAME BECAUSE _____

MY NAME IS _____

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The engagement that led to death

By EVELYN FIORE

DAVID FARRELL eased his car into the crowded driveway, and with the expertness of long city practice managed to find parking space. After he clicked off the ignition, he and his wife Sally sat silently for a moment, surveying the vast lawns of Duncan Hardy's estate, black and silver in the brilliant moonlight, with their enclosing fringe of heavy woods. Sally shivered.

"It ought to look peaceful and glamorous, but it doesn't. It's scary."

"Naturally," David said. "Couldn't be anything else when you know there's been a murder committed practically on the doorstep."

"Oh, David, you're so practical. Even if I didn't know about the murder I'm sure I would feel an atmosphere—"

A hideous sound ripped across her sentence—a sound half shriek, half laugh, the maniacal, animal laughter of madness. And before they could unfreeze enough to believe they had really heard it, a voice at the car window said easily, "Looking for something, friend?"

"Good Lord, what was that?" David demanded. Sally, still wordless from the shock, turned frightened eyes on the stranger. He was a reassuring enough sight, a tall, heavy man, slow-speaking. After one look David's instinct reacted, and he said, "Are you the sheriff in charge, by any chance?"

"That's right," the man said calmly. "My name's Rand. As I said—anything we can do for you?"

"I'm David Farrell, New York Daily Eagle." David's credentials were already out. "This is my wife. The paper sent us up here to see what was going on."

Sheriff Rand handed back David's wallet. "We must be moving up into the big time, if they're sending a man like you all the way up here to Connecticut over our little old murder."

"Alfred Simmons was one of the biggest songwriters we've got—I mean had," Sally pointed out. "His death is definitely page one

stuff, you know. This'll get your picture in the papers for sure." She smiled prettily up at the sheriff, who gazed back, unmoved.

David, whose eyes had been looking alertly over the landscape, said suddenly, "Say—what are your men doing in the woods, sheriff? Are you on to something?"

"Could be." The sheriff looked once again at Sally, and apparently decided to relax. "Matter of fact, it's pretty open and shut. We got word one of the inmates—the patients—up at the state mental hospital had escaped. Dangerous feller, they tell us. Looks as if all we've got to do is track him down and the job's done."

Sally shuddered. "Was that—was that what we heard? That awful sound?"

"That's what we think. Roaming around in those woods out there, we figure." From the edge of the woods, a voice hailed Rand.

"Coming," he called back, but before he left he turned a thoughtful gaze on David. "I've heard a few things about you, Farrell. You seem to be a real bright lad. I don't mind your hanging around and keeping your eyes open, long as you don't get underfoot."

Sally's elbow found David's ribs in a sarcastic little nudge that meant, "I'll bet he doesn't mind!" But David said in a properly grateful tone that he and Sally appreciated the sheriff's courtesy and would certainly keep from hampering the investigation. If Sheriff Rand had heard about him, he surely knew that time and time again the New York police had found David Farrell a pretty handy man to have around when there was a murder to be solved. Still—one had to keep up the forms. On the surface, David was a reporter who owed thanks to the official in charge for being permitted to go in and question the principals involved in this dramatic killing.

Evidently the prin- (Continued on page 94)

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and Sally Farrell through the dark woods to adventure and—murder!



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cipals themselves didn't mind too much, either. In the large, luxurious drawing room to which they were taken by a white-faced, quivering maid, David and Sally found Duncan Hardy, his daughter Viola and two young men who, though nervous and jumpy, seemed almost glad to see a couple of new faces. Hardy, a heavy white-haired man with an expensive barber-shop suntan, gave David's identification a casual glance and then immediately offered him a drink. "A business like this shakes you up," he said almost apologetically. "Sudden death—that's one thing. But this—your oldest friend turning up stabbed to death, right on the front lawn, you might say—" He sighed, and mopped his forehead with a handkerchief that was limp from much previous mopping.

"Well, sure," David said sympathetically. "You and Simmons have been partners for—it must be many years by now. That's like being the man's family, almost."

"How long, Viola? Fifteen—eighteen years?" Hardy turned to his daughter, who tossed back her long dark hair and shrugged. "Almost as long ago as Viola was born, anyway," Hardy finished.

"Well—time you got a new partner anyway," said one of the young men—the one Sally had mentally ticketed as a bright-young-man-type—briskly. His name was Stan Proctor, and even under the strain he was so persistently lively and talkative that Sally could understand why Viola looked at him, from time to time, with such irritation. On the other hand, Homer Coleman, the other young man, was even more irritating in his own way. Meek, slightly built, timid-looking, he kept throwing toward Viola glances of such fearful adoration that Sally felt after a few minutes that she might go over and shake him if Viola didn't do it first.

Still, Homer couldn't be quite as meek as he looked, for it was he who said rebukingly, "That's rather an unfeeling way to put things, Stan, really. Think of the poor fellow going home through the woods, unsuspecting, and then all at once—heavens, it's enough to shatter one's imagination!—finding himself face to face with such an unspeakable terror! It's a wonder he didn't simply die of heart failure, instead of waiting to be st—stabbed." Homer shuddered, and Sally did too. To cover it up she said, "Didn't Mr. Simmons have any family of his own? Wife—children?"

Duncan Hardy shook his head. "He was always a lone wolf type. He never could have stood being married, tied down."

"Well, that's odd," Stan Proctor said belligerently. He stopped fidgeting through the music atop the concert grand piano to stare straight at Hardy. "Funny he should have been asking Viola to marry him then, isn't it?"

Several things happened at once, then. Viola said swiftly, "Shut up, can't you!" and went to her father. Hardy, his face purple, was about to shake Viola's restraining hand from his arm and bear down on Proctor when David's smooth but decisive voice stopped him.

"And another odd thing," David said, "is that according to the bio on Simmons which I dug out of the paper's morgue before I came, he *was* married, a long time ago. To a woman named Lenore, I believe." He moved across the room, putting his tall, lithe figure between Hardy and Proctor. "Surely an old friend like you, Mr. Hardy, must have known something about that marriage?"

Hardy sat down abruptly. "What business is it of anyone's now? It's water over a very old dam, by this time. Of course I knew he was married. Lenore—is dead." His eyes hardened. "And it makes what I said all the truer—if you knew anything about that marriage you'd understand. Two

people were never more miserable." He was looking at his daughter now, with a sort of grim challenge. "Al was unmarried. He could bring only misery to any woman unlucky enough to choose him. He could only ruin her life—as he ruined Lenore's."

There was a pause. Homer, mild and hesitant, broke it to say softly, "But of course that doesn't matter now. Mr. Simmons, poor man, is . . . gone. He won't be marrying anyone, will he?" Disturbed by something odd in his tone, Sally studied him, wondering if after all Homer wasn't just a bit too meek to be true. But the pale-blue eyes behind their heavy-lensed glasses met hers blandly.

Sally, on a silent signal from David, accepted Viola Hardy's invitation that they spend the night. She knew, without discussion, that there was something on her husband's active mind. Something he had seen or heard had already provoked him into the kind of busy thought she was used to . . . the kind of thought that had undone many a carefully planned crime.

She was all the more certain of this when, after Viola and the maid had left them in the lovely blue-and-gray guest room, David waited until all sound of activity in the corridor had faded away, and then said he was going out for a bit. "Not without me," she said grimly. "No, David—please. You'll only get into trouble, or worse—and anyway I'm frightened."

"Shh." David opened the door a sliver, waited, and then glided out, closing it inaudibly behind him. Sally found herself staring at blank paneling. Immediately the room seemed to have gotten several degrees dimmer and more obscure. Shadows lurked in the corners. Beyond the window lay not the friendly, country-smelling Connecticut night but a seething jungle of unimaginable horrors.

Sally's blood congealed. Out of the quiet had suddenly risen that laugh again . . . that ripping, tearing, animal shriek. With a moan she leaped to the door, wrenched it open, and rushed pell-mell down the stairs and out to the parking lot. She had no idea where she was going or why, and when an arm reached out and caught her she came as close to passing out from sheer horror as she had ever done, but in a second she knew it was David. "Quiet," he whispered. "Whatever you do, don't breathe." Beyond his shoulder she saw the glitter of moonlight on Homer Coleman's glasses.

It was easier not to shiver with David's arm around her. Sally counted twenty

while they waited there, motionless, listening; but there was no sound of any kind from the woods. "The sheriff's men must have gone round to the other side," Homer whispered. "They'll never catch him. He's too fast and smart for them. Listen—you two go back to the house. I'm going out there."

"Into the woods?" Sally's voice cracked upward, and David quickly put his hand over her mouth.

"I've done it before," Homer, still whispering, managed to convey a modest pride. "I put stuff out there for him to eat. Chocolate and fruit. I've got some in my pocket right now. I just—I can't stand the thought of anyone going hungry. Besides it might make him think kindly of us and come in closer toward the house, and then we could catch him." He started moving off. "Go on back," he whispered. "I'll see you later, Farrell."

"Not much you don't," David muttered. "You go back, Sally. I'm going after him."

Sally clutched his hand fiercely. "Don't be silly. Come on, let's go—he's almost disappeared into the woods already." Tugging David, she started off, and he had no choice but to follow. They sped silently across the moonlit lawn, to the place where the woods had swallowed Homer's slight figure.

"How does he know where to leave it?" she whispered excitedly. "David, he must—"

"Shh! You didn't believe that cock-and-bull tale, did you? Keep quiet. We're on the edge of something, here—" David stopped short. Up ahead, Homer's footsteps had also ceased. Moving all at once without caution, David ran forward, dodging around bushes and trees, pulling Sally after him without regard for the branches that cracked back smartly across her head and face. They emerged into a tiny cleared space, and Sally, still disentangling a thorny vine from her hair, dropped her hand and said, "Well, for the love of Pete!" Homer Coleman whirled, and they had a clear view of what he had been doing. He had been changing a record on a portable phonograph, hidden beneath a bush and surrounded by piled-up branches and underbrush.

Homer was so chagrined he didn't say a word. He moved off to the edge of the clearing and turned an interested gaze up to the bit of sky that showed through the treetops, as David and Sally examined the phonograph. After a moment he sauntered over, his poise recovered. "It was bound to come out sooner or later," he said, quite amiably. "It's the oldest trick in the world, or close to it."

"Let me see if I get it right," David regarded the small young man thoughtfully. "You had this record rigged up to play at intervals, and all that's on it is that horrible laugh—is that it? Our supposed murderer is right here on the phonograph?"

"Heavens, not quite that simple," Homer said, injured. "A patient really did escape, you know—the papers wrote about it just a week ago. That gave me the idea. I suppose it was a foolish one, but it almost worked—I did set up the phonograph and the record, and every time we heard it I've been coming out with the food and—well, eating it." He laughed sheepishly, and after a moment Sally laughed too. "The whole idea was to make Viola think of me as a big, brave character. I'm just the handy-man around her, you know."

Sally was torn between laughter and sympathy. "We won't say anything, Homer," she said. "Only if you know anything that might help to find the real murderer, I think you should tell us and get it off your chest."

"Homer already told me what he knows," David interrupted. "He heard a quarrel during which Duncan Hardy told Simmons



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that if he went ahead with his plan to try to marry Viola there would be trouble. Hardy said he'd do anything to keep Viola from the kind of life Lenore Simmons had suffered through—anything, even murder! What do you think of the madman now?"

"Oh, David!" Sally forgot to keep her voice low. "You don't think—"

"Motive—there's too much of it." David counted off on his fingers. "Hardy had it, to prevent Viola from marrying Simmons. Stan Proctor had it, for the same reason. Homer, here, had it—same reason." Homer made an indignant sound, but David said, "No—I don't seriously accuse you. I'm just showing the possibilities. For all we know, Viola herself had found out something about Simmons that gave her enough motive. Evidently, even though she was half in love with Proctor—according to Homer, anyway—Simmons fascinated her."

"That's about it," Homer said gloomily. "Simmons was famous and as suave as a confounded foreigner, what with his talk about the great names he knew and the traveling he'd done. You couldn't blame a young girl like Viola for sparking to that kind of romantic talk. But Stan Proctor is her own age, and he has a—pretty direct approach. Viola couldn't help reacting to it." He grinned unexpectedly. "I guess I always knew I didn't have a chance. That cancels out my motive, by the way, Farrell. Even if I had murdered Simmons there would be Proctor."

"It's true, David." Sally now looked at the bespectacled young man with genuine sympathy. And yet—did he really care? Hadn't all this elaborate rigmarole with the record and the hidden phonograph been more like a game Homer was playing to bring excitement into his quiet existence, rather than a real effort to capture Viola's heart? He didn't really care. She was wasting her sympathy. Homer was just trying to trick people into noticing him . . . and pretty sneaky tricking, at that. She was working herself up into anger against the terrifying laughter that had had such an innocent explanation when all at once David said, "Wait—what was that!"

They all held their breaths. It came again . . . a low, gasping moan. And then again, somewhat louder. "That way!" Homer plunged forward, tearing impatiently at the confusing foliage, holding it aside so David and Sally could follow. "Why, he really is brave," Sally thought, panting to keep up with the two men. "How funny and how sad. Homer really is brave, and nobody will ever know it because he just doesn't look the part . . ."

She had no time for more thought, for just then Homer stopped short, and David and Sally plummeted right into him before they could check themselves. They all three stood looking downward. Sally had the startled feeling that all of this couldn't be true. The brilliant moon lit it up with the clarity of a stage set . . . moving shadows of trees, the three of them standing frozen over the body of a woman at their feet. "The dead body," Sally thought hysterically, until the woman moved and moaned again.

An hour later she and David tumbled, exhausted, into bed in the Hardy guest room, only to find that they were too strung-up to sleep. "It's three a.m.," Sally moaned. "We'll be dead in the morning—"

"Never mind that," David said impatiently. He propped his pillow behind his head, reached for pencil and paper, and began to organize his thoughts. "Let's put it together, Sally, everything we've learned so far . . ."

It didn't take them long. The bare facts were simple enough. What did take time was trying to recall, minutely, every detail and every word of the scene that had developed when, with Homer, they had stumbled with the exhausted, frightened

woman into the Hardys' living room. Everyone was downstairs, for the sheriff's men had spotted the disturbance that the Farrells and Homer had created as they stole through the woods, and had assembled the household to find out who was missing. Sally thought she would never forget the appalled whiteness of Duncan Hardy's face as the disheveled woman came into the light, straightened, pulled away from the supporting arms and smoothed back her tangled hair with a pitiful attempt to make a normal appearance. "Lenore!" Hardy had gasped out, and then had come quickly forward in time to catch her as she collapsed again.

When she lay on the couch, resting, telling her story to the sheriff, Sally saw that she had once been a very beautiful woman. Her dark red hair was still a noticeable feature. But her long, thin, face was pale and drawn, and her eyes, blinking against the light, were so frightened that one couldn't really tell how she would look if she were calm and at ease. Beautiful, yes, but not—not attractive, somehow. As though she had been through too much to care what people thought of her . . . For years, she said, Simmons had paid her to stay out of his life, paid her so well that she had even agreed to allow him to spread it around that she was dead. There was nothing else for her to do. Life with him had made her so nervous and unstable that she couldn't support herself, and since neither of them wished to go on with the marriage she had decided that at least to some degree he ought to be made to suffer as she had suffered while they were together. She could make him suffer financially, she had learned; he was willing to pay heavily to keep her as quiet and out of his life as though in reality she were dead . . . And then, lately, she had begun thinking of a reconciliation. They were just getting older. Perhaps if she saw him, if they talked . . . Sally remembered her bitter shrug. She had gone to Simmons' home, found it empty, and remembered that Hardy lived not too far away, across the woods. Probably she would find him there. Sally remembered too, something that had escaped David. A long, peculiar look between Duncan Hardy and Lenore Simmons. A look that made Sally wonder if Lenore had been quite as lost to Hardy as she was to the rest of the world. Had Hardy really believed her dead? Or did he know that if Simmons married Viola he would be committing bigamy—and for that reason was so violently opposed to the match?

According to Lenore Simmons, she had started through the woods by a path she recalled vaguely from the old days. It was dark, but she wasn't worried because according to her recollection the path cut across at the narrowest point, and should only have taken five minutes or so to cross. But suddenly . . . here she had broken off, and put a thin white hand across her eyes. Duncan Hardy had come quickly to bend over her, and had said angrily to Sheriff Rand, "Can't you leave her alone? Can't she tell you all this tomorrow? She's had a terrible shock, anyone can see—"

"If you please, Mr. Hardy." There was a note of iron in Sheriff Rand's drawl. "Stand aside. This is a murder investigation, not a welcome-home party. Mrs. Simmons will have to tell us what happened in the woods."

"Yes, please, Duncan." Pressing his hand with a grateful smile, Lenore Simmons pushed Hardy away and sat up. "I want to. It's horrible to think of that man being at large, to frighten somebody else. I want to remember everything—it was so sudden. I didn't hear a thing. Then suddenly, there was a sound behind me and before I could turn, I was thrown to the ground. I got only the barest glimpse of him. My shoul-

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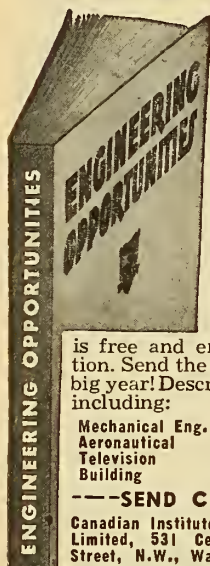
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der still hurts—I think he must have hit me with something. And my purse . . ." She glanced about the room confusedly.

Sally, David and Homer exchanged a worried look, and Sally shook her head. There had been no purse anywhere in sight. Sheriff Rand said soberly, "Then it looks as if you were real lucky, Mrs. Simmons. All he wanted was some money, probably to get away. When he got your bag he was satisfied."

Lenore Simmons looked blankly around the room. "I don't understand. All who wanted? Do you know something about— whoever it was?"

They explained to her about the patient lost in the woods. Sally, noting the terror that crept back into Lenore Simmons' eyes, wanted to stop them. The poor woman had been through enough! Now she would never rest tonight, knowing that her attacker had been even more dangerously irresponsible than she had thought—not merely a thief, but a . . . She started to say something, but David made a slight gesture that said, as clearly as words, that she was not to interfere. Instead, it was David who bent toward the woman on the couch and said softly, "The timing puzzles me, Mrs. Simmons. Do you mean that you heard nothing? You didn't know of the escaped patient in the woods? You didn't—perhaps just as you started into the woods, that would seem to be about the right time—you didn't hear a strange sound, a laugh?"

Sally had caught her breath. It was strange that Lenore hadn't mentioned that laugh. Nobody near the woods could have helped hearing it.

"Well—" Lenore put the trembling hand to her forehead. "It's all so confused. I think I must have heard something, now that you mention it . . ." She had looked appealingly toward Duncan Hardy, ready now to take advantage of his protection. "Please—I'm so tired and shaky. Could we go on with this in the morning? I—"

"That's enough. I'm going to get you a doctor," Duncan Hardy said furiously.

David's notes ended with their departure. Sally sighed. "Let's go to sleep," she pleaded. "Look at the time. Maybe we can think better if we get just a few hours' sleep."

But the next morning, waking to a dreary gray rain, Sally found no grounds for hope. Neither Duncan Hardy nor Lenore appeared for breakfast, and Homer, evidently determined to make himself more of a shadow than ever, drifted away soon after David and Sally reached the breakfast table. Stan Proctor and Viola, sitting silently side by side, had little to say, and excused themselves as soon as they decently could in order, Sally was sure, to continue whatever quarrel the arrival of the Farrells had interrupted. Even David deserted her the moment he had gulped his coffee, disappearing upstairs on some errand he didn't divulge. Walking into the library in search of a book or magazine, Sally realized she had been all too correct about Viola and Stan. At the far corner of the room they stood fairly hissing at one another, so absorbed that they didn't even know that she had blundered in, heard something of what they were saying, and stolen out again.

It was the first time Sally had seen Viola's face unguarded and honest. And it was obvious that she knew she was in love with Stan. The way her hand curved around his shoulder even as she was pushing him away carried the message. And her voice, low and desperate, saying, "But what's the use? What's the use, Stan, when you think my father is guilty of this awful—"

"But I don't! You know me, Vi, I don't know how to keep my big mouth shut. I never meant to get him into trouble. I

don't know how to cover up my thoughts, that's all! Oh, Viola, darling—this isn't any of our affair. Can't we just go up and tell your father about us, and just—get out of all this? It's their problem, not ours!"

"How can you be so selfish? It's my father's problem! I can't go up and say 'So long, Dad, I'm going off to get married. Sorry the police want you for murder, and all that,'" her voice broke.

"You're way ahead of yourself!" Stan said sensibly enough. "Nobody's accused your father yet!"

"And how long will it be? Oh—go away, Stan. Go away and stop bothering me."

But instead he had drawn her into his arms, and it was Sally who had silently gone away.

After lunch, the almost sleepless night caught up with Sally. "I might as well be a lady," she thought. "I'll go and have a siesta for myself, that's what I'll do. Little enough chance I get to treat myself so well . . ."

To her own surprise, she actually did drowse. When she opened her eyes the room was almost dark, but it was the darkness of rain, not evening. The small, elaborate bedside clock pointed to three-thirty. She lay there, feeling luxurious and yet a bit annoyed with herself for being so lazy, staring up at the ceiling . . . and suddenly she heard that laugh again. It was impossible, but it was there—it rang in her ears with all the blood-curdling horror it had aroused the night before. It was impossible! With her own eyes she had seen Homer Coleman's device! David had told her only this morning that he and Homer had gone out and dismantled it. But the laugh . . . it must be the real madman laughing! Trembling, Sally rolled off the bed and slipped on her shoes. She didn't even pause before the mirror to straighten her sleep-rumpled hair. She wasn't going to spend another minute, another second, alone. She had to go down quickly and find the others, even if one of them was a murderer. At least he'd be where she could keep her eyes on him, not hidden in the woods like an evil disembodied spirit. He . . . or she . . .

Coming breathlessly into the living room, she saw that everyone else had had the same idea. Everyone but Lenore, that is. Duncan Hardy was just on his way up to make sure Lenore was all right. One look at Homer told Sally that her worst fears were true. He was as pale as the rest of them, more frightened, if possible, than she was herself. He shook his head, his lips tight. The look said plainly, "No ma'am, it certainly was none of my doing this time. But then what was it? Where is he? What's going to happen to us now?" At least that's what Sally's thoughts were saying and from the looks of Homer and the others they weren't much happier. Viola Hardy burst out hysterically, "Homer—what's the matter with you? Aren't you going to do your feed-the-animals act this time? What's the matter, losing your nerve?"

"Not this time, Viola," Homer said weakly. "Not this time." And Stan Proctor pulled Viola into his arms with a rough admonition to let poor Homer alone. She collapsed against his shoulder, and for a while the only sound in the room was the sound of her weeping.

It didn't escape Sally that Sheriff Rand came to the door and with a meaningful jerk of the head called David out of the room. When he came back, he was brisk and cheerful—too cheerful, to Sally's practiced eyes. "They've practically got him cornered," he assured the others. "We can rest easy, folks. It's just about all over."

Duncan Hardy came back in time to hear that. "Thank heaven," he said. "Lenore is almost at the end of her rope. Poor girl. When I think of what she's been through—"

"Yes indeed," David said. "You may well say so. But it's almost over now, believe me. At least the sheriff feels pretty confident." The faint overtone of irony in his voice was lost to the others, but not to Sally. She began to get quite angry, and to make plans for what she would say to David as soon as she got him alone—things about betraying the confidence of those who trust you and not taking your wife into your secret councils . . .

Nothing else happened. They had cocktails, and they began supper, for fortunately the cook, down in the unexplored regions of the kitchen, was a staunch soul who wasn't perturbed by insane laughter. Her job was to get the meals up to the table, and she did her job so well that Sally, for one, found herself getting quite interested in a chicken casserole whose ingredients she couldn't figure out, and a tossed salad with a strangely piquant dressing, and several other delightful items. She was just beginning to let her imagination play about the thought of dessert when it happened. There was a shout, a dreadful dull thump, and a piercing, terrified scream from upstairs . . .

"Lenore!" Duncan Hardy was out of the room in a flash. David behind him. The others followed as soon as they got their wits together, Sally painfully conscious of kicking her ankle against the table as she cut a corner too swiftly . . .

When she got to Lenore's room it was full of people. The sheriff and two of his men, David, Hardy, Viola—the whole household including the quivering, white-faced maid trembling in the hall. But finally the group shifted enough for Sally to catch sight of Lenore, huddled into a corner of the huge four-poster bed . . . and of someone else, lying with his head against the wall, gasping and muttering. A huge, rumped, gray-haired man with great hairy hands and bloodshot eyes staring emptily around at the frightened, incredulous faces that ringed him. She put a hand before her eyes and wondered if she was going to be sick.

Lenore was saying hysterically, "It's him, it's him. Oh—take him away. I don't want to see him! Duncan, please—tell them—he was going to kill me—"

The man's voice rose to a piteous cry. "You promised! You promised you wouldn't say it was me!"

Lenore gave a shuddering moan. Without looking, Sally knew that Duncan Hardy had put his arms around her and was glaring at the sheriff, who didn't seem in any hurry to get the man out of the room.

Sally dropped her hand as David spoke. "Are you sure, Mrs. Simmons? It's a serious accusation, you know. You want to be absolutely certain this is the man who attacked you in the woods. It was dark, remember. You've already told us you caught only a glimpse of him . . ."

"Of course it's the same one!" Lenore Simmons' voice shrilled with repugnance. "I tell you it is. He was big, like this, and the same kind of—of jacket, I remember scratching at it as I went down. I'm positive, I tell you—positive. Take me to court, take me anywhere—this is the man."

David, who had been leaning over the bed, straightened. "That's all I wanted to know, Mrs. Simmons. Since you're so certain, I think you deserve the courtesy of an introduction to your assailant. Mrs. Simmons—everybody—this is Stephen Edwards."

The man got up, brushed back his hair, smiled composedly at the open-mouthed audience. "How do you do," he said in gentle, cultivated tones.

"As you can see," David continued, "there's nothing wrong with him. At least he's not crazier than any other actor. Yes, Mrs. Simmons—" Lenore had made a con-

vulsive movement, and her eyes were almost glazed with shock. "He is an actor. The real patient was picked up some time ago, and was never really close to this house in any case. I checked that rather carefully . . . So, though you may have seen Mr. Edwards on the stage, or heard him on the air, I'm afraid you never saw him in the woods last night. It was only this morning that I arranged with my paper to have him sent out here."

David glanced around to make sure he had the sheriff's attention. "You never saw anyone in the woods, did you, Mrs. Simmons? It was a pretty weak story from the beginning. Too much of a coincidence for you to come back into your husband's life just on the night he met his death . . . when you had so much reason to want him dead . . . You read about the escaped patient, as we all did, and decided this was the time to work out the revenge against him that you'd been praying for and waiting for all these years."

Lenore Simmons had changed. Before Sally's fascinated eyes, the worn face and tired eyes had taken on a glare more frightening than Stephen Edwards had ever looked. "Do you think I could let him live after what he did to me?" Her voice had become a snarl. "After he ruined my life, do you think I'd let him be happy—do you think I'd let him marry a young girl and live a perfectly gay life, just as though I were really dead? He had to die . . . he had to die . . ."

A few hours later, driving back to the city in the safe darkness of their car, Sally's ears still rang with that hopeless, low-toned chant. She shivered, shifting closer to David. Sometimes she wished David didn't have that queer extra sense about crime . . . almost that he'd go into another line of work, where he wouldn't be meeting up with it all the time. Alfred Simmons had deserved to die, for what he'd done to his wife . . . but then she remembered that if David hadn't found the truth, Duncan Hardy might have been punished for a crime he never committed. No . . . the truth had to be told for its own sake. There was no reason in the world that justified one human being's taking the life of another into his own hands . . .

David glanced down at her. "Thinking bad thoughts? Better forget it. It wasn't pretty—"

"No. Not a bit." Sally huddled down into her coat. "The only good thing is those two, David. Viola and Stan. At least they're starting out well. They know each other's faults—Stan's tactlessness and Viola's being tied to her daddy's apron strings. That's a better start than most young couples get. I hope they'll be happy."

"They've got one other thing," David said mildly. "Haven't you forgotten something? They're in love."

In spite of herself, Sally giggled. "Oh," she said. "That hadn't occurred to me. Do you think that's important?"

"Well, I do," David said. "I don't know how you feel about it, but I think being in love is about the most important thing a couple can have, whether they're starting out or—" he grinned down at her briefly. "Or have been married a while."

In spite of the hindrance to his driving, Sally folded her hand through his arm, and rested her head against the familiar shoulder. "Well—if you do, David, I guess I'll have to agree with you," she said with convincing gravity. "I guess I have to go along with that thought. Now that you mention it, I guess love is just about the most important thing they can have. Funny it should have slipped my mind like that."

"Yes," David said. "I can see we'll have to have a serious talk about that, one of these days."

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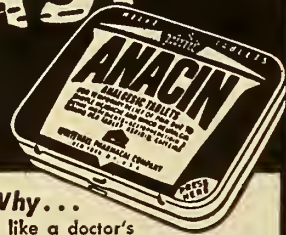
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Twenty Years in the Big Time

(Continued from page 41)

a couple of ex-vaudevillians who had broken into radio in the crystal set days only because the Big Timers were high-hatting the new medium, were still "sustainers," just beginning to build an audience in the Chicago area.

"A lot of water has gone under the bridge since 1932, McGee," Marian sighs today, fondly reminiscing.

"And a lot before it," Jim reminds her. Quite a lot:

Their marriage, in 1918, the day before Jim's outfit was shipped out for France to fight in the first World War. Their struggles, after his return, to establish themselves in vaudeville—singing together, Marian at the piano; Jim cracking jokes.

Their babies—Katherine, born in 1920, and Jim, Jr., who came along in 1923. Chicago and radio—primitive, experimental radio—in 1925. The 7 A.M. rise-and-shiners—with Jim sweating out the scripts while Marian tended to the house and the kids, and fed them all well on no money a week.

By 1930, they had begun to hit upon a successful format. With writer Don Quinn, an ex-cartoonist, even greener at radio than they were, they had evolved Smack Out, actually the first of the situation comedy programs, in which Jim played the bucolic proprietor of a rural country store who was always just "smack out" of whatever the customer wanted. Marian played his wife, and—in 1927—introduced her Teenie, the garrulous little girl, still one of their show's most successful characters. A lot had happened before.

1932. . . .

In their rented flat in northwest Chicago, Jim read the news of the sale of WMAQ in the financial section of the evening paper.

"We have a new boss," he summed it all up.

He was worried. They were just beginning to catch on. Now, with all the fuss about going network, Smack Out could get lost in the shuffle.

But the family wouldn't let him mope. Marian had cooked an especially good dinner—his favorite pig hocks and sauerkraut and boiled potatoes. And chocolate ice box cake!

Nine-year-old Jimmy, particularly, refused to listen to any shop talk. He had come home wide-eyed and full of first-hand reports of another big news story. He had seen with his own eyes the body of a criminal, stretched out cold and dead, on the lawn of the Alexian Brothers hospital.

"Like I tell you, kiddoo," his father said, "crime does not pay." Would radio?

1933. . . .

Smack Out did not get lost in the shuffle, but everything else the Jordans had struggled to accumulate did.

Came the bank holiday, and the closing—for good—of the Bowmanville National Bank, their bank.

"Jimmy had nine dollars in an account of his own," Marian remembers.

"He never did forgive Roosevelt for that nine bucks," says Jim.

1934. . . .

The Chicago World's Fair and a chance to recoup. They'd have a stand. Everybody was doing it. So with Pat Patterson and his Maple City Four, WMAQ pals, Jim and Marian Jordan opened a peanut

stand—"Hot nuts—ten cents!" with a free show on the house.

"We lost" says Jim, "seven hundred and fifty dollars."

"In other words," adds Marian wryly, "our shirts."

1935 . . .

The upbeat, at last.

John J. Louis, an advertising agency executive whose firm was in the market for a new comedy program, accidentally tuned in Smack Out on his auto radio on the way to the office one morning.

It might "work up into something," he thought.

He telephoned Jim, who snarled at him.

There had been so many nibbles. Why should they break their heads and their hearts over yet another audition show, just so yet another advertising big shot could have a funny record to take home to his wife.

But Louis persisted, and Don Quinn, as he recalls it, "beat out a script."

They recorded it, delivered it, and forgot it.

Three months later, Louis telephoned again. A client was interested. The client was Johnson's Wax, which was to sponsor Fibber McGee and Molly for fifteen record-breaking years.

Everybody contributed something to the new show's new name.

Jim had just won the Liar's Club award for the best tall-tale of the year . . . a gift for which his character in Smack Out was famous.

So Don Quinn suggested "Fibber . . ."

Jack Louis added "McGee."

"And Molly," Jim wound up, with a slight bow to his Marian.

The show was to take the air, with all the fanfare accorded big-time sponsored radio programs, with four broadcasts from New York.

Jim and Marian, both jubilant and scared, broadcast their final Smack Out show, and packed a couple of valises.

It was Marian's first trip to New York, and on the overnight trip by train Jim kept her awake telling of the wonders of the big city.

The tall buildings, the heavy traffic, the vast stores . . .

"No cracker barrel?" asked Marian, already homesick for Smack Out.

They checked in at the Beaux Arts Hotel, in a suite with a kitchenette.

Then they set out, on foot, to pick up a few little supplies Marian needed to equip her kitchen for proper cooking.

At the corner of 43rd Street and Third Avenue, directly under the roaring "El," they found a little store with percolators in the window. Inside was a cluttered maze of everything—rubber boots, hot water bottles, even a barrel—which could have held crackers. As they went in, a little bell jingled in the back room, just like in Smack Out. A little man emerged, talking. He could supply them with a percolator, all right. But he was smack out of electric plates.

The country kids were at home in the big city.

1936 . . .

It should have been their best year. They were in the big time, at long last.

They were famous. They were rich, or going to be.

They built their first home, in Peterson Woods, as close a duplicate as they could manage of the two-story, frame shoe box house in Peoria in which they had first set up housekeeping. The children transferred to nice, uncrowded new schools.

Jim washed the new car in the driveway after church every Sunday, and planted peonies in the yard.

Then trouble struck.

Ever since Jim, Jr. had learned to walk, Marian had been talking about wanting another baby.

Three times, since then, the doctors had confirmed her happy hopes, but each time, at some point in the early months, something had gone wrong.

Now once more, Marian was going to have a baby. After she passed the crucial second month and third month periods without incident, she began planning for a ruffly nursery in their new home.

At six months she lost her baby, a boy.

1937 . . .

"Mother and Daddy are going to make a movie," Katherine and Jimmy bragged to all their friends at school.

"Fibber McGee and Molly," bag and baggage, moved to Hollywood for three months.

"Jim," shrieked Marian one day in the RKO commissary, "isn't that Cary Grant?"

1938 . . .

Marian cried. She didn't quite know why. It seemed such a short time ago that the children were babies.

And here she was packing bags for her daughter to leave home. Katherine was going away to college. Trinity College, in Washington, D. C.

1939 . . .

This was the year that their show moved to Hollywood to stay.

Jim and Marian bought a house in Encino, not a grand house as celebrities' houses go, but for them unheard-of elegance.

Marian reupholstered Jim's favorite arm chair which they had lugged along with them ever since they left Peoria. And Jim bought an original oil painting—his first—a cowboy portrait by Frank Tenney Johnson, to hang over the living room fireplace.

1940 . . .

They were tired, and they decided, come July, to get away from it all. Really away.

They bought a trailer—"the original Long, Long Trailer," Jim avers—headed north on the Pacific Coast highway for the fishing country up Oregon way.

A couple of hundred miles out of town they broke down for the first time on a twisting mountain road. Broken rear axle.

Marian sat in the broiling trailer for four hours while Jim hitched into the next town to get help.

By the time they reached Spokane, wiser and sorrier by two blowouts and a brake overhaul, Jim would have sold the big box for fifty cents.

"Everybody hated us. Other drivers yelled at us for getting in the way. And cops upbraided us when we tried to back the awkward thing off the highway.

"We left home with visions of parking every night by cool mountain streams. We'd been gone three weeks and parked by nothing more soothing than other peoples' garbage cans . . ."

But they had promised themselves some fishing. So they backtracked to Gold Beach, Oregon. There they parked—by a stream!—and there they stayed for a week.

The fishing was good. None of the other folks at the camp knew that the unprepossessing "Mr. and Mrs. Jordan" were celebrities. Everybody was friendly and relaxed.

On the last night, one of their new

friends asked Jim for an "autograph." He had caught the biggest fish of the week and was collecting the signatures of witnesses on an affidavit to prove it.

Jim's signature was the sixth on the impressive looking document. Slyly smiling, he wrote: "Fibber McGee."

The man blew his top.

"Now," he shouted, "you've loused everything up, trying to be funny."

But the proprietress, with whom Marian had been cozily exchanging recipes all week, was looking at Jim with awakening recognition.

"Wait a minute," she gasped. "It is Fibber McGee."

Then everybody wanted autographs.

But they were leaving the next day, anyhow.

1941 . . .

They got *farther* away from it all that year, thanks, probably, to leaving their transportation to the professionals.

They went by boat to Alaska.

It wasn't altogether cheery.

Canada was at war. They were traveling through Canadian waters. Russia was at war—so close by, it seemed. But they saw no U-boats. Just innocent Japanese fishing boats, with superstructures strangely like antennae.

They took guns this time, instead of fishing poles. And they took Jim, Jr.—it was a high school graduation prize.

They went bear hunting. Marian bagged a black bear, and Jimmy brought down four in as many days. Jim didn't get so much as a bead on a bear.

"I'm going to shoot me a big bear," he would rationalize when the others were bragging back at camp at night.

On their last day in the woods they came upon the biggest black bear any of them had ever seen in their lives.

"That's *my* bear," said Jim.

Jimmy and Marian, good sports, held their fire, but they were nervous. Jim was taking an unconscionably long time to aim. What if the bear should plunge? What—don't say it, don't even think it—what if Jim should miss?

"Crack!"

The monster was down, killed instantly by a perfectly placed shot.

And it *was* a big bear.

Jim had come within a quarter of an inch, it turned out later, of breaking the world's record.

1942 . . .

The great out-of-doors had found a convert in Jim.

He came back one day after a mysterious trip alone in the car.

"Bought us a ranch," he said.

He drove the family to Woody, California, the next weekend to see it.

Fourteen hundred acres of cattle grazing land, it turned out to be—a better investment than the peanut stand at the World's Fair—with a little white frame house with a view of far-away blue-tinged mountains.

1943 . . .

Their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary.

Their sponsors, their network, their friends banded together to give Jim and Marian the party of their lives at the Ambassador Hotel. Twenty-five years is a lot of years for two people to spend together, and besides their show had just rung up an all time high Hooper rating.

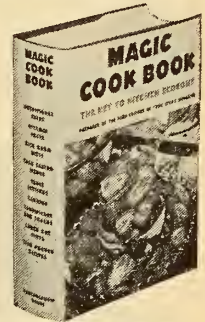
The Jordans practically had to hire a van to get home with all the magnificent gifts of silver showered down on them.

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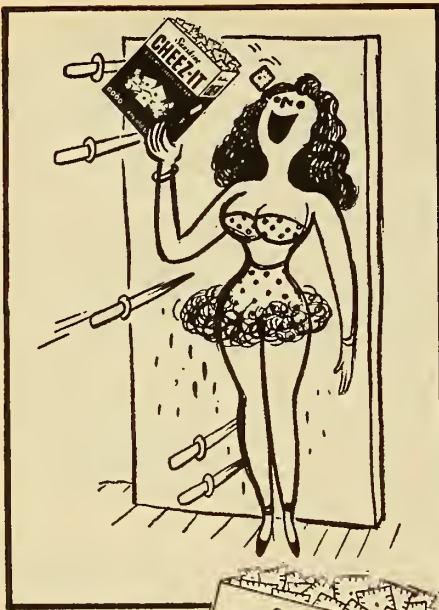
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1944 . . .

Early in November, Jim and Marian were vacationing at the fashionable Deep Well ranch in Palm Springs.

"With all the big shots," Jim smiles.

It was election night, and when the returns started coming in the big lounge was crowded with people.

By midnight, only one young woman—along with Jim and Marian—was still glued to the radio.

"Let me introduce myself," she said, smiling, "I'm Mrs. James Roosevelt.

"I guess," says Marian, "we three were the only Democrats in the place."

1945 . . .

Their first grandchild!

Diane Goodman was born on May 18, and her daddy flew home from the wars on emergency leave to be present for her arrival. Marian could ruffle up furniture for a nursery at last.

1946 . . .

Katherine was married and in her own home. Jimmy, released from the air corps, was starting out on his own as a motion picture producer, and had his own apartment in town.

"This house," Marian said one night, "is too big, just for the two of us."

They bought a little old house on a nearby hill "because of the view," and set out to remodel it. In the meantime, they sold their Encino home, and had to move out of it. But, with the post-war building boom beginning, building services were erratic. Their new house was far from ready.

Jim, as usual, had an idea.

Why spend money in expensive hotels, where you couldn't even cook your own breakfast? They'd move their trailer up on the hill with the view, and live in that for the "six weeks or so" which would see their new house to completion.

They lived in the trailer, in a quagmire of new top soil and wood shavings, for six long months.

1947 . . .

"A man needs a hobby," Jim said.

Marian reminded him of his wood shop, his plant nursery, his ranch in Woody, his hunting, fishing . . .

But Jim wasn't listening.

"I think," he went on, "I'll get me a basketball team."

(The Fibber McGee and Molly professional team is well up in the National Industrial Basketball League.)

1948 . . .

This was a troubled year. Katherine's marriage wasn't working out. Katherine and Diane wanted to come home.

But there wasn't room in the little remodeled house.

Jim and Marian bought back the old house in Encino, re-painted and papered it so that it was just like it was before.

"It's good to be home again," they decided.

1949 . . .

They had the money, they had the time. They really ought to see Europe.

Crossing on the Queen Mary, they enjoyed five days of blissful privacy. Then someone hinted that plain little Mr. and Mrs. Jordan were the McGees. Jim and Marian were invited to the Captain's table.

In Paris, they were snooted by the

maitre d'hotel at the Ritz. But in Rouen, Jim was recognized with tears and kisses by an eighty-year-old, black-shawled concierge who had swept out his dressing room after an army show in 1919.

The people who really know the Jordans never forget them.

1950 . . .

Fibber McGee and Molly got a new sponsor, Pet Milk.

And Jim and Marian Jordan a new grandchild, Janice, daughter of Jim, Jr. and his wife, the former Peggy Knudson.

1951 . . .

It was a sad year.

Don Quinn, who had been as vital a factor in the success of "Fibber McGee and Molly" as the Jordans themselves, decided to pull out of the show. He had a show of his own, "Halls of Ivy," on the air. He had moved with his family to Santa Barbara. He could afford an easier life.

Jim and Marian had known for a long time that the break was inevitable. But it was a wrench.

They remembered Don in the WMAQ days when he hung around the station, slipped them gags "for free" when they couldn't afford to pay for writers. They remembered the blood, sweat and tears that all of them, together, had poured into the creation, and the perfection, of "Fibber McGee and Molly."

More than that, they remembered—they knew—Don Quinn, the good guy.

"Why, he used to come out to baby sit for us, so we could get out to the ball game," Marian recalls.

But the inevitable day came, and Don said goodbye.

Christmas, 1951, was, Jim and Marian say, their happiest yet.

Katherine and her new husband, Dr. Vick Newcomer, were there with Diane, now a sparkling-eyed, curly-headed six-year-old.

Jimmy and Peggy were there with Peggy's eight-year-old Peg-Peg, and with Janice, by now the family's "Golden Girl."

They all sat around the tree, ripping open packages.

"Oh," Marian squealed, opening Jim's present to her, an oil painting of Blue Mountain Ranch.

Little Janice toddled over, her damp diapers sagging to her fat little knees.

"Oh," Marian repeated, "look what I got!"

"Oh," Janice echoed, "look what I got!"

A plain old cracker she got, while everyone else dined on turkey.

And she loved it.

It was a nice Christmas.

And now it is 1952. And Jim and Marian Jordan are beginning their twenty-first year on NBC.

Harlow Wilcox is still with them; he's announced their show since "Fibber McGee and Molly" were born. Bill Thompson—he's the Old Timer and Wimple, among others—has been with them since 1936. Billy Mills is still conducting the orchestra, as he has since 1937. Phil Leslie joined the show as a writer in 1939. There are the Kings' Men—there since 1939, and Gale Gordon, La Trivia since 1940.

There have been changes . . . a few important ones, like the withdrawal from the show of Don Quinn.

But for the most part, the McGees are pretty much the same people they always were, in 1952 or 1932, or any old year you want to name before or after.

Fibber and Molly won't change very much, no matter how many fancy anniversaries are rung up for them.

Because, after all, who are they but Jim and Marian Jordan?

Curt Massey—The Man in My Life

(Continued from page 39)

jobs this past year or so. I'm acting as Chief Den Mother for the cub scouts in our community, a project I became interested in after Curt had to give up his Assistant Cub Scoutmaster's position because of limitations on his time. Curt is now a member of the parents' committee for the scouts and I fill in with the time-consuming job. Right at the moment both Curt and I are helping to put on a big minstrel show, a once-a-year project sponsored by Den Mothers in our community. Curt is coaching the boys and accompanying them on the piano during rehearsals and, of course, will sing with them at the actual performance. In addition, since our having been confirmed in the Episcopal church last June 10, I'm now heading a church committee which is now studying religious questions. Both Curt and I feel that these activities are not only fun but as much a part of good living as keeping our children happy and healthy.

THESE new duties haven't replaced my ever-present job of taking care of Curt's fan mail—the part that Curt doesn't have to take care of personally—keeping books on the filling station, assuming my share of responsibilities as a rancher's wife, plus being Mom and Sweetheart respectively to the three men in my life.

The latter job is my favorite. Of course, it goes without saying, my husband and children are first in my life. And why not? They are all pretty wonderful people. Curt was my girlhood idol. When I first met him in Kansas City he was already so talented that even music men envied him. When Curt was only twelve he was playing the violin with a dance band and was already supporting himself. In his teens, he was studying harmony at the Horner Conservatory of Music in Kansas City, Missouri. If he weren't a singer—and a good one—he would be a top violinist, musicians say. He also is excellent on the trumpet and loves to play the piano. Being the perfectionist that he is, he still studies both instruments.

The years that have passed have only added more and more happiness. Our children have completely rounded out our life and given us some of our most rewarding moments. I'm always filled with pride when I see Curt with the boys. He's so devoted to them both and they love him dearly. They have a good time if they are riding their horses together, learning golf from Daddy in the backyard, or practicing drums or trumpet in the living room. (The latter session gets a little noisy, but that's when they are having the most fun.)

Since we acquired our ranch in San Diego County last spring, the boys are exposed to a real rough and tumble existence. How they've thrived on it! Curt, who was raised on a ranch in Roswell, New Mexico, thinks this is the life, and I'm inclined to agree.

Looking after Curt's needs is not a routine job by any means. Because of the business he's in and the demands upon his time, my husband requires a great deal of relaxation and rest. During the week, we rarely go out—except to our Tuesday night bowling league—or have people in because getting to bed early is a must.

Curt doesn't come home bearing the problems of the day. Sometimes he's a bit more tired than usual after a particularly exhausting session, but he's not cross. In fact, he's a remarkably even-tempered man. And how he loves to tease me.

Before last Christmas there was a standing joke at our house about my wallet. It was so worn out, the coin compartment had a hole in the bottom which enabled the small change to scatter all over my purse. Frankly I was holding out for Santa Claus and I wasn't disappointed for under the tree was a lovely leather wallet. Upon opening the gift I discovered three checks inside. The first bore the pencilled inscription, "To my sweetheart so that she may buy a new suit," and was signed by Curt.

The second, pencilled in a ten-year-old's handwriting, said: "To Edythe 'Mom' Massey, To make my bed, to hang up my sleepers—all year," and was signed by Stephen. The third check, written by Curt for David, said, "Dear Mommy, I will keep my toys put away. Good until next Christmas," and was signed in Davie's carefully printed hand.

I loved that joke and will always keep the wonderful, funny little checks.

Our most pleasant moments together have probably been spent at our ranch, Rancho Alegria (which means joy), 160 miles from Beverly Hills. It's an old Spanish cattle ranch, bearing the original adobe houses. We used to have a ranch in New Mexico but we gave it up due to the distance involved. Now we are completely happy with our new purchase because it's just what we want in every way.

Curt and I are just like any other family, thinking and planning ahead, and looking forward to a feeling of security. In this business, one never knows. With a cattle ranch—which we've always dreamed about—Curt and I feel we have something concrete.

Curt was raised on a ranch as a boy, and he doesn't boast about it. At least not after his experience a few weeks ago. The time had come to brand our cattle with the Lazy CM mark. Curt found himself puzzled about where the brand went. Finally, swallowing his pride a bit, he called one of his six brothers.

"WHY, think it over, boy, if you were riding along and wanted to see if the cattle ahead were yours, you'd have to look high on their hips. If the brand were placed any lower, you might have to dismount and no rancher wants that trouble."

"You sure can forget the essentials of any trade," Curt grinned at me, "when you don't practice all the time."

In spite of Curt's big, rugged, masculine appearance he loves pretty things, especially furniture. During the time we were furnishing our Beverly Hills home, Curt fell in love with a pair of hand-made French provincial beds. I was worried about matching other furniture with them, but he couldn't forget them. So we bought them. I looked all over Los Angeles for furniture to complete the bedroom, but it wasn't until we went to New York for a radio show that I found matching pieces. We shipped them back here and all was well.

On our 19th wedding anniversary, Curt presented me with an especially beautiful German-made music box. On the top is a mother, rocking her baby to sleep to the tune of Brahms' Lullaby which was Stephen's favorite as a very young boy. I just loved it. After I had shown it to Stephen, he leaned back and sighed in a most appreciative mood, "It takes me back a thousand years."

Curt and I lead the busy life, the quiet life and, for us, the good life. Could anyone ask for anything more?

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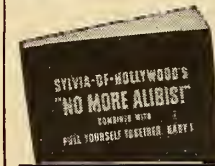
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R
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My Red-Headed Monster

(Continued from page 33)

an energetic, lovable four. But he's an extra special guy, this husband of mine, and needs extra special care—the kind of care which any wife should give a husband—only double. We're awfully close, both in Red's professional life as well as in his home life. We share the ups and downs, the terrific work schedule, the fun and the blues. It's always been like this with us, and please the Lord, it always will be. And I know as a wife, I've always got to be one step ahead of him. With Red this isn't easy! But I wouldn't trade my life with him for any other life in or out of this wide world.

PUT on my shoes and I'll guarantee you'll have them worked out in one day of keeping this necessary step ahead of Red. Our mornings begin at an early hour, especially if Big Red (I'm Little Red) is working on a movie—the alarm rings for me at 6:30 and I'm Red's alarm for seven a. m. While he is stretching I get the bath ready, lay out the linens, put the razor blade in the razor and switch on the radio. While he's bathing and shaving, he catches up on the latest news. After he's dressed the children come in to say "hello" and chatter at him like a couple of magpies while he eats his breakfast on a tray which comes up. While he's swallowing his second cup of coffee, I shoo the children out and cue him on his lines for the day. He puts on his driving cap, kisses me goodbye and whirls out the door with jet-propelled motions. We have launched our day.

Red says I'm his whipping post but isn't every woman for her husband? When he comes home, overly tired from a fast-paced day, he sometimes finds fault with everything—just everything. My hair isn't right, I have the same dress on he saw the day before, why isn't the roast hotter, why do the children have to pick the time when he gets home for fighting? I don't quarrel back because I know he's just a man who's tired out. And I learned the first few months of marriage that two redheads yelling at one another is no way to solve any problem. Red's like any typical husband—the mood doesn't last long, the children stop fighting and climb all over him and he's smiling again as if the day had been a beautiful one. And I feel like a queen when I come through one of those moods and he says, "You're wonderful. The only woman in the world who'd put up with me!" That's the applause I have ringing in my ears when the day gets a little tough to live with.

Moods like this don't last long with Red, although he's a man who's either way up or way down. But, basically, he's a happy guy. And he's gentle and he's thoughtful. I've received two dozen American beauty roses just because he's thought he said something that made me unhappy. He never forgets birthdays, holidays and anniversaries and sometimes he gives me a gift just because he thinks it *should* be a special occasion. He's generous to a fault and the only thing he really begrudges me is time—and I can understand it for in Red's life it's probably his most precious ingredient.

I literally have to sneak off to shop or go to the beauty parlor. I remember the last time I went to get my hair done—all of two months ago—Red came home early from the studio, all set to take a drive through San Fernando Valley, a drive he loves because he sees people and cars and can try out his gags on me while he's relaxing. But, he couldn't find me—he called every place he could think of

and when, after a couple of hours getting a permanent and a manicure, I finally came home, he was beside himself.

"Where have you been," he asked with all the little-boy reproach he could get in his thoroughly grown-up voice.

"I went to get a permanent," I explained.

"You don't need one—not ever. I like your hair that way. Now please get your hat and coat and let's go."

I haven't been back since and probably won't because actually Red's right. There isn't time and besides he *does* like my hair "that way."

As you can see, time is the most important element in our lives and we always have time for two things at our house—our children, Valentina and Richard. We don't have any set hours when we see them like so many parents do—they're just part of our lives any time. And what a foursome we make—all redheads. Wonder how we curb our traditional tempers? It's simple. We don't, because there just aren't any real tempers in our house. Red adores being with the children, loves to "read" to them which is his way of saying, "I'm on again." He plays the part of every animal in the book, enacts the ferocious bear, the roaring lion and the lazy cat with the same verve he puts into a radio script. And there has never been a more appreciative audience.

Every year we take a ten-day vacation with Valentina and Richard and we go to the mountains, which they love. Those ten days are completely devoted to them. We go to bed early, almost when they do, get up with them in the morning and do everything they want to do when they want to do it. Red looks forward to these ten days with "just us three" as much as the children do, as much as I do.

As for the type of vacation some people take away from home, children and all the routine of daily living—we just don't for the same reason most people don't—we can't afford it. We usually call personal appearances our "vacations." Then we combine a few days' fun with business, like we did when Red played the Palladium in London. We would go off by ourselves seeing all the wonderful old streets, the beautiful shops, just walking around between show times. Incidentally, that's one way I get my shopping done here—Red and I go window shopping at night, picking out things that we want for the house, gifts we think some one will like for a birthday or Christmas. Then in the morning I order from the store where we've seen the article.

WE'VE had such wonderful trips in the past. There were times when we did just pack up and wander off in the car. Traveling across the country by car, we found people accepted Red as one of their own townspeople. It was exciting for me to hear people call out to my husband, "Hi, Red" in some little place we'd never been in before. Red says he's never met a stranger in his life—and that's so true.

However, if this sounds like Red gets a rest when he goes away, it sounds all wrong. Not Red Skelton. I tease him because he's always on! He never slows down and I can usually find him putting on a show for the bellboys, if we're in a hotel, or for the townspeople if we're in a small town. Of course, if we're off with the children, alone, he puts the show on for me and the kids. No wonder people love him!

Our closest friends—who love Red, too—are two business associates who have been with Skelton for around fifteen years. They

are Freeman Keyes and Bo Roos, manager and business manager respectively, and our great and wonderful friend, "Pop" Gene Fowler, the man who writes such good books about John Barrymore and Jimmy Durante and people like that. We call them all Our Family because that's what they are. If they don't talk to Red at least once a day by phone or drop by the house to see him, he's hurt.

When a big holiday comes around, a holiday like Thanksgiving or Christmas, we wouldn't think of sitting down to our table without Our Family. Our real, blood relation family, Red's mother and step-father and my mother and dad are there and there is good food and wonderful presents and laughter. Then we feel complete.

I try to return Red's attentions with gifts that show I'm pleased and he's always most pleased when I get him paints, books or photographic equipment. For Red is equally in love with all three. Our rooms are filled with his clown paintings, which are excellent. Typically Skelton, however, is the way he paints—all over the house. Recently he usurped my lovely pink dressing room for his workshop because the light was better. I didn't care, really. I got a bigger thrill out of seeing him hard at work on a canvas, than I could ever receive looking at the dressing room, all spic and span.

RED's books are so many and so varied that I've lost track and count . . . they are popping out of every available space, on coffee tables, in chairs, on the tops of everything. Some day I think we'll have to build a special home for them. He's an avid reader and won't go to sleep unless he has at least six books within reach. Don't ever let his reputation as a "clown" fool you—he's a brilliant man. He not only knows how to be a comic, but knows every principle of comedy—as well as many other subjects.

But of all his avocations I think he loves photography best. He's not only tops as a portrait photographer but his amateur movie work is sensational. And I'm not prejudiced. He's been told that by professional men and told too that he should present it commercially. He's at work now on two motion pictures he's making himself, which I feel are good enough to be shown. I continually marvel at Red's capacity for work and play—for he does all these things in between TV shows, a radio show each week and his motion picture work.

To keep that one step ahead of my husband, I sleep in a separate bedroom for one very obvious reason—I need sleep to keep up with him and Red is the kind of man who wakes up every two or three hours, writes down ideas for TV shows, or radio scripts, or reads. I always wait until he falls asleep for the first time before I retire. He always goes to sleep in a sitting position, with his chin down on his chest. I grab his feet under the covers, give him a big pull until he's completely under the covers, tuck the blankets back in, pull the pillow around his ears, turn out the light and tiptoe out the door. After he wakes up he's on his own.

I guess I feel about being married to Red Skelton the way most wives feel about their husbands—it's exciting, eventful, and satisfying. I wouldn't have life, or Red, any other way. I didn't marry him to change him, but to fit into his life. I want to make him happy and I'll do my darnedest—and love every minute of every effort that goes into it.

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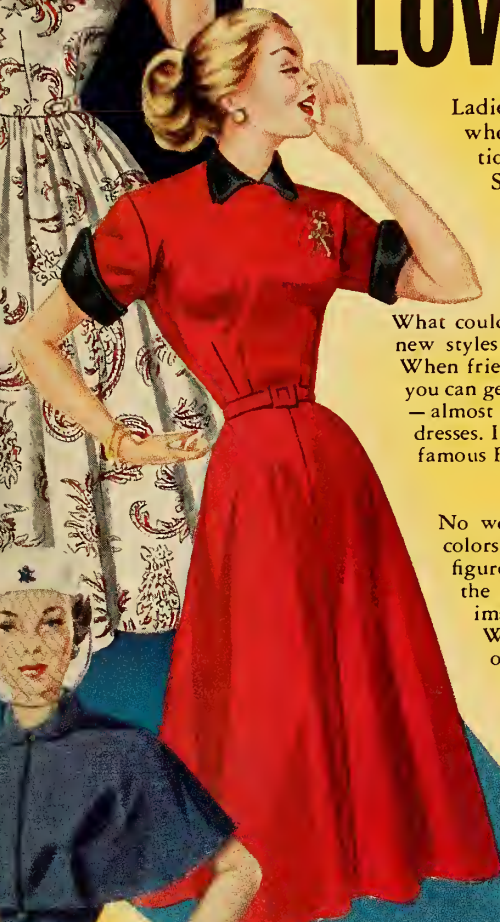
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